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FOREST AND STREAM.

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AND THE

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RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS.

WE publish in another column the rules of some of the important railroad lines, relative to the transportation of dogs. Many of the lines, it will be noticed, make no charge for carrying dogs and on the others the rates are reasonable. It is not many years since the man with a dog was looked upon by many a baggage-master as his legitimate prey—a sort of private gold mine which was worked for all it was worth—and not least among the items of expense to be considered by the would-be pleasure seeker in distant Eldorados, where game abounded, was the cost of transporting his dog. We have, scores of times, heard sportsmen declare that the extortionate charges of such harpies of the rail alone prevented them from visiting game resorts in distant places. It was not the actual expense incurred that prevented them from taking the trip, so much as the feeling that they were being robbed. The sportsman as a rule is liberal—often prodigal—in distributing coin to those who minister to his pleasure and never more so than when the recipient has shown kindness to his four-footed companion; but when cash was demanded, often insolently, for scant favor, the most liberal sportsman rebelled. Often the profitless discussion that followed stirred up feelings that were anything but conducive to the state of mind that is so essential to the enjoyment of a pleasure trip, and no doubt the recollection of these unpleasant episodes often proved an important factor in determining the route to be chosen for the next outing, and in many cases, as above stated, distant journeys were entirely abandoned. It is satisfactory to note that on many lines the old order of things has been changed, and the man with a dog can now travel in comparative safety from extortionate demands and with the assurance that his companion will receive proper care.

Railroad managers, as a rule, are good business men and are generally wide awake to the interests of their calling, and as soon as they learn that there is money in it, there is no fear that the man with a dog will not receive the consideration that he is entitled to.

THE BLACK BASS.

IF we may accept the signs of the times, the black bass is the coming game fish of this country. This is not saying that in the qualities of a game fish it excels the trout and the salmon. It is rather to assert that more people fish for bass than for salmon. His followers—and devoted followers they are—out-number and out-vote the adherents of trout and all other fresh-water fish combined. For one thing, the bass is more accessible than the others. People can find time and opportunity to meet him at home. Bass fishing comes best when the general vacation time is here, and when it is convenient for men to "get away" from business and go fishing.

We pay a fittting tribute to this game fish in the nine pages devoted to his honor to-day. The material here given if put into book form, and set in ordinary book type, would make an octavo volume of a hundred pages or more, constituting a manual of instruction and chapters of entertainment to the bass angler. We trust that our angling readers will find this special number "to their pleasement," to borrow a phrase from "Kingfisher." There is a variety of material to suit all tastes; but full and rich as these pages are they do not contain all that we had in hand for to-day. In fact, there is left over, simply for lack of space even in our enlarged issue, sufficient material for another black bass number; and these papers will be given from time to time as we can provide the way.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN the bill admitting Wyoming Territory to Statehood, as passed in the House, no reference whatever was made to the Yellowstone National Park, which as is well known, lies for the most part in Wyoming. This omission the friends of the National Park were quick to notice and to bring to the attention of the Senate. Mr. Manderson, of Nebraska, always a consistent advocate of the National Park, has from the beginning said that he would see that a proper amendment should be inserted in that bill when it came to the Senate. The amendment, which we print below, appears to be carefully drawn and to meet all the requirements of the case. It reads as follows:

Provided, That nothing in this act contained shall repeal or affect any act of Congress relating to the Yellowstone National Park, or the reservation of the Park as now defined, or as may be hereafter defined or extended, or the power of the United States over it; and nothing contained in this act shall interfere with the right and ownership of the United States in said Park and reservation as it now is or may hereafter be defined or extended by law; but exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever shall be exercised by the United States, which shall have exclusive control and jurisdiction over the same; but nothing in this proviso contained shall be construed to prevent the service within said Park of civil and criminal processes lawfully issued by the authority of said State; and the said State shall not be entitled to select indemnity school lands for the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections that may be in said Park reservation as the same is now defined or may be hereafter defined.

The Philadelphia *Times*, of July 13, contained an interesting sketch stated to be "from a correspondent of the *Times*," written from Anglesea, N. J., July 11, and descriptive of "good gunning at Anglesea with Italian Joe." The paper is nothing more nor less than the sketch entitled, "Italian Joe and de Plov'," prepared originally and expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM, and published in our "Western Number," of June 12. Joe is simply transported to Anglesea and made to decoy his plover on New Jersey marshes. The *Times* has evidently been imposed upon by the Anglesea correspondent, who likewise shows himself to be an impudent thief.

The Rutland, Vt., Fish and Game Club held its second banquet at the Berwick, Rutland, last evening. These social gatherings of anglers and sportsmen appear to be growing in popularity in this country. In Great Britain there are hundreds of them annually.

An esteemed correspondent who believes in a woodcock open season for New York beginning Sept. 1 and closing Nov. 15, takes us to task for what he is pleased to term our "lamentation as to shutting off August woodcock shooting." We have not lamented that at all. What we have deprecated and do deprecate is the manner in which the change was made. The Attorney-General's office declares that the word "woodcock" was smuggled into a bill, which the Legislature in passing it thought referred only to grouse. Now good law or bad law, there is no excuse for legislative forgery. Better lose our game altogether and have done with it than to protect it by "hugger-muggery." If we cannot care for our game by legitimate methods and equitable dealing, it may as well go. A man must be daft on saving the woodcock if he can approve or condone that rottenness which must pervade the Capitol at Albany when game laws are tampered with in this way. The question of right open and close seasons for any bird or for all birds is less important than it is to make sure that whatever law is enacted shall be put on the statute books by methods open, fair and honest. And the principle involved is precisely the same whether the law applies to capital punishment or to shooting woodcock.

The inter-State commerce bill, which passed the Senate May 29, related only to liquors. Last Tuesday the House adopted in place of the Senate bill a substitute reading as follows: "That whenever any article of commerce is imported into any State from any other State, Territory or foreign nation, and there held or offered for sale, the same shall then be subjected to the laws of such State: *Provided*, That no discrimination shall be made by any State in favor of its citizens against those of other States or Territories in respect to the sale of any article of commerce, nor in favor of its own products against those of like character produced in other States or Territories; nor shall the transportation of commerce through any State be obstructed except in the necessary enforcement of the health laws of such State." The House bill is comprehensive in scope, applying to "any article of commerce," and is clearly applicable to game and fish brought into a State. There is a decided difference of opinion as to the propriety of such action by Congress, but it is reasonable to urge that if any law relating to this subject is to be enacted, it should be made to cover all commodities, the sale of which, like that of game and fish, it is essential for the State to control.

We print to-day the text of the Illinois decision upholding the law of that State, which forbids killing quail for sale or selling birds which have been killed for sale. As we said last week, while the decision is sound and will do much to advance game protection, Judge Craig is manifestly in error in adopting the principle of State ownership of game as laid down in the Magner case. By a reference to our issue of Aug. 16, 1883, it will be learned that we there set forth at length the principles governing the subject as determined by the English and American interpretations of the common law and by numerous precedents. The well established principle is that the landowner has qualified property in the game or fish on his territory, the qualified property consisting in the exclusive right to take the same. But the State has authority to limit both the taking of game and its disposition after it has been taken. This authority, however, is not rightly based on any claim of ownership by the State, but it is a part of the police power. This power is ample warrant for game laws, and in it must be found the defense of the Illinois law in question.

Travel in the Yellowstone Park has been very heavy so far this season. Every wheel and every team that the Transportation Co. has or can get hold of has been pressed into the service to accommodate the throngs of tourists who are flocking into the Wonderland. Numbers of travelers are going into the Park from the south by way of Beaver Cañon, though of course the great majority enter it over the Northern Pacific Railroad from Cinnabar.

Next week we shall publish a portrait of the Chinese pheasant, which has been introduced into the Northwest and bids fair to take its place among the game birds of the United States. It is a handsome bird and in every way a worthy addition to the list.

The world is growing better every day. The Sac City, Ia., *Democrat* recently suspended publication of a weekly issue that its force might go fishing.

THE BASSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

FOREST AND STREAM SUPPLEMENT NO. 9.

THE LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*), Fig. 1.—This well-known and widely distributed game fish has received a varied assortment of names, among them being the following: Bayou bass, green bass, moss bass, Oswego bass, river bass, Huron, trout, chub, Welshman and jumper. The great expanse of waters inhabited by the species and the irrepressible tendency of the fisherman to name every strange fish he sees without asking any questions about its previous history, will sufficiently account for the range of local designations applied to the large-mouthed bass. Only two root names have more than a limited distribution —bass and trout, and the former has the more extensive application.

Distribution.—The large-mouthed black bass inhabits fresh-water lakes, ponds and streams from Manitoba on the north to Florida and Mexico on the south, preferring bayous and sluggish streams. In the Gulf States it is frequently found in the brackish water of river mouths. The species is not indigenous to New England and the Middle Atlantic States, but has been freely introduced in those regions, and has become thoroughly adapted to its new surroundings when placed in lowland streams and ponds. In mountain lakes and brooks the species would be quite out of its element. There is, we think, no other commonwealth in the United States which surpasses Florida in the number and size of its large-mouthed black bass.

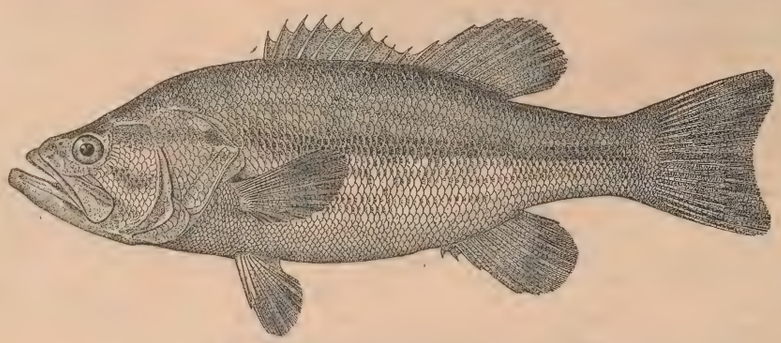


FIG. 1. LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*).

Size.—It is in Florida that the species attains to its greatest size, as attested by the mounted head in FOREST AND STREAM office of an individual that exceeded 23 lbs. in weight. The average weight in Southern waters is below 5lbs., and in the North it is still less. In length the fish may reach 2ft. and upward. Wherever found the growth of the bass will depend upon the amount of suitable natural food in the waters, particularly minnows, frogs and crawfish.

Movements.—This bass is a very active fish, and its movements are affected by seasonal changes and by the daily exigencies of feeding and the demands of the spawning season. In rivers which become polluted there is a prompt effect upon their bass, which seek to avoid the impurities even to the extent of migration, should this become necessary.

Season.—The open season for this species varies in the different States, and in some waters there is no close season at all. In the States which have protective laws the season opens earliest in Wisconsin, where it begins May 1, and latest in Rhode Island, where the date of opening is July 15. In most of the States the fishing begins May 30 or June 1. It would be wise to continue the close season even in the Northern States a little later, for even in Lake Superior black bass have been found heavy with spawn in the month of July.

Food.—The young of the large-mouthed species seek animal food at a very early period of their existence. They have the reputation of being more destructive to one another and to the young of their own species than the small-mouthed bass. This liking for living prey grows with age. Minnows of all kinds, crawfish, frogs, insects and their larvæ, and in fact aquatic animals of all kinds, suitable in size, go to form the varied diet of this active and powerful species.

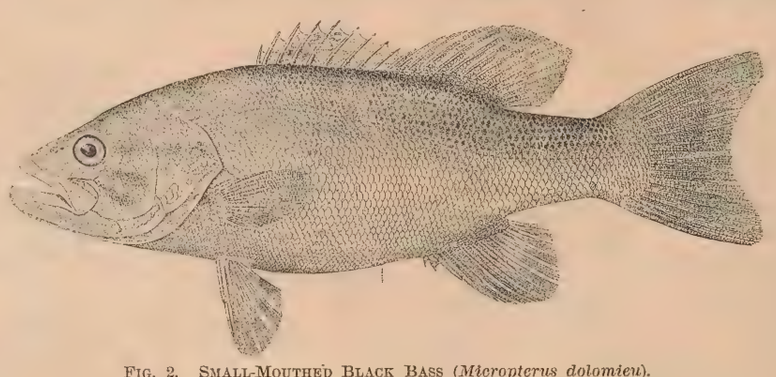


FIG. 2. SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus dolomieu*).

Habits.—The black bass feed both at the surface and on the bottom, and pursue their prey with wonderful activity. Insects and frogs are freely taken at the surface and even sometimes above the surface of the water. Crawfish, helgramites and insect larvæ generally are sought for under the rocks, which form their hiding places. When surrounded by seines or caught by the hook this species will often leap 5 or 6ft. above the water. In northern waters where the difference between summer and winter temperatures is very great, the large-mouthed bass seeks deep water with approaching cold, and in the severity of the winter hibernates in the mud. We have already mentioned the fact that this species prefers still waters. It particularly delights in the shelter of stumps, logs and overhanging banks. It conceals itself among aquatic plants which shelter schools of small fry upon which the bass feeds.

Reproduction and Growth.—The spawning season of the two species of black bass is about the same, beginning in May and continuing until July. The eggs are adhesive, adhering to stones until batched, and are deposited in shallow water on a gravelly bottom in shallow nests, which some writers believe is prepared by the female before the male joins her. Major Isaac Arnold, Jr., U. S. A., described the nest building habits in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, and a reference to his observations will be found, also, in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1882, p. 113. The males fight for the possession of the female, the successful suitor is said to help her eject the eggs by biting or pressing her belly, and the operation may continue two or three days, after which the female alone continues to guard the nest from the numerous enemies of the eggs, among which are the crawfish, and certain fishes. The period of incubation lasts from seven to fourteen days, depending on the temperature of the water, and the young bass remain in the nest about a week or ten days. Cannibalism in this species is more pronounced than in the small-mouth and causes serious loss. Birds, frogs and snakes destroy vast numbers of the young and make it necessary to protect them by means of brush or some other shelter. At three years of age the large-mouth species in suitable waters will weigh from 2 to 4lbs. At the age of about two weeks the young measure nearly three-quarters of an inch in length.

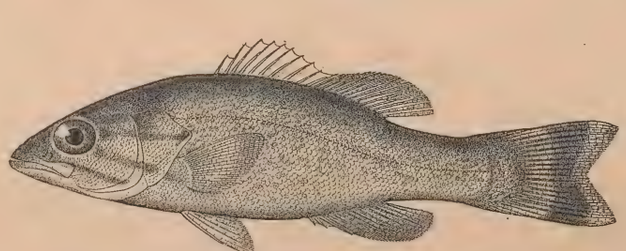


FIG. 3. YOUNG OF THE SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS.

Game Qualities.—It is believed by some anglers that the large-mouthed bass is inferior to the small-mouth in vigor and fighting qualities, a belief for which there is, so far as our experience goes, no foundation. In this opinion we are not alone, many eminent authorities on American game fishes, both among the older writers and those who are now contributing to the literature of angling, holding it with us. De Witt Clinton, Richardson, Thompson, Herbert and many others have put on record their estimate of the game qualities of this species, and Henshall, the apostle of the black basses, admits no superiority of one over the other species.

Food Qualities.—The flesh of the large-mouthed bass is white, firm and well flavored, the fish wherever it is known ranking as one of the best of the fresh-water species. The methods and means employed for the capture of the basses are set forth further on by a master hand, but we will call attention here to some early accounts of trolling. In 1815 De Witt Clinton published some remarks on the fishes of the western waters of New York in the "Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York," Vol. I. He says: "It affords fine amusement to traill for the black or Oswego bass when passing over Oneida Lake; even when the boat is in full motion they bite with avidity at a red rag tied to a hook." Richardson, in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana," 1836, states that the Huron (the large-mouthed bass) "readily takes a hook baited with a small fish and a piece of white rag trailled after a boat as in fishing for mackerel."

THE SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS (*Micropterus dolomieu*), Figs. 2 and 3.—One of the early common names of this species is found in the writings of Cuvier, who styled it the "growler," which is equivalent to the French *grogneur*, a grumbler. Cuvier supposed that the name growler was given to the fish because of a certain noise which it produced resembling that of the drumfishes and the gurnards, but he had no proof of this. The Greek name *grystes* signifies growler. It appears that this name growler was pretty generally associated with the black bass in the time of Cuvier. Rafinesque mentions the names lake bass, big bass, spotted bass and achigan. He also refers to it as the painted-tail or bridge perch, the yellow bass, gold bass, brown bass, dark bass, minny bass, little bass, hog bass, yellow perch, black perch, trout pearch, black pearch, streaked-head, white trout and brown trout. The small-mouth in the Southern States is called trout-perch and jumper. It is the mountain trout of Alabama and the bronze backer of some anglers. The name black bass, or small-mouth black bass, has a wider distribution than any of the others, and is the most appropriate designation for the species.

Distribution.—The small-mouthed black bass is a native of the upper parts of the St. Lawrence basin, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi basin. East of the Alleghanies it occurs naturally in the headwaters of the Chattahoochee and Ocmulgee rivers. In the region east of the Alleghanies and north of these streams the species is not indigenous, but has been so extensively introduced as to nearly double the field of its distribution.

Size.—This species is smaller than its large-mouth relative, seldom exceeding 8lbs., and usually averaging 2¼lbs. A 2¼lbs. fish will measure 15 inches. Mr. Al. B. Crooker, of Aurora, Ill., saw a small-mouth bass weighing 7lbs. 6oz., and measuring 23in., which was caught in the Fox River. This was an unusually large specimen for the locality.

Movements.—The small-mouth bass is a lover of clear, rapid-flowing streams, and greater elevations than those in which the large-mouth thrives. Being fond of pure water, it is sometimes forced entirely out of a stream by pollutions. It hibernates in the winter and comes into the shallows during the spawning season. It is governed, also, to a great extent by the presence or absence of suitable food.

Season.—There is no difference in the close season between the small-mouth and the large-mouth species; the two spawn at the same time and in similar situations. Fishing begins in most of the Eastern States May 30 or June 1. In Rhode Island the close season lasts until July 15; in Maine, Massachusetts and Virginia until July 1.

Localities.—The localities in which the small-mouth bass abounds are so numerous that we can not mention them in detail. In the Adirondacks they have been introduced, according to Mr. Mather, in Raquette, Forked, White, Fourth, Bisbee, and other lakes, and in Black and Moose rivers, and Partlo Pond. They abound in numerous small lakes in Massachusetts, some of which we have already mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM. In the headwaters of the Delaware the species is particularly plentiful and the Susquehanna furnishes numerous localities where excellent fishing is the rule; the region between Port Deposit and Columbia is famous for its fine bass fishing. Virginia has a good supply of this fish in the Shenandoah, the James, the Roanoke and the Holston rivers, and in the upland streams generally. Among the Virginia anglers noted places are Eagle Rock, Gala Water and Craig's Creek. Peak Creek, at Pulaski, contains nothing but small-mouth bass. In the summer of 1862, according to Professor Putnam, a specimen of this species was caught in Massachusetts Bay. It was very much emaciated and so changed in general appearance as to be almost unrecognizable, evidently not relishing its salt water experience. The small-mouth has been introduced into England and Germany. In 1882 Max von dem Borne received a small number of black bass from the United States. In the fall of 1884 he had 1,200, and in August, 1885, he had obtained more than 22,000 fry. These fish have been sent also to the Zoölogical Garden at Amsterdam by Mr. Blackford.

Food.—The food of the small-mouth black bass is the same as that of the large-mouth. It has the reputation, however, of being less cannibalistic in its tendencies, and its smaller size limits its power of overcoming large fishes. The young have been successfully fed on fresh water crustaceans, including *Daphnia* and *Cyclops*.

Habits.—The habits of the two species do not differ greatly, but the small-mouth

prefers rapid water and hence is very active in its movements. It often follows its prey into very shallow water and when chased by boats has been known to jump into the boat in its clumsy efforts to escape capture. It swims in schools and feeds wherever food is to be obtained. Some writers state that the small-mouth bass is very destructive to trout and other soft-finned fishes.

Reproduction.—The spawning season of the black bass lasts from March to July. The hatching period lasts from seven to fourteen days. The eggs adhere to stones on which they are deposited. The spawning fish build nests, and protect the eggs and young. Without protection the eggs would soon be devoured by crawfish and other enemies. The spawning habits are very fully described under the large-mouth species. The Canadian government had in contemplation the artificial propagation of black bass as early as 1869, an order having been received from England for eggs of this species in 1868. In 1884 Canada bred 100,000 black bass at New Castle, Ontario. The ease with which small bass can be transported assists greatly in their wide distribution.

Game Qualities.—We need scarcely mention the fact that the small-mouth bass is one of the favorite game fishes wherever it is known. It bites ravenously at small fish of various species, helgramites, crawfish, frogs, trolling spoon and the artificial fly. As a fighter and tactician it is probably not excelled by any species of equal size, except it may be the brook trout. Its resistance when hooked is violent and determined, and with light tackle great skill is essential to its capture. As a food fish the small-mouth black bass stands in the front rank of American fishes.

Dr. James A. Henshall, Secretary of the Ohio Fish Commission, who needs no further introduction to lovers of the black bass and their allies, has prepared brief and clear directions about the capture of the basses, sunfishes, warmouth, crappies, rock bass, etc., especially for this supplement. His instructions are given in quotation marks at the close of the chapter to which they belong. Concerning the black basses he writes as follows:

"Although I have written so much about the black bass, it is ever a fresh subject—a delightful and perennial topic. But in this instance I shall only call attention, briefly, to the best methods of angling and to the tackle to be employed in its capture. My remarks may be applied to either or both species, for the methods of angling for them are the same, from the 20-pound big-mouth of Florida to the 2-pound small-mouth of Northern waters. For bait-fishing the standard Henshall rod of 8oz. and 8½ft. long will answer for all the emergencies and requirements of the same, in the hands of a good bass angler. For particular localities, or for particular tastes, it may be a little lighter or a little heavier as the circumstances seem to demand.

"A first-class multiplying reel and a braided silk line, letter G, or preferably H, should be used with this rod to obtain the best results; for the Henshall rod is not designed to be used with a click reel and a fly-line, or with a very coarse line or a very poor multiplier.

"For still-fishing, a 6ft. leader of single gut may be used, but must be dispensed with in casting the minnow. The hook for bait-fishing in Northern waters should not be larger than Sproat No. 2—most anglers use hooks of too large a size for black bass. Hooks should be tied on single gut snells. The smallest size sinker, or a small brass box swivel, may be used in pond or lake fishing, but is not essential in stream fishing on the riffles.

"The 'shiner' is the best bait, and the 'chub' next. Shedder or soft crawfish, helgramites, frogs, grasshoppers, crickets and even angleworms also subserve a useful purpose at times.

"Casting the minnow is the most artistic mode of baitfishing and the most successful. The *modus operandi* of casting is now so well understood that it is not necessary to describe it here. In casting from a boat it is only essential to say that the boat should be kept in deeper water, and the casts made toward the shallows on which the bass are found. In fishing a stream the best plan is to wade and cast toward the likely spots, as riffles, shallow pools, eddies, etc. In fishing the pools under dams or in the bends of streams, the fishing may be done from the bank.

"Medium-sized minnows, 3 or 4in. long, are the best to use in casting. Larger ones may be used in still-fishing, and they should be hooked through the lips. Crawfish should be hooked through the tail, and helgramites through the cap of the back of the neck, from behind forward. Grasshoppers and crickets and frogs should be hooked through the back, and worms as the fancy of the angler may dictate.

"When the bass is hooked he should be kept on the spring of the rod, and should not be given an inch of line if it can be avoided. When the spring of the rod brings him to the surface and he turns on his side, get him into the landing-net as soon as possible.

"For fly-fishing the rod should not be more than 10½ft. for an 8oz. rod, though one of 10½ft. and 7½oz. is better. A click reel, or a fine multiplier with adjustable click, 30yds. of enameled G line, and 6ft. single gut leader of the best quality, constitutes the fly-fisher's outfit. Flies should be made with gut or gimp loops instead of being tied to snells, in which case the leader should be made with loops for attaching the same by short, separate snells. I have found the best flies to be the polka, Montreal, professor, coachman, oriole, king-of-the-water, Abbey, Lord-Baltimore, Oconomowoc, grizzly-king, silver-doctor, and the various hackles. On bright days, or clear water, use small flies; on dark days or rough or milky water the flies should be larger. Allow the flies to sink a few inches below the surface at times.

"Strike upon sight or touch. Keep the fish on the bend of the rod until he is in the landing-net. Never let him run away with the line if it can be helped.

"On bright days give the bass a rest in the middle of the day; on cloudy days this caution is not so essential. The late afternoon hours are always the best for fly-fishing. Unless you have to travel some distance to the fishing grounds, don't hurry out of bed to go a-fishing. Take your breakfast at the usual hour like a Christian. There is nothing gained by being on the water at daylight, or before the sun is several hours high. Fishes in inland waters do not move about much before 8 o'clok in the morning, as they feed mostly during the first part of the night, and rest or sleep during the latter part."

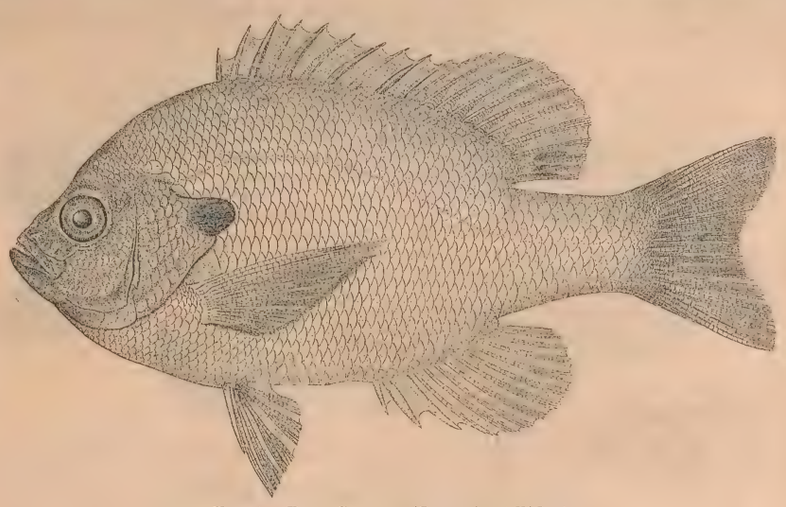


FIG. 4. BLUE SUNFISH (*Lepomis pallidus*).

THE BLUE SUNFISH (*Lepomis pallidus*), Fig. 4.—*Names.*—Blue bream, copper-nosed bream, and dollardee are additional names of this large sunfish.

Distribution.—This is one of the most widely diffused of all the species of *Lepomis*, and is subject to great variations in size, color, length of the so-called ear flap, etc. Its range extends from the Great Lakes to Mexico and Florida. East of the Alleghanies it is found northward to New Jersey.

Size.—The blue sunfish grows to a length of nearly 1ft., and its greatest recorded weight is 2lbs. The average weight is less than 1lb., and the length of adults 8in.

Habits—This fish frequents streams and ponds indifferently and is fond of warm waters. The observations of Mr. Seal, given elsewhere in this number, will furnish a clue to the reproductive habits of the sunfishes in general.

THE LONG-EARED SUNFISH (*Lepomis auritus*), Fig. 5.—*Names.*—Sunfish, bream, perch, sunperch, red-headed bream, red-bellied bream, red-bellied perch and red-breast are applied to the long-eared sunfish in the various parts of its rather extensive range.

Distribution.—The sunfish abounds in streams east of the Alleghanies from Maine to Florida, and in Gulf tributaries to Louisiana. A southern variety, distinguished by larger scales on the cheeks, and a dusky blotch on the hinder part of the soft dorsal fin, replaces the typical *auritus* from Virginia southward.

Size.—The long-eared sunfish reaches an average length of 8in. when adult, and its weight is about 1lb. Southern examples are usually larger than northern, and the number of individuals is greatly increased.

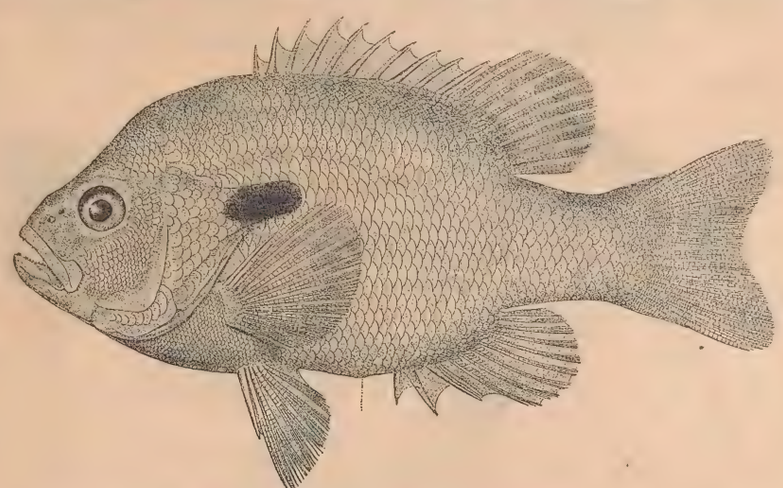


FIG. 5. LONG-EARED SUNFISH (*Lepomis auritus*).

Habits.—Like the blue sunfish, this species feeds on worms, small fishes, insect larvæ, crustaceans, mollusks and aquatic plants. Fishes, however, according to Prof. S. A. Forbes, do not form an important part of the food of the blue sunfish in the Illinois River, but small mollusks, insects, crustaceans and aquatic vegetation supply them with ample nourishment.

Besides the two large sunfishes above referred to there are several smaller species which fall a prey to the youthful angler's tackle in various waters of the United States. Among these is the well-known pumpkin-seed, or sunny, of the Great Lake region and Eastern streams from Maine to Florida. This is the curious nest-builder whose habits in this particular were described by Dr. Gill in FOREST AND STREAM, August 8, 1889, and will be found more recently discussed by Mr. W. P. Seal in the present supplement.

How to Capture Sunfishes.—"The several species of sunfishes or bream (*Lepomis*), furnish considerable pleasure to the all-round angler with the lightest tackle. Some of them, as the blue sunfish, or copper-nosed bream (*L. pallidus*), and the long-eared sunfish (*L. auritus*), and the red-bellied bream (*L. megalotis*), and pumpkin-seed (*L. gibbosus*), grow to the size of a breakfast plate, and are gallant fighters on a slender rod. They are much esteemed in Southern nland waters, and much sought after. They take almost any kind of live bait, and rise eagerly to the artificial fly.

"The same class of rods and tackle mentioned under croppies and rock bass will also answer for any of the sunfishes or bream. The angler who has never fished for 'sunnies' with a 3 or 4oz. fly-rod, drawn gut leader, and midge flies, has a pleasant revelation in store. It is far more sportsmanlike than fishing for fingerling brook trout, and the sport itself is much superior and vastly more satisfactory. I have never forgotten my youthful love for the 'sunny,' and I trust I never shall."

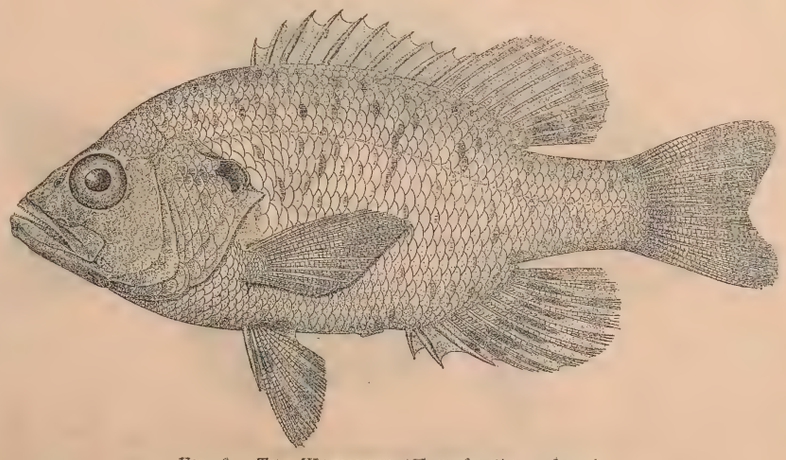


FIG. 6. THE WARMOUTH (*Chænobryttus gulosus*).

THE WARMOUTHS (*Chænobryttus gulosus* and variety *antistius*), Fig. 6.—The warmouth is represented by two well-marked varieties, the *antistius* inhabiting Lake Michigan and the tributaries of the upper Mississippi; the other form abounds throughout the South, both east and west of the Alleghanies, ranging to Texas and Florida southward and to Virginia northward.

Names.—The *C. gulosus*, or southern form, is very generally known as the warmouth. Other names of greater or less distribution are perch, sunfish, goggle-eye, red-eye, wide-mouth sunfish and black sunfish. The variety *antistius* is the black warmouth, styled also the warmouth, bigmouth, sunfish, goggle-eye, black sunfish and wide-mouth sunfish.

Size.—The warmouth grows to a length of 10in., and a weight of nearly 1lb. The body is thick and moderately deep.

Game Qualities.—The warmouths, wherever they are sufficiently abundant, are well known game fishes and highly valued as food. They are strong and vigorous, resembling the rock bass in habits, food and fighting qualities.

Food.—The young feed upon insects and insect larvæ, the adults continue to prey

upon insects to some extent, but nearly one-half of their food is made up of fishes.

Mode of Capture.—"The warmouth perch, or black sunfish, grows nearly as large as the rock bass, with a larger mouth, and approaches more nearly the black bass in appearance and habits. It is a good game fish for its inches, and can be taken with any kind of live bait, as grubs, worms, larvæ, grasshoppers, crickets, small minnows, etc., and also rises well to the artificial fly of almost any color. The same tackle may be employed as for the rock bass or croppie."

THE ROCK BASS (*Ambloplites rupestris*), Fig. 7.—This species is best known as the rock bass. The name redeye is also well associated with the species. In some localities goggle-eye, red-eyed perch and lake bass are names used to a limited extent for the rock bass.

Distribution.—The rock bass occurs in lower Canada, Vermont, and westward through the Great Lake region to Manitoba. It is indigenous in Dakota, Minnesota and southward throughout the Mississippi Valley to Texas. It is a common inhabitant of the Ohio Valley. It has been supposed to be absent from the Middle Atlantic States east of the Alleghanies, but has been known sparingly in the Susquehanna for a number of years, but whether it occurs naturally or introduced we are not aware. In Virginia it has been introduced into some bodies of water and is native in others. It also occurs native in North Carolina.

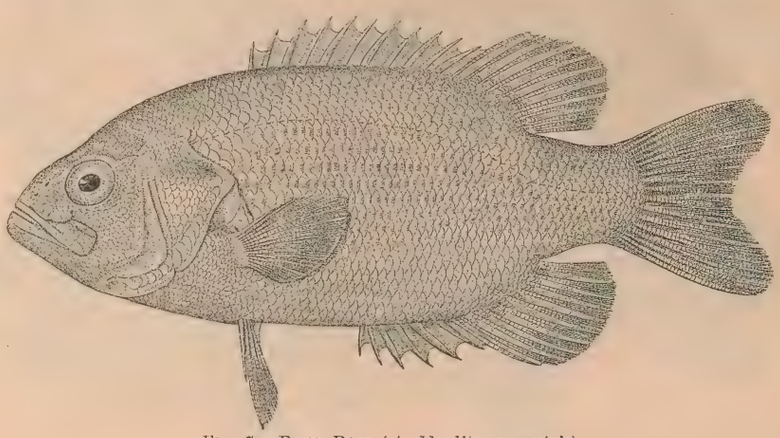


FIG. 7. ROCK BASS (*Ambloplites rupestris*).

Size.—The rock bass in suitable waters usually reaches a length of 1ft., and a fish of this length would weigh from 1 to 1¼lbs., but in very large examples the depth and thickness increases greatly, and it is reported that specimens weighing 3¾lbs. have been caught in Stony Creek, Virginia. The National Museum has an individual which was caught in the James River at Manchester, Va., that weighs 2lbs. It measures 14in. in length and 5¼in. in depth.

Habits.—Early in the spring, in February and March, it resorts to the mouths of small streams, where the water runs fresh, and in the summer months it frequents shady places, going under high banks or shelving rocks. It is gregarious, going in large schools.

Season.—The fishing season begins in June and continues until cold weather.

Localities.—In the region inhabited by this species it abounds in all the streams, lakes and ponds. Sluggish streams with pure dark water suit it best.

Food.—The rock bass feeds on worms, insect larvæ and small crustaceans. It is admirably adapted to pond life, where it flourishes equally as well as in the streams. Early in the summer it feeds upon worms and insects, later upon minnows, crawfish and other crustaceans. The young feed upon insects and their larvæ.

Reproduction.—This species spawns in May and June on gravelly shoals.

Game Qualities.—The rock bass is a very free and ready biter, but its staying qualities are not great. It is an excellent and highly valued pan fish, and hence eminently suited for introduction into Eastern waters.

"The rock bass or redeye (*Ambloplites rupestris*) is a very fair game fish, considering its size, and is also a good pan fish, and with very light tackle there is far worse fishing than rock bass fishing on a shady, rocky stream. It congregates in small schools, is quite a free biter, and a vigorous fighter. I have seen the time when I felt quite proud in the possession of a good basket of 'redeyes;' and the sport I experienced in their capture, with a 4oz. rod, was something to be remembered.

"As with the crappies, the angler can use a light cane rod, 10ft. long, and not over 4 or 5oz. in weight, with a No. 1 twisted silk line the length of the rod, a 3ft. leader of the finest gut, and Sproat hooks, Nos. 4 or 5, tied on drawn gut, and a quill float; this tackle answers admirably for rock bass fishing from a boat on ponds, or in the holes of streams. When a reel is used for casting, an H line of braided silk should be substituted for the twisted silk.

"For baits, use small minnows, grasshoppers, soft crawfish, white grubs or angleworms, the best being the white grub found in decayed stumps or manure heaps.

"For fly-fishing, a light trout fly-rod of 5 or 6oz., light click reel, enameled line, size G, and a fine trout leader are suitable. Any of the general trout flies with red, brown or yellow in their composition, as the Montreal, ibis, soldier, professor, oriole, polka, etc., or the brown, red or ginger hackles answer well for rock bass. They should be tied to drawn gut snells on Sproat hooks, Nos. 5 to 7.

"With such tackle the rock bass will be found to be a game fish of no mean pretensions, and will well repay the angler who is debarred from black bass or Canadian trout fishing."

THE SACRAMENTO PERCH (*Archoplites interruptus*), Fig. 8.—The little information that we have about this Californian species is obtained from the writings of Dr. D. S. Jordan, who says: "This species is known only by the name of perch, a name applied in the San Francisco markets to many very different fishes. It has been thus far found only in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and tributaries. It is abundant in the lower parts of these rivers, large numbers being shipped to the markets in San Francisco. It is there bought and consumed mainly by the Chinese, who value it highly, paying for it more than for any other fish which they consume. Although it is an excellent pan fish, very similar to the black bass, we have never seen any of them bought by Americans. It reaches a weight of a little more than one pound. Nothing distinctive is known of its habits."

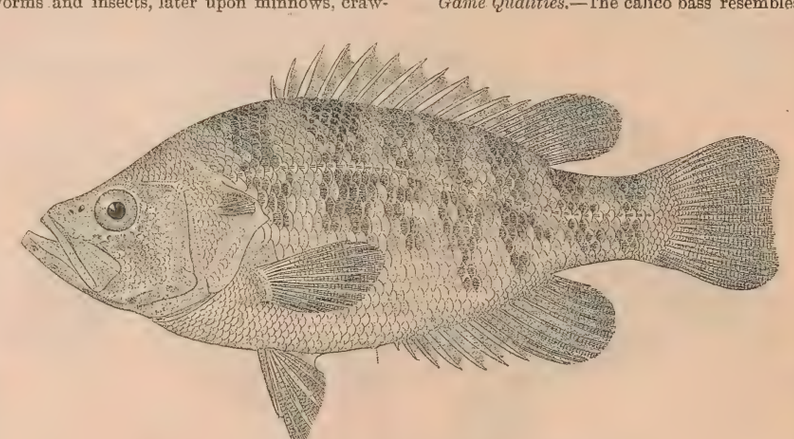


FIG. 8. SACRAMENTO PERCH (*Archoplites interruptus*).

The Sacramento perch is the only member of the sunfish family found west of the Rocky Mountains.

Dr. Henshall is of the opinion that the same tackle and baits used for the rock bass would prove successful with the Sacramento perch.

THE CALICO BASS (*Pomoxys sparoides*), Fig. 9.—Of the variations of the name bass, this fish possesses a goodly share. It is styled strawberry bass, grass bass, lake bass and Lake Erie bass, bank-lick bass, silver bass, big-fin bass. It is known, also, as strawberry perch, chinquapin perch, goggle-eyed perch, silver perch and sand perch. Miscellaneous names of local application for this species are bar-fish, bitter-head, tinmouth, Sac-a-lai, lamp-lighter, razor-back, goggle-eye, black croppie and lake croppie. In the Pennsylvania fish laws this fish is designated as Lake Erie or grass bass.

Distribution.—The calico bass has a naturally wide distribution, which has been greatly extended by artificial introduction. The fish is now living, thriving and multiplying in France. Through the efforts of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission it has become acclimatized in the Susquehanna River. It is indigenous east of the Alleghanies from New Jersey southward to Georgia, and abundant in the Great Lake region, in the upper part of the Mississippi Valley, and in the Missouri. In the Ohio Valley it is naturally uncommon, but has been largely introduced.

Size.—The calico bass reaches a length of about one foot and a maximum weight of nearly 3lbs., but the average weight is little more than 1lb.

Season.—This bass spawns in the spring and is protected in some of the States until June 1. Fish caught in May near Havre de Grace were spawning.

Localities.—Two very fine specimens, 10 and 12in. long, were recently taken at Port Deposit, Md., in the Susquehanna. The Susquehanna and tidewater canal near Havre de Grace has yielded good fishing for this species. Throughout the Great Lake region it is found in abundance; in the ponds of northern Indiana and Ohio it is also very common, and in the vicinity of Covington, Ky., there are ponds which have been thoroughly stocked with this fish. In the rivers of the Southern States, from Virginia to Georgia, the calico bass is one of the common species.

Food.—Worms, small crustaceans and fishes.

Habits.—Very little is recorded about the habits of the calico bass. It swims in large schools, and is found in comparatively shallow water. Like other members of the sunfish family, it is a nest builder and it is a lover of warm water. The nest building has been described by Duclos from observations made in the vicinity of Versailles, France. He noticed more than one hundred nests in water about 8in. deep. Favorite places for the nests were the stone steps descending into the pond. In France a three-year-old fish measured about 8in. in length and nearly 3in. in depth. The young in April measured four-fifths of an inch; in the following August the same individuals measured 3¼in.

Game Qualities.—The calico bass resembles the black bass somewhat in game qualities; it is a free and vigorous biter, and its endurance, considering its size, is remarkable.

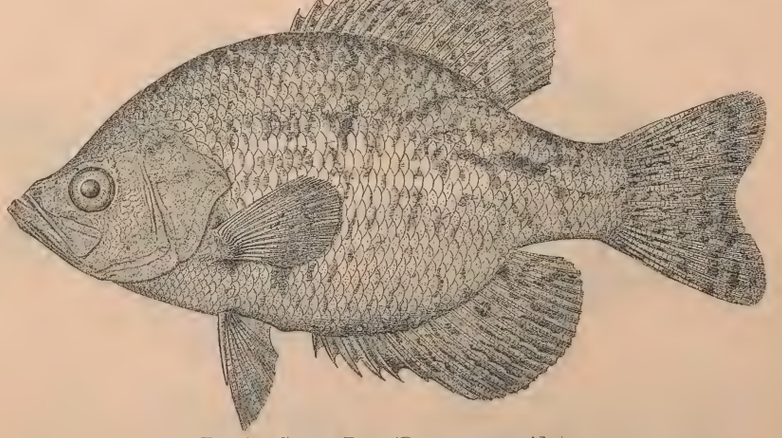


FIG. 9. CALICO BASS (*Pomoxys sparoides*).

THE CRAPPIE (*Pomoxys annularis*), Fig. 10.—The crappie is so well and widely known that it has received a great many names, among which are the following: Bachelor, new light, Campbellite, sac-a-lai, bridge perch, strawberry perch, chinquapin perch, speckled perch, tin perch, goggle-eye, John Demon, shad, white croppie and timber croppie.

Distinguishing Marks.—The crappie usually has only six spines in the dorsal, while the calico bass has seven; the anal fin of the crappie is nearly uniform whitish, while in the calico bass it is reticulated like the soft dorsal. The depth of the crappie is less, also, in proportion to the extreme length of the fish, being usually three-sevenths of the total length without the tail, while the depth of the calico bass is one-half of this length. In size and habits the fish are so nearly alike that they are seldom distinguished by the fishermen.

Distribution.—The crappie is most abundant in the lower Mississippi Valley; it is common also in the Ohio valley, and is rarely taken in Lake Erie. It inhabits by preference still waters and large ponds, seldom occurring in small streams. Like the calico bass it is admirably adapted for pond culture, and multiplies enormously under favorable circumstances, and stands transportation very well. Its range has been greatly extended by artificial introduction. In Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, crappie fishing is very productive and furnishes rare sport.

Size.—The maximum size of the crappie is claimed for Murdoch Club Lake near St. Louis, which furnished a specimen weighing over 3lbs. The usual size of the adult fish is about 1ft. in length and weight about 1lb. or slightly more.

Season.—The season usually begins in June and continues until cold weather. Crappies are very abundant in the Ohio, Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, especially so in the lower parts of the Mississippi. They abound in waters of suitable size in these regions. We have seen large numbers of beautiful specimens taken near Quincy, Ill. Prof. Forbes has found them at Peoria in March and April, and in Pistakee Lake in McHenry county, Ill., also at Ottawa. Cedar Lake, Ind., is celebrated for its crappies; King's Lake, Mo., is another famous locality. Some very large private ponds near Covington, Ky., belonging to Joseph Schlosser, contain myriads of crappies and other game fishes, to fish for which a fee is charged.

Food.—The food of the crappie has been carefully investigated by Prof. S. A. Forbes, director of the Illinois Laboratory of Natural History, who finds that the young subsist principally upon entomostraca and small insect larvæ. Even the adults continue to take this food as long as it is abundant, and when it becomes scarce they supply the deficiency in part with other fishes. Some of the fishes which he found in stomachs were small minnows and darters. As already stated the autumnal food of the crappie includes a larger percentage of small fishes, amounting in some cases to nearly two-fifths of the entire stomach contents. Among the larvæ sometimes consumed by the crappie in the fall Prof. Forbes found that of the helgramite (*Corydalus cornutus*). The amount of food taken in cold weather was found to average not more than one-quarter of the quantity consumed in early spring.

Habits.—We have stated that the crappie loves still waters. It is not averse to warm and muddy water since it may be taken in large numbers in midsummer in depths of a few feet. With the approach of cold weather it seeks deeper water, because less active and requires very little food. The spawning habits of the crappie are presumably not different from those of the calico bass, and the young of the two species grow at about an equal rate.

Game Qualities.—The crappie is a ready biter and will take the hook baited with minnows or worms with great avidity. Its endurance is not very great. The spoon bait is a favorite and highly successful implement in trolling for this fish. As an illustration of the abundance and voracity of the crappie it may be stated that two men have taken a thousand crappies in the course of three days' fishing with hook and line. The fish will usually bite at any hour of the day. As its mouth is small the size of the hooks must be regulated accordingly.

"The same methods of angling are employed for both the calico bass, or Northern crappie (*Pomoxys sparoides*), and the newlight or Southern crappie (*Pomoxys annularis*), as the two fishes are very closely allied and their habits are similar. Both species congregate in schools about brush, logs and weed patches in deep holes, and being not at all shy, take the baited hook quite greedily, and on this account are much sought after by the angler who delights in quantity rather than quality.

"While the croppies are excellent pan-fishes, and the best of all percoid fishes for small ponds, their game qualities are the least of their merits, and in order to get any sport at all in fishing for them, only the lightest tackle should be employed.

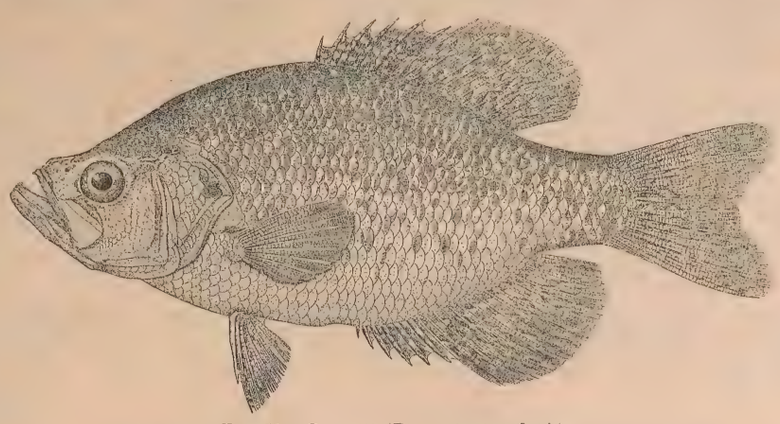


FIG. 10. CRAPPIE (*Pomoxys annularis*).

"Any light rod, as a trout bait-rod, will answer, but if only croppie fishing is expected, the best rod is a natural native cane 10ft. long and weighing from 4 to 6oz., or even less if it can be procured. Such a rod, while being quite light, is strong enough to lift the fish from the water, for the croppie gives very little play, and it is usually desirable to basket as many as possible of the school while they are biting.

"From what has just been said it will be seen that a reel is not essential in croppie fishing. The line should be about as long as the rod, and of the smallest caliber—say No. 1 twisted silk, or so-called sea grass. Should a reel be used, the line should be the smallest braided silk, size H. A fine gut leader about 3ft. long should be used. Sproat hooks, Nos. 4 or 5, tied on the finest gut snells are about right.

"Small minnows, especially 'shiners' are the bait *par excellence* for croppies. They should be hooked through the lips, unless very small, when the hook should be carefully passed under the dorsal fin. The smallest sized sinker should be attached to the leader, a foot above the hook, to keep the minnow in deep water, and, usually, a light float is an advantage to keep the bait at about the right depth.



FIG. 11. STONE CATFISH (*Noturus insignis*).

"The angler rigged as above can get considerable sport out of croppie fishing, though they offer very little resistance and slide out of the water rather too easily—but withal they are beautiful fishes and make a handsome basket, and are at their best on the table.

"The croppies, and especially the Southern croppie or newlight, rise well to the artificial fly, and with the lightest trout tackle afford considerable sport. For this fishing the lightest trout fly-rods of 4 or 5oz. can be utilized to advantage. A very light click reel, and a G or No. 5 enameled silk line should be used with such a rod. Trout flies of neutral or subdued tints, as the gray and brown hackles, gray-drake, stone-fly, blue-dun, etc., are well adapted for this fishing, but by far the best fly for croppies that I know of is the 'Henshall' bass fly, tied on a Sproat hook No. 5, and of the size of an ordinary trout fly. They will rise to this fly when no other will tempt them to the surface. It has a body of peacock herl, hackle of white hairs from deer's tail, gray wings, and tail composed of a fibre or two from the tail feather of a peacock.

"Croppies will be found about dams, and in the deeper and stiller portions of streams and ponds, and especially about logs, brush, drift, etc. In such situations, on a breezy summer afternoon, toward sunset, the angler with light trout tackle will be amply rewarded, for under these conditions fly-fishing for croppies is a sport not to be despised."

THE STONE CATFISH (*Noturus insignis*), Fig. 11.—This fish sometimes grows to nearly a foot in length, but averages much less. The size used for bait for black bass seldom exceeds 3 or 4in. The stone catfish ranges from Pennsylvania to South Carolina in rivers and creeks; it is one of the best known and most successful baits on the Susquehanna River, and its tenacity of life makes it especially desirable. There are several other species of *Noturus* which are also called stone cats, and are used for bait. In many Eastern streams the young of *Noturus flavus* is suitable for the purpose, and *Noturus gyrinus* and other small stone cats are available. These fishes are wonderfully tough and tenacious of life. Little is known of their habits. They hide under stones and logs, the common name being derived from their choice of habitation. They are very sluggish in their movements, and easily captured when found. The common way of catching the stone catfish, or stone roller, is by striking with a stone the flat rock under which it is supposed to be hiding. The blow stuns the fish temporarily and sometimes destroys its usefulness altogether. Mr. George W. Lung, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., informs us that his cousin at Wyalusing, Pa., takes his catfish with a sieve. He lifts the stone carefully, keeping the sieve under it; the fish follow the shadow of the stone and are easily caught in the sieve without injury.

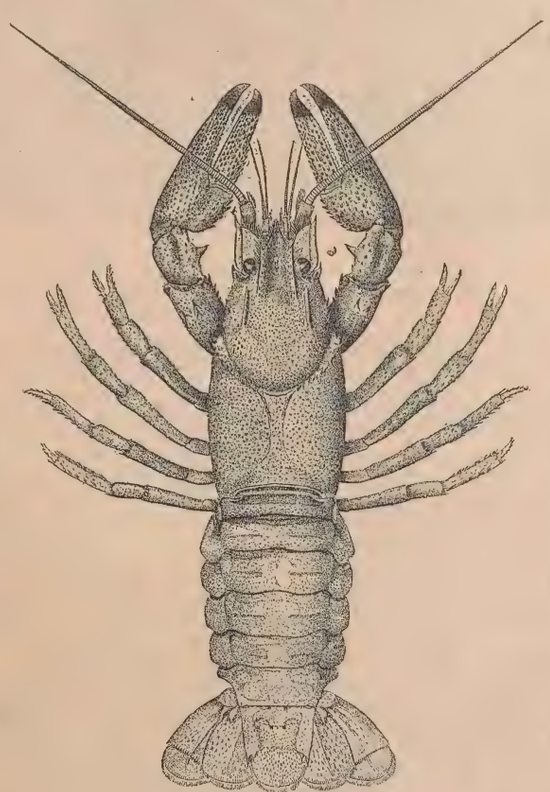


FIG. 12. CRAYFISH (*Cambarus affinis*).

THE PICKEREL FROG (*Rana palustris*).—This handsome species is known also as the marsh frog, tiger frog and leopard frog. It ranges from Maine to Virginia, occurring in salt-marshes and in wet meadows in the vicinity of ponds and streams. The rows of dark quadrate spots on the sides and back and the bright yellow of the under surface of the thighs make it a conspicuous species. Its odor is very strong. The name pickerel frog is derived from its use as a bait.

THE CRAYFISHES (*Cambarus* and *Astacus*), Fig. 12.—The crayfishes or crawfishes resemble the lobster in form, but are much smaller in size and live in fresh-water streams. There are about twenty-nine nominal species of *Cambarus* in the United States, and *Astacus* is represented by six species, all of them confined to the region from California to British Columbia west of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Th Eastern crayfishes are found in the area east of the Rocky Mountains, being scarce in New England and more or less plentiful in various localities from British America to Texas. In the Middle States and in Maryland and the District of Columbia the subject of our illustration is a common species and reaches a large size. The Potomac and the Susquehanna furnish very fine examples of this crayfish; in the latter river it is particularly abundant early in June, during the shad season. The crayfish is generally found under flat stones in the deeper parts of the stream, but sometimes occurs on muddy bottom. It feeds upon water plants, small fishes and various other vegetable and animal substances, dead or alive. Crayfishes shed their shells and are most desirable for bait in the soft condition. They can be obtained from early spring until late in the fall.

T. H. B.

BASS AND BASS ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE.

THE SUNSET CLUB.—VI.

SEVERAL weeks ago the president announced that the noted author and black bass angler, Dr. J. A. Henshall, would address the club at the November meeting. In consequence of this "standing room only" was proclaimed long before the opening hour. After the roll call and the usual secret salutations, the president said: "Brethren, we will omit the general order of business as you are aware we have with us two distinguished scientific anglers, whose names are as familiar as the bait you use in fishing for bass. These gentlemen are the true fishermen who find pleasure not merely in well-stocked baskets of spoil, but equally in the attendant charms of the trip, and who study the character and habits of the objects of their sport. Angling has many charms and those whose knowledge of fishing is confined to holding a cane pole and angling for perch and sunfish or like non-game creatures find it dull and uninteresting, but these true disciples of Izaak Walton never know a wearisome hour in the longest day. If the sport is tame and fish not hungry there is to them an exhaustless and ever new source of pleasure and study of the great book of nature temptingly unfolded before them. They are familiar with the natural history of fish, and it is through such men that we learn their secret movements and habits. Brethren, I have the pleasure of introducing Dr. Henshall, of Cincinnati."

After the deafening applause had died down to an echoing sound the genial Doctor stepped to the rostrum, and after thanking the members for the unexpected ovation, said he would talk about the "Bass and Bass Islands of Lake Erie."

Many years ago, said Dr. Henshall, I enjoyed some fine sport in fishing for small-mouthed black bass about the islands of Lake Erie, but at that time I gave no especial thought to the peculiar features of that fishing as compared to that of other portions of the country. Afterward, however, when I began to make a special study of the black bass I could not reconcile some of the habits of the black bass as I remembered them in the western part of Lake Erie with those of the country at large, and resolved that if the opportunity ever presented itself, to give some time and investigation to what I considered the aberrant features of the habits of the black bass of the Bass Islands.

During the past summer and fall I spent four months in yachting, canoeing, fishing and collecting in the waters of the western portion of Lake Erie, and endeavored during this time to form some theory in regard to what I have just called the aberrant features of the habits of its black bass.

It is but the beginning of an attempt, however, and I now venture to address this honorable club on this subject in the hope that some of the veteran anglers here assembled will help me out with it. I desire particularly to hear from my friend, Judge Potter, who has had so many years of experience in these waters.

To begin at the beginning, the surface geology of the western portion of Lake Erie presents some very remarkable, peculiar and interesting features. As you all know, there are several theories regarding the origin of the Great Lakes, but we will confine our remarks to Lake Erie in general and its western portion in particular, and without going into or supporting any theory in reference to its physical peculiarities—whether they are the result of icebergs, glaciers, or the tail of Ignatius Donnelly's comet—we will take the facts as we find them to-day, without troubling ourselves about the remote ages when the skating was better than the fishing.

Lake Erie is the shallowest of the Great Lakes, being but 230ft. deep, while Lake Huron, above it, is 800ft. deep, and Ontario, below, is 450ft. in depth. Now, whether these lakes were originally or aboriginally the channel or bed of a pre-glacial river (whatever that may mean), and Lake Erie has since become silted up with the debris of the waters above, or become filled up with the crumbling and washing away of the Laurentian Hills to its present level, or whether its basin has been excavated from the sedimentary rocks by the advance or retreat of great continental or local glaciers, or whether eroded by the churning or grinding of immense ice fields and ice bergs floating about in a pre-glacial sea, in which the black bass had no existence, are matters that do not concern our present purpose, though they may serve to occupy your minds while waiting for a bite near some of the Bass Islands, of Lake Erie, with the grooves and striations and other evidences of the rocks in plain view.

So dismissing all consideration of the several theories to account for the islands, reefs and shores of Lake Erie, with their concomitant features of drift, blue clay and boulders, we will take them as they exist to-day in defiance of upheavals, glaciers, icebergs and cataclysms which occurred at a time when the only sport seems to have been tobogganing on a grand scale.

At the west end of Lake Erie, which is also its shallowest portion, and in close proximity to the cities of Sandusky, Port Clinton, Toledo and Monroe, lies an extensive group of islands, several of them inclosing the historic waters of Put-in-Bay, one of the most charming and beautiful bays on the continent, dear alike to the tourist, the yachtsman, the canoeist and the angler.

From the observatory in Put-in-Bay Island (South Bass can be seen Pelee and Middle islands) in Canadian waters, and with North, South and Middle Bass, Kelley's, Starve,

Gibraltar, Green, Rattlesnake, Sugar, Ballast, East, West and Middle Sisters, Hen, and Chickens and other islands in American waters, most of them lying within a radius of half a dozen miles from Put-in-Bay. Pelee is the largest of the group, embracing some 10,000 acres, Kelley's is a third as large, North, South and Middle Bass are still smaller, with the rest dwindling in size to the bare rocks called Old Hen and Chickens, outcroppings from the reefs.

These islands are all formed of solid limestone rock, the larger ones being well wooded and overlaid by a rich calcareous soil well adapted to fruit and grape culture, and are covered with orchards and vineyards in a high state of cultivation.

The northerly shores of the islands, being exposed to the fury of the northeast gales, are bluffy, precipitous and water-worn, but slope toward the southern exposures, ending in the sheltered coves in gravelly and sandy beaches.

The channels between these islands are comparatively shallow, the bottom, where exposed to the currents, being rocky, but in sheltered situations is covered with clay. Long rocky reefs and ledges extend from the shores and crop up between the islands, many of them, like the waterline rocks of the Bass Islands, being cavernous; Kelley's Island, however, is composed entirely of corniferous limestone.

The surface and rocks of these islands and reefs exhibit the most remarkable and beautiful examples and evidences of so-called glacial action to be found in the world. And now having cracked off the geological shell of the nut we come to the kernel or meat—black bass fishing.

As you are all aware, the fishing along these reefs in the spring and fall is very fine (and before the days of pound-nets was simply grand), while during the summer months it is *nil*. Have you ever paused to ask why? Have you ever thought how voraciously the bass bite for a couple of weeks in April and May, or in September and October, but cease biting in June, July and August, usually the best bass fishing months in the year in other localities? Well, I have thought about it a good deal, and it puzzled me exceedingly.

I have asked old Lake Erie anglers to account for it. I have questioned the market-fishermen about it, but all in vain. The queries and answers have been something like this:

Q. Why do black bass appear on the reefs in spring? A. To spawn.

Q. Did you ever see a black bass spawning on the reefs? A. Can't say I ever did.

Q. Did you ever see a black bass rest on the reefs? A. Think not.

Q. Do they resort to the reefs in the fall to spawn? A. No, unless they spawn twice a year, which they don't.

Q. Then why do they come to the reefs only in spring and fall? A. Ask me an easy one.

Q. Do you think they resort to the reefs to feed? A. Perhaps they do.

Q. What food do they find on the reefs? A. Don't know.

Q. Did you ever see them feeding on the reefs. A. No.

Q. Then why do they go to the reefs at all? A. Give it up.

Q. Where do they go in summer? A. To deep water.

Q. What for? A. To feed, I guess.

Q. What food do they find in deep water? A. I pass.

Q. Do you know where this deep water is? A. No.

Q. Do you know where they are to be found in summer? A. No.

Q. Do you know where to find them at any season? A. Yes, on the reefs in spring and fall.

And this is all the information I ever got from anglers or fishermen. Then I began to reason it out. First, as to spawning. Lake Erie is a large body of water, quite cold even in summer. The spawning of black bass occurs in the spring or summer, depending on the climate or temperature of the water, and cannot occur in Lake Erie before June or July; but long before this they have disappeared from the reefs, *ergo*, they do not spawn on the reefs.

Next, as to food. Bass caught in the spring on the reefs seemed to have very little food in their stomachs, an occasional crawfish, or perhaps a minnow. From my own observations, and from all I could learn from others, there seemed to be a scarcity of food on the reefs. Then I hauled a collecting seine on all the beaches and available places about the islands, and found that minnows were few in species and scarce in numbers. I also found afterward that during the fishing seasons the minnows for bait were brought from Sandusky and Port Clinton, owing to their scarcity about "the Bay." Crawfish were also scarce; *ergo*, the bass do not go to the reefs to feed. And, as the black bass is not a deep-water fish, and as its food is not found in deep water, therefore it does not go to deep water in summer.

With my collecting seine I took a few young black bass, probably two dozen, hatched the previous summer, and a few two years old. They were taken, or rather found, at but one place, among the grass and weeds of Put-in-Bay harbor. This proved to my mind, conclusively, that only a few stragglers spawned about the beaches or shallow reefs about Put-in-Bay, while the main army went somewhere else to breed and feed during the summer months.

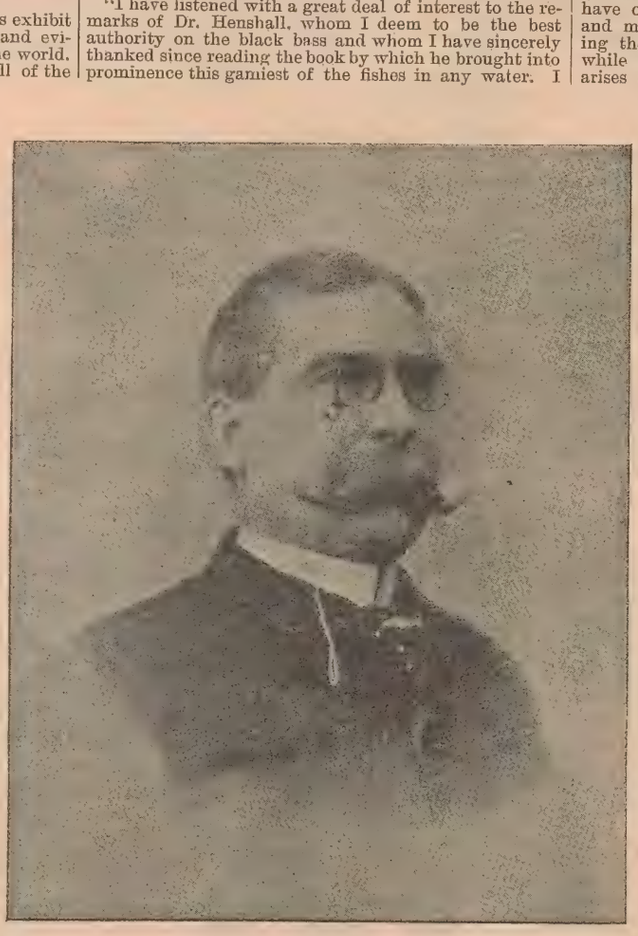
Now, the truth of the matter seems to me to be this: The small-mouthed black bass of western Lake Erie hibernate under the ledges and cavernous reefs about the islands. In the spring, after the first fine weather in April or May, when emerging from their winter quarters, they bite ravenously for a week or two, or may be two or three weeks, until the weather becomes still warmer, when they cease biting suddenly and depart toward their feeding and spawning grounds, wherever that may be.

After the cold northeast storms in September, they again congregate on the reefs, preparatory to going into winter quarters, and bite until cold weather sets in, when they disappear under the ledges and reefs. As I said before, there are a few stragglers from the main army that spawn about "the Bay," and remain there during the summer, and some of these are caught by perch anglers during June, July and Augnst. I killed a few myself about the gravelly bars of Gibraltar in July, but they were poorly nourished.

In conclusion, I will repeat the hope I expressed at the beginning, that some of the veteran anglers here assembled will help me out with my theory, and ascertain, if possible, where the small-mouthed bass of the Bass Islands resort during the summer months for spawning and feeding. They are to be found somewhere, in comparatively shallow water, perhaps at the head of the lake, about the bays, or up some of the streams; probably they follow the bank cashiers to the Canadian shore. At the next meeting of this club I shall expect some information on this subject."

The president made some pertinent remarks touching his knowledge of black bass, but before he concluded loud cries were made for the venerable Judge Potter, and when the noise had partially died out the judge, in his usual quiet way, spoke as follows:

"I have listened with a great deal of interest to the remarks of Dr. Henshall, whom I deem to be the best authority on the black bass and whom I have sincerely thanked since reading the book by which he brought into prominence this gamiest of the fishes in any water. I was raised in a trout country, but since my experience with the black bass I have yielded to him the palm for being the gamiest fish that I have ever encountered. The interest and intense excitement never ceases from the moment he is hooked till he is brought to grass or shakes the hook out of his mouth, which with me frequently happens. Other anglers may boast of never losing a fish, but I think he who never loses one must be entirely devoid of sensibility. There is something more than mechanical manipulations in handling this fish. It is impossible to avoid some anxiety in the operation, which tends to unman a very nervous angler, while the phlegmatic one may be able to carry a steadier hand; you never know what a black bass is going to do after he is hooked. He sulks, he runs, he tries to extricate the hook by rubbing against any substance near at hand; he rushes toward you to see what a slack line will do; failing in this he leaps 2 or 3ft. out of the water, opens his mouth, shakes his head and then, if he gains any slack, is the point of danger against which it is difficult to guard, and there is where I have lost many a fish. I tell you, Mr. President, a 5 or 6lbs. small-mouth bass, well fed upon crayfish in the cold waters of Lake Superior, is an ugly customer to encounter. After employing all his tactics to disengage the hook from his jaws he seems to yield (only playing possum) and may be quietly led to the boat, and when you think it safe to apply the landing net he gives a spring, frequently landing in the boat, but quite as frequently going clear over it and escaping. I often in trout fishing, on the north shore of Lake Superior, have hooked a black bass, though they are not abundant there, and when I did I knew I had half an hour's job on my hands, if not more, as they will fight twice as long as the trout, and with twice the tact and vigor. I feel like the boy who flung back into the water a nice trout, saying he was fishing for eels and not for trout. With an 8oz. rod and a small gnat or midge fly, the chances are in favor of the bass. I have noticed an account somewhere, where black bass have been caught in the winter, but I have never seen them caught at that season of the year in this section. 'Where do the black bass go in summer?' asks my friend Dr. Henshall. They don't go anywhere. They stay about the reefs and the recesses of the broken and rocky coasts of the lake. The old Hen in the Hen and Chicken group, lying northwesterly from Put-in-Bay, is a favorite resort for them in the months of July and August and early September. I have visited these islands, and finally, all the rocky shores in these clusters of islands at the head of Lake Erie, where in the deep waters surrounding them, in a calm day I could see most enticing bait or lure, placed near their noses, not one would open his mouth; they would turn up an eye, wag a ventral fin, as if in scorn of the tempting morsel. Any one who has seen a black bass or a speckled trout and observed the gravity of his countenance when declining to take a fish hook in his mouth, the facial expression of disgust and scorn will unrival that of Meg Merrilies, and he will feel as if he was in the presence of more than animal intelligence. Why doesn't he bite? There is something about fish life that is inexplicable to us. We know their habits, but their inner consciousness no one has yet been able to discover. I have sometimes thought that their indisposition to take the bait in the summer was owing to a certain condition of the water. The lake is surrounded by forests, and the islands are covered with trees. About the first of July I have often observed, floating in the water of the lake, and more especially about the islands, a sediment having the appearance of pollen from the trees; after a while this substance settles to the bottom, from which arises a gas, as seen by bubbles arising to the surface. At these times many dead fish may be seen floating in the water, and they are mostly confined to bottom feeders; the bass seldom die from this cause, not being bottom feeders, but their health and condition must be seriously affected from this cause, depriving them of their appetite, when food becomes repulsive to them. Later, in September and October, when the water has become purified, their appetite returns and they lay in a stock of food preparatory to their hibernation for the winter, and as the nights grow colder and the November frosts appear they retire to deeper water or the caves in the rocks, from which they emerge in April or May and are ready to break their long winter's fast. They breed in May and June, at which time they seldom take any food, and at the close of the breeding season the poisoning of the water occurs with the effects as stated. I only speak of the black bass of Lake Erie, as I have had very little experience with any other. With these I have had a pretty close acquaintance for more than fifty years, commencing at a time when 500 small-mouth bass to two rods in an afternoon among the rocks and reefs around Kelly's Island, Lake Erie, was an every-day occurrence, but since then sad havoc has been played with them by the commercial fishermen, with fyke and pound nets."



DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

[From "More About the Black Bass," by courtesy of Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co.]

Three hearty cheers were given for Dr. Henshall and Judge Potter. "We hope," said the president, "often to have the pleasure and honor of your presence in this hall." The club then adjourned to its private parlors, where they feasted upon rock sturgeon and other fresh-water delicacies furnished by the newly initiated passenger agents, Shearman, Brown and Smith.

J. E. GUNCKEL.

NOTES ON BLACK BASS.—The north branch of the Susquehanna River, in the vicinity of Wyalusing, Pa., is a famous stream for small-mouthed black bass. Several years ago their abundance became noteworthy and a gentleman at Ulster had the curiosity to weigh the fish that were carried past his office by anglers during the season. He weighed 1,800lbs. and had reason to believe that three times as many more were taken in other directions. Some of the eddies near Wyalusing have large beds of fine, clean gravel at the lower end and supply very favorable spawning grounds; the bass collect in such localities in large numbers. Black bass will not take the hook in winter, nor will they bite in May when suckers are biting. When crawfish are shedding the bass will take them more greedily than at any other time. At the period when frogs drop their eggs these fish will not bite at anything else. Along some parts of the river where the bottom shoals off gradually a river weed grows luxuriantly in summer. When the water rises slightly it often backs over this grass, and in this biding place the bass collect to prey upon minnows and other food. By skilfully poling a boat along the edge of the grass the fish will run out and try to jump over it, and frequently fall into the boat. One of the expert fishermen of Sugar Run, Bradford Co., Pa., caught 15 one evening by this method. —GEO. W. LUNG (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.).

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER BASS.—Messrs. J. B. Crook & Co. send us a note from a Cape Vincent, N. Y., correspondent under date of July 13: Fishing good on Saturday, July 12, Mr. Weeks, of Brooklyn, got 13 bass weighing 32lbs., total catch 37 weighing 51lbs. Mr. O'Donohue, of New York, got 51 bass weighing 49lbs. Very few fishermen here; patronage all along the river very light so far. Weather while 101° in New York did not get above 85° here. Same day it was 101° in New York I slept at night under a sheet, a double blanket and a coverlid, and was comfortable. The figures and facts I give you are strictly reliable. I give no number or weight of fish unless I count and see the weight myself, so you can rely upon it and not put it in the same category as the fishing of Com. Erhardt, as published in a recent New York *Sun*, which story was a ridiculous lie.—G. C. B.

DELAWARE RIVER BASS FISHING is the best known for years. A report about it next week.

A RHYME OF THE MORNING.

THE mockingbird's delusive note
Sets all the woods a-ringing;
The vireo's ecstatic throat
Is strained with stress of singing;
The passion flower's a-drip with dew
Each bush and shrub adorning,
As I joint my rod by the Calcasieu
At four o'clock in the morning.

That swirl by yonder lily pad
Is plain to an angler's reading:
And my spirit mounts, and my soul grows glad,
For I see that the fish are feeding.
Then, just where the tiny circlet stops,
As though it had "died a-borning,"
My gay-winged "oriole" lightly drops,
As a rose leaf drops in the morning.

There's a darting rush from depths below—
A shock that thrills the marrow;
The rod is bent like a yeoman's bow,
And the line shrills out like an arrow.
A noble strike, and a nobler rush,
All tricks and dodges scorning!
He seeks no aid of log or brush,
This fighter of early morning.

A hissing line and a screaming reel—
An angler, grim and breathless—
A flash in the air—a rainbow of steel—
These memories are deathless!
And I will swear such glorious strife,
In spite of the sluggard's scorning,
Is worth ten years of peaceful life
At home and abed in the morning.

The mockingbird's triumphant note
Exultingly is ringing;
The vireo's ecstatic throat
The stirring strife is singing.
The passion flower, a-drip with dew,
A victor's breast is adorning,
As I sheathe my rod by the Calcasieu,
At five o'clock in the morning.

LAKE CHARLES, Louisiana. H. P. U.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

Of Difficulties with the Bass Family, with a Few Fishy Remarks.

I.—The Bass of Boyhood.

MY acquaintance with the bass family began on the Wabash River at the little village of P., "risin' o' forty years ago when I was a small boy with a frayed straw hat an' one gallus," and has been followed up with some intervals of rest—to the bass—with keen zest and unalloyed pleasure ever since, and I am now on the other side of the "divide of a century."

The annual bass fever takes a firm grip on me about the time the dogwood blossoms in the spring, and rages with more or less violence till the buds begin to swell again for the blooming time—a sort of perennial, rather than annual malady—that bids fair to abide with me till the Master calls for the final round-up.

For the last twenty-four years I have camped out from ten days to five weeks at a time, once and sometimes twice a year on the Tippecanoe, Kankakee and Wabash rivers, and a good many of the famous lakes of northern Michigan; and as the years grow on apace, the love of the sport of all sports seems to take a deeper root, and I look forward to the next "Camp of the Kingfishers" with more eager anticipations of pleasant communings with the woods and the waters than have been enjoyed in any preceding one.

Of all the fish with which the old rod has had to do battle (a good many of them have been used in all these years as boy and man, but it is always "the old rod"), the bronze warrior with the bristling back stands at the head of the list as a tireless, game fighter, cunning strategist, a "hustler," and the one fruitful in resources and devices to rid himself of the remorseless steel when hooked. Not even the much sought after and over-praised "speckled beauties" (pardon a phrase that has been worn threadbare for a century or more) nor him of the vicious eye and terrible jaw, the mighty maskinonje, show more courage and lasting qualities in a "difficulty," or afford more "pure delight," as Uncle Dan Sloan calls it, on the rod, than the boyhood love—the small-mouthed black bass, though just why he should be called *black* bass is more than I have ever been able to find out.

At the little village mentioned, the Wabash was obstructed by a big dam (a feeder of the Wabash and Erie Canal) about 14ft. high and 600ft. long, and below this in the spring of the year the bass, suckers, buffalo, "red hoss," gars, "blue cats," goggle-eyes, white "pearch," salmon, (pike perch—both the black and golden dappled), an occasional "spoon-bill," with a smart sprinkling of villainous dogfish, swarmed in thousands, all seemingly intent on obeying the instinct of their natures, to seek the upper waters where they might find suitable places for their spawning beds.

Sitting on one of the abutments of the dam, of a clear day, one might see a score of bass, with now and then the flash of a golden-sided salmon, perch or sucker darting up the long incline of the swiftly-flowing sheet of water a foot or more in depth, that slid in unbroken volume to the foam-flecked pool below; but it was a rare sight to see one "make the riffle" and whisk his tail over the comb of the structure and disappear in the slack-water above; and when this did happen, the lucky fish was, as Dick Mac says, "almost always invariably" a bass, the others not seeming to have the staying qualities and power of tail necessary to surmount the top. Many of them would get half-way up, and some within a foot or two of the apex, when they would lose their grip, turn a somersault and be dashed back by the rushing waters, dazed and bewildered into the foaming depths below, only to rest awhile and try it again. Sometimes a dozen or more of them would be in sight at once within a hundred feet of the abutment, and it was rare fun for "us boys" to sit and watch them, making fabulous and windy wagers the while as to whether this one or that one would "make the riffle," or how far he would get up the sloping sheet of water before "somerset time" would overtake him. Why can't we always be boys?

At a distance of from 8 to 30yds. below the dam, a line of great boulders stretched half way across the river from the east, forming a deep and comparatively quiet pool between the riffles and the dam, which was at a certain time in the season, like the Irishman's brook—"sthiff wid fish."

After the annual spring "fresh" had subsided till the water was a foot deep or less on the dam and fairly clear the village anglers would begin to bestir themselves and get their tackle in order, never a great task, as it consisted simply of a wooden pole, line and hook that had been laid away during the winter. Reels, braided lines, jointed rods, flies, patent trollers and the like that go to make up the angler's outfit of nowadays were things utterly unknown to the craft of this sleepy out-of-the-way village, and when old Jess McClellan, the "fishing blacksmith," located in the place, bringing with him an 18ft. American cane pole with a butt the size of a small sapling—the first cane pole we youngsters had ever seen—he was the envy of every fish crank in town. However, an ironwood sprout 10 or 12ft. long cut in the fall when the sap was out, carefully trimmed and hung up with a weight attached, to "set and season" during the winter, was "good enough for the Joneses," and never since has a rod, whatever its cost or qualities, given better satisfaction or afforded more pure delight in handling a fish than did that same tough and trusty "old ironwood saplin' cut in the bresh."

The line was usually twisted linen or cotton of about the size of the E line of to-day, tied near the butt of the rod and wound around in long spirals to the tip, where it was secured by three or four half-hitches and wound on in an oblong bunch till the required length of line was left free of the rod. If at any time more line was needed to troll or fish off one of the abutments the line was unwound to suit the case, a few half-hitches taken and the sport went on with "jest as satisfyin' results" as though equipped with a Leonard split-bamboo, braided silk line and a brand new 4-multiplying Frankfort reel.

We had but four names for the hooks used; the "minner hook," the sunfish, the bass, and the catfish hook, that grew larger in the order named, and we were thereby saved a heap o' trouble making fine distinctions between the merits of the Kirby, Sproat, O'Shaughnessy, Carlisle, salmon trout, Limerick, Sneck-bend, etc., with their various styles of numbering, which go so far in mystifying the angler of the present day unless he has spent more time in studying "hook nomenclature" than would be required to tide him over a Civil Service examination of the highest grade. The hook most used for bass was the Limerick, and it's a mighty good sort of a hook even yet among all its fellows seeking recognition from the brotherhood.

II.—An Artificial "Bob."

The standby for the bait was the minnows, hundreds of which could be scooped out of the eddies in the tail race of the woolen mill with a piece of mosquito bar, or at a pinch, the old straw hat. But when the salamander (helgramite) was ripe, this was the favorite bait till it took unto itself wings and flew away in the shape of a big, dirty white fly. They were ugly customers to handle on account of the sharp, curved pair of "ice tongs" each was provided with at its head, but the results would more than pay for a few severe nips, for they were so leathery and tough that often five and six bass would be taken with one salamander.

The most killing lure, however, for spring fishing when the bass was in the humor was a "bob," introduced by the fishing blacksmith, a sort of nondescript fly that looked like nothing on earth or in the waters. A stout piece of line was first wrapped on the shank of a hook—sometimes two were used, set at a right angle—then two or three white feathers were similarly fastened with the ends protruding an inch beyond the bowl of the hook. Around this as low as the curve of the hook a strip of bright scarlet flannel was wrapped and sewed fast, making a roll a little larger than a lead pencil, the lower end a trifle larger than the upper. A strip of very thin brass a half-inch wide, cut from the label of a sardine box, was rolled around the upper end and securely fastened, and with a split bullet clasped on the snell just above, to give weight in casting, the nameless bug was complete—a gaudy contrivance of about 3in. in length. I have perhaps omitted the most important item in the construction of this bass killer (at least it was one in our eyes at that day and the notion is not thoroughly eradicated yet, so firmly do the angling superstitions of our youth take root), and that was a small piece of gum asafœtida wrapped on the hook shank, before the flannel was fastened to its place. This, or a few drops of oil of anise, was considered irresistible to any bass or pike-perch that might be "nosin' 'round" for an odorous morsel; but if any of the brethren feel like trying one of these flies, or bugs, or "varmints," I think they may safely dispense with the villainous smelling gum and the bass will never know the difference.

The fishing blacksmith initiated me into the mysteries of its construction and thereafter there was a friendly strife between us as to which could take the most bass with it. It was a noted fact that he would never fish with live bait in the spring of the year, he would use only his red bug, and he seemed to know intuitively the days when the bass were in just the right humor to take it, for he never came back empty-handed. His favorite place to fish was just above the riffle, near a lot of great boulders rearing their heads above the water, when the river was at a good fishing stage.

There was a narrow gap in the rocky line, 50 or 60ft. below and a few yards to the west, through which the water ran like a mill race, that the bass appeared to use as a special highway by which to reach the deep water below the dam, and here, anchored out in his boat within easy casting distance of the break in the water, at the head of the chute, he would "thrash the waters industriously" on a good afternoon till the evening shadows fell on the river, and drop back down to the town, a few hundred yards below, with all the way from a dozen to 75 bass, with an occasional pike-perch sandwiched in for variety.

Old Jess was extremely reticent and peculiar in his ways, and was never known to fish with any one, or ask a friend to join him in a day's fishing, but "he was a main hand at fishin'," as they say in Tennessee, and a worthy disciple of "gentle old Ike," whose place he filled as patron saint to all the anglers, old and young, of the village.

One Saturday, a couple of years after the advent of old Jess in the village, when there was a smell of rain in the air I pushed father's little boat up to the riffles, where by dint of hard work I waded and pulled it above at a certain shallow place, and was soon anchored at the coveted spot, with the roar of the dam at the back to furnish the music for the entertainment that followed. That spring father had selected for me a light, tough Mississippi cane pole, from a bundle "imported" by one of the village storekeepers, and with a new bob with two hooks that I had spent some anxious hours over, a "bug" that eclipsed all former efforts, I felt prouder than if I had owned half the town.

The bass seemed to be in unusual numbers above the riffles and around the head of the chute that day, and I wielded the rod until my arms ached, hooking a fish at nearly every cast and very rarely losing one. There was no playing a fish for sport indulged in; no music of the reel to go into ecstacies over, as a reel was an unheard of implement; nor was any time wasted in watching "the glorious bend of the rod." The gaudy bunch of tinsel, flannel and feathers was dropped on the water "k'chunk," with an utter disregard to "delicacy of cast," "feathery lightness," "like a snowflake or a spray of thistle down," and the like flummery beloved of "ye tournament fisher," and drawn with jerky pull across or up the current near the head of the channel, and when a tug was felt the victim was unceremoniously pulled alongside and yanked into the boat before he had time to find out what hit him. That was the way it was done in those days when we were out for count, and before we had learned more sportsmanlike ways and methods.

As youngsters, we are intent only on landing our fish; as we grow older in the gentle art we take more pride in our tools and tackle and skill in handling them, and the performance of a favorite rod affords more "biled down" happiness to the grizzled angler than does his landed fish.

The first two or three dozen were strung over the sides of the boat; but as the afternoon wore on the fun grew so fast and "overpowerin'" that the others that came to grief in rapid order were dropped in the bottom of the boat in an inch or two of leaked-in water, which was kept from further encroaching by a few timely dips now and then with an old battered basin. When evening fell the fish quit biting, and with tired arms but happy heart the anchor was lifted in and the boat guided through the chute and down to the landing at the mill, with a score to my credit that laid old Jess's best catch in the shade.

Father was waiting at the landing to "interview me with a bresh" for staying so late, but at the sight of the fish he forgot all about the time of day and the intended "breshin'" (greatly to my pleasement), for he was an eager sportsman and a skillful handler of the rod himself—of which I got an occasional taste when I would fish or hunt too late of a Saturday and fail to have the "Sunday wood" cut on time—albeit, the rod he used on these occasions was not the one he usually fished with.

To beat the fishing blacksmith with a lure he had taught me to make, was "a leetle too much glory for the Joneses," and the consequence was a well-developed case of enlargement of the cranium that necessitated the purchase of a new hat next day that was a full size larger than the old one. Old Jess seemed as well pleased over the catch that beat his record as I was, and the bond of brotherhood between us, despite the disparity in our years, was more firmly riveted than ever, but he still held to his solitary ways and I never had the coveted pleasure of an invitation to join him in a day out with the bass.

I have never since taken as many fish in one day, not even trout when they "were a bitin' like all possessed," nor will I ever wish to unless I degenerate into a pot fisher—which may the good Lord keep me from.

III.—Large-Mouth and Small-Mouth.

The bass taken below the old dam in the spring time usually ran from half a pound to a pound and a half and two pounds in weight, and rarely was a three-pounder overtaken, although when the neighboring farmer folk came in gangs from miles around and camped, some in tents and some in wagons, for the annual spring "seining spree," dozens of big fellows might be seen jumping the seines as they were drawn up on the sloping, gravelly beach below the riffles that looked to be four or five pounds weight.

At rare intervals, perhaps two or three times in a season, a "big-mouth," called "lake bass," and "Oswego bass," would be taken, but by whichever name they came to grief, they were looked on with disfavor and considered a sort of interloper and "no 'count fighter," and in all of the succeeding years, during the past ten of which I have enjoyed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with them, I have not seen occasion to change the opinion formed of their fighting qualities when a bare-footed boy.

It would be impossible to convince me that the large-mouthed bass can begin to hold up his end with the small-mouth when it comes to a question of strength, endurance, quickness of motion, and all the "hustling" qualities that go to make up a game and tireless fighter at the end of a line, and I hold that no bass fisher who has handled both kinds can maintain to the contrary, unless his head loses its balance and his wrist its power of discrimination during the progress of the difficulty.

I have not imbibed these notions—prejudices, if you will—from specimens of the genus *homo*, whom I have met on stream or lake; they have come to me by the close observation of years, the handling of many of both varieties in the same waters, and a discriminating wrist, and I don't believe with Dr. Henshall "that the large-mouthed bass, all things being equal, displays as much pluck and exhibits as much untiring fighting qualities as its small-mouthed congener." With due deference to the Doctor's superior attainments as a scientist, naturalist and an engaging writer, I venture the opinion that he don't know as much about the fighting qualities of the two varieties as he would like to have us believe; that he has not improved his opportunities to the full extent of his "caliber."

Nor am I alone in the belief in the inferiority of the large-mouthed bass. Not a bass fisher of my acquaintance, who has handled both kinds (and I know a good many), notably my old comrades of the camps in northern Michigan, but will, I believe, bear me out in this "notion" of the decided superiority of the small-mouthed bass as a fighter over his big-headed cousin when it comes to a personal difficulty with the angler. The difference has been so noticeable that on three occasions in the last ten years we have moved the camp from a lake where we could get nothing but big-mouths, to some other lake,

where we could find at least half of the small-mouthed variety.

I had a twelve-year-old boy with me last summer in the camp on Carp Lake (little Ed V., who took to fishing and casting from the reel as naturally as a young duck takes to water), who could and did tell five times out of six when he had on a small-mouthed bass before the fish came in view, and on asking how he could tell he said, "They make my arms tireder." And just that is the briefest and most commonsense reason perhaps ever given for the superiority of the small-mouth—"they make the arm tierder. A whole chapter of wordy argument wouldn't express it as clearly and forcibly as the inexperienced but observant youngster did in five words.

I hold up for the small-mouth against all comers. He is not only the coming game fish, but he is the game fish of our Western and Northern waters, right here with us to stay, and in my humble and carefully considered opinion he has no superior as a fighter with the just possible exception of "him of the gorgeous fin"—the Michigan grayling.*

IV.—An October "Controversy."

The glory of the fishing, however, came with the October days and the soft, hazy Indian summer, when the woods were gorgeous in red and yellow, old gold and russet brown, with here and there a fleck of evergreen clinging along the steep sides of "Ballard's Bluffs," overlooking the river above the mouth of Pleasant Run, a noisy, rocky little stream famous for its wide-mouthed, fine scaled minnows. The fall fishing was above the dam in the slack water, which was a matter of seven miles of almost dead water, with an average width of 200yds. and varying in depth from a few feet at the head to 25ft. in places between that and the dam. This body of deep, quiet water was the home of the big fellows of the bass tribe, the old moss-backs that had lived there and kept the minnows and other small fry from becoming too thick, ever since the dam was built.

Along the western shore, the hilly side of the river, for 5 miles up, several little cold spring branches flowed in at intervals, besides the more pretentious "cricks," and around the mouths of these bass from 2 to 7lbs. could be taken by still-fishing, or "trailing" as we called it, and the tradition yet lingers in the village, I have no doubt, that old Jess once took one that weighed something over 8lbs. However this may be, father and I one October day had a difficulty with one that weighed a little over 7½lbs. on the "store scales," and he was taken without a reel, with a pole and line that in these days of fine tackle would have been laughed out o' sight.

The controversy took place off the mouth of "Troxel's Branch" as we were going in the boat to a strip of bottom land a couple of miles above the dam after pawpaws, walnuts and water grapes, and of course we had taken a pole and line along just to while away the time on the way up and back. Father was at the oars and I sat at the stern with about 40ft. of line trailing behind with a bewildering new bob at the end of it, when a heavy jerk that nearly took pole and boy overboard started the fun. The boat was stopped and for half a minute or so father looked on to see which way the battle was likely to go, but seeing the fish was about to get me he stepped aft and taking the rod from my nervous hands with, "He's too much for a boy of your heft, let me show you how to do it," proceeded with a deliberation that set me on nettles to finish the fight after his own fashion and nearly break my heart with disappointment at the same time, for I would have hung on to the rod even had I been pulled overboard. The struggle was short and furious, but the strong line, tough rod and main strength prevailed, and he was pulled alongside and lifted by the lower jaw (landing nets we knew not) in the boat with a scrap of advice from father that has pulled me out of some tight places since then, "Always keep cool when you've got a big fish on." When he was safely in the boat we saw what was doubtless the reason the difficulty didn't last longer and why he had not left the water, as the small-mouth bass usually does one or more times in open water. Hanging on to him in different places were 5 slippery, slimy, blood-sucking lampry eels, from 5 to 10in. long, the longest one fastened on just behind one of the pectoral fins, although at that time I didn't know the difference between a pectoral fin and an oar blade.

The eels hung on to their victim with a grip that resisted all efforts to pull them loose, and were only removed by severing them with a knife near the head, when the "sucker" would relax and the head drop off, leaving a round raw spot that determined us not to eat the old fellow, but he was hung over the side of the boat and taken home in the evening with some others to get his weight.

I straightway "laid up a skunner agin" father for robbing me of the glory of that fight, but when a few rods further on he let me handle one about half as large, and two or three more before we got to the pawpaw patch, the "skunner" was forgotten; and when we returned in the evening full to the thrapple of grapes and pawpaws, with the bow of the boat filled with them and a bushel or more of black walnuts, I mentally wished the blue October days would last forever.

Some years afterward a good part of the old dam was washed out, doubtless carrying out with the flood hundreds of the old settlers; but in October, 1877, after it had been rebuilt, the "Kingfishers" camped for two weeks at the mouth of Pleasant Run and had some fine sport, taking bass that weighed from 2 to 5½lbs.; but the glory of the boyhood days had departed; the mossbacks of the tribe had sought other waters or died off from sheer old age.

* I would be pleased to see the FOREST AND STREAM publish the opinions of a few bass fishers who have handled a good many of both varieties in the lakes of northern Michigan, as to the merits of each as a fighter, and to this end would suggest that they "interview" by letter such anglers as H. C. Culbertson, Alex. Starbuck, "Old Knots," R. E. Macauley, H. H. Muller, T. H. Foulds, B. K. Brant, a former "Kingfisher," Sam R. Smith, C. C. Furr, Col. S. A. Whitfield, Second Ass't P. M. General, State Fish Commissioner Col. W. T. Dennis (however, I am not quite sure Col. Dennis has had many difficulties with the big-mouths), "Old Bill Schroll," who can tell to a nicety the difference between the movements of a bass and a "suckermoojen," and last and best comrade of them all, "Uncle Dan" T. Sloan, who has had more "pizen diffikilties" with the "open-faced" variety, and done more "plain an' ornamental cussin'" at them than perhaps any of the others. If a clean majority of these brethren will say the big-mouth is the equal of the small-mouth in any particular, I will stand convicted as the obstinate juror, lay down my rod and give up the sport.

V.—A Memory of the Tippecanoe.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Tippecanoe River flowing into the Wabash a few miles above Lafayette, Ind., was, without a doubt or exception, the best bass stream in the United States; but of late years giant powder, the fish trap, the jig and seine—ye guileless farmers' favorite weapons of extermination—have depleted the once famous stream, till now it is great luck if a camping party can catch enough fish with rod and line to keep the frying pans in good odor.

In September, 1867, four of us made a camp on an island in this river a few miles above Monticello and a mile above Norway, a small settlement of half a dozen houses, a flouring mill, a woolen mill and sawmill, to fish the slack water above the dam, which my brother, then living in Monticello, had written me was "chuck full o' big bass." The first day was spent in fixing up the camp and seining a couple of hundred young pike (the best bait we ever found for Tippecanoe bass) from Pike Creek, a little cold stream running into the river a hundred yards or so below the dam. One of the party, George V., a young fellow built on the ground plan of a dude—brains in his feet—wore a new pair of $12 boots, which somehow got full of water while we were after minnows, and in the evening after supper he laid them on a log against which we had built the camp-fire, to have them dry for morning. During the night the end of the log on which they lay burned, and all that was found of his prized foot gear in the morning was a fragment of one heel. This calamity so disgusted George that it struck in on him, and two days after he packed his grip and struck out for home, thoroughly satisfied with his first experience in roughing it in a camp, which left Charley L., Col. W. T. Dennis (Old Grizzly), the present zealous and worthy Fish Commissioner of Indiana, and the writer to do the roughing and dry our boots without the precaution of placing them on a burning log over night. A day or two after this Charley gorged himself on water grapes, buttermilk and whisky, a combination that soured on his stomach and made him "sicker'n a hoss with the botts." When the dark red mixture had been laboriously disgorged he was firmly convinced that hemorrhage of the lungs had set in on him bad, got scared, and next morning packed his big valise, got me to take him down to Norway in a boat, caught the mill team going to Monticello, where he took the train for home (Richmond, Ind.), leaving only Col. and "Jeems Mackerel" to run the camp, do the cooking and fishing, and have the best time for five weeks that ever fell to the lot of two ardent disciples "on the face o' this livin' airth."

All this may be set down as introductory to a personal difficulty with a big bass, a mile or more above the camp, the forenoon of the day Charley was taken with the "hemorrhage." We had been fishing a strip of deep water a couple of hundred yards long at the mouth of "Kean's Creek," the better part of the morning with good success, having on the stringer a dozen or more bass that were good for weak eyes, none under 3 and some up to 5lbs., when we found that we had but one minnow left, a big pike that was too long to straighten out in the bucket, and concluded to start back to camp for another supply. Just below Kean's Creek was a shallow rapid a hundred yards long, and at the foot of this more deep water that extended nearly down to the island. More to kill time than anything else, the big pike was hooked on the troll down to the camp, but as we passed a big boulder, partly naked, lying in a couple of feet of water a short distance below the riffle, the place looked so "enticin'" that I stood up in the boat and cast 50 or 60ft. back in the eddy below the big rock, with a request to Charley to "hold the boat just a minute for luck." (I had learned the knack of casting from the reel, "Henshall style" (?), by watching old Joe Goff, a noted angler of Connersville, Ind., who had practiced this style of cast for some years before Doctor Henshall or his style was ever heard of.)

The big pike had barely time to get the kink out of his spine, brought on by long confinement in the bucket, when a swirl in the water gave notice that there was at least one bass in the river that had an eye to quantity rather than quality, when it came to the matter of a square meal; and instantly the line began to run rapidly off the reel up stream past the boulder toward the foot of the riffle. When 8 or 10yds. had run off, the thumb tightened the line and a smart twitch of the rod pulled the pike out of the fish's mouth; I had struck too soon. Instead of reeling up for another cast the bait was allowed to sink to the bottom, and before we had time to make a few "appropriate remarks" the line was running off up stream again. Another strike, after a reasonable time had been given, resulted in another failure to hook him; the pike was too big for him to swallow readily, and the "sag" of the line in the current and a trifle of hurry and eagerness on my part probably had something to do with the second miss.

Again the minnow was left to drift along the rocky bottom, but before Charley could take a "consoler from a convenient wicker contrivance reposing under the seat, the line was again going toward the mouth of Kean's Creek. This time I was determined to allow him ample time to swallow the big pike, tail and all, if it took him a week, and to this end Charley began to back the boat up stream to give me a shorter line when it was time to strike without so much sag to take up. When right up to the foot of the riffle the fish stopped, the line was carefully tightened, and instead of the regulation twitch he was treated to a genuine, old-fashioned "Watterson wipe"—a "sure enough jaw-breaker"—as old Sam Smith calls it—and the hook this time struck something and held, and ye gods and brethren of the rod at large! the fun we had right there for the next twenty or thirty minutes set us to thinking that the average span of life is all too short for them who angle for the love of it.

The instant the hook struck the fish turned and darted down stream past the boulder, which we were now a little above, turned into the eddy below, flashed around it and headed up stream again so suddenly that we were dazed for a moment; but by keeping the rod tip well up, the line had been kept from fouling around the rock, thereby narrowly averting a calamity that would have ended the difficulty before it had well begun. When a yard or two above the boulder he changed his mind and shot off quartering down stream toward the west shore into deep water, the line running out from under the thumb with a velocity that soon heated it to near the sizzling point, although Charley was following up meantime as fast as he could pull the boat. I was using a one piece, close-jointed Japanese cane rod (the best of all rods to trust in a tight place) and with 100yds. of new braided silk line on the reel I felt no fear of the final result if the hook didn't tear out; and yet a second or two later, when the bass went 5ft. in the air over near the shore, with the big pike thrown out and dangling 6 or 8ft. up the line, my heart came up in my throat like old Dave Edwards's in his first battle after he enlisted for the war, "with a thump that knocked the chaw tobacker out o' my mouth."

This was the first sight we had of him, and truly he was a prize worth a whole week's patient angling for; a long, slim, trim-built, green-sided pioneer, agile and wiry, and full of fight as a Tennessee wildcat. Then the difficulty began in earnest. When he struck the water he started with a rush down the river, but the pull of the rod swerved him around till he soon was going for the opposite shore like a stray dog that had been cajoled into the belief that he can outrun an old oyster can when securely fastened to his tail. When half across the river he took a notion to air himself again and get rid of the hook that was worrying the life out of him, but it was there to stay, and the effort only resulted in another failure and a fiercer rush to make up for the time fooled away in the air. This time he struck the water head up stream about 30yds. from the boat, and made a straight wake for the boulder, where a few minutes before the big pike minnow had disturbed his meditations and got him into a "catagory" that had evidently unbalanced his mind; but the trusty rod bent to its work and he was stopped before reaching the eddy. Bewildered and discouraged, he turned and came back past the boat into deep water again, when after the third flying leap in the air he fell back again into the water with still fight enough left in him to nearly double the rod in the effort to hold him away from a patch of long, wavy grass growing up from the bottom over near the west shore.

The relentless pull of the rod at last began to tell, and after a few more aimless rushes he was carefully reeled toward the boat, tugging feebly and rolling from side to side with wide open mouth, when as he came within reach Charley deftly landed him in the boat; and then we let out a combined yell that was heard by the Colonel at the camp below.

Never since have I taken a bass that made a longer or harder fight, and the memory of it is as fresh now as though it happened but yesterday. When he was safely on the stringer and we had celebrated the victory after the fashion of our Kentucky brethren, we made our way down to the island to make glad the heart of Old Grizzly, who had stayed in camp to concoct a toothsome stew from a young goose he said he had "bartered" for that morning; but happily for him our farmer neighbor afterward laid the disappearance of his goase to the "varmints."

The big bass was just 27½in. long and weighed 6lbs. and 12oz., and was the finest specimen of the family I ever saw taken from the Tippecanoe River, although we fished it annually for more than ten years afterward. We tied our fish out along the island, each secured with a piece of cord to a springy twig driven in the sand at the edge of the water, and kept the surplus down by giving them to our neighbors as they would come after them day by day.

After Charley left us, the Colonel and I remained on the island over four weeks, and when we broke camp he nailed a piece of board on a tree near by with the figures "384" cut in it, which stood for the number of bass we had taken, of which the Colonel had kept count from the first day; and four years afterward it greeted us as a "That reminds me," as we passed the island in a boat on our way up to the mouth of Kean's Creek. We have been in many pleasant camps together since, but somehow that old camp of one tent on Grape Island seems the best of all, and the memory of the happy days spent there and the great sport we had will never die out.

VI.—Luck in the Night.

Bass are not usually night feeders, but a few years after the camp on Grape Island I took a 5-pounder at the big dam at Monticello at 10 o'clock on a moonless night, with a dead, dried up frog that had lain in the boat since the night before.

I had occasion to go up to the town that evening to mail some letters, and falling in with some of the "old boys" of my acquaintance, had incidentally "histed on a big jag," which proved somewhat of an impediment in following the path through the woods back to the dam where I had left my boat and rod, a matter of a mile and a half below the town. (In those days beverages in camp ranked as necessities, same as bait and side meat.) When crossing the river to get over to the camp, a notion struck in on me to pull the boat up on the apron of the dam at a spot where no water was running over it and fish for blue cats, but on looking for the minnow bucket I was surprised to find it had mysteriously disappeared—and all the time it was hanging in the water at the stern where I had left it. In the absence of other bait the dead frog lying on the seat was hooked on and dropped at the edge of a line of swift water running over where there was a trifling sag in the dam, and before I had time to get my bearings in the gloom, a difficulty was in progress that called for a clearer head than I was just then possessed of.

At the strike the fish swung out into the swift water and by the way the rod doubled up I was sure I had "hung" at least a 25lbs. catfish. The conditions for standing up in the boat were somewhat unfavorable, owing to certain misgivings I had as to the reliability of my legs, and the battle was fought out sitting.

Three or four times during the controversy the fish would get into the swift water and run off 30 or 40yds. of line down stream, despite the stubborn protest of the rod, before he could be pulled back into the dead water, where the advantage was slightly on my side, and I could reel him at "memorandum" in the darkness back toward the boat, when he would somehow again get in the swift current and swing around the circle till I began to think the performance would last till morning unless one of us gave out. Finally I held him away from the spot where he usually started on his circuit, the strain on the rod eased up and he was pulled near the boat, but it was so dark that I couldn't see the line and had to feel for it. This required a mighty fine job of "balancing" to keep from going head first into the river, but at last I found the line, and running one hand down it—holding the rod in the other—grasped the fish by the lower jaw and lifted him in the boat; a clean built 5lbs. bass, as registered by the pocket scale a few minutes after at the camp, instead of a 25lbs. catfish as at first supposed. Then I

gave a yell of doubtful sobriety to notify the camp of my coming, backed the boat off the apron and was soon ashore, where I was met by one of the boys with a lighted lantern and escorted in triumph to the camp a hundred yards below, when the bass was weighed and I was complimented with the sage remark—heard before and since—"A fool for luck."

In "cogitatin' it all over" afterward, I had a notion that that bass was aware of my happy frame of mind and thought to take advantage of it, but he had miscalculated my capacity for Monticello "festivities" at that time and the mistake resulted in his taking his place with 70 or 80 others of his tribe, and a sprinkling of catfish and pike-perch, in a little pond a couple of rods long, made by throwing a dam across a cold spring branch near the tent, were they were kept alive till we broke camp for home.

I record this little "episode" not to call attention to the use of beverages in camp, but to show what a full-blown fool they will make of one when he most needs a clear head, and after a good many years of nothing but water and coffee in camp or out in the shape of fluids I can vouch for it as the best way, and say to the youngsters of the craft, "Tamper not with the enemy," in any guise, at any time.

In October of the next year we fished the deep water above the dam and had great sport, notably on one day that Col. Dennis christened "Coon's day." We had pulled the boat up on the bank a quarter of a mile above the dam, near a little spring that gushed out of the ground at the foot of the hill, a rod back from the river, and standing in the stern I took eleven bass as fast as they could be handled and taken from the hook and strung by the Colonel, that weighed exactly 44lbs., an average of 4lbs. each—and they were of very even size—which he figured out as "4 11-44," the colored brother's favorite gig when "rasselin' with policy." When the fun began the Colonel was busy on the bank trying to disentangle a snarl in his line, but laid it down to take the first one from the hook and string him, and before he was well into the mysteries of the snarl again another was ready for him at the edge of the water, a performance that was repeated to the neglect of the snarl till the last bass of the school of eleven was safely on the stringer. Ten or fifteen minutes more of persistent casting failing to provoke another bite, the rod was laid down, the Colonel's line patiently "unsnarled" and we took our way back to camp happy as two "coons" that had hit the combination, for we had "been out to see a man" with frequent regularity between acts as long as the performance lasted.

We fished the glorious, rapid, rocky old Tippecanoe for several seasons after that at different points, and although we have not wet a line in its limpid waters for years we will never forget the happy, care-free hours passed in many a pleasant camp along its wooded banks, when hazy Indian summer days made life seem but a dream.

VII.—Kingfisher Days.

In July, 1880, two of the original "Kingfishers," Old Knots" and the writer, with a friend from Hamilton, O., made our first camp in northern Michigan on Lewis's Island in Central Lake, the lower one of the Intermediate Chain, and had such great sport that we had a violent attack of "Michigan fever" ever since, which bids fair to abide with us till Gabriel winds his horn to fall in for the final roll call. I am ashamed to say how many bass we took in the two weeks we were in camp—to say nothing of the pickerel—for it was more like slaughter than sport, and had it not been for our fish-hungry neighbors, we might have been rightfully charged with criminal waste. They, however, relieved our consciences by relieving us of most of our fish, and we felt that while doing some wrong we were at the same time evening things up in a measure by doing a little good. The bass taken while in this camp were about equally divided between the large and small-mouthed varieties, perhaps a few more of the big-mouths than the others, but the small-mouths averaged the largest, many of them weighing 5, 5½, and up to 6½lbs., weighed with an accurate pocket scale, and here we first noted more particularly the decided superiority of the small-mouth over the big-mouth as a game and tireless fighter. We noted, too, that both varieties were not always found in the same waters, although in some localities both were plentiful.

(I may write as a curious feature of the fishing in this chain of lakes—there are ten of them connected by little unobstructed streams—that out of several hundred bass taken in the lakes above the head of Central, we have never found a single one of the small-mouthed variety. If any of the tribe have been taken in the lakes above, brother "Kelpie" of Central Lake—the cleanest-handed sportsman and angler of my acquaintance in the North woods—can probably tell about it.)

In a little bay off the mouth of "Sweeney's Creek" we have taken in the five seasons' camping on this lake at least fifty bass that would certainly average 4½lbs. each, and not one of them was of the large-mouthed tribe. In this bay on our first trip I took the 6½-pounder, and a few days after, with the wind kicking up a sea two feet high and the little boat pitching around like an eggshell, I took one that was 3in. longer and 1in. deeper at the "shoulder," but did not get his weight by reason of "Knots and Jim" having left on a trip for Petoskey and taking with them the only pocket scale in the camp.

Just across the lake from Sweeney's Creek at "Buzaroo Point," in '83 my old comrade Uncle Danny Sloan took a small-mouthed bass while I handled the boat for him, that weighed exactly 7lbs. on two different scales, and which the FOREST AND STREAM took the unauthorized liberty of cutting down to 6lbs. when the account of the capture was published in "Camps of the Kingfishers" in the paper the following year.

VIII.—The "Bull Bass of Michigan."

In the last forty years I have had a good many personal difficulties with big bass, but the largest one I ever saw or hooked came out on top and left me in a "state of mind" that I don't believe I am quite over yet, and whenever I think of the occurrence, I am strongly tempted to fracture one of the Commandments—I forget the number of it, but it mentions something about swearing.

A few days after Uncle Dan took the 7-pounder, Old Ben Renshaw and I were idling along the rush-lined shore in a boat about three miles above the camp, making a pretense of fishing a little, with the afternoon sun beating down on us so fierce and hot that both together hadn't as much energy in us as a green frog in August; we were actually so indolent and lazy that we had put a cork float on our lines 5 or 6ft. above the hook to save the exertion of reeling up for an occasional cast, and when I see a bass fisher using a float, unless the nature of the current and bottom especially require it, I have a notion that he is too lazy to breathe. A thoroughly lazy man, one who waits for the fish to come to him, never makes a successful angler.

I was at the oars, making a stroke now and then to keep from going to sleep, when I was roused by Old Ben with "Great Jehossafat, Hickory, look yonder!" pointing in toward the rushes only an oar length away, "there's a bass bigger 'n a skinned hoss; reel up an' drap yer frog over there an' see ef he'll take it." Looking over my shoulder, all the laziness and indolent feeling left me like a flash, and I was instantly as wide awake as though I had been soused in the lake. There, not ten feet from the boat and just inside the line of sparsely growing bulrushes that marked the "pitch off" into deep water, were three bass close together, two of them looking to be a foot and a half long in the clear water, but the "skinned hoss" was a monster beside which the other two looked small and insignificant. The big fellow was slightly in advance of the others; and none of them paid the slightest attention to the boat, but lay fanning the sandy bottom with their fins, as lazy and sleepy apparently as Ben and I had been a few seconds before. Stopping the boat with a noiseless back stroke, I quickly reeled up the frog and float trailing 40 or 50ft. astern next to the rushes and dropped the kicking frog quietly over in front of the big one, but it didn't seem to "remind him of anything" just then, and with an easy stroke of his tail he went around the stern of the boat and out into deep water, while the other two turned and fanned back among the rushes. Reeling up again, the frog was cast 20ft. outside in the direction the big one had taken; and as the sinker pulled the float to a perpendicular it slipped out of sight under water, and Ben took the oars to give me a fair show when the fight began. Just as I was about to make the strike the frog came to the surface without the hook, and swam off with frantic kicks and disappeared in the bulrushes. This was a turn of affairs that we couldn't understand, but we finally charged it to the hook. I was using a No. 6 barbless hook that day, and the infernal fraud had somehow let the frog slip past the keeper with the result as stated, but we couldn't quite make out how he had escaped from the big bass.

The line was reeled in quicker perhaps than ever before, the bucket nervously opened and another frog hooked on and cast back about where the other one had come up (we couldn't spare the time to tie on another hook), and in less time than it takes to write it the cork was out of sight again and the line running furiously off the reel quartering across the lake. Ten or twelve yards were run off without a sign of the fish stopping, when Ben said, "Hit 'im one in the jaw an' paralyze him." I "hit 'im" as suggested, and such a fight as took place there under the broiling sun—short, sharp and furious—was never witnessed, I reckon, "on the face o' this livin' airth." With the bit in his teeth—to speak "hossy"—the old fellow took at least 15yds. more line from the reel before the blessed old rod—I have it yet—could stop him, and when the pull at last swung him around, he came dashing back by the boat like a locomotive running wild, only a few feet away and heading inshore for the rush belt. Suddenly the strain on the rod eased up, and an instant later, about 30ft. from the boat and only a few yards from the rushes, the largest small-mouthed bass I have ever seen was on a level with my head in the air taking an instantaneous view of the surroundings, while our hearts stopped beating lest he should shake out that "cussed piece o' pianer wire," as Ben called it. The fish was, I honestly believe, more than 30in. long, and so proportionately large that we were afraid to believe it a bass. "The jumpin' Jehossafat, Hickory! (The jumpin' Jehossafat was one of Ben's strongest expressions of astonishment before he reached the profane boundary) "that's the great gran'daddy of all the bass in Michigan," but before he had relieved himself of this sentence in his deliberate way, the bass was in the water again, and as the demon of ill-luck would have it, he was going for the rushes with a pull that threatened to end the usefulness of the trusty old rod that had stood the test of so many hard won battles before.

Yank—tug—pull: the line slipped a little under the thumb; a harder pressure was put on and the rod tip went a little further toward the rush line. If the bass got among the rushes the fight was over; the result rested solely on the strength of rod and line, for he must be held away from the danger line at all hazards. Just as the feel of the rod gave a sign that the old mossback was weakening and I was on the point of giving a shout of exaltation at the prospect of a speedy victory, the rod flew up and the cork went over our heads with a swish into the lake outside, and I wilted down on the seat so full of bitter disappointment that I couldn't utter a word, while Ben held the oars poised in the air, speechless and with a blank expression of "how-did-it-all-happen?" on his bronzed old face that I'll never forget. After staring at each other a while in a meaningless sort of way, the line was reeled slowly in and the cause of the calamity was made apparent. There, hanging at the end of the line, was that "cussed piece o' pianer wire," treacherous, barbless, and worthless, straightened out into about the shape of a sore finger, with the point turned sharply back like a bent pin and nearly half an inch away from the point of the keeper—that didn't keep. Ben examined it in silence for nearly a minute before passing it to me, and when I had studied the case over in all its bearings on the catastrophe, I made a few remarks that would compare favorably with any of Ben's best efforts, and Ben was "a main hand at cussin'" when occasion required.

This duty performed, another hook—with a barb—was tied on and we fished for two hours up and down the rush line but saw no more of the veteran, and as the sun slipped down behind the treetops on the hill back of us, we took our way to camp, sore and out o' sorts over the day's experience. We said nothing to the boys in camp but went back next day, and slipped quietly up to our "land mark"—two bulrushes tied in a loose knot—saw the big fellow, which we knew by his great size, within a rod or two of the place where Ben had first seen him the previous day, accompanied this time by only one of his mates, but at sight of the boat he darted off into deep water and we saw no more of him that day; the prick of the barbless hook the day before was doubtless still fresh in his mind and it made him wary and suspicious. We anchored the boat just inside the rushes and cast at intervals up and down and out in the lake, for an hour but it availed nothing, and we went up the lake and back to camp in the evening, content in a measure with smaller fry.

We went back the next day, and the next, and saw him both days near the same place, but he was shy and wary, and "hied off" into deep water at the approach of the boat, and all the lures we tried on him—frog, minnow, artificial flies and troller—only seemed to drive him into safer hiding, and after two more visits to the place, without getting a sight of him near his usual haunt, we gave up the pursuit and acknowledged ourselves fairly beaten by this veteran warrior of Central Lake, but it was a comfort to know that we had "fit" with him, even though we had got the worst of it.

I have never tied on another barbless hook for an hour's fishing, and have been lamenting ever since that I tried that one. I have kept it in the tackle box from that day as a reminder of that fight and defeat—it is not 10ft. away as I write this—and when I happen to lapse into a reminiscent mood and think of that day's experience with a barbless hook, I unlock the old box, take a look at that "cussed piece o' ill-shaped pianer wire" and straightway give the aforementioned Commandment a few violent wrenches, just by way of a "consoler" for the loss of the "bull bass of Michigan."

IX.—His Name.

Since I began angling for the black bass he has had so many names, each one having a claim on "old priority," that it has been hard work to keep track of them all, but the last one (and perhaps the worst of the lot) will probably stick until some smart French naturalist, that hasn't sense enough to tell half a fish from a whole one, runs across a decayed specimen that has lost two or three fins, when he will no doubt have a new name for him, with a little more "priority" tacked on.

Micropterus (small fin) and *Dolomieu* (a frog eatin' Frenchman) stands about as much for a "small-finned Frenchman," as it would seem to for the American black bass, but we are forced to do with it as the bass does with the frog—swallow it—because "old priority" has got his grip on it. To the devil with priority! Give us an American name for this distinctively American fish, by an American scientist, one who can tell a maimed or deformed fish from a perfect one when he sees it.

I once caught a bass above the dam at Monticello, Ind., (Col. Dennis saw the fish), that had nothing to show for his right eye but a healed up socket, nothing left of the spinous dorsal but two or three short stubs of spines, and a part of the lower lobe of the caudal sliced off, the result, no doubt, of an encounter with the ice when it broke up in the spring, or mayhap of being "sucked" into an interview with one of the turbine wheels at Norway. I wonder what name Mister "Velocipede," of Lacépède, would have bestowed on that badly used up and dilapidated specimen had the misfortune of taking it befallen him. Had his best chum been burdened with the name of William Jones, he would doubtless have dubbed it the "One-eyed, chawed-up Bill Jones-*ieu*," with "one-eyed, chawed-up" Latinized to take off the ragged edge, and at once proclaimed that he had discovered a new species with priority sticking out all over it, and it would have been about as suggestive of a black bass as the present name he sails under, if not quite so euphonious.

But by whatever name he may be called, he is the gamest and most valiant warrior of all the tribes of our Northern waters, and I don't know a more fitting way of reeling up these rambling recollections than by drinking a bumper of his native element to the "American small-mouthed bass," without any French flummery tacked on to him as a misnomer; may he long be with us; may he prosper and propagate to delight the hearts of the rising generation of young anglers by his noble qualities as a game fish when the now grizzled veterans of the gentle craft shall have passed away.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O., May 25.

LAKE GEORGE NOTES.—Washington, July 15.—A distinguished party of fishermen has just returned to Washington from Lake George, N. Y. They were a little too early for the black bass and pickerel and too late for the best of the lake trout fishing. The party consisted of Mr. A. J. Halford, brother of the President's private secretary and manager of the Congressional Department of the Associated Press; Mr. E. Morrison, Mr. R. H. Darby, publisher of the *Republic;* Mr. F. S. Presbrey, manager of *Public Opinion*, and Wm. R. Wilder, Esq., of New New York. They were accompanied by Frank Harris, "the best fisherman on Lake George, who recently had 58 bites and landed 36 lake trout, weighing in all 73lbs." Mr. Presbrey states that the lake trout has increased in numbers most wonderfully of late, owing to artificial planting. The size of the fish would indicate their recent introduction, and the increase has been so rapid and remarkable as to show clearly the wonderful success of modern fishcultural methods. The lake trout is not the only trout to be found in the vicinity of Lake George. A party of two caught 110 brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) in Shelving Rock Creek in one day's fishing within three miles of the Kattskill House. One of the crowning glories of Lake George is its pickerel. Thanks to the help of Mr. Presbrey, from whom we have the head of an enormous specimen which he killed on a 12oz. rod last year, we are able to state that the pickerel of Lake George is the pike of other waters (*Esox lucius*). We were misled into the belief that this species is the wall-eyed pike, and are glad of the opportunity to correct the mistake. Mr. Presbrey's fish weighed 16lbs. 2oz., and was the biggest one taken last year. Major H. A. Hall, of Washington, was one of a party that took over 30 pike (or pickerel) last year that averaged over 10lbs. each. The best method of catching pickerel is by still-fishing in water from 35 to 40ft. deep, with live bait, for which purpose the white chub is a universal favorite. The black bass season does not open until Aug. 1. The best part of the lake for this fish is the south end, and here the sport is fast and furious.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for fast time. No transfers. No midnight changes. No missed connections. No appliances but modern ones. No luxuries but the best. No mistake possible if you take the Chicago & Atlantic to Chautauqua, New York, New England and all points East. No trouble to ask your agent for the C. & A. differential rates, which save money to travelers.—*Adv.*

PECULIARITIES OF BASS FISHING.

THE writer is not an angler in the proper sense of the term, and is, therefore, elevated to the necessary plane of disinterestedness and impartiality to present without partisan bias, certain facts observed, relating to the idiosyncrasies of the black bass or of the bass fisherman with regard to bait, leaving the reader to decide as to where the idiosynacrasies belong.

The case may be stated as follows, viz: A, B, C and D, go bass fishing on the same day, but independently. A takes as bait crayfish and minnows; B takes crayfish and helgramites; C takes helgramites, frogs and small catfish; and D takes all of them. The net results of a day's fishing of all of them may be represented by a cipher, or at most by a few small bass weighing a few ounces each. The verdict is that the bass are "played out," or that the bait was not the proper one. It is tried again and again, with the same result. But the catching of a fine bass with a certain bait establishes a "sure lure" until repeated failures with it afterward proclaim that it must have been an accidental success only. And so it often comes to be believed that the bass is capricious and changeful as to his food, requiring crayfish to-day, perhaps, helgramite to-morrow, and frog or minnow next day, a creature of dietetic idiosyncrasies. Is it really true of him?

Perhaps there is nothing more disappointing than black bass fishing in Eastern waters generally. But then the healthfulness and moral discipline of it.

Meanwhile news items continually record fine catches of bass, and these are looked upon by the unsuccessful angler as lures thrown out by the fishing tackle dealers and others interested. Are they?

The writer has been in a position to notice the peculiarities and success of the anglers of a great city and he has observed that among them all there are very few who always bring home a fine bass or two. Of course there are always insinuations that they were caught in the live box of some local pot-hunter. But the writer, noticing the methods of the fishermen, can provide a fair and reasonable hypothesis for such success.

To begin with, the black bass is the most wary of fishes. There is none more cautious and suspicious, and when it is caught it is laboring under a delusion, or is bordering on starvation. Its time of feeding is generally early morning, or late in the afternoon, or evening, and so the general run of bass fishermen arrive after he is gorged to repletion, and leave before he is ready to take his evening meal. Stand by the margin of a river or pond inhabited by bass as the sun sinks behind the horizon. Listen to the splash of the schools of minnows as they rush for the shallows, or among the reeds and splatterdocks, to escape the voracious fellows. And now it is you see the country boy—for he knows it well—with birch and rod and twine line and minnow bait, or perhaps a bob of worms, sneak cautiously behind the reeds and splatters, although it may be twilight, and gently cast his bait out into the clear water beyond the plant line. Now there is no glint of sunshine to show the line, and greedily darting after food, the erstwhile wary fellow, seeing nothing to arouse his suspicion, the bait is taken, and with a rush which bends the supple beech rod like a bow, but which fails its purpose, he meets his doom.

About the break of day, too, while the city man is settling himself for another nap, the wily countryman is beguiling the wary bass from the shadows of the reeds or rocks, and whether with worms, frogs, crawfish or minnow, he is generally rewarded. So much for humoring this apparent idiosyncrasy of the bass—offering him food when he wants it.

The average angler for black bass in Eastern rivers might as well, apparently, drop his hook in the gutter in his back alley but for the glory of the outing, the change of scene, the distribution of wealth, etc. He arrives at his fishing point at 8 o'clock, perhaps, if he is an early bird. The bass have gorged themselves and are lying placidly in the deeper pools among the rocks or plants. Suppose there is a fine clump of rocks in mid stream with a deep pool below, washed out by the swirl of the current around the rocks, and our fisherman makes for it. His boat bumps against the rock, and the chain rattles as he puts the anchor out or makes the boat fast. He stands boldly up on the rock, fixes his minnow pail, lunch-basket, liquid refreshment, and other accessories, and prepares his tackle with perfect disregard of the possible presence of bass, and throwing his line out boldly he proceeds to fish. And he fishes, and fishes, and fishes. And the bass may be imagined down there in the limpid depths, standing on their tails occasionally, with their thumbs to their noses—so to speak—and gracefully wiggling their respects.

But the true angler—the real old "Izaak Walton" of a fisherman—how does he go about it?

Supposing that the morning or evening fishing is impossible to him, his approach to the rock would be with muffled oars. Not a jar, not a clink, not a shadow would disturb the denizens of the depths beneath. With all the arts of a "Pathfinder" in woodcraft, every sound would be subdued, every movement studied. When the long and carefully stained gut leader is dropped into the pool it is in such a way that no shadow of the rod falls on its surface, and so lightly does it drop that it might be a fly alighting on the water. And then should it happen that a large or greedy bass, not yet satiated, espies the tempting lure, hearing or seeing nothing to arouse its suspicions, it becomes an easy prey.

And this is angling. But then how many would be content to sit, like the typical stork, on one leg, patiently waiting for the expectant nibble. One may shout and sing and still catch the "sunnys" and "catties," and the fresh air, the scent of lilies and the woods, the twitter of birds, the clatter of the kingfisher, the buzz of insects, and the many sounds and odors that make life sweet in the open air.

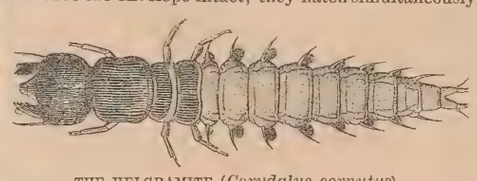
And one may hang idly over the rocks, or the side of a boat, and peering down into the pellucid depths may witness many episodes of life beneath the waters, and may think or dream, and let one's soul loaf, as Walt Whitman puts it.

It should be said that in the pond or lake the conditions are somewhat different from those of the river, in that there are no currents, nor rocks, nor deeper pools where the bass may hide, and so they wander more as their food becomes scarce or shy, or other disturbing influences exist.

The writer will not insist that his interpretation of the observations recorded above is the true one, or will satisfactorily account for the apparent capriciousness of the bass. There are many who will refuse to recognize their lack of patience and skill in angling, and who will always insist that the bass is a creature of prejudices and idiosyncrasies; but, to the writer, the pithy utterance of Williard Nye, regarding the striped bass, in FOREST AND STREAM of July 10, about covers the ground: "You see, a bass after traveling around some, or in other words one that will weigh 20lbs., has got the deceptive ways of the world down to a very fine point, and when you start out to catch him, things have got to be about right, or he shows a lack of interest in hook coverings which is truly discouraging." PHOCA.

THE HELGRAMITE.

THE helgramite fly (*Corydalus cornutus*) is the largest of our nerve-winged insects; the angler is more familiar with its larval condition. The eggs are deposited in early summer on leaves of various trees and vines overhanging running streams. They are covered with a white, albuminous secretion in a mass nearly an inch in length, and containing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs. The egg is about one-nineteenth of an inch long and one-third as wide. The young crawl from under the mass and leave the envelope intact; they hatch simultaneously

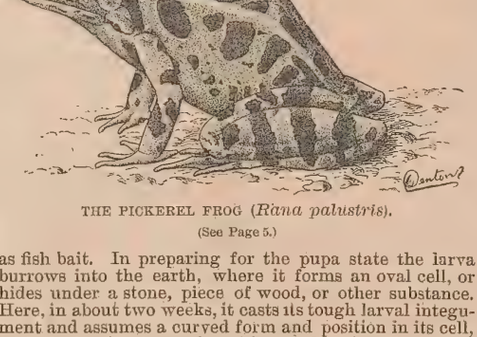


THE HELGRAMITE (*Corydalus cornutus*).

in the night. The young larvæ crawl readily upon dry surfaces and live for a day or more out of the water. The species is supposed to live three years in the larval condition.

Most aquatic larvæ transform to the pupa state within the water; but this larva quits the water when full fed, and crawls about for days seeking a place wherein to transform. It has two rows of nine breathing holes placed along the sides of the body, which enable it to breathe out of water, and two sets of gills for breathing in water. It feeds on other aquatic insects, such as the larvæ of May flies and shad flies. It abounds in rapid flowing streams with rocky bottom, upon which it moves slowly about.

After leaving the water, about the beginning of June, it travels in the night, sometimes to distances of 100ft. from its former habitat. At this season, also, it is used



THE PICKEREL FROG (*Rana palustris*).

(See Page 5.)

as fish bait. In preparing for the pupa state the larva burrows into the earth, where it forms an oval cell, or hides under a stone, piece of wood, or other substance. Here, in about two weeks, it casts its tough larval integument and assumes a curved form and position in its cell, with the head, wing-pads and legs deflexed on the breast. The color is yellow with traces of brown mottling of the larva. The breathing holes are more conspicuous, and the upper jaws stronger and olive green. The pupa state lasts for days and the perfect insect issues during the month of July. It is nocturnal in habit and hides for the most part in obscure places during the day. At this time it is sluggish and if approached will drop sooner than fly, or raise its head and abdomen, and open its jaws threateningly. The foregoing account is derived from the writings of Prof. Riley, particularly his Reports on Missouri Entomology.

Among the many names bestowed upon this favorite bait of the black bass are the following: Alligator, angle dog, bloomer, bogart, clipper, cobbler, crawler, devil catcher, dobson, dragon, go devil, goggle goy, hell driver, hojack, klugmite, stone crab, stone devil and water grampus. The name bogart, Mr. Henry C. Ford tells us, is in use on the headwaters of the Delaware. It is old Dutch for ghost and came with Dutch settlers from New York.

BASS OF THE TIPPECANOE.

IT may be remembered that a few weeks ago I spoke of the bass fishing trip on the Tippecanoe River, Indiana, which had been planned by Mr. Donald and Mr. Levings, of the C. & A., and Mr. Burton, who invited me to go along, when I couldn't go. Behold how all things come around to people who have luck! High water and other causes delayed the trip these gentlemen had planned, and one day last week the writer got a peremptory summons to be on hand that evening for the eastbound Erie express, with rods, creel and the appurtenances thereunto belonging; for that the official car of the Chicago & Atlantic was going fishing. Under the circumstances, I felt that my health required my absence from the city, and I was accordingly on hand that evening.

Now, these railroad men never get to a train until just half a minute before it starts, and on my arrival I found nobody there. The Erie express never carrries any passengers, but is a sealed through train, and therefore does not back kown to the gates at the station, but starts out from the far end of the depot. It only carries through baggage, like diamonds and mail, and officials who are going fishing. I knew all this, but I did not know where that particular train was in the vast and noisy arcade. I waited till I only had about three minutes left and then, thinking the party had perhaps gone aboard the car I hastened down the tracks, and by mere accident stumbled on the car and went aboard, just a moment ahead of time. Meantime the rest of the party were frantically running through the waiting rooms and trying to find that FOREST AND STREAM man. At the last instant they came on board, perspiring and swearing, and disturbed a pleasant conversation I was having with Scott, the colored cook. I was sorry that they came, for the conductor and I had it all fixed up, that if the general passenger agent and the chief engineer did not show up in a couple of hours or so, we would have to go without them; and I wish I may die if I wouldn't have side-tracked the car at the fishing place, and gone fishing by myself in the C. & A. official car, drawn by the Erie express! I shall always regret that as one of the few opportunities of my life that I ever let get away from me. That would have been a fishing trip for you!

"Well, you're a pretty fellow!" said Charlie Burton, as he took a swipe at himself with his scarlet handkerchief.

"That's what I think of you," said I. "You come fooling around here at the last minute and spoil all my fun. Why couldn't you let me go on down with the car?" Then we explained a little and took something cool, and by that time we were flying. The car in question was not the old Fredonia, which at present is at the shops being overhauled, but another special car, which was just lettered plain "112." It was arranged with equal comfort and luxury. "This is the only way on earth to go a fishimg!" sighed Charlie Willard, as he sank into an easy chair and asked for another lemonade; and all present save the hosts murmured "Yea, verily."

The party as now represented comprised Mr. Donald, Mr. Burton, Mr. Willard, superintendent of the Standard Cartridge Co., Mr. C. E. Chapin, musical and dramatic critic of the Chicago *Herald*, and the writer. Mr. Chas. Levings, chief engineer of the C. & A., came aboard at Englewood suburb, and to him as pilot was turned over the chief engineering of the trip, he being familiar with the country in question.

The heat at Chicago had for four days been terrible, but as we began to roll at full speed through the open country a delightful breeze swept through the car and brought forth expressions of a comfort such as had not been felt for days. At midnight we were at anchor at Leiter's Station. It was then raining and the air was pleasant.

In the morning Scott had a breakfast which alone could atone for an hour lost from the morning fishing. The day promised warmth, and no one got in a hurry, but donned his fishing clothes in a leisurely way. And such clothes! Mr. Levings had advised the party that the best way was just to wear old clothing and wade right in. He set the example by appearing in a pair of corduroy trousers—date of the early Renaissance. Mr. Donald wore his celebrated smile and a pair of trousers that were a dead ringer to Mr. Levings's, barring certain irregular apertures torn by the tooth of many years. Charlie Willard rejoiced in a pair of leather shoes and a South Clark street fall suit. Charlie Burton wore overshoes, tied on with white Manilla rope, and also one of those things they call an umbrella hat. On the whole, Charlie Burton attracted more attention than anybody. The little native boys looked at him with awe, and some of them whispered "He's the human parashoot, that feller. He's going to make a 'scursion on the Fourth over to North Judson." Mr. Chapin, whom years of conscientious and successful work at his trying profession had left with the newspaper man's heritage of broken health, and who was still in his physician's hands while in Chicago, now forgot his doctor and appeared on the scene, ready for an all-day submersion, in a plain two-piece Coney Island costume, whose simplicity was its chief recommendation.

In tackle there was also a pleasing variety and much discussion. "Gimme one of them brown cackle flies," said Charlie Willard. "It looks something a mouse, and I've heard that's good for bass."

"Yes," said Charlie Burton, "you just take that, and sort of give a squeal every time you cast it, and you'll fool the bass, sure."

It was finally decided by the majority to begin the day with minnow bait, and to fall back on the fly if the bass were rising at all. For myself, I started out with the fly-rod at once, with the mental reservation that I might possibly fall back on the car for my bait rod if the bass would not take the fly. Mr. Levings sent me higher up the stream, and the rest of the party went below.

The Tippecanoe River we found to be as near an ideal angling stream as any in which an angler ever set foot. Perhaps 200ft. broad, rocky, swift, rippling, murmuring, green-banked and clear as crystal, it was truly a lovely water if ever there was one. Although so wide it was rarely deeper than one could wade, and could be well fished with ordinary hip boots as waders. The bass of this stream were reported to run seldom over a pound, but to be free and gamy fighters. We hoped that they would take the fly, though it was now getting well into the summer, and the weather had of late been oppressively warm.

With all hope that I might at length have what I had long sought, some good fly-fishing at bass, and with a prayer that so perfect a stream might lack no detail to give it any but a pleasant memory, I strode in over the gravelly bottom and looked the water over. Out of the hard and sandy bottom I found a heavy growth of grass growing up, nearly the width of the stream, except where the swifter channels cut through. The whole stream was a vast natural breeding and protection ground, and it was plain there must be bass there. And soon I saw them, running out for the middle of the stream.

Following the canons, I tied on, for this bright water, rather a small and dark cast—Montreal, Gov.-Alvord and March-brown. Hard and faithfully I fished till after ten o'clock, when I came up with the bait party, who had caught their minnows and were at work. Not one of the party had a fish. Again we separated, they going on down and I lingering along a deep and grassy stretch of this beautiful stream. I had tried all the rocky riffles without a rise, though I had seen numbers of bass around old logs or roots where I could not well get at them. At the edge of this grassy stretch I cast, and got a run of what I thought was a rock bass.

"Oho! I'll fix you, Mr. Fish," said I, remembering a discovered fondness for yellow among the small Percidæ. And so I tied on a big and gaudy Ferguson for tail fly, with a small professor next, and then a grizzly-king for luck. I cast twice more and got a very lively and very little rock bass on the big Ferguson, but I noticed several

big river shiners strike for my new cast, and amused myself by taking three or four of these, which made a good deal of fun, as they were very large. Then, as for some reason I let the fly stop as I was again bringing it in, I saw a genuine unmistakable black bass just in the act of taking it. When the fly stopped, he stopped too, and I saw him no more at present.

All this gave me an idea. I stuck to the bright-colored cast, went ashore, and after a little while waded carefully in and made a long clear cast across the grass bed, toward where old Mr. Bass had showed himself a while before. Down dropped Mr. Ferguson, and pop! Mr. Bass had him. And then and there, brethren, was bliss, joy and sweet gratitude. Never were conditions more perfect for all these.

The rod I was using was the lightest and the most beautiful rod I ever owned or ever saw. In length it was only 8ft., and its total weight was just 3½oz. At the tip it was fine as a needle, and the zylonite hand-grasp was not so thick as your thumb. This rod is one of the Spaldings' Kosmics, and I believe they call it their Catskill model. It was designed for work with the smallest of trout. I thought so much of this rod that I always called it my "baby." My friends laughed at me and told me that it was carrying things to an extreme, and it was predicted at the car that morning that I would smash my rod if I ever struck a bass on it. I knew already that the rod had a backbone simply wonderful for such mere threads of joined bamboo, and I had learned that it would carry three bass flies—undue load for it—and handle its line as well as most rods three feet longer; but the question of what it would do with a bass was one which I confess I awaited with only an assumed boldness. But to hang a good bass with such a rod, with the lightest of silk for a line, a 9ft. leader of the finest single gut, with a feathery burr which was beautiful in itself, all on a beautiful stream and in the most beautiful spot imaginable—if that be not the very poetry of angling and the essence of angling happiness, I know not where to seek it.

The bass struck at 40ft. I should think, but after his first rush and high vault out of the water he never got more than 50ft. from the reel. The water was clear and open, and I could see the fish all the time. It was a small-mouthed bass, weighing about three-quarters of a pound, and as game a fellow as ever swam. I always thought these fish gamer than a trout, and far more shy. This fish went out of the water half a dozen times, and every time he went I could not help letting go a yell which brought an answering whoop from the boys around the bend. After the first lunge or two I lost all fear for the rod, and gazed at it with pure admiration and affection. It had a supreme confidence in itself, and in short it just went to work and killed that bass as if it were a bass rod by profession, and not a dainty thing designed for little fishes. Duly I led the bass into the net, and sitting down upon the bank admired him for a time. I was ready at that moment to adjure bait-fishing forever, and to pin my sole allegiance to the fly. And not only this once, but six times during that same day, did I prove the efficacy of my gear against the Tippecanoe bass, although none of the six fish weighed over a pound. I took a dozen or two of the large river shiners, which struck the fly gamely, and also two more rock bass. Of the latter fish this stream does not seem to have a great abundance, and we found no croppies at all. There are more black bass in it than anything else, and of these nearly all are the small-mouthed. They are often taken weighing up to 3lbs. We heard of bass taken here which weighed 7, 8 and even 10lbs., but allowing duly for local imagination, it is probable that there were 3 or 4lbs. big-mouthed bass and taken by bait in the deep holes. The native method of fishing is by throw lines, cast into the deepest water, the bait being minnows, or that country stand-by, plain worms.

When the party rounded up at noon for luncheon at the car, everybody was more or less bedraggled, but everybody was hungry. It appeared that the fly was to be more successful than the minnow as bait, and after lunch the fly was used exclusively, Charlie Burton rather carrying off the honors of the day. Messrs. Donald and Willard ignominiously staid home at the car and went swimming in the evening instead of fishing. Mr. Chapin laboriously and faithfully displayed his Coney Island costume at every likely bend of the river, and Mr. Levings fished hard, like the real angler he is, but nobody did anything startling till along toward evening, when we had a little fun with the bass in a deep pool below a long riffle. That was a little after four o'clock. At half past four the fish quit rising, and at just the time the fishing should have been best, we saw mile after mile of water lying as smooth as a mirror, undimpled by any moving fin. That was a rather singular day of fishing. The bass would not take the minnow, but preferred the fly; they took the fly in the hottest part of a very hot day, and they would have nothing but the brightest flies, in that very bright, shallow, and clear water. This was a plain reversal of all known rules. Ferguson, Donaldson and Seth-Green were the flies that killed the fish, the former doing most of the work. Yellow, or yellow and green, seemed to be the right thing for that stream at the time we were there. The river fairly swarmed with minnows. The bass seemed numerous. Each one of the party thought he must have seen forty or fifty bass that day. The natives say that until the present year there was any amount of seining and spearing done, as well as fyke-netting, the nets being used in the deep pools. Dynamiting has also been carried on to a fearful extreme, although the recent closer watching of the stream has stopped that largely. A certain doctor at Leiter's is accused by residents of thas burg of being a regular netter and spearer. The same informant says that the C. & A. station agent at North Judson is a consistent practicer of the same illicit methods on that stream. I wonder if this will be a bit of news to the C. & A. officials who love fishing, and I wonder if they might, could or would caution that North Judson agent, that he might just as well confine himself to plain fishing, or do his spearing in some capacity other than as a C. & A. agent? If these be not facts, somebody is monkeying sadly with his neighbor's reputation. The residents of that region unite in saying that the fishing in the Tippecanoe is nothing to what it used to be. They accuse the "city folks." The latter are inclined to lay some of the burden upon the country folks.

But in spite of all this, there are bass enough in this lovely stream to offer good fishing to any reasonable man. Our party struck the stream under weather conditions the most unfavorable, but yet we had good sport. In the fall, when the bass are on the riffles again, it is likely that some or all of the party will try the stream another time. Good river fishing is more pleasant than any lake fishing. Barring the Fox River, which is not so beautiful a stream, there is no fly-fishing stream so near Chicago which will compare with the Tippecanoe, so far as the knowledge of any of our party yet extends. There is not much angling done to the south of the city by Chicago anglers. That country seems to be appreciated or known by only a few. Let us put Tippecanoe on record as an easily accessible water where a general angler may have genuine sport amid surroundings simply delightful. Later on this paper will show that the same region also has lake fishing of a sort that a good many are looking for, and which is not surpassed by anything lying within the same distance to the north. The full fishing resources of the regions about Chicago have never yet been exploited by any paper.

But sufficient to our day were the pleasures thereof, and the party that met around the board on "112" that night at dinner gave up all thought of the past or future, and for the time turned all attention to the things of the living present. Scott fairly outdid himself that night and spread a table which elicited groans of satisfaction.

"There's only one way to go fishing," said Charlie Burton, "and that is this way."

"This is Mr. Levings's trip," said Mr. Donald, "and although it beats Charlie Burton's trout and mosquito trip out of sight, it still leaves a lingering void which only a little more fish can fill. Charlie Willard, it's your turn to be head guide and chief promoter the next time, and if you don't take us to where we can all catch fish we're going to throw you in the creek."

"Well, you needn't kick on my trip," said Mr. Levings. "I brought you to where there's plenty of fish, and it isn't my fault if you can't catch them." A point of order was made on this, and it was voted that the next locality must be not only one where there was plenty of fish, but where plenty of fish could be actually taken, it being argued that a fish was not legal tender until taken in hand and ready for proffer upon the spot.

Meantime the faint notes of a distant country brass band practicing for the Fourth of July performance were wafted through the window, predominant the sonorous diapase of the "oom-pah horn," as Mr. Levings dubbed the brass bass piece. "Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom poom-pah ah-hah!" said the big horn all the way through "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "America," "The Suwanee River" and other Fourth of July literature until by and by it struck "Home, Sweet Home," as all country bands must do, sooner or later. And by and by a fast train came along and snatched us up, and when we awoke it was in the big and busy city of Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Natural History.

NESTING OF SUNFISHES.

Occasional Observations on the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

SOME months ago the breeding habits of the common sunfish "pumpkin-seed," "tobacco-box," etc. (*Lepomis gibbosus*) were discussed in FOREST AND STREAM, and as the evidence was conflicting on some points, Prof. Theodore N. Gill was led to say to the writer that "It is a shame that we know so little of the habits of our commonest fishes." The writer was forced to confess that although familiar with its breeding habits in a general way, from boyhood, his inferences were from analogy principally, and while giving considerable time to observation of the habits of rarer species, he had, from the very commonness of the "pumpkin-seed," failed to observe it closely.

Recently while making observations along the shores of the Potomac below Washington, the writer found great numbers of the nests ("pots" in New Jersey) of this species. They are simply depressions in the mud, sand or gravel, hollowed out by means of rapid motion of the fins, which fans out all the lighter sedimentary deposit, mud or sand, as has heretofore frequently been stated. These nests were from a few inches to several feet apart. In each of them, hovering over or about, was a male fish, and no females were observed immediately about the nests. In the breeding season the male of this species is easily identified by his generally higher coloration, conspicuous red ear-marks, and in the water, from a luminous-like border to the fins.

The marginal coloration of the fins of males during the breeding season is very common among the *Centrarchidæ*, probably all the species of *Enneacanthus* and *Lepomis* being so marked. The large-mouthed black bass has, also, a pale yellow margin, which would most likely have a luminous appearance from above, and the red-eye or rock-bass has a purplish margin to the fins when in breeding coloration. In this way the sex can easily be identified by observing them from above in clear water.

In some of the nests of the pumpkin-seed, the eggs were found attached to small pebbles and tufts of aquatic plants. In the greater number of them, however, there were no eggs, but it is probable from the presence of the male fish that the eggs were hatched and that the young were about the vicinity of the nest and being guarded. The eggs are very small, probably averaging a thirty-second of an inch in diameter. As is the case generally with fishes which protect their eggs or young, the eggs are not very numerous. When hatched they are probably less than a quarter of an inch long and the young are for some time undoubtedly very tiny.

The writer was also fortunate enough to see a pair spawning. The movement of the fish was in a small circle of probably the area of a silver dollar on the top of a stone. They undoubtedly pair as with the sticklebacks, paradise-fish, etc., and unlike the *Cyprinidæ*. It is probable that the character of the nest varies with different species, as is the case with the sticklebacks. It is possible also that the nests of the same species will vary in different localities according to the nature of the bottom, and the character of the enemies to contend with, requiring in some cases more elaborate means of protection, so that the varying descriptions of the nests are possibly all accurate for the localities in which they are observed.

A further confirmation of the fact that it is the male which builds the nest is that in one of the aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission, a nest was recently built by a male of one species of which there was no female, a number of others, among which was at least one female, being the common pumpkin-seed. On their transfer to another aquarium he immediately hollowed out another "pot." He appeared to claim possession of the female and was undoubted "boss" of the ranch. The female at times shared possession of the nest with him, but was not yet ready to spawn. Unfortunately one morning he was missed and a search discovered him outside dead. Whether the other males had finally asserted the rights of race and forced him to jump cannot be known. It was at all events an unfortunate circumstance, as the progeny would have made interesting hybrids. The fact that the female of one species of fish could accept the attentions of another when there were a number of males of the same species about, points to the possibility of hybridization and consequent variations of species by the accidental introduction of a single fish to a locality.

WM. P. SEAL.

HERMIT THRUSH (*T. pallasii*) IN MARYLAND IN SUMMER.—On July 9, while traversing the woods in Howard county, Md., about fifteen miles southwest of Baltimore, my attention was attracted by a thrush, which at once I saw was not the wood thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*). I shot the bird and was astonished to find it a hermit thrush (*T. pallasii* Cab.). The decided rufescent tail and tail coverts contrasted with the olive brown color of the head and back were sufficient to identify it. Knowing that there is no record of the occurrence of this bird in summer south of Massachusetts on the Atlantic coast, I give some account of its characteristics. Comparing it with the descriptions in Ridgway's "Manual," Coues and Baird, and with a mounted specimen in my collection, shot in fall, I could find no difference except in the bill, which though not as bulky as that of the wood thrush, is longer and broader than in the mounted specimen. The measurements from the nostrils to the tip of the bill were as follows: Mounted specimen of *T. pallasii*, .36in.; the above specimen of the same species, .40in.; *T. mustelinus*, .48in. That this bird was not a young specimen of *T. mustelinus* is shown by the fact that a young bird of that species which I caught with my hands, and which had the tail only half developed, showed the cinnamon color of the head, the spotted sides beneath and the olive brown color of the tail, while in my specimen of *T. pallasii* the colors of the various parts differ in no respect from the mounted specimen in my collection. On dissection this bird proved to be a female. The œsophagus contained the whole of a grasshopper and the larva of œdipoda apparently. Before concluding I desire to speak of the time of arrival and departure of this species in the immediate vicinity of Baltimore. About the first or second week in October it makes it appearance, and is very common through that month, its number diminishing gradually as winter approaches. The last specimen I obtained in fall was Nov. 23. A few remain here throughout the winter, as I have shown in a paper printed in FOREST AND STREAM Vol. XXVIII. No. 6. The earliest date in spring at which I procured a specimen was March 5, but toward the middle or close of the same month it becomes more plentiful. About the close of the following month it disappears entirely.—ARTHUR RESLER (Baltimore, Md., July 17.)

Game Bag and Gun.

LIFE WITH THE OLD HUDSON'S BAY CO.

[*Concluded from Page 513.*]

WE used to live a good deal on pemmican. I have eaten pemmican ten years old, made of meat that never knew any salt. Pemmican was always made of buffalo meat. The great buffalo hunt was then only about forty miles west of Winnipeg, or not further than the Turtle Mountains. The half-breeds went out for this hunt in their old Red River carts, whose wheels were tired with rawhide, and which were tied together with rawhide instead of being fastened with nails. Each cart was drawn by a single ox, and the running ponies were led behind. The hunter used a Hudson's Bay musket. He carried a few bullets in his mouth when on the chase, and his powder he carried in a horn. He loaded "by count" as he rode, *i. e.*, he inverted the powder horn over the barrel and let it run while he counted "one, two, three," on the hour glass principle. Each hunter had his horn gauged so that he knew how long to count. Then he spit a ball out of his mouth into the barrel, kept the muzzle elevated till he got alongside his buffalo, and then threw down and fired. The skins of the cows and young bulls were made into robes, and those of the old bulls were made into pemmican bags. The meat was sorted out into two piles, the lean and the fat. The lean was cut into thin strips, dried and pounded up on the skins. The bag of hide was then sewed up with sinews and stuffed full of the pounded lean meat. The fat was then melted and the bag was run full of the hot fat and then sewed up tight. It was then pemmican, and would keep for years. A piece of pemmican as big as your fist would, when soaked and cooked, form a meal for two men. It was practically a meat extract. A choice variety of pemmican was called "officer's pemmican." It was made of buffalo hump, and the marrow obtained by breaking up the bones, a quantity of service berries being added. The service berry is a small berry much like a huckleberry. We never used our scanty flour in the summer, but kept it for winter, for use with our pemmican. Chopped pemmican, mixed with flour and water and then fried, made what we called "rascho." Boiled with flour to a soup, it was called "robibou," and was then eaten with a spoon.

We caught a great many sturgeon, in heavy gill-nets, and we used to keep these in a "sturgeon pen" in a creek, made by building a fence of poles stuck down in the bottom. An old squaw would take a sturgeon and cut it into a sort of spiral, so it would draw out to twice its length. It would then be smoked and wrapped in bark, perhaps 50lbs. in a package. The Indians caught a great many sturgeon below the falls in a river near there.

The Great Northern pike was always called jack in that country. We got them of 20 and 30lbs. weight. We also had the mooneye, or "golden-eye," and that was

a very good fish, much like a shad, and very bony. There were not many lake trout on the east shore of Winnipeg, but in the deeper water on the west shore we got a great many. There was a plenty of wall-eyed pike of a darkish variety, that rarely ran over 3 or 4lbs. We called these "blue pike." Of the great hump-backed whitefish, weighing 12 to 14lbs., we had any quantity. We fed fish to the dogs in winter, and in the summer they would eat dead and rotten fish that they found along the shores. Of fishing for sport, as we now look at it, we knew little or nothing. Our tackle was of the roughest, and we used nets for the most part.

The dog sledge generally used was the same as a toboggan. It was made of two pieces of white birch, with cross bars every foot or so. These bars were lashed on with sinews or wet deer hide, which, on drying, was very tight. A stout rawhide rope ran along each side of the sledge. There was always a "blanket," made of two deer skins, that was spread over the top of the load. The whole load was then lashed from side to side, to the rawhide side ropes. The tea kettle and frying-pan were hung in front, under the arch or curve of the sledge, as if it were a curved dashboard. The harness consisted of one long trace, with a collar, saddle and belly-band to each dog. There were always two men to each sledge. One went ahead on snowshoes, to beat the track, and the other followed behind, holding on to the "tail line" that each sledge had. This enabled him to guide or keep the sledge from upsetting in time of necessity. The load allowed was 100lbs. to each dog, besides the blankets, provisions, etc., of the men. One gun, with ammunition, was also carried to each sledge. To protect their feet when traveling on the crust in spring the dogs were always shod with leather bags tied above the foot.

No tent was carried, even in the coldest weather, and it was often 40° below with snow 5ft. deep. A hole was dug down in the snow with a snowshoe, which makes an excellent snow shovel. Some poles were then slanted over the hole, thrust into the snow on the sides; against the poles boughs were piled, and the loose snow was heaped over these. A warm hut was thus made, at the bottom of which the fire was made. We usually put the dogs back of us, in the hut, and that kept us warmer. We always carried an extra dog along, to replace any that might be crippled in one of the numerous fights they were always having.

The log houses of that country had floors made of puncheons, and the hinges on the doors were made of rawhide. The logs were usually of spruce, and the chinking was of moss and mud. The chimney was built inside of a frame of four poles. A hay rope, covered thick with mud, was wound round and round and the chimney built up in this way. It dried very hard and made a good chimney. We had no brick and very little iron.

The Indians of that country lived through the winter in bark tepees, with little clothing beyond a blanket, breech-clout and leggins. I have seen Indian children playing in the snow barefooted and barelegged, and they seemed happy, and with the thermometer 40° below. The squaws carried their babies in a sort of bark packing basket, with a hoop across the face to save the baby's nose in case of trouble. They packed the baby in with three or four inches of moss around its blanket, and once in, it was liable to stay in for three or four days.

The Indian women were usually short and uncomely, but among the half-breeds there were some fine-looking women. Morality was undreamed of, and marriage practically not known. Men would trade or sell wives for some such consideration as a steel trap, and that was all the divorce there was to it. The women seemed just as well pleased, and, indeed, all that sort of thing was viewed in a very happy-go-lucky light, so that it was easy to get a squaw for a paddler or wood-chopper on any long journey, pretty much regardless of her age or previous condition of servitude. These squaws used to make a peculiar sort of blanket, very warm. They cut rabbit skins into long strips, and then wove them in together, just as one would bottom a cane seat chair. This made a fur fabric two or three inches thick, but it was not very pleasant on account of the shedding of the hair.

The woodsmen of those old days were of two types—the *coureurs du bois* and the *voyageurs*. The former were landsmen and hunters and trapper; the latter were the boatmen, whose romantic life on the tremendous water journeys of that time is worthy of more celebration than it will ever get in prose or song. These *voyageurs* made the long trips in the great "North canoes," from La Chine on the St. Lawrence, clear through the Great Lakes and so up the waterway to Winnipeg. But that was hardly the beginning of the trail they might still follow. Our *voyageurs* always told us that the chain of lakes north of us, including Great and Lesser Bear Lakes, Great and Lesser Slave, and their connecting links of lakes and streams, required a journey longer by a number of days than the journey through the chain of the five Great Lakes. They said also that the McKenzie is a much larger stream than the St. Lawrence, and near its mouth is split up into a dozen large rivers. Of all that tremendous country in there, remote and inaccessible, it is probable that nine-tenths will always remain unknown. There is valuable mineral in that region, but the expense of getting it out is too great.

We never used to get any deer where we were, as it was too far north for anything but the reindeer. We found no moose east of Lake Winnipeg, but there was a plenty of them on the west side, especially about Manitoba Lake.

One of the worst pests we had to contend with in our trapping was the wolverine, or glutton. One of these animals would tear a camp to pieces, and would tear up and destroy what it could not eat. It would chew a bundle of fine furs all to pieces. We usually swung the furs from the tops of saplings, so that these animals could not get at them. It was very rare to trap a glutton.

Life at the Hudson's Bay Post had its excitements, but also its monotony. The latter grew too much for an American and after two years of it I concluded to desert. In company with an Indian I left Behren's River and ran down to the "Dog's Head," where a half-breed by name of Whitehead had started a free trade post for Norman Kittson, where I trapped and traded for a month. Thence I drove my dog sled to the Stone Fort, on the Red River, and walked 20 miles to Fort Garry, without finding it necessary to inform the Hudson's Bay Co. of these facts, until I arrived. At Fort Garry I watched my chance and skipped over the line. I had lived in the woods most of my life. I was on a railway survey in Canada before I enlisted with the Hudson's Bay Co., and in the latter relation I passed two years before returning. I then went for three months on a survey to Lake Itasca, via Crow Wing agency. Then in 1866 I lived nearly a year in the Adirondacks, as a trapper and a guide, at Meacham's Lake and Paul Smith's. In 1866 we got $6 for mink, $14 for otter and 45 cents for muskrats. We will never see such prices again. In 1867 I came to Chicago and, barring occasional duck trips to the Kankakee, have tried to lead a civilized life. Of the non-civilized portion of my existence, I now value most of all my experience with the fur trade and traders, and the acquaintance it gave me with some of the wild creatures of the woods. Thoughts of those days are reminiscences of a time fast going or gone forever, and of a life which in wild and picturesque features has hardly had an equal upon this or any other continent. GEORGE T. FARMER.

AN ILLINOIS GAME DECISION.

FOLLOWING is the full text of the decision referred to in our last issue, as given in the Chicago *Legal News*. The case was that of the American Express vs. The People, carried up on appeal from the County Court of Effingham county, for decision by the Supreme Court:

SUPREME COURT OF ILLINOIS—CRAIG, J.—This was an action to recover the penalties prescribed for the unlawful transportation of quail, in Section 2 of an act to amend Sections 1, 2 and 6 of "an act to revise and consolidate" the several acts relating to the protection of game, and for "the protection of deer, wildfowl and birds." Laws of 1889, p. 162.

The facts agreed upon by the parties on the trial of the cause were in substance as follows: That the defendant, the American Express Company, is a corporation and carrier of goods for hire. That between Oct. 1 and Oct. 23, 1889, it received for transportation from Redding, Gibbs and others at Mason, in Effingham county, divers quail which had been killed by shooting after Oct. 1, 1889, in this State; and on Oct. 23, 1889, the express company did transport such quail to Chicago and deliver them to Hernse & Lynch Bros., commission merchants. The express company, at the time of such receipt for transportation, by its agent, Sisson, at Mason, had knowledge that the quail had been sold, and were to be sold and offered for sale by said commission merchants.

Section 1 of the act "provides that it shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, kill, trap, net or ensnare or otherwise destroy * * * any ruffed grouse, quail, pheasant or partridge between the first day of December and the first day of October of each succeeding year or any year."

* * * * * * * *

Section 2 provides, "It shall be unlawful for any person to buy, sell or have in possession any of the animals, wildfowl or birds mentioned in Section 1 of this act, at any time, when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such animals, wildfowl or birds shall be unlawful, which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provision of this act; and it shall further be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to sell or expose for sale, or to have in his or their possession for the purpose of selling, any quail, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse or pheasant, gray, red, fox or black squirrel or wild turkey that shall have been caught, snared, trapped or killed within the limits of this State; and it shall further be unlawful for any person, corporation or carrier to receive for transportation, to transport, carry or convey any of the aforesaid quail, pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse or pheasant, squirrel or wild turkey, that shall have been caught, snared, trapped or killed within the limits of this State, knowing the same to have been sold, or to transport, carry or convey the same to any place where it is to be sold or offered for sale, or to any place outside of this State for any purpose."

It is plain, under the facts as agreed upon, the express company received the quail for transportation and transported the same, knowing the quail was sold or transported for the purpose of sale in violation of the terms of the statute, and if the statute is valid the company was liable for the amount of the penalty prescribed by its terms and provisions. But it is insisted by the express company that the statute is invalid, and upon this ground the judgment rendered in the County Court was erroneous. It will be observed that the first section of the act makes it unlawful to hunt or kill quail between the first day of December and the first day of October of each year, but the section is silent as to October and November. It would follow, therefore, that a person might hunt or kill quail during the months of October and November, not, however, for sale, but under the restrictions found in Section 2 of the act. The first clause of Section 2 makes it unlawful for any person to buy, sell or have in possession any of the birds named in Section 1 of the act, at any time when the trapping, etc., of such animals shall be unlawful. The second clause makes it unlawful for any person to sell or expose for sale, or have in possession for the purpose of sale, any quail that shall have been killed within the limits of the State. Under this clause, while a person might lawfully kill quail during the months of October and November for his own use, he would have no right whatever to do so for the purpose of placing such quail on the market as an article of commerce. Then follows the clause making it unlawful for any person, corporation or carrier to transport quail, where the same have been killed in this State for sale, regardless of the time such quail may have been killed.

A bare reference to the terms of sections one and two of the act is sufficient to show that the purpose the Legislature had in view in passing the act was to protect the game in the State. The hunting and killing of game was regulated for its preservation by the common law, and the control was predicated under the police power of the Government: Blackstone, book 4, page 174. Statutes in almost every State in the Union may be found, enacted for the preservation of game. The text writers, in treating of the power to legislate on this subject, place it under the police power inherent in each State. Tiedman, in his Limitations of Police Power, Sec. 122, Chap. 10, page 440, says:

"It is a very common police regulation, to be found in every State, to prohibit the hunting and killing of birds and other wild animals in certain seasons of the year, the object of the regulation being the preservation of these animals from complete extermination, by providing them a period of rest and safety, in which they may procreate and rear their young.

"The animals are those which are adapted to consumption as food, and their preservation is a matter of public interest. The constitutionality of such legislation cannot be questioned."

In Phelps v. Racy, 60 N. Y. 10, the power of the State to legislate for the preservation of game was called in question, and in deciding the case the Court said:

"The protection and preservation of game has been secured by law in all civilized countries, and may be justified on many grounds, one of which is for the purpose of food." The means best adapted to this end are for the Legislature to determine, and courts cannot review its discretion. If the regulations operate in any respect unjustly or oppressively, the proper remedy must be applied by that body. (See also Allen v. Wyckoff, 48 N. J. 93.)

In Magner v. the People, 97 Ill. p. 333, the validity of the game law of 1879, to which the act in dispute is amendatory, was before the Court, and it was then said, "The ownership being in the people of the State—the repository of the sovereign authority—and no individual having any property rights to be affected, it necessarily results that the Legislature as the representatives of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify and restrict it, as in the opinion of its members will best subserve the public welfare."

It is, however, argued, that when quail has been killed the dead animals become property and the taker becomes the absolute owner of such property, and an act to prevent a sale or transportation for sale within the State would be an interference with private right, amounting to a destruction of the right of property without due process of law. The fallacy of the position consists in the supposition that the person who may kill quail has an absolute property in the dead animals. In the Maynor case, *supra*, it was held, as has been seen, that no one had a property in animals and fowls denominated game. The ownership was in the people of the State. This being so it naturally follows that the Legislature had the right to permit persons to kill or take game, upon such terms and condition as its wisdom might dictate, and that the person killing the game might have such property interest in it and such only as the Legislature might confer. The Legislature has never conferred an absolute property in quail upon the person who might kill the same. The killing of quail during the months of October and November was permitted, not for sale, not to go upon the market as an article of commerce, but for the mere use of the person who killed the birds. The person killing quail under this statute has but a qualified property in the birds after they are killed; he may consume them; if a trespasser should take them from him he might maintain an appropriate action to regain the possession. But the law, which authorized him to kill the quail, has withheld the right to sell or the right to ship for the purpose of sale, and when such person undertakes to ship for sale he is undertaking to assert a right not conferred by law. The act, therefore, does not destroy a right of property, because no such right exists.

It will be observed that section two of the act does not prohibit absolutely the transportation of quail which have been killed in the State, but only transportation by persons, corporations and carriers, knowing the same to have been sold or knowing they were to be sold or offered for sale. If the Legislature of the State thought that a statute, preventing a citizen from killing quail for sale in the market and imposing a penalty on a common carrier for shipping or transporting for sale, would result in protecting the game in the State, we perceive no valid reason why a statute of that character might not be enacted. The nature and character of the legislation was a matter resting solely with the Legislature, and so long as no constitutional right of the citizen has been infringed upon, the statute must be sustained.

The judgment of the County Court will be affirmed.
Affirmed.

THE MAN IN THE HOLLOW TREE.—Another sequel to your "bear and man in the hollow tree," or variation rather, is that told by the Southern negroes, in which, instead of a knife, the man uses "a chunk of fire" to hasten the bear's ascent. It has a companion, to which I listened with great glee when a child. Two negroes find a litter of cubs in a hollow log. One crawls in while the other guards the hole. He is so intent that he does not observe mother bear's approach until she makes a dive to go in. In desperation he grabs her tail and plants his feet to hold. From within: "Sambo, what darken de hole?" Without: "Dis tail-holt break yo' see w'at darken de hole!"—AZTEC.

DAYTON, Ohio, July 22.—The best bag of birds brought in last week was by Deputy Sheriff Peter Snyder, 20 woodcock and 21 doves. While John Wood and Ernst Seitner were woodcock hunting Thursday, Mr. Wood was accidentally shot by Seitner. They were but twelve feet apart in a thicket when Seitner, who is 70 years old, and not an expert hunter, fired at a bird. Wood is a young man, and was recently appointed deputy State game warden for several counties of this vicinity. The load tore the top of his hat off, a few shot struck him in the forehead and one entered his left eye, destroying the sight. An operation was performed and the eye taken out on Saturday.—B.

WESTERN WOODCOCK.—Chicago, Ill., July 17.—Mr. George E. Marshall, of this city, is just back from a day after woodcock at Shipsiwanee Creek, as he calls it, just over the Indiana line from White Pigeon, Mich. He bagged 8 fine cock in the day, and reports the birds numerous, but the weather too warm to work in the very dense cover of that locality. Southern Michigan and northern Indiana thereabout abound in good woodcock ground. No reports have come in of any good bags on the Kankakee as yet, though doubtless many have been made.—E. HOUGH.

"NESSMUK."

CAPT. L. S. BEARDSLEE, U. S. N., "Piseco," writes from the U. S. Receiving Ship Vermont: When our mutual friend "Nessmuk" went to the happy hunting grounds, my first impulse was to send a few lines to FOREST AND STREAM to his memory, but I wanted to send with them the accompanying letter on which they were based, and I could not find it. A few days ago my copy of "Woodcraft," which I had loaned, was returned to me, and between its leaves was the missing letter. If not too late please give it space as my tribute to his memory. It was written in response to an urgent invitation to come and visit my "canoe," the old Vermont, and this was his reply:

WELLSBORO, Tioga County, Pa., Sept. 30, 1889.—Capt. L. A. Beardslee. My Dear Captain: Your letter was a long time on the road, but it came safe at last and I was glad to hear from you once more. It found me on the invalid list and unable to camp or hunt, canoe it or fish. I seldom get beyond the front yard, and the gun is of no further use to me, while I have not put the old rod together in two years. Time and "physical disability" will and does beat every mother's son of us, and I do not complain. Few men have had as much of life in the woods as I have, and memory at least cannot be taken away from me while my senses hold good.

I would like of all things to report on board the old Vermont for an old time visit, but it doesn't lay in the pins, more's the pity. Ah, me! how vividly I remember the visit, all too short, that we had at Moose River years ago. *Tempus fugit.* Let him fly; let him flicker. I have been there, and done it, and if I were young again I would do it some more.

No. I have not written much for the press in the last year or so. I cannot get over the inane listlessness and laziness induced by a long tedious siege of malaria, and it seems as though the old time energy and vim would never return. I have lost all ambition.

I have seen very little from your pen lately, for which I am very sorry. Your articles on the salmon of the Northwest coast were most excellent and instructive, the best ever written on the subject, and you always interest me, anyhow. Just now our forests are in their best colors, and you know what that means. It is my favorite time of year, the time of fruition and beauty, also of deer hunting, with grouse shooting, etc. I cannot get there any more. Ah, *culpa mea.* Shall be pleased to hear from you again, and will always answer. And if I were in better condition I would write a better epistle. But this will do to convey the sincere regards of "Nessmuk."—GEO. W. SEARS.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

ANGLING NOTES.

FOR some unknown reason the black bass seem rather shy and backward this season. It was expected from the way the trout season opened that the bass would show up in good shape, but with few exceptions most of the favorite bass waters near New York have disappointed the anglers.

The best catches reported lately were made in the Walkill, and strange to say the best score was made by an angler fishing with a rubber frog.

The upper waters of the Walkill River contain a large number of bass and they take the fly well on the right kind of a day—that is cloudy or showery weather or toward night. The proper way is to wade the stream and use flies dressed on a No. 5 or 6 sproat hook. Galesville Mills is said to be an excellent spot to commence at; this place is a short drive from Walkill. The angler can start in at Galesville Mills and wade and fish to Walkill, where he will find comfortable quarters. The largest bass (big-mouth) so far heard from weighed a trifle over 8lbs. and was caught in Greenwood Lake. W. Holberton took 41 small-mouth bass in an evening's fishing recently. All but 7 were returned to the water. These fish were caught on a 4½oz. 8 section bamboo fly-rod and the flies were the Brandreth, Lottie, Martin, and brown-palmer.

A few fine weakfish and striped bass have been taken in the Hudson River near Sing Sing, but the mainstay of the salt-water anglers has been the bluefish, which continue to run in great numbers.

In sending in reports of catches it would be well for people before they "make up" their reports to do a little figuring. We saw the following published in one of the weekly papers: "Total catch of weakfish, 19; largest, 13lbs.; smallest, 3lbs.; total weight of catch, 50lbs." Now 19 multiplied by the weight of the smallest gives a total of 57lbs.!

The fishing of the Adirondack Club is better now than in the early part of the season. A number of large lake trout have been killed in Lake Henderson. Considerable damage was done by the storms lately, particularly in Hamilton county. Some of the cottages and hotels on Raquette Lake suffered from the violent winds.

SCARLET-IBIS.

NEWPORT STRIPED BASS.—Sachuest Neck, R. I., July 15.—Bass are proving unusually plenty this season, and reports from all of the fishing points here show good catches for the week ending July 12. Graves's Point, Gooseberry Island, West Island, all report fish plenty. At Sachuest Neck 28 were taken during the week, ranging from 5 to 19lbs. At Rough Point one of 41lbs. is reported. Monday West Island reported 14 taken during the morning fishing by one rod. Graves's Point reported 7, one of 33 and one of 37lbs. At Sachuest Neck 11 were taken, one of 37lbs.; Tuesday morning 9, largest 14½lbs. Other points not heard from as yet. Will send you reports as I get them, such as I think are reliable. Flounders are so plenty one tires of catching them.—W. M. HUGHES.

TOWANDA, Pa.—Fishermen are hard at work pulling black bass out of the Susquehanna River at this place. Two persons here make it a business trolling for Susquehanna salmon. Their catch runs from 10 to 13lbs. per day. Occasionally a large one adorns their string. A 7-pounder is the largest one I have seen. J. W. Snider, a prominent sportsman of this place, just presented me with a 3-pound black bass caught below the bridge. Jim knows where they are and how to catch them.—W. F. D.

HELL GATE CAMP.—Dead Diamond River, July 20.—Our party took here yesterday, within 25 rods of the camp, two brook trout weighing 4lbs. and 5lbs. respectively. Also 9 men dined on two baked trout yesterday, each having plenty. Smaller fish are innumerable; the stream is literally alive with them. I have fished for many years and do not hesitate to say this is the finest fishing I have seen. Good fishing continues here until the middle of September.—C. E. SWINERTON.

Fishculture.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.

THE annual meeting for the election of officers and the transaction of other business was held at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., July 15, 1890. The full board was present. A resolution of considerable public importance was introduced, discussed and passed; it relates to the distribution of trout fry and provides that all applicants shall have trout unless they wish them for personal profit or market purposes. The growth of brook trout work in this State is remarkable. Three years ago the output of fry was only 600,000; in 1889 it amounted to 3,500,000. Last year some adult yellow bass (*Morone interrupta*) were introduced from Lake Erie into the Perkiomen, the Schuylkill, the Delaware and Silver Lake. This year about 250 mature fish were placed in the Delaware, Schuylkill and Susquehanna. A few white bass (*Roccus chrysops*) were planted in the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill and the Delaware, and this fall the number will be increased. Crappie and calico bass (*Pomoxys sparoides* and *annularis*) will be introduced at the same time. The calico bass has already made an impression on the Susquehanna, as announced in FOREST AND STREAM, June 26. The Fish Commission has distributed during the last two weeks 3,000 black bass, generally six or seven inches long and some larger. Hon. H. C. Ford, President of the Commission, to whom we are indebted for the above information, was told by Hon. Simon Cameron that the wall eyed pike was introduced into the North Branch of the Susquehanna, or its tributary, the Chemung, from Seneca Lake, New York, just after the war of 1812 by a French priest and an English gentleman.

THE PROPOSED FISH COMMISSION TRANSFER

THE Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries, at their annual meeting, held at Delaware Water Gap, July 15, 1890, adopted the following resolution concerning the proposed transfer of the U. S. Fish Commission to the Department of Agriculture:

Resolved, That the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries deprecate the proposed transfer of the United States Fish Commission to the Department of Agriculture, believing that its efficiency and economical administration is best promoted by its continuance as an independent bureau. They at the same time bear witness to the thorough coöperation of its present efficient head, Col. Marshall McDonald, with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and attribute much of the expansion of fishcultural work in Pennsylvania to his energetic and systematic methods.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded by the secretary to each Senator and member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and also to the chairman of the U. S. Senate Committee on Fisheries.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1653.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB AFFAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Peshall in attempting to qualify the statements made to me regarding the alleged $1,000 present from Mr. Belmont, and what led up to the supposed necessity for that gift, betrays a lack of memory I did not expect. In the first place, he told me of it at the New York show, and it was during that show and at the annual A. K. C. meeting I asked the question of Mr. Vredenburgh, who went further than I did in his answer and specified the amount with the name of Mr. Belmont. This story was repeated to me on various occasions by Mr. Peshall without any bibulous accompaniments. What was particularly said on the occasion referred to by Mr. Peshall, when Mr. Winslow was present at the Lafayette Hotel, was this: When I showed Mr. Peshall the envelope with the figures in Mr. Vredenburgh's writing, he said that he could now explain the whole business. Whereupon he proceeded to unfold his theory. Mr. Vredenburgh had, according to Mr. Peshall's story, been very anxious to close up the accounts and start for England, and Mr. Peshall said he had a letter from Mr. Vredenburgh urging him to get the matter settled up. That it was on that account the balance was struck on July 12. Two weeks ago I said it was June, but on reference to the original memoranda on the envelope, I found the date to be July 12, and the balance $651.40. Now, said Mr. Peshall, out of this balance we gave Mr. Vredenburgh $500 to go to Europe with. That left $151.40, out of which the half year's rent was paid, Mr. Lewis's contract calling upon him to pay the remaining half of the rent. This with other small payments reduced the balance in the bank to $5 at the beginning of December. To that was added the dues received from clubs at the close of the year, which helped to swell the balance to $228.28, and then came Mr. Belmont's $1,000 to raise it to the $1,228.28.

First of all the story was that the $1,000 was paid in between January 2 and January 11, but after I got Mr. Vredenburgh's figures the date was shifted and I was assured by Mr. Peshall that December 6 to 8 was the actual time of the deposit of the $1,000 at the bank. That it was by check, and that when the time came he would have not only the bank book but the actual check put in evidence.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Peshall has no reason to say that he meant that Mr. Vredenburgh got the $500 in May. His whole argument is based upon the $500 reducing the July 12 balance of $651.40 down to $151.40, and in my letter of two weeks ago I showed that the payments were made in May, two months prior to July 12.

With regard to the second contradiction which involved the "exhaustive" contract with Mr. Lewis, I am amply supported by Mr. Schellhass, Mr. Terry and Mr. Lewis himself. I will admit that their statements are somewhat contradictory and indefinite, but that only makes one point clearer, and that is that they have had no talk or understanding as to what should be said. It must be remembered that it is two years since that agreement was made with Mr. Lewis. It was something that was never brought to the surface until within a few weeks, and we can well understand that the exact terms of a contract which was so very indefinite as to the exact amount to be paid would under such circumstances be apt to be forgot, at least by Messrs. Terry and Schellhass. With regard to Mr. Lewis, there is this important difference. He got the money and his recollection is bound to be clear on that subject. His reply to Mr. Peshall's statements is flatly contradictory just as I said in my letter. Now Mr. Peshall has the denial he craves for; we await the fulfilment of his promise "with equal promptness not only convince your readers, but these two gentlemen themselves by evidence over their own signature of their error."

Skilfully evading all reference to the $1,000 accusation, Mr. Peshall proceeds to discuss the duties of the auditing committee and what he thinks they did and did not do. And here is where he puts his foot in it, right up to his neck. It was my suggestion to have an auditing committee, and that committee was to audit the accounts of 1889. That is to say, *from* the balance of $1,228.28 to the close of 1889, and yet these gentlemen are being dragooned because they did not verify accounts prior to the $1,228.28 balance. Why, they had nothing to do with that at all. Just look at the thing sensibly and see what a ridiculous position Mr. Peshall and his friend Mr. Levesey have placed themselves in. Keep that fact prominently in mind, also this one—the alleged $1,000 present was made before there was any *Kennel Gazette*.

In place of replying to the statement that there was no $1,000 deposited at any time between July, 1888, and January, 1889, Mr. Peshall calls for an itemized statement of accounts for 1888. Well, Dr. Perry in his able letter of last week gives him these figures. The $1,228.28 is made up of $285.39, being the addition received from clubs to the $5 balance of Dec. 5, and from the stud book account comes $942.89. What can be plainer than that? It is not to be expected that these figures will satisfy Mr. Peshall, who is cornered and does not want to acknowledge that he hasn't a leg to stand on. I made him a fair proposition last week to go with me to the A. K. C. office on Monday of this week, or any day he suggested, and have his mind set at rest. No notice of appointment has yet reached me and I feel pretty certain none will, for with it will disappear all this thereotical duplicity, with nothing but the apology by way of a headstone to mark the last resting-place of Peshall's specious specifications.

Mr. Peshall's friend, Mr. Livesey, asks me a question or two. He wishes me to obtain the items of "deposits appearing on the bank book between April 1 and Dec. 31, 1888, or the deposits made during the time Mr. A. D. Lewis was running the Stud Book, as they will tend, I believe, to settle the question relative to Mr. A. D. Lewis's connection with that book."

I fear Mr. Livesey has a theory too. Well, I cannot give the items and I will not go to the trouble of doing so, because they won't settle anything of the kind. I will tell Mr. Livesey this. All deposits were made by Mr. Vredenburgh between the period named, and Mr. Lewis made none during Mr. Vredenburgh's absence in Europe, but within a day or two of Mr. Vredenburgh's return, Mr. Lewis turned over cash enough for Mr. Vredenburgh to deposit $284.50, and that out of a total receipt of $670. Does that look like an exhaustive contract? And here is the account during Mr. Vredenburgh's absence:

Mr. Lewis in account with A. K. C.:

Receipts from Sept. 6 to Dec. 11	$670.00
Expenses	385.50
Balance handed treasurer	$284.50

If that will not settle the matter to Mr. Livesey's satisfaction, then nothing will that I could get for him as he suggests.

In conclusion, I will once more renew my offer to Mr. Peshall that he name a date on which he will meet me, together with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM as umpire, at the office of the A. K. C., and I will then exercise my right as a delegate and answer his questions from the books. He knows in calling upon Mr. Vredenburgh to give him itemized accounts, that he is asking for what he will not get, but he knows also that he can get this information through me, and if he does not accept my offer it is because he does not really want to get the figures he pleads for.

P. S.—The following telegram was received in my office on Sunday evening: "If you are in city to-morrow, will meet you at FOREST AND STREAM office at 12 o'clock. C. J. Peshall." Sunday is my day off at the Philadelphia *Press* office, consequently I did not get the telegram until this (Monday) afternoon. Meanwhile my letter had been received by FOREST AND STREAM. The telegram alters the complexion of affairs to a certain extent, it is a reply to my proposition, but there is no indication at all that it is an acceptance. There is nothing to take me to New York at present, but I shall be pleased to go if I can get matters arranged as I have suggested. I have neither time, nor inclination, nor do I care about being at the expense of going to New York simply to meet Mr. Peshall and talk over matters at FOREST AND STREAM office. Of course Mr. Peshall may have meant to accept the proposition, but he does not say so, and I have written asking him to make his acceptance and the appointment publicly in this week's issue, and I presume he will do so if he is willing to accept the proposition, otherwise not.

J. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the many articles on the A.K.C.-Peshall affairs I have come to the conclusion that it is time for every man who is interested in dog affairs to speak his mind on the subject. If Mr. Peshall is right give him credit; if the A.K.C. is right, then give them credit, and whichever of them is wrong should be brought to account.

There is a very old saying and a very true one, that where there is lots of smoke there must be some fire. Now it seems to me as if there had been lots of smoke for the past year on the A.K.C. affair with Mr. Peshall. It seems to me if I was sitting on a jury and some of the witnesses were to swear what they had written in behalf of the A.K.C., it would have little weight, as every one of them seems to contradict each other. After reading each one's statements from the highest official down and summing it all up, it reads like a very hard lesson which all had failed to get correct; and in reciting it all seem to tell a different story. I have been much surprised to see what short memories some of them have; also how differently a committee of three saw the duty they had to perform, as in the report of Messrs. Terry, Schellhass and Lewis in your issue of the 17th. Every one of them gave a different answer to the same question. It reminds me of what I heard an old lawyer say once, that the best witness he ever saw was one that didn't know anything; and it seems to me that every time any of the management of the A. K. C. was asked anything of the club affairs not one of them knew anything, and for that reason no one could find out anything. For these reasons, if I understand it correctly, Mr. Peshall has written a number of very able letters and asked to see the accounts, which, if I understand it rightly, every member has the right to do. But for his pains he has been showered with wrath, from the great mogul down. As I have never happened to see any explanation from any of the Auditing Committee but Mr. Wilmerding, which I think a very weak one, I will say, in order to help his memory out a little, that on February 17, 1890, I happened in New York on business; and in course of the day went to 44 Broadway, the A. K. C. office, to see what news there was in dog matters; and to my surprise I found the Auditing Committee at work on the books of the A. K. C. After passing the time of day with those present, I sat down for an hour or so, and talked with different ones that came in; and to my great surprise the committee finished up its work on the books while I was there. As far as I could learn it found everything all O. K. and Mr. Peshall wrong in every particular.

Now, what I wish to remind the committee of is this: A number of times when they came to something they could not make out they would ask Mr. Vredenburgh what it was or meant, and he would on all occasions explain to them, which seemed to give satisfaction. After I had sat there for half an hour the auditing committee came on to an

account of $1,000 or thereabouts, it may have been more or a little less, but as I remember it was $1,000 that they could not seem to get around or understand. At this Mr. Vredenburgh said, "Now, gentlemen, I will explain that to you," which he readily did. Not being one of the committee, and not being near enough to hear every word said, I will not try to tell all his explanation; but as near as I could understand this was the money that Mr. Peshall had claimed was either borrowed or given to the club by some party or parties unknown. At any rate, to wind up his explanation he said, "This is the money which Peshall claims has been given the club. Now," he said, "gentlemen, if I see fit to borrow $1,000 for the club, it's none of Mr. Peshall's business where I get it or who I get it from, if it is from Mr. Belmont or not, as long as I give an account of it." This is, if my memory serves me right, about what Mr. Vredenburgh said, and it seemed to give the committee perfect satisfaction. In a short time after they got through their work on the books, and about that time Mr. Anthony came in and had a very pleasant talk with the committee, and asked them if they ever saw a finer kept set of books, and if I remember right, they said they never had.

I am not much of an expert on bookkeeping and at that time did not care much about the A. K. C. books: it set me to thinking, after reading over the many letters; and after what I had heard while sitting there, I come to the conclusion that it would take an expert a number of days to look over those books correctly; and if it happened to be a bank official or some bookkeeper for a large concern that had gone wrong and had skipped, the expert or committee would not have had any one to explain when they got to something they could not understand, and I am of the opinion that they would not get along so easily. I think if some of them were allowed to explain they would make their books look very nicely, much better than the experts do when they are not there.

Now, if anything I have written is of any benefit to your many readers, or any light can be thrown on the A. K. C.-Peshall controversy by printing it, please let your readers have it, as I think it about time that the dog men had something to say about it, and I think it will be a good plan to print a blank such as you did for the beagle men, so that all could vote on it, for the A. K. C. or Mr. Peshall, and I think we will see Mr. Peshall come out on top. I hope we shall hear an end to this controversy in the near future and the right man win. T. M. ALDRICH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special meeting of the Maryland Kennel Club was held on July 10 to take action on the treatment of our delegate by the American Kennel Club, at their meeting of May 22, and the following resolution was passed:

That the American Kennel Club be censured for refusing to receive our delegate at their meeting of May 22, he being furnished with proper credentials by the Maryland Kennel Club. JAMES THOMPSON, Sec'y pro. tem.

BALTIMORE, July 18.

THE KRILUTT—ELSIE LITTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is said that all things come to him who can wait, which aphorism is proven this week to the Hornell-Harmony-Victor Kennels (Messrs. Fellows, Wixom and Wade) by the arrival at Covert, N. Y., of five of the much-talked-of and long-expected Russian greyhounds or Barzois, after an ocean trip of some twenty days. Six puppies, by the famous Krilutt out of Elsie, were shipped, but only five reached here, one having died aboard ship. The two remaining pups of the litter will be shipped as soon as Elsie is again bred to Krilutt. Considering the long voyage, with transfer at New York, the puppies arrived in very good condition, and now, after a few days of rest, with privilege to roam over a spacious yard where they have access to running spring water, as well as being fed on good, sweet and nutritious food, they are getting into fine form, and show their perfect breeding in their general outline, magnificent heads, grand stature, and perfectly flat, soft and smooth coats. The consignment consisted of three bitches, Princess Irma, Modjeska and Lucca, and two dogs, Valdemir and Count Orloff.

Much has been said by our self-constituted authorities on the breed as to its pugnacity, but it is all denied and refuted by this litter. They are as full of play as any English greyhound ever bred and far more affectionate, being never so pleased as when one is petting and caressing them. They all come to call instantly, and while not being fondled are gamboling all over the place one with another. The markings are very beautiful indeed, the body color being of the purest white with rich lemon markings, except in the case of Lucca and Prince Orloff, whose entire color is whitest white except brindle markings on ears, which greatly enhance their beauty. The grand proportions of the breed, its attractive color and snowy whiteness of coat, which is so long and soft yet devoid of curl, the great fondness to be petted and noticed, will bring it into immediate favor both with the fair sex on account of its aristocratic bearing, perfect outline, and with the sterner sex on account of its traditional courage in being able and willing to cope with the fox and wolf and conquer both. Their powerful jaws and needle-like teeth prove they would be antagonists which any animal however fierce might dread, while their gentleness at home or in kennel commend them to the admiration of all true lovers of a noble dog. If no mishap befalls this present Krilutt—Elsie litter it will make some of our friends hustle about a bit if they expect to win anything but c. cards at our coming spring shows.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

COURSING NOTES.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Luce and Dr. Royce, of the National Coursing Association, are in the city to-day. They have been trying to make arrangements for a coursing meeting here, but are unable at present to obtain grounds, as the parks are all full, with racing meets and the like. It is not unlikely that some arrangement will be made whereby the National Association will give exhibition contests under the auspices of the Fat Stock Show this fall.

Mr. Allison, manager, is still at Peoria, where a little exhibition meet was held last week.

Dr. Royce has with him Trales, the great winner of last year's American meet, and also Humming Bird, his blue bitch. Trales is looking in fair form even now, barring a couple of nails he lost at Peoria. It is announced that he will not run this fall at Great Bend, but it is to be hoped the visitors of this year will see him duly entered after all. But the gentlemen above named say that the class will be a hot one at Great Bend this fall. There are a lot of fine saplings in the event now, out of the imported strains, and this year will be the best of any yet. During the pleasant visit with Messrs. Royce and Luce they expressed much interest in the big California meet next fall. They may both be there. E. HOUGH.

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Will you kindly announce that the Wilmington Fair Association will give a bench show of dogs in connection with their fair September 2, 3, 4, and 5. Our judges are R. F. Mayhew, Esq., and Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York city. Entry fee $2. Premium list and other information can be obtained from F. R. CARSWELL, Supt., 101 West 6th street, Wilmington, Del.

RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS.

AS the season is approaching when sportsmen from all parts of the country will be migrating with their dogs to the different game sections of the West, we have secured for their benefit the rules and rates for transportation of dogs over some of the important lines. For prompt and full information on the subject our acknowledgments are due to the officers of the several roads who have contributed the same.

Chicago & Alton.—This company will carry, free of extra charge in baggage cars, one or two dogs, the property of hunters traveling on the same train and holding regular tickets. In other words, no extra charge is made for dogs which either hunters or other passengers may desire to transport upon the same train as they take passage upon themselves over this line. It is usual for the hunters to give the baggagemen a small fee to look after their dogs, but this is not compulsory on this line and is at the option and good will of the passenger. Baggagemen are instructed that they must make no charges for the care of dogs, but are at liberty to accept anything which is gratuitously offered them by passengers. There is no special rule requiring hunters to put their dogs in crates. Dogs are, however, transported on this line subject to the passenger taking the chances of any accident en route. It is always safest to put the dog in a small crate, as it will prevent him jumping through the window or door, and hanging himself by his chain, as has happened in one or two cases on other lines.—J. CHARLTON, G. P. and T. A.

Chicago & Atlantic.—It is a rule on this railway that dogs, guns and the usual paraphernalia appertaining to a sportsman shall be carried free of charge, when accompanied by owner, in our baggage cars. Our train baggagemen are under very careful instructions in this connection, and it is our wish that sportsmen shall have this privilege accorded them cordially and that the best possible care be taken of their property. For obvious reasons it is carried at owner's risk, and in view of this reservation no conditions are stipulated as to muzzle, chain or crate.—F. C. DONALD, G. P. A.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.—Our employees are instructed to permit the owners of dogs to place same in the baggage car on our trains running locally between Chicago and Aurora, and to collect no charge, or to accept no compensation for the care of dogs between those points. Between all other points our baggagemen are permitted to make a merely nominal charge for the care of the dogs, which in all cases must be carried in the baggage car. It is not necessary that the dog should be boxed up in a crate or muzzled. If he has a chain or rope it will do. The charge which our baggage agents make is not for our benefit, but is simply a perquisite which they get for the care of dogs while in their charge, and which they are allowed by us to retain.—P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. and T. A.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois.—The company makes no charge for the transportation of a dog in baggage car if the owner or person in charge is a passenger on the same train. Train baggagemen are forbidden to ask any fee for the transportation of a dog, and also forbidden to collect any such charges for baggagemen of connecting lines, or to ask baggagemen of connecting lines to collect for them. It is not hereby intended that a passenger can have any number of dogs carried free; a person in charge of several dogs, or one who is in charge of a kennel in transit, should be referred to the express company, except that dogs may be considered as a part of the baggage or properties of theatrical companies. If the person in charge desires to place a dog in the baggage car, to be carried wholly at owner's risk, the company not to be liable for any injury or loss, and a fee for attention to the dog is voluntarily tendered to the train baggageman he may accept it, but he will not be permitted to insist upon or ask any such fee.—WM. HILL, G. P. and T. A.

Chicago & Grand Trunk, Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee, Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon, Grand Trunk, Michigan System.—Hunting dogs may be carried in baggage cars free of charge and at owner's risk when accompanied by owner holding ticket. Baggagemen may accept a personal fee for care of dogs or guns when tendered them, but are not permitted to ask for such. They are not required to be crated, but we request that they be supplied with a collar, and when convenient with a chain.—J. E. QUICK, G. B. A.

Chicago & Great Western.—Where party is traveling with dog we require that dog be properly tied in baggage car, making no charge for same. We take dog at owner's risk and do not issue checks.—HENRY S. HAWLEY, G. A.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.—Dogs will be carried in baggage car free, at owner's risk, for passengers riding on same train. Baggagemen are forbidden to ask any pay or compensation from passengers for carrying dogs and guns, which they must receive and carry in their cars, when requested by owners or parties in charge of them. No check or baggage ticket is required. No crate is necessary unless owner prefers one. No muzzle is necessary. A chain or rope should be provided for tying dogs. These rules apply on our entire 6,000 miles of railway.—F. A. MILLER, A. G. P. A.

Chicago & Northwestern.—Hunters' dogs are carried on this line in baggage cars free, but wholly at owners' risk of loss, damage or delay. It is not required that they be crated, but it would be much better for the dogs and their owners if they be crated. We must take them at our convenience, *i. e.*, that we cannot leave baggage because of want of room on account of crates of dogs. Owners must find leash for them as we cannot be responsible for breaking or unfastening of leash. No check or ticket is required for them, but simply a delivery to the train baggageman.—N. A. PHILLIPS, G. B. A.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.—Dogs tagged and accompanied by passengers will be carried in baggage cars free, at owner's risk of loss and damage, and without checking.—J. D. MARSTON, G. B. A.

Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City.—This company will carry dogs in baggage cars over their line free of charges, at their owner's risk, when accompanied by the owner holding ticket. Each dog must be provided with rope or chain, so it can be properly secured. Dogs in crates will be accepted for transportation and checked same as baggage at the owner's risk.—JOHN COLLEY, G. B. A.

Canadian Pacific.—We charge for each dog the same as for 100lbs. of excess baggage, each dog to be properly secured with a collar and chain, as a preliminary to the carriage of the animal. Charges should be paid to the station baggageman who issues an excess baggage ticket, no checks are given for dogs. From and to certain stations in Canada, such as between Pembroke and Nepigon inclusive, and between Cavanville and Sharbot Lake inclusive, and to Lake Megantic, Que., we carry one dog free for each sportsman. In each of these cases it is necessary to procure a through excess baggage ticket from the agent.—D. MCNICOLL, G. P. A.

Denver & Rio Grande.—No charge is made whatever where the owner is passenger over our line, and furnishes chain and collar, so that the dog cannot get loose. We accept them and carry in baggage cars free of charge.—S. K. HOOPER.

Elgin, Joliet & Eastern.—When owners have full tickets we will carry dogs free, crated or with muzzle and chain, as owner may prefer, on all trains on our road. This includes E., J. & E., and C., C. & N., and W. & S. W. railways. We will do the best we can to protect the property of hunters on our line, but when no charge is made for camp equipment, dogs, etc., we will not be responsible for loss.—G. O. CLINTON, Supt.

Illinois Central.—One or two dogs in charge of owner will be entitled to free transportation in baggage car. On each dog over and above that number, owned by or in care of one person, the following charge may be made, and retained by train baggageman: For any distance up to 99 miles, 25 cents; for any distance from 100 miles to 240 miles, 50 cents; for distance of 250 miles and over, 75 cents.—A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.—Dogs will be carried free, in baggage cars of this company, at owner's risk. No dog will be carried without taking release. Dogs must be plainly tagged with owner's name and destination. Dogs intended for shipment must be accompanied by owner or care taker on the same train, who must present his passage ticket to the station baggage agent at the time of shipment. A dog not boxed or crated, unless provided with collar and chain, must not be taken in the car. One dog only will be received and carried for any one shipment; if more than one is presented, you will refer the owner to the express company. Baggage agents and train baggage masters will take the owner's name and destination of dog on their baggage record and train report. Before taking a dog into their car, the train baggage master must become satisfied that the baggage agent has taken the required release from the owner. If the destination of a dog requires it to be placed in charge of another baggage master on a continuous run, the baggage master who delivers it must furnish the name of owner and destination to the baggage master who continues the run, who in turn must take record of it on his train report. If the destination of a dog requires a transfer to other trains of this company, a transfer baggage way-bill must accompany the dog. Baggage agents, when receiving a dog for shipment, will notify the owner that he must claim the dog immediately on its arrival at destination. Baggage agents or train baggage masters must not demand or receive any pay or compensation for carrying or taking charge of dogs.—JOHN L. FREEMAN, G. B. A.

Michigan Central.—Dogs of hunters are carried free in baggage car by this company. We simply require the owners to be *bona fide* passengers and dogs provided with collar and chain; they are taken entirely at owner's risk.—H. P. DEARING, G. B. A.

Milwaukee & Northern.—On presentation of a ticket we accept and carry free in baggage cars dogs, provided they have a strap or rope, so they can be tied in car. We do not allow our train or station baggagemen to demand or receive any compensation for the transportation of same.—W. D. CARRICK, G. B. A.

Monon Route.—Our rules permit the free transportation of two hunting dogs for each passenger, shipped at owner's risk, who must sign release. No check or baggage ticket is required; all that is necessary being to put the dogs in charge of baggage master, who will furnish release blank to be signed.—JAS. BARKER, G. P. A.

Nickel Plate Line.—Our contract with the American Express Co. does not permit us to enter into any contract with passengers for transmission of dogs in our baggage cars either for or without a consideration. The ordinary rule governing the shipment of dogs accompanied by owners on train is observed on the trains of the Nickel Plate, *i. e.*, personal arrangement between passengers and train baggageman for the care of the dogs in the baggage car.—B. F. HORNER, G. P. A.

Northern Michigan Line.—We make no charge for carrying dogs when accompanying passengers with full tickets.—S. S. BURKE, Agent.

Northern Pacific.—Dogs must be carried only in the baggage car and in charge of train baggageman, who will be allowed to collect as his compensation for care of same at the following rates: Twenty-five cents will be charged for the care of a dog for the distance of 150 miles or less, and for distance over 150 miles train baggagemen may collect at the rate of one-sixth of a cent per mile. The above rates must in every case be prepaid to destination and collected before dogs are put in car, except as noted below, viz.: Train baggagemen on main line must not collect charges to points on branch lines; collect to junction point only. Train baggagemen on branch line trains must not collect charges beyond their run; collect to junction point only; and no charges must be collected beyond this company's line. If owner refuses to prepay in accordance with above schedule, decline to accept dog. Train baggagemen must turn over to connecting T. B. M. proper proportion of amount collected for transportation of dogs. Crate is not necessary. We do not check dogs. Owner is not required to provide a muzzle, but should have a chain, as the latter is more secure than rope.—W. H. LOWE, G. B. A.

Pennsylvania Company, Vandalia Line.—Baggage masters will be allowed to collect, retain charges for special care and attention given to dogs in baggage cars at following rates: One to one hundred miles, 25 cents per dog; over one hundred miles, 50 cents, collection only to be made to the end of their respective runs. This whether crated or not.—R. R. BENTLEY, G. B. A.

Santa Fé Route.—As to the rules of the C., S. F. & C. R. Co. for the transportation of dogs in baggage cars, the train baggageman is allowed to collect a fee of ½ cent per mile, but in no case is a sum greater than 50 cents to be collected for any distance on that line. The rules on the A., T. & S. F., Atl. & Pac. and Sou. Cal. lines are that train baggagemen may collect a fee of ½ cent per mile, but in no case will a sum greater than $2 be charged for any distance on either of the above named roads. Dogs will not be taken in baggage cars unless owner is a passenger on the same train. Owners are expected to furnish a secure means of fastening, and have the animal muzzled if vicious.—P. WALSH, G. B. A.

St. Louis & San Francisco.—Dogs with collar and proper chain, strap or rope, will be carried for passengers in our baggage cars at owner's risk, for which the following charges will be made for each dog: For any distance under 50 miles, 25 cents; between 50 and 150 miles, 50 cents; between 150 and 250 miles, 75 cents; any distance over 250 miles, $1. These charges are donated to the train baggagemen and are made only for their own respective runs.—D. WISHART, G. P. A.

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba.—When owners hold full tickets our baggagemen have the privilege of collecting a fee of 25 cents for each dog carried any distance on their run. This fee goes to the baggageman as his compensation for taking care of and cleaning up after the dog. The company derives no revenue for dogs accompanying hunters, and they are not checked or crated, but it is necessary that they be provided with a chain or rope.—L. W. CAMPBELL, G. A.

Southern Pacific.—The rule regarding dogs as it appears in our rules to baggagemen: "Dogs can be carried in the baggage car only in the care of the train baggageman, who is responsible to the owner for their proper treatment, and is authorized to collect for each one carried fifty miles or

less, fifty cents, and for any distance over fifty miles, at the rate of one-half cent per mile, provided that in no case shall the charge on any one train baggageman's route be over $1.25, and provided further that the charge shall in no case exceed the local ticket rate over the same route." Under this rule you will notice that a crate is not necessary but that the dog should be chained.—F. H. GOODMAN, G. P. & T. A.

Union Pacific.—Twenty-five cents will be charged for the care of a dog for a distance of 100 or less miles, and for distance of over 100 miles baggagemen may collect at rate of one-fourth of a cent per mile. Owners of dogs are required to provide chains.—E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.

Wabash.—Dogs will not be carried in passenger cars. Train baggagemen are allowed to receive and retain charges for care of dogs in baggage cars at the following rates: 1 to 100 miles, 25 cents; 101 to 250 miles, 50 cents; over 250 miles, 75 cents. Train baggagemen will make this collection only to the end of their respective runs, and inform the owners of dogs that they collect only to the end of their division.—S. H. OVERHOLT, G. B. A.

West Shore.—Dogs, when accompanied on same train by owner or attendant, may be carried at owner's risk in baggage car only, in care of the train baggage master, who is responsible to the owner for their proper treatment. The owners in all cases will be distinctly informed that they must be at the car door ready to receive the same at destination or point where transfer is made. The practice of, turning dogs over to station baggage master to be kept in baggage room will not be allowed. Dogs intended for exhibition, when inclosed in crates and accompanied by owner or attendant, will be carried free.—C. E. LAMBERT, G. P. A.

Wisconsin Central.—Hunting and pet dogs are to be carried free in baggage car at owner's risk, owner accompanying. Performing dogs belonging to theatrical companies will be carried in baggage car, being weighed with regular baggage belonging to the company and included as part thereof. Train baggagemen and other employees of the company are strictly forbidden either to ask or to receive compensation for the care of dogs placed in their custody under any conditions. Owners are, of course, to supply the necessary food.—L. ECKSTEIN, A. G. P. and T. A.

DOG TALK.

I VISITED the Bradford dog show to-day and although it is called a small show in this country, I think if American buyers had a better idea of the size of these shows they would have a better idea of the value of prizes won at such shows and not put too great a value to some and too little to others.

The entries at Bradford number 554, divided as follows: Greyhounds 7, pointers 3. setters 4, spaniels 11, retrievers 6, basset hounds 5, smooth fox-terriers 10, wire-haired fox-terriers 57 (with a mixed local class of 26), Airedale terriers 67, Welsh terriers 9, Irish terriers 6, Scottish and Skye 9, bull terriers 7, white and black and tan terriers 8 St, Bernards 12, mastiff 1, Newfoundlands 2, collies (rough and smooth) 81, schipperkes 3, pugs 35, Yorkshire terriers 23.

The show is held only one day and as benching would be rather expensive for such a few hours, the dogs are tied to stakes and given an ample supply of bedding. There is some little draft under the marquees but as these shows are only held in warm weather, the draft is agreeable rather than otherwise.

The judging is done out in the open air, all well enough in fine weather, but I imagine Mrs. Foster found it rather disagreeable when judging the pugs, for it rained full one half the time she occupied the ring.

The dogs all arrived before 11 A. M., and were doubtless all in their own kennels by 10 o'clock the same night. In fact when the judging finished at 6 P. M. fully one half of the dogs had gone home, rather rough on the public but good for the dogs.

As each exhibitor goes into the ring he is handed a large placard with the number of his dog on it in letters full three inches long. When this placard is attached to the button hole, the visitor can tell at a glance which dog is which by comparison with the catalogue. The prize cards are handed to the exhibitor as he passes out, but as they are not half of them placed over the dogs, the visitor must wait until he gets the paper to know who won.

The only entry in mastiffs was Mr. Crabtree's well known Count Orleans, an excellent all round specimen. In St. Bernard dogs Mr. Sydney Smith's Young Wallace secured an easy victory. In bitches, the winner, Jas. Mellor's Baroness Rothschild, should have been second to Mr. Smith's Lady Florin, the Baroness is weak behind, turned in at the hocks and too long in body, though with excellent head. Lady Florin shows much more character and is straight and sound. The setter and pointer classes were not only small but poor in quality.

Spaniels though a small class were excellent. Mr. Muirhead's team of black fields are about the finest I ever saw, the bitch Sensation is much the best field spaniel I have seen. In Clumbers, Mr. Pratt's Boaz and Boaz II. were the winners. Boaz would beat anything I ever saw in the States quite easily, he has a very good skull, good depth of muzzle, plenty of lip, good sturdy well-made limbs and a good length and depth of body, he is excellent in character and a good mover. As he has been bred to Mr. Mercer's Snow, I took particular notice of him.

Bull-terriers were only a fairish lot. James Thorpe's Bonny II., by Bendigo, and one or two others, showed quite a little merit.

The only entry in Newfoundlands was a son of Lord Nelson and a promising youngster he was. It is a shame that Americans have allowed this excellent breed to deteriorate so in the States.

Mr. Stretch and Mr. Ainscough carried off most of the honors in collies with some very fair specimens.

The schipperkes were a fair lot, of the type of the winner of third at Boston.

Airedale and fox-terriers were large and strong classes.

The gate receipts were something enormous, and I must not close my notes without a word about the lunch given to the judges and press. It was excellent in quality, ample in quantity and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mr. Jos. Farwell presi wided, th Col. Tibbett, the American Consul, at his left hand.

It is hardly the proper thing to peach on a friend, especially one that has proved as hospitable as Mr. Sydney Smith but I could never keep a real good thing to myself. Mr. Smith, although a magistrate of the largest borough in England, was up before the court himself a few days back and fined $1.25 for having his St. Bernards Alton and Lady Floris out on the street without muzzles.

Speaking of muzzles I cannot help noticing that full one half I see are a mere farce, the dogs can bite almost as well with them on as with them off.

Just before I left the States, I wrote a short note on that most excellent breed, the Newfoundland. I find that the interest in the breed is full as great as it was last year, there will be 10 classes at the Crystal Palace show with 10 specials.

Spratts Patent have a very dangerous rival in this country in The Sanitary Food Co., manufacturers of the Protean Foods. Dr. Andrews is the promoter of the scheme and Mr. S. Deacon, the well known greyhound man, is the manager at shows. They are talking of establishing a depot in the States shortly. Competition is the life of trade.

Over 7,000 people passed through the turnstiles at the Bradford show. Not bad for a one day show.

The *Stock-Keeper* states that the smooth St. Bernard Ino, the sire of Keeper and brother to Guide, has gone the way of all flesh.

I also notice in the same journal, a call for a greyhound club. The United States with two, and old England just waking up! Yea, verily, the world do move.

I am getting anxious to know what the two English setter clubs have decided upon. I certainly hope they have consolidated, for there is no room for two clubs, and there are plenty of good men in both the club already formed and the new one, that I suppose is under way ere this.

NAMQUOIT.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition dog show committee was held this week when arrangements were completed for the show to be held from the 15th to the 19th of September next. There were present Mr. J. Wilson in chair, Messrs J. Massey, John Maughan, J. G. Mitchener, H. B. Donovan, C. H. Nelson, and C. A. Stone, Secretary and Superintendent.

It was decided to add the following extra cash specials to those already published for the best kennel of four or more owned by one exhibitor or kennel: Mastiffs $20, St. Bernards $20, Irish setters $15, greyhounds $15, bloodhounds $25, English setters $15, cockers $15, collies $15, bulldogs $15, pugs $15, fox-terriers $15, great Danes $15, Gordons $15, and a lover of the greyhound has donated a silver cup for the best greyhound dog or bitch owned in Canada, value $10. It was also decided to add $10 in the open dog class for mastiffs.

The premium lists are now ready and can be obtained by any one on dropping a post card to the secretary at Toronto.

C. A. STONE, Secretary.

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue that "Hibernia" credits me with having expressed certain opinions of the beagle Blue Belle II., and which opinions he criticises. Please say that I never expressed any such opinion as referred to. I think that if my awards when judging have been criticised more for one thing than another it has been for placing working-sized hounds capable of performing the kind of work required of our beagles in this country over the small or toy ones. I should refer "Hibernia" for my views on beagles to the March, 1890, A. K. C. *Gazette*, and also to articles written by me, copies of which I should be pleased to send him if he desires if he sends me his address. HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS.

LORD RAGLAN—EDRIC.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have swapped the mastiff Edric, by Jack Thyr out of Emma, with Dr. Geo. B. Ayres and Clinton N. Powell, Esq., of Omaha, for the mastiff Lord Raglan, younger brother to Orlando. Of course I got the "beat" on Messrs. A. & P. in this deal—otherwise I wouldn't mention it. They have a dog with which they say they are going to hurry all the cracks at dog shows, but I have got the very wisest and best watch I ever saw, with an affectionate reservation in favor of my old Gipsey. What Rag don't know about his business isn't worth knowing, and my pet crank, that show-bred mastiffs are worthless for watchdogs, has got a very big hole through it.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., July 19).

THE MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB DELEGATE.—At a recent meeting of the Maryland Kennel Club resolutions were passed condemning the action of the A. K. C. in refusing to accept Mr. C. J. Peshall as their representative, and Mr. Peshall was unanimously elected as delegate of the club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dusky Bob. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped May 13, 1890, by champion Cash (champion Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Nun Nicer (Douglass II.—Dot).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen—Leader. R. Merrill's beagle bitch Queen to H. F. Schellhass's Leader, June 18.

Alaska Queen—Beauchamp. H. F. Wilson's (Ballard Vale, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alaska Queen (Grimsell—Dell) to Elmwood Kennels' Beauchamp (Beauchief—Berengarid), July 10.

Kara—Lord Hector. W. Stewart Diffenderffer's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Kara to his Lord Hector, July 11.

Yum—Henmore Shamrock. B. P. Rotherock's (Williamsport, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Yum (Rob—Daisey) to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), July 18.

Flossie T.—Cherry Boy. G. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossie T. to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon), July 11.

La Tosca—Cherry Boy. G. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch La Tosca (champion Doc—Lady Pluto) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon), July 8.

Mirza—Kildare. Dr. Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Mirza (Robin—Turpin) to his Kildare (champion Brant—Bonita), July 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Marguerite II. J. H. Day's (Red Bank, N. J.) pointer bitch Marguerite II., June 24, six (one dog), by S. W. Pentz's Brake.

Lakme. W. Stewart Diffenderffer's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Lakme, July 1, six (four dogs), by Pilgrim.

Duchess. W. Stewart Diffenderffer's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess, July 5, eleven (seven dogs), by his Lord Hector.

Blodwin. W. Stewart Diffenderffer's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Blodwin, July 1, eight (four dogs), by E. B. Sears's champion Hesper.

Duck's Baby. J. M. O'Brien's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Duck's Baby (Black Duck—Zozo), June 23, five (three dogs), by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon).

Spright. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Spright (Ebony—Jessie), July 12, six (two dogs), by his Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon).

Jill. Dr. Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jill (Doctor—Lucy), July 10, eleven (six dogs), by his Kildare (champion Brant—Bonita).

Toody. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Toody, July 13, two dogs, by P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Mamie E. Fawn pug bitch, whelped May 3, 1890, by champion Kash out of Lady Thurman, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jas. Bowden, New York.

Zara. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped May 3, 1890, by champion Kash out of Lady Thurman, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jas. Bowden, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. H., City.—What is the best thing I can do for my dogs; all three have the mange? Ans. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning and use the following ointment once daily, after washing the parts with castile soap and water:

℞	Ung. zinc oxid.	ʒ ii
	Ung. diachylon	ʒ ss

Mix. Sig., external.

DOGS.—NALDIRES medicated SOAP for washing dogs, destroys all irritating insects, removes doggy smell and leaves the animal refreshed and happy. This prize medal soap, used by all the leading owners in Europe, is now sold by Park & Tilford, McKesson & Robbins, E. Fougera and all Druggists.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

SAINT ETIENNE, France, July 9.—Saint Etienne, near Lyons, is the French Springfield. Here are tried and experimented upon all inventions relating to the armament of French troops, and designed to work for French defence what the first instalments of Springfield guns did for the preservation of the Union. There is a Government manufacture of small arms here as well as many private manufactories of sporting guns. The Chamber of Commerce recently granted to M. Paul Giffard, the inventor of a new gun, a prize of $2,000 and a gold medal, and trials of the new weapon are about to be made in Paris under the direction of the military inspectors. The Giffard gun uses neither fulminate nor gunpowder, not even the so-called "smokeless powder," so much talked about. These are replaced by a single drop of a volatile liquid, which, falling into a closed chamber behind the projectile, develops by vaporizing a great pressure and thus gives impetus to the projectile. The fluid is a liquefied gas, inclosed in a steel cartridge provided with an escaping valve regulated by a movable screw. By pressing on the hammer the valve is opened and the shot discharged.

The cartridge contains 100 grammes of the liquid. One-third of a gramme is a sufficient charge for one shot in an ordinary hunting gun like the one presented by M. Giffard to the Chamber of Commerce of St. Etienne. The same cartridge is good, therefore, for 300 shots. After every shot a new bullet is introduced, but it is certain that a repeating mechanism will soon be added by which the supply of bullets will be continuous. There is no fear of overheating the gun, for the shooting rather cools it, the condensation of the gas absorbing the caloric, just as the ammonia in the ice-making machine. Moreover, the liquefied gas does not evaporize instantaneously, but expands gradually, so that the projectile acquires its greatest velocity only at the moment of leaving the mouth of the weapon. Consequently there is nothing to fear from violent and sudden pressure upon the sides of the gun, and thus the projectile force can be utilized to the maximum.

The detonation is something like that of the uncorking of a champagne bottle, a sharp, short pop, and nothing more. Of course there is no smoke and no fouling of the gun. The liquid by its volatilization gives out no disagreeable odor like that of the smokeless powder of the Austrian army, which asphyxiated some of the soldiers during the trials in rapid firing.

Such is a rough sketch of the new gun. Its real value will soon be determined by the trials ordered by the French Government.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN RIFLEMEN.

BERLIN, July 14.—Mr. Philips and Dr. Lartsing left for Bremen Monday morning, while forty Independents started for Cologne Monday night. They complained of the scandalous neglect of the sharpshooters' committee which by incompetent officiousness and red tape failed to deliver the entire lot of trophies. The Schnetzenfest has lost 100,000 marks by niggardly arrangements and bad management. Captain Diehl of the Independents, who is suffering with dropsy, will go to the Manheim baths.

July 17.—The American riflemen arrived at Bingen last night from Oberlohestein. Despite a drenching thunderstorm that was prevailing when they arrived an enthusiastic crowd was awaiting to welcome them. The city was decorated and illuminated in honor of the Americans.

July 18.—The American riflemen visited Niederwald to-day and placed a laurel wreath on the Germania Monument. Mr. Weber delivered an address. In the afternoon the Americans drove to Rudesheim and partook of a kellerfest.

July 19.—The American riflemen arrived at Neustadt, in the Palatine, to-day, and were enthusiastically welcomed. The Burgomaster, surrounded by the local riflemen and the municipal authorities, delivered an address of welcome. The Americans were heartily cheered. Mr. Herman Weber made an address in reply to the Burgomaster's speech. A grand banquet will be given to the visitors to night.

NEUSTADT, Bavaria, July 20.—An immense crowd witnessed the procession here to-day in honor of the New York Independent Shooting Corps. The procession was headed by mounted riflemen, then came a band of music and then the Neustadt Rifles. After these came the American riflemen, Messrs. Weber and Diehl riding in carriages festooned with flowers. The visitors were loudly cheered along the whole route. In the evening a dinner was given at the headquarters of the Neustadt Rifles, and this was followed by a concert, a display of fireworks and a grand ball.

BOSTON, July 19.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day amid all kinds of weather conditions, heavy showers, high winds and bad light making high scores impossible, except in a few cases later in the day, when the conditions were a little better. Following are the best scores made to-day; distance 200yds., standard American target:

Record Pistol Match—50yds.

H L Lee	89	A S Hunt	82
W G Hussey	80	H Severance	88

Champion Off-Hand Match.

J B Fellows	85	H L Lee	81
E F Richardson	72	A S Hunt	81
W G Hussey	78	M T Day	71

Champion Rest Match.

L R Avay	105	A H Ballard	102
F C Towne	83		

All-Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder	105	L R Avay	101
A S Hunt	9	J N Eames	104
W Peters	101	S D Martin	9
A H Ballard	104	A G Horne	97
J C Hastings	8	F C Towne	102
M T Day	96		

All Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	84	S O Merville	75
S D Martin	69	W G Hussey	81
O M Howard	75	M R Barter	67
H Gill	81	D R Ball	73
P Emery	64	S C Sydney	80
J C Hastings	72	A Stevens	62
M T Day	80	A S Hunt	70
F C Towne	60		

Pistol Practice Match—50yds.

W G Hussey	89	S D Martin	85
M R Barter	80	A Stevens	87
A S Hunt	81		

CREEDMOOR, July 19.—The second match of the season by National Guardsmen for marksmen's badges was shot on the 200 and 300yds. ranges at Creedmoor to-day in a gale of wind. The following men won badges: J. Coraic, W. J. Shieffin, A. E. Rauch F. C. Cooper, L. Martin, C. Murray, H. E. Montague, W. E. A. Smith, R. S. Williams, S. P. Lasell. W. H. Edwards, P. J. Fraker, F. Blanchard, T. S. Veitch, C. E. Mitchell, M. Stuart, G. L. Stebbins, C. S. Dodge, H. J. Bates, C. Hyde, C. H. Bouron, E. P. Jessup, I. Radley, W. K. Norris, E. W. Kiernan, J. F. Hobart, W. H. Webb, W. C. Haskell, A. K. Gorski, F. D. Holbrook, H. Bostwick, G. H. Potter, E. V. Harvaad, G. Hadden, F. L. Catlin, D. C. Squires, C. S. M. Hook, I. Radley, jr., W. DuBois, R. Mazet, F. W. Roe, E. F. Austin, F. Wightman, G. A. Wylie, J. W. Stevens, W. C. Semger, C. Sampson, G. R. Martin, J. W. Abell, H. G. McFadden, H. Dalzell, J. T. Harper, S. C. Leonard, S. W. Underhill, G. L. Varker, R. S. Spencer, G. A. S. Wilners, H. W. Fish, W. T. Andrus, E. T. Douglass, S. C. Judson, G. L. Barker, jr., W. F. Wall, W. M. Moore, H. C. Taylor, W. S. Beekman, B. Suydam, W. B. Greeley, J. D. McEwen, J. H. Carter, G. B. Rhoades, N. M. Beckwith, L. De W. Hollob, E. L. Chase, F. E. Cornell, L. E. Waterman, J. Ruppert, H. E. Stevens, jr., T. Guena, C. L. Smith, A. M. Evans, W. H. Folsom, J. Swayne, G. G. Murray, J. J. Gordon, G. C. Arrowsmith, T. E. Stewart, F. G. Landon, E. C. Denison, W. A. Jones and G. Gregory.

SKIRMISH WORK.—In the presence of Gov. Hoard, of Wisconsin, five enlisted men of the Third Regiment of Infantry, United States Army, at Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, recently, made a skirmish run, 200yds. to 200 and back, quick and double time, 40 cartridges per man, ten halts each of 30 seconds' duration in which to shoot. The target for each skirmisher employed was a black piece of paper representing the silhouette outline of a soldier kneeling and in the firing position. The following scores were made:

	Hits.	Score.		Hits.	Score.
Corp Irish, Co H	28	112	Sergt Yotges, Co E	16	64
Sergt Dubbs, Co G	19	76	Sergt Mitchell, Co K	15	60
Pvt Lucas, Co A	16	64			

Ninety-four hits out of 200 shots is, under the conditions, called a wonderful record. Lieut. McCoy, U. S. A., conducted the run.

Capt. Reade, U. S. A., conducted two skirmish runs of 20 cartridges each, the objectives being for each skirmisher a group of silhouette figures placed some yards apart, representing the outline of a soldier in one of three firing positions, standing, kneeling and lying prone. All of the skirmishers were officers in the Wisconsin National Guard. The following scores were made:

Lieut Lynch	62	Maj Auer	31
Capt Swietasche	53	Capt Seaman	26
Maj T J George	40	Lieut Newell	25
Capt Bleuel	38	Capt Fuller	16
Capt Birkhauser	35	Maj Bradley	3

CANADIAN RIFLE LEAGUE, July 12.—The shoot to-day of the league team brings the standing up in the series of contests to the following close series of totals. The Fifty-fourth Battalion, of Windsor Mills, Quebec, still leads the league. The aggregate scores of the twelve first teams are:

Fifty-fourth Battalion	3,224	Ninety-sixth B., Port Arthur	2,954
Halifax Garrison Artillery	3,142	Sixty-third Rifles, Halifax	2,949
Fifty-third Bat., Sherbrooke	3,051	B Battery, Quebec	3,931
Thirteenth Bat., Hamilton	3,025	Forty-fifth, Lindsay	2,919
Forty-fifth B., Bowmanville	2,994	Gov.-Gen.'s Ft. Gds. Ottawa	2,901
Twenty-first B, Essex Centre	2,988	Forty-third Bat., Ottawa	2899

FORT SCHUYLER RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—Utica, N. Y., July 15.—The Fort Schuyler Rifle Association will have a tournament on its range at Riverside Park, Utica, on Wednesday, July 30, 1890. Numerous handsome prizes will be contested for, and there will also be sweepstake shooting. The contests will be open to all riflemen. Full particulars can be obtained of W. C. Williams, secretary, 105 Broad street, Utica, N. Y.—PORTSA.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

July 22-24.—First Annual Tournament of the Central City Sportsmen's Association, at Jackson, Mich. $1,000 guaranteed; $400 extra in merchandise. H. G. Sutton, Manager.

Aug. 5-6.—Tournament Minneapolis Gun Club, Minneapolis, Minn. A. F. Shuler, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-8.—Onondaga County Sportsmen's Tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed purses, all cash.

Aug. 18-23.—Third Annual Keystone Tournament, at Corry, Pa Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day, Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

THE MCDOWALL GRAND INTERNATIONAL BLUEROCK TOURNAMENT, Toronto, Canada, Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15. $1,100 in gold in guarantees and donations; held under the auspices of the four gun clubs of Toronto, and under the management of W. McDowall, assisted by an American expert. For programme address W. McDowall, Manager, C. G. Winchell, Secretary, 81 Yonge street, Toronto.—*Adv.*

SARATOGA TOURNAMENT.

THE first tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club was held at Saratoga Springs last week, beginning on Tuesday and continuing for four days. The gathering of sportsmen was one of the largest ever known in this section, and as for the quality of the marksmen assembled, the best I have ever seen. Fully one hundred shooters representing no less than twelve States were in attendance, with an average of about sixty-five entries to each event. With such shooting stars present as Rolla Heikes of Dayton, E. S. Benscotten of Toledo, E. L. Mills of Washington, D. C., H. W. Heflin and J. L. Malone of Baltimore, the Wolstencroft brothers of Philadelphia, E. D. Miller, S. G. Smith, Milt Lindsley, Charley Smith and Ed. Collins of New Jersey, W. H. Skinner and B. F Schumeir ("Hamline") from St. Paul, J. A. Jackson of Austin, Tex., and such cracks from the State as Harvey McMurchy, Harry Whitney, Frank D. Kelsey, Tom Peacock, Ed Hudson, Charley Wagner, H. M. Levengston, W. Crosby, with Dickey, Barrett and Wheeler from Boston, Davis and Bowdish of Worcester, and W. C. Cody from New London, one can well imagine that it was hot company and a hard fight for a place. Saratoga is a delightful place to hold a summer tournament, and everybody agreed that the first tournament of the Saratoga club was a decided success.

The committee, Messrs. Levengston, Coster, Bockus and Ramsdell, did everything in their power to have things run smoothly, but the want of enough efficient help to run the traps was most noticable, particularly good trap pullers. However, this was not the fault of the management, for without previous experience they depended upon the promises of the club members to lend a helping hand and, as usual at club tournaments, they failed to materialize. Mr. W. H. Hobart, of Newark, N. J., who attended the shoot as guest of Mr. Coster, kindly offered his services, and with the help of Horace Derby, of the Albany *Argus*, the second set of traps was kept in constant motion throughout the shoot. The grounds were located on a high sandy plateau, about three-quarters of a mile east of the village, adjoining the race track, and was, with the exception of the background toward the right, a perfect shooting ground. The shooting was done from two sets of five Keystone traps, kingbird targets being used, American Shooting Association rules governing the contests.

First Day, Tuesday, July 15.

Promptly at 9 A. M. the shooters were on hand and the first event was opened. The weather was awfully hot, but the canvas awnings that had been erected protected the shooters from the sun's rays. About 2:30 P. M. a slight shower interrupted the sport for a few moments, followed by a refreshing breeze that blew across the traps, from left to right, making the shooting delightful for the balance of the day. For the cash prize of $15, div. 60 and 40 per cent., for best averages in to-day's guaranteed events, Kelsey, Whitney and Wagner div. first, each breaking 100 out of 105, Levengston taking second. Scores:

Event No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, four moneys, 60 entries:

Paddock	1111101111—9	Lever	0110010010—4
Collins	1011111110—8	Bowdish	1111100011—7
Lovejoy	1100111011—8	Tuttle	0010001101—5
Malone	0100100011—4	Benscotten	1111101111—9
Heflin	1111111111—10	Beaudry	0001111111—7
Story	1111011111—9	Albee	0111111111—9
Keller	1111011110—8	Andrews	1110111111—9
Kelsey	1111111111—10	Patten	0111101101—7
Whitney	1111110111—9	Tulley	1101011101—7
Knowles	1101111111—9	Nichols	1101111111—9
Heikes	1111111111—10	Betts	1010101110—6
Crosby	1111111110—9	Peacock	1011110111—8
Gale	1110101110—7	McCormick	0100101011—5
Prentice	1101101111—8	Putnam	1111101111—9
Levengston	1111111111—10	A M S	1111011111—9
Ferriss	1101111011—8	Simpson	0011011111—8
Baker	1100011001—4	Little	1111111010—8
Wagner	1110111111—9	Lindsley	0000111111—6
Perkins	1010100100—4	Cowee	1110010101—6
Dickey	1110011111—8	Hamline	1111110111—9
Allen	1111011110—8	Hunt	1111111010—8
Henry	1011011111—8	Brooks	0110101110—6
Barrett	1011101111—8	Mills	1111111011—9
Davis	1111011111—9	Jackson	1111111101—9
Jock	1010111101—7	Taylor	1111111111—10
Paul	1011111111—9	Hudson	0111101111—8
Wheeler	1111010101—7	Pike	1101010101—6
Skinner	1111111111—10	Ditmar	0011101111—7
Mattice	0111101111—8	Bowker	1111111111—10
Willey	1011111111—9	Kerr	1010010101—5

Tie on 10 div.; on 9 shot off and won by Paul, Mills, Hamline, Benscotten, Andrews and Sterry; on 8 Hunter, Mattice, Simpson, Little, Collins, Lovejoy, Prentice and Ferris drew their pro rata, the others shooting off, was won by Henry; on 7, Patton and Tolly drawing out, shoot-off won by Wheeler.

Event No. 2, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys, 72 entries:

Bowdish	1011001111111—12	Peacock	1111111111101—13
Leonard	1111101011111—13	Nichols	1111111111111—14
Pegnan	1001011111010—10	Wheeler	1101111111010—12
Wicks	1111011111101—13	Benscotten	1111010101110—11
Lindsley	0111110111010—10	McCormick	1001110011111—11
Lever	1111100101011—11	Mattice	1001111010111—11
Putnan	0110111111111—13	Albee	0011011111000—9
Goggin	0111111001111—12	Bronze	0101000111100—8
Tuttle	0111111101101—12	Willey	1111110001011—11
Paul	1011111011101—12	Allen	0111111111010—12
Sterry	1111011111111—14	Hamline	1011111111111—14
Hunt	0111110101111—11	Mills	1010011111100—10
Pike	1101111100111—12	Brooks	1111111111111—15
Davis	1111111111001—13	Kelsey	1111111111111—15
Heikes	1111111111111—15	Barrett	1101111111111—14
Jackson	1111101111111—14	Perkins	1011110111101—12
Keller	1111010101111—12	Heflin	1111010101101—10
Whitney	0111111111101—13	Cowee	1110000110111—9
Crosby	1011111111111—14	Dickey	1111111111111—15
Ditmar	1011110111111—12	Ferris	0111111010101—10
Knowles	1110101111111—13	Hudson	0110111111101—12
Malone	1101011100110—10	Gale	1111011111011—13
Williams	0110111101111—12	Kerr	1111011101010—11
Andrews	1110011000110—9	McMurchy	1101111011111—13
Skinner	1111111111101—14	Lovejoy	1011111010111—12
Henry	1111111111111—15	Simpson	0101111010101—10
Collins	1111110111011—13	"Jack"	1111101111001—12
Taylor	1011111111111—14	Wagner	1111111111111—14
Miller	0111111111111—14	Beaudry	1111101010101—11
W H Wolstencroft	1111101111111—14	Bowker	1110111111111—14
J Wolstencroft	1111000111001—11	Levengston	1110111111101—13
Baker	0001110111111—11	Little	1000110101011—10
Rothacker	1101010101110—10	Ducker	1001111111111—13
Paddock	1111000011111—11	A M S	1111001111101—12

All ties div.

Event No. 3, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance $3, 4 moneys, 61 entries:

Barrett	0011110110111011111—15	Nichols	1111101011111011001—15
Pike	1100011011111011011—13	Jack	1110101011111011111—16
Henry	1011011010110110111—13	Gore	1010111101111110110—15
Heikes	1111011011111111110—17	Brockway	0101001011010100000—8
Sterry	1111011101101111111—17	Paul	1111110010101111011—15
Kellar	1111111111111000101—16	Betts	1111010110111001011—14
Gale	1111111101111111111—19	Beaudry	1111110001101111100—14
Simpson	1100111100111111111—16	Skinner	1111111011111111111—19
Williams	1100111010101101010—13	Willey	0111001011011111111—14
Crosby	1111111101101111111—18	Benscot'n	1111111111111111111—20
Brooks	0011110111111111110—16	Bemis	0111111111111111111—17
Jackson	0000111111111101011—15	Leonard	1111101111101111101—17
E D Mullen	1101011111111111001—16	Putnam	1111101110111111111—17
W H Wolstencroft	1111111111111111110—19	Hudson	1111011110101011111—17
Hunt	1101111011111101111—17	Andrews	0111111100111011011—16
J Wolstencroft	1111001111111111111—16	Weeks	0111111111011111011—16
Hamline	1111111111110000111—16	Pegnan	0110110111010010110—12
Kelsey	1111111111111111111—20	Ducker	0000111011111010110—13
Bowker	0111111111011111111—18	Dittmar	1101011110311011110—14
Davis	0010111010110111111—14	Dickey	0111111011111111011—17
Whitney	1111110111111011111—18	Levengs'n	1111101111111111111—19
McMurc'y	0111101101111111110—16	Rotha'ker	0111011111010111111—17
E L Mills	1111111111111111111—20	Paddock	0111011111010111011—15
J S Loylor	1001110111110111110—15	Wagner	1111111111101101111—18
Allen	1101100011110000111—11	Ferris	1111110101111111111—19
Bowditch	1110111011111011111—17	Knowles	1100111111101110100—14
Wheeler	1111111101111011111—18	Heflin	1011100111111100011—15
Albee	1111100001111110011—14	Tuttle	1110011011111011111—16
Lindsley	0111111111100111011—16	Goggin	1011111111111100011—16
Peacock	1110111111111011111—18	Collins	0111111111101011111—17

Ties on 18, 19, 20 div.; ties on 17 Messrs. Hudson and Riley div. after shoot-off.

Event No. 3, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 60 entries:

Mills	1011111111—9	Kelsey	1011111111—9
Keller	1100101110—6	Knowles	1110101111—8
Barrett	1010111111—8	Collins	0011011111—7
Sterry	1111111101—9	Levengston	1111111111—10
Dittmar	1111111111—10	Wagner	1111111111—10
Baker	0011111111—8	Jackson	1110111111—8
Cowee	1010011111—7	Tuttle	1111101110—8
Simpson	1111111111—10	Paul	1110111110—8
Henry	0111001111—7	Putnam	1110111110—8
Crosby	1111111111—10	Bowditch	1111110110—8
Gore	1111011101—8	Dickey	1111011101—8
Skinner	1110111111—8	Davis	0101000111—5
Pegnan	1110010000—4	Prentice	1110101110—7
Weeks	1111111011—9	Brooks	1010111111—8
Tolly	0110111001—6	Heikes	1111111111—10
Andrews	1111111110—9	Paddock	1111111111—10
McCormick	1101111001—7	Whitney	0110111111—8
Patten	0110110011—6	Ferris	1011111111—9
S E B	1111101110—8	Bemis	0110110101—6
Lindsley	1011101011—7	A M S	0001111111—7
Wheeler	1111011111—9	Kerr	1001100160—4
Miller	1111111111—10	"Jack"	1011111111—9
Leonard	1111111111—10	Lever	1111110111—9
Mattice	1111111101—9	Beaudry	0110101001—5
Gale	1111111001—8	Albee	1101111110—8
J Wolstencroft	1100100111—6	Goggin	1111110011—8
Perkins	1101111001—7	Peacock	1111000110—6
Lovejoy	0000111100—4	Benscotten	1111011110—8
Williams	1101011011—7	Bowker	1111111111—10
W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Heflin	1110111100—7

Event No. 5, guarantee purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, four moneys, 62 entries:

Collins	1110111111111—14	Lindsley	1010101111111—12
Malone	0011110111101—11	Skinner	1111111111111—15
Paddock	1111111111111—14	Paul	1111111111111—15
E L Mills	1111111111111—15	Gore	1110111111011—13
Sterry	1111111000111101—11	"Jack"	1111111011111—14
E D Mills	1101111111111—14	Schemerhorn	1011101111111101—11
Wagner	0111111111111—14	Albee	1100010000110— 8
Bowker	1111111011111—14	Putnam	1111111001—13
Whitney	1101111111111—14	Andrews	1111111111003—13
Ditmar	1111101111011—13	Beaudry	0111110111111—13
Knowles	1111111101111—14	Wheeler	1110111111110—13
Lovejoy	0011111110111—11	Nichols	1001111010011—10
Taylor	1111111111101—14	Goggin	1111111111111—15
Peacock	1111111011111—14	Bemis	0101111111110—12
W Wolst'ncr'ft	1111111111100—12	Baker	1111000001111—8
Rothacker	1110111000001100— 8	McCormick	0011101111011—11
Hudson	0111111001111010—11	Ferris	1111111111101—14
Levengston	1111111111111—15	Heikes	1111111111111—15
Simpson	1011111111111—14	Barrett	1011111110011—12
Dickey	1111111110011—13	Gale	1111111001101—12
Heflin	0110111111111—12	Henry	1111111111101—12
Williams	0101100100011100—7	Hamlin	0011111111011—12
Perkins	1011010111010—10	Prentice	1111111000011—11
Keller	1110111001111—12	Cowee	1101011111110—12
Weeks	1110101111011—12	Brooks	1111111111115—15
Pegnan	0011101001011—8	Davis	0111001111111—11
Willey	1101110111111—12	McMurchy	1111101111111—14
Betson	1111110101010—10	Kelsey	0111111111110—13
Tuttle	1011110111011—12	Crosby	0011110011101—10
Bowdish	1011101111011—12	J Wolstencroft	1110111111011—13
Benscotten	1111111111110—14	Jackson	0110011111011—11

Event No. 6, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance 3$, divide first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20, fifth $20; 61 entries:

Goggin	1001101011001111114	Jackson	1111111111101111011—18
Betts	1100101111010111111—14	Whitney	1111111111111111111—20
B'nscott'n	1111111111111111111—20	Rothack'r	1111011101111111111—16
"Jack"	1111111111101001111—17	Wagner	1111111111111111111—20
Lindsley	1110111111111111110—16	Lovejoy	1110111010111011—13
Gore	0111111011111110110—16	Malone	1100111101111111111—16
Bemis	1010101111111111101—17	Cowee	1111011101011111101—16
Andrews	1111111111111111111—20	Crosby	1111111111111111111—20
Willis	1010101111101101001—13	Paul	1111111111101111111—19
Bowdish	1111101101111111111—18	Putnam	0111111011111111111—18
Whitney	1011111001101111111—16	Beaudry	0001011001000101011— 9
Tuttle	1111110011010111110—15	Mattice	0111111011011111010—15
Broch	1100111110011011111—15	Skinner	1111100111111111111—18
W H Wolstencroft	1111111111111111011—19	Nichols	1101010101111111101—15
Levengs'n	1101111111011111011—17	Ducker	0101110011001101111—13
Dickey	1011111011011111111—17	M'C'rm'ck	1100010110111110101—13
Heflin	1111011111111111010—17	Weeks	0111111111010111011—15
Bowker	1111011111111111010—17	Pegnan	1001100110011110011—12
Heikes	1111111111000111111—17	Barrett	1010101101111011011—14
		Henry	1111111101011101111—17

E D Miller 1111111011111111111—19
Collins 0111111111111111111—19
E L Mills 1111111111111111111—19
Hamlin 1011111011111011010—15
Paddock 0111111011111110011—16
J Wolstencroft 1111111111011011111—18
Gale 1111111100101111101—16
Sterry 0011111101111011011—15
M'Murchy 1111111111111111111—20
Peacock 1111111111111111111—20
Baker 1111101111011010111—16

Hudson 1111101111011111011—17
Ferris 1111111111001101111—17
Simpson 0110101101111011111—14
J S Taylor 0111111111111110101—17
Keller 1010101010111011110—13
Davis 1110110100011011101—13
Brooks 1111111010110111110—16
Dittmar 1011110100111111101—15
Kelsey 1111110111111111111—19
Hunt 1100011001011011111—14
Knowles 1111010111111011111—17

Event No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 53 entries:

Paddock	0111111101—8	Bowdish	1101101101—7
Simpson	0101111110—7	Benscotten	1111101111—9
Heflin Jr	1010111010—6	A M L	1111001101—7
Ferris	1111111111—10	Wheeler	0101110111—8
W Wolstencroft	1011011111—8	Willey	0111111011—8
Henry	1111111001—8	Putnam	0001111101—6
E L Mills	1111110111—9	Tee Kay	1111111110—9
Barrett	1011101111—8	Beach	1100011010—5
Kelsey	1111011111—9	Paul	1111111111—10
Keller	1100101111—7	Mattice	1110111111—9
Bowker	1111111111—10	Tuttle	1111011101—8
Davis	1101110011—7	Tolley	1100110111—7
Dittmar	1001111111—8	Whitney	1111111111—10
Jackson	1110011111—8	Crosby	1111011111—9
E D Miller	1111111111—10	Heflin	1011101010—6
Gale	1011111101—8	Heikes	1111111001—9
Sterry	1011010111—7	Williams	1001001100—4
Taylor	1111111101—9	Levengston	1111111111—10
Baker	0111111111—9	Hamline	1011011111—8
Wagner	1101011111—8	Collins	1111101111—9
J Wolstencroft	1110111101—8	McMurchy	1111111111—10
Dickey	1111011111—9	Hudson	1011111110—8
Peacock	1111111111—10	Brooks	1111011111—9
Skinner	1011011111—8	Cowee	1010010010—4
"Jack"	1110011101—7	Beaudry	1011111111—9
Andrews	1111111101—9		

Event No. 8, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, four moneys, 49 entries:

Wagner	1111111111011—14	Lindsley	1111111001111—13
Simpson	1111101111110—13	Goggin	0111111011010—11
Dickey	1111111111—15	Beaudry	1111101101111—13
Davis	1111111111011—14	Jack	1110111101101—12
Whitney	1111111111111—15	Paul	1101111011111—13
Dittmar	1111111011111—14	Andrews	1101111111111—14
Hamline	1101111111111—14	Skinner	1111111111011—14
Gale	0111101111011—12	Ducker	1111111101011—13
Barrett	1011111110111—13	Nichols	1101101111001—9
Miller	1111111111011—14	Putnam	1111111111111—15
Collins	1111111111111—15	Benscotten	0011110111111—12
Knowles	1100110101111—11	Wheeler	1111111111101—14
Rothaker	1111110101111—13	Keller	1111101101011—12
W Wolstencr't	1111111011111—13	Kelsey	1111111111011—14
E Hudson	0011111111011—12	Brooks	1111111110110—13
McMurchy	1111111001111—13	Sterry	1011011001110— 9
Paddock	1111101111111—14	Bockes	0111111011111—12
Henry	1011111111111—14	Jackson	0111001101111—11
E L Mills	1111111101011—13	Williams	1011000100101— 9
J Wolstencroft	1011111111111—14	Taylor	1111101101111—13
Levengston	1111111111111—15	Peacock	1111111111011—14
Heflin	1111111111111—15	Baker	1111111101011—13
Heikes	1111111111111—15	Crosby	1101111111011—13
Ferris	1111111111111—15	Gore	1111111111111—15
Bowdish	1111111110110—13		

Event No. 9, guaranteed purse of $100, at 20 singles, entrance $3, div. 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., 48 entries:

Skinner	1011110111111101011—17	Lindsley	1110111011011011111—17
Benscot'n	0111101111111111011—18	Dickey	1111111101111111111—19
"Jack"	1100101011011111101—14	Davis	1111111110111011110—17
Andrews	1110111111111111111—19	Wagner	1111111111111111111—20
Paul	1111111111111111101—19	J Wolstencroft	
Bowdish	1111111111111111011—19	Rothaker	1111011011111111111—17
Wheeler	1110101111111111101—17	Keller	1100101111001111111—15
Nichols	1211110110211011111—17	Sterry	1101110111110111011—16
Goggin	1111011011101101111—17	Dittmar	0000111101101111011—14
Gore	1111011111111111101—18	Barrett	1110111000111111111—16
Beaudry	0011111111100111111—16	Kelsey	1111111111111111101—19
Heikes	1101111111011111111—19	Gale	1111111011111111011—18
W Wolstencroft	1111011111111111111—19	Brooks	1111111111111111111—20
		Malone	1110111101100011111—15
Hamline	1111111101111011111—18	Williams	1111011101101111111—17
Levengston	1111111111111111110—20	Lovejoy	1111000101000000w. — 7
Collins	1011100011011111111—16	Hamlin	1101000101011110w. —10
Ferris	1001101111111111111—17	Rothack'r	1110101101101101w. —11
E D Miller	1111111111111111011—18	Paddock	1011011001111111111—16
M'Murchy	1111111111011011111—18	Knowles	1010110000111111101—14
E L Mills	1100111111011111111—17	Peacock	1110111110011111111—17
Jackson	1101101111111111111—17	Baker	0101101101010111111—14
Whitney	1111111111111111111—20	Hudson	0111111111111111101—18
Simpson	1111111011111010111—17	Henry	1111111111111111110—18
Crosby	1111111111111111111—18	Willey	1111010111111101110—14

Event No. 10, 6 pairs, entrance $1, 4 moneys; 45 entries:

Gale	10 10 10 11 10 11— 8	Beaudry	11 01 11 00 00 11— 7
Knowles	10 11 10 10 10 10— 7	Schermerh'n	11 10 01 11 00— 7
Sterry	10 11 11 10 01 10— 8	Paul	10 10 10 11 10 00— 6
J Wolstenc'ft	10 10 01 01 10 11— 7	Bemis	10 10 11 10 10 00— 7
Wheeler	10 10 11 10 11 11— 9	Heikes	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Taylor	10 10 10 11 10 10— 8	Killer	11 11 11 11 10 10—10
Hamline	10 11 11 01 11 10— 9	W H Wolstencroft	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
E D Miller	11 10 11 10 11 10— 9	Bartlett	10 10 10 10 10 11— 7
Simpson	10 01 10 10 10 10— 6	Heflin	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Kelsey	11 11 01 11 11 11—11	Bowker	11 11 11 10 10 11—10
Ferris	11 10 11 10 11 11— 9	Dickey	11 00 11 11 10 11— 9
McMurchy	11 10 10 11 10 10— 8	Cowee	10 00 10 00 01 01— 4
Whitney	10 11 10 10 11 11— 9	Wagner	10 11 11 11 11 11—11
Collins	00 10 11 10 11 10— 7	Jackson	11 11 11 11 11 10—11
Albee	10 11 10 10 10 10— 7	Davis	10 10 10 10 11 11— 8
Gore	10 11 10 10 10 11— 8	Peacock	10 11 10 10 10 10— 7
Burbridge	01 11 11 10 11 10—10	Levengston	11 10 10 11 10 10— 9
Benscotten	11 11 10 11 10 11—10	Paddock	10 11 11 11 10 10—10
Nichols	11 10 10 00 11 10— 7	Brooks	01 01 11 11 11 10— 9
Gogan	10 11 01 01 11 10— 7	Beaudry	11 10 11 10 10 10— 6
Lindsley	11 10 11 10 11 11— 9	Willey	10 10 11 11 11 10— 7
Putnam	11 01 11 10 10 10— 7	Baker	01 10 11 10 00 11— 7

Second Day, Wednesday, July 16.

The heat to-day was even more intense than yesterday, the awnings affording little relief from the glare of the sun. About noon, however, a strong southwesterly wind sprung up that was welcomed, but it sadly upset the calculations of some of the shooters, and miss after miss was scored. Benscotten captured the first average to-day, missing but 3 out of 105 targets, Kelsey taking second with an even 100. Score:

Event No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 73 entries:

Geisel	0010010101—4	Ferris	0111101011—7
Willis	0100111001—5	Gale	1111111110—9
Lindsley	1111111011—9	Rothacker	0100000111—4
A M S	0101110031—5	Whitney	1011111111—9
Coster	0011111101—7	Cunningham	1001001100—4
Ramsdill	1111010101—8	Gore	1111001111—8
Paul	0011111011—7	Peacock	1111111111—10
Albee	0011110001—4	Brockway	0110111101—7
Tee Kay	1011111001—8	McCormick	0111111110—8
Burbridge	1011111011—8	Carroll	1111111111—10
Willey	1111011111—9	Cramer	0010010111—6
Beaudry	1001110111—8	Wagner	1111111110—9
Goggin	1101011010—6	Dickey	1111011110—8
Putnam	1111100100—6	E D Miller	1111111111—10
Skinner	1111011110—8	Bowker	1101111110—8
Andrews	0110111101—7	Collins	1011011111—9
Bowdish	0111011101—7	Davis	1111100111—8
Lever	1111011101—8	Cowee	1011101110—7
Wheeler	1111111110—9	J Wolstencroft	1111111011—9
Nichols	1111001001—7	W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
Roberts	1111111101—9	McMurchy	1111111110—9
Ferris	1111111001—8	Keller	1111111111—10
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Heflin	1110011111—8
George	0011111110—7	Hunt	1111111111—10
Brooks	0111001000—4	E L Mills	1011111111—9
Henry	1010101111—7	Gilchrist	1101111001—7
Barrett	1111111101—8	Jackson	1011111111—9
Williams	0100110100—4	Dittmar	0111101010—6
I S Taylor	1111111011—9	Malone	1011101110—7
Crosby	0101111111—8	Prentice	1011111111—9
Hamline	1111001101—7	Paddock	1111111011—9
Simpson	1111110101—8	Sterry	0101111101—7
G L Smith	1010111110—7	Levengston	1111111111—10
Kelsey	0111111111—9	W H Mills	1111001101—7
Knowles	1100100111—7	Heikes	1111111111—9
Hudson	1111010110—7	Crompton	1101111110—8
Baker	1111010111—8		

Hudson, Hamline, Ferris, Paul and Andrews div. ties on 10, others withdrew; all other ties div.

Event No. 2, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, four moneys, 61 entries:

Paul	1110111111111101—13	Keller	1111011110100111—11
Gale	0111111110111101—12	Dittmar	1101010111111111—12
Bowker	1110001111111111—12	Paddock	1101111101111111—13
Gilchrist	0111111111101111—13	Heflin	1100011110110001— 9
Ferris	1101110111110110—12	Henry	1111011111100001—11
Kelsey	1111111111111115—15	Prentice	0111110111111112—12
Hamline	1111111111111114—14	Sterry	0111010111101101—12
Peacock	1110111101111111—14	Levengston	1101111111111114—14
Brockway	1011110101010101—10	J Wolstencroft	1011011111111111—13
J S Taylor	1111111101011113—13	Collins	1011111101111113—13
Willey	1111111111110114—14	Baker	1111101111011102—12
Cowee	0110111010101011—10	Heikes	1111111111111115—15
Williams	0011100111111011—10	Wagner	1111111111111115—15
Brooks	1111111111111115—15	Dickey	0110111011111112—12
E Hudson	1011110101111112—12	McMurchy	0011111111111112—12
Knowles	1110111011111113—13	Miller	1111010111111114—14
Whitney	1111011110111113—13	Hunt	1111010110111112—12
G L Smith	0001011111100101— 8	Ducker	1110111010101100—10
W H Mills	0111111011101111—11	Compton	0111111011111113—13
Gore	0110101100111111—11	Goggin	1111101101011112—12
McCormick	1111111111111001—13	Benis	1110011110110101—11
Skinner	1111101111100112—12	Andews	0111111011111113—13
Lindsley	1111101111111114—14	Burbridge	1111111111111001—12
Wheeler	1110101111010112—12	Bowdish	1111111111010113—13
W Wolstencr't	1111111311111110—14	Schermerhorn	0010011101010101— 8
Davis	1111111011111010—11	Putnam	1110111011111113—13
E L Mills	1101111111111114—14	Malone	1011111111111012—12
Barrett	1111111011111114—14	Benscotten	1111111111111115—15
Crosby	0111110010111111—11	Nichols	1110001111111112—12
Simpson	1111111111101114—14	Beaudry	1011101111111012—12
Jackson	1101101111111012—12		

Event No. 3, guaranteed purse of $100 by Saratoga Gun Club, 20 singles, entrance $3, four moneys, 48 entries:

B'nscott'n	1111111111011111111—19	Heflin	0010100111111111111—15
Dickey	1111011101001101111—14	Skinner	1100001011101111111—14
Ferris	1011101101011001111—16	Ducker	1100011110101000101—12
Prentice	1110111101101170111—16	Whitney	0110011111010100111—17
Heikes	1111111011111111111—19	Wagner	1101111111111111111—19
Kelsey	1111111111111111111—19	Hunt	1111011100101001110—13
Dittmar	1101111111111111111—19	Knowles	0111101111011111111—17
Keller	0111111111111111101—18	Lev'ngs'n	1110110110111111111—16
Simpson	1111111101111011111—18	Crompton	0111111111111111111—18
Paddock	1101101111111111111—17	Brooks	1111011111111111111—17
Barrett	1111111111111111111—20	Andrews	0111011111111111111—17
Miller	1111001111011111111—16	Sterry	0001010011111111111—12
M'Murchy	1111111111111111111—19	Baker	0011010111111111111—14
Crosby	0011100111110111111—15	Bemis	1111011111111111101—18
Henry	1110101010111111111—15	Goggin	1111110101011111011—17
J Wolsten-		Willey	1001101101111111100—14
croft	1111111111110.011111—18	E S Mills	0011111111111011011—16
W H Wols-		Paul	1111101111111101010—16
tencroft	1111111111011111111—19	Peacock	1111111111111111111—20
Hamline	1111011111111011011—17	Lindsley	1011011011111111111—15
Gore	1101111101111101101—16	Hudson	1010011101100111111—16
Davis	1111011111111001000—14	Jackson	1100111101100111111—15
Wheeler	1001001010111011111—13	Putnam	1111100111111111111—16
Burbridge	1100001100111011111—13	Gore	1011101010001101011—13
Bowdish	1111111111101111111—19	Beaudry	1101111011110111111—16

Event No. 4, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 59 entries:

Benscotten	1011011111— 8	Sterry	1011011111— 8
Paddock	0111110111— 8	Jackson	1101111000— 6
Prentice	0011000101— 4	Burbridge	1111101000— 6
Keller	1110111011— 8	McCormick	1111010111— 8
Hickey	1111111111—10	Traper	1111111001— 8
Simpson	0011101011— 6	McMurchy	0111011111— 8
Barrett	1111111110—10	Beaudry	1001111111— 8
Skinner	1111111011— 9	Lindsley	1011000111— 7
Ditmar	1111011101— 8	Knowles	1111111110—10
Bowdish	0111111000— 6	Crompton	1110111111— 9
Hunt	1011011000— 5	Davis	1101100100— 5
Williams	0011011111— 7	Henry	0111111111— 9
Andrews	1111111111—10	Gilchrist	1001001011— 5
Heikes	1111011101— 8	G L Smith	1111111111—10
Malone	00001000w.	Putnam	1111110111— 9
George	0000111111— 7	Goggin	1111111110— 9
Gore	1011111010— 7	Paul	1111110111— 9
Levengston	1100100111— 6	Gale	1111000111— 7
Heflin	1011111011— 8	Taylor	1111111111—10
Brooks	1111000110— 7	E L Mills	1111101110— 8
Coster	1001010001— 4	Nichols	1111111111—10
Bronze	1001101010— 5	Bemis	1111111111—10
Cowee	1011101111— 8	Kelsey	1101111111— 9
W H Mills	1011100010— 5	Peacock	1111001000— 5
W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Ramsdell	1111101111— 9
Miller	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111111—10
Ferris	1111101110— 8	Wheeler	1011101011— 7
Bowker	1111111110—10	Collins	1011011111— 8
J Wolstencroft	1011101111— 8	Hudson	1111110111— 9
Lever	1101111101— 8		

Event No. 5, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, $2 entrance, 4 moneys, 57 entries:

McMurchy	1111110111111111—14	Helsey	1111011111111111—14
A L Smith	1111111001111012—12	Levengston	1111011111111010—12
Heflin	1111011010000110— 9	Hudson	1110111111100112—12
Ready	1111111101110111—13	Whitney	1111111111111115—15
Knowles	1101001101111011—10	Miller	1111101111111114—14
Mills	1111111110111114—14	Bauett	1111111111111115—15
Paul	1111101101010101—11	Sterry	1010111111111113—13
Putnam	1111111100101012—12	Collins	0111101111111012—12
Crosby	0111111011111113—13	Williams	001010100w.
Bockes	0110001111111110—10	J Wolstencroft	1111111001111113—13
Prentice	0101101101011111—10	Hunt	1101111010101011—11
Henry	1111100110101111—12	Hamline	1111111011111114—14
Schaffer	1011010010000100— 6	Simpson	1011011111111012—12
Peacock	1111111111111115—15	Lindsley	1111011111111114—14
Taylor	1011111111111110—13	Cowee	0111111001011111—11
Lever	1111111110101114—14	Dittmar	1010111111111113—13
Ramsdell	0011101111101010—10	Brooks	0111111101011012—12
Crompton	0111011111111110—12	Kellar	0001101111111111—11
Wheeler	1111111111111115—15	Davis	0110111010101011—10
Ferris	1111110111111114—14	Gore	1110101101101111—11
Bowdish	1111011111101111—14	Bowker	0111111011111110—12
Ducker	0100111010101001— 8	McCormick	0111110100101011— 9
Gale	1111111100111113—13	Jack	1111011111100101—11
Bemis	1111111111111113—13	H W Wolsten'ft	1111111111111111—14
Paddock	0001111111111112—12	Skinner	0111110111101111—11
Magrue	1111101111111110—13	Benscotten	1111111111111115—15
Jackson	1011111111111114—14	Andrews	1111011111010110—13
Dickey	0111000111011111—11	Goggin	1101111111101101—12
Heikes	1111011111111110—13		

Event No. 6, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance $3; divide first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20, fifth $20; 50 entries:

Bowdish	1111111111111111111—20	Paddock	1111101111111111111—19
B'nscott'n	1111111111111111011—19	Lev'ngs'n	1011110111111101110—16
Jack	1110111011011110111—16	Heikes	1101111011111110111—17
Gore	1011100111010011101—13	Ferris	1011101010101101101—14
Goggin	1010101111311111111—17	Kelsey	1111110111111111111—19
Andrews	1111011111111111111—19	Williams	0100001101011001100 — 9
Skinner	1110111111101111001—16	Wagner	1111101011111111111—18
Paul	1111101101101110101—15	Heflin	0111111111111111111—19
Crompton	1001111100111011110—14	Dickey	0111011111101101111—15
Lindsley	1111111111011111111—19	Miller	1111101111111111110—18
Nichols	0111011010010101010—11	Henry	1111111010110101110—15
Putnam	1011111111111101101—16	W Wolsten-	
Peacock	0110111111111111111—19	croft	1111111111111111111—19
Bowker	0111111011111111110—17	Jackson	1010111011111011101—15
G L Smith	0110001100111100011—11	Wheeler	1100111110101010101—13
Barrett	0011111101111111101—16	Whitney	1111111111111111111—20
Sterry	1001001101111111111—17	Gale	1111101110111111111—17
Hunt	0011011111010110100—12	Simpson	1101001111011111100—15
J Wolsten-		Kellar	1011011101111111100—14
croft	1111111101111111110—18	Brooks	1111111111111111101—19
Crosby	1111101111111111111—19	Hudson	1111011101101101101—17
Bemis	1111111101111111101—18	E S Mills	1111010101111111111—19
Collins	1111101011011111111—17	M'C'rmi'k	0111111011011011011—15
Dittmar	1111010101111111111—17	Beaudrey	1011110111111011110—15
Davis	1101110111111100011—15	Cowee	0110000110010001100— 8
M'Murchy	1011111111111111111—19	Heflin	1111011111111111111—19

Event No. 8, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys; 47 entries:

Jackson	1111110111111114—14	G L Smith	1111111111111107—14
Paddock	1111101111111113—13	Peacock	1111111111111114—14
Brooks	1111011111111114—14	Sterry	1011101111111113—13
Skinner	1111010101101101—11	Henry	1100011110111112—12
E L Mills	1111111111111114—14	Wheeler	1110111101101113—13
Rothacker	1111111011111013—13	Crompton	0111111111111114—14
Miller	1111111111111115—15	Davis	1111011011111110—12
Whitney	1111111111111014—14	Andrews	1111011101111113—13
McMurchy	1111111111111115—15	Bemis	0110111111111113—13
Dickey	1011111101111113—13	Taylor	1111110111111110—13
Heikes	1101111111111114—14	Benscotten	1111111111111115—15
Levengston	1011111111111010—12	Roberts	1101111111101113—13

Kelsey 1101111111111114—14
Prentice 1101101011010109— 9
Lindsley 1110111111011113—13
Hamline 1001111011111111—13
Dittmar 1011101711111113—13
Wagner 0111111111111111—14
Gore 1110111111111114—14
W H Wolsten-
croft 1110111111111013—13
Barrett 0111110111111113—13
Schaffer 0100001001000110— 5
J Wolstencroft 1111011111111001—12

Event No 9, guaranteed purse of $100, at 20 singles, entrance $3; div. 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., 42 entries:

G S Smith	1161011100111001101—13
Ferris	1110111101101111111—17
Collins	1101110100100011001—12
Gore	1111110101010101113—15
Andrews	1101101111111111111—18
Dittmar	0111111111101111110—17
Nichols	0111101111111111100—16
Skinner	0101110101001010111—14
Bowdish	1111111111101111119
Lindsley	1111111101011111118
Goggin	0111101101111101112—16
Putnam	1111001111101111000—13
Schaffer	0110000100110110010— 8
Crompton	0111011011111111101—16
Sterry	1110111111111111108—16
Gale	1110111111111111111—20
Heikes	1111111111111111111—20
Whitney	1111111101111111119
Dickey	1111111111111100101—17

Event No. 10, 6 pairs, entrance $1, four moneys, 27 entries:

Brooks	10 10 11 01 11 10— 8	Miller	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Crosby	10 10 11 11 11 10— 9	W Wolstenc't	10 10 10 10 11 11— 8
Rothaker	10 10 10 10 10 10— 6	McMurchy	10 11 11 11 11 10—10
McCormick	11 00 11 01 10 11— 8	Dickey	01 11 10 10 11 11— 9
Simpson	10 11 00 10 10 01— 5	Levengston	10 10 11 10 10 10— 7
Cunningham	00 00 10 11 00 00— 3	Paddock	11 11 10 10 01 11— 9
Collins	00 01 01 10 00 10— 4	Davis	11 10 00 10 10 11— 7
G L Smith	11 10 00 10 10 00— 5	Barrett	01 11 10 00 11 10— 7
Williams	00 11 10 10 10 10— 6	Benscotten	11 11 11 11 10 11—11
Lindsley	11 11 00 11 11 10—10	Kelsey	00 10 10 10 10 11— 6
E L Mills	10 01 10 11 10 01— 7	Wagner	11 11 10 11 11 11—11
Heflin	10 11 00 11 01 11— 8	Hamline	11 11 11 11 11 11—12
Jackson	11 11 00 01 10 11— 8	Wheeler	11 11 11 10 11 00— 9
J Wolstenc't	10 10 10 10 10 11— 7		

Third Day, Thursday, July 17.

This was a lovely day in every respect, and the conditions for good scores most favorable. The sun kept hidden behind the clouds and there was just enough breeze to carry the smoke from the guns. H. G. Wheeler equalled Benscotten's score of yesterday, 102, and took first average for the day, B. F. Schumeir ("Hamline") getting second with 101. The five best averages for the three days, out of a possible 300 birds, were divided as follows: Kelsey first, $30, with 287; Whitney second, $25, 286; Benscotten third, $20, 285; Heikes fourth, $15, 283; W. Wolstencroft fifth, $10, 282.

Event No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1, four moneys, 57 entries:

Dittmar	0011011011— 6	Tee Kay	1111111110— 9
Williams	1111011010— 7	Patten	1011111001— 7
Bronze	0000100101— 3	Coster	1111111111—10
Levengston	1111111110— 9	Cunningham	0011001011— 5
Peacock	1111111111—10	Roberts	1110101111— 8
Hudson	1110111111— 9	Lever	0111011000— 5
McCormick	1111101111— 9	Beaudry	1001111101— 7
Ferris	0111111101— 8	Benscotten	1111111111—10
E L Mills	1110111111— 9	W H Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
Hamline	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1111011101— 8
Sterry	1110111001— 7	Miller	1101111011— 8
Keller	1111011110— 8	Whitney	1110111111—10
Heflin	1011111101— 8	Wagner	1111111110— 9
G L Smith	0111010100— 5	Heikes	1111111011— 9
Wheeler	1111010101— 7	Rothacker	1010101111— 7
Nichols	0011111000— 6	J Wolstencroft	0111111100— 7
Bowdish	1111111111— 9	W H Mills	0010111110— 6
Gore	1011111001— 7	McMurchy	0111111110— 8
Buesser	0111101001— 7	Collins	0010101011— 5
C Smith	1111010111— 8	Barrett	0011111011— 7
Goggin	1111011111— 9	Ducker	0011110111— 7
Paddock	1111111111—10	Jackson	0111011111— 8
Hunt	0110011110— 6	S G Smith	1001100101— 5
Simpson	1111110101— 8	Bowker	1011111110— 8
Kelsey	1011011111— 8	Brooks	0010101111— 6
Brockway	1111011011— 8	Malone	1110111101— 8
Skinner	1110011110— 7	Gale	1111010111— 8
Andrews	0011111111— 8	Crosby	1111011101— 8
Schermerhorn	1110110010— 6		

Event No. 2, guaranteed purse of $50, 15 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys, 51 entries:

Goggin	1111110111111011—13	Bockes	0110111111111111—13
Keller	1110001111111111—12	E D Miller	1001111111111111—13
Gale	0111111111111114—14	Paddock	1111111010111111—13
Lindsley	1110010001111111—10	W Wolst'ncr'ft	1111111111111111—15
Roberts	1111011011111111—15	Levengston	1111110111111071—13
C Smith	1000111101111111— 9	Wagner	1111110111111101—13
E L Mills	1111111011111013—13	Whitney	1111111111111114—14
Brockway	1111111111111101—14	Hamline	1111111111111115—15
G L Smith	1111111011111114—14	J Wolstencroft	1111111111111111—15
Lever	1111010000001101— 8	Jackson	1111111111111101—14
Andrews	1111101111101111—12	Collins	0101111111111011—12
Gore	1111111110111114—14	Simpson	1110111111011111—13
Heflin	1111111110110012—12	Crosby	1111111101111114—14
Skinner	1111111111111014—14	Dittmar	1111111111110114—14
Wheeler	1111111111111014—14	S G Smith	1111111011111114—14
Nichols	1111111110101113—13	McMurchy	1101111011111012—12
Buesser	1110110011111111—11	Barrett	1111111111111115—15
Patten	1110011001111101—12	Brooks	1111111111111115—15
Peacock	1111101111111114—14	Kelsey	1101111101111113—13
Leonard	0011111111111101—12	Rothaker	1111111001111012—12
Bowdish	1111101111001112—12	Sterry	1111111011111114—14
Ferris	1111111111111115—15	E Hudson	1011111111111114—14
Williams	0011000111100000— 6	Beaudry	1111111101111114—14
Ducker	1010101010110100— 8	McCormick	1111101711011012—12
Benscotten	1111111111111115—15	Malone	1100101111111100—10
Heikes	1111101111111114—14		

Event No. 3, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance $3; four moneys, 48 entries:

Lindsley	1110110101100000101—11	Kelsey	1011101101111111111—17
Leonard	1111111101111110111—18	Brooks	1001111111111111011—17
Goggin	1111011111101101110—16	Rothack'r	1000011011101111101—14
C Smith	0101100011111011110—14	Dickey	1010001111111110111—15
Skinner	1000110000111101101—10	Ferris	1111011110111110111—17
Roberts	1110101111111111111—17	Wheeler	1111111111111111111—20
Beaudry	1011001111111111111—17	G L Smith	0110111011111111111—17
Buesser	1111011011111111111—18	Hanson	1110011010100011111—14
Andrews	1111101101101111111—17	E L Mills	1111111011111111111—18
Nichols	1111110100111111101—16	Williams	0001111111011011101—13
Bowdish	1111111010111111011—17	Brockway	1011110101111011111—13
Peacock	1111111111101111111—19	Jack	1111100111011011111—17
Benscot'n	1111011111101101111—17	Paddock	0111111101011111111—17
Heikes	1111111111111111111—18	Jackson	1111111100011011011—15
E D Miller	1111001011110100111—14	Heflin	1010101111111111110—16
Bowker	1111111111111111111—20	Whitney	1111111111101111110—18
Leveng-		Wagner	1111011101111111101—17
ston	1111111111111011111—19	Barrett	1111101111111111110—16
J Wolsten-		Keller	0110101011010101011—12
croft	1101111111111111111—18	Gale	1111011011111111111—19
W Wolsten-		Caroline	1011111111111111111—18
croft	1011110111101111110—16	Collins	0111011000111011010—12
Crosby	1111111101111111111—18	Gore	1111001111101011111—16
Simpson	0111111111101011110—16	Sterry	1111110101101111111—17
Dittmar	1011111101101101111—15	M'Murchy	1111101111111111101—16
S G Smith	1101111111011000010—13		

Event No. 14, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 48 entries:

Crosby	1111111111—10	Roberts	1111111110— 9
E D Miller	0111111111— 9	S G Smith	1001011010— 5
Simpson	0111101111— 8	Peacock	1111110110— 8
Paddock	1111111111—10	W H Mills	0100101101— 5
J Wolstencroft	1110001111— 8	C Smith	1111111110—10
McMurchy	1111111011— 9	Buesser	0111011111— 8
W H Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Patten	1111101110— 8
Heikes	1111111110— 9	Heflin, Jr	1111011010— 7
Dittmar	1111111110—10	Schermerhorn	0111111110— 8
Wagner	1111111110— 9	Gale	0111010011— 6
Lindsley	1011001111— 7	Nichols	1111001101— 7
Brooks	1100111011— 7	Kelsey	1111111111—10
Jackson	1101111011— 8	Leonard	1111111011— 9
Keller	0011111110— 7	Ferris	1111111110— 9

Whitney 1111111110— 9
Barrett 0101111111— 8
Hamline 1111111111—10
Nichols 0101011111111100—10
Putnam 0111111111111111—14
Gale 1110111111111010—12
Jack 0111111111111101—13
Crosby 1111111111111101—13
Williams 1011011110101111—13

Rothacker 1111111111—10
Bowdish 0111111111— 9
G L Smith 1110111110— 8
Hamline 1111111111—10
E L Mills 1010011111— 8
Goggin 1111111111—10
Miller 0111111111—10
Williams 1010100110— 5
Gore 0001111101— 6
McCormick 1011111100— 7
Brockway 1101111111— 9
Wheeler 1111111110— 9
Tee Kay 1111111110— 9

Event No. 5, guaranteed purse of $50, at 15 singles, entrance $2, 4 moneys, 45 entries:

G L Smith	1111111111111115—15	Heikes	1111111001111113—13
Heflin	1111101010101111—12	Levengston	1111111111101110—12
Bowker	1110111111111114—14	W W'lst'ncr'ft	1111101100101101—10
S G Smith	1111111010111113—13	Miller	0111111111101110—12
Skinner	1111111110101013—13	Dittmar	1101110111111111—13
Wagner	1111111111111115—15	Kelsey	1111011111111112—14
Leonard	1111111011111114—14	Whitney	1111111111111115—15
Jack	0111110101111112—12	E L Mills	1111110011101101—11
Sterry	1011111111111110—12	Simpson	1110111010101001— 9
C Smith	0011100101011001— 8	Buesser	1010011111111114—14
Buesser	1010011010010110— 8	Keller	1111111111111111—17
Bowdish	1101111111101001—11	McMurchy	1111111111111111—17
Andrews	1011111111100111—12	Gale	1101110100000001— 8
Wheeler	1111111011111114—14	Hamline	1111111111111115—15
Gore	1101100001001001— 7	Paddock	1011010101111112—12
McCormick	1111111111111114—14	Jackson	1111111111111114—14
Nichols	1111111111111111—17	Tee Kay	1111111111111111—17
Tee Kay	1111111111111111—17	Ferris	1111111111111111—17
Mc Cormick	1111101011111113—13	Wheeler	1111111111111111—17
Nichols	1111111111111111—17	Goggin	1111111111111111—17
Tee Kay	1111111111111111—17	Brockway	1111111111111111—17
Gore	1111111111111111—17	Crosby	1111111111111111—17
Crosby	1111111111111111—17	Rothacker	1111111111111111—17
J Wolstencr't	1111111111111111—17		

Event No. 6, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance $3, divided, first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20, fifth $20; 42 entries:

Hamline	1111111111111111111—20	Keller	1111000110111011101—14
S G Smith	1111111011111011011110—15	Kelsey	1111111101111111101—18
McMurc'y	1111111111111111111—19	E S Mills	0110111111111111111—17
Brooks	1011010111111111011—16	Jackson	1011111111111111111—19
Paddock	1111110111110100111—16	Beaudry	1111111111111100101—17
Collins	1111111111111100111—18	Rothack'r	1111011111111111100111—17
Barrett	1111111110111111111—19	Simpson	1111101111111111111—19
W H Wolst-		Williams	0100011000111111011—14
encroft	1111111111111111111—20	Goggin	1111001101110011011—14
E D Miller	1111111111111111111—20	Benscot'n	1111111111111101111—19
J Wolsten-		Gale	1111101111011111111—18
croft	1111110111111111101—18	G L Smith	1011011011111010111—14
Wagner	1111111111111111111—20	Bowdish	1101101101111101111—16
Leonard	1111111111111111101—19	Dickey	1111111101011100111—16
Dittmar	1101111011001111111—16	Jack	1101101101111101111—16
Buesser	1110111011111101101—15	Heflin	1101111111111111111—18
Heikes	1111111111111011101—16	Nichols	1111011011011010110—15
Crosby	1011111111111110111—18	Andrews	1111111101111111111—19
C Smith	1001111110011111011—15	Lindsley	1110111111111111101—16
Wheeler	1111111111111111111—20	Gore	1111111111111111011—19
Whitney	1111111111111111111—20	Leveng-	
Ferris	1111111111111001111—18	ston	1111101011111111111—18
		Peacock	1111111111111111111—20

Event No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $1, 4 moneys, 45 entries:

Buesser	1111111110—10	E Hudson	1100011111— 8
Gore	1111100111— 8	W Wolstencroft	1111110111— 9
Williams	0111110101— 7	Levengston	1111111101— 9
Heflin, Jr	1001100001— 4	Brooks	1011011111— 8
Jack	1001111111— 8	E D Miller	1111101111— 9
E D Mills	1111111111—10	Collins	0101111111— 8
Schermerhorn	1111111000— 7	Paddock	1111111110— 9
Benscotten	1111111001— 8	G L Smith	1101011111— 8
Ferris	1111111111—10	Ferris	0111111111— 8
Skinner	0111111110— 8	Wagner	1111111111—10
Bowdish	1110111110— 8	Dittmar	1011111110— 8
McCormick	1111111111—10	Crosby	1111111110— 9
Wheeler	1111111111—10	Barrett	0100111111— 7
Goggin	1111101111— 9	M A Keller	1010101111— 7
C Smith	1011011111— 8	Bowker	1101011111— 8
J Wolstencroft	1011110111— 8	Lindsley	1011101101— 7
W H Mills	1100111100— 6	Simpson	1000001101— 5
Kelsey	1111011111— 9	Jackson	1001101111— 7
Heflin	1111011111— 9	Coster	1111101101— 8
Tee Kay	1110011111— 8	Beaudry	0101111111— 8
Rothacker	0011011111— 6	Whitney	1111110111— 9
Heikes	0111101110— 7	S G Smith	1101010011— 6
Hamline	1001110110— 6		

Event No. 8, team race, guaranteed purse of $50, open to teams of 3 men from any one club, 20 birds per man, entrance $6 per team, 9 entries:

Union Club, New Jersey.

W H Wolstencroft	1111111111111111111—20
J Wolstencroft	1111111011111111111—19
E D Miller	1111111111101111111—19—58

Union Gun Club of Western New York.

Kelsey	1110111011011111111—17
Ferris	1111101111111111001—18
Andrews	1011101111001110111—15—50

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

Wheeler	1111111111111111101—19
Bowker	1111111011011111111—18
Barrett	1011101111011111111—17—54

Trojan Gun Club, Troy, N. Y.

Buesser	0011111111111111101—17
Goggin	1111101101111111111—18
Patten	1100101001100111111—14—49

Wellington Gun Club, Mass.

Gore	1111111111111000101—16
Brooks	1111101101111111111—16
Gale	1111111111111101101—18—50

Claremont Shooting Association, New Jersey.

Lindsley	0111111100111116011—16
Collins	1111101010111111111—17
Dittmar	1111111100111010110—16—49

Onondaga Gun Club, Syracuse.

Peacock	1111111111101111111—19
Paddock	1111100110101111111—16
Hudson	1101101111111001111—16—51

East End Gun Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Heikes	1111111111111110111—19
Benscotten	1111111111111111111—20
Jack	1100111111111111010—15—54

Saratoga Gun Club, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Levengston	1111111111111111111—20
Bockes	1111111010011011010—14
Coster	1101111101111001011—15—49

Union Gun Club of New Jersey first. Mass. Rifle Ass. and East End of Cincinnati div. second, Onondaga Gun Club of Syracuse third, Wellington Gun Club of Mass. and Union Gun Club of Western New York shot off tie on 50, the Wellington Club winning fourth.

Event No. 9, guaranteed purse of $100, 20 singles, entrance $3, divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., 48 entries:

Leonard	1111111111001111111—18	E L Mills	1111101111111111110—18
Lindsley	1100011111111111111—17	Leveng s-	
Nichols	0011101001011110— w.	ton	1101101110111101101—15
Benscot't	1101111111111111110—18	Coster	0111111111101111111—18
Andrews	0111101111111111111—18	Crosby	0111111010101011100—14
Jack	0111001110111011000—12	Bowdish	1111111111111111111—20
Bowdish	0111101111011110—16	Kelsey	1111111111111111111—20
Goggin	1111001111011111111—16	Gale	1111100100111101111—15
M'Corm'k	0111111111111111101—17	Jackson	1011100111011111101—15
Heflin	1111010101011011110—15	Hamline	1111111111111111101—18
Buesser	1011010111111111101—18	Wagner	1011011011111111110—18
Dickey	1111111111111111111—19	Wheeler	1111111111111111101—18
Heikes	1111011111111111111—19	Barrett	1111111111111111111—20
Bowker	1111111111111111111—20	Brooks	1011111011111111111—19
Keller	1111111111111111111—20	Paddock	1111111111101111110—18
Collins	1111111111111111111—20	Gore	1111111111111111111—20
Peacock	1111111111111111111—20	Rothacker	1111111111111111111—20

Event No. 10, 6 pairs, entrance $1, four moneys, 22 entries:

Keller	11 11 11 00 10 01— 8	C Smith	11 11 10 01 11 10— 9
Bowker	00 10 11 10 11 11— 8	Lindsley	10 11 00 00 11 10— 6
Heikes	11 11 10 11 11 10—10	Heflin	10 10 11 11 01 10— 8
Hamline	10 11 10 10 11 00— 7	Leonard	11 10 10 11 11 10— 9
Wheeler	11 11 10 10 01 11— 9	Peacock	10 10 11 11 11 11— 9
Coster	11 11 10 10 11 11—10	S G Smith	11 00 00 10 01 11— 6
Wagner	00 11 11 10 11 11— 9	Kelsey	11 10 10 10 10 11— 8
Whitney	11 00 10 10 10 10— 6	Benscotten	10 11 11 11 10 11—16
Jackson	11 01 10 10 01 11— 8	Jack	11 01 11 11 10 10— 9
Brooks	00 10 10 10 11 10— 6	Paddock	01 01 10 10 11 10— 7
E S Mills	00 11 11 10 01 00— 6	Levengston	11 11 10 10 11 10— 9

First and fourth div., second shot off and won by C. Smith, third shot off and won by Jackson.

Fourth Day, Friday, July 18.

The attendance to-day was much larger than on any previous day of the tournament and great interest was manifested in the match between W. B. Whitney, of Phelps, and Capt. Tom Peacock, of Westfield, N. Y., a majority of the sportsmen had remained over to witness the match, and had hoped to have some live bird sweeps, but owing to the scarcity of birds this was impossible. At eleven o'clock when Referee Levengston called the contestants to the score there was fully 1,000 spectators upon the grounds, including many ladies. The contest was one of the most interesting I have ever witnessed. The birds were fair for the season, some of them being of the very best, each man made some wonderful stops, and as usual in pigeon matches slipped up on some of the easier ones. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the race, and with the exception of a vexatious delay of two hours when the match was almost finished, occasioned by not having enough birds on the grounds, everything passed off pleasantly. A large amount of money changed hands on the result. Peacock was slightly the favorite at the start, he evidently bulling the market by standing ready to take any bets against his gun; this gave some of the outsiders the tip and a large amount was wagered. Your humble correspondent was the unfortunate stake hold of some $500. I was conceited enough to imagine that I was a fair mathematician, but just the same I paid out $20 more than I had received, and it—changed hands. Whitney rather had the advantage of handlers, as he had those two reliables, Harvey McMurchy and Rolla Heikes, as advisers; Mr. Brockway and Ed. Hudson acting for Peacock. Previous to the main match a practice match at 10 birds was shot, the loser paying for the birds.

Preliminary match, at 10 live birds, loser to pay for the birds:

Whitney..... .....1121110121—9 Peacock.....0112012lo0—6

Match at 100 live birds, $200 a side, winner to pay for the birds, strict American Shooting Association rules governing; referee, H. M Levengston; trap puller, Wash. Coster. Score:

Whitney.. .....1222222111110101002121011122122121212221123122121 2212121121121120011122221222112121121222211221122—91

Peacock.... .....1lo122112111111lo1122211lo1012121121202111111222212 1112111112221122603112211112110111102212021012o—87

Recapitulation: Peacock had 12 left quarterers, 23 right quarterers, 12 drivers, 8 left quartering drivers, 16 right quartering drivers, 2 driving towerers, 1 incoming towerer, 5 hoverers and 21 incomers. His lost birds were his 3d, a left quartering driver; 18th, 27th, 38th, 89th and 94th, all right quarterers; 29th, 68th and 100th, incomers; 69th, 70th and 97th, straight drivers, and the 83d, an incoming towerer, four of these falling dead out of bounds. He used his second barrel 30 times, 10 of which were for safety. He used a 7lb. 14oz. Greener, 45grs. Schultze powder, 1¼oz. 7½ chilled Leroy shot in Kynoch shells in his first barrel, same in his second with the exception of No. 7 shot. His best run was 29 straight. Whitney had 19 left quarterers, 18 right quarterers, 19 incomers, 16 drivers, 4 left quartering drivers, 15 right quartering drivers, 3 driving towerers, 2 incoming towerers and 5 hoverers. His lost birds were the 13th, 15th and 18th, right quarterers; 17th, a straight driver; 23d and 90th, left quarterers; 57th, right quartering driver; 66th and 67th, left quartering drivers. His 57th and 90th fell dead out of bounds. His second barrel was used 46 times, 26 for safety. He shot a 7lb. 12oz. L. C. Smith, 8¼drs. 12-bore American wood, 1⅛oz Tatham chilled 8 shot with first barrel, 8¼drs. Laflin & Rand 3 FG and 1⅛oz. Tatham 7 in the second, both loaded in Climax shells. TEE KAY.

SPRINGFIELD,

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 10.—The tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club began yesterday and was concluded to-day. The shooting was at Keystones, and the scores show the character of the work done. Weather fair with strong northwest wind. Ties div. unless noted. The first match was at 6 targets, 18 and 16yds., 6 Keystone traps, 50 cts. entry, sweep:

H L Keyes	12	Burr	10	Bailey	6
S D Douglas	6	Warner	4	Decker	7
Longdon	8	Herrick	6	Wesson	9
Tyler	10	Hill	11	Henry	5
Cowee	4	Eaton	6	Bosworth	4
Whitelesey	6	Pitt	9	Goodwin	7
Thompson	10	Hubbard	3	Sterry	9

No. 2, 6 singles and 3 pairs; 5 moneys:

Tyler	101000	00 10 11— 5	Sterry	101011	11 11 11—10
Longdon	111110	11 10 11—10	Bosworth	100111	01 00 00— 5
Cowee	110010	10 10 10— 6	Goodwin	011101	10 11 10— 8
Whitelesey	111001	11 10 00— 7	Wesson	111011	10 00 00— 6
Pitt	011110	10 00 11— 7	Decker	011010	11 10 10— 7
Burr	101000	00 10 11— 5	Willey	110111	10 00 01— 7
Herrick	011001	00 10 11— 8	Cook	001100	11 00 01— 5
Hubbard	010001	00 00 10— 3	Bailey	111110	00 10 01— 7
Warner	001010	00 10 10— 4	Douglas	111111	00 11 10— 9
Hill	100111	00 11 10— 7	Bristol	101011	10 10 11— 8
Thompson	101111	10 10 10— 8	M D Folsom	110111	10 10 00— 7

Whitelesey, Pitt, Hill, and Decker divided 4th.

No. 3, 9 straightaway:

Keyes	9	Folsom	7
Tyler	9	Eaton	2
Cowee	7	Bosworth	6
Whitelesey	5	Bull	8
Pratt	8	Goodwin	7
Kinney	6	Pitt	4
Sterry	9	Hubbard	2
Hill	9	Burr	5
Longdon	6	Warner	4

Wesson ..... Bristol 6
Bailey ..... Willey 8
Cook ..... Decker 7
Thompson ..... Herrick 7

Ties on 5 shot off and won by Bosworth of Springfield.

No 4. 12 singles:

Wesson	8	Cook	7	Bull	9
Tyler	7	Bristol	10	Bailey	10
Longdon	9	Goodwin	9	Pratt	8
Cowee	9	Willey	10	Sterry	7
Bosworth	9	Gore	9	Whitelesey	8
Douglas	8	Thompson	9	Gaylor	6
Kinney	7	Folsom	5	Keyes	10
W E Perry	7	Hill	6	Decker	9

Ties on 9 div. by Gore, Bull and Decker; ties on 7 div. by Cook and Sterry.

No. 5, 2-man team, 12 singles each man:

Bosworth	001011011111— 8	Folsom	110111010111— 9
Herrick	011110101100— 7—15	Pratt	100111101011— 8—17
Perry	111111111112	Wesson	101011111110— 9
Gore	111101111110—10—22	Bull	111101011110— 9—18
Sterry	111011111100— 9	Douglas	110010100011— 6
Whitelesey	001011010111— 7—16	Cowee	000110010011— 5—11
Bristol	010111100111— 8	Decker	111111111112
Willey	111111111011—11—19	Keyes	111110111110—10—22
Hill	011001110110— 9	Cook	111111011100— 9
Thompson	011010111011— 9—18	Goodwin	011100111111— 9—18
Longdon	011001110110— 7	Lathrop	110110100100— 6
Tyler	011101011011— 8—15	Hibbard	010001101110— 6—12
Pitt	111011100101— 8	E A Folsom	111111111000— 9
Bailey	101101110011— 8—16	Stephens	000011101100— 5—14
Kinney	001011101001— 6		
Henry	101100111011— 8—14		

No. 6, 12 Bandle clays, use of both barrels in this event:

Lathrop	101111111100— 9	Stephens	111111001000— 7
Langdon	110111011111—10	Wesson	111001110110— 8
Willey	110111011111—10	Kinney	111110000110— 7
Cook	111101111101— 9	E O Folsom	010101010111— 7
Goodwin	111110011101— 9	Cowee	010111010100— 7
Tyler	111100011101— 7	Sterry	011111100110— 8
Bristol	111011100100— 7	N D Folsom	011101111011— 9
Hibbard	110010111110— 8	Herrick	010111111010— 8
Gore	001111101111— 9	Henry	011110111011— 9
Perry	011111100111— 9	Thompson	111111111111—12
Hill	101110111101— 9	Bull	001101011101— 7
Pratt	111111111110—11	Bosworth	011101000000— 4
Pitt	111101100000— 6	Whitelesey	100111111111—10
Hubbard	010100111111— 8	Douglass	100111111010— 8
Bailey	111010111011— 9	Snowdin	111010101101— 8
Burr	111110101000— 7	Gaylor	010011010001— 5
Warner	001111101001— 7	Lindsley	111010000111— 8
Eaton	110001010011— 7	Decker	111000110111— 8
Keys	111111101110—10		

No. 7, 18 Keystones, $60 guaranteed by the club, 30, 25, 20, 12, 8 and 5 per cent. divisions:

Willey	001010101101111111—12	Hubbard	110001111111111111—15
Keyes	110111011111101101—14	Lathrop	011000000101101111— 9
Bristol	000010100101100110— 7	N D Folsom	001101110001011110—10
Wesson	110111111111111111—17	Snowdin	111110111111011111—16
Hill	101111011011111110—14	Perry	111101101001111111—14
Thompson	101011111111111101—15	Gore	110111011101111110—14
Whitelesey	010101111100111010—11	Kinney	111011110111111101—15
Herrick	110011111010111011—13	Decker	011101111011111101—14
Sterry	111110111111101111—16	E A Folsom	111111111111111111—16
Lindsley	011101110101111101—13	Henry	011011000101010111—10
Pratt	101011111000001111—14	Cowee	111010011111110101—13
Longdon	111111111101111101—16	Pitt	111100001110011111—12
Bagworth	101101100101110100—10		

No. 8, 6 pairs Keystones, 6 Keystone traps:

Lathrop	11 01 11 11 10 11—10	Gore	10 01 11 10 01 11— 8
Cowee	10 01 11 10 11 11—10	Perry	10 10 11 11 11 11—10
Hill	10 01 01 10 11 01— 7	E A Folsom	01 11 01 10 10 10— 7
N D Folsom	10 01 00 11 00 01— 5	Thompson	11 10 10 01 11 11— 9
Sterry	11 11 11 11 10 01—10	Lindsley	10 10 11 10 01 01— 7
Pratt	11 00 10 10 00 10— 5	Whittlesey	10 10 10 10 11 10— 8
Wesson	10 01 00 10 01 01— 5	Willey	11 11 11 11 10 11—11
Longdon	01 11 11 10 01 11— 9	Bosworth	10 10 00 11 10 01— 6
Bristol	11 10 10 11 11 10—10	Gaylor	10 01 10 10 11 11— 8
Kinney	11 10 00 10 01 10— 6	Herrick	11 11 10 10 00 11— 8
Snowdin	11 11 11 11 11 10—11	Cook	11 00 10 10 10 11— 7

No. 9, 5 Bandle clays, unknown angles: Eaton 2, Cowee 2, Gaylor 1, Hibbard 3, Henry 4, Perry 5, Lindsley 4, Gore 2, Whittlesey 3, Sterry 4, Herrick 1.

No. 10, 12 Keystones:

Whittlesey	11	Cowee	11	Gore	11
Eaton	7	Henry	8	Perry	12
Hibbard	10	Lindsley	7	Longdon	12
Keyes	7	Snowdin	12	Sterry	10
Hill	10	Pratt	10	Kinney	9

Second Day.

No. 1, 12 singles:

Keyes	10	Tracey	5	Whittlesey	8
Gore	10	Wesson	9	Sterry	11
Lindsley	9	Goodwin	11	Morse	7
Perry	11	Bosworth	6	Snowden	10
Cowee	10	Herrick	5	Griswold	10
Lerche	5	Mayott	4	Douglas	9
Schleman	9	Henry	9		

No. 2, 3 pairs:

Sterry	5	Griswold	2	Schleman	4
Mayott	4	Goodwin	4	Wesson	1
Lindsley	5	Herrick	4	Gore	6
Perry	6	Whittlesey	4	Douglas	2
Bosworth	1	Diets	5	Tracey	2
Cowee	6				

No. 3, 6 singles:

Keyes	4	Henry, 2d	2	Folsom	4
Cowee	4	Bosworth	3	Hart	4
Perry	6	Eaton	1	H D S	4
Lindsley	4	Goodwin	5	Schleman	4
Wesson	3	Lerche	4	Henry	4
Morse	6	Wood	3	Griswold	5
Whittlesey	5	Gore	4	Douglas	5
Sterry	4	Diets	4	Barker	6

No. 4, 9 straightaway:

Bosworth	4	Folsom	6	Diets	8
Keyes	7	Bowker	7	Whittlesey	8
Griswold	6	Sterry	9	Goodwin	9
Cowee	5	Henry 2d	5	Bull	8
Lindsley	6	Perry	7	Morse	8
Gore	8	Hart	8	Henry	7
Wesson	7	H D L	6	Schleman	4
Douglas	8	Jenkins	2		

No. 5 12 singles:

Bosworth	8	Folsom	7	H D L	10
Perry	11	Gore	7	Schleman	9
Hart	8	Douglas	9	Henry 2d	4
Wesson	10	Bull	2	Morse	10
Lindsley	9	Keyes	3	E A Folsom	10
Sterry	10	Griswold	9	Whittlesey	8
Bowker	9	Stephens	4	Snowdin	9
Cowee	11	Goodwin	9		

No. 6, 6 singles:

Eaton	3	Sterry	5	Henry, 2d	3
Stephens	2	Wesson	5	Vicks	4
Goodwin	4	Lindsley	4	H D L	5
Douglas	3	Hart	2	Bowker	5
Griswold	4	Whittlesey	5	Bolt	3
Morse	5	Snowdin	5	Blamey	5
Perry	4	Bosworth	5	Schleman	2
Cowee	5	E A Folsom	4	Bull	5
Gore	5	Willey	5	Herrick	4
Henry	4	Burbridge	6	Folsom	6

No. 7, 5 pairs clays:

Viets	01 10 10 11 11—7	Burbridge	11 01 11 00 10—6
Lathrop	11 00 11 11 00—6	Willey	10 00 11 10 00—4
Wesson	10 11 11 10 00—8	Bowker	00 11 10 10 01—5
Cowee	10 01 11 10 10—6	Snowdin	10 10 00 11 11—6
Sterry	11 11 00 11 11—8	Perry	11 10 11 10 11—8
Goodwin	00 00 10 01 10—3	Lindsley	10 10 10 10 10—5
Schleman	10 10 10 10 10—5	E A Folsom	01 11 01 11 11—8
Bolt	00 10 10 11 01—5	Herrick	10 00 11 10 10—5
Gore	10 00 11 10 01—5	Chaffee	01 11 10 11 10—7
Bosworth	10 10 11 11 10—7	Griswold	00 10 10 10 10—4
N D Folsom	10 10 10 10 10—5	Whittlesey	10 10 11 11 10—7

No. 8, at 18 singles, $60 guaranteed:

Whittlesey	010111101111111110—14	Sterry	111110011111111110—15
Lindsley	111101111111111111—17	Bowker	111111110111100111—15
Cowee	111111011011110110—14	Burbridge	111111011111111011—16
Snowdin	011111111111111111—17	E A Folsom	111110011111111101—15
Wesson	111111111111111111—18	Lathrope	000001110011111001— 8
Gore	011111111111101111—16	Griswold	000111111111111111—15
Goodwin	111111111111011111—17	N D Folsom	100111111110111111—15
Willey	111011111011111010—14	Goodwin	111110111110011111—15
Bull	011100101111101101—12	Schleman	111011110011110001—12
Bolt	101111101011101100—12	Herrick	101011011110001011—11
Blarney	111110101111111110 –15		

No. 9, at 18 singles, 3 man team, $30 guaranteed:

Bowker	011100111111111010 –13	Snowdin	111111111101111110—16
Gore	101111111111111011—16	Cowee	101111010011111011—13
Perry	101111101111101111—15	Morse	111111111111101111—17
	—		—
	44		46
Sterry	111101011111111111—16	Bolt	111111111010001111—14
Bull	111111101111111011—16	Herrick	101111111110001100—12
Wesson	111111101011111011—15	Blarney	110110101001011101—11
	—		—
	47		37
Griswold	111111111101111101—16	N Folsom	011111101111110100—13
Whittlesey	111111101111010111—14	Bosworth	101110100110110010—10
Douglas	110101111001001011—11	Lathrop	101111111001110101—13
	—		—
	41		36
Willey	111111111111111111—18	Lindsley	111100011011111101—13
Burbridge	011011011111111110—13	Schleman	001110011111011011—12
E Folsom	110111011111110111—15	Goodwin	111111101101111111—16
	—		—
	46		41

No. 10, 6 singles:

Goodwin	5	Wesson	6	Griswold	4
E Folsom	6	Sterry	6	Eaton	1
Lathrop	5	Bull	5	Chaffee	4
Cowee	5	Whittlesey	4	Willey	5
Gore	6	Holton	3	Lindsley	6
Burbridge	5	Bowker	4	Bosworth	6
Perry	6	N D Folsom	3	Snowdin	4
Schleman	4	Bolt	3	Blarney	6

No. 11, 6 singles, unknown angle:

Burbidge	4	Griswold	5	Henry	2
Willey	6	Schleman	4	Sterry	3
Viets	3	Mayott	4	Lindsley	4
Blarney	3	Baze	2	Whittlesey	4
Bolt	4	Bull	4	Wesson	6
Snowdin	4	Lathrop	2	Goodwin	3

No. 12, 10 singles:

Viets	8	Snowdin	7	N Folsom	4
Lindsley	9	Sterry	8	E Folsom	7
Hiram	8	Burbidge	8	Griswold	8
Rich	9	Bolt	6	Douglas	8
Chaffee	5	Whittlesey	7	Goodwin	9
Foster	3	Bull	10	Lathrop	3
Wesson	7	Bosworth	8	Willey	8
Henry	6				

No. 13, 6 singles:

Cowee	5	Sterry	2	Viets	5
Perry	6	Schleman	3	Gore	5
Lindsley	4	Bosworth	4	Morse	6
Henry	5	Eaton	2	Whittlesey	4
Freeman	4	Goodwin	6		

No. 14, 6 singles:

Whittlesey	5	Snowdin	5	Keyes	4
Baker	5	Bull	3	Herrick	5
Freeman	1	Bagg	5	Schleman	4

No. 15, 10 Keystones:

Wesson	7	Snowdin	9	Baker	8
Whittlesey	9	Bull	8	Schleman	3
Bagg	7				

No. 16, 6 singles:

Whittlesey	4	Snowdin	5	Mayatt	1
Baker	3	Freeman	4	Schleman	3
Bull	6	Bagg	5	Keyes	4
Herrick	4				

CHICAGO.

AN interesting five-corners race, 50 birds a corner, will be shot next Saturday, at Mak-saw-ba grounds, between Messrs. W. P. Mussey, John Watson, John Card, Ben Dicks and R. S. Cox. The winner gets clear, and expense of birds is to be div. 10, 20, 30 and 40 per cent. among the next following scores.

Mr. Ben Dicks and Mr. A. T. Loyd are to have another match, Mr. Loyd conceding his opponent 5 bluerocks out of 100, and the match to include other races whose conditions are not now announced.

The Chicago Shooting Club is having some pleasant club events at the trap this year, there being no less than seven valuable medals and jewels up in competition, among others the fine diamond won by the club team at the State shoot of last month. The regular days for this club are, between March and October, second Saturday of each month, remainder of year twice monthly. All our club shoots of any consequence here are now held at John Watson's new park, at Burnside, which is now well along toward completion.

July 19.—The hustling secretary of that live young club, the Grand Calumet Heights, is out this week with a card to each member which reads as follows: "The rifle contest for the Jenny & Graham prize will be opened Saturday and continue until Oct. 1, 1890. It will be shot under the following conditions: For .22cal. rifles, at 75yds., 100 shots, not less than 10 shots per day; for .32, .38 and .45cal. rifles, at 200yds., same conditions; entrance $1; target for .22cal. to be one-half size of regulation 200yds. target. The gold medal has been shot for three times; first winner, Loyd; second, Metcalf; third, Booth. Come and try your hand. A good time guaranteed."

The gold medal referred to is offered by Mr. George W. Marshall, the secretary himself, and is a very tasty affair, well worth shooting for, as is also the rifle prize. E. HOUGH.

NEWARK, July 18.—Shooters gathered in large numbers at Erb's to-day, where the team shoot at live birds between representatives from the Parkway Gun Club, of Brooklyn, and the Newark Gun Club was decided. The Newark team showed up very strong, and it was apparent from the start that the Brooklynites were outclassed. They were beaten by 21 birds. The event was governed by Hurlingham rules, each shooter having 10 birds. The full score follows:

Parkway Gun Club.		Newark Gun Club.	
W Mills	7	C M Hedden	10
J Ochs	5	J Riggott	10
J Savage	9	C Reinhardt	10
R Thistle	7	F Class	8
J Blake	8	J Erb	9
J Bennett	6	Jones	10
Van Wyckoff	7	Wheaton	8
B Lewers	9	Green	9
B Van Winkle	5	Riglio	7
L Hilgans	6—69	O von Lengerke	9—90

Referee, Mr. Albert Heritage; scorer, Mr. Jacob Pentz.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16.—This afternoon the second shoot between the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Gun Club and the Wawasett Gun Club, of Wilmington, was decided on the grounds at Fernwood, and like the first, resulted in a victory for the Sportsmen. The weather was intensely hot, which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that the scores of both teams were below their usual average. Keystone targets, thrown from 5 traps, 15 singles and 5 pairs doubles per man:

Sportsmen's Club.		Wawasett Club.	
H French	18	G S Burroughs	18
J H Stvad	14	J Ryan	15
F McQuade	16	G Miller	18
J W Trenway	16	C Buckmaster	13
E Maher	18	J Ewing	11
H F French	17	W H Hartlove	15
J F Armstrong	17	R Miller	21
Dr A Glass	16	N Siltoe	12
J L Gibson	16—149	A H Stout	14—137

DAVENPORT, Ia., July 12.—The Forester Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot yesterday afternoon. There were but nine shooters, and the only match was at 10 double Keystone targets, with the following result:

Emerson	00 10 00 11 00 00 10 00 00 10— 5
Koos	11 10 10 10 11 10 00 00 10 11—11
C Culins	11 01 10 11 11 00 01 11 00 00—11
F Culins	11 10 10 10 10 00 11 10 10 00—10
Maser	01 10 11 11 11 00 11 10 11 00—13
Kroy	11 11 11 10 01 10 10 11 10 11—15
Davis	10 10 11 10 10 10 10 11 10 10—12
Howard	11 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—12
Harding	10 10 00 10 00 00 00 00 00 10— 4

At the same time F. O. Davis and E. Emerson shot a 25 live bird match for the championship cup of the club. Davis won, killing 20 birds, while Emerson only killed 15.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, July 19.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sigler	7	7	8	9	6	8	9	8	8	10
Lindsley	6	6	9	5	7	7	10	6	9	10
Collins	7	10	8	10	9	10	9	10	9	10
Hunt	5	6	7	7	5	5	5	..	..	..
H Sigler	7	7	9	8	6	6	8	9	..	5
Hathaway	7	8	7	6	7	9	8	8	..	7
Chaffee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	6
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..

WORCESTER, July 19.—At the meet yesterday of members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, the principal event was the continuation of the merchandise series of contests begun in April last. Each man has a possible 25 clay pigeons at each cantest. The totals yesterday follows: A. B. Burkart 25, M. D. Gilman 23, C. B. Holden 22, W. E. Johnson, O. R. Dickey, Chas. Howe, H. W. Jordan, E. E. Hill and Geo. Adams each 20, Chas. Crompton 19, A. B. F. Kenney, H. W. Webber and H. Gabeler each 18, A. P. Larkin and G. J. Kugg each 17, W. R. Dean, M. A'Delbert, Ripley Burnett and E. F. Whittaker each 16, Henry Colmi 15, W. L. Davis and A. L. Gilmon each 14, C. Forehand, E. S. Knowles and E. F. Snow each 13, — Nichols 12, V. F. Prentice 11.

The club has now had 13 contests in this series. The men who have made a total of 25 at one or more of the meets are: M. D. Gilman, on June 17 and July 1; A. B. Burkart yesterday; E. T. Smith, June 17, June 24 and July 1. The men who have made scores of 24 are: A. R. Bowdish, July 1; C. Crompton, June 3 and June 10; W. L. Davis, June 17; C. E. Howe, June 24; W. E. Johnson, June 10; A. G. Larkin, June 24; E. T. Smith, June 3 and 10, and W. R. Dean, June 24. The men present at every one of the contests thus far are: A. R. Bowdish, whose totals have ranged from 13 to 23; C. Crompton, with totals ranging from 14 to 24; C. Forehand, with totals from 13 to 23; A. L. Gilman, whose totals range from 14 to 23; M. D. Gilman, with totals from 18 to 25; C. E. Howe, with totals from 15 to 24, and E. F. Snow, with totals from 9 to 22.

CLASS VS. BREWER.—Frank Class, the champion of New Jersey at live birds, is out with a challenge against Brewer. He says: I am ready to meet Captain Brewer in a 100-bird match for $250 a side, if he will concede me 2yds. handicap, respective distances being 28 and 30yds. rise, London Gun Club rules to govern the match otherwise. This, I think, is a very fair offer, although I am not in favor of handicaps; but as Captain Brewer has made a tour of the earth, met all comers at handicap distances, and openly acknowledges that Mr. Clark, of Melbourne, is the best man he ever met at the trap, and the wonderful score he made at the 33yds. mark, you would naturally suppose the Captain would concede any reasonable odds to a shooter like myself. If the champion thinks well of this offer, I will name Long Branch, N. J., on the Central Gun Club grounds, for the match to take place; date, July 30, 1890.

DAYTON, O., July 22.—At the regular Kennel Club medal shoot, 30 singles and 5 pair targets, rapid firing, Whealan broke 23, Gus Sander 25, Obmer 24, Winters 27, Kumler 26, Porter 27, McDonald 38, Hannah 22, Brown 24, Cooper 27, Volker 28, Makley 30. McDonald is now in the lead for the medal.—B.

NORTH BALTIMORE, O., July 17.—North Baltimore Gun Club team of 10 men for purse of $25, at 15 bluerocks, 5 traps: Caisse 13, Todd 7, B. H. Peters 8, E. E. Peters 10, Weaver 5, Hamilton 12, C. Pifher 8, L. Pifher 13, Doherity 11, Clark 12; total 99. Findley team—A. Karg 7, Lewis 13, Eggleston 12, Drake 10, Ritter 12, C. Karg 11, Ulley 7, Profane 9, Woodworth 7, Webber 11; total 100.

MARION, N. J., July 17.—Shooters were plentiful on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds at Marion, N. J., this afternoon, when the redoubtable Essex Gun Club, of Newark, held its regular monthly shoot. The targets were live birds. Modified Hurlingham rules governed, and the shooters were divided into three classes, viz., A, B and C, which placed them at 30, 28 and 26yds. respectively. The result follows out of a possible 10 birds: C. M. Hedden 10, S. S. Hedden 10, Hughes 9, Freche 9, Brennuall 8, Morse 8, Nicholas 8, Howland 7, Rabbage 6, Mitchell 6, L. Q. Hedden 6, Stewart 6.



SITE OF THE A. C. A. MEET, AUG. 8-22, JESSUP'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.

OMAHA, Neb., July 4.—John J. Hardin, formerly of this city, now of Napa City, Cal., shot a match with A. Dalgo, the Spanish champion of the Pacific coast, on the Fourth, winning by a margin of two birds. The conditions were 100 live pigeons, 32yds. rise, English rules, for $250 a side: Hardin 96, Dalgo 94.

July 12.—The Winchester Club's weekly shoot was held to-day. 25 bluerocks, 21yds. rise, with the following result: F. Fuller 24, E. Paulson 23, W. C. Paulson 21, H. Paulson 21, Harry Paulson 20, L. Johnson 19, N. Johnson 19, Michael Fogg 18, Ed. Leader 10, George Jones 9, Jack Knowles 22, L. Pickard 22, C. Hunt 25.

CLEVELAND, O., July 17.—Some fall shooting was done out at Blue Rock to-day. Paul North scoring 29 and W. G. King 26 out of a possible 30. Twenty singles and 5 doubles were shot for individual records, and 9 singles and 3 doubles in the team shoot. The score: North 29, Rockway 24, Reynolds 22, King 26, Bloom 13, Story 22, Alexander 19, Turner 15, Barnes 22, Black 23, Haycox 18. Team shoot, No. 1—North 13, Alexander 12, Haycox 11, Brockway 14, Story 10—60. No. 2—King 11, Black 12, Reynolds 11, Barnes 11, Turner 11—56.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., July 19.—Good scores were made in the three clay-pigeon matches shot by the New Jersey Athletic men to-day. A. F. Compson won the twelfth match for the string of gold emblems, defeating Major James M. Taylor on a tie. He broke 16 out of 20 single, Taylor shooting scratch and Compson with 2 allowed. Compson also won a match at 10 singles on a clean score of breaks, and a walking match of 10 singles, only missing 1. Geo. S. Virden won the match at 10 paces, breaking 17.

CONTEST OF THE ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.—Weehawken, N. J., July 17.—Sweepstakes at 25 live birds each, second barrel counted half bird, 25yds. rise, 10-bore guns handicapped 2yds.:

C Meyer (27).....17	F G Rinn (25) 15	Wm McLean (27).11½
J Hanna (27).....14½	P Tomlin (27) 12	J E Lordley (25)..14½
L Brenner (25)....18	G VanSchaick(25)17	J Robertson (25)..12½
J Male (25).....14½		

L. Brenner won first money, second div. between C. Meyer and G. G. Van Schaick, F. G. Rinn third.—FRANK G. RINN, Sec'y.

CINCINNATI, July 15.—The explosion of two carloads of powder, in all 1,600 kegs, standing on the track at the Peter's Cartridge Co. works, at King's Mills, on the Little Miami railroad, swept the plant of the Cartridge Company out of existence to-day. Several lives were lost.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 19.—The third of the July Merchandise matches were shot to-day and these scores made: Perry 16, Knowles 14, Moose 13, Hooper 12, Bond, Gore and Bennett 11 each, Cower 10.

HUTCHINSON (KAN.) GUN CLUB SHOOT will be reported in our next.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

12-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
25-Aug. 8. Northern Div. A.C.A. Lake of Two Mountains.
26. South Boston, Club.

AUGUST.

2. South Boston, Open.
2. Lake St. Louis, Annual, Lachine.
23. South Boston, Open.
30. Orange, Annual.
30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.
8-22. A.C.A. Meet, Jessup's Neck

SEPTEMBER.

1. Ianthe, Annual.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

DAVENPORT BOAT CLUB.—The boat club held its annual meeting on July 11 and elected the following officers: Pres., J. P. Donahue; Vice-Pres., E. H. Van Patten; Sec'y, H. P. Denison; Capt., Chas. Anderson; Treas., Walter A. Freeman; Membership Committee, J. P. Donahue, John Van Patten and Wilse McClelland.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

THE accompanying chart shows the location of the A. C. A. camp at Jessup's Neck. The following notice is issued by the transportation committee:

The transportation committee did not receive in answer to their circular a sufficient number of responses to warrant them in chartering the steamboat which they originally contemplated chartering, but the committee have to-day made arrangements by which they have chartered a freight steamboat that will take up the canoes at all the places stated in the transportation committee's circular, including Yonkers, and will deliver them at the A. C. A. dock at the camp, and at the end of the meet will return them to the places where they were picked up at a charge of $5 for each canoe, duffle to go free. The committee have no doubt they can make arrangements by which shippers can themselves make the trip on this boat without any extra charge. It is not a passenger steamboat, however, and those who take passage on this boat will be obliged to camp out on the boat. The committee have so arranged matters that any members of the Association who did not respond to the circular, may now do so up to the first day of August upon the same terms.

If you know of any of your friends who are likely to come to the meet, will you kindly call their attention to this matter, and notify them so that they may send me a response with the enclosure of $5.

The regular passenger steamer from New York city, stopping at our camp, leaves foot of Beekman street, East River, New York, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 P. M., and on Saturdays at 2 P. M., making the trip in twelve hours.

Yours very truly,
M. T. BENNETT, Jr.,
For the Transportation Committee.

NEW YORK C. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP.

THE following challenge has been received by the New York C. C., the representatives of the challenging club being Mr. Ford Jones, with the canoe Cannuck, winner of the A.C.A. trophy last year:

BROCKVILLE, Ont., July 16.—*Chas. J. Stevens, Esq., Sec'y-Treas. N. Y. C. C.:* DEAR SIR—The Brockville C. C. hereby challenge to a contest for the N. Y. C. C. international challenge cup. Our club will be represented by Mr. Ford Jones, who will be in New York shortly, and can arrange all details with your regatta committee. We hope the New York C. C. will be able to accept this challenge and that everything will be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. Yours truly, BROCKVILLE C. C., by J. J. BELL, Com.

The New York C. C. will hold trial races, open to members of any canoe club, on Aug. 1 and 2, in the afternoon. The cup races will be sailed on New York Bay after the meet.

MOHICAN C. C.

THE famous Mohican C. C. of Albany, but a few years since one of the leading clubs of the country, with such members as Gibson, Oliver, Mix, Thomas, Phil and Will Wackerhagen, Fernow and a host more, has of late suffered from the reaction that seems to fall to the fate of all clubs at times; the men who made the club famous from 1882 to '87 have been drawn away from canoeing to a certain extent by business changes, some have left Albany, and of late the old turtle has not been seen in its accustomed place at the A. C. A. camps and on the sailing courses. Under the captaincy of Mr. C. V. Winne, however, the club has taken a sudden spurt that promises to place it once more in the front, many new members have come in to take the place of those who have retired from active canoeing, and they are now hard at work to live up to the traditions of the club. A very successful regatta was held on July 4 at the handsome down-river club house, the members going down in their canoes or by steam launch on the previous evening. The races included a paddling race in which Messrs. Titus, Wheeler, Smith, Winne, Sipple, Shaw and Anable started, the winner being Mr. Titus.

The race for the Oliver cup for novices was postponed from the morning for the lack of wind, but was sailed in the afternoon, the winner being Mr. Sipple in the Nancy Bell. The single-blade paddling was won by Mr. Wheeler, with Will Wackerhagen second and Hacket third. The main sailing race for the Gibson cup was sailed in a very light wind, Mr. Wheeler winning in Thetis, Mr. Sipple being second in Nancy Bell. The tandem paddling was won by Wheeler and Wackerhagen. The hurry-scurry race was won by Wheeler also. The tournament was most amusing, there being four crews entered. The victors were Messrs. Winne, paddler, and Wheeler, lanceman. In the evening the banjos and maudolins were brought out, the whole party returning to Albany late at night. The regatta was the most successful held in a long time, and is especially encouraging as the contestants were nearly all new men, who are evidently ready to take the places of the old racers of the club. The club is now off on a cruise on the upper Hudson, from Mechanicsville to Albany, under the energetic leadership of Capt. Winne. A meeting was held last week to consider the question of a war canoe, and the club is making arrangements to attend the A. C. A. meet in force. A fall regatta will be held on Labor Day.

POINTE CLAIRE CANOE CREW.—The fourth of the series of races for the Pointe Claire trophy was sailed on July 5 in a strong breeze from north-east, all the boats starting under close reefs. The starting gun was fired at 4:25:55, and Mab, C. Archibald, Aloha, H. McLean, and Isis, D. A. Poe, started in the order named. Isis went around the first buoy with a slight lead on Mab, Aloha, being third, but on the reach of the second buoy Mab recovered her lead. When the close work began Mab simply walked away from the other two. Isis went all to pieces, and was hove to for some time, and when she did get going went very slowly, and Aloha was under too short canvas to hold the leader. On the second round Isis passed Aloha and took second place. The time of the race was as follows:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.
Isis, D. A. Poe	4 26 00	5 05 00	5 37 00
Mab, C. Archibald	4 25 55	4 44 00	5 07 45
Aloha, H. McLean	4 25 57	5 01 30	5 42 20

The tie for the skiff trophy, presented by the crew, between Gallagher, C. Saunderson, Vagabond, A. Reford, and Jean A, C. Montserrat, was also sailed off, and made a fine race, Vagabond got a lead at the start, Gallager crossing second, and Jean A, third, but Jean A passed the others on the windward work, and won, with Vagabond second. The time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Jean A, C. Montserrat	4 19 45	5 36 30
Vagabond, A. Reford	4 19 45	5 37 50
Gallagher, C. Saunderson		withdrew.

Jean A., therefore, wins the trophy.

PEQUOT Y. AND C. ASSOCIATION.—The following orders for the fifth annual cruise have been sent out: "In view of the fact that the A. C. A. holds its first salt water meet at Jesssup's Neck, Peconic Bay, Long Island Sound, it has been decided by the commodore that the regular camp of the association will be replaced for this year by a club cruise, the destination being the A. C. A. meet. The fleet will rendezvous at Thimble Islands, on Saturday, Aug. 16, and lay over Sunday. On Monday an early start will be made for Plum Gut, with favorable conditions, arriving before noon of that day. If possible, it is the object to arrive at the A. C. A. camp at nightfall, or even earlier. It is hoped that as many club members as can will join in this cruise and thus enable the association to go into camp with a good representation. The Sunday spent at Thimble Islands will be very pleasant to those who have never been at that resort, and the run from thence to Peconic Bay is a very pleasant one. To those who have never attended an A. C. A. meet the cruise will be a delightful experience and well worth taking. It is important that you should notify the fleet captain if you will participate in this cruise. The fleet will break up at Peconic Bay, Aug. 22. Per order of Com. Borden, EDWARD H. EVERITT, Fleet Captain."

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: S. Willard Bridgham, Dr. Samuel R. Upham, Edward H. Tingley, Chas. E. Shedd, Dr. Edmund Abbott, Providence, R. I.; Fred W. Blanchard, Malden, Mass.; Fred P. Dean, Worcester, Mass. Northern Division: J. W. Sparrow, R. G. Muntz, F. J. Lightbourn, Toronto; G. R. Robertson, Streator White, Chas. H. Routh, Montreal; Julius G. Lay, Ottawa. Central Division: Wilna C. Harris, Rochester, N. Y. Atlantic Division: Chas. H. Twist, Percie W. Hart, New York city; John B. Moffat, Yonkers, N. Y.

Yachting.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

ACCORDING to orders, the fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. met at the rendezvous, New Rochelle, on July 19, being most hospitably entertained by the New Rochelle Y. C. The following orders were issued by Com. Lawton: The fleet will sail in two divisions during the cruise. The schooner classes and classes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 of sloops will comprise the first division, and the other classes the second division. The signals for starting will be given from the flagship as follows: First gun, preparatory signal; second gun, starting signal for second division; third gun, starting signal for first division. There will be an interval of twenty minutes between each signal. To-day the preparatory signal will be fired at 7 o'clock A. M., and on signals to start the fleet will sail to Morris Cove. On Saturday the preparatory signal will be fired at 7 o'clock A. M., and on signals to start the fleet will sail for Deering's Harbor, Shelter Island. The fleet will proceed from Shelter Island to New London or Stonington, thence to Newport or New Bedford, as may be determined at a meeting of captains to be held upon arrival of the fleet at Shelter Island.

Storm in the evening rather dampened the proceedings, but the yachtsmen were happy nevertheless. Next morning the fleet set sail for Morris Cove, Athlon being the first in, Anaconda second. There was a strong breeze all day, reefs and housed topmasts being in order in the smaller craft. Choctaw outsailed Chispa by a few minutes. The fleet included Anaconda, Athlon, Cavalier, Chispa, Choctaw, Polly, Hypatia, Rival, Daisy, Arab and Pastime, Grayling and Venitzia accompanied the fleet this far, but continued on. After the fleet had anchored some excitement was caused by a fire on board the flagship. The steward endeavored to fill a lighted naphtha stove, the boat rolling somewhat at the time, and spilled the naphtha over the fire. An explosion naturally resulted in which his hands were burned. Aid was summoned from the Cavalier, Athlon and other yachts, and the fire was soon extinguished after doing considerable damage to the joinerwork of the forecastle and the fore end of the cabin. The run to Greenport was made on Saturday, the first part, as far as Plum Gut, before the wind, ending with a hard beat in to Greenport, Daisy losing her topmast. Arab lost a man off the bowsprit, but he was picked up as he passed the stern. Mabel lost her main boom and was towed in. The squadron lay at anchor over Sunday, the following vessels being all under the Atlantic flag, the new Ellsworth yacht Tigress joining the fleet here:

Schooners—Cavalier, T. J. Hogan; Grayling, L. A. Fish; Tidal Wave, Dr. A. L. Raney; Agnes, J. N. Winslow. Sloops—Chispa, flagship, Com. Newbury Lawton; Athlon, Vice-Com. F. B. Havens; Polly. Rear-Com. T. L. Arnold; Anaconda, J. G. Prague; Choctaw, C. A. Thayer; Hypatia, J. Weir; Shamrock, J. R. Maxwell; Pastime, Gen. J. Bliss; Ariadne, H. W. Banks; Arab, Edmund Fish; Nepenthe, G. P. Slade; Daisy, W. H. Nichols; Stella, J. L. Marcellus.

The yachts in the harbor, other than those of the Atlantic Club, were Madeline, Romana, Viator, Phantom, Kelpie, Nymph, Nydra, Nirvana and Psyche.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. ANNUAL—JULY 15.

THE fourth annual regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was sailed on July 15 on the Providence River, the prize in each of the three classes being a championship cup. In Class A, 30ft. and over, the Low cup, already won twice by Peri, was offered; in Class B, 24 to 30ft., the Flint cup, won twice by Diamond, and in Class C the Anderson cup won once by Victor. The measurement is that formerly used by the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs, a mean length measured at two per cent. of waterline above the actual waterline. The courses were for classes A and B around stakeboat off Rumstick Point, leaving same on starboard, thence around stakeboat southeast of Warwick light, leaving same on starboard, and return to starting point at club house; 20 miles. For class C, from the club house, passing from north to south, thence around black spar buoy off club house, leaving same on starboard, thence around black spar buoy off club house, leaving same on port, thence around black spar buoy off Green's Island, leaving same on starboard, thence to starting point, 12 miles.

The entries were as follows:

CLASS A—30FT. AND OVER, MEAN LENGTH.

			L.W.L.
Awa	Dr. Hasbrouck et al	Providence	40.00
Mignon	C. G. Bloomer	Pawtucket	34.11
Peri	F. P. Sands	Newport	36.10
Nepenthe	J. J. Allen	Newport	42.00
Kelpie	C. F. Janes	Providence	30.00

CLASS B.

Diamond	L. Tillinghast	Newport	
Muscot	H. S. Capron	Providence	
Mucilage	W. Hodgkinson	Fall River	

CLASS C.

Faust	E. S. Right	Fall River	
Scud		Jameston	
Edna	E. Nicherson	Providence	
Victor	A. L. Sweet		
Olivette	Fabey Bros.	Providence	

Mignon did not start in consequence of some objection to a previous measurement. Olivette was not entered, but was allowed to sail with the small class, her time being taken.

There was a strong breeze, the cats reefing, but the course gave little windward work. Peri kept within her allowance of Awa through the race, finally winning by 1m. She is well-known as one of Alonzo E. Smith's old-time sloops. Awa, the widest of Mr. Burgess's 40ft. fleet, lost a little time by the parting of her jib tack, the jib being set on a stay, but she was fairly beaten by Peri. Both are centerboard boats. Nepenthe did not complete the course. She and Kelpie are both Herreshoff boats, and once considered quite fast. Peri retains the Low cup, having won it three times; Diamond also takes the Flint cup for the third and last time, while Faust wins a leg for the Anderson cup. The full times were:

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Awa	2 09 21	2 05 47
Peri	2 13 53	2 04 47
Nepenthe	Did not finish.	
Kelpie	2 59 57	2 40 33

CLASS B.

Diamond	2 41 47	2 40 57
Mucilage	2 44 31	2 44 01
Mascot	2 53 09	2 53 09

CLASS C.

Faust	2 05 52	2 05 52
Scud	2 28 10	2 22 58
Edna	2 10 03	2 07 46
Victor	2 17 31	2 16 24
Olivette	2 10 23	2 08 02

The judges were W. G. Brennen, O. C. Leach, H. S. Tanner and Frank White.

CHESAPEAKE BAY Y. C., JULY 12.

THE annual open regatta of the above club was sailed on Saturday over the club course on Miles River. The course is 12½ statute miles, and the time allowance was the old one of two minutes to the foot in twenty miles; boats measured from inside of stem to inside of sternpost, this antiquated system of allowance being the only one practical under the circumstances, as this being an open event, many of the boats sailing cannot be measured until the morning of the race. Their peculiar rig would also make very complicated any of the present modes of measurement by waterline and sail areas, so the club has adhered to the old rule until we can find something applicable to our boats.

The day opened cloudy, with a light air from S., which settled to light breeze from S.W. by the time the start was made. The race was for two classes of boats, one for our Chesapeake canoes, that have been described in a former article, the other class was made for the Chesapeake skiff, a class of boat being built in this section within the past two years quite extensively and used for oystering. These boats run from 30 to 40ft. long, sharp at both ends, flat-bottomed, but with from three to six or more inches deadrise; no frame except the side timbers, the bottom being made of 3 to 4in. pine plank, dowel-bolted together and fastened to the sides, which are stiffened by a heavy clamp strake running along the lower edge. They are half-decked, with a little cuddy forward.

The canoe class was open to all canoes, but those under 30ft. were rated at 30, and the same rule prevailed in the skiff class. The canoes entered were the Susie B., Lucy Lee, Alice May, Eunice and Mamie, all under 30ft. but rating at 30; Gertie, 30ft. 3in.; Only Son, 31ft. 10in.; Lauretta, 34ft. 10in., and the Island Bird, 35ft. 2in. The latter is the most completely and beautifully fitted canoe on the bay, and is considered by many to be the fastest boat in our waters; but the lightness of the breeze was much against the larger boats in the second race.

The canoes were started as follows: Susie B., Alice May, Mamie, Lucy Lee, and Eunice were started together at 11:45; Susie B. having the windward berth, the time allowance was deducted at the start, causing the Gertie to get off 18½ seconds later. Only Son came next, 1m. 58s. after the Gertie, Lauretta 3m. 45s. after Only Son, and the Island Bride 25s. after the Lauretta.

The boats all started on the starboard tack but after going a short distance all made a hitch to windward and some of them two short tacks, then all had a close reach to Long Point Buoy. The Gertie, handled by the veteran James Plummer of St. Michaels, quickly picked up her time on the boats ahead and soon assumed the lead, the Bride, though not benefitted by the light zephyrs as much as her smaller competitors, commenced to pick up the fleet also. The Gertie rounded Long Point Buoy with a long lead; from this point the boats had the wind on their port quarter and it was a beautiful sight from the club steamer to see these graceful craft coming for the Hill Buoy with everything set; nearly all of them carrying large square topsails on fore and main masts over their other sails. The Gertie passed the Hill Buoy at 12:58:30, Island Bride 1:07, Eunice 1:07:10, Lauretta 1:09, Only Son 1:13, Lucy Lee and Mamie lapped 1:14, and Alice May brought up the rear at 1:14:20.

From this point it was dead off the wind with spinakers to starboard. The wind having freshened a trifle the Bride began to wake up and chased the fleet Gertie hard. At Wye town Buoy the Gertie turned first, the Bride second, the Eunice third, and the others strung out. Now it was a beat dead to windward to the line at Deep Water Point, and the burning question on the point and on the club steamer was: "Can the Bride catch the Gertie?" They stick together afraid to break tacks, working the port shore to avoid the strong ebb tide.

As they near the line the excitement is great, but Gertie has a safe lead, and although the beautiful Bride gained on her she could not close the gap in time, and Gertie crossed the line at 2.41, Bride 3m. later, at 2:44, sailing over the course in 3m. 9s. less time than Gertie, but not able to save her time allowance, Eunice third at 2:47:32, Laurette did not finish, and the times of the others not taken.

In the skiff race the entries were Bateman, Miles River, Two Brothers, Sneak and Lizzie F. Lizzie F. was started at 1:03, Sneak next at 1m. 15s. after Lizzie. Two Brothers allows Sneak 3m, 32s. and starts after that time elapses. Bateman and Miles River, both of the same length, allow Two Brothers 10s. and are off together. They sail the same course as the canoes, and after a very close race between the leading boats come in as follows: Sneak first at 3:33:00, Bateman second at 3:35:20, Brothers third at 3:44:30, times of others not taken. Gertie wins first in canoe class and Island Bride second. Sneak first in the skiff class and Samuel Bateman second. Regatta committee, J. G. Morris, J. H. Wheeler and Capt. Thompson. A large number of the club members with their families and friends were present on the club steamer and a numerous assembly viewed the race from the point.

EASTON, Md. SINKBOAT.

BY NAPHTHA TO NAG'S HEAD.

WINDSOR, N. C., June 17.—I have been fishing around here in the river all this season, catching a few black bass and perch, until it got to be rather poor sport, and thinking that I would find good fishing at Nag's Head, a hundred miles below here, I concluded to make the trip. So last Wednesday Capt. O., Tom, Charlie and the writer put fishing rods, canvas boat and lunch on board my 25ft. naphtha launch Tuscarora, and at 2 o'clock P. M. left here and steamed down the Cashie to Albemarle Sound. We reached the head of the Sound at 5:30 o'clock, making the run of 32 miles in 3½ hours; oiled up and prepared to spend the night on the broad and rough waters of the Albemarle. At 6 o'clock we steamed out and pointed about east for Nag's Head, 70 miles away. We expected to make the run in 8 hours, but found that the Tuscarora could not go as fast in rough water as in the river, where the water is smooth. Everything went well until 1 o'clock when we managed to break our compass and thereby lost the way, going into Currituck Sound instead of Roanoke Sound as we should have done. We ran on the wrong course for about an hour, and therefore had to run back for an hour, losing two hours. Just as the sun rose Thursday morning we dropped anchor at Nag's Head, just in time to have our names in the pot for breakfast, having made the run of a hundred miles in 14 hours. The landlord of the new hotel, Mr. J. M. Whedbee, sent out a boat and took us off, and gave us a good breakfast of fresh spots, etc. We had been up all night, and were of course very sleepy and tired. After dinner we took a stroll along the ocean beach, spending the time very pleasantly until night.

Next morning the wind was blowing very hard and we voted for a trip to the fresh ponds, four miles above Nag's Head, about equal distance from sound and ocean. We arrived at the main pond in about an hour, set up the canvas boat and caught bait with the little hand-seine which we took along. Charlie and myself went in the boat, while Capt. O. and Tom put on their old clothes and waded in. The black bass and perch were in the notion of taking the bait, and in three or four hours we caught a bushel of fish, which was as many as could be consumed by the workmen at the hotel. We therefore quit, went out to a shade tree, ate our lunch and had a smoke, after which we made our way back by way of the ocean beach, taking a plunge in the surf on our way down. Counting our fish we found that we had caught 33 black bass; we did not count the perch, etc.

Next day (Saturday) salt-water fishing was in order, and as we had no spare naphtha we had to hire a sailboat. Sailing four miles across the Sound we dropped anchor just off Roanoke Island, and there caught bluefish, trout, croakers, spots, etc., until all hands were tired of the sport. We returned to the hotel at 4 o'clock, took dinner, and later a bath in the surf. Made ready on Saturday night for an early start home Sunday morning, but at 2 o'clock the wind came out from the northeast and blew a gale. We therefore had to lie over until Monday morning, as we wanted to make the run back by daylight. Monday morning at 5:10 found us steaming up the Sound; wind moderate from N.E. Reached home at 7 o'clock P. M., making the run in fourteen hours, just the time it took to make the run down.

All of us were glad to reach home again and anxious to make another trip to Nag's Head and the fresh ponds. CASHIE.

KEEL VS. BOARD.

THE Boston *Globe* of July 20 speaks as follows of the centerboard in the 40ft. class: "It is interesting to note that Designer Burgess believes that a centerboard 40-footer can be designed which will beat both the Minerva and Gossoon. He reasons from the good results which have been obtained with such centerboard boats as the Nymph, Verena and Choctaw. These boats were all designed as cruising craft; they have heavy and windcatching cabin trunks, and their scantling is much heavier than it would need to be for a yacht intended solely for racing. A flush-decked lightly built 40-footer of the Verena's type, with all weights kept down, and put into low ballast, would be a formidable craft to beat. She would of course be a 'racing machine,' as she would not have head room in the cabin. But when the merits of keel vs. centerboard model are to be considered, it is unfair to the centerboard that she should be compelled to carry a big house on deck, and to practically have no deck room from which to handle sails."

A comparison of the records up to date show that there is very little in the performances of Nymph, Verena, Choctaw or Chiquita to indicate that they can beat Minerva, much less a better keel 40. Beside these is the centerboard Gorilla, a flush-deck racing boat with a very fair record, but not able to head off either Liris or Minerva. We were under the impression that Mr. Burgess already had two flush-decked, lightly built, low ballasted racing craft afloat in Ventura and Mocassin, one of which has been badly beaten by Minerva. If they will not give sufficient evidence by the end of the season, there are the two centerboard racing machines in the 30ft. class, Shark and Hawk, to be heard from alongside of Saladin and Kathleen. These centerboard boats are hardly more than a big deck with a centerboard trunk below it, there is no room for any sort of life aboard, and they are veritable racing machines. At the same time it is likely that Saladin, an excellent boat for cruising and racing, will beat them. Mr. Burgess himself has taught us that the day of the centerboard for small yachts has gone by, and the four boats, Ventura, Mocassin, Shark and Hawk, are likely to give added proof of this fact.

NEWARK Y. C.—The Newark Y. C. will hold it eighth annual sweepstakes regatta on Aug. 16, over the course off the new club, at Bayonne, from line between end of club dock and stakeboat off same, thence to Red Spar Buoy off lighthouse, thence to stakeboat anchored off the west draw of the Central Railroad long bridge, thence to the place of beginning. Sailing twice over the course, keeping all marks of the port side. The time allowance will be one minute to the foot of the waterline, with one-half of the overhang added. An entrance fee of $3 will be made for all classes, two-thirds to go to the winner and one-third to the second, if there are four boats in the class. Entries will be taken by A. F. Adams, of 746 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK Y. R. A. ANNUAL CRUISE.—The programme for the annual cruise, as recommended in the report of committee adopted April 19, is as follows: The cruise will begin on July 28. Yachts will rendezvous off the Harlem Y. C. house, College Point, L. I., on Saturday afternoon, July 26, reporting to the fleet captain and remaining at anchor over Sunday and sail as follows: Monday to Oyster Bay, Tuesday to Roton Point, Norwalk Islands, Wednesday to Black Rock, Thursday to Lloyd's Harbor, Friday to Indian Harbor, Saturday to Sea Cliff and disband. The start will take place at 9 A. M. each day; at 8:30 A. M. a gun will be fired to prepare to start, and all yachts must remain at anchor until the starting gun is fired. The first yacht reaching the destination for the day will take her own time of arrival, anchor in some convenient place, hoist an ensign, and take the time of arrival of all the other yachts, all of which must pass between this yacht and the nearest shore; the record of each day's run shall be delivered to the fleet captain immediately after the arrival of the last yacht. Yachts desiring to leave the fleet must first obtain leave from the admiral. During the cruise the president of the Association shall command the fleet and act as admiral of the fleet, and shall issue such orders as may be necessary. He shall also appoint a fleet captain, who shall see that his orders are executed. The vice-president of the Association shall act as vice-admiral during the cruise, and in the absence of the admiral shall command the fleet. The admiral shall appoint a fleet surgeon, who shall attend to all sickness or accidents to members while on the cruise. The fleet shall be composed of a squadron from each club in the Association, numbered according to date of organization, and each squadron will be commanded by the commodore of the club composing the squadron, who shall receive all orders from the admiral and execute the same. All yachts shall carry the Association flag at the mast head and its club flag on the peak, but yachts may display both flags at the mast head when at anchor. A. J. Prime, Geo. Parkhill and R. Puhlman, Committee. The programme for the union regatta on Sept. 1 has been sent out.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—Com. Middleton has taken command of the squadron for the annual cruise, and the following general order has been issued: "The vessels of the fleet will rendezvous at Whitestone, Long Island, for the annual squadron cruise on Monday, Aug. 4. Captains will report aboard the flagship at 9 o'clock P. M., at which time the movements for the earlier days of the cruise will be decided upon. The cruise will extend to New London and Newport. There will be two divisions of the fleet during the cruise; the first division comprising all schooners, first and second class sloops and steam yachts. The second division comprising third and fourth class sloops, open yachts and steam launches. The daily runs will be trials of speed for all classes, and the first yacht arriving at the destined port will take its own time and that of the others, and report the result to the commodore. In all races the second division will start thirty minutes in advance of the first division. The signals for starting will be as follows: First gun from the flagship to prepare to sail; ten minutes later, second gun from flagship, for second division to start; thirty minutes later, third gun from flagship, for first division to start. The routine and rules contained in the club manual will be observed during the cruise. Yachts, when in squadron, are earnestly requested to take their ship's time in striking bells from that of the flagship; and in no case to anticipate it. Captains intending to join the squadron are requested to notify the fleet captain at the club house, 911 Walnut street, at as early a date as possible. By order of the Commodore. SAMUEL A. WOOD, Fleet Captain."

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.—The second annual regatta of this club will be sailed off Greenwich, Conn., on Saturday, Aug. 2, under the rules of the New York Y. R. A. Suitable cups will be given as prizes in each class where two or more boats start. The classes will be as follows: Open jib and mainsail boats over 27ft. and not over 32ft., 23ft. and not over 27ft., 23ft. and under. Open catboats over 27ft. and not over 32ft., 23ft. and not over 27ft., 20ft. and not over 23ft., 17ft. and not over 20ft., 17ft. and under. The measurement will be the mean length, *i. e.*, the load waterline plus half the overhang aft. Crews will be limited to one man to every 5ft. of sailing length or part thereof, in addition to the helmsman. Shifting ballast will be allowed. Time allowance will be figured according to the Herreshoff table. The course will be five nautical miles to windward (or leeward) and return, from stakeboats anchored between Little Captain's Island and Greenwich Point. An entry fee of $1 will be charged all yachts that are not enrolled in clubs belonging to the New York Y. R. A. Owners of yachts in any class desiring to enter for a sweepstake of $25 each, to be sailed for in addition to the regular prizes, are requested to advise the committee to that effect before 9 A. M. of the morning of the regatta. The race will be started at 1 P. M. precisely, provided the conditions are favorable. The club steamer will leave the Greenwich dock at 12:15 P. M. and the Indian Harbor Hotel dock at 12:30 P. M. Entries will close July 31. Regatta Committee—H. E. Doremus, Chairman; Richard Outwater, F. B. Jones. Address, Silleck House, Greenwich, Conn.

NEW YORK Y. C.—It is a long way from the little blue and gold volume published by the New York Y. C. in 1880 to the handsome and shipshape book of the present year, the 46th of the club's existence. The change in bindings is but an index of the great change that has taken place in yachting, there is a good deal more canvas and hard weather, and correspondingly less of the blue and gold than in the past. A look through the two books shows many interesting comparisons; the membership in 1880 was 395, including honorary and life; now it is 770, or nearly double. The fleet in 1880 included 38 schooners, 27 singlestickers and 20 steamers, the latter nearly all small craft. This year it numbers 75 schooners, 75 sloops, cutters and yawls, and 82 steamers, many of them powerful sea-going vessels. In 1880 there were two keel cutters on the list, Muriel and Volante; now they rival the sloops in number. The new book, in addition to the signal code and much other matter not found in the old, contains a reproduction of the Coast Survey chart of the harbor, giving the two courses of the club. It is the handsomest and most complete book the club has yet issued; the covers, of semi-flexible canvas, with rounded corners, make it easily carried in the pocket, the color of the canvas being neat and serviceable. Each member's copy has the name of his yacht stamped on the front cover.

PLEON Y. C., MARBLEHEAD, July 16.—The twenty-second regatta of the Pleon Y. C. was sailed on Wednesday of last week in a fresh N. W. wind. Tantrum lost by a mistake in the course, her crew not being familiar with the waters. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith	1 36 26	1 21 33
Composite	1 39 02	. . . .
Snail	1 50 03	1 34 30
Oswa	1 47 50	1 36 17
Milo	1 55 45	1 42 34
FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.		
Sapphire	1 37 04	1 24 03
Tantrum	1 37 06	1 25 56
Laura	1 47 38	. . . .
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.		
Banjo	0 50 45	0 44 09
Monnie	0 58 06	0 48 58
Reba	1 02 43	. . . .
SECOND CLASS KEELS.		
Midge	0 56 28	0 47 31
Sheila	1 06 06	0 57 41
Estelle	1 07 18	0 58 40
SPECIAL CLASS DORIES.		
Don	0 55 38	0 49 19
Minna	1 06 30	0 53 22

GREAT SOUTH BAY.—On July 15 a race was sailed over the Great South Bay Y. C. course, for a cup given by Mr. William Arnold. The wind was fresh from S.W. The starters were as follows, the time allowances being made at the start. The course was a 20-mile triangle:

	Length.	Start.
Mistake, Dr. T. G. Talmage	27.00	11 00 00
Nathalie, Dr. Chauncey E. Low	28.03	11 01 03
Evelyn, Josiah Robbins	29.02	11 02 00
Owl, H. M. Brewster	30.04	11 03 43
Parole, E. C. Pechin	30.05	11 03 50
Laura F., Wm. Nelson	33.11	11 08 20
Dionis, H. F. Smith	34.02	11 08 45
Berkeley, Alfred S. Swan	34.03	11 08 52
Patience, S. T. Peters	35.08	11 10 47
Agnes Booth, Bert Rogers	33.11	11 11 36

Each yacht was started from an anchor at the time given in the above table. Evelyn won, with Mistake second and Berkeley third. The judges were Mr. A. T. Enos, Mr. Arthur Dominy and Mr. E. S. Knapp.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—At the annual election of this club on July 7 the following officers were elected: Com., R. S. Ryder; Vice-Com., J. Gorham Palfrey; Sec.-Treas., J. Henry Clark, Jr.; Directors, R. S. Ryder, J. Gorham Palfrey, J. S. Whiting, J. E. DeKay, Eben Holmes; Measr., J. Pegram. Regatta Com., J. Gorham Palfrey, Irving Chapman, W. H. Davis. Ex. Com., J. Henry Clark, Jr., J. S. Whiting, J. E. De De Kay. The club burgee was changed, being now a pointed instead of a swallow-tailed burgee, the colors and device remaining the same.

DETROIT Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA, JULY 14.—The second pennant regatta of the Detroit Y. C. was sailed on July 14 on Lake St. Clair, the course being for all but Class 5 out around the lightship and return, 18 miles, and for Class 5 around Peche Island Buoy, 9 miles. The wind was S.E., but shifted to S.W. in the latter part of the race. When near Peche Island, at 3 P. M., a squall struck the fleet, but did no serious damage. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SECOND CLASS.			
Turk	1 53 21	5 26 45	3 33 24
Krao	1 53 20	5 37 40	3 44 20
THIRD CLASS.			
Corsair	1 54 00	5 32 35	3 38 35
Dione	1 56 03	5 57 30	4 01 27
FOURTH CLASS.			
Aldina R	1 56 35	5 36 20	3 29 45
Madaline	1 54 10	6 10 15	4 16 00
Blanche B	1 55 50	. . .	. . .
Chic	1 53 40	. . .	. . .
Vida	1 54 20	. . .	. . .
FIFTH CLASS.			
Let Her Be	2 22 06	5 35 40	3 13 40
Cyclone	2 21 00	5 47 20	3 26 20
Ingomar	1 59 30	6 07 50	4 08 20
May Queen	1 51 01	. . .	. . .
SIXTH CLASS.			
Nellie M	1 56 15	3 58 10	2 01 55
Volunteer	1 56 48	4 03 30	2 06 42
Phantom	1 57 53	4 05 20	2 07 27
Helen	1 58 35	. . .	. . .

QUINCY, Y. C.—The third championship race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on July 19 in a strong N.W. breeze with a squall near the end, in which White Fawn lost her topmast and Rocket came to grief. The full times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
White Fawn, Jones	25.00	1 46 46	1 21 07
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	24.08	1 48 25	1 22 30
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 55 04	1 26 44
Erie, John Cavanagh	26.02	2 01 12	1 36 32
Mudgekewis, Whitmarsh	25.08	2 04 32	1 39 28
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 21 11	1 53 10
SECOND CLASS.			
Madge, W. D. Lovell	22.02	1 16 31	0 49 49
Mabel, H. L. Rice	19.11	1 44 20	1 17 22
Tartar, George Russell	Withdrew.		
Elf, Henry Souther	Withdrew.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 44 26	1 14 38
Flora Lee, C. E. Bockus, Jr	16.10	1 47 33	1 17 01
Princess, Fred. Estes	15.02	1 52 33	1 19 42
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.06	1 52 48	1 21 49
Freak, G. F. Maybury	16.00	1 56 41	1 25 01
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	Withdrew.		
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.07	1 53 16	1 24 22
Pet, J. W. McFarland	19.08	2 12 41	1 35 28
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	Withdrew.		

The judges were George Pfaffman and John Sanborn. White Fawn now has a leg for first-class cup with Posy and Mudgekewis, and a sail off will be necessary. Diadem takes the cup in the jib and mainsail class and Madge in second class. Flora Lee, Mirage and Rocket will sail off in third class.

CATBOATS ON BUZZARD'S BAY.—On July 19 an open race for catboats was sailed on Buzzards Bay, off Marion, Mass. The course was around Southeast Ledge Buoy and Nye's Buoy 16 miles, for first class. Mist, the only boat in second class, went up into third. The wind was light S.W. with squalls at times from N.W. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—10 MILES.		
Climax, D. C. Spencer	2 18 00	2 02 01
Mist, H. Lyon	2 44 01	2 22 40
Anonyma, F. Bradley	2 58 01	2 41 43
THIRD CLASS—9 MILES.		
Parole, W. H. Davis	1 36 19	1 19 06
Etta, R. Stackpole	1 36 20	1 29 44
Hermion, R. L. Barstow	1 50 20	1 33 54
Laura, J. Deasy	1 53 05	1 35 32
Tuzzle	1 53 50	. . .
FOURTH CLASS—7 MILES.		
Ireland Belle, C. A. Clark	1 32 20	Not meas.
Wideawake, C. Pegram, Jr	1 35 05	. . .
May, S. Van Rensselaer	1 50 00	. . .
FIFTH CLASS—4½ MILES.		
Worry, H. W. Bellows	0 38 36	0 36 10
Fairy, Coldsfield	0 55 04	0 40 05

Tuzzle capsized after the race.

RACES FOR THE 30FT. CLASS.—It is proposed to get up a race for 30-footers at Newport some time during the New York Y. C. cruise. It may be sailed in connection with the sweepstake race for 40s, to be given by the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, and it may be sailed in connection with a 40ft. race to be given by the New York Y. C., if that club follows its last year's programme and gives a race for 40s. Of Boston 30s, it is probable that the Saladin, Hawk and Shark will go around to Newport for this race. The Shark is sure to go, and owner Prince, too, will probably make a match race with the Kathleen, if no other way of meeting the crack New York 30-footer presents itself. T. C. Zerega is more inclined to bring the Kathleen to Marblehead than he was a few weeks ago, and it is reported that he has already made a match race with the Shona, to be sailed in Eastern waters. The Burgess 30-footers Tomboy and Gladys hail from Newport and will doubtless swell the entries of the proposed race. The race will probably be sailed between Aug. 8 and Aug. 11.—*Boston Globe.*

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The annual cruise will begin on July 21 The squadron will rendezvous off Thompson's Island, and on signal the fleet will pass by the stern of the flagship and proceed to Marblehead. From there the cruise will extend to Provincetown and Duxbury. W. S. Nickerson is fleet captain.

PAVONIA Y. C.—The new house and station of this club at Atlantic Highlands was opened with appropriate ceremonies on July 19, many visitors being present.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—Owing to the very squally nature of the wind, the strong adverse tide and the heavy sea that ran riot in the Hudson River on July 12, the small boat classes in the Hudson River Squadron regatta were compelled to abandon the race. The cat class qualified, the Uno winning. The regatta committee of this squadron announces that they will resail the regatta later in the fall. On July 26, the East River Squadron will hold its regatta off the Knickerbocker Y. C. house, at Port Morris; entries may be made with A. Dahm-Petersen, 63 East 114th street. The fleet of this organization will assemble at New Rochelle, on Aug. 2, before 9 A. M., to take part in the annual cruise of the Navy. Mr. L. A. Camacho, of New Brighton, has been appointed secretary of the New York Bay Squadron. The first year book of the young Corinthian Navy, founded last winter, is a neat little volume in embossed cloth covers, containing a list of 168 members and 123 boats, mostly small cruisers such as canoe yawls and St. Lawrence River skiffs. The organization thus far has been remarkably successful and has a promising future before it. Proposed for membership: Edward C. Lewis, J. Gardner, Albert W. Hoor, W. F. R. Leigh, J. Lounsbery, H. H. Salmon, B. T. Squier and G. W. Gwilliams.

YACHTING DISASTERS.—The season has been marked by the usual number of capsizes and minor disasters, in all or nearly all cases due to poor boats or ignorance. This week a serious disaster is reported from Lake Michigan, two yachts from Chicago, the Sable and Iago, being caught in a tornado while cruising on the lake, and their crews, James and Joseph Beaupre and John and Abraham Durucher, being lost. The two vessels were hardly more than small centerboard boats, one of 24 and one of 14ft., and utterly unfitted for Lake Michigan. They sailed from St. Joseph, Mich., on July 14, for Chicago. On July 17 they were picked up, lashed together, by the steamer Puritan, but no traces of the men were found. On July 17, at 10 P. M., the steam launch Catharine was struck and sunk by the steamer St. Lawrence, near Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence River, five persons, including three ladies, being drowned. The launch was a party boat, hired by the day to tourists. On July 19 a centerboard boat was struck by a squall off Gloucester, Mass., and one of her crew of three was drowned, the others being rescued by a tug. On the same day a small boat was capsized in Boston Harbor, a boy being drowned, the two men in her being picked up by passing boats.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The fourth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 17, Vice-Com. Iselin presiding. The following new members were elected: Andrew B. Culver, Allen C. Washington, Henry Papne Whitney, Francis H. Weeks, W. Lewis Boyle, Howard W. Coates, William A. Read, William E. Dupont, Francis L. Leland, William H. Calhoun, John J. Pierrepont, William Rockefeller, J. S. Perkins, J. De Ver Warner, H. Van R. Kennedy, C. Barnum Seeley, Leonard F. Beckwith and Henry T. Sloane. Admiral John L. Worden was elected to honorary membership. Rear Admiral Iselin announced that he would offer a cup valued at $250 to be sailed for during the cruise. The following amendment to the racing rules was finally adopted: "Any yacht violating the racing rules of this club or the Government regulations as to the rules of the road, shall at the discretion of the regatta committee, be debarred from entering in any race of the club or races held under its management for such time as shall in their discretion be deemed advisable."

LARCHMONT Y. C.—In looking over the handsome book of the Larchmont Y. C. for 1890, it is hard to realize that the club has just reached its tenth birthday, in view of the facts that it stands second in point of membership, the total membership now being within 2 or 3 of 600, while it boasts the largest and finest house and the handsomest grounds of all American clubs. That so much has been done is due mainly to the foresight and energy of a few men, who have worked early and late to make the club a success. The fleet now includes 178 siling craft and 50 steamers. The new book, like its predecessor, is small and compact, but quite thick, and contains a great amount of matter relating to the club and to yachting in general. It is bound in the same flexible canvas cover that has been used by the club for several years and has become so well known among yachtsmen.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. CRUISE.—The cruise of the Great Head Y. C. began in a very lively manner on Saturday last, a violent squall sweeping down on the fleet during the review and capsizing the schooner Galena and the sloop Ruby, the two boats being towed ashore and the crews rescued. At 5 P. M. the fleet, including the following yachts, sailed for Marblehead: Widgeon, Com. E. A. Cook; Owl, Vice-Com. Cushing; Almira, Fleet-Capt. T. J. Young; Mayflower, H. H. Litchfield; Katherine, L. B. Smith; Galena, A. P. Bicknell; Nellie, George F. Floyd; Eclipse, D. N. Belcher; Recreation, Frank Ferdinand; Fancy, George L. Cade; Clio, C. B. Belcher; Ideal, L. B. Weston. The fleet will be gone three weeks, and will visit Portland, Boothbay, Rockland, Camden, Belfast, Castine and Mt. Desert.

NO MORE POTLEAD.—The value of a copper bottom has been known to many yachtsmen for a long time, but very few American yachtsmen have adopted it in yachts of 40ft. and under; copper, bronze and potlead still being the favorites. As soon as Gossoon returns from the E. Y. C. cruise she will be coppered at Lawley's preparatory to the New York Y. C. cruise. Fortunately she is well under her class, 39ft. 3 to 39ft. 5 in l.w.l., and she will stand the extra weight of copper very well. She is the first 40 of the Burgess fleet to be coppered. Minerva was coppered when she came here, but the only American 40 or 30 that has thus far tried copper is Helen.

EASTERN Y. C.—The fleet reached Bar Harbor on July 18, having passed Sunday at Portland. On Wednesday the yachts left Camden, but were becalmed in Egmoggin Reach. Pappoose ran on the Ship and Barge Ledge, off Bass Harbor, being fast on the rocks for 10 hours, Sea Fox lying by her, and finally helping her off. The squadron disbanded at Bar Harbor.

LARCHMONT Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Larchmont Y. C. reached New London early on July 14 in a heavy fog, having left Black Rock on the previous morning with a good breeze, but meeting the fog off Bartlett's Reef. On July 15, in spite of the fog, the fleet ran to Shelter Island, lying there over Wednesday and Thursday.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C. CRUISE.—The cruise of the Massachusetts Y. C. began on Saturday according to programme, with a review of the fleet off Thompson's Island, in Boston Harbor. After the review a heavy squall struck the fleet, some anchoring while others proceeded on the cruise.

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C.—Championship pennant sail-off of first class, July 19. Distance 5 miles; weather cloudy; wind, northwest, strong and puffy; ebb tide. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, J. F. Small	15.00	1 26 43	1 26 43
Minnie, James Bertram	14.10	1 24 40	1 24 29
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	14.11	Capsized.	

Minnie wins the pennant for the first class. Judges, James Bertram, S. C. Higgins and M. W. Ransom.

THE NEW LAUNCH HUM.—This odd little craft which was launched on the Harlem River on Saturday last, is but 16ft. 4in. long, but has a complete quadruple expansion engine, the cylinders being 2⅜, 3½, 4½ and 5¾in. by 2½. These are arranged to form a pair of tandem steeple engines, the high and low pressure having one rod and the two intermediate a second. The fuel used is a mixture of kerosene and several other oils, devised by Mr. Archibald Watt, the builder of the engines, the mixture being used to generate a gas which is used in place of steam in the cylinders. It is claimed that the process is very cheap, and that the fuel is carried in a very compact and convenient form. The Hum is of course only an experiment, if successful the engines and fuel will be tried on a larger scale.

HULL Y. C.—The Hull Y. C. starts its second 10 years of life with most promising prospects, having just taken possession of a new and very handsome house at Hull, near Boston, while its roll of members includes 315 names, with a fleet of 111 sailing craft and 19 steamers. The racing of which there has always been plenty, is practically limited to yachts of 40ft. and under, the fleet being specially strong in fast cat and jib and mainsail boats. The racing rule is length on waterline plus ¼ of after overhang.

HARLEM Y. C.—The new house of the Harlem Y. C. at College Point, L. I., was opened on July 19, a large number of guests being present. A ladies' race was on the programme, but the wind was too strong. The house was illuminated in the evening, a dance following the supper. During the afternoon a yacht capsized off the club house, but the crew were rescued.

A NEW AUXILIARY STEAM YACHT.—Messrs Neafie & Levy, of Philadelphia, have taken a contract for a large auxiliary steam yacht designed by Mr. J. Beavor-Webb for an American yachtsman whose name has not been made known. She will be 240ft. over all, 204ft. l.w.l., 27ft. beam and 13ft. draft, and will be ready by spring.

A NOVEL RACE OF NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.—On Tuesday morning a curious race was started off the Corinthian Y. C. house at Staten Island, the contestants being two 25ft. naphtha launches built by the Gas Engine & Power Co., and the course being around Long Island, finishing off the American Y. C. house at Milton's Neck, a distance of some 240 miles.

OYSTER BAY Y. C.—The postponed race for the Commodore's cup, the first of a series of five, was sailed on July 19 in a strong S.W. wind. Sinbad, owned by Thos. Young and sailed by E. T. Underhill, beat Marion, owned by Mr. Underhill. The owners decided by lot who should sail the boat.

A MATCH OFF BRIDGEPORT.—Arrangements are being made for a match between the fast jib and mainsail boat Eureka, of Boston, and the Rival, owned by Com. Burritt of Bridgeport. No date is yet fixed.

ALICE—GOSSIP.—The McVey 40, Alice, has been named Gossip by her new owner. Her mast has been moved aft one foot and nearly 600lbs. of lead have been added to her keel.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—On July 15 the handsome new house of the Savin Hill Y. C., designed by Fleet Captain W. H. Besarick, was opened with a ball.

TRIXIE—HONORÉ.—A match has been made between Messrs. W. Butler Duncan and C. Oliver Iselin to sail these two cats off Newport.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.—The regatta of July 22 has been postponed to July 30, at which date the fleet of the N. Y. Y. R. A. is expected.

WANDA, steam yacht, has been chartered by Mr. Jas. Stillman to Mr. J. T. Coolidge, of Boston, and is now at Bar Harbor.

GOLDEN FLEECE, steam yacht, sailed from Cowes for New York on July 15.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. D. W.—See notes on Lake George fishing in last issue and today.

C. O. M.—Try Tim Pond or Round Mountain Lakes, reached via Eustis, Me.

J. F. R.—See our angling columns of last week, and an advertisement of a preserving powder in this issue.

O. W. D., Boston.—We believe that there are such law, there is at least one in the District of Columbia. We will examine the other statutes and report next week.

S. Q., Seabright, N. J.—Will you kindly inform me what kind and what size of hook to use for striped bass, ranging from 1 to 5lbs., for river fishing, where there is a swift current, using crabs or eels for bait? Ans. Use Nos. 2-0 to 4-0, highest quality Sproat, snelled on trible loops or double gut, and a 3ft. double leader.

R. P. S., Connecticut.—1. Can you enlighten me through your columns whether or not the experiment of rearing minks in captivity has been tried, and if so, with what result? 2. Can I get any book on the subject, and if so, where? 3. Has the attempt been made with otters, and results? Ans. 1. The attempt to rear minks has been made, but we have never heard of its success. 2. We know of no book on the subject. 3. We believe it to be impossible to breed otters in captivity.

A MODEL RAILWAY.—The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.—*Adv.*

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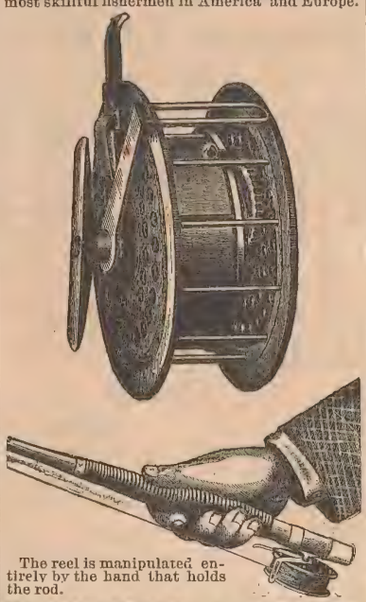
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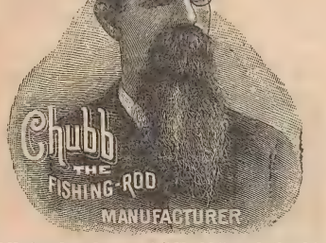


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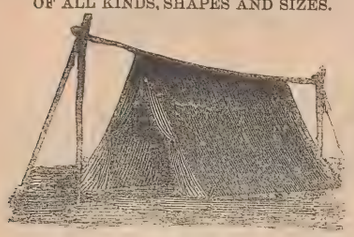
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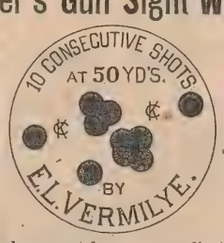
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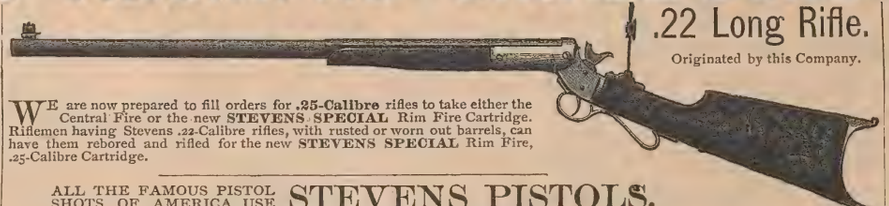
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THE BLUEFISH IN HIS ABUNDANCE.

FISHERMEN with rod and line or line and squid have amply satisfied themselves by this time that bluefish have severely scourged the seacoast from North Carolina to Massachusetts, and doubtless further north. Early in July the waters of New Jersey were the scene of their depredations and their undoing for sport and for profit. Everybody knows that tons and tons of these fish have been dumped into markets of New York and Boston, where they quickly produced a glut—as one would expect from such inveterate gluttons. On July 16, 100bbls. of bluefish arrived in Boston from Cape Cod, and on the 17th the run continued. It seems but yesterday that we heard of the terrible onslaughts of these piratical hordes by which the beach at Atlantic City was lined with helpless masses of fish, struggling to escape from the destructive jaws of their dreaded enemy, the bluefish. There was a report that the victims picked up on the sands or scooped out of shallow depths with nets were menhaden; but we are informed by Mr. T. F. Schneider, of Washington, D. C., who was on the ground soon after the occurrence, that they were weakfish beyond the possibility of a doubt. This goes to verify a statement, more than once repeated in FOREST AND STREAM, that the bluefish is the great destroyer of food fishes and does not limit his savage attentions to the menhaden. Alewives, scup, mackerel and every other fish of suitable size serve to dull the edge of his keen appetite. Anchovies, young herring, silversides and the young of all food fishes in his vicinity, are bolted into his capacious maw, beginning with the period in his career when men call him the snapping mackerel.

We know little about the babyhood of this rapacious species. The U. S. Fish Commission has collected examples of one inch or less in length at sea, well off our Middle States, but the embryonic history of the fish is very imperfectly understood. The adult is pelagic and a rover, coming suddenly with a great wave of disaster to his contemporaries, and going without apparent cause into obscure retreats, which the eye of science has not yet penetrated; but whether in bays and sounds of the Western Atlantic, or on the shores of West Africa, or plunging through Indian Seas, the bluefish never changes his relentless ferocity, however men may change his name. Therefore, when we hear that vessels are creaking with their burdens of bluefish and that successful fishermen like our friend Schneider, during a brief vacation from columns and arches and building lines, have gathered in hundreds of pounds of these animated chopping machines with a clumsy combination of iron and bone, lead and cotton twine, sometimes baited with a piece of rag, we take courage, look more hopefully into the future, and fall upon our broiled bluefish, alias tailor, with renewed relish. Why should not the bluefish be a choice morsel since he appropriates and assimilates the best of the food fishes which the waters contain?

STRAY DOGS AND THE A. K. C.

THE dog question in any large city is a permanent and a pressing one. Year in and year out the care and control of the thousands of these animals resident within city limits engage the attention of a large number of individuals and entail an expenditure of many thousands of dollars. The matter may be looked at from a dozen various standpoints. A chapter might be written upon the care of dogs in town, another upon the various cruelties practiced and the measures for their repression; yet again there is the question of the best breeds of dogs for use as house pets and the characteristics of each. But apart from all these is the ever current problem of disposing of the stray and worthless curs. In past numbers FOREST AND STREAM has gone somewhat into the ways and manners of doing this work in various cities, and from these it is easy to gather the conclusion that there is a woful want of any sort of a systematic, sensible style of disposing of the dog condemned as useless to society.

Here in New York we have daily exhibitions of how not to do it, or rather how to do it in the most brutal and revolting fashion. The dog-catcher is the freebooter of the streets. His presence fills dog owners and dog lovers with dread and disgust; and after all, the work undertaken is only half done and at an expense out of all proportion to the results accomplished. It is enough to know that the evil exists, the practical question is how to remedy the present abuses. We find a hint as to the solution of this problem in the work of a dozen societies, organized for a specific line of endeavor. Instances by the dozen will occur to the mind of any reader, where laws and ordinances remained dead letters on the statute book until some society was brought into being, self-charged with the task of the enforcement of this or that part of the code.

Why not, then, in furtherance of this same plan, have the American Kennel Club take upon itself the task of dog regulation in the metropolis. The plain object of the very proper dog law is the destruction of worthless animals. Who more competent to discriminate upon the fate of a dog than the members and agents of such a club? It is a body of dog lovers, of lovers of good dogs, and able to pick out and condemn those not worthy of life. Then we should hear no more tales of brutal blackmailing, of the persistent worrying of dog admirers which is now going on. The friendless street animal will be removed quietly and effectually, while the really valuable dog, even though for the moment he may be astray, will not be hurried away or held for ransom. Secretary Vredenburgh would find in the control and direction of such a work in such a city as this a fine outlet for his highly esteemed executive talent and managerial ability. Gradually such innovations will be made in the whole system as will bring it up to the proper requirements of this age. Dog lovers will coöperate with the dog catcher, and the general public will be more than satisfied with a plan which puts just the right person to direct a work for which he is, by training and natural tendencies, eminently qualified. The American Kennel Club is possessed of enthusiasm, of knowledge, of means. It has the friends of the dog on its member's list roll and what greater act of friendship could be done to the whole dog world than the decent disposal of dogs deemed unworthy of life. The plain simple issue is: First.—The present method, at least in this city, could not be worse. Second.—The American Kennel Club is eminently qualified to undertake and carry through the work in a fashion satisfactory to all. Third.—Will the American Kennel Club undertake the work and further extent its field in this line of endeavor?

There is need of reform in other cities as well. The police of Pittsburgh, Pa., have been disgracing themselves and humanity by their brutal killing of dogs; little pets were killed almost in children's arms, and the officers, fired by the hope of a paltry reward, ran amuck until stopped by the Humane Society.

FISH FOR PARK WATERS.

FOREST AND STREAM has kept it readers informed of the progress of the great work in fish planting to be undertaken in the National Park. As is well known to those familiar with this region, there are many lakes and streams which, while apparently in every way suited to support trout and other food fish, are now quite destitute of fish life. These waters abound in insect and other fish food.

Soon after reaching the Park, Captain Boutelle, the Superintendent, who is an enthusiastic angler, learned of these barren waters and made up his mind that they could be utilized. He communicated with Colonel McDonald, the U. S. Fish Commissioner, and when the latter learned the facts of the case they interested him so greatly that he made a visit to the Park, and in company with Captain Boutelle went over a good part of the ground. The results of this visit have already been stated. Last fall a few thousand fry of the Eastern brook trout were planted in the Gardiner River, and these have already attained a length of from 4 to 6in. This is very satisfactory evidence of the possibilities of these barren waters.

Preliminary to the work of planting the large shipment of fish in these Yellowstone waters was the visit to the Park made last autumn by Messrs. Jordan and Gilbert for the purpose of studying the waters which it is proposed to stock and their life. Now Prof. S. A. Forbes, whose work on the food of birds and fishes is well known, and Prof. Edwin Linton, of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., have gone to the Park to make collections of the invertebrates occurring in its lakes and rivers, particularly those forming the food of fishes. The principal lakes which will be studied are the Yellowstone and Heart in the region now inhabited by trout, and Shoshone and Lewis lakes, which are at present destitute of trout. These two gentlemen will be the only naturalists engaged in that investigation; they will employ such helpers as they require at the scene of operations, and will be occupied there about one month. Another very important feature of their work will be the study of the entozoa and other parasites affecting the fishes of the region. After this work is completed Prof. Forbes will take up the same line of investigation in Lake Michigan, where he will have a rich field of study.

Mr. E. R. Lucas is preparing to start for the Park in advance of the shipment of trout from Northville. He will make arrangements for the movement of the fish promptly upon their arrival at Cinnabar, to which point the car will carry them. Mr. Lucas will also collect whitefish and grayling from the tributaries of the Madison and deposit them in Yellowstone River above the falls, and Yellowstone Lake, near its outlet. Grayling will be planted in the Lava and Tower Creek basins.

The trout will be forwarded by car No. 2 from Northville in charge of Mr. Dunnington. They are all fingerlings, and include lake trout, 100,000; von Behr trout, 25,000; Loch Leven, 25,000, and brook trout, 25,000. Landlocked salmon were to be sent also, but the young of this species held at Northville failed to do well and the introduction of this fish must be deferred for the present. The lake trout and Loch Levens are intended for lakes Shoshone and Lewis. The von Behr (*S. fario*) go to the Fire Hole and the Nez Perces. The brook trout are intended for the Gardiner River Basin, which was stocked with this species last summer. The transfer to lakes Shoshone and Lewis, which are now destitute of trout, will be made by mule packs, and this has involved the construction of special transfer cans, which will be taken out in the car.

This is the most important and extensive transfer of trout ever undertaken, with regard to the number of fish and the vast extent of territory to be stocked. The entire work will be prosecuted with the valuable advice and effective co-operation of Capt. Boutelle, Superintendent of the Park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NEPEAGUE SHORE.

INTO every well-developed, vigorous life there comes at times an almost irresistible longing for broader fields and unrestricted breadths of wood or seas, where the eye can look over uninterrupted areas of green, and find perhaps one little iota of this restless feeling soothed by clear blue sky and fresh, untainted winds. Those of us whom fate has made unwilling atoms in this great pulsing throb of life in great cities, where harsh necessity, the tide of unalterable circumstances, keeps them bending over books or desks and behind office bars, have one pleasure left—a delight, quiet and mild, yet none the less deep-seated and intense—the pleasure of visiting again those places, hallowed now by the memory of all the young dreams and happy fancies that these same old scenes were wont to call up when the sun of life was but half-way toward the zenith. Is there not some dim old woodland path, some leafy nook on the edge of the forest, or perhaps a stream bubbling through the moss-bound rocks, dearer to us than any others? Spots where we lingered watching the glory of declining day, where the lovely arbutus or low-nodding violet first called into active being a desire to investigate further into the mysteries surrounding their growth—places associated in the present with days believed to have been the happiest we ever knew. How clearly some scenes and incidents are photographed upon the mind, remaining long distinct and sharp, undimmed by the lapse of years. Time is not so harsh but it allows some peaceful hours to come to all. It is of these rifts I would tell, through which sunlight has gleamed and broken the monotony of life, for one who loves the gun far more because it brings him closer to the secrets of nature's heart than for the birds which fall before its flame.

The first impression of Good Ground is one of disappointment. There is absolutely no suggestion of even a village. The station with its inevitable accompaniment of a miscellaneous country store just across the "street" looks lonely, and a low stretch of dwarf oak covered country, so limitless that the eye circling the horizon for some break rests with a sense of relief upon a thin column of red, visible away to the sou'eastward above the rim of pines. The town itself is laid out upon that generous disregard for the commercial foot value of real estate characteristic of all South Side hamlets.

Late in September toward the close of a warm Saturday afternoon I found room underneath the seat in the springboard for a collection of traps and space enough alongside the driver for myself. The prevalent custom of keeping roads in good repair by compelling every resident to give so many days per year grading and leveling has not been productive of very satisfactory results in this particular village. However, complaint is not quite in order at present, and I am slightly sensible that I would be the first to condemn another gunner for noticing such nothings. A little depression throws your side of the buckboard down a couple of feet. Your arms reach out and grasp the stoical driver with an earnestness and mute expression of affection in their pressure that he actually smiles. Then on the upward movement of the wheels mayhap you are unwise enough to attempt regaining your center of gravity by extending a leg. After the tire has deposited a large section of mud and sand along your trousers you realize your lack of foresight. Fun! why, certainly. What do you care about "them city clothes" now. This is a place where shoes are kept in the same box with "meetin' suit" and hats, "boiled shirts," collars, etc., are at a heavy discount. What difference does it make when the festive horse's hoofs decorate your phiz with various G-sized bits of mud? None at all! Offer your taciturn companion another weed, which he condescendingly tells you is "middlin' fair," and smile, and laugh and joke. So that cigar is "purty good," is it? thought I to myself. Such back-handed, qualified thanks are all I get for it, is it? Why, you old vandal, that was one of the same identical cigars for which I, in the recklessness of my anticipated trip, "blew in" as much "gold dust," as would buy six of the "kill-me-quicks" retailed "up ter ther store."

The first handshake with "Cap'n" Forster makes one feel perfectly at home. He is not a captain by courtesy, like so many South Bay skippers, but comes by the title honestly, for in the old days when the harbors of New London, New Bedford and Providence were alive with whaling craft, the big Petrel sailed under his command. Continual companionship with the broad, free ocean and piping winds leaves its impress upon men whose lives lie within those lines. Fishermen and baymen all have that rugged expression of good nature and sterling honesty widely different from their less fortunate brothers toiling within the narrow walls of cities. Where is there a more genial, open-handed, happy crowd of fellows than the brave boys of our Life-Saving Service.

Activity and enterprise have never been predominant traits in the make-up of the average Long Islander. He takes matters with an even philosophy, slightly aggravating when you want to catch a train, but otherwise tolerable. In fact, it would require no acute observer to deduce this lack of energy from the air of lassitude and desertion pervading the towns. The reorganization of the L. I. R. R., and the enormous increase in values of property following this improved railway service, has stimulated somewhat whatever latent industry there is within them. Summer boarders are not profitable enough to enable a famly to live throughout a winter on the surplus; so the men still follow in the footsteps of their fathers. Winter and summer you can see the oyster sloops making westward through Fire Island Inlet, skirting the shores of Long and Rockaway beaches, bound for the fish markets of New York. Daring, fearless, experienced old sea dogs they are, too, caring as little for the tossing ocean as we do about the broad, level road which we traverse; steering their staunch singlestickers with an infallible certainty born of lifelong acquaintance with the sea and the fluctuating, uncertain breaths that sweep over its surface. Oystering and eeling are the two principal industries on the South Side, and always will be until the time—I hope never—when the power of the broad Atlantic shall crush with its never ceasing blows the thin breakwater of the Great South Bay, mingling the waters and making the South Bay a thing of the past.

The pleasantest charm in the broad pine forests is that atmosphere of peace and tranquillity found only in the dark shadows of their inter-twisting limbs. A subtle witchery broods there—a nameless enchantment, soothing the spirit of those over whom the rolling years pass, but to add to their burden of care—with a hand undefined, yet tangible, the invisible, sympathetic touch of that wondrous mother, to whose heart we all return. Even on bright days, cool shadows continue here, and in the long vistas between upright trunks lingers an air of coolness and content. But it is only when the soft moonlight falls above that the full beauty, the indescribable romance, impresses you most deeply.

I wandered for miles that night through noiseless pathways, checkered with shafts of moonlight sifting downward from the interstellar foliage. Perfect quiet—such a silence as reigned above the entire earth when moonlight was reflected from interminable areas of ice in the dawn of time. Absolutely no sound—not even the echo of a footstep, for on the elastic carpeting of pine needles the foot falls as lightly as upon snow. Later in the evening, the night wind came faintly across the shining stretch of moonlit water. Wandering breaths, searching for hidden paths among the trees call into life their sleeping music. The throb of nature's heart never ceases, even in the tranquillity of a September night, for as I passed along the edge of a meadow, from concealed nooks among the reeds arose the myriad minor voices of the marsh; and at times from the darkness above comes the soft whistle of some bird.

It was late when I returned; and, after getting the rig all laid out and ready to "jump into" and clearing a small space for the watch and matches on the chair, I "turned in." Whatever sleep did come my way came in very short instalments, and this was distorted by a varied assortment of spectacular hallucinations. Awaking from one of these private entertainments I struck a match. "Four o'clock! Come, tumble out!" says I to myself.

Of the rather remarkable fact, that although the room contained but two chairs, both were encountered before the lamp was lit, of the activity of doors coming too with a bang loud enough to rouse the entire house, of the sudden dawning on your mind that your shoes were never made to descend even one flight of stairs in the dark, of these and sundry other little nothings I'll "draw it mild," for I know "you've been there before" yourself. But the end amply repaid all these petty exasperations. The front door lock mystery was undergoing intent consideration, assisted by a "prayer not loud but oh! so deep," when I heard a knob turned at the other end of the hall and the next instant the rays of a lamp gleamed down the passage. I was in the shade of a doorway and, having desisted operations, everything was quiet. Mustering up courage she stepped out into the hall and asked, with a voice in which alarm could not hide the sweet intonation: "Who's there?" I think I shall always remember that pretty picture—so fascinating that my artistic instincts conquered politeness; I remained silent, watching the play of sharp light and shade as she stood there with the lamp held above her head. She discovered that it was not a tramp trying to force an entry, about the same time that she remembered the white and linen nature of her attire. A suppressed scream, a slammed door; and then came blackness, deep, intense, Stygian gloom, with the problem of getting out of that door still before the house.

And now let me ease my spirit of a burden; for it is written that "an honest confession is good for the soul." Ye stoical sportsmen who demand an account of every shell fired; who when you go a-hunting could tell how every minute of time, 'twixt sunrise and sunset, was spent searching the cover or field; considering him who employs the day otherwise as an unworthy brother. Though I disclaim any sympathy with such rigid rules, finding no pleasure in headlong pursuit, still it is before the bar of your decision I stand, knowing that the others, the great majority, would have done even as did I. Every afternoon birds were forgotten, and the Irene carried precious freight (158lbs.) over the rippling waters. So powerful was this attraction that even when the morning's shoot was good and I felt certain it would be still better later in the day, I would gather up stools, hoist the big mainsail and slip away from the "hole in the wall" across the bay in time for dinner. After that the same one who as a vision of loveliness had appeared the first morning would join us, and we were a very merry company—the Mainsail, the Vision and I. Maybe she would take the tiller for a while and amuse herself experimenting how closely the Irene would run into the wind, while I sat alongside explaining some of the principles of sailing, etc. One good point about the Irene's sailing qualities I never appreciated until both of us were afloat. She would lay up into the wind on a course, without a hand on the tiller, and it was a very good virtue, for although there was a crew of two aboard, Irene was sometimes left to herself. Occasionally there would arise within me a feeling of condemnation at my lack of indifference to "the light that lies in woman's eye," when the gun was on the other side of the balance. And having summed up the defense, before you pass judgment, remember—look backward on your own young days—and perhaps you will find a leaf almost similar there.

But enough said—of course, any fool would know there was a catch 2in. above the floor on that door—at least, after he has wasted no insignificant amount of concentrated suppressed vocal energy before discovering the fact.

The moon has set, and the impenetrable darkness preceding the coming dawn lay over field and water. From the grass, covered with its satin-finished coating of hoar frost, arose a cool revivifyng air. The Dipper, Pleiades and kindred constellations have sunk further into the south. Brilliant and sparkling, just above the horizon, shines Venus—another world, our morning star. Beautifully gleams this etherial electric light, shining with her trail of silvery splendor above the dark wide reach of bay, and in its glassy depths, reflected, are mirrored the myriad worlds and suns of which man has no ken. The weirdness and majesty of the starlit, fathomless purple dome throw their influence over the solitary figure standing on the shore, and there comes over me that overpowering penetrating sense of the presence of the night, familiar to all who wander much alone on water or through forest. Is this a dream, or reality? No hum of cities with their eager quest, nothing but a dim memory of their thousands, while I lie looking upward at the stars and the great looming sail amid silence, save from the faint swish of divided water at the bows, telling we are afloat.

The east flushes and grows brighter, flecks of rose-tinted cirrus clouds rise from the bosom of the sea, mount upward and fade away toward the west. Before the sun rose above the sandy domes I saw his rays touch the lighthouse, and give warmer coloring to the far away Shinnecock Hills, while I was still in shadow. With his coming came the wind, increasing steadily, but ever shifting, now east, nor'east, north, finally settling out of the nor'west.

Sitting there upon the sand, my pipe smoke curling off in swirls, the clamorous, steady roar of the sea brought to me a picture of decades ago and tales of the wreckers of this shore. Back, way back in the 40's, before the broad shaft of the "light" threw its cheering glare across the wintery sea, the hardened spirits of this sandy soil practiced dastardly tricks upon unfortunate skippers driven upon a lee. In wild sou'easters, when spray from salt water froze along the sand, in the winter nights, these wreckers led donkeys across the beach with lanterns fastened to their saddle, deceiving sailors by the up and down motion as the animals crossed the hills; they mistaking them for another vessel's lights and shaping a course to destruction. Even now skeletons of these vessels refuse to be buried by shifting sand, remaining mute evidence of half savage times on the Nepeague beach.

Why tell of the birds I killed, or give a detailed account of each shot. There are "reminiscences" enough of that character already, and take it not amiss if I say such descriptions do not interest me very deeply, and maybe it would not be assuming too much to think you are of the same mind. He who sees nothing after a day's outing but the ragged mass of feathers in a bag deserves not sympathy, but pity. What snipe I did drop were nearly all single or double shots, some easy, some not quite so sure; but the result was much more satisfactory than had I filled a basket of the long-legged little fellows. A "high boy" (great blue heron) was unlucky enough to allow me to stalk him, and he with three or four hawks, were all the outside victims I gathered in.

The day that broke so fair ends in clouds. The warm light breaking through gray nimbus in the west grows fainter, the gloom deepens, and gathering night mists shut out the waters. Long rollers break upon wet sand, the twilight darkens, and through all comes the changeless, deepening voice of the waves across the swales and long meadows. Changeless; yes, changeless as eternity. Perhaps long years hence in the sunset of our lives we will travel back to these same climes, listen to the old familiar lonely song and gaze with dimmed eyes over sparkling summer seas, remembering the old memories and longings of these days. Perhaps we shall then understand better this vague sense of the infinite we feel in the presence of the vast expanses of beach and wave. We who have loved the scene from of old, through our years of youth and strength—when we have changed and grown weary and returning again, how will we find the echo of numberless surges driving landward? Still changeless!

REX B.

A PLEA FOR MODERATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have shared the fare, the camps and the tramps of hunters in most of the regions of this country where large game is followed, and oftener still where the game is not very large. I like real hunters, as I do all real out-of-door people, and I would go further to listen to a man who knows things about the ways of birds and beasts from having seen them himself, and not from having read about them in books, than to hear a learned professor explain the phenomenology of Schopenhauer. But I fear we shall soon have to depend altogether on invention and ancient history for our stories of animals. It is queer that while we are exterminating all the most interesting wild creatures as rapidly as possible so many people wish to read stories about them, but do not care enough to try to preserve any of them for material for future stories.

I have a feeling that it is wicked to "make up" stories of the behavior of animals, that is, to circulate false reports about them. I think it would be much better for us if we had a better understanding of the minds and ways of beasts and birds. All true accounts by competent observers are valuable, but I do not care for stories which show that their writers know no more of the habits of the creatures they describe than they do of the conditions of life on the moons of Mars. Fiction or invention regarding the conduct of animals is confusing and misleading, however interesting it may be.

Your remarks on the excessive slaughter of game, and its rapid diminution everywhere, remind me of one thing which I have observed and heard of wherever I have been, and which real hunters everywhere say is true, and that is that the excessive and wanton butchery of game, from mere greed or lust of killing, is not often, if it is ever, the work of the rough, outlandish men of the woods. They are generally more humane and reasonable. The killing of game out of season, and of that which cannot be used, the slaughter without scruple or limit, for the mere sake of slaughter, is, I believe, nearly everywhere the act of men who are supposed to be intelligent, cultivated and refined, and from whom we have a right to expect better things. In the Siskiyou Mountains I once saw an old hunter who went across the plains in '49, and soon took to the wilds with his gun. He said: "Of late years all kinds of men come here to hunt. Those that act the hog the worst of all, and try to butcher everything right away, are the very men that think they know what's right better than anybody else. I've seen some of them kill bears when my sympathy was decidedly with the bears." I have heard the same thing in the Adirondacks and in Maine, in Texas and Arkansas, in the Judith Basin and along the Similkameen River and around the Klamath Lakes.

I wish to ask whether there is not something that can be done to bring the pressure of public sentiment to bear on these butchers. If the public sentiment has yet to be created, let us begin to do that. Of course such men should be punished for all violations of the game laws, but, besides that, they ought to be made to feel, in society at home, that such conduct in the woods is disgraceful. Many things indicate that unless we change our present methods of action and management very decidedly, we are likely to destroy all orders of living things except ourselves and mere vermin. When all game birds are extinct, the song birds which may then remain will be killed for the sake of having something alive to shoot at. Then the planet will be given over to insects, and a battle

to the death between them and man will begin everywhere. Under such conditions the odds would be largely in favor of the bugs. The earth would probably be uninhabitable for man without the aid of his allies, the insect-eating birds. I am glad to read in FOREST AND STREAM of hunters who do not try to kill everything they see. If we were civilized enough, so that nobody could act the hog in the woods, there would always be some game for the hunters of each succeeding generation.

We ought to have a great public game preserve and fishing ground in the Adirondack region of this State, and several others in the West. If we have a proper sense of what is due to ourselves, and to those who shall come after us, the care of public hunting grounds will not be a matter of great expense. All excess and abuse of opportunity in such preserves should be regarded as disgraceful vandalism, like defacement of noble and priceless works of ancient art. J. B. HARRISON.

52 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

A NOTE FROM "PACIFIC."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A year has passed since I was hastily summoned from my tour on the Pacific coast to return to my home—poor, desolate old Johnstown. And what a home-coming it was! One year prior to that time, in company with three friends true and tried, I left home with all the enthusiasm of an ardent sportsman. Our exploits through southern and lower California have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and I promised to write up our trip on the Columbia and Williamette rivers; but, alas! The trip was never made. In the midst of our preparations, news of the terrible calamity at Johnstown flashed over the wires, and within three hours we were speeding homeward as fast as steam could carry us. I wired sister and Frank* to meet us at the station in St. Louis, but upon our arrival there they were not visible. We went to their home and found to our chagrin that Frank had gone to Johnstown on the day after the flood, and—"What's that? You say the madam was there at the time of the flood?" "Yes, sir; she was visiting friends there, her and the boy, and we haven't heard a word from her," said the servant. "Great God!" I exclaimed, "I supposed she was safe here in St. Louis." Sadly retracing our steps we returned to the station and boarded the first east-bound train. No need to chronicle my thoughts on that trip. I lived over again my three trips to Florida, each time bringing home a brother or sister—dead; my last trip with my only living sister, who was rapidly failing, but who was restored to health by our extended cruise in a launch on the St. Johns and Oklawaha; our trip next year to Colorado, jolly old Frank always with us; their marriage next year, and the many happy days we have spent together since. Ah, how beautiful she was, and how noble Frank!

I will not harrass your readers with a description of the awful scenes we witnessed when six days after that damnable flood we reached Johnstown. Two days of climbing over debris, searching the different morgues for sister's remains and keeping a sharp lookout for Frank, we finally, in sheer exhaustion, lay down under a tree beside the Conemaugh and fell asleep. I don't know how long we slept, but suddenly I heard a shriek, and looking up I beheld Frank. Poor, haggard, careworn Frank! He, too, had been searching everywhere for our darling, but found her not. On that day hundreds of bodies had been brought to the various morgues, and in the evening we made another tour among them. Reverently raising cover after cover, I finally encountered the face of my own darling sister. With a stifled sob I called Frank, and, well, we fell into each others arms and wept. There she lay, so beautiful even in death. A hand was laid on our shoulders and a gentle voice said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." It was the voice of our old minister. We buried the remains of sister, but the body of little Frankie, a wee tot four years old, has never been recovered.

I write this in reply to several inquiries in FOREST AND STREAM concerning my whereabouts, and my reasons for not furnishing the promised letters of our intended cruise in the Northwest.

CRESSON SPRINGS, Pa., July 12. PACIFIC.

*Our readers who have followed "Pacific" in his wanderings in a steam launch will remember that Frank constituted one of the party for two seasons, and that in 1884 he married "Pacific's" sister Lillian.—ED. F. & S.

Natural History.

HABITS OF THE WHITE GOAT.

BY JOHN FANNIN AND GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

AT first thought it seems not a little remarkable that no adequate account of the habits of the white antelope has ever been written. This animal is quite abundant over a considerable part of northwestern America; and yet it has remained, up to within a few years, almost wholly unknown. The earliest descriptions of the species were given to the world more than seventy years ago, and since then many figures of it have been published; but while the measurements and descriptions taken from skins are often fairly correct, the illustrations of the animal give no more idea of how it looks when alive than do the fables told about its habits a true notion of its mode of life. From the time of its discovery almost down to the present an air of mystery has surrounded it, and almost everything that we have been told about it has been based on error. Few hunters have been aware of its existence, fewer still have seen it alive, and of these not many have had the energy and the nerve that are often called in play to clamber over the rough rocks and scale the stupendous precipices which are the home of this animal. To those of us who are familiar with the habits of this interesting species it is not surprising that it should have remained unknown, nor that erroneous ideas as to its habits should have grown up among hunters who had heard of, but had never seen it.

The white antelope is an alpine animal and makes his home among the loftiest peaks of the high mountains of the western country. Even the pika, or little chief hare, has a lower range than the white antelope, and lives in situations where it is much easier to get about. Not content with this elevated range, this species prefers the roughest, rockiest mountain sides, and is more often seen on some narrow shelf of a vertical precipice than elsewhere. We believe that it is without a peer in this respect, and that it can move about with ease where no other creature unprovided with wings would be safe. This singularly elevated and forbidding habitat removes the animal from the range of almost all white hunters except those who pursue game for sport. There is no inducement for any one to hunt it. No part of it has any commercial value. The hunting is most laborious, for it must be done altogether on foot, and one must usually climb several thousand feet, over steep slide rock and up vertical precipices, before reaching the haunts of the game. The hide is scarcely worth taking off, for it brings only from 25 cents to $1, a sum which would hardly pay for the trouble of skinning and the labor of carrying it down the mountain on one's back. The flesh—though this is largely a matter of individual taste—is at best dry and without character, or else, as in the case of the old males and females, has too much character, being so strongly flavored with musk as to be utterly uneatable unless a man is starving. The kids and the young females under three years old can be eaten, and, indeed, if they have been killed in such situations that they have not fallen and bruised themselves, their flesh is wholly without unpleasant flavor. Still, no one except an Indian is likely to hunt the animal for its flesh, except in case of necessity. Certain tribes of Indians, as will be shown further on, do hunt the white antelope systematically for its flesh and for its hide.

Up to within a few years, as indeed by many people at the present time, the white antelope has been regarded as the very rarest of the larger mammals of North America. Even now it is not common in collections, and naturalists know but little more of its habits than they did fifty years ago. The reason is obvious. The animal is known only to the hunter, and has never fallen under the observation of a hunter who was also a naturalist. Only in recent years, and, as far as we are aware, only in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has anything been written about it which is intelligent and true. Except in these accounts there is scarcely anything on record by an original observer since Dr. Harlan's quotation from Major S. H. Long, published in 1825, and it is a curious fact that the two most trustworthy accounts of this animal which we have, though both are general in character, are those of Harlan and Richardson, published fifty years ago. Subsequent accounts have added nothing to theirs, but, by mixing a great deal that is fabulous with a moderate amount of truth, have done much to disseminate erroneous ideas about this species. The fact that it has remained almost unknown to hunters has led writers to descant on its rarity, and above all on its wariness, and has lent an air of probability to such marvelous tales as that it prefers death to capture, and will throw itself over a cliff a thousand feet in height rather than fall into the hunter's hands.

The white antelope is essentially a mountain dweller, and is most at home among the bare rocks. In the southern part of its range—in the United States—the mountains which it inhabits must be high, for, as has been said, it is an arctic animal, and with it, altitude must answer for latitude. It prefers, we believe, a country of great precipitation, and thus we find it more abundant toward the Pacific Coast, on the high mountains whose cold summits, opposing themselves to the warm winds rushing eastward from the western ocean, condense their moisture, which falls almost constantly as mist or rain or snow. His warm coat of mixed wool and hair protects the antelope against wind and rain, and against cold and snow. He has only the heats of summer to fear, and his elevated habitat enables him to escape any great suffering from this cause, besides which, in midsummer at the time of shedding his coat, he becomes almost as naked as a newly shorn sheep. A coat such as that possessed by this antelope is above all others best adapted for protection against wet and cold. In some respects it is like that of the collie dog, which is constantly exposed to the cold rains and mists of the Scottish Highlands. It consists of an outer coat of long coarse hair and an inner one of fine close wool. The long coarse hair of its top coat sheds the water like a thatched roof, so that the under wool is never wet, and this under wool is the best possible protection against the cold. The preference of this animal is unquestionably for a country where the humidity is great. It is found scarcely or not at all in the arid regions of the Central plateau. As we have stated in a previous paper, we have no certain record of its capture in Wyoming, Utah or Nevada, but that it can exist in the high mountains of this arid region is shown by its occurrence in Colorado. Except as a straggler, however, it certainly does not occur to the southeast of western Montana and Idaho. It ought to be found in the Teton Range, but we are unaware of its occurrence there, although these mountains would seem to present all the conditions of climate, altitude and roughness suited to the habits of this singular animal. If found on the Tetons it might well enough occur on the western slope of Mount Sheridan, and perhaps on other mountains in the National Park; but here, as has been said, there is no record of its existence.

When we say that the white antelope is a mountain dweller and is most at home among the bare rocks, it must not be inferred that it is only found on the loftiest pinnacles of the mountains. This animal is a great wanderer, and is sometimes to be met with in situations very unlike those which it commonly prefers. It often makes excursions into low valleys, sometimes descending to the very level of the sea, or traveling from one peak to another across wide stretches of level country, and sometimes even venturing out into the plains far from the rocks, which, usually, it seems to love so well. In fact in many of its habits it is an utter anomaly, and, with our present knowledge, it is quite impossible to account for its vagaries.

It has been suggested that in the past this species was commonly found on the plains, but the evidence in support of such a supposition is far too slight to be entitled to any weight. A statement made by Lewis and Clarke as to the occurrence of "goats" on the Missouri River near where the town of Mandan now stands, and the country assigned to this animal by Hamilton Smith, appear to be the only grounds for suggesting for this animal any such range as the one referred to. We may feel sure that Smith's statement is erroneous, and it is quite uncertain what species Lewis and Clarke intended. We know that they commonly spoke of the prong-horn antelope as the "goat," although antelope are mentioned in the extract referred to, and, what is more to the point, we know that they never spoke of *Mazama* as a "goat," but always called it the Rocky Mountain sheep. If this species was ever in historic time abundant on lower and more level ground than it now inhabits, its unsuspicious nature, its conspicuous color, and its slow and awkward movements would have rendered it an easy prey to its enemies. It would have been killed off in the plain country, and obliged to confine itself to the rough mountains where its powers of climbing would give it every advantage over the hunter. If, however, any such conditions had existed since the white man began to travel backward and forward over the prairies, we should certainly have more satisfactory evidence of it than we have been able to find. An animal which is so striking and so different in all respects from any other species inhabiting the plains would not have escaped notice, and would have been mentioned and that frequently by the early explorers of the Northwest. The earliest and best accounts which we have, however, those of Major Long and of Richardson, already cited, as well as that of Lewis and Clarke, lead us to believe that this species was in their time wholly confined to the mountains.

The physical structure of the animal, too, offers the strongest possible evidence that it has always been, as it is now, a mountain dweller. Its short, stout legs are not formed for swift motion, but for a deliberate progression which requires the exercise of great strength, and thus the gait of the goat is slow and it gets over the rocks not by its speed or activity as does the mountain sheep, but by main strength and awkwardness. It could not have survived in a country where its safety depended on its speed. The color of this animal furnishes additional strong evidence that it was never commonly an inhabitant of the plain country. It cannot be doubted that the coat of this alpine antelope is in a measure protective. Throughout the greater part of its range its home is on mountains perpetually snow covered, and so high up on these mountains that it lives among the snow banks. On snow or on ice, or on mountains dotted with snow banks, it is always difficult and often impossible to detect these animals at any great distance, and after a fall of snow which whitens the mountains we never try to hunt them. It is true that on the southern borders of its range its white color seems to be a positive disadvantage to the species, for against the red or gray of the rocks, the black of the pines, or the green of the grass, the white speck at once catches the eye of the hunter, even at a great distance, while the gray color of the mountain sheep might escape notice and the animal be taken for a fragment of stone or for a weathered tree trunk, but all through the rough peaks, which, snow-crowned and glacier-scored, stretch away from the United States line toward the frozen ocean, the white antelope's color undoubtedly serves as a protection against its enemies. On the green or yellow prairie on the other hand, a snow white animal would be readily seen a long way off, and its destruction would be made certain by its inability either to defend itself against any large carnivor, or to escape by rapid flight. On a level, a bear could readily overtake it, and while it could perhaps defend itself against a single prairie wolf, two of the larger gray or timber wolves would have no difficulty whatever in pulling it down.

It may be said that on the southern border of its range the home of the white antelope is among the very loftiest peaks of the mountains which it inhabits. It changes its altitude somewhat with the seasons, but its habits in this respect vary with locality. In the eastern Rocky Mountains it does not appear at present ever to descend to levels much lower than its summer range, though perhaps after the heavy snows of mid-winter have covered the mountains, it may range somewhat lower than in summer. This, however, is probably not the case, for in this wind-swept region the hurricanes, which blow almost without intermission, carry the snow from off the higher peaks and pile up among the timber and in the valleys drifts so deep that it is difficult to see how the white antelopes could get to the ground to feed. The high bare points and tablelands are always measurably free from snow, and in many cases are swept bare during the entire winter. In confirmation of this belief we may mention that our friend, Mr. J. B. Monroe, in his notes of a hunting trip made during the winter of 1888 and 1889, states that he found the goats on the very loftiest summits of the mountains of the St. Mary's Lake region in December, January and February. At that season of the year they were higher up than in summer and autumn.

We are told, however, by Mr. Hugh Monroe, who has lived in the Blackfoot country for 75 or 80 years, and by old Blackfeet Indians, that many years ago the white antelope ranged in winter much lower than it does now; that then it was not uncommon to find the species in winter among the foothills of these mountains, and that in spring they followed up the melting snows, keeping close to the snow line. The same thing used to be true of the mountain sheep, which were often found out on the plains, on the bare ridges far from the mountains.

On the coast of British Columbia a different set of conditions prevail. Here the mountains are much lower, the timber often reaches quite up to their summits, and the snow falls quietly and lies upon the ground through the winter, often to the depth of ten feet or more. At the sea level, however, but little snow falls, and it remains on the ground but a short time. Here the white antelope is found in winter below the snow and down on the level of the salt water.

Our lamented friend J. C. Hughes has told us of one which was shot while swimming across an arm of the sea—one of the inlets—at that season of the year, and he saw another shot from a canoe, which fell from its rocky perch into the salt water. It is certain, however, that these animals begin to return to the summits very early in the spring, and while the snows are still very deep on the mountain tops.

Our correspondent Mr. W. B. Anderson, long a resident at Fort Simpson, British Columbia, says of this species:

"During the summer months the goats keep up high on the mountains, in fact, on the tops of most of the hills in this vicinity, few of which are over 4,000ft. in height. They appear to feed pretty generally in the daytime, and, I think, rest at night. Their favorite food consists of various plants, and of one species in particular of which I send you a dried specimen. This grows nearly everywhere in this country—on the tops of the mountains, in the low valleys (when not too thickly timbered) and on the sphagnum moss. I am not botanist enough to say to which order of plants it belongs. Where goats are plentiful this plant will be cut off close to the sod. Grass is also eaten.

"Up to this season of the year the old 'billies' keep rather by themselves (leaving the 'nannies' with their kids and year-old offspring in flocks), which is often the fashion of buck deer, isolating themselves early in the year, and like the deer, seeking out their harems in the autumn. As winter comes on they all move on down to the foot of the mountain, and in the depth of winter it is not uncommon to see whole herds within a few hundred feet of some of the inlets of the sea. Indeed, Indians shoot them often from canoes. The Indians state that in the winter, when the mountains are covered with snow, the goats seek strongholds part way up the mountain sides, among the great slabs and blocks of trap and granite, which in falling have arranged themselves into natural roofs and sheds, generally at the foot of some crag. Huddled together for warmth, they pass the winter in these places; not moving in boisterous weather, on more genial days descending, as I have stated, nearly to the foot of the mountains, to browse and nibble the

bushes and lichens. As the spring advances they follow the snow up the mountain sides until the summits are reached, or, if the snow be perpetual, to the very edge of it, where the herbage is kept green by the constant moisture.

"The young are brought forth about the month of June, possibly late in May. Though awkward looking, they in a short time become so agile as to scale places whither their poor dams scarce dare follow."

On the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains these animals in early autumn, and probably at other seasons, often descend during the night to the valleys of the streams which flow among the rocky fastnesses which they commonly inhabit, and it is not unusual in the early morning to see them on their return journey begin their ascent of the mountains, often only a few hundred yards above the stream bottom. We have frequently observed this, and their presence in the valley during the night has been made certain by fresh tracks and droppings. In fact, we believe that in this part of the Rocky Mountains, if any one will take the trouble to watch these animals day after day, he will observe among them a tendency to descend the slopes in the afternoon and to reascend them in the morning. We say a tendency, for we do not intend to imply that the habit is universal. We are inclined to believe that this results from their seeking the highest, coldest peaks of the mountains during the hottest portion of the day. It is certain that heat causes them great suffering.

Although these animals are at times great wanderers, and make long journeys without any apparent purpose, yet, as a rule, so far as our observation goes, they are disinclined to move much. Often a little group may be seen for twenty-four hours in nearly the same spot, scarcely changing their position a hundred yards. We recall one occasion when we studied a pair of goats for two days on the same ledge of rocks, near a little mountain rivulet where the grass was fresh and green, and on the third morning, after watching them until they had lain down after feeding, we clambered to their resting place and killed one of them. Other hunters have had similar experiences, and it is often the case that these animals will for days remain almost in one place.

On the other hand, they sometimes wander long distances, and make journeys of considerable length, appearing in situations not at all suited to their habits. In the remarks on the range of this species we have spoken of the killing by Heavy Runner, a Piegan Indian, of one of these animals on the Medicine Rock hill on the Marias River, and of another capture made near the crossing of Two Medicine Lodge Creek, at the place where they "jumped the buffalo." The first named of these points is about seventy miles from the main range of the Rocky Mountains and thirty from the Sweet Grass Hills, and the second about thirty miles from the range. Among the high mountains nearest to these points the white antelope is fairly abundant on the highest peaks, and it is wholly probable that these animals came from there, as it is not known that they have ever been taken in the Sweet Grass Hills. Mr. Willis, in the letter already referred to in the chapter on the range of this animal, speaks of its tendency to wander. He says: "They seem to be great animals to travel. I have seen several bands since I have been in this country [Montana] which were traveling where they must have come a long ways, as there were no suitable places [for them to live] near where I saw them. They are great to go to licks, like deer. They go miles to get to a good lick, stay a couple of days, and then go back in the mountains again." The individuals reported as having been killed in the Bull Mountains in Montana must have traveled, if they were really taken there, a long distance over the prairie to reach that ridge. As has been stated, however, the evidence on which this possible record is based is not quite satisfactory.

The notion which is quite generally entertained that the white antelope is found only above timber line is, as will have been gathered from the statements already made, quite erroneous. Where these animals are abundant they are frequently seen among the timber, and flocks of wool and hair, torn from their skins, are often seen caught on the dead pines up among the mountains.

In respect to its movements, the white antelope presents, as has been said, a curious mixture of character. It seems to be erratic in many ways, a creature of impulse. At one time it is sluggish, scarcely moving a mile a day; at another it starts off with energy to make long journeys. Sometimes when it has finished feeding in the morning it lies down and remains quiet until a little before sunset; at others it is restless, lying down and in half an hour getting up again, eating a few bites, walking a short distance and again lying down, only to get up again in a few moments to feed again, and again to lie down.

This characteristic has been observed also by Mr. J. W. Schultz and Mr. Kipp in the St. Mary's Lake country. Speaking of a band of these animals which he watched for some time, the former gentleman says: "They seem to be very restless animals. They would feed a few minutes, paw a bed in the shade, lie down, get up again in a few minutes and go to feeding."

The rule that these animals are at rest for the greater part of the day finds many exceptions, as suggested by what has been said above. Although they may often be seen perfectly motionless for six or eight hours, it sometimes happens that after composing themselves to rest and lying for an hour or two, they either act as stated above by Mr. Schultz, or will suddenly get up and almost without pause start off on their slow walk, continuing without a halt or even a pause until they have passed out of sight. I have seen a band of six which were lying down, apparently asleep, act in this way. An old female was the first to stand up, but the others rose at once, and when she turned, followed by her kid, and walked off along the rough mountain side, the others followed in single file, the rear being brought up by a male who seemed loth to move, often stopping to take a bite of grass and then trotting to catch up again. They gave no evidence of having been disturbed, did not hurry at all, but just marched steadily on until the inequalities of the mountain side hid them from view. They were probably in sight while they were going a mile or two.

It may be said that, as a rule, these animals are quiet during the middle of the day. We believe that they feed and move about a good deal during the night, and they are usually to be seen feeding in the early morning for a couple of hours, and again just before night. During the rest of the day they are most often to be found lying down in some shaded spot, usually a narrow shelf on the face of the precipice or the cleft of a rock where they are well protected from the rays of the sun. Often when hunting in the Rocky Mountains in November in bitter cold weather, when the ice would collect rapidly on the face and beard, and only heavy clothing and the constant and violent exercise of climbing the mountains protected us from severe suffering from the cold, we have been astonished to see the white antelope seek out the coldest spots that it could find and lie down in the shade, perhaps close to, or even on, the ice formed by some trickling rill whose waters issuing from a crevice in the rock were congealed as soon as they reached the outer air. At a time when other animals try to find the warmest places they can, these seek the coldest.

POISON OAK OR POISON IVY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every year just before spring puts on her greenery and the trout begins to leap in the pool for winged dainties, and the man announces that he is going fishing, and packs rod and creel, and starts for the hills and the brooks, FOREST AND STREAM should publish all known cures for the distressing poisoning of the family to which the poison tree, bushes or vine belong. One is likely to meet with these plants nearly everywhere in this great big country of ours, for they nearly all belong to the genus *Rhus*, the sumac family.

This is a genus of many species, with a habitat world wide, and, as is not generally known, nearly every species will poison some persons cruelly; and if they do not soon get relief they will suffer terribly. Other people may handle nearly every species with impunity, and then strike one, harmless to most persons, but capable of giving them a dose long to be remembered. Some persons are poisoned by all except the white, or stag horn, sumac. This is the only species of the genus that I have not known to be poisonous.

Of the genus in North America the swamp sumac, *Rhus venenata*, the climbing sumac, *R. toxicodendron*, and its variety or so called species, dwarf sumac, *R. pumela*, and its variety on this California coast, *R. toxicodendron* var. *californica*, are the most to be dreaded. These last three are vulgarly called "poison oak" or "poison ivy," and the first is known in the Eastern States as "mercury."

As severe and sudden case of poisoning as I ever saw was caused by the pretty little shrub, *Rhus aromatica*.

While living in the East up to the age of thirty years our "poison oak" there was a fearful terror to me, and caused me a great amount of suffering. Then on until I was fifty it was innoxious. The variety on this coast is exceedingly plentiful on nearly all uplands, and is very closely allied to ours, but is injurious to very many more persons. The first time I went among it, it poisoned me from head to foot, and so it did a friend who was with me; also a newcomer here, who could handle without harm both it and *venenata* East. It laid him upon his back in great suffering for a week. Pioneers here say that after a time the system becomes inured to it, and it does not injure them. But it does just rap it to the thin-skinned city dudes.

The poison *Rhus* East causes intense itching of the skin, followed by watery pimples, which eventually run together, forming wide inflamed sores. Here, so far as I have observed, it causes intense biting itching, with red and swollen surface. Both forms run their course in about a week.

Now for the cures. Many simple things will relieve and cure all forms of this poisoning, such as sugar of lead, sulphate of zinc, saltpeter, and muriate of zinc in solution with water. I do not know but I have discovered the best, handiest and cleanliest of these, to wit a saturated solution of saltpeter. I asked an old hunter what he used to cure poison oak with. He answered, "I wet some gunpowder and rub it on, and it kills it on me every time, if I put it on as soon as I feel it." Thinking that the only thing in the gunpowder that would do any good was the saltpeter, the next time I got a touch, all over my face, I tried it, and sure enough I felt the pain no more, when, in a few hours, if I had not got relief, my eyes would have been swollen shut. Now I keep a strong solution of saltpeter handy in my office all the time. Saltpeter is, of course, the nitrate of potash of the drug store. Nitrate of soda would probably be just as good or better, and borax, or borate of soda, should have the same effect. But the best thing of all is a certain simple preventive; this we have, I think, in the carbonate of soda, or common baking soda. By washing the person in a solution of this before entering the "bresh," or directly on returning, no injury will result from an exposure by the most sensitive. At least an old physician of fifty years' practice where these plants were common so informed me.

I have known men who through their whole life dared not go into the woods in summer for fear of this plant, and others who were driven from comfortable homes by it. Therefore I have undertaken the labor of this writing, for, as before said, any one may get cruelly poisoned by it when away off in the woods, far from medicaments, and if he knows all the simple remedies, he may save himself great suffering; for this reason every remedy and palliative should be yearly published.

The poison oak of this coast region is a very neat, pretty shrub, most abundant nearly everywhere. Its flowers are very rich in choice nectar for the honey bee; the honey from it is fine and wholesome, yet it poisons me and many others when riding along the road near the bushes.

BYRNE.

PETALUMA, Cal.

MASSACHUSETTS WILD TURKEYS.—Seeing something in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to wild turkeys being formerly known as far east as Mt. Tom, on the Connecticut, I would say that the country hereabouts, sixty miles further east, was formerly known as Turkey Hills because of the number of wild turkeys to be found. Though this part of the country is less subject to the incursions of "varmints" than that to the west of the Connecticut, there still remain a few coons, partridges and trout.—*.

A MODERN PIPER OF HAMELIN.—Northwood, N. Y.—I have caught several mice by "charming" them with a music box that played "Peek-a-boo" when you turn the crank. The mice would run up and around and over the person who was playing, so it was an easy matter to grab them. The mice always run up and down the wall when the piano is played.—RAY SPEARS.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents;

CLABROUGH 12, May 1, '80.	PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.	PARKER 12, ham'rless, June 6, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.	REMINGTON 16, May 30, '89.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.	REMINGTON 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.	REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.	SCOTT 10, Sept. 6, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.	L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.	WHITNEY SAFETY 12, M'ch 6, '90.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.	WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN AMERICA.

IT is well known to the general public that one or more species of Asiatic pheasants have been introduced on the Pacific coast and have done well there. The so-called English pheasant has also been introduced in at least two localities on the Atlantic, and, when protected has flourished. Of the colonies of introduced pheasants on the Pacific there are four. The northernmost of these is at Victoria, Vancouver Island, where in 1882, we believe, nineteen of these birds were turned out. These were protected by law for five years, but at the end of three the birds had so increased that many of them were killed by poachers, as well as by market gardeners who claimed that their crops were destroyed by the pheasants. When the five year law was up the birds were vigorously pursued, and it was estimated that during the first shooting season not less than 1,000 of them were killed near Victoria alone. These birds appear to be all the ring pheasant (*P. torquatus*).

At about the same time with this importation were the plantings in Washington and Oregon which have been from time to time noted in FOREST AND STREAM. American sportsmen owe the introduction of these birds to Judge O. N. Denny, sometime U. S. Consul General at Shanghai. The species imported by Judge Denny were the golden pheasant (*Chrysolophus pictus*), green pheasant (*Phasianus versicolor*), ring pheasant (*P. torquatus*), and perhaps other species as tragopan pheasant (*Ceriornis sp.*), silver pheasant (*Euplocamus*), and copper pheasant *P. soemmeringii*. Of these the ring pheasants proved themselves by far the most hardy and best adapted to the climate of the Northwest, but the golden pheasants have done well on Protection Island in Puget Sound and are now abundant and tame. The birds sent to this country by Judge Denny were consigned to Mr. A. H. Morgan of Portland, Oregon, who liberated them.

There are at present on Protection Island in Puget Sound three species of pheasant, the ringneck, golden and silver. Of these, the last named are much the least numerous, and do not seem to be increasing, but the ring pheasants have multiplied and are abundant and wild. It is said by Dr. Merriam, who has personally investigated the subject, that the crows have learned the nesting habits of the pheasants, and are likely to act as a check on the birds, as they devour the eggs.

In 1881 or 1882 a number of ring pheasants—about fifteen in all—were liberated near the mouth of the Williamette River about twelve miles from Portland. They bred the first summer and increased until they are now common. In 1882 between thirty and forty ring pheasants were received at Portland and were set free near Washington Butte, about twelve miles east of Albany in the Williamette Valley. They have done well and are now abundant in Polk, Linn and Marion counties in Oregon.

It is said that golden pheasants turned out on the Clatsop Plains near Astoria, Oregon, have increased rapidly. They are hardy, but do not appear to be as prolific as the ring pheasants. The opinion is expressed by persons who have observed these birds that they will eventually overrun the United States, at least all but the heavily timbered portions. In Oregon among the farmers there is quite a strong feeling against the pheasants on the ground that they destroy the young crops.

So far as experimented with in California, the Asiatic pheasants do not appear to have done well. A flock of "English pheasants" turned out in Santa Cruz county are said to have disappeared. Recently Mr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Lacomb, Illinois, brought from the Pacific coast and turned out a pair of ring pheasants. It is, of course, uncertain how these birds will endure the climate of Illinois, but it is certainly worth while to try them. If they can stand the cold and snow and are accorded protection, the addition to the fauna of that State may have unexpected results. Mr. Blaisdell also sent a pair of these birds to Georgia to be turned out there.

The illustration given above is that of a ring pheasant, the species brought east by Mr. Blaisdell. It is a graceful bird of bright and beautiful colors, and in many respects resembles the so-called English pheasant. The weight of the male is about 5lbs., that of the female about 4lbs.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, July 20.—You print the argument of the Supreme Court of Illinois handed down in confirmation of the decision of the lower court in the now celebrated case involving the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the sale or transportation for sale of game killed within this State. The decision is plain and simple reading, whose meaning it is impossible to misunderstand, and in view of the formerly existing fears as to the outcome of this phase of game legislation in this section, it is matter for high felicitation among the sportsmen of the State. The latter have as yet, however, no cause to think that they have reached Nirvana. The decision is important to the point of uniqueness, but it does not cover everything. It does not touch the case of game legally killed in another State and shipped into this State for sale. That is a matter for the other States to decide. If the law were uniform for all the neighboring States, we should then have the question in a nutshell, but as it is, many more complications are ahead. It is a pity that the Legislature cannot give us sensible laws for such a sensible Supreme Court to weigh. For instance, under the present law it is only the game warden who can have legal eyes to search for illicit game. That is manifestly an absurd injurifactive feature of the game law, and the next Legislature should correct it. Our game warden here is an ignorant foreigner, appointed as a bait to a certain

Polish-Bohemian element. He has repeatedly refused to come down and seize batches of illegal game, and this even when a justice of the peace had requested he be procured for that purpose. He is a pebble in the cog-wheel of the law's machinery, insignificant and contemptible, it is true, but effective in full negativeness. The governor who will appoint and maintain in office such a man deserves to lose the votes of the intelligent citizens interested in his action, and to be confined to the society and support of the Polacks and Bohemians whom he seemingly loves more than he does gentlemen. The Governor's action in this case was deliberate, and it is easily remediable by himself. The action of the Legislature may have been hasty or not fully advised when this search warrant clause went through. Let it be corrected, so that the game warden system will not be an absolute farce in this State and city, as it is now, and we shall find in the clear decision now at hand ample backing for some sort of action against offenders, who of late have done quite as they saw fit, regardless altogether of the law. The common carriers of illegal game have been reached herein. Reach now the purchasers of illegal game, by means of a law which has at least some possibility of execution, and it may be held certain that the inducements for market shooting will be materially curtailed.

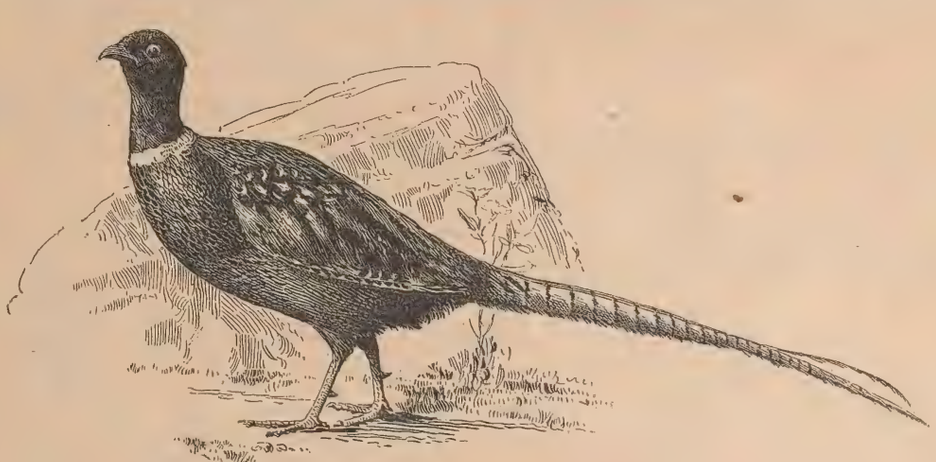
July 25.—Any one having a good dog could have fine woodcock shooting on Mak-saw-ba club grounds now. It does not appear that there is a good dog in the club, so much has the old sport of upland shooting fallen into decay hereabouts. There was a little trap shoot down at Mak-saw-ba the other day, whose results are given in another column. On the morning following, just before taking the train for the city, Mr. Mussey, one of the participants in the trap shoot, killed four woodcock hardly 100yds. from the club house and saw nearly a dozen more. "I could have got half a dozen more," said Billy, 'if I only had a dog to indicate their presence." "Indicate their presence" is good. I think Billy must be going to write a book, or a syndicate article on field sports.

Speaking of books reminds one that our industrious fellow townsman, Mr. G. O. Shields, has just gotten out another book, this one on the big game of North America. As Mr. Shields has enlisted twenty-six privates under his command herein, each of whom is official in a way, this book may fairly be said to be a corker. Chicago leads the world.

There will be good chicken shooting in Illinois this fall, barring the usual illegal shooting before the season opens. There are unusually large numbers of chickens all through the West this year, for some reason or other. The country below Aurora, thirty-eight miles from here, has plenty of birds, and at Yorkville the same report is made. Yorkville is 12 miles further down the Fox Valley. Different points along the Alton road report young birds abundant. Alternating years of open and close season would keep prairie chickens plenty in this State. There were prairie chickens hatched within six miles of Chicago this spring. It is the country shooters who kill off most of the chickens. Chicago hunters have almost forgotten there ever was such a bird, and have fallen out of the way of going after it.

A reader of FOREST AND STREAM writes me from Elmira, N.Y., asking where he and two friends can have good fair sport at shooting and fishing from Aug. 20 to Oct. 1. I have advised him to go out to the Park or lake region of Minnesota. There is a very delightful combination of ducks, chickens and bass out there in the fall. One of my Chicago friends, whose name has figured in so many recent escapades that I suppress it now, has gone out in that country every fall for the past ten years. One time—it was some years ago, but such a story never grows old—two members of the party of which he made one went out bass fishing, and such was their luck that they unloaded their boat on a point and went out for more. Enter thereupon my friend B. and his companion, who stole twenty-one of the finest bass out of the pile. The joke of it was the other fellows had so many bass they didn't miss the paltry twenty-one until they were told of it. Then they swore revenge. That night they got into the chief miscreant's cartridge box, removed the shot from all his shells and replaced them with buckshot. The next day everybody went out hunting. Someway, everybody seemed willing to hold back and let my friend B. do the shooting. A little bunch of snipe was marked down, and B. made an elegant sneak on them, but the buckshot failed to stop a snipe. Then they got into one covey after another of chickens, and everybody courteously stopped back and allowed B. to take the points. He blazed away right and left, and shot till his gun was hot, but couldn't hit a bird. A troubled look came over his face, perspiration stood on his brow, and he faintly vowed that he wasn't going to touch another drop of it as long as he lived. He took one more shot after that, missed his bird, and then came back and climbed into the wagon, looking pale and anxious. "Come on, boys, let's go home," said he, "I aint feeling very well, and I believe I'm going to have a spell of sickness." And he pretty near did have when the boys told him the reason he couldn't hit anything. That happened years ago, but it is something that remains green in the minds of B.'s friends even to-day, and they are always ready to suggest it way to break a man of stealing bass.

All the way from Lexington, Ky., comes an invitation to be present at the first meet of the season of the Iroquois Hunting and Riding Club of that city, Friday at 5 P. M., July 25, the rendezvous being at Gratz Park. This is a wicked, tantalizing and sinful world, for that no one therein can have all the fun there is. Certainly there are few pleasures which can equal even the briefest visit to the Blue Grass country of Kentucky. There is a charm about that region which, like the color or the perfume of a flower, baffles analysis. It is the only part of America which is American. If one could paint a picture of the Iroquois meet he would make his fortune at a stroke and so be able to quit work and live as I am persuaded it was originally intended all men should live—like the lilies of the field. I have an idea I would take to that lily business mighty handily; only, I should insist on being located in Kentucky. They know how to live and enjoy life down there. E. HOUGH.



RING PHEASANT (*Phasianus torquatus*).

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

BOSTON, July 20.—In the first place it is worthy of mention that the State of Maine has lately been visited by the most terrible cyclone on record in that State. This has to do with the shooting prospects there, in that it is probable that a great body of trees is prostrated and many a good hunting section ruined, so far as getting through it is concerned. Nearly the entire northern part of the State was visited by the tempest, with numerous trees uprooted and forests blown down. In the region of the Rangeley Lakes the storm was particularly severe. It came at a time of the day when the little steamers that run up and down those lakes were generally at their moorings, and hence there were no lives lost, so far as heard from, though the lakes were disturbed to an extent never before witnessed by those who have been acquainted with their borders for years. Trees were prostrated, and roadways blockaded, though few of the permanent camps were injured. The work of the gale will interest the sportsmen only in so much as it will render his progress through the Maine woods more difficult than ever, though the lumber people will lose heavily in prostrated timber.

But the prospects for game are very bright. In Massachusetts it is declared by all who have been out that there were never nearly so many quail. One sportsman, who went out with his dogs on July 4, but without any gun, declares that he never saw as many quail in one day before. He also started a good many grouse. In Maine the reports of grouse are very good indeed. The old birds wintered remarkably well, the mild winter being favorable. Then the young birds are reported very plenty, even where but few were seen last year. At one farmhouse in Hebron, in Oxford county, in that State, the cat, a good mouser, has brought in five young partridges. This is something unheard of by the people in that section. The cat would have been stopped in her career after the game birds only she is too valuable a mouser to lose, and at each depredation it was expected that it would be her last, from the fact that the partridge chicks were nearly half grown. How the cat got them is a mystery to those acquainted with the habits of the ruffed grouse. In the same neighborhood a farm boy caught nearly a whole litter of the partridges a few weeks before. In this case the little chicks were unable to fly. They were kept for a short time and then allowed to escape.

Trout fishermen report the grouse very plenty, where they have been into the woods, and the chances are that they have summered well. The season has been wet, especially in northern New England, but the rains have not been very cold ones since June came in, though rather cold previous to that month. It is probable that the young grouse were not generally hatched till the weather was warm. The prospects for berries in the woods are excellent, and hence the birds will be in good condition. Nothing but a very extended drought can hinder an abundant crop of wild berries, indeed such a crop is already ripening in southern New England. Blueberry pickers report seeing a good many grouse and quail. The record of deer seen in the Maine woods this season is also a good one. The light winter was favorable to them as well as to the birds. The snows were so light that they were able to find better feed, while it was next to impossible to crust them, since there was very little snow and very little crust. Dogging was done in some sections, at least hounds were heard in the woods in the region of the Magallaway Upper Settlement, and the owner of the dogs has very probably a case to settle with the Game Commissioners. But generally there is not much complaint of illegal hunting deer in that State. The fall shooting promises to be good, if the timber is not too badly prostrated by the wind storm of Tuesday, July 8, as mentioned above. Perhaps it will be well for the large game if the woods are pretty badly blown down, since it will possibly give it a respite from the hunters. But later reports will tell how extensively the hunting is hurt by fallen trees. SPECIAL.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

A MODEL RAILWAY.—The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.—*Adv.*

JACKING DEER IN MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If reports in the Maine papers and from private sources are to be believed deer are more plenty than ever in many parts of that State. They are seen very frequently, as they come out into the openings to feed. They evidently wintered well, and were crusted but little for the want of deep snows and crusts. The October and November shooting ought to be good. Indeed, it will be good, if there is anything left of it. Now, I do not like to scold, but I would like to ask the meaning of all the jibes and sneers, and banters at jack shooting in the Maine papers that are not particularly noted for their love of the little of protection that hangs about the big game in that State. Many of these papers contain dark hints as to what is going on. They do not actually state, in so many words, that jacking deer in July and August is tolerated in certain localities, but they hint at as much and admit that the jack lights are there and that parties go out with them. If they go out with a guide and a jack lamp, what is it for? It certainly cannot be for the amusement of the guide, and those fellows that will do such a thing can hardly have an idea that it will be a good thing to go out now and then during the summer in order to get the deer accustomed to the light and the boat, that they may be the more easily approached and shot when the open season comes on. No. Those fellows have only one idea; that is to kill a deer, no matter if it is in the summer, when the deer is poor and thin, and ten to one it is a doe with a couple of fawns back in the woods that must starve, since their mother and their only source of sustenance is shot. Such is dastardly business. It is cruel. It is illegal, and more is the surprise that men who claim to be respectable law-abiding citizens at home must take a gun on their vacation trip into the Maine woods in July and August. But they do it. They not only take a gun, but they take a jack light. They silence their consciences by the argument that their vacation comes in the illegal season for such game, and they much desire to kill a deer—just one deer, and that one can make no particular difference in regard to the supply. They lose sight of the fact that there are hundreds of other men in just their plight, and that there are not deer enough in Maine to go half way round. They are encouraged by guides and hotel keepers, or at least they are not discouraged. They are not told that to kill a deer out of season is to steal it from the sportsman who is willing to keep the law.

I fear that jack shooting in July and August is being done to a greater extent than usual this season in the Maine woods. I know of several improved jack lights that have gone into camp of late. If the Maine game protectors desire to know where to watch for these jack lights they can address me care of the FOREST AND STREAM, and I will inform them where the lights have gone, and in one or two cases give them the names of the parties who have taken the lights into camp, though I do not intend to work in the position of a detective. But I am indignant that such jack shooting and jack hunting after deer in the summer months should go unpunished. I desire to legally shoot deer in the open season, and, unless this illegal hunting is stopped, I stand little chance of being rewarded for my trouble in visiting Maine each year in the month of October, rather to find some of the marks of jack shooting than game to be shot. Last October I tramped through the forest six miles to a pond where very few sportsmen go, thinking my chances for a deer were good there. What did I find? An old boat, fixed to hold a jack light, and the bones and hair of a deer on the shore. The deer had evidently been killed more than a month previous, for the flesh had so completely gone to decay as to give out no smell, and the bones were considerably bleached. The carcass was doubtless too poor in flesh to be of the slightest use to the thief after he had stolen it. Now, I only ask that more pains be taken by the authorities in Maine to stop this illegal jacking of deer by so many sportsmen and vacationists who go there in the close season. If a warden in a certain locality has proved himself incompetent to grapple with it, after so many years of service, then he should yield his place to some one else.

STATE OF MAINE.

OMAHA, Neb., July 28.—John Ellis, an old-time member of the Omaha Gun Club and one of the best trap and field shots in the country, has returned after a long hunting expedition in Texas. He has had some remarkably interesting experiences, and declares that the Southwest is the hunter's paradise, with the abundanec of large and small game and countless varieties of fish. Bass fishing at Honeycreek and Manawa has been fair during the past week, and some good catches have been made; the fish running larger than any caught before this season. The gun clubs of this city, at their recent meeting, resolved to appoint a number of game wardens of their own, to be stationed at different parts throughout the State, to "keep tab on" and report the names of all persons detected in killing prairie chickens before the law is up. These wardens will be paid by the gun clubs jointly, and every violator reported will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. This action will result in incalculable good. The Omaha Gun Club also decided to urge the next Legislature to pass a law abolishing spring wildfowl shooting, something the writer has been urging upon this body for three years or more.—SANDY GRISWOLD.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

OPEN GAME SEASONS.

THE following dates designate the beginning and end of the seasons during which the game named may lawfully be taken. A compilation of the full text of the game and fish law of North America is in course of preparation in this office, and its publication will soon be announced:

Arizona.

Elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, mountain goat, ibex, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. Partridge, wild turkey, wildfowl, rail, plover, Sept. 1 to March 1.

Arkansas.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 1 to March 1. *Yell County.*—Partridges or quail, Sept. 15 to March 15. Wild turkey, Aug. 15 to April 15. Deer, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1.

British Columbia.

Deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, mountain goat, mountain sheep, hare, Aug. 15 to Dec. 20. Grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, quail, robin, meadow lark, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild ducks, Sept. 1 to March 1. Cock pheasants, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. Cow elk and hen pheasants protected at all times. Cock pheasants and quail on Mainland protected to 1894.

California.

Quail, partridge, grouse, rail, Sept. 10 to March 1. Doves, June 1 to Jan. 1. Male antelope, deer, mountain sheep, July 1 to Dec. 15. Wildfowl, Sept. 15 to March 15. Wild turkey, prairie chicken, Bob White, quail, pheasant, grouse, skylark, protected to 1895. [There are special county laws.]

Colorado.

Partride, pheasant, prairie chicken, prairie hen, grouse, Oct. 1 to Nov. 15. (Bison, buffalo, mountain sheep, ibex, Rocky Mountain goat, no open season.) Deer and elk with horns may be killed for food only, July 1 to Dec. 1.

Connecticut.

Woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, partridge, gray squirrel, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Sora, rail, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 [according to law of 1886, but General Statutes, 1888, give it Aug. 20 to Jan. 1 for New Haven, Litchfield and Fairfield counties]. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to April 30.

Delaware.

Partridge, grouse, quail, woodcock, rabbit, hare, in New Castle county, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1; in Kent and Sussex counties, Nov. 15 to Feb. 1. Rail, ortolan, reed bird, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild goose, swan, brant, wild duck, Oct. 1 to April 15. [Summer or wood duck unprotected at all seasons.]

District of Columbia.

Quail, or partridge, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Ruffed grouse, or pheasant, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Feb. 1. Pinnated grouse, or prairie chickens, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Snipe, plover, Sept. 1 to May 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to April 1. Rail, ortolan, reed bird, rice bird, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Venison, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1.

Florida.

Florida has no game law with respect to seasons.

Idaho.

Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. (Mongolian pheasant, no open season.) Pheasant, grouse, prairie chicken, July 15 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 1 to April 15.

Illinois.

Deer, wild turkey, Sept. 1 to Jan. 15. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse, quail, pheasant, partridge, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, July 15 to Sept. 15. Gray, red fox or black squirrel, June 1 to Dec. 15. Wildfowl, Sept. 15 to April 15.

Indiana.

Deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 20. Wild turkey, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1. Wild duck, Sept. 1 to April 15. Squirrel, June 1 to Sept. 20.

Iowa.

Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Aug. 15 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, July 10 to Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, wild turkey, quail, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 15 to May 1. Deer, elk, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Beaver, mink, otter, muskrat, Nov. 1 to April 1.

Kansas.

Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

Louisiana.

Deer, Oct. 1 to March 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to April 15. Quail, partridge, pheasant, Oct. 1 to April 1. [Many parishes have special seasons.]

Maine.

Moose, deer, caribou, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, muskrat, Oct. 1 to May 1. Woodduck, dusky duck, black duck, teal, gray duck, Sept. 1 to April 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. Plover, Aug. 1 to May 1.

Manitoba.

Moose, deer, cabri, antelope, elk, wapiti, reindeer, caribou, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1. Grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, partridge, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, plover, snipe, sandpipers, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild ducks, swan, geese, Sept. 1 to May 1. Otter, fisher, pekan, beaver, muskrat, sable, Oct. 1 to May 15. Marten, Nov. to April 15.

Maryland.

The Maryland law is so complicated that we shall present the seasons for the several counties in tabular form in a later issue.

Massachusetts.

Woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15. Wild ducks, Sept. 1 to April 15. Plover, snipe, shore birds, rail, July 15 to May 1. Wild pigeon, tern, gull, Oct. 1 to May 1. Gray squirrel, hare, rabbit, Sept. 1 to March 1. [Deer protected at all times.]

Michigan.

Deer, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1 (but in Upper Peninsula Sept. 25 to Nov. 15). Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Nov. 30. Woodcock, partridge, ruffed grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, snipe, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 (jack snipe, red-headed, bluebill, canvasback, widgeon, pintail ducks and wild geese to May 1). (Colin, quail, Virginia partridge, pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, protected to 1894.)

Minnesota.

Woodcock, July 4 to Nov. 1. Prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, white-breasted grouse, Aug. 15 to Dec. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. [Quail protected to 1893.] Wildfowl, Aug. 20 to Jan. 10. Elk, moose, deer, Nov. 1 to Dec. 1.

Mississippi.

Deer, dove, starling, Sept. 1 to March 1. Wild turkey, quail, partridge, Oct. 1 to May 1. *Yazoo County.*—Doves, Aug. 1 to March 1. Deer, Sept. 15 to March 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to May 1. Quail, partridge, Oct. 15 to April 15. [Other counties have special seasons.]

Missouri.

Coon, mink, otter, beaver, muskrat, Nov. 1 to April 1. Deer, Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 15 to March 1. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, partridge, quail, Virginia partridge, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 10. Turtle dove, meadow lark, plover, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1.

Montana.

[Bison, buffalo, moose, elk, beaver, quail protected at all times.] Deer, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 10 to May 15. Prairie chicken, grouse, pheasant, fool hen, sage hen, Aug. 15 to Nov. 15.

New Brunswick.

Moose, deer, caribou, Aug. 31 to Jan. 15. Mink, otter, sable, fisher, beaver, Sept. 1 to May 1. Partridge, Sept. 20 to Dec. 1. Woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Snipe, Sept. 15 to March 1.

Newfoundland.

Caribou, Oct. 1 to Feb. 15. Ptarmigan, willow grouse, partridge, grouse, Sept. 15 to Jan. 15. (Black game, capercailzie, protected at all times. Moose, elk, protected at all times.) Rabbit, hare, Sept. 1 to March 1. Otter, beaver, Oct. 1 to April 1.

New Hampshire.

Plover, yellowlegs, sandpipers, ducks, rails, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Deer, moose, caribou, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Mink, beaver, otter, sable, fisher, Oct. 15 to April 1. Raccoon, coon, gray squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Hare, rabbit, muskrat, Sept. 1 to April 1

New Jersey.

Deer, month of November. Quail, partridge, ruffed grouse, pheasant, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Gray squirrel in Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union and Warren counties, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; elsewhere, Nov. 15 to Dec. 25. Wildfowl, Oct. 15 to May 1. [English hares and European partridges protected.] Woodcock, month of July and Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

New York.

Deer, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; use of dogs permitted Sept. 1 to Oct. 20 (but on Long Island only first 10 days of October; and never in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties). Hare and rabbit, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Black and gray squirrel, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1; in Cortland county, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Bay snipe, sandpiper, shore birds and plover, on Long Island, July 10 to Jan. 1; no law elsewhere. Ruffed grouse and partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; in Queens and Suffolk counties, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1 to Jan 1. Rail and meadow hen, on Long Island, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Robin, on Long Island only, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild ducks, geese and brant, Sept. 1 to May 1; on Long Island Sound, Oct. 1 to May 1; in Chautauqua county, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan 1. *Columbia County* —Woodcock, rail, ruffed grouse September, October and November; quail in November only. *Duchess County.*—Squirrel season opens Sept. 1. *Rockland County.*—Squirrels, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. *Westchester County* forbids taking partridge, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock or grey squirrel in November.

North Dakota.

Buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep, prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, snipe, plover, curlew, Sept. 1 to May 15.

Nova Scotia.

Moose, caribou, Sept. 15 to Jan. 31. Beaver, Nov. 1 to April 1. Hare, rabbit, Oct. 1 to March 1. Grouse, partridge, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, snipe, teal, Aug. 20 to March 1. Blue-winged duck, Aug. 1 to April 1.

Ohio.

Muskrat, mink, otter, March 1 to April 15. Quail, Nov. 10 to Dec. 15. Gray, fox and black squirrel, July 1 to Dec. 15. Woodcock, July 15 to Nov. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15. Wild duck, Sept. 1 to April 10, but no ducks may be killed on Sunday, Monday and Tuesdays. Wild turkey, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Deer, Oct. 15 to Nov. 20. Rabbits unprotected as to season.

Ontario.

[Caribou, moose, elk, no open season.] Deer, Oct. 15 to Nov. 20. Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl, partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Geese, swans, Sept. 1 to May 1. Wild ducks, snipe, rail, golden plover, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Jan. 1. Quail, wild turkey, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. Hares, Sept. 1 to March 15. Beaver, mink, muskrat, sable, martin, otter, fisher, Nov. 1 to May 1.

Pennsylvania.

Deer, Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. Gray, black or fox squirrel, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Hare, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Wild duck and goose, Sept. 1 to May 1. Wild turkey, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1. Upland or grass plover, July 15 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 4 to Jan. 1. Quail, Virginia partridge, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Ruffed grouse, pheasant, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Rail, reed bird, Sept. 1 to Nov. 30.

Quebec.

Deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Moose, caribou, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Beaver, mink, otter, martin, pekan, Nov. 1 to April 1. Hare, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, snipe, partridge, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Wild ducks, Sept. 1 to May 1.

Rhode Island.

Grouse or heath hen, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Bartram's tattler, upland plover, Rhode Island or grass plover, Aug. 1 to April 1. Dusky or black duck, Sept. 1 to March 1. Woodduck, summer duck, Sept. 1 to March 1. Blue or green-winged teal, Sept. 1 to March 1.

Tennessee.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail, partridge, Nov. 1 to March 1. [Many counties are exempt.]

Texas.

Deer, Aug. 1 to Jan. 20. Wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 15. Pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, Aug. 1 to March 1. Quail, partridge, Oct. 1 to April 1. In many counties an open season on all game runs through the year.

Utah.

Elk, deer, buffalo, bison, antelope, mountain sheep, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Quail, partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, sage hen, grouse, Aug. 15 to March 15. (California quail protected.) Wild goose, wild duck, snipe, Sept. 1 to April 1.

Vermont.

(Deer protected to Nov. 1, 1890, and will probably be protected beyond that date by next Legislature.) Mink, beaver, otter, fisher, Nov. 1 to April 1. Quail, woodcock or ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1. Wild goose, wild duck, Sept. 1 to May 1,

Wisconsin.

Woodcock, Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. Quail, partridge, pheasant, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, grouse of every variety, snipe, plover, wild duck, goose, brant, squirrel, Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. Deer, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1.

Wyoming.

Partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken or grouse, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. Sage hen, July 15 to Sept. 15. Wild ducks, Aug. 1 to May 1. Deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goat, antelope may be killed by *bona fide* residents only and for food. [Bison, buffalo and beaver protected at all times.]

OHIO QUAIL SUPPLY.—Columbus, O.—I have not known quail so plentiful in Ohio since the days of my boyhood. I have means of hearing from nearly every part of the State, and from every locality comes the same report. The particular cause for this abundance was the past phenomenally warm winter. Another pregnant reason is that the farmers, especially in the vicinity of the cities, have very generally united in the formation of game protective societies, and prohibit the intrusion of "game hogs" upon their premises. For many years past they have been overrun with gunners from the cities, quite generally members of so-called game protective societies, and always with trained dogs, who, upon striking a covey of quail, would follow them until the last one was killed. In this way entire regions in the vicinity of cities have been entirely cleaned out by these unprincipled hogs. The farmers have put a stop to this, and an abundance of breeders are left over, with the result here reported. On the glorious Fourth, some friends on angling bent, took me out a few miles for a ride. As usual on such occasions, I wiped the cosmoline out of my old, reliable, muzzleloading, telescope-sighted rifle, and with a view to the burning of some gunpowder, a practice which I have indulged in on the "Fourth" ever since I was large enough, I went duly prepared. Before we were fairly out of the city we were greeted with the old familiar whistle of "Bob White," and there was scarcely a minute during the day that we did not hear it on every side. Every few minutes we also saw villainous little privateer hawks after the quail. During the day I got two shots at these little rascals; one at more than 150 and the other at more than 200yds. distant, killing in each case. How is that for a man of 64 years, almost without practice? I think at the present time that these hawks are the principal enemies of quail in this State.—M. P. P.

GAME IN THE NEW STATE.—Kent, King county, Washington.—Several parties have explored the Olympic Mountains west of here this summer, hitherto an unknown country. Many new places of interest have been opened up, and game in large quantities is reported. Good quantities of elk, deer, and black bear have been run across. Five small coons were shot on the 6th near Des Moines; a large black bear was also stirred up at that place. A hunter brought into Kent a few days ago a bear with coat partly shed, upper coat brown and lower half black. The black bears are fond of salmon berries, and can be generally found where they grow. Two wild cats are reported west of Kent. A young man was badly shot by pulling his gun out of the wagon by the muzzle on Green River. They were just going to pitch camp. While this is not a sportsman's paradise, a good hunter and fisherman can have lots of enjoyment. Five black bear were routed out by a party of surveyors on Lake Washington, near Seattle, a city of 40,000 population. Any sportsman or naturalist will be answered who writes for information concerning the Puget Sound country.—N. L. H.

WHATCOM, July 15.—Black bears are captured here nearly every day by berry pickers or by those who have pigs running at large.—J. Y. C.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Ellenburgh Center, N. Y.—I inclose you some printed matter relating to deer hounding. I mailed copies to every Senator and Member of Assembly during the last session of our Legislature. It is a thing to be profoundly regretted that our Legislature can not stop playing the game of politics long enough to consider a subject that has no politics in it. I am in debted to Mr. J. B. Harrison of Franklin Falls, N. H., Chas. Fenton of No. 4, C. H. Smith of Petries Corners, Lewis Co., John D. Collins of Utica and H. A. Pride of Holland Patent for words of cheer in our efforts to get a better law to protect deer. I would like to suggest to the members of the Codification Committee that they take in the Adirondack mountains during the season beginning Sept. 1 and ending Nov. 1.—WM. H. GORDON.

THE MAGALLOWAY RIVER DISTRICT.—Reports are current in Boston, and probably other cities, that sportsmen will not be allowed to hunt and fish on the upper Magalloway River, Maine, above a point known as "The Narrows;" that the whole country above that place is controlled by a club, formed the past winter, with headquarters at Parmachnee Lake. It may be interesting to some of the old visitors to the region about the Magalloway River to know that the river, and brooks and lake as well, are as free as ever to any who wish to fish in them, and there are plenty of public lots upon which they can camp without any fear of molestation from any club or anything of the kind in existence.—SEWES.

THE CATSKILL DEER PARK.—Rondout, N.Y., July 23.—State Forest Commissioner Townsend Cox, during his recent visit to the deer park in the Ulster Catskills, made a personal inspection of the high wire fence surrounding the inclosure. This will furnish browsing for at least 150 deer. There are twenty-one deer, old and young, in the park. A doe is so careful in hiding its young that it is almost impossible to find them. It is reported that there are three wild deer in the woods near the park, and an effort will be made to capture them.—*New York Times.*

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.—Towanda, Pa.—Reports given me by farmers in this neighborhood allow me to say that quail will be plentier than for years. One reported finding three nests and all in time hatched out safely. Grouse also doing nicely; coveys large and growing fast. Woodcock occasionally seen in the swales and swamps back in the hills, and a bag of eight was made from one small swamp by two sportsmen on July 4, first day of the season in this State. Said the birds were full grown and plump. —M. F. D.

THEY DID NOT KNOW THE BIRDS.—Chicago.—Last fall I was passing the Saratoga Restaurant on Dearborn street in this city, where quite a crowd of people had collected. I elbowed my way through until the object of their curiosity was seen. To my surprise (though a welcome sight to a sportsman's eyes at all times), it was only a covey of quail. To listen to the remarks of the city-bred, middle-aged and young men, was amusing. They did not know "what kind of chickens" they were, and disputes would arise on the variety of the birds; some contended they were pheasants, and others young prairie chickens. Really it was amusing to see people whom one would naturally look to for information display so much ignorance on things so common.—AH LOOK.

QUAIL IN OHIO.—Toledo. O., July 25.—Three years ago, about the middle of July, Mrs. Beebe and myself drove from Toledo across country down into Central Ohio, a matter of a hundred miles. During that drive we saw and heard just one solitary quail. Last week I duplicated the trip, and, during the greater part of it, was scarcely out of sight or sound of our friend "Bob White." Mild winters and a short shooting season have worked wonders. Seneca, Wyandot, Marion and Delaware counties all promise good sport when the quail season opens again next November.—JAY BEEBE.

BUFFALO IN THE PARK.—Yellowstone National Park, July 17.—Buffalo have been seen several times recently, and a short time ago two crossed the wagon road at Mary's Hill, head of Nez Perce Creek, passing between two coaches, frightening the horses. The wagon-tongue was broken and the passengers much excited, but no one was seriously injured.—H.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., July 18.—A few days ago John Pardy shot a crane, which was 6ft. 2in. across the wings. The bird had a hole in its neck, between the windpipe and neck bone, which had apparently been made by a .38 or .40cal. bullet some days before it was killed. A man could easily put the end of his little finger through the hole in the neck.—RAY SPEARS.

MINNESOTA.—Detroit Lake, July 17.—The chicken season will open up the middle of next month, and the outlook is good for the sportsmen. The Indians are killing deer now. Two weeks ago two Indians north of Island Lake killed fourteen or fifteen in a week.—MYRON COOLEY.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

"JUMPING" BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is easily seen that your correspondent, Mr. E. Hough, lives and has had his piscatorial education in such a backwoods town as Chicago, when he shows his surprise on learning that black bass will jump into a boat. That fact has been known to many others for years. I never sent any account of it to the papers because I knew that if it was made known to the general public there are many who would take advantage of it to catch bass in that way when they should be left in the water until taken in the only legitimate way—with hook and line. But now that he has "let the cat out of the bag," a fuller statement may be made.

Under ordinary circumstances there is not much chance for "jumping" bass into a boat; but it is when a stream is rapidly rising, and they seek shelter out of the rapid current by coming in near the shore, that they may be taken in large numbers in that way. The first large catch that I knew of being made in this way occurred several years ago at Saltsburg, Pa., on the Conemaugh River. There is a dam built across the river just above its junction with the Loyalhanna to form the Kisikiminetas. The Conemaugh is the river on which occurred the great flood which was so disastrous to the city of Johnstown. It is subject to very sudden floods. On the occasion referred to, a man was rowing a boat up the stream, in the back-water above the dam, and to avoid the stiff current, was keeping about an oar's length from the bank. After rowing a short distance he was surprised to see a bass jump from between the bank and boat and land in the boat at his feet. After examining his prize he started again when another, and then another bass jumped into the boat. By the time he reached the head of the slack-water he had a fine string of these beautiful fish. He then returned to town and told others of what had occurred, and other boats tried the experiment. To make a long story short, during that rise in the river, and in that dam, from eighty to a hundred fine bass were "jumped."

While coming down the St. John's River, in Florida, last March, on the steamer Plant, I was much interested in the leaping of the bass along the shore as the steamer passed. When the suction of the steamer would draw the water from the shore, especially where there were lily-pads, the bass would leap clear out of the water, and break for the deeper water of the river. This would continue until the steamer had passed. Some of the bass would leap two feet above the surface of the water, and go five or six feet before they would enter it again.

Of course no true sportsman would resort to this method for catching bass, any more than he would to seining.

HOMERUS.

CLEVELAND, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article by Mr. Hough, in issue of July 10, in regard to jumping bass, is rather amusing for an old-timer to read. I venture to say that the practice of jumping bass is an ancient one; and if old Izaak were alive he could give pointers on the "method" the boys would take advantage of when the fish would not bite. I was born and reared in the country (a "hoosier"), and in a sportsman's paradise, with a richer variety of game than was to be found elsewhere in these United States. We had all from the bear to the chipmunk and the wild turkey to the wild pigeon. The practice of jumping bass we boys would invariably indulge in when the fish would not bite, and when we thought we had an insufficient string to make a creditable showing for our day's fishing. The way we would proceed to business, was to doff our clothing and all take a hand. We had an old square-built flat-bottom rowboat about 3ft. wide, and we waded in the stream, pushing the boat before us down stream, as the fish always head up stream. We would kick and splash, and make all the noise possible, and many a time we would get a "biff" in the breast or face from the leap of a bass. Once, I remember quite well, a young fellow by the name of Weaver was completely upset, and would no doubt have been drowned had it not been for his companions, by a bass striking him in the temple. They can leap with great force and can jump several feet clear of water.

Mr. Hough speaks of the $5 trips to good bass fishing from this point that are possible. I would like to learn of such places, as well as a good many others I venture. Perhaps Mr. Hough is a railroad man and his fare costs him nothing. We may not be so fortunate in that respect.

CHICAGO, Ill. AH LOOK.

MAINE WATERS.

THE newspapers that have the interest of the fishing resorts at heart are booming the season for all it is worth, although it is a fact that the summer travel in this direction has been rather short since the actual spring season for trout closed. These papers tell all the old fish stories they can find. They hold over some of the accounts of big trout caught and bring them out late in the season, only omitting the dates, and the incautious reader, especially if he be a novice at trout fishing, reads the account with the idea that the big trout was caught since the hot weather begun. The object is accomplished. The novice resolves that he will take his vacation in July or August and will visit the scene of the big trout. The result is a disappointment, as indeed it ought to be. But there are still a few fishermen at the celebrated resorts, summering there, in some cases accompanied by wives and daughters. The Houghton & Dutton Camp, at Cupsuptic Lake in Maine, is occupied by its proprietors—or part of them—the celebrated dry goods men of Boston. Mr. John Richards, of Boston, is on record as having taken a 11½lbs. lake trout from Clear Water Pond, in Franklin county, one day last week. There is, however, more of fishing and camping on the far-away lakes and ponds than usual, and these ponds are rapidly becoming accessible and open to the public. They are known only to the few more enterprising sportsmen for a year or two, then some guide or backwoodsman cuts out a road and establishes conveyance for the public, be the conveyance ever so crude, and the jewel, dear to the sportsman's heart who first knew it in its natural state, is a thing of the public and no longer attractive. Quite a party from Waltham, Mass., have lately been visiting Tim and Seven Ponds with good results in the way of trout caught. The party consisted of Dr. J. F. Hudley, W. H. Flagg, G. H. Lawrence, F. A. Larcom, W. P. Smith, of Waltham, and A. H. Rolins and wife, of Cambridge. Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, well known to nearly every printer in New England as he of printers' roller fame, starts for Camp Vive Vale at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, to-morrow. He is to be accompanied by Mrs. Stevens this time, and her sister, and they are to remain till the 1st of September. Mrs. Stevens has been trying for four years to get the strength to make this trip, she being an invalid, and has great expectations of regained health and pleasure. The chances are that she will be satisfied, for their camp is in the jewel of a spot and Mr. Stevens is a pioneer fisherman on those waters, and if good trouting pleasure is to be had, he knows where to find it. By the way, I hear that the sportsmen in that section of the country have been few this season. Early the fishing was good, but later the waters have been deserted.

The fisher for count is abroad again, and worse than ever, if we are to believe the Maine local papers. The accounts of Mr. ———, with ——— for guide, catching up among the hundreds of trout from such a pond or stream, are simply sickening to the real lover of the rod and line. If the number of trout were really taken, it is a fact that the paper telling the story ought to be ashamed of, as well as the doer of the deed. To the initiated the story simply means that the paper lies and lies about that which hurts itself and its town to make, or else some trout hog has been taking fingerlings in a way that he ought to be ashamed of, and would not make public were he anything of a true sportsman. It is one thing to kill trout and another thing to fish for the trout that are actually needed in camp; but the very papers the most interested in the question are doing much of harm by making what ought to be branded as a shame rather honorable than otherwise. SPECIAL.

NEVERSINK POACHERS.—Those interested in the preservation of fish and game in New York State will be glad to hear that Mr. Clarence M. Roof, of this city, on the 23d inst. convicted three men who wilfully and persistently violated the law by fishing in the private waters of the Neversink River, Frost Valley, N. Y., owned and preserved by him. Three suits have been instituted by Mr. Roof in all. The first, in 1888, was tried before a local justice and jury, and the laws being imperfectly understood, the jury refused to convict. The present suit was brought at Saugerties, N. Y., before Justice Maclane. Mr. Roof was represented by Mr. H. M. Soop, counsel for the Ulster & Delaware R. R., and Mr. Chas. Davis, of Saugerties. The prisoners were convicted. The fine with costs amounting to $70 being promptly paid, the additional punishment of imprisonment was waived. The suit was brought in pursuance of Chapter 534 of the Laws of the State of New York for the year 1879. The section of the country through which this part of the Neversink River flows, is near Slide Mountain, the highest peak of the Catskill Range, and thence through the wild and beautiful Frost Valley. There are but few farmers along the stream, it is densely wooded and few spots are more primitive. Although the sentiment of the respectable citizens of this section is in sympathy with the enforcement of the game laws, there is a small band of reckless irresponsible persons, who not only persistently poach and otherwise violate the laws, but threaten violence as well. It is believed throughout Ulster county that the prompt and fearless action taken by Mr. Roof will break up the gang and do much toward the preservation of game in that section.

HABITS OF BLACK BASS.

OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE AQUARIA OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

THE character and depth of the waters usually inhabited by the black bass and the wary nature of the fish make it almost impossible to learn anything of it in a natural condition, and on the other hand, an adult bass in an aquarium is much like a lion in a cage as a rule, a sulky, unhappy creature. Until aquaria of sufficient size are afforded, no very satisfactory observations can be made upon them. The same may be said of the adults of many other fresh-water species and of most of the salt-water fishes. The young of fishes no doubt to some extent reflect the habits of the adults, but they lack, in the case of the black bass at least, that element of cautiousness so characteristic of it. The black bass is the most wary of fishes, and though it be starving it can only be caught on a hook by deception.

It is undoubtedly a fact that many adult fish in aquaria will deliberately starve while surrounded by their natural food, and, as has been stated by Prof. Henry C. Chapman, regarding carnivorous animals in captivity, the greater number of them die of heart-disease, induced no doubt by grief—literally broken hearted. This is universally known concerning many of our wild birds. The late Prof. Spencer F. Baird frequently suggested to the writer the making of experiments of herring and mackerel in aquaria. Being convinced that the limited size of the tanks is the cause of the fright manifested by the fish, which, as in the case of wild birds, caused them to dart around violently and wear themselves out with nervous excitement, the making of some larger aquaria was advised. In these, when constructed, although only three feet wide by six feet long and three feet deep (the largest now in use in the U. S. F. C.), herring and mackerel moved about quietly and normally and took food.

To return to the black bass, the adult, in the ordinary sized aquarium, is a sulky creature. Crayfish, shiners, catfish, sunfish, minnows, all may wander around it with impunity. This is not its true nature; wary and suspicious it is, but it is not the creature to sulk. Thus, as at present equipped for observation, the young of fishes (not over 5 or 6in. long) are best fitted for captivity, and afford us the only clue to the natural habits and instincts. The young black bass is very much in habits like its cousins, the sunfishes. In a depressed condition, with its fins closed and its abdomen shrunken, it is as unsightly in appearance as a mangy lion, and gives one an unfavorable impression. The young bass, however, with its fins erect, its abdomen distended with food, sleek and fat, is a picture of content and satisfaction, an ideal fish. The young bass will eat with avidity worms, minnows, crayfish, almost anything alive, but it will immediately spit out a piece of beef which it has been beguiled into taking through hunger. Its food must be alive and wriggling. The amount it can stow away is simply astonishing.

W. P. SEAL.

BLACK BASS IN DELAWARE RIVER.

HON. HENRY C. FORD, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has given us the following notes on his recent experience with black bass in the headwaters of the Delaware:

The black bass fishing in the Delaware is the best known for years. Mr. Ford fished four days about the middle of July and caught one weighing 5½lbs., one of 5lbs., one of 4½lbs., four weighing 4lbs. each, eight of 3lbs. each, besides a great many smaller ones. He never keeps any less than 1lb. The largest bass was landed after a fight lasting 25 minutes on a 7oz. rod. Live bait was used altogether. Some bass have been caught in those waters with artificial flies. The "Epting" is the best and the Baltimore-oriole is good. Sometimes a lead-winged coachman is successful. Mr. Epting took 18 fine bass on a fly a year ago while fishing down the riffles at Dingman's Ferry. In warm weather the bass are on the riffles and in cooler weather in deep water. When the water is muddy and the river high they are found in eddies along shore. In all the thousands of black bass Mr. Ford has examined he has seen only two young shad, and this is to be expected, for bass feed near the shore while shad swim in the channel. The striped bass kills young shad in large numbers, following them and destroying them without cessation. Mr. Ford has several times cast bait into the swirl made by a fish chasing shad and has had strikes from striped bass every time. The young shad are running down the Delaware now, although it is early for naturally-spawned fish, and these may be from artificial introduction. The helgramite is one of the very successful black bass baits in this region. Mr. Ford takes them in the orthodox way in the shoal water of the riffles by means of a fine-meshed landing net held below the stone while the current sweeps the larva into the net. The helgramite rolls itself up into a ball. The stone catfish of the Delaware is one of the finest of all baits. It is darker in color than the stone cat of the Susquehanna. The bass will not take the young of the common yellow cat of the Delaware; sometimes it will take hold of its tail and pull a little and then let go. The stone cat is always taken head first, and this is rendered easy because it is sluggish and does not raise its spines. The yellow cat, however, keeps its spines erect and ready for business. Lampreys are excellent for bass bait also, and they are rather plentiful now along the headwaters of the Delaware in sand bars near the mouths of brooks tributary to the river. One man collected 800 and kept them in a little spring brook. The lampreys are in the sand from 2 to 6ins. under the surface of the water. They go down into the sand head first and will burrow out of sight very quickly in wet sand.

KILLING HERONS TO SAVE FISH.—Whatcom, Wash., July 15.—Mr. Adams, who lives on a farm some eight miles north of this city, with a friend on June 26, killed 140 blue herons, together with the crested heron, in a heron rookery near a small lake on Ten-Mile Creek; and there are several hundred there yet. The reason for killing them is that they keep the small trout all killed out, and those ranchers object to the herons monopolizing the trout business.—J. Y. C.

ILLINOIS. Hamlet.—We have had no good fishing since early spring, and then only for a short time, the water has been too high. Reports from different parties working in hay fields are that there are large droves of prairie chickens.—P. W. D.

CHICAGO BASS WATERS.

BASS fishing in the waters of this region has been unusually good this season. The bait-casters have had good luck in the Fox Lake system, and the fly-fishing for the small-mouths on the Fox River has been part of the time at least very good, as mentioned in earlier reports. Mr. Loeb, with A. G. Spalding & Bro., was back yesterday from a short trip on the Fox River below Montgomery, and says that his party got very good bass on the artificial fly. Not very much fly-fishing for bass has ever been done by the angless of this city—more this year than ever before—but it is hoped that there will be a steady growth in this form of sport, which is certainly the prettiest way possible to fish for bass, if not the most killing.

It is a pleasure to give definite testimony which may bring to the notice of some hitherto ignorant thereof another very accessible and extremely good bass water—Cedar Lake, Indiana, on the Chicago & Atlantic Railway. This should not be confounded with the Cedar Lake lying closer to Chicago upon another line. It may be remembered that the little party which went down on the Tippecanoe in the special car a few weeks ago did not have very great luck with the fish. Indeed, I should have stated that the total catch was so small that in the evening Mr. Donald emptied the minnow cans and made the cook serve up every last bait minnow cooked for dinner—a proceeding which it seems to me is one of the most singular ever recorded of a party of anglers. "We've got to have a fish dinner of some sort," said Mr. Donald, "and as we've had a lot of trouble getting those shiners, we might as well eat them, if we can't catch any bass on them. You've all got to eat shiners now, and like 'em, too." So we all did, though it did look rather hard, seeing we had come after bass. It was then that we fell talking of the bass at Cedar Lake, and one result of this conversation was that last Fourth of July saw my friend, Mr. Harryman, and myself down in that country again. The Tippecanoe was boiling full of muddy water this time, and we got no fly-fishing, barring two bass which we took early in the morning, so we gladly set forth for Cedar Lake. The entrance point for Cedar Lake is Ora, a little huckleberry station, at which the only north bound stopping train is the afternoon local. After a six-mile ride over a sandy wood road, we reached the head of the lake, whose shores we found sprinkled with little cottages. There are three hotels here, Shoup's, Tanner's and Varns's. We went clear on round to the head of the lake and stopped with Ed. Varns, and were glad of it later, for we found him the only man around the lake who thoroughly knows the bars and other bass grounds. Mr. Varns rowed us, and it was owing to his knowledge of the lake that we had such good sport. On the midnight frog hunting excursions which we found necessary in order to get bait, our host also proved himself an adept. I do not know that I should weary readers by a long account of our trip, but when I say that we brought back with us 16 fine bass, averaging over 2¼lbs., only a part of the sport has been indicated, for we lost three fish to every one we got. We could not get good bait frogs, and were forced to use large bullfrogs. In striking so large a frog, the bass does not swallow it at once, and the angler must wait a few moments for the "second run" before fastening his fish. By that time we found that our bass were usually so far down among the big "tobacco weeds" that the chance of getting them out, without their tearing something loose, was by no means an even one. We, however, caught all the bass we cared for, and we "discovered" a splendid lake for bait-casting for large-mouthed bass. The lake is full of bass. The frog is the proper bait. It seems that this water is not much fished by skillful anglers. A great many bass are "jayhawked" out on long cane poles, but Mr. Varns told us that we were the first men he had ever seen cast the bait with the short rod and free reel, and I noticed that the operations of the latter gear attracted attention as we passed some of the "cottages." Mr. Varns told us that the residents about the lake were trying to prevent destructive methods of fishing, such as netting, spearing and fishing through the ice. Surely it is to be hoped that all such work may be stopped, for, as it is now, there are few better stocked bass waters around here than this same lake. Mr. Varns says the bass are increasing. We saw the shallows fairly swarming with young bass fry. We were told that not much illegal work had been done this year. The gill-net and spearing light which we found by chance in a certain farmer's woodshed did not look that way, but we hope this fellow will use them with cautious infrequency hereafter.

Cedar Lake is a pretty body of water, timbered on all its shores, with low banks and a broken and irregular outline. It is about three miles by two miles in extent, and has an elbow or angle at its lower end, so that the whole sheet of water cannot be seen at once. It is prettier than any of the lakes like Grass Lake, Loon Lake, Silver Lake, etc., etc., which lie in lower Wisconsin or upper Illinois, and are much patronized by Chicago anglers. Indeed the fact that this water was apparently little known and little visited made the chief charm for us. The trip to Cedar Lake is a very cheap one. The hack ride is 50 cents each way. Hotel rates are $1 a day, the charge for boatman and boat being $1.50 additional. We were very comfortable and I don't know when I have had a pleasanter little trip. And we got the bass, too, and didn't absolutely have to eat our bait, though we did eat a few frogs' legs for breakfast.

Two things our host at the quiet little hotel taught us. One was how to catch frogs. These he hunted after dark with a lantern. A frog, which in the daytime is very wild, will at night let you "shine" him and get so close that you can net or pick him up. The best way to catch the very large bullfrogs is by lantern-light. Mr. Varns hooked twenty-eight in one night that way. The other "pointer" we got was about winding off a line from a reel preparatory to winding it back on again. If you will try winding the line around the crown of your hat, you will be surprised to see how much more quickly and neatly it will work than if you roll it around your hand or about a crotch or bit of wood. That is a good way to dry a line, too, as good as any. I recommend this to "Big Reel" for his practical philosophy.

July 16.—Mr. A. C. Ely is outfitting for a little camping trip in the North Woods, and will take his family with him. Dr. Shayne will camp with his family on Loon Lake.

In the issue of July 10 I am made by the types to say, "When I was a boy down in Indiana we used to be ignorant enough to go seining," etc. This was the statement of Mr. A. H. Harryman, not of myself, and should have been so printed. I think also that Mr. Hirth's conscience would trouble him less over his remarkable fish story had the intelligent compositor permitted him to say he had "laid his rod down" instead of "lain" it down. And so on.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion about the proper color of lines and leaders. After trying all kinds and colors, we think a neutral tint, commonly known as "mist" color, the best. Yet some prefer white, while other anglers insist upon black leaders. What the trout think of them we do not know. Mr. Henry P. Wells made some elaborate experiments in that line, but as the eyes of trout and bass differ entirely from those of the human race, it is a question if such experiments are of any practical value. There is no doubt that the finest leaders show the least, and that cheap, flat and uneven gut shows the most. As to the proper color of lines for fresh-water fishing, we think that a dingy green would be less apt to be noticed than any other color. Fish are used to seeing stems of weeds and blades of grass floating down the streams. In England it is not unusual for anglers to fasten a bit of grass to their leaders in order to deceive the trout. Therefore we think that color the best. On clear shallow streams, when the sun shines bright, the shadow made by the line and leader looks like a black streak on the bed of the stream. And trout or bass will dart away in terror when they see it shoot out toward them. The remedy for this is to fish up stream; then the first thing they see is a tempting fly overhead. The angler is easily enabled to locate the fish by their shadows.

Encouraging reports of salmon having been seen and caught in the various rivers that have been restocked continue to come in. The latest is that Mr. Wm. C. Clarke of Plymouth, N. H., has killed five salmon this season with rod and line in the famous Pemigawassett, the upper part of which river Mr. Prime so beautifully describes in his book "I Go a-Fishing." The introduction of the various fishways in this river has undoubtedly much to do with this happy state of affairs. It is also reported that a gentleman killed an 8lbs. salmon in the "Aroostook" just below Caribou.

Mr. Walter Aiken, President of the Mount Washington R. R., has had the good fortune to kill a landlocked salmon in Sunapee Lake that weighed 14¾lbs. A royal specimen, and probably one of the largest of its kind on record.

The following is an authentic score of trout caught by two gentlemen in Canadian waters, all fish under 1lb. were returned to the water. It represents two days' fishing, and the total catch was over 200. Twenty-two of these fish weighed over 2lbs. each, and the largest were as follows: one of 5¼, one of 4¾, one 4¼, one 4lbs., one 3lbs. 14oz., and so on down to 2lbs.

The great run of bluefish still continues, and these elegant fish can hardly be given away along the coast, yet in the city we have to pay 10 cents per pound for them just the same, and the dealers will let them rot rather than let the price break. Large weakfish are being caught in considerable numbers by those engaged in bluefish trolling outside. They take the ordinary large tin squid, but not after the manner of bluefish. The boat must be brought up to the wind, so as to let the squid sink to the bottom, they are then hauled in hand over hand and the weakfish then seize them.

The Hon. Geo. S. Brandreth, the champion salt-water angler of Rockaway Beach, has discovered a new fishing ground off of Rockaway. A gentleman who returned from a trip down there, and who was out with him, says he never saw such fishing in his life. The fish caught were mostly large sea bass, and they hauled them in as fast almost as they would tomcods in the fall. Porgies of 1lb. weight were so abundant that they were a nuisance, taking the bait before the bass got a chance.

In regard to the black bass fishing in the Walkill mentioned in last week's angling notes, two gentlemen tried it after reading the article and report that they caught ninety bass in two days' fishing—mostly on helgramites.

Mr. Taylor of the New York *Times* says that he had a great experience recently catching a 7¼lbs. eel while black bass fishing one evening up the Delaware. He could not imagine at first what he had on, and then when he managed to get him near the boat he had some doubts about taking him in, as he was rather an ugly looking customer; but, being well posted, he knocked him over the head, and was well repaid for it. It was simply superb on the table next day.

ILLINOIS WATERS.—Quincy, Ill., July 18.—The Mississippi River has, for the first time in two years, been out of its banks above the mouth of the Missouri River, and as a consequence all of the inland lakes tributary to the river have been amply restocked and good bass fishing is almost sure to follow later on in the season. On the Illinois River the fishing has been fair, fine catches being reported from several places. The river has been very high, also, which has made an unsatisfactory spring for angling at favorite haunts. The white bass have been taken very freely at Meridosia Bay, a hundred to the rod being not an unusual catch. The black bass and pickerel have not taken the spoon this season as readily as in former seasons, owing, I think, to the muddy condition of the water during the best months. There is an abundance of black bass, however, in both streams, and with the water within the banks I feel very sure that the Illinois River and adjacent lakes will prove to be this season the best waters for fishing in the Union.—S. P. BARTLETT.

LOWER POTOMAC FISHING.—Mr. Chas. Woltz has just returned from a fishing trip to Piney Point, Maryland. He found small croakers, ranging from 6 to 12oz. in weight, very plentiful. With a companion he caught 175 in about two hours, using sea clams and hard crabs for bait.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 15.—A number of Chicago people are absent at this date, among the lakes and summer resorts of Minnesota, but so far as is now known none of them were overtaken in the great calamity which overwhelmed Red Wing and her sister cities near fateful Lake Pepin. There will long linger in the seared memories of the survivors of that great storm a full sense of the blind fury which the smiling skies can at times assume. Perhaps in it all there is a lesson to those who go pleasuring on inland lakes, which are always more or less dangerous to small and poorly-managed vessels in time of sudden storm. Records of such fatalities are full enough, but the death of over 100 persons upon one pleasure craft—history has no parallel for that in this region.

The fishing and semi-fishing resorts more directly in the course of Chicago summer travel are unusually crowded this summer. There are more than 250 Chicagoans scattered around Oconomowoc this week, and perhaps more about Mackinac Island. Waukesha, Wis., is crowded to the utmost. At Devil's Lake about 75 Chicago people are registered. Two or three dozen names are sent down from Minnetoka, Minn., registers. Twin Lakes, Wis., has about 80 Chicago guests at present, and half that many are attributed daily to St. Joseph, Mich. Closer at home, and in a country whose attractions are more purely sportsmanlike, are Fox Lake, Lake Villa, Antioch, and a number of other villages much frequented by half camping and half visiting summer parties whose main idea is fish. On Fox Lake, Ed Howard's, The Lakeside, Lippincotts's, Harry Dunnell's and all the other public places are crowded, and the clubs are also pretty full most of the time.

By the way, a new club house must be added to those already owning the Fox Lake country as their home. The Northwestern Pleasure Club, of Chicago, an organization only about a year old, has formally opened its new club house on Pistaqua Bay. The new house is a pleasant structure, two stories, basement and attic, and points west from a very commanding and well chosen site. There are 30 rooms in the house, and the interior is tastefully finished in Georgia pine. The total cost was $8,000, and the building is a worthy and suitable one in every way. Mr. Ostrander will manage the house. The festivities on July 12 consisted of a flag-raising, a shooting tournament, a banquet, a reception and a ball. The members were represented almost in full, and many guests were present from the Mineola, Fox Lake and other clubs. The officers of the Northwestern Pleasure Club are: President, Thos. Webb; Vice-President, Henry Wolff; Secretary, J. W. Brenckle; Treasurer, L. E. Weich; Directors, John J. Weber, William Erby, P. O'Malley, Theodore Wilkins, George D. Eddy, Charles Peatern, Charles Gastfield, W. H. Gray and H. Riderberg. Its membership includes among others Judge Murphy, Coroner Hertz, David Bayha, Joseph O'Malley, Henry Smith, Charles Etterman, Isadore Aid, John Puhle, Thomas Sweenie, August Wilkens, Erick Stone, J. Fletcher, T. Glassbrook, George Weber, T. Rheil, Henry Slick, Dr. Wickersheim, G. Kimball, Henry Zitt, Gus Broberg, R. Knight and John Stephens.

July 17.—Mr. Charles F. Hills and Mr. Charles E. Hyde, of the Fox Lake Club, on last Thursday and Friday found some excellent bass water in the little fished lake known as Duck Lake, one of the lakes of the Fox Lake system. On Thursday Mr. Hills took 26 bass alone in this lake, and on the day following he and Mr. Hyde together took 22. None of the bass were below 2lbs., and one reached 4¼lbs. Mr. Hills says that these bass were as gamy as any small-mouths he ever saw. They were large-mouths and were all taken by frog-casting.

In the report of the little Yorkville trip, last week, I had occasion to mention Mr. J. E. Reddock, of that village, a very ardent fly-fisherman, who did what he could to show us some fishing while we were. To-day Mr. Reddock sent up to Mr. Hirth, at Spaldings', a magnificent small-mouthed bass, which weighs 3¾lbs. Modesty prevents my saying very much about it, because this particular bass was caught on the fly whose pattern I devised myself this spring—a Professor body, Montreal wing, red and ginger hackle. This fish was taken at Yorkville. It is a pleasure to add that since our visit to this village a sportsmen's club has been organized, which will try to prevent illegal methods of fishing and so preserve to its rightful uses what is naturally a very good bass water indeed.

Mr. Hills informs me that the "jumping" of bass as practiced along the lower Fox, will be noticed as one of the destructive illegal methods described in the circular synopsis about to be issued by the Fox River Association.

Mr. W. W. Tabberner, general agent of the Milwaukee and Northern railway, says that trout fishing has been backward this season on account of the singularly prolonged high waters. Mr. Tabberner informs me that his company has this year planted over 1,000,000 trout in the streams along their lines. Himself and Mr. Rollins, president of the Wausaukee Club, have superintended the planting of numbers of the rainbow trout, but they do not think the latter have done well.

The Wausaukee Club, of which Mr. Tabberner is secretary, mention of which was promised earlier in the season, will hold its formal opening of the club house on Saturday, July 26, which event will be celebrated by a trout dinner, among other things. An attendance of the entire membership is expected, and there will be many guests; FOREST AND STREAM among others. A full report will be made duly.

July 18.—Governor Fifer, on the 8th of this month, appointed Thomas B. Mullens, of Anna, and James P. Campbell, of Browning, as fish wardens. It is to be hoped that in these appointments his excellency has been more fortunate than in that of the dead and alive creature, Brunsewitz, he lately inflicted on this city as a "warden." The latter was supposed to have some trifling "influence" with a class of ignorant foreigners. Thus it may be seen that politics may affect fishing.

Mr. W. H. Comstock, who is the guest of Mr. Ely, at his cottage on the north shore of Lake Superior, has departed with his host for the scene of hostilities. The point to which they go affords some of the finest lake fishing for big brook trout to be had anywhere. This is, of course, understood to be the fly-fishing along the rocks and riffles of the shore. There is no fly-fishing that surpasses it, in the minds of those who have tried it, and doubtless these gentlemen will have delightful sport.

July 19.—Mr. Joel Kinney and Mr. Chas. E. Petrie,

both of whom have grown warm from sitting in the city Fire Department so long, will cool off this week at Brown's Lake, near Burlington, Wis. They have been taking any quantity of white bass, silver bass, croppies, perch, etc., there, with some black bass, though they do not enthuse over the prospect for the latter at Brown's Lake. The Fox River, from Burlington on down, is a screaming black bass water. E. HOUGH.

THE NEW IOWA FISH LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be of interest to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that we have a new fish law in Iowa. The new law went into effect April 4. The following is a synopsis:

Section 1 repeals all other acts.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person to take from any of the waters of the State any fish in any manner except by hook and line; except that it shall be lawful for any person to take minnows for bait with a seine that does not exceed five yards in length. Also that it shall be lawful to take buffalo and suckers by spearing between the first day of November and the first day of March following. The word minnows as used herein does not include or apply to young bass, pike, croppies, trout, salmon, or fry of any game fish, either native or foreign, and all such fish, either young or adult, so taken shall be immediately returned to the waters from whence taken. * * *

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person to catch or take from any of the waters of the State any salmon or trout between the 1st day of November and the 1st day of April following, or any bass, pike, croppies or any other game fish between the 1st day of November and the 15th day of May following in each year, in any manner whatsoever.

Sec. 4. No person shall sell nor have fish with intent to sell, which have been caught unlawfully.

Sec. 5. Any person found guilty of a violation of the preceding sections of this act, shall, upon conviction before any justice of the peace, mayor of any incorporated town or city, or any court of record within the county in which such offense is committed, be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars and stand committed until such fine and costs are paid.

Sec. 6. No person shall do any act that shall hinder the passage of fish up, down or through a water way.

Sec. 7. No person shall place in any of the waters of the State any lime, ashes, or medicated bait, or shoot any gun, or use any dynamite, gun cotton, giant powder or other explosive, or any electrical machine or device with the intent thereby to kill, injure, poison, stupify or catch fish.

Sec. 8. Any person found guilty of a violation of section 6 or 7 of this act shall, upon conviction before any justice of the peace, mayor of any incorporated town or city, or any court of record in the county in which such offense is committed, be fined not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, and stand committed until such fine is paid. And any seine, net, trap or other device used in violation of section 6 or 7 of this act may be seized and destroyed by order of the court before whom such action may be brought.

Sec. 9. In case of violation, person filing the information shall have in some cases $5 and in some $10 for filing the same.

I consider the law a good one down to Sec. 9, and here it is lame. This seems to be the only provision our State makes for the enforcement of her game and fish laws, and instead of helping to enforce them it is a stumbling block preventing them being enforced. First, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." If a man attempts to enforce it every one in the community will say he did it for the paltry five or ten dollars. This will keep the better class of law-abiding citizens from having anything to do with it.

Third, the vagabond class, who might enter complaint for the small money consideration, in nine cases out of ten dare not do it, for the reason that they have probably broken the same law hundreds of times themselves, and they are afraid of retaliation. I have seen the practical workings of this class of laws fifteen years, and know the above to be facts. Our game and fish laws are a dead letter unless we have some different means of enforcing them. WILLIAM H. STEELE.

FOREST CITY, Iowa.

BIG-MOUTH AND SMALL-MOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the majority of anglers are yet revelling in the good things of last week's "Bass Number." At least I will vouch for one very small portion of a shadow of Walton.

I have read with interest the very positive and conflicting opinions of your correspondents, "T. H. B." and "Kingfisher," regarding the large-mouthed bass, and while perhaps the former states the best case, to my mind the latter offers the most convincing evidence.

As far as my own personal experience goes I must side with "Kingfisher." I have angled in a great many different waters in the New England and Middle States and have yet to hook an average large-mouth with anywhere near the game quality of the average small-mouth. This may be the state of affairs in this section only, and I do not doubt but that in some waters the conditions may be so different from ours as to cause big difference in the fighting qualities of this fish. Why then is not this a solution to this much discussed question? That the large-mouth bass of this section are sluggish compared to the small-mouth variety my experience leads me to affirm, and the experience of my brother anglers will go as proof. That in other sections the one variety is just as much of a fighter as the other I am not at all prepared to discuss, and hence with a qualification as to location would have no reason to question the correctness of the several authorities quoted by "T. H. B."

ALBANY, N. Y. SPLIT BAMBOO.

FISH PRESERVATIVES.—Boston, July 20.—I notice an article by "Kit Clarke" in the number of July 17, about "Preservaline." Some four or five years since I spent my vacation at Kennebago Lake, Franklin county, Maine. I received while there a box of "Rex Magnus." There were plenty of trout there and we always had some in the "car," which was moored out in the lake in front of the cabin. I followed the directions on the canister strictly. I took just two dozen trout, not one of them less than half a pound, and soaked them in the solution, one pound of "Rex Magnus" to four gallons of water, for about two hours. I then packed them in a box with bog moss and started home the same day (a journey of forty-eight hours by buckboard, stage and rail). I opened the box immediately after my arrival, and the fish were just as handsome as when taken from the water. The eyes, spots and gills were in perfect condition and the flesh hard. I distributed the fish around, keeping a couple for myself, which were cooked the next morning for breakfast, and there was no more taste to them than there is to a sugar pine chip. The powder undoubtedly preserved them, but destroyed the flavor thoroughly. All the parties to whom I had given them had the same experience, and I got the "grand guy." I wonder if Mr. Clarke's experience was similar.—PARSON.

MUDFISH OR LAWYER.—Weedsport, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find photograph of a fish taken from the Seneca River, near this place. As no one here has any knowledge of the species, how he came here, etc., except that he is known as the "lawyer," I write you for something definite in the matter. The fish is 16in. long and weighs 1½lbs., color on back dark greenish tinge, light on belly, scales small and set very tight, almost impossible to remove them. When first taken the back shows diagonal checks, and is quite handsome. The head in shape resembles that of the bullhead, and has a row of sharp teeth on both jaws. Will live a long time out of water, and weighs from 1 to 10lbs. This fish is very gamy and will fight every second after being hooked, and go out of the water like the black bass. He appeared five or six years ago, and last year a number were taken. This year he is numerous.—D. V. M. [The lawyer is described in ichthyological works under the name of *Amia calva*. It is better known as the mudfish, but has many other common names, most of which are quite local in their application. Dogfish is one of its well known names; grindle fish or John A. Grindle are Mississippi terms for this species. Sometimes the "Grindle" is omitted and the fish figures simply as "John A." The male, with a roundish black spot surrounded by a pale orange color at the root of the tail, is styled spotted grindle. Bowfin and brindle fish are other names for this high-spirited but utterly worthless relic of the old *ganoid* or bony-scaled fishes. The fish has a very wide range, extending from the Great Lakes to Texas and from New York to Florida. It is a lover of sluggish waters and is capable of living out of water for half a day at a time. Its air bladder being lung-like enables it to breathe air as long as the gills are kept moistened. As a food fish the lawyer is a flat failure, and nothing but its game qualities recommend it to the notice of the angler.]

THE IDEAL FISHERMAN.—Rochester, July 25.—Inclosed please find a clipping which may interest our mutual friend, "Kingfisher," whose article by the bye was exceedingly interesting. I can relate a similar experience with a barbless hook, but it was a pickerel this time.—GENESEE. [The inclosure is from the Albany *Journal*, and reads: "Years ago he was thought to be the man who was the laziest fellow of the town, good for nothing else but fishing. Later on it was the man who knew where the fish were, and, regardless of means, managed to secure a large number of them. Then came a period when one having quite a variety of tackle, enabling him to put on an endless number of lines from his boat, thereby being always reasonably sure of success, was looked upon as the angler of the period. Following this the number of lines decreased to a long, heavy one, with a large reel and heavy rod. Then did the times change and all the material grow lighter and lighter. Through all these periods, however, with the varying kinds of tackle used, the true angler, by the judgment of the people, must show catches large in numbers. But the true angler of the present day has divested himself of every trait inherent to the past, and now he stands simply on the merit of skill. His rod, reel and lines are of the lightest possible weight, he does not care a rap for numbers in his catch—only weight—and if he can successfully bring to creel a 2½lbs. trout or a 5lbs. bass his angling friends know that all the science of his art had to be used to successfully capture the big fellow and save his tackle."]

THE OTSEGO BASS.—Governor De Witt Clinton, of New York, is credited with the publication of a description of the Otsego bass in the *Medical and Philosophical Register*, about 1815. We have not seen the first edition of the volume in which this account is to be found, and the reprint does not contain the article; but a separate pamphlet on this bass, which is really a whitefish, was printed at New York in 1822. In this paper Clinton incidentally mentions the "white pike of the Susquehanna River," which we believe to be the wall-eyed pike of our day. Great are the mysteries of common names of fishes. In 1842 Dr. De Kay called the wall-eyed pike the yellow pike-perch, and recorded the additional names, glass-eye, American sandre, okow or horn-fish, salmon of the Ohio, pike of the Lake, common pike, pickerel, pickering and yellow pike. The name pickerel was ascribed to this fish in streams and inland lakes of the western parts of New York, as it is now in the region of the Great Lakes. Misled by this account and others of a similar character, we supposed the pickerel of Lake George to be the wall-eyed pike, until Mr. Presbrey sent us a head of a specimen which he caught in that lake last year, and which proved to belong to the common pike (*Esox lucius*). So much for the confusion of common names, in framing which the rules of priority are seldom or never considered.

CHARLESTON, Ill., July 17.—Angling has not been very good for the past three weeks; the weather has been too hot. On the 5th inst. Francis M. Parker, Edward Chilton and Thomas Threlkeld, at the Embarras River, caught ten black bass and four channel catfish. On 6th inst. Otto Weiss and Francis M. Parker, in the Ambraw River, three miles east of the city, the temperature up to 92° at 2 P. M., took four bass and five channel catfish. On 11th inst. Frank Parker, in the Embarras River at the mouth of Polecat Creek, caught six bass and four channel catfish. The largest bass and largest catfish weighed 2lbs. each. On the 10th Thomas Threlkeld, in the Embarras River, took six black bass and two catfish. On the 12th, Otto Weiss, at the Embarras River, three miles east of here, creeled two black bass. The largest weighed 2lbs., and was the hardest fighter Mr. Weiss ever caught for the size. On June 1 Francis M. Parker caught twenty-eight channel catfish; it was the best day's angling of his life.—J. B. D.

A HORSE MACKEREL of large size (560lbs.) found its way into Gloucester, Mass., Harbor July 14, and was captured off Pavilion beach. It attracted a great deal of notice while on exhibition at one of the fish markets. A trap near Rockport, Cape Ann, has taken a score of these monsters in a single season. Young ones are not found in our waters. The species breeds in the Mediterranean, where it is an important food fish.

A LARGE SALMON.—The heaviest salmon that has been taken in British waters for years was captured this season at the mouth of the River Esk, near Montrose. In 1883 the British Museum secured a specimen weighing more than 50lbs. in the Billingsgate market, London.

BROOK TROUT IN PIKE COUNTY.—Hon. Henry C. Ford, of Philadelphia, informs us that the take of brook trout in Pennsylvania this year is the largest for twenty years. The headwaters of Broadhead's Creek contain plenty of trout. Henryville and Canadensis are the chief starting points for the fishing. The Tobyhanna, rising in Pocono Mountain and running into the upper Lehigh, has the biggest brook trout in the State; it has long reaches of still water in which large trout live. Mr. C. W. Walton, of Philadelphia, is thoroughly familiar with the Tobyhanna and its inhabitants. Last year he had a creel of 13 trout from that stream running from 1lb. to 3½lbs., and also one of 8¾lbs. which was taken by another angler. A 6lb. brook trout was caught in the Tobyhanna at one time. Numerous trout weighing from 1½ to 2lbs. have been captured in Pike county. There the season lasts from to May 1 Aug. 1, while in other parts of the State the time is from April 15 to July 15. The streams are very low on account of the dry weather. At such times the trout gather in deep pools and will not rise readily to a fly. The clear water is a hindrance to successful fishing. Under these circumstances the poacher with his nets gets in his deadly work; but public sentiment in Pike county is in favor of enforcing the law, and poachers carry on their nefarious business at their own peril.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Detroit City, Minn., July 17.—This has been the best season we have had for a long time. The catches of bass and pike have been unusually large, and this in spite of the netting that is so largely practiced in nearly all the lakes. A sturgeon was caught in Detroit Lake in the early summer, the first one ever taken. Length 6ft. 8in., weight 106lbs. The first trout was taken from a brook that flows into Detroit Lake this spring, and two men went from here and fished the stream and were rewarded by six or eight fingerlings. These trout were placed in here five or six years ago, and it is a shame that they are not left alone. The Park Region Game and Fish Protective Association was organized here last spring. Soon after its organization one man was arrested for using a net in Floyd Lake and fined, but nothing more has been done, yet it is said that nets and dynamite are being used. "I've caught lots of bass this year," said Mr. C. W. Dix to me the other day, "even I on my little Bethabara rod." "How many?" I asked. "Over two hundred," he replied. The other day at Island Lake a man said to me, "I have not got many fish this year; have only sent off four ton. Last year I sent off many more." "How were these fish caught?' The answer to this will explain why so many of our lakes are being drained of the fish.—MYRON COOLEY.

NOMINI CREEK NOTES.—Washington, D. C.—Our 4th of July, 1890, outing was to Nomini Creek, Virginia. This creek is in Westmoreland county and flows into the Potomac River near its mouth. It furnishes good salt-water fishing and sailing. We spent two days here and found fish plentiful, but at present of small size. The fish average much better later in the season. Croakers, striped bass, spots, catfish and eels were abundant. The striped bass run from ¼lb. to 1lb. in weight. We had no intention of fishing in salt water when we went to Mt. Holly. Our destination was a small lake, three-quarters of a mile long by one-quarter of a mile wide, at Montrose, six miles distant from Mt. Holly P. O. (Nomini Creek). This body of fresh water is well stocked with large-mouthed black bass, and our hopes ran high for a good time with that fine fish; but we were disappointed, as the water was very muddy and could not be fished. Nomini Creek and vicinity is one of the good fishing places along the Potomac. W. W. Palmer, Plain View Hotel, Mt. Holly P. O., Va., took us in charge and proved himself a first-class host. Hotel accommodations and boats are to be had at very reasonable rates. Reached from Washington by steamboat tri-weekly.—D. G. MOHLER.

STRIPED BASS IN UPPER DELAWARE RIVER.—On July 23 I caught in the Delaware River, opposite Milford, Pa., a striped sea bass weighing 2¼lbs. Several other similar cases have been reported along the river. Can you explain their presence so far from their natural home?—R. I. B. [By reference to an account of black bass fishing in the upper Delaware, published in this number of FOREST AND STREAM, you will learn that the striped bass are in pursuit of young fish, notably the shad, which is now migrating seaward. It is a matter of frequent occurrence for this species to ascend streams almost to their sources.]

GREAT EGG HARBOR BAY FISHING.—Somers Point, N. J., July 20.—Fishing is not very good at present, and has not been this season. There are some weakfish, flounders and kingfish, but not very many. Sea bass are in the bay in great numbers, but they are very small. There are more bluefish on the coast than I ever knew before, and mossbunkers, or menhaden, are also plentiful. Sheepshead are absent from these waters and have been for three seasons. I have seen several kinds of fish that were not in the collection made by Dr. Bean in the summer of 1887.—B. E. S.

MR. HENRY LOFTIE, manager of the Syracuse Bamboo Furniture Co., sent to the FOREST AND STREAM the other day two plump muscalonge, which had been taken by Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, the wild rice man, at Rice Lake, Ontario. They were two of six taken in two hours and a half on Mr. Loftie's glittering gang trolling bait. Canadian muscalonge appear to have taken a shine to this lure; and Mr. Loftie claims for it not only that it is an attractive bait, but that it also has the merit of hooking big fish and letting the no-accounts go.

COLUMBUS ANGLERS.—Columbus, O.—I am inclined to think that Columbus has more expert anglers than any other city in the country, in proportion to her population. One small party recently took a brief trip to northern Michigan, and caught and brought home over 200lbs. of fine, large brook trout. They go to the same region every season and always feel well repaid for their trips. They avoid the so-called "stocked" streams, preferring those stocked by nature.—M. P. P.

WISCONSIN.—Coolidge, July 24.—Muskallonge fishing is excellent. I was out three days last week and got four that weighed over 20lbs., the largest weighing 28¼lbs.; and smaller muskallonge, pike and bass are in abundance.—H. F. H.

Fishculture.

THE ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF FISH.

BY MAX VON DEM BORNE, DEUTSCHER FISCHEREI VEREIN OF GERMANY.

Translated by C. H. M. Rose.

FOR those friends who have neither the time nor the inclination to read existing books on pisciculture, I will briefly describe a simple method of artificially breeding fish. By this we understand the artificial impregnation and hatching of fish eggs in hatching troughs as opposed to fish breeding in lakes or ponds where the fish themselves are permitted to deposit their eggs.

Artificial breeding has the following advantages: A much larger percentage of the eggs are hatched than would be the case if left to nature, and it is possible to protect them and the young against many dangers that threaten them in free and open waters.

For breeding artificially the following kinds would do well: Salmon, trout, pike, etc., also shad, sturgeon, smelts and other sea fish.

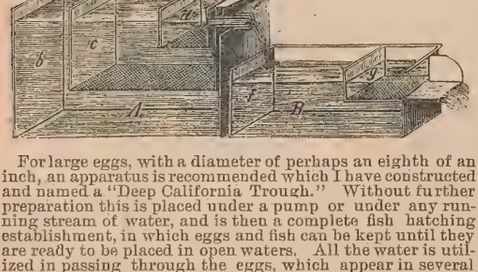
Many kinds of fish, among which may be mentioned the trout, can be kept in ponds until they are ready to deposit their eggs. Where this is not feasible, as in the case of shad, sturgeon, etc., the fish must be caught when they have reached the necessary development, and when they are captured in great quantities, as are the shad in spring, ample opportunity is afforded for getting an unlimited supply of eggs and impregnating them. As by doing this the value of the fish is not decreased, and the impregnated eggs are readily bought, it will be to the advantage of fishermen to impregnate the ripe eggs and sell them to breeders.

But the roe, as well as the milt, is fruitful only when ripe. This can easily be determined by stroking the fish from its head backward under the stomach, with a gentle pressure. If the roe and milt are ripe they flow freely. When they flow with difficulty, further experiment is useless.

Trout and salmon in captivity may be examined weekly to ascertain their condition. The ripe fish should be placed in two separate vessels of water, according to sex. It will be well to take an equal number of males and females, but in case of necessity the milt from one male will be sufficient for the roe from two females.

When impregnating the fish, a glass or earthenware basin should be used. Into this is stroked first the milt and then the roe, in sufficient quantity to cover the bottom of the dish. The milt and roe are then mixed by carefully shaking the vessel, after which water is gently poured down the edge until the eggs are covered. The water is renewed until the eggs are quite clean and the milt entirely removed. Impregnation follows at the moment that eggs, milt and water come together. The eggs are then placed on the wire cloth bottom *c* of the California trough, and water is permitted to flow through without interruption.

When impregnated eggs are to be sent from a distant hatchery, word as to the time of their arrival should precede them by forty-eight hours, so that the receiver may have ample time to be prepared for them, and care should be taken that the forwarding company is instructed to send the eggs promptly in warm compartments. On their arrival the cover is removed in a cold room and the contents of the box repeatedly dampened with the same water in which it is intened to place the eggs. When this has been done, and the eggs are of the same temperature as the water that will flow over them in the hatching apparatus, they are transferred into a larger vessel filled with water and removed from the packing material. After the eggs have been thoroughly cleansed and the dead ones removed, they are placed in the breeeding trough by means of a ladle.



For large eggs, with a diameter of perhaps an eighth of an inch, an apparatus is recommended which I have constructed and named a "Deep California Trough." Without further preparation this is placed under a pump or under any running stream of water, and is then a complete fish hatching establishment, in which eggs and fish can be kept until they are ready to be placed in open waters. All the water is utilized in passing through the eggs, which appear in several layers upon each other. Therefore the trough may, when of suitable size, contain a great many fish.

Box *A* is constructed of zinc and consists of three parts that can be separated from each other. Compartment *b*, into which the water flows, is 16in. long, 10in. wide and 10in. deep; *c*, with wire-cloth bottom is 12in. long, 10in. wide and 6in. deep. The front compartment *d*, which seals the trough, is 4in. long, 10in. wide, 4in. deep. The seal is effected by pressing the three overflow tubes *e* into each other.

When water flows into compartment *b* from faucet *a*, it reaches the trough from the bottom through sieves *c* and *d*, and passes off through the overflow *e*. The wire cloth is so fine that neither fish nor eggs can pass through it, there being fifteen threads to the inch. As the bottoms consist of copper wire, they must be thoroughly coated with the best Syrian asphalt wax to guard against poisoning by oxidation.

The catch basin *B* is sealed by sieve *g*, with the object of detaining any fish that may have escaped from the trough when the seive *d* is removed.

The breeding trough and catch basin together form a complete fish hatchery on a small scale. With trout and similar fish one quart of water per 20 to 40 seconds is required, while with other fish one quart of water for every 150 to 180 seconds will be sufficient.

The warmer the water the more of it must flow through the trough and the fewer fish should be kept in it. A large flow reduces the danger of warm water. With the water at 50deg. Fahrenheit it is not advisable to keep more than 5,000 fish in the apparatus, and with warmer water the number should be lessened. When the fish are observed it will easily be noticeable whether or not they are too crowded.

When, as mentioned, 5,000 trout eggs are placed in one trough they must lie in several layers on top of each other, but this is not objectionable, as the water permeating them from the bottom prevents heavy pressure upon the lower layers.

At first, before the eyes of the fish are visible through the outer covering of the egg, every unnecessary disturbance is to be avoided, as at that period the eggs are very sensitive and easily killed. The dead eggs become opaque and white, and are removed daily with a pair of pincers.

After the dead eggs have been taken from the top layer, it will be necessary to alter the position of the eggs in order to remove the dead ones that lie beneath. To do this box *c* s slowly lifted and then quickly pressed down again. The inflowing water through the sieve bottom will change the position of the eggs, and possibly all the dead ones may appear on the surface.

To remove all the water from the trough a rubber tube is used as a syphon at compartment *b*. If any dirt becomes lodged among the eggs the water is first removed from the trough, and the eggs then deluged with a gentle spray of water from the top. Should this become necessary before the eyes are visible the greatest care must be exercised in doing it.

To exclude light and vermin a wooden cover is used, which has a sieve-covered opening at the place where the water enters.

As soon as the fish begin to hatch, the catch basin, *B*, is placed in its position to catch any escaping fish, and these are daily returned to the trough. At first but few pass through the overflow, but later on they escape in great numbers, and the breeding trough becomes filled with egg shells, which gradually pass through the overflow into the box beneath. From here they are removed. All dead eggs and fish are also removed daily.

When all the egg shells have disappeared and the young fish begin to move about freely, it is best to retain them in the breeding trough, as the rising water in it is better for them than that in the box beneath the overflow. The trough is therefore sealed with the front sieve. This has a large surface to prevent the water from flowing against it with force and thus kill the fish. A horizontal sieve is better for this purpose than either a perpendicular or a slanting one, because it is entirely submerged in the water and its whole surface utilized.

It is best to place the young fish in open water as soon as they become thoroughly lively and before they begin to feed. They are preferably placed in a situation that would be selected by the parents for depositing the eggs. For instance, in the case of trout, a shallow place in a brook (from 1 to 2ft. deep) where the water flows rapidly and the bottom is to a large extent covered with large stones.

In any event the brood should be divided among a number of places distant from each other, to avoid attracting the attention of large fish and other enemies.

In late years it is being attempted to keep the young fish for weeks and feed them, but information regarding this is found at length in various works on the subject.

TROUT CULTURE AGAIN.

DENVER, Colo., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Mr. Milton P. Peirce continues to advertise himself as a gigantic failure in fishculture (a fact well known, I am told, where he is known, and as well in other things) and to assail every one differing from him regarding trout culture as in some way interested in deluding their fellows, perhaps, as he states in one sentence that he "has given more attention to inland fishculture, including trout culture, than any other," and in another sentence that he "has never raised a trout," it would be well to ask him, for the benefit of the deluded trout culturists of Europe and America, to place upon record, in a plain statement of facts, the many valuable experiments he has made, or observed, in trout culture, and when and where; to state the date of his great discovery that trout culture is impracticable and unprofitable, and what really opened his eyes to the fact, and, "honest injun," had he any interested motive in the matter whatever; whether there is anything in this beautiful world of any value, *except the carp*, and whether he has noticed any failure in the commercial or agricultural world from time to time, and if so, whether for that reason he would assume that they are useless branches of human effort, and whether the uniform failure of one individual in all the affairs of life is evidence of good judgment and critical ability; also, whether such failure of the one individual shall be taken as proof of failure by the entire human race? He might also pertinently be asked whether abuse is argument, and whether he thinks that his periodical wails or tirades really arrest, or are likely to, the progressive development of trout culture as a part of fishcultural evolution? Of course he must see that the delusion is spreading from year to year notwithstanding his frantic protests. True, he says there are not a "baker's dozen" (13) of trout culturists in the country to-day, but he does not believe any such stuff.

He might be asked further, whether the other fellows are not in the position of the eleven deluded jurymen, and lastly, as he has dropped out of the procession, should he not drop gracefully out of sight? At all events, and seriously, should not fishculturists allow him to do so, since his distress and morbid disinterestedness are so very painful to behold?

There are many skeptics as to Mr. Peirce's self-assumed exalted position in fishculture—taking the "Wenonah Ponds" in New Jersey as his latest, and, no doubt, supremest effort, although not so very recent—who will await with bated breath an exposition of what Mr. Milton P. Peirce has accomplished in fishculture, outside of the newspapers, but who think that the constant repetition of his failures and beliefs, abuse and insinuations, are monotonous to the extreme. WM. N. BYERS.

STOCKING THE YELLOWSTONE.—Yellowstone National Park, July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Prof. S. A. Forbes, of Champaign, Ill., and Prof. Edwin Linton, of Washington, Pa., are here in charge of an expedition for the U. S. Fish Commission. The object of the expedition is to investigate the life of the streams with especial reference to the food of the fishes in those streams where fish occur, and also to determine the nature and abundance of the life in those streams where fishes are not found, preparatory to stocking the latter streams with different kinds of fish. The parasites of the fishes, especially those which infest the trout and suckers, will also be studied. The Eastern brook trout (fingerling) which were planted last fall in Glen Creek, have been seen this season, and are now from 5 to 7in. long. This plant was experimental, and thus far has proved very successful.—H.

FISH DYING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Advices from Huntingdon, Pa., under date of July 23, announces a sudden mortality among the black bass and other fish in the Raystown branch of the Juniata river. Thousands of bass have been found along the banks of the stream or floating on its surface. The waters affected are several miles in extent and the total destruction of bass in this magnificent stream is feared, as a consequence of this unexpected mortality. Prompt measures should be taken to investigate the cause of these sudden epidemics among fishes, with a view of preventing their recurrance if possible.

BLACK BASS FOR PLANTING.—We are often asked where parties can obtain black bass for planting, and as the season for collecting them is rapidly drawing to a close we repeat the information previously published as to the opportunity at Sandusky, Ohio. At the present time Mr. George W. Littleton can furnish young bass, but before the middle of August they will probably go into deep water where they cannot be taken. June and July are the best months for collecting them at Sandusky. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission obtained 2,000 through Mr. Littleton's help.

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The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

THE safe arrival of Mr. Moore's new St. Bernard Alton is announced from Boston, and according to all accounts he should prove a very valuable acquisition to his owner and St. Bernard breeders in general. "Namquoit" lets the cat out of the bag as to Mr. Sydney Smith's letting Alton go to Mr. Moore and Mayor of Leeds and Young Plinlimmon to English buyers. Sydney Smith is as shrewd a seller as he is a buyer, and he never lets anything go unless he has as good if not better in his kennel. When "Namquoit" told the readers of the 13-months-old marvel Scottish Prince, he answered, before it was asked, the *Stock-Keeper's* query, "Where are the St. Bernard giants coming from to fill their places?"

Mr. Shillcock's dog Lord Bute is claimed to be the largest dog in the world, and it does not seem to be disputed abroad. This gentleman has six St. Bernards in his kennels, the weights of which are: Lord Bute, 223lbs.; Young Plinlimmon, 217lbs.; Lord Calthorpe, 208lbs.; Sabrina (dam of Lord Bute), 160lbs.; Forget Me Not, 170lbs.; Baroness Cardiff, 186lbs.

The correspondence betweet Mr. Everett Millais and Prof. C. T. Kingzett, anent the "New Treatment for Distemper," is not progressing far toward yielding much information. What the doggy public at large wishes to know is, can dogs be inoculated to prevent distemper, upon the same principle as people are vaccinated to prevent smallpox? Mr. Kingzett wrote a very temperate criticism of Mr. Millais's "new treatment," whereupon the latter rushes off to his lawyer to find out whether somewhere in the letter there was not a libel. All of which is very childish, particularly because Mr. Millais has allowed his paper to be the vehicle for very dastardly anonymous attacks upon such honorable men as Messrs. Astley and Raper.

A gentleman, for whose opinion I have a very high respect, says on a postal card received this week, "Don't be hard on Millais, he means well." I have no desire to be hard on him at all, and if the opinion I once held of him has changed, he has but himself to thank. A man who asks me to do a dishonorable thing, as Mr. Millais did, cannot expect one to retain a good opinion of him. His last letter to me remains unanswered for that reason, and I would not now refer to it but that I have heard that Mr. Millais has written to this side of the Atlantic regarding my not replying. He will know the reason now if it has not dawned upon him before.

But to return to the distemper treatment, it must be acknowledged even by Mr. Millais that he has given us nothing new. Inoculation by distemper virus is an old thing. What Mr. Millais did seem to get new was the separation of the bacilli and which of the two was the active agent in spreading the disease. But that, while interesting, is immaterial, for if the discharges which convey distemper from one dog to another contain other matter which is not infectious, the dog that gets the whole dose doesn't know it. It is to be hoped that Professor Kingzett and Mr. Millais will cease arguing about things half of us cannot follow them in, and drop fishing for libel suits in favor of carrying on the so far crude experiments to something tangible and that will benefit dog owners.

"Hibernia" several years ago, in company with Dr. Glass, if I remember correctly, experimented quite extensively in treatment by attenuated virus. The fact that he has long since given it up, though still much interested in discussions on the subject, demonstrates that he at least lost faith in getting the successful antidote. Might I suggest his giving FOREST AND STREAM readers the history of his experiments?

On Sunday the barn at the Associated Fanciers Farm, Berlin, N. J., was burned down. It was presumably the work of a discharged employee, and in addition to quite a large quantity of hay and wheat, one horse was burned to death. The local space writer got in his work and in graphic language described the scene he did not see. When the Philadelphia owners of dogs boarding at the farm read of how the dogs had suffered (in the reports) they pushed to the city office of the farm, only to meet with the assurance that the dogs were nowhere near the fire and were all safe. Three large oaks which grew between the barn and Mr. Ireland's residence alone saved the latter from destruction.

An oil painting of Mr. Mitchell Harrison's collie Christopher has been on exhibition in a window on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, during the past week. That dog must be possessed of wonderful vitality, for after having been bred to about eighty bitches last year I note in the *Stock-Keeper* kennel registry the following births of puppies: March 19, Ormskirk Gem, 8 puppies; March 23, Sweet Valentine, 11 puppies; March 26, Plead, 8 puppies; March 28, Walton Las-

sie, 14 puppies. Mr. Stretch was, of course, very careful of his dog and he restricted the bitches to one service only, and the misses were very few indeed.

A Yorkshire terrier has been purchased in England for shipment to this side. It is Royal George, owned by Mr. John Taylor, of Bradford.

A gentleman who signs "Espan" to the communications which appear in a contemporary, professes inability to understand what I meant by saying that Mr. Anthony could have carried his motion against Mr. Peshall's credentials as against that gentleman himself. I'll give "Espan" a Scottish answer. I was going to the races last week at Belmont Park, and being in no great hurry walked from the station to the track, perusing FOREST AND STREAM as I strolled along. I suddenly came across a little group standing around a small table on a tall tripod. On this were three walnut shells, and there were loud offers to bet as to the whereabouts of a little pea. The gentleman who was manipulating the walnut shells glanced at me, and then with all possible contempt exclaimed, "Say, what's you fellows given me, don't yu'se know him?"

"Espan" thinks my propositions for changing the A. K. C. constitution will never be adopted. Perhaps not, but that does not say that they ought not to be adopted. I like to keep a little bit ahead of the times if I can. My captious friend can do more good to the cause by criticising the suggestions, and I would like him to do so.

Mr. Chas. D. Cugle, who figured so prominently in helping to make things run smoothly at Baltimore dog show, has given over dabbling in St. Bernards. Back to the old love is the story. Ah! old loves are binding, whether of humans or animals. My friend Cugle, and I particularly call him friend because at one time, and before we knew one another by little more than name, we had a rough and tumble pen fight. Cugle is in the bantam-weight class, but he is a fearful punisher, and I now and then got in a pretty good sockdologer. The result was that after we resumed the attitude and manners of gentlemen we had quite a different opinion of each other and are always good friends. When at Baltimore Mr. Cugle told me about his wishing to get a few bulldogs together again and made a little note regarding one of his proposed deals without revealing the identity of the purchaser. Well, that deal did not go through, but there was quite an importation of bulldogs at Baltimore a week ago by the steamship Queensmore consigned to Mr. Chas. D. Cugle.

From the Rideau Kennels (Mr. P. G. Keyes), of Ottawa, I have stud card of Bob Obo and Obo, Jr. The latter is one of the best sires we have had in the States, among his winners being such good ones as champion Black Pete, Othello, Capt. Obo, Ko-Ko, Freda and a lot of others. He was out in the days of Obo II. and Young Obo, hard nuts to crack when they graced the show bench, but he beat them all for the stud dog prize at Newark four years ago. Obo, Jr., was bred by Mr. Farrow, of Ipswich, England, and was imported by Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, of Boston, Mass.

Mr. Leavitt is now flying at higher game than spaniels. I met him a few weeks ago and he said: "I own more horses worth $5,000 now than I ever owned spaniels worth $100." Among other good things he has in the horse line is the fast young mare Fannie Swope, four years old, with a record of 2.24¼. Mr. Leavitt bought Fannie Swope for less than $700 at one of the Lexington auction sales last fall, and he has refused $15,000 for her, having set his mind on beating the four-year-old record of 2.16 with her this year.

Mr. Mather of the Radnor Hunt, which had its entire pack destroyed on account of rabies, has already purchased 28 couples of young hounds in England. They will be brought here and entered under the guidance of a few old American hounds so as to learn our style of work.

Premium lists for Detroit, Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto shows are out, and will prove interesting reading for exhibitors after the dull months of May, June and July. From Philadelphia Ben Lewis will go to Detroit, Frank Smith will look after Wilmington entries, and Fred. Kirby will, if the trip looks profitable, wend his way to where the red rag waves across Niagara River.

A gentleman who has seen the new bulldogs has favored me with the following particulars: Bombardes is a 16 months old dog, by British Monarch out of Gentle Gertrude, a prize winner each time shown. He will make up into a big dog, being now in the 45lbs. class. Color white, with fawn-marked head. This is undoubtedly the best developed dog for his age we have had in this country. His skull as good, and he shows a really wonderful stop and layback. He stands on his front legs at present, but he will likely spring a bit there, and when he does he will be a hard dog to beat. With the dog came two bitches and two bitch puppies. These are Derby Nancy, 2 years, by Reeves' Crib out of Derby Queen, in whelp to Bagpipes. This is a 35lbs. bitch, all white. Derby Hebe, 2½ years old, is also by Reeves' Crib and out of champion Hebe, a few pounds lighter than Derby Queen, and her white is broken by fawn head markings. She is to be bred to Bombardes this week. The puppies are Rosa de Mayo, by The Skipper out of Derby Hebe, 5 months old, brindle and white, and her litter sister Derby Mag, also a brindle.

I am very glad Mr. Cugle has rejoined the fancy, for Mr. Thayer's giving up bulldogs for deerhounds caused a bad break in the gradually increasing ranks.

By the way, it would be well to note the case of Derby Queen showing in season a few days after arrival. I drew attention to the case of Mr. Sawyer's Dolly Tester being bred within two weeks of her arrival here as being quite out of the run of my experience and knowledge of bitches crossing the Atlantic. Here we have two bitches practically coming in heat on the voyage, while in my experience and also in all cases that I know of bitches going to England, is that the voyage causes a delay of three months in the return of the period. The last and best known case is that of Dr. Foote's black and tan terrier Meersbrook Maiden.

Mr. Frank Dole, in a P. S. to a note received a few days ago, says he has a lot of stuff coming over for self and friends. He will please send particulars of "stuff" and oblige J. W.

THE KINGSTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been decided by the management of the Kingston, Ont., Kennel Club bench show to add to the liberal premium list already published extra cash specials of $10 each for the best kennel of four or more in the following breeds, owned by one kennel or exhibitor: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, English setters, Irish setters and cocker spaniels. Arrangements have been made with the Custom House authorities to admit all dogs to this show free of duty. Entries are coming in fast and everything points to a most successful show. Entries close positively on the 15th August.—C. H. CORBETT, Secretary and Superintendent.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—July 28.—The Westminster Kennel Club's fifteenth annual bench show will be held on Feb. 24, 25, 26 and 27.—JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the second dog show of the Michigan Kennel Club, to be held at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2 to 5. The show will be held in connection with the Detroit International Fair and Exposition. The judges announced are: Miss Anna H. Whitney, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards and pugs; Major J. M. Taylor, pointers, setters, American foxhounds and beagles; Mr. Jas. Mortimer, mastiffs, great Danes, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, collies, greyhounds, deerhounds, English foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. C. M. Nelles, field and cocker spaniels; Mr. J. F. Kirk the remaining classes. The St. Bernard Club offers the club medals for American-bred St. Bernards, rough and smooth, dogs and bitches, both over and under 18 months old, and other specialty clubs are expected to offer specials for the different breeds. The prizes offered are $15 and $10 in the challenge, $15, $10 and $5 in open, and $10, $5 and medal in the puppy classes in the important breeds, and $10 and $5 in challenge, $10, $5 and medal in open, and $5 and medal in puppy classes in the other breeds. The show will be held in a new building 40 by 400ft., connected with which are large outdoor exercising rings. In addition to the premium list a large number of valuable specials have been promised, including kennel prizes for the more important breeds. Entries close Aug. 18. The address of the secretary is Dr. M. V. B. Saunders, 230 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT, Mich., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The premium list of the Michigan Kennel Club, as sent out, contains an error in the light-weight pointer classes. Instead of reading $10, $5 and medal in Classes 45 and 46, the list should be the same as in heavy-weight pointers, $15, $10 and $5. Please make these corrections through your columns and oblige—M. V. B. SAUNDERS, Sec'y.

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 17 I notice the article written by "Hibernia" on the beagle hound. In the controversy now existing between beagle breeders of the country as to which is the correct type of dog, I will (if you will allow me a space in your columns) express my opinion on the subject. A great deal has been said about beagles being miniature foxhounds, while others have gone so far as to say that a beagle should represent the type of a Southern bloodhound. Now, if your readers will look back to when the beagle was first introduced into this country they will see that he did not resemble either the foxhound or bloodhound; in fact they did not resemble any of our beagles of to-day, without it was champion Bannerman. It is my opinion that Ringwood is the true type of dog and the type that breeders should breed. Compare Ringwood with our beagles of to-day: where is the likeness between the two? I should say Little Duke resembles what they call a harrier.

Probably the finest importation of the true type of the beagle is Bannerman. I consider him the finest beagle hound in America, and our beagles of to-day who have met him have stood no chance with him. Breeders will notice that Ringwood and Bannerman are very much the same type, and both dogs have not only shown themselves on the bench, but have given to their offspring the beautiful form which these old dogs possess. It is safe to say that a majority of our leading beagles of to-day have the blood of Ringwood and Bannerman; this alone ought to be enough to convince breeders that there is something in the old type.

Beagle breeders will notice that the coming dogs of the day resemble the old type. Why then should they come out and say that the true type of beagle should represent the miniature foxhound or a Southern bloodhound? Ringwood was undoubtedly the finest beagle of his day, and those who are fortunate enough to own his offspring, can congratulate themselves. We now have in Blue Belle II. one of the finest (if not the finest bitch in America); she is the perfect likeness of the old champion himself. Beagle breeders are aware that she is not only a fine bitch, but one that will be seldom beaten. Now if your breeders will compare the two types, and then consider them, I think they will be convinced that Ringwood was the correct type, and the only type breeders should consider. Let your readers throw forth their opinion as to what is the true type of the beagle, for many are in the dark and are wholly unaware of what they are breeding. LOUTRE.

FLEAS,

AND HOW TO GET RID OF THEM.

NOW is the season for fleas. At this time man's most faithful friend is compelled to follow the example of the hen and scratch to live. Of all insects fleas are the cutest. They don't rear their families on the dog's back where they live, but make a nice nest in some pile of sand. They are not, however, over particular, and if there is no sand handy they will use dirt or even the dust under a carpet. There is where their shrewdness comes in. You can scrub a flea-infested dog with deadly lotions, or lather him with all sorts of anti-vermin soaps, and while all the fleas in his hair turn up their toes and die, there are plenty of their descendants left to immediately take their places. So after congratulating yourself that your dog is entirely flea-ridden, you go to bed with a clear conscience of having done your duty, only to find next morning that there are more fleas than ever on your canine friend.

What's to be done?

I know a plan simple and cheap that will keep a dog free from these vermin, and it is not patented.

Buy a second-hand bathtub, but be sure to get one which is not copper-lined. Why, I will tell you later on. Get some carbolic sheep dip. There are a dozen different kinds, all, so far as I can discover, made from the same general formula. Add thirty gallons of warm water to each gallon of dip, and souse in your dog. Don't be afraid of its getting in his eyes, as it will only smart a little and do no permanent injury. Keep the dog in this bath for a couple of minutes, and if he is too large to be entirely covered throw the mixture over his back and head with your hand. After he is taken out and rubbed dry there will not be a live flea on him. The next day, however, he will have a few, and the day after seemingly as many as ever. Put him in the bath again, and by repeating three times a week in a fortnight the fleas on your dogs will be as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the haystack.

There is nothing offensive in this bath. The water and dip forms an emulsion the color of milk, and it does not injure the hair or skin, and used in proper proportions is a sure and speedy cure for mange.

The reason I warned against a copper-lined tub is that the carbolic acid in the dip unites with the metal and forms carbolate of copper, one of the most deadly skin irritants there is. I have seen cases of dogs thus affected which failed to respond to any known remedy and were positively incurable. The skin thickened and took on a pinkish hue, the hair dropped entirely out, and the victims looked like Mexican hairless dogs. They never got better.

For a kennel where a large number of dogs are kept, and where a bathtub dipping would be too troublesome and take too much time, I recommend the following plan, which has been in successful use for the last four years at my own kennels, as a quick and satisfactory remedy for both fleas and mange:

Dig in the ground an oblong hole (the size depending on the number of dogs kept) and line the sides and bottom with stone or brick laid in Rosedale cement. Then coat this with Portland cement to a thickness of 1in. One-quarter (in bulk) of clean white sand should be added to the cement. This tank should be not less than 5ft. deep. When the cement has thoroughly hardened (in from three to ten days, according to the weather), fill it three-quarters full of sheep dip and water in the proportion of one to thirty.

A V-shaped pen should be built at one end of the tank and a slanting water-tight raised platform, which will drain into the tank, at the other. Both of these should be fenced in with wire netting to keep the dogs from escaping. At the end of the slanting platform, which I call the "dripping pen," construct a bridge on hinges to lower and raise from the tank. You also want a lid made for the tank when not in use, and a wooden walk built around it to prevent dirt from being kicked into the bath. It is also advisable to have an open shed erected over the entire arrangement to keep off the rain.

Now, the dipping process is very simple, but it requires two people to do it. The dogs are put into the V-shaped pen, and one man takes a dog by the collar, and pushes him into the tank. If to rid the animal from fleas is the object, then allow him to remain two minutes, when the man takes a forked pole, places it on the dog's neck, back of the head, and pushes him under. In the meantime the other man has lowered the bridge, and when the dog comes to the surface he walks up on the bridge to the dripping pen, where he will lie quietly enough until all the surplus fluid has drained off his coat and run back into the tank. He then can be rubbed dry, but in warm weather even this is unnecessary. By this means very little of the dip is lost, and a tank filled in the spring will last until fall. It will never lose its strength or spoil.

If a dog is to be treated for mange, then he should be kept in the tank four or five minutes, and when in the dripping pen the bad places on him "spotted" with a sponge. For this purpose the mixture should be of the strength of one to twenty, and as hot as the hand can bear.

So far as I know, the idea of a dipping tank for dogs is original with myself, although it was suggested to me by seeing plans of the tanks for dipping sheep used in Australia. HIBERNIA.

IS THIS DUMB RABIES?

LONDON, Canada, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About March last, when the "grip" had commenced to loose its hold upon the human animal, a disease of as obscure an origin began to affect the dogs of this vicinity. For want of a better name it is called by the vets. here atmospheric rabies, dumb rabies, etc. It certainly appears to be atmospheric, and not contagious, as one or two dogs in a kennel will be attacked and the rest escape, although they have freely mixed together. Also from the distribution of the disease, which appears to be confined to no particular part of the city, but has extended westward as far, at least, as the Detroit River. Whatever the disease is it is of a very fatal character; I have not heard of one instance of a dog recovering. As the malady is not likely to confine itself to this locality, I think it a pity that some competent vet. making a specialty of diseases of dogs has not given it his attention, so that in the event of its recurrence or appearance in some other quarter some rational treatment might be meted out, and the lives perhaps of many dogs saved. The general symptoms of the disease, or diseases, for all are not affected alike, may be described as in one case as general languor for a day or two, or even less, the dog refusing food and an indisposition to move, followed by apparent paralysis of the lower jaw, great thirst and difficulty in drinking, a ropy matter exuding from the mouth, and at intervals, fits, in one of which the animal dies. In other instances a dog in apparently good health and spirits is suddenly seized, rushes off crying as if in pain, falls down shortly in a fit, stiffens out and dies; the last symptoms are like those of strychnine poisoning, but cases have occurred making it most unlikely. I was present a few days ago when a vet. opened a young bitch that had just died with above symptoms, and he found no trace of poison in her stomach, which appeared to have been in a healthy condition, also the liver, but the bowels were twisted up and hardened, although showing no signs of inflammation, and relaxing a few minutes after opening the bitch. She was playing with a rag ball a few minutes before being seized. Among the many valuable dogs that have died here, is one familiar to most breeders of dogs and sportsmen; namely London, the winner of the field trials at High Point, N. C., in 1882, and at many bench shows. This grand old dog has left as a legacy many a flyer that for staunchness, speed, hunting sense and beauty will be found hard to beat, as their numerous owners, both in Canada and the United States, can attest. He was owned by Mr. Walter Humpidge, who had the misfortune to lose three others besides. Any sportsman or veterinarian who will throw any light upon the nature of the disease, or suggest any precaution that might be taken to prevent those dogs that are left from falling victims to it, will confer a great favor upon dog owners here. GRIP.

PEDIGREE OF THE MASTIFF MONTGOMERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the blood of the above dog exists in this country (in Vistala, Lady Coleus, Phædra, Persephone, etc.) his pedigree may be of interest. As stated in the English stud book it is "By Crown Prince out of Queen by Colonel" no dam of Queen being given. The dog is owned by T. W. Allen, Esq., the oldest mastiff man now in harness in England, who was able to add only that the dam of Queen was a Vesta owned by a Mr. Naylor, and that the late Mr. Jas. Morris, the breeder of Montgomery, said that Mr. Naylor did not know the bitch's pedigree. This looked very hopeless, but experience has taught me that a pedigree is never hopeless; at any moment the clue needed may turn up. To cut a long story short, Mr. Christopher J. Naylor, of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, Wales, writes that there never was any doubt of Vesta's pedigree, that she is recorded in Vol IV. of the English stud book at number 6408, that he bred and sold Queen, that he saw and handled her litter by Crown Prince, and nearly purchased Montgomery for himself and that he now owns two daughters of Montgomery, great, grand daughters of his Old Vesta. I do not give Vesta's pedigree here, but will send it to any who may need it and will write me. Let me say that I do not lay claim to any merit for this discovery, it being due to the extensive acquaintance of Mr. M. B. Wynn among mastiff men of 15 to 20 years since. My experience in this hunt and that after the pedigree of Idalia and Brenda Secunda, again impresses me with the great unreliability of all official stud books. Their plan of annual issue, and their being a mere collection of entries, perpetuate errors and obscurities, there being no provision for corrections other than one in a succeeding volume where it will hardly be noticed, and there is no way of attaching a note where it will be seen in consulting the original entry. The *American Kennel Register* was infinitely ahead of any other stud book that I ever saw, in that if a pedigree was entered wrongly, and corrected within the year, the correction was noted in the indexing of the dog, and its reading matter insured that correcting notices would be seen and read. I see the English correspondent in a Western paper of July 19, dwells on the trouble ensuing from owners taking names for their dogs which are delusive, such as Young Plinlimmon for some dog in no way related to the original. A. K. R. effectually barred this at its outstart by providing that the name of no dog should be used as a component part of the name of another not closely related to the original. In English mastiff names we have Bosco, Bosco II., and Bosco III., and the relationships of the three dogs are the remotest, probably requiring 15 to 20 years to reach a common ancestor. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 19.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB AFFAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some people are saying they have had enough of Mr. Peshall and the A. K. C. I don't think we have. We haven't quite got Mr. Peshall into the hole dug for himself. He is gradually enlarging it and making it more comfortable, but he isn't in yet.

Since I wrote last week I have had from Mr. Peshall three letters marked confidential. I shall certainly respect that safeguard to silence as to their contents, except in one respect—that is the reply to my proposition for him to go with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM and myself to the A.K.C. rooms and I would then from the books "give the items" he has been so plaintively pleading for from a source he knew would not respond. I think all will bear me out that the simple reply to the public invitation or challenge is not a communication coming under the head of the purely "confidential." Mr. Peshall declines to meet me to examine books that are faked.

I was convinced Mr. Peshall would shift his ground. The sands were washing away below his theoretical edifice, and to save the few relics of his vivid imagination he has to move house. Unfortunately he has only pitched on another sand pile, well within reach of the incoming tide, and flings to the breeze the motto, "The books are faked." Let us patch together the remnants of some of his former pennants which the gales of public exposure ond opinion shredded into ribbons:

"Mr. Vredenburgh won't give you the figures." He did.

"He won't let you see the books." He did.

"Mr. Belmont put in $1,000 between Jan. 1 and Jan. 7." Disproved.

"Mr. Belmont loaned the club $500." Disproved.

"Mr. Belmont's loan was made Dec. 6 to 8." Disproved.

"The loan was by check and the bank book will show it." Disproved.

"Mr. Vredenburgh left for England when the books were balanced July 12, 1888." He didn't go till September.

"We paid him $500 out of the July 12 balance of $651.40." The $500 was paid in two instalments in May.

"Mr. Lewis's contract was an exhaustive one." Denied by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Peshall's brother committeemen.

Just here let me call attention to the position of Mr. Peshall and his supporters on the question of the contract. It is this: "You see they all disagree and therefore I must be right." Here is the right way to look at it. "They all disagree upon the terms except in one respect, and that is that Mr. Peshall's statement as to an exhaustive contract is incorrect." Hence that particular statement by the majority of witnesses holds good. Further than this. Mr. Peshall some weeks ago challenged Messrs. Terry, Schellhass and Lewis to contradict his statement, in the event of which he would at once show by letters in his possession that he was right. An issue of the FOREST AND STREAM has passed and the documentary evidence is not forthcoming. In place of that we are referred to discrepancies between the three gentlemen named as proof that Mr. Peshall is right. That won't wash. Let us have the documentary evidence or come right out and acknowledge it was bluff.

Finally, just as the sergeant of the Peshall guard is unloosing the halyards for the purpose of hauling down the flag, the forlorn hope cry arises, "The books are faked, the books are faked."

Let us quietly examine this charge. There is no hurry; the enemy is in the last trench, all ammunition gone, no water, no food, no anything, not even hope.

The books are faked. These books, or rather this book, for it is the journal or day book that is faked, if anything is, was kept by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Peshall acknowledges to the correctness of the July 12, 1888, balance of $651.40, so we needn't go back of that. This book is a daily transcript of all transactions, a day book I think it used to be called when I was book-keeping. On page 34 of this day book appears the striking of the balance of $651.40, and it is continued to page 96 when another balance is struck of $1,228.28. It was kept by Mr. Lewis, and the striking of the balances is in Mr. Vredenburgh's figures.

Now, note this. Mr. Lewis was the employee of the stud book committee, was engaged by Mr. Peshall and his fellow committeemen under their direction and control. As such he kept this day book, or daily cash record. The presumption is that Mr. Peshall examined this book. At least it was his bounden duty to do so, and unless he chooses to impale himself upon the horn of negligence we must presume he did so. Eighteen months afterward he springs upon us the story, "The Lewis book was faked." He hasn't seen the book, bear in mind, since he resigned from the committee in December, 1888. Well, Mr. Peshall, you know no more about that book now than you did on Dec. 5, 1888. If you know now that it was faked you knew it was so when you were chairman of the committee responsible for its correctness. If at that time you knew it to be correct, you still know it to be so. There is no wriggling off that hook.

Having now pinned Mr. Peshall down to his final claim we will just look at it fairly.

As I have said, the July 12 balance appears on page 34 of the day book, or Lewis book, and on page 96 comes the Jan. 12 "gig" of $1,228.28, and it is one Mr. Peshall can't "straddle." There are sixty-two pages of items before you reach this gig, made up almost entirely of entries of stud book receipts. Page 40 contains about the largest receipts on any one page, and that amounts to $160, including as it does the receipts for registration from one of the fall shows. From that sum the page totals drop down as low as $30. I have not the total receipts from July 12 to Sept. 6, the date of Mr. Vredenburgh's departure for Europe, but from Sept 6 to Dec. 11 the total receipts were $670. From that date until Jan. 3 there was a further addition (in much larger proportions on account of the rush to get entries into the stud book before the close of the year), but I have not the figures except approximately as shown by the bank book deposits of $807.40. Making allowance for leaving a small balance on hand we may say that from Sept. 6 to Jan. 3 the club receipts were $1,500. July and August may be guessed as yielding $250 (based on a lower scale than September, October or November), thus increasing the receipts to say $1,750, to which must be added the July 12 balance of $651.40, making in round figures say $2,400. If then the day book on Jan. 11 shows a balance of $1,228.28, we find that the expenses for the six months were $1,200.

Now where would Mr. Peshall's theory land us? He said Mr. Belmont had to put in $1,000 to make the fictitious balance of $1,228.28, and that therefor the stud book committee, of which Mr. Peshall was chairman, remember, up to Dec. 6, spent or allowed to be expended during the last six months of 1888 the sum of $2,200. It allowed Mr. Lewis, according to Mr. Peshall's theory, and he himself is responsible for what was done, to use the receipts of $670 (Sept. 6 to Dec. 11), the balance of $641 (July 12), the receipts during July and August, say $250—over $1,500. Then after Mr. Peshall resigned in December and Mr. Lewis himself took his place, Mr. Terry, Mr. Schellhass and Mr. Vredenburgh looked complacently on while Mr. Lewis filched another $700 from the club during the month of December, and later on in 1889 drew between $200 and $300 more—the exact figures of which appear in the 1889 statement of account. Mr. Peshall fails to see how in what he has alleged he practically charges himself with concocting a swindle upon the club, and that for partners he had Mr. Thos. H. Terry, Mr. Schellhass, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Vredenburgh.

Fortunately the book that cannot be faked proves that Mr. Peshall is less of an accessory to a swindle than he desires to make himself out to be. The bank book shows that Mr. Lewis handed to Mr. Vredenburgh for deposit, on December 11, $284.50; it further shows that he transferred to Mr. Vredenburgh between that date and January 3 an additional $807.40, there being some half-dozen deposits during that period. If Mr. Lewis had had this exhaustive contract we are told about, would he have turned over to Mr. Vredenburgh this $1,100, when less than $300 of it belonged to the club for club members' annual dues? Well, hardly. Do tell us something we can swallow, for we are not all marines.

In conclusion, I beg all to understand that this is no personal fight between Mr. Peshall and myself. We are just as good friends as ever we were and are likely to remain so. He writes and tells me he "never read such rot" as my last to FOREST AND STREAM, and adds, "When are you coming over to see me?" And I respond by telling him that I'll be over as soon as I have an opportunity; but meantime I must bring him right down on his marrowbones. I am on the side I firmly believe is right, and he understands my position exactly, only he is sorry I am so blind. I am like the Canadian editor who had been giving the opposite political party fits, and the election going in their favor he wrote for some of the Government pap in the way of advertising. The answer came to the effect that if he wanted that he would have to change the tone of his paper and support the Government. He didn't wait to write, but telegraphed in reply, "It's a d—d sharp curve, but I'll take it." Now, if Mr. Peshall can give me facts, not theories or assumptions, which will prove that Messrs. Belmont, Terry, Vredenburgh, Schellhass and Lewis were all mixed up in a swindle, there is no turn too sharp that I can't take. To paraphrase Dean Swift's celebrated charity sermon, "If you like the stipulation, down with the proofs," Mr. Peshall. J. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, "J. W.," in answering the question I asked of him evidently lost sight of what the question was. I repeat it. "Will 'J. W.' tell his readers the deposits appearing in the bank book he examined between April 1 and Dec. 31, 1888, or the deposits made during the time Mr. A. D. Lewis was running the stud book, as they will tend, I believe, to settle the question relative to Mr. A. D. Lewis's connection with that book?" As "J. W." calls attention to the ridiculous position in which I have placed myself, will he oblige me by stating wherein I have done so.

L. LIVESEY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you permit one of the onlookers to tell you how this A. K. C.-Peshall rumpus appears to us? I am sure neither Dr. Perry's nor Mr. Watson's letter throws the least light on the subject, though they were evidently intended to do so. The $1,000 business is still a colored gentleman in the fence, and if Tom Aldrich's statement as to what occurred at the meeting regarding that amount is to be at all relied upon, it certainly changes the complexion of things in Peshall's favor. It is strange that they have acted as they have, if all is O. K. Treasurer Vredenburgh's statement that if they wanted to borrow $1,000 it was none of Peshall's business does not in any way help the A. K. C.'s side, but in my opinion rather damages it. Perhaps I'm off a bit, but I feel sure the whole business will never be cleared up satisfactorily to the dog fanciers till the club appoints three delegates to employ two public accountants to aid them in going over the accounts from 1887 to date, and making a public report of same. It is very evident the auditing committee did not half do their work or they each would have had data to refer to. Said a man to me the other day, "I have been a cashier-in-chief for over 16 years, and my accounts have been audited at least three times a year, while I have every month gone over my assistant's accounts, yet never did I see my auditors nor did I retire from auditing without a full memorandum of all work gone over, with all data obtainable, all balance sheets and figuring being preserved. No other auditing is worth a cent." Let the A. K. C. do as I suggest, and then peace will reign or the devil be to pay.

MEPHISTO.

Mr. Peshall being asked by the FOREST AND STREAM to send in his apology in time for this week, replies as follows: "I have no apology to make. I consider that the letters and statements made by Messrs. Schellhass and Terry, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, prove conclusively that the contract with Mr. Lewis to publish the Stud Book was substantially as I stated it. And I will within a very few days prove to the satisfaction of all dog men and even to the 'Combine' that the major portion of the $1,228.28 in question was not earned by the Club, but it was either money received from outside parties, or else it was money which under that contract belonged to Mr. Lewis. This I will do in a legal proceeding, where the books and accounts can be examined to the entire satisfaction of all. The late Gazing Committee will be invited to attend."

DOG TALK.

HANLEY, Eng., July 14.—I dislike to break open old sores, but the Meersbrook Maiden affair created so much talk at the time, that when at Leeds last week I could not resist the temptation to ask Mr. Ashton for his version of the affair. He seemed pleased to be able to explain, and requested me to publish it. I will repeat his story verbatim:

"About two years ago last Christmas I received a letter from Scotland from Mr. Robert Chapman, saying that Mr. Baillie wanted to buy some black and tans, and that he had told him that I could supply him. He came to Sheffield about Christmas and purchased Meersbrook Maiden for £40 of Mr. Hill. As Mr. Baillie had spoken of purchasing more, Mr. Hill, thinking to please him and give him an incentive to come again, made him a present of another bitch with a bit of white on her breast called Meersbrook Girl. Mr. Baillie told me that he would buy a dog if he could buy it right, and I went to Mr. Bolters with him and purchased a dog. I bought him as if for myself, and paid £5 out of my own pocket for him. When he took the three dogs he asked for another reduction of £5 and Mr. Hill finally consented and let him have the lot for £40." I do not think it necessary to make any comments on the above, but Mr. Baillie will find it quite a difficult matter to make out that he didn't know t'other from which.

Mr. Trickett requested me not to say anything about his purchase of Lady Livingstone for Mr. E. H. Moore: but I notice that the English papers all have the news and I don't want to be the last to send the news to the States. Lady Livingstone was whelped June 27, 1889, she is by champion Hesper ex Lady Abbess, and promises to make one of the best bitches we have. She is an orange bitch with excellent markings, good shadings and great character; skull very good for her age, ears too much like her sire's to be perfect, a good eye, good bone, good coat of good color, and a good mover; stands 31½in. at shoulder, and will weigh 150lbs. now. She won first, novice; first, under 12mos. class, and cup for best in either class at Leeds. She will be bred to Sir Bedivere before she is shipped to the States. Mr. Moore evidently means that Mr. Sears shall not have a clean sweep next spring. With Alton, Lady Livingstone and those that he has already, Mr. Moore can make the best showing of any kennel in America.

Mr. S. W. Smith has doubtless made the greatest number of sales for the largest sum of money in the shortest time on record. Alton and Lady Livingstone to Mr. Moore; Mayor of Leeds to Mr. Collard, of Liverpool; Young Pliulimmon and Forget-Me-Not to Mr. Shillcock, of Birmingham; and now it is rumored that Young Wallace is spoken for for the States. I am not at liberty to state the name of the would-be purchaser, but there is 99 to 1 that he crosses the pond soon. Young Wallace is by Pilgrim and out of Bessie II., a full brother to champion Pliulimmon, and with a good bit of a Plinlimmon head and muzzle; trifle long in muzzle, but with great depth, and good expression, good blaze, broad collar, great depth of chest and length of body, good bone, and very rich orange coat. He has won 18 cups and prizes, and will prove of great value to us as a stud dog.

We Americans might follow in the path of the English in regard to the use of foster mothers to our advantage. Even with our best kennels the use of the foster is the exception rather than the rule. Here, the demand is so great that several men make good livings by furnishing fosters at 30s. ($7.50) each, if you purchase outright, or 15s. ($3.75) for the use of one until the puppies are weaned. Instead of waiting until the puppies are all dead, as our people do, the Englishman has the foster ready before the bitch whelps, and then if she hasn't any milk or proves a bad mother the foster is ready; or if the litter is large, instead of drowning half of them, by the foster's assistance you can rear the lot. A demand will soon create a supply, and some enterprising Yankee might do worse than to take this hint.

A couple of cases of rabies have been developed near Hanly, and the Board of Agriculture are agitating the question of enforcing the muzzling order throughout North Staffordshire. If enforced in the same manner that it is in Manchester it surely don't do the dogs much harm.

Mr. Jas. F. Hall's (Philadelphia) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lowden (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Linton) was bred to the well-known champion Pouf on May 31. Mr. Hall will bring over the bitch and litter with him on his return Sept. 10.

I was rather amused when the June 26 issue of FOREST AND STREAM reached me at Leeds to read the article of Mr. Mayhew *re* the English vs. American beagles, and notice the direct contradiction of my own remarks in same issue. Mr. Mayhew may possibly be right regarding the type of beagle bred here. In fact the cut of Ringwood and the fact that he is an English champion would indicate that I was wrong in stating that the English beagles resembled miniature foxhounds. Mr. Mayhew has doubtless seen a hundred to my one in this country, but the fact remains that last year I had a commission to purchase a beagle and could not find one that I cared to bring home at any price, and this year, though I have already spent two weeks visiting kennels, I have not seen one beagle yet. I mean to though, before I return, and then will have another word or two to say regarding type. Mr. Mayhew gets rather mixed. He states that the American beagle "may" resemble the foxhound, etc. I admire his pluck in rising to the defense of his native country. Its a grand old country and I have quite a cousinly love for it myself, but he should not let his enthusiasm run away with his pen. If the American beagle, as "Hibernia" says, does resemble the foxhound, and Mr. Mayhew acknowledges that it does, how is it that his Blue Belle has done so much winning? No, friend Mayhew, Ringwood and Little Royal Krueger are much the same, and your Blue Belle will continue to win because she is much the same type as the American ideal.

NAMQUOIT.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—Toronto, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the second grand international bench show of dogs of the Industrial Exhibition of Toronto, to be held at the city of Toronto, Canada, Sept. 15 to 19, Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., will judge setters, pointers, collies, bloodhounds, beagles, foxhounds and dachshunde. Mr. C. H. Mason, of New York, will judge deerhounds, greyhounds, great Danes, Newfoundlands, pugs, terriers, mastiffs, St. Bernards, bulldogs, foreign and miscellaneous breeds, and Mr. E. M. Oldham, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., will judge all the spaniel classes. Entries close Sept. 3. Premium lists can be procured by writing the secretary.—C. A. STONE, Secretary and Superintendent.

HESPER AS A SIRE.—Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been asked many times "Is Hesper a stock getter?" I can only say, since Feb. 6, 1890, he has been bred to sixteen bitches. Thirteen have been heard from, and of this number two only have missed, the aggregate of six litters being eighty-seven puppies.—E. B. SEARS.

THE BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS.—Boston, Mass., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first field trials of the National Beagle Club will be held the first Tuesday in November, 1890, and remainder of the week. Particulars and running rules will be sent later.—F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Rex Carolin. By C. E. Greenman, Troy, N. Y., for brindle mastiff dog, whelped June 2, 1890, by Boss (Zulu—Monmouth Meg) out of Molly Stark (Ben Adam—Lady Zara).

The Lady Godiva. By Seymour Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 2, 1890, by Boss (Zulu—Monmouth Meg) out of Molly Stark (Ben Adam—Lady Zara).

Dusky Bob. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped May 13, 1890, by champion Kash (champion Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Nun Nicer (Douglass III.—Dot).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lou—Fitz Hugh Lee. Clark & Rutter's (Lawrence, Mass.) beagle bitch champion Lou (Kenc—Fly) to their champion Fitz Hugh Lee (Lee—Juliette), May 11.

Mollie—Fitz Hugh Lee. Clark & Rutter's (Lawrence, Mass.) beagle bitch Mollie (Cumeroe—Nell) to their champion Fitz Hugh Lee (Lee—Juliette), July 4.

Daisy—Fitz Hugh Lee. F. Eihel's (Lancaster, Pa.) beagle bitch Daisy (Cameron's Racket—June) to Clark & Rutter's champion Fitz Hugh Lee (Lee—Juliette), April 28.

Lady Tippins—The Squire. Dr. Wm. Crawford Johnson's (Frederick, Md.) collie bitch Lady Tippin to Chestnut Hill Kennels' The Squire, July 12.

Boski—Duke of Vernon. C. H. Winship's (Bar Harbor, Me.) pointer bitch Boski to L. Gardner,s Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), July 26.

Miss Freedom—Duke of Vernon. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Miss Freedom (imported Pilate—Fairy II.) to his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), June 26.

Taffy—Duke of Vernon. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Taffy (imported Pilate—Fairy II.) to his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), July 5.

Pearl—Bradford Ruby II. A. Hasselmier's (Covington, Ky.) pug bitch Pearl (Bob—Viola) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), July 24.

Kurrency—John Bull. Mrs. E. Tyler's (St. Paul, Minn.) pug bitch Kurrency (champion Kash— ——) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen), July 6.

Heatbee—Dundee. L. Timpson's (Red Hook, N. Y.) Skye terrier bitch Heatbee (Donald—Romach) to J. L. Banks's Dundee (Donald—Romach), July 20.

Merry Duchess—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—Juno) to his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), July 11.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bettina. Major Reichardt's (Scranton, Pa.) bull bitch Bettina (Calaban— ——), July 21, two dogs, by J. H. Matthews's Portswood Tiger (Paul Clifford—Hussey).

Psyche. Galaxy Kennels' (Malden, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Psyche, July 14, ten (four dogs), by E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr.

Princess Alma. Galaxy Kennels' (Malden, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Princess Alma, June 28, sixteen (eight dogs), by E. B. Sears's Hesper (Sailor—Belloua).

Victoria of Southfield. Macgram Coxe's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Victoria of Southfield, July 2, fifteen (ten dogs), by E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr. (Plinlimmon—Princess Beatrice).

Duchess of Heathfield C. H. Spring's (Newton Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Duchess of Heathfield (Rip Van Winkle—Recluse), July 12, ten (five dogs), by E. B. Sears's Hesper (Sailor—Bellona).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen Loris. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped April 3, 1890, by Sir Loris out of East Lake Virgie), by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jas. Bowden, New York.

Zaya. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped May 3, 1890, by champion Kash out of Lady Thurman, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jas. Bowden, New York.

Mamie E. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped May 3, 1890, by champion Kash out of Lady Thurman, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jas. Bowden, New York.

DEATHS.

Sparkle. Irish setter bitch, whelped April 30, 1889 (Desmond II.—Lorraine), owned by G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mealby. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 12, 1881 (Pax—Climax), owned by Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.

Chief of Yonkers. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1889 (Clipper—Glen Bella), owned by C. L. Schember, Yonkers, N. Y.; killed by the cars.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. B. B., N. Y.—I have two valuable dogs suffering from St. Vitus dance. I have had four doctors for them who have not been successful in relieving them. Possibly in your wide experience you may know of some treatment that has been successful; if so, and if you will kindly indicate it, I will be greatly indebted. Ans. Chorea or St. Vitus dance is a common sequel to distemper. It is very obstinate. The treatment must be regular and systematic and cover a long period of time. The bowels should be kept regular with doses of syrup of buckthorn, dessert spoonful doses daily. Get the following:

℞ Fraser's triturates.

Arsenic and strychnine ..... No. 50.

Sig. One three times daily concealed in a bit of meat. Electricity would benefit.

VIPERS AND THEIR YOUNG.—Writing to *Rod and Gun* from Cambus, Aberdeen, Mr. H. T. Broadhurst says: "When shooting on the Highmoor at Springkell, Dumfriesshire, some years ago, I came upon a viper basking in the sun with her young ones—I think six or seven in number. As they were not disturbed at my approach, I watched them for some little time, and called my keeper to see them. They were disturbed by my calling to the man, and I distinctly saw all the young ones run to the old viper, enter her mouth, and entirely disappear inside her. I was standing within a very few yards—my impression is, not further than three or four yards—away, and could clearly see everything. I killed the old viper with a stick, and in doing so she burst, and out of the burst came all the little vipers, which also I killed. The keeper who was with me at the time is still in my service and can confirm what I have said."—*Glasgow (Scot.) Mail.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW GAS GUN.

AT headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles yesterday afternoon some interesting experiments were conducted with M. Paul Giffard's appliance for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive—or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. M. Paul Giffard's scientific reputation as inventor of the pneumatic tube, and of the "Giffard injector," so largely used in connection with steam power, stands so high that any invention to which his name was attached would be worthy of attentive consideration.

The weapon now introduced by him, however, is something more than an ingenious appliance: it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gunmaker's art, but is applicable also to many other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future. The idea of using liquefied carbonic acid gas as a propulsive power is not new, but M. Giffard is the first who has turned it to practical account.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so far as one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism, in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a cartouche, is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smooth-bore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas enough to discharge 220 shots, equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity to kill at 600yds. There is no other explosive. The pellet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the loading is complete.

When the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no louder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke, and no fouling of the barrel. In all these respects M. Giffard s gas gun seems to fulfill the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare; but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved. The inventor says there would be no difficulty in refilling the cylinders with gas on the battlefield; but it is obvious, even if that be the case, that reserve cylinders would have to be supplied to each man, in order to make up the number of rounds now thought to be necessary; and, as bullets would of necessity be carried in addition, the ammunition for a gas gun would weigh just as much as ordinary cartridges, weight for weight.—*London Daily News.*

The charge of liquid liberated for each round is regulated by a milled screw, and each charge, as liberated, is contained in a special chamber, from which it is released by the pulling of a trigger. The bullet is dropped separately into an orifice in the breech-lock. In the rifles shown the bullets were round, but elongated bullets can be used. When the guns were discharged a rush of vapor was seen issuing from the muzzles. But it instantly faded away, and the bullets flew with strict precision to the targets. Barrels which had been repeatedly discharged in the past two months were shown to have suffered no corrosion. The pressure of the gas and fluid in the above magazines was 500lbs. on the square inch, and this pressure is maintained up to the last drop of fluid. The preparation of the liquefied gas involves no mechanical power; but the needful pressure is got entirely by the chemical manipulation of ordinary substances, such as carbonate of soda.—*St. James Gazette.*

THE E. C. POWDER.—The great annual international pigeon shoot of the world came off in London, Eng., during the last week in June. A great feature of this meeting has been the large proportion of wins (9 prizes out of 12 shot for) made by the new E. C. powder. We hear that this powder is already being largely imported into this country by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, and that large works, with all the best appliances and ample capital to work with, will shortly be erected for the manufacture of this powder in New Jersey. Altogether E. C. powder was credited during this week with winning £2,500.

CREEDMOOR.

CREEDMOOR, July 23.—Free practice day at Creedmoor to-day for marksmen and sharpshooters' medals drew big crowds of guardsmen to the place. The day was fair with a light wind. The names of those who made thirty points and over on the 200 and 300yd. ranges, entitling them to marksman's badges, are: John Corrie, D. McCarthy, R. McRobbie, G. H. Fiseken, G. J. Dagner, J. H. C. Tietjen, W. S. Gleason, J. H. Fallon, W. E. Downs, L. Schmidt, R. B. Currie, C. McKinney, E. Merle, F. R. Serena, D. Moore, J. Gannon, W. P. Coughlan, J. W. Hall, E. H. Hayes, W. D. Gaige, P. L. Asten, S. S. Richmond, I. S. Whitney, J. B. Ward, F. L. Finn, J. Jennings, F. W. Brown, C. Filchue, P. O. Mahone, R. Boyd, G. Heeley, E. D. Holland, J. Day, J. H. Whittle, W. C. Garthwaite, C. Abrams, C. B. Jackson, F. E. Chase, J. Muller, J. Millon, Jr., H. Alten, Jr., M. J. Howard, F. K. Kane, W. T. Albers, N. J. Frye, J. Jonasson, H. S. Martin, D. A. Quinn, J. Snamenazky, M. D. Guire, R. H. Ketcham, E. J. Seward, J. E. Coogan, W. H. Eddy, H. L. Smith, B. Wiendrick, W. J. Landers, H. A. Greenberg, H. Goodin, J. M. Steinhaur, G. W. Smith, A. R. Hibson, T. Richardson, and J. F. Pickinger.

July 26.—The second sharpshooters' match of the season was shot on the 500 and 600yd. ranges at Creedmoor to-day. None but National Guardsmen participated. The rain interfered with the shooting, and the match did not begin until the afternoon. Following are the scores of those who won sharpshooters' badges:

	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
F. Stewart, N. C. S., 69th Regt.	22	24	46
H. C. Taylor, Staff, 9th Regt.	23	21	44
C. W. Simmons, Co. A, 23rd Regt.	21	22	43
A. G. Findlay, Jr., Co. G, 23rd Regt	23	20	43
E. S. Spink, Co. F, 23rd Regt.	23	20	43
W. J. Underwood, Co. H, 7th Regt.	21	22	43
J. B. Frothingham, Staff, 2nd Brig.	22	22	44
R. Findlay, Co. G, 23rd Regt	22	20	42
A. M. Evans, Co. E, 22nd Regt.	20	25	45
A. McDongall, Co. C, 7th Regt.	22	20	42
H. C. Owen, Staff, 23rd Regt.	24	18	42
G. L. Hoffman, Co. H, 7th Regt.	24	21	45
J. Corrie, Co. B, 12th Regt.	24	21	45
J. T. Hull, Co. F, 23rd Regt	21	23	44
H. M. Field, Co. F, 23rd Regt.	21	22	43

The Creedmoor meeting, says the New York *Times*, this year will derive a greatly increased interest from the presence of a full Canadian team, under the charge of Capt. Hood. An international competition has always proved a popular attraction at the fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association, but, unfortunately, such a competition has not been secured for it during many years. The prospects of renewing the old contest between British and American riflemen at Creedmoor are also rather faint, and, indeed, the prizes offered on this side of the water are too small to attract marksmen accustomed to the liberal rewards of Wimbledon, or rather, as we must now say, of Bisley. The time and cost of the ocean voyage and the subsequent days required for practice are items of importance, coming so soon after the annual meeting at the Bisley range. But our friends across the border are near at hand, and they have plenty of skillful riflemen. Their team, which has been competing as usual at the July meeting in England, will soon have returned, and that, or a portion of it, would be available for Creedmoor. It contains plenty of good shots, although it did not succeed this year in retaining the Kolapore Cup, which it won last year. At any rate, the Canadians who come will no doubt prove worthy competitors for the Hilton trophy, which has always been open to them, and it is to be hoped that their presence this year will only be the first of a long series of annual visits.

RENSSELAERWYCK.—Albany, N. Y., July 23.—A meeting of the committee of the Third Brigade Rifle Association was held at the office of Buel C. Andrews last evening and the following programme arranged for the meeting of the Third Brigade Rifle Association, to be held at Rensselaerwyck, between Albany and Troy, Oct. 2 and 3:

1. Short range continuous military match. Open to all comers; 200yds.; number of shots, 5; the aggregate of the best two scores to count; standing and off-hand; weapon, any military rifle.

2. Standard American target re-entry match. Open to all comers; 200yds.; 5 shots: off-hand, with any rifle; the best three scores to count for first three places; the best two for all below.

3. Mid-range continuous military match. Open to all comers; distance, 500yds.; any military rifle and any position without artificial rest; the aggregate of the best three scores to count for first three places; the best two scores to count for all below.

4. Rest match. Conditions same as No. 2, allowing artificial rest.

5. Pistol match; 5 shots at 30yds. on reduced target.

6. Revolver match. Conditions same as No. 5.

7. Team match, for teams composed of commissed officers or regularly enlisted soldiers from any battalion or separate company in the Third Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y.; teams to appear in uniform; distance, 200 and 500yds.; Remington rifle, New York State model.

The prizes will be equal to those given in former years by the Third Brigade Rifle Association, which have always been liberal. Mr. Slingerland, the surveyor, is preparing a map of the rifle range to submit to the State committee appointed by the Legislature last winter to purchase the property for a State range.

YOUNG RIFLEMEN.—The Empire Rifle Club, the youngest organization of the kind in New York, promises to become in time a valuable recruiting ground for the older clubs. The organization is composed of a number of young men, the eldest of whom has not yet reached his twenty-third year. Nevertheless the youngsters manage to put up some very good scores in gallery shooting, and their two best marksmen, Buff Rosenbaum and J. Grimm, form a team which can measure itself with any team of the same age in the United States. An individual challenge, issued by J. Grimm for a series of 100-shot matches, best two out of three, off-hand, 100ft. distance, .22cal. rifle, to any shooter in New York and vicinity who is 21 years or less of age, has not found any takers, and Rosenbaum and Grimm are willing to shoot a team match under similar conditions. The first regular contest of the club, which began in January, was concluded this week, the handsome gold badge presented by Mr. Henry Oehl, of the Zettler Rifle Club, going to Rosenbaum, who won the greatest number of times and made also the highest individual score, 115 out of a possible 120, on July 15, 112 having been highest until then. The club holds its meetings at 12 St. Mark's place, where they will shoot again this fall the new contest beginning in the second week in September. The averages for the last six months are as follows:

	Number of Shots.	Total.	Average.	Percentage.
W Rosenbaum	240	2,023	10.65	88.73
J Grimm	180	1,826	10.14	84.54
Wm Muller	140	1,325	9.46	78.87
C Zettler, Jr.	190	1,788	9.41	78.42
A Stahl, Jr.	180	1,685	9.36	78.01
W Maizenholder	190	1,761	9.27	77.24
J Zettler	170	1,345	7.91	65.93
J H Peters	90	677	7.62	62.69
E Smith	60	407	6.78	56.53
Wm Koenig	4	223	5.56	46.46
H Metzendorf, Jr.	4	198	4.95	41.25

The distance was 100ft., the target the Massachusetts 12-ring target, reduced, with 1⅜in. bullseye.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The prize shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Bund No. 1, Washington Rifles, was brought to a successful issue at the old Washington Park grounds yesterday. The shooting took place on the 200yds. range, 3 twenty-five German ring targets and a point target being used. On the first of the ring targets the members contested for the honor and glory of becoming "king" for the ensuing year, a handsome gold medal going to the winner. The successful shooter yesterday was T. Lindkloster, who has acquired his marksmanship as a member of the Zettler Rifle Club, with 59 out of a possible 75. On the next target the members of the organization competed for a handsome gold-headed cane, which fell to Helbig, Co. 4, on 59. The third ring target was open to all, no limit to number of ticket, the prizes consisting of medals and cash. The winners and their scores were: Filg 67, Lindkloster 62, Feltner 62, J. Meyer 57, Horney 57, Blank 56, Helbig 53, Heine 49, Scherler 49, Euerkent 48, Hummel 47, Sarbin 46, O. Schier 44, Neditz 43, Domeier 42, Lambertus 41, Hickle 41, Katz 40, Hund 40, Himmel 40, Rosenthal 38, Saur 37. The winners on the point target were Horney, Limmer, Benzie, Blank, Benigs, Helbig, Schulenberg, Ruetkert, Blank, Schier, Lindkloster, Schener, Himmel, Sauer, Deibner and Apt.

BRITISH NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—London, July 22.—In the rifle contests at the Bisley Range to-day Sergeant Bates, of the 1st Warwick Regiment, won the Queen's prize. Sergeant Bates's score was 278.

LONDON, July 23.—The contest for the Kolopore Cup took place to-day at the Bisley Range. The English team won the cup with a score of 704 points. The Canadian team made 676 points.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 25.—Owing to the hot weather the St. Louis Pistol Club had a small attendance of members at its shoot July 18. The medal was taken by Mr. McBean, with the very respectable score of 90 out of a possible 100. A .22cal. pistol, and 12½yds. standard American target:

A McBean	10	7	10	9	9	10	9	8	9	9—90
E Mohrstadt	9	9	7	10	10	10	10	10	7	7—89
G Alexander	10	10	7	8	7	10	7	10	7	10—87
W Bauer	7	7	9	10	7	8	9	8	10	9—84
A E Bengel	9	5	7	8	8	9	10	9	10	8—83
H Stussell	9	5	6	8	10	7	10	7	10	10—82
M Billmeyer	2	7	10	8	9	7	10	10	7	10—80
D Barker	3	7	10	8	7	7	7	5	7	9—72
W Mackwitz	6	6	6	10	8	8	8	8	8	7—70

E. Mohrstadt made the top score at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club, and the trophy will be held by him for the coming week. But a few more shoots remain of the present tourney, and the prospects are that the above gentleman will be the ultimate winner of the club's medal, as he is the top man at present on the straight average.

E Mohrstadt	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	8—93
L V D Perrett	10	8	8	9	10	10	9	10	10	7—91
Sam Dorman	9	10	10	9	6	10	10	10	8	8—90
M Summerfield	9	8	9	10	7	10	10	8	8	10—89
W Bauer	8	8	10	7	10	9	8	7	10	9—86
A McBean	7	9	10	10	6	8	8	8	10	8—84
M C Billmeyer	6	8	7	10	10	7	7	10	9	9—83
G Alexander	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	9	10	10—83
A E Bengel	10	7	5	8	7	10	7	8	10	10—82
J A Lee	8	8	6	10	9	7	10	7	4	7—76
W C Mackwitz	10	5	7	7	7	6	8	7	7	8—73

UNSER FRITZ.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 25.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, the principal event was the continuation of the merchandise contest which began last spring. Each man has a possible 25 clay pigeons. The work of each man in the last contest follows: M. D. Gilman, C. B. Holden, Geo. Adams and G. J. Rugg, each 21; A. L. Gilman and E. B. Burbank, each 20; W. L. Davis, A. R. Bowdish and E. E. Hill, each 19; W. E. Johnson, C. E. Forehand and C. Crompton, each 18; C. A. Parker, E. Whittaker, W. R. Dean and A. B. F. Kinney, each 17; H. W. Webber and C. H. Howe, each 16; M. A'Delbert, 15; E. S. Knowles, V. F. Prentice and C. R. Burnett, each 14; E. F. Swan and J. B. Goodell, each 14; H. D. Jourdan, 12; C. H. Colvin, 11; E. James, 9; W. Brown, 4. The meet this week completes one-half of the series, and out of a possible 125 the following is the present standing of the men:

E T Smith	123	C R B Claflin	100
M D Gilman	119	E James	100
Chas Crompton	118	M A Linfield	100
W L Davis	115	E Welch	100
E B Burbank	113	A G Larkin	99
A R Bowdish	112	A B F Kinney	99
C H Howe	111	F M Harris	99
G J Rugg	110	E Whittaker	97
E E Hill	110	E S Knowles	96
W R Dean	109	C H Colvin	95
C E Forehand	108	V F Prentice	89
A L Gilman	108	F Forehand	88
Geo Sampson	107	T P Wilkinson	87
H D Jourdan	106	C S Day	82
H W Webber	105	F M Houghton	81
E F Swan	103	J B Garland	78
W E Johnson	102		

BOSTON, July 26.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. Some good scores were made between showers. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds., Standard American target:

All-Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder	111	F C Downer	103 J F Hobbs 97
J N Eames	110	R A Long	103 E I Blount 96
L R Avay	107	M T Day	102 H S Poor 96
A H Ballard	104	A S Hunt	99 M R Barter 89

All Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	82	S O Merville	74 D Bailey 66
J A Frye	82	H S Poor	73 W L Gunn 64
W Charles	77	F W Chester	72 W R Barter 62
W O Burnite, Mil.	77	W Simmons	72 E Comey 60
W A Ballard	67	E H Foote	67

Pistol Practice Match—50yds.

W Charles	93	H L Lee	88 A Stevens 87

EPHRATA, Pa., July 25.—The members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range near Ephrata this afternoon, for practice at 200yds. off hand, standard American target. The day was cloudy, with little wind toward the face of target. Four scores of 10 shots each, to each shooter, were made, resulting as follows:

W D Winters	54	63	61	57	Chas Konigmacher	33	28	35	36
J A Stober	49	51	49	46	D B Lefever	17	..	24	30
L M Wiest	57	55	57	56	S S Wenger	68	71	66	65
J M Sheaffer	61	55	51	W L Carpenter	62	56	60	51

The club decided to hold its annual shoot, for gold and silver medals, on the last Thursday of August, in which all rifle teams in Lancaster county may participate, and are to be invited. The next shoot will be on Friday afternoon, August 8.—D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

BERLIN, July 26.—Gus Zimmermann, the well-known rifle shooter, of New York, and a member of the Zettler Rifle Club, the Independent and Central Schuetzen Corps, and Captain of Lutzaw Company, German-American Shooting Society, met with a very unfortunate mishap during the quick-firing contest for the ten golden pocols of honor on July 8. On the fourth shot Zimmerman's target broke down and a delay of two minutes ensued, thus robbing the American of first honors. Even under this handicap Zimmermann was third man to finish the necessary 180 points. Other members of the Zettler Rifle Club have been equally unfortunate. Mr. B. Walther, the popular president of the organization, who shot for the New York Schuetzen Corps in the concurenz shoot, was unable to obtain a cup, as he was greatly hindered by a swollen foot. Mr. Max Engle, who would have represented the Zettler Club proper, could not take part in this match on account of ill health, but won silver cups on the point and ring targets, as did also F. Fabarius, the oldest American shooter who took part in the different events at Berlin.

BERLIN, July 22.—Herr Buhl, a member of the German Reichstag, will give a banquet on Wednesday to the American riflemen who are now visiting Neustadt, Bavaria. The Americans will afterwards visit the Deidesheim wine cellars. President B. Walther, of the Zettler Rifle Club, has been suffering from the gout since his arrival in Berlin, and was, therefore, unable to obtain any of the larger prizes on the target of honor. Gus Zimmermann, the well-known member of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps, will take part in the great shooting festival held by the Schweitzer Schuetzen Bund at Frauenfeld, as will also Alex. Stein, the crack shot of the 7th Regiment. Over 400,000 francs have been put up in prizes for competion, open to the world.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 5-6.—Tournament Minneapolis Gun Club, Minneapolis, Minn. A. F. Shuler, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-8.—Onondaga County Sportsmen's Tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed purses, all cash.

Aug. 18-23.—Third Annual Keystone Tournament, at Corry, Pa. Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day, Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Beeville, Tex., Gun Club Tournament. T. J. Skaggs, Secretary.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

THE MCDOWALL GRAND INTERNATIONAL BLUEROCK TOURNAMENT, Toronto, Canada, Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15. $1,100 in gold in guarantees and donations; held under the auspices of the four gun clubs of Toronto, and under the management of W. McDowall, assisted by an American expert. For programme address W. McDowall, Manager, C. G. Winchell, Secretary, 81 Yonge street, Toronto.—*Adv.*

OMAHA.

OMAHA, Neb., July 28.—The Omaha Gun Club's weekly shoot was held yesterday, 25 bluerocks, 21yds. rise, 5 unknown traps. The result:

Fogg	1111011011111101011011	21	25
Townsend	1110111101110011111111	21	
Brewer	0111110101000111011111	19	
Kennedy	1111111011111111111111	24	
Brucker	1111110100100100101011	16	
Gray	0011111100011010101000	14	
Field	1111111111110011111111	22	
Hughes	1111011111101110111001	20	
Corey, E J	1110101101110111111011	20	
Corey, W F	1110111110111100111111	21	

A sweepstakes, at 10 bluerocks, $2 entrance, same conditions, followed the main event, and proved a tight and interesting chase:

Fogg	1111111111	10	
Gray	0011111111	8	
Townsend	1111111011	9	
Hughes	1011111011	8	
Fuller	1011111011	8	
Field	1101101111	8	
Hummel	1110001111	7	
Brewer	0011111100	6	
Borland	1111111111	10	
Jones	1000101111	6	

Fogg and Boreland div. first, Townsend took third.

The Winchester club, a new organization, dedicated their new grounds yesterday with their regular weekly shoot, 25 bluerocks, 21yds. rise. The score:

F Fuller	1111111111111011111111	24	
Scu Paulsen	1111111111111111111111	25	
W C Paulsen	1111111111111111100101	22	
Her Paulsen	1111101110111111111011	21	
H Paulsen	1111111110011101110100	19	
F Spore	1101111111111111111011	23	
Michael Fogg	1111111111110000011110	19	
R Pickard	1111111111111011111111	24	
L Pickard	1011111111111011111010	21	
Ed Leader	0111111111111111111111	23	
Geo Jones	1111111111011111110110	22	
W Krong	0001010100010001000111	10	
L Johnson	1111111111001111101111	22	
N Johnson	1101111111111101111011	22	
C Hunt	1111111111011111101111	24	
J Grim	1111111111111111111001	23	
W Mack	0001110111011001011000	14	
H Rouser	1111011110111101111011	21	
Woodmansee	1101111111111111011110	22	
C Rosbrig	1111111100111001111001	20	
C O D Brown	1110101101111101101011	18	
Fred Dow	1110001110011101011111	18	

The South Omaha Gun Club is making elaborate preparations for a big trap shoot to take place at Sarpey Mills on Sunday next. They have already secured 800 pigeons and expect to get as many more, in addition to a large invoice of live blackbirds and English sparrows. S. G.

KANSAS.

HUTCHINSON, Kan.—The fourth annual tournament of the Hutchinson Gun Club was a fair success, although there was not as large a crowd as was expected. Among those from out of the city were Wm. Stancer and Stancer, Jr., D. Bump and Clark, from Wichita; Andy Swiggert, Towanda; A. C. Hegglund, T. A. Blacker, McPherson; H. A. Abercrombie and G. W. Hanna, Galva, and J. L. Wright and T. A. Bavington, Lyons. The tournament was managed by Will Allen, the efficient club secretary. The fun began the first day with a match at 9 singles:

Stancer	10111111	8	
Allen	1111111101	8	
Swiggett	1001111101	7	
Young	011111110	7	
Bump	0100111001	4	

Second match, 12 singles:

Stancer	101111111101	10	
Bump	110111111101	10	
Allen	110111111011	10	
Swiggett	011010111011	8	
Young	000101111101	7	
George	100100011100	5	

Third match, 3 singles and 3 pairs:

George	111 11 10 10	7	
Swiggett	111 10 11 10	7	
Stancer	111 11 10 00	6	
Bump	011 01 10 10	5	
Young	001 11 11 00	5	

Fourth match, 15 singles:

Swiggett	111111111101101	13	
Allen	101111111011110	12	
Stancer	101111101100111	11	
Young	011111111011110	11	
George	011110100101110	9	
Bump	111111111100111	11	

Fifth match, 5 pairs:

Stancer	11 11 11 11 10	9	
George	11 11 11 00 10	7	
Swiggett	11 10 10 11 00	6	
Young	10 11 10 10 10	6	
Bump	11 11 11 01 00	6	

Sixth match, 9 singles:

Swiggett	111011110	7	
Young	111011101	7	
Blackler	010111111	7	
Bump	101111010	6	
Stancer	011101101	6	
Hegglund	100110111	6	
Dodds	011111000	5	
Allen	001101101	5	
Ithaca	000001010	2	

Seventh match, walking match, 9 singles:

Winters	101111111	8	
Swiggett	101111111	8	
Young	010111111	7	
Bump	010111101	6	
Stancer	001010111	5	
Blackler	001111100	5	
Hegglund	101100011	5	
Allen	010111000	4	
Dodds	010010010	3	

Eighth match, 12 singles:

Swiggett	101111111111	11	
Hegglund	111111111110	11	
Allen	011111111110	10	
Young	111100011111	9	
Stancer	111111101001	9	
Blackler	111101011101	9	
Winters	000110011111	7	
Bump	101010111101	8	
Dodds	110000011100	5	

Ninth match, 12 singles:

Young	111111111112	12	
Stancer	111111110111	11	
Allen	011111111110	10	
Swigett	011011010000	6	
Bump	101100010110	6	
Hegglund	100010011011	6	
Dodds	000011110011	6	
Winters	010100101001	5	
Blackler	010101100000	4	

Tenth match, 9 singles:

Swiggett	011111111	8	
Hegglund	111110011	7	
Young	111011010	6	
George	001111011	6	
Bump	101011011	6	
Blackler	101011011	5	
Allen	010001110	5	
Winters	110101100	5	
Stancer	010001100	3	
Dodds	100010000	2	

Eleventh match, 5 pairs:

Swiggett	11 11 11 11 10	9	
George	11 11 10 11 01	8	
Young	10 11 11 11 10	8	
Blackler	01 11 10 10 10	6	
Winters	11 10 00 10 01	5	
Hegglund	101110101	6	
Stancer	101101011	6	
Bump	101101111	7	
Allen	010111110	6	
Dodds	100100000	2	

Twelfth match, 9 singles:

Young	111111111	9	
Swiggett	111111111	9	
Blackler	111111110	8	
George	001011111	6	
Bump	101111111	8	
Stancer	101101111	8	
Allen	011111110	7	
Winters	010111100	5	
Hegglund	101110101	6	
Dodds	001011100	4	

Second Day.—Nine singles: Allen 7, Young 7, Dodds 7, Bower 7, Bump 6, Swiggett 5, Stancer 5. Bower first, Stancer third.

Nine singles: Swiggett 8, Bower 8, Young 7, Allen 7, Stancer 7, Dodds 6, Bump 4. Swiggett and Bower first, Stancer second, Bump third.

Twelve singles: Young 12, Stancer, Jr., 11, Swiggett 11, Bower 10, Bump 10, Wright 10, Stancer 9, Allen 8, Dodds 7, Bavington 8.

Six singles and 3 pairs: Young 12, Allen 10, Stancer, Jr., 10, George 10, Stancer 9, Swiggett 9, Bavington 8.

Nine singles: Young 8, Stancer 8, Wright 8, Bavington 8, Swiggett 8, Bower 7, Stancer, Jr., 7, George 7, Allen 6, Bump 6.

Nine singles: Stancer 9, Allen 8, Bower 7, Young 7, Wright 7, Stancer, Jr., 6, Bavington 6, Swiggett 5.

Twelve singles: Young 11, Stancer 10, Wright 10, Bower 9, Swiggett 9, Stancer, Jr., 9, Bavington 10, Allen 8, Bump 7.

Team match, 10 singles per man:

Young	1111110011	8	
Allen	1111110113	9	
George	0101111111	8	
Clark	1101111111	9	
Stancer	1111011111	9	
Stancer, Jr	1000011011	5	14
Bower	0011111101	7	
Swiggett	1111010011	7	
Wright	0111111011	8	
Bavington	1100000111	5	13

George and Clark 1st, on shoot off, Bower and Swiggett 2nd, Wright and Bavington 3rd.

Third Day.—First match, 10 singles:

Young	0011111111	7	
Rupel	1010000000	2	
Swiggett	1110111111	9	
Abercrombie	0001110011	6	
George	0101111101	7	
Allen	1111010001	6	
Hanna	0100100000	3	

Second match, 10 singles:

George	1111111110	9	
Young	0111101111	8	
Abercrombie	1111101100	7	
Hanna	0111010011	6	
Allen	0111010011	6	
Swiggett	1110100001	5	

Third match, 15 singles:

George	101111011111101	12	
Swiggett	001011101111110	10	
Hanna	111001111111000	10	
Allen	010011111111001	10	
Young	111111101111010	11	
Abercrombie	110111101100100	9	
Rupel	010000111010100	6	

Fourth match, 15 singles:

Young	111111101111013	13	
Allen	101101111011011	11	
Swiggett	111001901011111	10	
Rupel	100011001011111	9	
Clark	011010001011011	8	
Hanna	000010001111101	7	
Abercrombie	001000101100101	6	

Fifth match, 15 singles:

Clark	111111001111113	13	
Young	011011110111112	12	
Abercrombie	101111111101011	12	
Swiggett	110111110110110	11	
Allen	111001111010001	9	
Dodd	010110011011010	8	

Sixth match, 10 singles:

Abercrombie	1111111110	10	
Swiggett	1101110111	9	
Young	1101110110	7	
Allen	1111010011	7	
Hanna	1100111010	6	
Clark	1111010001	6	

Seventh match, 10 singles:

Young	1110111111	9	
Clark	1111111110	9	
Hanna	0111111101	8	
Dodd	1111101011	8	
Abercrombie	0011111101	7	
Allen	0010111101	6	

Eighth match, 10 singles:

Swiggett	1111111110	10	
Young	1111011111	9	
Clark	1111011111	9	
Dodd	1110101110	7	
Abercrombie	1010101101	6	
Hanna	0101110110	6	

Walking match, 6 singles:

Hanna	110111	5	
Young	111100	4	
Dodd	011110	4	
Abercrombie	101010	3	
Swiggett	010100	2	
Rupel	000101	2	

Tenth match, 10 singles:

Abercrombie	1111111110	9	
Young	1011011111	8	
Swiggett	1001011111	8	
Clark	1100110101	6	
Hanna	0011100110	5	
Dodds	1100010011	6	
Little	1011011100	6	
George	1010001101	6	
Curran	1001110010	5	
Rupel	0100011100	4	

Eleventh match, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

George	110111111	00 11 11	12
Young	101111111	11 01 00	11
Abercrombie	011010111	10 10 11	10
Allen	111011111	00 10 10	10
Swiggett	101110110	10 11 00	9
Dodds	101001111	11 10 00	9

Twelfth match, 15 singles:

Young	1111110011111113		
Abercrombie	1111111110011113		
Allen	1110110110011011		
Dodd	1101110111011011		
Swiggett	1011111010111010		
George	0111011100011110		
Little	1110100001101110		9

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 25.—At Compton Avenue Park last Wednesday afternoon M. C. Brown and Jas. H. Hagerty engaged in a 100 live bird match with the result that the former came off victorious by one bird. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds each, London Gun Club rules, for $50 a side:

M C Brown..... 1111111221211112211011121111212112222111112
0111111012110122111111121111112122121112112-94
J H Hagerty..... 2221212122212212121211120121212122111111112221112
1201112211111101112120201111101211012121112111-93

The Compton Hill Gun Club held a tournament last Monday, which was favored with a large attendance of trap-shooters. The weather was pleasant and the scores made were as a rule very good. Bluerock targets were used for all events, and the rules of the A. S. A. applied to the affair.

Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, at 10 single targets: S. Prendergast 7, King 9, Hill 10, C. Spencer 8, J. Hagerty 6, Weaver 6, J. Lineharth 9, Morgan 7, Fink 4, Harris 9, Keller 6, Selzer 9, E. Prendergast 9, E. L. Spencer 9, Dick 6, Harris 3, Rawlings 8, Steffen 4, Reed 7.

Shoot No. 2, at 15 singles: Hagerty 13, Steffen 11, Hill 12, G. Prendergast 10, E. Prendergast 12, Weaver 12, D. Jones 7, Seltzer 9, E. Spencer 13, J. Meer 8, J. Prendergast 13, G. Rawlings 13, King 14, Harris 12, Keller 12, Weathers 14, C. Spencer 15, Dick 10, Lewis 11, Lineharth 15, Weber 5, J. Longsworth 11, Morgan 10, C. Longsworth 7.

Shoot No. 3, at 10 singles: Hagerty 10, Lewis 7, Seltzer 6, Weber 6, C. Spencer 9, Hill 9, Roy 7, Steffen 7, E. Spencer 10, C. Longworth 4, G. Prendergast 8, Jones 5, King 8, E. Prendergast 10, Harris 8, Westhus 7, Keller 6, Weaver 5, Lineharth 9, J. Longsworth 7.

Shoot No. 4, at 15 singles: Weber 11, S. Rawlings 8, Morgan 10, J. Prendergast 9, Ross 9, Schomberg 6, Cicardi 12, Jones 9, P. Weber 9, G. Hill 11, Moser 4, C. Longsworth 6, Stroth 12, A. Rawlings 7.

Shoot No. 5, at 15 singles: Hagerty 11, Westhus 12, G. Prendergast 12, King 12, E. Prendergast 12, C. Spencer 13, Roy 13, Steffen 11, Seltzer 11, Hill 14, Jones 7, Lewis 7, Weaver 10, Lenharth 13, Harris 13, Keller 13, E. Spencer 12, J. Longsworth 10.

Shoot No. 6, at 6 pairs targets: Hagerty 6, King 8, Seltzer 6, C. Spencer 10, Schomberz 4, Fink, Jr., 7, P. Wilber 6, Lenharth 7, E. L. Spencer 8, Keller 7, G. Rawlings 2, Westhus 8, Harris 8, Prendergast 8, Lewis 3, Brown 5, Stroth 6, Ray 7, Flynn 2, Weaver 3, Cicardi 7.

Shoot No. 7, 10 single targets: G. Prendergast 9, Schomberg 6, Steffen 7, Keller 10, C. Webber 8, King 10, Westhus 8, P. Weber 6, Lewis 5, C. Spencer 5, Cicardi 6, Weaver 8, Stroth 9, Fink 4, A. Rawlings 5, J. Prendergast 4, Lenharth 9, Harris 9, E. Prendergast 9, Brown 9, Seltzer 7.

Shoot No. 8, for Harrington & Richardson hammerless gun, 20 single targets: Hagerty 16, King 18, E. L. Spencer 17, Keller 18, P. Weber 15, Lenharth 13, E. Prendergast 16, Westhus 14, Roy 14, J. Long 16, C. Spencer 19, Steffen 16.

A sweepstake at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, was shot at Compton Avenue Park last Wednesday morning between five gentlemen. J. Meade grassed all of his birds and took the entire pot. The other scores were: J. H. Hagerty 23, Sam Hill 22, Dr. Pitts 22, Fred. Frischer 20. UNSER FRITZ.

BROOKLYN.

July 23.—The Diana Sportsmen's Club, of Brooklyn, met to-day at Bay View Park, Bay Ridge, for their regular monthly shoot. Owing to some split in the club but few members were present, Vice-President Hartmann wishing to have the shoot at Dexter Park. C. Koch won in first class for clay-pigeons and M. Koch won in first class for glass balls. In second class F. Goboulet won. First class, 5 glass balls: J. Koch 4, C. Koch 3 and M. Koch 5. Second class: F. Goboulet 4, P. Steen 3 and C. Bourne 4. Sweepstake shoot at 9 clay-pigeons—First class: J. Koch 7, C. Koch 8, and M. Koch 7. Second class: F. Goboulet 7, P. Steen 6 and C. Bourne 6. Scorer and referee, J. Koch.

The regular monthly bluerock shoot of the Kings County Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. The medal was won by T. Short, who broke 13 out of a possible 20. Second prize was won by J. Link with 11. In the sweepstake match, which followed the regular shoot, a bird killed with the second barrel counted a half bird. The first money went to Gremer, who killed 8½; second was divided between Thort, Zirkel and Linstedt. The scores are as follows: Regular shoot at 20 bluerocks each: Zirkel 9, Gremer 3, Thiel 7, Short 13, Roehn 3, Linstedt 10, Boegel 4, Neuman 4, Keller 3 and Link 11. Sweepstake shoot at 10 live birds, second barrel to count half a bird: Zirkel 8, Gremer 8½, Thiel 6, Short 8, Roehn 5½, Linstedt 8, Boegel 7, Neuman 7, Keller 6½, Link 7.

July 24.—The regular monthly shoot of the Hillside Gun Club took place on the Dexter Park shooting grounds this afternoon. The prize was a handsome gold medal given by Mr. Miller, the club medal having been captured by H. Knebel, Jr., who had won it three times, the badge thus becoming his property. J. Link was again successful, breaking 10 out of 20 standard bluerocks at 20yds. rise and winning the new medal for the second time; second prize went to Freeson, 17. The other scores were: Dethloff 15, Burger 11, Cunningham 12, Rauch 14, Bork 13, Hyer 14, Bach 15. A number of sweepstakes at 5 bluerocks each followed the regular event.

July 25.—The Crescent Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. The rain prevented a large number from putting in an appearance at the ground, only five members being present. The medal was won by J. Gilman, who killed 6 out of a possible 7. For second prize J. Hopkins and H. Hillman were tied, and in the shoot-off at 3 birds Hopkins killed 3 straight and won. The scores were: J. Gilman 6, H. Hillman 5, J. Hopkins 5, C. Whalen 4, Dickinson 3.

BROOKLYN ACME GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island, two gold medals, 20 bluerocks, 16yds.:

Pfaender	11010101000101110101	11	
Kunzw'r	00000111000100000101	6	
J Link	01000111101010011010	11	
Schottler	11010001001100101010	10	
C Homey	01010101000101010101	9	
Vorbach	00010110000001111001	7	
C Dethloff	10001110111010100010	10	
E Wunder	00001001010101011100	8	
C Stuetzle	10011001010101110101	11	
C Wissel	00000101000011110001	8	
P Short	11110111111111111119		
Gentzlin'r	01001001100001009001	7	

Short first medal, Link second on shoot-off.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., July 22.—The match between the two expert pigeon shots, W. L. Davenport of the Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn, and Theodore Peck of the Rockland Gun Club of Haverstraw, was decided to-day in the presence of a large crowd of lovers of the sport. The Brooklyn men went to Haverstraw with their pockets full of money, and they found no difficulty in placing it. It is said that they are still collecting their winnings, as Davenport had no difficulty in outshooting his opponent. The match was under Monaco rules, 50yds. boundary. Davenport used a 12-bore gun and shot at 28yds.; Peck using a 10-bore and shooting at 30yds. Davenport was in magnificent form, and after missing only 4 birds in his first 25, he killed 63 in succession, and won the match by 13 birds. Peck killed 71 and missed 17. The match was a return one, Davenport having won the previous contest by 5 birds.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., July 26.—Match at bluerocks, American Association rules. Match for $10 a side, loser to pay for bluerocks, 10 singles and 5 pair:

Menzies	1010001100	01 10 00 10 11	9
W Ward	1011111111	11 10 10 11 10	16

Ten bluerocks, entrance $1. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Menzies	1010101011	7	
T Ward	1111111101	9	
Winters	0111111111	9	
J Rowley	0111101110	7	
W Ward	1111111011	9	
C Rowley	1111111110	9	
Bible	0001001011	4	

First money run over to next sweep, second div.

Same conditions:

Menzies	1111111011	9	
T Ward	1011111011	8	
Winters	0001011001	4	
J Rowley	1101111111	9	
W Ward	1111011111	9	
C Rowley	1100111111	8	
Bible	1111011101	8	

Tie from last match shot miss and out, and div. by Winters, J. Rowley and C. Rowley.

Match between C. Rowley and W. Ward, $5 a side, 10 bluerocks:

C Rowley	1101101111	9	
W Ward	0111001111	8	withdrew.

Ten bluerocks, entrance $1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Bible	1011110111	8	
Munsies	1001111110	7	
T Ward	1111111111	10	
W Ward	1101111111	9	
J Rowley	1111011101	8	
C Rowley	1111011111	9	
E Conklin	1011000010	4	

Ties div.

WALNUT HILL, July 23.—The pleasant weather of to-day undoubtedly would have attracted more of the members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association to the range had it not been for the fact that so many are now away upon their vacations. However, a fair number was on hand to enter the various events, and the shooting was of creditable order. In the main event of the meeting, the diamond pin match, Mr. White won top place. He will hold the champion badge until the next meeting. Diamond pin match, 20 single Keystone targets, squad firing system, and 5 pairs standard targets:

White	11100101111111111110	16	10 11 11 11 11—9—25
Currier	11111111111010101011	17	10 10 11 10 11—7—24
Bennett	11111111011111101110	17	10 10 00 10 11—5—22
Black	10111111011110111010	15	11 10 11 11 00—7—22
Gale	11111110101111111111	18	10 10 00 10 10—4—22
Gore	10101101110111101111	15	10 11 01 00 11—6—21
Lovejoy	10111111111111011110	17	01 11 01 00 00—4—21
Perham	11111000110101110101	13	11 10 10 10 10—6—19
Woodbury	10111010101010100111	13	11 10 10 00 00—5—18
Nichols	01110011100101111111	14	00 10 00 00 00—1—15
Ballou	00011010001110011100	10	11 01 00 00 00 01—4—14
Little	10001110001000111011	11	00 10 00 00 00—1—12

LAKE COUNTY GUN CLUB.—Scores of July 19, at Burnside, Ill.; conditions not given:

W S Bond	0022110000	4	
E J Edbrook	2000001101	4	
H Kochler	1111002101	7	
A Marquart	0010212211	7	
A Wies	1002022221	7	
J W Donnell	2112210101	8	
N H Ford	1101022121	8	
A Brabrack	1020021111	7	
J Watson	0001211011	6	

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—The John F. Pole Gun Club shot a challenge shoot with the South End Gun Club, of this city. The shooting took place on the Pole's ground, east of the Philadelphia Driving Park. The judges were D. Singley, of the Pole Club, and A. C. Amen, of the South End Gun Club. Scorer, H. Shetzline. The Pole boys scored a win by a score of 139 to 125, 21 birds each:

John F. Pole Gun Club.		South End Gun Club.	
J Lower	10	J Morrison	11
H Shisler	16	E Spear	14
G Adams	9	J Eckemeyer	8
H Singley	12	B Kelley	13
T Lower	16	A Stewart	7
C Caldwell	13	Steele	11
M Caldwell	11	Lowry	8
G Custer	7	Harris	7
W Peltz	8	McEwell	6
D Hayes	8	Hackney	13
G Singley	16	Rachel	12
B Caldwell	13—139	Haldt	15—125

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, July 26.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry, ties div.:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Sigler	8	7	9	9	8	8	9	8	10	10	10	9	7	..
Lindsley	9	6	10	9	8	8	7	8	8	9	7	9	9	10
Jones	8	8	8	10	9	10	8	8	9	9	8	9	6	10
Collins	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	10
Craft	7	9	9	8	8	..	9	9	7	..	9	8	..	..
Gayler	5	5	8	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chaffe	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	10	9	10	9	10	..

Lindsley won last sweep with 9.

July 26.—A team shoot between the crack shots of the North End Gun Club took place on the club's ground at Frankford this afternoon in the presence of a large number of spectators. The teams were captained by A. James and W. H. Wolstencroft, and the conditions were 25 shots at single targets. James's team won by a score of 119 to 109. The individual score is appended:

James's team.		Wolstencroft's team.	
A James	19	W H Wolstencroft	22
J Wolstencroft	21	A Lawrence	17
H Ridge	19	N Scoope	9
W Wilson	15	J Summers	14
H Jacobs	14	Frank Baron	24
J Tine	13	J Howell	11
Thomas Rowcroft	18—119	E Ridge	12—109

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 21.—Fred Erb, who has twice been defeated by Geo. C. Beck, of Indianapolis, in an afternoon easily defeated Beck in a 50-bird shoot for $100 a side. Dr. J. M. Smith was referee and Capt. A. N. Behm and J. Harvey, of Attica were judges. Erb used a new Parker gun. The birds were very game, the day bright and a large crowd was present.

Beck	10212112210110111010010221111212111102201211101		39
Erb	11221112021012112102111111021102121112112112222121		45

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO. have issued this circular to the trade: We desire by this circular letter to express our hearty thanks for the scores of messages of sympathy and encouragement, and for the liberal offers of aid received from the trade throughout the country, since the calamity which visited our works July 15. These have been so numerous and our hands have been so full of other matters that individual acknowledgments have been impossible. You have doubtless read many of the terrible details in the daily papers, hence we need not recount them here further than to say that our entire paper shell manufacturing and loading plants and warehouses were destroyed, nothing of value being left. Deeply as we regret the fearful loss of life and property, which came through no fault or neglect of ours, we are by no means discouraged. Indeed, with all these words of cheer and assurance of support before us, we cannot be otherwise than try again. We have, therefore, already made arrangements for rebuilding on a much more extensive scale than before. Fortunately we had placed contracts some two or three months ago for new shell-loading machinery, with a view to doubling our production. By hard work we expect to have this machinery and turning out Peters cartridges within thirty days. We are able to control a good lot of "Prize" shells, which we will load and supply to the trade as long as they last. Our shell-making machinery is expected to be in operation in six or eight weeks, as it is being constructed under our supervision in probably a dozen different machine shops. Of course we cannot at present quote prices or accept orders for either empty or loaded shells, but will advise you when we are ready to do so. We thank you for your kindness in the past, and trust that within a few weeks we may again have your orders. Yours, very truly, THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 21.—Fred Erb, who has been twice defeated by Geo. C. Beck, of Indianapolis, in contest for the American Cup, this afternoon easily defeated Beck in a 50-bird shoot for $100 a side. Dr. J. M. Smith was referee and Capt. Behrn and T. J. Harvey were judges. Erb used a new Parker gun. The birds were very game. The day was bright and a large crowd was present.

BOSTON, July 24.—The Jamaica Plain Gun Club held its weekly shoot at Clarendon Hills this afternoon. Many members of the club were present. Some thirty sweeps were shot. The prizes won in the Merchandise match were awarded yesterday. The match was opened the 1st of May last, and the conditions were the best six average scores out of ten. Appended are the names of the winners, their scores out of a possible 120 birds and what each selected as a prize: Barrett, total 110, $10 in gold; Bennett, total 99, $5 in gold; Bradbury, total 98, gold badge; Woodruff, total 96, guncase; Charles, total 95, album; Cilley, total 88, 500 loaded shells; Herbert, total 80, walking cane; Needham, total 73, large sportiug picture. The Rounds silver cup was also won by Barrett, and he is now sole owner of it. The cup was presented by A. W. Rounds, a member of the club.

PENCOYD, Pa., July 29.—The Penncoyd Gun Club held their annual meeting on July 26, and the following officers were elected to serve for one year: Geo. Rich, Prest.; Elman Vandersloot, Vice-Prest.; Joseph Taggart, Captain; Richard Morgan, Sec.-Treas.; Joseph Lindsay, Referee; Joseph Campbell, Director; Odnell Ravenjahn and Albert Stubbs, Judges.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The opening of the new grounds and club house of the ever-young Onondaga County Club will be marked by a three-days' shoot, Aug. 6-8. The elegant new club house and grounds located at Maple Bay, on Onondaga Lake, seven miles from the city of Syracuse, are reached by steamboat on the lake or by the Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad.

TORONTO.—The McDowall tourney, with $1,100 up in guarantees, opens at Stark Athletic grounds on Aug. 13, and closes on the 16th, giving four days of lively shooting. It is the first attempt to get up a big shoot and promises to be a complete success.

BEEVILLE, Texas, July 21.—The first annual tournament of the Beeville Gun Club will be held Sept. 3 and 4 next, and all clubs of southwest Texas are invited to participate. Full programmes and information can be had by addressing T. J. Skaggs, Sec'y, Beeville, Texas.

CLASS VS. BREWER.—Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., has agreed to meet Brewer in the $1,000 match at live birds. Full details have not yet been agreed upon.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

31. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
31. So. Boston, Moonlight Sail.

AUGUST.

2. Indian Harbor, Regatta.
2. Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, Cruise.
2. Hamilton, Whitewings Cup.
2. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
2. Royal Can., 21ft. Class, Tor.
2. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
2. Cape Cod, Nobscutt Pier.
2. Buffalo, Club, Buffalo.
2-9. Cor. Navy, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
2-16. QuakerCity, Annual Cruise Long Island Sound.
3. West Lynn, 2d Cham., Lynn.
6. Great Head, 2d Cham., Great Head.
8. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day and Review, Weymouth.
8. Riverside, Special Classes, Riverside, Conn.
9. Savin Hill, Club, Savin Hill.
9. Corinthian, Marblehead, Club, under 21ft.
9. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
9. Hamilton, 21 and 25ft.
9. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
9. Queen City, Cruise, Toronto.
9. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
9. Tappan Zee, Annual, Grand View.
9, 11. Hull, Cham., Pt. Allerton.
12. So. Boston, Mus. Fleet, City Point.
9, 11, 12. Corinthian, 21 & 25ft. Classes, Marblehead.
13. Hull, Ladies' Day.
13. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
13. Hamilton, L.Y.R.A. Regatta
13. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
14. Massachusetts, 30 and 40ft., Dorchester.
15. L. Y. R. A., Royal Can., Tor.
16. Sippican, Club, Marion.
16. Beverly, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
16. Queen City, 1st Class and "World" Cup, Toronto.
16. L. Y. R. A., Queen City, Tor.
16. Newark, Annual, Bayonne.
16. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
18. American, Open, Newburyport.
18, 19, 20. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series for 30 and 40-footers.
20. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
22. Quincy, Club, Quincy.
22. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marbleh'd.
23. Hull, Cham., Hull.
23. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
23. West Lynn, 3d Cham., Lynn.
23. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beach
23. Savin Hill, Cham., Savin Hill
23. Great Head, Sail-off, Great Head.
23. American, 2d Cham., Newburyport.
23. Cor. Navy, Regatta, West Long Island Sound Squad.
23. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
23. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
23. Riverside, Ladies' Day, Riverside, Conn.
23. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
23. Buffalo, Cruise, Lake Erie.
23. Lynn, Lynn.
27. Rhode Island, Open Regatta.
27. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
28. Miramichi, Black Brook to Oak Point and return.
29. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
30. Beverly, 3d Cup, Marblehead
30. Sippican, Sweep, Marion.
30. Savin Hill, Cruise.
30. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
30. Monatiquot, Sail-off Cham., Weymouth.

YACHT RACING IN JAPAN.

THE Yokohama Sailing Club, composed of British and American residents of Yokohama, Japan, is an active and energetic little organization that is doing good work for the advancement of yacht racing under somewhat disadvantageous surroundings. The club numbers 88 members with a fleet of 18 yachts and boats, but this small fleet is made up of so many sizes and types that it has proved a difficult matter to class them properly and to keep up a constant interest in the racing. At the same time the club is fortunate in the possession of a committee that, from its reports, is evidently of more than average ability, and that has undertaken the work of classifying and building up the fleet in a thorough and systematic manner. The report of the last season's work shows a total of 13 matches sailed between May 11 and October 12, in which 58 prizes were given. The average number of entries in each race was 12, and of starters 10. The fleet is made up of the following boats: Maid Marion, designed by Mr. Burgess, a compromise, 31ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam; Molly Bawn, 22ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 6in. beam, designed by an amateur, a shoal bodied boat with a deep lead fin; Lady Louise, 25ft. l.w.l., 4ft. 9in. beam, a cutter from the Clyde, well cut away and of rather light displacement; Princess Maude, 22ft. l.w.l., 4ft. beam, a cutter; Exchange, 28ft. l.w.l., a ship's boat fitted up with a wooden keel and shifting ballast; Daimyo, 25ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, a cutter of amateur design. The canoes are 16 x 32, small yachts in model, with 300lbs. of lead on keel, and more than a match for La Belle in light weather, she being a catboat 15ft. long and 6ft. beam. Maid Marion is too large and too good for the rest of her class and, as a matter of course, won practically all the races. The report says:

"In the A Class the Maid Marion had everything her own way, being altogether too fast for the others in her class, and rating too high to allow of her being fairly placed in competition with any of the boats in the other classes. The Aborigine, which was so successful until the appearance of the Maid Marion, made several starts against her, but finding it useless eventually dropped out of the racing. Toward the end of the season an accession was made to this class by the arrival of the Avon (formerly known here as the Tantivy) from Kobe. She started in several races, but not being in racing trim, and with old sails, she was not in it. Perhaps, as she has the advantage of several feet in length over the Maid Marion, when she has a thorough overhaul and a new suit of canvas she may yet be an interested party when prizes are distributed."

The wind in the 13 races is given as once fresh, once strong, and twice moderate, the other days being light. The report gives the following interesting comparison of speeds:

"The total distance sailed was about 152 knots by the chart, and the average speed made by the Record Prize winners in each class, over the distances given, was as follows:

Class.	Knots.	Speed per hour in knots.
A. Maid Marion	142	3.75
B. Molly Bawn	152	3.13
B. La Belle	44	2.18
D. Exchange	76	3.32

"Owing to the courses sailed not being the same in each case the above figures are of but little value for purposes of comparison, but those who take an interest in such matters may like to know that the above represent for the Maid Marion 54 per cent., Molly Bawn 53 per cent., La Belle 43 per cent. and Exchange 52 per cent. of the theoretical highest speeds usually attributed to boats of their respective lengths, and when the average amount of wind experienced during the season's racing is taken into account, perhaps the speed attained may be considered not altogether unsatisfactory."

Up to the end of last season the club had a classification by waterline length, with a length and sail area rule, the formula, devised by Prof. West, of Tokio University, being $\sqrt[3]{L+S}\,A$ the sail area being measured by the Y. R. A. rule. The working of this system was not satisfactory, and last year we had some correspondence with members of the club over the difficulties they had met and the advisability of a heavier tax on sail, or of a change of classification, which latter course we recommended. On this subject the report continues:

"Owing to the above and other important reasons, which were fully discussed at an extraordinary general meeting which was held on Oct. 28, it was decided to alter the classification of the boats from a classification by waterline length alone to one by length and sail area rating, and in place of the classes A, B, C and D, we now have 39, 32, 26, 21 and 17-raters. At the same time it was settled to adopt the method of measuring the sail area which is in use in England.

"It is to be hoped this change will lead to the building of new racers, and to renewed interest among the old boats. With the classes as now constituted the proverbial 'expense of yachting' will hardly be sufficient to deter any one wishing to take part in this exhilarating pastime. Already signs may be seen of sharp and exciting competition during the coming season among the 26 and 17-raters, and we have reason to believe that a wholesome little boat, which would have a good chance in the latter class, may actually be built and fitted out for about $50. It has always been the policy of the club to keep in view the object for which it was formed, viz., 'the promotion of sailing and sailing races only,' and this opportunity may serve to point out that while great attention is no doubt secured by a large craft capable of leading the fleet, still tastes differ as to the most desirable size of boat, and those who do not care for or are not able to afford the larger craft, but still seek the excitement of a tussle with the elements and the keen competition and friendly rivalry of racing, may find it in the smallest craft, and receive equal recognition and encouragement from this club. In dividing the club's general fund of prize money it has been the practice of your committee to apportion it as nearly as possible in proportion to the number of entries and competitors in each class. This seems the fairest method, as by so doing the class having the greatest number of entries and the keenest competition will receive the largest share of prize money, no matter what the size of the boats may be, and your committee wish to call the attention of each owner, whether of small or large craft, to the desirability of securing all possible entries in his class, as the importance of the class, and to a very great extent the amount of interest taken in the sport of yachting is decided by the number of entries and the keenness and closeness of competition aside from the size of the craft."

The ridiculously low price of labor makes the cost of native-built boats very low, and such a craft as the Mersey centerboard boat Zinnia, described in Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," can be built for $75 Mexican. This boat is 18ft. over all, 17ft. 9in. l.w.l., 6ft. beam, and but 1ft. draft without board, carrying some 200ft. in a lug mainsail and a jib. These boats will come in the 17 rating class, and some six or eight were expected to be ready for this season. This fleet will make good racing and should be of immense benefit to the club in encouraging a general interest that will increase its membership and lead in time to more of the larger craft.

As we have pointed out before, the merits of a corrected length classification cannot be determined by a single season's racing and two or three new boats; but for a thorough test several seasons of racing, and a fleet that shall include a fair number of yachts in one or more classes built especially for the rule are necessary. At the same time, the experiment of the Yokohama Sailing Club in the use of this system of classification as the foundation on which to build up its fleet, is a most interesting one, and if the report for the present season is as thorough and sensible as the one from which we have quoted above, it should throw some valuable light on the subject.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

ON Wednesday morning the flagship Electra, with Com. Gerry and his staff on board, left the anchorage at Twenty-sixth street, New York, for New London, where the fleet was in waiting. The programme for the cruise, which was to be made up at a meeting of captains on board the flagship on Wednesday night, will probably include a race to Newport on Thursday, where the Goelet cup will be sailed for on the following day, and after this the regular runs to Martha's Vineyard and New Bedford, returning to Newport, where the fleet will disband. Vessels desiring to do so may enter for the races on each run, the rest of the fleet making the passages at their will. The following general regulations will govern the cruise:

Directions for the following "runs," should they be made, are: From New London to Newport, 40 nautical miles; start off Sarah's Ledge and finish off the Dumplings.

From Newport to Vineyard Haven, 37 nautical miles; start off Brenton's Reef Lightship and finish at Red Buoy No. 2, off West Chop, Vineyard Sound Lightship to be left on the port hand.

From Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, 34 nautical miles; start off Bluffs, in front of the Sea View House, and finish off Clark's Point Light, leaving Sow and Pigs Reef Buoy on the starboard hand.

From New Bedford to Newport, 27 nautical miles; start off Clark's Point Light and finish at Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Hen and Chickens Lightship on the starboard hand.

For other runs that may be made sailing directions will be given.

The start and finish will be made over imaginary lines drawn from the Electra to the points or objects mentioned.

Special prizes will be offered during the cruise, the dates of which will be announced by the Commodore, as stated in General Order No. 2.

Rear-Commodore Iselin has offered a $250 cup, date and conditions to be given at the rendezvous.

The Gamecock colors will be for four-oared gigs pulling sweeps.

The Owl colors for cutters pulling two sweeps or two pairs of sculls.

For other boat races entries $2 an oar, made by yacht owners, and boats will be classified according to the number of oars they pull.

Coxwains must be carried in all boats but dinghies.

There will be a race for steam and naphtha launches, details to be announced at New London.

For winning boats, the committee will add $5 for each man carried; for launches, $20 to winners, with $10 for second, if four or more start.

The date of these events will be determined during the cruise.

For the runs from port to port the committee will submit the following proposition: The Electra will establish start and finish lines for each run, and give the corrected time of all yachts crossing with their private signals at the peak and their racing numbers displayed.

A prize will be given in each class where two or more start; with a second prize if four or more start.

In cruising trim will mean anchors on the bow and cables stowed; cruising complement of boat carried, and cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings in place; topsails extending above the truck or beyond the end of gaff are barred

Water can be taken into the tanks until the preparatory signal is made.

With these exceptions racing rules are to govern.

These conditions are subject to alteration in any class, or others imposed, on a request of a majority of its contestants on any run.

Vessels that do not wish to be timed will not cross the line, nor carry their private signals at the peak, nor display their racing numbers. They will be at liberty to get under way and proceed to the squadron's destination with the gun announcing the harbor start.

There is little likelihood that the fleet will go round the Cape, though Eastern yachtsmen have been desirous that it should visit Marblehead. The number of yachts will probably be as great as last season, but the prospects are rather poor for the racing. Neither Grayling nor Titania will race, and as Shamrock is likely to be absent, it reduces the 70ft. class to Katrina and Gracie. Volunteer will have a sail over, in all probability, for the Goelet cup. In the schooner class will be Sea Fox, Merlin, Mayflower, Marguerite, Œnone and Quickstep, which lot should give some very good racing. The forties will, as usual, be a leading attraction, and the races between Minerva and Gossoon are likely to be the most interesting of the cruise. After the fleet disbands some special races for the 40 and 30ft. classes will be sailed off Newport, including the Corinthian sweepstakes.

THE MARBLEHEAD RACES.—The clubs about Marblehead are arranging for some excellent racing in the smaller classes immediately after the New York Y. C. cruise, and some of the best racing of the year is likely to be seen there. The Beverly Y. C. will hold an open race off Marblehead, on Aug. 16, if possible, with prizes for the 40, 30 and 21ft. boats. The 40ft. prize will be a $150 cup, given on condition that Minerva shall be one of the starters. A $100 cup is offered in the 30ft. class, and two of $50 each, for keels and centerboards, in the 21ft. class. The course for thirties and forties will be 10 miles to windward and return; for the other 5 miles. This race and others to take place soon after are likely to attract most of the New York forties to prolong their cruise around Cape Cod, and Kathleen and Tom Boy are also expected at Marblehead.

BEVERLY Y. C.

162D REGATTA, 2D BUZZARD'S BAY CHAMPIONSHIP, MONUMENT BEACH, JULY 26.

THE race was one of the hardest and best that the club has ever sailed; all day Friday it blew a close-reef sou'wester, and Saturday it was piping from S.S.W., increasing during the morning. First and second classes were sent to Scraggy Neck, Bond Island, and return. In first class Mattie had a walkover, starting with three reefs. In second class Gymnote and Lestris carried three reefs, Widgeon and Anonyma four reefs. The start was a beauty, all crossing line together within 10 seconds of the gun, Anonyma to windward.

Just before the start the wind lightened a little, and boats with four reefs had not enough sail. Mist took first place, then Anonyma and Widgeon close together, followed by Gymnote and Lestris, the latter sailing very well.

Under Wing's Neck, Anonyma shook out one reef and at once began to leave Widgeon, who was close to her, and pick up on Mist. At Pines Buoy Gymnote almost caught Widgeon, who then shook out a reef and left her, while Lestris was coming up fast

About this time Mist shook out a reef and Anonyma caught her and forced her round, but Mist got a trifle ahead on the next tack. By this time boats were off the Neck and for the rest of the windward work had very rough water, a pouring rain and all the wind they could stand. Here Widgeon did very well, picking up on the leaders considerably and doing excellent work, though under very disadvantageous circumstances.

Mattie rounded windward buoy first, then Mist and Anonyma close together, then Widgeon some 3 min. astern, but much nearer than she had been; Lestris and Gymnote some way astern.

In the meantime the third class had started all together over the short course, twice around Pines Buoy and back. Parole carried three reefs while the others had come out with every reef turned in, but Cayuse and Puzzle shook out one just before start. Eina kept hers in and it lost her any chance of a place. At the end of first round they had shaken out a reef all round, Cayuse led by 30sec., then Puzzle, then Parole with the same intervals between them, Eina far astern. On second round Parole sailed very fast, as wind breezed up, and passed Cayuse; Puzzle held further out into the bay and took first place. On the run home it blew very hard indeed, giving them all they could swing to. They finished: Puzzle, Parole, Cayuse, Eina.

In fourth class Rip started with four reefs, Kitten with two reefs in her small sail. It was Rip's race from the start in any event, though Kitten would have gained by shaking out reefs earlier than she did.

In the meantime the large boats were getting it hot in the run to Bird Island. They jibed round buoy, Mattie first, then Mist and Anonyma almost together, then Widgeon, who had held her own, Lestris and Gymnote far astern.

The run home was made in a pelting rain and the hardest blow the club has had for years, the water being feather white, and strain on tillers so great it took two or three men to steer the boats.

Mattie, of course, increased her lead, Widgeon shook out her third reef all but the pennant and hoisted up the throat, gaining a good deal on Mist and Anonyma; had latter done the same she would have got the prize, as it was she passed Mist a mile short of the finish, taking pennant and losing prize by half a second only.

Just as Widgeon, a minute and a quarter astern of Mist, reached line a very severe squall struck in, the wind blowing a full gale and the rain being blinding; sails were doused all round and boats had a lively time catching their moorings, Mist being blown ashore. The judge's boat was jumping half her length out of water, and it was more than an hour before she could run into the beach under six reefs. Gymnote gave up the race. Lestris crossed line during squall, way astern, but was not made out by judges till after she had crossed. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Mattie, Howard Stockton	28.10	1 58 05	1 50 00
SECOND CLASS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	26.10	1 54 50	1 44 20
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	26.08	1 55 00	1 44 19½
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.	26.10	1 56 18	1 45 48
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr.	24.02	Not timed.	
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	26.10	Withdrawn.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d	22.09	1 13 45	1 06 29
Parole, W. H. Davis	22.08	1 14 15	1 06 56
Cayuse, F. W. Sargent	22.09	1 15 30	1 08 14
Eina, John Parkinson	22.10	1 17 18	1 10 05
FOURTH CLASS.			
Rip, C. B. Jefferson	19.01	41 07	36 13
Kitten, Geo. H. Richards, et als	20.00	42 35	38 01

Winner first prize: Class 1, Mattie; Class 2, Mist; Class 3, Puzzle; Class 4, Rip. Winner second prize: Class 2, Anonyma; Class 3, Parole. First Class champion pennant won and held by Mattie. Third Class champion pennant won and held by Puzzle. Second Class champion pennant won by Anonyma, tieing Mist. Third Class champion pennant won by Rip, tieing Edith. Judge, T. S. Edmunds.

Owing to the fact that the Goelet Cup race will take place Aug. 1 or 2, and at the request of several yacht owners, the second championship race at Marblehead will be postponed to Aug. 16. The club will offer cups for an outside race about Aug. 22—exact date not yet decided on. Race to be open to the 30-foot, 21-foot, and probably to the 40-foot classes of any recognized yacht club. Courses to be to windward or leeward and back from Marblehead Rock, ten miles and return for larger classes, five miles for 21-foot class.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

THE annual meet of the American Canoe Association has become one of the important events of the aquatic world, ranking second only to such great yachting features as the New York Yacht Club cruise and the Goelet Cup race. Attended by men from every section of the country; with races which bring out the crack sailors of the United States and Canada, and in boats no whit inferior in excellence of model and equipment to the finest yachts; free from any taint of professionalism; and with its many unique features of camp life, camp fires, amateur circus or impromptu ball; the meet exceeds by far in variety and attractiveness the rowing regattas and similar events of sister sports. The ten meets thus far held have been in localities in a measure isolated, and the races have been witnessed mainly by the canoeists themselves. This year, however, the meet for the first time has come to the coast, and to the very heart of the yachting world. No place on the coast is better known or more popular than the east end of Long Island, and the A. C. A. burgee will be hoisted in the center of its broad waters, on the peninsula between Gardiner's and Peconic Bays. During the races, which will be held on August 18 to 21, and on other special occasions during the two weeks, the camp will be open to visitors; and among these none will be more welcome than yachtsmen. Those who wish to see what canoeing and canoe racing really is will find a hearty welcome from their brother skippers of the diminutive craft; and though the races can be seen from start to finish without a glass, and the spinaker of a 40-footer would be big enough to gather up the whole fleet in, the racing is as keen, and the display of seamanship as good as in the largest class of yachts.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. MIDSUMMER SERIES.—The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has issued its circulars for the midsummer series for 40 and 30-footers. The dates have been changed to Aug. 18, 19 and 20, to suit the dates of the New York Y. C. cruise. The cup for the 40-footers is of the value of $300, and that for 30-footers $125, two wins being necessary to take the cup. Starts will be made at 10 o'clock. The courses are as follows: The line for start and finish will be between Marblehead Rock and judges' steamer. Course 1—From starting line, 8 miles S.E. three-fourths S., leaving sailboat flying the Corinthian Y. C. flag on starboard, then 8 miles W. one-half S., leaving the Whistling Buoy off the Graves on starboard, thence 8 miles N.N.E. to the finish line; 24 nautical miles. Course 2—The reverse of course 1. Course 3—10 miles to windward (or leeward), leaving sailboat flying the Corinthian Y. C. flag on starboard, and return; 20 nautical miles. Yachts on any course must not pass to the westward of Tom Moore's Rocks, Tinker's Island, Can Buoy on the outer breaker off Pig Rocks, or the buoy on the southeast breakers off the Gooseberry Islands. The judges are: Daniel Appleton, Chairman; W. S. Eaton, Jr., F. L. Rhodes. The regatta committee is composed of William P. Fowle, Chairman; George W. Mansfield, Secretary; W. A. Harvey, John H. Paine and A. G. Van Nostrand. The club tournament for the 25ft. and 21ft. classes will be sailed Aug. 9, 11 and 12. The prizes are as follows: Corinthian Y. C. cup for 25ft. class; value $100. Corinthian Y. C. cup for 21ft. catboat class; value $75. Corinthian Y. C. cup for 21ft. keel class, value $100. Offered by a member of the club. Second prizes of $10 will be awarded in each race to yachts winning second place. The tournament will consist of two races and a sailoff. A yacht winning twice shall own the cup offered for her class. Starts in the tournament will be made at 2:30 o'clock, and the regular club courses will be sailed.

SIPPICAN Y. C., TENTH OPEN REGATTA, JULY 19.—Courses: First Class, from judges' yacht around S. E. Ledge Black Buoy, around Nye's Ledge Buoy and back to judges' yacht. Third Class, from judges' yacht around S. E. Ledge Buoy, around Bow Bells Buoy and back to judges' yacht. Fourth Class, from judges' yacht around stakeboat off Plantin Island, around Sear Rock Buoy and back to judges' yacht; repeat course once. Weather squally. Wind light N.W., with squalls from N. to N.E. Tide low.

CLASS I.—COURSE 15 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Climax, E. C. Stetson	26.02½	2 18 00	2 02 04
Anonyma, F. Dabney	25.08	2 58 31	2 41 44
Mist, G. H. Lyman, jr.	23.00½	2 44 01	2 22 46

CLASS III.—COURSE 9 MILES.

Parole, W. H. Davis	19.05	1 36 19	1 19 06
Etta, J. L. Stackpole	19.09	1 46 20	1 29 44
Hermione, R. C. Barston	20.00	1 50 20	1 33 54
Laura, J. DeKay	19.02	1 53 05	1 35 32

CLASS IV.—COURSE 7 MILES.

Wide Awake, J. C. Pegram, jr.	14.09½	1 35 05	1 15 45
Island Belle, C. A. Clark	17.02	1 32 00	1 15 59
May, G. Van Rensselaer	16.03	1 44 50	1 27 37

CLASS V.—COURSE 4½ MILES.

Worry, H. W. Bellows	13.09½	0 48 38½	0 36 16½
Fairy, — Caulfield	11.11	0 55 04	0 40 04
McGinty, J. H. Clark	13.08	Did not finish.	

(Course for Class V., from judges' yacht around stakeboat E.S.E. from judges' yacht, around Black Buoy No. 5, back to judges' yacht; repeat the course twice.)

Winners: Class I., Climax first, Mist second; Class III., Parole first, Etta second; Class IV., Wide Awake first, Island Belle second; Class V., Worry first, Fairy second. Mist was the only starter in the second class, and at her request was allowed to sail in the first. Puzzle did not race, but went over the course with the third class. Her time was 1.53.50. After the race Puzzle was struck by a squall and capsized. She was towed ashore and righted. Regatta Committee—J. Gorham Palfrey, chairman; W. H. Davis, J. C. Pegram, jr. Judges—Com. R. S. Ryder, Dr. J. S. Whiting, J. E. DeKay.

Some details in the account of the above race published last week were incorrect, the above official report not having been received.

HULL Y. C.—Eighty-fourth Cash Prize Regatta, July 26. Regular club course. No. 1, for second class, 15 miles; No. 7, for third class, 9 miles; No. 12, fifth and sixth classes, 6 miles. Weather rainy and wind southwest, squally and very strong, keeping away many entries; tide flood:

SECOND CLASS.

Yachts 25ft. and under 30ft. water line.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, J. R. Harper	28.01	2 56 10	2 12 44
Erin, J. Cavanagh	Not meas.	3 15 35	

THIRD CLASS.

C. B. yachts under 25ft. water line and over 21ft. sailing length.

Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	1 39 10	1 09 59
Secret, E. F. Linton	Not officially measured.		
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02		

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Echo, Burwell & Johnson	24.06	1 37 06	1 07 44
Swordfish, H. L. Johnson	Not officially measured.		

FIFTH CLASS C. B.

C. B. yachts 19 and under 21ft. sailing length.

Madge, W. D. Lovell	19.11	1 09 06	0 44 55
Tartar, J. F. Brown	19.11	1 13 40	0 50 33

FIFTH CLASS KEELS.

All keels under 21ft. sailing length.

Composite, J. McIntyre	16.00	1 20 42	0 53 33
Vaga, H. W. Friend	18.05	1 19 59	0 55 27

SIXTH CLASS.

All C. B. under 19ft. sailing length.

Cricket, E. B. Lambert	16.08	1 25 19	0 58 57

Winners first prize, class two, Harbinger; class three, c. b. Moondyne; class three, keel, Echo; class five, c. b. Madge, keel Composite. No second prize awarded, winners not defeating a competitor. No starters in first and fourth classes. Secret and Posy started at second class gun and were ruled out. The race between Vaga and Composite was very close and interesting, first one and then the other being ahead. Swordfish carried away her mast off Pig Rocks Beacon. Regatta committee, E. L. Burwell, W. A. Cary, C. S. Waldo, C. S. Whitten, J. J. Henry. Judges, J. J. Souther, W. A. Cary, J. A. Stetson, J. B. Eorsyth.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—On July 26 first championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead, the weather being foggy and with fluky winds and a rain squall. The times were:

FOURTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet, J. B. Paine, jr.	25.04	1 35 25	1 28 05
Lassie, W. A. Eaton, jr.	24.08	1 36 52	1 28 21
Kraken, Percy Thase	25.06	1 36 56	1 29 33
Nixie, C. L. Cochrane	Not measured.		

FIFTH CLASS.

Sapphire, C. S. Street ..... Walkover.

SPECIAL CLASS—CRUISERS.

	Handicap.		
Atalanta	5 00	2 54 57	2 49 56
Wave Crest	7 00	2 58 07	2 51 07
Gretchen	10 00	3 05 33	2 55 33
Clytie	Walkover.		

The 40-footers Ventura and Tomahawk started to sail a match race. On the beat to windward to Pig Rock Ventura sailed fastest and spun out a good lead. Both boats withdrew when the fog shut in.

MERLE AND CITY OF THE STRAITS.—Cleveland has been selected as neutral water for a race between the yachts Merle, of Toronto, and the City of the Straits, of Detroit, each the crack craft of the kind of the side it represents. The contest will be on Aug. 4, 5 and 6, the winner to be the one taking the best two out of three. The distance will be 10 miles to windward and return. The Canadian boat wants a six hours' limit, while the other will be satisfied with four hours. There will be a purse of $500 put up by Cleveland parties and $400 by the visitors. A week's racing will be the result. Mayor Gardner will be the referee, and Capt. Joe Nicholson, of Detroit, will be the judge for the City of the Straits. The Captain has written to Mayor Gardner saying if this race comes off satisfactorily, at a later date he will be able to arrange a schooner race between the Idler, of Toronto, and the Idler, of Chicago, to come off here.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

OHIO Y. C.—The club book of the Ohio Y. C., lately received, is a neat canvas bound volume. The club, whose station is at Toledo, and whose cruising ground is on Lake Erie, now numbers 132 members and 20 yachts. The racing rule is a peculiar one, the "gross measurement" as it is called, is found by adding the waterline, beam and the depth from ceiling to under side of deck at foremast; the allowance being 2sec. per foot, per mile. As the yachts are all shoal draft centreboard sloops, this measurement answers fairly well, but it would be hard on any of the modern keel or even compromise craft, and a change will be necessary if such boats are to be added to the fleet. There is a fine field for yachting on Lake Erie, and the Ohio Y. C. is doing much to advance the sport on the western end of the Lake.

A LONG CLUISE IN A STEAM LAUNCH.—The small steam launch Vida, owned by Mr. F. B. Clarke, Knickerbocker Y. C., lately left New York for a cruise by river, lake and canal, going up the Hudson, by canal to Oswego, thence along the lake and down the St. Lawrence, returning by Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. The yacht, which was built by C. L. Seabury & Co., of Nyack, N. Y., is 35ft. long and 7ft. beam, with a single direct acting engine. She is very comfortably fitted up for such a cruise. The party includes Mr. Clarke and his son, Mr. Edwin C. Hill and Mr. George Brandreth. Mr. Hill will act as engineer and Mr. Clarke will be in command.

THE OCEAN RACE OF NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.—On July 22 the two 25ft. naphtha launches started from Staten Island at 11:20 A.M. The same evening they ran into Fire Island Inlet, where they were detained by bad weather for several days. On July 28, at 10 A.M., the two passed Quogue, being very close together.

NEW YACHTS.—The Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, R. I., has just closed a contract for a steam yacht for Mr. Wm. R. Hearst. The contract calls for a speed of 25 miles per hour, the builders to be paid for every fraction of a mile by which this speed is exceeded.

TAPPAN ZEE S. AND I. Y. C.—The Tappan Zee Sail and Ice Y. C.'s annual open regatta will be sailed on Aug. 9 under the rules of the New York Y. R. A. The steamer Wave will be at the Columbia Y. C. house, North River, at daylight the day of the races to tow the racers up to Grand View, where the regatta will be held.

PLYMOUTH Y. C.—The Plymouth Y. C., of Plymouth, Mass., an organization which includes a number of canoes and small craft, will make a cruise of two weeks, starting from Provincetown on August 23. The fleet will be made up of canoes and small cruisers.

NEW STEAM YACHTS.—In addition to the large yacht mentioned last week, Mr. J. Beavor-Webb has on order for a duplicate of Sultana. The latter yacht has been at anchor off Bay Ridge for the past two weeks, and will take part in the New York Y. C. cruise.

GOLDEN FLEECE, steam yacht, lately chartered by Mr. Osborne, has made a voyage around the world, being owned at the time by Mr. Paul A. Ralli, present owner of Yarana.

OHIO Y. C.—This active club has lately taken in 24 members. The club is pushing the scheme for new quarters at Presque Isle, and the result will be a handsome and commodious club house.

JESSICA.—Mr. McDonough's 20-rater sailed from Fairlie, Scotland, on July 3, and is now due at New York. Mr. Fife was to sail for New York last week.

YONKERS CORINTHIAN Y. C.—We have received a neat little book containing the constitution and by-laws of this flourishing club.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The regatta of steam yachts set for July 26 has been postponed to some date not yet decided on.

YORKVILLE Y. C.—This club will sail its fall regatta off Oak Point on Sept. 1.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

1-2. New York, Trial Races, S.I. Bay.
2. South Boston, Open.
2. Lake St. Louis, Annual, Lachine.
8-22. A.C.A. Meet, Jessup's Neck
23. South Boston, Open.
23. Plymouth, Cruise, Cape Cod
30. Orange, Annual.
30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Ianthe, Annual.
1. Arlington, Ann., Arlington.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

A BIT OF AUSTRALIAN CANOEING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from Australia, where I spent the last eighteen months most enjoyably, I take the liberty of writing this letter, thinking that a short sketch of sport, even if it is foreign to our shores, would interest the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM:

The great island of Australia, situated south of the equator, has the seasons reversed, of course, so during the coldest of New England's weather, when the eaves of the houses were decorated with icicles and the wind penetrated the thickest overcoat, I launched a canvas canoe—of my own manufacture (from necessity)—upon the waters of the Murray River and, hoisting my little American flag to the hottest breeze that ever fanned my cheek, started upon a two-months' cruise.

To follow me through all the delightful, painful, curious and annoying experiences that trip produced would be too much of a task to ask of any one, and by the time I have told you of the insects you will have your shirts half off; so, not wishing to make you appear too ridiculous, the lizard, the centipede and the prolific spider families will be omitted. January 10 saw me fairly at it; the town of Morgan, South Australia, had faded from view and before me was a stretch of river, unbroken by a bend, something like two miles. The sun came down closer to the earth than I ever knew him to do before, and the little tyrant—known as a thermometer—nestled close up to 115 deg. in the shade, while the perspiration dropped off my nose with a painful regularity that can be more comfortably imagined than experienced.

To say that two miles was twenty would be geographically incorrect, but by physical computation it would be equally inadequate, and I must confess, though I paddled it myself, I never knew a canoe to move so slowly. That I afterwards learned was a moment, or rather hour, of the day when no living thing, that possessed ordinary common sense or instinct, was fool enough to move a muscle.

When I at last reached the bend and beheld a large eucalyptus on the bank it needed no second thought to induce the canoe in that direction. The stillness of nature was something awful; the parrot, usually so noisy, had buried himself in the thickest clump of leaves the nearest tree possessed, while the chattering magpie put one leg and one eye to sleep, keeping the other as still as nature would permit. The kangaroo had found some friendly shelter, and the emu (big clumsy bird-beast that he is) was satisfied to shelter his head in a clump of salt-bush. I grounded on the sandy landing without in the least disturbing an affectionate family of snakes, while on the side of the bank a guana had ceased his exertions, head downward with one lazy leg still outstretched, too much overcome even to crawl down hill. The attitude was contagious and I too was soon in the land of oblivion, little heeding the rest of my fellow sleepers until a noise aroused me.

There around me, almost within reach, stood a congress of parrots, magpies and carrion crows, carrying on a most wordy debate and giving me a creeping idea that I was the cause of it. I felt like the drunkard who had been so ill and upon awakening found a buzzard sitting on the fence near him, rubbed his eyes, worked his fingers and toes, and remarked: Excuse me, sir (hic), I'm not dead yet." I adjourned congress and got up, much to the disgust of the crows, and pushing off into the stream again was about to continue my journey when I discovered that I had visitors aboard.

I landed. Ants! as long as your knuckle joint and equipped with implements of war patented in the first century. The wisdom of this insect is too great, for she crawls up on the inside of the innermost garment and begins her probing operation too low down to be reached from the top and too high up to be clutched from below, and when one demon is sinking an artesian well between one's shoulder blades and another boring for oil under the kneecap, the body thus attacked hesitates not a moment but after a contortion or two executes a ballet in costume. Then, as if to make matters worse, a disciplined army take possession of the divested garments, gnats struggle with each other for the corner of an eye, to the music of the blow fly, who circles around the head of the victim, carefully selecting a soft spot for his own little operations, and with the lengthening shadows the mosquito brings his family for the evening performance; while the owl hoots out from the tree above and the frog joins in the chorus. Ba-ra-dum! Curtain. I have gone through it, not once but many times, until now I am so full of poison I really believe if a rattler bit me he would crawl off and die.

The two months mentioned were spent shooting and fishing on the banks of this river and Lake Alexandrena, which forms its mouth; visiting stations (ranches) and in listening to stories of early Australia. Some of these stories are full of wild sport, and when told by a genuine old bushman seem to strike the chord harmoniously and make the listener long to experience them. The shooting, it being summer and close season, was confined principally to kangaroo, wallaby and emu; while the fishing was so good, and the fish so numerous and easily caught, that the sport ceased to be sport at all. A kangaroo chase and an emu hunt are well worth ten thousand miles of travel; duck (teal) shooting, in season, is excellent, owing to the scarcity of water courses and consequent bunching of the game. But, aside from these, sport in Australia is limited, and when the modern sportsman falls so low as to drag a red herring in order to ride to hounds, then Pluto off to the good old Southern swamps again. I am happy to think that, as well as the rest of the artificial sporting, is foreign to most of our countrymen; so, wishing that the FOREST AND STREAM may always give its away-from-home readers as well as home readers the same pleasure it has your humble servant, I beg to remain, yours respectfully,

ROLAND ROSS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

FOLLOW MY MOVEMENTS—AM BOUND FOR—PLUM GUT.—This message, spelled out in the signal flags of the yachting code, served as the introduction for a lengthy and interesting article on the coming meet by Mr. R. B. Burchard in the New York *World* of Sunday last. By permission of the *World* we publish the accompanying sketch of the camp ground.

THE CENTRAL DIVISION MEET.

THE Central Division had as fine a camp site as could be desired. Located between Point Chautauqua and Dewittville on the north shore of Chautauqua Lake, it was far enough removed to enjoy the seclusion so much sought for and yet near by the hotel, where meals were served to all the canoeists at a very reasonable rate.

The camping ground was a meadow, with a straight white sand beach, running out under the water for over 200ft., so that canoes could be drawn up on shore very nicely. It also proved to be a famous bathing spot, with its clean beach like a velvet carpet. This alone was sufficient inducement to indulge in two swims a day, which were taken with clocklike regularity.

Arrangements had previously been made so that when Messrs. Crane and Gaddis, of Dayton, arrived in camp (being the first arrivals) everything was in readiness for a large camp, lumber, poles, men to build docks, tent floors, etc.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in a rather quiet way, considering the material in camp.

The second week brought with it the races, which were much enjoyed and keenly contested. The winner of the novice race, Mr. J. F. S. Crane, of Dayton, made it rather warm for such old-timers as Shiras, Gaddis and French. It is said that he will be at the salt water meet to try conclusions with others.

Not over eighteen canoes were in camp, for many canoeists came for a few days only, and some were staying at different points on the lake with their friends. At Lakewood alone I counted eight canoes the day we broke camp. However, the canoeists indulged in sailing to their heart's content, it being a usual thing to sail about seven hours a day.

So charmed were four of the A. C. A. men with the camp that they remained another week on the lake, swimming, sailing, sleeping and the like, and so sunburned are they now that their friends hardly recognize the tender-looking chaps who left home for a month's outing.

The enforced absence from camp of Vice-Com. Geo. A. Warder and Purser James K. Bakewell was a most unfortunate thing for the first meet of the Central Division. The former had entered into business with W. W. Blow, of Oakland, Cal., and Mr. Bakewell was taken ill very suddenly as he was about leaving home for camp, so that the only officer in camp was the Rear-Commodore, E. L. French.

No. 1. Sailing, free for all, 3 miles:

Winners.	Flags Presented by
1. T. P. Gaddis	George A. Warder.
2. J. F. S. Crane	American flag.

No. 2. Sailing, 3 miles:

1. G. Hart Singer	W. W. Blow.
2. W. W. Lawrence	A. C. A., C. D.

No. 3. Sailing, Novice:

1. J. F. S. Crane	Deowainsta C. C.

No. 4. Sailing, all classes, 75ft. limit:

1. J. O. Shiras	Oakland C. C.
2. E. L. French	A. C. A. flag.

No. 5. Sailing, Jabberwock trophy: The number of entries was not sufficient to warrant calling the race.

No. 6. Sailing and paddling:

1. J. O. Shiras	A. C. A., C. D.
2. T. P. Gaddis	A. C. A., C. D.

No. 7. Sailing, capsize, etc.:

T. P. Gaddis and C. D. Mead tie for first. Miss French.

No. 8. Sailing, consolation: No consolation prizes needed at this meet.

No. 9. Paddling, Class II.: No entries in this narrow class.

No. 10. Paddling, tandem:

1. Mr. French and Mrs. Baskin	A. C. A.
2. Mr. Crane and Mrs. Weber	A. C. A.

No. 11. Paddling upset: Water was too cold.

No. 12. Parade and fireworks: Postponed on account of rain.

No. 13. Hurry scurry:

1. E. L. French	Mrs. J. K. Bakewell.
2. J. F. S. Crane	

On the day on which the Jabberwock trophy race was to be started, it blew, thundered, etc., so that it could not be sailed then. On the two following days a dead calm rested on the lake, and finally when the weather was such that the race could be sailed there were only four of the original entries that were in camp on that day, the last day of the meet. Therefore it was decided to sail for the trophy at the general A. C. A. meet.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.'S REGATTA.

THE only thing that interfered with the success of the Lake St. Louis C. C.'s regatta at Lachine on the afternoon of July 19 was the weather, and it was not so bad after all, for there was clear sunshine a good part of the afternoon, and the water was smooth all the time. The first race started was the decked canoe sailing race, for which there were two starters, Mab, C. Archibald, and Isis, D. A. Poe. Mab got a good lead at the start, and increased it on the run up to Dixie, and won the race with ease. In jibing around the island Isis upset, but her captain climbed into her and finished the race under sail with a full cockpit, coming in a long way behind, however. The open canoe race for the beautiful Commodore's cup came next with five starters. The course, around a paddling buoy, was altogether too short for such an important race, and made it more or less of a dash. Wallace got a good lead, but in the reach in the finish line his lee boards broke down, and H. Routh came in first, Adams was third, McCallum fourth and P. Levine, who swung a tremendous lateen mainsail, with 18ft. spars, broke his rudder.

Then came the paddling races, the first being a tandem race for boys under 18. Five crews started, and after a pretty race the Davidson brothers won, T. Rawlings and N. Dawes second. A punt race for boys under 14 followed, and after a prodigious lot of splashing H. Baby won, G. Boyer second. The green tandem had five starters, and the Rouths drew away from the field at the start, and increased their lead straight through the race; Donnelly and Cowie were second, Barlow and Walker third. A band paddling race came next by way of an interlude before the event of the day, the struggle for the tandem challenge cups. There were three starters, and A. E. Nash splashed his way to glory with G. Auldjo second.

There were but three entries for the challenge cup tandem mile race, the great event of the year in the world of Canadian canoeing. The starting crews were C. H. Duggan and F. Sherwood, A. Irving and J. Morris, F. Fairbanks and F. Stewart. The start was a fine one, the St. Lambert's crew having the inside water, the Duggan crew the middle, and the two Freds the outside. A hundred yards from the start Duggan and Sherwood were leading, and although St. Lambert's paddled a plucky, they paddled a losing race straight through. Duggan and Sherwood won handily, with five or six lengths to the good. Irving and Morris were second, and Fairbanks and Stewart, who broke a paddle, a long way behind. All the crews in this race used Herald canoes. The four-in-a-canoe race was won by the Routh crew, composed of F. Fairbanks, H. Routh, C. Routh and F. Stewart. The single race which followed was a most exciting one. There was three starters, Taylor, Girdwood and Irving, but the race was between Taylor and Girdwood, and better handling of the single blade was, perhaps, never seen. A hundred yards from the start, although Taylor had a short lead, Girdwood was not far behind, and he made a spurt that brought him up to the leader. Taylor was not "pumped," however, he had a wonderful rally, at every stroke he lifted his boat further to the front and won by a length. The event of the day, from a picturesque standpoint, was the next race—the war canoe race. Valois was steered by Tom Paton, Lachine by Auldjo, and at the pistol shot thirty paddles struck the water together, and forward went the two great canoes with a rush like that of a steamer. Valois paddled a good race and steered a good course, but Lachine won the leather medals.

An obstacle race, which consisted of jumping a boom twice and paddling across the finish line in the bow, which was won by Duggan, and a greasy pole, which was won by P. Levin, finished the regatta programme, and the prizes were presented at a "hop" at Hanna's afterwards.

RACES ON THE PASSAIC.—The canoe clubs in the vicinity of Woodside are preparing for a series of open races on Aug. 30 and Sept. 1 on the Passaic River. On Saturday the Orange C. C. will hold its regatta, and on Monday morning the Arlington C. C., followed by the Ianthe C. C. in the afternoon. Canoeists can ship their canoes direct to the Ianthe house in returning from the A. C. A. meet.

RED DRAGON C. C.—A test race between the new boats of the Red Dragon C. C. which resulted in a meaningless drift, was sailed on July 16. Course, around Petty's Island, distance 5 miles. Only two boats finished.

Kie-loe, F. W. Noyes	2 45 00
May Fly, H. E. McCormick	2 45 05

Another attempt will be made, which we hope will be more satisfactory.—MAX.

ARLINGTON C. C.—This club will hold its annual regatta on Sept. 11, starting the first race at 9:30 A. M., the courses being off the club house at Arlington, N. J.



SITE OF THE A. C. A. CAMP, JESSUP'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.
(By permission of New York *World*.)

A. C. A. MEET.

FROM the returns already received it is evident that the coming meet will be the largest and in some respects the most interesting in the history of the Association. The success, which now seems assured, has been attained through so much expense and after so many unusual difficulties incident to locating on salt water, that it may be some years before the experiment will be repeated. Canoeists are therefore advised to make every effort to avail themselves of being present at this meet, and are urged to help make the occasion the success that it deserves to be.

A number of canoeists, including ex-Com. Gibson, Secretary Dunnell and Messrs. Foster and Brown, of the Knickerbocker, have visited the camp site, and all concur with the camp site committee in their favorable impression of the site.

Work is progressing rapidly and all essentials will be completed on Saturday, Aug. 2. Next week will be devoted to the making of tent floors and floats which have been ordered. Those who have not ordered either, and need them, should send their orders at once. Tent floors will cost $3 to $5 each, according to size, and floats will cost $1.50 per canoe, 4 or 5 canoes to a float. These cost a trifle more than during previous years, because of increased length, necessitated by the rise and fall of the tide. The floats will be made after a plan worked out by Mr. Everett Masten, of this committee, and constructed under his special direction.

A dock 400ft. long has been built into deep water, so that steamers may land without difficulty. Two wells have been dug and bricked in to a depth of 25ft., and pure cold water found in abundance. A substantial kitchen building, with ice house and store-room beneath, has been erected and a camp store building is under construction. A great amount of labor has been expended in filling in holes and clearing underbrush.

The camp committee have been on the ground since July 1, when the lease was obtained, and watched anxiously for the appearance of the vagrant mosquito. So far these pests have not appeared, although the weather has been hot and favorable for them. The committee believe that their prediction, that the narrowness of the Neck and the strength of the wind will prevent the settlement of mosquitoes on the Neck, is being borne out by the facts. The big camp fires may draw them, however, and members are advised to have their tents properly equipped with netting.

Members are also requested to bring Chinese lanterns for the night parade and also to lay in a supply of fireworks, although the latter will be sold at New York prices in camp. It is suggested that ladies, as well as gentlemen, bring bathing suits.

Clubs are requested to continue the pleasant feature of distributing club badges, and to send one of each to this committee for file. Members who intend coming to the meet will please apprise the committee as soon as possible of their intention of coming.

Everything has been done and will be done to make this camp comfortable, the committee recognizes that the growth of the meets, the attendance of ladies and the multiplicity of amusements make it necessary to supply good meals and good service. A first-class caterer has been obtained, and it is hoped that most of the members will join in the camp mess, even at the expense of foregoing the pleasures of a private mess, because the patronage largely affects the character of the supply.

The camp will be made exclusive as possible and outsiders admitted only upon personal invitation and by badge or ticket.

The New England members can arrive at camp most readily by steamer Sunshine from Hartford, Saybrook, Mr. N. D. Biel, of Springfield, Conn., will answer all inquiries as to New England transportation.

This committee has acknowledged all letters received to date, so that members who have written and not received responses will know that their letters have miscarried and will please communicate again.

R. B. BURCHARD, Chairman,
Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements.

No. 338 BROADWAY, New York.

NEW YORK C. C.

THE new club house at Staten Island is now completed and the club has sold the old one, built in 1885, to a rowing club at Hoboken. The new house is built on a large scow, a convenient and roomy building and far better than anything the club has had in the past. The opening ceremonies, set for June 21, were spoiled by the storm on that day, but the postponed sailing race was held on July 19. On this occasion the wind was very heavy, Toltec losing a mast before the start, while Eurylda capsized, her owner having some trouble in bringing her in. The only starters were Bat, L. B. Palmer; Leida, Schuyler Schieffelin; Vagabond, C. J. Stevens; Pterodactyl, Com. Nadal, and Mr. W. D. Anderson, in his new Ruggles boat. The course was the regular 3 mile triangle. Leida led for a time, but was finally beaten by Bat, the difference being but one second. Vagabond was third.

No date has yet been set for the cup race, as Mr. Jones has not yet arrived in New York. It will be sailed some time after the close of the A. C. A. meet. The trial races will be sailed on Friday and Saturday next, being started as late as possible in the afternoon to accommodate men who are busy in the city. They are open to all members of canoe clubs. As there is but one challenger for the cup, one representative will be selected by the New York C. C. to meet him, with one or two substitutes. Mr. Ford Jones, the representative of the challenging club, the Brockville C. C. of the city of that name on the St. Lawrence River, is an old member of the A. C. A. and a constant attendant at the meets for some years past, being known as a skilful and daring sailor. For several seasons he sailed the Ramona, but last year he brought to the camp a new canoe, the Cannuck. This boat, like Ramona, was built by Mr. Sauve, the skiff and canoe builder of Brockville, but it is of American type and does not differ in hull or rig from the average racing canoe. In her, Mr. Jones did some very fast sailing last year, winning the A. C. A. sailing trophy.

This trophy, it will be remembered, was established in 1885, the year of the first international race, being won then, as well as in the following year, by Com. Gibson. In 1888, at Lake George, it was won by Mr. M. V. Brokaw, and last year by Mr. Jones. The two previous races for the New York C. C. international challenge cup, sailed in 1886 and 1888, differed from the coming one in that the challengers were Englishmen, and the canoes of English build. In the original races, in 1886, there were two contestants, Messrs W. Baden Powell and Walter Stewart, members of the Royal C. C. of London. The canoes in these races, Nautilus and Pearl, were of distinctively English model, of large displacement and carrying heavy centreboards and lead ballast. They were rigged with two balance lugs, and were sailed with the crew lying down in the bottom of the boat and steering with the feet. The races at the meet, which preceded those at New York, proved that the American canoes, with little or no ballast, and with the crew seated on deck, were immensely superior in speed to the English boats, and in the races for the New York C. C. cup the two challengers discarded their ballast and adopted the deck position. The representatives of the New York C. C. in these races were Mr. C. B. Vaux, of that club, and Mr. Wm. Whitlock of the Brooklyn C. C., and through their efforts the cup was retained by the club.

In the races of 1888, the Royal C. C. was again the challenger, but in this case with but one representative, Mr. Walter Stewart again, who sailed a canoe designed by himself after the American type, carrying no ballast and using the deck position. The cup was defended this time by Mr. R. W. Blake, of the Brooklyn C. C., the winner of the trial races, who finally defeated Mr. Stewart very easily. In each of these series of contests there has been sufficient difference in canoes and methods, apart from the nationality of the challengers, to create a strong interest; but in the present case the international feature is more nominal than real, the challenger being an American, and using the same canoe and rig as the defender; so that the technical issues which were so prominent in the first races have disappeared entirely. At the same time the friendly rivalry between the canoeists of the two neighboring countries, and also between the members of the various clubs that will start in the trial races, promises to make the New York C. C. cup one of the events of the year.

The conditions governing the cup and trial races are as follows:

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States will be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.
12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

The New York Canoe Club International Cup Trial Races, originally set for to-morrow and Saturday, have been postponed to Aug. 29 and 30, the week following the A. C. A. meet, in order to enable canoeists generally to enter them and to ship their canoes direct from the meet, by steamer, to the N. Y. C. clubhouse. The final races will probably be sailed Monday, Sept. 1 and following days.

A. C. A. TRANSPORTATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Arrangements have been completed with captains and owners of steamer Eagle to transport canoes and duffle from Newark, Yonkers and New York Harbor to Jessup's Neck. Steamer will call at club houses and other places for canoes on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6 and 7. All canoes and duffle must be ready for shipment not later than the morning of the 6th, and all stuff must be ready when boat calls for it or it will be left.

The charge for each canoe to camp and return will be $5. Canoeists who do not send freight money before boat leaves must pay captain of the boat or Mr. G. P. Douglass, A. C. A., who will have entire charge of loading and unloading canoes and duffle, and will start with and remain on board steamer Eagle until canoes are unloaded. This boat runs to camp wharf, Jessup's Neck.

Canoeists with canoes arriving after the 6th can send their boats to foot of Beekman street, East River, to steamer Shelter Island. Freight on canoes on this steamer will be $2 one way, return trip same ($2) unless 150 boats are shipped, in which case return rate will be $1. The fare to camp by steamer Shelter Island is $1.25 each way. State rooms with two berths $1. Supper on board *à la carte*. This steamer leaves foot of Beekman street, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M., arriving at camp about 6 A. M. State rooms should be engaged at least two days ahead, longer if possible. They can be had on board steamer foot of Beekman street and by letter to same address. Steamer Eagle has no staterooms.

Canoes shipped to Long Island City to Long Island Railroad Co. will be carried to Sag Harbor and returned, freight 50 cents each way. Round trip tickets via Long Island Railroad to Sag Harbor and return $4 each to members of the A. C. A.

Steamer Sunshine will leave New London three days in each week for Sag Harbor. It is not yet determined whether she will stop at A. C. A. wharf and camp, but it is probable that she will do so. The camp, however, is but a short sail or paddle from Sag Harbor. Negotiations are now being made for a steam launch to run between Sag Harbor and camp. Steamer Manhansett runs to Sag Harbor from New London daily. It is probable that she will stop at A. C. A. camp wharf.

M. T. BENNETT, JR., for Trans. Com. A.C.A.

The following order has been sent to the customs officers at Burlington, Plattsburgh, Ogdensburg, Cape Vincent and Suspension Bridge: "Treasury Department, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., July 29, 1890.—Collector of Customs: Sir—The Department is in receipt of a letter from Mr. M. T. Bennett, Jr., member of Transportation Committee of the American Canoe Association, in which he states that the annual meet of said Association will be held at Little Peconic Bay, Long Island, N. Y., on the 8th of August, and requests that, as quite a number of Canadian canoeists will attend said meet, instructions be given to allow them to bring their canoes, with necessary outfit, over the border free of duty and free of bond. The Department having heretofore granted similar requests, you are authorized to pass the canoes and necessary outfits thereof of Canadian canoeists arriving at your port or in your district en route to said meet free of duty and without requiring bond for their return, on production of the usual oath for the free entry of personal effects. The customary examination should be made, however, to prevent any frauds upon the revenue. Respectfully yours, O. L. SPAULDING, Assistant Secretary."

FUN AHEAD.

A. C. A. CAMP HEADQUARTERS, JESSUP'S NECK, Long Island, N. Y. Wanted.—Talent in every line for the great A. C. A. triple allied monster aggregation. All are requested to bring their own wardrobe. Salary sure. Only members of the A. C. A. need apply. All applications to be made on the grounds.—L. W. SEAVEY, Director of Amusements.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION YEAR BOOK.—The Northern Division of the A. C. A. has this year published a particularly neat and attractive year book, the work of one of its members, Mr. Hugh C. McLean, of Montreal. The book is embellished with a number of large photographs, including portraits of the division officers and views of the A. C. A. and Northern Division meets of 1889. Extra copies of the book will be sent to canoeists on receipt of 20 cents.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Delavan C. Scoville, Sag Harbor, N.Y.; Everett W. Frazar, Orange, N. J. Northern Division: R. C. Helles, Geo. G. Robinson, J. H. Routh, W. A. Munn, Montreal; J. H. Carnegie, Coboconk; R. P. Wilkinson, Goderich; Henry Totten, Stratford; Geo. Barry, Montreal.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. K. W., Southampton.—See game seasons as given in our shot columns.

C. E. W., Troy.—We have instituted inquiry in your behalf, and will report in later number.

P. W. D., Hamlet, Ill.—Thank you for the clipping. See portrait of pheasant in our game columns.

E. J. R., New York.—Inquire at the office of the Supervising Inspector, Post Office Building, New York, where you can obtain a copy of the U. S. laws relating to licenses.

E. L. R., Gilbert, Ohio.—It will probably be necessary to scrape off all the varnish. In re-varnishing, make sure that the wood is thoroughly dry, and allow time for each coat to become hard before putting on another or using the canoe.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore, Md.—Please give me the name of the fish called speckled perch in the fresh-water ponds of North Carolina. Ans. The name is used for the calico bass, which is shown on page 4 of FOREST AND STREAM, July 24, 1890, and described at some length.

S. H. C., Rockland, O.—What will prevent gun barrels from rusting when laid away for a long time? Ans. Apply common beef tallow without salt. You may melt the tallow and pour into the barrels; when the gun is wanted for use pour hot water on barrels and the tallow will slide out.

J. A. M., New York.—Will you kindly inform me if there has been any law made prohibiting gunning in Orange county, N. Y., for the ensuing five years, and would two young men meet with any difficulties from that source in a three days' outing in that or any of the adjacent counties? Ans. We know of no such law, and in absence of one you would have no trouble.

H. T. H., Coolidge, Wis.—I wish you would send me the address of some manufacturer of fishing outfits. I have a plan for a trolling hook that I think will eclipse anything of the kind for catching large fish. How much would it cost to get a patent? Ans. 1. Communicate with the firms whose addresses are given in our advertising columns. 2. Patent will cost $35.

G. Y. S., Westfield, N. Y.—1. Can you inform me what kind of small game there is in northeastern Massachusetts? 2. Is the game very scarce? 3. Also give open season on woodcock, grouse, squirrel and rabbits in Massachusetts. Ans. 1. You will find the game named in your third question. 2. Depends upon where you go. 3. See list of seasons in our game columns.

A CONSTANT READER, Montreal.—Will you please give me the benefit of your information on the subject and tell what, in your opinion, is the best thing to use to make a blind for shooting ducks from a boat—something to resemble a small island? Ans. Use whatever is at hand, most convenient and best adapted to the surroundings, cat-tail rushes, tree boughs, marsh grass, or anything that will simulate nature. If in the autumn, when the vegetation is brown, a gunny sack of dead grass color may be used. In winter use white cloth to look like ice, etc.

O. W. D., Boston.—Will you kindly let me know through the columns of your paper whether or not it is prohibited in any of the States or Canada to kill woodcock after sundown? Ans. Pennsylvania forbids taking woodcock or other game "with torchlight." District of Columbia prescribes that "no person shall shoot at any bird or wild fowl in the night time." Quebec forbids hunting woodcock "at any time between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise." Maryland makes it unlawful to kill grouse, woodcock or quail "in the night time, that is to say from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise." Wisconsin makes it "unlawful at any season to hunt, shoot, catch or pursue" game birds including woodcock "in the night time."

ONYJULTA, Thompsontown, Pa.—I would like to know the weight of a 10in. brook trout; also the scale of average weights by measurements of the same fish. Ans. The relation between length and weight of the brook trout varies according to the nature of its habitat. In still deep ponds they will be short and deep, while in shallow swift currents they grow long and slim. A 10in. trout will usually weigh a little less than 8oz. Herewith are given lengths and weights of seven specimens which we have weighed: 9in., 3½oz.; 9½in., 3¾oz.; 10in., 8oz.; 12in., 7¾oz.; 12½in., 12½oz.; 13in., 11oz.; 18in., 2lbs. 2½oz. In large individuals the weight increases very rapidly because the fish takes on great depth and thickness. We quote from the records the proportions of two big ones: 25in., 8½lbs.; 30in., 10lbs.

R. T. B., Milford, Pa.—Will you please enlighten me as to the best process by which to preserve the color especially, and, if possible, the pliancy of the skin of trout, bass, perch, etc.? Ans. The best mixture known to us for preserving the colors of fishes, and the bodies as well, consists of equal parts of alcohol, glycerine and water. Dr. J. L. Wortman, formerly anatomist of the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., has a method of keeping the colors of integuments and soft parts, but we have not seen it published anywhere. A letter addressed to him at the Cosmos Club might be the means of obtaining the information. There is no way of obtaining pliability in stuffed fish skins so far as we know. Many museums would be glad to learn of a satisfactory method. The treatment applied to mammal skins would remove the scales of fish skins and oil would spoil the show surface. There seems to be nothing but hard drying on a properly shaped body of some suitable material.

G. A. K., Netherwood, N. Y.—1. I have a small lake of from 7 to 8 acres, and would like your advice as to the kind of fish that would thrive well. Two brooks feed the lake (one of spring water) and two springs near edge of lake run into it. The depth is from 2 to 8ft.—10ft. when lake is high. The bottom consists of mud in parts, and sand and gravel in balance. Plenty of trees border the lake. I have thought somewhat of trying yellow perch. The lake contains sunfish and plenty of minnows and shiners. 2. Will you kindly give me the name and address of the Commissioner to whom I am to apply for fry, and also your advice as to the kind of fish to put in lake? 3. Is there any cost for fry outside of express charges for same? Ans. 1. Write E. P. Doyle, Room 56, Fulton Bank Building, New York city for a blank form of application for fish, stating the particulars about your lake. 2. We should expect that small-mouthed black bass would thrive in the water described. Yellow perch are much inferior to bass. 3. No. If you cannot obtain black bass from the State write to Geo. W. Littleton, Sandusky, Ohio, who furnished the supply for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission this year.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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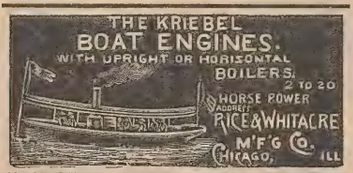
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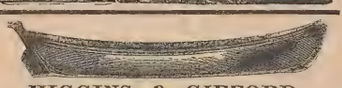
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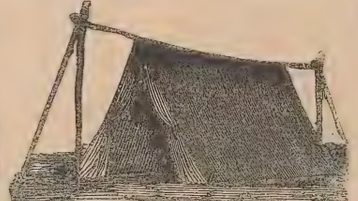
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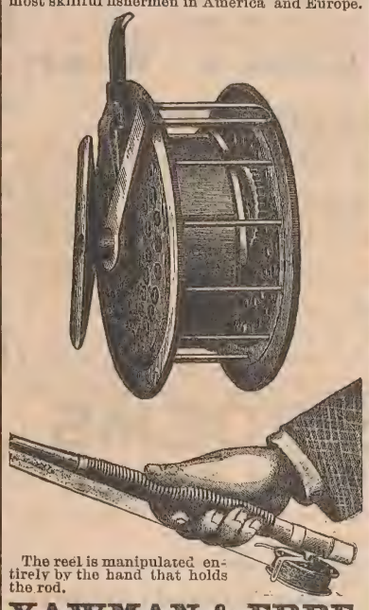
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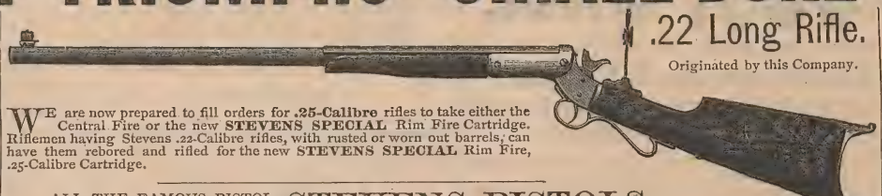
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UNWORTHY OFFICIALS.

THE corporations who have controlled the hotel privileges in the National Park have been singularly unfortunate in their employees. Most persons who have been interested in this reservation will remember the frightful condition of things under the old Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, and recently Capt. Boutelle has unearthed a scandal, which involves the three local managers of the Yellowstone Park Association, and which, except for certain reasons, would have resulted in the summary expulsion from the Park of these three managers.

Some time last autumn information reached the Superintendent of the Park that R. R. Cumins, Superintendent of Construction of the Yellowstone Park Association, was preparing to hunt and trap from the Yellowstone Lake Hotel, where he expected to winter. However, during the early winter Cumins was called East, and while there was taken sick, and did not reach the Park again until near spring—too late for him to carry out his plans.

An investigation made by Capt. Boutelle revealed an utter disregard for law on the part not only of Cumins, but also of E. C. Waters, the manager of hotels for the Syndicate, and one Culver, the Master of Transportation. It was learned that Cumins had taken a rifle to the lake as well as a large quantity of strychnine, presumably for use in poisoning animals. It was learned that this gun was carried to the lake in a buggy driven by E. C. Waters, the General Manager for the Syndicate. Cumins and Waters traveled together without other company, and the latter must have known of the purposes of his companion. It was further learned that ammunition had been sent out to Cumins by Culver, who, after futile attempts at denial, acknowledged his guilt.

During the investigation carried on by Captain Boutelle, Waters and Cumins made a clumsy but ineffectual attempt to prove a conspiracy against Cumins.

This investigation took place just as the season of travel in the Park was opening, and for reasons not yet announced by the authorities, action in the matter has been for the present deferred. From what we know of the Superintendent, however, it may be assumed that another year will find Waters, Cumins and Culver residing outside the Park.

In the facts above stated there is room for abundant comment. If the active managers of a corporation like the Y. P. A., which employs hundreds of men, and which has within certain limits almost absolute control within the Park, violate the law, or connive at its violation, how can their subordinates be expected to respect the regulations of the Government? If these managers have themselves no sense of their responsibility to the Government, as well as to their employers, how can their subordinates be expected to feel such responsibility? And yet we believe that among the great majority of employees of the Transportation Company and of the Y. P. A. the feeling is strong that the regulations should be obeyed.

We have no doubt that the reasons which led the Superintendent and the Secretary of the Interior to withhold the decree of expulsion in the case of these three important men were weighty, but at the same time it must be confessed that the prompt ejection from the Park of Cumins, Waters and Culver would have had a great moral effect on the general public, and would have mightily increased that public's respect for the regulations for the Park's government, laid down by the Secretary of the Interior. It would have been an object lesson not easily forgotten. We presume that the question was one of judgment, of expediency, and we are content to await further information.

GEORGE LEE SCHUYLER.

THE death of Mr. George Lee Schuyler is an event of moment in the yachting world; important as it would have been under any circumstances, its significance is doubled by the peculiar surroundings under which it actually occurred.

He was one of the prominent figures of American yachting, famous as the sole survivor for many years of the quintette of spirited yachtsmen who laid the foundation of our national fame, and the last link that joined the great pleasure navy of to-day with the little fleet of the early days of organized yachting on this side of the Atlantic.

On the birthday of the club he helped to organize just forty-six years ago, at the opening of the great annual cruise, on board the magnificent steam yacht which now carries the club flag, a striking contrast to the little schooner on which it was first hoisted, and in the midst of a fleet of over a hundred yachts under the same burgee, this venerable yachtsman passed away quietly, and we may confidently believe, painlessly.

George Lee Schuyler, a grandson of Gen. Philip John Schuyler, was born at Rhinebeck, N. Y., on June 9, 1811. From his early youth he was a resident of New York city, graduating from Columbia College in the class with Hamilton Fish. For many years he was interested in railroads and steamers about New York, especially in the New York and New Haven steamers and the New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R. He married a daughter of James A. Hamilton and grand daughter of Alexander Hamilton, and after her death he married her sister. Mr. Schuyler leaves three children, two daughters and a son, Mr. Philip Schuyler, owner of the steam yacht Nooya, and long a member of the New York Y. C.

Fifty years ago, when New York boasted less than a dozen yachts, Mr. Schuyler was the friend and associate of John C. and Edwin A. Stevens, two of the greatest yachtsmen that America has known. After a few years of desultory yachting, with no organization, these gentlemen met aboard Mr. John C. Stevens's schooner Gimcrack, anchored off the Battery at New York, on July 30, 1844, and organized the New York Yacht Club, with Mr. John C. Stevens as the first commodore. There were present at this meeting Mr. Schuyler and Messrs. John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, John C. Jay, Louis A. Depau, George B. Rollins, Jas. M. Waterbury and James Rogers. From that time down to last Thursday Mr. Schuyler has been one of the leading members and workers of the club, an attendant on nearly every cruise. At one time he owned the yacht Dream, but for many years he has not been a yacht owner. When the schooner America was built in 1851 he was a partner with Messrs. John C. and Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes and J. Beekman Finley, sailing across on the yacht and sharing in her victory in British waters.

The death of the other four prior to any challenge being received for the Cup which they presented to the New York Y. C. in 1857, placed Mr. Schuyler in a very responsible position, and twice he has been called upon by the New York Y. C. to receive the Cup back and to redonate it to the club under newer and more stringent conditions. Though both of these changes have given rise to much controversy and have been severely criticised, no one has ascribed to Mr. Schuyler any but the highest motives so far as his part was concerned. He has served with credit as the referee in a number of the Cup contests, his decisions being fair and sportsmanlike; and above all he has left an undying monument of his sense of fair play and sportsmanlike spirit in the famous letter of April 15, 1871, called out by the Ashbury case. The sentiments he expressed twenty years ago apply as aptly to international racing to-day as they did then, and show that whatever his individual opinion may have been on specific points, he was animated solely by a sense of fair play and honest dealing.

Mr. Schuyler's death is likely to have a very important bearing on the question of the last deed of gift; it has been generally understood that the whole subject was to come up for discussion on the present cruise, the officers and leading members of the club, including Gen. Paine, being all with the fleet. What the fate of the famous "New Deed of Gift" will be, only time can tell; the history of the America's Cup from 1870 to to-day proves that in the end the side of fair play, the side so ably championed by Mr. Schuyler in 1871, comes out ahead; but whatever verdict the future may bring over the disputes and arguments of late years, American yachtsmen will never fail to honor the memory of the kindly, courteous gentleman and honest sportsman, the late "surviving donor" of the America's Cup.

TRANSFER OF ILLINOIS FISHES.

IN our issue of Nov. 28, 1889, we described in detail a method of rescuing live fishes from overflow ponds in Illinois and planting them in living streams. This beneficent work, inaugurated several years ago by Dr. S. P. Bartlett, the genial and accomplished secretary of the Illinois Fish Commission, has been appropriated and extended by the U. S. Fish Commission and is about to be prosecuted this summer with greatly increased vigor. The results of this plan are so gratifying and immediately perceptible, that all engaged in it and profited by it are anxious to carry it out successfully. The Commissioner of Fisheries is too far removed from the scene of labor to give it his personal attention, but has found in Dr. Bartlett a helper thoroughly familiar with all its details from long experience, deeply interested in its successful accomplishment, and fertile in wise expedients for securing the best results with the least expenditure of time and money. The species which will be saved from starvation and drying up are nearly all anglers' fishes, and include black bass, croppies, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, pike, white bass, yellow bass, ringed perch, spotted catfish, channel catfish, white perch (gaspergou), sunfishes and buffalo.

A PISTOL in a careless stranger's hand, a pull of the trigger, and the keeper of a shooting gallery in the Bowery in this city dropped dying to the floor. It was an accident as such things go, but one which could hardly happen in a carefully conducted gallery. In such a place the attendant loads and stands close beside the shooter, ready and watchful to reach out at once and take the arm in hand if it be pointed anywhere but in the direction of the target. Rules and signs, however conspicuous, are disregarded, but this trained attendant is at once a monitor of his own life and of that of each and every one else in the gallery. He is at a sort of perpetual "place rest," but his eye never relaxes its close watch on that arm until the weapon is placed, empty and harmless, back in the rack.

THE summer meeting of the American Forestry Congress will be held at Quebec, Sept. 2 to 5. The corresponding secretary is Mr. Chas. G. Binny, Philadelphia.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BEAVER WOMAN'S CERTIFICATE.*

A Story of the Old Frontier.

A NUMBER of years ago one of the large daily papers of New York made an attempt to disparage the General of the Army by caricaturing his name.

"Piegan H. Sheridan" was held up to odium for assuming the responsibility of some military operations that resulted in a considerable loss of life among the Piegan Indians. The chief interest in this episode lay in the fact that the soldiers, attacking a camp supposed to be of the Blood tribe at break of day, did not find out that their opponents were in fact Piegans until the victims were past resuscitation.

Public attention was turned for a time to the Northern races, which even among students of Indian science, have received less attention than their numbers and power would seem to demand. The Blackfoot nation is composed of four families, speaking the same tongue and inheriting the same traditions. One of these families, as well as the whole nation, bears the name of Blackfoot; another family is that of the Bloods, and a third that of the North Piegans. These three branches of the tribe live mostly in Canada, while the fourth, that of the South Piegans, inhabits a reservation in northern Montana.

A native myth, less coherent than the story of Noah, and perhaps less authentic, tells that the first father of this chosen race sent out his sons to bring in supplies, that the eldest came back over burnt prairie with game which he had captured and earned the name of Blackfoot from his sooty moccasins. The second son came back with garments, "pe-gun-ni" in their language, whence the name which we have corrupted into Piegan, while the ancestor of the Bloods got his title from some equally simple distinction.

All these people are at present well-ordered and peaceable. The Canadian and American governments issue them beef and flour. They have ponies to ride and sell, and some of them work. But chief among the causes of their good conduct is the prohibiting of the sale of whisky.

This cursed trade, while it brought wealth to the fur dealers, brought ruin to everything else. Occasionally some ill-starred white would suffer from the wild misdeeds of the maddened savages. More often it was the Indians themselves who fell in the deadly brawls born of liquor, or who, dropping in drunken sleep along the trail, froze to death in the merciless cold of the Montana winter.

The episodes about to be related took place in the days of the rum trade when two buffalo robes cost half a pint of border spirits, and when, by reason of the vast herds that dotted the prairies, this currency was plentiful enough for quite a poor Indian to buy drink by the gallon.

These were the times when flourished those famous braves Fire-maker, Very-nearly-a-dog, Buffalo-leggins and The-last-coyote-but-one. They have become men of peace. They have passed to the great majority. They have joined the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, and there is no Homer to stir the dust that covers their memories. May the earth lie light upon them.

The two forks of the Milk River rise in the desolate foothills that fringe the eastern side of the Rockies in northern Montana. The long stretches of swelling prairie that reach far to the east are here lifted into more broken ridges. The valleys are lined with willow brush, and the ponds, as you go gradually higher, have thickets of small aspens mingled with the lower bushes.

There is a depressing power in the dismal surroundings, and when the wind sweeps fiercely down from the west, as it almost always does, life seems but a space of time wasted in weary contention with the elements. The distant mountains, to be sure, have a massive grandeur that exalts your soul, even though you know that the clouds forever massed in their grim recesses sally forth in endless storms; but the treeless, wind-swept flats are as forbidding as were the Elysian fields to the heroes of the Iliad.

Far down on one of the forks of Milk River beyond the Sweet Grass Hills, a trader named Pitkin had built a cabin; rather a substantial structure for a cabin, but not quite up to the dignity of its name, for its builder chose to call the house Fort Pitkin. Formerly the place had gone by the name of Merry's Crossing. The original Merry was one of the subordinate officers of the American Fur Company, and, wandering in the pursuit of duty, had one day met a squaw of the Crow tribe who fixed his vagrant fancy. This woman Merry married, and he made his dwelling, as far as pitching a tent can be called so, at the very ford where Fort Pitkin was built later.

The inheritor of Merry's name and fortune was his son Jake, a restless, smooth-faced, dark-eyed young man, whose incapacity for repose made him at times a troublesome neighbor. Jake traded for skins, principally buffalo robes, sold whisky, powder and blankets, collected horses, sometimes without bill of sale, hunted untiringly, riding a week at a time, took mail contracts, and served as scout for the Government or sided with one Indian party against another in their domestic feuds, as occasion offered.

Jake was rather a polyglot in language. Crow he spoke and Blackfoot, as by nativity and residence he had good right. A certain amount of trapper French was among his accomplishments, while his English, perfectly fluent and idiomatic, had a peculiar mannerism caught probably from some of his early unconscious tutors in that tongue. Between every few words, often several times in a single sentence, Jake would wedge in the expression, "You bet," giving a laughable effect to his soberest utterances.

The most permanent of Jake's dwellings lay on the other side of Merry's Crossing about a mile and a half from Fort Pitkin. Here bundles of blankets were stacked around the walls of the room that served for a store, while piles of buffalo robes bought in trade were heaped in the corner, and a keg smelling strongly of whisky invited customers to brief joy and lasting sorrow.

Jake had formed a connection, which among the crowned heads of Europe would be called morganatic, with a young Piegan squaw named Beaver Woman. He had been brought to take this step partly by the untutored graces of the young woman, partly influenced by pity and a desire to rescue the girl from the brutal treatment of her uncle, a Piegan brave, known as The-last-coyote-but-one. Whatever the original reasons for the union, the couple lived as faithfully and honorably as they could have done if authorized by all the formalities of Egyptian rite.

Jake, indeed, had a superstitious regard for his companion too. She had been as a baby one of the few survivors of an epidemic of small-pox which consumed the inhabitants of her village. So virulent was the pest and so fatal the Indian treatment of plunging the fevered patients into the icy river, that there were not people enough left alive to bury the dead or take down the tepees.

Jake well remembered his shivering terror as a boy, when returning in the evening from a day's hunt, he passed near the lodges of the camp deserted by all but the dead, the skins flapping loose around the poles in the chilly breeze of the darkening twilight, the ragged cones looming spectral in the gathering night, and the dreadful noises now and then breaking the dismal silence, perhaps of some famished dog or gaunt wolf mangling the plague-smitten carcasses and snarling over the horrid meal, or, thought still more awful, the wailing of spirits of unburied braves. Never had his mind got over the dread that the gloomy scene begot within him; and Beaver Woman, whose parents were among the victims that there perished, had for this reason some mystic association with unseen powers in his thought.

It was dark night when young Pitkin, son of the founder of the fort, turned up at Jake's cabin. The latter was reciting to a few listeners one of the "closest calls" that he had ever experienced. "I was trading robes with the Bloods, you bet," went the story, "and there were some mighty sassy breeds*, you bet, in the outfit, too, and they began poking around in the furs and hauling 'em off, you bet, and it was kind of dark, and there wasn't no moon, and I seen a fellow sneaking around, and I couldn't see the sights, so I says to myself, 'I'll turn loose one just to scare him, you bet,' and by luck and chance I shot his ear about three-quarters off. And in about two minutes, you bet, the whole camp was on top of me, and I'd have turned loose good, only the fellow who was trading with me didn't have no sand, you bet. Big husky fellow, but he didn't have no more sand than a coyote. Says he, 'Don't shoot! don't shoot!' you bet; and I just had to keep jawing and palavering and dishing out rum half the night. They wooled me plenty, but I kept my robes, you bet, every time."

"Jake," said young Pitkin when the tale was finished, "don't you want to go for a 'trade and a hunt?' There's a big band of Bloods and Piegans on the St. Mary's, and they say they've struck the main herd." The suggestion chimed well with Jake's humor, and the next morning saw the start of a party bent on gain and not averse to pleasure.

A journey of no great length brought the travelers and their wagon to the Indian camp near the junction of a stream, now called Lee's Creek, with the St. Mary's River.

An unusual amount of amity and brotherhood prevailed among the assembled tribes. Crows, of course, were absent. Their long career of oppression and reprisal put them outside the pale of friendship. They never visited the country except when least wanted, and too often retired with scalps and plunder. All the Blackfoot bands, however, were represented: the Kootenays had come from across the mountains far to the northwest to get their yearly supply of buffalo meat; and a few Crees, temporarily waging peace with their rivals, were on the ground.

It was evening when Jake and young Pitkin reached the village. The autumn, which had been warm and open until late, had turned cold. The clouds were banked in the west. The last of the buffalo would soon leave and the morrow had been fixed on for a great slaughter in the herd the Indians had been following.

From the flaps that served as chimneys to the tepees chilly streams of crooked blue smoke issued; and the flash of the brightening fire could be seen through the skin walls of the council house. The friends entered, greeted the assembly and squatted around the central hearth. An old blind man named Swan-bonnet was engaged in a prayer that was mainly an apostrophe to the Chief Mountain, the most conspicuous peak that towered in the range to the westward. The old man raised his sightless eyes as if, looking through the side of the lodge, he could distinguish the rugged pile which had been the guiding monument of many a hunt and foray in his youth. "Tall bull among the herd of mountains," ran the prayer, "many surround thee, but none equals thee. Thy head rises above the clouds as the horns of a lone elk above the willow bushes in autumn. Game hast thou seen in plenty —mountain sheep and blacktail and buffalo—on the plains. To thee the sheep told the wisdom of his tribe, and the deer and the buffalo told the wisdom of their tribes. Much wisdom hast thou, for thou hast many years. Give to us a year of plenty! Many years of plenty lie hid among thy cliffs. Much wisdom hast thou to bless the people, for thou failest not by age. Oh! Chief, bald is thy head and tall. Old art thou and mighty. Broad are thy shoulders, sky-kisser. Thy trailing robes reach to the plain and under thy fallen garments the years lie buried."

When Swan-bonnet finished, the auditors gave grunts of satisfaction and circulated the ceremonial pipe with energy. Some one told the orator of the arrival of the whites, and he straightway turned to them and proposed to pray for luck on their account, also, suggesting in return that the prayer maker should have something warm to drink. Scepticism as to the result of prayer or fear of the maddening effect of alcohol, induced the traders to decline this offer. Then the sage offered for similar pay to give the strangers names. An Indian earns his manhood's name only by some deed of horse stealing or man killing, some piece of prowess stigmatized as felony by the narrow statutes of sedentary people, while here was a chance to gain an honorable title without pains or danger; but, in spite of a feeling that he was becoming unpopular, Jake declined to furnish the required toll and stayed nameless. In truth Jake not only felt that his whisky was valuable for trade, but he knew so well the consequences of drink on the Indians that he wanted to be all ready to move before he began to distribute liquor. He showed prudence too in keeping out of the way of his kinsman by marriage, Last-coyote-but-one, who had brought his squaws and ponies to the gathering to lay up his winter's meat.

Whether Chief Mountain was pleased to exert its waning power by answering the petition of one of its few remaining worshippers, or whether other causes contributed to the success of the hunt cannot be exactly determined. Certain it is that meat and furs already abounded, and the closing scene did not fall behind the rest of the performance.

The last day of the chase began with clouds and wind. Far along the rolling bluffs the Indian line of riders strung out. Soon the buffalo sighted the advance and were off. The herd pursued was no compact body, but groups of two and three grazing, far and wide. The Indians rode at full speed, incited both by greed and honor, racing madly for the first and perhaps the only chance. For the buffalo, lumbering as they looked, would beat all the ponies going down hill; indeed, would slide and scuffle at high speed down slants so steep that a horseman hardly dared ride. On the level too the great beasts held their own well and only on rising grades would the hunters be able to close in.

Jake himself, though the gains he hoped for were chiefly those of commerce, shot much game. He rode a buckskin pony famed for speed, a pony which had been taught with some trouble to eat oats, and sustained by that tonic diet outdid even his former feats. In other ways the pony was noted. It was the very jewel of Jake's bunch, and had been stolen again and again from its owner, though he had always got it back by force or fraud. Indeed the horse had been taken and retaken so often that he had grown thin in the process, and only his exceptional fare kept him fit to retain his reputation. Thus mounted then, Jake led the line without much effort, singled out the fattest cows for himself, and, before the hunt was over, had killed 13 head to his own rifle, more than twice as many as any other hunter had secured.

This success begot envy. The Indians of heraldic learning now remembered that Jake could claim a Crow quartering in his escutcheon, and the Crow is an abomination to the Blackfoot. That buckskin pony, too, proving by his insolent presence the skill of the half-breed at their own game of horse stealing, was a thorn in the savage side. The refusal of the trader to give whisky to the Medicine Man the night before had angered the council of sages, and the clouds were beginning to sprinkle on the wind sharp icy flakes very irritating to the temper.

Last-coyote-but-one on his return to camp, filled with the sorrows of his race, fired by his own wrongs and his desire for liquor, went at once to the trader's wagon and demanded a ransom of whisky to soothe his injuries. Jake had not got back, and young Pitkin, who lacked the courage and decision of his companion, weakly yielded to the chief's insistance. The mischief was done. Jake, on his return, found the Indians to be sure in temporary retirement engaged in sampling the first fruits of their enterprise, but the attitude of the camp was unmistakably hostile. Surly looks, insolent demands, covert abuse, showed that the time for trade had passed, and that retreat was imperative. Night had fallen, and it might have been possible to get away with the wagon if caution and decision had been combined, but young Pitkin's courage, before doubtful, had ceased to leave any room for surmise. His nervous desire to conciliate the drunken hunters, led to fast increasing boldness on their part. The famous buckskin pony was taken, the wagon captured and the traders felt happy to get away in the snow and darkness on two horses, borrowed for the occasion. Nor was there much time left for mourning, after the weary riders had at length reached Jake's cabin. The elder Pitkin, who happened to be in the house at the time, said he was sure that the Indians would not rest satisfied with their cheap success. In fact, in this instance, the Blackfoot bands were stirred up by the efforts of Last-coyote-but-one as well as by their own longings for plunder and renown. The Kootenays had gone home, feeling that the matter was no funeral of theirs, but the rest of the hunting tribes not only coveted the contents of Jake's store and the scalps of its occupants for their comfort and honor, but they accused Jake of having poisoned their tribesmen. For in the night of the carouse that followed the capture of Jake's wagon several Indians had died. Probably they dropped stupefied by the ordinary venom of the drink and died of the cold, but Last-coyote-but-one persuaded his fellows that "bad medicine" had been treacherously mixed in the barrel to kill them all.

Under these incitements the tepees were hastily taken down, the poles tied to the ponies, the baggage of the party laden upon them, and a long, forced march was made in the direction of Merry's Crossing.

The people at Jake's, few in number and without horses enough to mount them, decided that it was safer to wait than to run, and soon their expectation of attack was justified by seeing a column of ascending smoke which announced the burning of Fort Pitkin. Almost at the same time the Blackfoot scouts had crept near enough to find out that there was no chance of surprising Jake's cabin, and vented their disappointment by a few shots, one of which passed through a window and slightly wounded old Pitkin, while another killed a loose pony on the prairie. Then the invaders retired and fixed their camp in the valley, in full sight but out of rifle range from the cabin.

All night the besieged kept careful watch, but it was not until early morning that any attack was made. The first disorderly rush was checked by a sustained fire. Then a wagon, captured at Fort Pitkin, was shoved ahead as a movable breastwork; but the hum of the bullets around the shins of the assailants and the splintering of the wagon boards proved too much for the nerves of Indians unused to stand fire even for a short time without a chance of fighting back.

Finally all assaults were given up, and the Blackfoot warriors seemed to have definitely accepted the idea of starving out the traders, or, at all events, of waiting for some better opportunity for surprise. Meantime within doors the attack had excited determined animation. Old Pitkin, crusty by nature and crustier by reason of his fresh wound, growled a good deal, and young Pitkin kept up a wail of consistent dispair, but Jake was everywhere. Fierce, reckless, insistent, he flit ed to every window and loophole, himself firing and directing the efforts of the defenders with excited zeal. As the wagon was seen advancing, and young Pitkin tearfully prophesied the approaching cremation of the cabin and its contents,

*This is one of the "Slide Rock from Many Mountains" series.

* Breed is the local contraction for half-breed.

Jake broke out, "Stop your bellering, young feller! What are you firing at the box for? Hit those fellers in the legs, you bet! Don't you know nothing?" The mixture of command and invective insured the adoption of Jake's plan and the defeat of the hostile maneuver; but when the hot blood of conflict had calmed down, the position of the garrison was gloomy enough to partly excuse old Pitkin's morose grumbling.

"That ere squaw," he began, "aint no use, Jake. She'll eat twice as much as a man, and we're short of grub."

"That's my squaw, old man," was the answer, "and don't you forget it, you bet! She'll take her share with the rest, an' if she eats as much as a man, she's more'n four times as good as some men."

Old Pitkin did not take up the inuendo clearly aimed at his own kin, but changed his ground and made an attack on the unoffending BeaverWoman still more malignantly.

"You aint married to that squaw nohow, Jake," said he, "and you're bound to shed her, and pay a big fine to the Territory besides."

For the Legislature of Montana, stirred by a sentiment of purity or desirous of filling the coffers of state, had actually passed a law making the unions of whites and Indians penal offenses unless a certificate of marriage were filed with the county clerk. Jake's uneasy temper was kindled to vehemence by the old man's speech, and fratricism and strife would have arisen had not young Pitkin soothed the quarrel by assuring both contestants that fines or imprisonments were trifling matters to people whose scalps would soon dangle from the Blackfoot lodge poles. Throughout all this discussion Beaver Woman had sat muffled in her blanket apparently resting from her exertions during the fight and unmindful of what was said. But an occurrence that happened in the night showed that the poor thing had deeply reflected over the taunts of old Pitkin, for in the morning the old man looked around and shouted out that Beaver Woman had deserted, pointing out her moccasin tracks in the snow leading toward the Indian camp.

Jake promptly resented the imputation of desertion and accused old Pitkin in direct and even insulting terms of being a meddlesome fool, offering to break his back, among other amenities, if he opened his head again. Nevertheless, the squaw was clearly gone, the garrison hardly better fed and weaker by one.

In truth Beaver Woman had stolen out into the bitter cold night, feeling sure that the Indians (who take every precaution against surprise except staying awake) would have no sentinel on the watch, with the intention of summoning to the rescue a detachment of troops that was stationed near the agency.

Only when she had sallied out did she see how ill-prepared she was for the journey. When day came the light snow would betray her tracks to the then vigilant enemy and she would be ridden down and sacrificed without accomplishing her mission. Then the idea of stealing a horse came to her. The Indian horses, to be sure, would hardly let her catch them without making a disturbance, but the buckskin pony was as familiar with her as a dog. Him she sought noiselessly, found him, patted him softly, coaxed him out of his captor's camp; mounted bareback and at daybreak was far on the road to the wished-for succor.

Last-coyote-but-one was indignant. His feelings embittered his family relations so that, while his harem dared not revolt, there was a feeling among them that such ears or other features as had not already been bitten off would be safer if they too should steal horses and seek the agency. From this air of domestic infelicity the chief sought relief in action. Buffalo meat was still plentiful, but the plunder of Fort Pitkin was running low and he yearned for a continuance of luxury. Sugar was gone. Coffee was gone. Tea did not suit his palate, and of the whisky only the enervating effect was left. The braves must be roused. One day must be devoted to the manufacture of "medicine" and the next to its successful use, and he registered a vow to exterminate the enemy.

Jake, after his fulminations against old Pitkin on the morning of the squaw's flight, settled himself down in clogged silence to prolonged literary effort. He cleaned off a corner of the counter, brought out supplies of ink and paper and began to toil seriously. Page after page of labored manuscript was discarded. He would carefully compile a series of dates, localities, and formulæ, supposed by him to have a legal look, would read over his production; ponder it; and then muttering "left something out again, you bet!" would consign the writing to the fire. At last he seemed to take a final decision, and, writing off with comparative speed a couple of lines, he put the paper carefully in his inside pocket, and turned with an air of relief to resume his martial duties.

During the day the Indians could be seen moving about and at last gathering in the largest lodge, whence issued at times the regular beat of rhythmic effort audible even at the cabin, telling of the progress of the religious rites needed for the making of "medicine." The wearied traders slept by turns during the day, thinking that the Indian preparations boded an attack in the night; but the watchful night again passed undisturbed and morning developed the Blackfoot tactics.

Isolated warriors crept up along the little gulches that seamed the plain, found the best shelter they could, and began to get the range of every window and chink in the cabin to silence the rifles of the garrison, while the wagon captured at Fort Pitkin was to be filled with dry wood, run close to the cabin and set on fire. Fortunately the ground around the house was level for a good distance and the sharpshooters had to take their posts so far off that their aim was inaccurate, but all the morning an annoying fusilade was kept up and two feeble attempts were made to move up the wagon.

The defenders, however, were in a miserable plight, short of food, short of cartridges, short of temper and much in want of sleep. It needed not the Cassandra moanings of young Pitkin, nor the growling of his elder namesake to show that the traders must perish if the Indians should at length try to fire the cabin in the night, as their momentary retirement, having the wagon in position, seemed to indicate. Jake, who seemed to need no rest and certainly took none, found it harder and harder to spur his men to exertion, either by exhortation or reproach. The depression of the Pitkins was catching.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon young Pitkin, going to a window in a crouching position to take a peep, announced gloomily that the besiegers were getting their horses and that the whites might just as well give up; the Indians could close in before they had lost half a dozen men and carry everything.

Jake, who had run to the window poked his head out, commanded a wider view. "I knew it!" he cried excitedly. "I knew it! She went for 'em. They're coming, they're coming, you bet! Them Bloods know it if you don't. You don't see no Indians rustle like that in winter unless something's up, you bet."

Sure enough the Indians were busy and scarcely in a hostile way. Some were hurriedly striking tepees and lashing packs or travois on their ponies. Others, with higher regard for personal safety, were already riding far along the trail. Only a few aided their determined chief in preparing battle, while faint and clear in the distance now thrilled the ringing call of the bugle sounding its brazen orders; and soon the skirmishers topped the bluff, quickly followed by the command. Their rush was hardly resisted. Last-coyote-but-one still clung to his savage, but now hopeless resolution of exterminating the whites. He shut himself in a tepee and began that measured grunting, which is called the death song. Through a slit in the leathern wall he pushed his rifle and killed the first soldier who approached. The commander, unwilling to sacrifice men, brought up a small field piece. He had been using bad language during all the march at the senseless order which forced him to drag such ornamental lumber over the prairie, but now it served his turn. Two rounds of canister reduced the tepee to a mass of rags and silenced forever Last-coyote-but-one.

As the troops moved up to the rescued traders, old Pitkin caught sight of Beaver Woman sitting a-straddle of the buckskin pony in a most ungraceful bunch. Her black locks, straggling from under the blanket that covered her head, fell around a face drawn with weariness and exposure, and her joy at success was clouded by doubt as to the reception she would get.

Old Pitkin, whose sullen enmity was stronger than his sense of probability, really thought that the squaw had sought safety by a double desertion, siding always with the victors of the hour. His evil temper conquered the pleasure he should have felt at his wonderful deliverance.

"Now then, Jake," he shouted angrily, "I reckon you've got to shed that squaw. We won't have no such draggle-tail spy 'round, noway. Come on now, boys, we'll break a hole in the ice and duck her anyhow, and send her to join her good relations."

Jake, who was hurrying forward, stopped, and, giving the old man a sounding blow, burst out into angry declamation. "I don't shed not squaw, you bet! And no man don't touch to hurt her, neither. I've got eight shots, you bet, in my Winchester for any outfit that wants to try on any ducking racket. I've got the certificate wrote out," he continued, flourishing a paper excitedly, "and to-morrow it goes in, and she's my wife, you bet! same's any white woman in the bunch."

Filed among the valued records of Choteau county, Montana, may be found the following document:

"*This certifies that Beaver Woman is my wife, you bet!*"

The formality of signing this instrument was forgotten, but no one has ever ventured to doubt its validity.

H. G. DULOG.

Natural History.

HABITS OF THE WHITE GOAT.

BY JOHN FANNIN AND GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Continued from Page 33.*]

THE white goat is gregarious in habit, and yet we have never seen it in large bands, as is the case with the elk, the antelope and even the mountain sheep. The only record of anything like a large herd is that furnished by Mr. J. C. McKinnon in a previous chapter, and of this occurrence it must be said that the animals reported were seen at a great distance, and that there is a possibility that they may not have been of this species at all. We have never seen more than twelve or fifteen individuals together at one time, and even this is unusual. It is, however, very common to see groups of from two to six feeding in company. These are usually old females with their young, or young females of one and two years old, which have not yet bred. The males appear to be much more solitary in habit, and to prefer to keep quite by themselves. No doubt as the rutting season draws near they gather about them groups of females. Only on one occasion, however, have we seen an old male in company with several females. This was late in November.

We are unable to state precisely when the rutting season occurs, but presume that it is in December. The young are born—in the main range of the Rocky Mountains at least—in the month of May. A very young one was caught by a Cree half-breed named Burd on May 23, 1889. Its mother having been shot, it remained by her until captured. This animal was very small, its body being only about as large as a cat. The Indians say that two young are sometimes brought forth, but we have never seen more than one following the mother. The female does not breed until she is two years old past. This is the testimony of the Indians, and it is confirmed by our own observation, for we have killed many two-year-old females and have never seen one that had bred. The growth of the young is rapid. At three months old they are well able to keep up with their mothers in climbing the mountains. They continue to suck and to follow the mother late into the fall, and we are ignorant when they are weaned. The horns of the young males appear to grow much more rapidly than those of the females. The latter in October have only short knobs, less than an inch in length, while on young males of about the same age we have seen horns four or five inches long.

The food in summer consists mainly of grass, a species of moss which grows high up on the mountains, and the tender shoots of the low-growing mountain willows which abound in the moist ravines, which are found high up on the steeps which it frequents. An examination of the contents of the stomachs always shows an abundance of woody fiber, which consists largely of the tips of these plants. In the winter they eat pine needles and the twigs of a plant known in the West as "buck brush." Mr. L. L. Bales informs us also that they feed on the soft bark of young fir trees. On the whole, however, little that is definite is known about their food, and a careful analysis of the stomach contents is greatly to be desired. The dung under ordinary conditions may at once be recognized by the shape. It takes the form of pellets, which, instead of being ovate or ellipsoidal in form, are smaller at one end than the other, and take the form of a spherical triangle.

The rugged character of the region inhabited by the white goat is its chief protection. It is not swift of foot like the deer or the mountain sheep, nor is it provided with any special means of defense against the attacks of its enemies. Yet along the steep precipices and among the rough rocks where it has its home it can move as rapidly as almost any animal which may pursue it; and if driven to bay, it has abundant courage and can effectively use the short, sharp, awl-like horns with which the head is armed. A dog or a wolf can readily be tossed over a precipice by a swinging blow of the long, low-carried head, though against a larger animal like a bear or a cougar the goat could make but a poor fight.

Among themselves the males have pitched battles which are often severe. We have never seen one of these, but instances are recorded where horns broken off in battle have been found encysted in the flesh of males that have been killed. The long, shaggy coat and the very thick hide of these animals protect the combatants to a great extent from severe injuries.

We have known of a few cases where, when the white hunter had unexpectedly come close upon one of these animals, the creature has advanced toward the man with bristling hair and threatening carriage; but of course in all such cases the goat has been killed.

Among hunters the white antelope has the reputation of being a singularly stupid animal. It has neither the keen sight of the antelope nor the quick ear of the mountain sheep. Its powers of scent are, however, very good.

The eye is small and flat, thus differing markedly from that of many other of our herbivores, in which the eye is so prominent that it almost seems that the animal can see behind it as well as front. Its habit of carrying the head low is no doubt one reason why it cannot see well, or, at all events, is slow to detect moving objects which are in plain sight.

While its failure to hear sounds, or at least to pay attention to them, may in part be due to the fact that, in the situations which it frequents, rocks are continually rolling down the mountain sides, and landslides and avalanches occur so often that they are common noises of the mountains; yet we are inclined to believe that the white goat is often partially deaf. On several occasions we have noticed, in skinning these animals, that their ears were full of wood ticks. In a single specimen we have counted more than twenty of these insects, of all sizes, deep down in the cavity of the ear, many of them so gorged with blood as actually to stop up the auditory canal. Indians have informed us that sometimes persons get wood ticks in their ears, and that when this takes place the person so afflicted becomes deaf until the parasite is removed. Whatever the reason, it is certain that the white goat displays little of the alertness and watchfulness that characterize most of our game animals, and that it may be approached by the hunter with less caution than any other of them.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BREEDING MINK.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your correspondent "R. P. S.," in FOREST AND STREAM of July 24, I will say that my father about twenty-five years ago in western New York made quite extended experiments in breeding mink, and with considerable success, enough at least to warrant the belief that these animals can be bred successfully in confinement if properly managed.

My father had at one time thirty mink, mostly of his own raising, and they were as tame and easily handled as so many kittens, but the decline in furs and consequently somewhat of our enthusiasm in the enterprise, and our subsequent removal to Tennessee put an end to the experiment. We lost a number, I remember, toward the last by feeding them too much beef's liver. The little animals were exceedingly fond of liver, and we threw into the yard one day a whole beef's liver, on which they gorged themselves for several days. This brought on a kind of dysentery, of which a good many died. We also lost a number from no cause that we could ascertain, but which I now believe was from keeping too many confined in too small a space. The mink is a solitary animal by nature, and when too many are by force congregated it brings on contagious diseases among them.

Our inclosure was at first about four or five rods square and surrounded a clump of small spruce trees, and had a stream of water constantly running through it in a box about a foot wide and the same depth. Later we found that the animals had to be separated most of the year, for they are vicious fighters, especially the old ones, and thus the inclosure was divided up into small compartments. The outside was an upright tight board fence 6ft. high, resting on a stone wall one foot below the surface, with flat stones at the bottom projecting in, also with a board a foot wide projecting inward from the top, and the corners lined with tin. Then to insure their not climbing out we used to clip the two front nails of the forepaws. If this is done when the animal is young, and the nail clipped close up—that is, taking off the end of the toe with it—it will not be likely to grow out again, and this quite effectually spoils the animal's ability as a climber or digger.

As a boy, it was my part of the farm chores to look after the "minkery," and an agreeable duty it was to me in many respects. The feed consisted almost entirely of woodchucks, in which our section of western New York abounded, and many an afternoon the excuse of being out of "mink bait" was sufficient to let me off about milking time, and many a poor woodchuck fell a victim to my little smooth-bore at short range. The young ones were fed mostly on milk, lapping it up greedily like young puppies.

A young mink is easily tamed, and they are the most cute and playful little creatures in the world. They will play together for hours at a time, rolling and tumbling over each other in the water and out in the most amusing manner. They were sociable and friendly and seemed delighted when I came into the yard to see them. They would crawl all over me and up my coat sleeve and pantaloon legs, and let me feel of their sharp needle-like teeth without offering to bite. I have seen them rolling and tumbling in the water, when one would

stretch out and appear to be dead, and the other seize him by the nape of the neck and drag him out of the water and several feet out on the ground, when the "dead" mink would suddenly jump up and they would both scramble into the water and reverse the performance.

Like all meat-eating animals the mink would gorge themselves with enough at one time to last them two or three days, and during such periods they are stupid and quiet, spending most of the time asleep, and when handled will lazily open their eyes and stretch out and go to sleep again. But let them once get fairly hungry, and they are about as lively a varmit as I ever saw. At such times it is best to be careful about feeding them bits of meat from your hand, for they are liable to grab hold of your finger instead, and then, a mink will beat any bull-terrier that ever lived in the matter of hanging on, and a dozen tomcats cannot do as lively snarling and scratching. You may swing them around, rap them against the fence or duck them under the water, they will still hold their grip, and nothing but a good strong choking until the breath is fairly gone will induce them to let go. It has been a long time since the war, but my finger still bears the marks of such a contest.

C. L. Stratton.

[The Nova Scotia game law has a provision that minks (which are otherwise protected at certain seasons) may be caught at any time for breeding, and that when so captured they become the private property of the captor. We shall give further notes on this subject.]

THE ENGLISH SPARROW QUESTION.

If the English sparrow is such a serious problem in economic science in this country as has been claimed by some, then it is remarkable, as suggested by Forest and Stream in its issue for the 17th of July, that such a "foolish indifference to the subject" is manifested by the agricultural community. That the farmers pay little attention to *Passer domesticus* is evident to all who are in the habit of reading the agricultural papers. Now and then some one calls the sparrow a "pest," and charges it with a long catalogue of crimes, just as ten years ago was the case with the robin. So, too, about corn-planting time, even now, some one will rise to ask if the crow is a useful bird, and, if it is not, how can it be prevented from pulling up the newly-planted maize. And then the editor will wisely repeat what he has been in the habit of saying every spring since he started his paper: That coating the seed-corn with tar or lime will cure the crows of their pulling-up prospensity. And thus the crow question is laid until the next subscriber makes the same inquiry.

To Dr. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D. C., belongs the honor of discovering that the English sparrow will eat the Americans out of house and home, destroying the fruit crop, leave all noxious insects untouched, and drive from their haunts all of our native birds. Since Dr. Coues pointed out the dire calamities, the sparrow question has been a topmost subject in ornithological circles, and has provoked some discussion in legislative halls, as recently beneath the gilded dome on Boston common. The new Massachusetts anti-sparrow law gives permission to kill the English bird, provided it is not poisoned, and that those who kill in the name of the State do not enter upon private property without leave from the owner. What inducements are held out for the killing I do not know, but the provisions of the law mentioned are very wise ones for the preservation of the sparrows, and little harm will come to them under the circumstances.

It seems that a Mr. Bicknell, of Boston, induced the Legislature of the Old Bay State to request the Board of Agriculture of that State to make "inquiry and investigation as to the birds that inhabit the State, and report thereon as to their character, habits, and value as insect destroying and grain and fruit destroying birds."

This will prove something of a job if the investigation is to be thoroughly scientific. It will be necessary for the Board of Agriculture to establish a corps of ornithologists, called a "division," and a laboratory will have to be built, field agents will have to be employed, and a vast amount of information collected. It will take a couple of years, if not more, with all this force, to determine the status of *Passer domesticus*. One field agent should be established in the Berkshire hills to study the habits of birds in that part of the State; another should walk the sands of Cape Cod and Cape Ann, for the same purpose; another should study the fauna of the Connecticut Valley, while a fourth agent should study the habits of the sparrow in Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Springfield, and other cities. All this will cost a pretty bit of money, and provision must also be made for the publication of bulletins, annual reports, author's editions, preliminary reports, etc., etc.

I believe Massachusetts has an agricultural college, with a corps of professors, laboratories, chemists, biologists, microscopists, ornithologists, stenographers, etc., and it would seem as if this institution should enter upon a scientific study of birds, if it is to be done at all by the State. As long ago as 1884 Mr. Charles S. Plumb, of the New York Experiment Station at Geneva, N. Y., began a systematic study of the sparrow. He examined the contents of many sparrow stomachs, fed them in captivity to learn what they would eat when driven to it, and came to the conclusion that the English sparrow "is essentially an omnivorous eater, with a decided preference for wheat and oats." And this, probably, is the whole story of the sparrow in a few words.

But why should any State engage in this specific work when it is being done at the public expense by the Department of Agriculture at Washington? The division of ornithology in that department was established for the specific purpose of studying the economic relations of mammals and birds which are beneficial or harmful, and as a result the first farmers' bulletin, "The English Sparrow in America," was issued over a year ago. Can it be possible that members of the Massachusetts Legislature have never seen a copy? It is a compact volume of over 400 pages and contains a map showing the distribution of the sparrow at the end of the year 1886. To be sure that is over three and a half years ago, and the sparrow must have distributed himself considerably since that time, since it is estimated that he spreads himself over nearly 60,000 square miles each year. This sparrow bulletin covers the whole ground, including history, public opinion, effect of legislation, shooting, poisoning, injury to buds, fruit, vegetables, seeds, grain, etc., also the relations the sparrow sustains to other birds and insects. It is to be presumed that the habits of the sparrow are the same in Massachusetts, in so far as buds, fruits, birds and insects are the same, that they are in other States, therefore the work asked for by the Legislature of that State having been done already in Washington, why undertake the task again? The official sparrow bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture might profitably be reduced to a pamphlet of twenty pages or so, giving the sum and substance of the practical results obtained, which is all the farmer or horticulturist wishes to know, and in this form it could be widely distributed in Massachusetts. Only about 8,000 copies of the big 400 page bulletin have been sent out for the whole United States. This is a much too slow and cumbersome method.

Washington, D. C. Dr. Fuller-Walker.

POINTER DOG AND MOTHER DUCK.

Eli is a thoroughbred pointer, a native Texan, and resides in Burleson county of the Lone Star State, and justly enjoys the honor and distinction in his locality of being an expert in never failing to point out the woodcock, quail and jacksnipe. From the beginning of November to the end of February he is on duty in the sporting field, and the remainder of the year reposes in the shade about the house, or slumbers in the fresh-plowed earth about the farm, apparently oblivious to the exciting sport of the past or that which awaits him in the future. He is always courteous, and when loitering about the farm seems to keep a "ceaseless vigil" toward his master, in testimony whereof he is ever ready to bring back the rolling hat when carried away by a puff of wind. But the most deceptive and exciting episode in Eli's history now begins.

A few days ago, just after I had passed through the farm gate on my way to dinner, I heard Eli spring some game to my left. I looked and saw something decidedly larger than a quail just ahead of him and coming directly toward me. I stood perfectly still and they came within two feet of me. It was a woodduck, down on a level with Eli's head, and the tip of its short tail feathers were nearly or quite between his open lips, and I saw it turn its head and look round to one side, to see if it was far enough from his mouth. Its wing stroke was graceful yet feeble, and I thought it would fall and be crushed to death by the dog in a moment, when the thought occurred to me that it had left young ones behind. But I witnessed this close race between duck and dog 300 or 400yds. till they passed out of sight; and knowing the dog would come back to see if there were any more, I waited to keep him from killing the young ones if possible. Going to where he had flushed the old one, I heard the young ones crying about in the weeds and grass. I waited for the dog's return. I had scarcely a minute to wait till the dog came, tongue out, panting.

Just as he stood or pointed on the first young one, the old duck seemed to fall paralyzed on top of his head; and of course that claimed all of his attention; and away they went again, and, if possible, the duck was this time closer to his nose than before. I had nothing to do but laugh and await the return of the dog, for I knew he would come back. The mother evidently led him a great way off that time, for they were gone about fifteen minutes, when I saw Eli coming apparently much exhausted, and in her soft, feeble, noiseless way the duck some 15 or 20ft. behind him. I was within 10ft. of the dog when he arrived at the spot where the young ones were; and just at that moment the matron gave him a flap on the head with her wings and seemed to fall on the ground under his nose again.

This insult, linked with his ambition to catch her, gave him new courage, and out they pulled for the third heat. They came toward the house this time, and for 200yds. I could see duck and dog as if fastened nose and tail. The impression left was that the dog had the tips of the duck's tail pinched in his front teeth, knowing that if he relaxed his hold for a better one he would lose the bird; and that a slender mouthful was better than none; and that he would hold to it if he had to run to do it. Again I waited a long time for Eli to come back. At the end of perhaps twenty minutes I started to the house, and about 300yds. I met him, completely exhausted and willing enough to go to the house with me.

This was the most laughable incident of my whole life, and had I not witnessed it I never should have believed in the existence of such courage, perseverance and intelligence in a duck to save her young ones from destruction.

Texas. A. B. H.

The Red Squirrel of Washington. — Quilcene, Washington, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The little red squirrel has almost entirely disappeared from around me. They were thick last year, but the fire that ran through the woods last fall burned up all their little pockets of hemlock seeds that they had stowed away in every little cranny and hole in stumps and under logs. The fire burned these all up and the long continued deep snow was too much for them. They are wiped out. I am glad, for they were great foragers. Birds' eggs were tidbits they were extremely fond of. A neighbor of mine had a hen that laid eggs under a log a few yards from the house in the edge of the timber and he missed the eggs, so as soon as he heard her cackle he would go and look for the egg, but it would be gone. One day he took his shotgun and watched from a point where he could see the nest. When the hen came off she came scampering up the log and a squirrel came in sight, went to the nest, and began to roll the egg away. My friend watched him till he had rolled it some little distance from the nest and began to make a meal of it. He waited until the squirrel broke the shell and then the shotgun went off. He missed no more eggs.—C. B. P.

Woodcock in Town.—Brooklyn, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In November of 1889 you published over my signature an account of a woodcock killed with a tennis racket on the grounds of the Brooklyn Athletic Association in this city. On the morning of June 1 one was found in the yard of Mr. F. I. Munson, 180 Willoughby street, corner Fleet street, Brooklyn. It was alive when found but died in a few hours. It was a male bird and in poor condition. As it is not the season for the flight of these birds, it seems somewhat strange for a bird of such retiring habits to be found in such a crowded part of the city. The bird was seen alive by Mr. Zack Green and Mr. N. G. Scollay, and a short time after it died was given to me. Hy. J. Growtage.

Dr. Merrill.— We note with pleasure that our correspondent Fred J. H. Merrill, Ph.D. (Columbia), has recently been appointed by the New York State Regents to the position of Assistant Geologist for the State of New York, with headquarters at Albany. He will here be associated with Prof. Hall, the veteran State Geologist, whose fifty years of service have been highly appreciated. Dr. Merrill is now in Europe studying the National museums at London, Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, with a view to introducing their improved systems into New York's museum. Dr. Merrill is the son of Major H. W. Merrill, late U. S. A., who, graduating at West Point in the class '38, served in the Seminole and Mexican wars under Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott. He was a captain commanding the mounted body guard (Co. B, 2d Regt. U. S. Dragoons) which escorted Gen. Scott from Tacubayou into the City of Mexico, Sept. 14, 1847. Major Merrill is well known to our readers as the author of numerous valuable papers contributed to the Forest and Stream, chiefly on rifle trajectory and other shooting topics. He still recalls with pride the conduct of his valiant Co. B. in the Mexican campaigns. Co. B is now of the 2d Regiment of cavalry.

Recent Arrivals at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.—Purchased—One golden agouti (*Dasyprocta aguti*), one skunk (*Mephitis mephitica*), two black swans (*Cygnus atratus*), sixteen common iguanas (*Iguana tuberculata*), one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), one ground rattlesnake (*Crotalophorus miliarius*), one pine snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*) and one green snake (*Cyclophis vernalis*). Presented—One brown capucin (*Cebus fatuellus*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginianus*), two red foxes (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), one Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*), three red-tailed hawks (*Buteo borealis*), two fish hawks (*Pandion haliaetus*), two sparrow hawks (*Falco sparverius*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), one barn owl (*Strix flammea americana*), two American magpies (*Pica candata hudsonica*), one brown pelican (*Pelecanus fuscus*), one Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*), one night heron (*Nycticorax griseus nævius*), three alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), six crowned horned lizards (*Phrynosoma coronata*), two black snakes (*Bascanion constrictor*), one hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), three painted terrapins (*Chrysemys picta*) and one spotted terrapin (*Chelopus guttatus*). Born—One buffalo (*Bison americanus*) one Virginia deer (*Cariacus virginianus*) and twenty-three banded water snakes (*Tropidonotus fasciatus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

The following guns have been tested at the Forest and Stream Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

Clabrough 12, May 1, '90.	Parker 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
Colt 12, July 25, '89.	Parker 12, ham'rless, June 6, '89.
Colt 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.	Remington 16, May 30, '89.
Folsom 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.	Remington 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
Francotte 12, Dec. 12, '89.	Remington 10, Dec. 26, '89.
Greener 12, Aug. 1, '89.	Scott 10, Sept. 5, '89.
Greener 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.	L. C. Smith 12, Oct. 10, '89.
Hollis 10, Nov. 7, '89.	Whitney Safety 12, Nov 6, '90.
Lefever 12, March 13, '90.	Winchester 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

DEER IN ADIRONDACK LAKES.

In the woods, Hamilton County, New York.—Louis says he has shantied at this lake for seven years, not in this open shanty in winter. This, however, is very comfortable for this time of year, September, although I appreciate just now the roaring fire in front, heavy wool blankets around me and balsam pillows at my back. My wet clothes are hanging up between me and the fire.

Well, it was like this you see. This was to be an off day with us so we had a late breakfast, and afterward started for exercise and amusement as our fancy dictated. I took a boat and rowed out to a large rock, thinking I would land and examine the gulls' nests. When the end of my boat grated on the rock I placed one foot out upon it and although it appeared to be quite solid, it seemed to move away a little distance, and having neglected to remove my other foot from the boat I suddenly sat down in about 4ft. of water. Oh yes, I had plenty of encouragment and advice, especially advice, some of which I have taken; and they (that is the Doctor and the Old Soldier) have gone on their way apparently satisfied, leaving me here at the shanty with Louis. The other guide is at the other side of the lake looking after the jerking of the venison.

We have been here now fourteen days and in four days more expect to be out 25 miles from here, where they live in houses. Time passes quickly, though it be crowded full with pleasant and stirring events. One can't be idle here; if we can't be having some kind of sport we must be recounting it.

Our grand sport here is after the deer; and as they come toward one through the water, with big antlers and large red eyes, as the one had that I saw yesterday, it is quite likely to quicken one's circulation I can assure you. Yesterday we had the great chance of the trip and brought in two of the most beautiful deer we ever saw.

Our hunting grounds here contain four lakes as beautifully arranged as one could wish. The Big West, in front of the shanty, over which we see the sun rise in the morning, is about two miles long by three-quarters wide. In the rear of the shanty we take a trail over a steep hill about a mile to Brook Trout Lake. From the east end of the large lake to the south an easy trail of half a mile brings us to the South Lake. These are beautiful lakes of deep clear water, with forests of dark spruce and lighter firs, generously interspersed with autumn-colored leaves of maple and other hard wood trees, coming down to the water's edge on every side. From the east end of the large lake to the east about a mile is Mud Lake, which is covered with lily-pads, and over considerable of its surface a boat is pushed with some difficulty. This we reached first on our way in and there we stopped for our first hunt of two hours without success; but we were not without meat, having been given a quarter of venison by a party of good fellows we met on their way out. Our supply was first replenished by a fine little buck, which fell an easy victim to the Doctor's fatal aim in the Big West. W. expected at that time himself to keep us supplied, but greatly to his dissatisfaction, be it said, that was the last and only deer he brought in, although he shot at several at (as he says) very long range of course.

The next day a fine little deer was brought in from the South Lake, which the Old Soldier claimed to have surrounded. In the third chase I made a record, succeeding after shooting five times, in driving a deer out of Brook Trout Lake. There were some things about this chase I

didn't quite understand, even after it had been explained by all the party at the camp that evening. "When the wind is blowing hard don't shoot over the side of the boat, but over the end; get the deer to windward, then push the boat instead of pulling it, coming up close behind the deer and shoot over the stern." From this advice and comments I culled the above as reasonable and apparently practicable.

My next lesson was on the South Lake. It was a beautiful day, though a little chilly with a strong east wind. This is a long and rather narrow lake, running east and west, inclosing three small islands. I was directed to watch from the middle island. After watching about two hours, being obliged to stand in a very exposed position, and remarking how much easier, if it became necessary, I could row toward the west, I concluded to move to the east island. This consisted of a low long ledge with a cleft facing the south shore. Raising the stern of the boat rather high in the cleft I made myself very comfortable. (For thus moving I was at night reprimanded by Louis, for in hunting deer the party should be under almost military discipline.) I had watched here about an hour and had just eaten my lunch, and was feeling as fully contented as it is rarely the lot of man to be, when I discovered a dark head with long ears moving slowly through the water directly toward me from the south shore, quite a long distance away. My gun was in the boat with its muzzle on the stern seat. I quickly but carefully took off my coat and hat and placed them with my blanket in the bow without a particle of noise. I then lifted the stern from the rock and let it down into the water and waited, not many minutes, however, for it is wonderful how fast they push themselves through the water. I could soon see it was a doe, and I judged the contest would be close, but determined to keep as cool as circumstances would permit and do my best. With a sharp push against the rock my boat glided out into the lake and the chase commenced. The doe quite promptly took up her position to windward, and although I was in deep water, I concluded to open fire at the first shot. Well, I see loons dive here often, but never one go under water more quickly—not a hair nor drop of blood to show a deer had once been there. I had been told, of course, to drive the deer to shallow water, but I expected to shoot more than once. What should I say at night? No one has seen me, but they had heard me fire; and to say I shot at anything but a deer would be greater disgrace than to have lost one.

Although this chase was short I was somewhat out of breath when I again got in position on the island and glanced away down to the east end of the lake. Lo! there is another deer, and apparently making for a point of land on the north shore, about five hundred yards distant. Quickly making ready, I pointed for the same place also, and pulled for dear life. After making nearly the distance, on turning my head to one side I discovered the deer, a very large doe, making her way toward the south shore. The lake was quite narrow here, and it was only by effort that I turned her back from the shore, and in haste fired both barrels over the side of the boat. Each of us being under way and in opposite directions, we were not as near together as one might suppose. Hastily reloading one barrel only, I succeeded in swinging the boat in front of her again as she reached the north shore. In the excitement I fired again over the side with the same result. As I now reloaded both barrels the doe was making her way toward the east shore, and by the time I got under way she was bounding in the shallow water; I gave her two parting salutes as she bounded over the brush ten feet high and disappeared in the forest. Of course I can now see how I might have had that deer just as well as not, if I had only managed right. They say I was rattled, May be.

Greatly depressed in spirit I slowly found my way back to the cleft and chewed the bitter cud of defeat. Soon a peculiar-looking object on the surface of the water near the south shore attracted my attention. It looked something like an old felt hat, and was slowly drifting to the forest. A strong suspicion that the object might be of interest on closer inspection finally induced me again to leave my watch and push over to that vicinity, where I found the floating body of the deer I had caused to disappear so suddenly beneath the waves two hours before. As I slipped a strong string around one foot of the deer and fastened the other end to the boat I heard W.'s voice calling from the landing. The hunt was finished. It was now two o'clock.

Leaving the deer at the landing, five minutes of brisk walking brought us to the Big West, where we found the Old Soldier and one guide just come in with a dog, whom we enlisted; and in a few minutes we were trailing the big doe where she jumped over the brush. We discovered blood and concluded she would not go far before lying down. W. and I were directed to go east to the creek, he to follow it up to the outlet of Mud Lake, I down about half a mile to an island where I had had great sport killing a large deer a year ago. Time was pressing and the trail was rough. As I knew this would be the case I had left my coat on the shore of the Big Lake. When I reached the island, about 3 o'clock, I was perspiring freely. I hastily kindled a fire in between some large stones where the blaze would be hidden as much as possible, but the guides say the deer are seldom frightened by a fire; a strong breeze was blowing down the creek, and I soon found the fire acceptable even with some smoke. After shivering here until half-past five, the time agreed upon, and hearing nothing, I started to return to the South Lake. The trail is even more difficult to follow up stream than down, as the ice and flood wood in high water causes all the brush to point down stream. Lost the trail two or three times, and finally reaching the lake found no one there. I shot off my gun, kindled a fire and waited. In about half an hour I saw a boat coming toward me. The dog had been unable to start the escaped doe. The guide had carried the other deer to the ice house. We found W. at the east end of the Big Lake, and were soon in sight of the camp-fire and could almost smell the products of the culinary art awaiting us, fit for a monarch—fried venison, boiled potatoes and turnips, all grown on our hunting grounds; griddle cakes and maple syrup and tea (Louis's sugar orchard is also here in sight of the shanty). Then followed or rather continued a discussion of the sports of the day, soon interrupted by the Doctor making a lunge for his bunk and striking his head against a rafter that came within about 2ft. of his pillows at the back part of the cavity. He was requested to be more careful hereafter, as the roof was only made of spruce bark. A little bathing with extract of hamamelis and a good deal of groaning seemed to relieve his mind and head. Soon silence and night reigned supreme. Deep in the night we were aroused by a terrible storm of wind and rain. The roaring of the wind through the trees was something grand. Next day we all stayed in camp and a slight rain would not have kept us there.

Not many days later, another hunt being in order, I was again stationed at the South Lake, this time on the west of the three islands, as it was expected if a deer came in he would come in near the west end of the lake; but the guides, though wise in woodcraft, cannot always tell just where a deer will run. After enjoying the beautiful scenery surrounding the mirrored surface of the lake until past noon, and hearing two rifle shots on the Big Lake, which was guarded by the Old Soldier, and consequently knowing we had meat for the morrow, I was about to relax the vigilance of my watch, when glancing away to the east end of the lake I saw something that reminded me of a deer bounding along the marsh; and passing to the north behind the middle island, half in doubt, I made ready for the boat. When looking again I saw a large bird flying in the opposite direction near the same place, and about concluded that that was what I had first seen; but still watching carefully, I soon saw a dog come down on to the marsh and heard him bark. Then I knew a deer had been there and was probably now in the lake. Another glance before pushing off, and I discovered a little head out from the middle island and coming straight toward me. Standing perfectly still until he came about half way between the middle island and the one I was on, I gave chase. Firing two shots convinced me the cartridges were loaded no stronger than the ones I had used before. He being now headed toward the middle island, I decided to let him land and take him broadside as he came up out of the water. I did so; but he bounded on into the brush. Throwing out the empty shells and pushing in two more of those contemptible cartridges (have to lay it to something, and it couldn't be poor marksmanship), I glided down on the south side ready to renew the attack. No deer in sight, and quickly rounding to the north side, still the same. In this way I circled the island two or three times, and concluded that the deer, being frightened, had skulked in the brush. Landing on a point from whence I could quickly get into action by water on either side of the island if it again became necessary, I cautiously proceeded toward the center of the island, where to my surprise I found the deer dead.

The next few days were passed eating and smoking, gathering spruce gum, fishing, photographing, shooting small game and eating and smoking. After which Louis proposed that we have one more grand round up, and if possible get a big deer, a few choice cuts from which to dry and take home with us. He and John were to take the dogs up on to the mountain to the north, from whence if a deer were started they said he would run into this or Mud Lake. W. determined to take me with him for luck and to prevent the deer from mutilation. Reaching Mud Lake only one boat could be found, the other having probably drifted away during the storm. The best place to watch from was a small island at the south end, commanding almost a full view of the lake proper and also a narrow stretch of water and marsh on either side, leading east and west, and also the outlet of the lake. W. had had great sport at this place on several occasions before, and not having full confidence in my cartridges I willingly consented to land him on the island. Retaining the boat I proceeded to a point on the east shore near the north end. About eleven o'clock we heard a dog making music on the mountain side, coming toward us, but finally turning back. Soon we heard the Old Soldier making terms with the enemy on the big lake. Again we heard the dogs, and at intervals for an hour or two. About one o'clock I saw the deer come into the water not far from me on the north shore, a big buck, a noble fellow, with a veritable rocking chair on his head. He was so near I remained perfectly quiet till he reached a point in the lake that I judged would be his furthest from land, then I made ready in a hurry and pulled for all I was worth, or certainly very nearly all I was worth, for when I had time again it was with difficulty I could even pull my breath. Six empty shells were in the bottom of the boat and W. had unloaded his Winchester repeater, at very long range of course.

We parted with the buck at the edge of the balsam grove on the southwest shore. He was not feeling well; I suspect he was thoroughly tired out jumping in that mud. I drove him all over the lake trying to get him within range of the Winchester. I shouted to W. to come to my assistance. It then occurred to me, and I think to him also, that he had no boat. A consultation was held and W. was dispatched to the shanty for a dog. I was directed to retreat to the north, where my hat was peacefully floating on the surface of the lake, and collect my scattered forces. As I recovered my hat I perceived the guides and one of our four-footed colleagues coming down the marsh on the west shore. My report was not very cordially received. "For all that," as Louis says, "we will go down and see where the deer went out." We found blood and soon the dog commenced to sing out. Louis shouted to me to get back on to the lake and they would have the deer there in five minutes. John had a shotgun, the report of which I soon heard. Out came my deer on to the marsh and seeing me turned again into the brush, the dog following. Soon the deer was brought to bay in the shallow stretch of water west of the island. In a few minutes John fired, and back the deer came and stopped in the water just south of the island. With the dog on the bank at his head he was as pretty a sight as I wish to see. I would have ordered a charge immediately had I not just received a signal from Louis, who had taken John's gun and was creeping up from the southwest, to retreat further into the lake; but the intelligent buck was not to be persuaded into the mud again. Just then he saw Louis and made a dash up the water leading to the east. As he passed me I fired twice; but on he went out of sight, closely followed. While he was standing by the island I dared not fire, fearing to hit the dog. Soon we heard Louis's well known cry of victory and taking the boat around the point of land found him just bleeding the deer. As we returned to the lake with our well-laden boat W. and the Old Soldier were standing at the balsam grove. W. appeared to have something on his mind and coming through the grove as the guides fell behind with their load it came out like this, "You'll not catch me watching on an island again without a boat, nor leaving my watch until the hunt is finished."

Well, here they come now across the lake and it is well, for the guides have supper nearly ready and it is most too dark to write. What is it W. holds up as they come up the hill? A young bear? No, I see it is a hedgehog, but nearly as big as a cub. GEO. W. ANDREWS.

NOTES FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, Aug. 2. Dr. J. A. French of Boston has been hunting and fishing in Stratton, Maine, and he reports a remarkably fine time. He succeeded in taking all the trout he desired, ranging in weight from one to three pounds. He says that he never saw as many deer in his life. They were seen morning and evening, as they came out into the openings to feed. A large bear also fell to his good luck in hunting. The proprietor of the Globe Nickel Plate Works, of Boston, has just returned from a three weeks' vacation in camp on a pond in New Hampshire. The fishing is so good up there that the gentleman does not desire to give its name and location for pubication. But it is easy to conceive how the good fishing peculiar to the season is possibly attributed to the pond in this. Mr. Philbrick, of Wentworth & Philbrick, has recently returned from his vacation at "the old haunts" in New Hampshire. He reports catching 960 trout of good size—larger than he expected—in the streams he fished. Little Frank Moody, son of Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, Me., now has a record of over 600 trout taken this season. He is the boy recently mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, as making the good catch in one day, and is under 10 years of age. Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley, with Hon. G. D. Bisbee, of Buckfield, Me., has been on a fishing trip up the Swift River into Byron. They combined trout fishing and camping with prospecting for gold in the stream. There is gold in the stream, but whether in paying quantities is the question. It is pretty plain that there is more gold in the sheen of a trout's glistening sides for either of these gentlemen, and it is easy to understand how the prospecting for gold gave place to casting for trout every time a good pool was reached in the river. Tremendous fishing is reported from Camp Haverhill, if we may believe the papers. Mr. F. Sargent says that his wife has taken a nine-pound trout with a fly, and several ranging from three to four pounds. This nine-pound trout is one of the largest of the season from the Rangeley waters. The trout taken by Mr. Guild in May, weighed over 10lbs., and other than these two there is no record of *Salmo fontinalis* above eight pounds in the year 1890. The number that have weighed above seven pounds also appears to have been less than usual. But the number of smaller trout taken has been very great. A number of sportsmen have visited Kenebago, and the lakes and ponds further into the woods in that part of the country, while many visitors are now there, but they report few except small trout.

Reports of moose in Maine begin to be mentioned. One has been seen at Upper Flagstaff, and is reported at Salem. So it would seem that the excessive hunting in the open season has not destroyed them all yet. Mr. David Blanchard, of Boston, who once wrote a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject, is still greatly in earnest in the idea that the State of Maine should put some sort of a perpetual close time on moose, at least till such time as it will again be safe to make a short open season. Nor is Mr. Blanchard alone in this idea. He is a sportsman of long experience in the Maine woods, and he greatly regrets the fate of the lordly moose, unless the State soon takes action of that sort. He is ably backed by Commissioner Stilwell, whose bill making it a crime to kill a cow moose at any time, was defeated at the last moments of the last session of the Legislature of that State.

The Massachussetts Fish and Game Protective Association has very encouraging reports from the quail they put out this year. In fact, in almost every location where the birds were liberated last spring they have been heard from, and in some cases the increase is reported to be great. But it is a source of regret to the members of the committee, that the recent action of the Legislature in this State has made the open season on quail to begin on Sept. 15, in their efforts to make the open season on all game birds in the State the same. It is a source of regret that the gunners are to be let loose at a date so early, this year above all others, when the efforts of the Association are just beginning to bear fruit. The quail will hardly be hatched, especially the second broods, and the young and half grown birds will be at the mercy of the gunners. What the very tenderest streak of this mercy is, one need not ask, when he has seen grown up gunners returning from a day's shoot with their belts ornamented with the smallest thrushes, which these gunners have taken in the absence of other birds to shoot. The desire to shoot is so strong that the young quail will stand a hard chance for existence after the 15th of the next month. The Association has put out proposals for 5,000 sharptail grouse and for 5,000 pinnated grouse, and the chances are good that the birds will be forthcoming in season to be put out this year. It is understood that there are still a few prairie chickens left on Martha's Vineyard, and the committee of the Association hopes to restore this valuable game bird to the woods of the State. SPECIAL.

THE UPPER MAGALLOWAY.—Wilson's Mills, Me., July 28.—The prospect of having the best deer and moose hunting on the Upper Magalloway River and surrounding lakes and ponds the coming fall is very flattering. The signs of both have not been as plenty for years as they are the present summer. Deer have been seen in the fields within twenty rods of some of the farmhouses several times. Fishing is a little dull just at the present time, but it is thought it will be good the latter part of August and during September. The weather the past month has been charming, cool nights and mornings, and scarcely warmer than 70° to 80° through the day.—SEWES.

A MODEL RAILWAY.—The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.—*Adv.*

THE MAN IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

In his forthcoming second volume of "Historical and Sporting Notes in and around Quebec," our valued correspondent, Mr. J. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, has incorporated a version of the "Man in the Hollow Tree" stories of which we wrote in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 5. It is interesting as adding one more to the variants there given; and the Indian Scioui must be given the place among the other hunters who have spun this ancient yarn with themselves as the hero. Scioui was a familiar figure of the past, endeared to the frequenters of the lovely Lake St. Charles, north of Quebec. The shrewd old Indian guide, trapper and angler, like his famous legendary colleague Gabriel, must now be enjoying the "happy hunting grounds" promised to him by his sachems. The story, as given in Mr. Le Moine's pages, was told by Scioui to the late Charles Panet, who was for many years the respected member for Quebec county.

One day in early spring time, Scioui, so his story runs, had imbibed too freely of St. Pierre whisky, and lost at night in the woods, duly followed the example of the other bear story heroes and took refuge in a hole in a tree some fifteen feet from the ground.

"I succeeded in wedging myself firmly, as I thought, in the vent of the tree without looking below me. Sleep soon, however, overpowered me. All at once and without one moment's warning I slid down in the cavity about 12ft. and landed on a soft bed of leaves. Here I was entombed, helpless. Realizing my desperate position, I was just yielding myself to despair. It occurred to me to invoke my patron saint; and taking a hasty and unsatisfactory retrospect of my whole life I tried to kneel down to say my prayers, but I found my memory failed me, and the only prayer that I could recollect was *Ora pro nobis*, which I began to repeat in a loud voice, when my ear was struck by a strange noise, as of something scratching on the outside bark of the tree. Then a fluffy ball of fur struck my head, nearly crushing life out of me. I gasped for breath and then yelled with pain and fright. A snort and horrible growl were the only response. Terror sobered me entirely. I realized my position. I had unwittingly invaded the winter quarters of a bear, which at the time was away from home in quest of food, no doubt. Bruin, on his return, had according to his well known practice, let himself down in his lair, tail first, on top of me. Which of us two was the most startled I cannot pretend to say.

"Scared, he stood a second or two staring at me, then turned and took to climbing the wooden walls of my prison while I shouted at him. I still managed to retain some presence of mind. One chance of escape then remained to me. I laid hold of the animal's tail in his ascent, but soon found there was not enough to hold on to. Letting go my hold, I instanly took a firm grip of the long fur growing on his haunches. Never did I travel more satisfactorily by train. In a trice I found mysely landed at the front door of my prison.

"Bruin seemed so put out at the occurrence that he did not stop to look after his fare; he dropped down tail-end first along the tree, ran like a caribou toward the lake and might be running yet had the ice not melted last spring."

A DUCKING BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following description of a kind of punt which I used for duck shooting during several years may perhaps be of service to some of your readers. It cannot in any way be compared with the beautiful and graceful skiffs and canoes of which engravings are given in FOREST AND STREAM of June 12, yet it fills a gap, for special purposes, in a way which I have never seen equaled by any other kind of boat.

It was made for me in 1870, when I was living in a part of Central India where there were numerous ponds (called jheels) which abounded with duck and other kinds of waterfowl in the cold season of the year. Many of these waters are small and have no boats or canoes upon them. They are often so full of weeds that it is dangerous for any one to swim in them after a dead duck, and in some instances they contain alligators (called muggers), which are likely to seize a dog if used for retrieving.

The frame of my punt was made by a native basket maker. It was 5ft. long, 3ft. wide and 10in. deep, with rounded ends and a flat floor rising slightly toward the bow and stern so as to glide easily over weeds. The wall was of bamboo split into pieces about the thickness of a penholder, and these were crossed diagonally so as to combine strength with lightness. The floor was also of bamboo, split into slabs half an inch to an inch in breadth. These were fixed crosswise and rested in the center upon a strong piece which extended from bow to stern. In each side was a solid bamboo stick an inch in diameter, which was bound firmly from the floor to the gunwale and acted as a tholepin. The inclosed sketch will give an idea of what the frame was like.

It was covered with a large tanned buffalo hide which was soaked in water until pliable, and fixed on by stitches round the gunwale. To make the leather waterproof, a mixture of linseed oil 2qts., beeswax 8oz., resin 8oz. and turpentine 8oz., melted together, was brushed on while warm, and the boat was left bottom upward in the sun and the mixture applied again and again until the leather would absorb no more. It was then painted a light gray color.

The sculls, only 5ft. long, so as to pack inside, were used for rowing, being fixed with rope loops which went over the tholepins, in order that they might not slide into the water when let go for the purpose of taking up the gun. A board 18in. square was used for sitting upon and for preventing the floor being bulged by a man's feet when stepping in.

The boat was so light that it could easily be raised above the head with one hand, yet was not cranky in the water. Being elastic, a fall from a railway truck, or from the top of a camel's hump, did no harm. The shortness made it very convenient for stowing in the luggage van of a train or on a bullock cart. The buffalo hide resisted snags which would, I imagine, have torn open a canvas boat, and which I know from experience would have made a birch bark canoe leak badly. With my weight, about 160lbs., the gunwale was only 4in. above the water, which was advantageous for stalking wildfowl, as grass or rushes 2ft. high were sufficient to hide one's approach.

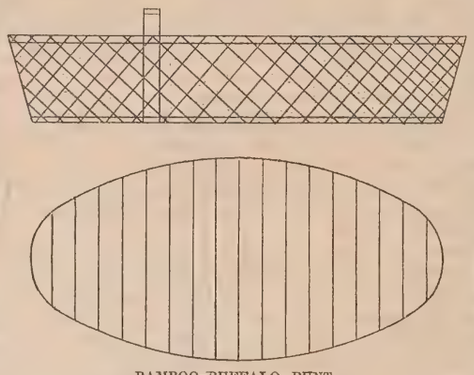
I used to row in the ordinary way until within a couple of hundred yards of the game, then turn round and paddle gently stern foremost, with the stock of the gun between my legs and the barrel resting on the gunwale, ready to be seized when the ducks began to rise.

I took the boat almost everywhere when traveling and it lasted for four years, by which time the leather of the floor had worn until hardly thicker than brown paper, through scraping across mud banks and over the tops of the water weeds.

When marching about the country, as soon as the day's business was over, I used to hire a villager to carry the boat on his head and show me where the jheels were. I have rowed across water two miles wide and never once had an accident. On one occasion the boat almost capsized through my forgetting to raise the hammers to full cock. I aimed at a duck flying past, and on the instant of pulling the trigger found myself nearly head first in the water. This seems to show that we unconsciously meet the kick of a gun by leaning against the butt when it goes off. The gun I then had was a rather heavy 12-bore (about 7¼lbs. weight). I had used it for two years, and until then had always thought that there was hardly any perceptible recoil, when loaded with my favorite charge for ducks, 3½drs. of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 4 shot (170 to the ounce).

It may appear selfish, but I confess that I always preferred being alone when going after either large or small game. One feels so much more independent and free than when accompanied by a friend, and, to my mind, there is no greater enjoyment than paddling about alone on a lake, with a bright blue sky overhead, looking down at the beautiful water plants and watching the habits of the wildfowl. How well those that are not used for food know that they need not fear the gun. In places where ducks and teal were difficult to approach, the egrets, ibises, jacanas and coots, used to sit quietly while I rowed within 20yds. A small binocular glass is very useful, often enabling ducks to be seen among plants, where they are otherwise hidden. With its help the wounded ducks which dive can frequently be found when they rise among the leaves with only their heads above the water. I generally kept a few snipe cartridges ready for shooting at their heads in cases of this kind, because the spread of No. 4 shot causes some to be missed.

On some of the jheels, where the natives cultivate wild rice and the "water chestnut" (*Trapa bispinosa*), they use very cranky dugouts made of the trunks of palm trees. They are very good for wildfowl shooting, a couple



BAMBOO-BUFFALO PUNT.

being placed side by side and a native bedstead bottom upward being tied across them. The sportsman sits upon this with a leg in each boat, while the owners squat on their heels in the sterns and paddle or pole toward the birds. These are so accustomed to the boats that they allow of a near approach unless they have been fired at before.

A friend living in one place where I was stationed bought, at a cost of £25, an inflatable vulcanized India rubber boat from a London firm. It carried four men easily, but after using it for two years the heat had such an effect upon the rubber that the air oozed out rapidly, although the seams appeared quite sound. When the manufacturers were told of this, they replied that India rubber always "perished" after being kept some time in a tropical climate.

Another friend had a boat made of copper. This was very strong, but a great deal too heavy. On the whole, I know of no boat which combines portability and strength for very rough usage so well as one of leather. If made 6ft. long, 3ft. wide and 1ft. deep it will carry two men, and would, I believe, be very handy on the Western prairies. It could be tied on a wagon and so carried from one piece of water to another when hunters go out for a day's duck shooting.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

SMALL-BORES AND SQUIRRELS.

In the year 1889, just at that period of a September morning when the first signs of the dawn were visible in the east, a youth clad in the garb of a sportsman might have been seen stealing along the angular deformities of a worm fence, which served as a dividing line between cultivated fields and the largest tract of as yet almost untouched woods in the county. In one hand he carried a sample copy of the latest edition of that effective agent of civilization, a repeating rifle, the other was kept busy applying a ham sandwich to where it would do the most good. That youth, friendly reader, was the writer, and if you will come with him in imagination you shall share in his morning's sport, and perchance by doing so enjoy for the passing moment what is next best to the real thing—a hunt upon paper. Come, then, climb the fence with me, and do not swear above your breath as the leaves of the undergrowth part with a portion of their accumulated store of water, and with apparent malice pour their contribution down the back of your neck. It has rained hard almost all night, and before we shall leave this fence 200yds. in our rear our nether extremities will be saturated, but who cares, if the leaves beneath our feet are also soaked? There is less risk of alarming Sciurus, whose ears are no less acute than his eyes are sharp and his limbs agile in carrying him to safety.

Now we are well within the woods, and it isyet a lmost too dark to fairly see the sights, though all about us may be heard the tell-tale swish of branches bent under the sudden impulse of a squirrel passing from one tree to another, the heavy thump of falling nuts, and at least three individuals squalling defiance to one another, or perhaps singing in honor of the approaching day-god. Do you hear that sudden shower of water? That is one gone out on a slender limb for a nut. Hear that thump? The nut was bad or too large to be held, anyway he dropped it. Now listen! Hear that patter, patter, patter, as if a light rain was falling? That is Sciurus "cutting," and he shall be our first target. Carefully, now, the noise has stopped, and we must stop too! Down drops a nut—or what is left of one. There he goes, after another! see him on that twin hickory? Wait until he begins work again—patience is a very large part of a successful squirrel hunter's stock in trade. Now he is busy once more; and we steal along quietly, gently moving aside each protruding branch, cautiously working as near those twin trunks as may be necessary, peering up through the leafy tangles, eager for a glimpse of the little animal, which, with his tail laid sociably along the curve of its back, is rapidly emptying a shell of its juicy contents. There he is, utterly unconscious that danger is near, the nimble forepaws holding and turning a nut against a pair of nature's chisels. A little more to the right, and slowly the slender barrel is moved into line, the white bead of the sight rests just on the butt of the ear; the trigger is pressed, the whiplike crack follows. A center shot, sure enough. Glorious sport? Well, I should remark!

All about here stand hickory trees, and it is unnecessary to move about much; better to sit at the foot of some slender tree with a convenient root, and blend oneself with the surroundings. Hark! yes, there is a squirrel in that tree just in front—hear that swish of wet leaves over there, that's another. Now what is to be done? Move slowly, attend to one at a time, the tiny report will not cause much alarm, no shooting having been allowed in this tract for two or three years, but moving about too quickly will scare away game. There is the little scamp way up in the top, and another, too, on that limb to the left. Oh! for the scatter gun—banish the thought, we are out for sport, not merely to fill the pot. Long shot? yes, full 25yds. from where we stand to that animal, and you know that a 30gr. ball projected by 4gr. powder is not heavy enough to kill game so tenacious of life as Sciurus. Very well, my son, so say those who write from theory, you shall see what can be done in practice. Whack! missed him by jingo! The hiss of the ball so near his peeked ears sends him clear up to the top of the tree; see him coiled up in that crotch? The other fellow stopped working a second, but hearing or seeing nothing, begins operations again. Whack! what, missed again? Where did he go? Ah! yes, there he is peeping around that limb. Don't move—the artful beggar recognizes something beneath him which looks singular—watch him grow out on that branch, his black eyes staring at the object he does not remember to have seen before. Fatal curiosity. Slowly, very, very slowly, the rifle comes to the shoulder, the round ring of the back sight comes before the eye which has never moved from that other eye up there, the bead settles just beneath that glistening center, and with the report the animal pitches out and whirls over and over, till it strikes the ground with a thump, convulsively kicking out among the leaves its last atom of vitality.

Now for that one upon the top—a small mark and a difficult shot; the fourth shot brings him out badly wounded, but he catches some slender branches and gains from them a large limb which he knows will shield him. Bullet after bullet follows his devious scramble, without result beyond emptying the magazine, and the squirrel reaches a portion thick enough to hide behind. Hastily the magazine is filled, and then comes a game of hide and seek; crippled though he is, that limb is always between us. Cutting the top off a slender young hickory, my coat is hung upon it and topped with my cap. Now, as I move to the other side the squirrel moves around, but noting the counterfeit scurries back. A quick shot strikes close to his nose, another slaps into the bark just under him; too hot for him, and up he goes; three shots now in quick succession; then a fourth, that brings him. There! he has caught by one paw, and swings dead or dying. A careful aim now, and the limb, shattered by the bullet, releases its grasp, and the game little beast is ours. So far all is well, but the vicissitudes of squirrel hunting are many. Over yonder, near that old fence, there is a squirrel barking, and while it is generally useless to attempt to stalk one all whose senses are especially alert, let us try it this time, being out only for sport. Cautiously worming through laurel and other undergrowth, keeping a sharp eye in the direction of the sound, carefully scanning the trees about midway of the trunk, the bushy tail jerked up and down in unison with the harsh notes attracts the eye, and then is seen the whole body aligned with the tree. Perhaps you think its sharp little eyes have not seen you, but like a flash it has disappeared. You notice that there are no trees very near the one upon which it was, that the tree itself is a black oak; quite likely, therefore, it is a den tree, and your game is safe inside. Let us see. The closest inspection fails to find any hole, neither does Sciurus materialize. Around and around the tree we circle, straining eye and neck to find the cunning animal, but uselessly; so we will sit down by that old stump for a bit and let curiosity, so strong a trait in Sciurus, do its work.

Minute after minute passes, the practiced eye meantime searching each crotch and possible hiding place. What is that little point, something like a rifle fore-sight, in the back sight? Was that there five minutes ago? There is another; ah! you rascal, there you are, eh? Been there all the time, too. That is a bullseye worth shooting at, with all the chances against the shooter. Whack! wiz-o-o-o, and there goes the squirrel over the leafy carpet, scared by the glancing lead, down the tree it comes and hurries for another which offers security, followed by a perfect shower of leaden pellets, until the click of hammer upon firing pin gives notice that the magazine is empty. Isn't that sport, and it didn't hurt the squirrel either.

It is now rather late to find squirrels feeding in such numbers as may be seen in the early hours, but caution must govern footsteps just the same, while the ears must be alert for dropping nuts. A stop now and then is no disadvantage; in the hollow yonder a nut thumps upon a limb, rebounds and hits the ground; in a few minutes another falls. That is probably a squirrel. Now as we get nearer the place the rasp, rasp of teeth, and with patter, patter of shell, is evidence beyond question. There he is out on the extreme end of a top branch, nibbling, nibbling, his long tail hanging straight down beneath him. Almost a straight up and down shot. Whack! good shot, down he comes, all four legs spread out; thump! he strikes the ground, and like a streak of gray light, darts to another tree near by, vanishing in a hole about 20ft. up the trunk. No, you must not swear, remember you are out for—what—the sport. Well, it is hard luck to be sure, but then if game had no tricks, and could be shot with ease, where would be the sport? To-night you will be telling the wife all about your morn-

ing's tramp, and will praise that wily customer, while wondering how he could drop 30 or 40ft. to the ground without injury. Let us look for another, for we must soon leave to attend business.

Yonder is one jumping more quickly, but carefully to where you saw him last. Now listen! Thump! That is the one we saw, or another. Carefully, now, there he is in that slender hickory, and hard at work. Get just as close as you can. Now give it to him! Whack! Crash! Thump! Only a body shot, but too sick to get away. No, I don't always hit them in the head; wish I did; that would be the quintessence of sport, but it needs constant practice upon game, with the thousand and one conditions of light and circumstances connected with game shooting, which cannot be attained at the target. Pst! There is a squirrel! Don't move an inch, for we are in plain sight, but watch him! There he goes to the top of the tree, now out on that limb for a nut! No, he is going to jump. Whack! Whack! Sput! sounds the bullet as it strikes him; game to the last, he struggles to regain a foothold, but cannot. Down he crashes, and feebly creeps to another tree before he can be caught, ascending just out of reach. Drive another ball through his head at short range and he is dead. Now if you don't think this is sport, try it in reality and see. PICUS.

BUCKHANNON, W. Va., July 30.—The game in this section is about as follows: Quail very abundant, pheasant (ruffed grouse) rather scarce, squirrels very scarce, rabbits abundant, woodcock plenty, deer and wild turkeys tolerably plentiful in the southern part of the county.—VETERAN.

COMPANION WANTED FOR THE WEST.—I would like to be one of a party of two or three, to start about Sept. 1, on a camping out, hunting and fishing trip in Colorado, Idaho or Washington. Address S. R. H., care FOREST AND STREAM.

QUEBEC MOOSE.—The Quebec moose season will open Sept. 1 this year, but non-residents (who must take out a license, fee $20) may not kill moose before Oct. 1, 1890.

ROCKLAND, Me., July 28.—Saw last week a bag prairie chickens which were sent here from the dumping ground.—JOHNSON.

SHOOTING RIGHTS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE Sportsmen's Protective Association of California has recently issued an address "for the purpose of directing the attention of sportsmen to the game preserve evil which has worked its way among us and assumed such formidable proportions that it excites alarm for the future of true sportsmanship in the mind of every man who has its best interests at heart."

The address sets forth: "In no State in the Union has this question excited more comment than in California, where, during the past few years, vast areas of tide-water and marshland, which had previously been open to the public, have been leased by wealthy shooting clubs and preserved for the exclusive use of their members. These clubs obtained control of the best shooting grounds in the State, and nothing was said by the great mass of sportsmen until a year ago, when a tract of 7,000 acres of barren tide-water land in Sonoma county, which had long been a favorite resort for duck hunters, was leased by one of these preserve clubs, notices of exclusion posted and keepers employed. * * * To go further than this, the Association claims that the lands which have been sequestrated by the preservers are barren wastes, entirely useless for agricultural purposes, uninhabited and uninhabitable; that they are not lawfully inclosed or reclaimed, and in many cases have no established legal ownership; that unlawful notices of exclusion have been posted; that navigable streams have been closed, and that sportsmen inadvertently trespassing have, without warning, been fired upon by keepers. * * * It was on such a broad platform of principles at this that our Association received its inception at the hands of the representative sportsmen at San Francisco, but a little over a year ago. Since that time it has steadily grown in numbers and influence, until to-day its membership roll is but little short of 400 names, and is constantly increasing, as our objects and purposes become known to the great body of our sporting population—men from all classes in life, whose interest in love of liberty in all forms leads them to believe that the game and fish of the nation should be as free to its citizens as the air they breathe."

The FOREST AND STREAM wrote to Mr. H. H. Briggs, field editor of the San Francisco *Breeder and Sportsman* for some information about the Protective Association; and Mr. Briggs replies:

"Please find a copy of the pamphlet mentioned in your note, and in sending it I send two or three emphatic statements with reference to it, which I beg you will note. First—The pamphlet was not prepared at the instance of the California State Sportsmen's Association, nor have the views advanced in it the sympathy of that body of sportsmen. I am now and have for many years been the Secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association. I know every man in it intimately and I feel safe in saying that not one single member of the Association sympathizes in any degree with the position assumed by the pamphlet or with the organization which prepared and sent it out.

"Second—The 'Sportsmen's Protective Association of California' had its origin in the anger of a few foreigners, who had for several years arrogated the right to enter upon the premises of Senator J. P. Jones in Sonoma county for the purpose of shooting. The men were of the irregular, unattached, unattachable sort, to whom everything killable was game. After a time the Senator leased the shooting right upon his property to a club of San Francisco and Oakland gentlemen, who proceeded to preserve it and warned off non-members. At once was made about tyranny, autocracy and that sort of thing. The disgruntled ones agitated the matter, gathered about them a few men of like character and formed what is styled the Sportsmen's Protective Association of California. I made it my business to become thoroughly acquainted with the personnel of the Association; and I freely confess that I did not know there were so many and such curious types fond of the gun. During the three evenings which I spent at meetings of the Association not once did anybody speak pure English. The stamp of foreign extraction was on them all. Their views were the views of little men, their temper wholly unsportsmanlike and their disposition one which should entitle them to summary treatment at the hands of landowners if they trespass at any time. I inclose a clipping from the *Breeder* with reference to the matter."

This is the *Breeder's* comment: "The organization styled the Sportsman's Protective Association of California has issued a pamphlet, the central idea of which is to discourage the formation and maintenance of clubs of sportsmen which shall lease or acquire by purchase and preserve suitable tracts of ground or water upon which to hunt. The pamphlet is a rehash of what has been said from time to time by one or two rather thoughtless and inconsiderate sportsman's journals. There is no argument in it and the sentiment is rot. The Protective Association has neither sympathy nor support at the hands of sportsmen generally. Its animous is unworthy, its methods are questionable, and it is, altogether, a good thing to let alone severely."

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Cœur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsmen's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publications, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

TWO DAYS AFTER BLACK BASS.

"CAN you go on a fishing trip with me to-morrow?" said my friend Stephens, as he came into my room the other day, "Or are you too nearly beaten out?" For I was lying down scarcely able to stir, having just returned from a trip to Island Lake, which trip had been anything but a brilliant success. I at once roused up and said, "I'll go," for Stephens is one of the most satisfactory companions I have ever been out with, a large-hearted, royal good fellow in every way, true as steel; and the proposed trip was only one of a dozen we have taken together this season. "We'll go to Franklin Lake," he said. "There were over sixty big bass sent up from there yesterday." We did not get away on the morrow however, but the following Monday morning saw us driving out of Detroit city, Minnesota, with our tent, fourteen foot Acme boat, rods and provisions, snugly packed in the wagon.

After leaving Detroit Lake we went on ever further and further into the woods, grand beautiful woods, in all the pomp and glory of full summer time. We passed Little Twin Lakes, Meadow Lake, Lake Melissa, and a little before noon reached Buck's Mill on the Pelican River. Here we had been told that we could get some minnows. Plenty of them we could see in the river, but how to get them into our minnow pail! Happy thought! A bolt of mosquito netting was in the wagon; weighting it with stone on one edge, and taking off our shoes and stockings, we made a grand scoop, resulting in more minnows than a dozen fishermen could use in two days.

On we went deeper into the woods: The hills increased in frequency and steepness; the day grew very warm. Did we know the location of the lake we purposed going to? No, not exactly; but we would inquire at the first house. Ripe raspberries began to appear in profusion on the bushes which line the road. We stopped and picked all that we wanted to eat; the finest we had seen this year. Soon a house is reached. "Were we on the road to Lake Franklin?" "Yes, keep right ahead and this road will bring you there, but with many crooks," said the old man of whom we made inquiry. We found the crooks with many extra ones thrown in; and we were reminded of the man "who went a crooked mile." At 3 o'clock we came out on the shores of Lake Franklin—a beautiful lake, wooded all around.

A Mr. Jordan lives on the north shore, and near here we decided to pitch our tent. Soon the white was gleaming amid the green, coffee made and lunch eaten, boat unrolled and set up, rods made ready, and about 5 o'clock off we shoved. We each use split-bamboo rods, think there is none equal to them. Our rods are bait-rods, weighing 8oz. and are good all around rods. We are also devoted to the use of the Sneck bend, Kendal hooks. This afternoon we put three hooks on each line; and baited with frog, minnow and fly.

We moved slowly up the shore, and a few rods from where we started something was seen in the water—was it a shadow moving between us and the shore? "'Tis a bass," said Stephens. "I'll try for him. The cast was made, the line falling near the suppositious bass. Whew! Zip, went the line, the rod bent, and in a few minutes a 3lb. black bass lay in the boat—a good beginning in a strange lake. The wind was blowing pretty hard, but we picked up a bass every now and then as we moved along. Out near the center of the north end of the lake was a great mass of rock coming nearly to the surface of the water. I saw a monster bass come from under this and nip the leg of the frog on my hook, then turn contemptuously away; nor could he be induced to return and bite. We trolled along the west shore of the lake and toward sunset started back for camp. I was rowing very fast, and we were out in the deep water, when suddenly my rod bent nearly double. Stephens took it while I kept the boat in position. The pull was hard and long for I had 175 feet of line out. At length the landing net was brought into use and two three-pounders were added to our catch, one having taken the frog and one the minnow. We staked out a dozen bass that night, none weighing less than 2½lbs. After our 10 o'clock supper we went to bed, feeling very well satisfied with our first experience in Lake Franklin.

At 3:30 A. M. Stephens said "Come get up with you." While he attended to the horse I prepared breakfast, and the rising sun found us out on the lake. One 3lb. bass was taken and then Stephens made the catch of the trip. We were laying by the mass of rock out in the lake where I saw the "big one" the morning before, when Stephens, who had just made a cast to the edge of the rocks gave an exclamation and said, "What have I got now? A whale?" Hither and thither surged the line, the split-bamboo playing grandly. No fish broke from the water. What could it be? What a tremendous pull! Stephens had a look on his face that plainly said "I'll conquer or die." Ah, see that great swirl? How the water boils. Nothing but a bass would cause that. Here they are now in sight. They? Yes, for there two were hooked and a third has just broken a snell and gone. Careful now, for one is a big one. But Stephens knows how to use the rod; and here they are in the boat. From the fly, a Gov. Alvord, we took a 5½lb. fish and from the frog a 3½lb. one, and the one that had broken away had taken the minnow.

Neither of us had made a catch like that in our lives. I thought I did well when I landed without net or gaff hook, a 5lbs. 14oz. bass, in the Red River Rapids at Lost Lake on a 5oz. rod; but this went over that, and I unhesitatingly give Stephens the laurels.

Shortly after 10 o'clock we went to camp. The wind had died out entirely and the heat was excessive. After lunch we lay under the trees and Stephens read aloud from the last number of FOREST AND STREAM. "They are going to issuse a black bass number" he said. "If they knew how much we know about that subject they would have invited us to contribute to that number." "Yes," I replied; "and I don't believe that the editor or any contributor or reader of the FOREST AND STREAM ever had or ever will have more good solid enjoyment than we have had this very day."

We went out a short time in the afternoon, but we were all packed up and started home at 6 o'clock, with 29 bass running from 3lbs. to 5½lbs.

Why not stay and catch more in the evening? We had all we wanted for ourselves and friends. No doubt we could have doubled our catch in the evening as we had just fairly found out the lurking and feeding places of the fish; but while the butcher and savage within us said, "get more," the true fisherman's conscience said "no," so away we drove; feeling as we looked back that

> O'er no sweeter lake
> Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,
> No fairer face than thine shall take
> The sunset's golden veil.
>
> Long be it ere the tide of trade
> Shall break with harsh resounding din
> The quiet of thy banks of shade,
> And hills that fold thee in.
>
> Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
> The shy loon sound his trumpet-note,
> Wing-weary from his fields of air,
> The wild goose on thee float.
>
> Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
> Thy beauty our deforming strife;
> Thy woods and water minister
> The healing of their life.

At midnight we were in our beds. Tired? Well, I should say so, but oh, so happy and satisfied. Not going on such a trip again? No, not until we can get an opportunity. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn., July 16.

CAMP OF "THE TRIAD."

FOURTH LAKE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The odor of the "punkie dope" is upon me, and the smoke of the evening smudge eddies in an undecided manner which brings tears to the sternest eye. Neither "great nor populous" is the city whence this comes to you; its pavement the decayed vegetation of the ages and its carrying facilities limited to one frail canoe; its most pretentious building, the "Hall of Concourse," a "Nessmuk Shanty," at present containing the armory, both piscatorial and Nimrodic (?) the "Library," a copy of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," Nessmuk's "Woodcraft" and Seneca's "Canoe and Camp Cookery"—select and sufficient for the book be-wearied brains of the public at present enjoying the "freedom of the city." Two other tents, one a smaller duplicate of the first, with the addition of some turkey-red curtains and "scalops," elaborated with red, indicating the presence and abiding place of the gentler sex in person of the "School Girl" and Co-ed;" and the other, a wall tent serving the all-important function of commissary department, complete, as free and satisfied a commonwealth as can be found in this day of "boodle aldermen" and drainage questions!

Ten days have passed since the blue wall of the mountains shut out the last clanking wheel and beleaguering care of "irksome civilization." Ten—that mystical number—never stood for more of peace and pleasure than has been crowded into these ten days. There are trout in the pan, the blue wave sparkles, the sun and moon in turn mirror their faces in quiet old Fourth Lake, which serves a double turn as lavatory and refrigerator, whence fish come "flopping" to the pan. A decided "Nessmukian" air hangs about us. Our house, our housekeeping are of his teaching. A "Nessmuk" camp-fire lights and warms us; and when the evening deepens, and the bright eastern star before the hut sweeps behind the huge hemlock before our door, we wonder, as we muse, in what fair isle of the further forest is pitched the sloping home of that gentle woodland spirit; and the waters of what crystal lake ripple to the swaying dip-dip of the loved single blade, as erstwhile did those whose gurgling over the gnarled roots are our "slumber song."

Sometime when we awake from our reverie enough to undertake organized action we may write of our neighbors of and in the woods, and the amusement they afford us—of the BIG and little trout we did and didn't catch, and of such other matters as delight the soul of the sojourner in the solitudes. At present we are unequal to the effort, and even this would have been spared you had not the last requisite of complete happiness been hitherto lacking. That it may no longer be so, please change, for the present, the address of my FOREST AND STREAM from Irving Park, Ill., to "Old Forge," Herkimer county, N. Y., Alexander's Camp, and complete the elysium of yours respectfully, KORAX.

CALIFORNIA SALMON IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—*Nature* (London) of July 17 records the capture of a quinnat or Columbia River salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouicha*) in the Mediterranean near Banyuls. The river Aude, in France, was stocked with fry of this species, and the specimen captured is supposed to be a result of the attempts to acclimatize the quinnat in France. The first shipment of eggs of this salmon to France appears to have been that of 1877, when 50,000 were sent from the McCloud River. Since that time many thousands of eggs have been developed and the young fish liberated in several rivers of France, and individuals have been caught from time to time both in the streams and the Mediterranean. The species has proved to be admirably adapted also to a non-migratory life in ponds and lakes.

A LARGE SHARK.—A shark 10ft. long and weighing over 700lbs. was caught in a fish pound, July 30, at Deal Beach, N. J. The species was called a "man eater," a name usually applied to the dusky shark (*Carcharias obscurus*), but frequently used for large sharks of any kind that occur in New Jersey waters. As a matter of fact the shark is a voracious fish destroyer, and takes especial delight in the juicy and frail menhaden. Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., told us of finding over 200 whole menhaden in a stomach of one of the common species of *Carcharias*. The true "man eater shark" of the New Jersey coast, as suggested by a contemporary, is a land animal and a permanent resident.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30.—Water again 2, which means just two points off from being as muddy as it can get. I wheeled to the falls, not a suspicion crossing my mind that the water was anything but clear,—condition 36—as all the way up the water looked beautifully transparent; but when I crossed at Dickey's Landing the water between the rocks below the falls was very roily. This very sudden change in condition was due to rains up stream.

Black bass fishing has been poor at the falls ever since the big flood (highest on record) of last year. It will be remembered that this immense washout occurred just in the spawning season of the bass, and the young and eggs of that fish must have been destroyed in countless numbers. It is said that bass are not so plentiful now as they once were, but there has not been clear water enough during the past fourteen months to test the correctness of this assertion. Just before the flood of 1889 some enormous catches of bass were made at the falls. During the autumn the fishing there is best, if the conditions are favorable. Last fall there were but a few days when the water was clear enough for bass fishing; in fact the water has been high and muddy as a rule since the spring of 1889. The Big Eddy, one of the famous places, is still there, but at this writing it resembles an overgrown mud puddle. Dickey says not to lay your plans for a fish before Sept. 1. He has now in hand several letters from parties who desire to know when the fish commence biting. The fun may begin in a couple of weeks, but Mr. D. puts little faith in the August fishing. Catfish and eels are being caught now.

The trip to the falls is always a pleasant one. The road is fine and the distance not too great for a good day's outing. Notwithstanding D.'s gloomy predictions we shall try for bass in the big eddy as soon as the water is again clear. There is some hope now that the fish will bite after the present showers. A few catches have been made between the great and little falls; a 5½-pounder is reported to have been taken at the latter place. There is often trouble here to secure proper bait.

The last trip of our friend C. was to Seven Locks, where he found his guide, boat and a few small sunfish for bait. Four small-sized bass were landed. Minnows and crawfish are very numerous near Washington. In many places and ponds near the south end of the Long Bridge the former abound, and along the river in the small streams of Virginia the latter are common. I have explored whole villages of crawfish on the Virginia side of the Potomac, between the Free Bridge and the Chain Bridge. They are to be found in wet meadows; their mud nests or mounds, from 3 to 5in. high, are very curious. While the fishing has been discouraging at the falls, fishermen have fared well at Georgetown recently. Several days ago a man caught four mirror and leather carp at the mouth of a small mill race that empties into the Potomac just below the Aqueduct Bridge. One of the carp weighed 4lbs. The baits were common clams or quahaugs, and pieces of fish. He took, also, a number of small striped bass, scarcely more than 5in. long, and these he put on "the string," without considering protection laws or the laws of common sense; but then he is no worse than some of the market fish dealers, who regularly expose for sale baby striped bass and go unpunished.

GEORGE AND I GO TROUTING.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last May, when I promised the boy to take him trouting, there was no particular place in my mind near Albany where there was any certainty of getting a basket of fish; but finally, after repeated reminders on his part, I decided we would try a point on the Boston & Albany Railroad about forty miles out. On leaving home Monday morning I instructed him to meet me there the following Friday night, so we could be on hand early Saturday morning and cook our breakfast by the brook. I had previously taken a tomato can and melted the end off, punched a hole in each side and put a copper-wire bail in; this was to serve as our coffee pot, and could be thrown away when we were through with it.

He was on hand as agreed. We went to bed, taking the alarm clock, as we were to get up at 3 o'clock. It seems as if my head had hardly touched the pillow, when he called me saying, "Papa, I think we are oversleeping; hadn't I better get up and see what time it is?" So up he got, and lighting a match, found it was just half-past one. Once more I was in the land of nod and catching fabulous strings of trout, when the birds singing awoke me just in time to hear the alarm. Dressing quickly, we were soon outdoors; and how nice it did seem, day was just breaking, and it seemed as though every leaf was a bird and each one was trying to sing louder and faster than his fellow. How many people are there who ever hear the wonderful melody of our birds at daybreak?

We walked down the road to the brook, and hastily putting rods together were quickly at work, I going up stream a few rods to wade down through some alders, and the boy fishing down. The first hole I dropped into there was a quick tug, and lifting him too quickly I saw him drop back and make his way down to a hole below. Casting into this I drew either him or his twin out; and keeping down to the road took out two more, each about 8in. long. This result rather surprised me, for instead of having an outing for the boy with a few trout I seemed to be doing a land office business. Having reached the road I walked down to Georgie, who was busy fishing a hole under some willows. I began to picture in my mind how he would wilt when he saw my display. But he did not wilt for a cent, but instead showed four almost as large as mine. This is a little demoralizing, to raise up a boy, and when he gets to be twelve years old have him lay you out on the start.

We kept fishing down stream perhaps a quarter of a mile, and when I saw a swift, deep hole, fringed with drift, held in place by a clump of low brush willow, I made up my mind that that was the place to even up on the boy; so I dropped in and took out a nice one only to have him drop on to a little mud bank right on the edge of the water. In my haste to secure him I stepped quickly, and my foot striking a round stone, I sat down in a foot of water, filling my rubber boots and wetting me completely from the waist down. Nothing daunted, however, I let my bait float down into the hole again, and this time took out a nice one. And right here the greatest indignity of the day was put upon me, for while I was taking the fish off the hook, that boy slipped along behind me and dropped into my pool; there was a tug, and then his little 7½oz. rod began to bow and quiver. Bracing himself, he lifted the fish bodily and threw him on the bank, just as we did bullpouts in our early days. I forgot my dignity then and rushed up the bank to examine the prize. And how handsome he did look—just 11in. long. Not much of a monster, you are probably saying to yourself, but then he appeared so to us, who did not expect much; and to see us shake hands and dance one would have thought we were demented. But not so; we are only two fishing and hunting cranks, father and son, who never want to catch nor kill anything they cannot eat or give to friends.

Trying the pool again with very poor results, we decided to have breakfast. I made a fire and George took a cup and went to meet a farmer coming across the field with a pail of milk. He secured some, and soon the breakfast was ready. Coffee, broiled ham, bread aad butter and doughnuts. Don't it make you smack your lips to think of it, eating out there amid the clover and buttercups, with that brook singing at your feet?

The boy in his eagerness never minded a big hole punched in his rubber boot, causing him to fish all day with it full of water, and to walk two miles after we were through with never a murmur, but with a 5lb. basket full of trout, most of which were caught before eight o'clock in the morning. It is such days as these that live green in our memory and bring father and son in closer companionship than can be attained in the ordinary ways of life. The boy is now away in the country, and I append a verbatim letter:

DEAR PAPA—Grandpa and I were pickerel fishing yesterday. I caught two, we'ght 1lb. each. Lost two. Had one bite besides. Grandpa didn't have a bite. Love to mamma and all, from
GEORGE.

For brevity and conciseness that must recommend itself to newspaper men. DEXTER.

STUBBING AROUND HOME.

THE untimely death of my dear friend and fishing partner, B., last autumn, naturally broke up the continuity of our June annual along the Loyal Sock in Pennsylvania. In fact, when he died, it seemed to me that it was my duty to reel up and never fish again, and just subsist on the flavor of the piscatorial fruit gathered during all those past years. But time, that wonderful healer, willed differently. No sooner had the fleeing months spanned the winter and unlocked the streams again, than the same old feeling came upon me, and the love I thought dead bloomed afresh along with the arbutus. It was while gathering this flower along Mill Creek that the music of the waters entered my soul, and memories of days of happiness flooded my heart with thoughts of rod and reel, and I resolved to fish again.

To stand "a ghost of a show" on the well whipped waters of Mill Creek, one must be up in the morning. The sluggard only gets the leavings. So when the almanac showed the sign in "Pisces" for the morrow I dug my bait, got out my tackle and old clothes, set the alarm for 3:30 and went to rest. With the first "whirr" of the clock I was on the floor, and by 4 A. M. my coffee and eggs were boiling. I had resolved to strike direct for the railway bridge, two miles away, and so well did I foot it through the gloaming that I was under the structure and all tackled up when the 5:12 A. M. express train from the East rolled across. The engineer leaning out of his cab one hundred and fifty feet above me waved his hand in friendly gesture to the lone fisherman; and daylight being now fairly broken, my sport began.

The short-winded fishermen from town who have not the legs to traverse the length of the stream do most of their work below and a short distance above the bridge; the result is that the waters are kept rather barren, still I caught a couple of very fair fish before reaching the falls, and at the foot of the cascade I took in a very nice one, getting drenched with spray in the operation. Clambering on I reached the old mill and here took another. Having four trout I now felt justified in plucking some fresh ferns and lining my basket, for the sun that was just rising in a cloudless sky gave evidence of a hot day and soft trout, unless care be taken with the catch.

I am no friend of early rising In my earliest youth the relation who quoted to me the time-worn couplet—

"Early to bed, and early to rise
Makes one healthy, wealthy and wise,"

has not yet been able to shake himself free from my contempt.

But to be on a trout stream at 5 A. M., the first rod of the day, breeds an exhilaration that it pays to cultivate. Bird songs and rippling waters are doubly sweet just before sun up. The head is clear, the heart is light, and trouble vanishes in the cloud of tobacco smoke you roll contentedly toward the rising sun.

I was now so far up stream, that like a fugitive who has eluded his pursuers, I was content to take my fishing more easily. The sands ahead of me showed no fresh tracks, and I got down to business with that peculiarly contented (shall I call it selfish) feeling that one has when he feels certain he has the "drop" on the boys. Remember, these waters are nagged daily during the season, so when I say that upon arriving at the cross road four miles from town I had ten nice trout, please congratulate me, as I congratulated myself, when I emerged into the sunlight and opened my basket. Right here I came upon one of our most skillful local fishermen, who was just starting down the stream. He had driven to the upper end (poor fellow) so as to have a clean sweep down the creek. How I pitied him, "in a horn."

It was now 9:30 and I had trout enough for the little family, so I magnanimously told the fisherman that I was going home, which I proceeded to do, taking the cross road and tramping along townward toward the main highway. I did not untackle, for a quarter of a mile down the road crossed a little branch of the main stream where in years gone by I had taken many trout. So when I came to the little bridge, I adjusted a fresh worm and from beneath a log that spanned the stream when it entered the woods, I took one of the best trout of the day. Encouraged I poked along down for half a mile and took three more, all nice fellows, and at 11 o'clock I found my basket heavy enough for a reasonable man; and with the trout still biting, stopped short after untackling, and emptying my rubber cup twice at an ice cold spring started for home, where I arrived in time for dinner.

I have been twice since, taking at one time twelve and at another eighteen, using only a half day each trip, and enjoying the fact that no one but my clerk and family knew where I was. The secrecy of the thing is half its charm, and the secret of the luck is being like Washington, "First."

I won't go to Pennsylvania this year. I don't care to tread those old familiar scenes alone. The welcome awaits me there, and the streams and the mountains and the trout are at my service, but I must be content to stay at home, and from my experience so far I find the trout just as gamy, the waters just as musical, the air as sweet and pure right around home as ever I found them abroad. I have learned the lesson that one doesn't appreciate his environment until fate conspiring to bring him face to face with it shows up its beauties in a light he never dreamed of. D. L.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

FISH PRESERVATIVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to "Parson's" query in this week's issue of the "old stand-by," I beg to say my experience with Rex Magnus was similar to his own, only more so. In August 1885 I visited the Eagle waters in Wisconsin for the purpose of securing one of its mascalonge. It will be remembered there was much argument regarding its being a mascalonge, and I was requested to secure one for identification by Prof. Baird. I had the good fortune to catch a number, the largest weighing 36lbs., and I enjoyed more'n 47yds. of unadulterated fun during the siege. A specimen of 10lbs. was put through the Rex Magnus process, the directions being followed to the letter; but the fish, after a four days' journey, reached its destination in such rank condition as positively to prohibit a close investigation. Although marked differently from the fish of the St. Lawrence region, I saw at once that it was *nobilior* from center to circumference, and a fighter from Fightsburg.

As to Preservaline, to be frank, I was suspicious regarding it, remembering my former experience, but I was indoced to give it a trial this spring, because all the fish which I sent home from Lac des Grandes Iles last summer, although packed with ice, reached New York teetotally ruined. I made a solution of 1lb. of Preservaline to 2gal. of water, and after cleaning the trout, allowed them to remain two hours in the solution, and packing in moss, shipped them to New York. No ice was used, and not a word was said about the use of Preservaline. When I returned I made inquiries, and found they had reached home in perfect condition, and nothing peculiar in the taste of the fish was observed. My brother expressed surprise at their splendid condition, and particularly drew my attention to the fact that "all the ice had disappeared." Last year he paid $4.70 express charges, and kicked over $18 worth. This year he took it all back and said the excellence of the trout made up for last year's offensive experience. I sent ten boxes of trout to different parties, and have heard only words of praise regarding their condition. I see the Preservaline Co. have followed my advice by advertising in FOREST AND STREAM. They are wise in this, for in thus drawing the attention of sportsmen to the article they win customers who, after once using it, will never be without it.

NEW YORK, July 31. KIT CLARKE.

ANGLING NOTES.

AFTER an absence of several years from our coasts, the big striped bass have appeared again. Quite a number have been killed at the various fishing clubs off Newport, and one angler killed five handsome fish at the Davis stand at Newport last week; the largest weighed 55lbs. These large striped bass are wary fish and as shy as Long Island trout. They will often take the chum within sight of the angler, while they carefully examine the choicest bait on the hook and leave it severely alone. The fisherman should keep as quiet as circumstance will allow and make as little motion as possible. It is better to use an 9-thread line and commence with short casts, fishing the water near the stand first before trying long casts. The line should be carefully and constantly examined, for the sharp rocks soon chafe and weaken a 9-thread line. One does not often strike a 40 or 50-pound bass, and when that does happen, there should be no weak spot in the tackle.

Black bass fishing on the St. Lawrence River is reported as being poor for this year, but it can hardly be wondered at, considering the army of people that flock to that river. There is hardly a foot of water that is not fished over every day during the season. The wise angler prefers to cross over to Brockville on the Canada side and try the Rideau Lake region, where the bass are large and numerous. Messrs. A. V. Meserole and Horace Waters, Jr., two well known anglers from this city, report very fair fishing at Sudbury, Vt. They have killed a number of Oswego bass up to 5lbs. in weight and several black bass of 4lbs. At Lackawaxen, where so many black bass were killed last season, the fishing is very poor; what few have been caught were sickly and in wretched condition. The people along that portion of the river claim that the fish have been poisoned by the refuse of some of the factories above Lackawaxen.

It is astonishing what a number of hotels in the north of England and Scotland make a specialty of advertising fishing waters for both trout and salmon. They spend large sums to secure these rights, and of course it is a great inducement to visitors to frequent such places. This practice is coming into fashion here. The Hotel Robeval, at Lake St. John, is an instance of it. They now control about all the landlocked salmon fishing in that section and furnish permits to the guests.

Lake St. Catharine, near Wells, Vt., contains some enormous pickerel. They have been caught there weighing as high as 18 and 20lbs. These savage monsters tear ordinary tackle to pieces, and it seems almost impossible to get spoons or gangs strong enough to hold them. There are a number of these pickerel in Lake Sanford, which belongs to the Adirondack Club. Senator Livingston killed three there one day last season that averaged 17lbs. each.

THE WAUSAUKEE CLUB.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—It was some time in last November that the first scent was obtained of the organization of yet another strong sportsmen's club to be added to the number of similar bodies already existing in and about this city. It was known and announced that the grounds and buildings of this club would lie in the trout country of Wisconsin, but in view of the solicitations of the promoters, who were actuated by obvious business principles, since they had not yet fully defined their plans, extended notice was at that time foregone. Since, however, FOREST AND STREAM has been the only paper to attempt any history of the sportsmen's clubs of Chicago, and since events proved that this club, whose name, early known to a select few, was to be the Wausaukee Club, bid fair to be one of the most noteworthy gems in the full circlet, it may go without saying that FOREST AND STREAM was, in response to a courteous invitation from Mr. Secretary Tabberner, duly on hand at the formal opening of the club, which occurred Saturday last, July 26. It seems fit at a very early part of this story, to return thanks for the privileges of this trip and the manner in which they were accorded, for very few formal "openings" are managed with such smoothness in detail and admirableness in executive regard.

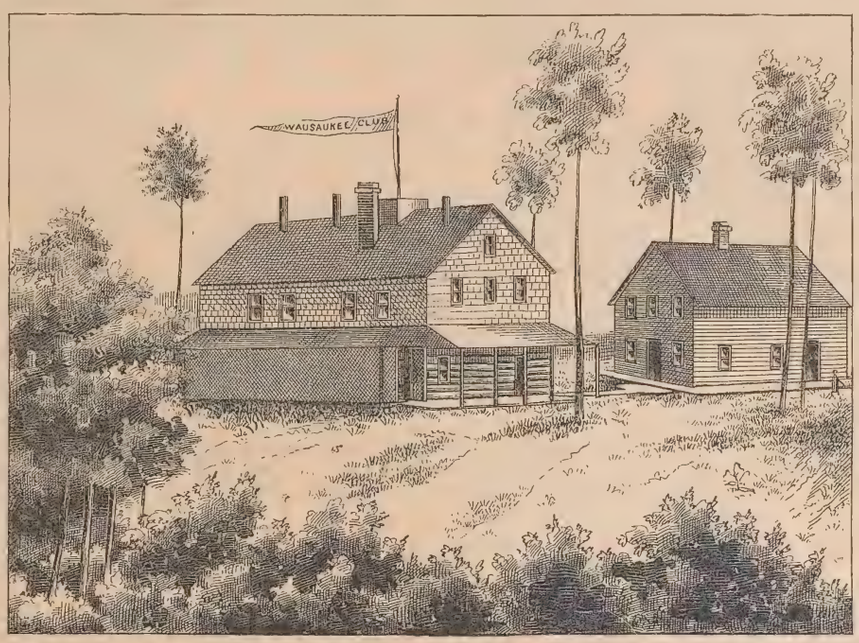
There were two sleeper loads of merry gentlemen who left Chicago Friday evening for the lodge in the wilderness of the pine woods, and we may as well say that the names of those on board, and those few who were already up at the club house are as follows: C. E. Rollins, Chicago; C. Stewart Warren, Chicago; John Marder, Chicago; W. W. Tabberner, Chicago; J. J. Flanders, Chicago; Dr. J. W. Tope, Oak Park, Ill.; R. L. Martin, Chicago: A. McDonald, Chicago; A. L. Brown, Chicago; F. C. Schoenthaler, Chicago: C. R. Ayars, Evanston, Ill.; L. Baldwin, Chicago; T. E. Courtney, Chicago; C. H. Douglas, Chicago; E. Dillon, Milwaukee; J. W. C. Haskell, Chicago; W. H. Haskell, Chicago; Thomas Cratty, Chicago; W. S. Johnson, Chicago; J. W. John, Chicago; Geo. Sylvester, Milwaukee; James McGill, Chicago; M. A. Donohue, Chicago; W. M. White, Chicago; R. W. Morrison, Chicago; L. C. Bonney, Chicago; C. S. Crain, Chicago; T. S. Hawley, St. Louis; F. D. Turner, Chicago; H. Herman, Milwaukee; L. Kalzenstein, Milwaukee; W. P. Tuttle, Chicago; H. Davis, Jr., Springfield, Ill.; T. J. Jebb, Jacksonville, Ill.; A. W. Harlan, Chicago; W. B. Ames, Chicago; T. J. Worswick, Oak Park, Ill.; J. K. Dunlap, Oak Park, Ill.; W. H. Gray, Chicago; W. A. Gray, Milwaukee; L. J. Blackman, Chicago; M. J. Russell, Chicago; W. A. Amberg, Chicago; J. W. Amberg, Chicago; A. Martin, Pike, Wis.; H. S. Vail, Chicago.

Wausaukee Club is situated well on to 300 miles north of Chicago, directly in the region lying along the Milwaukee & Northern Railway, visited and fully described by the writer last summer. The entering point is the village of Pike, latterly changed in name to Amberg, in honor of the gentleman who has recently moved a tombstone and paving block factory in there. As the inhabitants had not had a square meal since the railroad was built through, some years ago, they welcomed Mr. Amberg and gave everything they had his name. Such is gratitude. Pike was just as good.

At Pike, or Amberg, or up in the woods, anyway, the party ate breakfast, or partially did so, or attempted to do; for the change from the simple diet of the city to the confusing luxuries of the North Woods is not to be made without inconvenience. After that the long line of vehicles pulled out for the club house, over a new but very well chosen trail which the cyclometer of a bicycle enthusiast of the party, Mr. L. J. Blackman, made out to be 11$\frac{7}{10}$ miles in length. It is a drive of between two and three hours for the best of the club vehicles, of which there are some very good ones. It was the original intention to cut the trail through from Wausaukee, the station next below Pike, but some difficulty was had with the supervisors, and the club men left that village alone, somewhat to its pecuniary loss.

Wausaukee Club was organized last December, and in its early history three gentlemen, Mr. C. E. Rollins, Mr. W. W. Tabberner and Mr. C. Stewart Warren, were perhaps the most prominent figures. Mr. Rollins is well known in this city among insurance men and sportsmen, in which class the better the writer wists not. He is of old experience among the deer and trout of this north country, and no better prospector and promoter than he could have been selected deliberately. Mr. Tabberner is equally well known as the general agent of the Milwaukee & Northern Railway, and to his railroad methods, combining hustling and care in details at once, have been largely due the rapid maturity and development of the club. It is said that after the grounds had been selected and the territory purchased, the actual site of the club building was selected by the chairman of the executive committee, Mr. Warren, at a time when the ground was covered with three feet of snow. Mr. Warren is highly to be congratulated upon the selection of the site, which lies upon the brow of the highest bluff of beautiful Wausaukee Lake, 41ft. above the water and flanked with noble trees that talk constantly in the low mysterious language of the pines. Upon this seemly eminence, which affords a gracious prospect on every hand, the first stick of Wausaukee club house was laid in April of this spring, slight promise of the large and striking structure which met our view as we swept around the last curve in the road, and to whose hospitality we were welcomed by Mr. Warren himself with a cordiality and gracefulness which showed what the hotel world lost in the Wausaukee's gain.

There have as yet been no good photographs taken of Wausaukee club house, and no engraving made which conveys any idea of the house and its surroundings. I confess the drawing made by myself, over which an engraver struggled patiently for some time, does the place poor justice. The house is really larger and more imposing in its appearance, with far more of the Queen Anne than the log cabin in the *coup d'œil* as one approaches it. The engraver, however, heard there were logs in the structure, and it was only by exercise of force that he could be prevented from depicting a plain log cabin. As a matter of fact, the design of Wausaukee club house is by Mr. Flanders, a well-known architect, and in its execution it is very happy and striking. The floor area of the building is 40x60ft. The lower story is built altogether of logs, sawn on three sides, with the remaining or bark side left out. Strong iron tree-bolts are sunk at spaces of a few feet through each log, binding it firmly to the one below it. The result is a structure strong as a lighthouse, and it is the boast of the architect that a cyclone might move it, but could not smash it. The upper story is covered with the shingle finish so often employed in city cottages. This story and the roof are painted dark red, which color in contrast to the browns and grays of the logs is at once very striking and very pleasant. This club house cost $7,500. In its effect it surpasses many gaudy buildings of three times the cost which have been erected for similar purposes elsewhere.



THE WAUSAUKEE CLUB HOUSE.

The club house faces south, so standing four-square to every wind that blows, and open to every welcome wind. Its doors and windows are ample and all provided with screens. There are wide verandas on two sides, that upon the lake shore side being simply an inspiration. This great gallery is 16×40ft. in extent, 8ft. high at the eaves, and inclosed completely with a green wire screen against which all mosquitoes, flies and that ilk may vainly weep and gnash their teeth. This is the favorite smoking room. I counted twelve big red rocking chairs out there one time, and it all looked wonderfully comforting and inviting.

Within there is a gun and tackle room, 20×34ft., well provided with lockers. Plenty of tables here, and a good wash room. Back of this is the reception hall, 20×40. This is a great room. Heavy oak tables and furniture here, another wash room handy, a screaming fine old fireplace, tree size, and a fine collection of odd and freak antlers, presented to the club by Mr. Warren. Among these is the head of a Virginia deer with a pretty fair set of woodland caribou antlers on it. This great hall opens upon the gallery fronting the lake. Out of it also runs the hall for the stairway, which leads to fourteen tidy sleeping rooms, furnished with iron bedsteads, good for Napoleons and hunters. Near by also is the door leading to the dining hall, which is in a quite separate building a few paces distant. The latter is a story and a half, or nearly two stories, the upper part being given up to the servants' quarters. The dining hall proper is 32ft. long. It was a very good idea to have that and the kitchen apart from the main building. Back of this yet further are sheds and tents now used by laborers, guides and others. The stables are 100yds. or more away at the foot of the hill, not far from a pleasant little lake which sends a stream across the road. In the erection of these different buildings, the club sawed its own lumber, with a portable sawmill which it brought in. It did this, and still has left the trifle of one and a quarter million feet of lumber left standing on the 4,120 acres of land which it owns in fee simple and by actual purchase. Just what this land has cost it may not be necessary to state, but upon building, etc., over $10,000 has been expended now. The land is admirably chosen, and lies in sections alternating with Government land, so that the amount practically covered is largely increased. The membership share in Wausaukee Club has thus a sort of tangible value to it, and of all the clubs which I have noticed, I believe this starts out the stiffest. Its shares are now $150 each, the capital stock being of 250 shares. There are ninety-five members now paid up, and the list may possibly be extended to 150. The maximum annual dues are $20. Board is fixed at $1 per day, which will probably be eventually found too low. The pusher's fee is $2 per day. Use of team $4 per day. There is a charge for the use of club boats, which might very well be discontinued. There are 9 boats at present, some of them very good ones, and some, made for light portaging work, altogether too light and risky for women and children to use, unless a drowning in one of the deepest and coldest lakes of the North is especially desired. This point is one which should be insisted upon right here: These little semi-canoes, fine as they are for their real purpose, ought to be kept apart and by themselves, and not left at a landing where just any one can get into them. If they are not, a drowning will follow, sooner or later. That happens only too often out of heavy and steady boats.

There are 5 wagons that belong to the club, and 4 teams.

Mr. Thos. Lawton is superintendent of the property, and Mr. J. W. Tavenner, with his cheerful wife, holds the steward's keys. These are selections fortunate in the extreme.

But in such statistics and details as these we lose sight of the story of the club opening, which has all this time been steadily progressing. I do not know just when a club can be said to be actually and formally opened, unless it is when the first bottle of champagne is opened after dinner. The latter occurred in this instance somewhere in the neighborhood of 2 P. M., after numerous courses, chief among which figured one of actual, *bona fide*, fresh brook trout, 65 of them caught that day by Mr. Rollins, out of 322 in all caught by him in three days or parts of days. It was a fine repast this first one of the Wausaukee Club, and many were the sighs of content from those assembled. Finally there began confused noises of shuffling feet, applause and calls of "Rollins! Rollins!"

Mr. Rollins rose, holding in one hand a long trout which he was upon the point of "getting away with," and after a short struggle with a bone spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: You are a little early in your call for the unworthy president of your club. You are not as hungry as I am, because you have not fished so long as I have to-day, catching trout for a hungry crowd is hungry work itself. I presume you would be pleased to have me, as one better acquainted with this newly acquired property of yours, say a few words in regard to it. Gentlemen, I feel honestly like congratulating you. I do not know of another portion of these great forests where you could acquire privileges similar to those now under your control. You have one of the finest preserves of the country now, with every facility for making it much finer. You own six miles of land along the Middle Inlet, one of the best trout streams of these woods, and the Eagle Nest River, one of the loveliest waters that ever floated a fly. You are in the center of all the better trout waters of this region. The Wausaukee River is within two miles of you, naturally fitted to hold large trout. The south branch of the Pike, and the little South, both in the same direction, are elegant streams, and the latter is fished hardly at all. The Medicine Brook, a famous little stream, is closer to us than it is to Ellis Junction, and so is the famous fishing for big trout at its mouth, in the Peshtigo. You are not over two or three hours' drive from the celebrated Thunder River, much closer than from the nearest railway point. You are only thirty miles from the headwaters of the Little Oconto, the best trout water of them all, as is thought by many, but which is forty miles from any town or stopping place. You are only seven miles from the Roaring Falls of the Peshtigo, five and a half miles from the Caldron Falls, six miles from the High Falls, twelve miles from Thunder Mountain, and nine miles from Thunder Lake. You have, I may say without exaggeration, seventy miles of the best of trout waters directly about you. The excellence of this region for deer is also well known, as we hope in season to see proved,

"For lake fishing you have nine fine lakes, six of which you own outright. The Newton Lakes, a pleasant walk from here, are delightful bodies of water, as you will see, with fine beaches and pleasant surroundings. There are small-mouthed bass and pickerel there, as I see Mr. Haskell and his companion have to-day proven. The Newton Lakes cover respectively 300 and 160 acres. Wausaukee Lake, right at hand, and I leave it to you, is a noble body of water, covers 250 acres, is over a mile long and is over 150ft. deep by actual soundings. Just how deep it really is no one knows, but it is singular and indeed wonderful in this regard. It is full of fish, for earlier in the season we have seen them, and some good bass have been taken there to-day.

"We have planted 12,000 brook trout in the streams in your preserves, and in the lakes 100,000 wall-eyed pike; we have in the little lake of five acres on the inlet above Wausaukee Lake 20,000 fine trout fry from Osceola Mills hatchery, screened in, above and below. We intend to make this small and cold lake a reservoir if possible. It is the intention this fall if possible to put in our hatchery just at the foot of the hill back of the house. We will have abundance of trout for you all. I believe I am right in saying that $26,000 in cold cash could not duplicate the privileges you have now on your first day at the club, and I am sure and hope you will all be pleased."

And everybody was pleased. Mr. Warren was called and also made a succinct and happy response. Mr. Tabberner was wanted and made a railroad speech of about four lines. Mr. Tabberner regretted that Mr. Dutton,

general manager, and Mr. Sheardown, general passenger agent of his road, could not be present, but they sent regards and two boxes of fizz water with the compliments of the road, hoping that the Milwaukee beer and the Milwaukee & Northern champagne would not be conducive to conscienceless fish stories. Mr. Tabberner was willing to have the boys smoke with him, but didn't just exactly know how that club house came there, anyhow. Thought it "growed" there.

So now the club house was opened, and everybody went fishing. For myself, I caught that day, wading along shore and casting the frog, six fine bass, all big-mouths. This was on Wausaukee Lake, just above the club house. In answer to "Kingfisher's" late challenge in the angling columns of this paper, I would like to say that these bass were as hard and stubborn fighters, and fought as long as any small-mouth I ever saw. Ordinarily, in the warmer waters, this is not the case. In this very deep and cold lake, at the season when all the bass are in deep water most of the time, the big-mouths are very different from that fish in many other waters. This was the testimony also of Mr. Gilpin, who caught one the next day. Mr. Cratty, the well-known Chicago lawyer, better known as Tom Cratty, caught two black bass on worms the next evening, but as he didn't give them any time to fight, his evidence is not competent.

Mr. Tabberner and I tried the Wausaukee for trout. That is a deep and narrow stream, but we got only 39 trout, all very small. The stream was very high and muddy. The next day I fished the Middle Inlet, a very rough stream, clear down into the cedar swamp, and I got 50 trout, which Henry, the boy guide who went down with me, said ran as good an average as any he had seen. These were gamy and grand fighters and very different from the torpid Wausaukee trout. No one knows what makes the trout of the latter stream so sluggish of late. The Middle Inlet fish are certainly lively enough. Fly fishing is not practicable on either of these streams, and never will be until they are cleared up, which would be a work of endless toil and expense. There are long reaches of beaver meadows on both these streams, and on the Wausaukee I saw fresh beaver cuttings. I saw the tracks of a big buck in the wet sand along the Middle Inlet. There were three deer seen during my short stop at the club. This fall there should be good shooting.

The weather was rather warm for these few days, and not much fishing was done in a serious way. I believe it was Mr. Vail who caught 8 very nice trout one morning in the brook that runs through Mr. Rollins's meadow. Mr. Rollins has a ranch of about 800 acres, just a step over through the woods. It was over in this direction that Mr. Blackman and Mr. Tuttle went fishing and got lost. They did not get in until 10 o'clock at night, but no one worried, for Mr. Blackman was known to be acquainted with the country. It is an almighty easy country to get lost in, and those who want the thrill of going into a wilderness with a real guide may well feel that the guide is no hollow formality here, for a time at least.

At the present time many of the trout that have been planted in most of these streams are running small. If the club members insist on taking these little fellows, they will be curtailing their own privileges. It is against the law of Wisconsin to keep a trout under 6in. in length. It is all very well to say that a small trout hooked in the eye is bound to die. The only way to do is to put every trout under 6in. back in the water, and let it solve the question of life or death for itself. I proved to my own satisfaction that on the Middle Inlet, at least, one can get a good basket of trout and not break the law. The club should provide each fisher with a 6in. stick for a standard, and fine the man with the small trout. That is the only way they will ever get the standard of their excellent streams up to what it may be. They are admirable as they are. Keep the law, let the little fellows grow, and in a very few years these streams will be as good as they ever were, or better. Otherwise they will never be real trout streams, for they will be kept fished down too close and hard. The Castalia Trout Club of Ohio has a rule like this, I think. They plant their streams, which do not compare with these splendid wild streams, and they get big trout out of their little 8-mile run of open water. There ought to be a decided stand made right at the start on this point by the club, and once the first two years were past, the wisdom of it would be cause of congratulation to all.

A few good reaches for fly-casting might well be cleared out on some of the streams. That is a very tangled country. The Eagle Nest is the prettiest stream for the fly, and ought to be kept sacred to the fly alone. I hope it will be stocked largely in the club operations, and then fished only with the fly. That would be fine.

The Wausaukee men, headed by genial and always helpful Mr. Warren, who by his presence now is doing the club a service it could hardly buy in straightening and smoothing the early, opening tangles in details, certainly know how to entertain as well as to enjoy themselves. I don't know when I have so disliked to turn homeward as I did from the hospitable roof of this grand young club, which has so soon, at one bound indeed, taken high rank in the army of clubs of this region. In many ways this is a unique club, and its history is here all too briefly and imperfectly told. Let us follow its later growth with pleasure and with admiration. For the present, farewell became necessary, and after a last row over the gloomily deep Wausaukee Lake, which is the coldest and blackest, deepest and most merciless looking bit of water I ever saw, and after a last prowl around the old log cabin, which is all that is left of the trading post which the adventurous pioneer of the "free traders," Norman Kittson, established here thiry or forty years ago on the old Menominee trail, I had to cut short a visit which ought to have been a year in length, and take the light Concord wagon which bore several of the members homeward that evening. By and by we arrived at Pike, or Amberg, and met the invariable sign of country civilization, the village brass band. They were going to serenade somebody, probably Mr. Amberg, on account of his changing the name of their town. The man who blew the big bass horn had only one arm. I reckon he must have blown the other one off. At any rate, we knew we were again in civilization. But many and many a tired soul will pass this gateway of the wilderness after this, and drink the rest and strength that lies around Wausaukee. A very strong collection of good business they are, the Wausaukee men, as pleasant to meet as any on earth, and not full of conceit. "We haven't got a 'sportsman's paradise,'" they say, "and we don't claim it; but we've got a place to build up a mighty good club, and there is no better a country anywhere." They might say much more than this and be far within the limits. Long life and success to Wausaukee. Following is the membership:

Officers—President, Charles E. Rollins; Vice-President, Spoor Mackey; Treasurer, John Marder; Secretary, Walter W. Tabberner. Directors—John W. Tope, Wm. S. Johnson, John J. Flanders, Alva L. Rose, Edward F. Lawrence, Wm. Mariner, Geo. H. High, Arnold P. Gilmore, C. Stewart Warren. Executive Committee—C. Stewart Warren, Edward F. Lawrence, Alva L. Rose.

List of Members—W. A. Amberg, F. D. Ballard, L. Blackman, L. Baldwin, T. R. Burch, Z. P. Brosseau, C. L. Bonney, L. C. Bonney, B. E. Bremner, J. W. Brooks, Jr., M. Carruthers, J. A. Clark, E. Carqueville, C. S. Crain, T. E. Courtney, S. M. Coe, T. Cratty, W. B. Conkey, M. A. Donohue, J. Darlow, H. R. Durkee, T. C. Dennehey, A. T. Ewing, J. J. Flanders, E. H. Fishburn, W. G. Furguson, T. E. Gilpin, T. E. Gross, W. H. Gray, F. D. Gray, S. Whipple Gehr, A. C. Gehr, A. P. Gilmore, G. H. High, G. C. Hall, J. W. C. Haskell, A. W. Harlan, Mrs. C. Hopkinson, J. K. Hanes, R. W. Hyman, Jr., A. C. Huston, J. C. Jackson, W. S. Johnson, H. M. Kingman, E. F. Lawrence, E. W. Lyman, J. Marder, J. W. Marder, W. S. Marder, R. L. Martin, Spoor Mackey, H. C. Mitchell, A. McDonald, S. P. McConnell, R. W. Morrison, F. E. Morse, W. C. Newberry, J. K. Prindiville, E. H. Pitkin, W. R. Roney, A. L. Rose, J. M. Rogers, C. E. Rollins, C. E. Rollins, Jr., J. O. Smith, L. B. Sidway, R. J. Street, H. M. Shepard, J. W. Shields, H. A. Sloan, C. W. Schwab, D. L. Streeter, C. T. Stratton, F. D. Turner, W. P. Tuttle, W. W. Tabberner, H. S. Vail, C. Stewart Warren, H. P. Wadhams, W. M. White, D. F. Bromner, F. E. Patterson, C. H. King, J. G. Steevers, all of Chicago; Grant Fitch, H. Herman, F. M. Hoyt, L. E. Katzenstein, W. H. Mariner, F. Sylvester, W. B. Sheardown, of Milwaukee; J. W. Tope, T. Werswick, of Oak Park, Ill.; T. H. Ball, of Aurora, Ill.; Henry Davis, Jr., of Springfield, Ill.; T. S. Hawley, of St. Louis; G. H. Mitchell, of Forestville, Conn.

THE MONTREAL FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB has sent a deputation to Ottawa to petition for much needed amendments to the Quebec fish and game laws, such as reducing the size of net meshes and reducing the number of licenses for netting fish; also to have the dore and bass season assimilated to 15th June. These things the Government have promised to do what they can about. The club has also petitioned to have net fishing stopped in Missisquoi Bay for five years. There is a movement on foot to get a grant from the Provincial Government which will partly pay for game wardens patroling the district from the Grand Nord to the Ontario boundary of Lake St. Francis. The club is paying one good warden already, but its funds are low and will not admit of the employment of a necessary second. This warden has caused the conviction of over thirty persons for infraction of the fish and game laws. As the club is doing so well it should be better supported. Too many sportsmen are willing to condemn any effort toward fish and game protection as useless, but the Province of Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club are demonstrating with a very great deal of ability that success can be achieved when every sportsman puts his hands in his pockets and contributes his mite.—*Montreal Gazette.*

"JUMPING" BASS.—The Windsor, N. Y., *Standard* reports: Charlie Dusenbury, Charlie Roberts, Miss Mollie Russell and Miss Aggie Gilbert were boating on the Susquehanna last Monday evening. As they rowed alongside a piece of driftwood they saw something coming along on the surface of the water with considerable fuss and flopping. Visions of sea serpents and weird monsters rose before them, but ere they had time to become thoroughly alarmed the cause of the disturbance entered the boat by a neat jump and landed in Miss Russell's lap. It proved to be a 2¼lb. black bass. All of which goes to prove that for the gamy bass and for the comfort of fishermen, pretty girls are better bait than dobsons. Can you blame them?

TARPUM IN EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—On Wednesday, July 23, David Mole caught in his pound net at Little Bayside, L. I., a tarpon, weighing 23lbs., 45¾in. long, and 8¾in. deep. Has one ever been caught in the East River before?—J. E. HILLYER (New York city). [We think this is the first record of taking the tarpum in the East River. It has, however, occasionally been captured on the south side of Cape Cod, and taken to the fish market at Wood's Holl, Mass. It may be called an occasional summer visitor in this latitude, not extending its range north of Cape Cod.]

RED SNAPPER AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—On July 12 Mr. Vinal N. Edwards, of the U. S. Fish Commission, went to Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, collecting. From a little bass trap set in 10ft. of water he obtained a 12lbs. red snapper (*Lutjanus blackfordi*). Mr. Edwards believes this is the first one taken on the Massachusetts coast, but he thinks one was caught some years ago near Block Island. Mr. Blackford had a young example from Long Island. At the time of writing fish were scarce at Wood's Holl.

MISSISQUOI MASKINONGE.—Highgate, Vt., July 30.—I have recently had some fine sport in the Missisquoi River, at Highgate, Vt., with maskinonge. Have killed several fine ones on a light salmon rod. One tipped the beam at 19lbs. It gave me in the rapid water half an hour's fight; broke water like a salmon.—STANSTEAD.

CLAYTON, N. Y.—G. W. Sinsabaugh and his grandson, C. C. Siter, of Troy, N. Y., stopping at the Walton House, caught three fine muscalonge, weighing from 15 to 20lbs. They are the largest caught this season on this part of the river.

A GOOD HOME FOR THEM.—Cobwigger—"What makes you think those four pups will please your wife?" Younghusband—"Because I'm sure she could make such nice dog biscuit.—*Life.*

First trout—This seems to be a quiet neighborhood; how does it strike you as a place of residence. Second trout—Just the thing. There are no flies on it!—*Puck.*

Fisheulture.

AMERICAN BROOK TROUT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PIETERMARITZBURG, Natal, South Africa, May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Many of the readers of your valuable paper, FOREST AND STREAM, will be pleased to hear that the American brook trout has been adjudged a fit and suitable fish for South African rivers, and that the little colony of Natal has taken the initiative toward its introduction in a really practical manner.

The introduction of trout was first brought before the Legislative Council of Natal by Cecil A. S. Yonge, Esq., M. L. C., and was met by opposition on the ground that it would be a waste of public money; but Mr. Yonge's characteristic perseverance and thorough earnestness of purpose ultimately won the day in so far that the sum of five hundred pounds sterling was granted for the purpose. A committee was formed, consisting of Cecil A. S. Yonge, Esq., M. L. C. (chairman), Col. Vaughan, J. C. Parker, Esq., and J. E. Wace, clerk of the committee—all thoroughly in earnest to carry the experiment through to a successful issue. And now, what has been done? Why, out of the small grant a splendid little fish hatchery has been set up, including fry ponds, all of most substantial workmanship, and upward of thirty thousand trout ova laid down from the Solway Fishery (Joseph J. Armistead's), Scotland.

The ova were placed on glass grilles and hatched out well; some of the young trout have already been turned out into the rivers. The success of this experiment is in a very large measure due to the care and watchfulness of Mr. J. C. Parker, one of the committee, who personally took charge of the hatchery from the beginning. This next season, with a further grant, it is to be hoped not a few thousands but a few hundred thousand ova will be laid down, and with the experience already gained in the past the experiment should turn out successful.

We have difficulties to contend with in all our rivers in so far as temperature is concerned; they all heat up considerably in the summer, possibly as high as 75deg. Fahrenheit and possibly to 80deg. at times. What do you think of that? The temperature is what I fear most, still the trout are doing remarkably well in Australia and New Zealand. I expect their rivers are pretty warm sometimes, but have no data to judge from. Also, your American rivers, I imagine, will sometimes run up a pretty high register. On this point your Fish Commission will be well posted; it would be interesting as well as useful information for our Committee on Trout Introduction.

The water in which the eggs were hatched was cooled by passing through boxes containing ice, and the temperature of the water flowing over the eggs varied from 45deg. to 61deg. The eggs were put on the grilles March 8, and some of them were hatched shortly after their arrival. On the 7th of April the number of fry remaining alive was estimated at 3,000. The quantity of water passing through the boxes per minute was one-half gallon at first, and was increased finally to seven gallons per minute. The total quantity available was ten gallons. On the 22d of March one of the alewives had almost lost its sac. On this date 349 of the fry were lost from blue swelling. A. W. ARMISTEAD.

[In New Zealand the *Salmonidæ* have succeeded in rivers whose temperature is low and have failed in waters that are too warm; for instance, at Kawau, when the water in the creeks reached a temperature of 70deg. Sir G. Grey found his trout dying. In Shag River, Otago, trout died, as supposed, because of excessive heat. In Australia, so far as we have read, the *Salmonidæ* have been most successfully introduced in streams whose temperature does not exceed 60deg. in their upper waters.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. O. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary. Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

THE WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE premium list of the first dog show of the Wilmington Agricultural and Industrial Association is ready for delivery. The show will be held in the main exhibition building on the fair grounds of the Association, Wilmington, Del., Sept. 2 to 5. The judges appointed are Mr. R. F. Mayhew and Dr. H. Clay Glover. Seventy-five classes are provided for with prizes of $8 in challenge, $8, $4, and diploma in open, and $5 and $3 in puppy classes for some of the prominent breeds. In some of the other classes the prizes are $6, $3 and diploma, and in a few of the less important classes the prizes are $5, $3 and diploma, and in the remaining classes the prizes are $4, 2 and diploma. The Association offers $10 for the best exhibit, and kennel prizes of $4 each for mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, foxhounds, field or cocker spaniels, beagles and bull-terriers. Entries close Aug. 21. The address of the superintendent is F. R. Carswell, 101 West Sixth street, Wilmington, Del.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We expected to be able to announce this week a full list of the special prizes to be offered by the Michigan Kennel Club at its show beginning Sept. 2; but the committees appointed to solicit special prizes have met with such unqualified success and our citizens have responded to our demand for specials so liberally that we hope to make our special prize list equal to that offered by our club in 1887, which has never been excelled by any other club in America. It is almost certain that aside from the specials offered on single specimens in many classes, our club will offer kennel prizes on the following breeds: For the best kennel of four, mastiffs, great Danes, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, Siberian wolfhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, collies, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles, fox-terriers, black and tan terriers over 7lbs., pugs, Italian greyhounds, and bloodhounds. Best pack of English foxhounds, not less than six. Best pack of shaggy foxhounds, not less than six. Best pack of American foxhounds, not less than six. The following changes and corrections have been made. Owing to the large classes of non-sporting dogs assigned Mr. James Mortimer to judge, the classes of Chesapeake Bay dogs have, at his request, been taken from his list and given to Major J. M. Taylor. A challenge class has been made for field spaniels, dogs and bitches, prizes $10 and $5; cocker spaniel dogs the same, bitches the same; an open class for black cocker dogs with $10 and $5, bitches the same; other than black dogs the same, bitches the same; puppies, any color, dogs $5 and medal, bitches the same; pug puppies the same.

A challenge class for both dog and bitch black and tan terriers over 7lbs. Entries are coming in very liberally and everything indicates a big show.

For the convenience of Eastern exhibitors who are often in the city of New York, we have placed a supply of premium lists and entry blanks of the Michigan Kennel Club's bench show of dogs, to be held Sept. 2 to 5, in the office of the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway; the American Shooting Association, 184 Stewart Building and of Percy C. Ohl, 60 Broadway. Exhibitors in New York or vicinity can secure lists by calling at these offices, or address M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary Michigan Kennel Club, 230 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. SAUNDERS, Sec'y.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB AFFAIRS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—About the A. K. C. muddle as I look at it, it is of very little consequence whether Mr. Peshall's theory, as to Mr. Belmont's putting money in, is true or not, the most important thing is to know if the officers of the A. K. C. have administered it as the congress of American dogdom or as their private affair. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With a view of closing this discussion, as far as I am concerned, for Mr. Peshall has taken his communications to other papers, where he must know I cannot follow him, I paid a visit to the A. K. C. office on Monday. I wanted to see how Mr. Lewis had had his payments entered up in the books. Mr. Lewis took office under Mr. Peshall's committee on April 1, 1888, and was employed until Jan. 31, 1889, a period of ten months. Mr. Peshall has tried hard to make himself and others believe that Mr. Lewis had an exhaustive contract, in place of simply carrying on the work at the same rate of remuneration which had been received by Mr. Vredenburgh.

The first payment made to Mr. Lewis was on July 31, and amounted to an even $100. The next was $150 on Nov. 7, and then another $150 on Dec. 17. These made a total of $400 during the year 1888. On Jan. 25, 1889, appears an item of $50, and on Feb. 1 $72, March 30 $50, Aug. 23 $65.50, and Nov. 30 $50, making a total for 1889 of $287.50. This with the 1888 payments of $400 made $687.50, or $68.75 per month for ten months.

The apparent dilatoriness in paying the balance in 1889 attracted my attention, and this is the explanation: On Feb. 1 Mr. Lewis began his engagement as stud book editor at a $1,000 salary, which was paid in regular monthly instalments. He then said that he would draw the old balance as he needed it, and so took it in odd amounts, giving due bills therefor. When these had accumulated some little time an entry of their total was made.

By way of further proof against the exhaustive contract fancy of Mr. Peshall's I compared the bank deposits with the cash receipts for the month of July and again in December. On July 12 the bank account showed a balance of $625.48, and the books called for $651.48. Between that date and July 25 the gross receipts were $83, and a deposit of $80 was then made. From that date to July 31 gross receipts $91, deposit $84 50. From July 31 to Aug. 7, gross receipts $85, deposit $82 30. That is close enough for any one to be satisfied with, for from the gross receipts must be deducted returned stud book entries and the sundry small expenses of running an office. In a portion of December, which I checked, the deposits were equally close. These deposits would not have been made in this way had there been any such thing as an exhaustive contract.

By way of a sop to Cerberus let me tell of an error I did detect. That balance of $1,228.28 was divided between American Kennel Club account, $285.39, and stud book account, $942 89. The division ought to have been $235.39 and $992.89. This mistake seems to have come about in this way. Against the $285.39 were charges of $25, $15 and $10 (they will be seen in the *Gazette* of February, 1889), which reduced the balance to $235 39. Now there were only two accounts in existence at that time—the A. K. C. and stud book. The former was a short one, with but few items, and the latter made up of hundreds of items. To make the division therefor, the easy way was chosen of deducting the A. K. C. account from the balance on hand and putting the remainder to the debit of the stud book account. Hence when the total of $285.39 was taken as A. K. C. balance and deducted from $1,228.38 it left $942 89, whereas the proper amount to have deducted was $235.39, which would have left $992.89 to go on the stud book account.

Another fact which I was advised of would tend to show that Mr. Peshall's management of the A. K. C. finances was not what it should have been. He tells us that he made an exhaustive contract with Mr. Lewis, and he will not accept any statements made by his fellow committeemen or Mr. Lewis that such was not the case. That does not matter so much, all I want to show being the desire of Mr. Peshall to acknowledge his willingness to leave the A. K. C. penniless. Further than that, after Mr. Lewis took charge, on April 1, 1888, Mr. Vredenburgh gave Mr. Peshall, at his request, a statement of cash on hand and bills yet to be paid. This showed a $750 balance, and after the committee had met Mr. Peshall told Mr. Vredenburgh to draw a check for the $750 payable to himself. Mr. Vredenburgh declined to do so, stating that he would not place Mr. Lewis in the position he himself had been in, of running the club without any funds, and for that reason would only accept $500. If Mr. Peshall had had his way, and Mr. Vredenburgh had accepted the $750, where would the A. K. C. have been at the end of the year?

To Mr. Livesey I would say that as he is simply Mr. Peshall under another name, and his question was not asked in good faith, I decline to give an answer. Mr. Livesey said that if I would give the item of book deposits it would be a clue as to Mr. Lewis's remuneration. Upon the same principle if the cashier of FOREST AND STREAM told him what his daily bank deposits were Mr. Livesey could tell what the editor's salary was.

The letter of Mr. Aldrich I have not noticed because I can see nothing in it which goes any way toward substantiating anything, except that the auditing committee did make an examination and call for explanations when they needed them. If any one thinks Mr. Wilmerding would be a party to any funny business they do not know that gentleman. I have known him for ten years now, and what he says "goes" with me all the time. J. W.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

FOLLOWING is a list of the entries for the Derby of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, to be run Sept. 9. All were whelped in 1889:

BUNTY (Thos. Montgomery), liver and white pointer bitch, June (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peachem).

COTON (F. Dorsey), liver and white pointer dog, June (Ponto—Dainty).

DAISY NOBLE (D. Smith), orange and white English setter bitch, May (Prairie—Fanny M.).

FROST III. (T. Montgomery), black, white and tan Eulish setter bitch, March (Van R.—Qu'Appelle Belle).

IGHTFIELD UPTON (T. Johnson), liver and white pointer dog, June (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peacham).

MANITOBA BESS (T. Johnson), black, white and tan English setter bitch, September (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle).

MANITOBA FRISK (T. Johnson), black and white English setter dog, September (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle).

POWDER (A. Holloway), black and white English setter dog, March (Van R.—Qu'Appelle Belle).

PRAIRIE A. (E. D. Adams), orange and white English setter bitch, February (Prairie—Fannie M.).

PRINCE NOBLE (D. Smith), black, tan and white English setter dog, May (Prairie—Fannie M.).

RUSH (J. H. Brown), black and white English setter dog (Cable—Belle).

VESTA (C. W. Young), black and white English setter bitch (Cable—Belle).

UNNAMED (Col. Bedson), black, white and tan English setter dog, February (Prairie—Fannie M.).

UNNAMED (L. Kastner), liver, white and tan pointer bitch, March (Bob—Fraulein).

KINGSTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Kingston Kennel Club's dog show is going to be a success if the number of applications for premium lists and entry forms are any indication. The owners who propose entering their dogs at this show should remember that the entries close on the 15th inst. Arrangements have been made by which all dogs coming from the United States will be admitted without any Custom House duties, no trouble or delay will be occasioned on that head. The building has been arranged not only with a view to accommodating the dogs, but the comfort of exhibitors has not been forgotten; a wash room and sitting room has been provided for their especial benefit. The exhibition outside of the dog show will as usual attract many thousands of visitors, as this fair is the big event of eastern Ontario, so that exhibitors will have plenty of amusement witnessing the races, etc., to repay them for visiting the most beautiful city in Canada, if there was no dog show to attract them and no liberal premium list to draw their expenses from.

C. H. CORBETT, Secretary.

KINGSTON, Ont.

HYDROPHOBIA SCARES.

SOME months ago a statement, having an air of authority, was made that hydrophobia was epidemic here in Massachusetts. This went the rounds of the newspapers, and in many instances was served up to their readers garnished in the most sensational way. Just why, even if true, it should have been made for publication, as it evidently was, is by no means clear. A possible result might have been the passage of a law making it obligatory that all dogs in the State should be muzzled; but even the most sanguine advocate of this plan could scarcely expect that such and end would be attained. And had this law been passed and all dogs been muzzled within the State limits, it would only have afforded partial protection, which could only be complete when all dogs in the neighboring States were treated in the same way. Muzzling is the only positively sure preventive measure, but it can scarcely be effectually applied in America, such is its extent in territory, and it would have to be simultaneous and rigidly enforced all over the country. It is a well known fact that rabies occurs most often in "stray dogs." These range wide, often from one State to another, and through them transmission of the disease would be going on, although well kept dogs were faithfully muzzled.

Not impossibly rabies is more prevalent now than it has been for a few years past; but he who says it is epidemic is assuming a grave responsibility, and one which only can be justified by the most conclusive evidence. "One swallow does not make a summer," nor does one case of rabies—nor 20, if widely scattered, nor 100 for that matter—constitute an epidemic. Fear has ever been recognized as a most important factor in the causation of what passes under the head of hydrophobia. It is also a notorious fact that what are reported to be cases of such are, in the infinite majority, due to other diseases—harmless as far as contagion is concerned—which present symptoms closely resembling the gravest of maladies. That not a few of the cases considered hydrophobia are merely cases of hysteria, no one knowing aught of the subject will undertake to deny. Fear must certainly be the exciting cause of these. How often and to what extent this painful emotion enters into the causation of other cases than those which are simply nervous is not, of course, known; but the conclusion is not unfair that it is an element in almost all cases, even those which are true hydrophobia. Of the many persons bitten by dogs believed to be rabid but a very few indeed suffer serious consequences; and, doubtless, only a very small proportion of those who are bitten by dogs actually so, really acquire the disease. Assuming this to be a fact—and there are good grounds for it—there must then be causes which act with the rabic poison. Few doubt but that this poison is the sole, actual cause, but other influences must affect it. In the presence of contagious diseases physical fatigue renders one more liable to take them; so, also, does intense mental emotion, and there is no more depressing influence than fear. It is only fair to assume that, were two persons bitten by a dog actually rabid and one to practically forget the injury, or, at least, to be free from all uneasiness regarding it, while the other remained in a state of terror, every moment expecting hydrophobia to break out in him, then the latter would be much more liable to suffer from the awful disease than the other, who is undisturbed by fear.

Therefore, to reassure the public and quiet their fears as to this malady is clearly the duty of those who discuss it for print; and, considering all things, it is not easy to justify any other course. The *Medical Record* recently contained an able and fearlessly frank editorial on "The Hydrophobia Scare," and the preventive treatment by inoculation, in which appeared the following: "Once upon a time, when Death and Pestilence bargained for human lives, it was agreed that an equal division of the spoils should be made. At the end of the epidemic, Pestilence claimed that Death had taken more than his share, while Death maintained, in turn, that more than the agreed number were stricken by Pestilence. The quarrel was, however, soon ended when Fear appeared to explain that it was he alone who had been accountable for the discrepancy, not only in increasing but in swelling the death rate. In fact, his record was greater than that of Pestilence and Death combined. Moral: Give Death and Pestilence a reasonable chance on a fair field.

"Although we do not wish to dignify the present hydrophobia scare by calling it an epidemic, the fear of it which has been scattered so widespread over the land has placed it on the top wave of discussion. Fear has at present everything to himself, and it is time to call a halt. As we have said before, we do not wish to question the scientific motives of the gentlemen who manage hydrophobia institutes, but we doubt the good results that are said to have been attained by them. In attempting to prove the truth of the theory of preventive inoculation they are starting from an airy nothing and striving to work down to solid facts. But the real bottom is a great way off. There is too much of partial and willing testimony concerning the question at issue to give any scientific value whatever. Logically speaking, every one must admit that it is exceedingly hard to prove how you may prevent what may never happen, or, in other words, how you can prove that a thing, which at best very rarely happens, is prevented from happening at all by the use of a supposed preventive. In attempting to argue the question we are swinging around a circle of negative propositions. Everyone who has studied the subject acknowledges that hydrophobia, if, indeed, it exists at all in the human system, is at least a very rare disease. Compare this fact with the almost countless number of persons who are bitten from year to year by dogs supposed to be rabid. If statistics were collected on this point the results would prove that there is no more apparent relation of cause and effect between the bite of a dog and hydrophobia than between an accidental sneeze and a stroke of lightning."

The writer has had some opportunities to study rabies, also other diseases of dogs. Very many times in his experience he has had among his dogs cases of what at first seemed beyond all doubt to be rabies, and yet none of his mute friends have ever gone mad. The case of a recent unfortunate is likely to prove of interest in this connection. She was an immense animal. For a day or two she had been ailing, uneasy and restless, and kept much to her kennel, refusing to respond when called. One night at feeding time, when the attendant entered her pen, she sprang at him in the most ferocious manner. Fortunately, he was quick to retreat, and escaped being bitten. She stood glaring at him through the fence for a few moments and then slunk away to her kennel. From time to time she would come out, but not when called, and would lap here and there on the floor, take up bits of wood, stones and straw; also bite at the woodwork and watch imaginary flies on the wall. She also frequently barked or sent out a hoarse, crazy sort of a howl. In fact, she showed signs which would readily be mistaken for rabies. And yet the writer never believed for a moment that she had that terrible malady. To guard against possible error, she was carefully isolated and watched. Soon it became clearly evident that she was suffering from inflammation of the brain. Inquiry developed the fact that she had been kept out in the sun all one intensely hot day, and that night had a slight convulsive attack, lasting, however, but for a moment. As such are not uncommon among dogs, no importance was attached to it. This patient was cared for for about three weeks, when the utter hopelessness of her case was plainly apparent, and she was mercifully poisoned. Such cases as this are very common. In almost all high bred dogs the brain is peculiarly supceptible to inflammation, and when it occurs it excites in many instances symptoms so closely resembling rabies, only one who has had experience in that and in brain diseases can distinguish between them. And there is every reason for believing that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where dogs are killed as rabid, they are simply suffering from brain trouble, either mild and transitory or fixed and intense. So nicely adjusted is the brain of many dogs, it is easily thrown off the balance and unhinged. Insanity occurs in them as it does in their masters, and temporary attacks of delirium are not at all uncommon among them. Fear will induce them; occasionally, also, are they brought on in consequence of a hard run on a very hot day. Besides these there are worms and numberless other causes. There is a popular prejudice that more dogs run mad during the summer than any other season. Undoubtedly more cases of what are reputed to be rabies occur in the hot spell than in any other period of the year. When we consider the fact that dogs are subject to sunstroke, as are members of the human family, it is easy to understand what gave rise to the delusion. If a dog's brain becomes congested by the intense heat of the sun, he runs wildly about, yelping in the most crazy fashion; in fact, he is crazed, and almost everyone would think him suffering from rabies. Usually the shotgun or the revolver is called into service, the perpetrator is lauded as a hero, and another case of the terrorizing malady is added to the list built up by man's gross stupidity and cowardice. Whereas all that was needed to cure this case of "rabies" was a souse in a watering trough.

Were the newspaper reports to be believed, mad dogs are being killed almost every week in some part of this State. In not one instance out of a thousand are the slaughtered victims proved to be rabid. It is doubtful even if Pasteur himself could tell positively from the symptoms alone whether a dog presented all the signs of rabies was really mad or not. Inoculation is the only sure means of diagnosis, and yet the "say so" of policemen and others who pose as saviors of communities are always believed. Verily, the extent of the gullibility of mankind passeth understanding.

There is one point in this connection which will bear emphasis, namely, that no small proportion of the dogs which have gone mad suffer from dumb rabies. A dog with this disease is not, of course, wholly harmless; and yet, since he is unable to bite after the disease is fairly on him, he can not be such a grave menace. What per cent. of rabid dogs suffer from the dumb form of the disease is not known, but there is some reason to believe that the proportion of such cases is nearly as great, if not greater, than that of the violent form.

Now as to the danger of acquiring hydrophobia. The writer repeats what he once stated in these columns, that the chances of a person giving up his life on the scaffold are about as many as those of his dying from hydrophobia. No sensible person will ever make himself unhappy over so slight a danger. The hydrophobia crank will find some consolation in a small stick of caustic, which he can buy in a wooden holder, securely capped, for about 25 cents. Let him carry this in his pocket with his preventive for rheumatism, the horse chestnut, and burn all bites to which he is the victim. He cannot do himself any harm with it, and, if he uses it freely enough, it will prove a rare diversion—at lea t, while it is "taking hold well"—and he will have something else to think about beside hydrophobia.—*Dr. J. F. Perry in Boston Herald.*

IRISH SETTER IMPORTATION.—Fall River, Mass., July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have purchased the Irish setter Inchiquin, from the Rev. Robt. O'Callaghan, Borstel House, Rochester, England. Inchiquin is by champion Shandon II. out of Iona, and comprises the best Irish setter bench and field blood in the world, champion Shandon II. being a full brother to the sensational bench and field trial winner champion Aveline. Inchiquin was whelped Jan. 2, 1889. He has never been shown, as Mr. O'Callaghan does not show his dogs until they are two years old. Mr. O'Callaghan considers him good enough to win in England, and from the description he gives I expect to get a dog that will be a great acquisition to the Irish setter blood in this country.—JOHN J. SCANLAN.

ENGLISH SETTER CLUB.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this club shall be the English Setter Club.

ARTICLE II.

The object and purposes for which the club is organized, and in furtherance of which it is intended to act, are as follows:

1. To fix the standard of physical type and conformation for this breed in accordance with the tests of modern experience derived from actual running in field trials to the end that bench show form may, as nearly as possible, conform to the requirements of actual work in the field.

2. To select persons whose names shall be suggested to the management of the different bench shows as judges of English setters at such shows.

3. To take such action as the interests of this breed may require in suggesting or approving or disapproving the names of persons to act as judges at the different field trials.

4. To offer English setter prizes at such bench shows as shall adopt the standard of type prescribed by this club and who shall select judges from a list of names approved by the club.

5. To offer prizes at field trials under such restrictions and conditions as the club may deem advisable.

6. To take such measures as may be deemed advisable to secure legislation and to maintain legal proceedings for the protection of dogs, or to secure the title and interest of owners therein, or for such other and germane purposes as experience may demonstrate to be needed in the interests of owners.

7. To undertake and advance any measures which in the judgment of the club or its executive committee may be calculated to further the interests of the breed of English setters, or to promote its improvement.

ARTICLE III.

All persons shall be eligible to membership in this club who own or breed the English setter, or who handle the breed at field trials, or who otherwise have some special interest in or knowledge of the breed.

ARTICLE IV.

The following named persons are the organizing members of this club: Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Jas. L. Breese, T. H. Terry, Percy Ohl, John S. Wise, Wm. Tallman, John E. Long, W. A. Coster, Wilson Fiske, J. Treadwell Richards, J. M. Taylor A. P. Vredenburgh, J. E. Quinotte, W. G. Peters, F. B. Rice, W. T. Irwin, P. H. Bryson, W. B. Gates, Arthur Merriman, J. M. Avent, J. Shelley Hudson, George Wells, Taylor Williams, Gen W. B. Shattuc, F. W. Whitlock, Geo. H. Hill, J. E. Dager, Richard Morgan, Wm. A. Neddermeyer, H. Hulman, Jr., Geo. W. Ewing, Chas. L. Holmes, E. Huidekoper, J. A. Graham, Dr. H. Clay Glover, Geo. Jarvis, S. T. Hammond, Captain Patrick Henry, P. H. O'Bannon, James Tracy, H. B Rathbone.

All applications for membership by persons other than the organizing members of the club shall be presented to the executive committee upon a nomination in writing by some member, seconded in writing by another member. The executive committee shall examine into the applications and accept or reject them as they may deem the interests of the club require. The action of the committee shall be final. In case the executive committee vote to membership the person applying, the secretary shall notify him of his election and send to him for his signature an agreement to be bound by and submit to the constitution and by-laws of the club, and upon returning the same signed, accompanied by his initiation fee and the dues for the calendar year, the applicant shall become and be a fully admitted member of the club.

All the organizing members and all members subsequently admitted shall sign an agreement to be bound by and submit to the provisions of the constitution and by-laws.

ARTICLE V.

The officers of this club shall be a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary, and a treasurer.

ARTICLE VI.

The management of the affairs of the club shall be vested in an executive committee, which shall consist of the president, both vice-presidents, the treasurer, secretary, and eight other members, to be elected as hereinafter provided. The executive committee shall also have power and authority to make by-laws regulating the mode of procedure at meetings of members and of the executive committee, and defining the duties of officers, and otherwise prescribing the mode of transacting the business of the club, provided that no by-law shall conflict with any provision of the constitution. The by-laws may be changed or amended from time to time by the executive committee, but the proposed provision shall be filed with the secretary at least thirty days before the meeting at which it is to be considered, and copies thereof shall be mailed to members of the committee by the secretary at least three weeks before said meeting, together with notice that the amendment will be submitted at a meeting to be held at a time and place mentioned in the notice. All members of the executive committee and all officers of the club shall be members of the club.

ARTICLE VII.

The officers of the club and the other members of the executive committee shall be elected at the annual meeting of members by secret ballot, and shall hold office for the term of one year and thereafter, until their successors are elected, except that the first executive committee and the first officers of the club shall be elected at the first meeting, and shall hold office until the first annual meeting, and until their successors are elected. The first meeting of members shall be held on the 24th day of June, 1890, and the regular annual meeting shall be held in the city of New York on some day in February, March or April of each year, to be fixed, together with the place of meeting, by the executive committee at least six weeks before the day of meeting. The secretary shall give one month's notice of the time and place of meeting to each member by mail to his last known post office address. The executive committee shall have power to call such special and extra meetings of members as they may deem needed for the proper transaction of business upon such reasonable notice to members as the committee may prescribe. The president must call a special meeting when requested in writing thereto by five members, for some day within one month from receipt of the request, of which meeting three weeks' notice by mail shall be sent to each member at his last known post office address.

ARTICLE VIII.

The first meeting of the executive committee shall be held on the 11th day of July, 1890.

Regular meetings of the executive committee shall be held quarterly, on the first Tuesday of January, April, July and October; and special meetings shall be held at any time by direction of the president, or upon the written request of five members of the club, upon two weeks' notice by mail, at the last known post office address of the members of the committee, respectively. Adjourned meetings shall be deemed continuations of the meetings adjourned, and no additional notice of such adjourned meeting need be given unless the executive committee shall specially direct.

ARTICLE IX.

Any member shall have the right to be represented at any meeting of the club by proxy, duly authenticated, as provided by the by-laws. The proxy shall only be given to, and can only be used by, and voted upon by, a member of the club, and a person not a member shall not be permitted to represent any member by virtue of a proxy or otherwise.

No single member at any meeting of the club shall be permitted to represent or vote upon more than five proxies.

Absent members may also vote on any question which they expect will come before the club by sending their vote in writing by registered letter through the mails to the secretary in seasonable time for the meeting, and the same shall be read at the meeting by the secretary, and if the vote be definitely expressed in such form as to be applicable to the particular form of the question before the meeting, the vote shall be received and recorded. The provision of a secret ballot shall not apply to votes sent in writing by mails to the secretary.

ARTICLE X.

Five members of the executive committee shall constitute a quorum for the purpose of business, and their action shall be final, except in those cases where, by special provision of the constitution, a larger vote is required.

The action of the quorum shall, however, be subject to review in certain cases in the manner hereinafter prescribed.

In case any member of the executive committee who does not attend at any meeting, or adjourned meeting, shall send to the secretary by registered letter a notice requesting that all the proceedings at the expected meeting, or any particular proceedings or motions thereat, shall be submitted for the action of the entire committee, and if the request shall actually have been received prior to the time appointed for holding the meeting, then and in that event the action of the quorum shall be subject to review, and to approval or disapproval by the entire committee.

If a majority of the entire committee are present at the meeting and vote in favor of the action taken at the meeting, then such action shall be final in any event, and no further submission or review thereof shall be allowed. But if a majority of the entire committee do not vote at the meeting in favor of the action taken at the meeting, then the secretary, in accordance with the request contained in the notice, shall, within five days from the date of said meeting, send a transcript of the minutes of the whole meeting, or of the minutes relating to the particular motion or proceeding, in respect to which the action of the entire committee is desired to each member of the executive committee not present at the meeting, at his last known address by mail, accompanied by a written notice that the action mentioned in the minutes is submitted to him for approval or disapproval, and thereupon the member so notified shall be entitled to send to the secretary by mail his written vote or votes up the questions stated in the minutes, and the vote or votes so sent, if actually delivered to the secretary's address by mail within three weeks from the date of said meeting, shall be recorded as votes upon the question with the same force and effect as if the member had attended the meeting and voted in person. The letter shall be filed and preserved for reference.

If the non-attending members who shall vote against the action of the meeting on any subject, shall, with the attending members who voted against such action at the meeting, constitute a majority of the entire committee, then the action of the meeting shall be annulled and of no effect; but otherwise it shall be deemed approved, and shall become operative at the expiration of three weeks from the date of the meeting.

A review of the action of any meeting may also be had in like manner, upon the request of any member who voted against the action taken, and who may desire to have the question submitted to the entire committee. Such request must be made immediately after the vote is announced, and a reasonable opportunity for such request shall be afforded by the presiding officer. The request shall be voted in the minutes of the meeting as part of the proceedings.

The same procedure shall be followed as in the case where the request is made by mail by a non-attending member.

Votes by mail which are not actually received at the secretary's address by mail within three weeks after the date of the meeting shall not be recorded against the action of the meeting, and the senders shall be deemed to have acquiesced in such action.

The failure of the secretary to send the requisite notices in season shall not invalidate the action of the quorum, and the action of the quorum shall be deemed confirmed if the necessary majority do not vote against such action within three weeks from date of said meeting.

But the failure of the secretary to give said notice shall be cause for his removal from office, and it shall be the duty of the executive committee to remove him after due hearing and to choose another secretary for the unexpired term.

ARTICLE XI.

Vacancies among the officers or in the executive committee shall be filled by the executive committee for the unexpired term.

ARTICLE XII.

The constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at any meeting of members of the club of which thirty days' notice has been given, provided a written draft of the proposed amendment shall have been filed with the secretary and published in some recognized newspaper devoted in whole or in part to kennel and field topics at least thirty days before said meeting.

ARTICLE XIII.

The initiation fee of each member shall be five dollars, and the annual dues shall be five dollars for each calendar year; initiation fee payable at time of becoming a member, and dues payable in advance at time of becoming a member, and thereafter on the first day of January in each year.

When any person shall be and remain in arrears upon any indebtedness to the club for a period of more than sixty days after notice requesting payment has been mailed to him by the treasurer, he may be dropped from the roll by the executive committee, and his membership forthwith shall cease and determine.

When, for any reason, the executive committee shall deem that the interests of the club will be protected or advanced by terminating the membership of any member of the club and dropping his name from the roll of the club, they may take such action by a three-fourths vote of the entire committee, the vote to be given either in person or in writing by mail; and the person so deprived of membership shall not be entitled to any hearing, nor shall the committee be required to assign any reason for their action. The powers conferred by this provision are discretionary, and do not depend upon any misconduct of the member, nor require that any charges shall be made.

The executive committee may also by a two-thirds vote, either in person or in writing by mail, suspend or expel any member from membership for such term as they think proper for any misconduct in connection with dogs, field trials or bench shows, upon charges duly made, and after a hearing.

Any member who has been dropped from the roll and his membership terminated, or who has been suspended from membership or expelled, may be restored to membership by a three-fourths vote of the entire executive committee, upon grounds appearing to their satisfaction and upon such terms as they may prescribe.

The executive committee shall also have power to remit the payment of initiation fees and dues, or both, of any member, when in their judgment the interests of the club require such action.

ARTICLE XIV.

The executive committee shall have power by a three-fourths vote to remove any officer for misconduct or flagrant neglect in matters appertaining to his office, after notice and hearing.

Misconduct in matters connected with dog shows, field trials or transactions in dogs shall also be ground for such removal.

BY-LAWS.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS—PRESIDENT.

SECTION 1. The president shall preside at all meetings of the club and of the executive committee, enforce the rules and regulations of the club and perform all other duties usually pertaining to the office of president.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

SEC. 2. The first vice-president shall perform all the duties of the president in his absence. In the absence of both the president and first vice-president, the second vice-president will act. In the absence of the president and first and second vice-presidents, a temporary chairman shall be chosen to preside.

SECRETARY.

SEC. 3. The secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of all meetings of the club and of the executive committee, conduct the official correspondence of the club, give notice of the regular meetings of the club and of the regular and special meetings of the executive committee, and when directed by the president call special meetings thereof, give all official notification to members, keep the books and papers of his office, subject to inspection of members on order of the executive committee. And no member shall be entitled to such inspection except upon order of the executive committee. The secretary shall also perform such other duties as may be assigned to him by the president and executive committee.

TREASURER.

SEC. 4. The treasurer shall receive all fees and dues from members, as well as other moneys coming to the club, keep an account of all receipts and expenditures by the club, and a separate account with each member; pay all bills approved, and make all purchases directed by the executive committee. All bills or claims against the club shall be first audited and approved by the executive committee before the treasurer shall pay the same, and no bills shall be paid unless so audited. He shall make a written report to the executive committee whenever requested; he shall make at each annual meeting a written report of the financial condition of the club and of the standing of each member, and he shall notify members in arrears to the club forthwith as soon as the dues or other indebtedness shall become payable, reporting the same to the executive committee when requested.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

At all meetings of the club the following order of business shall be observed:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading the minutes and communications.
3. Reports of officers.
4. Reports of committees.
5. Unfinished business.
6. Election of officers.
7. New business.

At all meetings of the executive committee the same order of business shall be observed, except that applications for membership and the election of new members shall be taken up immediately after reports of committees.

OFFICERS.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr., President; J. Treadwell Richards, First Vice-President; F. W. Whitlock, Second Vice-President; Percy C. Ohl, Secretary; Dr. H. Clay Glover, Treasurer. Executive Committee, the above officers, and P. H. Bryson, J. Shelley Hudson, J. E. Dager, J. A. Graham, W. A. Power, Wilson Fiske, John E. Long, J. M. Taylor. Standard Committee, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Wm. Tallman, P. H. Bryson, Wilson Fiske, J. M. Taylor.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIER IMPORTATION.—Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y., received last Thursday, from the kennel of Mr. T. Ellis, Manchester, Eng., three black and tan terriers, one dog and two bitches. The dog Broomfield Como was whelped in April, 1889, and is by Jackson's Patrick and out of Cosgrove's Pink. He has been shown but once, taking second in the novice class at Leeds last June. Broomfield Madge, whelped Feb. 24, 1888, is by Jackson's Patrick and out of his Queen. She has been shown four times, twice at Birmingham, once at Manchester and once at Central Hall, London, winning first each time. The other bitch, Beauty, was whelped May, 1889, by Jackson's Gordon and out of McMee's Bess. She was bred to Broomfield Sultan June 9. The first two named will make their first appearance in public in this country at the Detroit show next month.

THE MEDFORD FANCY GOODS COMPANY have issued a very handsome catalogue of the thousand and one articles in the dog furnishing line manufactured by them. The catalogue is profusely illustrated, many of the cuts being printed in colors, which adds not a little to the beauty of the work. The business was established in 1878, and from a comparatively small beginning it has grown to its present vast proportions, with customers in every city of prominence in this country, as well as a large foreign trade. The concern is the only one in this country that makes the manufacture of dog furnishings its exclusive business; and a look through their show-room on Duane street will well repay the visitor for his time, whether he is a fancier or not.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 4.—The Wilmington Fair bench show, should the entries so warrant, will divide all classes made for "dogs or bitches" into dog classes and bitch classes. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Wilmington and Northern R. R. Co. will carry three dogs free upon one ticket to and from the Wilmington Fair bench show when accompanied by owner or caretaker, in baggage car. Similar arrangements are being perfected with the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., and will be duly announced.—F. R. CARSWELL, Supt.

MR. GEO. S. THOMAS, the manager of the North Field Yorkshire Kennel, at Salem, Mass, will shortly return from England with quite a string of dogs, including corded poodles, Irish terriers, King Charles spaniels, pugs, and several noted Yorkshire terriers, with which he hopes to make a clean sweep at the coming fall shows.

CANADIAN FIELD TRIALS.—Chatham, Ont., July 31. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please change the date of Canadian Kennel Club field trials at Chatham. They start on Nov. 3 instead of Nov. 10 as you have them in your fixtures. Everything looks favorable for a good trial this fall; we have plenty of game.—F. H. BENNETT.

LYNN DOG SHOW.—Beverly, July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual bench show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass., March 24, 25, 26, 27, 1891, at Lynn.—D. A. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Flash—Dick Swiveller. F. L. Gordon's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Flash to Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller, July 19.

Julip—Beverwyck Trap. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Julip (Beverwick Darky—Blemton Lilly) to his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze), May 27.

Tickle—Beverwyck Trap. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Tickle (Warren Discord—Daze) to his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze), June 7.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lassie Bang. F. S. Webster's (Washington, D. C.) pointer bitch Lassie Bang, Aug. 2, seven (five dogs), by the Hempstead Farm Kennels' Robert le Diable.

Julip. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Julip (Beverwyck Dusky—Blemton Lilly), July 23, six (two dogs), by his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ketwrah. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B., by Counemara Kennels, Middletown, Conn., to M. L. Oppenheimer, New York.

Beverwyck Trap. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped March 14, 1888, by Dusky Trap out of Daze, by James E. Unks, Muncie, Ind., to Harry Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW GAS ARM.

FOR some little time past a considerable amount of interest has been evinced on the Continent, and is now being awakened in this country, in respect of a gun in which the propelling agent is liquefied gas. Experiments with the weapon in Belgium were mentioned by our Brussels correspondent two days ago. It is the invention of M. Paul Giffard, a French engineer, whose name is well known in all engineering circles, and who has been at work intermittently upon the principle of this gun for the past twenty-five years. As now brought before the public the gun is simplicity itself, but this simplicity has not been arrived at without long and anxious thought, nor without many changes and variations upon M. Giffard's original conception. The principle, however, has always remained the same, and it is the gradual development of that principle into practice which has occupied M. Giffard's time and has at length been apparently crowned with success. The principle consists in the manufacture and liquefaction of carbonic acid gas, so that it can be safely stored up within a very small compass and will give out 500lbs. pressure per square inch when liberated for actual use. In carrying this principle into practice the liquefied gas is contained, under a high pressure, in a metallic tubular reservoir about 9in. long, which is fixed under and in a line with the barrel of the gun, and which is conveniently grasped by the left hand in firing. Although containing an immense store of power, there does not appear to be any danger in a weapon thus equipped. In the first place, the reservoir is made of Siemens-Martin steel of the highest quality, so that a burst is hardly possible, and, in the second, should a flaw in the metal lead to a fracture, the gas would simply escape much in the same way that it does on the opening of a bottle of soda-water. Then the quality of the metal used for the gas-reservoir is such that it will stand rough usage without liability to fracture. It may be, and, indeed, has been, knocked greatly out of shape when full of gas without any prejudicial result arising, the gas having been afterward used for discharging projectiles from the gun.

So much for the special character of the propelling agent, liquefied gas, which here takes the place of powder. We now come to

the method of utilizing the stored-up ballistic power. In practice the bullet is dropped into a small aperture at the rear end of the barrel, and by moving a small lever it is deposited in the breech chamber of the gun. The hammer of the gun is then placed at full cock and the trigger pulled. By the fall of the hammer a pin is struck, which opens a valve at the rear of the liquefied gas reservoir and permits the instantaneous escape of a sufficient volume of gas for one discharge. The bullet is thus ejected with a force proportionate to the impelling power of the charge, which can be increased or decreased at pleasure by a simple screw arrangement. In other words, the propelling power is completely under control, although, of course, this in practice is not left to the arbitrary will of the ordinary user, but will be fixed and definite, according to the character of the gun in which it is employed. The discharge of the gun is unaccompanied by any report, nor is there the least recoil or kick. On pulling the trigger there is a slight hiss or puff, followed by the noise of the impact of the bullet upon the iron target. The reservoir is very light, and, when charged with liquefied carbonic acid gas, is capable, according to the size and caliber of the gun, of discharging from 100 to 500 consecutive shots at a stated cost of less than one penny. It is stated that there is no fear of any part of the gun or its mechanism becoming oxidized by the gas, and it is hardly necessary to add that there is neither smoke nor smell from the propellant. There is also no deterioration of the liquefied gas from storage or keeping. With regard to the rifle itself, with the exception of the tubular reservoir carried under the barrel, there is no material difference in appearance between the Giffard gun and an ordinary weapon of similar character.

A demonstration of this new gun was given yesterday at the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles, James street, Buckingham Gate, London. A large number of the members of both houses of Parliament and other gentlemen were present, including the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Grimston, Lord Dunsany, the Rt Hon. E. Majoribanks, M. P., Admiral Field, M. P., Col. Saunderson, M. P., Col. Waring, M. P., Col. Laurie, M. P., Col. Kenyon-Slaney, M. P., Sir George Baden-Powell, M. P., Col. Strachey, Capt. B. T. L. Thomson, and Mr. J. Stewart Wallace. The proceedings were commenced by M. Giffard explaining the principles and practice of his system, after which he discharged a number of rounds from saloon rifles of six, eight and ten millimetres calibre respectively. The visitors were then invited to try the new rifle, which many of them did with satisfaction. The demonstration went to show the valuable nature of the invention and to prove the soundness and practicability of the principle. Of course the proof was limited to the arms referred to, but it was stated that the principle has been applied in France to military and sporting guns, as well as to revolvers and pistols, with every success. It was also stated that Colt's Company in America are now applying the principle to their arms. On the whole, it was shown that M. Giffard has now practically developed a very important principle, which only awaits application to the various weapons in use for throwing projectiles. It is said that the French Government is at present engaged in investigating the merits of the invention as applied to artillery, in which direction some excellent practice at long ranges has already been made.—*London Times.*

The latest advance in ballistics made in France is the substitution of liquefied gas for powder. Rifles, revolvers and machine guns are to be fired without the use of powder; shells are to be exploded, and in fact it is proposed to revolutionize the art of killing.

This is not the first time that replacing powder by the expansive force of gas has been tried. The air gun was the first attempt made in this line, but after each discharge it was found necessary to compress the air anew, and even then the pressure was not above ten atmospheres. Air guns do not, however, rise much above the toy stage until they reach the point which, a few years ago, was so well illustrated by the pneumatic dynamite gun that within the past few months has shown such a surprising development.

The idea of the inventor of the new system is of the same order. In place of having recourse to air he uses gas previously compressed to a point beyond the liquid state. The ordinary pressures at which it is possible to liquefy gas are well known, as is also the fact that if thirty atmospheres were necessary to liquefy gas we should have an equivalent potential energy where the gas was liberated. Krupp, the great German gunmaker, has been using compressed carbonic acid gas, carried in closed iron vessels, for the past nine years. The tanks are placed in little carriages so that they can be run about from place to place in his establishment, and knowing the cooling effect of the air and gas when mixed together, he has used it to cool quickly the iron hoops that are placed over the tubes of his guns. All over the world compressed carbonic acid gas is used for various well-known purposes.

The expansion of this gas as it comes from its reservoir was what suggested its use as a desirable propellant for projectiles and a bursting charge for shells, torpedoes, and so forth, and its comparative cheapness was another recommendation. It liquefies at 15° centigrade under a pressure of about 50 atmospheres; that is, ten times the expansive force of an air gun. At 200° the force mounts up to 800 atmospheres, and the inventor declares that when necessary he will be able to reach that great pressure. In arms of 6, 8 and 12 millimeters, capable of firing from 50 to 300 consecutive shots, he claims the following advantages: No flame and no smoke, freedom from noise and dirt, absolute accuracy, power to fire evenly and regularly at will, no heating, rapidity of loading, and cheapness.—*N. Y. Times.*

PARIS, July 15.—Some interesting experiments were conducted yesterday at M. Giffard's house with the now famous Giffard rifle in the presence of a small party of the inventor's private friends, including a military attaché and another eminent member of the Diplomatic corps. M. Paul Giffard lives in the Rue de Laborde, in a modest suite of rooms, which have much the appearance of a museum of arms, the walls being lined with models of his gun in various stages of advancement, from the first incomplete attempts and failures down to the perfect weapon. As the inventor has devoted more than fifteen years of anxious labor to solving the problem of the application of liquefied gas as a propelling force to guns of all kinds, and has spent over 1,000 000 francs in experiments, it may readily be believed that his collection of abandoned models is extensive.

The general form of the Giffard gun presents few particular characteristics to distinguish it outwardly from an ordinary breech-loader except a long steel cylinder which is screwed under the barrel just in front of the trigger, and containing the liquefied gas. In the simple new rifles of carbines, not adapted to the repeating system, the bullet is inserted in a round slot in the upper part of the breech, and falls into a small chamber, where it is kept in position by the action of a spring. On pressing the trigger a drop of liquefied gas escapes from the steel cylinder into this chamber, and at the same time the bullet is pushed slightly forward in the bore, so as to receive the full force of the evaporating liquid. The chief difficulty with which M. Giffard has had to contend has been, of course, to regulate the charge of liquefied gas in its passage from the steel cylinder into the chamber containing the bullets, and it is in the solution of this highly difficult mechanical problem that the entire merit—and also, I may add, the secret—lies.

The liquid is simply carbonic acid gas, liquefied under great pressure. I inquired of M. Giffard whether there was no danger of the cylinder exploding in the event of its receiving a very violent blow. His reply was to take a fully charged cylinder, place it upon an anvil, and beat it almost flat. He then attached it to a rifle, which he fired with perfect success. "Nothing," he said, "but a blow from a cannon ball or a flaw in the metal of which the cylinder is made could possibly cause it to burst, and even then the liquid would simply escape with a hissing noise in the form of carbonic acid gas, and could do no more harm than the opening of a bottle of soda water. The metal of the cylindear is extremely malleable, is not subject to oxidization, and though very solid, does not, with the ordinary pea-rifle, weigh more than 5lbs., and with the military rifle 7lbs.

There is no recoil, so that the gun does not require to be heavy, and as a convincing proof that his rifle really gave no recoil, M. Giffard held it about half an inch away from his nose and fired it off in that position. Powder of all kinds being dispensed with, the bore rarely requires cleaning. The propelling force, moreover, is only exercised to the full upon the projectile when the latter has nearly reached the muzzle of the gun, so that the friction of the bullet in its passage down the bore is greatly lessened. The limited accommodations in M. Giffard's *atélier* prevented us from ascertaining, even aproximately, the force of penetration of the projectile, though at about forty paces a small round bullet from the carbine was beaten quite flat against an iron target. The question, therefore, still remains open whether the rifle can be practically adapted for military purposes.

The military opinion which I heard expressed upon the subject are, so far, favorable, especially as the Lebel repeating rifles, with which the French army is already provided, can easily be converted into Giffard rifles, and then can be fired as many as 350 times in two and a half minutes. Moreover, the cost of the Giffard rifle is said not to exceed from 19 to 25 francs. The French authorities have several months in which to make up their minds on the matter, and in any case there can be no doubt as to the ingenuity and importance of the invention, which is likely to find still further application for industrial as well as military purposes, for M. Giffard tells me that he is now engaged in discovering a means of adapting his system to machinery of all kinds, so that one of these days not only the steam locomotive but even the electric motor may be supplanted by a Giffard liquefied gas engine.—*London Post.*

CREEDMOOR.

THE eighteenth annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association of America will be held at the Creedmoor range, Tuesday, Sept. 9. The shooting will continue for five days, beginning at 9 o'clock each morning.

The matches will be shot as follows: Sept. 9, Judd and Wimbledon Cup matches; Sept. 10, the long range and the Barney Walther team match; Sept. 11, President's match for the military championship of the United States of America, inter-State long range match and the Barney Walther team match; Sept. 12, New York State National Guard match, First Brigade National Guard match and the Second Brigade National Guard match; Sept. 13, Hilton Trophy match and Inter-State Military match.

The Directors' match, the Tiffany match, Governor's match, All-Comers' Military match, Revolver match and Steward match will be open throughout the meeting. The hours for shooting are from 9 to 12 o'clock and from 1 to 5 o'clock.

The Hilton Trophy is valued at $3,000. It was presented by ex-Judge Henry Hilton, and is shot for at 200, 500 and 600yds., seven rounds at each distance. The competition is open to teams of twelve from the three divisions of the United States army, one team from the United States navy, a team from the National Guard of each State and Territory, and teams from other countries. Since 1886 the trophy has been held by the Massachusetts National Guard team. The Inter-State Military match is open to teams of twelve men representing the National Guard of each State or Territory. The distances are 200 and 500yds. standing and prone respectively. The Massachusetts team has held the trophy, a statue valued at $350, offered by New York State, since 1886.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 2.—The tourney of the St. Louis Pistol Club will end in a few weeks. E. Mohrstadt is at present high on the individual straight average, and it looks very much as though he will become the final winner of the handsome gold medal. He leads the next highest man so much that there is little chance of his losing. Eleven good and true members of the club put in an appearance last Wednesday to do battle for the bauble of gold, and S. G. Dorman proved the lucky individual to make the top score. The scores made by all of the persons competing class up well. For all shooting the club uses .22cal. pistols and a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

S G Dorman	7	10	10	7	10	9	10	10	9	9—91
M Summerfield	10	8	10	7	10	9	8	10	9	10—89
A McBean	9	10	7	8	8	10	10	8	10	7—88
W Bauer	8	8	10	10	10	7	7	10	8	8—86
W C Mackwitz	9	10	10	7	8	7	9	8	7	10—85
M O Billmeyer	9	7	10	9	9	8	8	10	10	5—85
E C Mohrstadt	7	8	9	8	8	10	10	7	9	8—84
H Stussell	10	7	8	4	8	10	10	10	8	8—83
A F Bengel	10	6	5	8	10	9	8	10	5	10—81
L V D Perrett	5	7	9	8	8	9	9	8	9	9—79
Jay J Schaeffer	9	9	9	8	8	7	9	6	7	5—77

UNSER FRITZ.

NEW ORLEANS, July 19.—To-night the Metropolitan Club had open house and a grand time presenting the prizes won at its recent tournament. The most important event of the evening was the presentation of the championship medal of Louisana, a handsome diamond set piece of workmanship, of which any one ought to be proud to be the wearer. President Cooper called Mr. John Christen, of the Expectation Club, who had made the highest individual score, 1,522 out of a possible 1,625, and pinned this beautiful and most valued prize on his breast. Christen was so overcome that he was unable to respond, and had to call on Mr. T. A. Marshall, Jr., of the *Spirit of the South*, to do so for him, and he performed the task most pleasantly, and made one of the most appropriate speeches of the evening. The next event was the presentation of the Hernsheim trophy to the record breakers, the Arnoults. This prize consisted of a large silver punch bowl and eighteen goblets. The score made by the victorious eighteen was 26 102 out of a possible 29,250. Mr. C. P. Drolla presented this trophy on behalf of the generous donor and the progressive Metropolitan Club. Mr. B. Rouen accepted the gift in the name of the Arnoult Rifle Club; his telling little speech was received with cheers. Capt. Kinler and Lieut. McCoy were on hand to take care of the prizes so gallantly won. McCoy was disgulsed as a minister.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—The wind and light were good to-day at Walnut Hill, and excellent scores were made. These were the best at 20yds.:

All-Comers' Rest Match.

F Daniels	111	J N Eames	107
W P Thomson	110	L B Avay	105
C Wilder	108	A H Ballard	104
W Peters	102		
M T Day	102		

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H Severance	82	W G Hussey	77
C H Eastman	81	S P George	76
H L Lee	80	D Bayley	73
S O Merville	78	O M Howard	73
S C Sydney	71		
B Downs	71		
A S Hunt	70		

Pistol Practice Match, 50yds.

W G Hussey	91	M T Day	89
H Gill	91	A G Stevens	87
J B Hobbs	75	A N Manus	79
W Woods	79		

BERLIN, Aug. 4.—Captain Weber, the leader of the visiting American riflemen, has gone to Nauheim, where Captain Diehl, another of the American sharpshooters, is lying seriously ill.

ANY RIFLE.—The demand for 10-pound rifles with a trigger pull of 3lbs. is very likely to decline, owing to the action of the National Rifle Association in recognizing the right of shooters to use a rifle of any weight or with any trigger pull. The rule restricting the weight and trigger pull was English and was nonsensical in the extreme. The only way to popularize rifle shooting as a pastime is to allow shooters to suit themselves as to what they shoot, though it has cost the N. R. A. many hundreds of dollars to learn this fact. The rifle manufacturer who puts on the market a close-shooting, 11-pound, set-trigger rifle for from $30 to $40 will be able to sell a large number, and the sooner a start is made the better. The firm that has put out the best set-trigger rifle for the past twenty years has stopped their manufacture, and is now devoting its time to making repeaters, so that the field is open.—*Newark Call.*

ZETTLER CLUB, Aug. 3.—The members of the Zettler Rifle Club on the 200yd. range at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park managed to put up some very fair scores. B. Zettler, who used a new .32 Winchester for the first time, made the greatest number of points, and leads in the club competition with the largest total, 2,869. Dr. J. A. Boyken made the best average, 218.5, on four strings, and is second with a total of 2,617. Yesterday's results:

Off-hand shots, 200yds. distance, strings of 10 shots, possible 250 points—B. Zettler 202, 184, 189, 206, 217, 216, 212; total 1,426, average 20.37. V. Steinbach 185, 183, 195, 193, 193, 201, 201; total 1,351, average 19.30. Dr. J. A. Boyken 238, 204, 222, 210; total 874; average 21.85. G. W. Downs 175, 201, 151, 209; total 736, average 18.40. H. Kohlmetz 160.

DOMINION LEAGUE.—The 54th Battalion still leads the league in the matches fired so far. The aggregate scores of the leading teams are:

54th Battalion, Windsor Mills	4,065
53d Battalion, Sherbrooke	3,894
Halifax Garrison Artillery	3 890
13th Battalion	3 866
45th Battalion, Bowmanville	3 845
25th Battalion Essex Centre	3 800
45th Battalion, Lindsay	3 744
96th Battalion, Port Arthur	3,735

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—The shooting range at Shell Mound Park was crowded to-day with enthusiastic marksmen. The National Guard had a strong contingent present, and the different German shooting societies were indulging in their favorite pastime. Many monthly medal competitions were held by the members of the National Guard, and the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its initial bullseye shoot. The most interesting event of the day's proceedings was a friendly military match by F. O. Young and J. M. Stewart against C. F. Waltham and A. Johnson. Each participant fired 50 shots. The weapon was the Springfield rifle, with the regulation 6lbs. pull of trigger. Score:

F O Young	45 47 43 44 45—224	C F Waltham	44 42 45 46 46—233
J M Stewart	41 44 43 40 41—209	A Johnson	42 42 41 46 40—211
	433		434

A return match may be looked for at an early day.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., July 31.—The Continental Powder Co. has been chartered with $1,000,000 capital stock, to erect a smokeless powder factory on the line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad near Ceredo. The Phœnix Powder Co., of New York, is the principal stockholder in the enterprise. The company controls the formula for the manufacturing of smokeless powder in this country, and an effort will be made to have the Government adopt it. If successful, the largest powder works in the United States will be erected.

CREEDMOOR, July 26.—The New York Rifle Club shot one of its series of matches on the above date. The severe storm in the early part of the day kept many at home. Only five of the forty odd members had sand enough to come out. Following are the scores: M. Herrington 89, T. J. Dolan 84, Mr. Loyd 77, Dr. E. R. C. 74, John F. Klein 72. We use the standard American target in all our matches. The other matches of this series will take place on the 9th, 23d and 30th of August.—SECRETARY.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 6-8.—Onondaga County Sportsmen's Tournament, at Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed purses, all cash.

Aug. 12-15.—McDowall Tournament, at Toronto, Can. Held under the auspices of the four gun clubs of Toronto. For programmes address W. McDowall, Manager, 81 Yonge street, Toronto.

Aug. 18-23.—Third Annual Keystone Tournament, at Corry, Pa.

Aug. 26-30.—Grand Inanimate Target Shooting Tournament of the West End Gun Club of Harrisburg, Pa., to be held at Williams Grove, Cumberland county, Pa. For programmes address H. B. Shoop, Secretary, Box 321, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day, Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Beeville, Tex., Gun Club Tournament. T. J. Skaggs, Secretary.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park. Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-10.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

DALLAS, TEX.

DALLAS, Tex., July 28.—The scores of the last three shoots of the Dallas Gun Club. The targets were bluerocks, 15 singles and 5 pairs doubles. Our club is in a splendid condition; we number nearly 100 members. Our weekly shoots are generally attended by quite a crowd of spectators and they seem to enjoy themselves very much:

Worden	0110111110101011	10 00 10 11 01—16
Patterson	1010011000111000	00 10 11 10 10—11
Wolf	1111111111110011	10 00 10 11 10—18
Fearn	1111111100111111	11 11 10 10 11—21
Mohrhardt	0111010110000000	00 11 11 10 00—11
Terry	1010011010010110	00 00 00 10 10—10
Thompson	1111111110111111	11 11 11 10 10—22
Jones	0001010011001100	01 10 01 01 00— 6
Domnau	1101001011101110	00 01 01 00 10—12
Perry	1000111110101011	00 01 00 01 01—13
Nelms	0000000000101011	10 01 00 10 00 — 7
Williams	0100011011001101	00 10 10 10 10—10
Thomas	1011110000111110	11 01 10 00 11—15
Allen	0010110001111101	00 01 10 10 11—13
July 17:		
Fearn	1111110111111011	11 10 11 11 11—22
Worden	0111010111111110	01 11 10 10 11—19
Wolf	0111011111111110	10 00 00 10 10—14
Thomas	0101000000000010	00 10 10 10 10— 7
Patterson	1111101111100011	10 00 00 00 01—11
Miller	1101010110101000	00 10 00 00 10— 9
Perry	1011010000111101	11 11 01 10 00—13
Welms	0001100010000000	00 00 10 00 00— 4
Domnau	0101001011111010	10 10 10 10 00—12
Williams	1101001110000011	01 01 00 01 11—13
Terry	1111111011101100	01 00 00 00 00—12
Dazey	0001100110010001	10 00 00 00 00— 7
Jones	0101110000111011	11 01 10 01 10—14
Allen	1110010001111100	10 00 10 00 00—10
F House	1101010010010001	01 00 01 11 00—11
McIntire	0010001100000101	01 00 10 00 00— 7
McRosky	1111101111101100	10 10 11 00 00—15
Seegar	0110010111110101	10 11 10 00 00—12
July 24:		
Worden	1001000110111110	11 11 11 10 11—17
Perry	0011101111101001	01 11 10 11 00—15
Fearn	0111111010011111	11 11 11 11 11—21
Wolf	1011010100011101	00 10 00 10 10—12
Williams	0011111110010110	11 10 10 10 10—16
Terry	1010010000000110	10 11 11 00 00—10
Thomson	1111111111111111	11 11 11 10 11—24
Welms	0101110100000100	00 11 10 00 11—11
Mohrhart	1111111000011111	11 10 10 10 10—17
Domnau	0111001111111100	01 01 01 10 00—15
Smith	0011111111110011	10 10 10 01 10—16
Jones	1001101110111111	00 00 01 11 11—16
Dazey	0101111100111101	00 10 10 01 10—14
Morrison	0001101010011001	10 10 10 10 10—11
Elliott	0000011000000100	00 10 00 00 00— 5
Patterson	1011100011011001	11 10 00 10 10—14
F House	0100101011111000	01 10 00 11 10—12
Thomas	0000010101011010	00 00 10 10 00— 8
J House	1100001010100000	10 00 00 10 00— 7

MAK-SAW-BA.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A match was shot at Mak-saw-ba Club grounds, at Davis, Ind., on Saturday, July 19. Conditions, 50 live birds to each man, high score paying nothing, next in order paying 10, 20, 30 and 40 per cent. of expenses, respectively, Illinois State rules to govern:

John Watson	1221012100211012012011211111111111112121121—44
C B Dicks	1122211112231122122201022122212222121291201221—47
R C Stevens	0011022011202112121111122012210211111211111123—43
J P Card	0122122010101222111121121112121112001101012111111—42
W P Mussey	1012211122211111111021220111111112211111010022—45

The birds were an excellent lot, and the match was particularly interesting, as the closeness of the score will show.

Following this race another at 50 Peoria blackbirds each man, was shot under the same conditions as to payment, viz.: Best score paying nothing, others 10, 20, 30 and 40 per cent. of expenses, respectively. The scores were as follows:

C B Dicks	1010111110101111111111101010101111101111111—41
W P Mussey	0110111111011111101111011010111010111111111—41
G W Andrews	1011110111000110101010111111111111111111011111—41
R C Stevens	0001111111111011111111011011111111011111111—42
L M Hamline	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111011011—46

Ties on 41 each shot at 6 birds each with results as follows:

P B Dicks	011111—5	Andrews	111101—5
Mussey	011111—5		

Second round of ties:

Dicks	111110—5	Andrews	111110—5
Mussey	111101—5		

Third round of ties:

Dicks	110110—4	Andrews	111111—6
Mussey	101110—4		

Fourth round of ties for third and fourth:

Dicks	101111—5	Mussey	0011w.

This race was particularly interesting and exciting from start to finish, and was very enjoyable.

On Saturday next, Aug. 2, the same matches will be repeated at Mak-saw-ba Club grounds, and will be witnessed by a large crowd of members and guests. The matches have created much interest, as the shooters are so closely matched, and the race of next Saturday will be for blood from first to last. W. P. MUSSEY.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The Bronx River Gun Club held a very enjoyable and, considering the heat, well attended shoot on the club grounds at West Farms, in Westchester county, to-day. The targets were American standard bluerocks thrown from 3 traps, otherwise American Association rules governed. The scores were as follows: A. Pfeiffer 19, J. Murphy 14, Y. Seawood 17, H. Seawood 15, A. C. Dittmar 23, C. Clark 17, T. N. Jaxques 17, M. Briedenbach 18, E. Fenton 9, M. Cunningham 9, E. D. Miller 18.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The report from this shooting ground is that all through the summer a greater interest has been noted than the management had expected. The large number of our former regular visitors who are now out of town at the seaside and mountains, accounts for the small attendance on Saturday afternoons at present; but since live-pigeon shooting was introduced the tendency has been for less target and more live-bird shooting.

Our live-bird sweeps on Saturday afternoons have had numerous entries which have not been hitherto reported; and, besides, many come there during the week and practice. Some noted shots have prepared themselves for battle on these grounds. The convenience of having live birds always on hand has been fully demonstrated these past three months, and although we have had as many as 800 birds in the coop at one time, they have been speedily disposed of and we have had continually to replenish our stock.

Sportsmen come down as early as the 7:45 train from New York, find Superintendent Moss ready for business, and because of no delay, and with lively pigeons, shoot a score of from 10 to 50 birds and are back to business by 9:30 A. M.

We have been trying to overcome the objection to bad back ground in our target shooting, and we think we have largely done so. For the past two weeks Mr. Moss has furnished us with white bluerocks, and the shooting of the crowd has improved. There is not complaint now that the targets cannot be seen. The white ones show up well against the dark fence and look as big as a house.

Our regular Saturday afternoon shoots will be held all summer, commencing at 2:30 P. M.; and when fall comes and birds are cheap and plenty, the shooting public may expect some hustling here. Among the visitors to-day were Messrs. Dayton and Coles, formerly of Cincinnati, O. AD VANCE.

Below are the scores:

Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Dayton	8	9	10	7	10	9	8	..	..	..	7
Simpson	10	10	7	10	9	8	8	9	9	7	
Collins	9	6	9	9	9	9	8	9	9	7	
Hathaway	8	9	7	8	9	7	7	4	9	8	
Hunt	10	8	8	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	
Howard	5	8	6	6	5	7	5	8	7	6	
Lindsley	9	10	8	7	8	8	9	7	8	7	
Cole	7	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	

Sweeps at live birds, $2 entrance. No. 1:

Dayton	1 1 1 1—4	Howard	2 1 0 1—3
Cole	2 2 2 1—4		

No. 2:

Dayton	1 1 2 1—4	Howard	2 0 0 1—2
Hathaway	1 2 2 0—3	Lyon	1 1 1 1—4
Collins	2 1 1 1—4	Lindsley	1 1 0 1—3
Simpson	1 1 1 1—4		

No. 3, ties div.:

Dayton	2 2 0 1—3	Howard	0 2 0 2—2
Hathaway	2 0 2 2—3	Lyon	0 1 2 2—3
Collins	1 2 2 1—4	Lindsley	1 0 1 1—3
Simpson	2 0 0 1—2		

Second money shot off in next sweep, miss and out.

BREWER VS. CLASS.

LONG BRANCH, July 30.—The live-pigeon shooting match between Captain John S. Brewer, of Philadelphia, and Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., was held at Long Branch to-day. The shoot was for a purse of $500 a side, 100 birds each, 5 traps, American rules to govern. Captain Brewer shot at 30yds. rise and Class at 28yds. Jacob Peetz acted as referee. Even though the birds were the veriest "duffers" that have ever been trapped in the State, the scores were still remarkable. Brewer killed 98, his other two falling dead just over the bounds, while Class scored 95 and had three others drop outside the boundary. The shoot was under London Gun Club rules, excepting that the score marked the dead line. Brewer lost his 39th and 69th birds; Class lost his 21st, 26th, 32d, 34th and 97th birds, losing the first two through sheer lack of judgment. The shoot was witnessed by over 500 experts, among them John Erb, C. M. Hedden, J. E. Wheaton, "Doc" Van Ness, Wm. Erb, and other Newark shooters; H. Leddy, "Uncle Bill" Sigler, of Montclair; John Riggott, of Rockaway; John Class, of Pine Brook; Charles Evans, Charles Ives and Hugh Liddy, of the Newark Gun Club; John Irwin, Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia; Dr. Knapp, the famous wing shot; John S. Hoey, Walter Murphy, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Philip Daly, Philip Daly, Jr., Captain Benjamin West, Albert Cubberly, William D. Campbell, Capt. Charles B. Morris, Frederick G. Loeb, Jeptha Van Dyke, John L. Price, Elisha West Price, Frederick Beale, William O. Price and Colonel E. Shade.

E. Floyd-Jones and Edgar Murphy, the New York experts, were also present for the purpose of witnessing Brewer's work, as they are trying to arrange a match with him. Brewer used his second barrel 59 times and Class used his 45 times. The match will probably be repeated.

Capt. Brewer says according to the terms of the match the boundary line should be 80yds. from the center trap, but unknown to him, after the match was ended, the promoters of the affair declared the fence the boundary. Brewer killed 97 birds that fell in fair grounds before there was any dispute.

Of the three remaining birds, one fell dead just inside the dead line, one on the outside of the dead line, but inside the fence, and the other a few feet on the outside of the fence, making the actual number of birds killed 100, 98 of them in fair grounds.

When the referee's attention was called to the one bird that fell inside the dead line, but on the remaining two were declared out; so the actual score was Brewer 98, Class 95. Had the fence rule not been made, Brewer would have scored 100 birds without a miss, as the furthest bird was not 80yds. from the center trap.

He feels indignant that he should thus be deprived of obtaining the full honor due him for making such a remarkable score.

BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN, July 29.—The Diana Sportsman Club held their monthly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day. The club formerly shot at Bay View Park, but at their last meeting they resolved to change to Dexter Park. There were 13 members present, and they shot at 15 bluerocks each. They were divided into three classes. The medal in the first class was won by C. Ring, who broke 11. In the second class the medal was won by C. Medler, who broke 12. The third class medal went to H. Hartman, who broke 8. After the regular shoot several sweepstakes matches were shot, in which R. Monsees, C. Ring and D. Robertson were winners.

July 30.—The Bienmore Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day. The birds did not fly very well on account of the severe heat. Five traps were used and each member shot at 7 birds. J. Bennett won. The scores follow: Regular shoot at 7 birds each—J. Edgerton 7, W. Levens 5 E. Helgans 7, W. Selover 5, J. K. Powell 5, S. Pfahlman 5, J. Van Wicklen 7, Dr. Boehm 7, W. Linnington 5, C. McGee 3, A. Jardine 2, L. Sutter 7, J. Bennett 7, H. Schlictner 3, J. McLaughlin 4. Shoot off for first place, 3 birds each, then miss and out: J. Edgerton 3, E. Helgans 3, J. Van Wicklen 5, Dr. Boehm 7, L. Sutter 3, J. Bennett 8.

July 31.—That new and rising organization, the Erie Gun Club, of South Brooklyn, had its regular monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park, L. I., to-day. The shooting was exceptionally good, no less than 5 men out of the 11 who faced the traps making a clean score of 11 straight kills. In the shoot off the veteran Ike Hyde again showed his superiority by killing 8 more straight, winning the club badge for the second time. The second prize was won by H. Jackson, the third by W. Schellye and the fourth by C. Luhrssen. The score was as follows: Regular shoot at 7 live birds—C. Plate 6, F. Greb 7, J. Plate 7, J. Schmadeke 5, C. Jericho 7, W. Schellye 5, C. Luhrssen 4, H. Dohrman 7, M. Elsisser 6, H. Jankowsky 6 and J. Hyde 7. Shoot off for first prize: F. Greb 1, J. Plate 5, C. Jericho 4, H. Dohrman 7, Ike Hyde 8. In a subsequent sweepstake under club handicap rules F. Greb won first money with 8 straight. Referee, C. Blatzmacher.

LONDON, Ont., July 26.—London Gun Club, 30 Keystones, 5 traps, 16yds. rise:

Evans	1111101010101101110111111110—23
Tee Kay	1010110010101101111110110001—18
Brewer	0000001010001001111000100100010—10
Winfield	0100010100110000000010110100—10
Redpath	1101011100111111111101111110111—24
Jaynes	1010100011010101010000010101111—14
Gibbs	0010100001111011010001101110010—15
Payne	0101011110011101001101110010111—18

Match at 20 Keystones:

Evans	0011100110110010110111—12	Redpath	0101011111101111111111—16
Tee Kay	1111110010111100101111—14	Jaynes	1100110100111101010—12
Brewer	0010010100101001001000—7	Gibbs	1100110100100100010—9
Winfield	0000100100110000010l—6	Payne	1000110001011111010111—12

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Aug. 4.—Flemington Gun Club shoot at 25 bluerocks, 5 traps, unknown angles, American Association rules:

J L Chamberlin	1111101110011101111101011—19
H Sutphin	1110110011111111110110011—19
C P Rowley	1011111001011001111000111—18
A H Moore	1101011101111101011101010—18
G A Redding	1010010101010001001110100—11
E Lott	1110011001111011111110011—18
A Ryatt	1011101111110111010011101—18
H G Chamberlin	1000001011101010101011011—13
W S Gunmere	0111101010011111111111101—19
H S Stout	0001010010111010010100000— 9

Following ehe club shoot sweep shooting was indulged in until dark. Score:

First event, entrance $1. 10 bluerocks:

J L Chamberlin	1111111100— 8	Stout	0100001111— 5
Rowley	1111111111—10	Sutphin	1101010011— 6
Gunmere	1110100069— 4	R Moore	1011111001— 7
Lott	0111110011— 6	Redding	0111101011— 7

Second event, 6 single bluerocks, $1 entrance:

Chamberlin	111111—6	Stout	110010—3
Rowley	111111—6	Moore	110011—4
Lott	110011—4	Redding	011111—5

TORONTO, Aug. 2.—The shoot for McDowall's gun was concluded on Stark's athletic grounds this Saturday afternoon. The grounds, which are being laid out for the big shoot, are almost ready, and those who were present expressed their satisfaction at the arrangement of traps, etc. The score:

G Hilton	0111110111111101111010111—20
C Charles	1110010110111111111111000—18
T Sawden	0111110110111111110000000—16

G. Thompson, S. McClure and C. G. Winchell retired.

First sweep, 15 birds:

Charles	111111111111111—15	Sawden	011111101111111—13
McDowall	111111111111111—15		

Charles won on third tie.

Second sweep:

Charles	1111111011—9	Thompson	1111111101—9
McDowall	1011111111—9	Henry	0111111111—9
Sawden, Sr	1001011111—6		

Charles and Henry won.

Messrs. Charles Stark & Co., on whose grounds the tournament will be held next week, have decided to present a copy of the W. W. Greener's book on the gun to each contestant entering in one or more of the guaranteed purses. This work sells for $2. Mr. Paul North, of Cleveland, will assist W. McDowall in the management of his big shoot.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 1.—An interesting match was shot yesterday on the London Gun Club's grounds, London West, the contestants being Messrs. Redpath and Evans against Messrs. Ward and Avey. The match was close and exciting throughout, as the score shows. The weather was favorable and the shooting fair—296 out of a possible 400.

First Side.

Redpath	1101111111000111101011111011101110111111001
	1111001110111111111001111111111111011101110010—79
Evans	0010111110011010010111100110011101111111011101111
	0101111011011011011111011101101100111110001—71
	—
	150

Second Side.

Avey	1011111111010110011111001110110011111111111101
	0101011101101110111101100110101111101111111111—76
Ward	0101100001110011101100111111111111111011100111
	1110001111011111111100111111110001110110010111010—70
	—
	146

LAKE COUNTY GUN CLUB.—Burnside, Ill., July 30.—Sweep No. 1:

W S Bond	0201222102—7	W J Edbrooke	2010222211—8
N H Ford	2100000111—5	Marquardt	2001101100—5
F Sarther	1100000010—3	H Peckart	1000020222—5

Sweep No. 2:

Edbrooke	21120—4	Bond	22101—4
Peckart	02210—3	Ford	01101—3
Sarther	21112—5	Marquardt	22212—5

Sweep No. 3:

Edbrooke	22102—4	Bond	00010—1
Sarther	10222—5	Marquardt	21010—3
Peckart	01221—4		

Sweep No. 4:

Marquardt	10112—4	Edbrooke	11222—5
Bond	01111—4		

Ties, miss and out: Bond 0, Marquardt 1.—RAVELRIG.

OMAHA, Neb.—The Raymond Gun Club's weekly shoot, 25 singles and 5 pairs of double bluerocks, and 18yds. rise:

Loomis	0001101010110010101101—12	11 11 11 01 11—9
Fogg	1101101011010111011111011—18	11 11 11 10 11—9
Montgomery	1101111111111100111101101—19	10 10 11 10 10—6
Jones	0101101111011111011010010—16	10 00 10 11 11—6
Kenyon	0010010001100101011100100—9	10 00 00 10 10—3
Keunedy	1111011001100011000110110—14	11 10 00 00 01—4
Bingham	1111101011100110111011010—17	11 00 11 11 11—8
Perkins	1111101111111111111111110—23	00 01 01 11 00—4
Kenyon	1110111000011000100000111—13	01 00 11 01 11—6

SANDY GRISWOLD.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 2.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen, at Coal Mine Brook Range, the merchandise contest was renewed. In the contest at each meet, each man has a possible 25 clay-pigeons, the total of each follows: E. B. Burbank 24, G. J. Rugg 22, C. B. Holden 21, Geo. Adams and Chas. Crompton 20, A. G. Larkin and A. R. Bowdish each 19, I. N. Dodge, C. A. Parker, A. B. F. Kinney, E. E. Hill and C. H. Howe each 18, M. D. Gilman, W. E. Johnson, W. R. Dean each 17, A. L. Gilman 16, F. M. Houghton, V. F. Prentin and J. B. Garlow each 15, W. L. Davis, H. D. Jourdan, E. F. Swan and G. W. Langdon each 14, E. Whittaker 13, H. W. Webber 11, C. R. Burnett 10, T. P. Wilson and J. W. Dougherty each 7.

A SOBER CHALLENGE.—Mechanicsburg, Pa., Aug. 2.—C. K. Sober, the champion shotgun shot of the world, has issued a challenge to Capt. Bogardus, or any other expert shot that sees fit to accept, to shoot him a match for $1,000 a side during the Grangers' Picnic at Williams's Grove, Aug. 25 to 30. Marvelous are the feats accomplished by Mr. Sober with his favorite weapon, and after the match he will give an exhibition of fancy shooting that will astonish the natives for a hundred miles around. Mr. Sober has posted a forfeit of $250 in the hands of Col. R. H. Thomas, of this place, general manager of the Grangers' Picnic, to whom all communications on the subject should be addressed.—MINNIE MINGO

OMAHA, Neb., July 26.—The Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot took place to-day. The day was fine, the marksmen at their best, and at a consequence good scores was the result. The conditions were 25 bluerocks, 5 unknown traps, 18yds. rise: Fogg 18, Townsend 21, Brewer 19, Kennedy 24, Brucker 16, Gray 14, Field 22, Hughes 20, E. J. Corey 20, W. F. Corey 21. A sweepstakes, 10 bluerocks, $2 entrance, same conditions, followed the main event, and proved a tight and interesting chase: Fogg 10, Gray 8, Townsend 9, Hughes 8, Fuller 8, Field 8, Hummel 7. Brewer 6, Borland 10, Jones 6. Fogg and Borland divided first and Townsend took second.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 2.—In the merchandise match at Wellington to-day these scores were made: Bennett 18, Dodge 17, Scott and White 16 each, Dill 14, Gore, Sanborn and Budd 13 each, Shumway 12, Warren 11, Cowes 10. The winners of firsts were as follows: 6 hubs, White and Bennett; 6 hubs, Gore; 3 pair hubs, Gore; 6 hubs, Dodge and Scott; 6 hubs, Scott and Perry; 6 hubs, White; three pair hubs, Eager, Scott and Bradstreet; 6 hubs, Bennett; 6 hubs, White and Bradstreet; 6 hubs, Gore; 6 hubs, Gore; 5 pair hubs, Perry; 10 nubs, White; 3 pair Hubbs, Dill and Scott; 6 hubs, Bond and Warren; 3 pair hubs, Bond and Bennett; 6 hubs, White; 6 hubs, White and Scott; 6 hubs, Perry and Bond; 6 hubs, White; 6 hubs, Perry and Bond; 6 hubs, Dodge and Sanborn; 6 hubs, Bennett, Scott and Bond.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

2-9. Cor. Navy, Cruise, Long Island Sound.
2-16. Quaker City, Annual Cruise Long Island Sound.
8. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day and Review, Weymouth.
8. Riverside, Special Classes, Riverside, Conn.
9. Savin Hill, Club, Savin Hill.
9. Corinthian, Marblehead, Club, under 21ft.
9. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
9. Hamilton, 21 and 25ft.
9. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
9. Queen City, Cruise, Toronto.
9. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
9. Tappan Zee, Annual, Grand View.
9, 11. Hull, Cham., Pt. Allerton.
12. So. Boston, Mus. Fleet, City Point.
9, 11, 12. Corinthian, 21 & 25ft. Classes, Marblehead.
13. Hull, Ladies' Day.
13. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
13. Hamilton, L. Y. R. A. Regatta
13. L. Y. R. A., Hamilton.
14. Massachusetts, 30 and 40ft., Dorchester.
15. L. Y. R. A., Royal Can., Tor.
16. Sippican, Club, Marion.
16. Beverly, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
16. Queen City, 1st Class and "World" Cup, Toronto.
16. L. Y. R. A., Queen City, Tor.
16. Newark, Annual, Bayonne.
16. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
18. American, Open, Newburyport.
18, 19, 20. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series for 30 and 40-footers.
18. L. Y. R. A., Cobourg.
20. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
22. Quincy, Club, Quincy.
22. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marbleh'd.
23. Hull, Cham., Hull.
23. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
23. West Lynn, 3d Cham., Lynn.
23. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beach.
23. Savin Hill, Cham., Savin Hill
23. Great Head, Sail-off, Great Head.
23. American, 2d Cham., Newburyport.
23. Cor. Navy, Regatta, West Long Island Sound Squad.
23. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
23. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
23. Riverside, Ladies' Day, Riverside, Conn.
23. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
23. Buffalo, Cruise, Lake Erie.
23. Lynn, Lynn.
27. Rhode Island, Open Regatta.
27. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
28. Miramichi, Black Brook to Point and return.
29. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
30. Beverly, 3d Cup, Marblehead
30. Sippican, Sweep, Marion.
30. Savin Hill, Cruise.
30. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
30. Monatiquot, Sail-off Cham., Weymouth.

THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

EVERY year increases the importance of the cruise at the expense of the regatta, and while this year the latter was in no way more notable than those of the other New York clubs, the August cruise is more than ever the great event of the year. It is too soon yet to say whether it has quite fulfilled all anticipations and redeemed some of the dullness of an exceptionally dull season; but if such shall not prove to be the case, it will be due to the apathy of owners, and not to any neglect on the part of the officers. Every effort has been made to meet the wishes of both cruisers and racers, besides the Goelet cups, special races have been arranged at Newport, and those who please may race in the runs.

As usual, the handsome flagship Electra was ready on Wednesday morning at the club station off Twenty-sixth street, New York, and at 9:40 started on the run for New London. On board were Commodore Gerry, Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody, Secretary J. Y. S. Oddie, Treasurer E. W. J. Hurst, Fleet Surgeon Morris J. Asch, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane and Chester Griswold, of the regatta committee, Mr. D. B. Fearing, and the representatives of the leading New York papers. Once through the Gate, and on the beautiful waters of the Sound, the hot and stifling atmosphere of the city was soon exchanged for a breeze that made life worth living as the flagship ran rapidly toward New London. The run was without incident until near port, when a curious white object that had been frisking about in the distance ran down astern of the Electra and begun a stern chase, which proved a short one, as she not only came up quickly, but was soon far ahead. She was soon recognized as the new Herreshoff torpedo boat Cushing, with Secretary Tracy on board.

Shortly after 5 P. M. the Electra steamed into New London Harbor, and anchored in the midst of the large fleet of yachts that had gathered from all quarters for the cruise. The steamers were out in large numbers, the most imposing being the handsome Alva and the Catarina. Volunteer, looking as large as ever, was with the fleet for the first time in two years; with her was Puritan, the new cutter Wayward, Mayflower in her schooner rig, Œnone, Marguerite and last year's Burgess schooner Merlin. The 70-footers were few, Katrina waiting at Newport, Bedouin being laid up, and only Oneida and Titania, the latter under cruising rig, being with the fleet. Clara was present as usual, while in the 40ft. class were Minerva, Moccasin, Marquita, Chloe, Nymph and Liris, the latter two with cruising parties aboard. Gossoon had started from Newport in the morning, but parted her bobstay off Narragansett Pier and put back. With these racers were cruisers by the score, Dauntless, Yampa, Iroquois, Intrepid, Huron, Medusa, Pocahontas, Fanny, besides many yachts not flying the New York burgee.

In the harbor was the Despatch with Secretary Tracy on board, and immediately on anchoring Com. Gerry, accompanied by his staff, paid a visit to her. The iron lifeboat of the Electra has been lately replaced by a handsome centerboard gig with a couple of sprit sails, and this new boat was sent off in charge of Captain Wickes, its first service being to bring on board Mr. George L. Schuyler, who was to come down from Jamestown, opposite Newport, where he was spending the summer with his daughters, to join the Electra for the cruise, as has been his custom in the past. Mr. Schuyler was waiting at the landing off the Pequot House, and was soon on board, where a warm greeting awaited him.

At 9 P. M. a meeting of the captains was held on the quarter-deck of the Electra, Com. Gerry presiding. In calling the meeting to order the Commodore made mention of the fact that the occasion was the 46th birthday of the club, the first meeting, for the purpose of organizing, having been held on board Mr. John C. Stevens's yacht Gimcrack, on July 30, 1844. The matter of the programme for the cruise created some discussion, three courses being suggested. The first was to sail to Newport on Thursday, the Goelet cup race taking place on Friday, and on Saturday to run to the Vineyard, lying there over Sunday and continuing the regular course to New Bedford for a night and then back to Newport on Tuesday, where the naphtha and rowing races would take up another day. The second programme was after sailing for the Goelet cups on Friday to hold the launch and gig races at Newport on Saturday, sailing on Monday for the Vineyard. The third was to sail to Shelter Island on Thursday, Newport on Friday, and to race for the Goelet cups on Saturday, continuing the cruise to Vineyard Haven on Monday. This plan found some favor, but it was finally decided to proceed at once to Newport and to follow the second programme. The arrangements for races on the runs, published last week, were proposed by Mr. L. Nicholson Kane, of the regatta committee, and adopted, Mr. Kane also mentioning that Rear-Com. Iselin had presented a $250 cup to be raced for by the forties.

It was decided to start the first run early on Thursday, but the first news that went through the fleet about 7 A. M. was that Mr. Schuyler had been found dead on the floor of his stateroom an hour earlier. This sad news changed entirely the arrangements, colors were half-masted, the race was abandoned, the command of the fleet on the run was intrusted to Vice-Commodore Fish, while the Electra remained in harbor with Mr. Schuyler's body on board. Fleet Surgeon Asch, who was on board the flagship all night, pronounced the sudden death due to heart disease. Mr. Schuyler, who was 80 years old, had been feeble for some time, and his death was not unexpected by his family, though it was probably hastened by the extremely sultry weather of Thursday, and the excitement of the trip to join the fleet. The services of an undertaker were secured at New London, and the flagship steamed on in the rear of the fleet, reaching Newport about 3 P. M., calling first at Jamestown, where Com. Gerry visited Miss Schuyler and broke the news to her.

At her request, services were held as soon as the flagship reached Newport; the coffin, covered with the American flag, was placed on the quarter deck, in the presence of a number of yachtsmen, while Com. Gerry, who was deeply affected, read the Episcopal burial service. At the conclusion of the ceremony, which was a most impressive one, the body was taken ashore to meet the Fall River boat for New York, Miss Schuyler also accompanying the remains. Mr. Philip Schuyler, who has been on a long cruise on the eastern coast in his steam yacht Nonya, was notified by telegraph. In the evening a special meeting of captains was held on the Electra, at which Com. Gerry appointed a committee who drew up the following:

ON BOARD YACHT VOLUNTEER,
OFF NEWPORT, Aug. 1, 1890.

The committee appointed by Com. Gerry beg to report that the announcement of the sudden death of George L. Schuyler, on

board the flagship Electra, is received with the most profound sorrow, and this loss to us is most sincerely mourned.

He was one of the founders of the New York Y. C. and its oldest member. He was one of the five gentlemen who built the yacht America, and who presented to the club the America's Cup as an international challenge cup.

After being present at the assembling of the first squadron that this club has ever brought together, he was stricken to death, surrounded by friends, on the morning of July 31.

He was a man of world-wide reputation and of unblemished honor, an intelligent and enthusiastic yachtsman.

We do well to emulate his virtues, and it will be a proud record for us to be, as he was, ready "when each in his silent chamber shall hear his sunset gun."

(Signed) CHARLES J. PAINE,
JAMES D. SMITH.
ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, Commanding Officer.
LATHAM A. FISH, Vice-Commodore.
C. O. ISELIN, Rear Commodore.

The funeral, on Monday, in New York, was very simple, the body being finally taken to the family plot at Tarrytown.

The fleet, with colors at half mast, started from New London about 9:30, no times being taken and no attempt at racing being made, save that occasional brushes took place between one pair or another of the yachts. Titania and Grayling led the fleet in, Huron sailed very well on the whole run, while Quickstep had a very good place at the finish. Just off the torpedo station were the vessels of the British fleet, Bellerephon, Canada and Partridge, arrived from Halifax during the morning. The day had been warm but pleasant, with a free wind in the morning, drawing abeam later on, and save for the depressing occurrence of the morning the run was a very pleasant one. At anchor in Newport were enough yachts to bring the total of New York Y. C. fleet up to 125, while a number of outside yachts were there as well, Awa, Millette, Kathleen, and smaller craft without number. On the run Pocahontas lost topmast, but had a new one in next day, while Halcyon broke her main boom.

GOELET CUPS, AUG. 1, NEWPORT.

All through the spring, when regatta after regatta was started with few singlestickers and no schooners, the cry has been that the racers were waiting for the New York Y. C. cruise, that then all would be ready and there would be plenty of racing. Now that the cruise has come and gone it looks as though, in the schooner class at least, the Goelet cup and the Eastern regatta would make up the sum total of the year's racing, the result being but little better in the singlestick classes. The Goelet cups have for the past five years been the leading event of the season, taking precedence even of the New York Y. C. regatta in June, and the ownership of the cup has in a way settled the question of superiority in each class for the year. Considering its importance, the present race cannot be called a success or much above the low level of all the racing this year. The schooner race was welcome as a novelty, but the absence of Grayling robbed it of much interest; Sea Fox who was looked to for a hard battle with Merlin, made a very poor showing all day: Marguerite, sailing her first race since some important alterations, had smelled bottom on the previous day and could not get her board down; Quickstep, the smallest, and one of the smartest of the schooners, and ready to try to repeat her performance of last year at Marblehead, when she saved her time from the fleet, carried away the jaws of her main gaff in the morning, and was out of the race before it begun. Miranda, who has not raced for a couple of years, was also entered to try the result of recent alterations, but in stowing her mainsail on the previous night the boom was allowed to drop on the wheel, smashing the latter very badly, and although her captain went to Boston that night in search of a new one, he had not returned when the fleet went out to the start. The starters in the schooner class were but six, Merlin, Sea Fox, Palmer, Marguerite, Œnone, and Mayflower, a very good lot, but by no means the fleet that should start if all the schooner racing of a season is to be condensed into a single race.

The half a dozen starters in the singlestick class were hardly more satisfactory, ranging in size from 40ft. up to 86, with all the possibilities of big flukes which accompany such a fleet. Volunteer was once more under her racing colors, and apparently in fine form, but it was not expected that Puritan would save time from her, or make the race other than a walkover. Puritan, looking much as of old, with Capt. Crocker in his usual place at the wheel, was on hand, but in the next class two important yachts were missing, Shamrock being absent altogether, and Titania, under her old rig and with working topsail, merely sailing around in "could if I would" sort of way that must have been intensely provoking to her classmates. Katrina was present, but without her owners on board; and Gracie, also improved by alterations during the winter, was eager for the chance that was denied her last June. Clara was on hand in case of light weather or any stray flukes, and Gossoon, with nearly 50 minutes to take from Volunteer, was also ready.

Minerva's owner has lately been seriously ill and left Newport this same day under the orders of his physician on a trip to the West, his brother accompanying him. Minerva was left in charge of Mr. Gouverneur Kortright, but owing to Mr. Carroll's illness she was not ready to go in. Mr. Carroll has been forbidden to race again this year, even in the case of a speedy recovery, and what the result will be on Minerva's entries in future races remains to be seen.

The early morning brought a violent thunder squall about 5 A. M., the heavy wind causing a number of yachts to drag in the harbor, but at 7 A. M. there was little wind and less promise of any. The fleet started out, however, and by 11 A. M. the flagship was at anchor to the southward of Brenton's Reef Lightship, with a light breeze from N.N.E, blowing out the code signals for the historic "Sow and Pigs" course, 17¼ miles east, southeast to Sow and Pigs Lightship, thence 4½ miles north to Hen and Chickens Lightship, and thence 16¾ miles west, ¾ north to the finish at Brenton's Reef Lightship.

The preparatory gun was fired at 11:33, and the starting gun for the singlesticks 10 minutes later. Clara, showing a couple of bale sticks in her mainsail in true Yankee fashion, was first over, on port tack, with Volunteer just to leeward of her. Puritan, Katrina and Gracie were together some little distance astern of Volunteer, Gracie under Katrina's lee quarter, while Gossoon was last. The crossing interval was 5 minutes, the gun at the end being also the signal for the schooners to start; but in spite of the signals displayed with each gun the whole schooner fleet was badly handicapped. Marguerite was first over, Œnone second and Palmer third. These, with Mayflower, crossed the weather end of the line, but Merlin lumbered down to leeward and was forced to tack near Electra's stern and stand along to the line to the other end. Sea Fox was just ahead of Merlin. The actual times of the start were not taken from the bridge, but the lot was badly handicapped; while the start was sluggish and slovenly in the extreme, so much so as to suggest the desirability of a "one gun" start, in hopes that it may stir men up a little, or, on the other hand, of giving a still longer interval, say of 15 or 20 minutes, so that the disgrace of such unnecessary handicap as in this case may be nominally avoided.

The entire fleet started on the port tack, all carrying clubtopsails and first or second jibtopsails, the schooners mostly carrying maintopmaststaysails. The leaders held the port tack for some time, the wind still blowing light N.N.E., with a weathergoing tide. At the end of the first half hour Volunteer, having increased her lead on the fleet, was furthest off shore save Gracie, now under her lee. Puritan, Katrina, Clara and Gossoon were to windward of Volunteer, the latter well in shore. Marguerite, first of the schooners, was some distance astern of the singlestick division, but well ahead of her sisters, Œnone, Mayflower and Palmer being abeam of each other, while Merlin and Sea Fox were still some distance astern, Merlin having passed to windward and taken the lead of Fox.

At about 12:30 Volunteer caught the first puff of an easterly breeze, which headed her off and then ran back to turn the others, making the course a dead beat for the remaining 13 or 14 miles. Both Clara and Gossoon had held as far as possible to windward since the start, and when the new breeze met them they tacked, Gossoon at 12:30 and Clara at 12:33, heading somewhere up the Sakonnett River. The positions now were: Volunteer, well to the south, with Gracie to leeward of her, and Katrina well to windward of Gracie's port quarter, Puritan being to windward of the pair, and the entire quartette on the original port tack. Inshore and astern of them were Clara and Gossoon on starboard tack, Gossoon having caught Clara or nearly so. Mayflower was traveling to the front of the schooner fleet, and Merlin was working her way steadily after her, Sea Fox doing little to speak of.

About 12:40 Puritan tried the in shore tack, Volunteer at once following her about, but Katrina and Gracie preferred the open water, and hammered along nearly to the outer mark on the off shore tack, Katrina steadily gaining. The schooners held this latter course also, the fleet being thus broken into two divisions. At 1:07 Volunteer went on port tack, to the eastward of West Island, Puritan at once following, and a quarter of an hour later both took in jibtopsails and laid as close as possible for the long leg to the lightship. Volunteer was gaining on Puritan; Katrina, to the south, was beating Gracie badly; and Gossoon and Clara, now far astern of Volunteer, were falling further apart with each mile the little white cutter sailed. Merlin had caught and passed Mayflower long before the mark was reached, while Marguerite, unable to lower her board, had dropped to last place. Palmer also was beaten and did not turn the mark. The times at the Vineyard Haven (Sow and Pigs) Lightship were:

Volunteer	2 20 30	Gracie	3 12 30
Puritan	2 32 40	Clara	3 14 25
Katrina	2 52 07	Sea Fox	3 17 05
Gossoon	3 06 00	Œnone	3 24 06
Merlin	3 07 16	Marguerite	3 33 00
Mayflower	3 09 40		

Gossoon, though outside of her allowance from Volunteer, had taken the honors on the long beat out, leading not only Clara and Gracie, but all the schooners, and making almost as good elapsed time as Merlin and Mayflower. She had beaten Clara over 11m., and though a part of this was due to some fluking under the Newport shore in the early part of the race, a great deal of it was, so far as could be seen, on fair sailing.

The short leg to Hen and Chickens was a close reach, Volunteer turning the second mark just as Katrina turned the first. Little Gossoon held her place over part of this leg, and then the big schooners passed her. Gracie had come down to working topsail and no jibtopsail before the first mark, but Katrina carried her club and intermediate jibtopsail. There is little to tell of the procession home under spinnakers after the fleet left Hen and Chickens, the times at that mark being, so far as taken:

Volunteer	2 51 02	Katrina	3 23 28
Puritan	3 04 42		

The full times of the race were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Volunteer	11 44 00	4 39 49	4 55 49	4 55 49
Puritan	11 45 13	5 03 47	5 18 34	Not meas.
Katrina	11 45 49	5 24 12	5 38 33	5 27 02
Gossoon	11 46 53	6 16 13	6 29 20	Not meas.
Clara	11 43 52	6 22 12	6 38 20	6 03 55
Gracie	11 45 22	6 20 28	6 34 46	6 21 24
SCHOONERS.				
Merlin	11 53 00	5 49 21	5 56 21	6 56 21
Mayflower	11 53 00	6 09 29	6 16 29	6 14 25
Œnone	11 53 00	6 29 03	6 34 03	Not meas.
Sea Fox	11 53 00	6 11 23	6 18 23	Not meas.
Marguerite	11 53 00	Time not taken.		
Palmer	11 53 00	Did not finish.		

The schooner cup goes to Merlin, the previous winners being: 1882, '83, Montauk; 1884, '86, Grayling; 1885, Fortuna; 1887, '88, Sachem, and 1889, Sea Fox. The singlestick cup has been won as follows: 1882, Fanny; 1885, Gracie; 1884, Bedouin; 1885, Puritan; 1886, Mayflower; 1887, '88, '90, Volunteer; 1889, Titania. No 70-footer has ever won the cup when a larger boat has started. Titania, knocking about the course under a small rig and with no clubtopsail, after starting to leeward of the line, managed to show up at the weather mark some time ahead of the racers of her class; and, had she been in the race between her and Volunteer would have been most instructive.

One of the chief feature of the day was the race between Gossoon and Clara, the 40-footer beating the 53-footer 11min. 22sec. in 17 miles to windward, while the longer boat picked up 2min. 26sec. on the run home. The sailing of Clara with Minerva and the other good forties this spring would indicate that she is not so much faster than the short boats on the wind as she has been considered; but even in default of any apparent reason for the great difference between her and Gossoon, few will be willing to accept this one race as conclusive evidence that any of the best of the 40-footers can beat Clara by half a minute to the mile, boat for boat. If this or anything like it be true, however, it is a pretty strong argument against the mythical narrow boat that has been foretold in the event of the adoption of a classification by corrected length. Clara, of 53ft. waterline and 9ft. beam, has practically the same sail area as Gossoon, 40ft. waterline and 12ft. beam, measuring 55ft. corrected length to 48ft., in round numbers. A 46ft. Clara, carrying 2,500sq. ft. of sail, would rate at 48ft. corrected length, or the same as Gossoon, and certainly would not have the ghost of a show with the wider boat on even time if Clara herself cannot beat the wide forty by a large margin.

NEWPORT, ISELIN CUP, AUG. 2.

The decision of the regatta committee to offer the Iselin cup for the forties pleased every one, as no better chance for a test has been offered this season. Few New York yachtsmen were present on the occasion of Gossoon's victory at Marblehead three weeks since, and there was a general desire to see a match between the two. At the same time there were other forties present, and though few expected that they would trouble either Gossoon or Minerva, every one wished to see the new Moccasin and also Mariquita after her creditable performance in the Seawanhaka Corinthian regatta. The course decided on was 12 miles to windward or leeward, and when the flagship anchored off Brenton's Reef Lightship at 11 A. M. on Saturday, there was no trouble in laying out a good course, the wind being moderate from S.E. and the water comparatively smooth. The starters were as follows:

	Measurement.	Allowance.	Owner.	Helmsman.
Mariquita, k	48.09	Allows.	A. Belmont, Jr.	Ed. Burgess.
Gossoon, k	47.83	0 20	Adams Bros.	Chas. F. Adams.
Moccasin, c.b	47.23	0 59	E. D. Morgan	Owner.
Choctaw, c.b	47.08	1 06	Arnold Thayer.	Capt. Moloney.
Minerva, k	45.61	2 48	J. L. Carroll.	Capt. C. Barr.

Nothing had been left undone that could fit the boats for racing, Mariquita had a new mainsail, and beside Mr. Burgess at the wheel, she had Mr. E. A. Willard, who sailed Nymph so admirably last year. Gossoon was in fine form, and with both her owners aboard, Mr. Chas. F. Adams at the stick; Moccasin had Mr. Morgan at the wheel, with Mr. Herbert Leeds and Capt. Craven beside him; Choctaw, with copper bronze in place of pot-lead, was sailed by her skipper, a skilful hand; and Minerva, following Clara's example with a couple of battens in her mainsail, had her skipper at the stick and Capt. John Barr with some of Clara's crew to run the deck. All carried clubtopsails and small jibtopsails, but Minerva had her smaller club aloft.

The fleet lay astern of the Electra when the preparatory gun was fired at 12:23, but a minute before the start was given Capt. Maloney brought Choctaw with a rush close under the stern of the flagship, well timed to cross the line in the smoke. Close as she was, there was still room enough for Minerva's bowsprit between Choctaw and the Electra, and Captain Barr put it there in time to back up his hail for room, which Choctaw was forced to give. No prettier picture could a racing man desire to look on than was shown from the high bows of the Electra as the pair ran through the smoke as it left the gun; both heeled well down, Minerva just grazing Electra's forefoot as she leaped out to windward, with Chocktaw lapping her and almost covered by Minerva's mainsail. As she went from under Electra's bow Minerva shot out clear of her rival, and took a good weather berth. Moccasin came by a minute later, but Gossoon and Mariquita hung back to give Minerva her time at the start. It is a curious coincidence that the order of the start was the exact reverse of the order of size and allowances. All crossed on starboard tack, the times being:

Minerva	11 33 54	Gossoon	11 37 04
Choctaw	11 33 49	Mariquita	11 38 15
Moccasin	11 34 51		

Gossoon was the first to tack at 11:45, the others going about at once. She had been overhauling Minerva from the start, and when after several short tacks she went about a little after noon on starboard tack, she was so close to Minerva that the latter tacked to clear her, Gossoon having the right of way in the cross tacking. Gossoon had fairly caught Minerva in this short distance, and the spectators looked to see her run away to the same tune over the next 9 miles, but it was not to be, for the whole of the long way out Minerva held her weather berth in spite of all that Gossoon could do. They came for the mark with Gossoon ahead, but to leeward, and the Scotchman jockeyed her into standing further than was necessary, so that when both tacked together for the last time Minerva had added just enough to her former lead by this maneuver to keep beyond blanketing distance.

Moccasin was third boat, but a long distance astern, having worked the shore all the way out. Mariquita was beating Choctaw, but the two were out of it long before half the windward leg was covered. The turn was timed:

Minerva	2 30 00	Mariquita	2 45 40
Gossoon	2 31 35	Choctaw	3 03 53
Moccasin	2 37 45		

The following times were taken from the Electra, from the turn until the spinaker was broken out on each boat: Minerva 2m. 20s., Gossoon 3.30, Moccasin 5.15, Mariquita 4.50, Choctaw not timed. Minerva rounded without a sign of a spinaker, and in a little over two minutes had the sail drawing, save for some stops near the head, which made it necessary to send a hand aloft, the sail being somewhat torn in freeing it.

Liris, with a working topsail and a boat in tow, had watched the race from the start, coming out with the leaders and sailing to windward of them. Now she started home with them, carrying a baby jibtopsail and a spinaker, which, with no clubtopsail, made a very curious rig. She ran with Minerva and Gossoon for a long time before they left her astern.

The race in was something to see; Gossoon had gained 1min. 5sec. on Minerva in the 12-mile beat, which, taking the allowance and difference of starting time, left her 1min. 2sec. within which she must finish to win. She was within 1min. 35sec. of Minerva at the mark, so that she had little more than half a minute to make up. Had she been near enough to blanket Minerva, there would have been no hope for the smaller boat, Gossoon would have finished at her heels and taken the cup; but the distance was just enough to keep Minerva clear and to allow her sails to draw to the utmost. As the two ran along no difference in their speed was perceptible, Gossoon's champions declaring that she was clearly gaining; while Minerva's friends were as confident that she was more than holding her own. How nearly right they were was shown by the official times, Minerva gaining just 15sec. on Gossoon in 12 miles. Minerva had carried her small clubtopsail to windward, taking in her baby jibtopsail in the latter part of the beat. When once squared away she shifted to her large clubtopsail. The finish of the other boats was very dull, Moccasin had beaten Mariquita and Choctaw very badly, but at the same time was not in the racing with Gossoon and Minerva. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 33 34	4 01 21	4 27 87	4 24 59
Gossoon	11 37 04	4 03 12	4 26 08	4 25 48
Moccasin	11 34 51	4 11 47	4 36 56	4 35 57
Mariquita	11 38 15	4 17 14	4 38 59	Allows.
Choctaw	11 33 49	4 38 10	5 04 21	5 03 15

Minerva beat Gossoon 49s., Moccasin 10m. 53s. Mariquita 14m., Choctaw 38m. 16s.

Mariquita did the best running, but her performance to windward was particularly poor, while no reason for it was apparent from the accompanying vessels She lost steadily all day, being out of the race from the first mile. It is not to be expected that she will ever hold the pace with Gossoon and Minerva when the two are doing their best, but after the Seawanhaka Corinthian race, and in such good hands as she was on Saturday, something better was expected of her. Choctaw's defeat was so great that a part of it must be ascribed to some mishap, as none of the forties that are now racing are slower by half an hour than the pack.

Gossoon ran alongside of Minerva as the little black fellow anchored in the harbor, and gave a cheer for the winners, but the first official knowledge that Minerva's men had of their victory was when the Electra's launch came up with the handsome Iselin cup, and passed it over the side. So far as sea and weather was concerned, the race was a perfectly fair one; there was no fluking to speak of, and both boats had a fair trial. The result confirms the opinion we formed from the Marblehead racing. Minerva is still good enough to hurry Gossoon in any weather, and the result will depend on the handling and on judgment in chosing courses and setting sails. Any errors on Minerva's part will give the race to Gossoon, but when sailed at her best she has still a good fighting chance of saving her time.

On Sunday the fleet in Newport Harbor included the following yachts, a number having sailed on Saturday:

Steamers—Alva, Sultana, Catarina, Oneida, Lagonda, Lurline, Isolene, Susquehanna, Avenel, Unquowa, Tillie, Peerless, Vivienne and Wampanoag. Schooners—Merlin, Sea Fox, Mayflower, Marguerite, Intrepid, Palmer, Columbia, Alert, Madeleine, Miranda, Ambassadress, Crusader, Ramona, Yampa, Dauntless, Montauk, Grayling, Iroquois, Œnone, Sylph, Wanderer, Norna, Viking, Atalanta, Halcyon, Magic, Fenella, Quickstep, Lotus, Viator and Nirvana. Cutters and sloops—Volunteer, Puritan, Titania, Wayward, Clara, Gracie, Monticeto, Listless, Fannie, Kelpie, Active, Huron, Gossoon, Minerva, Choctaw, Moccasin, Oriva, Banshee, Mariquita, Peri, Nymph, Medusa, Baboon and Tomboy.

The orders were given to dress ship. Com. Gerry and his staff attended church on shore. On Monday morning colors were at half-mast, it being the day of Mr. Schuyler's funeral, and the race to Cottage City was abandoned, the fleet sailing over without times being taken. A fog in the morning threatened to stop the run, but after the flagship had given up at 11:30 and returned to Newport Harbor, the fog cleared and it was determined to start. The run was made quickly, the fleet starting at 1:30 and the leaders reaching Vineyard Haven at 6 P. M. At a meeting in the evening it was decided to sail next day to New Bedford, lying there over Wednesday for the rowing and launch races, and sailing for Newport on Thursday, where some special races will follow. After the meeting the yachtsmen attended a reception of the Oak Bluffs Club.

The race to New London was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, resulting as follows. Moccasin broke her tiller and Liris went to the aid of a boat lost by Titania:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.				
Palmer	10 38 52	3 56 05	4 57 13	4 57 13
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.				
Merlin	10 37 46	3 10 14	4 32 28	4 32 28
Sea Fox	10 37 18	3 24 23	4 47 05	4 32 28
Mayflower	10 40 23	3 37 54	4 57 31	4 55 43
Miranda	10 43 02	4 01 15	5 19 13	5 15 57
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Iroquis	10 40 10	3 50 07	5 09 57	Not meas.
Œnone	10 39 22	4 00 26	5 21 04	Not meas.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.				
Quickstep	10 23 44	3 50 15	5 26 31	5 26 31
SLOOPS—CLASS 1.				
Volunteer	10 37 19	2 56 22	4 19 03	Allowed
Puritan	10 38 23	3 28 20	4 49 57	Not meas.
SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
Clara	10 21 35	3 46 12	5 24 37	5 20 47
Cinderella	10 22 27	4 18 27	5 56 00	5 56 00
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Gossoon	10 24 17	2 35 50	4 11 33	4 11 30
Liris	10 23 38	3 14 35	4 50 57	4 50 57
Moccasin	10 25 00	Disabled.		

The following order announces the future movements of the yachts:

The squadron will remain at anchor Wednesday at New Bedford. The commodore requests the pleasure of the company of the captains and their guests, including ladies, aboard the flagship at luncheon at 1 o'clock, and to witness afterward the following races:

Friday, Aug. 8, the following races will be sailed off Newport for the special cups, open to all yachts of the club which have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise:

Keel schooners, open to all, $300 cup; first class, $200 cup; second class, $200 cup; classes 3, 4 and 5, $300 cup.

Sloops, first class, $200 cup; third class, $200 cup; fourth class, $200 cup; fifth class, $200 cup; sixth and seventh classes, $200 cup.

Conditions and Courses—For each cup there must be two or more starters. Racing rules of the club to govern. Yachts crossing the line with their racing numbers displayed and private signals at the peak will be considered as entered for the race. Courses all to windward or to leeward and return. Sailing directions can be obtained on board the flagship the night before the race until 8 A. M. of the morning of the race.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.—The regatta of the Cedar Point Y. C. was sailed on July 30 over a 15-mile triangular course off the club house. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS 8, CATS.			
Katie	12 20 50	3 13 05	2 52 15
Go Softly	12 21 08	3 05 19	2 44 11
Compo	12 21 11	3 23 40	3 02 29
Rival	12 21 30	2 58 54	2 37 24
Waiva	12 23 00	3 11 00	2 49 00
CLASS 4, JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Romona	12 31 31	2 52 56	2 21 25
Delphine	12 31 38	2 51 47	2 20 14
Tern	12 33 25	2 51 45	2 18 40
CLASS 2, SLOOPS.			
Mabel	12 41 53	3 13 42	2 31 49
Ada	12 42 58	2 55 40	2 12 42
Hebe	12 42 10	3 21 05	2 38 55
CLASS 1, SLOOPS.			
Annie	12 43 15	3 06 17	2 23 02
Rival	12 45 11	2 49 30	2 04 19

The Rival made the distance in 2h. 4m., the fastest time ever made over the course. The judges were S. S. Dayton, Jr., A. D. Sanford and James K. Crofut. Timekeepers: William M. Thomas and Le Grand B. Cannon.

LYNN Y. C.—Expert cup regatta, July 26. From line off club house to Point of Pines buoy on port, Lobster Rock buoy on port, Old Sunk on starboard, Fish Weir on starboard, Western Lobster Rock on starboard, Lance Point on port. Distance 7 miles. Weather fair, wind very light:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Astrea, R. M. Benner	20.02	2 11 51	1 45 03
Pearl, J. F. Lee	22.04	2 14 57	1 50 18
Elsie, Geo. Collins	23.11	2 15 19	1 52 02
Tom Cat, M. H. Randall	19.00	2 20 42	1 52 45
Expert, Jas. Jones	23.02	2 19 55	1 55 59
Ripple, Tom Gard	25.00	2 10 12	1 56 46
Bobolink, Tufts & Putnam	23.01	2 26 18	2 02 19

Judges—W. A. Estes for Lynn Y. C. and H. S. Wilder for Volunteer Y. C.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C., AUG. 2.

OFF Greenwich on Saturday last there was sailed the second annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. It is very doubtful if in any race on Long Island Sound such a racing fleet of boats ever came together. The race was open to all club members of the New York Y. R. A., although there were entries from several outside clubs. The course was 5 miles to windward and return, and was logged off by the committee steamer, taking a southeast by east course about an hour before the race. The rules of the Association governed, and the table of the allowances adopted by the Association was used.

In the open classes there was great rivalry, the contestants entering for a $25 sweepstakes, and in addition much money was wagered outside on the result. It is very much to be regretted that an accident occurred to Mr. Jones's Phyllis; she had just crossed the line when the open sloop Delphine caught her bowsprit in the main sheet of the Phyllis. Luckily she was so close to the steamer that several of the guests on board helped to keep her up and saved a capsize. In the melee the mainsheet parted. Some one on the steamer told the Phyllis's captain to take a new start, which he did, going back and recrossing the line again. Of course the judges refused to allow the second start, which was unofficially taken at 2:01:22.

After the steamer Idlewild had taken a large number of ladies on board, both at Greenwich and at Indian Harbor Dock, a position was taken up at the starting line off the harbor, and at 1:40 P. M. the preparatory signal was given, ten minutes later at 1:56 the starting signal was given for all open yachts. All crossed within the ten minutes allowed. The staff was kept bare for ten minutes, when at 2:16 the signal for all cabin classes to start was given. The committee had not intended to include cabin classes, but as the cruising fleet of the New York Y. R. A. was in the harbor, they were told that cabin classes would be made if they desired to enter. With the exception of three or four, most of the fleet entered. So two classes for sloops and cutters and one for cabin cats were made. As the fleet was disbanded before the race and a fair wind was blowing, a number of those entered took advantage of it and left the harbor. Among them was the cabin cat Edna, designed by Gardner last winter for Mr. Phillips of Newark. This is to be regretted, as a chance would have been given to try her against the old style cabin cat.

The wind was southeast, moderate to fresh at times, the tide last quarter of the flood. All started on the port tack. The outer mark was rounded by Tattler first, closely followed by Amateur, Gold Dust, and Susie C. (the famous Susie S.). On the way home Amateur passed Tattler, being the first to finish, making the fastest elapsed time over the course, although Tattler made the best corrected time. After the race a protest was filed by the owner of Phyllis against awarding a race to May B., but was not allowed by the judges. The following is a summary of the race:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 32FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elap'd.	Corr'd.
Volusia, J. M. Williams	35 06	2 17 53	4 31 27	2 13 34	1 50 33
Mergus, W. H. Rowe	33.03	2 21 59	4 40 23	2 18 24	1 54 05
Mistral, J. W. Booth	37.06	2 21 07	4 38 22	2 17 14	1 55 13
Viking, C. S. Somerville	34.03	2 17 27	4 51 06	2 33 39	2 09 56
Waconda, Henry Doscher	32 06	2 18 39	Did not finish.		

CLASS B—UNDER 32FT.

Emmy C., Chas. E. Cameron	31.04	2 18 18	3 49 26	2 31 08	2 05 01
Princess, A. E. Earle	27.03	2 19 04	5 05 50	2 46 46	2 17 01

CLASS 1—OPEN SLOOPS 27 TO 32FT.

Amateur, Frank Burritt	30.00	2 00 05	3 59 25	1 59 20	1 32 06
Susie C., J. H. Cornwall	27.54	1 58 02	4 04 24	2 06 22	1 36 42
E. L. Davidson, C. F. Webber	28.00	1 57 23	Did not finish.		
Delphine, J. H Nash	27.01	1 56 49	Did not finish.		

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS 23FT. AND UNDER.

Ramona, J. R. Jennings	21.06	1 57 37	4 07 58	2 10 21	1 34 02
Coyote, H. Bucknall	21.04	2 00 38	Disabled.		

CLASS 3—CATBOATS 27 TO 32FT.

Dot, C. H. Pierce	27.01	1 57 03	4 29 12	2 32 09	2 02 14

CLASS 4—CATBOATS 23 TO 27FT.

Tattler, J. H. Cornwall	24.03	1 56 45	4 00 18	2 03 33	1 31 07
Gold Dust, Silas Seaman	24 00	1 59 39	4 04 58	2 05 19	1 32 07
Sirene, Doremus & Outwater	24.07	1 57 40	4 20 05	2 22 25	2 49 53
Edna, Newbold & Grieve	24.04	2 00 28	4 25 41	2 25 13	1 52 24

CLASS 5—CATBOATS 20 TO 23FT.

Kittie, Thos. T. Taber	22.11	1 57 19	4 59 43	2 32 15	1 57 46
Leader, Rau Bros.	22.04	1 59 52	4 30 08	2 39 36	2 04 23

CLASS 6—CATBOATS 17 TO 20FT.

May B., Benedict May	19.11	1 56 51	4 09 17	2 12 26	1 33 54
Phyllis, W. J. Jones	19.11	1 57 47	4 13 55	2 17 08	1 38 06
Rival, E. B. Hand, Jr., et al	19.11	1 58 27	4 16 31	2 18 04	1 39 32
Zelika, H. A. Sheman	19.05	1 58 24	4 23 00	2 24 36	1 45 19
Go Softly, E. S. Wheeler	19.11	1 58 47	4 24 35	2 25 48	1 47 16
Next, B McGregor	19.06	1 57 27	4 29 42	2 32 15	1 53 05
Lassie, Peter Asten	19.11	2 00 45	Did not finish.		
Foam, C. F. Hicks	19.03	1 57 55	Did not finish.		
Kittiwake, H. B. Pott	17.01	1 58 57	Did not finish.		

Thus the winners are in class A, Volusia over Mergus by 3m, 32s.; in class B, Emmy C. over Princess by 12m.; class 1, Amateur over Susie C. by 4m. 36s.; class 2, Ramona; class 3, Tattler over Cold Dust by 1m.; class 5, Kittie over Leader by 6m. 37s.; class 6, May B. over Phyllis by 4m. 1½s. The judges were Com. A. J. Prime, Yonkers Corinthian Y. C.; Henry O. Asten, Riverside Y. C.; George C. Cortland, New Jersey Y. C. The regatta committee consisted of Henry E. Doremus, Richard Outwater and F. B. Jones.

HERRESHOFF NO. 163.

LYING at anchor in New London Harbor on Thursday last was another novelty of the famous Herreshoffs, who, not entirely content with the marvelous performance of the torpedo boat Cushing, had provided another evidence of their skill as the designers and builders of fast steaming craft. No. 163, as she is yet known, is a stock boat just from the yard for her trial trip, a sharp, clean-lined little day launch, 73ft. over all, 9ft. 6in. beam and about 4ft. draft, intended to fill a place between the convenient but diminutive naphtha launch and the more cumbrous but comfortable cruising steam yacht. This speedy little flyer, with a crew of but three or four, is the sort of a boat to pick a man up in the city at the end of a busy day and carry him home at a rapid pace to Larchmont, Sandy Hook or up the Hudson, bringing him back next morning with no trouble from L roads, tunnels or ferries. At the same time, she is fitted for day runs and short cruises, and is a most convenient craft in every way.

The middle of the boat is given up to a Herreshoff boiler and a set of triple compound engines of high power, the framing being of the lightest, steel being used throughout. Forward of the sunken pilot house is the forecastle, with bunks for three men; in the pilot house a berth can be made up for the captain. Abaft the engines is a convenient cabin with two sofas which fold down, making berths at night; while under the deck, though the headroom is limited to about 4ft., are two fixed berths and considerable stowage room. Forward of the cabin is a convenient toilet room. Of course speed is the main object, but at the same time the yacht affords all necessary accommodation for a boat of her class. The construction is excellent, a double-skin hull, with steamed oak frames, all parts being of the lightest, but well braced. The deck is of matched stuff, carefully glued together and then canvassed. The little craft tried her speed with the New York Y. C. fleet, waiting until the last steamer had started from New London and then running through the fleet until she led into Newport harbor.

BEVERLY Y. C. RACES.

THE 163d regatta of the Beverly Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 16, and will include the postponed second championship matches of Aug. 2, as well as the special races for the 21, 30 and 40ft. classes. The conditions for the sweepstakes are as follows:

Handsome prizes will be awarded in each class. If the winner prefers, these will be paid in cash. A second prize will be given, provided more than three boats start. A championship pennant will also be given in each class, without time allowance, to become the property of the yacht winning the majority of races. First class schooners will sail at three-quarters of their actual length. Yachts over 24ft. w.l. and not over 30ft. w.l. to form first class; over 20ft. w.l. and not over 24ft. w.l. the second class; over 17ft. w.l. and not over 20ft. the third class; 17ft. and under the fourth class. Third class will be divided into sloops and cats, separate prizes being given in each division, but the whole class to sail for the same pennant. In case of unfavorable weather, the regatta will be sailed on the following Monday, unless otherwise ordered.

The special races are open to yachts of 40ft. w.l. and under, belonging to any club, the prizes being: A cup of $150 in the 40ft. class; viz., from 30 to 40ft. w.l. A cup of $100 in the 30ft. class.; viz, from 21 to 30ft. w.l.; and cups of $50 each for keels and centerboards in the 21ft. class; viz., 21ft. w.l. and under. In case of unfavorable weather, the race will be resailed the day after the Corinthian Y. C. series is over, as the intermediate dates are already taken by that club. The start will be a flying one. Yachts will cross the line between Marblehead Rock and a stakeboat carrying the Beverly Y. C. flag, and will be timed from the whistle. Yachts on their return must pass between the stakeboat and the Rock. Entries, giving name of yacht, name and address of owner, rig, sailing length if known, and length on waterline, may be made to the secretary, W. Lloyd Jeffries, 78 Devonshire street, Boston, before 3 P. M. of the day before the race. Yachts must carry numbers, to be shown at the start and finish, in a position where they can be easily seen by the judges. Numbers can be obtained from the secretary, at his office, prior to 3 P. M. of the day before the race, or at the Eastern Y. C. house, Marblehead, on night before race or morning of the race prior to 9:30. No shifting of dead weight allowed during the race. No restriction as to sails in the 40 or 30ft. classes; 21ft. catboats to carry mainsails only; 21ft. sloops to carry mainsail, jib and forestaysail. Race must be completed by one boat in each class before sunset (as given in Eastern Y. C. book); but if start is delayed, time of race will be extended to correspond. Yachts in the 40ft. class may carry one man for every 4ft. sailing length or fractional part thereof; yachts in 30 and 21ft. classes, one man for every 5ft. waterline or fractional part thereof. The rule requiring yachts to be sailed by a member of the club will be waived. The time allowance of the Eastern Y. C. will be used in the 40ft. class; that of the Beverly Y. C. in the other classes. A steam yacht will be used as judges' yacht, and will fly a large Beverly Y. C. flag. The race will be sailed under the rules of the Beverly Y. C., except as stated above. W. Lloyd Jeffries, T. S. Edmands, John P. Cushing, Robert Saltonstall, P. Grant, Jr., regatta committee.

The cup in the 40ft. class was given conditionally on Minerva's entering, and notice will be sent to all owners of forties as soon as she is heard from.

NEW YORK Y. R. A. CRUISE.

ACCORDING to orders the fleet of the New York Y. R. A., was at the rendezvous, the station of the Harlem Y. C. off College Point, on July 27, and at 9 A. M., on the following morning, with a very light south wind, the start was made. Admiral Prime was in command, on the flagship Edith, and at a meeting of captains it was decided that each day's run should be a race, the times being taken by the steam launch Nixie, Com. Foote, of the Newark Y. C. Prizes were offered for the yacht in each class making the best average on the runs. The wind during the day was light and variable, but the fleet reached its destination, Cold Spring Harbor, late in the afternoon, the leaders being timed:

Emmy C.	5 24 20	Leader	5 50 25
Nina	5 34 47	Orestes	6 06 50
Mistral	5 38 28	Edith	6 13 45
Bertha	5 38 50	Oriole	6 35 00
Edna	5 39 55	Peerless	6 35 07
E. L. Davidson	5 46 15	Coquette	6 45 00

Mergus was first in, but she went inside of the new lighthouse, so was not timed. In the evening a hop was given at the Glenada Hotel in honor of the visitors.

Tuesday morning was very disagreeable, a steady rain and squally wind, but the fleet sailed at 9 A. M., for Wilson's Cove. Mistral, Mergus, Emmy C. and several others had a hard fight across the Sound, but Mistral finally won, the times being:

Mistral	11 12 00	Restless	11 51 50
Mergus	11 17 30	Edna	11 53 30
Harned	11 27 45	Phœnix	12 00 30
Bertha	11 31 15	Creole	12 04 00
Orestes	11 36 15	Kitty K	12 05 00
Emmy C	11 36 20	Mildred	12 15 25
Edith	11 40 00	Sorceress	12 20 15
Nina	11 42 00	Christina	12 24 30
Gracie T	11 43 00	Guile	12 34 30
Merope	11 47 00	Outvie	12 34 31
Leader	11 51 30	Coquette	12 37 45
Peerless	11 51 45		

The fleet had been specially invited last week to visit the Cedar Point Y. C. and take part in its regatta on Wednesday, and with this in view the orders were to sail at 8:30 for Cedar Point, the run not counting as a race. The fleet stopped for a short time at Cedar Point, but just at the start of the race the visiting yachts weighed anchor and stood on for Bridgeport, to the disappointment of their hosts, who had gone to much trouble in order to entertain them during the day and evening. This action of the Association caused much dissatisfaction on the part of the Cedar Point Y. C., as no explanation was made for it. The run to Bridgeport found Mistral again ahead, the times being:

Mistral	1 00 09	Edna	1 25 00
Emmie C	1 11 10	Leader	1 25 15
Edith	1 12 20	Nina	1 25 55
Harned	1 12 38	Phœnix	1 26 22
Hazel	1 13 12	Oriole	1 27 10
Bertha	1 22 00	Guile	1 27 40
Restless	1 22 58	Merope	1 32 41
Orestes	1 23 05	Mildred	1 52 53
Mergus	1 24 29	Coquette	2 06 18

The run of Thursday was the liveliest of the cruise, most of the yachts being reefed, while one, the catboat Nina, lost her mast. The times at Lloyds' Harbor were:

Mistral	2 34 45	Phœnix	5 02 40
Mergus	3 31 25	Leader	5 15 45
Harned	3 40 50	Edna	5 36 05
Emmie C	4 02 00	Bertha	6 05 55
Orestes	4 48 55	Coquette	6 56 00

No others were timed.

Next morning the fleet ran over to Greenwich, where some of the yachts sailed in the regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. in the afternoon, while in the evening all bands attended the hop at the Indian Harbor Hotel. Shortly after colors on Saturday morning a meeting of the captains was held on the flagship, at which the fleet was formally disbanded. Some of the yachts returned home, while others continued their cruise to the eastward. The cruise was a success, especially for a first attempt, and is likely to lead to a still larger one next year.

BUZZARD'S BAY Y. C.—The third annual regatta of the Buzzard's Bay Y. C. was sailed off Onset last Saturday in a light east wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dora	1 33 50	4 11 00	2 37 15	1 52 33
Climax	1 32 00	4 05 46	2 33 46	1 53 33
Mattie	1 33 06	4 12 40	2 39 34	1 57 30

SECOND CLASS.

Mist	1 35 15	4 11 11	2 35 56	1 50 11
Anonyma	1 35 00	4 12 14	2 37 14	1 51 52
Mollie	1 36 40	4 14 15	2 37 35	Not meas.
Chispa	1 35 50	4 18 23	2 42 33	Not meas.
Ida May	1 32 20	4 23 43	2 51 23	Not meas.
Widgeon	1 36 14	4 15 18	2 39 04	Not meas.
Starling	1 36 20	4 21 15	2 44 50	Not meas.
Adelaide	1 37 04	4 21 15	2 44 11	Not meas.

THIRD CLASS.

Puzzle	1 40 10	3 30 34	1 50 24	Not meas.
Eida	1 39 10	3 31 33	1 52 23	Not meas.
Parade	1 39 20	3 31 50	1 52 30	Not meas.
Daisy	1 39 35	3 35 04	1 55 29	Not meas.
Bertha	1 40 36	3 38 59	1 58 21	Not meas.
Ulula	1 40 18	3 40 10	1 59 52	Not meas.

FOURTH CLASS.

Edith	1 42 45	3 02 11	1 19 26	1 15 31
Earl	1 42 55	3 04 08	1 21 13	Not meas.

The second class sloop Gilt Edge sailed over the course in 2h. 58m. 48s., and had no competitor.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES.—The programme for the second annual sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York has just been issued, the entries being as follows:

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Keel or C.B.
Choctaw	Arnold Thayer	E. Burgess	C. B.
Gossoon	Messrs. Adams Bros.	E. Burgess	Keel.
Liris	C. W. Wetmore	W. Gardner	Keel.
Mariquita	A. Belmont, Jr.	E. Burgess	Keel.
Minerva	John Lee Carroll	W. Fife, Jr.	Keel.
Moccasin	E. D. Morgan	E. Burgess	C. B.
Tomahawk	B. W. Crowninshield	E. Burgess	Keel.
Ventura	C. H. W. Foster	E. Burgess	C. B.

The race will be sailed on Monday next, Aug. 11, over a triangular course of 25 knots; one leg, the first if practicable, being to windward. The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship, the two turning marks being floats, catboats or tug with Corinthian burgee. The preparatory interval will be 10 minutes, with 5 minutes in which to cross. Professional crews are allowed, one man to each 5ft. of length on deck or fraction thereof. There will be no time limit to the race. The regatta committee includes Messrs. E. B. Clarke, Wm. H. Plummer, Wm. Gardner, Chas. Stewart Davison.

QUINCY Y. C.—This flourishing club, of Quincy, Mass., has now, according to its new club book, a membership of 313 and a fleet of 70 yachts, among them many fast racers in the smaller classes anout Boston. The club still races under a mean length rule, waterline plus ¼ overhang.

ATLANTIC Y. C. No. 3.—A third club by this name has lately been formed, at Quincy, Mass., the officers being: Com. D. W. Pratt Vice-Com. O. F. Lathrop; Fleet Capt. E. W. Crocker; Sec. J. E. Drew; Treas. George W. Hill; Executive Committee, C. N. Hunt, George B. DeHuff, John Wakely.

MONTGOMERY S. C. 7TH REGATTA, JULY 19.—Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles; wind, fresh northwesterly.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer, Geo. W. Ritter	15.00	1 19 00	1 19 00
Nellie, Fred Rochell	15.00	1 20 10	1 20 10
Lever, J. S. Lever	15.00	1 21 20	1 21 20
Stranger, E. P. McAllister	15.00	1 25 00	1 25 00
Igidious, Lin. Hallman	15 00	1 25 10	1 25 10
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12.00	1 45 40	1 35 40
Mary L., E. W. Davenport	14.00	1 49 40	1 39 40
Vesuvius, Alfred Rochell	15.00	Withdrew.	

Timer, Albert Rochell.

Eighth regatta, Aug. 3, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, 5 miles; wind, light southerly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12.00	1 30 00	4 18 00	2 48 00
Volunteer, Geo. Ritter	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	
Nellie, F. Rochell	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	
Mary L., E. W. Davenport	14.00	1 30 00	Withdrew.	
Igidious, Lin. Hallman	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	
Priscilla, Wm. Schnipp	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	
Katie L., Alfred Rochell	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	

It was a reach both ways with occasional head winds, making it necessary to tack off shore. The time limit for these races is fixed at 4:10, and as the Gracie finished 8m. later it was declared no race. Gracie finished about 1½miles ahead of the tuckup Volunteer, which was second boat.

SACO Y. C. REGATTA, AUG. 2.—The annual regatta of the Saco Y. C. was sailed off Old Orchard, Me., Saturday, the course for both classes being 9 miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caprice	2 53	4 56	2 03
Willie E	2 53½	4 57	2 03½
Solid Comfort	2 52	. . .	. . .

SECOND CLASS.

Amphitrite	2 56	4 53	2 01
Secret	3 00	5 26	2 26
Rambler	3 02	5 35½	2 33½
No Name	3 00	5 36	2 36
Metro	2 55	5 40	2 45
Jonnie	2 57	5 45	2 48
Stranger	2 59	5 56	2 57
Carrie Bell	2 56½	6 00	3 03½
Sea Bird	2 58	6 01½	3 03½

LAKE GEORGE Y. C., Basin Bay, Warren County.—Officers for 1890: Com., Le Grand C. Cramer; Vice-Com., John B. Simpson; Sec'y, John B. Marie; Treas., Charles Elliott Warren; Meas., Phiny T. Sexton; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Joseph N. Henry; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. Charles H. Lancaster; Member, Committee on Admissions, Mr. E. Burgess Warren.

The following gentlemen have been lately elected: S. Alexander Orr, Troy, N. Y.; Jesse Hoyt, New York; Reuben M. Hoyt, New York; Henry S. Grove, Phila.; Edward C. Donnelly, Jr., New York; Robert E. Glendenning, Phila.; H. H. Man, New York; John I. Howe, Roselle, N. J.; Richard W. Bacon, Phila.; C. R. Nutt, Greenville, Miss.; Percival Glendenning, Phila.

The secretary announces with regret the death of Dr. E. K. Henschel, in Paris, France. Dr. Henschel was one of the first to join the club, and was enthusiastic for its success. By his many manly characteristics he had endeared himself to all, and his loss will be felt by many.

NEWARK Y. C. REGATTA.—The 8th annual regatta of the Newark Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 16 over the ten mile course of the club on Newark Bay, off Bayonne. The entrance fee will be $3, the winner in each class to take two-thirds and the second, if more than three start, to take one-third. The club will also give prizes for the best elapsed and corrected time. The race will be under the rules of the New York Y. R. A., the classification being: First class, cabin sloops, 38ft. and over; second class, cabin sloops, 32ft. and under 38ft.; third class, cabin sloops, 27ft. and under 32ft.; fourth class, cabin sloops, all under 27ft.; fifth class, jib and mainsails, 23ft. and over; sixth class, jib and mainsails, 20ft. and under 23ft.; seventh class, jib and mainsails, all under 20ft.; eighth class, open cat rig, 23ft. and over; ninth class, open cat rig, 18ft. and under 23ft.; tenth class, open cat rig, all under 18ft.; eleventh class, cabin cat rig, 25ft. and over; twelfth class, cabin cat rig, under 25ft. Entries may be made to A. F. Adams, 746 Broad st., Newark, N. J. Yachts desiring to enter will find good anchorage off the club house, where they may be left in care of the steward.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—Owing to the very unsettled condition of the weather on Saturday, July 26, the regatta of the East River Squadron was postponed. The fleet of the Navy assembled at New Rochelle on the evening of Aug. 1 to take part in the annual cruise. Commodore Connolly was in command and issued orders for the fleet to get under way at colors on Saturday for Greenwich, Conn. From here the fleet will go to Cold Spring Harbor, and thence to the eastward. The Commodore has devised a code of signals for use on the cruise. The next regatta of the Navy will be that of the West Long Island Sound Squadron, which takes place on Aug. 26. The Staten Island Sound Squadron will hold a fall regatta on Sept. 5 off Sewaren, N. J. The following are proposed for membership: C. Wright Kirby, Jr., J. Fosdick, C. T. Pierce, G. H. Hull, T. F. Hull, J. L. R. Minor, Bert Hoor.

HAVERHILL Y. C., Aug. 2.—The second championship race of the Haverhill Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 2, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sadie B., H. Emerson	1 07 35	1 04 28
Spray, M. Priest	1 15 43	1 12 16
Planchette, J. Crossin	1 20 00	1 17 18
Clyde, J. Dresser	Not timed.	
Hiawatha, A. Philbrick	Not timed.	

Clyde, Hiawatha did not finish. A protest was made against Sadie B. for fouling other boats. One of the crew of Spray, George Webster, was knocked overboard by the boom but was picked up. The timekeeper was J. G. Hodson, and Judge A. A. Pettingill.

HAMILTON Y. C., 30ft. Class.—The first race of the season for the 30ft. corrected length class of the Hamilton Y. C. was sailed on July 26, in strong and puffy breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Samoa	2 07 20	2 07 20
Nadia	2 14 25	2 13 42
Echo	2 26 30	2 26 16
Isle of Wight	2 34 35	2 33 19
Volante	Did not finish.	

Samoa, Mr. Jarvis's new keel cutter, won easily, her owner, who also designed her and superintended the building, steering her in the race. A late issue of the *Canadian Athlete* contains a portrait of Mr. Jarvis and a description of his boat.

DAUNTLESS Y. C.—The annual club regatta of the Dauntless Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 3 with but four starters. The course was three rounds of a 4-mile triangle, and the times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.
Irene, John Bolen	15.00	2 17 30
Louie W., W. White	22.00	2 15 20
Vida, C. Reynolds	24.00	2 26 10
Ethel, H. Laukner	22.00	2 31 29

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—The new book of the Quaker City Y. C. shows a membership of 125 and a fleet of 56 yachts, steam and sail. The club is in a prosperous condition generally.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

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Eastern Div., Dr. J. A. Gage. A. S. Putnam. Ralph F. Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div. W. J. White. W. J. Read. C. M. Whitlaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div., M. V. Brokaw. I. V. Dorland. W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

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Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

8-22. A.C.A. Meet, Jessup's Neck
23. South Boston, Open.
23. Plymouth, Cruise, Cape Cod Bay.
30. Orange, Annual.
30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Ianthe, Annual.
1. Arlington, Ann., Arlington.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

A. C. A. TRANSPORTATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Steamer Rialto, Capt. Clark, will run from Greenport and Sag Harbor to the A. C. A. camp at Jessup's Neck under directions from the Transportation Committee, connecting with steamers Manhansett and Sunshine and trains on Long Island Railroad at Sag Harbor until further notice. Fare to camp from either place, 25 cents; canoes and duffle free.

Leave Greenport

On arrival steamer Manhansett from New London, 11 A. M.
On arrival steamer Sunshine from New London, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 P. M.

Leave Sag Harbor

On arrival train from New York, 12:10 P. M.
On arrival train from New York, 5:50 P. M.
On arrival train from New York, Sundays, 12:25 P. M.

C. V. WINNE,
N. D. BILL,
M. T. BENNETT, JR., } Transportation Committee.

THE PASSAIC RACING MEET.—The committee of the Orange, Ianthe and Arlington clubs, Messrs. Smiley and Manly; Farmer and Dodge; and Dorland and Schuyler, have made arrangements to accommodate visitors with cots and blankets in the clubhouses and to secure good meals at 50cts. each at the Bellevile Hotel, near by. After their regatta on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 30, the Orange C. C. will give a supper to the visitors. On Sunday morning the fleet will paddle to the hotel for breakfast, then will cruise up the Passaic River to Dundee dam, returning in the evening. After the Arlington regatta on Monday morning that club will give a dinner, and in the evening the Ianthe C. C. whose regatta occurs in the afternoon, will entertain all visiting canoeists at supper. Canoes may be shipped direct from Jessup's Neck to the Ianthe or Arlington clubhouses. The occasion promises to be a notable one, and a very large attendance is expected.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Wm. Willard Howard, New York. Eastern Division: Harry La Rose, Worcester, Mass.; F. C. Ayers, J. F. Schaeffer, W. T. Raynor, Dr. D. J. Brown, S. W. Pollock. C. B. Hitchcock, A. A. Folsom, E. M. Surprise, Springfield, Mass.; H. Thaxter Underwood, George L. Underwood, Boston, Mass.; Alonzo G. Davis, George S. Davis, Fred W. Johnson, Dr. E. W. Finney, Frank D. Freeman, Chas B. Newhall, Worcester, Mass. Central Division: Thurber A. Brown, Elmira, N. Y.; Chas. D. Mead, Dayton, O. Northern Division: H. Charles Sparks, Ottawa; Harry Totten, Stratford; Frank W. McCullum, Wm. H. Warren, D. McIntyre, Jr., J. W. Stewart, T. P. Howard, Montreal.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. R. K.—Greenwood Lake, Lake Hopatcong, N. J., Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

A. H. D., Sandusky, O.—Is the book I see advertised in your paper by S. T. Hammond a good book for breaking dogs for field use, and does it treat how to handle a dog according to his nature or is that for the trainer to judge himself? Ans. "Training vs. Breaking" is a practical and successful guide for amateur dog trainers; its teachings will aid you in handling a dog according to his nature.

M. C. L., Bethlehem, Pa.—Can you direct me where to buy crappies described in FOREST AND STREAM, July 24, for stocking purposes? Ans. Try Geo. W. Littleton, Sandusky, Ohio. Perhaps Wm. Buller, Superintendent State Hatchery, Corry, Pa., can tell you of some other good point on Lake Erie not so far off. The Pennsylvania name is calico bass. It is very difficult to transport live crappies in hot weather.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Kindly inform me what bait is the best for carp. I know a pond in which they were placed about two years ago, but it is hard to get them to bite on worms and bread? Ans. Carp have been caught with a fluttering fly (FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 19, 1889). For surface fishing grasshoppers have been successfully used. In the South, dough mixed with cotton is often effective. We have known them to be taken on bottom lines baited with raw beef. Germans use maggots, larvæ of wasps, angle worms and boiled grains of wheat and barley. Small but strong hooks are needed. It is not easy to catch carp with rod and line, and good baits vary with the locality.

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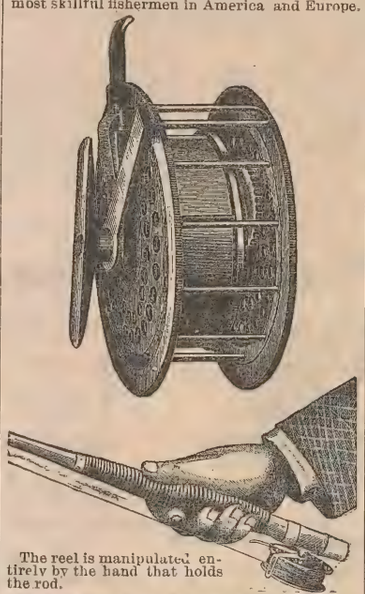
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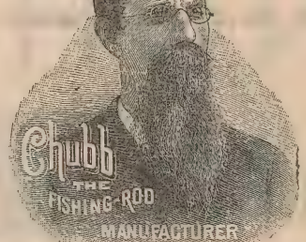


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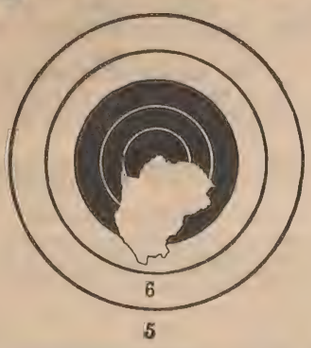
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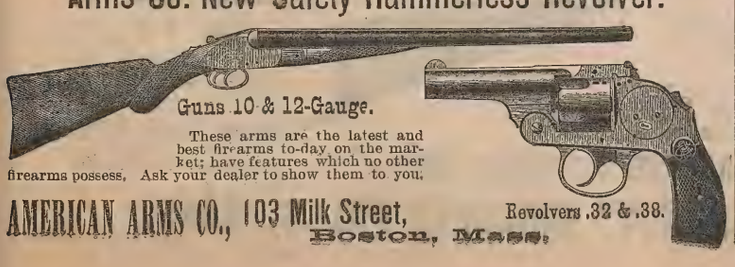
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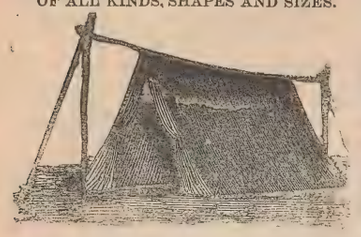
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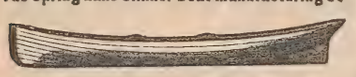
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IMAGINATION.

WHEN the sensation-mongering newspapers set about manufacturing their annual hydrophobia scare, they are generally pretty certain to describe a disease which, according to so distinguished an authority as Dr. W. A. Hammond, ex-Surgeon-General, U. S. A., is not hydrophobia at all, but is what he terms "false hydrophobia." Since, however, in a large proportion of the cases exploited by the press, the subjects die, it may be suggested that real hydrophobia or "false hydrophobia," it is all one in the end, each resulting in a terrible death. "As well hang a man as to scare him to death." There is, however, this important distinction between the two forms of disease, that while, according to the same high authority, the real hydrophobia is incurable and its victim is beyond hope, "false hydrophobia" is by no means necessarily fatal. Being a physical and nervous condition produced by the action of the mind, it may, under proper treatment, be cured. In relation to this disease, then, surely no greater service can be rendered by the medical profession than first popularizing exact information respecting the two forms of hydrophobia, that the "false" may be distinguished from the true.

In the current number of the *North American Review* Dr. Hammond points out that "false hydrophobia" is one of the diseases to which hysterical and other nervous persons are subject by "suggestion;" in other words, it is brought on by a morbid imagination. Now, there are certain well-recognized distinctions between the true and the false. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred deaths by "hydrophobia" reported by the press, the victims are said to have barked and snapped like dogs. When such symptoms are present, Dr. Hammond declares they offer proof positive that the malady is not true hydrophobia, but is the effect of imagination. "To bark like a dog, to snap at those near by, and even to run about on all fours," he says, "are among the most prominent symptoms of false hydrophobia; the patient being imbued with the idea that the hydrophobic virus which he imagines has been absorbed into his system is calculated to assimilate him to the animal by which he has been poisoned. Now, such symptoms are never witnessed in true hydrophobia, and their presence is amply sufficient for a discrimination between the two affections."

In real hydrophobia, again, the victim, although terribly anxious and nervous, strives to conceal his state from those about him. Quite the reverse is true with the victim of "false hydrophobia," who is "loud in his expression of apprehension," and dwells upon every fancied symptom with exaggerated alarm.

Still a third distinction between the two forms is in connection with the spasm of the muscles concerned in respiration and swallowing, the victim of "false hydrophobia" exhibiting terror and convulsive movements when trying to swallow water, but yet swallowing coffee, whisky and other liquids without difficulty. These several symptoms stamp the imaginary malady.

Determined by the characteristics here noted, "false hydrophobia," it will be seen, is the predominating type of the disease. It is in fact common, while true hydrophobia is of extremely rare occurrence. As Dr. J. Frank Perry ("Ashmont") wrote in his paper, copied in our Kennel columns last week, the chances of a person giving up his life on the scaffold are about as many as those of his dying from hydrophobia. But it is certain that there are scores and hundreds of persons who, because of their peculiar nervous constitutions, are liable to die of "false hydrophobia," if only a train of circumstances shall ensue to set their imaginations working in that direction. They may readily become the victims of "suggestion," and by their morbid fancy bring on themselves that "hydrophobia" which, though denominated by the physicians "false," is nevertheless fatal.

In the light of these facts it is a grave question whether the maintenance of "Pasteur Institutes" for the pretended cure of hydrophobia is not wholly pernicious. If they cannot cure the real disease, they certainly can and unquestionably do, by their very existence and notoriety, produce the imaginary malady.

Nothing is more sure than that when the world shall grow better enlightened, such mischief-brewing institutions will be suppressed, and newspaper editors who, by false and sensational accounts of pretended hydrophobia cases, work on public credulity, and produce "hydrophobia epidemics," will be indicted and sent to jail where they belong.

ON MARSH AND MEADOW.

ALTHOUGH in a few States woodcock shooting is permitted in July, the real opening of the shooting campaign takes place in this present month of August. In this month we have the beach birds, the rail and the reed bird, which in old times came to us by thousands and gave to the gunner an opportunity to use his arm and to prepare himself for the later cold weather work on quail, grouse and ducks.

The shooting of the August migrants is easy work compared with that of the late fall. It really does not require any very great skill to drop the yellowlegs, as with dangling legs they bunch and hover over the decoys, nor to stop the rail as it flaps up before the boat which goes swishing through the ripening wild rice, starting one bird after another from his reedy cover. The reed bird is not difficult to hit.

Years ago the swarming flocks of yellowlegs, dowitch, willets and jackcurlew, of which the few advance stragglers had made their appearance in July, mustered all their forces in August and began their southward flight. Early in the month they came along in some numbers, but it was not until after the northeast storm, which is looked for about Aug. 10 to 15, that the flight was fully on. Fortunate the man who could be abroad during this storm. Little cared he for the wind and rain, for the birds were likely to be plenty and the shooting good. Then, sometimes, later in the month or early in September, came another easterly storm, which might bring to our shores one of those immense flights of golden plover and Esquimaux curlew, whose coming the local gunners long remember.

Beach bird shooting in the olden time when birds were plenty was very pleasant sport. There was the wide, flat stretch of sand or marsh, and beyond the deep blue sea, with here and there a white sail or the dark trail of a steamer's smoke. There were the distant birds, the trembling excitement as they drew nearer, the doubt as to whether they would hear the call, or if they heard, would heed it; the breathless waiting until they had whirled over the stools, and then the roar of the guns, and again the doubt as to whether the confused birds would return once more to the spot where the decoys stood. Of course it was not all so rosy. Sometimes the sun beat down until it seemed as if a man's brains would bake under the torrid heat; sometimes the mosquitoes would fairly drive one out of the blind, but if a bird's wing was seen on the horizon, how quickly were these discomforts forgotten.

In August in a few localities, but in most of the States on Sept. 1, begins the rail shooting to which the sport at bay birds leads up.

Rail shooting may fairly be termed a sport for invalids and infants. A dear friend of ours used to shoot rail, in kid gloves, sitting in a revolving arm-chair. Still there are few more delightful things than to get down to the river early in the morning, and in the cool air to row up to the meadows. Then shooter and shover change places, the long pole is set against the bottom and the boat's nose moves in among the tall grass. At a distance the sharp cry of the rail may be heard, and nearer at hand, a splashing as some startled bird runs along before the boat on the floating stuff. Presently his body appears above the grass, the light crack sounds, and he falls, to be recovered as the boat sweeps by. What fun it is when two shooters, between whom there is no rivalry, can find a narrow strip of cat-tails, too thick to be shoved through, yet narrow enough to be thoroughly beaten by the poles of the pushers. A boat takes each side of the strip, and it is thrashed from one end to the other, the birds now and then flying out, but most of them running along until they are all collected at one extremity of the strip. Then the fun begins, and as fast as they can load and fire the men shoot until all the birds are down or have escaped. Perhaps all the blocks and even the oars have been thrown out of each boat to mark the dead birds, which must now be picked up. After the shooting is over, comes the pleasant row to the landing, the talking over the events of the day, the quaint stories of the shovers, and finally the drive home along the pleasant country road.

Ah, the good old times! Can they come again?

Sometimes the good shots used to get 200 rail in a single tide. Do they ever make such bags nowadays?

For several years the bay bird and the rail shooting have been disappointing, but the prospects this year seem more flattering. Reports of large bay bird flights are already coming in, and indications are that the season will be a good one.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE have frequently called attention to the fact that pelagic sealing in the waters of the North Pacific Ocean would ultimately result in the destruction of our seal fisheries on the Pribyloff Islands and the extermination of the fur seal. Under the old system, by which seals were killed only on land, there was no danger to the breeding stock, because the animals taken were all young non-breeding males, no females being ever destroyed. In pelagic sealing, however, many females are killed, and this at a time when they are about to bring forth their young. A report recently received at the Treasury Department in Washington from Capt. Healy, commander of the revenue cutter Bear, confirms our statements as to the danger which threatens the seals. Captain Healy visited the islands June 19 and 20, and found a remarkable scarcity of seals. He says: "On both islands the failure of the seals to appear in their usual numbers was very noticeable, the killable seals being very scarce and the breeding rookeries almost uninhabited at the time of our visit, and the probabilities of the company's securing their quota of 60,000 skins before the expiration of the season are gravely doubted by many."

Excelsior, the giant geyser of the National Park, has been very active this season. Some days it has given several eruptions, sending the water three hundred feet up into the air, with a noise and an exhibition of force that was fairly terrific. Tourists who have had the opportunity to witness the eruptions of this geyser this season may congratulate themselves, for the number of people who have seen Excelsior "play" is very small.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MR. RASTUS'S EXPERIENCE.—I.

My Dear Forest and Stream:

I suppose I ought to tell you how I came into possession of the inclosed manuscript. The original writer intended to send it to you, but when it was done he was too modest, and only showed it to his friend, Dr. Fillule. Fillule took it home and showed it to Maj. O'Glory, who in turn showed it to Judge Factum. The judge (who, I am afraid, would if he dared, have adjourned the court at any time and allowed every case before him to stand over till the next term for the chance of catching a 5½lbs. trout) had it intimated to the writer that it ought to be printed as the warning it was meant to be. The writer of it was tickled enough and replied that the judge might get it published if he could, provided he would change the names, because he did not wish to have his brother-in-law or his brother-in-law's brother feel hurt at anything he had said about them. So the judge sent it to me, knowing I was an occasional correspondent of yours. Therefore, you can use it if you like without any hesitation, since every one of the names have been changed so that they are totally unlike the originals. Otherwise the MS. is just as I received it.—G. DE MONTAUBAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Tom, my brother-in-law, with whom I board, takes your paper, and as it is constantly lying about I have sometimes picked it up and read some of the stories in it. The tales told by some of your correspondents about the delights of going into the woods, living in camps, catching fishes and similar things, of course I was never goose enough to believe, and now that I have learned for myself what a miserable delusion they all are, I wish to express my disgust and also to remonstrate with you for printing such stuff. I do not know how I can do it more effectually than by telling you my experience.

My profession is that of compiler of almanacs, and as in its exercise my general health and my eyesight had become impaired, my physician ordered me six months' rest. For a good many years I have taken a two-weeks' rest every summer down on Cape Cod, along with my sister Bess. But last year Bess took it into her foolish head to get married. She and her husband let me live with them; and I got along very well until about two months ago. Then there came a baby and the house wasn't big enough for us. It was too small even when I was away all day about my business, but when I had to give up work it was ten times as small as before, and I didn't know what to do with myself. I couldn't afford to travel, besides hating railroads and steamships anyway; but I could not stand it at 249th street either, with a baby in the house that required all Bess's attention from morning till night, and I not able to read. It was hard lines for a man who never did anything in his life that did not involve reading. Then there was Tom's mother, who was around almost all the time and who had no consideration at all for my comfort. I spoke about this to one of my acquaintances, and he said I needn't feel surprised, for widows always thought bachelors had no rights that they were bound to respect. And yet sometimes she was extremely kind and pleasant and mended my stockings and sewed on by buttons with great care and enthusiasm. Bess had done those things for a good while. When she was about five years old and I was twenty-five I used to take care of her, but by the time she was ten she commenced taking care of me and has been keeping it up ever since. We got along nicely till Tom came around.

The doctor said I must go somewhere. I didn't want to go anywhere, for I couldn't afford to travel, and I detest the country and hate horses and cows and pigs with perfect hatred. New York is the only city where a man can live in peace and quiet; and I was very comfortable in 249th street until that blessed baby introduced himself and pushed me out. I thought at one time of going to Calcutta on a sailing vessel, of which a kind of second cousin twice removed was captain, only that the sea always makes me so deathly sick. My brother-in-law, who had always heretofore minded his own business and never minded about me, now took an unusual interest in my health, and suggested a great many places for me to go to. One day it occurred to me that he wasn't so very particular where I went if I would only go.

One Sunday morning he was reading your paper, as usual, when he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, "Just the thing for you, Erastus. Go up to Scatterabang and spend a month with my brother Bill. He is all alone and can take you in as well as not. It won't cost you a cent for anything but railroad fares and your share of the grub."

I asked for explanations, and found that Scatterabang was away up in some unexplored part of Canada and that Bill had a fishing camp up there where he spent the summer. It was in the woods, five miles away from any house, and nobody ever went there except for hunting or fishing.

Now Bess knows perfectly well that I never fired a gun or caught a fish in my life, but she agreed with her husband that this was just the place for me. To make a long story short, between them they packed me off. Bess showed more interest in my clothes and spent more time in making over two pairs of old trousers into one than she had done before since her baby was born. Tom's mother gave me a large piece of flannel to put on my bowels and a bottle of camphorated spirits. They made out a written schedule of my route, bought my tickets, gave me a letter of introduction to Tom's brother and sent me away. It was fifteen years or more since I had been anywhere without Bess to look after me, see that I took the right train and didn't lose my baggage; but as I had only one change of cars to make and my valise was checked through she was certain I should be all right. Any way, it seemed as if I had to go, although I doubted whether I should ever get anywhere. I found out how much the car fare was, and as Bess always took charge of my money, I made her tie up the amount separately in one of my stockings, so that I would be sure to have enough to get back with in case of accident. I had already had her mark my full name and residence on all my clothing.

I rode all day, and at night took a sleeping car, which several persons of whom I inquired told me would land me at my destination according to the paper I showed them. I scarcely ever rode in a sleeping car and am suspicious of them, so I lay down in my boots and clothes, at which the African in charge of the establishment was much disgusted. I lay awake a good while, and had just dropped into a doze, when he came round and shook me saying, "Be at ——— in about five minutes, sir; only time to dress, sir." It didn't take me long to dress, having only to put on my hat and overcoat, so I was ready very soon, and stood in the aisle of the car I suppose about three-quarters of an hour till the train stopped, and I was told that that was my station. I looked at my watch and saw it was just 4 o'clock, a most unpleasant time in the morning to get up. I got off and found myself at a little bit of a station, with not a soul about except a little old man, who came up and began chattering away at me in a lingo that I couldn't understand at all. If it had been in Latin I might have made it out, or even Greek if neatly written down. The baggage man demanded my check in exchange for my valise, and I gave it him, and the train went away. There was not even a station agent to look after passengers, but as I was the only one there was, and they didn't seem to have even one very often, I could not blame the agent, if there was such a person, for not getting out of bed at such an unseemly hour to attend to me.

The old chap kept talking and I kept looking at him. At last I caught a word that sounded something like what my brother-in-law had called his brother's place, although not like what I called it from the way it was written down. I showed the paper to the old man, but it did not seem to enlighten him any; and no wonder, for I afterward learned that he couldn't read a word of anything, much less my brother-in-law's handwriting. After a while he began to say something that sounded a little like "All right" and "cor-rect," and repeated the words so many times that I followed him and my valise round to where he had an awfully lean old horse and a shaky vehicle that in some places I think is called a buckboard We got in and the old horse rattled us away at a pace I would not have thought the poor creature capable of. I confess it was a nice pleasant morning, and after a little it didn't seem so awfully early as I thought it was, and before very long I was wondering why the people were not up and about their business as we were. We drove right away into the country over a tolerably good road, and I rather liked the idea of being up to see the sun rise. It would be something to write to Bess about. Indeed the country looked rather nice. We came in sight of a very high church spire that shone very prettily in the morning light. I asked a number of questions but did not altogether understand the answers, and I doubt even if the man understood my questions. It is always surprising to me that people will not learn to talk English. We came to a river with a bridge over it, and the old fellow stopped his horse and motioned to me to look at it. I thought it was a nasty place in case the bridge should break down. The water was away more than 100ft. below us, black as ink and raving like mad between perpendicular stone walls awfully rough and jagged and worn into horrid shapes by rains and frosts and the like. Tom's brother afterward told me that it is considered very wonderful, and that people sometimes come many miles to see it, though I don't see why they should. I was glad when we got over the bridge, which was very short, luckily for my nerves.

We came to a house where the man pulled up and signed to me to go in. A woman came and began talking in a very loud voice, in what I suppose she thought was English. I answered pretty loudly too; and the more we didn't understand each other the louder we spoke. At length she apparently did comprehend that I certainly would like some breakfast, for she brought me some and I ate it. I presume it was good for I felt much better after it. The man then came round with another horse and we drove away again for another hour or so. There were some dark blue hills in the distance, that we gradually approached. They looked cool, and soft, and pleasant. The man kept pointing to them with his whip, until I made out that he meant to tell me that there was where I was to go.

We passed a good many houses that were not very big, but apparently accommodated large families; and stopped at one where my man talked a while with another man and three women and nine or ten bare-legged children.

Here it was that the troubles of which I wish to tell you began. I will try to condense the account as much as possible, not only because the full story of my sufferings would be very long but because I like brevity. People who disapprove of my predictions about the weather, or object to other things in my almanacs, often write me, and it frequently happens that their letters are so long that I lack patience to read them through, and thus their time is wasted.

The man with the horse left me, and the other man took my valise and coat and I followed. We went across a lot of fields, over several fences, up and down some gullies, and through many mud holes for about an hour. When I was quite a young man I went on a pedestrian tour through the White Mountains, and have counted myself a good walker ever since, but following this man was no joke. He made no more of my valise than if it had been a feather. I kept hoping he would find it heavy and want to stop to rest. We went down a hill that was so steep and slippery that I had to sit down a number of times when I didn't care to; and right away had to go up another that was just as bad. How I wished I was back in 249th street. We got done with the fields and fences and went into the woods. I wanted to ask how far we had to go, but what was the use of asking questions of a man who couldn't understand a word I said to him? He kept on this way for about an hour and a half more, and it was almost all up hill. There was a kind of path and that was all. I got my boots muddy, my feet horribly wet, and my clothes all sopping with perspiration. My shirt collar was a mere string, and I could feel streams running down my back and dropping from my nose. I never was in such a condition before in my life. I wondered how men could bring themselves to write as they do about walking through woods, stumbling over rocks and roots, and tumbling over fallen logs. It might be pleasant enough if one could be comfortable, for there was a pretty light among the trees and some nice little brooks and high rocks. Bess would have been delighted, but then she is silly about such things. I would rather sit in my easy chair and look at pictures of them.

Just as I was going to make a desperate attempt to have the man stop and let me rest a little, we came to a sheet of water what they would call a pond in New Hampshire, but these ridiculous Canadians, I am told, call everything bigger than a mud puddle a lake. I didn't care what they called it if only I didn't have to walk any more.

The man put my valise and overcoat into an old wooden concern very much like an overgrown hog trough, and also put in a bunch of branches for me to sit on, for there were about two inches of water in the bottom of the thing and there was nothing to bail it out with. I sat as still as I could, for I was dreadfully afraid of going over, but somehow or other the branches slipped away and part of me got very wet. I suppose the man was afraid of getting wet, too, for instead of sitting down he stood up, regardless of the danger of tipping over, and paddled away. We went through narrow passages, under high banks and among little islands that would have pleased Bess greatly, but I must say I took no pleasure in them. This continued for what I thought must have been two hours, for the cold water in which I was sitting was creeping all over me. I was afraid to move, and almost doubted whether the man had not some sinister design on me. When we got done with the islands and out into open water, he began talking and pointing with his paddle, as if there was something to be seen, although my weak eyes could not make out anything; but a little further on I discovered that there was an opening in the trees where there was something that looked like a building and two flags flying, one English and one American.

I realized that this must be the end of my journey, but when I came near enough to see that the building was only a log cabin I most heartily wished I had never consented to leave 249th street. I thought what a fool I had been to leave my comfortable quarters (I forgot about the baby), travel all day and part of a night in hot and dusty cars, get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, been driven I don't know how many miles, and walked I don't know how many more, lost by perspiration five or ten pounds of flesh out of the little I had, and sat an hour at least in a pool of awfully cold water, all to arrive at a log hut in a wilderness, and to know that I couldn't get away from it without going all through the same experience backward. It consoled me a little to have found a man who could talk English with me, for I am rather disposed to rational conversation.

My brother-in-law's brother did not give me much time to ruminate on my situation, but hustled me into the cabin, telling me to take a good wash and change my clothes and then he would give me some breakfast. Breakfast! Why, I had had breakfast at what seemed ten or twelve hours before. I looked at my watch and it wanted five minutes of nine o'clock. Not five hours since I had left that horrid train! And to think of all I had gone through! And this man didn't seem to think any more of my journey than if I had only just come down town on the elevated railroad.

I was glad to wash, shave and change my clothes; but when I opened my valise I found that Bess, directed, I suppose, by that husband of hers, had not put me up a decent thing to wear, nothing but old duds that had been thrown away long ago, thick shirts such as I only wear in winter and some new flannel ones that looked rather tidy, but were not what I was accustomed to. My brother-in-law's brother, whom I may as well call Bill hereafter, for short, brought me a cup of very nice hot coffee; and when I had got through with my ablutions, his man came in and set out a table with tin cups and plates instead of crockery, and two fish that Bill said were trout and told me to "put myself outside of." At home my usual breakfast consists of two boiled eggs and a slice of toast; but my trials had so upset me that I eat one fish and half of another before I realized what I was doing.

Bill said he was going away somewhere with his man and that I had better take a nap until he came back to dinner. He showed me what he called my bed, which was nothing but a wooden bunk with a lot of branches on it, no sheets, quilts nor pillow cases, nothing but a woollen blanket. It was soft, however, and in spite of my uncongenial surroundings I fell asleep and knew nothing more until Bill came in again and showed me a lot of fish strung on a stick, which I learned were trout in their uncooked state. They were rather a pretty fish and I am sure were digestible food, for I had experienced no discomfort from those I had eaten in the morning, although a small bit of boiled haddock is all the fish I ever dare eat at a time. These trout were much larger than those I used to have to eat when I went on my White Mountain excursion so many years ago. One of the young fellows with me at that time was an enthusiastic fisherman, and I remember that one day he put the trout that he caught into a letter envelope and carried it in his vest pocket. Consequently when I read in your paper about trout weighing several pounds, I set it all down as fisherman's romance.

When Bill came in he ordered dinner. I was not very hungry, which I was glad of when I found that the dinner consisted only of baked beans and pork, with bread and butter. When I was a boy I used to be very fond of pork and beans; but of late years they have distressed me so much that I have given up eating them. So there was nothing to tempt me, only that Bill teased me so much that at length I took a plateful, and then a few more.

After dinner Bill took one of the newspapers that I had brought and lay down in a wooden hammock that he had under a kind of shed close by the cabin. It was cool and shady, and I sat by on a bench made of a log of wood and did nothing. There was nothing I could do but look about, and nothing to see except water and mountains and trees, in which I am not interested. I found, however, that green colors did not tire my eyes as the glare of the sun on the ocean used to do at Cape Cod. By and by Bill got up and busied himself with his fishing tackle, so I got into the hammock and dropped asleep. Everything was so dull and stupid I couldn't help it.

The supper was not any more tempting to me than the dinner had been. There was nothing but a kind of pancake, eaten with maple sugar and butter or else with marmalade. After all, they were not bad in the least. The tea was very good, although the idea of drinking it out of tin cups was somewhat repulsive.

After supper Bill wanted me to go out fishing with him, and having nothing in the world to do I accepted, and bitterly did I regret it afterward. We got into a punt and the man rowed us out on to the lake. Bill stood up in the boat and flourished about one of those long, flimsy fishing rods with a line like a bit of thread and some things that represented flies tied on it, but which did not look like any flies I ever saw. He kept throwing them out and pulling them back on each side of the boat. I thought it the funniest fishing I ever saw. We had not gone far before I became aware of some kind of a stinging insect that was tormenting me, and found that the whole atmosphere was full of a small black fly that attacked

every exposed portion of my body. My forehead, wrists, neck, ears and throat were soon in a state of violent inflammation. I slapped my hands about and waved my handkerchief before my face, and although I must have killed hundreds of them, yet as there were several thousand millions left the slaughter did not make much difference. In the midst of my agony I heard a great splash, and looking up found that Bill had got a fish on his line and his rod was bending and turning and twisting every way, and the fish was alternately jumping out of the water and going forward and back, while Bill was letting him go a little and then pulling him back and letting him go again, by means of a reel attached to the rod. The rod was sometimes bent almost double and looked likely to break in two every moment. It seemed very silly to me, for I could not see why he should not have taken a good strong stick with a stout cord tied to it and when a fish got on the hook pulled him right in at once without all that bother, much the same as I saw the men do with the codfish down at the Cape once when Bess coaxed me to go out in a boat with her and some fishermen. After a while the fish seemed to give up the game, and Bill slipped a kind of a net with a hoop in it and a pole under him and took him into the boat. He was very bright and shiny, with pretty spots on him and rather bigger than those I had eaten for breakfast, but although Bill was greatly pleased at having got him I thought it the most foolish way of fishing that could be contrived.

Bill remarked that the flies were beginning to come round, although I was sure they had begun long before. He took a bottle out of his pocket and daubed the contents over his face and neck and advised me to do the same. I didn't like the stuff, for it was pungent smelling and at first made my eyes water, but it kept the flies away, although it did not cure the bites I already had. Bill kept on fishing and got five or six more of about the same size as the first, and several smaller ones about 7 or 8in. long that he handled carefully and put back into the water, telling them to come again next year. I think I should have kept them for fear I shouldn't get them again. We went back to the cabin and there I found a new kind of pest, a little invisible creature that pricked like nettles whenever he got a chance. Bill spelled out his French name for me, B-r-u-l-o-t, and said he was "sand fly" in English. He ordered a good fire built out doors, which drove them away, but the heat was a little annoying. We talked about politics, in which I take great interest, until it grew rather dark, and I was just wondering how people spent their evenings in the woods when Bill remarked that it was bed-time. It was dreadful to go to bed at half past eight o'clock on a beautiful summer evening, but I had to do it.

When we went into the cabin we found thousands of mosquitoes already in possession. As far as any prospect of sleeping was concerned I might as well have been in New Jersey. Bill shouted something in French, and his man came in with a tin pail full of coals and swung it about much as I have sometimes seen a censer swing in churches. This made such a smoke that the mosquitoes couldn't stand it and went outside. Bill hung some netting over our beds and we lay down. He did not take off many of his clothes, and I thought best to do much as he did, dreadful as it was.

My cup of misery was nearly full. No bed but branches, no sheets, no pillows, no nightshirt, no anything to make a person comfortable. It was simply horrible. And then all my fly bites began to smart again, and I scratched myself till the blood ran. Bill lighted a candle and made me wash myself in water fresh from the lake and anoint my sores with weak ammonia water. This made me a good deal easier, but I reckoned that one night in a fishing camp would satisfy me forever. I got to sleep after a while and did not wake until I heard Bill coming in from his bath in the lake, heard a fire crackling in the kitchen and found it was daylight. E. RASTUS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

HABITS OF THE WHITE GOAT.

BY JOHN FANNIN AND GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[*Concluded from Page 43.*]

THE most important enemy of the white antelope is man. White hunters kill but few of these animals in comparison with Indians, for there are some tribes of the latter that depend for animal food almost wholly on this species. Among such tribes must be mentioned especially those of the northwest coast, but other inland tribes also hunt this animal a good deal. Such goat hunters are the Kootenais and the Stonies, and no doubt, others living further to the north.

Setting aside man, the white antelope probably suffer more loss from the attacks of eagles than from any other animal. These birds in spring and early summer, before the young have acquired much strength or experience, are persistent in their attacks on them and kill considerable numbers, seizing them on the cliffs which they frequent, and easily carrying them off to lower levels, where they devour them at their leisure. The Indians report that the destruction from this cause is often large, but the old ones defend their young, and where two or three families are in company, do this successfully. On the coast the destruction is, no doubt, greatest from the white-headed eagle (*Haliœetus leucocephalus*), but further inland, where this species is to a great extent replaced by the golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaëtos*), this bird, no doubt, does its share toward diminishing the numbers of the white goats.

The attacks of the eagles on the young of this species have been witnessed by more than one observer, and we are glad to be able to give two such accounts by eye witnesses.

Mr. L. L. Bales has written to us as follows: "I once witnessed an attempt made by two large eagles to capture two kids from a group of two ewes and two billies. I was watching the group which was feeding on the moss that grew on a high slope of a rock, thrown up by the movement of a glacier, when suddenly they bunched in a hurry with the kids under them. They sat on their haunches and kept their heads and horns up and out, the four larger ones forming a circle. They were a good half mile away, yet I shall always believe I heard the rush of those two eagles through the air in their attempt to capture a kid. The eagles managed their attack with method. They did not rush simultaneously. The first one made his rush about ten seconds before the second, and from my point of view I thought the first eagle rushed with the object of flustrating the older goats, and the second one waited to take advantage of the moment of excitement and capture a kid. I saw them make four unsuccessful assaults that day, but that they are successful at times I do not doubt. If they were not, they would not make so many attempts."

The following account, published in FOREST AND STREAM in 1881, of the capture of a young mountain goat by a white-headed eagle, is interesting in this connection:

"As the old man was in bad humor, I decided to return to camp, but on reaching the canoe, an exclamation from Charlie drew our attention to a mountain on the opposite side of the creek, where, in a small opening, we discovered a she goat with a young kid, the latter appearing like a mere speck of snow skipping among the rocks.

"Before starting out I had offered a fair reward for the capture of a kid, and this was the old man's opportunity. As he stripped for the chase, he turned to Charlie and commanded him to remain below and occupy his time in catching trout, with which the stream abounded. He then disappeared in the dense growth of timber which intervened between the creek and the foot of the mountains; while I took up a favorable position with my glass to watch the success of the chase. The ascent must have been difficult, for two hours passed before the form of the Indian appeared in the opening. A short time before this the old goat must have snuffed the danger, for she started up the mountain, and at the moment the Indian came in sight had reached a shelf to which the kid was unable to follow. All this time a large white-headed eagle soared in majestic circles directly over the scene. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach its dam, the kid started back toward the point from which the Indian was advancing, but before proceeding very far sprang down a narrow shelf and stood concealed beneath an overhanging bush.

"The Indian in the meantime working his way upward, stopped within a few feet of the place, but from his actions I was satisfied he was ignorant of the kid's position, and fearing the prize would escape, in my excitement I shouted at the top of my voice; but the sound must have died away before reaching him, for he took no notice. Presently he raised his musket and leveled at the old one, which still remained in the same position on the shelf above, but lowering it again he commenced a search among the rocks for the lost kid. His stupidity annoyed me, for had he kept his position he commanded, so far as I could see, the only way by which the kid could escape; for below was a perpendicular cliff of a thousand feet against the side of which no possible foothold for anything without wings could be seen. But in this I was mistaken, for a rock, loosened by the Indian's foot, rolling over the cliff started the little animal from its hiding place, and with a bound it sprang outward and down. The thought of its fate sent a shudder through me. A thousand feet, sheer down, to be ground to atoms on the rocks below. But no—down it went fifteen or twenty feet, alighting on a rocky cone which stood out at a slight angle from the main cliff, on the top of which there was scarcely room for its feet huddled together. Had it started from that point and soared away over the tops of the trees which studded the valley it would not have surprised me in the least, and I waited breathlessly for its next move.

"For a moment it rested like a speck of snow upon the dark gray granite cone, then with a downward spring of perhaps ten feet it reached a narrow shelf which had before escaped my notice and which ran along the face of the cliff to the wooded mountains on the right. But a sadder fate awaited the unfortunate animal than if it had fallen into the hands of the Indian. The terrible bird which in narrowing circles had kept about the scene, and whose piercing eye had taken in the vantage of the position—the kid separated from the protection of its dam—stopped suddenly in its course, then swooped downward swift as the lightning's flash, its great wings cleaving the air, and seizing the poor kid, just when life and liberty seemed so near, bore it clear of the cliff, fluttered a moment in mid air, then drifted downward along the mountain side, disappearing below the tops of the swaying firs."

The large gray or timber wolf is a dangerous enemy to this species and destroys many of them. We have found the hair and wool in the droppings of the wolf, as has been done by others. Mr. Anderson speaks of the danger to *Mazama* from wolves and says: "Wolves are great enemies to goats, and no doubt make great havoc when the kids are young. Old goats, that is full grown ones, have a habit of sharpening their horns, the Indians say, always at a certain season to prepare for fighting. However that may be, their horns certainly bear the marks of having been whetted on stone on the outside of the points, and are as sharp sometimes as knife points."

Mr. L. L. Bales writes us: "That the large gray wolves catch them I know, as I have seen the wool and hair in the droppings left by the wolves." The coyote or prairie wolf (*C. latrans*) has also, it would seem, a fondness for the young of this species. Mr. Joseph Kipp has informed us that in the "Colonel's Basin" in the St. Mary's Lake region, Montana, he has seen tracks in the snow where young and old goats have been chased by coyotes. It would seem, however, that an old female goat should have no difficulty in beating off a single coyote which might attempt to seize her young.

Mr. John Willis writes us, saying: "The mountain lion is their worst enemy, as they go among the rocks where it is easy for them to spring on the goats."

It is possible that lynxes and wildcats occasionally kill young goats, though probably this does not happen often.

Largest, but least dangerous of the enemies of the white goat, is the black bear, which, on the Pacific coast, at least, lies in wait for these animals among the rocks, and, if it fails in its first attempt at capture, often pursues it for a short distance. We witnessed an occurrence of this kind on one occasion on Mt. Yo, on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet in British Columbia. The goat was seen trotting down the extremely rough slope, which lay between the summit and a bench where we stood, and not far behind it was a bear in pursuit. Both animals were going slowly on account of the extreme roughness of the way. They came down to within 50 yards of where we stood, when the goat turned off to the left. Our companion then shot at the bear, which thereupon gave up the pursuit, and ran off. The goat after proceeding a short distance stopped and looked back. It is doubtful whether a bear could overtake a goat among the rocks, though it could do so on level ground.

SNAKE GOSSIP.

THERE have lately appeared several interesting items in FOREST AND STREAM about snakes which seem to invite a few more words from me, and subsequently, I trust, a few more words from those correspondents who are interested in the matter.

First and once more, "Coahoma's" "stinging snake," the one which is, he says, "jet black on top and pink underneath." These colors might indicate one of the Heterodons; but from such slight data one cannot speak with certainty. Since my communication of July, 1889, I have consulted Holbrook's "North American Reptiles" and other works for some possible clue; and moreover, have referred "Coahoma's" description to Mr. G. A. Boulenger, of the Reptile Department of the British Museum. He regrets being "unable to identify the snake without seeing a specimen, or without a proper (that is, a scientific) description of the reptile." Scientific men will never compromise themselves by haphazard guesses, and I am afraid we cannot hope to assist in identifying this snake on so slight a description. As regards its "stinging tail" one can only repeat that no snake with a weapon of this kind is known to science.

But curiously very soon after my paper on "Snake Weapons" appeared I was told that in a late official report to the U. S. Government on the animals of Venezuela by Consul Plumacher he particularly mentions a snake under the vernacular name *Sobadora*, harmless so far as venom is concerned, but using its tail with considerable force as a weapon of defense. It is said to attack men and "whip their legs with its tail," lashing that member about much as "Coahoma" described his black snake to have done, and as I have already stated some other snakes when angry are known to do, though perhaps with less intention and power than this Venezuela snake seems to possess. Mr. W. H. Hudson, whose delightful contributions to natural history in *Longman's* and other magazines, must be known to many of our readers, informed me that in South America he had seen snakes and also lizards thus use their tail aggressively; that some of the larger lizards would even lash a victim—some small rodent—to death in this manner. I was unable to obtain that official report here in London, and regret therefore so slight an acquaintance with the very interesting information it must have contained. Should "Coahoma" meet with another of those mysterious snakes I would beg leave to suggest that it should be at once dispatched uninjured to the authorities at the National Museum, Washington. It is a pity that the man who killed it did not first test it with his own hand instead of a stick. The "bristle-like sting" would then have told its own story.

One other point of interest is the mention by F. S. Dugmore, in the issue of first of May last, of a snake with "a long, sharp lower jaw tooth, too long to allow of the mouth closing without its being folded back, as it evidently is, after the manner of a poisonous fang." The snake was no doubt *Elaps fulvus*, the only *Elaps* of the United States, and known from southern Virginia to the Gulf and westward. It is commonly called the bead snake in South Carolina, and is known also as the harlequin snake. Dr. Yarrow, of the Reptile Department of the National Museum, considers the fangs "slightly mobile," but I was quite unaware of any lower teeth of this kind. From its size and its peaceable disposition it is not, I think, considered a dangerous snake, though being an *Elaps* it is of course venomous. I think I may venture to say that such novel or doubtful specimens would be always acceptable to any of the well-known and official ophiologists, and might be sent for indentification. If alive so much the better, as in any case there are the zoological gardens to receive it.

In conclusion I beg to refer once more to the subject of dentition. In giving the three examples (July 11, 1889) of the arrangement of teeth from Fayrer which most commonly "prevails in the palate and upper jaw of snakes," I did not occupy space by any mention of the many species that are exceptions, such as the *Oligodons* (few toothed), the *Anodons* (no teeth), and many that approach to the lizard forms, such as *Typhlopidæ*, *Uropeltidæ*, etc. The *Anodon* or *Deirodon* of South Africa, remarkable for gular processes which take the place of teeth to crush the birds' eggs, is an exceedingly interesting exception, and I believe the only species with no teeth or only a few very rudimentary ones. The gular or spine teeth are projections or processes proceeding from the vertebra into the throat, and though of a bony structure are tipped with dentine. By various ophiologists this little tree snake, which feeds on the eggs of small birds, has been named *Rachiodon*, from *rachis*, the spine; *anodon*, no teeth; and by Prof. Owen *Deirodon*, neck-toothed; indicating the position of the spines, though a snake has no true neck or cervical vertebra. Linnæus considered it edentulous, without teeth, as it comparatively is. Then another naturalist classed it with the *Oligodons*, but these being ground snakes and of different habits, the egg-eating snake was again separated and became a distinct type. We have got rather away from the original subject, but we gain some insight into the long and patient investigations which naturalists bestow on every single example before deciding on the best name to be assigned to it. Thus, also, are accounted for the many synonyms we meet with, and which, though at first so tiresome and perplexing, we are led to excuse and even to appreciate, when we know at what cost of time and trouble they have been bestowed.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

SEA LIONS AND BUFFALO.—Fair Grounds, St. Louis, Aug. 2.—A few days since one of our sea lion cows gave birth to a bull calf, born posthumously. Its father died on Feb. 4. The youngster throve amazingly well for ten days, when one night a cold spell unfortunately came and caused two other of the cows to break down the partition erected to separate them from the calf and its dam. In their efforts to huddle together they most unfortunately over lay the baby and killed it. I am in hopes that another of the cows is with young. On July 16 our buffalo cow gave birth to a fine heifer calf which is doing excellently, and which I have every hope of rearing, although it is terribly in-bred, being by the son of its mother.—C. W. BELLAIRS.

BREEDING MINK.

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your correspondent "R P. S.," and for the benefit it may be to others, I will say that mink can be bred successfully in confinement, but of course the nearer you approach their natural haunts in the artificial abode the less care they will require and the more successful will be your experiment. It should be out of doors by all means, no roof to cover, and where they will get the full benefit of air and changes of weather, with free access to earth and water.

I had at one time in my minkery forty-seven of the little nimble bright-eyed fellows, and they were ever as interesting as handsome. The site of my minkery was near the source of two large springs, where the waters of both came together; here I constructed a pond of about 2 rods in diameter and 4ft. to 5ft. deep; around the edge stone were piled and laid to form nooks and holes for hiding places; and under the banks were numerous holes for the formation of nests and breeding places. Their food was fresh meat, consisting of woodchucks, rabbits, fish, and milk for the younger portion of the colony; and they flourished finely.

Around the pond and back about 15ft. a trench was dug 2ft. deep and hemlock planks set on edge, and the trench refilled; and above the ground was a poultry fence 3ft. high and of ½in. mesh, and around the top of the fence was nailed a board 12in. wide projecting inside, the upper and inner edge rounded off.

In this inclosure I have every reason to believe that they were kept secure, as they rapidly increased in numbers, and the first mink placed in captivity was among the last killed; there could be no mistake about this, for one foot was missing, and he became as tame as a house cat.

I do not think that their quarrels interfered with the success of the experiment, as these were never noticeable except during the rutting season.

It was always interesting to watch their antics; and I count them among the most interesting and tractable of our wild animals; and the love and care they have for their young is great.

I never believed that they could be made so tame until I saw with my own eyes and watched and studied them from day to day. I have bred foxes in captivity too, but I do not, from my own experience, pronounce it a sure thing unless it is done on a large area of land.

F. G. KITTREDGE.

POISON OAK AND IVY.—Monroe, N. C.—I have been poisoned several times and once came very near losing my life, owing principally to a drunken doctor. It was in the latter part of April. I went down to a fishery on the Pee Dee River in South Carolina, and the vines were very thick and low, and in passing under some poison vines I was hit in the face by them. I felt the usual symptoms in a couple of days and tried sugar of lead and several other remedies with no avail. I then started for home—40 miles, and by the time I got there I was in a dreadful condition. I called in a doctor who had been on a drunk, and for three days he did his best to finish me, and would have accomplished his desire had I let him alone. I called in another doctor. He changed the entire treatment: told me to bathe all places that were swelled in either very hot water or ice water and to drink all I could hold (as I had high fever and was very thirsty I chose the ice water). He gave me one dose of medicine to open my bowels and a mixture of carbolic acid and linseed oil to apply to the worst places. In two days I was up and on the third day took a horseback ride of forty miles. It was the worst case of poisoning I ever saw, suppuration had set in on my left hand, and the whole skin come off of the palm. So you can see how rapid was the cure. The remedy is cheap and effective and can be procured at any place.—A. T. L.

POISON IVY POISONING.—Some of the remedies are: Rose water, sugar of lead and glycerine; carbolic acid and glycerine; and "eucalyptus," used as lotions. Also take quinine in large doses until a ringing in the ears is produced. I am not a doctor, but as a patient I speak from years of experience.—LORNA.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

CLABROUGH 12, May 1, '90.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
PARKER 12, ham'rless, June 6, '89.
REMINGTON 10, May 20, '89.
REMINGTON 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26, '89.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5, '89.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
WHITNEY SAFETY 12, M'ch 6, '90.
WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

THE IOWA CHICKEN LAW.

JEFFERSON, Iowa, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 30, giving the open seasons in the several States and Territories, I notice you give Aug. 1 to Dec. 1 as the open season for pinnated grouse, prairie chicken, in Iowa; this should be Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.

The following is the full text of section 5,892, as amended by 17th General Assembly, Chapter 156, Section 2; 18th General Assembly, Chapter 193; and 20th General Assembly, Chapter 67: "It shall be unlawful for any person within the State to shoot or kill any pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, between the first day of December and the first day of September next following; any woodcock between the first day of January and the tenth day of July; any ruffed grouse or pheasant, wild turkey or quail between the first day of January and the first day of October; any wild duck, goose or brant between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of August; or any wild deer, elk or fawn between the first day of January and the first day of September."

I fear the law is badly broken, however, and mainly by farmers, though as they are very careful to conceal the matter it is not generally known; they contend that as they raise the grain to feed the birds they have a moral, if not legal, right to kill the birds when they choose, and, as I said before, I fear they generally choose to in July.

H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Everything has been favorable the present season for a good crop of prairie chickens, and the birds have done their part nobly; but the hawks, skunks, weasels, and other vermin, ably assisted by the human skunks (or market-hunters) are doing their level best to annihilate them before the open season, and I think they will come very near doing it. I think our close season is at least two weeks too long, as it virtually protects the market-shooter two weeks longer in his nefarious business. Most of the young chickens here are from two-thirds to full grown, and they are being slaughtered and shipped out of northwest Iowa by the hundreds every day. Now, it is in order for some reader to say, "Why don't you prosecute them?" There is no use to take up your valuable space to answer this question; any one who has tried it under the same circumstances knows why, and all who have not tried it should do so. WM. H. STEELE.

FOREST CITY, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You state in your last issue that prairie chickens may be killed in Iowa Aug. 15. Your are in error. The law was changed two or three years ago to Sept. 1, and still stands. Please correct in the interest of sportsmen who do not want to kill weaklings. J. E. S.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa.

[We printed the law as sent to us by an officer of the Iowa State Association as now in force; but the prairie chicken season is as stated in the above corrections.]

DEER IN MEXICO.

THE invitation of royalty is a command. The privilege of yes or no is only a pleasant fiction. But it is different in a free Republic. I could have said no when the Governor of the State asked me to join a hunting party with him recently—but I didn't. I didn't want to refuse. I can prove my liberty some other way. I had heard of the Governor's mountain ranch and how the festive deer and turkey held high carnival there, and this made it easy to become for the moment a courtier.

I had to lose a day or two from work, but that cost me only a short struggle. I was glad of the chance to get acquainted with the chief representative of the hunting craft here about, as I am inclined to believe that when you get a party of hunters together, you are sure to find some gentlemen among them. I still think so.

Our destination was a high ridge some forty miles from this city, which overlooks the broad dry plain that lies between, and is plainly visible. At 5 P. M. the party boarded the train for a half-hour's run to the Governor's farm, where coaches, horses, etc., awaited us. It was made up of General Carlos Diez Gutierrez, Governor of the State of San Luis Potosi, Licenciado Juan Flores Ayala, Secretary of State; Dr. Antonio Sosa, Licenciado Francisco Gama, Licenciado José Vega, Col. Leopoldo Gonzalez, Messrs. W. Gilbert, Augustine Grumbrecht, Laureano Cantolla, José Alcocer, Luis Espinosa y Cuevas, R. Lumpuye, Ramon de Ceballos, José Moran and your correspondent.

Besides native Mexicans there were several Spaniards, two Germans and one "gringo" (the title "Licenciado" is equivalent to Esquire in England, that is, it indicates the legal profession).

As there is no paper published in Spanish of the scope of the "only" FOREST AND STREAM, and as I had been already convicted of writing up such expeditions, I was looked upon as the reporter. This rather numerous individual, by the way, seems to be an American institution, as there is no word for him in Spanish (he is sometimes called "the unspeakable" in English, is he not?) so that along with "ros'-bif," "puddin'," "peek-lees" and other necessaries of life he has become naturalized—name, "cheek" and all, among the gentle Mexicans.

"La Pila!" sings the Mexican brakeman, but for the life of him he can't bang the door till your eyes start from their sockets nor call the stations in Brobdingnag like his American model. Out we tumbled, bags and bundles, rifle, guns, grips—everything except dogs—which one expects to see as the impedimenta of a miscellaneous hunting party. In coaches and on horseback we rode away in the mellow sunset to the big rambling country-house, sweet with the smell of rose and jasmine, where we spent the night. We didn't sleep a great deal. The floors were strewn with cots, and everybody felt merry. Some played monte till they got warmed up over it, and then made it warm for those of us who had gone to sleep. We were like a lot of school-boys. Somebody was so rash as to snore. Immediately a very dignified gentleman—usually dignified, I mean—set out on hands and knees to tickle the offender's feet. Just as the wrathful sleeper awoke and began to lay about him, some enterprising soul illumined the dark room with a match, and we had a fine scrub race by two well-known citizens, not over-encumbered with civilized clothes. The Governor was wise enough to select a small room where there were few beds and quiet.

At 5 o'clock next morning we were off, three coaches strong, with a small army of attendants on horseback. At 10 o'clock the baggage was loaded on burros, which had come over to meet us, we mounted horses and started in a long train up the mountain. The Governor, fine and soldierly looking always, is at his best on horseback. He rides in front chatting with the boss of the ranch, and the rest string out behind. The cactus begins to grow thin, the shrubs tall, mesquite changes to oak, and oak verges into pine and cedar. The grass grows greener and evidences of moisture multiply. The dry valley shrubs at last disappear, the maguey struggling almost to the top. These high ridges sweep the Gulf breezes clear of their moisture, scant enough at best. About half-way up, in a grassy little glade, we find a company of men around a fire making "savory meat," the kind with which Jacob and his mother deceived poor old Isaac. We dismount, and on the sweet pine straw have a breakfast fit for a king, with appetites to match, while in the tall trees overhead moans the deep-toned orchestra of heaven.

Exactly at noon we turned the summit, and the half-fed verdure changed in an instant to glorious luxuriance. Oak groves, black in their very greenness, lay like cloud shadows along the hillsides, and in the glades between grass and flower spread their velvet carpet, regal, incomparable. Vistas of leagues upon leagues stretched in all directions, dry dead hills alternating with the green and yellow of cultivated valleys, and far behind us gleamed the towers and white walls of San Luis Potosi, the "Treasure Trove."

Here the hunt was organized. Some on foot, some on horseback, with guides and without, the party scattered to meet later at the house a mile below. My course soon led me to the house, having seen nothing but green fields and valleys, trees, grass and flowers, over which floating clouds threw nature's kaleidoscope, various, lovely, and infinitely satisfying. Sitting under a shade tree I counted seven varieties of flowers in reach of my hand, and the number increased to nineteen as I descended the hill a few hundred yards to the house. What a spendthrift nature is! If she chooses to favor a place there is no stinting of gifts. And she is quite indifferent to man's convenience, too, often shutting off her purest loveliness by walls like the granite donjon of Yosemite, or perching it, as in this case, 10,000ft. above sea level upon a clumsy mountain.

Early in the afternoon a guide arrived at the house with a handsome deer on his back, red of coat and fat of flesh, the velvet horns about half grown. One party had driven him out of a thicket, and a snap shot from Don Pepe Moran, about the oldest hunter among us, who was in another group, tumbled him over on the run. There was much generous rejoicing among the younger men that one of the less active had been the fortunate one. Several other deer were seen, a few shots fired, but nothing else killed.

The mountain air was bracing, surplus energy had been worked off, and after a vigorous supper we covered the floors of two rooms with cots and bunks and slept the sleep of anticipation. We were to start back at noon, so the ambitious were out early. I took a guide more to keep me off the territory assigned to others than because I wanted him. I found, after the best part of the morning was gone, that he was making a special search for two does whose haunts he knew. I told him in some disgust that I didn't want to kill a doe; but he was obstinate. Pretty soon he found them, and I had to kill one to satisfy him. I consoled myself that a deer is a deer in a big party, and that I should not be "left." Sending the victim in, I made for the highest and roughest point in sight, and after about an hour's tramp was rewarded with a shot at a handsome buck, which opportunity I improved with immense satisfaction to myself. He was a fine fat fellow, not quite so large as the one killed the day before. I took a hasty shot at a smaller one that was with him, and was impressed with that peculiar feeling that every hunter will recognize, that I had hit him. As he left no show of blood, I tried to convince myself that I was mistaken; but some days after the ranch hands found where crows and coyotes had made a dainty feast. When will a fellow learn not to shoot in a hurry?

As a number of shots had been heard in various directions I hoped there would be a fine showing, but was surprised to find that nothing else had been killed and that I was the hero of the day. The General, as his friends called him,—military titles have a strange way of sticking even in times of peace—had hunted diligently without even the sight of a deer. He was disappointed and so were we all, for we felt that his generous and thoughtful hospitality deserved a better fortune. But Diana is a shy and fickle goddess. He evidently enjoyed the abundant good-fellowship, to which he personally contributed much, and our unstinted enthusiasm over the loveliness of his sylvan retreat.

At noon we took up the line of march for home, leaving three enthusiasts to follow next day. A village through which we had to pass stopped us to give an ovation to the Governor. The attentions of the good people were something of a trial to the party, as we were tired and dusty, and dressed strictly for business. After a pleasant night at "La Pila" again, we reached San Luis next morning, and plunged again into the work-a-day world.

There were no casualties except that the General left a box of fine cigars on the train, and came near slipping over a precipice. There was plenty of fun, with gun talk, shooting at marks, etc. The arms were mostly Winchesters, model of 1873, some of them richly ornamented. A few shotguns were carried but no turkeys were seen, and but little use was found for them. My hammerless Lefever was looked upon as something of a miracle in the gun way.

I forgot at the right place to mention the band. A little hatchet-faced old man with a big harp and a sentimental youth with a red ribbon on his hat and a guitar slung across his shoulder furnished the music. It was not bad either. But when the first deer arrived the old man twanged at his harp softly and hummed a while, then, after drilling his assistant, they broke into an improvised song in honor of the fortunate hunter. The verses jingled fairly well, but the music was so lackadaisical that it was irresistibly funny. The old musician's vanity was wonderfully tickled when it was proposed to write off his song. I thought I would translate the lines, but find it impossible to convey their quaintness and childish extravagance.

Two weeks after our return, in the lovely suburban garden of the Governor, the hunters spread a handsome breakfast in honor of their host. Eighteen covers were laid, two guests being invited besides the original party. One was absent from the city and sent his brother; another was sick. The "spread" was capital, the fellowship better. Some in wine, some in water, but all in the best of spirit, drank long life and happiness to the genial host of Alvarez,

"And when he next a-hunting goes,
May we be there to see."

AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

PARNASSUS, Westmoreland County, Pa.—Quail are more abundant in this neighborhood than they have been during the past fifteen years. Some are laying eggs for a second brood, as is shown by a nest which is within 100ft. of my room.—LORNA.

NORTH BEND, Pa.—The lumbermen report bears plentier this year than for some time. There are some deer and lots of squirrels and pheasants, and the streams and brooks are full of trout.—J. G. K.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

FIRST DAYS BEHIND THE GUN.

TAKE away the beautiful hammerless gun with its automatic ejectors and its perfect fit, with its smokeless powder, its chilled shot and machine-loaded cartridges; take away the silken haired dog with his almost human intelligence and four-fifths broken at his birth, and give me back the old, long, single-barreled gun, feeling like an old-fashioned "soap stick" with a brick tied on the end; give me back the old "G. D." caps and hornet's nest wadding, and give me back along with them the bounding heart of the first days behind the gun. Away with the buzzing quail, the twittering wing of the noble woodcock; the grouse bursting from the laurel brake with obstreporous wing and the wild duck whizzing down the wind; the bounding deer and the gently cantering antelope, and give me back the robin in the old dark cedar, the highholder in the old gumtree, the gray squirrel in the old hickory, and the eleven years of age with which I started out.

Fondly memory plays over the days when nobler game was plenty, before the cheap breechloader, the market-shooter, and the numerous railroads robbed the fields and woods of all that made them attractive; but to me the happiest days were not those in which I shouldered the well-balanced double-barrel and wandered with the stride of early manhood over hill and dale, with the old dog rollicking gaily over the frosty stubble or threading the tangled swamp, but the days when I was too young to be trusted with a gun, but managed to get one all the same.

My first experience in shooting was with a piece of lead pipe pounded shut at one end, with a touch-hole bored with a fork and mounted by lashing with strings upon a stick. An uncle of about my own age and I used to "hook" ammunition from an older uncle and raid the "chippies" down by the brook. The excitement of holding this on a "chippie" at 20ft., while my uncle touched it off with a piece of punk has so far had no parallel in all my wanderings in this vale of tears.

The difficulty of getting this lead pipe straight enough to make sure of a bird on a fencepost at five paces led to the substitution of a piece of hollow iron some 10in. long that formed the outside of the handle of an old-fashioned grindstone. This was stopped with melted lead at one end and a touch-hole filed in it. I can hear its echo yet through the woods and along the hills, and see the chippie falling from the old cedar fence, and the catbird fluttering wounded out of the elder brush, where he was so busy eating that he let us come within six paces of him.

But our delight was soon lost in a feeling of wild unrest, and nothing would do but to steal the older uncle's gun when he was gone to town. Long practice on his ammunition made this step quite easy. A great day was that when we first got out of sight of the house with it and down among the dark cedars. It had been the height of our ambition to kill a robin, but with our own gun it had been impossible. But now the prize was within our grasp. The strategy expended on that first robin would have saved me in later days many a deer which I have lost by carelessness or over-confidence. And no deer ever caused such sensations as that first robin as he came fluttering out of the top of a tall cedar.

Scarcely any milestone on the path of life has ever looked so big as the day when I was first allowed to have a gun of my own. I was scarcely eleven years old when my father, finding that I was determined to go out shooting in some way or another, concluded that it was best to let me go and have something safe. He had been a sportsman himself when young, and knew the impossibility of restraining the inborn love of the field in a youngster. After a vast amount of caution he allowed me to go out alone with the new gun. The caution was quite needless, for the gun was longer than I was, so that it was impossible to shoot myself with it. It was an old relic of the Revolution, altered to a percussion lock, and bought purposely, as I afterward suspected, to dampen my youthful ardor. I had almost to climb on a fence to load it, but it seemed as light as a feather. It kicked like a mule, but I would have enjoyed a battering ram if it would only kick out in front far enough to reach a robin, which was then the height of my ambition. Half the time it would not fire the cap, but the robins in that day sat still until after repeated snapping it did go off. About half the time it caught on the half-cock notch, but I had only to keep on pulling. It seemed to make no difference where the hammer was started. It's sweep was so great in either case that the principal danger was that the bird might accidentally take a notion to leave after I had pulled the trigger, and get away before the hammer reached the cap. The only caps we had then were the "G. D." (popularly supposed to stand for the two words generally used to make them go), and the splinters used to fly into my fingers, but I never felt them. Often the hammer would fly back to half-cock, half blinding me with the gas from the big hole in the burnt out nipple, but it only sharpened my eye for the next robin.

In those days we carried powder in a bottle and shot loose in our pockets. The amount of the charge was a matter of small moment, and no two successive charges were alike, a good gun being supposed to have a special virtue that made it kill under any circumstances when well aimed. Hornet's nest was deemed the most effective wadding, though paper, tow and even grass were used. Once in a while a chap had some cut wads in imitation of those used by what was generally known as a "Yorker." But as the end of the ramrod was always too small and headed with a small pyramid of dirt, and the wad cut out of wretched pasteboard and old slimsy bootlegs, it nearly always turned sideways in the gun, and the old standby of paper or hornet's nest had to be called in after all to push it down. One of the fundamental principles of the times was that too much powder, by which was meant anything over 2drs. for a 12-bore, made the shot scatter too much, and half the time the gun was loaded so as scarcely to pierce the skin of a full-grown squirrel. Another one was that it took "big shot to kill." The favorite sizes were No. 4, or rather 4's for robins and 2's for rabbits and squirrels. On the other hand there were some who thought that "small shot cut sharper," and that big shot "will ball in the hair." But by "small shot" was meant nothing smaller than 6's, and the great majority thought that anything smaller was fit only for "Yorkers," who were supposed to know nothing about shooting, and were always supposed to be badly beaten when they went out with any of the native experts. In fact it was generally considered quite accidental if a city chap killed anything. All manner of fun was made of them when they came out into the country with a snake-like shot belt around the waist, a copper powder flask hung over the shoulder with a green string, and a fish-net gamebag, which was always supposed to go home empty unless stuffed with leaves or filled with game bought of some native expert. Although few of them actually came from New York, such a sportsman was always called a "Yorker."

One hundred yards was then the regulation distance, for a good gun to shoot and "kill a hundred yards" was as regular a guarantee on the sale of a gun as "coming six in the spring" was on the sale of a horse. Guns were supposed to have intrinsic virtues given by some occult quality of the metal, and guns made in the same way differed as two heads of the same shape differ in the quality of the contents. This was not because of the difficulty of boring two barrels exactly alike, but was some mysterious virtue in the metal, as in fine razors. Guns were then tested by the nearest shot they would place to the pinhead that held the paper. The idea that the scattering of the shot was accidental occurred to few of the country folk of that day. Provided the "game shot" was not dropped in loading, and the loader was not too lazy or too stupid to pick it up and put it carefully in, a good gun never failed to throw one shot to the center. A difference of one-hundredth of an inch in the distance of the shot from the pin that held the paper determined the match, and the gun was graded accordingly. A reputation for a gun thus won was never changed, except by a small circle of the extra wise who insisted that the ability of the shooter always determined the match, because every gun, like a rifle, threw one shot to the center.

Shall I ever forget the excitement in the little hamlet where I used to spend my vacations, when it was announced that a "Yorker" had arrived with "a hundred dollar gun." As the "Yorker," followed by a rat-tailed pointer, whose satin skin excited as much contempt as his master, disappeared in the swamp near by, a conclave was held at the country store. It was decided that no gun could cost that amount of money, and that if it did it would not kill as well as a gun costing only ten dollars and made of good old-fashioned soft iron. In fact "patent breech" guns, as all the better classes of double barrels were then called, were of little account anyhow. A patent breech was a gun in which the nipple for the cap was in the screw plug in the side of the barrel forward of the breech-plug. Grave doubts were entertained of the shooting qualities of such guns which were supposed to be gotten up to sell guns to "Yorkers" at a big price and were of no use for practical work.

But when the man who owned a "smooth-bore rifle" came around every one else had to subside. A "smooth-bore rifle" was not an uncommon thing then. It meant a worn out relic of the times when there was some big game still left in the land and was cut out smooth so as to shoot shot. Its long, heavy barrel, crescent-shaped scoop in the stock and other elements of clumsiness made it an object of reverence in the eyes of the country folk. It was supposed to combine the advantages of a rifle with those of a shotgun, throwing the shot for a certain distance in a ball which then expanded and did the work of a shotgun fired at that point. What the man with a smooth-bore rifle could not kill was not worth the killing, and every one was ready to bet that he could bag more game with it than a dozen "Yorkers" could.

But the light even of this great person had to pale before that of the man who in his day had shot a "cut rifle." There were a few such, far between, old and gray-headed, and they took care not to exhibit their rifles at the target. Their eyes were too old to shoot a rifle now and they hunted only in the memory of the glorious past. The old rifle was kept at home secure from the gaze of the vulgar herd, but in the country store at night to hear them tell of the squirrels' heads they had knocked off at a hundred yards, or rather "twenty rods," when they were young and their eyes were good was one of the rarest of treats. But the king of the lot was the man who had seen the last deer in the neighborhood. It was ever so long ago of course, but he had shot at him and wounded him, and though the "darned fellow what owned the dogs" had laid claim to him, he was sure he had killed him. Though "the other feller drawed the hide," he had nevertheless got his share of the meat, and the bare fact that he had tasted venison made him a great man in the eyes of the listeners.

What an excitement there was in the hamlet when a "helldiver" (we spoke the name with awe, wondering whether it were wicked or not) appeared on the millpond. A hippopotamus could hardly have made a greater commotion. Half a dozen guns were quickly brought out, and the bird generally dodged them all. On one occasion after one had dodged about a dozen charges of shot propelled by powder that would hardly have stuck shot into a pumpkin at 30yds., I opened fire as the game rose above the surface. I didn't deserve any credit for it, because in my excitement I had balked with the trigger several times before and failed to pull it off before some one else had fired and the bird had dodged. But this time he happened to rise just where I was looking for him, and I pulled the trigger before he had fairly settled upon the surface. At the report of my gun his head dropped over from a stray shot behind the eye. That was one of the greatest days of my life, and the airs I put on in the store that night would make my fortune now in any branch of business if I could only imitate them. The contempt I felt for the ordinary breed of shooters would have been enough to run an ordinary "wing-shooting champion" factory.

The various theories of shooting in those days would fill a volume. It was thought impossible for any one to become anything of a shot unless he commenced when a boy. Wetting shot was universally believed to make it shoot closer, saliva being especially efficacious in this respect. Most people thought all guns shot better when very dirty; and in truth some did shoot better, for they were so full of holes that they would hardly shoot at all until the holes were filled up. The longer a gun and the closer its resemblance to a crowbar the better it was supposed to shoot; an idea that doubtless came from its resemblance to a "smoothbore" rifle. Powder had to be rammed hard to shoot strong, and rough barrels shot the strongest because they held the shot back and made the powder exert itself more. The only safe way to carry a gun was with the hammer on the cap, and many thought that shot should go slow so as not to flatten on the hide of a squirrel. Another reason for using big shot, as they were supposed to be slower than small shot. This idea I found quite prevalent later in life among the deer hunters in the backwoods, where it was a maxim with many that a swift ball would flatten on the hide and that a "slow and strong ball" was the thing.

It seems to me now incredible that these times were only thirty-five years ago in the upper half of New Jersey, and only forty miles from New York, and only ten miles from a railroad running trains to the city every hour. And yet those days were about the best, all things considered, that I have ever spent with the gun. It is not wholly true that knowledge brings happiness. It brings a pleasure of a certain kind, but quite as often takes away pleasure of another sort. The mystery that surrounded guns and their actions, and made them an object of reverence to the child's eye, is gone and nothing is in its place. The bright and ever soaring fancy of childhood was a factor in the enjoyment of field sports that can never be replaced. Though the most enduring of all pleasures, it is in childhood only that they have their deepest intensity, and he who has never known what it is to lie awake all night in anticipation of getting a rabbit the next day has missed the best part of the sportsman's life. The jar of the leaves beneath the spring of the squirrel in the distant hickory raises a far wilder tumult in the blood of childhood than in later days the crash of brush and the thump of hoofs on the ground as the deer springs from his bed near by. And never since have I known such sensations as those I felt when I first heard the throbbing wings of the ruffed grouse echo through the deep hemlock timber, or the paralyzing shock in which gun and everything else were forgotten, as with roaring wing he burst from the ground before me and swept like a cannon shot through the dark green of the laurel brake, leaving me engulfed in wonder and awe while the very earth seemed to tremble with the heavy beat of his wing.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

CALIFORNIA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—It seems that there is trouble with the chicken crop in at least one section of Dakota, and that it is partly due to the omnipresent fiend who shoots before the season opens. Dakota chickens killed in the first of August! It must be noble sport to shoot the little fellows. The following letter is from the Register of Deeds of Codington county, South Dakota, to Mr. Paxson, who is in the same offices with Mr. E. S. Rice, manager of the Standard Cartridge Co., and is relative to a Dakota chicken trip which Mr. Rice was figuring on taking. It may be interesting reading to many who contemplated going to Dakota this fall. It reads as follows:

"WATERTOWN, S.D., Aug. 5, 1890.—Yours of recent date received. I am of the opinion that it will not be a pleasant trip for Mr. Rice and his friend, unless the weather changes. The heat is almost unbearable, and the lawless cusses have already been getting in their deadly destruction regardless of law. A party of us intended to start on the afternoon before opening day for a two-weeks' outing, and intended Mr. Rice and his friend to be with us, but the weather has been such that we have given it up. Prairie fires are running and vegetation of every description is severely scorched. It looks now as though shooting of all kinds would be a failure in South Dakota, although the prospects were grand a few weeks ago. Should things brighten up and a chance for sport be given us I will telegraph Mr. Rice, but will not do so unless I think the trip would be a pleasant one. Hope we may be able to telegraph 'come.'—W. O. FRASER."

It seems strange that men can still be found to-day who persist in violating the chicken law, but there are some fellows born with the chicken-thief instinct strong within them. We do not need to go to Dakota to find a prominent instance of this. We have got a man right here in this city, a man whose name has appeared in these columns, usually in connection with unduly large scores of game or fish killed, a man who is a member of Mak-saw-ba Club, and who is quoted and written up in the daily and "illustrated" papers as a "prominent sportsman," who has for some time been killing chickens down on Mak-saw-ba Club grounds and other farms near by. This is known to members of the Mak-saw-ba Club, who are only waiting till they can get a legal as well as a moral certainty to act upon. This man has often said that he would "kill a chicken whenever he wanted to." He has some land of his own, and he is of that firm belief so deeply rooted in the rural mind, that he can do just as he wants to "on his own land." He is supposed to regard Mak-saw-ba grounds as his own land also. The offenses of this "prominent sportsman" are practically known, and after a while the boys hope to be able to get a case against him. He will then, to use a homely simile, "get it in the neck," with the result, it is hoped, of permanently knocking him out of the arena of all sportsmanlike concerns.

Reports come up from a La Porte, Ind., man, a sort of constable it is said, that there were lately marketed at that place sixty-three ducks, all of which had been killed by one party or his associates, country market-shooters on Mak-saw-ba marsh. That's fine for the boys to think about, too. Doubtless most of these were young wood ducks. It is thought to be impossible to punish the offenders. They live near by, and slip down on the marsh when they think none of the club members are about. Indiana has the game warden "system." It's a great system.

It may be remembered that last fall, or rather last summer, reports were sent in of very early shooting at jacksnipe in this region. It is possible that it will begin nearly as early this year, although last season very good bags were made by Aug. 15. Last week and this great flocks of yellowlegs have been seen flying over the Calumet Lake country. Billy Mussey says he is going out after these, and confidently expects to have golden plover and jacksnipe shooting before long on the Kankakee.

There are three coveys of prairie chickens on the farm of a certain gentleman of the city, within thirteen miles from town. It is probably more discreet not to be explicit. There has been a very good chicken crop this year in Illinois, and such grounds as have been guarded should be well stocked this fall. I have not learned from my friend Mr. Valentine Hicks, of the Rising Sun Game Park Association, but hope that he and his company are faring well and his preserves doing nicely. E. HOUGH.

PRACTICAL GUNSMITH on action work and barrels D. B. L. G. seeks position. Address J. T., this office.—*Adv.*

UPLAND PLOVER IN NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, Neb., July 28.—The gunners in this part of the country are having great sport just now with the upland plover. The birds came in one week ago and old hunters say in greater numbers than for many years. In some localities, principally in the high lands up from the different water courses, the prairie fairly swarms with them.

They are in superb condition, of course, and a more delicate dish than baked plover just at this time would be difficult to conjure up indeed.

Out here the old timers prefer a damp, lowering, even a showery day, for plover shooting, and many of them cannot be induced to go abroad when the meteorological conditions are otherwise. But, as is the case in many other instances, I disagree with the moss-covered old timers, and for a day with these birds give me one just like I had Friday, bright and clear, and hotter than blazes.

It is the same old story with the veteran duck shooter, but equally as fallacious. He declares that the day must be windy and storm-laden, with flurries of snow and other disagreeable concomitants, for success with the wildfowl. But he is "off," as I have demonstrated a thousand and one times to my thorough satisfaction, and I can never be shaken in my belief. To talk about certain conditions of the weather for success with the different varieties of game is all well enough, and adds a spice to the subject matter it could extract from no other source, but always, if possible, give me the pleasantest weather that can be ordered for any kind of shooting. I've seen it in all its phases, from elk and sheep in the rugged mountains of Wyoming and Montana to rail on the reedy Delaware. I have sat in a boat all day long, with the mercury flirting with zero, out in the sloughs of the lower Illinois, knocking the incomparable mallard right and left, and never thought of the cold until the waning light ended the shooting and brought with it a realization that I was all but frozen, and thought it unexampled sport. Then again I have had just as grand shooting and made even bigger bags of the same birds when the atmosphere was at temporate heat, and know it was sport a thousandfold more enjoyable, and robbed wholly of the dangers of pneumonic and rheumatic visitations in the future. Oh, yes, give me a balmy air and a flood of yellow sunshine to shoot in, let it be deer, turkey, duck, snipe, quail or plover, and I'm content. It matters nothing to me then what the connoisseurs of the sport assert is necessary to success.

But my plover shoot. We drove out the old Oregon trail—Arthur Vorys, an old friend of mine, and I—until we reached the Platte, where we halted and made preparations for a day of it. We had seen hundreds of plover en route, and when we stopped could hear their plaintive whistle on the right and left of us, and we were no wise uneasy about the result of our expedition. Why, already a dozen pairs of yellowlegs lay in the bottom of the buggy we had knocked down along the roadside on our way out.

We camped first back of a little bay in a grove of dwarfish maples, with a selvage of wild sunflowers and sumach, and a baldric of silver sand stretching down to the water's edge. It was yet early in the morning, and the gurgling Platte wore a dark green polish, with an intermingling of shadows full of sprinkled light, which made the outlook entrancing.

After the horse had been watered and fed and rested sufficiently we again hooked up, got into the vehicle and started up over the yellow grass for the top of the bluffs. We had no dog, nor did we want any. Dogs and plover shooting do not go together. The birds are always in plain sight, and easily gathered after being killed. They are wholly different from jacksnipe, which are the hardest birds in the world to retrieve without the aid of a good dog's nose.

Well, we had barely reached the brow of the ridge when we were electrified by a very chorus of *twoo-twill-twees*, and as many as four dozen yellowlegs, in bunches of seven and eight, curved their ash-colored wings in lazy flight. A bunch of nine, nearest to us, were the very last to arise, and Arthur and I had no difficulty in getting in both barrels and but three of the flock escaped.

It is slaughter, I know, but there is but precious little single plover shooting when hunting the birds in this manner. I have seen twenty-three plover fall to a single gun and at a single shot, and hundreds of times as high as six, seven, ten or a dozen.

But the birds are delicious, and none are ever wasted, for the man who would refuse a string of these luscious birds is not human, that's all. In the market to-day they bring readily $2.75 to $3.50 a dozen, even more than the matchless little gallinago in the spring and autumn.

Well, we drove here and there over the prairie in an aimless fashion for nearly three hours, and there were but brief cessations in the exhilarating sport which began at the bluff's top.

We always alighted after the first few volleys from the buggy, whenever we saw the birds running ahead of us over the short buffalo sward, or standing here and there upon one leg, like the outposts of some great ornithological army, and took our chances on single birds. And my! you ought to see that man Vorys with his twelve Colt. It seemed to me that he could reach a pair of yellowlegs at a hundred yards away. It mattered not to him—tailers, quarterers, outgoers and incomers, it was all the same. I did not see him make a miss the entire day, and in truth he made none. Oh, I know you will say anybody can knock down nineteen plover out of twenty, but you are mistaken. I have been in the field about as much as the next one and am able to hold my own at any kind of game with the majority of shooters, but you can bet a plover gives me the slip occasionally. Take an old cock and give him a good running start, then let him rise and skin off close to the seartopped grass, and it's ten to one you or any one else will be very liable to overshoot him.

But to curtail what might be stretched into a long story, the total of our day's outing footed up just ninety-two plover, two big prairie hawks, a monster rattlesnake and an owl. S. G.

VIRGINIA BAY SNIPE.—Norfolk, Va.—On Monday last, Aug. 4, we had one of the finest day's shooting we have had this season. On Sunday morning Messrs. T. J. Haywood, E. L. Bartlett and H. P. Lucas, of Baltimore, came down by the Bay Line. At the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, they were met by Messrs. Wm. Camp, R. C. Byrd, Wm. Pannill and J. B. White, and soon after we drove to the Martin's Point Gun Club. Monday morning we were in our blinds just after sunrise, On counting up at 8 o'clock we found we had bagged 270 graybacks, yellowlegs and grass plover. In the afternoon when it was cool and pleasant we returned to our blinds. From that time until we had fired away all our cartridges the natives in the vicinity thought "the war" was not over. On counting our whole bag for the day we had 840, for which we had fired about 1,300 cartridges. This was an average of 120 to each gun. Considering the time in which it was all done we had good sport. Several large bags have been made at the club since July 1. Mr. A. H. Hubbard, of Philadelphia, has been down for three weeks, and found game very plenty every day. Captain Jack Todd, C. Woodard and N. Beaman killed 250 one day last week. This club is a new one, and there are two shares left, which can be had by two good fellows by applying to Wm. Camp, Sec'y Martin's Point Gun Club, Norfolk, Va., or J. B. White of same city.—YELLOWLEG.

MY FIRST AND LAST BUFFALO HUNT.—When I was a lad living in Massachusetts there came along one day a show, which consisted of some fourteen young buffalo and a camel. During the hours of exhibition a man came out of the tent and delivered a lecture on the American bison, mode of capture, etc. I have never made up my mind why that man selected me from among so many boys to represent the buffalo in a grand hunt to show the beauties of the lasso; and to this day I am in doubt whether it was because I more closely resembled the young American buffalo or because he thought I was more fleet of foot, but he did select me, and I at once became in spirit a young buffalo. If the envious boys came too near and felt my shaggy hair, I lowered my horns and made a charge, scattering the boys in all directions. Finally a space was cleared, and I was given two rods start and was told to run and "put in my best licks." Away I went across the prairie, maddened by the shouts of the boys, fire in my eyes, the hot steam gushing from my nostrils. I dashed across the prairie, leaving the boys far behind, when all at once something flashed down before my eyes, I felt something like a coarse round file sawing across my chin, and I lay on the ground, the buffalo all gone out of me, and a great score across my chin. And so ended my first and last buffalo hunt.—JAMES WIGHT.

SHOOTING NOTES IN THE SUNDAY "SUN."—Perth Amboy, N. J., Aug. 10.—On Sunday, Aug. 27, the oracular person who inspires the column in the *Sun* which deals in shooting and fishing told its readers that there had been no flight of bay birds along the coast as yet, nor would there be until a change should occur in the "meteorological conditions." I happen to know that yellowlegs were flying at Chadwick's, N. J., on July, 13, 14 and 15, and that a large flight occurred on the 25th, 26th and 27th, in spite of "meteorological conditions." In to-day's *Sun* we may read reports from the New Jersey coast as follows: "Barnegat.—So far only a few yellow snipe have arrived." "Townsend's Inlet.—Bay snipe are as yet very scarce." Compare with these reports the following extracts from a letter received yesterday from a point on Barnegat Bay: "On Wednesday, the 6th inst., there were droves of birds. Some flocks yesterday (the 7th) had 50 to 75 birds. Got 40 myself. There were quite a number of birds flying to-day. One flock of 30 yelpers came over my decoys while I was away from the blind." *Verbum sat.*—K.

FIVE CUBS UP A TREE.—Palmer, Mich., Aug. 2.—Five cubs were killed here this week. They were all upon a large pine tree, and were first seen by a Finlander, who was chopping wood. He told some fellows that lived close by, and they started with rifles, shotguns, revolvers, and double-bitt axes. Some of the party climbed up small trees and began shooting. They fired about fifty shots before they brought all of those cubs to the ground. There were three male and two female cubs. The heaviest of them was 45lbs. During the combat one of the old bears showed up; but one of the party cut loose at her with a charge of fine shot, and she skipped. If there had been any person in the party that had any gumption about him they might have caught all of those cubs alive. It is a shame to shoot cubs at this season of the year, as the hide is no good and those folks let the meat spoil.—GRIBBIN.

OMAHA, Neb.—Omaha hotels are serving young prairie chicken under the head of upland plover every day, and yet the gun clubs have taken no steps toward stopping them. Judge Dundy, "Skip" Dundy, Dr. Galbraith and Henry Homan, of this city, and Editor Hathaway, of Lincoln, left recently for a grizzly bear hunt in the mountains of Montana.—S. G.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Cœur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsmen's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publication, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

MR. S. BOIVIN, whose advertisement of the Metabetchouan Hotel appears in another column, is prepared to put ambitious anglers in the way of catching good bags of ouananiche, and supplies guides, canoes, etc., for either fishing or hunting expeditions. He promises good sport with caribou and other large game.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

BIG-MOUTH AND SMALL-MOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read for many years the varying views of FOREST AND STREAM'S correspondents concerning the comparative game qualities of the large-mouthed and small-mouthed black bass. I have also read what Dr. Henshall has to say on the subject, which is in effect (if I remember rightly) that there is little if any difference between the two varieties in that respect. Some of the writers agree with his opinion, while others (I think the majority) join issue with him. No doubt all are entirely sincere and each speaks from his own observation. I do not propose to join in the discussion as an advocate for either side; but it has occurred to me that this may be a case parallel to that of the shield concerning the color of which the two knights disputed until they discovered that its two sides were of different colors; in other words, that whether the large-mouthed bass is as game as his small-mouthed brother depends. An experience of my own will perhaps tend to show that it does.

Some years ago I was in the habit of visiting (latterly in the good company of my and your esteemed friend and accomplished angler and scribe, "Wawayanda") a lake in Ontario which abounded in bass of both kinds. It does not, alas! so abound now, thanks to the depredations of a rapacious monster, fitly named pike ("may his face be turned upside down and jackasses dance on the grave of his uncle!"), who, with the connivance of the bibulous fish constable and the short-sigted natives of the vicinage, ruined the fishing with his accursed nets. But before his much-lamented advent the sport was magnificent. Large-mouth and small-mouth took the fly eagerly at all times; but there was no room for doubt that the latter were by all odds the most persistent fighters. It was easy, within a short time after a strike, to determine whether it was Mr. Salmoides or Monsieur Dolomieu with whom I was trying conclusions.

Now, in the course of conversation with my boatman, I was told by him of a small lake a mile or two distant, in which, as he said, were to be found bass whose edible qualities were far superior to those possessed by the denizens of the larger lake, and his soul yearned for some of them. So one day, at his solicitation, I mounted my boat on a hay wagon and soon reached a beautiful pond surrounded by high shores, and the steel blue water in which was of crystal clearness and almost icy temperature. At one or two points a narrow bar of dazzling white clay extended beneath the water a hundred yards or so, but its sides descended abruptly, and there was practically no shallow water in the pond.

I remained all day, but took only a dozen (my average catch in the larger lake was sixty—which, be it remembered, were all eaten), for the fish, owing to the clearness of the water, were exceedingly shy; but that dozen was worth coming for. They fought like demons and leaped like the bounty jumpers of war times; and they all had "mouths from year to year like an overseer's wages." So far as I could judge from that and subsequent experience there, not a small-mouthed bass was in the pond; but no small-mouth could have surpassed them in vigorous and prolonged resistance to the angler's efforts to take them from their moist environment.

The moral of which is that it seems probable that in cold, clear water (which he will not, however, inhabit from choice—I tell it to his shame) the large-mouthed bass "don't ask no odds" of his small-mouthed brother, but those conditions being somewhat rare the majority of anglers find him the less energetic of the two varieties, while those who happen to find him where he cannot reach warm, shoal water and muddy bottom are justified by their experience in defending him against the charge of imperfect development of the organ of combativeness. All which is respectfully submitted.

I may add that the fish above mentioned corroborated the boatman's statement when served at table, for I found them more toothsome than any other bass of either sort I had ever eaten. TRUTHFUL JAMES.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE anglers who have gone to the far-off waters of Lake St. John for landlocked salmon are having much better sport this year than last, and the fish are much larger and in better condition. One well known New Yorker writes that he has lost several "big ones" trying to land them with an ordinary trout net. They are now mostly caught in the boiling, rushing waters of the Grande Discharge, and it requires stout tackle to handle the leaping beauties. There is a new hotel building at the mouth of the river, and it will be ready for guests very shortly. Of course this will be a great convenience to the visitors and save the long trip from Hotel Roberval; but it is a question if making it so convenient will not injure the fishing, as it has in so many other places. Just so sure as large crowds are attracted to a good fishing place, the supply, no matter how great, gives out sooner or later—witness the waters of Lake Gogebic, Nepigon River, Rangeley Lakes, etc., etc. There is only one way to prevent it, and that is to limit the catch. At Gogebic tons of bass were brought in only to be buried, and it is the same at many famous resorts. It seems impossible so teach the mass of people to be moderate in their catch, and to return the surplus to the water.

The Adirondack season is now at its height and everywhere throughout that region the hotels are full to overflowing and the guides all busy, while the different transportation companies have all they can do to handle the crowd and their luggage. It is amusing to see the tourists with Saratoga trunks in the light Adirondack boat and to hear the remarks of the guides, particularly when making a carry. Of course the sportsmen fight shy of the much-traveled routes, for it is only by visiting out-of-the way places that any game or fish can be found. The speckled trout are now only found where cold springs strike in, and these places are only known to the first-class

guides, so that the angler's success depends mainly on having a good guide. Unfortunately this class of men are getting scarce in the North Woods, and most of them are engaged a season ahead. On the lakes the speckled trout are now in very deep water. They are often taken when trolling for lake trout. As soon as the cold frosty nights of September arrive, they will again come to the surface and afford good sport to the fly-fisherman. September is the loveliest month in the year in the Adirondacks; the foliage changes in the most superb way, the brilliant red and gold maples showing in strong contrast to the dark evergreens. The air is cool and crisp and no insects are left to bother one. In addition to the fishing the ruffed grouse and deer are in season, and on some of the lakes a few ducks are to be found. Often after a storm a few big yellowlegs can be killed or a stray plover or two. By the middle of September the great army of tourists have left the woods, and the sportsmen will find plenty of room and attention at the hotels, as well as the choice of the best guides. The brook trout season ends Sept. 15 and the lake trout Oct. 1, but October is a grand month for the deer, and sportsmen on the lookout for fine heads will find this the best month in the season to obtain them.

Mr. John G. Hecksher writes from Newport that he has had excellent striped bass fishing. Among many big ones he has killed one of 35lbs., one of 39lbs., one of 50lbs. and one of 57lbs., all royal good fish.

PICKEREL BAIT AND WATERSNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While fishing for pickerel one day last week in Stony Brook, Southboro', Mass., I had an experience with a watersnake or water adder, as it is sometimes called, which developed a phase in its habits and character positively new and surprising to me. I had waded out to the shore nearly a rod, and was standing on an old stone wall, now almost wholly submerged, though here and there a stone would show up above the surface of the water.

While casting from one of these uncovered stones I glanced along the line of wall and twenty feet in advance of me was another stone which showed a little above the water, and right beside it and out of the water about two inches was something which at first glance I took to be a frog's head; but a second look assured me that it was the head of a watersnake. I paid very little attention to it until I had whipped the ground all over, and bagged two very good pickerel, when, as the head had not moved, it came into my mind to try the pickerel bait on his snakeship, and see how he would act.

Accordingly I very carefully dropped the bait (frog's leg) within fifteen or twenty inches of him and slowly began to circle it around his head, all the time lessening the circle. He paid no attention to it until it got within four or five inches of him, and then, as it passed directly in front, he struck at it viciously. I struck also, but missed him. Then I put the bait just in front of him and he gobbled it instantly.

I waited until I thought his efforts had compassed the hook, and then I struck. Well, Mr. Editor, from the twisting and splashing I thought I had hooked not only one snake, but a whole family.

I put a good pressure upon my rod and tried to raise him from the water, but he quickly coiled about a bunch of reeds, and by giving him all the pressure my rod would bear I could not get over a foot of his body out of the water. Then I slowly backed away from him, and as I moved the force brought the rod down until it was level. Then I slid from the wall into the water, waded ashore and put the strength of my line against his grip on the reeds. He was very stubborn, but as the pull increased he yielded inch by inch, and soon I had him free and headed for the shore; but just before he reached it a friendly bunch of grass gave him another chance, and he was round it like a flash. However, he was near enough for my purpose, so I laid my rod down, cut an alder and despatched him. He proved to be the largest of that species of snake I ever killed, measuring 4½ft. in length, and I should say quite 3in. in diameter at the largest part of the body.

Did any of your readers ever meet with anything like it? J. W. B.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 3.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Salmon" (pike-perch) and black bass fishing up to the present time has not been very profitable, and we look forward for much better sport when the season advances. The Susquehanna at this place has been visited by anglers daily from all parts of eastern Pennsylvania. They have been trolling in quest of wall-eyed pike and have met with some success. The best place for "salmon" is right at the foot of the falls where the water is very deep, furnishing a harbor for the fish, and if the angler knows how and uses proper bait, success is sure to follow. I always find that trolling is the surest and best method of fishing for pike perch, using the lamper eel, stone catfish, or sunfish for bait. The bait must be fresh and alive in all cases. Some very good catches of "salmon" have been made during the past two weeks. Messrs. El. and Walt. Haldeman, of Bambridge, spent a day here last week, and succeeded in taking twenty-one fine "salmon." These ranged in weight from two to four pounds each, making enough weight for several good baskets. Trolling spoon and lamper eel were used. The largest "salmon" I have ever caught here I pulled in a short time ago. It weighed 6½lbs. and was a beauty. The largest known to have been caught here weighed 9lbs. Mr. George Blotcher landed one of this weight. I have every reason to believe that the river at this point is full of these big fellows. Just a few days ago, my friend, Col. John Frazer, while trolling hooked a fish which weighed apparently 12 or 15lbs. and broke the line before he was able to land it. I have heard of several such instances already this season. The river seems to be well stocked with "salmon," but the river has been high and water muddy so much for the past eighteen months, that the average catch has been poor. The river is now getting low and clear, which will, we hope, give us a successful fishing season from this on.

The black bass are not so plentiful this season as they have been in the past years. I can not account for their non-appearance, unless it is caused by the June, 1889, flood. After that flood and enormous washout I found thousands of bass, and beauties they were, on the islands, in swamps, and, in fact, all the lowlands were full of the pride of our river. These were left only to perish as the waters receded. Comparatively few bass have been taken this season, and these few have been small as a rule. This fish can be found below the falls. Above the York Haven Paper Mill dam is one of the best places, and the river at that place is daily spotted with parties bass fishing. The best baits here for bass are helgramites ("ho jacks" of our people), minnows, small toads and grasshoppers. I had better success with the minnow than the others here mentioned, and have caught a good many bass with the common earth worm for bait. The largest bass I have any record of was caught by myself, a week ago, near Shelly's Island. It weighed 4½lbs. and was a monster, and he fought like a tiger. Lots of sport catching those fellows. Mr. John Snyder, of Roanoke, Va., met with good success this week at Collins Station. John, formerly from Mt. Joy, and a friend brought to basket thirty-eight bass which averaged about 1½lbs. each. This is evidence that as the season advances fishing will improve. These gentleman used minnow for bait.

I hope in a very short time to be able to furnish the readers of Forest and Stream a more encouraging account of doings here. I am confident that we are going to have a successful season yet, we have the salmon and before the finish many bass will have been reeled in. The river is now coming into first-class condition for the sport, better than it has been for the two past seasons, and unless heavy rain dash our hopes to the bottom of the river, some of us will be on deck and entitled to a place. WALTON.

Falmouth, Pa., Aug. 8.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—I am indebted to two correspondents in the issue of July 31 for comments on my whilom bass jumping story, both of which are of the knew-it-all-the-time sort which we all love naturally. In the first place I should say that these gentlemen are quite mistaken if they think I claim to be either an old-timer or a wise man. I am neither. All I do is just to stump around, willing to learn from the wise, and ready at any time to chronicle what seems new to me and most of my acquaintances. I don't know much about it, as Columbus said when he stood the egg on end, but this is the way I do it. And the Homeruses said they knew it all the time and kept it dark for fear the public would go around smashing eggs too much. Frankly, it seems to me better to ventilate a thing of this kind and bring it within the cognizance of the law, as has been done in the Fox River cases through the comment in these columns, than to protect the guilty by silence. It looks that way to me, but probably I don't know. In common with many anglers, I have long ago discovered that the black bass will sometimes jump into a boat, but that their jumping could be so guided and controlled as to be made a process highly destructive against them, was news to me and a great many others. In this connection I beg to point out a slight discrepancy in the comment of our two authorities here, "Homerus" and "Ah Look," who knew it all the time. The former says, "Under ordinary circumstances there is not much chance for 'jumping' bass into a boat: but it is when a stream is rapidly rising," etc., etc. The latter is more liberal, and remarks, "The practice of jumping bass we boys would invariably indulge in when the fish would not bite," etc., etc. The doctors disagree. Now, I don't know much about it, but both these doctors also disagree from the facts we found at Yorkville. They told us there that "when the water was high and muddy" was the best time to jump bass. The river was not rising, but falling rapidly on the night when some fifty odd bass were taken in one boat that way during our stay at Yorkville. The Yorkville story is about as authentic as any, it would seem, and the fact that it didn't happen B.C. is not against it, but in its favor.

It is not often I care to walk the same road twice, but just now I do. It mostly pays to be good-natured, and it takes more than a B. C. bass-jumping story to affect my sweet and amiable disposition; but when Mr. "Ah Look"—whoever he is; he might be politer if he would abandon the old-fashioned business of a sporting *nom de plume*—casts even an implied challenge on my facts, I confess freely that it makes me a trifle warm and also a little tired. I was about to say that the gentleman might come around to my office, and if I liked his ah—looks, I would take him out on a $5 bass trip, one of the kind which he thinks impossible, but perhaps that won't be necessary. The fact is, he had just finished reading about a $5 bass trip when he wrote what he did. To Yorkville on the "Q." is fifty-one miles, and the round-trip fare is, roughly speaking $3. (It is less, but I do not recall the exact figures.) At the City Hotel in Yorkville one can get very good country board, as that goes, at $1 a day. I know, because I have been there. He will not need any boat, and he is right at the fishing. He can make this trip, fish a day and get back home on less than $5. Our party indulged in the luxuries of a $1.50 a day hotel and livery ride to Aurora, and it cost us for two nights and a day out of town $5.15.

I have not spoken of long trips, and have meant such as we have usually taken, of two nights and a day. These trips were not taken on an ornamental basis, and no provision was made for elaborate liquid or other refreshment. As to the fares, not being a railroad man, I mostly pays my fare or walks. If Mr. "Ah Look" should wish to try the Fox at or near Aurora, where many good bass have at times been taken this summer, he will find the distance less—only thirty-eight miles—commutation tickets possible and the trip cheaper. He can reach the river or lake system of the Fox at many other points just as cheaply. I can take Mr. "Ah Look" on either a bass trip, a woodcock trip, a snipe trip, a plover trip or a duck trip, each in season, and get game, too. Such trips have often been described in these columns, and I would rather repeat here than anywhere that there is no city from which so varied and so cheap an amount of good sport can be had as the city of Chicago. This statement has nothing to do with the personal preferences of a sportsman as to expense. Each trip can be as expensive as one likes; but I am talking bed rock. To-day when I read Mr. "Ah Look's" wish for $5 bass waters, I turned around to Charlie Porter, an enthusiastic young angler whose desk is not far from mine, and said, "Charlie, what did your trip to Loon Lake day before yesterday cost you?" He studied a moment and said, "Four dollars." He was up on Loon Lake with Jim Clark one day, near Antioch, on the Wisconsin Central.

"Yes," he continued, "two dollars for railroad fare, and seventy-five cents for three meals at the hotel, and one dollar for my share of the boat and boatman expense, and twenty-five ents for a 'bus fare. They sent a 'bus for us from Antioch. I ate one meal in Jim's tent, and slept there one night. I could have staid at the hotel till the following morning and still not have spent $5 in all."

"Well, here's a gentleman who doesn't think you can take a bass trip out of Chicago on $5," said I, and I showed him the comment.

"Phew!" said Charlie, as he threw down the paper. "You tell him I can take him out for a day and buy him four dozen frogs and get him back for $5!"

A trip to Deep Lake, Channel Lake, Camp Lake, Lake Maria, or any other of half a dozen more would cost just about the same. At Fox Lake, or Grass Lake, unless one went to Paddock's, the cost would be more. One must avoid the summer resorts and keep to the plain country if he wants a $5 trip. He can't take a piano and a cow along with him to be sure, but I never needed any. I could think of a good many of these $5 trips, and could make a good many more if I had time, but we will close the list with one more, on still another railroad. Wauconda Lake was once a fine bass water, and is still a fair one. It is reached via Barrington, on the Northwestern road. Round trip on Barrington is $1.65. Hack fare to lake, two ways, $1. Supper, lodging, breakfast, dinner, supper, lodging and breakfast again, $1.50. Total, $4.15, or 85 cents left for a boat, at 50 cents a day. In all these estimates, railroad fares are quoted from memory, but I think I have them right, and inquiry will find them close thereto.

Now, about the results of such a trip. Young Porter, Jim Clark, Harry Eaton and Frank Reed took in their one day's fishing twenty-two black bass and one pickerel. These are facts, too. There are plenty of bass to be taken on a $5 trip, if you know how.

Jim Clark has caught a great many bass out of his little lake camps in the Fox Lake region this summer. He has found a way that lessens even the slight expense found necessary above, for every one knows that you can live for about thirty-five cents a day in camp. Jim has been sitting around, camping and casting, and inventing things, pretty much all summer. He asks me to come up next week and spend a day or so with him in his tent, and if I have luck I shall go. When I come back I may perhaps go the matter one better, and write a book on "$4 fishing trips," instead of $5 trips.

I am suffering from a combination of ill-natured ailments as I write these lines, but I trust that neither "Ah Look" nor "Homerus" will find them unduly vinegary. That wouldn't be right at all. Only, I don't want to have it even partially understood that I am disposed to prance out and say anything that happens to come into my head, without having any facts to support the statement. Such is not the case.

The best strings of bass brought into the city continue to be those taken by the bait-casters. It is still a puzzle to a great many who fish faithfully, but who don't know how to shoot with the live frog, how some anglers can go out and catch big black bass on the very water where they themselves have steadily failed to do so. It all lies in the art of casting with the free reel. Most people forget that the black bass is a mighty shy bird, and won't hold still while you row up to him and ask him to have one with you. Thirty or forty yards is the best distance to strike up a speaking acquaintance with the black bass.

Aug. 6.—If I may be permitted I would like to add my testimony about "Preservaline" to that of "Parson" in last week's paper. Last week, when at the Wausaukee Club in Wisconsin, I took a dozen sample boxes of this compound, not being able to get it in any other form. At the close of my day's fishing, I cleaned and wiped dry my trout, and soaked them for about three hours in a solution made by emptying the 12 boxes, perhaps half a pound in all, into about a gallon and a half of water. Upon taking the trout out I wrapped them in grass, and put them carefully into the straw covers of a lot of champagne bottles I found lying around. The trout remained in a box, so packed, until 4 P. M. the next day, when I got anxious and put some ice in the box. On reaching Chicago, on the next morning following, the trout were wet and squirmy, but still in the box. I gave them to friends, sending about a dozen of the best out to my parents in a Western town, which they reached about noon the next day. These also had ice in the box with them. The report received thence a few days later said: "The preservaline gives a twang that destroys the real fish flavor." This agrees exactly with the idea I had after trying a few of the trout, which I did before offering any to friends, in order to see whether the powder would be injurious to the health or not. Perhaps too strong a solution was used in this case. The taste was very sharp, stronger than that of salt, and there was no taste of fish at all. The fish seemed in very good order otherwise, and I believe would have been just as good without ice. Not the slightest deleterious effect was noticeable from eating the "preserved" fish. Lately I read a newspaper article describing the nearly fatal sickness of a family, resultant upon eating meat on which salicylic acid had been used in the curing. I don't know what Preservaline is made of, but although it seems harmless, its flavor is not altogether an enrapturing gastronomic discovery.

Speaking of trout reminds one of little trout. It is against the law of Wisconsin to take trout less than 6in. in length. A prominent Wausaukee member said to me, "We are going to stock these streams so constantly that we won't have to throw back the little ones. If we hatch and plant our own trout, going to all that trouble and expense, the trout will belong to us, and we will not be liable to the State for what we do with them. What would be the use planting them otherwise?" The club man is doubtless wrong, and if he were to figure in a test case he would probably find that one can't break a State law even if he is on his own ground. The "6-inch" law is valid on every foot of Wisconsin waters, and it ought to be observed. That is the only way in which good fishing, or rather the best fishing, will ever be had. The farmer who has a covey of prairie chickens on his farm has no right to kill them before the season opens. They are still *fera naturæ*. I believe that Forest and

STREAM, which has recently taken very wide ground, certainly, on the landowner's rights, will agree that the police power of Wisconsin can watch over the fingerling on a club preserve. But this is not apropos of anything. The club in question will doubtless respect the law, and so will the gentleman in question.

Speaking of trout some more: I think I can direct a belated angler to some really good trout water, though I have not had time to try it. Go to Houghton, on the North Peninsula (via M. & N. Ry.), and there charter a tug and go twenty-five miles on Lake Superior to the mouth of Elm River, taking boat and camp outfit and setting a date for the tug to call. Elm River is a nice little stream which seems to have got lost in the shuffle, and the Houghton anglers will probably not thank this paper for giving the thing away. Only two or three parties have been in, so far as anybody knows, and in one day they took over 400 trout, many very good ones. The brook trout of over a hand's length is elusive, reminding one much of the poet's "snowfall on the river," but I presume that one could really catch some good fish in there if he didn't wait till the stream was cleaned. A new stream don't last long, and, in spite of all you hear, there are not many new streams. Perhaps this one is not very new, but it has been left alone lately. Messrs. Joe Croze, Henness & Co. and C. D. Sheldon are all tug men of Houghton, Mich. The last named is an angler and he knows about the Elm. A party of three or four might do well to write him, perhaps.

Mr. Hirth, of this city, has been writing to his friend Mr. C. A. Baker, of Minneapolis, asking for information about good bass waters. Mr. Baker replies that Minnetonka was good in June, but is very poor now, the fish having scattered for deep water. Mr. Baker thinks the lakes above Alexandria, Minn., would be good now, Miltona Lake, 15 miles north of Alexandria, preferred. He also says that the lakes in Chicago county, near Lindstrom and Centre City, are reported very good.

Aug. 7.—Two new experiments, or novelties in angling material, have fallen within my experience this summer, though neither is original with me. The first is the abalone spoon, a few samples of which I got of Henry Skinner, at E. T. Allen's place in San Francisco, last winter. I believe I have mentioned before that this spoon is not the common "mother-of-pearl spoon" sometimes seen in Eastern shop-windows, but is cut from the natural concave of the great abalone shell. The spoon is barely over an inch in length, and oblong, but wide for its length. It is very peculiar in the water, and is bright, though the specimen I have don't revolve very much. They told me that it wasn't meant to revolve. I never used one of these little spoons but once, and I caught a bass very quickly, but I had a frog on the other end of the spoon. Charlie Porter tried one on Loon Lake the other day, and says he had three strikes when the rest could not get a rise. I don't know but this "spoon" might be a good thing to use as a sort of attraction, above the frog, which latter should be used on a single large hook. The corruscations of the pearl surfaces can be seen a long way, and might be useful on the reel-up after a cast. The idea needs more trying. This spoon is said to be the best possible one to use on the Coast, for salmon or the big lake trout.

The other idea in question came through Mr. Chas. Levings, chief engineer of the C. & A., who happened in the other day.

"Did you ever use a guitar string for bait?" asked he. I confessed I never had.

"Well, I was out on the Government Pier the other day," said he, "watching the people fishing for perch. It was slack fishing, and only one fellow near me was having any luck. 'What bait are you using?' I asked of him. 'Haint got no bait!' he replied, and slammed his hook in again. I watched him, and after a while found that he was catching his perch on a piece of soaked catgut guitar string. He said that was a bait which would catch crappies and rock bass when nothing else would. The catgut becomes soft and white after a good soaking, and frays out into little streamers, though it is so tough that nothing can tear it off. This fellow had it just looped up on his hook, like a worm. It seemed to work."

This was something new to me. I tried it on my late trout fishing trip, and caught some trout on my catgut "worm," too. I do not think a sluggish trout will long retain it in his mouth, but in swift water and with eager trout I believe it would be a killer and an invaluable thing in the wormless pine woods. I should think it better than the red rubber things sold as "artificial worms," but trout will not swallow it quite as readily as the plain red worm of commerce. For some small fishes, and for trout under certain conditions, I have a notion that there is something in this scheme of our unknown friend on the lake pier whom Mr. Levings discovered plying his nefarious art. E. HOUGH.

RHODE ISLAND STRIPED BASS.—Sachuest Neck, R. I., Aug. 5.—Since my last notes to you on striped bass fishing around Newport, there have been so many taken that I have not been able to get accurate reports, but can say that fish have been taken of 33, 39, 42, 47 and 59lbs., that I have seen. Of Sachuest I can give a more definite account. Since July 12, 123 fish have been taken up to date at one stand by two rods, a large number of them weighing between 10 and 16lbs.; largest fish weighing 39½lbs., next 32lbs. The next eight largest fish were 28, 27½, 24, 21½, 20, 18, 17½ and 16lbs. One pair was caught of 17lbs., largest fish weighing 12lbs., smallest 5. Reports from all points show that bass have not been known so plenty for years; and in fact one of West Island's oldest boatmen says that they were never so plenty as at present.—W. M. HUGHES.

THE UPPER MAGALLOWAY RIVER, Maine.—Trout fishing just at the present time is a little dull, although several catches we have seen the past week were of fair size. One can easily get all he wants to use, and, at this season, that is considered enough. Deer are unusually plenty all through this region; in some places they have well-worn paths along the banks of the river, and it is almost an every-day occurrence to see two or more feeding on the lily pads in the shallow water. A party camping at Lower Metalluc Pond report good sport and plenty of fish. Several parties are expected on the river on their annual camping pilgrimage the middle of the month.—SEWES.

THOSE who would catch fish must have a supply of proper bait. Mr. A. H. Dirkes, whose advertisement appears in another column, is prepared to furnish all kinds of bait, including white worms and shedder crabs, at all times.—*Adv.*

HABITS OF WALL-EYED PIKE.—Albany, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was surprised to see in your "Answers to Correspondents" the naming of Lake George pickerel as wall-eyed pike, and as much pleased by the article of Mr. Cheney in relation to Mr. Brown having put some in those waters. More than likely in their ramblings for a place to spawn they have gone down Ticonderoga Creek back to Lake Champlain. These fish run up the rivers before or as soon as the ice is out, and after spawning lie off the river's mouth feeding on and off the sand flats, as the spring rains bring down plenty of worms and probably other matter which they feed on. As soon as the water gets warm they sag off and work along the shores in 10 to 30ft. of water, preferring cobbly bottom; from here they go into very deep water, coming on the reefs to feed, and when the wind blows very hard, or for a day or so after a big blow, you will find them right on top of a reef. I think the wind changes the water over the reefs, making a new current and cooler water, so they come up to feed. They are a bottom fish, and to fish for them successfully one must go to the bottom for them. They are nearly as particular as salmon trout about the water they inhabit, and consequently rank very high as a food fish, being white, solid and extremely free from bones. Mr. Cheney no doubt is thoroughly familiar with the reefs in Lake George, and should he wish I would gladly furnish him with the way we find them in Champlain, and he can soon satisfy himself as to whether they are in Lake George or not. I am not familiar enough with that body of water to know whether there is plenty of food for them in it or not, but from what little I have seen of it I should say no, and think they would be tempted to go back to Lake Champlain.—DEXTER. ["Dexter" has doubtless read our correction of the error in regard to the pickerel. The pike is the pickerel of Lake George. We have the impression, however, that early writers on the fishes of New York include the wall-eyed pike among the species of Lake George. It is probable that "DeKay's Zoölogy of New York gives the range of this fish as understood at the time of his writing, now nearly a half century ago.]

NON-HIBERNATING BLACK BASS.—New London, Conn., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing in your Black Bass Number that you credited the small-mouth black bass with going to sleep in the mud in the winter, I would say that in the winter of 1888, while fishing through the ice for pickerel, with minnows for bait, I caught in one day five small-mouth black bass, the largest weighing 5¼lbs., and the smallest 2lbs. and 1oz. I was fishing in a small lake in the eastern part of this State, that had been stocked some ten years previously. The same winter a small-mouth weighing 6lbs. and 11oz. was caught in the same water through the ice while fishing for pickerel. The day I caught the five was a cold, blustering one in January and not by any means "a good fishing day." I must say that these six bass are the only ones I have ever heard of being caught through the ice in this State, but in clear water, with more or less sandy or rocky bottom, it does not seem improbable that "a big catch" might be made with suitable bait. Last winter, which was the most open winter we have ever had in Connecticut, I fished for bass a number of times from a boat, in the same lake, using a number of the best artificial baits and all the natural ones procurable, but did not have even "a run" from a bass, although I caught "slathers" of perch. I found a redibis bass fly "particularly fetching" for the common yellow perch, and the large ones afforded fine sport on a light rod. Whether the five bass I caught that day in '88 were troubled with sleeplessness or whether they were unable to find a bunk to hibernate in, is a question I have never as yet answered. I would like to hear from some of the other "fishers."—NIANTIC.

FISHES DRIVEN ASHORE BY BLUEFISH.—Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing your editorial upon the bluefish at Atlantic City, I think proper to drop you a line on the subject. I happened to be on the beach at Atlantic City at the time when the bluefish drove the smaller fish into the surf and upon the beach; the fish so driven were menhaden mostly, with a few weakfish. I saw one young man with five weakfish of about ¾ to 1lb. each in weight. The driving in lasted about four to five hours, and occurred on two days in succession.—R. W. [We are glad to have this additional information about the ravages of the bluefish on the New Jersey coast. The newspapers published just after the occurrence referred to stated that weakfish, or sea trout, were the chief victims of the onslaught, and our authority was very positive as to the fish seen by him. However, it is sufficiently established that bluefish drive every other species of suitable size away from their usual haunts. At this moment one may hear from bays all along the coast as far north as Massachusetts the complaints of fishermen that sea bass, scup, tautog, mackerel and the food fishes generally are remarkably scarce, and they charge this scarcity to the abundance of bluefish. Knowing the strength and ferocity of this fish, we are disposed to believe that it has accomplished the mischief laid to its charge.]

DELAWARE, Pike Co., Pa., Aug. 7.—There is a lull in the black bass fishing at all points near me, from Dingman's to Bushkill. Yesterday we found a rise of 4in. and the water full of floating dirt and confervæ; the temperature of the water was unusually high, and live bait fishing proved very unprofitable. A day or two ago a boy named Campbell caught a few bass with small toads. Pickerel frogs can be had easily, but are not much used. Helgramites, at $2 a hundred, and stone catfish, $2.50, are the successful baits. Few fish of more than 2lbs. are being taken now, although two weeks ago 4 and 5-pounders were common. Young shad are occasionally seen leaping out of water in large numbers.—T. H. B.

FOX LAKE, Ill., Aug. 6.—Dr. R. J. Piper, City Physician of Chicago, and Frank Eiterman, spent Sunday at Howard's, Fox Lake, and caught the largest number of fish caught at the lake this season, securing 125 of the finest collection of fish.—E. C. H.

WEAKFISH AND BLUEFISH are biting well at Perth Amboy, and crabs are large and numerous. Porgies, though abundant, are very small, and bass are scarce as yet.

MAINE BLACK BASS.—North Bridgton, Me., Aug. 9.—Dr. Cheever, of Mattapan, Mass., and Mr. Chas Cobb, of Newton, have been two persistent and successful anglers for black bass. They recently returned from a day's fishing in stream and pond with six fish averaging a little more than 2¼lbs. each. They, together with Mr. Chas. Drost, of Boston, enjoyed some excellent fly-trolling in Long Lake the same week.—J. C. M.

HAVRE DE GRACE NOTES.—Bucknetters have been doing well at this point. From 50 to 200lbs. of rockfish are caught daily by each boat, but hook and line fishing has been poor owing to the high muddy water. White perch fishing has been unusually productive. This is especially the case on the Kent county side of the river. Around St. Jerome's Island fish are very plentiful.—D. W. K.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN BASS.—St. Albans Bay, Vt., Aug. 11.—The bass fishing is better now and for the past four weeks than at any time during the past two years. Attributed to the low water in the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain. Average depth about 40ft., but low upon reefs and bars. Catches large and very large in size, some catches averaging 3¼lbs. each.—SAMSON.

BLUEFISHING on the Great South Bay, Long Island, has again been most excellent. The average catch last week was from fifty to sixty to a boat, and one boat made a day's high hook record of 300.

Fishculture.

TROUT CULTURE DELUSION.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of July 31 the fulmination of Wm. N. Byers, of Colorado. Your readers may some of them recall a communication published by you, from him, in your issue of June 19, in which he endeavored to reply to an article by me in your issue of May 29. To this I replied in your issue of July 10, and I suppose Mr. Byers considers his last fulmination a reply to it. I have to simply request that those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who feel interested in the subject look over the articles of both Mr. Byers and myself, and see if they can find a solitary point made by him in support of the alleged efficacy of artificial trout culture. I have in these communications made several statements, based upon long, careful, systematic experience as a practical fishculturist. Has Mr. Byers in the remotest manner refuted any of these statements? Certainly not, nor can he. Indeed, he has not attempted to do so, but has simply resorted to blackguardism, and of the most rank, personal form. This kind of dust-throwing will deceive no intelligent reader of FOREST AND STREAM. It is the last argument of an ignoramus when driven to the wall. He invariably resorts to personalities, and, as in this case, to petty falsification in both his communications. In his last he says that I stated that "I had never raised a trout." Those who will read my last previous article will find that I said I had never raised a trout for market. This kind of falsification will not help Mr. Byers out of his corner, neither will his blackguard tactics. He has expressed his ability and willingness to point out a large number of streams (fifty or a hundred were the figures volunteered by him), and I very reasonably requested him to name them, as he had volunteered to do; but he utterly fails to do so. Is it not fair to presume that he was not stating the truth when he made the proposition? He also stated that there are a number of people in the vicinity of Denver engaged in artificial trout culture. I requested that he publish a list of their names, because I knew that numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to correspond with them and make investigations. I for one would certainly wish to do so. I have been making these investigations for over twenty years, and for some fifteen years have been receiving information direct from trout culturists themselves that the business was at best a delusion. I must have some 600 communications from those that have tried it, and not one solitary case of success has been reported, beyond the hatching and sale of young fry. Those purchasing the latter have invariably lost the time and money expended in the venture. I have published these facts several times, and I believe on more than one occasion in FOREST AND STREAM. Others have also published the same facts substantially; but very few persons are willing to publish their own failures, even when misled by others. The correct principle would be to do this for the benefit of others.

In his anxiety to be offensibly personal, Mr. Byers refers to the fish ponds several years ago owned by me at Wenonah, N. J. I well know the source from which he draws inspiration in that region of the country, and the reasons which have caused antagonism in that particular quarter for many years past; and were all the facts in connection with that antagonism to be published it would materially increase the circle of my fishcultural friends, and prove to the public that the ever-ready efforts of said party to seize upon every straw which they think might annoy me, does not have as much effect in that direction as would the operations of a healthy Jersey mosquito during the space of fifteen minutes. I am glad of the opportunity to refer to the fishcultural operations in connection with those ponds. At no other private ponds in this country has there ever been so much careful, systematic experimental work conducted as that personally performed by me at that place for at least ten years and until I acquired far more area of water than I was pecuniarily able to own and availed myself of numerous offers for the joint use of other waters and fishcultural establishments fitted up by me. And in this connection I will state for the information of Mr. Byers, who seems to be anxious to know something of my fishcultural experience, that I have fitted up (including remodeling) more fishcultural establishments than any ten men in this country. Large numbers of readers of FOREST AND STREAM are perfectly familiar with these facts and need not be told of them. In this connection some side notes may be of general interest to readers, who will be glad to have Mr. Wm. N. Byers dropped out.

In these many years expose of the trout cultural delusion, numerous comical developments have cropped out. One of them I can appropriately refer to here. Among the numerous publishers for whom I have furnished fishcultural matter during the past fifteen or more years, is one of the largest houses in the country, and which issues three papers of enormous circulation, and in which they maintain departments for the answer of questions of general interest to various classes of their regular readers. Thus, they have a law department in charge of a competent lawyer, a veterinary department in charge of a veterinary surgeon, etc. Some twelve or fifteen years ago, they engaged me to reply to all inquiries in regard to fishculture and to furnish matter generally upon the subject. Some seven or eight years ago, in reply to some letters of inquiry concerning trout culture, I wrote an article in the same vein as that published in FOREST AND STREAM of May 29, and it was published accordingly. The next week I was surprised to see in the same paper a communication of a decidedly personal nature,

which, among other matters, accused me of "having an axe to grind" in connection with carp culture, because I had recommended those scoring failures in trout culture to try carp culture. The week following, an editorial in the paper apologized for the personal communication, saying it was received and published during the absence of the editor-in-chief from the city. And they also said, in substance, that I was generally acknowledged to be one of the best known, reliable authorities upon the subject, that I had previously expressed the same views in connection with the matter in those columns, and without the least reference to carp. And further, that I had put thousands of readers on their guard and saved them from immense loss which would have followed their embracing the delusion. A few weeks later I was in the city of the publications named and called at the office of the papers, where I learned that the writer who had assailed me (over a *nom de plume*) was owner of a costly trout cultural establishment which he was trying to unload on some untutored lamb, and the very week that my article appeared had sent an advertisement of the same to the same paper, and it chanced to appear in the same issue. Another comical feature of the case was the fact that my article was in part a reply to an inquiry from a prospective customer for the trout cultural establishment in question, a fact which I was at the time in blissful ignorance of. Thus it will be seen that the fellow who had accused me of having an axe to grind, was himself the possessor of the dull axe.

The editor of FOREST AND STREAM will recall the fact of having taken me in hand editorially, some eight years ago, for statements which it was alleged that I had made in addresses before the State Boards of Agriculture and the Legislatures of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The truth was, that I had materially disturbed the arrangements of a certain ring which was trying to secure large appropriations for so-called fishculture in those States, and the ring were endeavoring to reach me through FOREST AND STREAM, which promptly made the *amende honorable*.

I have at other times been assailed in its columns and in the columns of other papers for which I write upon this subject, and in every instance it has been glaringly apparent that the parties assailing me had an ax to grind or had been disturbed in some "job," generally to get hold of public money for the benefit of some association with which they were connected.

One more matter in connection with my fishcultural operations in New Jersey. It was in a region where there was a strange commingling of intelligence and dense ignorance in the same individuals, where agricultural operations were carried on in accordance with certain phases of the moon, and where any undertaking out of the usual order was never undertaken on a Friday! Of course fishculture was ridiculed to the utmost extent, and depredations against my ponds and apparatus were continually being committed, and I was several times subjected to severe loss in consequence. I have been informed by several old fishculturists in other States that they, too, had been subjected to similar treatment in their respective regions, but not to the extent that I had been in New Jersey. I well know that I have had no more failures in fishculture than all others have in proportion to the extent of their operations.

But much of this matter has been published in FOREST AND STREAM years ago, and is only submitted now for the benefit of new readers.

In conclusion, I think that others as well as myself will be pleased to know of a dozen persons now engaged in artificial trout culture, unless directly or indirectly backed with public money; and it is well known that from fifteen to twenty years ago hundreds were so engaged in several States containing trout waters. The sequel must be apparent to any man of common perception.

I must not omit to say that there are numerous streams in several different States where trout can be raised and stocks materially increased, and without any artificial propagation; and it is being done to some extent, and will be extensively practiced when fraud and sham in connection with such matters shall be more generally stamped out and common-sense methods adopted, with deaf ears to jobbery and humbug. When conducted with the same degree of system, intelligence and honesty as agriculture now is, fishculture will become an important and honorable industry in this country. The time is slowly but surely coming when this desideratum will be attained here.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLORADO TROUT CULTURE.—Col. R. E. Goodell and Dr. John Law, of Leadville, Colorado, have bought the Evergreen Lakes property—a well-known summer resort, six miles west of Leadville—and are planning to improve it, and make it one of the most attractive places in the State. Dr. Law is one of the leading fishculturists of the West, and has been remarkably successfully in propagating different kinds of trout. He is entitled to the credit of having stocked Evergreen Lakes with Eastern brook trout, with which species these waters are now teeming. Adjoining the lakes is the great reservation of the United States trout-breeding station, which, when completed will be the largest of its kind in the world, and in a region peculiarly adapted for its purpose. Colorado has within its borders over 6,000 miles of beautiful trout streams, besides numberless lakes in which the native black-spotted species occur. Leadville is rapidly becoming a favorite summer resort of the Rocky Mountain region, and persons visiting Colorado will be delighted with this cloud city.

BLACK BASS CULTURE.—Herr Max von dem Borne, proprietor of the fishcultural establishment at Berneuchen, Germany, has met with very gratifying success in his attempts to artificially hatch out black bass. Under date of July 9 (1890), he writes the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, that they have succeeded in planting 50,000 fry. These have been placed in ponds, lakes and rivers, where there are no other fish. Herr von dem Borne also says that they expect to obtain many thousands of rock bass fry. He is very happy to find that the rainbow trout is a very great success in carp ponds, in water too warm for *Salmo fontinalis* and brown trout.

J. B. Allen, a Block Island fisherman, had an experience with a swordfish a few days ago that he will not soon forget. He had harpooned a splendid specimen, and was about to throw overboard the float, when he became entangled in the rope and was pulled into the sea. The great fish proceeded to lash the sea to foam and to pull the man out to sea. He in the meantime made a frantic effort to uncoil himself from the rope, while his companions in the boat, startled at his sorry plight, could only follow his course. His death by drowning seemed inevitable, but Allen soon released himself, appeared above the surface of the waves and floated. He was soon pulled on board in a much exhausted condition. The swordfish was the largest of the season and weighed 500lbs.—*Springfield Republican.*

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O. S. D. L. Jackson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

I AM asked by a number of the spaniel fancy to make a correction, which I willingly do, as it is not my desire to be misleading in anything I write. In quoting from the circular issued by the Rideau Kennels of Ottawa, concerning the dogs Obo, Jr., and Bob Obo, I stated that at the Newark, N.J., show Obo, Jr., beat Obo II. and Young Obo for the stud dog prize. I am now advised that Obo II. was neither entered nor shown at that show, while Young Obo was then an untried stud dog. The stud dog prize on that occasion was for the dog with *one* of his get, and Black Pete was the one that was shown with Obo, Jr. A good young dog was Black Pete then, but there were at the same show the get of Obo II., champion Helen, Shina, Woodstock Nora, Little Red Rover and others. The correspondent who corrects me is rather of the opinion that, as a spaniel man, I should have known of this. Well, it is a long time ago now, I have lots of other things to think about, and one must give some credence to printed statements of stud dog owners. I don't think the owner of Obo, Jr., meant publishing or claiming what was not correct about his dog, for the reason that he sent the circular to me, and I am a little prone to point out other people's mistakes. I feel assured, therefore, that he will see that the incorrect claim is struck out.

Some of Mr. Frank Dole's new bull-terriers have already arrived at the New Haven Kennels, and their owner writes in his quiet way "they are all very good ones." The lot to hand consists of Grove Duchess, by champion Baron out of Dutch Rose II., a 40lb. bitch; Young Kit (litter sister to White Wonder), by Gully the Great out of Kit, weight 30lbs.; Prince Bendigo, by Bendigo out of Gipsey, 35lbs.; White Prince, by Spotless Prince out of Rose, 30lbs.; Sailor, by Spring out of Rose, 21lbs. That is a pretty good consignment, and there are more to come yet—a black and tan that will, if what is claimed proves true, make Dr. Foote's new purchase put on its best looks to win. Dr. Foote is too good a fancier and too much a lover of the breed to object to strong competition. Then there will soon be on the way the bull-terrier bitch Miss Gladstone, by Dutch out of champion Maggie May—that is a bit of prepotent breeding—and an Irish terrier. Regarding those yet to come Mr. Dole, with recollections of past disappointments in his mind, sagely remarks, "You know how it is, things (that is, dogs) are hardly up to what we generally expect of them."

Mr. Marriner, of Milwaukee, who, I believe, was the first Western exhibitor to take hold of bull-terriers and who has a nice lot of dogs now at his Milwaukee kennels, is now in England. He turned up at the Tunbridge Wells show and got quite a pretty notice in the *Stock-Keeper*. Evidently Mr. Marriner knows how to stroke a cat, for the editor says, "The English doggy men seemed to have taken a great liking to Mr. Marriner, and no wonder, for a better gentleman we never met. He, on his part, was profuse in his admiration of all things English and particularly of doggy men."

"That reminds me." All will remember about the deaf bull-terrier at Boston and the extraordinary shotgun experiments of the gentlemen who couldn't tell a dried blotch mark from mange. It will also be remembered that the veterinary authority, as he believes himself to be, brought Mr. Porter up with a round turn regarding concussion and sound waves. I said at the time that a person with perfect hearing had no conception of how nature attempted to supply the deficiency in persons defective in that respect, and I had a singular illustration of this a short time ago, which proves conclusively to my mind that the Boston vet. has yet much to learn on the subject upon which he wrote so glibly.

I was sitting on a porch with a lady and gentleman, about 160 to 200yds. from where some trap-shooters were practicing at targets. The shooting was in our direction, but the men were hid from view by a rise of the ground and also by the coachhouse, distant about 60yds. from the house. The porch was of course hollow beneath, but the soil reached up to the lapboard which skirted it, and which at the side toward the shooters was one step high, I think, but it might be two. However, it was all boarded up tight. At every shot fired I felt a distinct tremulous motion communicated from the porch floor to the soles of my feet. It was so plainly felt that it made me think of the Boston experiment, and I asked the lady and gentleman whether they could detect any such feeling as I did. They waited for more shots to be fired before giving a positive answer, and both agreed that they could feel nothing. Here was a case in the open air with the firing done at least 160yds. from where I sat, while the Boston experiment was done in adjoining rooms with the connecting door open. I don't wonder that the deaf dog got up when the explosion took place; but he didn't hear it all the same.

In a letter from England I am told of a purchase recently made by Mr. A. Russell Crowell. It is of the two-years-old St. Bernard dog Victory, by Lysander out of Lady Pauline. Victory is described as 33½in. standard, good color, broad, even blaze, wide collar and excellent quality of coat. He was shown twice as a puppy and got vhc. each time, but has not been exhibited since.

Mr. Hall, of Philadelphia, owner of the St. Bernard Marquis of Stafford, is also in England, and has, I learn, purchased four or five bitches. He was a visitor at Hanley dog show, as was Mr. Crowell, and from a poster sent me it is evident some of "the boys" played a joke on the Americans. An election for some local office was about to take place, such elections being held on what we know as the Australian plan. After stating what the election was for and giving other particulars, the poster proceeds to give an illustration of how the voting paper is to be marked. This copy of the imaginary voting paper is made up of three names, the first of which is Mr. Crowell's and the second Mr. Hall's, and the vote mark is placed opposite the latter.

Another visitor at English shows from this side of the Atlantic is Mr. Cornelius Stevenson, of Philadelphia. Mr. Stevenson's fancy runs to Basset hounds and Skye terriers, but he has never had anything very good of the former breed. The probability is, however, that he will purchase something that will place him at the head of the prize lists next year. Bassets are not flourishing in England just now, the classes being poorly filled even at leading shows. They are difficult to rear and there is a lot to breed for before one gets a really good one. When Mr. George R. Krehl gave up the breed, Bassets lost their best friend, for he is what we call a hustler for whatever breed he takes hold of. One of his earliest fancies was Irish terriers, and he took Vero Shaw's tip, "Keep the name before the public," till with the aid of a few other enthusiasts it became thoroughly established. In those days £20 was a tip-top price for a Daredevil, whereas now a good one will run into three figures, and I see my friend Dr. Cary, the secretary of the Irish section of the Irish Terrier Club has just disposed of one for an even £100.

Still another American on pleasure bent to the land of good dogs is Dr. Derby, of the American Mastiff Club. A singular honor is to be paid this gentleman by the Mastiff Club of England, which will, at the Crystal Palace, give a private exhibition of dogs owned by members to enable the visitor to see the good dogs together without having to make special trips about the country. There will be no prizes offered for competition, and the admission will be by invitation. The display will be made toward the close of the present month.

Meersbrook Maiden was beaten at Darlington dog show by Pearl. Mr. Raper judged.

Scottish Prince, the St. Bernard "Namquoit" wrote of as the coming dog, won first at Darlington. "Namquoit" gave his height, which the *Fanciers' Gazette* laughed at. Now "Namquoit" has the laugh, for the *Fanciers' Gazette* reporter says Scottish Prince is as tall as Lord Bute, hitherto claimed to be the tallest St. Bernard ever seen. "When fully developed he will be a monster." Well, I guess, an American's tape is still good enough for us to stand by.

J. W.

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All railroads centering in Wilmington, viz.: the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Wilmington and Northern, will carry three dogs free on one ticket.

New York exhibitors can obtain premium lists and entry blanks at the offices of FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, *Turf, Field and Farm*, 251 Broadway, Percy C. Ohl, 50 Broadway, and the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway.

Philadelphia exhibitors can obtain premium lists and entry blanks at the offices of *The Fanciers' Journal*, 37 South 3d street, and Fred. P. Kirby, 135 South 8th street.

All exhibitors and visitors to our bench show will have the pleasure of witnessing our races. We have one of the largest trotting, pacing and running race meetings in the country.

Last year our exhibition of horses and cattle was excelled by none in the country.

There will be excursion rates on all railroads and steamboat lines. All railroads run directly to the grounds.

The Adams, United States, and Baltimore and Ohio Express Co. will return dogs free to original shipping point on the usual terms. F. R. CARSWELL, Supt.

COURSING IN OMAHA.—Omaha, Neb., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The coursing meet at the Bluffs Park yesterday was a grand success and attracted a large crowd of spectators. The running was most exciting and enthusiasm ran high. Dr. Ayres's fine brindle greyhound made a fine showing, as did Captain Roy's Kell. Hon. John Montgomery's Bouncing Boy, Dr. Bellinger's Faust, J. T. Huffsky's Mercury and others. The next meet here in October will doubtless be a great success, as coursing is better understood now, and there is a clamor for more of it. Dr. George B. Ayres and Clinton Powell have just received from the Wade kennels at Hulton, Pa., a magnificent specimen of the English mastiff, in Edrick. The dog is twenty-one months old, fawn colored, with black ears and marks, weighs 154 pounds, and is a handsome animal every way.—GRIS.

TORONTO SHOW.—The prospects are that the coming International Bench Show of the Industrial Exhibition to be held in Toronto, Sept. 15 to 19, will be the finest show ever held in Canada, both in regard to the quality of the dogs and the entries. The secretary, Mr. C. A. Stone, is kept busy answering correspondence from all over Canada and the United States. Exhibitors will bear in mind that railway arrangements have been made whereby exhibitors may reach Toronto from the lines for one fare for the round trip. The railway and express companies arrangements in regard to the transportation of dogs will be published next week. The entries close Sept. 3, and should be made as soon as possible, to enable the secretary to complete his arrangements.

THE YOUNGSTOWN DOG SHOW.—Youngstown, O., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The premium list for the first annual dog show of the Youngstown Kennel Club is ready for delivery. The show will be held on the Mahoning and Shenango Valley Fair Grounds, Sept. 1 to 5. The judge of all classes will be John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich. The show will be under the supervision of Messrs. Wm. F. Bonnell and H. F. Peck. All dogs will be examined by a competent veterinary before going on the bench. The Wells Fargo, Adams and American Express Companies will return all dogs free of charge that are sent over their lines.—S. D. L. JACKSON, Secretary.

A VISIT TO A FAMOUS KENNEL.

A TWELVE hours' ride via Lehigh Valley Railroad, through the most picturesque parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York—the very Switzerland of America—brings one to that lovely little hamlet, Covert, situated near Seneca Lake, New York. A few days' vacation being allowed me, I accepted the invitation of Mr. C. S. Wixom, of the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, to visit him, and a right royal time I did have. We were met on the arrival of the train by our genial host and hostess, and riding behind a spanking pair of horses were soon at their house, which rests on the brow of a great hill and from whose broad piazza the placid waters of that lovely Seneca Lake are in full view, seen over the tops of tall trees among whose friendly branches many a partridge is wont to light, flushed by the busy little cockers so much in use among the hills. Here, too, among these hills the woodcock seeks his cover, while the rabbit, chased by six or eight couples of beagles, giving forth their merry music as they hunt, finds ways to elude his pursuers, and so save his soft skin.

No man is a sportsman who does not first want a cursory glance at each new and noted dog he may chance to know of, even though his dinner may be in readiness; so not waiting while our hostess was overseeing the repast that was being prepared for us, hungry though we were, we gave one little peep into each stall in the kennels, one look into each of the yards, so as not to lose sight of a single beauty, and then once more sought the shelter of the hospitable roof, where the table, laden with the sweetest and freshest of viands, tempted us to "eat hearty." The glorious air about this lovely home, high on the hills and far away from all sound of horses' hoofs o'er flinty pavements, whetted our appetites till it seemed as if the end would never be, which comment on our part only caused increased merriment and pleasure to our entertainers.

All good things must have an end, and so did this our first meal at Covert. The chairs were pushed back, the cigar box went the rounds and next we were all found on the front piazza, feasting our eyes upon the glorious landscape that was laid out before us, breathing the life-giving air and feeling a life here away from the turmoil and worry of the hot city would be doubly worth the living. The ashes having repeatedly fallen from our cigars gave us warning their usefulness or soothing influence had gone. So up we arose as one, and would you believe it, though not one word having been said as to where we should go, like a company of soldiers we marched straight to the kennels.

The first thing that struck us most forcibly upon entering the kennels was the extreme cleanliness that was everywhere to be observed. The floors were perfectly clean, the stalls were whitewashed, sides, bottoms and tops, not a cobweb nor little pile of dust to be seen anywhere. The dogs were all fat, sleek and healthy, and from one end to the other of the yard or kennel not a single sickly or moping one was to be seen, showing that cleanliness and good substantial food keep them as they should be. The food is varied, and here again we see the good results of it. In a house by itself, known as the cook house, we find a large stove filled to its utmost capacity with wood, where a fire is kept burning all day. Oatmeal mixed with cornmeal or wheat is "set" each night with yeast, and the following day is put in pans and thoroughly baked. While the baking is going on a great wash-boiler is filled with scraps from the butcher's, consisting of sheep and cows' heads, hearts, knuckles, livers, etc. These are all boiled together for hours till the meat falls from the bones, when the boiler is taken off and the stew allowed to cool. At feeding time the bread is broken up in small pieces and five large pails are filled with it. Over this the rich soup is poured, and when served to the dogs it is wonderful to see the relish with which it is devoured by them. The next day milk is served with the bread instead of the soup, and this too disappears with a rapidity that would astonish some of our friends who feed their favorites on cake and dainties. Three times each day the puppies are fed, while the grown dogs get their meal at 5 P. M. regularly. The way they romp and tear about, play and run after feeding would do your heart good to see. Then one by one they glide off to their respective benches, and by 6 o'clock they are all at rest, and quiet reigns supreme.

The kennels are the most perfectly arranged and convenient that I ever saw. The beagles occupy the first room, the greyhound puppies the second, the Russians the third, while the full-grown greyhounds control the fourth. Each room is separated from the other by a high boarding, above which to the ceiling, wire screens do service. The beagles have a playground about the size of two of our city lots, the puppies each another such, while the greyhounds have still greater latitude. In the center is the hospital, a good-sized room provided with a stove, medicine chest, surgical instruments, a comfortable lounge for the watcher, and high raised bunks for the patients. In completeness and convenience I never saw a kennel to equal it, and I have seen many.

Though there is evidently plenty of yard and kennel room for all the dogs (some 60 in number), Mr. Wixom is determined to give them still larger quarters, and is now building another kennel (40x20x10) some 50yds. in the rear of the ones just described, and in the very center of an orchard where the dogs will have good shade in summer and be protected from northern winds in winter. It will contain eight stalls only, each opening out into a large yard, and will be used for bitches during service or in whelp and puppies.

We first inspected the beagles, and here we found many a good one, both dog and bitch. The pride of them all is that lovely specimen champion Royal Krueger, the very cock of the walk, not only on account of his bench performances, but of his field work as well. Of good size, with best of legs, feet, back, coat, a head as near perfect as a dog's can be, we find this great stud dog and prize winner ruling the roost. Then over in the corner sits champion Una picking a bone, while champion Myrtle looks on complacently and wishes she, too, had one. Joan W. and Baby W. are trying conclusions at a race round the yard, while Whisker, that good young dog, feels now that he is standing at the stud, entirely too elated to join them. That perfect-headed little Ava sits in her nest quietly acting the rôle of mother to her little three-weeks-old puppies, while Elf, that recent valuable acquisition, looks up as if to say "me too, by and by." The sight of this kennel of beagles is worth traveling miles to see, and one would travel still further to see them at full cry on a lead fox's scent. Three times during my visit were we treated to a chase. The gradual slope from the house in front gave us a grand view, and as the dew was falling the fox was unboxed and over the fields he was lead for more than half an hour. Then our host "let slip the dogs of war," and away went those little chaps, keen-scented, never losing the track for more than a second without returning to it or finding it, which fact was heralded by a wild burst of merry music. On several occasions so closely did they work that the whole six couples could have been covered with a blanket. Two tame foxes are kept by the kennel man, and are used to exercise the beagles with or occasionally run the foxhounds.

In the breeding kennels we find Harmony, the beautiful greyhound bitch, and worthy daughter of champion Doubleshot—champion Clio, which Mr. H. W. Huntington holds the credit of having bred. She is undoubtedly the best American-bred bitch ever shown, and her long list of winnings in good company endorse our opinion, while her winning or dividing third and fourth prizes at the Eastern Coursing Club's meet, proves her to be most excellent in the field. She is at present nursing a litter of ten as fine puppies as one could wish to see, while champion Memnon, that grand old dog, looks quietly on and declares his usefulness is not yet gone. In the next nest we find the pointer Natation (Nick of Naso—Temptation) obeying the motherly instincts and nursing her five puppies; great big fellows they are too, strong and healthy, pure white, save that some have orange or liver markings.

Hazelhurst, that divided third and fourth prizes with Harmony, also bred by Mr. Huntington, is a worthy son of champion Balkis—champion Cassandra. He has greatly improved since last we saw him, and when another coursing meet is held rest assured he will be heard from. Fannie M. is the only lady of this kennel, and she will soon take Harmony's bench, as she is due shortly to whelp to champion Memnon. Memnon, though now retired after a long and eminently successful career, looks and acts as young as the youngest. His eyes are as bright as a kitten's, and as watchful and restless as ever. The constitution of the dog is marvelous and, were it but for his teeth, he would take a deal of beating now. He is a hale and hearty old man and retains much of his youthful vigor.

The spaniel champion, Hornell Ruby, roams at large among all the dogs, proud of having been the mother of the lovely Velda. Bessie W., a collie of no mean quality and coat, basks in the sun, while not attending to the sheep and cattle, and soon will be seeking her nest where she may nurse her family of little ones. She has a most excellent coat, good legs and feet, and intelligence that is almost human. Little Royal Krueger, a three-months-old son of Royal Krueger, is beyond all question the finest beagle pup I ever saw. His markings are perfect, his head very good, his spread of ears great, while his body and legs are all that could be desired in any dog. Mr. Wixom has repeatedly refused $50 for him, and he came near being sold for $75, at which price he is held. He will make some of our beagle judges hustle a good deal to find a better when he enters the show ring.

For miles and miles around the country, people flock to see the much-talked-of Russian greyhounds that now adorn this kennel. They are now the very center of attraction, and the universal admiration expressed I fear would make them very haughty were they able to understand our language. They have greatly improved since their trip of three weeks was accomplished, and are as lively as crickets while taking on flesh very rapidly. Between Vladimir and Irma it is now a very close thing; they are both pure white, with deep orange markings. The entire importation is possessed of first-class feet and legs, great bone, good strong pasterns, coats that would set a setter man all ablaze, while their heads are simply beautiful, their eyes being dark hazel and as soft and mellow as a Jersey's. If this breed of dogs is what it is said to be by the Russians, it is beyond all doubt due to the sort of treatment the Russians are said to give to their subjects or servants. A dog with such eyes as these have cannot be otherwise than gentle and affectionate; and, though they were very timid when they arrived, they now are fearless, full of life, and overflowing with affection and gentle ways, that prove beyond doubt the falsity of their traducers' statements.

I know little of this breed of dogs excepting from what I have read. Taking the present standard of the English greyhound in matter of conformation, their uses being nearly identical, it seems to me it would puzzle a good judge to decide which is the better, Vladimir or Irma. They are so near alike that one has to look twice to decide which is which. The dog's head is simply phenomenal, being 10¼in. from tip of nose to occiput, while Irma's measures 9¾. The dog, again, stands 27½in. at shoulder (standard measure), while the bitch is only 1in. lower. Judging from their frames it is very doubtful if either will reach maturity or be fully filled out before it is two years old. As they are now but five months old and measure 27½in., it is more than likely their matured height will be something like 36in. They all had a very bad dose of distemper before leaving England, which no doubt retarded somewhat their growth. As to coats, from all I have heard it seems to me theirs is about perfect. The hair is long (some of Vladimir's measuring 4¼in.), soft, and as flat and straight as flax, in marked contrast to some that I have seen, which was as curly as a water spaniel's.

Every attention is being given these dogs, and when they make their début I predict for them a most generous reception, and later on a most successful career. That they will become universal favorites is an assured fact beyond all question. Their symmetrical heads and expressive eyes, their graceful outlines and lovely soft coats will gain for them numberless friends. When last I saw them they were romping in their yards. Now I saw a white streak flash by me, followed by still another; then all of a sudden the two were mingled together and looked like a great ball of white floss rolling about the grass. Their movements are quicker, it seems to me, than of the English greyhounds, and their strength of bone and powerful jaws are sufficient to make any wolf fly for his life on their approach. These puppies are of the much-talked-of Krilutt-Elsie litter, and of which so much has been written. They are a great credit to both sire and dam; and as Krilutt's stud fee has been doubled, it will readily be seen how valuable a dog he must be at the stud, while on the bench his record is too well known to be disputed. He is to-day acknowledged to be the best Russian in England, and the owner of Elsie was very wise in his selection of sire. Two more of this litter are soon to leave England for America in company with Elsie, who remained there in order to be again bred to Krilutt. As I am a firm believer that when on first being bred a bitch shows she nicks well with a stud dog, she should again be bred to the same dog, and every subsequent litter will be better, I shall look forward to this second litter with much pleasure and hope to see my belief confirmed. HIGHLAND.

THE COLLIE OR SHEEP DOG.

MR. RAWDON LEE has published a monograph of the collie that is the most complete history of the breed extant. Mr. Lee is a very pleasant writer and the pages of the book are replete with interest, not only to fanciers, but to the general reader as well. The history of the breed is concisely written and contains all that is important from earliest time up to the present day. The writer takes no stock in the tradition that the black and tan collie obtained his color through a cross with the Gordon setter, and thus treats the matter: * * * * "There was a nonsensical idea that the black and tan sheep dogs obtained their color through crossing with the Gordon setter. There is no doubt the contrary was the case and that the Gordon setter had his coat and sensibility improved by being crossed with the Highland sheep dog."

Mr. Lee is positive in the belief that bench shows have been detrimental to the collie, as far as their working qualities are concerned, and treats the subject as follows:

"The shepherd's dog, when properly trained, is as good in his work now as at any previous period of his history; better, perhaps. It must not, however, be taken for granted that the collie, as he is now seen, obtaining valuable prizes at our canine exhibitions, is the exact counterpart of the dog met with on the sheep farms, and without whom the shepherd could not do his work. There are distinctions between the two. The former has been kept for his beauty alone, and most likely for generations his ancestors had never known what it was to assist the farmer in his duties. So his descendants gradually drop out of the work, and when they come to be trained are not nearly so docile and intelligent as they would have been had all their progenitors been good workers.

"A young pointer or setter will often intuitively stand game on the very first occasion he may scent it, a faculty which has been handed down to him from generation to generation from dogs that have always been trained to do the same thing. A retriever puppy for a similar reason is never happy unless he is carrying something in his mouth. Neglect to keep up this seeming intuition in the pointer, setter or retriever, and see what the result will be in the course of a few generations. The puppy will no longer point or draw upon game naturally, and his education will be ten times as difficult to consummate as it would have been had the old conditions been continued.

"Thus it is with the modern exhibition-bred collie as compared with the one that has been kept and reared for work alone, and produced from parents whose capabilities and excellencies in this respect have been of the highest. We occasionally see at the various trials with sheep held in different parts of the country, a rather handsome dog that is a fairly good worker, but such is the exception, and I am sorry to write that, so far as shepherding is concerned with the collie, the handsomest dogs are usually the worst workers, at any rate in public. Some exhibitors will tell you how splendidly trained to sheep or cattle their prize winners are, but if they be so such performances do not appear in public. Attendances for many years at some of the principal trials have led me to form this opinion. Indeed, on occasions, the duty has devolved upon me of awarding a special prize for the handsomest dog that has worked his sheep to the satisfaction of the judges, and such prizes, excepting in one or two instances that may be alluded to later on, have always gone to dogs that could not have obtained more than a hc. card at any dog show in the kingdom. There are cases where good-looking dogs, bred from prize winners on the bench, have been entered on the off chance of the judges allowing them to compete for the 'beauty prize,' irrespective of their work in the field; but the latter is generally so bad that the exhibition-bred animal is not allowed to enter the ring at the end of the day when this special honor is to be awarded.

"Of course I do not mean to infer that the handsome prize winner will not work at all, my contention merely being that he cannot perform his duty so well through lack of opportunity in his progenitors, as the more common-place creature, whose ancestors have spent all their lives among the flocks. A properly bred collie will take to his work as naturally as a sporting dog will take to his; and I very much regret that the Collie Club has not done as much for the working capacity of its idol as it has toward beautifying and improving his appearance. Some of the very best working shepherd dogs I have ever seen have been small light-limbed animals, active and fleet, owning intelligent faces, and with such shirt wiry coats as to lead one to suspect a not very remote cross of the terrier, which the farmer has kept to assist in destroying the rats, or to help the huntsman when he brings his scratch hounds round to make a raid upon the foxes. At the trials the smooth-coated dogs as a rule more nearly approach show bench form than do their rough-jacketed cousins, for speed and endurance are required rather than long woolly coats, huge 'frills', and 'brushes' big enough to disgrace the best that ever hung behind the boldest of bold reynards."

Mr. Lee devotes a chapter each to the smooth-coated and bobtailed sheep dog, his remarks upon the latter variety being especially interesting.

Sheep dog trials are earnestly advocated by the author, and the chapter devoted to them contains their complete history, together with the rules governing them. There is also a chapter on the collie clubs, with standard and scale of points; and an excellent chapter on management, which alone is worth more than the price of the book to the breeder.

THE A. K. C. AFFAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Mr. Watson's two letters, which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, regarding the finances of the A. K. C., permit me to say that while there is nothing contained in any of his letters since he has become the acknowledged champion of the clique's methods in managing the A. K. C. affairs, as his statements, or conclusions which he claims to have arrived at, are in no way supported by the known facts. The dog men of this country to-day, notwithstanding the fact that figures have been thrown at us from Philadelphia, Boston and perhaps Rahway, have no more knowledge of the true condition of the management of the affairs of the club than they had months ago.

Mr. Watson has now become the favorite at 44 Broadway. He goes there and from the private account book which was kept by Mr. I-do-not-know-how-much-I-got Lewis, he obtains figures and throws them at us from Philadelphia, through the FOREST AND STREAM.

What the dog men have been expecting, and what they are entitled to as a matter of right, are the items of receipts and expenditures of the club for the year ending Dec. 31, 1888. There is no disguising the fact that the annual report made by Mr. Vredenburgh for that year is a faked one, while even Mr. Cugle would be fully entitled to call it faked, for upon my life it is the worst piece of cooking I have ever come across, and Mr. Vredenburgh must take Carlyle's estimate of dog men, and believe they are mostly fools, all fools, apparently, when he asks us to accept his statement as correct. Now, I don't want Mr. Watson to accuse me of plagiarism, so I will remind him of this fact, that if he will look at the file of the *Sporting Life* for 1888 he will find that a correspondent who signed himself "Porcupine," used about this same language when Mr. Vredenburgh made his annual report for 1887, and in that report Mr. Vredenburgh gave a tabulated statement showing the entire receipts and the sources whence they came, as well as a tabulated statement of the expenses; he then certified that it was correct. Will the present Mr. Watson, or the late Mr. "Porcupine," now explain to us why he used that language at that time about a statement that covered the entire period and was so full and so satisfactory, and now at this time attempts to bolster up an annual report which simply says "balance on hand, $1,228.28?"

It does not make any difference to me whose money was used in the juggle—whether it was Mr. Belmont's, according to Mr. Vredenburgh's statement, or Mr. Lewis's money, according to Mr. Watson and Dr. Perry. I said long ago in a letter, and have repeatedly said so, that these accounts were juggled, and that Mr. Vredenburgh would never over his own signature give us the items of receipts and expenditures for the year 1888.

Mr. Watson invited me to go with him to the A. K. C. office and I might ask him questions and he would answer them from the books. Mr. Vredenburgh is supposed to be the treasurer of the club, and for his services the dog men of this country pay him $1,500 a year; and every man who is a member of a local club, or a breeder who sends his money to 44 Broadway, is entitled to know what is done by the management with the funds they send and the condition of the club; and it is the duty of this $1,500 a year secretary-treasurer to make such a report that a man of ordinary intelligence may understand it.

All the writing that Mr. Watson can do in favor of these faked reports and all the writing that I can do against these faked reports will never settle in the minds of the breeders the condition of the club's affairs. A large majority of the breeders have no confidence in the present management, and if the officials cannot keep their books correctly and even go so far as to fake the minutes of their proceedings, can the breeders hope to have any confidence in pedigrees of our stock which come from such a course?

Will Mr. Vredenburgh kindly give us the figures going to make up the sum $1228.28; and then certify that it is correct?

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 10. PESHALL.

DOG TALK.

AN American said to me the other day that the English would soon be buying St. Bernards of the Americans. I do not know of anything that would please me more than to see such a state of things come to pass. But it will be many a long day before it will. To be sure we have Watch, Hesper, Alton and Prince Regent, and a lot of other good ones, but where are the bitches of equal quality? What are Saffron, Miranda, Lady Wellington, Manon, or Blodwin, in comparison to the dogs I have mentioned? Are they as good as bitches as the dogs are as dogs? Far from it! And until we get bitches of equal quality and bone we cannot expect to breed "cracks." Many breeders will say, "How about Sir Bedivere?" True, he comes from a very ordinary bitch, but she possesses plenty of size and bone and is well bred. And, furthermore, Sir Bedivere has yet to prove himself of any great value to the breed he represents. A few bitches such as champion La Mascotte, champion Plevna, Bessie II., champion Grace, Sabrina, Florentine, or Sans Peur, would revolutionize the breed in America. We Americans seem to have gathered the idea that all that is necessary is a good dog. Mr. Poag pays $3,700 for Watch, Mr. Moore upward of $3,000 for Alton, and Mr. Sears $2,000 for Hesper, and they think they have made a good investment. But where is the man with "sand" enough to pay $1,000 for a bitch of equal quality? Not one in all America. In consequence, until some nick in breeding produces a good one we must purchase all our good ones from the old country. Monte Rosa was a rare good dog. Mr. Moore has some very promising puppies. But where are the American-bred "clinkers" in rough-coats I mean. I can find twenty here in England to beat our best, and in bitches I don't know of a single one. And I don't expect to see or hear of any from the bitches now in America, barring about six, namely, Saffron, Recluse, Zenith, Blodwin, Lady Wellington and Manon. And to these six bitches we have about the same number of really superior dogs. And the best of the six will not hold a candle to champion Plevna, champion Peggotty, Alta Bella, and many another. These remarks apply not only to St. Bernards, but to English setters and many another breed. I hope the time is not far distant when I shall read of the importation of three good bitches to every dog.

Mr. E. H. Moore's recent purchase, the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Livingstone (champion Hesper—Lady Abbess), leaves for her future home on Saturday, Aug. 2, via Liverpool on the steamship Bostonian. Promised in a former note to give a full description of her. She was whelped June 27, 1889. She has a grand skull and great depth of muzzle for her age, a good even blaze, dense shadings and great character; ears a bit large and not quite dark enough; good in eye, orange body, with broad perfect white collar; good coat of good color. She stands about 31½in. at shoulder, and will weigh in condition 160lbs. She has won first in novice, and first and cup in puppy classes at Leeds show, the only time shown. I consider her one of the most promising young bitches that ever crossed the Atlantic.

Those that read my comments on Mr. S. W. Smith's young dog Scottish Prince will see that I was not far amiss. At the Darlington show this week he won first, with Aristocrat second and Lord Bute third; not bad for the first time out, with his Lady Floris II. first in bitches.

The Darlington show held last week is the largest one day show in England, numbering this year 840 entries. Fancy a show of that number of dogs, with the judges starting in at 10 A. M., and the dogs on their way home at 5 P. M. on the same day. The dogs are benched under tents, with partitions between only the cross ones; plenty of straw is provided. The judging is done in the open air. The show is not only noticeable for quantity but quality as well, and is classed as a two point show. Newfoundlands were awarded twelve prizes, headed by ch. Courtier; enough to make any American blush.

Dr. H. T. Foote's Meersbrook Maiden won second in the challenge class at Darlington. The comments read "easily beaten by Pearl."

One of the features of the Darlington show was the sheep dog trials. The winner corraled her sheep in 6½ minutes, the second best in 7½ minutes, and the third in 14½ minutes. It is, indeed, a pity that we cannot have similar trials in the States. Though I would like to see some of the winners with a slight resemblance to a bench dog. NAMQUOIT.

HENLEY, Eng.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.—Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the liberality of the Detroit Exposition Association and the kindness of many of our citizens we are prepared to announce that the following kennel prizes will be offered in cash or its equivalent at the Michigan Kennel Club's show, beginning Sept. 2: For the largest entry of sporting dogs owned by one man, $25; non-sporting the same; $25 each for the best kennel of four mastiffs, rough St. Bernards, smooth St. Bernards, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, pointers, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, Siberian wolfhounds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, Skye terriers, best pack of six English foxhounds and best pack of six American foxhounds. $15 each for the best kennel of four bloodhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Irish water spaniels, cocker spaniels, poodles, beagles, black and tan terriers (over 7lbs.), pugs, Italian greyhounds, collies, Yorkshire terriers and best pack of six shaggy foxhounds. Also, the Pointer Club of America offers $25 cash for the best pair of pointers, dog and bitch, owned by one exhibitor. Also, the St. Bernard Club of America offers six medals as heretofore advertised. Several other nice specials have been tenderedour club by gentlemen interested in dogs, and these offers will be accepted and printed in our catalogue. The prospects for a big show are very flattering, and we are prepared to accommodate a large entry.—M. V. B. SAUNDERS, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Highland Yorks. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black greyhound dog, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Clan. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and red brindle and white greyhound dog, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Abbe. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white markings greyhound bitch, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Helen. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white markings greyhound bitch, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Fairie. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and white markings greyhound bitch, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Highland Donald. By H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., for red brindle and white greyhound dog, whelped April 21, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of champion Cassandra (Debret—Dead Secret).

Lady Monarch. By Nelson McIntosh, Providence, R. I., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped June 22, 1890, by Roy Monarch (Dashing Monarch—List) out of Blue Jennie (Royal Albert—Blue Nell).

Dad Monarch. By S. B. Allen, Providence, R. I., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 22, 1890, by Roy Monarch (Dashing Monarch—List) out of Blue Jennie (Royal Albert—Blue Nell).

Iowa Dash. By H. P. Walker, Boston, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 20, 1090, by Claremont Patsy out of Nino.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Devonshire Countess—David of Dilphos. J. W. M. Cardizn's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Devonshire Countess (Tam—Croxteth Rival Queen) to his David of Dilphos (Dick of Dilphos—Westmoreland Bessie), July 29.

Clarissa—Don III. Connemara Kennels' (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Clarissa (Bravo—Leonie) to their Don III. (Elcho, Jr.—Pequot Jess), Aug. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Champion Cassandra. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Cassaadra (Debret—Dead Secret), April 21, six (three dogs), by his champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Cad's Pet. Moorefield Kennels' (Colmar, Pa.) English setter bitch Cad's Pet (Moorefield—Cad), July 23, seven (five dogs), by H. Hulman, Jr.'s Gath Mark (Gath—Gem).

Joyce. Rosecroft Kennels' (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Joyce (Prince Foreman—Passion), July 25, ten (six dogs), by their Don Quixote (Rockingham—Donna).

Currer Bell III. G. G. Davis's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Currer Bell III. (Sarsfield, Maud), July 29, thirteen (one dog), by Max Wenzel's champion Tim.

Whisper. M. H. Daly's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Whisper (champion Bradford Harry—Belva), June 14, five (four dogs), by P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dusky Bob. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped May 13, 1890, by champion Kash out of Nun Nicer, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. Dan Williams, Bismark, Dak.

Dick Roy. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 26, 1885, by San Roy out of Cora, by Moorefield Kennels, Colmar, Pa., to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

Dad Monarch. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 22, 1890, by Roy Monarch out of Blue Jennie, by Nelson McIntosh, Providence, R. I., to Samuel B. Allen, same place.

Roy Monarch—Blue Jennie whelps. English setter dogs, whelped June 22, 1890, by Nelson McIntosh, Providence, R. I.; one black and white to Capt. C. C. Gray, same place; one orange and white to Harry B. Tallman, same place; one blue belton to S. B. Allen, same place, and one lemon and white to M. M. Inman, same place.

DEATHS.

Daisy S. Black, tan and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 31, 1889 (Luke—Nora), owned by Learnerd Kennels, Hudson, N. Y.

Learnerd Beulah. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 7, 1890 (Regent Vox—Daisy S.), owned by Learnerd Kennels, Hudson, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspon ients.**

H. M., Brooklyn.—Would you oblige me by informing me through your paper what to do with a dog I have that is sick; he is a hound, 7 years old. His ears are running, his eyes are very sore; he seems to be very costive while on the chain, but seems all right when I take him out for a run; he has a good appetite and always seems hungry. Ans. Give your hound a 5-grain quinine pill night and morning concealed in a morsel of meat; keep the bowels open with syrup of buckthorn in dessertspoonful doses. Sponge the eyes with Pond's extract of witch hazel and sponge the ears with the same.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—To-day the rifle range at Harbor View was crowded all day by the devotees of the hair-trigger. The California, Germania, Gruetli and Eintracht clubs were well represented, and the members entered into the contests with great enthusiasm.

The members of the Germania Club rallied in force, and many close contests were the result. The winners of the medals of the several classes were as follows: Champion class, G. Helm, 414 rings; first class, G. Thieback, 420; second class, F. Attinger, 408; third class, L. Bendell, 376; fourth class, A. Enge, 359. This club also offers medals for the first and last best shots on the target. For the first best shot Messrs. Utschig, Rapp and Kelber tied, having made 23 rings each out of a possible 25. On shooting off for first honors, A. Utschig showed his steady nerve by scoring a center and won first honors with his 25 rings. For the last best shot Herman Heeth scored 25 rings and took the medal. Heeth is now the permanent possessor of this trophy, having been the successful competitor on five occasions.

Captain F. A. Kuhls, the well-known marksman, led the members of the Eintracht Club to the butts yesterday, and some good scores were made as follows: Champion class, F. A. Kuhls, 411 rings; first class, A. Wirtner, 385; second class, O. Thiele, 355; third class, T. Binner, 347. This club also gives a medal for the first and last best shot. The medal for the first best shot was won by F. A. Kuhls, who made 23 out of a possible 25, and the medal for the last was carried off by L. Ritzau, who scored 24 rings.

The shoot of the California Club resulted as follows: Champion class, A. Strecker, 439 rings; first class, F. O. Young, 427; second class, G. Orst, 417; third class, Emil Kehrlein, 391; fourth class, A. Enge, 361. The third class medal was closely contested, Otto Burmeister following up his opponent very closely all the time and closing his score with 392 rings, the same score as the winning man. He was Creedmored, however, on the last shot.

The winners of medals in the Gruetli Club are as follows: First class, G. Orst, 386 rings; second class, E. Luenberger, 338; third class, A. Gehret, 338; fourth class, H. Dietly, 278. This club, although lately organized, numbers some active members and very good shots, and before long will be heard of in the shooting world.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 7.—The present tourney of the St. Louis Pistol Club will end with the shoot to be held next Wednesday. At the last shoot Mr. Summerfield quit high, and the medal will be held by him for the coming week. All shooting is at a 12½yd. standard American target. The score:

M Summerfield	9	10	10	7	9	10	7	6	10	10—91
W Bauer	9	7	8	9	10	10	7	9	10	10—89
S V D Perret	9	10	8	9	10	7	9	8	10	7—87
M C Bellmeyer	10	10	9	7	9	8	7	10	9	8—87
S G Dorman	8	10	8	8	8	10	8	10	7	9—86
G Alexander	8	8	8	10	10	7	9	8	10	7—85
H Stussell	10	10	10	8	5	6	7	8	7	10—81
A McBean	10	10	5	10	8	10	6	3	8	10—80
D Barker	8	9	10	7	5	8	8	7	10	8—80
W Hettel	7	7	8	10	7	10	7	6	7	8—77
W Mackwitz	6	9	8	10	6	8	7	8	7	8—77

UNSER FRITZ.

BOSTON, Aug. 9.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a good attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were good and some fine scores were made in several of the matches. Following are the best scores made to-day; distance 200 yards:

†Record Off-hand Match.

W Charles	83	S O Merville	80	S C Sydney	76
H Severance	80	W Simmons	77	C H Eastman	73
		W G Hussey	77		

*Champion Rest Match.

J Francis	109	S Wilder	108	W Peters	100
		L R Avay	103		

(R) All-Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder	113	A H Ballard	104	J B Hobbs	95
J Francis	113	W Peters	103	E I Blount	94
J N Eames	108	M T Day	101	A S Hunt	93
W P Thompson	107	S W Carney	99	M R Barter	83
L R Avay	107	A G Stevens	97	A N Mann	82

(R) All-Comers' Off-hand Match.

S O Merville	80	S C Snow	67	A N Mann	63
D R Ball	78	M T Day	66	A G Stevens	71

(R) Pistol Practice Match, 50 yards.

H Severance	93	S T George	88	A G Stevens	83
		W G Hassey	87		

† Only one entry allowed each week.
* Only one entry allowed each shoot day.
(R) Re-entries allowed.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Secretaries of clubs and managers of tournaments are requested to keep us advised of the dates of their shoots, so that we may give due notice in our column of fixtures.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 12-15.—McDowall Tournament, at Toronto, Can. Held under the auspices of the four gun clubs of Toronto. For programmes address W. McDowall, Manager, 81 Yonge street, Toronto.

Aug. 18-23.—Third Annual Keystone Tournament, at Corry, Pa.

Aug. 26-27.—Live Pigeon Match, at Milford, N. J., given by Mahlon H. Rupell, proprietor Milford House, whom address.

Aug. 26-29.—Twelfth Annual Convention and Tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, at Jerseyville, Ill. Com. R. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-30.—Grand Inanimate Target Shooting Tournament of the West End Gun Club of Harrisburg, Pa., to be held at Williams Grove, Cumberland county, Pa. For programmes address H. B. Shoop, Secretary, Box 321, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day. Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Beeville, Tex., Gun Club Tournament. T. J. Skaggs, Secretary.

Sept. 3-4.—Tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club, Springfield, Mass. J. T. Herrick, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—White Plains, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament at Bluerocks. C. P. Rowley, Sec'y, 241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 9-10.—Harvey Hurd's and F. R. Huminger's Peoria Black Bird and Bluerock Tournament, at Petersburg, Illinois.

Sept. 9-11.—St. Paul Gun Club Tournament, Hamline, Minn. Professionals barred. F. D. Pononsby, Pres., St. Paul.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park. Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

THE L. C. SMITH CUP TANGLE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—The question out here just now is, Who owns the L. C. Smith Cup and the money that goes with it this year? This is a question that once seemed an easy one, but complications have arisen since then.

It will be remembered, by Western readers at least, that the L. C. Smith cup was won by the Association shoot in June, 1889, by one H. R. Babcock, a blue jeans, hatchet-faced boy, who, it seems, had not yet reached either the years of majority or integrity. Babcook said he represented the Carmen Gun Club of Illinois, and duly paid the dues of that "club" as well as his own entrance fee. The executive committee of 1888-1889, Messrs. R. B. Organ, H. D. Nicholls, W. W. Foss, Alex. T. Loyd and W. P. Mussey, saw no reason at the time to doubt the statements made. Babcook won the cup on 20 straight. Before delivering into the hands of one so little known this valuable trophy, which is worth $500, the committee, by its chairman, Mr. Organ, telegraphed to Mr. P. Larsen, a railroad man of Carmen personally known to Mr. Organ, querying whether Babcook and the Carmen club were all right. A telegram, signed "P. Larsen," was duly received to the effect that they were all right, and on the strength of this the cup was delivered to Babcook. Upon receipt of this the latter sat down and wrote to his father, who was the other half of the Carmen Gun Club:

"DEAR DAD: I have won the Smith Cup. I get 60 per cent. and you get 40." (By the terms of the contest the winner takes 60, and his club 40 per cent. of the next year's entrance money.)

The above filial letter is said to be now in evidence. But before it was needed as evidence other matters had transpired which rendered it unnecessary.

It seems that Messrs. Babcook, *père et fils*, became elated at the prospect of such wealth. They posed as capitalists, and contemplated heavy investments after the entrance money of 1890 was paid in. Through some indiscretion of the one or the other, or in some manner, at least, Mr. Larsen heard of his telegram. It was news to Mr. Larsen that he had ever sent any such telegram, and some time last winter he wrote and told Mr. Organ so. It appeared, therefore, that all the Carmen Gun Club had to rest on was a bogus telegram, probably sent by Mr. Babcook, *père*, who staid at home and made friends with the telegraph operator. As Carmen is not a great big city, it is probable that the operator knew every man, woman, child and cow in the whole burg. They say something about collusion, and mention Babcook, *pere*, and the operator, but I don't know just what part of a gun club the collusion is, and so we may let that pass.

The result of all this was that when Babcook, *fils*, the shooting half of Carmen Gun Club, came up at last June's tournament, and with an innocent smile on his Chinese face, asked for $320 (60 per cent. for himself and 40 for "Dad"), the executive committee for 1889-1890, namely, Messrs. Ab. Price, C. S. Burton, W. W. McFarland, A. M. Hoffman and Dr. H. C. Buechner, told him they would first have to investigate. Mr. W. L. Shepard, secretary and treasurer, refused to pay over the funds until after he had gone down to Carmen and learned the true state of affairs. He went, and discovered that the Carmen Gun Club was composed of "me and Dad." That was all there was to it. Nine years ago, in 1881, there was a Carmen Gun Club. It met and had one shoot, each member chipping in $1 toward the beer. The club got happily inebriated, and then faded quietly out of sight. So far as uniqueness of composition is concerned, it is "out of sight" to-day. There remained only these two, me and Dad, 60 and 40.

The present executive committee gazed on Mr. Babcook *fils*, and sorrowfully shook its head, remarking "Nixey." Reports also reached their ears from other clubs that Babcook was crooked on loads. So they said "Nixey" again. "Our meet is run for gentlemen and for qualified clubs," they said, "and therefore, Mr. Babcook, we must remark 'Nixey.'"

There remained in the treasury, therefore, $320, which Dad and the rest of the club had not invested as contemplated. I know not how many fair young shoats of Jersey red remain unpurchased, and we well may weep at the number of yearling heifers which thus remain ungarnered into the fold of the Carmen Gun Club. What to do with this $320 the executive committee did not know, and they held a meeting to decide; present, Mr. Ab. Price, chairman, Mr. C. S. Burton and Dr. H. C. Buechner, also Mr. Fred C. Donald, last year's president of the association, and Dr. N. Rowe, president for the coming year, the latter being invited to meet and advise with the committee. Dr. Buechner is now in Europe, and what he thought is not definitely known, but before the meeting Messrs. Price and Burton were of the opinion that there would have to be a re-division of the moneys in the late Smith Cup contest, Babcook being thrown out entirely. That would bring G. L. Deiter, of the Chicago Gun Club, first, as he was next with 19 out of 20, and it would necessitate a lot of trouble, as there were a lot of ties, merchandise prizes, etc., etc., in the lower holes. This seemed inevitable. However, Dr. Rowe, the president for the ensuing year, had another opinion and advised in effect as follows: "Gentlemen, we have no supreme court of appeals in matters of field sports. The best we can do, and indeed the only thing we can do, is to follow the precedents of the oldest established sporting system, that of the turf. The precedent there is, that upon proven disqualification of a competitor, the prize won by such competitor reverts to the party, track or association offering such prize, for such future disposition as it may choose to make."

Upon hearing this the committee resolved to constitute the aforesaid $320 a fund to be expended in the protection of game, or the protection of live pigeon shooting. It is sad to chronicle that this resolution is not to stand; because it would have been refreshing to see the Illinois Association, as an organization, really do the first little bit at protecting game. But this was not to be. Alas!

The racing precedent cited was all very well, and it was all very well to go back to these precedents. The only trouble was that the committee's counselor got it just exactly backward, as very quickly became known as soon as the decision was announced

among the sportsmen of the city. Well, there is not anything much to raise a trouble over in that, and about the only inference to be drawn is that human people sometimes get rattled and that editors, like anybody else, are capable of error at times. They are also capable of rectifying it, sometimes, and in this case the correction was made in a short time after the error. "Gentlemen," in effect, said the committee's guest and counselor, "I find I have advised you wrongly, and I wish to make the correction. The precedent of the turf is not as I have said, but just the other way. The decision should be reconsidered."

But by this time Dr. Buechner had started for Europe, and as it needs a full board to reconsider a decision, there the matter must rest until he gets back. Dr. Buechner's record here is fair. His washerwoman is paid up to date, or nearly so, and he is not known to have committed any crime for which he can not be extradited. His future returns at some time or other may, therefore, be considered almost certain. Almost the same may be said of the committee-counsel, the president of the association, who has also gone to Europe. It may be announced as a fact, therefore, that ultimately the late decision of the executive committee will be reconsidered, and first money in the L. C. Smith Cup, in the 1889-90 contest, $320, will be awarded to Mr. G. L. Deiter, of the Gun Club, where it belongs, and the other prizes scaled properly from 19 down. And when that is at length done, the present tangle about the Smith Cup will be unraveled.

I am enabled by courtesy of Mr. W. P. Mussey and Mr. Henry Smith, of this city, to quote, more or less loosely, a late racing decision which establishes a direct precedent for this case. I am not able, in the hurriedness of this late hour, to verify dates, etc., but doubtless later investigation will show the full record of this case and others similar. The horsemen friends of the field sportsmen will do this readily enough. Mr. Newton Hall, a well known horseman of this city, related these facts to my informants, he having figured in the protested decision himself. Mr. Hall entered a horse at Terre Haute races in the 2.30 class. In that class he met a horse entered as "Stranger," which he knew at once to be a "ringer," as he had seen him before entered as "Forester," and knew he had a record of 2.22. Mr. Hall thought he could beat "Stranger" and did, under protest. The latter horse, however, won the first heat, and then Mr. Hall protested the next heat. "Stranger," however, won three heats out of five and took first. Mr. Hall's horse being second, and the moneys were awarded. Within the thirty days prescribed Mr. Hall had his evidence at hand and proved "Stranger" to be a "ringer" and disqualified him. The Association, on the facts, appropriated the first money for itself, barred Mr. Hall from first and took his receipt for second. Mr. Hall appealed to the National Board of Appeals, which reversed the decision of the Association and adjudged it to pay Mr. Hall the amount of the first money, which it did by adding to the second money already in his hands.

I did not see Mr. Hall personally and have not time to go to the racing records, but although in the recountal of the above some inaccuracies may have fallen in, the main fact of the appeal and ultimate decision is very clear. So there is full precedent for the ultimate and only proper disposition of the first money of the Smith Cup. The State Association does not offer money with a string to it. It is to be shot for, and won, by qualified men, and it was shot for and won by such men, who are gentlemen who represent clubs made up of gentlemen.

The mistakes in this little comedy of errors have all been honest ones, made while each man was trying to be only fair and just. Personal or club motives have not been thought of for a moment. Therefore, the only one in the whole matter who deserves criticism is the young man Babcock; and in his case criticism should be condemnation, unmeasured and severe. He may or may not have made his winning by fair shooting, let us say he did; yet he entered the contest fraudulently and procured credentials that were forged. Let us hear no talk of this being a war of the "city sports" upon a "poor country boy." That is nonsense. Babcock will not be permitted to shoot at Illinois State meet any more, and he ought to be barred everywhere for the sake of clean sportsmanship; but the country boy who is honest and shoots square is the peer of any man who fires a shot in that whole tournament. The country boys are most welcomed, and they are good hard shooters too. Babcock was old enough to know better. He did know better. Since he has not shown himself fit to engage with gentlemen in a gentlemanly rivalry, but has brought not only sordid but also dishonest motives into the sport, he should be scored only once, mercilessly, and then dropped forever and forgotten by those who engage in gentlemanly competitions.

E. HOUGH.

WOLSTENCROFT'S TOURNAMENT.

THE three days' tournament that was held upon the grounds of the Boeckerl Gun Club, at Bridesburg, Pa., last week, was a most successful one in every particular, and too much credit cannot be given Mr. Wm. H. Wolstencroft, under whose sole management the tournament was given, for the able manner in which the affair was conducted. The tournament was not largely advertised or even placed among the shooting fixtures, as Mr. Wolstencroft did not wish to conflict with the tournament of the Onondaga Club of Syracuse, N. Y., and he stated that if his programmes had not been sent out before learning of their date, he would have certainly postponed his event for the month. As it was, the attendance was above his most sanguine expectations, scores being in attendance largely from Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, with a scattering from New Jersey. The grounds were admirably arranged, with every requisite for the running of a good shoot, and every comfort of the shooters was looked after. The system of making entries by purchase of entry cards and the payment of prize money was expeditiously attended to by Mr. Newt Bancroft. The scoring was under the supervision of Mr. I. Wolstencroft. The trap-pulling was a feature, Owen Buckious officiating, and he did the work well, not once did a shooter complain of being balked. Wm. Wolstencroft did not attempt to participate in the sports, but presided at the contests, and it is needless to say did so impartially and to the satisfaction of all. All events were run under American Shooting Association rapid firing rules in squads of 10. Nine Keystone traps were used, which by the way, I think should have been ten in number, then each contestant would have faced each trap an equal number of times.

I noticed a number of long-headed fellows who were very careful to get placed in the squad so as to avoid as much as possible coming in contact with a wicked right-quarterer that was thrown from No. 7 trap. I am certain that the shooter who had this bird twice in a 10-bird sweep was heavily handicapped. The shooting altogether was as hard as could be wished for. Both Keystones and standards were used, and as the traps were regulated to throw them for "keeps" straight strings were anything but frequent. A glance at the scores will show that there were some very fair target smashers in attendance.

First Day, Aug. 5.

About 9 A. M. the first gun was fired in a 10-bird sweep that had been gotten up to warm the guns, and from that hour on the firing was kept up until the programme for the day had been completed. It was almost too hot for comfort until about 5 o'clock, when it began to drizzle, and the last two events were shot in a downpour of rain. The redoubtable Capt. Jack Brewer put in an appearance and competed in one or two events, but the saucers did not seem to be to his liking. The surplus money in the guaranteed events each day was given for best averages and was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent to-day; the amount was $7 and was split up among the following: J. Wolstencroft took first, breaking 115 out of a possible 125; E. D. Miller second with 109 and "A. James" third with 106. Ties divided unless otherwise noted, four moneys in each event:

Extra event, 10 singles, 50 cents entry, 16 entries:

Lindsley	1111111111—10	Jacobs	1011110111— 8
Pack	1111111111—10	Barron	1110111110— 8
Hartner	1111111111—10	Harrison	0111111011— 8
J Wolstencroft	1110111111— 9	Rowcroft	1100111110— 7
E D Miller	1111011111— 9	Taylor	0110111101— 7
Kreuger	1111110111— 9	Tredway	0110011111— 6
"James"	0111111111— 9	Taney	1101000111— 6
Fieles	1111110011— 8	Thomas	1000010111— 5

Event No. 1, 10 singles, 50 cents entry, 17 entries:

Timm	1111111111—10	Ware	1101101011— 7
J Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	S Richards	0111001110— 6
E D Miller	1111111111—10	J Edwards	0101011111— 6
H Jacobs	1111101111— 9	J W Tredway	0011011101— 6
J E Hack	1111111101— 9	J Rothacker	0010101111— 6
J W Budd	0011111111— 8	Al "James"	1001100111— 6
Barron	1110111110— 8	Lindsley	0011100100— 4
Morgan	1110111011— 8	Swope	1000000000— 1
Hartner	1111011011— 8		

Event No. 2, 15 singles, $1 entry, 18 entries:

Lindsley	111111111111111—15	A L Lumb	111101101110011—11
J Wolstencroft	111111111111101—14	R Miller	011111010111101—11
Tredway	110110111011111—12	J Thurman	111101011011110—11
Jacobs	111011110101111—12	Ware	110101111110010—10
Rothocker	011111110111101—12	J W Budd	011111001101001— 9
Hartner	011111110011111—12	Timm	110011110100101— 9
Hack	111111101011101—12	G Miller	111100011001110— 9
"James"	111101110011111—12	Barron	011001101110000— 8
E D Miller	110010011111111—11	Morgan	111010010011010— 8

Event No. 3, 10 singles, 75 cents entry, 18 entries:

"James"	1111111111—10	Hack	1011111100— 7
Timm	1111011111— 9	Rothocker	1011110101— 7
Barron	1111010111— 9	Ware	0111111000— 7
G Miller	1110111111— 9	Lindsley	1110111001— 7
J Thurman	1111101111— 9	J W Budd	0110111110— 7
J Wolstencroft	1111100111— 8	E D Miller	1011001101— 6
Lumb	0111110111— 8	Swope	1111010000— 5
R Miller	1111011101— 8	Howe	0011110001— 5
Jacobs	1011011111— 8	Treadway	1001100001— 4

Event No. 4, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed, $1.50 entry, 16 entries:

E D Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25		
J Wolstencroft	1111101111111111111111111—24		
"James"	1111011111111111111111111—23		
Rothocker	1111011111111111111111110—22		
R Miller	1111101111011111111011111—22		
Tredway	1111111111100111011111110—21		
Hack	1011011111011111111101111—21		
Jacobs	1111111011111111111011111—21		
G Miller	1111100111111111111001111—21		
Barron	1101111101001111111111001—19		
Lumb	1110100101011111011111111—19		
Lindsley	1010101010111101011111111—18		
Hartner	0010110111011011011111111—18		
Timm	1011010001011011011111101—17		
Ware	0110101111101111001000—16		
J W Budd	1001011011110001101011111—15		

Event No. 5, 15 singles, 50 cents entry, 24 entries:

Fieles	111111111111111—15	E D Miller	011111011111101—12
Hartner	111111110111111—14	Davis	011111100111111—12
J Wolstencroft	111101111111111—14	J W Budd	011111110011111—12
Timm	111111011111111—14	R Miller	111111101101101—12
Kinzer	111111111101111—14	G Miller	111011111111011—12
J Thurman	111111111111110—14	Rowcroft	111010101111111—12
Lumb	011111011111111—13	Tredway	100111011110111—12
"James"	011111111111101—13	Rothocker	111101100011111—11
Hack	111111110111011—13	Ware	111110011111010—11
Jacobs	101110111111111—13	Barron	100110111101100— 9
Stout	111011011111111—13	Edwards	110100100110000— 6
Lindsley	111101101111011—12	Swope	000010001000001— 4

Event No. 6, 15 singles, $1 entry, 21 entries:

J Thurman	111111111111111—15	Kreuger	111101111111010—12
E D Miller	111111111111101—14	Tredway	110110101111111—12
J Wolstencroft	111111110 1111—14	Fieles	010101111011111—11
Lumb	111011111111111—14	Rothocker	011111100011111—11
J W Budd	111111101111111—14	R Miller	001111010111111—11
Barron	110111111111111—14	G Miller	101101110011111—11
Hartner	111111101101111—13	Ware	011001010111111—10
Timm	111101111101111—13	Davis	111110111001100—10
Stout	111101101111111—13	Harrison	111011001111010—10
Lindsley	111011111111111—13	"Black"	111000001101010— 7
"James"	111111011100111—12		

Event No. 7, 10 singles, 50 cents entry, 30 entries:

"James"	1111111111—10	Harrison	0110111111— 8
Fieles	1111111111—10	Richards	1101111101— 8
Lumb	1111111011— 9	Davis	1110111110— 8
Hartner	0111111111— 9	Jacobs	0111111001— 7
E D Miller	1111111011— 9	Thurman	1101110101— 7
Stout	1111110111— 9	Lindsley	1011011110— 7
Kreuger	1111111110— 9	G Miller	0110111101— 7
J Wolstencroft	1001111111— 8	Pack	1110101111— 7
Tredway	1110111111— 8	Stillwell	1111011001— 7
Timm	1111011011— 8	Hack	1110010011— 6
J W Budd	1011111110— 8	Howe	0101101011— 6
Jack Brewer	1110111011— 8	R Miller	1101101001— 6
Barron	1110111011— 8	Rowcraft	1000111000— 4
Thomas	1100111111— 8	Taney	0010011101— 4
Rothocker	1111001111— 8	"Ezra"	1000100100— 3

Event No. 8, two-man team race, 25 singles per man, $2 entry:

Thurman	1111111110111101111111011—22
Tredway	1011111011111111111111111—23—45
J Wolstencroft	1101111111111111101011111—22
"James"	0111111111101101011101—20—42
Fieles	1111010101011111111001111—19
Kreuger	1111111111111111111011101—23—42
Barron	1001111011101111101101111—19
Lumb	1111111111001111101111001—19—38
E D Miller	1111101111111111111111111—22
Lindsley	1011100110101010101111010—16—38
J Brewer	1111011111101111111001001—19
Davis	1011100111111101110011010—16—35
Rothocker	1110111010101111111110111—20
Welson	1001101100011011110000011—13—33

Event No. 9, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed, $1.50, 21 entries:

J Wolstencroft	1111111001111111111111111—23
Lumb	1111111111111001111111—23
Pack	1111111111111111111111—23
E D Miller	1111101111100011111111—23
Stout	1111111111101010111111—22
Fieles	1111010101111111111111110—21
Thurman	1111111111101110101101111—21
Kreuger	1111101111111111111011001—21
Richards	0111111111111011111100—21
Tredway	0111100101111111111101111—20
James	0111111001111101111111110—20
Rothocker	1111111011101111111111100—20
Jacobs	0101110111111011011100111—19
Timm	1011111011101111011001111—19
Hack	1001111111101111001110111—19
Lindsley	1111010101110110101011110—18
G Miller	0100010111011111111101111—18
Ware	0110110111110110110101110—17
Barron	0011111111001101101011010—17
Toney	1110101011011110000011111—16
Thomas	0110100110010100011111100—13

Second Day, Wednesday, Aug. 6.

The second day opened up clear and warm, with an increased attendance. Among the new arrivals was the irrepressible "Dutchy" Smith from New Jerrey. He found a partner to his liking in one John Rothocker, of Brewertown, and the pair kept everybody in roars of laughter throughout the entire day. Even the trappers forgot to load the traps at times, as they were curious to know what was going on. They certainly made things very lively (or very near it). The surplus for averages to-day amounted to $22, and was divided as follows: Kreuger first with 114 out of 125 shot at, E. Miller 111, second, and "James" 109, third.

Event No. 10, 10 singles, 50 cents entrance:

J Wolstencroft	1111111111—10	Jacobs	1001111111—8
Burroughs	1111111111—10	Fieles	1111001111—8
Kreuger	1111111111—10	Wright	1001111111—8
G Miller	1111111111—10	E D Miller	1110111101—8
C Smith	1111111111—10	Tinker	0111111110—8
"James"	1111111111— 9	Barron	1000111111—7
Moore	1101111111— 9	Swope	1101011110—7
Hartner	1111111001— 9	Howe	1110111000—7
Lindsley	1111111110— 9	Lukens	1101111000—6
Hartlove	1101111111— 9	Thurman	1101101001—6
H French	1111011111— 9	Tee Kay	0011110101—6
Bell	1011111111— 9	Taylor	1001101001—5
Lumb	1111011101— 8		

Ties on 9 for second money shot off and divided by "James," Moore, Hartner and French.

Event No. 11, $50 guaranteed by Keystone Co., $2.50 entry, 25 entries:

H Thurman	1111111111111111111111111—24
James	1111111111111111111111111—24
Kreuger	1111111111111111111111111—24
Fieles	0111111111111111111101111—23
Lumb	0111111101011111111111111—23
H French	0111111101111111111111011—23
J Thurman	1111111101100111111111111—22
Lindsley	1101101110011101111111111—21
Tredway	1111111100011111111111111—21
Gibson	0111111101111101101111111—21
Burroughs	0111111011101111011111111—21
E D Miller	1111111001111001111111111—20
Barron	1011100111111111111110110—20
Hartner	0111101111111011011011111—20
G Miller	1111101110011101111111101—20
Hartlove	1111111101011111111111111—20
Sivad	1111101010011111111111011—20
J Wolstencroft	1101110011101101111111111—19
Kinzer	0101111111111011111111160—19
C Smith	1111011011111101001011010—18
Tee Kay	1101100111011100111111101—18
Rothocker	1110011011110111111010110—18
Bell	0111011111010001111101010—16
Lane	1110010111000 00011110110—14
Welson	0010111100x0010010000100— 8

Ties on 21 for fourth money shot off and won by Gibson.

Event No. 12, 15 singles, $1 entrance, 31 entries:

Lumb	111111111101011—15	Bell	111101111101011—12
E D Miller	110111111111111—14	Kreuger	101101111111011—12
Barron	111111110111111—14	Moore	111110100011111—11
Swope	111111111111111—14	Kinzer	010011111011111—11
H French	101111111111110—13	J Thurman	011010111111101—11
"James"	101110111111111—13	Kerr	110111111011100—11
Tredway	111111101111101—13	J F Kleinz	101110110111011—11
J Wolstencroft	110101111111111—13	Jacobs	111110111110000—10
Rothocker	111011011111111—13	Johnson	101101101001111—10
H Thurman	101110111111111—13	Tinker	111011100011011—10
Burroughs	111111101011111—13	C Smith	100100011110111— 9
Tee Kay	111011111111101—13	Jay	011011010010100— 7
Hartner	111101111101110—12	Royds	111000000011110— 7
Fieles	111001011111111—12	Taylor	100110100001110— 7
Lindsley	111110110011111—12	Fish	010100001101000— 5
Lane	110110011111111—12		

Ties on 13 for third money shot off and won by French and "James."

Event No. 13, 10 singles, 75 cents entry, 30 entries:

Kreuger	1111111111—10	Kerr	1100111111—8
Hartner	1111111111—10	Gibson	1101111101—8
"James"	1111111111—10	Sivad	1110111110—8
J Wolstencroft	1111111001— 9	Maher	1111001111—8
E D Miller	1110111111— 9	Lumb	1000111111—7
Tredway	1101111111— 9	Fish	1111001111—7
H French	1111111110— 9	Lane	1111011011—7
H Thurman	1101111111— 9	C Smith	1111101100—7
Fieles	1011011111— 8	Hartlove	1111001119—7
Lindsley	1011111011— 8	Johnson	0110101110—6
Jacobs	1111111010— 8	Timm	1110001011—6
Barron	1011110111— 8	Sommers	0110101110—6
Kinzer	1011101111— 8	Swope	0111100100—5
Rothocker	1111010111— 8	Peters	1000111100—5
Tee Kay	0111101111— 8	Wright	0111100100—5

Event No. 14, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed, $1.50 entry, 23 entries:

Barron	1011111111111101111111111—23
Lumb	1111111111011111011111011—22
James	1111111111011110111111101—22
J Wolstencroft	1111111111111111111011110—22
Hartner	1111111011111111111111111—22
H French	0101111111111111111111101—22
Treadway	1111011111111111111111011—22
Kreuger	1001111101111111111111111—22
Tinker	1110111111111111111111011—22
Fields	1111100111011111110111111—21
E D Miller	1111111111011111011111101—21
J Thurman	1111111111111111100111001—20
H Thurman	1001111111100011111111111—20
Burroughs	1111100111101001010011111—18
Tee Kay	0011100010011111111111111—18
Lindsley	0011011011111011110111001—17
Bell	1110110010101110011110111—17
C Smith	1001111011011111010111001—17
Rothocker	0100111101010101010110111—16
G Miller	1110111010001011110010110—16
Hartlove	1110101010110100001110101—15
Wright	0011111001111001111001111—15
Johnson	0000000111101011110100010—13

Event No. 15, 15 singles, $1 entry, 36 entries:

C Smith	111111111111111—15	G Miller	010111111100011—11
J Thurman	111111111111111—15	Nones	110111101101 111—11
"James"	111111111111111—15	Tee Kay	100111111100011—11
E D Miller	111111111111111—15	Sommers	101011100001111—10
Barron	111111111111011—14	Lane	010101011111110—10
H French	111111101111111—14	Tredway	011111010111001—10
Lumb	111101111101111—14	F French	110001111101011—10
J Wolstencroft	111111101011111—13	Rothocker	011111100111110—10
Kreuger	111111101111011—13	Hartner	101111100001111—10
Sivad	001111111111111—13	Peters	010001111710101— 9
Jacobs	111011111100111—12	Lindsley	111100101011000— 9
Kinzer	111101011011110—12	Maher	101011011011001— 9
Gibson	111111011100111—12	Huthersall	000111001110101— 8
Hartlove	111101010111111—12	H Thurman	100110010110110— 8
Kerr	100111101111110—11	Fish	000110110111010— 8
Johnson	011101110101111—11	Rusk	001001101000001— 5
"Jack Rabbit"	101111010111110—11	Swope	100000010001101— 5
Fieles	111110110011110—11	Welson	010000100011000— 4

Event No. 16, 10 singles, $1 entry, 31 entries:

E D Miller	1111111111—10	Lukens	0110111111— 8
Hartlove	1111111111—10	Tinker	1011111110— 8
Barron	1111111111—10	S Richards	0111111110— 8
Kreuger	1111111110—10	J Wolstencroft	0111011110— 7
Lumb	1110111111— 9	Johnson	0101111101— 7
Kinzer	1011111111— 9	Buck	1011111001— 7
H French	1110111111— 9	Corson	1111001110— 7
"Elmer"	1111111110— 9	Peters	0101110111— 7
Fieles	0111111111— 9	Gibson	1110011101— 7
Lane	1111111011— 9	Fish	1101100111— 7
C Smith	1111111011— 9	Maher	1010110001— 6
"James"	1111111010— 8	Jacobs	1110010101— 6
"Jack Rabbit"	1111101011— 8	Sivad	1101110000— 5
H Thurman	1111110101— 8	Lindsley	0001100100— 4
Tee Kay	1111011011— 8	F French	1100000110— 4
G Miller	1001111111— 8		

Event No. 17, two-man team race, 25 singles each man, $2.50 entry:

E D Miller	1111111111111111111111110—24
J Wolstencroft	1111111111111011111011111—23—47
Kreuger	1111111110111111111111111—24
Fieles	1111110111011101111011111—22—46
Lumb	1111110011111111111111111—23
"James"	1111111111111111111011110—22—45
C Smith	1101001111111111111111111—22
Tee Kay	1110111100110110101011111—19—41
H French	0111111101111110011011011—20
Barron	1100111111111101100110—20—40
Lindsley	1011111111111111111011001—21
"Jack Rabbit"	0110111010011011111011001—17—38
J Thurman	1111011110101101101011111—19
H Thurman	1001101010111111111111010—18—37

Event No. 18, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed, $1.50 entry, 11 entries:

E D Miller	1111111111111111111111011—24
Kreuger	1111111111111011111101111—23
Fieles	0101111111111111111111110—22
Barron	1111110110101111111111111—22
Lumb	1101101011111101111111111—21
J Wolstencroft	1101111011111111111111111—21
Lindsley	1111111010111011110011110—20
"Jack Rabbit"	1010101111110011111111117—20
"James"	0011011111111011110011101—18
Kinzer	1110110011111111110000110—17
Elmer	0110001010001101110100010—12

Third Day, Thursday, Aug. 7.

Again were the sportsmen favored with a beautiful day. In the forenoon the glare of the sun in the faces of those at the score caused numerous goose eggs to be recorded, but later in the day, as old Sol journeyed westward, the sport was thoroughly delightful. The foolish habit of placing a loaded shell in the gun before facing the score was illustrated to-day. As Harry Thurman was approaching No. 1 trap he placed a shell in the gun. He had hardly taken a step before the gun was discharged in the ground. Luckily no damage resulted, but Thurman was undoubtedly reminded of the fact of his gun being loaded, as the recoil brought the butt against the very center of his pretty shooting Jersey, and from his actions for a moment he had evidently located the spot. The average to-day, $22.50 in amount, went to E. D. Miller first with 115 of the 125 shot at, A. James second with 112 and Lumb third with 110:

Event, No. 19, 10 singles, $1 entry, 23 entries:

"James"	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1110111011— 8
Barron	1111111111—10	Worden	1111110110— 8
E D Miller	1111111111—10	Hartlove	1101101111— 8
Jacobs	1111111101— 9	Wilson	0101101111— 7
"Jack Rabbit"	1111011111— 9	Hartner	1111010011— 7
C Smith	1011111111— 9	McKee	0110011111— 7
H French	1111111011— 9	Tee Kay	1000111111— 7
Kinzer	1111101111— 9	Kreuger	1110011100— 6
Sivad	1111110111— 9	Lane	0101110011— 6
Howe	1111011111— 9	Lefever	0010011110— 5
J Wolstencroft	1101011111— 8	Nutt	1000001000— 2
Lumb	1111110101— 8		

Event No. 20, 10 singles, $1 entrance, 23 entries:

E D Miller	1111111111—10	Fieles	1010101111— 7
Hartner	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1011111010— 7
J Wolstencroft	1111101111— 9	"Lefever"	1010110111— 7
"James"	1111011111— 9	Snead	1111010101— 7
Kreuger	1111011111— 9	C Smith	1011110101— 7
Barron	1111011111— 9	McKee	1110101011— 6
H French	1110111111— 9	Swope	1110010010— 6
"Jack Rabbit"	1110110111— 8	Worden	1100111000— 6
Tee Kay	0111110111— 8	Wilson	0001111100— 5
Hartlove	1111111010— 8	Howe	0000110111— 5
Jacobs	0111111011— 8	Nutt	1010000011— 4
Kinzer	1011101011— 7		

Event No. 21, 10 singles, $1 entrance. 26 entries:

"James"	1111111111—10	J Wolstencroft	1111001110— 7
E D Miller	1111111111—10	Kinzer	0101111110— 7
Lumb	1111101111— 9	Lindsley	1001110111— 7
A French	1111111101— 9	Worden	1111110100— 7
"Jack Rabbit"	1111110111— 9	C Smith	1110111000— 7
Snead	1111111011— 9	McKee	1000101111— 6
Kreuger	1111110111— 9	Hartlove	0110001111— 6
Stout	1110111111— 9	Hartmer	0111110010— 6
Barron	1101110111— 8	Swope	0101110110— 6
Fieles	1011111101— 8	Wilson	1010010110— 6
Tee Kay	1110101111— 8	"Lefever"	1100101000— 5
Howe	1111101110— 8	Wedig	0100001101— 4
Jacobs	1110111011— 8	Nutt	0000101001— 3

Event No. 22, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed. $1.50 entry. 19 entries:

Lumb	1111111011111111111111—24
"Jack Rabbit"	1111101111111111111111—24
Fieldes	1111111111111111111011—24
Lindsley	1111111111101111111111—24
J Wolstencroft	1111111111111010111111—23
Kreuger	1110111101111111111111—23
"James"	1111111111010111111011—22
E D Miller	1010101111111011111111—22
Kinzer	1011110111111111011111—22
H French	1111111011011111011110—21
Tee Kay	0101101011111111111111—21
C Smith	0111011111101111011110—20
Hartlove	1111110101010111111111—20
Barron	1010101011011111111111—20
Worden	0111111001110111111011—18
Snead	0111110011110111101011—18
Stout	0111110101011111110011—18
Thomas	0110011010111010010010001—12
Treadway	1110110101000w

Event No. 23, 15 singles, $1 entry. 26 entries:

"James"	1111110111111111—14	Jacobs	1011101011111111—13
Barron	1011111111111111—14	C Smith	0111111010111110—11
"Jack Rabbit"	1110111111111111—14	Fieles	1111111010010011—11
E D Miller	1111110111101111—14	Stout	1101100110111111—11
Lumb	0111111111011111—14	Taney	0011110001111111—11
"Lefever"	1011110111111111—13	Tee Kay	1111010110101011—11
J Wolstencroft	1110111011111111—13	Kinzer	1011110110111110—11
Kreuger	1111111100111111—13	Snead	1111001011101010—10
Hartner	1111111010110110—12	McKee	0101000111111110— 9
Worden	0111111010111101—12	Thomas	1111000011010001— 9
Hartlove	1111111010110112—12	Tredway	1110110010000101— 8
Lindsley	0011111110111111—12	Fox	0000111010000000— 5
H French	0011111111110111—12	Nutt	0010000101010010— 5

Ties on 11 for fourth shot off and won by Fieles.

Event No. 24, 25 singles, $25 guaranteed, $1 f0 entry. 21 entries:

Kreuger	1111111111111111111110—24
"James"	1111111111111111111100—23
C Smith	1011111111111111111101—23
E D Miller	1111001111101111111111—22
Fieles	1101111011111111111101—22
H French	1011101111111111111101—22
Lindsley	1111101011111111111111—22
Lumb	1110110111101011111111—21
J Thurman	0011111111111111111001—21
Tredway	1101111001111111111100—20
"Jack Rabbit"	0111111010111011111101—19
Hack	0111010101011111010111—19
Stout	1111111111101001010100—18
Hartner	1110111001110101011111001—18
J Wolstencroft	1101010000111011111011—17
Hartlove	1010010010011110111111—17
H Thurman	0110001111011111111111—17
Kinzer	0011011100111010111001011—16
Barron	1111000111011101111000000—16
Thomas	0110101110011001101110100—14
McKee	0011131010001011011010—14

Event No. 25, 10 singles, $1 entry. 23 entries:

Lumb	1111011111—9	Jacobs	1100111101—7
Lindsley	1110111111—9	Thomas	1101010111—7
E D Miller	0111111111—9	Taney	1101111001—7
Hack	1111111101—9	Kreuger	1011100111—7
Kinzer	0111111111—9	"James"	1011110000—6
Fieles	1111111101—9	Nutt	0111011000—6
Tee Kay	1111111110—9	H Thurmau	1111001010—6
"Jack Rabbit"	1110111101—8	Cheney	1110001101—6
Barron	1011111101—8	Tredway	1110100011—6
H French	1100111111—8	J Thurman	0001110110—5
C Smith	1011111110—8	Jones	0100110100—4
Snead	1110011110—7	Hartlove	0100101001—4
J Wolstencroft	1101101101—7	McKee	0010010010—3

Event No. 26, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance, 20 entries:

"James"	1010111111111111—13	C Smith	1111111011010—12
Lumb	1101111111111110—13	Tredway	1111111110010—12
E D Miller	1111111101101111—13	Hartlove	0111101101101101—11
J Wolstencroft	1111101011111110—13	Stout	1101101111011010—11
H Thurman	1010011111111111—13	Kreuger	1111011101010010—11
Fieles	0111111111111110—12	"Jack Rabbit"	1010101011111101—10
Barron	1101011111101111—12	Lindsley	1010101111011101—10
H French	1111111010111101—12	Tee Kay	1001100011111111—10
Thomas	1011111011111110—12	Hack	1101011001100110— 9
J Thurman	0111111111001111—12	Cheney	1110010000001111— 7

Event No. 27, two-man teams, 25 singles each man, $2 entry:

H French	1110111111101011111111111—23
Barron	0111011111011111101111101111—20—42
Lumb	1011111111111111011101101—21
James	0111101110111101011111111—20—41
J Wolstencroft	1101110101111111111110111—21
E D Miller	0001111111101111111111111—20—41
Fieles	1111110110111011111111011—21
Kreuger	0111111011111111101011101—19—40
Lindsley	1111111010100101111000111—17
"Jack Rabbit"	1110111011111111111111011—21—38
Hartlove	1111111110111111101111110—22
Stout	0011010100010111011111010—14—36

Event No. 28, 20 singles, $2 entry. 18 entries:

H French	1101111111111111111110—18	Kreuger	1001110111111111110—16
"Jack Rabbit"	1101111011110111111111—17	J Wolstencroft	1110110011011111101—15
Lumb	1011111111111101011—17	Thomas	1101111010111001110—14
"James"	1110111111111111010—17	Barron	0111111010010011001001—12
W Wolstencroft	1111101101111101111—17	Stout	1111101010100010101—12
Fieles	1110111011111101111—17	E D Miller	0110011011110000110—11
Lindsley	1111111010111110110—16	Hartlove	1010100101100101110—11
J Thurman	1111011011111111100—16	H Th'rm'n	1111011000100001111000— 9
Jacobs	1101011101101111111—16	Kinzer	0010100010100110101001— 8

Several informal sweeps were shot each day, of which no official scores were kept. So well pleased was Wolstencroft with this his first tournament that he proposes next year to guarantee some $1,500, and will give one of the largest tournaments in the country. If it is as well conducted as this one has been it should be largely attended.

TEE KAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2.—The San Francisco Blue Rock Club held its final shoot at the Oakland Trotting Park this afternoon, and enjoyed a better attendance than the average meetings have been throughout the season. Although the day was as good as could have been chosen, only a light wind blowing, the shooting did not appear to be above the average, and a good many of the bluerocks went to grass unbroken. The conditions required 16yds. rise for the 12-gauge guns and 18yds. for 10-gauges. Out of the race of 15 single and 5 double bluerocks the following score was made: Slade 17, Mayhew 11, L. Levison 9, Cate 17, Smith 12, Stone 19, Kellogg 21, Bell 18, Cadman 19, Abbott 15.

MIDDLESEX DATES.—New York, Aug. 11.—The date of the Middlesex Gun Club's sixth annual tournament has been changed to Sept. 30, and Oct. 1, 2, 3. The committee, Messrs. W. Fred. Quimby, Chas. Smith and T. H. Keller, propose to make this the banner tournament ever given by the club. Programmes will be ready for distribution Sept. 1, and any information will be cheerfully given by applying to W. Fred. Quimby, No. 291 Broadway, New York.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 8.—Will you kindly give notice through your paper of our approaching tournament, to be held at the grounds of the St. Paul Gun Club, at Hamline, on Sept. 9, 10 and 11. Professionals barred; 317 birds on the programme. For information write to F. D. PONSONBY, Pres. St. Paul Gun Club, St. Paul.

GLOUCESTER, Pa., Aug. 7.—There was a very-closely contested shooting match to-day at Gloucester between Mr. Meeks and John Adams. The shoot was at live pigeons, 10 birds per man, each 2 traps being used, and Hurlingham rules governing. Mr. Meeks killed 10 straight birds, and Adams 9 out of 10.

WOLSTENCROFT VS. BREWER.—John L. Brewer, the famous wing shot, and Richard Ervien have challenged William H. Wolstencroft and A. James, of Frankford, for a team match shoot at 400 live birds, for $50 a corner, $100 a side, and 100 birds per man,

THE ONONDAGAS.

For the following scores of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club (Syracuse, N. Y.) tournament, at their new club grounds, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Chas. H. Mowry, editor of the *Sporting Goods Gazette*:

Aug. 6.—Event No. 1, 10 singles. Entrance $1.50:

Wagner	9	Golley	8	Allingham	7
Mosher	8	Luther	10	Spangler	7
Beesley	9	Levingston	9	Williams	8
Buck	10	Betson	10	Ayres	8
Whitney	10	Hudson, Sr.	9	McMurchy	9
Baker	9	Skinner	8	Hookway	10
Paddock	8	Tallett	8	Barrett	8
Kelsey	10	Breintnall	10		

Event No. 2, 15 singles. Entrance $2:

Skinner	15	Luther	12	Barrett	14
Spangler	10	Lansing	13	Allingham	11
Betson	12	Hookway	11	Levingston	15
Tallett	14	Baker	10	Mosher	15
Breintnall	15	Buck	15	Williams	10
Kelsey	15	Whitney	13	McMurchy	14
Golley	10	Paddock	13	McKinley	5
Ayres	13	Wagener	15	Hudson, Sr.	14

Event No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $3, $75 guaranteed purse:

Skinner	11111101111111111—20	Wagener	11111111111101111—19
Spangler	10000111011100101—12	Baker	10001110000111111101—13
Betson	11011111100110101111—15	Buck	10111111111111111—19
Breintn'll	11101111010101011111—15	Alling-ham	11101110110001011111—14
Tallett	11111101111111111101—18	Hookway	11111111111111111110—19
Ayres	11111010010111111111—16	Williams	10010011110101011111—14
Lansing	10101101011111111111—16	Henry	10111011010010101l—13
Kelsey	11111111111111111—20	McM'rchy	11111110111111111111—18
Whitney	11111111101111111111—19	Huds'n, Sr	11111111111111111111—20
Barrett	11111111111111111—20	Mosher	10111111011111111111—18
Paddock	10111101111111001111—16	Howell	11100010100111111101—14
Leving-ston	11101111111111110111—18	Lefever	11111111111111111111—19
		Rich'dson	00010101010001011111—11

Event No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $2:

Lefever	13	Hudson, Sr	14	Barnum	10
Breintnall	14	Baker	11	Henry	7
Paddock	14	Mosher	12	McMurchy	14
Skinner	13	Kelsey	15	Garrett	9
Whitney	12	Tallett	14	Stoddard	7
Barrett	15	Linder	14	Plank	11
Wagener	15	Howell	9	Watson	11
Levingston	14	Galley	7	Palmer	9
Lansing	12	Betson	10	Montgomery	14
Buck	15	Williams	10	Ayling	12
Ayres	13	Richardson	11	Hudson, Jr	9
Allingham	11	Matteson	12	Taylor	8
Hookway	13	Perkins	12	McMasters	10
Spangler	13	Walters	15	Barnum	11

Event No. 5, 15 singles, $2 entrance:

Skinner	15	Kelsey	13	Matteson	12
Ayres	11	Spangler	12	Allingham	8
Whitney	12	Mosher	13	Stoddard	6
Wagener	13	Luther	12	Montgomery	10
Levingston	15	Baker	11	Ginty	9
Breintnall	13	Betson	11	Perkins	13
Paddock	15	McMasters	5	Plank	12
Buck	15	Garrett	8	Walters	12
Barrett	15	Hookway	13	Ayling	11
Lefever	14	Tallett	14	Taylor	11
Lansing	10	Peet	14	Shoecraft	8
Watson	8	McMurchy	15	Howell	8
Hudson, Sr.	14	Richardson	13		

Event No. 6, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Paddock	9	Kelsey	9	Peet	7
Whitney	8	Hookway	8	Watson	7
Barrett	7	McMasters	3	Walters	8
Williams	7	Skinner	9	Lefever	8
Wagener	10	Taylor	7	Buck	8
Levingston	8	McMurchy	9	Breintnall	9
Luther	4	Richardson	7	Baker	7
Spangler	8	Perkins	9	Palmer	4
Lansing	7	Plank	3	Barnum	9
Garrett	5	Ginty	6	Tallett	8
Ayres	7	Hudson, Sr.	8	Montgomery	6
Betson	8	Matteson	9	Holloway	5
Mosher	10			Ayling	7

Event No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $2.50:

Taylor	14	Barritt	14	White	11
Tallett	14	Whitney	15	Betson	12
Paddock	14	Buck	14	Baker	14
McMurchy	14	Barnum	8	Ayres	14
Kelsey	14	Levingston	15	Hudson, Jr.	12
Skinner	12	Montgomery	9	Hudson, Sr.	15
Hookway	11	Lefever	13	Peet	15
Wagener	13				

Event No. 8, 20 singles, $3.50 entrance, $100 guaranteed purse Hunter Arms Co.:

Luther	11111110010111111111—17	Watson	11011110101101111110—15
Hookway	11101111011111111111—18	Hudson, Sr	11111111111111101111—19
Tallett	11101111111111111111—18	Buck	11111111111111101111—18
Skinner	11111101011011111111—18	Ginty	10000010010000000010— 4
Kelsey	11111111111111111111—20	Allingh'm	11100001111111111111—18
Montg'ry	11011110011111111111—17	Peet	11101111011011110110—12
Barnum	01010101011110001101—11	Matteson	11111111101111111110—18
Paddock	11101011010110110111—14	Lefever	11111111111111111111—20
Richard'n	01111111010101111101—15	Levings'n	11111111111111111111—20
Mosher	11011111101111111111—18	McMur'y	11111111111111111111—20
Taylor	01111111111110100100—14	Hudson, Jr	11111111111111111110—19
Barritt	11111111111101110110—17	Ayling	01101111010110110010—12
Whitney	11111111111111111111—20	Holloway	11100111000010010000— 8
Spangler	01011111001101111115	Walters	11011110111111100111—15
Winans	10011101111111111000—14	Plank	01111110011111111117
Wagner	11111111111111111111—20	Stoddard	10101000111100101100—10
Ayres	11111111111111110—16	Baker	00110111111101010001—13
Breintnall	11101001111111111110—16	Betson	11101111111111111111—17
Perkins	11110171111111111100—17	Garrett	11011100110100101110—12

Event No. 10, 10 singles. Entrance $1:

Paddock	10	Hookway	9	Hudson, Sr.	10
Kelsey	10	Prettie	7	Lefever	9
Taylor	10	Tallett	9	Peet	7
Winan	7	Ayling	8	Levingston	10
Wagener	10	Palmer	7	Hudson, Jr.	9
Whitney	10	Barrett	9	Skinner	10
McMurchy	10	Betson	9	Baker	8
Mowry	7	White	7	Allingham	7
Buck	9	Ayres	10		

Aug. 7.—Event No. 1, 10 singles. Entrance $1.50:

Breintnall	10	Levingston	10	Hookway	10
Mosher	9	Whitney	10	Baker	10
Skinner	10	Taylor	6	Kelsey	10
Holden	9	McCormick	9	Tallett	8
Allen	10	Spangler	10	Schemerhorn	9
Hudson, Jr.	9	Wagener	9	Allingham	8
Paddock	9	Parks	10	Barrett	10
McMurchy	10	Peet	9	Hudson, Sr.	7
Buck	10	Luther	9		

Event No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $2:

Mosher	13	Luther	13	Schemerhorn	13
Skinner	13	Tallett	12	Baker	14
Paddock	12	Allen	14	Spangler	14
McCormick	10	Breintnall	12	Allingham	10
Taylor	8	McMurchy	15	Park	11
Wagener	12	Buck	15	Hudson, Sr.	14
Holden	11	Levingston	14	Hookway	10
Kelsey	15	Barrett	14	Barnum	8
Whitney	14	Hudson, Jr.	11		

Event No. 3, 20 singles, entrance $3, $85 guaranteed:

Leving-ston	11111111110111111111—19	Paddock	11111111101111111111—18
Breintn'll	11101101111111110111—17	Spangler	11011111111111111011—18
Barrett	10111011111111101010—15	M C Smith	01111111111111111111—18
Whitney	11111111111111111111—20	Schemer-horn	11100001011111111101—15
Huds'n, Sr	11111111111111111111—19	Wagener	11111110001011110111—15
Miller	11000011011110110010—13	Utter	11011101101100101010—13
Lefever	11011101001111101010—14	Luther	11110111111111001010—16
Allen	11111101110111110101—15	Baker	11110111111111111111—20
Taylor	11011111111111110111—18	Hughes	10100001000011111111—12
Buck	11111011101101101010—15	M'Murchy	11111111111111111111—20
Mosher	11111111110111011110—18	Stevens	11101100000001010111—10
Hookway	11111111111111111111—20	Barnum	10110111010100011111—13
Kelsey	11110111111111111111—19	W Smith	11101010101100011011—12
Tallett	11101110110111111110—16	Gavitt	11100001101101010111—13
Holden	11011101111111101011—15	Forsyth	01110111110101111111—16
Skinner	11111011111111111110—18	Ostrander	11001101010001111101—12
Alexand'r	10011110011010111111—14	Hicks	00010100000011100091— 7
Salisbury	11111111111111111110—19	Ginty	10110001101010111110—12
M'Corm'k	11011000111101111101—14	Sanford	11111000010.01110010—12
Rich'rds'n	10111101101010000101—13	Walters	11111111011111011011—17
All'gham	10110101111111111101—14		

Event No. 4, 15 singles, entrance $2:

Taylor	13	Barrett	13	Lefever	15
Mosher	12	Schemerhorn	13	Nearing	8
Hookway	13	Whitney	14	Miller	10
Kelsey	14	McMurchy	10	Utter	13
Skinner	14	Allen	14	Forsyth	11
Tallett	13	Spangler	11	Gavitt	12
Holden	13	Allingham	13	Stevens	11
Buck	12	Paddock	15	Hudson, Jr.	14
Wagner	14	Luther	14	Salisbury	11
Peet	12	Hudson, Sr	15	Barnum	9
McCormick	14	Breintnall	13	Walters	13
Baker	11	Park	9	Richardson	12
Levingston	13	M C Smith	11		

Event No. 5, 10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $2.50:

Buck	0111111111 11 11 01 10 00—15
Breintnall	1101111011 10 10 11 10 11—15
Wagner	1111111111 11 11 10 10 11—18
Barrett	1111111111 10 01 10 10 10—15
Hudson, Sr	1111111111 10 10 11 11 10—17
Levingston	1111111111 01 01 10 01 11—16
Skinner	1111111111 10 10 11 11 10—17
Taylor	1111100111 00 10 10 10 11—13
Paddock	1101111101 10 10 11 10 11—15
Kelsey	1011111111 01 11 11 11 10—17
Hookway	1111111111 11 10 11 11 10—18
Lefever	0111111111 11 11 10 10 10—16
Mosher	1101111111 10 10 11 10 11—16
Spangler	1110111112 11 10 11 11 01—17
McCormick	0111111111 11 01 10 11 10—16
M Smith	1111110101 10 11 11 11 11—18
McMurchy	1111111111 11 11 11 11 11—20
Beardsley	1111010100 10 11 00 10 10—11
Whitney	1111111111 10 11 10 11 11—18
Holden	1111010111 11 10 11 11 10—16
Utter	1101110101 00 10 10 11 10—12
Hicks	1001111101 10 00 00 11 10—11
Baker	1111101110 11 10 11 11 10—16
Stevens	1011111111 10 01 00 11 00—13
Salisbury	1110111110 00 00 11 11 10—13

Event No. 6, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Skinner	10	Holden	10	Page	7
Ginty	5	Ostrander	6	Baker	7
Schemerhorn	8	Kelsey	10	Hughes	7
Sedam	4	Lefever	10	Salisbury	9
Levingston	10	Buck	9	Paddock	9
Hookway	9	McMasters	4	Tallett	8
Barrett	10	Whyte	6	Hudson, Sr	10
M Smith	7	Hicks	9	Miller	7
Wagener	9	Whitney	10	McCormick	7
McMurchy	9	Luther	7	Stevens	8
Allen	9	Moury	7	Chapman	8

Event, No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $2:

Hookway	12	Holden	14	Miller	10
McMurchy	12	Ginty	9	Salisbury	13
Wagener	15	Beckinshaw	7	Stevens	14
M Smith	14	Buck	15	McCormick	15
Schemerhorn	12	Utter	13	Tallett	13
Whitney	15	Kelsey	13	Hudson, Sr	15
Barrett	14	Lefever	14	Chapman	11
Levingston	15	Skinner	14	Baker	13
White	12	Paddock	15		

Event No. 8, 20 singles, entrance $3.50, $100 guaranteed purse:

W Smith	11001011010010011112	Wagener	11111111111111111120
Breintn'll	11111111010011011110—15	Paddock	11111111111111111111—20
Spangler	10111111111111011111—18	Huds'n, Jr	11011110101101110111—15
Buck	11101111111111111119	Huds'n, Sr	11111111111111111118
Skinner	11111111111111111119	Mosher	01111110111111111110—17
Utter	11111101111111111119	Luther	01100011011111111115
Taylor	11010000111101111110—12	Moury	11110110111111101117
Lefever	01110111111111111118	Winans	11101010011011110—12
Allen	11110111111111111119	Baker	11111011111111111118
Tallett	11111110111111111119	Salisbury	11111111101111111110—18
Whitney	11111111111111111120	Chapman	10011110110111101115
Barrett	10111111111101111110—17	McMurch'y	11111110111111111119
Holden	11111111111111111119	Miller	11101101100001101—12
Leving-ston	11111111111101110—18	Prettie	01111101111011011—16
Hookway	01011101110111111116	McC'rm'k	01111111111101101116
Kelsey	11111111111111111120	White	11111111111001011—17

Event No. 10, 10 singles. Entrance $1:

Skinner	10	McMurchy	9	Tallett	10
White	10	Ostrander	6	Page	6
Whitney	9	Hicks	8	Paddock	10
Barrett	9	McMasters	4	Allen	9
Ginty	5	Levingston	9	Lefever	9
Wagener	10	Kelsey	10	Utter	8
Hookway	9	Stevens	7	Buck	8
M Smith	7	Salisbury	7	Baker	9

Aug. 8.—Event No. 1, 10 singles. Entrance $1.50:

Breintnall	8	Whitney	10	Luther	9
Skinner	7	Schemerhorn	9	Barret	7
Buck	10	Wagner	9	Lansing	8
Kelsey	10	Spangler	10	Allen	8
Walters	9	Levingston	10	McMurchy	8
Hookway	9	Paddock	9	Tallett	9
Mosher	10	Hudson Sr	8		

Event No. 2, 10 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $2:

Kelsey	11 10 10 11—14	Hudson, Sr	11111111111 10 11 11—15
Mosher	11111111111 11 00 00—12	Barritt	01111011111 11 11 11—14
Buck	01111111111 01 00 10—11	Allen	11111111100 10 00 10—10
Wagener	11111101111 11 11 11—15	Skinner	11111111111 00 11 11—14
Hookway	00001110111 11 11 11—11	Paddock	11110111111 01 11 11—14
Breintn'll	11101111111 10 10 10—12	Lansing	11111110111 11 11 01—14
Spangler	11111111111 11 11 11—16	Tallett	11111111111 11 10 10—14
Whitney	11111111111 10 10 11—14	Leving-ston	11111111111 10 10 11—14
Schemer-horn	10110001111 11 11 10—13	Walters	01111111111 11 00 10—12
M'Murchy	11111111111 11 11 11—16	Luther	11011111111 10 11 10—13

Event No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2, Lefever Arms Co. guaranteed purse $50:

Levingston	11111111101011—13	Hudson, Sr	11111111111111—15
Breintnall	11011111000111—12	Barritt	11110111101101—12
Spangler	11111111011111—14	Paddock	11111011111111—14
Holloway	10100000000000— 2	Mowry	11011101011010—12
Skinner	11110101011111—12	Schemerhorn	11111011111010—13
Whitney	11111111111111—15	McMurchy	11111111111111—15
Kelsey	11110111111111—14	Allen	11111111111011—14
Wagener	11111111111101—14	Luther	11111110101111—13
Mosher	10111110111011—12	Whyte	11011111001010—10
Buck	11111101111111—14	Hookway	01111111101100—10
Paddock	01111101111111—13	Lefever	11111110111111—14
Walters	11011111111100—12	Prettie	11000001100101— 6
Betson	11010111000111—10	Watson	01101101111111—12
Bishop	00101111000010— 7	Newall	11110111110110—12
Lansing	10111111010010—11	Becker	11100111111101—12

Event No. 4, 10 pairs, entrance $2.50:

Kelsey	11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10—18
Buck	10 10 01 11 10 10 10 00 11 11—12
Wagener	10 11 10 10 10 10 10 11 10 10—12
Breintnall	01 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11—17
Spangler	01 11 11 10 11 11 01 11 11 11—17
Levingston	10 10 11 11 11 10 11 01 10—15
Whitney	11 10 11 10 10 11 11 11 10 11—16
Tallett	10 11 10 10 00 11 01 11 11 11—14
Skinner	10 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11—17
Holloway	10 00 00 00 00 00 00 00 00 00— 1
Lansing	10 11 01 10 00 11 11 00 10 11—12
Hookway	11 10 10 00 10 10 11 10 10 11—12
Barritt	11 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11—17
Paddock	10 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11—17
Hudson, Sr	11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 10—16
Schemerhorn	11 11 01 10 11 11 11 11 10 11—17
McMurchy	10 10 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 11—15
Lefever	10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10—16

Event No. 5, 25 singles, entrance $4:

Breintnall	1111111111100110111111—22
Monigomery	1111110110111111111011—22
Buck	1111001011111111111111—21
Spangler	1111011001101111101111—19
Wagener	0111101011011011111111—19
Whitney	1111111101101011111111—22
Kelsey	1111111111111111111111—24
Paddock	1111011111111111111111—22
Mosher	1111101011011101110001110—17
Tallett	1111111010111111101111111—22
Lefever	1111011111101100110000111—17
Barritt	1111111101111111111111—23
Levingston	1111111111111011111111—23
Hudson, Sr	1111101111111111111111—24
Betson	1111111110000011011011—17
Lansing	1110101110100011001111110—16
Luther	1000111001101111111111011—18
Whyte	0111111111101101111111111—19
McMurchy	1010111111101011111111—20
Allen	0111111111101001111111—21

Several informal sweeps were shot each day, of which no official scores were kept. So well pleased was Wolstencroft with this his first tournament that he proposes next year to guarantee some $1,500, and will give one of the largest tournaments in the country. If it is as well conducted as this one has been it should be largely attended.

TEE KAY.

Event No. 6, 50 singles, $10 entrance, 5 moneys:
Breintnall.....1011111111011111111011101101111111111111111111111111—45
Kelsey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111111111—49
Whitney.....1111111111111111111111101111111111111111101111111111—48
McMurchy.....1111111111111111111101111111111111111111111111110110—46
Hudson, Sr.....1111101111111101111111101110011111111111111111111—45
Spangler.....1111110111101101111001111110000111111111111111111110—40
Buck.....1111111011101111101111111111111111111111101111111110—45
Levingston.....0111111111111111111101101111111111111111111111111111—47

ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 7.—The first tournament of the Star Gun Club was held last Saturday under most favorable auspices. The weather was pleasant and a good crowd of local trap-shooters were present, all of whom expressed themselves thoroughly pleased with the programme dished up for the benefit. All events were at bluerock targets and the rules of the A. S. A. governed. The traps were screwed up to a high notch, which accounts for the scarcity of straight scores. The scores follow:

First shoot, 10 bluerocks:

Haggerty.....8	P Hauck.....4	Schomberg.....4
Secardi.....7	Hespos 6	A Predock.....7
Becherer.....4	D Hauck 4	E Predock.....9
E Springmeyer 5	G W Reed.....8	N Predock.....7
T Barca.....4	C Kunz.....5	C H Prior.....6
A E Stoll.....6	Ryan 1	

E. Predock first money, Haggerty and Reed second, Secardi third, Stoll fourth.

Second shoot, 10 bluerocks:

Haggerty.....8	Stoll.....7	Becherer.....5
E Predock.....9	Reed 8	A Predock.....7
Secardi.....8	Kunz 5	N Predock.....8
E Springmeyer.....3	T Barca.....6	Schomberg.....6
Hespos.....8	D Hauck.....4	Seltzer.....7
Prior.....5	P Hauck.....4	

E. Predock first, Haggerty second, Seltzer third, T. Barca and Schomberg fourth.

Third shoot, 5 pair bluerocks:

Haggerty.....7	Wolf.....3	Hunckler.....4
Secardi.....5	E Predock.....5	Kunz.....8
Stoll.....5	Prior.....5	Hespos.....4
Reed 5	N Predock.....5	Becherer.....4
Seltzer.....4	A Predock.....3	Morgan.....5

Kunz first, Hagerty second, N. Predock third.

Fourth shoot, 15 bluerocks:

Haggerty.....12	Becherer.....7	A Predock.....12
Secardi.....12	T Barca.....8	King.....14
Stoll.....7	Kunz.....8	Hill.....14
E Predock.....14	N Predock.....11	H Wolf.....3
Seltzer.....10	P Hauck.....6	E Springmyer.....8
Reed.....9	Prior.....12	Morgan.....12
Chance.....7	Hespos.....7	

E. Predock, Hill, King, first; Hagerty second, N. Predock third, Seltzer fourth.

Fifth shoot, 10 bluerocks:

E Predock.....9	Morgan.....8	Heffberger.....7
Wolf 5	D Hauck.....3	Stoll.....8
King 7	Barca.....4	Hespos.....7
Secardi.....7	Reed 5	P Hauck.....6
Seltzer.....9	Becherer.....6	Hugly.....4
Henry 8	A Predock.....8	Sprick.....7
Weber 9	Hill.....9	E Springmyer.....8
Kunz 5	N Predock.....4	Judil 3

Hill first, Stoll second, Secardi third, Becherer and P. Hauck fourth.

Sixth shoot, 10 bluerocks:

E Springmyer.....3	Henry.....9	Prior.....8
Reed 7	A Predock.....8	Hespos.....7
E Predock.....5	G Springmyer.....4	Hugly 2
Secardi 8	Becherer.....5	Sprick.....6
Seltzer.....8	Barca.....8	Heffberger 5
N Predock.....7	Kunz.....7	Morgan.....8
King 9	Stoll.....6	Weber. 6
Hill.....8		

Henry and King first, A. Predock, Prior and Morgan second, Reed, Kunz, N. Predock and Hespos third, Sprick fourth.

Seventh shoot, 10 single and 3 pairs bluerocks:

King.....12	Weber.....9	Prior 9
Henry.....11	Reed 9	Stoll. 8
Hespos.....12	N Predock.....8	Secardi.....9
E Predock.....10	Seltzer.....10	

King and Hespos first, Henry second, E. Predock third.

Eighth shoot, 10 bluerocks:

King.....8	Seltzer.....9	P Hauck 2
Hugbly.....5	Secardi.....6	Prior.....7
Kunz.....5	Hespos.....6	Barca.....9
Becherer.....3	E Springmyer 5	Morgan 4
Judell.....4	Stoll.....5	Sprick.....5
E Predock.....9	Weber. 7	Heffberger 6
Henry.....10	N Predock.....7	Reed.....7
D Hauck.....7	Fink 8	

Henry first, Barca, E. Predock and Seltzer second, King and Fink third, D. Hauck, Weber, Reed, N. Predock and Prior fourth.

One of the prettiest live bird matches shot in this city for some time took place last Wednesday between James Hagerty and H. C. Dick. The birds were extra strong flyers and both gentlemen made several long kills with their second barrels. The match was to have been at 100 birds, but owing to a careless boy who allowed a number to escape, but 85 were shot at by each party. A. S. A. rules applied to the affair. The score:

Haggerty.....1111121211111111111111211o121111111111 2121111111111o1121111211112111221111111—83
Dick.....022o1112111222o11212111012121111111112111101 2122211111111111111111111111112121211212111—80

Unser Fritz.

WATSON'S PARK.

Burnside, Ill., Aug. 7.—The following is the score made here today by the Audubon Club for club medals, 15 live pigeons, handicap rise:

A Torkington *a* (30)	212112012001211—12
R B Wadsworth *a* (33)	222211202211201—13
J J Kleinman *a* (33)	122110022110221—12
O F Malcolm (30)	211110210112222—13
C S Wilcox (32)	121100021212212—12
J E Price (33)	222112122011102—13
W W Foss *c* (32)	101211221122210—13
D G Deiter *c* (28)	111121100111111—13

Ties on 13: Wadsworth, 022222—4; Malcolm, 22222—5; 2100w.; Price, 21121—5; 21020—3; Foss, 12212—5; 22222—5, medal winner.

a Twelve ga. under 8lbs.; *b* 12 ga. under 8lbs.; *c* 12 ga. under 7lbs

Aug. 8.—Score of the Gun Club of Chicago for club medal, 10 live pigeons per man, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary; 12-gauge, 8lbs. and under, 29yds.:

C E Willard (29)	2211111121—10	Dicks (30)	2002111200— 6
Wadsworth (29)	1112012231— 9	Hamline (30)	0101102102— 6
Wells (30)	0022012211— 7	F E Willard (29)	0011211110— 7
Eeklers (30)	2ul2121112— 9	Steck (30)	1222221122—10

Two 5-bird sweeps, $3 and $2 respectively, in which all ties were divided:

Wadsworth	21211—5	11111—5
Steck	20212—4	22222—5
F Willard	11121—5	12111—5
Hamline	12111—5	012w.
Eecklers	21112—5	21201—4
Wells	12012—4	21111—5
C E Willard	11210—4	1111—5
B Dicks	01111—4	11221—5

Ties on 5, miss and out 3dyds.: Wadsworth 2, Steck 0, F. Willard 1, Wells 0, C. E. Willard 3, Dicks 1.

C. E. Willard won medal and divided second money with Dicks in first sweep and first money with Wadsworth in second sweep. Wadsworth divided first with F. E. Willard in first sweep; Eeklers won second money in second sweep.

Aug. 9.—Score of the Chicago Shooting Club for diamond stud, 25 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, 12ga. 8lbs. and under, 29yds., under 7lbs, 27yds.:

R B Wadsworth (29)	1121r2122122012112222—24
H Kleinman (29)	2211111111221211212012O—23
W H Haskell (27)	1110211222221102212001O—20
John Watson (29)	1111122111120111211211112—24
M J Eich (29)	2211112112121211112111121—25
L Hamline (30)	1112121120111002121111012—21
T B Leiter (27)	2111211212020121212202102—22
A W Reeves (30)	1221111111210101211111111—23
R S Cox, Jr (29)	1012111011011012022011102—19
Ed Steck (30)	1112111220100011221202122—20
W G Payson (30)	1211011111111112211111—24

Ravelrigg.

UTAH VS. NEBRASKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sweeping challenge issued by Utah was promptly accepted by the Grand Island, Neb., club, and on Aug. 1 the match was shot and the Utah team won. It was a telegraph match, and, as is so usual in such matches, the conditions and circumstances surrounding the contesting teams were different and unequal, and the match was no real test of the comparative merits of the two teams. The Grand Island club is everywhere recognized as one of the best in the United States, in shooting merit, and Utah felt that she had some work cut out for her, and she had. The Grand Island Club shot under adverse circumstances, there being a heavy wind and the air being filled with dust. The match would no doubt have been closer, and might possibly have resulted differently, had Nebraska favored Grand Island with a little of the glorious climate of Utah. The match was at 30 bluerocks, Association rules:

Grand Island.

Parry	1111111111111111011111111101—28
Smith	1111111111111011111111101111—28
Raynard	1111110111111101111111111111—28
Williams	1111001101111111111111111111—27
Harrison	1111111110001011111111111101—26
Fleek	1111111111101111011101100111 25
Coyle	1001111111111101110111101100—23
Stoufer	1111111111101111010100101011—23
Richter	1111011011111110100110110110l—22
Gerspacker	1011110111111101110011010l1110—22—252

Utah.

S Browning	1111111111111111011111111111—29
Dermody	1111111111111111111111111110—29
Sharp	1111111101111111101110111111—27
J Browning	1111101111111101111101111111—27
Wright	1101111101111111111111110111—27
Ensign	1001110111111111111111111111—27
Spencer	0101111111101111111101111111—26
Tremayne	1011111111111111111111001111—28
E Browning	0111110111111111101110110111—25
Bradley	1111011111011100101111111111110—24—267

WAYNE VS. GERMANTOWN.—Germantown, Pa., Aug. 9.—Inclosed find score of the second shoot between the Wayne and Germantown gun clubs at bluerocks, 5 bluerock traps, 16 and 18yds. rise, on the Wayne club grounds. The Wayne boys having lost the first match got out their best team for this match, and felt certain of victory, but the fates or better shooting of the Germantown boys decided otherwise. The visiting club all declare themselves delighted with the royal way in which they were treated by the Wayne boys, and every body seemed to be in a good humor and bent on having a good afternoon shoot:

Wayne Gun Club.

W Ulary	0111011111111110111101101—20
J Jeffries	1011010101010100101111011—15
H Kain	1110011111101100111101111—19
E Betson	1011110101101011111011011—18
Timm	1101111100111101111101111—20
Barron	1111011111111111111001111—22
C Briney	0111011111111001000010001—14
F Hessler	1110011110111111001000111—17
Borne	1111111111000101101111101—19
Cheyney	1111111000101010011011101—16—180

Germantown Gun Club.

Leutz	1101111111111111101111111—23
B Royds	1011001011010101011010000l—13
S Balentine	1101101000001010100110111—13
W Greenwood	1111111111111111110110111—23
W Fay	0111110111111111100101111—20
J Royds	0010011101001011100100111—13
E Gilbert	1111011011101110011101101—18
T Balentine	0111111000011010111111101—16
J Thurman	1111111111010011111111111—22
H Thurman	0111011111111111111110111—21—182

H. T.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Aug. 8.—The third of the series of matches between the Flemington and White House gun clubs, 25 bluerocks, 3 traps, resulted in favor of the White House Club. This was the second race they have won from the Flemington team and decides the series. On Sept. 3 the White House team will meet the famous Union Gun Club, from Springfield, N. J., at the White House grounds:

White House Gun Club.

Anderson	1111110001101111111111111—21
Bishop	1111101100101101111101000—17
Woodin	0110111010111100010011111—16
Large	1000111001100101111001011—14
Woodruff	0000010111111010111101111—16
Cole	0101000111011111111101101—17
F Cramer	1100100100011111110101111—16
Geo Cramer	1110101011111111111111111—24
T Welsh	1111111111110011101111111—22
Pickla	0010011011111111111001001—16—178

Flemington Club.

Chamberlain	0111111101110101001011—18
Lott	0111111010101110011001101—16
Moore	1111100101101111110010010—16
Henzler	1101010111011111001110110—17
Pyatt	0000010011100111111011010—14
Gumere	0111111010011101011111—18
Sutphen	1001110101110010101001111—14
Holcomb	1111010011011111101001110—19
Emmons	1010111000101111101111101—17
Stout	1110111001011111111111011—20—169

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 7.—The regular shoot of the East End Gun Club was held this afternoon, and the members did some excellent work. Twenty singles and 10 doubles was the rule, and the scores were high. It was a fine day for shooting, and the bluerocks sailed out of the traps as big as balloons, with an invitation all over their backs asking to be pulverized. The score of the shoot was as follows:

Wherry	0101110110111001011	11 11 00 11 00—19
Brockway	1111110111101110111	11 10 00 11 11—24
Sweetman	1111111101111101111	11 10 11 10 11—26
Jones	1111111110011101111	11 10 10 01 11—24
Story	1110101101111111011	10 10 10 10 10—21
Bloom	0011100001101101010	10 00 11 00 11—15
Barnes	1111110010101011111	10 11 11 11 10—24
Jenks	1110111111110111111	10 11 11 11 10—26
Rudolph	1111011101111111111	11 11 11 11 11—28
King	1001101111100111111	11 10 11 10 01—21
North	1111111111111111111	11 10 11 11 10—28
Haycox	1111111111111111111	10 10 10 10 10—26
Turner	0010000111000011101	10 10 01 01 00—14
Visitors.		
L O Jones	0000111110011111110	01 01 10 10 01—18
Darcie	0111000010000111111	11 11 11 10 10—19
Elworthy	1111101111111111111	11 10 11 11 11—27
Richardson	1101011111111010101	11 01 11 10 11—24
Saffold	1110111111101011111	01 11 10 10 01—23

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9.—There was a shooting match at clay pigeons to-day between the South End Gun Club, of Camden, and the Gloucester City Gunning Club, on the grounds of the former. The conditions were each man to shoot at 15 single and 10 double birds, three traps to be used and Association rules to govern. The South End men won by 12 birds. The score follows:

South End Gun Club.	S	D	Gloucester City Gunning Club.	S	D
Biderman	8	3	Cheeseman	6	6
Countis	8	6	McQuaid	6	0
Peschman	11	4	Groves	1	2
Valentine	5	2	I Budd	8	4
Lichtenberg	5	2	Hewlings	6	4
Buzine	3	4	Lazarus	8	4
Lightcap	1	4	Owens	7	6
Wood	8	6	C Budd	4	5
Lane	12	5	Haskins	4	4
Peak	7	4	Lofield	6	4
	68	40		56	39

KRUEGER VS. MILLER.—Albert Krueger, of Christiana, Pa., and Frederick Miller, of Paschallville, have arranged a match at 50 clay-pigeons per man for $50 a side. The shoot is to come off this week at "Blue Bell," Paschallville, under the management of E. T. Calvert, of that place. Much interest is taken in this match by members of the different local gun clubs, as both are expert shots.

WINSLOW GUN CLUB.—Winslow, A. T., Aug. 5.—At a meeting held in Winslow, Arizona, July 30, we organized a gun club, with 27 charter members, for the purpose of protecting the game in Arizona from the depredations of Indians and pot-hunters, and the perfecting of the members in trap shooting. President, E. McCammon; Vice-President, G. Page; Sec'y and Treas., M. L. Roach; Executive Committee, Harry McCarty, Frank Gibson, F. P. Secrist, A. S. Coon, W. G. McNall.—M. L. Roach.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 9.—At Erb's to-day the first event was the match between Gus Griffen, of this city, and William Hollis, of Kearny, the conditions being twenty-five pigeons each man, twenty-eight yards rise, modified Hurlingham rules to govern, for a stake of $25 a side. The birds used in this race were of a fair grade, though not as good as usual. The result of the race follows, Hollis being shot out on his eighteenth bird:

Griffen	2111122002121122122121111—23
Hollis	1021210211102121102—15

Chris. Reinhardt was referee.

The event of the day, and one on which a considerable amount of money was wagered, was a match for $25 a side between Frank Class, of Pine Brook, and E. Jones, of this city, each man shooting at fifteen birds, at twenty-eight yards rise. The men tied, and shot off at five birds each, the result being annexed:

Jones	111110210121100—11 1l11—16
Class	2220222021222o20—11 212o2—15

C. M. Hedden and John Erb were judges and Chris. Reinhardt was referee.

A number of open-to-all sweepstakes, $5 entry, four birds each, were shot, the results being appended: First sweep, Erb and Leddy divided first; Class, second. Second sweep, Wheaton and Erb divided first; Class and Hedden divided second. Third money went to Reinhardt. Third sweep, Hollis and Wheaton took first, Erb and Wheaton second. During the day Hedden killed 23 out 25 birds shot at; Class 51 out of 60; Jones 39 out of 45; Hollis 41 out of 51; Campbell 16 out of 20; Wheaton 15 straight; Erb 25 out of 27; Reinhardt 9 out of 15; Griffen 33 out of 41; Leddy 10 out of 14.

MILFORD, N. J.—A two-days' live pigeon match will be given here Aug. 26, 27, by mine host M. H. Rupell, of the Milford House. Come and try your luck and skill.—Go-Bang.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Aug. 9.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sigler	8	8	9	9	9	10	9	9	9	10
Thompson	7	10	8	7	9	9	8	9	8	10
Collins	10	8	10	8	10	8	10	9	9	9
Hunt	4	6	7	7	4	6				
Howard	8	6	5	9	4	9	7	6	7	8
Money	7	9	9	8	8	9	4	6	8	3
Lindsley							9	7	10	8

Four live birds, entrance $2.50, ties divided:

Howard	1000—1	Lindsley	1111—4
Simpson	1220—3	Money	2120—3
Collins	1112—4	Sigler	1110—3

Three birds, $1.75 entrance:

Howard	010—1	Lindsley	211—3
Simpson	110—2	Money	222—3
Collins	112—3	Sigler	102—2

THE OMAHA GUN CLUB'S last weekly shoot, 25 bluerocks, 21yds. rise, resulted as follows:

Dunmire	1111111111111111111111011—24
Parmalee	1111111111111111111111111—25
Brewer	1111111111111111111111101—23
Townsend	1111111111111111111111111—25
Kennedy	1111001111111111111111011—21
Brueker	1111111111111011101111111—23
Field	1111101101111111111111111—22
Hughes	1111111111111111111111101—24
Fogg	1111111110111111111111111—23
Smith	0111101101100111000111011—16
Stagg	1111111111011101111111110—22
Hummel	0011001101000101101101111—14
Borland	1111111111111111111111011—24
Jones	0001000111001100100011011—11

S. G. V. G.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 9.—A strong wind blew across the traps to-day, and it was quite difficult to judge the flight of the targets, and as a consequence there were more poor scores than good ones. In the second merchandise match for August, at 10 singles and 5 pairs hubs White was first with 17. The other scores were: Bennett and Bond 16, Bradbury 13. Field 12, Bradstreet 11, Sanborn and Hooper 10, George 9, Dill 7, Porter 6. The winners in the sweepstakes matches follow: Six hubs, Sanborn; 6 hubs, Sanborn; 5 pairs hubs, Bradbury; 6 hubs, Bradbury, Field and Bennett; 6 hubs, Sanborn; 5 hubs, Hooper; 3 pairs hubs, Sanborn; 6 hubs, Cowee; 3 pairs hubs, Bradbury and Hooper; 6 hubs, Sanborn; 6 hubs, Sanborn; 6 hubs, Hooper, Bradstreet and Bond; 10 hubs, merchandise match, White; 6 hubs, Bond; 6 hubs, Bradbury and Bond; 6 hubs, White; 3 pairs hubs, Sanborn; 6 hubs, Bond and Bradbury; 5 pairs hubs, merchandise match, Bradbury, Bennett, White and Bradstreet; 6 hubs, Bradbury and Bond; 6 hubs, Bradbury and Bond; 6 hubs, Bradstreet, 3 pairs hubs, Bond; 6 hubs, White.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—The first bluerock tournament of the White Plains Gun Club, to be held on the North End Driving Park, White Plains, Sept. 4-5. For programmes, etc., address C. P. Rowley, 241 Broadway, New York.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

August.

8-22. A.C.A. Meet, Jessup's Neck.
23. South Boston, Open.
23. Plymouth, Cruise, Cape Cod Bay.
30. Orange, Annual.
30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.

September.

1. Ianthe, Annual.
1. Arlington, Ann., Arlington.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

All of the ten annual meets of the American Canoe Association held since its organization in 1880 have been held on fresh water and away from the coast. The first meet, at which the Association was formally organized, was at Lake George, and for the two following years 1881-2 the meets were held on the Canoe Islands in that lake. In 1883 the Association went to Canada, the meet being held at Stony Lake, near Peterborough.

Next year, after much discussion over the propriety of making a permanent home at Lake George, rather than of visiting different localities in turn, the camp was located on the St. Lawrence, on Grindstone Island. This spot was in itself so beautiful and at the same time convenient for camping and canoeing that three successive meets were held there in 1884, 5 and 6.

In 1887 Lake Champlain was visited, and in 1888 the A. C. A., now a body of some 700 men, returned to its birthplace at Lake George, camping on Long Island, near the old Canoe Islands. In 1889 another visit was made to the St. Lawrence, the site of the camp being on Stave Island, on the Canadian side of the channel, but facing the old camp ground on Grindstone Island. In all these years the possibility of a meet on salt water had been discussed, and in 1887 a serious effort was made to have one there, but the many difficulties that attended the search for a suitable spot caused the plan to be abandoned.

When the turn of the Atlantic Division came to hold the meet in 1890, the idea of a salt water meet was at once revived, some of the best portions of the Atlantic coast being in this division. The search for a suitable location has been going on quietly for several years in view of such a meet, but the tide has proved a most serious obstacle, and caused many otherwise eligible spots to be passed over.

After a long and thorough search, the officers decided on Peconic Bay, the locality first proposed by Mr. Poultney Bigelow in 1886. The particular spot chosen is a tongue of green and fertile ground, in height from 3 to 50ft. above the beach, and tapering out to a spit of sand under water. This peninsula, known as Jessup's Neck, has been generously loaned to the Association by Mr. D. C. Scoville, who has done everything possible to prepare and beautify the grounds and to make them suitable for the Association camp. Through his many efforts in their behalf Mr. Scoville has earned the gratitude and respect of every canoeist in camp.

Canoeists have generally agreed that Grindstone Island was in all ways the most charming location at which a meet has been

held, but the present camp is if anything superior; the main camp faces east, as at Grindstone, in front of it is a bay of clear blue water not less beautiful than Eel Bay; across which, instead of Stave Island, lie the green woods of Shelter Island; while to the east, where one would look for Round Island or Thousand Island Park, is the tall spire of the church of Sag Harbor. While Grindstone Island had but one front really available to canoeists, Jessup's Neck, as will be seen from the chart published 2 weeks since, has two, the view from the Sound, overlooking Peconic Bay, being almost equal to that from the main front, while both bays offer the best of sailing courses. Looking from the west shore, out where Gananoque would bear from the Grindstone hill, there are the green and beautiful shores of Great Hog Neck, the prosaic nomenclature of Long Island having a pronounced leaning toward hogs, clams, rams and cows.

As was anticipated by all who have been actively connected with the management of previous meets, the first salt-water meet has presented unusual difficulties, and entailed a vast amount of work on Com. Stanton and his assistants on the various committees. When the site was finally decided on, after a long preliminary search last fall, there was a great deal of work to be done before the wild and roughly-wooded shore could be made fit for a large camp. There was much underbrush to be removed, a marsh in the depression between the two camps to be filled in, wells to be dug, stairways to be built from the bluff to the beach, floats for the canoes, mess tent and kitchen, a large dock, and the many smaller accessories of a large organized camp. The work was greater than at any previous camp, its extent can only be appreciated by those who saw Jessup's Neck in June and again in August.

Though the camp was only opened on Friday, by Sunday it presented the appearance of a large meet. Opposite the little depression that separates the ladies' camp from the main camp is a dock extending about 150ft. into deep water. Near its head is the camp store, while on the side of the hill is the kitchen, the most extensive affair yet seen at a meet, with a full outfit of ranges, broilers, ovens, etc. Adjoining it, and just on the crown of the hill, is the large mess tent, in which most of the company eat, the two departments being under the charge of Mr. Bare, a New York caterer. Stretching out to the north is a long avenue of tents, large and small, the majority being small wall tents or marquees, occupied by one or two persons. Far down on the extreme point is the Lowell camp, a number of tents with the usual workshop. The camp already boasts a tent lighted by electricity, the work of an ingenious member of the Vesper B. C.

The ladies' camp is located on a bluff just to the south of the dock, in a little grove of cedars. There is no great amount of shade in camp, all there is being here; but there is a breeze blowing constantly across the Neck, making it comparatively cool, even in the sun. The signal code devised by Com. Stanton and signal officer E. W. Brown has proved a success, the little code books being at hand everywhere and the many orders given in this way being easily read.

Com. Stanton and Mr. Burchard were the first in camp, but at 5 A. M. on Friday the steamer Shelter Island landed a large contingent of settlers, tents went up quickly and soon the green bluff was turned to white. The Saturday boat from New York brought another large party, including Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, who brought with him the A. C. A. sailing trophy, which he has held for the past year. Mr. Jones met with an unpleasant experience, being stopped at Utica by the strike on the New York Central R. R. He crossed to the West Shore, reaching New York, but without his baggage, coming to camp without tent, bedding or a change of clothes. The strike is likely to detain many others who are coming by way of New York. A large delegation from Toronto is on the way, reported to arrive on Monday night. Up to Monday noon there were about 100 in camp. Mr. Bennett, of the transportation committee, made the trip on the steamer Eagle last week, picking ninety canoes from localities about New York and landing them safely at camp without a scratch.

The monotony of camp life has been varied by several very severe thunderstorms on Friday and Saturday, but these were surpassed by one that came up at six o'clock on Sunday, just as all hands were assembled in the mess-tent. The wind howled across the Neck, and N. W., while the rain came down in a sheet. The tent leaked until the tables were a'most afloat; and then, as the wind increased, all hands were called on to hold it down. While some of the men held the three large tent poles, others, helped by the ladies, held the sides and roof down. The tent rocked and the top split badly, but by hard work it was saved from a total collapse. The storm was too violent to last long, but it did a good deal of damage; after the wind fell and the company sat down in wet and dripping garments to commence dinner anew, the meal was enlivened by couriers from various parts of the camp, each reporting more or less damage to tents. A number were blown down, and hardly a party in camp could boast a complete dry outfit.

What promises to be an amusing feature of the camp is a daily paper, of which the first number appeared on Monday. The title page reads as follows:

THE DAILY DISTURBER.

Published During the "Meet" of 1890, under the auspices of
THE IANTHE CANOE CLUB,
Of Woodside, N. J.

Entered at Jessup's Neck as a first-class article.

Address all communications
THE DAILY DISTURBER,
London office: Soho Square. Ianthe ave., Jessup's Neck, L. I.

The inner pages of this journal contain the following news items:

No. 1. AUGUST 11, 1890. VOL. I.

POSTAL INFORMATION.—All letters should be addressed, A. C. A. Camp, Jessup's Neck, via Sag Harbor. Mail departs 11 o'clock A. M.; mail arrives 7 o'clock P. M. Mail bags will be found in the Secretary's tent.

Mr. D. M. Bond of the Red Dragon club has been appointed postmaster.

Mr. H. E. Jepson of the Puritan club has been appointed bugler.

Will the man who lost an A. C. A. pin call on Geo. L. Parmele for it.

RESTAURANT RATES:

Ticket for 2 weeks	$14.00	Breakfast	.50
" " 10 days	11.50	Single Meals — Lunch	.50
" " 1 week	8.75	Dinner	.75

Ralph F. Brazer served as officer of the day yesterday.

Henry J. Winser, of Newark, N. J., led the church service at Squaw Point yesterday. Forty-one attended.

Signal Code of the A. C. A. for sale at the Secretary's tent, 10 cents a copy. We would advise every canoeist to procure a copy, so that they will know when to go in when it rains.

LADIES IN CAMP.—Mrs. Palmer, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Winser, Miss Winser, Miss Fredericks, Newark N. J.; Miss Calverly, New York; Miss Douglass, Soho, N. J.; Miss Parsons, Chicago, Ill.; the Misses Sherwood; Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler, Arlington, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Tobias, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Belmen, Amsterdam, N. Y.

CANOEISTS REGISTERED AT SECRETARY'S TENT:

Ianthe Club of Newark, N. J.—L. B. Palmer, canoe Bat; Geo. P. Douglas, Passaic; W. R. Burling, Nile; B. A. Acrigg, Astræa; Barron Fredericks, Wraith; H. S. Des Brisay, Guyascutas; Wm. F. Marsh. Booze; Wm. P. Dodge, Valfreyia.

New York Canoe Club.—R. B. Burchard, Sea Shell; M. T. Bennett, Jr., Ghost; H. J. Winser, Pinta.

Yonkers Club, Yonkers, N Y.—C. B. Vaux, Bonnie; T. S. Oxholm, Beta; J. W. Simpson, Minx. D. Goodsell, Nesta; R. O. Kirkwood, Dolphin; J. Bruce Gibson, Jno. B. Moffat.

Red Dragon Club, Philadelphia.—D. M. Bond, Thetis: Weston Underwood; H. E. McCormick, Mayfly.

Arlington Club, Arlington, N. J.—I. V. Dorland, Meda; A. A. Crowell, Senorita; Mrs. C. V. Schuyler, Aphrodite; Mr. C. V. Schuyler, Nipsic.

Brooklyn Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.—H. H. Smythe, Eurylda; R. J. Wilkin, Unqua; F. L. Dunnell, Eclipse and Louise; W. Whitlock, Guenn; Jno. Johnson, Vim.

2 B continued.

Messrs. Noyes and Cramer of the Red Dragon Club arrived here yesterday in their canoes. They left Philadelphia Aug. 3.

We have about eighty tents and a population of about 110 human beings. One of the tents here has a tame mouse, but that has been left out in the count, hence the mistake of the New York papers as to the number of people here.

The storm last night was the worst we have had since we arrived; about 15 tents were overturned and much damage done.

In one point this camp is superior to Grindstone, it is just off the favorite track of the New York yachts, and they call in frequently to have a look at the camp. Com. Stanton's speedy cutter Vandal has put down moorings in front of headquarters. Mr. Foster's Lotowana will be here soon, and a number of others are expected with members of the A. C. A. On Sunday a large steam yacht steamed into the bay for a look at the camp, not stopping to anchor. The sloop Hypatia, Atlantic Y. C., with a Larchmont yacht, anchored off the camp for a time in the afternoon, while many small craft were sailing about. On Monday the schooner Phantom lay off the camp for several hours, her owner and family visiting the camp. A party from the steam yacht Fidget also visited the camp, remaining to lunch.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Geo. H. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Theodore Obrig, New York. Eastern Division: Fred S. Montgomery, Worcester, Mass.; Alcuzo E. Flint, Pawtucket, R. I.; Geo. M. Townsend and G. D. Wright, Hartford, Conn.; W. B. L. Cranston, Norwich, Conn.; C. Harris Gurney and Raymond G. Moury, Providence, R. I. Central Division: Harry S. Miller, Albany, N. Y.; John J. Leary, Rochester, N. Y. Northern Division: R. A. Brock, Roy Sweeney, A. M. Burns and Chas. Baird, Toronto; W. P. Slessor, Geo. Oliver, A. G. Robertson, Chas. H. Routh and W. E. Bradshaw, Montreal; Wm. Atkin, Newcastle; A. G. Smith, Ottawa; J. H. Carnegie, Cobocouk.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

14. Massachusetts, 30 and 40ft., Dorchester.
15. L. Y. R. A., Royal Can., Tor.
16. Sippican, Club, Marion.
16. Beverly, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
16. Queen City, 1st Class and "World" Cup, Toronto.
16. L. Y. R. A., Queen City, Tor.
16. Newark, Annual, Bayonne.
16. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
18. American, Open, Newburyport.
18, 19, 20. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series for 30 and 40-footers.
18. L. Y. R. A., Cobourg.
20. L. Y. R. A., Kingston.
22. Quincy, Club, Quincy.
22. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marbleh'd.
23. Hull, Cham., Hull.
23. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
23. West Lynn, 3d Cham., Lynn.
23. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beach.
23. Savin Hill, Cham., Savin Hill
23. Great Head, Sail-off, Great Head.
23. American, 2d Cham., Newburyport.
23. Cor. Navy, Regatta, West Long Island Sound Squad.
23. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
23. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
23. Riverside, Ladies' Day, Riverside, Conn.
23. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
23. Buffalo, Cruise, Lake Erie.
23. Lynn, Lynn.
27. Rhode Island, Open Regatta.
27. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
28. Miramichi, Black Brook to Oak Point and return.
29. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
30. Beverly, 3d Cup, Marblehead
30. Sippican, Sweep, Marion.
30. Savin Hill, Cruise.
30. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
30. Monatiquot, Sail-off Cham., Weymouth.

THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THIS year at least there can be no grounds for the complaint made last season, that the cruise was but one long race. The runs, which were such a feature of last year's cruise, have this year afforded but two races, those of Tuesday and Thursday of last week from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford and from the latter port to Newport. We gave last week a hasty summary of the former, but the following is a more detailed account:

There was a strong S.W. wind blowing on Tuesday morning, making a beat to the turn, the Sow and Pigs Buoy. The course for all but the forties was through Vineyard Sound, around this buoy, and then up Buzzard's Bay to New Bedford, 38 knots. The forties were sent through Quick's Hole, 24 knots. The smaller yachts were started at 10:20, the larger at 10:30, the times at the line being:

Clara	10 21 35	Quickstep	10 23 44
Cinderella	10 22 27	Gossoon	10 24 17
Liris	10 23 38	Moccasin	10 25 00
Sea Fox	10 37 18	Œnone	10 39 22
Volunteer	10 37 19	Iroquois	10 40 10
Merlin	10 37 46	Mayflower	10 40 23
Puritan	10 38 23	Miranda	10 42 02
Palmer	10 38 52		

Minerva had lad lost her topmast on the run of Monday, and proceeded to New Bedford for a new one. She was credited with being beaten by Gossoon in the informal racing on the run, but this was not the case, as she did not go to Vineyard Haven at all. Choctaw, Mariquita and Nymph were among the missing, only Moccasin, Gossoon and Liris starting. Gossoon carried a working topsail, the others only lower sails. Sea Fox had a lead at the start and it was increased by a luffing match between Merlin and Volunteer, the schooner finally besting the singlesticker. Merlin passed Sea Fox to leeward in the early part of the race, thence leaving her badly all day. Liris was delayed by an accident at the start; when off West Chop Titania, making the run under cruising rig, lost a boat from her davits and luffed up; Liris ran down to her aid, thinking that there was a man overboard. A steam yacht picked up the lost boat, no harm being done, but by this time Liris was far astern of her class. Moccasin also came to grief, the yoke of her tiller, spanning the rudderhead, giving way, so that she could not be steered. Medusa was with the fleet, though not racing; in coming through Quick's Hole she carried away her topmast. Volunteer was the only yacht in the fleet to make Sow and Pigs Buoy on one leg, the others making several tacks at least. The flagship ran through Quick's Hole to time the forties, so the others, save Volunteer, who turned at 1:27, were not timed at Sow and Pigs. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Palmer	10 38 52	3 56 05	4 57 13	Walkover.
SCHOONERS—CLASS III.				
Merlin	10 37 46	3 10 14	4 32 28	4 32 28
Sea Fox	10 37 18	3 24 23	4 47 05	4 42 28
Mayflower	10 40 23	3 37 54	4 57 31	4 55 43
Miranda	10 42 02	4 01 15	5 19 13	5 15 57
SCHOONERS—CLASS IV.				
Iroquois	10 40 10	3 50 07	5 09 57	Not meas.
Œnone	10 39 22	4 00 26	5 21 04	Not meas.
SCHOONERS—CLASS V.				
Quickstep	10 23 44	3 50 15	5 26 31	Walkover.
SLOOPS—CLASS I.				
Volunteer	10 37 19	2 56 22	4 19 03	Allowed.
Puritan	10 38 23	3 28 20	4 49 57	Not meas.
SLOOPS—CLASS V.				
Clara	10 21 35	3 46 12	5 24 37	5 20 47
Cinderella	10 22 27	4 18 27	5 56 00	5 56 00
SLOOPS—CLASS VII.				
Gossoon	10 24 17	2 35 50	4 11 33	4 11 30
Liris	10 23 38	3 14 35	4 50 57	4 50 57
Moccasin	10 25 00	Disabled.		

Anchored in New Bedford harbor were a number of yachts belonging to the fleet, some having come from Vineyard Haven and others direct from Newport, the list being nearly as follows: Steamers: Electra, Alva, Lurline, Jean, Isolene, Fedalma, Shearwater, Peerless, Adelita and Vivienne; schooners, Viator, Ambassadress, Palmer, Sea Fox, Merlin, Mayflower, Miranda, Intrepid, Atlanta, Phantom, Iroquois, Œnone, Quickstep, Marguerite, Tidal Wave, Grayling, Madeline, Harbinger, Columbia, Halcyon, Fenella, Gevalia, Wanderer; sloops: Papoose, Titania, Volunteer, Puritan, Cinderella, Clara, Liris, Gossoon, Moccasin, Psyche, Vedette, Minerva, Waif, Choctaw, Peerless, Gracie, Nymph, White Wing, Nirvana, Aloha, Peri, Listless, Pocahontas, Minerva, Huron, Clara, Medusa. Norna, Magic, Fenella and Niryana joined the fleet also, and the total number of New York Y. C. yachts in port was sixty.

Wednesday was cloudy and disagreeable, but many spectators were afloat in small boats to see the fleet. At 1 P. M. Com. Gerry held a reception on the Electra, the yachtsmen of the fleet being present. The boat races came off in the afternoon, the Columbia's crew winning the Gamecock colors, defeating crews from the Catarina and Merlin. The Owl colors also brought out three starters, Ambassadress, Columbia and Huron, the former crew winning. In the dingy race, only one boat, the Palmer's, started. The naphtha launches were raced under the same rules as last year, the result being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Electra, five horse power	4 18 46	4 44 39	25 53
Yampa, two horse power	4 12 30	4 45 02	32 32
Palmer, five horse power	4 18 46	4 45 41	26 55
Lurline, two horse power	4 12 30	4 46 21	33 51
Wanderer, four horse power	4 14 59	4 46 56	31 48
Electra, eight horse power	4 27 49	4 57 56	24 07

Electra's five horse power launch won first prize and Yampa's two horse power boat second.

In the evening a reception was tendered to the fleet by Com. Hammond of the New Bedford Y. C. at the club house, the guests being most hospitably entertained until a very late hour. Next morning there was no wind at colors, but later on a light S. W. breeze came in, and at 10:20 the smaller division was started, with the larger 10min later. Moccasin came to grief before crossing the starting line, taking the ground at Clark's Point and being towed off by the steam yacht Lurline. She was out of the race, having taken outside assistance, but still continued and made a very creditable run. Marguerite, after hauling out on Wednesday to repair the damage to her board in a previous grounding, went on Great Ledge, in Buzzard's Bay, and had to be towed off by a tug. There was some good sailing over the first part of the course, but after the Hen and Chickens Lightship was passed it fell light and the finish was late. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
THIRD CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Merlin	10 39 37	6 00 49	7 20 52	7 20 52
Mayflower	10 39 23	Not timed.		
FOURTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Œnone	10 39 27	6 19 14	7 39 47	7 38 05
Iroquois	10 42 15	Not timed.		
Marguerite	10 39 01	Did not finish.		
FIFTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Buickstep	10 23 55	6 13 15	7 50 00	7 50 00
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Volunteer	10 38 06	4 31 29	6 13 23	6 13 23
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Gracie	10 38 19	5 01 17	6 22 58	6 22 58
Huron	10 43 06	6 10 27	7 27 21	7 23 35
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Wayward	10 36 52	5 06 34	6 29 42	6 29 42
FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Clara	10 21 53	5 01 40	6 42 47	6 39 44
Cinderella	10 23 45	6 26 53	8 03 08	8 03 08
Nirvana	10 24 37	Not timed.		
SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Minerva	10 23 26	5 11 58	6 48 32	6 44 08
Gossoon	10 25 00	5 13 15	6 48 15	6 47 38
Liris	10 22 02	Not timed.		

These times show little, the entries were poor and the race fluky. Minerva beat Gossoon and Clara beat Cinderella.

So far as racing goes, the runs can hardly be considered as successful; there were only two races, those just described, and the few entries in each class robbed them of interest. Merlin is easily top of the schooners, Marguerite has been *hors du combat* since the left New London, Quickstep has had no competitor, Volunteer is much too fast for Puritan, Gracie has had no competitor, Wayward is still sailing alone, Clara has easily disposed of Cinderella, and even in the 40ft. class the racing has been particularly dull, with only three or four boats in it.

The final races of the cruise, on Friday, can hardly be dignified by any better term than a fizzle, with only three of the smaller schooners and a handful of the forties to compete. The larger yachts made no pretense of starting, and the liberal prizes were left to be turned back into the club's locker. The course chosen was S. S. E. 9 miles out for the forties and 12 miles out for the schooners, the way out being to winward and home before the wind. The starters were Œnone, Iroquois and Quickstep in the schooner class, and Minerva, Gossoon, Mariquita, Liris and Moccasin in the 40ft. class.

At 11 A. M. the Electra anchored off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and gave the course, S. S. E., and at 11:58 the starting gun for the schooners was fired. Iroquois was first over, but Quickstep at once took the lead from her. Œnone was some distance astern of the two. When the gun for the forties fired at 12:03 Minerva was near the line, crossing just ahead of Mariquita. Gossoon again waited to give Minerva her allowance at the start. The times were:

Iroquois	11 59 22	Mariquita	12 04 11
Quickstep	11 59 52	Liris	12 06 13
Œnone	12 02 00	Gossoon	12 06 31
Minerva	12 03 43	Moccasin	12 08 00

Moccasin was handicapped.

The schooner race was only play for Quickstep, as she beat Œnone and Iroquois easily on even time. She led over the course, but none were timed at the turn.

The fight in the 40ft. class was naturally between Minerva and Gossoon. The latter soon ran from fourth to second place, and after an hour was nearly even with Minerva, though to leeward. For the rest of the way out they sailed very evenly together, the wind being light and fluky however. Mariquita was third best, having dropped Liris, while Moccasin after trying hard to work off her handicap became discouraged and went home.

The times at the weather mark were:

Minerva	2 20 25	Mariquita	2 26 00
Gossoon	2 24 28	Liris	2 33 45

In the beat of 9 miles Minerva had gained 1m. 15s. on Gossoon.

As in the previous race, Minerva's men were very quick with their spinaker, but Gossoon also lost very little time. The run home was made with very little wind, the leaders going off their course in a luffing match. After some time Gossoon passed Minerva and ran away from her, having found a little more wind, and finally led her in by over 3min. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Quickstep	11 59 52	6 17 50	6 17 58	6 11 47
Œnone	12 00 52	6 32 51	6 31 59	6 31 59
Iroquois	11 59 22	6 36 17	6 36 55	Not meas.
SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Gossoon	12 06 31	4 01 40	3 55 09	3 54 45
Minerva	12 03 43	4 04 18	4 00 35	3 58 19
Mariquita	12 04 11	4 14 50	4 10 32	4 10 29
Liris	12 06 13	4 22 18	4 16 05	4 16 05
Moccasin	12 08 00	Did not finish.		

Thus the Gossoon beats Minerva on corrected time 3m. and 34s.

The comparative speeds of the Gossoon and Minerva down the wind have been pretty well shown in the Marblehead race of July 11, and again in the race for the Iselin Cup, Minerva in each case being a trifle faster than Gossoon under spinaker. In both of these races the wind was quite steady, far more so than in this last race; and they prove very clearly that the difference in this case, nearly 7min. in 9 miles in Gossoon's favor, was due to flukes, and in no way represents the actual difference of boats.

After the return of the racers to Newport Harbor the fleet was formally disbanded. Com. Gerry, with his staff, at once started on the Electra for New York.

THE FISHER CUP.

THE following challenge has been sent by the owners of Whitewings, being called out by the letter of "Port Tack" lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM:

HAMILTON, Aug. 7, 1890.—John Bell, Esq., owner of yacht Nora, Bay of Quinte Y. C., Belleville, Ont.: On behalf of the owners of the yacht Whitewings, I hereby challenge you to a friendly contest for the Fisher Cup, now held by your yacht Nora, the race to take place on Saturday, Aug. 30, 1890, starting at 11 A. M. The Lake Yacht Racing Association rules to govern the race in every respect. Both boats to be measured before the contest by the measurer of the Bay of Quinte Y. C., in the presence of a representative from each yacht. A referee to be mutually agreed upon who shall settle any disagreement that may arise. Each yacht to have its representative, judge and timekeeper. The course to be on Big Bay, Bay of Quinte, and to be the same as that sailed over by the fleet of the L. Y. R. A. at the Bay of Quinte club races. The above is framed in accordance with the "condition of the Fisher Cup," as laid down in the book of the Chicago Y. C. now before me.—J. H. FEARNSIDE, Hon. Sec'y H. Y. C.

P. S.—We would suggest any of the following gentlemen for your consideration to act as referee: Messrs. A. Ames, Oswego; Geo. E. Evans, Secretary L. Y. R. A., Toronto; J. B. Carruthers, Kingston; W. P. Stephens, yachting editor FOREST AND STREAM, New York, and N. B. Dick, Toronto.

GREAT HEAD Y. C. 2d CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 6.—The second championship regatta of the Great Head Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 6 over 9 and 7½ mile courses in a fresh S. W. breeze that struck in just as the gun was fired. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Owl, J. S. Cushing	25.00	1 44 10	1 15 18
SECOND CLASS.			
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.02	1 13 25	0 44 48
Eclipse, D. W. Belcher	20.01	1 16 05	0 47 22
THIRD CLASS.			
Nellie May, T. J. Young	21.06	1 16 55	0 49 41
Marion, A. W. Chesterton	20.06	1 24 00	0 55 44
Fancy, Cade and Mitchell	20.03	1 26 35	0 58 03
Phallas, W. A. Garrett	19.00	1 30 05	1 00 08
FOURTH CLASS.			
Scud, Lyman Weston	18.00	1 06 20	0 44 49
Mischief, Edward Belcher	16.07	1 07 07	0 45 04
Bertha, S. H. Cann	17.02	1 10 10	0 43 39
Gracie, C. B. Belcher	16.10	1 11 05	0 49 16
I. X. L., C. H. Smith	16.06	Withdrawn.	

Eureka was disqualified for fouling a mark.

The judges were Vice Commodore J. S. Cushing, C. P. Flagg and R. J. Tombs.

BEVERLY Y. C. SPECIAL RACE.—Mr. John Lee Carroll has telegraphed that Minerva will enter the special race of the Beverly Y. C. on Aug. 16. Gossoon and Ventura have also entered, with six in the 30ft. class. The championship race has been postponed to Aug. 23.

NEW YORK Y. R. A.

THE CEDAR POINT AFFAIR.

APROPOS of the account in last week's issue about the cruise of the N. Y. Y. R. A., in which we said, "The fleet had been specially invited last week to visit the Cedar Point Y. C. and take part in its regatta on Wednesday, and with this in view the orders were to sail at 8:30 for Cedar Point, the run not counting as a race. The fleet stopped for a short time at Cedar Point, but just at the start of the race the visiting yachtsmen weighed anchor and stood on for Bridgeport, to the disappointment of their hosts, who had gone to much trouble in order to entertain them during the day and evening. This action caused much dissatisfaction on the part of the Cedar Point Y. C., as no explanation was made for it." Com. A. J. Prime, the president of the Association, who acted as admiral during the cruise, in a conversation made the following statement to us:

"At a meeting of the Association some months ago the Roton Point Y. C. invited the Association while on its cruise to stop at Cedar Point and take part in its regatta on July 30. No further notice was received from this club. While the fleet was at Roton Point on July 29, at a meeting of the captains, I was asked to give some information as to the regatta next day at Cedar Point. I replied that I had not heard a word about it yet, but I certainly expected that during the day some one from the Cedar Point club would be there to see me, and as soon as I heard I would call another meeting, but in case we did not hear we would stop at Cedar Point on our way to Bridgeport. The secretary of the Association informed me that he had a letter from the Cedar Point Y. C., saying they would have a tug at Roton Point the next morning to tow us to Cedar Point. In the evening while at a ball at Roton Point, a man came to me and said that great preparations were being made at Cedar Point to receive us. I told him I was waiting to hear something about it, as none of us knew anything about the race. He then told me he was the vice-commodore of the club and I asked him to come on board my boat at 7 o'clock the next morning and tell me about it, so I could inform the yachts, and he promised so to do. Wednesday morning I arose early to see this party, but he failed to appear, and just after the 8:30 preparatory gun was fired I saw him sailing by in a yacht and hailed him and asked why he did not come and see me as promised, and he replied that "he did not have time," and sailed away. Several of the yachts were prepared to tow to Cedar Point, but at 9 o'clock no tug appeared and I gave the starting signal, and we all sailed to Cedar Point and anchored. We waited over an hour for some officer or committee to wait on us and give some welcome and explanation as to the race, but the only word I heard from the club was from some person in a little launch as he passed by, saying, "Have you got your number?" and I replied that we were waiting to learn something about the race; but I learned nothing further, and I cannot conceive what use my schooner wanted of a number, as she was the only schooner present. Mr. Cameron, the fleet captain, informs me that the same question was asked of him, and he suggested that the committee should call on the admiral and explain about the race. After waiting over an hour for some recognition from the Cedar Point club, I gave the signal to proceed, and we sailed to Bridgeport."

It would seem, therefore, that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, and unless some explanation is made by the Cedar Point Y. C. we do not see that the fleet erred in leaving. We are certain from Com. Prime's large experience in the yachting world and his great interest in the success of the Association that he would not have acted discourteously under any circumstances.

HULL Y. C.

THE second championship race of the Hull Y. C. was sailed Monday off Point Allerton in a very light easterly breeze and over the same 18-mile triangular course used in Saturday's race. Almost a flat calm prevailed in the forenoon, but the boats were towed to the starting line by the judges' steamer, Wesley A. Gove, and were started when the breeze sprung up soon after 12 o'clock. The first class got away at 12:25, the Albatross leading and Nimbus close astern. The second class got away in a bunch five minutes later, the order being Hawk, Harbinger, Mignon and Pilgrim. The windward leg to Davis's Ledge was a pretty piece of work, and some excellent sailing was done.

Nimbus was first round the buoy at 1:48, and set her jibtopsail. Hawk was 30 seconds behind and broke out a large jibtopsail and set balloon staysail. Mignon luffed around at 1:50:30, hoisting balloon jib in stops as she went around. Pilgrim followed at 1:51. Albatross rounded at 1:51:30, and set jibtopsail. Mignon broke out balloon jib two minutes after rounding, but the Pilgrim worked up on Mignon's weather quarter before breaking hers out. Harbinger had to make quite a tack to get out to the buoy, and did not round until 1:55, breaking out balloon jib as she rounded. The wind hauled to northward and eastward, and the Mignon soon took in her balloon and set her jib topsail. Harbinger held on to her balloon jib until 2:25, and apparently lost by holding to it so long.

The breeze was fairly strong on the second leg, and the outer stakeboat was rounded in the following order: Nimbus 2:41:00, Hawk 2:43:30, Mignon 2:46:00, Pilgrim 2:47:30, Albatross 2:50:20, Harbinger 2:53:30. The first class, by mutual agreement, carried no spinakers, while the second class all set theirs. The Harbinger did the quickest work on her light sails all through the race and broke her spinaker out as she rounded the stakeboat. The others were all slow setting theirs. Hawk carried balloon jib also. The wind lightened all the time, and at times the race was almost a drift. The wind finally hauled again and spinakers were taken in. Harbinger setting hers again about a mile from the finish. Hawk crossed the line first at 3:55:51, followed by Pilgrim at 4:00:57 Mignon came third at 4:03:08, Harbinger, which had run well, coming next at 4:11:21, then the first class boats, Nimbus at 4:11:56 and Albatross almost drifting across the line at 4:30:27. Hawk wins leg and the championship in her class. Nimbus wins leg and must sail off with Albatross. Summary:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Nimbus, J. J. Souther	31.04	3 31 56	2 49 04
Albatross, J. J. Henry	34.02	3 50 27	3 07 20

SECOND CLASS.

Hawk, G. Dexter	31.04	3 10 51	2 23 50
Pilgrim, E. W. Dixon	28.08	3 15 47	2 24 40
Mignon, H. Babson	30.11	3 18 08	2 30 30
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	28.01	3 26 21	2 34 14

The judges were Messrs. J. A. Stetson, W. A. Cary, E. C. North, J. R. Chadwick and E. L. Burwell.

We have cups for every class. In the first class, 27 to 35ft., cup valued at $150, and second prize $50. Other classes cups only. We shall also offer a cup valued at $150 for forty footers, making it open; all the other cups being for club boats.

There will probably be the same provision as the Beverly Club made, namely, that the Minerva must sail. The Gossoon belongs to the club. The race will come off after the Corinthian series, and the official circular will soon be issued.

The forty-foot and first class will sail on one day over an outside course, and the other classes on another day over inside courses.

All cups won in a single race. No two out of three.—W. A. C.

GOSSOON AND MINERVA.

THE New York *Times* of Aug. 4 contains the following interview with Gen. Paine:

"There appear to be many conflicting opinions about the respective merits of the two boats, but it is very plain that no one believes that the Gossoon has any wide margin over the Scotch cutter.

"Gen. Charles J. Paine, owner of the Volunteer, followed the race very closely, and he says he is convinced that the Gossoon is the fastest boat of the two. The General explained his view of the contest to-day to *The Times*'s correspondent, and it appears that he thinks the Gossoon was somewhat handicapped by her big clubtopsail in the latter part of the race where the Minerva gained on her.

"'You see, the wind freshened considerably in the latter part of the windward work,' said Gen. Paine, 'and under these conditions the Gossoon's clubtopsail might not have helped her any. The Minerva carried her small clubtopsail. It is pretty hard to account for the Gossoon's rapid gain in the first hour of sailing, considering that the Minerva did so well out toward the windward mark. The tide might have helped the Gossoon some, and possibly the wind favored her, although it certainly looked as though she was beating the Minerva on her merits.'

"Speaking of the class of forty-foot yachts, the General said: 'I have never departed from my belief that the Lord has made things so that the high-powered boats can win, notwithstanding the Minerva has been successful. I do not mean to say that the present boats of high power can beat the Minerva, but I think that power will win if put into a proper model, and if everything aboard the boat is right. On the other hand, I would not like to see rules adopted which would bar out boats of moderate power.'

"'Then you believe in classifying yachts by their racing lengths?' inquired the reporter.

"'Yes, I do, provided sail area is not taxed too heavily.'

"'Then, is there no limit to the economic use of power?' he was asked.

"'Yes. Power may be carried to an extreme, but I do not believe it has been so carried in any of the present forty-footers for racing purposes. I do think, however, that carrying power to such an extreme as is found in some forty-footers is undesirable, and I would be glad to see some rules adopted by the leading yacht clubs which would prevent the excess.'

"In speaking further of the Gossoon, Gen. Paine said that she is sure to improve. Her deck and spars will dry out, which will help her some, and she will be generally tuned up. Her light construction is unquestionably to her advantage over the Minerva, but then she has got that now and cannot be improved upon in this respect."

The following is from the Boston *Globe* of Aug. 3:

"No doubt the victory of the Minerva is a disappointment to American sympathizers, but it will have a good effect on the 40-foot racing this year. If the Gossoon had won everything from the start she would have stopped racing in the 40-foot class as effectually as the Minerva did last year. It is strange how fleeting a thing fame is. After the first victory of the Gossoon over the Minerva nine-tenths of our yachtsmen had settled down to the belief that the latter was 'done.' In spite of her continued success over all the American forties she was sent to the rear as quickly as if she had never won a race. Now that she has reasserted herself people are reminded of what a very fast boat she is, and how impossible it seemed to beat her a few weeks ago. The fact that we now have a boat that is fully as fast as the Minerva shows a great stride in the direction of speed, and we should be well contented if the new American flyer can take half the races from the swift forty.

"Charles E. Adams, 2d, the helmsman of the Gossoon, is very frank in talking about the race. He says:

"'I think that the Minerva fairly outsailed us after the breeze freshened. Up to the time we forced her about we had gained a good deal, but from that time she got away from us a little all the time. We could foot as fast as she could and possibly a trifle faster, but she pointed higher all day than we did. With regard to overstanding the mark, we thought we did the right thing at the time, but thinking it over since, I am inclined to think we did lose a little by it. She would have crossed our bow if we had tacked, and we did want to be under her lee on the last tack for the mark. We had made up our minds to tack just when she did, and if she hadn't tacked we should have come about in a few seconds anyhow.'

"Capt. Charles Barr of the Minerva looked happy, as was natural under the circumstances. On being congratulated on his victory, he said:

"'It's not much to talk about; it was altogether too close to be pleasaat. Some people have told me that it was a fine race, but I didn't see the fun of it. It was much better fun before the Gossoon came into the racing.'"

PLEON Y. C. SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP, Aug 6.—The second championship race of the Pleon Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Aug. 6 in a light S.W. wind and under sunny skies, in spite of a threatening morning. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oswa, H. A. Hildreth	19.04	1 42 09	1 30 53
Composite, McIntyre	21.05	1 41 30	.....
Faith, S. W. Sleeper	17.08	1 47 12	1 34 01
Milo, E. C. Mason	17.03	1 50 34	1 37 23
Snail, A. G. Wood	15.07	Withdrawn.	

SPECIAL CLASS.

Minna, J. H. Norris	16.08	1 28 30	1 18 44
Don, Blaney & High	16.04	1 31 50	1 22 29

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Banjo, J. I. Taylor	17.05	1 19 18	1 10 20
Wasp, B. B. Crowninshield	14.07	1 21 37	1 10 23
Monnie, J. W. Dunlap	13.07	1 30 06	1 17 56
Reba, Poole	14.10	1 29 07	.....

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Sheila, W. Jackson	13.06	1 29 17	1 17 02
Midget, H. Jackson	12.03	1 30 55	1 17 37
Estelle, C. Pierce	12.07	1 34 14	1 21 23

Sheila and Banjo having each won two legs, take the championship in their classes. Oswa and Composite were both protested by Edith, and the winner will be announced later. Minna and Don now each have one leg for the championship of the special class. The judges were Frank Toole and A. G. Wood.

DORCHESTER Y. C. FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 6.—The first of a series of three championship races held by the new Dorchester Y. C. was sailed off Harrison Square on Aug. 6, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Montezuma, G. E. Curry	22.01	2 11 38	1 37 53
Rival, W. S. Nickerson	26.05	2 12 25	1 43 22

SECOND CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.03	1 30 51	0 59 31
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	16.11	1 31 43	1 01 17
Tantrum, J. F. Small	14.08	1 38 04	1 04 26
Jackdaw, G. Lewis	18.02	1 34 28	1 08 33
Viento, C. B. Fear	16.09	1 39 59	1 09 25
Mirage, G. K. Dearborn	17.05	Withdrawn.	
Scamp, H. N. Nute	18.04	Withdrawn.	

SPECIAL CLASS.

Pansy, J. T. Preston	Not taken.	0 59 17	. . . .
Cowslip, J. Longstreet	Not taken.	1 11 15	. . . .
Violet, H. W. Smith	Not taken.	Withdrawn.	

The judges were Hartford Davenport, James E. Swan, Henry D. Wing, M. W. Davison; regatta committee, C. E. Bockus, H. W. Burr, H. W. Smith, F. C. Blanchard, D. H. Mason.

ROCHESTER Y. C. MADGE CUP.—The first race this season for the cup presented last by Messrs. Wolters and won then by Madge, was sailed on July 31 over a course of five miles to leeward and return on Lake Ontario. The wind had been strong S.W., but fell considerably before the start. The times were: Ripple 3:04:55, Velnette 3:08:21, Majel 3:10:33, Edith 3:10:51, Armida 3:11:02, Fascination 3:11:14. The order at the turn was Ripple, Velnette, Fascination, Majel, Armida and Edith. Ripple lost her topmast through some trouble with the backstay. On the beat home the wind freshened, and Fascination, in taking in her topsail, had a bad knock down. Velnette finally won on corrected time, the elapsed times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correc'd.
Ripple	3 04 55	4 50 24	1 45 29	
Majel	3 10 33	4 48 40	1 38 07	
Fascination	3 11 14	4 53 02	1 41 48	
Velnette	3 08 21	4 47 38	1 39 17	
Armida	3 11 02	5 07 00	1 55 58	
Edith	3 10 51	4 50 29	1 39 38	

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C.—First cup race, Aug. 9, course No. 1. Weather cloudy, wind easy and moderate, tide flood:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correc'd.
Tantrum, J. F. Small	15.00	4 00	5 16 05	1 16 05	1 16 05
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.11	4 00	5 20 55	1 20 55	1 20 50
Lottie, S. H. Rich	14.06	4 00	5 37 40	1 37 40	1 37 07

SECOND CLASS.

Bessie, W. C. Cherr'ton	12.11	4 05	5 26 50	1 21 50	1 19 33
Skeeter, S. N. Small	12.11	4 05	5 40 00	1 35 00	1 32 43

The wind at the start was moderate. About half an hour after the start it died out considerable. The Tantrum turned the buoy first and took the lead and held it to the finish. In the second class Bessie took the lead and beat her competitor handsomely. Winners: First class, first leg, Tantrum; second class, first leg, Bessie. Judges, M. W. Ransom, J. A. O'Leary, Jas. F. Barry.

CAROLINA Y. C. 2D REGATTA, JULY 28.—Weather fair; wind light from S.; tide ebb:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Lillian-Florence, H. M. Bowden	16.02	4 20 00	6 47 10
Vixen, E. S. Latimer	19.08	4 13 30	6 42 36
Pirate, Norwood Giles	19.09	4 23 35	6 34 12
Peggotty, Harry Walters	20.05	4 23 52½	6 39 36

Pirate won in first class, and Lillian-Florence in second class. Owing to lack of space on our course, which prevents a "flying start," yachts are given their time allowance at the start, being sent off in detail. Regatta committee, R. N. Sweet, M. S. Willard, H. N. Parsley. Judges, Col. Stanhope E. Blunt, U.S.A., Col. Beuchan Cameron, N.C.S.G., D. M. Williams.

GANANOQUE REGATTA.—Clayton, N. Y., Aug. 9.—The Gananoque (Ontario, Can.) regatta for sailing skiffs, advertised for Thursday, the 7th inst., but postponed on account of light weather, was held to-day in a heavy wind. Five of the fastest boats on the St Lawrence River started with the following result:

Yankee Doodle, St. Lawrence R. S., C. & S. L. Co., Clayton, N.Y..1
Choctaw, F. Jones, Brockville, Ont. .2
I. C. U., F. Hawley, Kingston, Ont. .3
Cyclone, —, Lasna, Gananoque, Ont. 0
Y. kwa, —Nicholson, Gananoque, Ont. 0
Arietta B., R. Bullock, Gananoque, Ont. 0

Yankee Doodle was a mile ahead of the second boat, and once more demonstrates that the championship for St. Lawrence River skiffs belongs to Clayton, N. Y.

AN EXPERT OPINION.—The New York papers have not hesitated to handle the classification question without gloves during the past year, the work of the various committees coming in for pretty severe criticism. How much the most of this was worth is shown from the following editorial from the New York *World*, which certainly surpasses in absurdity anything that has been published for a very long time: "We are glad to note that so eminent an authority as Gen. Paine agrees with the *World* as to taxing of sail power. As Gen. Paine says, 'Power will win if put into a proper model and if everything aboard the boat is right.' Power in a yacht is the power of sail. Other things being equal, the hull which has the ability to carry the greatest sail area will win, and she ought to win. Given two hulls, each 40ft. long, one carrying a boom 5ft. longer than the other, and having 4ft. more hoist, this hull will have the advantage of somewhere near 20ft. more of sail area and must win unless there is some great awkwardness in her model. To tax the superior sail-carrying capacity of this boat in order to make her more like her rival is to destroy the technical value of a yacht race. Aside from the physical invigoration of the sport, the interest would be largely that aroused by a game of chance. To tax sail power is like taxing the endurance of a trotting horse to bring him down to an equality with his less capable rival."

MIST—WILDCAT.—On Aug. 5 a very close match race was sailed at Monument Beach in a double-reef southwester between Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B. Y. C., 26.08 sailing length, and Wildcat, S. P. Hill, of Monument Beach, 26.04 sailing length. Course was from Monument Beach to and around West Island Buoy and return, 15½ nautical miles to windward and return. The match was sailed without allowance, boat for boat, although under B. Y. C. rules Mist would allow 62 seconds. Wildcat started 25 seconds ahead, but Mist finally got a trifling lead, though Wildcat was close after her. Running home Mist shook out one reef and Wildcat shook both. Mist crossed line 8s. ahead, winning by 32s. actual time; a close race for a 31-mile course. Under B. Y. C. rules Wildcat would have won by 30s.

JESSICA.—On the night of Aug. 6 the new cutter Jessica arrived at New York from Fairlie, which port she left on July 3. She was brought out by Capt. James Ritchie with a mate, Archibald Paton, and a crew of two. She had rather a hard passage, with head winds. Her cruising rig will be replaced by a racing suit somewhat larger than Minerva's. Jessica was designed for the 20-rating class, and is 46ft. l.w.l. and 10ft. 4in. beam.

CAPSIZED.—The centerboard sloop Lydia, of Yonkers, when near that place on Aug. 4, on her return from the New York Y. R. A. cruise, capsized suddenly and dropped her crew of four into the Hudson. They were rescued by small boats.

New Publications.

NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME.

A BOOK on the big game of North America, giving the habits and the best method of hunting each species, has long been needed and will be very welcome to a large class of readers.

Some time ago, when it was announced that such a book was to be published, containing articles on various species by a number of well-known writers, and edited by Mr. G. O. Shields, considerable curiosity was felt by hunters of large game as to what the production would be. This volume had just made its appearance and is now before us.

It is only a few years since the fashion was inaugurated of making composite books on sporting subjects. The most imposing of such books was "Sport with Gun and Rod," issued some years ago from the press of the Century Company, but that was a book rather for the general reader than for the man who was above all things a sportsman.

A book written on this plan, with articles from the pens of hunters who may be called specialists as to the particular game which they pursue, will probably serve its purpose better than one which is the production of a single individual, even though he be well qualified for his task. At the same time it is plain that a book made on this plan suffers when looked at from a literary standpoint. It is likely, unless it is edited with great care and skill, to be a literary patchwork. However, it is not from a literary standpoint that a book of this character should be reviewed. This book is for sportsmen, and, no matter how keen the literary sense of a sportsman, he desires above all things facts, and these he is more likely to get in this way than in any other. To him it matters little if the style be crude and diffuse, so long as it is intelligible and reliable. He is not in search of literary excellence, but of information, and the more detailed and exact that information is, the more useful is the book.

Up to the present time no book has ever been published devoted exclusively to the big game of America. Mr. Shields is the pioneer in this direction, the first man to carry out an idea that has undoubtedly occurred to many hunters. He has selected for his contributors, as will be seen by the list given below, many men who are well known as contributors to the sporting press, and among these are a considerable number who are perhaps more competent than any others to write on the species that have been assigned to them. While this is true, it is equally so that in a number of cases very grave errors have crept into the accounts of the habits given of certain animals, but notwithstanding such blemishes in the work, it can fairly be said that "The Big Game of America" ought to have a place in the library of every man who uses the rifle.

The contents of this massive volume of nearly 600 pages with the names of the authors are given in the following list: Introduction by Hon. John Dean Caton; Moose Hunting in the Rocky Mountains, Newton Hibbs; Elk Hunting in the Olympic Mountains, W. A. Perry; The Wapiti (poem), "Wah-bah-mi-mi"; The Caribou, Wm. Pittman Lett; The Woodland Caribou, Dr. R. B. Cantrell; The Mule Deer, Rev. Joshua Cooke; The Mule Deer of Southern California, T. S. Van Dyke; The Columbia Black-tailed Deer, Thos. G. Farrel; the Virginia Deer, Walter M. Wolfe; A Deer Hunt, "Wah-bah-mi-mi"; Hunting the Grizzly Bear, W. S. Rainsford, D.D.; The Polar Bear, Sergt. Francis Long; A Polar Bear Hunt, ——; The Black Bear, Col. Geo. D. Alexander; The Buffalo, Orin Belknap; The Musk-Ox, H. Biederbick; Still-Hunting the Antelope, Arthur W. DuBray; Coursing the Antelope with Greyhounds, M. E. Allison; The Death of Venus (poem), Wm. P. Lett; The Rocky Mountain Goat, John Fannin; The Peccary, A. G. Requa; The Cougar, W. A. Perry; The Lynx, J. C. Nattrass; The Wolf, Wm. P. Lett; Coursing the Gray Wolf, D. S. Cage; The Wolverine, C. A. Cooper; The Wildcat, Daniel Arrowsmith; Coon Hunting in Southern Illinois, Daniel Arrowsmith; Fox Hunting in Virginia, Dr. M. G. Elizey; Alligator Shooting in Florida, Cyrus W. Butler; The Ethics of Field Sports, Judge John Dean Caton and W. B. Leffingwell.

There is perhaps room for a difference of opinion as to whether animals like the peccary, the wolf, the lynx and wildcat should be called game. Certainly the raccoon, fox and alligator ought not to be included in this list, though the smaller cats and the gray wolf may perhaps belong there. The wolverine is properly fur, and is not in any sense game; as well include the fisher, the badger or the ground hog.

It is quite impossible, within the limits of a review of this character, to go over all the chapters of this book and criticise them as we should like to. It seems better to take up a single article—one which treats of a species very familiar to all hunters in the West, and very easily killed, and to call attention to certain misstatements made about this animal which ought never to have been permitted to appear in a work of this kind, which by many of its readers will be regarded as authoritative.

Mr. W. A. Perry, in his chapter on elk hunting in the Olympic Mountains, makes the statement that the elk, when about to shed their horns, seek some secluded thicket and there rub the antlers against a tree or bush until they have pushed them off. This statement is, of course, the reverse of true. The experience of all observers shows that when the deer and elk lose their horns, this operation is wholly an involuntary one. The absorption which takes place at the base of the antler weakens its attachment to the pedicel and the horn at length drops off by its own weight. This dropping off of the horn has been frequently witnessed, and the fact that some mesas and hillsides in the Rocky Mountains where elk have their winter feeding grounds, are often thickly strewn with shed antlers, is additional evidence, if this were needed, that they do not rub their horns against trees and bushes to get rid of them. Still speaking about the horns, Mr. Perry says that when the horns have completed their growth and are getting hard, and the elk commence rubbing off the velvet, "there is evidently some microbe or insect in the velvet that irritates the animal." We know of no evidence to support this statement, and it seems much more simple and reasonable to suppose, as has been done by previous writers, that as the flow of blood becomes less, the skin which surrounds the horn itches like a healing wound, and that it is to relieve himself from this irritation that the elk rubs off the velvet. In speaking of the rutting season, the statement is made that the band of elk always acknowledges one leader, the largest and strongest bull in the herd. This of course is true in a certain sense, but it is not

true that the leader leads. Instead of being a leader he is a driver, and in the rutting season always brings up the rear of the bunch, prodding the lagging cows or calves with his sharp horns and driving them before him as a cowboy drives a bunch of cattle. At other seasons of the year the bulls are the first to run away, but in the rutting season they are the last, always going about to gather up all the bunch before they start to run. On page 50 it is stated that the elk do not often feed at night but are stirring at the earliest dawn. This is not the case in most parts of the country. Elk are usually most active during the night, and especially in the rutting season may be heard, especially on moonlight nights, from shortly after dark until dawn, fighting, playing in the water and feeding.

To these remarks it may be objected that the habits of a species of wide range may differ in different parts of the country. This is true within certain limits. Habits affected by climate, such as the times of rut and of birth of young, or habits of migration and even hours of feeding, might vary according to the adventitious conditions of the animal's life, but these conditions would not influence such a matter as the growth and shedding of the horns.

Exception may also be taken to Mr. Perry's apparent blood thirstiness. In the accounts which he gives of hunting, he speaks as if it were a common thing for him to kill three or four elk out of a bunch, and again on page 67, he tells where he killed seven or eight at one time. Such slaughter as this makes us think of the turning loose among a band of elk of young city sportsmen who had never before seen big game. It is certainly inexcusable in an old hunter. The tendency to kill is naturally strong enough in every civilized heart, and the efforts of those who write as teachers—for the instruction of those who have had less experience than themselves—should be devoted to checking rather than to encouraging this tendency. All of us who are sportsmen profess to desire to preserve game rather than to slaughter it, and it is unfortunate that this lesson has so far been forgotten in this present work. As already implied, similar comment might be made on a number of other chapters in this book.

As might be expected in a volume of this kind, the articles are of widely varying merit. Some of them appear to have been originally written for this volume; others have at various times in the past appeared in substantially the same form in sporting papers. Such an article is that capital account of the buffalo, written by Orin Belknap, and a most excellent story of mountain goat hunting, by our friend John Fannin, both of which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM.

The illustrations which adorn the volume also vary widely in merit. Some of them are extremely coarse and to our mind quite unworthy of the work; others while not especially praiseworthy from a standpoint of execution, are really very vivid and lifelike. We may call especial attention to the picture in the article on the mountain sheep, page 366, entitled "Mother and Son." It is in many respects most excellent. So, the head of the musk ox is capital. The figure of the mule deer on page 156, entitled "Resting," is excellent, but what place has a picture of a Virginia deer's head, entitled "The Portrait," page 152, in an article on the mule deer. This cut seems to have been misplaced.

We have written at length of this book because it is in many ways an important one, treating of a subject which has a very great interest for a large class of readers. A work of this kind made up on this plan can hardly fail to contain errors, yet on the whole the "Big Game of North America" deserves great praise. So far it stands by itself, without a rival, and we believe that it will be extensively read not only in America, but in England as well.

A STORY OF THE SEA.*

SKETCHES of sea life are to most readers interesting, partly because they treat of a phase of existence of which most people know nothing by actual experience. Perhaps no one has done so much to render this form of literature popular as Mr. W. Clark Russell, whose stories easily stand in the front rank.

Mr. Patterson's "Captain of the Rajah" is a short story, but it is well told in a simple yet vivid style, which reminds one somewhat of Mr. Russell. It turns on the adventures of the crew of a schooner commanded by a captain who is drunken and brutal, and the voyage terminates in the wreck of the vessel and the death of all except the narrator of the tale.

The book contains about 130 cuts, ranging in size from full-page illustrations to chapter initials and tail pieces. These sketches by Mr. Sheppard are vigorous and lifelike, and add to the interest of the volume.

*The Captain of the Rajah, a Story of the Sea, by Howard Patterson. Illustrated by Warren Sheppard. New York: Union Square Publishing Company, 30 Union Square.

COLORADO SKETCHES.*

MR. FRANCE needs no introduction to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Either by his own name or by his pseudonym, "Bourgeois," he has long been known as one of our most able and entertaining contributors, and has given pleasure to thousands of readers by his charming sketches of life in Colorado.

Mr. France is an old timer in Colorado and is thoroughly familiar with the scenes of which he writes. Besides this, which is much, he has further the gift of a keen poetic sense and the rare ability to express in charming and feeling language not only what he sees and what he does, but also the reflection to which such sights and actions give rise. Given such an unusual combination as this, it is hardly necessary to say that the writings of its possessor will be eagerly read.

The story of Mr. Dide treats of the adventures of a young tourist in Colorado, whose attire, manners and language justify us in calling him a "dude." There is a thread of story and a suggestion of love in the sketch; but its main incidents deal with what Mr. Dide does while in camp with two old timers, who have gone off for a month in the mountains. One of these is the author, and the other may be conjectured to be another well known contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, who was long editor of one of the most important newspapers in Denver. Mr. Dide, notwithstanding the prejudice that his appearance at first inspires, proves himself a gentleman, and under the tuition of the author takes a number of lessons in the art of angling. There is plenty of fishing and a little shooting in the sketch, and a good deal of unobtrusive instruction in the decencies of sport. There are plenty of men who can write well enough of the "ethics of sport," but, we fear, too few who put in practice what they preach as do the two principal character of the book.

The adventures of Mr. Dide are told in 137 pages of the 259 which make up this book. The remaining sketches are "The Rivals of Basset Bar," "The Owners of the Jack Pot Lode," and "Called." In each of these the scene is laid in a mining camp, and the stories deal with early mining days and show an accurate knowledge of the occurrences of that period. Like "Mr. Dide," they are told with rare felicity and show great feeling.

The charm which pervades Mr. Frances' writings will be felt by every one who reads them, and this latest volume is recommended as a thoroughly wholesome and altogether delightful book on outdoor life. It is illustrated by a number of plates of characteristic western scenery.

*Mr. Dide: His Vacation in Colorado, and Other Sketches. By L. B. France, author of "Rod and Line," etc., etc. New York: Bromfield & Company, 1890.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. L. T., Washington D. C.—Please inform me by your paper who is the best live pigeon shot and who the best clay pigeon shot, that is according to record. Ans. It is not known who are the best shots.

E. T. M., East Boston.—I have just run across a French book printed in 1830, entitled "Pêcheur Français." It tells all about hatching trout. How long is it since we commenced in New York to hatch fish? Ans. The first experiments in the artificial breeding of fish in this country were made by Dr. Theodatus Garlick and Prof. H. A. Ackley, in 1853, near Cleveland, O. It was not until years later that the work was taken up systematically. The French preceded other nations in this line of enterprise.

SALMO, Paterson, N. J.—Please inform me if the introduction of English brown trout and Loch Leven trout has proved a success in this country. Ans. Yes, these trout have been distributed widely over a large portion of our Eastern States and in some of the Western ones, and have bred freely. They reach a large size and possess all the good qualities of superior game fish. We have no native species of black spotted trout east of the Rocky Mountain region, and these introduced species are a great addition to our resources.

H. A. L., Ogdensburg.—Having purchased an island in the St. Lawrence river, we find at its head a large bed of rushes, growing in from 3 to 8ft. of water. Any dead fish or other refuse matter coming down the river is sure to lodge amid the rushes and if there is any possible way, we propose to get them out. Ans. We cannot suggest a plan for the extermination of rushes, except to cut them off as near the roots as possible. The roots are so deeply and firmly fixed that the difficulty of eradicating the plant must be very great.

A. A., St. Louis.—Will you please answer the following question: Which is the fastest flyer, green-winged teal duck or a canvasback duck, and what is the speed of each? Ans. It is believed that the canvasback is the faster flyer, but the speed of neither bird has ever been measured with any approach to accuracy. A number of guesses have been made, but little definite is known. Cross, in his "Fifty Years with Rod and Gun," estimates the speed of the greenwing at from 80 to 100 miles per hour, and that of the canvasback at from 80 to 120 miles per hour.

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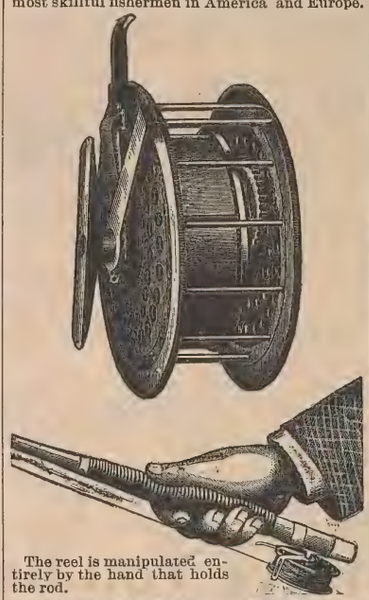
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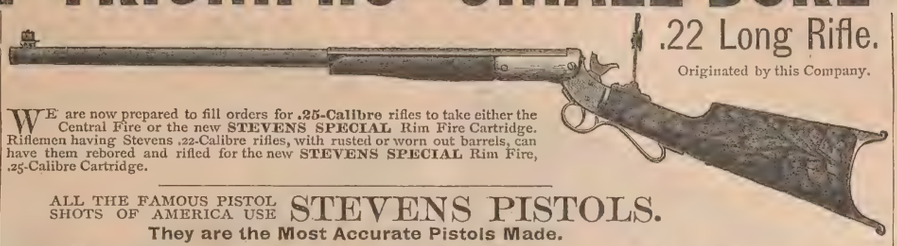
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
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"Sport."

Good Things to Come.

HERE IS A PARTIAL PROGRAMME of what will be given to the readers of this journal during the next few weeks.

In our next issue we shall publish the first part (to be concluded the week after) of a lively account of shore shooting—

Around Cape Hatteras,

written for the FOREST AND STREAM by "Chasseur." In the same number will be begun the publication of a series of illustrated papers descriptive of

The Clubs of the St. Clair Flats.

Written by Mr. E. Hough, illustrated, and relating to one of the most famous shooting and fishing localities in the West, these papers cannot but prove of sustained interest. In the same number we shall also print the first one of a series of chapters entitled

Trapping Days,

from the pen of Orin Belknap, and relating his experience as a trapper in that region lying in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, which Mr. Belknap declares to have been the finest trapping ground for furred animals in the United States.

CAGES IN PLACE OF BULLETS.

BEARS have become abundant in the National Park. While protecting other game, the Government has provided also a refuge for the large species of vermin, and has insured for them an abundant supply of food in the elk, and deer, and buffalo in the Park limits.

At Norris Geyser Basin last summer, one of the regular sights was to go out behind the hotel and see them come down out of the timber to feed on the kitchen refuse. They were as tame as so many hogs, and quite as regular at their meals.

It will be remembered that when the question of Adirondack deer hounding was before the New York Legislature some years ago, Paul Smith or some other hotel landlord who wanted to insure his guests the privilege of driving deer into water to be clubbed to death, gravely argued before the Assembly committee that it was in fact beneficial to the deer to be run by dogs; for the running was only a healthy form of exercise, which made them strong and healthy and sharp-witted and keen-scented and alert and competent to take care of themselves and to get away from the still-hunters; in short the persistent and unflagging hounding of deer was held up to be a most efficacious mode of preserving them. We presume that an equally good case might be made out for the grizzlies and other carnivors in the National Park, which by getting the better of and devouring the weak, aged, decrepit and infirm elk and deer and buffalo, would weed out all such inferior stock and insure the survival of the fittest.

But all such theories aside, it has been officially decreed that the bear supply must be diminished; and authority having been given to the Superintendent, Scout Wilson has been deputed to make away with some of the superfluous Ephraims. Now, if the Government has more bears than it can find profitable use for in one of its preserves, instead of killing them in this way, why should it not transfer them to some of its other wild animal preserves, the National Zoological Park, at Washington, for instance? This is, indeed, a very good opportunity for the authorities at Washington to secure a series of living bears, lynxes, wildcats, and other wild animals for their collections at the Capitol. If the Superintendent of the Park has authority to kill these animals, no doubt he is at liberty to trap them; and if the Zoological Park authorities would send out to him some cages and a little money with which to hire men for the work, he could no doubt, at the proper season, supply a fine series of living bears.

THE GIFFARD GAS ARM.

THE announcement of the invention by a French mechanician of an arm in which the change of condition from the liquid to the gaseous form of carbonic acid gas is made to do service as an explosive, has created no small interest among riflemen and gun shooters as well. Military men and civilian shots are alike concerned about this last and cleverest demonstration of the efforts now pushing so vigorously forward in this special line of inventive art. The main wonder is, to our mind, that the thing had not long since been brought out. Years ago in discussing the antiquated character of black powder we remarked that the improvement most needed, especially in small arms, was not in the direction of better mechanical devices, breech actions, safety clutches, and all that, but in the abolition of the black powder cartridge, with its heavy, cumbrous form and many dangerous qualities and the multitude of objections connected with its use. A mere wafer of explosive material, we said, ought to be sufficient to send the bullet on its course.

M. Giffard has gone a step further: he has utilized a material which has been known in every working laboratory for years. The great iron or steel cylinders into which the liquefied gas was forced and confined were the prototypes of the little cylinder which M. Giffard places beside the breech of his gun and draws on drop by drop for his propelling power. All that is necessary to send a bullet on its mission of destruction is a great body of gas suddenly evolved and liberated in the rear of that bullet as it rests in the gun chamber. Black powder does this after a fashion with the simultaneous production of a great volume of smoke and a residuum of soot and unburnt powder. The nitro-powders make this same volume of gas, or gaseous product, with somewhat less smoke, but with other objectionable phenomena. There are hundreds of unstable chemical compounds or mixtures which, under proper conditions, may be changed from the solid or liquid conditions into greatly increased volumes of gases. Many have been tried; not a few with disastrous results, as propulsives in firearms. The Giffard attempt rids itself of many of the uncertainties which attend the use of chemical mixture. His liquid has been made mechanically, and it is a simple reversion of the force which liquefied it that enables it to do its work in the cartridge chamber.

The experiments are as yet inconclusive, and on that account much more is now claimed by the invention, or at least claimed for it, than may be borne out by subsequent commercial test. It is certain, however, that this latest invention will not go into the limbo of discarded promises, so often the fate of clever inventions. It has come to stay, either in a modified form or as a stepping-stone to some other contrivance in the same line and fully adapted to general use.

LUCK.

THE lucky sportsman is found in nearly every locality; and is, in most cases, looked upon merely as a lucky individual, while no thought is taken as to why he is thus blessed above the ordinary man, who goes a-field with dog and gun. He is lucky in always having a good dog, a good gun; and above all, he is nearly always lucky in obtaining a shot, while his companions are generally in the wrong places, and the birds persistently fly only in the direction of the lucky one. It is generally in ruffed grouse shooting that the lucky sportsman makes his reputation. This king of birds is preternaturally wise and wary; and when much hunted it takes a master hand to cope with him, and it is no wonder the tyro sees nothing but luck in his capture.

Now, while we all know that with every shooter good luck often has ever so much to do with filling the game bag, and that bad luck is a sweetly consoling factor in accounting for slim results, the mistake people make is in ascribing to uniform good luck what is actually the fruit of skill and care and hunting sense. Luck plays its part with all of us in the field, but good luck does not persistently attend any one individual season after season, to the making of his reputation; nor does bad luck dog the steps of another year after year.

He who has the reputation of being a lucky sportsman, then, is very rarely lucky in the sense that is ordinarily understood, but he is indeed lucky in the possession of perceptive faculties that enable him to do the proper thing at the proper time. His dog is naturally no better than others; but it has been handled in the manner that best brings out its good qualities. His gun is not superior to the guns of thousands of others, but the proper charge is used in it, and that this is generally sent in the right direction at just the right time, is to be credited, not to luck, but to hunting sense. Of course the birds rise near him, or if flushed by others, fly in his direction, but there is no luck about it; he has been a close and careful student of the game he seeks, and intuitively, as it were, he posts himself nearly always in the right place, at the right time. Even when on strange ground, a casual glance shows him where the game ought to be; and the same half glance also shows him just the line of flight the birds will take when flushed, and mechanically, with hardly a thought upon the subject, his feet take him that way; and his companion again has occasion to congratulate him upon his luck.

IN most States the prevailing disposition of fines which may accrue from convictions for the violation of the game and fish laws is to devote them to the public school funds. Now, if all the infractions of the protective statutes were actually punished and the prescribed fines collected, we should never hear of Blair Bills in Congress, nor any other legislative measures to provide educational funds. The fellows who shoot game out of season and net fish would supply funds so abundant that the school tax rate might well be lowered.

SEÑOR E. CHÁZARI, Commissioner of Fisheries of Mexico, in a letter to Col. John Gay dated Aug. 8, 1890, wrote that the rainbow trout developed from eggs furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission are doing admirably. He has trout aged 30 months which are as large as some 6-year-olds seen by him in the United States. The lake trout eggs, numbering 50,000, yielded only one per cent. when hatched, but all the other eggs of the *Salmonidæ* did well. Sr. Cházari is desirous of obtaining more eggs of salmon and trout. The rainbow trout were reared in ponds in the City of Mexico.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MUTABLE.

LITTLE FORD came along the creek one bright morning to keep his early appointment with Uncle Thuse for a fishing excursion, and not finding him at the trysting place, which was where the punt was moored, continued on up the hill to the old man's cabin. Uncle Thuse was sitting on his favorite soap box under the po'ch, and looked poorly, so much so that the boy, as he seated himself in the doorway, remarked, "Why, Uncle Thuse, you look awful old this morning, what's the matter; are you real sick?"

"Yis, honey, I'se reel sick. Rumytisy all ober me. Ole man ant wuf nuffin nowerdays. What ken yer spect when I wus so old en tired-lookin' when I wos borned dat dey named me Thuselum, arter der oldest man what der Bible menshuns? En I isn't grow'd younger since. Toby sure, I couldn't spect it, couldn't spect it. I'se a sittin' heah, Marse Fo'd, en I'se er thinkin' ob der ole times afore der wah, when so long es er nigger 'haved hisself he was keerd fer, speshly when he was ole on der place. Dish yere wos wot I wos er thinkin' of, Marse Fo'd:

Marse Linkum's proklemashum gub each nigger to hisself,
En er t'ous'n dollar darky come to be a man er welf;
But he warn't wuff noffin fer he wouldn't earn his meat,
En niggers loss der market kase dey wussent wuff der keep.
Dish yere blessed freedom doan probe so berry fine,
Kase dere's 'sponsibility tenden, we didn't hab ole time.
Marse foun' der close en feedin' en der cabin snug en bright,
En we didn't lay a-thinkin' whars der brekfus? ober night.
I'se a pore ole nigger, an' I'se waitin' fer der ho'n
Dat call der darkies home when der day's work's done.
Der craps done finish, en der gleanin's mity pore,
Nuffin left fer der *ole* niggers et er closin' of der wah.

BOSTON, July 17. FRED R. SHATTUCK.

MR. RASTUS'S EXPERIENCE.

[*Concluded from Page 67.*]

WHEN Bill came in and I found it was daylight, I got up too; and not caring for a bath took a good wash, drank a cup of coffee that the man brought me, shaved and dressed myself slowly. When I looked out of doors I found that the light was just touching the tops of the trees on the hills across the lake, making them, I must say, very pretty indeed, besides the reflections of the trees on the shore, all upside down in the water. Bess would have talked about it half an hour at the rate of a mile a minute. After I had got all dressed I looked at my watch and it was just half-past four o'clock. I was disgusted. All my regular habits knocked into pi! My usual hour of rising in 249th street is eight, breakfast at nine, desk at ten, lunch at one, dinner at six, bed at eleven. And here I was, all ready for breakfast at half-past four, and hungry at that!

I went out to find Bill and see if there was any way in which I could get away from the place, but he was off fishing again. I smelled something cooking, which pleased me, for I wanted my breakfast before starting, in any case. The air outside was fresh and really nice. After I had walked up and down the piazza in front of the cabin quite a while, I saw Bill coming round the point in one of those egg-shell things, a bark canoe, one of the kind that tips over if one's hat isn't on straight. And yet the fellow was actually standing up in it! He came ashore, tossed out half a dozen or so more trout and called out something that I found out was an inquiry whether breakfast was ready.

The cook evidently said that it was and proceeded immediately to set out those wretched tin dishes again, and brought out more trout, with fried potatoes and salt pork. I ate two trout, some potatoes and a little of the fried pork, which really was not so bad as I thought it was, for I always pitied the poor people who were obliged to eat pork every day. (I afterward found that Bill's man preferred pork even to a nice bit of beefsteak.) The man I think had discovered my weakness, as he brought me a couple of slices of toast exquisitely browned, which I ate with butter and marmalade. Bill's coffee was excellent. In fact I had always heard that Bill when at home was extremely particular, and even fussy about his eating and drinking, and all his surroundings. What ever could have induced him to go and live up there all summer in the manner he did I cannot imagine. I was just getting my mouth cleared to ask how I could escape from that place when the man came in with fresh coffee, and Bill and he went to jabbering away in their incomprehensible jargon, so I got no chance.

Breakfast over Bill said that they two were going up to some river or other to see about a dam or something and I had better come with them. At first I declined, but when I reflected that there was now certainly no chance of getting away home and that it would be dreary in the extreme to stay there alone all day, I decided to go.

They put some things into a bag, the man stuck the handle of a frying pan into his belt, we all got into the boat and set off. In about half an hour we landed, walked a little way through woods and then began to climb down the side of a mountain. The others went down like goats—I don't see how they did it—but I assure you I wished ten thousand times I had remained at the cabin, instead of coming there to leave my mangled remains at the foot of that cliff. It was dreadful. I had not much hope of getting down alive. Still, by taking plenty of time, placing my feet with great care, holding on to trees and bushes with both hands, and sitting down and sliding in a good many places, I did get to the bottom without any broken limbs. The others were quietly sitting smoking their pipes, without any show of anxiety about me at all. Indeed, I have this to complain of about Bill, that he didn't seem to concern himself much about me anyway. He just did what he wanted to do and assumed that I was doing what I wanted to do, too, which was very far from the case. I certainly didn't want to go on any such neck-breaking expedition as this by any means. There was only one thing I really did want to do and that was to get back to 249th street as quickly as possible.

At the foot of the mountain was a river, and on it was another of those horrible bark canoes. They made me get into it without asking whether I liked it or not, sat me down in the bottom of it and paddled me away. I sat still, not daring to move hand or foot, for about an hour. We came to a lake, passed several islands, and at length stopped at one to straighten our legs out. It was quite time, for mine had been asleep a long while. I asked if the place we were going to was much further, but the most definite answer I got was that it was "a good bit." We embarked again, passed more islands, then a long, winding piece of a river and came into another lake—quite a large one. Unlike the others, it had a good stretch of sandy beach, and they let me get out and walk. I found a great many tracks of birds and beasts in this sand, some large and some small. I asked Bill about them when he paddled to the shore to take me in. He pointed out tracks of caribou, which, it seems, is a kind of deer; fox tracks, lynx tracks and others, besides those of a variety of birds that I had never heard of. There were some marks that looked a good deal as if made by a human foot, which Bill said were bear's tracks, and mildly added that that shore was a splendid place for game. I thought likely it might be good for game, but didn't consider it a good place for me if there were bears around. I wanted to get into the canoe again, but Bill decided it was time we had some lunch, so what did he do but sit down there in the midst of all those indications of savage animals, build a fire and make tea. He and his man ate cold boiled pork and bread; but they had had sense enough to put up a box of sardines with some crackers and a little butter for me.

After our lunch, which happily was not disturbed by wild beasts, there was more paddling till we came to quite a high waterfall, at the mouth of a river emptying into the lake. We got out, the man took the canoe upside down on his head, Bill swung the bag of provisions over his shoulder, and I followed them on a narrow footpath through the woods up the river, which I could hear on my left hand all the time. It was a long walk and a good deal up hill before we came to the water and got into the canoe again, paddling up stream till we came to rapids, where the men pushed the canoe against the current with poles that they cut in the woods. I sat perfectly still, in deadly terror all the time. There was another season of carrying things, and more paddling up river and across lakes to another waterfall, and a dam that was the one Bill had come to see. He looked at it just about two minutes and then commenced unpacking that everlasting fishing rod of his. I don't believe he cared a snap about the dam. He caught a number of trout, some of them quite large, and grew very much excited, jumping about from one rock to another, not minding whether he was in the water or out of it. Some of the trout, one especially, led him a good deal of a dance. Sometimes he had the rod almost quite doubled up over his head, and one time I saw him stand for several minutes with this bent-up rod without moving a muscle, and then all of a sudden there was a splash away off down the stream, the rod was straightened out and the fish 50yds. away. I really grew quite interested in watching their maneuvers. Many a time I thought Bill was surely going into the river. When he got this fish ashore he said that that alone was worth the whole price of admission, that he had got glory enough for one day and wouldn't fish any more. It weighed just 3¼lbs. Bill lighted his pipe and sat down and looked at it about half an hour. I confess it was very handsome, although I have seen many fish a great deal larger and of many different kinds in the markets.

The man then prepared us something more to eat, baked beans this time out of a tin can. Afterward Bill smoked again; and after having daubed myself over with the fly oil I took a nap on a flat rock in the shade. We then embarked again for our return. Arrived at the other end of the lake, Bill announced his intention of "running the rapids," which caused considerable discussion between him and his man. I didn't know what "running the rapids" was, but it was evidently something out of the common and not without danger. I thought the man was remonstrating or at least objecting on my account; but Bill spoke up sharply to him, which was not his custom, and he prepared to obey orders. Neither of them consulted me in the matter at all. Bill took the bow of the canoe with a pole in his hands and told me in a peremptory and not very polite manner not on any account to speak or to move unless I found myself in the water all over. He pushed the canoe off from the shore, held it steady for a few seconds against the current, gave a decided order to his man, quickly exchanged the pole for a paddle and off we shot.

The terror of the next few minutes I shall never forget. We seemed to be going to certain destruction at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Fifty times I was sure we were going to be dashed against the rocks, but somehow a few quick strokes of Bill's paddle or a sudden word spoken to his man enabled us to go clear. He need not have told me to keep still, for I could not have moved if I wanted to. I felt my hair stand on end and my blood stop running. I just held on to the sides of the canoe with both hands. We came out into quiet water for a moment: and I heard Bill say something that I thought was in the way of commendation to his man and direction what to do next. There was another rapid, but not as bad as the first and then we came to a strong, steady current that carried us down fast and Bill seized the opportunity to light his pipe. The third rapid was worse than the second, though not as bad as the first, and was passed in the same way. Bill was not so much concerned about it as to let his pipe go out, and I am not sure but the smoke from it gave me confidence. The next thing I knew we were pulled to the shore at the top of the big waterfall, and I don't suppose we had been ten minutes in coming back over the distance that it had taken us two hours of walking, carrying the cane, poling and paddling in going up. Still I would rather go on foot, and a very great deal rather not go at all.

I had had all the canoeing I wanted for my lifetime, but yet there were more experiences to come. We had not been half an hour going down the large lake when a shower came on with thunder, lightning and heavy squalls of wind and rain. We reached the shore before it was very bad, hauled the canoe up, turned it over and crawled under it. This kept our heads and bodies dry, but it was not big enough to cover our legs, which got well soaked. The rain lasted an hour or so; and we put off again, having no more mishaps till we reached our original starting place at the foot of the mountain. There was then another shower coming up; and it was too late and dark for us to see to climb up that terrible cliff, so there was nothing for us to do but stay there all night. The men looked about until they found a suitable place, and then by some means or other they stripped the bark off some trees, braced it up against some poles and made a very good shelter. It rained hard before they got through, and I was soaked from head to foot. Literally there was not a dry thread on me. I wondered what Bess would think if she knew what a condition I was in. At home, if by chance I even got in the least damp, she would have me put to bed in hot blankets with a dose of ginger tea inside of me and a bottle of hot water at my feet. And here I was, utterly drenched and without even a roof over my head.

With much difficulty, in a lull of the rain, the man got a fire going, and by its light pulled the bark off another tree, dried it, and gave it to me to lie on. We finished the beans and cold pork, but it rained too hard for us to cook anything, and my supper was scanty. I would have given all my last year's almanacs to be back in 249th street where I belonged and where things suited a man of my disposition. Perhaps some of the people who write stories for such papers as FOREST AND STREAM like this kind of thing, but I don't. I have not a doubt now that if Bill were to write them a letter he would tell all about how he caught that last trout, and never say a word about all our miseries.

While I was thinking them over I fell asleep. The others had been snoring for two hours, having first made up a big fire that dried our clothes a little, and burned our faces a good deal. I was getting indifferent to these discomforts, for I was certain I should take a cold that would turn into bronchitis and then into lung fever or consumption and carry me off, or else into rheumatism that would double me up for the rest of my days. One of the last things Bess told me before I left home, and she told me a good many, was that I should never, on any account, lie down with wet feet, and that if by any chance my clothing should get damp I must change it instantly. Once in the night I spoke out loud to see if my voice was getting hoarse or anything, and was surprised to find it was not; but I could feel that my legs were stiff and was sure the rheumatism was commencing. The fire burned down, and I kept crawling nearer to it until finally I burned holes in both my stockings, but just then the man got up and started it anew.

I had only been asleep a few minutes when Bill roused me up, and said it was time to start, although I saw that it was only beginning to be daylight. In a few minutes we began to climb up that dreadful precipice that it cost me such anxiety to get down. All I wish to say about it is that I got to the top at last. The labors and struggles I went through no tongue tell or pen indite, yet I ultimately lived to get back to the cabin, glad to get even into a log hut, if I could only rest.

I was for lying down at once, but Bill wouldn't let me. He had a little fire built in the stove, for the morning was chilly after the rain, made me wash all over, change my clothes, drink a dish of some kind of broth, and eat a cracker before getting into my bunk. He put a thick blanket over me, and tumbling into his own bed after having gone through very much the same performances himself fell asleep at once, and after awhile I did the same and never woke until 11 o'clock. I was astonished to find I had no rheumatism, and that considering the fearful trials I had gone through I felt remarkably fresh.

But I had had more than I wanted of that kind of life, and as delicately as I could, I sounded Bill about how I could get away. He only said that it was too late for that day, that the next day would be Saturday, and the next after that Sunday, and that on Monday we would see about it. I was, therefore, condemned to three days more, but I firmly resolved that no earthly inducement should tempt me away from the cabin again, where, if my surroundings were not congenial I was not very uncomfortable. I could at least sleep all I liked, and sleeping I knew was good for me. We had some more things to eat, and lounged about the rest of the day. I borrowed a knife and whittled out a neat paper cutter to take home to Bess's baby.

Saturday we rowed about the lake in the punt, and so avoided the detestable bark canoe. Bill caught more fish in that absurd fashion of his, and I scooped them up in the net, which got to be rather fun after I had missed three or four, and nearly tumbled overboard in trying to reach one that was nearly 10ft. away. The flies did not trouble me much, but the sun burned my nose and the back of my neck horribly.

Sunday was another leisure day, and although I could not read much it did not seem very long. We passsed a good part of it in eating and sleeping, and listening to the screams of the loons on the lake. They had frightened me awfully the first night I was there. There were several flocks of wild ducks sailing about, old ones with their young, that looked very pretty. In the afternoon we heard an owl close by. Bill and his man went out after him with guns, but did not get him. Just at night a boy came with letters and papers. The stupid little fellow had no more sense than to paddle across that lake in the same magnificent hog-trough that I had crossed in the first time. I don't know whether Bill and his man were aware what a dangerous vehicle it was, but at any rate they said nothing about it. Perhaps they thought that if this particular boy were drowned there would be plenty left, which perhaps was true, for in all my born days I never say, outside of a Sunday school procession, so many children in so short a time as I had seen, after it got to be light, on my way to the lake.

There was a letter from Bess for me, eight pages: four about the baby, two about Tom and two about other things. Among the other things she said that when she told my doctor where I was gone he said, "Just the place for him. Keep him there till the snow flies and it will add ten years to his life." I wrote back at once that I didn't think the ten years would be worth having at the price, and that I would return as soon as I possibly could. More than that, I didn't think I could live ten days at that place, much less three or four months. I had only been there five days, and had already suffered martyrdom four or five times. The idea of staying several weeks, with nobody to talk to except Bill, who was not at all loquacious, except when talking to that Frenchman of his, and who I felt almost always got the better of me when we discussed politics! And besides, he often appeared disgusted with me when I would not admire the same things that he did. He had a habit of raving about the same kind of things that Bess would run on so about: trees, clouds, rocks, mountains, rivers, waterfalls, shadows, reflections, and the like. Some of them, no doubt, were pretty enough, but I could not see anything in them worth talking half an hour about, or spending half a day in photographing, as he did, or in painting, as Bess would do.

The last two days had been so free from serious discomfort that I was not really in quite such haste to be gone as I had been, and I rather suspected that the green of the trees and the gray of the rocks were good for my eyes. I had enough to eat, could not complain of my appetite or digestion and slept first-rate, so I thought I might hold on a day or two longer, if only I would not be beguiled again into going far away from the cabin.

Monday it rained. We played cribbage, at which I came out ahead, and did odd jobs indoors. Bill's man sewed patches on to a part of my trousers that had come to grief dreadfully when I slid down the rocks. Bill had not cloth enough to make the two patches alike. One was the last scrap of a red flannel shirt that had been used up for similar purposes, and the other was out of the leg of an old boot. I did not bring the trousers home.

Tuesday the men took the bark canoe and went away somewhere. They were gone all day, and Bill came home cross without any fish. I had nothing to eat, as I do not know how to cook.

Next morning Bill announced his intention of going off for the day, and suggested I should go with him, as he was not going far. I didn't want to go, but having been alone all one day I didn't care to try it again so soon. I went, and if I wished once that I hadn't gone I wished it a thousand times. The time we went up the lakes was a mere excursion compared to this. I cannot give an idea of it. There was climbing up hills and down hills, getting across brooks on logs—when I did not slip off, as I often did—going through woods where there was no track at all, and through swamps where I sank to my ankles at every step, and the flies were so thick there was nothing else to be seen. The fly oil was no protection at all. They could not possibly have kept off me if they had tried. There were too many of them, they got in each other's way.

We came to a swift, shallow river that Bill and the Frenchman waded across. I tried to follow, but, of course, fell down. They got me on my feet, but I went down again in two minutes. We came to a place where Bill began his everlasting fishing, standing in the water above his knees. I sat down on a stone and tried to keep the flies out of my face with a bush. After a while the Frenchman came and built a fire for me, which drove them away. Bill kept hooking fish and the man scooped them up with the net.

I took off my boots, poured the water out and dried them, but when they were dry I could not get them on over my wet stockings, so I had to take off and dry them also. By that time Bill was half a mile or so down the river calling me to come on. I started, but had not gone 20yds. before I had to wade again. The stones were round and smooth so I slipped a good many times, but didn't go in all over. Sometimes I was in the water and sometimes on land, pulling myself up banks, climbing over fallen trees and scratching myself with branches. It was simply awful, and that is all I can say about it. Bill was all the time telling me to hurry up along and saying he was having splendid sport. I don't know how he could in conscience call that sport, for he was up nearly to his thighs in running water and in danger all the time of going completely over. I reached him at last; and he truly did have a fine lot of fish, some of them larger than any I have seen before, except that one 3½-pounder. He was happy as possible, but as for me, what with boots full of water, wet clothes, flies and a hurt foot that I got in one of my tumbles, I was not happy at all, not comfortable in the least, and moreover was quite anxious to know how I was to get back, for if I had got to wade and climb all that distance over again, I felt I might as well give up and be drowned at once.

Soon, however, the fish ceased to bite; and it did me good to see Bill unjoint his rod and pack it up. We made a short cut through the woods to a lumberman's road, and quite soon were on a good path that led to the cabin. I had enough. No money would have tempted me to go fishing with Bill again.

The next day some other people came, and among them were two who were not fish crazy. I always could get somebody to stay at the cabin with me and could make up a game at whist without difficulty. Two of the men brought their wives and one brought two daughters; for Bill's cabin had a ladies' room besides the men's room that we had been occupying. The women were rather extravagant about scenery, and went to a good many places that were troublesome to get at in search of it, and twice they climbed down and up that terrible mountain; but so long as I was not obliged to go with them I did not care. One went to the river with her husband to fish and tumbled in, but I never heard that she went wading.

I didn't stay till the snow flew, but I staid till the leaves began to turn and I was quite strong and my eyes very well. Then I came home; and Tom, in his scarcely respectful manner, told me I was looking so fat and hearty that my most impudent friends wouldn't know me.

I made up my mind that I would let people know my opinion of trout fishing and camping out, so here Messrs. FOREST AND STREAM you have it in full. I hope that hereafter no poor innocents may be deluded into thinking there is any fun in them. E. RASTUS.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.

IV.

M'sieu Fores' Strim:

Dis sprim Ah was took on share de hol' Onc' Lasha sugar place.

Ah 'll took of Joel Bahtlett sonnylaw what hown Joel hees farm, cause Joel ant had no son cep one gal, hees sonnylaw marry of.

He 'll furnishin' noting but de tree and de hwood. Ah 'll furnishin' all de res', de spout, de sap buckle, de bilin kittly an' de man, dat was de bes.'

Ah was goin' try for mek some hones' wagein's an' not have mah half be too smaller as hees.

Ah tink he was be fair 'f Ah 'll have half, an' Ursule, he 'll help it carry sap sometam, have half, an' den Joel sonnylaw, hees nem John Orvit, fan' hees half where he could, hein?

Ah 'll ant gat no sugar haouse, only jes' shanky, sem Onc' Lasha had, an' Ah'll ant had no saporator or covaporator, Ah do' know haow he call it, come sap in one en' an' sugar in tudder.

Only jes' hol' fashin pot-ashins kittly, hang on pole balant on big stump for swung off fire sem as you want it.

Sometam dey be big run, Ah was bilin' all naght, put on the hwood all de tam mos,' an' mek de sap "fluff" for mos' bile over, honly littly chunk porks was stop it.

Dat was de way for mek good maply sugar, all de chip an' bark an' moss was drop in, it not be strain off.

Den, wen you'll tase it, you know you 'll gat maply sugar. Wen you 'll buy maply sugar, you 'll ant want loafer sugar, ant it?

Wen Ah 'll be bile so Ah 'll gat lonesick sometam, noboddy come see me but mah chillen, an' Ah 'll ant gat no more as fourteen Ah b'lieve.

It mek me tink of hol' tam wen Onc Lasha, Solem Brigg, Sam Lovit an' all of it use for come, an' Ah weesh he come naow.

Ah hear of folks talk for took hees hwomens campin' Ah 'll ant b'lieve it, an' Ah ant want it dey brought dey waf.

When mans goin' campin' he 'll go for res'. He ant want hees hwomen, jus' wen he 'll begin shut hees eye an' go sleep, he ant want his waf ponch heem in hees side of it wid helbow an' say "Ah guess we better papy de square room dis sprim'," or Ah 'll gat for have some bonnit so good as Mees dis one, dat one, he 'll gat.

Ah 'll ant want Mees Hudly Sam Lovit, Mees Brigg an' all of it sat up an' oversee it mah cookin' an' say, "Ah b'lieve dat sugar done," "Ah b'lieve it burnin," or if Ah mek some odder cookin' steek up hees nose of it an' said, "Dat was jes' lak what you'll spec of dese mans."

Ah b'lieve for hwomans cook to home, an' Ah 'll ant faound no faults 'f he suit me, 'f he ant, dat vas mah privilege, don't it?

If hwomans want for have some funs, let it weed onion, dat was funs 'nough.

If dat ant 'nough let it go vis'tin' long to some odder hwoman's an' 'f he ant have funs dey ant no funs in talkin'. All de biscuit an' sasses dey heat can' stop de nowse of hees talkin', wen he 'll gat on some good vis'tin'.

Mos' mek me tink of it, was big flock blackbird come in tops of maply an' beegin holler, honly blackbird saound more lak lot o' gal as hol' sass-heatin' hwomans. De hwomans saound more lak forty crow wen he 'll fan' nowl or foxes.

Wen Ah was young noting please me but de nowse of de blackbirds, naow Ah lak as well de crow nowse, but Ah 'll ant want hear it all de tam.

But mah hol' frien' ant come very oftin lak he was wen Onc' Lasha mek some sugar off. Some of it gat too many hol' an' too many rheumatiz for go aout in de evelin.

Some of it gat de grass grow top of it for great many year.

An' it mek me lonesick for sit lone by mah fire an' smoked mah pipe, an' hear honly de haowl hoot an' de fox barkin' way off on de hwood. All de hol' tam come back of mah mind an' Ah felt sorry all de boy ant here, or Ah ant gone 'long wid mos' all of it.

But if dey was here dey heat mah sugar. 'F Ah was dere Ah can' git some sugar, prob'ly, so Ah guess it was de bes' as he was.

Sometam Ah 'll try for feel better for sing some hol' French song on de top of mah voice, "La Claire Fontaine," "Roulant ma Boule:"

"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule."

Sometam Ah sing de song of Papineau, but de hecho come from de maountain lak some voice from Canada wen Ah 'll was boy, 'fore Ah mos' spilt mah bloods in de Papineau war, an' mek me more lonesick Ah 'll was 'fore. Sem lak hol' song say, "Ah 'll never ant freegit."

One naght Ah gat mah fire fix up good an' de kittly ant want much watch.

So Ah 'll put six hegg in it for bile mah luncheons bomby, an' Ah 'll lit mah pipe an' seet back in de shanky for comfortably visit long to mahsef.

It was so steel Ah can' hear noting but de fire snappin' an' de sap floppin' in de kittly, and dat was nowse ant 'sturb me so Ah gat good chance for tink baout all M'sieu Mumpsin read in you papier.

Some mans in it tell haow much he gat or ant gat, Ah do' know, for so many shoot of hees gawn.

Ah b'lieve Ah can beat it any way.

One tam Ah 'll took mah hol' G. S. R. Tower (Ah b'lieve Ah got for steek to dat) dat was already load up, an' took mah paowders an' mah waddin' dat was waspbee nes' dat tam, an' evree ting prob'ly dat was necessity.

Wal, seh, Ah go for hunt some patteraige an' Ah go prob'ly two nhour 'fore Ah 'll see one an' he was skulk in some berree bush so Ah 'll mos' can' gat sight of it. But Ah 'll tink Ah'll gat 'nough an' Ah shot. "Whish! Boom!" Ah 'll mow road in de bush, but dat patteraige "vroop!" he go safe.

Ah 'll was sup-prise, for Ah know what kan' o' man Ah was for shot an' Ah know what kan o' gun G. S. R. Tower was for shot. Ah 'll was sup-prise but Ah 'll an' discourage.

Ah beegin for load agin, put on mah paowders, put on mah wad, paoun' heem daown hard wid hol' iron rammy rod, den feel mah pocket for mah bag-shot, fus dis pocket, den dat pocket, den all of it, an' he ant dare. Den, bah gosh, it beegin creep on me, Ah'll freegit dat bag-shot!

Wall, seh! Ah was so mad Ah put in some leetly stone, an' Ah 'll ant go far 'fore Ah 'll see patteraige set on limb, an' Ah 'll blaze 'way of it. "Vroop!" he go safe.

Ah 'll load sem way 'gin, fav, seex tam, an' shot jes' so many tam all at fair mark of patteraige, an' Ah 'll ant keel one of it.

Den Ah 'll go home an' prob'ly Ah 'll was mad, hein? Seven shot an' ant got sometings evree tam.

Dat was one tam.

Tudder tam was great many while ago, wen dare was come pigeon in Danvit for nes' one sprim. Wen he 'll flew off an' back, de sky was cloud of it so de sun ant shine.

Ah 'll had mah hol' G. S. R. Tower all prepare, half full of load, an' Ah run off in de lot by de aidge of hwood wen Ah 'll see de biggest flew come over, an' dey mek it so dark Ah can' see mah gawn saght, but Ah 'll pant up where he was prob'ly ten rod t'ick an' Ah 'll pull off de triggin an' de gawn roar off an' ponch me in de graoun up of mah ankle.

Den de pigeon beegin for rain top of me, more of it, more of it, up to mah knee, mah wais', mah neck, an' Ah 'll beegin to climb aout of dat pile pigeon.

Wen Ah look of de flock Ah can see de hole Ah mek in it goin' long in de sky, an' spot of sunshine goin' long under it cross de fiel'. Dat was one shot.

Everee boddee in Danvit had pigeon pot-pie for two week.

Oh! bah gosh! Dat hegg gat bile so hard Ah 'll mos' can' bit it, Ah 'll 'fraid. Your truly, A. B.

Natural History.

THE WAYS OF A ROBIN.

CLEVELAND, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many thanks to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson and the pages of FOREST AND STREAM for bringing to our notice "Rural Hours," by Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper. It is a most charming book and reminds us much of the writings of Thoreau and Gilbert White, of Selbourne. It is a book unknown here, one would suppose, from the fact that the copy we have just finished has been waiting over sixteen years on the shelf of the public library for some one to wipe off, for the first time, the dust from its leaves. Among the many pleasing observations noted by the author in her walks among the hills that surround Otsego Lake, the story of the robin is well worth reprinting, as illustrating the intelligence of birds and with what readiness they accept the protection of man when offered them. DR. E. STERLING.

The account of the robin is as follows:

May 25, 1848.—Early this morning there was great agitation in the tree-tops waving near us. For an hour or more there was high tragedy hovering over the pines and maples. The birds, of course, are in the midst of their spring joys and family cares, and they are very numerous this year, more so than usual. The large pine overshadowing our cottage roof at the northward has several nests and appears a favorite resort of the robins. Early this morning a great hawk came sailing over the river from the eastern hills, and wheeling in airy circles above the pines. * * * The cries of horror, of wrath and indignation of the robins, as the tyrannical hawk drew nearer and nearer, and at last alighted on the pine, was truly distressing. Oh, for a gun! Oh, for a sportsman's hand to aim straight at the heart of this Gessler of the wood! In a moment, perhaps fifty robins and other small birds had gathered about the pine, utterly fearless for themselves, but full of sympathy for the afflicted households of their brethren, and mad with powerless rage against the hawk. Oh, for a valiant kingbird to put the monster to flight by boldly dashing at his eyes, as kingbirds often do! but, alas, there was neither man nor kingbird near enough to avert the catastrophy. With the utmost coolness the hawk perched himself near a nest, and after helping himself to a young robin * * * sailed proudly away. Perhaps some fifteen minutes passed, and again the wicked wretch came sailing over the meadows toward the pines. The same agitation and increased agony among the robins followed, but, of course, it was fruitless. The arrogance and impudence of the hawk were intolerable to behold. He picked out another nestling, and again sailed away. Four or five times during the course of an hour he repeated the same performance, picking out a young bird, first from one nest, then from another. * * * Alas, for the bereaved mother-birds and their mates; their sharp cries of grief were heard throughout the day. The agitation among the whole feathered tribe in our neighborhood continued more or less until evening. * * *

May 28.—The hawk has again made his appearance, attacking a nest on the opposite side of the house, to the great anguish of the bird people in that direction. * * * Their sharp cries of grief were heard throughout the day; the agitation among the whole feathered tribe in our neighborhood continued more or less until morning.

May 29.—The poor little robins are consoling themselves; they are building a new nest, and they have chosen a very singular position. * * * This morning one was noticed with a straw in its mouth flying toward the front door, and now, this evening, the beginning of a nest is plainly seen directly over the front door of the house, almost within reach. * * * They have chosen a canny spot, between the antlers of a deer, which is nailed above the door.

Some fifty years ago there was an association of sportsmen in this county called the Unadilla Hunt. They met at stated times during the sporting season and hunted the last bears and panthers and deer found in Otsego county. Some five and thirty years since, these gentlemen very kindly sent the author of the "Deerslayer" half a dozen antlers from the very last deer shot by the Hunt. The gift was received with great pleasure, four pair ornamented the house within, one without, and the last was nailed over the front door of Otsego Hall. * * * It is between these last antlers that the poor little persecuted robins have taken shelter. We have many fears, however, that the nest, though fairly begun, may never be finished, there is so much opening and shutting of the front door, so much passing to and fro, that they may leave their task unfinished. * * *

May 30.—A terrible storm this evening, with unusual wind. * * * Pines in the church yard blown down, and the ground there and about the house strewn with broken limbs and smaller twigs; a blind is torn off near the veranda that protects the robins, carrying the railing with it. * * * Our robins have not been driven away by the clatter of the storm. Their nest has quite a finished look, and they have been seen perched on the antlers this evening; probably congratulating themselver upon being under cover.

June 3.—The robins are actually in full possession of their nest. They have shown their good sense and wonderful persistence since they began to build. * * * The lattice work near them has been brushed and cleaned, painters have been to work above and below them, there has been some one in sight almost every hour of the day. * * * Poor little creatures, they have suffered much needless alarm, but, doubtless, they wisely decided that we meant them no real harm.

June 20.—The robins have successfully raised their little family; four eggs were laid. The mother-bird sat patiently brooding over them, one dark eye occasionally turned downward, as we stood watching; at times some needless alarm would drive her from her nest for a moment, but all has gone well with the young brood nevertheless. * * * And now Robin, and Pecksey, and Flapsey, and Dicksey are gone, and with other robins are fluttering about the grounds. The empty nest, as it rests on the antlers, is to remain where the good robins built it, as long as time will spare it.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

CHASE OF THE WHITE GOAT.

BY JOHN FANNIN AND GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

THE successful pursuit of this Alpine antelope calls for the exercise of all the best qualities of the mountaineer. Under ordinary circumstances, no laggard in the chase will succeed in bringing down this sturdy dweller among the rocks; no city sportsman, careful of his comfort, will attain the cold wind-swept heights where this antelope delights to feed and rest. He who would clamber to the white goat's home needs the muscles, the lungs and the nerve of a cragsman. His legs must be sinewy and firm, well hardened by exercise, able to press ever onward and upward over rock slides that seem interminable, and up cliffs that rise before him like walls; his arms, too, must be stout, for often the climbing is hand over hand up the face of the precipice. His lungs must do their part, for the climbing is exhausting work and in the rarified air of these lofty heights the heart works fast, and it is not easy to supply the blood with oxygen. Stops for breath must of necessity be frequent, but need not be long. But no matter how sturdy and muscular the goat hunter, he will accomplish but little if he has not nerve to clamber along the dizzy heights which he must face, and courage to overcome the obstacles which the frowning mountains throw in his way. He must be ready to clamber hand over hand, up cliffs where a slip would mean a long fall on to jagged rocks below, to run along narrow ledges, brushing with his shoulder on one side a vertical precipice, and looking down on the other into emptiness, where a misstep would throw him tumbling over and over down perhaps 500, perhaps 1,000ft. Once in a while—when a man shoots a goat in such a situation and sees it fall, sometimes whizzing through the air with a rushing sound like the noise made by a stooping eagle, sometimes bounding from crag to crag, and at length tumbling end over end down the rock slide or shooting along the surface of a glacier, ending its fall a mass of pulp and broken bones inclosed in a tough hide—once in a while when a hunter sees this, he realizes that just this might happen to himself should he miss his footing, and a sort of torror seizes him at the danger that he runs.

Besides the nerve needed for the climb, the goat hunter must have the dogged courage and perseverance that refuse to succumb to fatigue or to yield to obstacles. He must plod onward, steadily onward and upward, making his stops for breath as short as possible, wasting but little time in resting. In fact, besides physical endurance, the goat hunter requires the quality known in the West as "sand," and the more of it he has the better will be his fortune.

There are places in the West, especially toward the Pacific coast, where it is sometimes possible to ride a horse almost up to where the goats are found, but such places are not often met with, and, as a rule, the man who hunts this game must be prepared to climb on foot from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, over the very roughest mountain sides. The difficulties and dangers of chamois hunting, which have been so graphically described by European sportsmen, give a fair idea of the toilsomeness of hunting the white goat. It is a sport for mountaineers.

The man who has not had some training in climbing mountains is not likely at first to be a successful goat hunter, unless he have the guidance of a companion who is familiar with the game and its habits. Such a comrade may be able to guide the novice to a point where he can get a shot at the game, but often it will be found in localities where it is impossible to approach within rifle shot of it.

The difficulties of this sport consist almost entirely in reaching the places which the goats inhabit. From what has already been said it will have been concluded that they are not a shy animal. That they are gifted with a keen scent is true, but they do not appear to be very watchful, nor to be quick of hearing. The fact that they live in a region where noises are constantly being heard, where snow slides roar along the mountains, and rocks roll clattering down the slopes, and great masses of slide rocks slip down with a loud rattling crash which sometimes lasts for half an hour, may in part account for their inattention to sounds; yet they are often, we believe, partially deaf, from having their ears filled with wood ticks. The sounds of the mountains to which the goat pays no attention always attract the notice of the mountain sheep (*Ovis canadensis*), which will sometimes stare about for half an hour, in order to discover the cause of a natural sound. I seems probable that the goat is by nature far less alert than the bighorn, and this is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that it is less hunted than the latter. As fear of man comes largely from experience of his dangerous character, and since, as has been said, the goat from its habit is little exposed to attack from the hunter, it does not share the inherited acuteness of the mountain sheep which lives at lower levels and in less difficult situations, which is hunted for its flesh, and which has thus been for a long time more systematically pursued by man.

The impression which one gets from hunting this animal is that it is a dull, slow-going and heedless creature, and this apparent stupidity, while it arises in part no doubt from its gentleness and ignorance of danger, is in part due to the nature of the animal. At the same time it must be said that on a very few occasions under the influence of strong fear we have seen the goat display great activity, and show an appearance of alertness which our previous experience had not led us to expect, and which greatly surprised us.

That this animal learns by experience cannot be doubted, and the case mentioned in a previous article, where a band of goats, three times pursued on the same ground, manifested on each occasion increasing shyness, and finally deserted the mountain on which they had been living, would indicate that a continued and systematic pursuit of this animal would render it as shy as the bighorn or as the famed chamois of the Alps.

Although *Mazama* is not a shy animal when compared with the bighorn, yet there are certain rules common in mountain hunting which must be observed to insure success with this species. One of these is to invariably approach it from above if possible. This rule is well known to men who hunt in the mountains, and perhaps scarcely requires mention. For a variety of reasons it is very important that it be observed with the white goat. This animal commonly carries its head very low, scarcely ever lifting it much above the level of the back. To see it raise its head high, as does a mountain sheep, an antelope or a deer, is most unusual. When looking at anything on the same level with itself it still holds the head low, and seems to look up at the object from under its eyebrows. For this reason it is much more likely to see danger below it than on the same level with or above it. Moreover, a goat, if alarmed, almost always starts to climb up hill. It rarely takes a diagonal course, as a mountain sheep is likely to do, but points its nose straight for the highest peak of the mountain and clambers along at a gait that, to the eye, seems very slow, but which is much faster than a man can follow it. When the hunter approaches from below, therefore, if the game becomes alarmed, pursuit is nearly hopeless; while if it should be alarmed by a hunter above it, it will try to pass him and will very likely give him a shot.

There is perhaps no better way of conveying to the reader a notion of the ordinary incidents which attend the pursuit of this animal than to give the narratives of several goat hunters as detailed by those who took part in them. Such accounts, which lack of space prevents our printing here, may be found in FOREST AND STREAM, and especially in Vol. XVI., pages 64-65, in Vol. XXVII., page 462, and in Vol. XXX., pages 2, 42-43 and 62. The methods here described are those commonly pursued in stalking the white goat.

A correspondent, Mr. L. L. Bales, of the State of Washington, describes a mode practiced there with success. He says: "My way of hunting them is for two experienced mountain hunters to go together. Each man has a good glass, a good rifle, and they arrange a set of signals, either by glinting their gun barrels in the sun, if there is any, or, if the sun is obscured, by motions of the right or left hand. We select the grade—a sharp backbone leading up the mountain over which we wish to hunt—and the best man for climbing starts up the mountain by some other grade than the one selected for hunting on and gets above the goats. After this is accomplished and a signal given to the man below, the latter starts up the grade selected for the hunt, just as if he were hunting goats. If he is careful he can approach within 500yds. of them. As soon as they have seen the man below them, and have started up the mountain, he fires his rifle to notify his companion, and follows them up, acting just as if he wanted a goat. Up the mountain goes the whole band, from two to fifteen or twenty, bouncing up the grade and often passing within a few yards of the man above, who usually succeeds in killing or wounding two or three of them. Then your hunt has just begun, as they generally fall or roll from 100 to 2,000ft. down the mountain side, or into some fissure in a glacier."

This species is sometimes hunted with dogs, which, when trained to the work, follow the animals as they climb upward and bring them to bay, often driving them up on to some sharp pinnacle of rock or into some little pocket in the face of a precipice, where, protected in the rear, they easily keep the dogs at a distance by thrusts of their horns. Trained dogs will often hold a number of goats in such a place until the hunter comes up, when he can easily despatch them all.

This sport, so called, has been desbribed by Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman. It is very deadly and cannot be approved as legitimate by sportsmen of the better type, for the reason that under ordinary circumstances it gives the game no chance. It is practiced chiefly by Indians and meat hunters. An idea of the destruction caused by it may be gained from the following extract from a letter from our correspondent, Mr. J. C. McKinnon, who writes us that in British Columbia, about 180 miles north of the head of navigation on the Stickine River, that is to say north of the Cañon, 176 miles from the mouth of the river, a case was reported to him in which a number of Indians of the Taltan tribe, with a pack of dogs, ran 16 goats into a big bluff and killed them all. It is said that the goats were afraid to jump over the bluff on the one hand, and were afraid of the Indians and dogs on the other, and so the Indians butchered them all. They brought some of the carcasses down and sold them to the miners in the Cassian district, and the balance they cached in the trees for winter provision. Happily this mode of goat hunting is not much practiced. But few dogs have been trained for this chase, and unless trained dogs attacking this animal are very likely to be impaled on the goats' horns or to be tossed over the cliff and killed.

To sum up the matter, the pursuit of the white goat requires no great hunter's skill, but it calls for the exercise of the strength, endurance, perseverance and nerve, all the best qualities of the mountaineer. As we have more than once heard an old goat hunter say, "If you've got the sand to climb where they live, it's no trick at all to kill white goats."

MIGRATION OF PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Vinton, Ia.—In speaking of the prairie chicken in Iowa Mr. Hough overlooks an important item in the habits of the bird. It is a migratory bird, a fact not noted if known by writers on the subject. In the fall of the year for weeks at a time they may be seen every evening going from the northwest toward the northeast across the State and out of it beyond the Mississippi River. Their flight is low, from 20 to 50ft. above the ground, and very deliberate, sailing along just above the trees and housetops. In the spring they return in the same manner. Many of them are killed by gunners as they thus pass over. I have seen thousands of them passing over Illinois in this way. Then too in winter they gather into cornfields in large flocks, coming great distances from regions where food is not to be found. In this way whole neighborhoods may be supplied with birds for the coming season where scarcely any were found the year before.—LEVI S. KEAGLE.

MINKS AGAIN.—Vinton, Iowa, Aug. 10.—Some years ago I acquired by purchase a pair of half-grown minks. They were given as a present to Dr. J. F. Wilson, a celebrated naturalist and taxidermist, who undertood to raise and train them. They were easily domesticated, became very tame and playful, and made no effort to escape. They were omniverous eaters, and a large part of their support was obtained by foraging on their own account. They throve and prospered, became sleek and beautiful; until mistaking a finely-prepared specimen of the taxidermist's art for a toothsome morsel, they paid the penalty with their lives. There is no doubt that they can be raised. They are by no means dainty as to their diet; but the line must be drawn at arsenically-preserved provisions. —LEVI S. KEAGLE.

NETTLE ANTIDOTE.—Ottawa, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article on poison oak and poison ivy, by "Byrne," in your issue of July 21, recalls to my mind another stinger that sportsmen are very apt to fall in with when tramping bottom lands adjoining creeks and marshes when in quest of woodcock or ducks. I refer to the common nettle, and most of your readers who frequent such places have no doubt made its acquaintance, and much to their annoyance. Growing rank in such places, sometimes shoulder high, it is very annoying to both man and dog; indeed, I have seen dogs completely used up with it, while the sportsman only partially escaped by holding his hands above his head when pushing through the rank mass. I have often been punished by this vile weed, and until two years ago knew of no antidote, but I then found one and in this wise. I had gone on the invitation of a rural friend to inspect a low marshy creek which in seasons when the water remained high abounded in wood ducks; and if prospects were good we intended to lay plans for the opening of the season, then some two weeks distant. While tramping through the woods and marsh adjoining the creek, I had my hands severely stung with the nettles which were here very rank. My friend said, "Why suffer? the cure is at hand," and reaching out he grasped a handful of the soft and tender tops of the ferns which are always found growing in such places, and handing them to me directed me to rub them well on the afflicted parts. Well, I did so, and I must say with considerable lack of faith, but presto! in less time than it takes to tell it the smarting and pain had all gone; yes, and gone not to return, until another brush through the nettles made another application necessary. I have often tried it since and always with the same result. One advantage is that you don't have to carry the remedy with you; it is always on the spot and cost nothing.—H. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

CLABROUGH 12, May 1, '90.	PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.	PARKER 12, ham'rless, June 6, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.	REMINGTON 16, May 30, '89.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.	REMINGTON 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.	REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.	SCOTT 10, Sept. 5, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.	L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.	WHITNEY SAFETY 12, M'ch 6, '90.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.	WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

A MORNING WITH THE SHORE BIRDS.

WHEN one has been tied down to business for several years, his only change, a day afield now and then with dog and gun, in a neighborhood where game to be found and killed must be fagged for and the gun held very straight, to such a one the prospect of a vacation, either short or long, sets the blood to moving more freely and the imagination to working more actively. Well! that was my case. A certain friend had returned from several years' ranching in Texas, and, as he expressed it, was "dying for a sniff of salt water." So the time and circumstances being propitious, moreover being myself equally desirous for the salt sea air, we were not long in making preparations, which consisted principally of ammunition, our intention being to enjoy not only the usual delights of the sea shore but "bay bird" shooting, providing, of course, the birds were there.

Our shooting clothes, with decoys, were put into an old single trunk, and we were ready. We took the steamer at B., and enjoyed the all-night sail down the bay and up the winding Wicomico River, the next morning, and still more, the excellent railroad service from Salisbury to Ocean City, our destination; the latter so different from what the traveler had to endure until the Pennsylvania R. R. got hold of it and injected life into the W. & P. R. R., which before was put to shame by any real lively horse car line.

We landed safely in Ocean City in time for a late breakfast. Being an old habitué it came to me to introduce my friend to all the old friends among the longshore men, and especially Capt. Tom, my favorite boatman. Tom informed us that there were "right smart of birds," and we decided to take his boat and start down that night, "for," said he, "we have to go furder down now than ever." About 8 o'clock we sailed out upon the broad Tenepuxent Bay, and with a fair breeze the Jane went along at a good speed.

At 12 o'clock we turned into a cove about ten miles down, and making ourselves comfortable, went to sleep. Just at daybreak Tom called us up, and hastily eating a light lunch, we loaded ourselves with cartridges, decoys, water canteens, guns, etc., and strode manfully across the mile of sandy meadow to the other side of the island along the ocean. The mosquitoes made it lively for us until the fresh morning sea breeze from off the water drove them back. It was yet dark when we reached the beach, and as soon as Tom dug the blind we lighted our pipes and lay back on the rubber blanket to enjoy the delicious breeze, cool, salt and damp, adding additional fragrance to the tobacco. Suddenly it seemed lighter, then streaks of color began to stand out against the eastern sky, changing fast into golden light, our decoys became visible, with a flock of active little sandpipers busily feeding among them. A low "mark" from Tom called me from musing to business, the gun was grasped, a sidelong glance showed that Carl was ready for the little bunch of willet flying low over the tumbling surf. Now Tom gave a low whistle, and instantly they noticed the decoys, set their white-barred wings, and sailed in over their one-legged representatives, dropping their own slender blue legs to stop. Bang! bang! bang! went the Parker. Bang! bang! bang! bang! the Winchesters rattled and roared; the smoked cleared away and five dead or crippled willet were left behind by the remainder of the sadly demoralized flock. Tom gathered them up as fast as possible.

The sun had appeared, and now, if at all, our shooting was at hand. Down close, yonder is a big bunch, here they come. Now! And again the battery roared. Seven down! Here comes one back. Bang! and it joins the dead. Now it is a single bird. Carl dropped it neatly in the nearest ripples. Now it is a pair. He misses the leader with his first, drops it way out with the second,

Mine is killed with first shot. Once five birds came in, and none go out; but both our guns are empty when the last one falls into the surf. Once I killed a pair, but missed quite a number of double shots on account of the hard pull of the trigger.

The flight was not a large success, and only netted us thirty birds—twenty-six willet, two calico backs, and two "hill head" plover; so for want of better amusement, the tide being low and no birds moving but the little sandpipers, we began taking turn about shots for pennies—two pennies in "the pot," the shooter takes the pot if he kills. This became tame after a bit, and we decided to take up and go home. Two hours later we were at the hotel, our birds in the kitchen, and ourselves a few minutes later in the glorious surf, enjoying our first bath.

ELLICOTT CITY. PICUS.

THE BIG SWAMP BEAR.

POINT PLEASANT, Louisiana.—On Dec. 1, 1889, I left home with Jackson, a colored man who hunts with me, to look for bears' sign. The first day, although I found lots of mast, I saw very little sign; but the next day I went to a large over-cup country, and there I found sign in abundance, and some of very large bear. I returned home that night and immediately wrote to the Osborns, telling them I had found plenty of sign, and that we would camp in the Tillett house on the Nebraska plantation, but would leave it to them to set the day as I could go at any time. I received a letter from them the following week saying they would be at camp on the 16th inst. I then had Jack go and buy corn, and have it, with cooking utensils, hauled to camp. On the 15th Mrs. M. prepared what provisions I could pack on my horse, and the next morning I started for camp. I arrived about 12 o'clock, and found Jack there. He had cleaned up, and had the old house looking quite neat and comfortable. I counted what dogs we had, and found ten. After resting I told Jack to prepare dinner, as I thought the Osborns would get in about 3 or 4 o'clock; they lived about 20 miles from camp. Sure enough, about that time I heard their horses in the distance, coming up Tensas River. It was not long before they came into camp, followed by twenty-two dogs. There were Ike A., Rapp and Ichabod O. Rapp called to Jack and told him to look in his saddle pockets and he would find some bear's ribs which he could warm. Rapp said that they had been out the week before and had killed a very large bear, the ribs were a part of it. After dinner we spread down our blankets, and lay down to rest and plan the hunt for next day.

I told them about the quantity of sign I had seen and about the track of a bear that I thought would measure 11in. They all laughed and asked Jack if I did not take a bottle of whisky along when looking for the sign. "Yes," he said, "but that bear's track was there, for I saw it, and you know I don't drink." I told them to wait and they would see.

It was left for me to plan the drive for the next morning. After a good night's rest and an early breakfast, we were ready to start. I sent Ike and Jack to take the stands, Rapp and I taking the dogs. Ichabod said he would go along with us and take his chances in heading the dogs off. The morning was dark and foggy. In going across an open swamp we lost our course, and if Rapp had not had his pocket compass with him we might have had trouble in going to the place we wanted to drive. As it was, while blundering around the dogs started a bear, in fact, three bears; and went off like mad in the direction of the standers. We put spurs to our horses and started after them. We were going as fast as we could, and just got within about a quarter of a mile of them when we heard a gun fire. We checked our horses for a moment and still could hear the dogs running. Ichabod said: "Those fellows have either missed that bear or crippled it, and there will be the Old Nick to pay; so come on and let's get there. But before we had gone far we heard another gun; and still the dogs kept on. When we got close enough we hallooed, and Ike answered saying he had killed two bears and the dogs were after the third one. We tied our horses and took the cane. We had not gone far before the dogs made the bear take a tree about 300yds. from us. I told Rapp if he would go and shoot it I would follow after and cut a trail. The cane was awful thick. I had cut about half way when Rapp fired. In the meantime Ike came up and said he was a younger man than I and he would finish the trail and help Rapp get the bear out, but he was almost famished for water. I took all the canteens and rode to Mill Bayou, about three-quarters of a mile, filled them, and when I returned I found all the bears out in the slough and all the boys as thirsty as old topers.

After cooling off, the weather being quite warm, we concluded to go to camp. We arrived there about 4 o'clock. I went to see a man that butchered to see if we could get him to sell the meat, as we did not want to quit hunting, and the meat would not keep. He agreed to sell the meat if we would give him $5 per day for his wagon and team. I told him all O. K., and to be at camp early enough next morning so that he could get the meat out on Lake St. Joseph by sunrise, as it would not keep longer than that day. Soon after I returned to camp Jack announced dinner. Now, don't you forget it, Jack knows how to cook. We were right for eating, and that dinner disappeared by sections.

About 4 o'clock next morning the wagon came for the bears. For the hunt that day we took the same course, but as it was clear we found no trouble, Rapp and I taking the dogs, Ichabod going with the standers. Near about the same place where we had got a start the first morning, the dogs struck a trail. The trail led in a different direction, but we knew we had men on the stands that knew them all, and we did not feel uneasy about the bear's getting through any of them. The bear jumped close to the stand that Ike was on and tried to get through, but either saw or winded him and turned off and struck for Mill Bayou. Ike knew if she got across the bayou she would give us a long race before we got her; so he put the spurs to his horse; and it was a close shave. Just as Ike got to the bayou the bear came rolling down the bank, a large barren she; with one barrel he tumbled her into the bayou, and as she tried to crawl out on the other side he finished her with the other.

By the time Rapp and I got to them Ike, Jack and Ichabod had her dressed. We carried her up a slough near the trail that led to camp, and hung her up. Rapp and I then took the dogs and drove up Mill Bayou toward the Bearden Cane, the others going to the stands. We had not gone far before the whole team went off at full cry, except two dogs, they going in the opposite direction. On examining the trail we found the two dogs right, the team going on the back track. Bear dogs will often do the like. In the meantime Ichabod came up. I told him to go after the team and Rapp and I would follow the dogs that were after the bear. They ran the bear, a large barren she, until the sun was nearly down, when she stopped to fight. About that time I heard Ichabod coming. When he came up the two dogs were about half a mile from us and fighting. Ike was close to them. Ichabod told Rapp and me to get within speaking distance of Ike and tell him to halloo and he would try to get the dogs to him. He feared if we started to the dogs that were after the bear the others would start a fresh bear and both would get away from us. As it was then getting dark Rapp and I started, and as luck was in our favor, the bear began fighting toward us and met us near half-way. We began to halloo. The bear broke and ran on toward Ichabod and the dogs, and he soon had the whole team after her. I knew then that that bear's doom was sealed. She tried to take a tree, but could not, as the dogs would pull her down every time she attempted to go up it. Again Ike got there, and he barely had time to shoot her before it was so dark you could not see the end of your gun. Ichabad was on the outside of the cane. He blew his horn. Rapp and I went out. Ike and Jack staid with the bear. When I got out of the cane I rode to the house of an old gentleman named Sims, got some lights and two or three negro boys.

We cut a trail to Ike and the bear, and got them out into Sims's field. We then dressed her, packed her on the horses, borrowed a head-lamp from Mr. Sims, and started for camp. We took up the first bear as we went along, and arrived at camp about 10 o'clock, pretty well tired out. We did not wait that night for Jack to cook; every fellow began cooking each one for himself. Some broiled liver, some kidneys, melts, etc. We were a hungry set, but after so long we got the keen edge of our appetites somewhat appeased. Then Jack started his cooking, and about 12 o'clock those that had fallen asleep were awakened to partake of a delicious supper.

The sun was well up the next morning before any of us were astir. Mr. Kennedy came and found every one asleep. We were awakened by the dogs barking and his hallooing to keep them from biting him. He had had good success in selling the meat, and said he could sell more if we wished it. We gave him the two we had killed, and told him what he could not sell to give away as we were going to kill some more that day.

It was late before we got off, as we all were sore and tired. Rapp and I again did the driving. We set out about 10 o'clock. I proposed to go in the direction of where I had seen the big track. I was certain that the bear had not gone far from the place, as I knew he was fat and used mostly around corn fields. We had not gone more than a mile before the dogs struck a fresh trail. I told Rapp to let them go, that some of the boys would kill it, and we would go on and look for the track of the big bear. We went on and got into Negro Bayou, which was then dry, and we had not gone more than half a mile up the bayou toward the fields before we found his track, which had been made some time during the night. In the meantime Ike had killed the bear, the dogs had gone off after a barren she, very fat.

I cut a cane and put it across the big bear's track, and cut it off the width of the track. It measured 11in. I took the cane and started for the dogs. When I got to where Ike and Ichabod were, I showed them the cane and told them that that was the width of the bear's track, and that it was fresh, and that we must get the dogs to it if we had to tie them all and lead them. Ichabod, that morning, in trying to head the dogs off on the upper part of Negro Bayou, had run his horse into Mr. Sims's bear-trap. After getting him out he found that he was unable to travel, so he had got a horse from Mr. Sims. I had left Rapp where we had seen the track, but fearing I would have trouble in getting the dogs, had come on after me. Ichabod, Rapp and I started with the dogs, leaving Ike and Jack on the trails to head off. We did not have much trouble in carrying them, as they were tired. On getting near the place where we had seen the track, Ichabod took our start dog, old Tom, and went on ahead to start him after the bear, knowing that as soon as he began giving tongue, the whole team would go to him. It was no time before we heard old Tom squalling, and the team made a break for him, with Rapp and me in a gallop after them. When we got to where Ichabod was, he was off of his horse looking at the track. "Well, boys," says he, "I have seen many a bear's track, but this one lays them all in the shade."

The dogs did not run long before they came up to the old fellow, and then the fight began. Such a fight I never before heard; although I have bear-hunted for twenty odd years. I got off of my horse and climbed up the bank of the bayou, and stood for some time listening to them, forgetting, for the moment, that it was my duty to assist them. Ichabod was standing close by and said to me, "Did you ever hear the like before?" Rapp had gone, which way I did not know.

I said to Ike, "Let's get from here. The dogs seem to be fighting toward Sims's field. Our best route lies up the bayou. Come, let's be off." We sprang upon our horses, I taking the lead, and struck out, going as fast as we could, only checking our horses to dodge a bush or vine, here and there. We rode at a racing lick where we could. Just as we got into the field where we had a trail leading into the cane, we heard a gun fire. Then again. Then two more reports in quick succession. Then we heard Ike's horn; and we knew that the biggest bear in the swamp was dead. We soon got to Ike, as he had killed the bear on one of the trails we had cut the day before.

I have hunted bears for twenty-five years, and have seen and killed many a one, but never in my life have I seen one to equal that bear, either in woods or menagerie. We had no way of weighing him, but I am sure he would have weighed between 800 and 1,000lbs. I sent his foot to the editor of the *Tensas Gazette*. It measured across the bottom 9in. Ike stands 5ft. 8in.; he lay on the bear after it was turned on its back, and when his toes were at the bear's tail he could not reach its nose with his hands. It took four horses to carry the meat and one to carry the skin to camp.

The only dog killed during the hunt was killed by the big bear. We did not get into camp until late that night. As we were all tired, and had more meat than we could save, the weather being so warm, we concluded to break up and go home. I only saved the fat portion of the meat, and that Mrs. N. rendered into lard, which lasted the family for several months.

That was the last hunt for that season. I fear the hunting for this season will be poor, as the freeze in March killed the mast in the bud. More anon.

HUNTER

STILL-HUNTING FOXES.

I CAN not say that still-hunting the fox is a sure and successful method of capturing them compared with other devices, yet I have, in years past, carried it on to some extent among the good old hills of Vermont and New Hampshire. The fox is the most alert and sharp-scented of our wild animals, and we must consider that man of all else is his common enemy.

Did you ever think how few foxes you have seen in a wild condition, during all the years you have hunted over the hills and fished along the streams of your own town or county? Very few, I dare say. And yet the trails in the snow, and frequent sharp yelp-like bark, convinced you that they were plenty, and near the farmhouse at night, too. Well, this is simply and easily explained. By their quick sense of scent and sound they detect your presence first, and with light bounds seek safe cover at a distance.

I have in the past trapped many hundred foxes and it was always at the season when fur was most valuable that I hunted or trapped them at all. One season I took more than 80 in steel traps; and in the early morning just at daybreak I followed still-hunting to some extent, capturing two one morning in about twenty minutes. I was not always successful and would, then go home, leave my gun and started with my trapping outfit for a round to my traps set for fox, fisher, mink and other animals. It was many years before I got fox-trapping down to a nicety and it was from a thorough study of the animal that I was ever successful at still-hunting them.

I found the best locality for carrying it on was low-lying fields or pastures, remote from farmhouses. Here at daybreak you would find them hunting catlike for the luckless mouse, for which they had a greedy appetite. I would place a composition on my boots, which is a great attraction for the fox, repair to what I know to be a hunting ground for them, walk in a circle on the windward side of some object, a stump, tree or cluster of bushes, secrete myself there and await the animal's appearance. Sometimes I waited in vain, but a sportsman must have patience and it will prove its own reward. The fox would strike this trail and follow it past my place of concealment. I have been able on many occasions to call them within a few rods of my hiding place by imitating the sharp squeak of the mouse. Be careful to have the wind blowing toward you, or else they will scent you and run away.

I stood as silent as a tree one morning and watched a fox catch seven mice in a few minutes, and at last when near enough I pulled the trigger and the game was mine. When I approached and picked up his lordship a mouse dropped from his mouth, and upon examination I found the entire seven mice in his mouth.

If foxes are plenty trapping them is the only successful method of capturing them to any large number.

I have sold many foxes, alive, to hunting clubs at a good price. DAPHNE.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

We have a man here who kills more foxes in this manner than all the rest with hounds. Of course, still-hunting is impossible unless there is a good tracking snow. When the conditions seem favorable our huntsman "Paddy" Miles shoulders his gun, usually loaded right barrel Bs and left T or TT shot. He starts off with a slow easy gait, but woe to the man that follows him in an all-day trip. I know for I have tried it. He is liable to pass several tracks before he selects one that suits him, and even then he may abandon one after following it a half mile. He seems to know by the direction taken and the crooks and turns the fox makes whether he is soon to lie down for the day. As soon as the track leads toward the leeward side of the hill and by those peculiar turns in and out under small evergreens, etc., "Paddy" assures us that he will not go "fur" before seeing him curled up on a stone pile, snowbank or beside an old stump. He now moves cautiously, and with the eagle eye of an Indian he surveys each likely place before he shows much of his person. Moving on fifty or sixty rods he finds his fox has been joined by another and the pair have trotted along together. The tracks lead into a brush lot and "Paddy" says they are probably lying down together in that gully. Now, with increased caution he moves on. He crawls many rods to get a view into the ravine. He looks, long and carefully, and is about to rise to his feet and walk on when he espies yellow fur at the foot of the old stump, about two-thirds the way up the opposite bank and at a distance of about fifteen rods, too far for a sure kill, so he slides backward until he is out of sight. He has marked a tree on the opposite side, where, if he can reach it, he will be within eight rods. A walk of about half a mile brings him around to the opposite bank. He reaches the tree and cautiously peaks out and can plainly see their heads lying side by side across their forepaws. Slowly raising his gun he fires at the pile. One fox never got out of his bed and the other is killed before he runs four rods. With both in his hunting coat he appears in town, having been out less than three hours. Of course this is an exception to the rule, but he has killed three in one day. Now, if we have any other still-hunter of foxes I would like to hear from them.

EATON, N. Y. WING.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION have prepared a cloth placard giving the game and fish seasons. It is an excellent plan to nail these up where they will do the most good. Mr. Richard O. Harding, the secretary, at 304 Washington street, Boston, supplies them gratis on receipt of stamp. The seasons will open on woodcock, quail and partridge, or ruffed grouse Sept. 15. Harding writes: "The seasons of these birds being uniform there is no longer any ground for the old excuse, 'out after woodcock and shot partridge by mistake.' Our Association would like to have had the open season on all these birds begin Oct. 1, but as Oct. 1 would be late for woodcock we met with considerable opposition, and had to be content with Sept. 15."

CHINESE PHEASANTS.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested on receiving my FOREST AND STREAM of July 31 to read your account of Chinese pheasants in America.

Some of your readers may remember a note I sent you last spring, wherein I stated that a game protective association had been formed here, and that we were importing Chinese pheasants and other game birds.

Our first attempt to import Chinese pheasants was a failure. A committee from our association interviewed the captain of one of the China steamers sailing from this port and asked him to get what we wanted. The captain (one of the sort who promise everything and do nothing) was most agreeable and promised to get us all the birds we wanted, and bring them on the next inward trip, which was April 7. Had the birds arrived by this boat we would have had them in good time for breeding, but on arrival of the boat we found no birds, but lots of excuses from the captain. We determined to take the matter out of his hands, and as we were then too late for this season, it was determined to wait till the hatching was over and send for a lot of young birds, and turn them down this fall. This has been done and we are expecting them shortly, and as soon as they arrive your readers shall have full particulars of our experiences.

I am advised that pheasants round Victoria are wonderfully plentiful and strong. They evidently intend to enforce the law there too, for I see by the papers that two ranchers were fined $50 apiece for shooting them out of season. A few convictions like this and there will be very little shooting done out of season.

Despite our hard winter and wet summer grouse round here are p'entiful. This is partially accounted for, as we had a spell of very fine weather while birds were young.

C. E. T.

CHICAGO DISCOUNTED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Never until his letter of Aug. 4 appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of the 14th did I notice anything in the breezy letters of E. Hough about "Chicago and the West" to which the slightest exception could be taken. And it is perhaps rather hypercritical, after deriving much pleasure from his contributions, to light on one little paragraph in a long letter to find fault with and contradict in the most express terms.

Although the provocation to become red in the face and get angry at his assertion, is great, I shall endeavor to restrain the tendency to fume, and will in the mildest language try to show that on one important point Mr. Hough is clear off his reckoning and owes the world an immediate and unconditional retraction. In the third paragraph of his letter, speaking of the cheap sporting trips that can be made from Chicago, he says: "I would rather repeat here than anywhere that there is no city from which so varied and so cheap an amount of good sport can be had as the city of Chicago."

That claim contains the *gravamen* against which I beg to protest. Is it not enough that Chicago should possess the Auditorium and a call on the World's Fair, without making an effort to filch from an elder sister city the proud honor of being the center from which the most diversified sport to be had in the United States, or perhaps in the world, can be enjoyed at less expense, and with least lapse of time—I do not say loss of time—for I regard time passed in the field with rod or gun as placed where it will give the best return.

Mr. Hough details with excusable glee the fact that from Chicago he can take "'Ah Look' on either a bass trip, a woodcock trip, a snipe trip, a plover trip or a duck trip, each in season and get game, too." Chicago is fortunate in having such delights at her command, and I hope she will be wise enough to conserve them as far as possible that posterity may derive some pleasure from the bounty of nature. But there is a city that was famous when Fort Dearborn was a trading post, that can lay valid claim to furnishing its inhabitants with all those sporting trips and many more. It is here in western New York, on the banks of the Genesee River, and its name is Rochester.

I am not yet classed with the greybeards, but I have shot snipe, ducks, woodcock, grouse, plover, rabbits and pigeons within the present boundary line of this city, and have had days that it is delightful to remember with the black bass and pike, to say nothing of lower fish within half an hour's walk of the City Hall. It would scarcely be fair to claim that such a variety of game is to be found within the city now. The pigeons especially do not come around in such numbers as they did when we were boys. Neither would it be an easy matter to make a satisfactory bag of ruffed grouse or woodcock in town. But I would undertake, if it was necessary, to get a specimen of either kind of bird within three miles of the center of the city, and would not regard it as at all difficult to find half a dozen snipe or plover of a day between this date and Oct. 15, on grounds almost touched by the street cars.

When "$5 trips" are under consideration we can easily discount Chicago. For about half that sum one can get a railroad ticket that will take him out to and bring him back from grounds where in one day he may get half a dozen ruffed grouse or double the number of woodcock, with an occasional quail or rabbit. A 25 cent trip ticket over the Rochester & Lake Ontario, or the Glen Haven R. R., will put one on the shore of Irondequoit Bay, formerly one of the best duck grounds in America, and where even still, although the points are nearly all covered with hotels and cottages, the widgeon, redheads and bluebills, with all their kindred, love to linger on their semi-annual migrations. Northwest of the city, within two hours' drive, there are five ponds on the shore of Lake Ontario, which to the sportsman of the last generation were as prolific in wildfowl shooting as ever could have been the Calumet River or Kankakee marshes. Even now, although they are popular summer resorts, a dozen families of teal are breeding there, and from October until January there is a fighting chance of meeting with a big day at winter ducks.

If comparisons are tolerable we may well challenge Chicago in respect to facilities for angling. The black bass, pike and pickerel that inhabit the river above the city have no superiors in gameness and all the other good qualities. The city sewage has unfortunately ruined the best of the lower river fishing, which in former years was unsurpassed. The boys I spoke of afford good bass and pickerel fishing. I saw a boy take a 5lbs. big-mouth bass in Irondequoit Bay a week ago, and he had four other good ones. Four lines of railroad—the Central-Hudson; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg; Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, and an electric road compete for the summer travel to the mouth of the river, where perch and rock bass, with now and then a black bass or pickerel, can be caught in great numbers through all a summer's day. The fare is only 25 cents for the round trip. We have one of the best trout streams in the world within sixteen miles of town. The Rochester and Pittsburgh and Erie railroads will take you to its banks for half a dollar, but unless you have an invitation from a member of the club that has leased it you can cast no fly on its crystal waters. But you may visit the State fish hatchery there situated and see the process of hatching fish artificially for distribution over the State. There are besides in the county a few small wild streams where fingerlings and a few trout above the 6in. limit can be taken with "patient angle" if one likes to creep through mosquito-infested and tangled underbrush.

But it is not alone on the home waters that we rely for sport with rod and line. At our doors lies Lake Ontario, and on it ply steamboats which for a consideration will transport the town-weary citizen to the north shore, where, in the Dominion wilderness, he can soon cast his lines in waters alive with bass, pickerel, mascalonge or trout. We command, as it were, the piscatorial resources of all British America, and can draw draughts on streams and lakes that have never failed to respond satisfactorily when approached by the right man at the right time. Down the Lake we have the Thousand Islands fishing to try if we tire of the home or Canadian waters. Then the Adirondacks are next door to us, where trout or deer can be had for asking.

Oh, yes, Chicago is a great city, and her children are full of *chic, élan,* "sand," enterprise, or whatever you want to call it. But when she claims to be a better base of operations from which to carry on field sports than Rochester is, she illustrates that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself.

E. REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 17.

BOSTON NOTES.

JUST the best way to spend a vacation is something of a question. Some are fond of the seashore, where bathing in the morning and sitting on the piazza in the afternoon make up a large part of the programme. But this will never do for the lover of the rod and gun. A vacation means more to him. Mr. A. W. Tompkins, salesman for Foster & Weeks of this city, has a pretty good idea of what a vacation should be to a live young man, and he usually manages to get a good deal out of his annual two weeks. In the first place he objects to going such a distance as will take up some four or five days of his precious time on the road. So he selects some spot nearer home. This year Wayland, Mass., was his choice, and that of his friend Mr. J. A. Tolman. Both are lovers of a good horse, as well as the rod and line. They both drove to a pond in Wayland, not more than 18 miles from Boston. They camped at the pond, where boats and everything was in readiness. Pickerel fishing was excellent. Right here it might be remarked that fishing of this sort has been particularly good in many of the ponds in this State this summer. They caught all they wanted and some of the large ones were sent home. Black bass fishing was good, but the boys preferred pickerel. The pickerel were worth something after they were taken, but the bass they did not try to eat. Nearly every day their mothers, sisters and lady friends came up to see the boys, and one of the features of the vacation was to drive the ladies home at nightfall behind the fast steppers. They then would drive back to camp and finish out a day of rare pleasure in hunting bullfrogs with a jacklight. The glare of the lantern turned upon the frog at a distance of 20ft. would cause froggy to close his eyes, when he fell an easy prey to the club of the frog hunters. The next morning his hind legs furnished a dainty fry for breakfast, or the tidbits were reserved for dinner, when the ladies again came up for pickerel fishing. The boys did their own cooking; and again they did not, for each time the ladies came up they did not come empty handed in the way of the best their culinary skill could produce. The boys are blacker than redmen; that is to say, of the insurance order type, but such a time comes only to those who rough it.

But if reports from Maine are to be credited, the deer are remarkably plenty. Then, if further reports are to be believed, they are being killed out of season. One guide writes me that the deer are plenty at—I am not going to aid other breakers of the law by publishing in the FOREST AND STREAM just where—and that they are shooting them. It is a shame. It is totally unfair, and enough to discourage those who are disposed to obey the game laws. The other day some fishermen were bass fishing in one of the ponds which lie between Bridgton and Norway, Maine, when they saw what they at first took for a duck, swimming rapidly past them and for the other shore of the pond. Soon they saw that it could not be a duck, and they "up killick" and gave chase. It proved to be a deer, and they gained upon it by rowing with all their might. The man at the oars, a stout fellow with tremendous muscle, was determined to overtake the deer, and he came very near succeeding. But the deer soon got to where he could touch bottom, and with a few bounds and splashes he struck the shore and was away into the woods. The oarsman was so exhausted that he could not move for some moments. His idea was to catch the pretty creature alive. This deer was seen at a pond among the farms, and at a point where a few years ago such a creature was never heard of.

At Eustis, I am told, a deer was shot as it crossed the road one day last week. It was a doe, and very thin in flesh. It had come out into the fields to feed. Respect for the law is not sufficient up there to prevent shooting at deer or partridge whenever they are to be seen. On the stage one morning a while ago, in the same town, was a sportsman returning to the city, after having caught about 1,000 trout by count. The number of fish he had caught, which he could not possibly use, brands him a—call him what you please, good reader of the FOREST AND STREAM—I say a man not fit to be in the woods. An old partridge ran out from the underbrush by the roadside and made passes at the wheels of the coach. Her young were doubtless in the brush, and she was using the strategy that such birds will, to attract the attention of wild animals from their young. The poor bird doubtless mistook the coach wheel for some monster that was to harm her young. Our great sportsman, mounted on the front seat, drew his revolver and began firing at the bird. About the fourth shot she fell dead. The cruel fellow jumped off the coach, examined his booty, and finding it "poor as a crow," left it by the roadside. Ah! when will men learn to go into the woods with some sort of knowledge of the habits of the game they seek, and with such a love of nature that they will not kill for the mere sake of killing? The name of the cruel, badly informed booby should be given right here, only that my informant hides his name from me, because he is a friend.

SPECIAL.

AN OLD FASHIONED PANTHER FIGHT.—Quilcene, Wash. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Deer, wildcats, cougars, and some bears are found in this vicinity. I have not seen any bears, but I see their signs every few days. I have often wondered what hindered the cougars from being very plentiful. They are monarchs of the woods, and are very sly, with plenty of game and cattle to live on. This spring I was talking with an old cruiser (a man who hunts for timber and good land claims), who had followed the business for the last twenty years in Oregon and this State. He never takes a gun, but carries only a blanket and a small axe. He related that one night when he was camping in the head of a ravine about dark he heard a cougar scream on one of the ridges; and this one was answered by another on the opposite ridge. They kept working toward the head, until finally they came together some 300yds. above him in some quaking aspen; and such a row and racket as they made he had never heard before. They rolled down within 100yds. of him; and he says that he was pretty well scared; but he kept up a big fire and stayed behind that. They quieted down in a couple of hours, and the next morning, when it was light enough, he went on to the battle ground. He found one of them lying there dead, all cut and torn to pieces. It was a very large one. Four days afterward, as he was coming back the same way, some 500yds. from where he had found the first one he had stumbled ugon the other one, dead. This, too, was all cut and torn as the first had been. At another time, in Oregon, he heard a big fight going on, but did not go to see the results. He was stopping one night with an old Indian, who had hunted and trapped all his life, and was telling him about the fight, when the Indian said that that was the way when two old males met; one or the other was killed, and very often both; and that whenever the male would find the young ones and the mother absent he would kill the last one of them, but if the mother were with them she would keep him off. That must be the reason that the mother goes with the young until they are nearly two years old. They say that all the cat kind will kill their young. We know that this is so with the domestic cat.—C. B. P.

CODIFICATION OF THE NEW YORK LAWS.—There was a meeting of the Commission for the Codification of the Game Laws, which is composed of the Hon. R. U. Sherman, E. G. Whittaker and Robert B. Roosevelt, formerly president of the Fishery Commission, and afterward Minister to the Netherlands. The meeting was held at Sayville, where Mr. Roosevelt has a country residence, and entertained the Commission during their stay. Notice had been extensively given out not only by advertisement in the local papers, but by the printing and distribution of hand bills; but although there were some 30 or 40 persons present at the meeting the netting interest was not largely represented. Special efforts had been made to get them to be present, as the Commission was anxious to get their views. Those who did come differed as usual, the pound-net men laying the diminution of fish, which all admitted, to the fly-netters, the latter putting the blame on the set-net owners, and all uniting in saying that the hook and line fishermen were most to blame for catching more fish than they could use and allowing these to spoil and rot till their smell was offensive to the neighborhood. To show his associates how great was the loss from this cause Mr. Roosevelt took them in his yacht to the famous Cinderbeds, where they found some thirty other boats hard at work at this nefarious destruction. However, as the entire Commission did not catch a single fish in two days' fishing, and could not ascertain that any of the thirty boats caught more than twenty, the unlucky members from the rural districts came away with decided doubts whether hand-line fishing was so ruinous as alleged, especially when they remembered that these thirty boats were the means of having spent on the bay men not less than $500 and on the hotel keepers a great deal more. The next meeting of the Commission is appointed for Staten Island and Peconic Bay.

HUNTS AND FISHES AND RUNS THE "HERALD."—Indeed, the younger Bennett possesses many of the best traits of his great father, the founder of the *Herald.* It is a common error that he leaves to others the management of his newspaper. Very few journalists are so ever-present and pains-taking; for though hunting for tigers in the jungles of the Soudan; or fishing for haddock in the Arctic Ocean, this wizard of the tripod carries a wire with him, and keeps his hand ever upon a galvanic battery. It is to this watchful and exacting, this original and restless spirit, that the *Herald* owes not only its peculiar influence and vitality at home, but its supremacy among American journals abroad, where it stands alone and without a rival.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Detroit, Minn., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my note to you last Monday, I believe I stated that the deer season was from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1. I am mistaken in thus writing, as the season is from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1; and from Dec. 1 to Dec. 15 to get the game out of the country. I regret making such a blunder, but feel consoled when I read in the St. Paul *Press* and the Minneapolis *Tribune* this morning that the chicken season opened the 15th inst., a blunder inexcusable from two of the great dailies of the State. I learn this afternoon that a party of four are out after chickens to-day. The grouse season will open Aug. 21.—MYRON COOLEY.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE TRANSGRESSORS' CORNER.

A PHENIX, R. I., correspondent sends us a report, taken from the Providence *Telegram*, of the trapping of one Geo. L. Hoxsie, the game officer at Hopkinton, R. I. President Penney, of the Society for the Protection of Game and Fish, received word that Hoxsie was out shooting with a hired man. Tuesday morning President Penney and Geo. T. Anthony, one of the special detectives of the society, enlisted the services of Deputy Sheriff Beny, of Westerly, to assist them. The party went to a place near Hoxsie's house and concealed themselves behind a stone wall with a full view of the premises about his place and patiently awaited his return from the shoot. About 11 o'clock that night Hoxsie with another man went into the yard. The watchers saw him hang the birds down into the well. After the family had retired the two betook themselves to a farmhouse, where they were stopping, and remained there till 2:30 o'clock in the morning, when they again returned to watch Hoxsie. They lay in wait till he came out. He looked anxiously up and down the road, and then went to the well and drew up the rope to which was attached the basket of birds. The detectives started for him, but he discovered them when within 300yds. of the house. He was on the alert, as he afterward explained, he had been warned by E. C. Green, the pharmacist of Hope Valley. He ran with the basket of birds, but the Sheriff and President Penney were equal to the emergency and they overtook him.

Mr. Hoxsie said he had not been shooting. The warrant was read to Hoxsie, and while a conversation was going on between two of them, the sheriff, who had been looking for the birds, returned with a basket which contained twenty-one partridge and two woodcock.

The case came before Justice Whipple in the Third District Court at Westerly. Hoxsie was adjudged guilty and fined $20. Justice Whipple dismissed the twenty-three separate complaints. Hoxsie's counsel pleaded that having been convicted of having one partridge and paid his fine he could not be fined for each bird in his possession. The president of the game club has not given up Hoxsie's case yet. Mr. Penney has employed more counsel and is going to make this a test case of the game laws of this State; and if there are any defects in the law it will be brought up before the next meeting of the General Assembly.

Game Warden Collins, of Hartford, Conn, has been waking up things again. On Sunday, Aug. 3, Joseph Notine, a Hartford barber, went up into the Ten-mile woods in Windsor with a party of friends to have a clam bake. He unfortunately took along his gun and young bird-dog for the purpose, as he says, of training the dog and having his picture taken. Monday morning Game Warden A. C. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., received information that Notine was seen with a dog and gun and shots were heard fired in that vicinity. Upon this he promptly got out a warrant for Notine's arrest, and he was summoned to appear at the town hall in Windsor at 5 P. M. Wednesday, to be tried before Justice Sidney E. Clarke of Hartford. Game Warden Collins conducted the prosecution for the State. The accused pleaded not guilty. The State produced five witnesses who testified to seeing Notine in the woods, wearing a hunting coat and having with him a bird-dog and gun, also to hearing two shots fired in the direction in which he had gone. Notine denied the charges and produced three witnesses to substantiate his statements. Mr. Collins argued that the State had made out a case under section 2,532, Revised Statues of 1888, which provides that: "Any person found with a bird-dog and gun upon land where woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse (called partridge), are known to exist, shall be deemed *prima facie* to be there for the purpose of pursuing said birds with intent to kill;" and also under section 2,533: "Every person who shall on Sunday shoot or hunt or have in possession in the open air the implements for shooting, shall be fined not less than seven nor more than twenty-five dollars." The court found the accused guilty and the fines and costs amounted to $31.01, which he promptly paid; and no doubt charged the same up to profit and loss.

Judge Desnoyers, Mr. W. S. Walker, attorney for the Fish and Game Protection club, and Mr. Alex. N. Shewan, secretary of the club, returned to Montreal on Saturday from Beauharnois, having succeeded in convicting three parties after a hard fight, of shooting and killing wild duck during the close season. The court was held at the court house, Beauharnois. The costs and fines amounted to some $60 for killing two ducks.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

BOSTON.—Mr. W. T. Farley of the dry goods jobbing firm of Farley, Harvey & Co., is spending his vacation at the Adirondacks, Mrs. Farley is with him. He writes the firm that they may think of him as jacking a deer every night. The other members of the firm all understand what that means, for they have been there themselves. They tell a good story of a Boston merchant at the Adirondacks last year. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed "one of the best guides in the region," and they jacked and jacked nearly all night, amid great suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was nearly dead from sitting in one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a rustling in the reeds. The guide asked in a soft whisper if the shooter heard it. He did hear it, and his teeth were already chattering with buck fever, or with cold, he could not tell which. He signified his willingness to shoot by the trembling of the gun in his unsteady hands. The guide again whispered that the rustling was a deer, and for the merchant to watch for eyes, but if he could not see any eyes, to shoot as near as he could at the sound. At the same time the guide suggested the caution that the shooter should be careful and not shoot him. The hunter fired. The echoes awoke, and the splashing and rustling had ceased. The guide told the merchant that he had shot a deer, and "by the sound" he judged that it was a large buck. He had doubtless secured a beautiful pair of antlers. But the swamp was so thick and of such a nature that it would not be possible to get the deer, but when winter came the place would freeze over, and then the horns and hide could be secured. He would take the earliest opportunity to get them and forward them to Boston. The merchant came home in the full faith of his success. When cold weather came he daily expected the horns. The express was watched, but they have not come to hand. Later in the winter he learned that some guides arrange with another guide to go into the swamp, get behind a tree, so as to be safe from the shot, and then to rustle and splash till the tenderfoot shoots. After which all is still, and the tenderfoot is satisfied. He has shot a deer. Now that merchant does not care to have his friends mention the pair of horns he expected. SPECIAL.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsmen's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publication, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

THE SOUTH BRANCH OF THE POTOMAC.

THE south branch of the Potomac is equally famed for its picturesque beauty and the fine sport which the limpid stream, well stocked with bass, affords the angler. There can be found all that the enthusiast regards as essential to happiness. Rugged gorges, lovely valleys, deep vistas and forests, the clear dancing waters of the river, and other natural features are present to give the coloring that adds zest to the angler's pleasures. The north and south branches of the Potomac River join at South Branch depot of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., a point 18 miles east of Cumberland, Md. The south branch rises in Highland and Pendleton counties, West Virginia, in the Shenandoah Mountains, and flows northward through Pendleton, Grant, Hardy and Hampshire counties. It is about 115 miles long. From Petersburg, W. Va., to the mouth of this branch the distance is 60 miles, and the stream ranges from 100 to 250yds in width and can be traversed by small boats the whole way, there being no falls or rapids bad enough to obstruct the passage. The water is well-suited to bass, being fed by many small mountain streams. There is no pollution whatever as there is in the north branch, which has several manufacturing towns and coal fields along its banks. The river is full of riffles, shallow places, deep holes and plenty of bold rocks, affording just such haunts as the bass like.

As is well known the black bass was introduced into the Potomac Basin, at Cumberland, in 1853; the first recorded introduction being made by Gen. W. W. Schriver, of Wheeling. To-day the south branch is one of the finest streams for small-mouthed bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*) east of the Alleghanies.

More bass have been caught in this river during the present season than for several years past. This is probably due to the fact that last season's freshets kept the water in so turbid a state for the greater part of the summer, that fewer anglers visited the river, and the bass had an opportunity to grow and multiply. While there are plenty of fish they run large, and now and then a genuine mossback is lured from the stream. It is not a rare thing to catch 4 and 5lb. bass either with the fly, minnow or trolling spoon. While expert fishermen with the fly do not catch the largest fish, yet they will show greater numbers and a heavier string for a day's work. It is our belief that the best method of fishing the south branch is to have a well-stocked fly-book, an 8oz. split-bamboo of ten or twelve feet, and to wade along the banks of the stream, whipping it as one goes along. In this way we have had many successful days on the dear old stream, and have had the satisfaction of sharing in the largest catches on record, except one, which we shall mention later on. For those who use live bait there are plenty of crawfish, helgramites, shiners or bright-sided minnows, chubs and black-nosed dace. These are found in the small brooks running into the river. For bait-fishing a short rod is the proper thing for this stream, but that to angler's liking, long ones can be used as there is no trouble in wading along the river's banks at a distance so far from shore that the trees do not interfere with casting.

One of the famous resorts is the hanging rock, at Col. Isaac Parsons's. This spot, in the very heart of the bass region, is attractive because of its scenic beauty, and also on account of a ready and hearty hospitality one meets with there, and which has gone forth to make the name of "Ike" Parsons a familiar household word among anglers. This was where ex-President Cleveland was entertained on his 1887 hunting and fishing trip to the south branch, when quite a number of fish were caught. This rock is about 12 miles from Green Spring Run, on the B. & O. R. R. It is the camping ground of the Wheeling Bass Fishing Club, members of which were among the first to discover the fine sport to be had in the south branch by the angler. It was to this club that Mr. Otho Heiskell belonged, enjoying the sport with the younger men, who called him Uncle Otho. The best grounds are above Romney, the terminus of the South Branch R. R., 16 miles from Green Spring Run. Romney is a great gathering place for anglers and sportsmen—156 miles from Washington, D. C., 160 from Pittsburgh, and 27 miles east of Cumberland—it is situated on a level plateau 300ft. above the river, and is supplied with pure, cool sandstone water, piped from a mountain spring. The town is surrounded by mountains and is well shaded, the nights during the summer are cool and pleasant. The roads are fine, and the town and county are entirely free from malarial diseases. At this point is located the State Fish Hatchery.

Above Romney the best fishing is to be had in the "trough," a marvellous gorge formed by two mountains that seem to rise abruptly from the water, and run parallel for a distance of five miles. Here, we do not hesitate to say, is to be found the best bass fishing in the whole river. The trough is ten miles above Romney and is not reached by railroad, but by conveyance from Romney. The gorge averages from 100 to 150yds. in width, and the stream runs swiftly through, now rushing over shallow places forming riffles, and now eddying in deep rocky holes, which afford fine hiding places for the bass. Here the bass reach a large size. Mr. Gibson caught one of 6lbs. weight, which we saw weighed after he had carried it eleven miles to Romney. As high as 6¼lbs. of bass have been taken by a single rod in one evening's fishing; from twenty to forty fish a day are very frequent catches. We quote some good records from the Morefield *Examiner* of July 31, 1890: "On last Tuesday (July 29) Frank Turley and George Strawder broke the record on fishing with hook and line. They went from town to below the old stone mill in a boat, fishing as they went down. They report a catch of 180 bass. The river appears to be full of bass. It seems a small matter for two or three fishermen to go out and bring in from fifty to a hundred in a day. We venture to say that within the past two weeks 700 or 800 have been caught between Petersburg and Morefield, besides a great many have been caught below here."

It is not unusual for parties to go to Morefield, secure boats, and fish to the mouth of the river, which is a distance of fifty miles. These trips are generally very successful; 1,400 bass have been taken by three men on a single voyage of this kind. This party was made up of anglers, and most of the fish were returned to the river unharmed. While the bass are in great numbers and appear to be multiplying, despite the efforts of the anglers, there are very few, if any, other fish in the river. All along the stream strangers will find places of shelter, where they can rest and be fed. There are excellent camping places, plenty of good springs of excellent water, and farmhouses near by where vegetables, etc., can be had.

Besides its picturesque beauty, and its ever renewed supply of bass, there is another reason why the south branch has a place near the heart of every true angler.

It was on the banks of this stream that a boy, who afterward became one of the most prominent fishculturists of the world, fished for mullets, suckers and eels, for that was before the introduction of the bass, and it may have been his contemplation of nature, as shown by the humbler members of the finny tribes, that inspired him to the great work of his life—the artificial propagation of fishes—which has added so much both to the wealth of the land and to the pleasure of the angler.

EASBY.

ANGLING NOTES.

AS a rule striped bass are not caught on any bait but the genuine article; they seem too shy and suspicious to be tempted by the various imitations. But we have heard of several instances lately where they have taken the phantom and whitebait minnows. Another successful lure lately used is a gang made of one treble hook on gut with a small revolving spoon above. A sandworm is hooked on to this gang, and the bass, attracted by the glistening spoon, rushes for the bait and is captured. It should be trolled slowly in shallow water with 80ft. of line and no sinker—a good-sized swivel is sufficient weight.

Mr. John Yale, one of our prominent fly-fishermen, has just returned from a trouting trip to the upper waters of the Rondout. He says that owing to the intense heat there was very little fly-fishing to be had during the daytime, but after dark the fish rose freely to a good-sized ginger-palmer and coachman. The fish, as usual during the night, took the fly as if they meant it and fought bravely. He killed a number of fish running from 12 to 14in., and among them a rainbow, which in its eagerness to escape jumped fully 3ft. up the bank.

Fly-fishing at night to those who are not used to it is a peculiar and rather uncanny experience. The rushing water looks as black as ink, and even when the sky is bright the shadows cast by the trees and bushes make the stream seem intensely dark. It is better to use only one fly and a short stout leader. The large trout feed entirely at night during the hot weather, and after one gets used to the strange surroundings it is very charming sport, for the small fish do not trouble the fly then, and the big ones take hold sharp and with a loud splash. Large bright flies should be used as a rule, but strange to say, in Lake Colden, in the Adirondacks, the black gnat is the most killing fly.

We regret to learn that in Tupper Lake region the trout fishermen are killing more deer than trout. It seems to have been done very openly, and we should think that the game wardea for that locality would have no trouble in securing convictions.

Mr. M. S. Tweedie, of the Red Cross line of steamers, office 18 Broadway, is getting up a circular relating to the fishing and shooting in Newfoundland. He will be happy to send a copy as soon as it is printed to any sportsman who will take the trouble to apply for it. The shooting resources of Newfoundland are enormous, and little understood by Americans. Many English sportsmen make yearly trips to that country for salmon, sea trout and caribou. Now that the Red Cross line of steamers run to Pilleys Island, it is an easy trip. Mr. W. Holberton, a well known sportsman of this city, intends to make this trip in October, mainly for the purpose of exploring the Island and finding out what is to be had in the way of fishing and shooting. It is probable that a party will be made up to go there this season.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—There was on exhibition today, in front of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway office, a magnificent mascallonge whose great size and perfect beauty and symmetry kept a crowd alike of gawkers and anglers about it. The fish was 41in. in length and 35lbs. in weight. Across the back and up and down through the body it was exceptionally heavy. In every line it was shapely as a salmon. It was a grand fish. This beautiful specimen of a fresh-water giant came down from Crosby's place on Twin Lakes, Wis., and was taken by Mr. Harry Goodall, of the *Sun and Drover's Journal*, of this city. This fish was not only big, but beautiful, and to take a prize like that must be a joy forever to an angler. Mr. Ryder, agent of the road above mentioned, commenting on the symmetry of this fish, said, "I can tell one of those Twin Lakes mascallonge nearly every time as soon as I set eyes on it. They don't catch so very many there, but when you get one it is nearly always a big one and a beauty at that."

Mr. Chas. Levings, of the C. & A., was down on the Kankakee at the C. & A. crossing the other day, and seized the opportunity for a little fishing. He fished an hour and a half, and made the rather remarkable showing of 4 small-mouth bass, 3 wall eyed pike, 8 croppies, 3 dogfish, 2 turtles and 1 clam (mussel). The bass were all taken on the fly, and the other things on the frog. The croppies were very large, and they took frog in theirs. The mussel also bit the frog, clamping down on his hind legs in great shape and making a very gamy fight. The bass were small, not running over a pound. Mr. Levings says he had more fun with the dogfish than anything else.

E. HOUGH.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 280 pages, price $2.00. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

ON CANADIAN RIVERS.

[The following chapter is taken from Mr. E. A. Samuels's new volume, "With Fly-Rod and Camera."]

THE mellow, flute-like song of the hermit thrush awoke me before sunrise on the following morning. Nudging my friend to arouse him, I stepped outside the tent. The camp-fire had burned out, nothing of it remaining but a few black embers. The two guides were sound asleep under their blankets, the heavy covering being pulled up over their heads completely.

Taking our rods, Frere and I stepped past the sleeping men on our way to the pool; they awoke instantly, however, for your bush sleeper is easily awakened. With a big yawn they arose and began to move about their camp duties, the first of which being invariably filling and lighting their pipes.

"What sort of a day is it to be?" I asked of Hiram, as I prepared my tackle for a cast at the foot of the pool, Frere having gone to the head.

Hiram gave a look at the mist which completely enveloped the forest about us, and then at the drenched leaves which trembled slightly in the breeze.

"Oh, it'll be bright enough by and by," he replied, "the wind is sou'west, and the webs are plenty." As he spoke he pointed to the gossamer webs which had been spun on the bushes and brakes and weeds about us.

It is almost an invariable sign, that if gossamer webs are abundant in the morning, the day will be fair.

"Well, Hiram," said I, "here's for luck," and I began casting above the rapids at the foot of the pool.

"Luck to you!" he replied, and returned to the camp, where his axe was soon heard busy in preparing wood for the breakfast fire.

The morning was dark, and the mist hung so heavy above the pool that I could but indistinctly see Frere, who was at work at the upper end. For my own fly I had my favorite, a silver-doctor. It is a fly with which I can do better work than with any other, in all waters and with all fish.

Now, silver-doctors are to be met with in most varied forms. At one time I had upward of four dozen of them in my books that I had gathered here and there, and hardly two of them were alike. If the body is silver tinsel it matters but little, in the opinion of many tyers, how the rest of the fly is made, and the result is that when one speaks of this fly he conveys but a vague meaning. I have silver-doctors with whole wings and with made wings; with all kinds of hackles and with none at all, and with tails and without.

My favorite style is made with pure silver tinsel body—no other is worth using. The tail consists of two or three webs of a widgeon's or teal's mottled feather, together with the same number of webs of the ruffle of the golden pheasant. I like a small hackle on a silver-doctor, and if I were to have a dozen tied, should have three each with gray, brown, yellow and black hackles. Not heavy, but nice neat hackles.

Doubtless some one will say, "Ah, but that's not my idea of a siver-doctor at all." "All right," I reply, "it's mine; I want a small hackle on it."

Now for wings. I don't like whole wings, that is, wings made of whole feathers, but prefer made ones, those which are made of varied fibers selected from many feathers, among them always a few shreds of the mottled feather of the widgeon or teal, two good feathers from the ruff of the golden pheasant, and over all, two or three good sprays from the crest of the same bird.

Above all, I want the fly tied so hard and firmly that I cannot move it at all on the hook. If it is loosely tied, it soon becomes worthless, in fact it is unsafe, for the hook is likely to pull out with the first fish. I always reject a fly that is not stiff, or which is at all movable on the hook. It is an expensive fly, such as I have described, but it is the most killing in existence. The silver-doctor commonly sold is a cheap affair compared with this, but deliver me from such and all other cheap flies. I always prefer to have mine "tied to pattern," and do not accept any which will not stand a rigid scrutiny.

I began casting with a short line, my invariable habit, and worked further and further out into the pool with every few casts. I believe in covering thoroughly every foot of water as I go. Your salmon does not always lie away off in the pool, and it is much better to strike your fish on a short line than a long one, particularly if you are lifting for a back cast. A single instance will illustrate this. I had been fishing the upper end of a pool, and had worked down to nearly the foot; I had a long line out; so as to reach the further shore, and had carelessly allowed it for a moment to swing in the eddy. As I lifted for another cast, I noticed that my fly was hardly ten feet from me. When I gave the lift the fly swung in, and and at that instant a salmon, that had been lying beside a boulder almost at my feet, arose and took the lure.

Of course the tip of my rod went to "smithereens" on the instant and the salmon "hooked off." Yes, I always cover the water thoroughly as I go and do not lengthen my line until I have had my fly all over the surface in my reach.

Frere was busy at his end of the pool, but saving a few trout which he shook off his fly without disturbing the water, he had got no rises.

I also got a few trout up, but did not hook them, for we were after salmon, and the flouncing of a few trout on the surface of the water is sufficient, generally, to keep salmon from rising.

It is quite a "knack," that the salmon fisherman acquires, to shake off a trout that has seized his fly, without "stirring up the water," as the expression goes, but it is a necessary accomplishment. Occasionally one will hook the trout so firmly that it must be landed, and then the better way is to waste no time but to drag it as expeditiously as possible bodily through the water and up on the beach. The pool is thus disturbed but little, for the fish is landed before it has a chance to flounce about.

I had been casting for fully ten minutes, during which I had successfully shaken off two or three small sea trout, and was just on the point of casting over to an eddy across the pool, below a huge boulder that arose from the depths, when a large sea trout took my fly, and with a splash and a plunge down he went to the bottom, and into the eddy that I had been essaying to reach.

Away spun the line, my reel shrieking to me discordantly just then, my rod bending in a circle with my efforts to keep the trout from disturbing the salmon.

But in vain! A large sea trout is a very strong fish and active withal, and I could not check mine even with the full strain of my rod. Suddenly from the depths of the pool, where the trout was darting about, out sprang a salmon, a goodly fish, leaping several feet into the air, and falling back with a tremendous splash.

Another near by also sprang out, and the guides who had joined me, and who supposed that the leaping fish was fast to my hook, exclaimed.

"He's a lively fish, sure! Mind, Doctor, or you'll lose him."

Frere, who also came to my side said, "You are giving him too much strain."

"Giving the old Harry too much strain," I exclaimed, "I've only got a pesky trout on."

"Oh! that's no trout," said Hiram, flourishing the gaff; "sure we saw him twiste [twice], 'twas a saumon, and a good one, too."

"Yes, but he is not hooked, confound him," I replied, reeling in the trout that was now about tired out.

"There he goes again!" shouted William, but this time they plainly saw that the salmon was leaping in fright, and not with my fly in his mouth.

The truth was that the trout in swimming about, had run the casting line against two or three of the salmon, which, doubtless fearing a net or some other of man's snares, leaped to avoid them. A salmon is as suspicious and as shy as a crow, and the least disturbance or noise or molestation will put it on the *qui vive*.

It is not at all uncommon for the casting line to strike a fish in the pool, when it is fast to another, and I have more than once had my hooked salmon send several into the air by rubbing the line against them.

We landed the trout, and killed it. It was only of about three pounds weight, but it was very strong for its size.

Of course after such a disturbance we concluded that we had better rest the pool a while, and as breakfast was soon to be ready, we laid aside our rods, and, after a wash, repaired to the camp, at which the guides were busy preparing our morning meal. And such a royal breakfast as it was! and such appetites as we had when we sat down to it! Boiled sea trout, fried grilse, boiled potatoes, pilot bread and butter; listen, fried onions, and coffee with condensed milk.

Boiled sea trout is, gastronomically, in my estimation, the most delicate of all fish. Nothing can compare with its delicacy, yet richness, of flavor. It should be cooked and eaten as soon as possible after it is killed, for it soon deteriorates and becomes insipid.

No other way of cooking than boiling brings the sea trout to the epicure in all its excellence, and in fact this is true of most fish.

A fried sea trout is not nearly as acceptable, and I do not fancy one broiled, although broiling is better than frying. Next in my opinion to the sea trout comes the grilse, and that is also better boiled than fried.

Never shall I forget the exquisite enjoyment with which one of these fish was eaten on a certain occasion.

We had been in the canoe four or five hours in a chilly drizzle of a rain, through which we saw the sun only for a few minutes during the entire day.

We were descending one of the Canadian rivers, our party consisting of one of my friends, myself, and our two guides or canoemen, all in one large canoe.

Tired we were and hungry, for we had been running rapids and fishing the glorious pools that lay between them all the time, and such work gets up a wonderful appetite. At last the "*arret-la*" was spoken, and we came to a landing place. Hauling the canoe upon the pebbly shore, our men soon had a fire started and the tea kettle steaming.

Taking from the canoe a grilse weighing about four pounds, and cutting up the rich blood-red meat, they cooked it in the frying pan, using but very little fat, that contained in the tissues of the fish being sufficient.

The fresh-caught fish thus cooked was of delicious sweetness, and the meat was firm, nutty, and with just the right degree of richness. Yes, that was a fish ever to be remembered; it was eaten with exactly the right sauce, and under the right circumstances. Many a time have I eaten my fresh-caught salmon or trout by the camp fire in the woods, but it seems to me that none other ever tasted like that particular grilse.

Hiram, as an accompaniment to my fish, gave me two boiled potatoes, and such potatoes! Early Rose they were, which had been grown on newly cleared land, called "burned land," because it had been lately burned over. Unless one has eaten such potatoes, he knows nothing of what constitutes a good one. Mealy it is to the extent of almost falling apart in a powder when its "jacket" is removed, and so sweet and delicate! No other potato can compare with the "burned land" potato.

After disposing of our substantial and abundant breakfast, a smoke was of course the first thing to be attended to. Ah! what a comfort one takes with his pipe or cigar after a hearty meal in the woods! Could anything be accepted as a substitute for it? Could anything replace it? I doubt it.

Very soon Frere was busying himself in overhauling his fly-book, and arranging his flies, taking such comfort out of the operation as only your enthusiastic angler can find. At length he arose from his recumbent position, exclaiming, "Well, Doctor, this is not business," and taking his rod he proceeded to the pool, where I soon joined him.

The mists that had hung low above the river had been dispelled, and the sun was shining brightly through the patches of blue which showed now and then through the golden and roseate clouds that were drifting away to the east.

A light breeze was moving, just strong enough to ripple the surface of the pool to that degree which one so much desires, and the indications were good for a satisfactory day's sport.

Frere began casting about midway from the head of the pool, and getting out a long line was soon reaching well over to the further shore.

I took a seat upon an old log on the crest of the beach and watched my friend at his work; for next to casting the fly myself, I love to see another engaged in the fascinating recreation.

How gracefully, and with what a true and even sweep the line rolled along on the surface of the water, uncoiling itself, as it were, with an uniform motion, the casting line or leader taking up the same sweep, until the fly dropped upon the water as lightly as would the living insect.

It is a great acquirement to cast the fly as Frere did, and I have seen but few who attained to equal proficiency. I have fished with scores of different anglers in my time, and after watching their work, varied as it has been, I have come to the conclusion that adepts at fly-casting with the two-handed rod are "few and far between."

There is an indescribable motion of the rod, which is made in the forward stroke or delivery, that acts upon the line in such a way that it seems to be but a continuation of the rod itself, and the same bends and curve of the rod are followed by the whole length of the line, which, as it falls upon the water, seems to unroll itself its whole length, permitting the fly to drop softly and noiselessly.

In a number of casts I can get this motion a few times, but I am not always certain of it, and my experience extends over thirty years.

I can get out and handle as good a length of line as the average, and can drop a fairish neat fly, but despair of being an expert in making what I call a rolling cast.* A very great deal depends upon the exact balance of the rod and line.

In every book on fishing that I have read, and I have quite a number of them in my library, are given instructions, more or less elaborate, in casting; but I have never read any yet that supplied information which would enable a novice to become even a passable fisherman.

Practice, much practice, is a requisite, but no practice in my opinion can compare with that which one has on the pool where he knows the fish are lying.

Some writers recommend practicing on the lawn, but this is of very little value except in familiarizing one with the action of his rod.

To lay out a line neatly and smoothly on the water and recover it in good style is one thing; it is quite another to do it on a grass plot.

Frere continued at his work, covering all the water as he moved toward the foot of the pool.

Gradually he drew nearer and nearer to the eddy on the other side; that from which the salmon had leaped when my sea trout created such a commotion.

At length his fly dropped in a curl of the water near a rock that showed faintly beneath the surface; motionless it remained an instant, then sinking an inch or two was just on the point of receiving the first motion or drag from the rod, when a swirl, a faint splash, and then the scream of the reel announced that a salmon had been hooked.

Scarcely had the fish felt the barb when, with the speed almost of lightning, he darted to the head of the pool, and then back in an instant to the deep water in the middle, thus securing a dangerous bight in the line, which only the greatest activity at the reel could overcome in time, and Frere but just succeeded in getting his line straightened before the salmon repeated his performance, this time his run being broken by three leaps in quick succession, all of them being at least three feet in the air.

He then returned to his former position, and Frere began giving him the strain of the rod, for the runs in quick succession and the leaps had sobered the fish, and if the fight were now forced, it was evident it would be a short one. The tactics which the salmon now adopted were such as every one who has been "fast" to one of these noble fish is acquainted with.

Now he was apparently standing on his head in the water, evidently rubbing his nose on the rocks on the bottom of the pool to free himself from the barbed steel. Finding this unavailing he would shake his head savagely like a terrier worrying a rat. This also proving ineffectual, he would endeavor to wind the casting line about one of the rocks in the water, by which a purchase could be obtained, so that the hook could be twisted from its hold. All in vain, however, Frere kept his steady strain on the rod, keenly watching every movement of the fish, and meeting, with a sportsman's skill, all its rises and attempts to escape.

At length the tension of the line proved too great for the fish, and it began to show unmistakable signs of fatigue.

Perceiving this, Frere commenced reeling in the line, all the time keeping the strain upon it.

Suddenly, without any warning, the salmon gave a magnificent leap, and then plunging to the bottom, darted to the shoal water down to the foot of the pool.

"Oh, give him the butt, give him the butt!" we all shouted to Frere, but too late, Frere was doing all that the rod could stand, but, passing like a flash down into the stream, running out the line in a way that made the reel wildly whistle, the fish glided between two rocks in the bed of the stream, turned across the shoals, and then sped back up the swift water and around another rock, securing leverage, and he was free.

"Too bad, too bad!" I exclaimed. Frere made no reply but began reeling in his line which the fish had carried out to the extent of at least one hundred yards.

"Confound it all," exclaimed Hiram. "He was a wide-awake divil sure!"

"Yes, a fresh-run fish," added William, "and full of life."

"Life! any amount, sure," replied Hiram, who, now that the fight was over, was quietly filling his pipe and preparing for a smoke.

Did you ever notice that your guide, if a smoker, and he almost always is one, invariably lights his pipe when a big fish is landed or lost? If not, watch him when you are next out. I never knew it fail to happen.

When Frere had reeled in his line so that the leader could be reached, I took it in my hand and examined it. It had parted at one of the knots, and evidently had been carelessly fastened.

"The knot was a poor one," said Frere, examining the gut, "but if it had been perfect it would not have held that fish."

"No, no gut was ever made that would hold him," said Hiram. "Nor line neither," assented William, "unless it was a cod line."

Frere quietly removed the portion of the gut that was left, and placing it in his fly-book, selected another new leader, and putting it in the water and anchoring it with a pebble, left it to soak and become pliable. He bore his disappointment and loss philosophically, and gave no sign that he felt it even as much as we did.

The sun was now shining brightly, the fleecy clouds having been entirely dispelled. The breeze had also subsided, and the surface of the pool was as smooth as glass,

* The "Spey" of writers.

save where the ripples and eddies showed the moving current, and flecks or bunches of foam from the rapids floated down on the water, swam about for awhile, and then passed down the river out of sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEW REMARKS ON BASS.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 7—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ever since reading your Black Bass Number I have wanted to contribute some of my experience with these fish, covering a period of twenty-two years.

It seems that the big-mouth fellows must be gamier in the West than in the East, for I have never handled any that fought as their small-mouthed brethren do; they always sulk and run for the grass like a pickerel. Frequently when fishing upon certain portions of Lake Champlain I have seen a native hook a fish, and heard them call out "swago" before they had seen the fish at all. I have caught them in Kinderhook Lake, near Albany, but never had them jump as the other fellows do, except in a few isolated cases. They do not seem to inhabit the same waters, the large-mouth thriving in muddy ponds, where the small-mouth do not do well at all. I should think that of the two the big-mouth fellows were the most prolific.

My first acquaintance with black bass began in the Mohawk River, where my father and I used to go twice a week. We would get up about three or four o'clock in the morning, drive six or seven miles, get a mess of fish for a good-sized family, and occasionally a few to give away, then return home by dark.

Bass are very wary, as I had demonstrated two days ago when one darted out from under a big rock at my fly, but seeing me when he was within a foot of the fly, he turned like a flash and went back; nor could I coax him out again. But they also have a great amount of curiosity, as have numbers of fishes. When river fishing, we always anchored the boat bow and stern across the current, each one fishing with a rod over the end and a hand-line over the side, thus enabling us to throw well down into holes, as we always anchored above them, fishing down stream. Our boat, a common, flat-bottom skiff, leaked some; and when fishing got very dull father would often say, "Hen, guess I will bail boat and see if that won't stir them up," and many a time it did. I have always noticed that bass will almost always bite immediately after the anchor is put down, if there is any ripple on the water, and I never could do much with them on a still day, unless in October when they are on the reefs; then if you see a swirl, either when they are playing or chasing minnows, throw a good minnow in that direction and you get a strike every time. Their curiosity must be stronger than their fear. An old gentleman, whom I met fishing at Stony Island in Lake Ontario, told of one being around the boat for a long time, but would have none of his baits; so finally he took his knife and cut a large white button off the neckband of his shirt, put it on his hook, and presto! the bass took it and was landed.

Well do I remember a few years ago, fishing for bull heads on Lake George one evening, there was a small bass around the boat which would turn up his nose in contempt whenever I put my hook of worm bait in his direction. I had given him up in disgust, until happening to see a large fat worm crawling down the side of the boat I took it by one end and slung it at the fish, which immediately gobbled it down. This gave me an idea. Selecting a nice worm and hooking him just in the head I let him swing out in the bass direction, and in two minutes he was mine.

I have always found that they would bite best in a very stiff wind. One day coming down on the inside shore of Shelburne Head, Lake Champlain, the wind was blowing a gale, at times the spray flying clean over me. I had in the boat my boy George, 9 years old, and his two sisters, 7 and 5, a very helpless and precious freight to have out in such rough water. Of course I had to row and the boy fished astern, trolling a minnow, I doing the same over the shore side, thus fishing right in the outer edge of the breakers. We struck a school of bass and got five nice ones, and the boy a pickerel weighing 3lbs. We were using light rods and my hands were well occupied to keep the boat off shore, for she would have swamped and filled the instant we struck. As it was I took in a pail or two of water, and concluded that the risk was getting too great, so we went ashore, left the little girls there and returned to the spot, fishing all along the shore; but they had gone. Most likely they had been working a school of minnows which moved off and the bass followed.

My remarks, bear in mind, relate wholly to the small-mouthed variety. I have never found them in biting humor when on their beds, but of course they will take anything if dropped directly on to it. They used to catch large numbers of spawners at the Winooski Falls, but since they are enforcing the Vermont law more stringently in years past this has been checked. The favorite bait at this time was dobson, but I never hankered after fish with spawn in, so let them alone. After they leave the spawning ground they work out into deeper water, forming schools, and then along the ledges and reefs on the jelly that forms there. This, I think, is the reason we all have such poor success in mid-summer, as the bass and the wall-eyed pike are both full of this jelly in July and August, coming out in grasshopper and cricket time, fat and plump and ready to bite again, and give the poor patient fisherman a chance. Lake fish seem shorter and thicker than those in swift rivers and not quite so quick, at least that has always been my impression, and have heard many others assert the same.

Take him wherever you may find him, he is always the same plucky, never-yielding fighter, king of all fresh-water fish his weight and inches. DEXTER.

LAKE TAHOE TROUT.—Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann has recently investigated the fish fauna of Lake Tahoe, Cal., and found a variety of names in use for the trout. There were brook trout, black or red trout, bulgers, silver trout and the yellow belly. Three names are applied to different ages of the same fish. The trout were observed to be spawning in the lake instead of ascending the tributary streams for this purpose, as usual. This may have been due, the Doctor supposed, to the exceptionally cold water of the streams this year. The Fish Commission has traps and dams in the streams to secure spawners for the hatchery. After taking their eggs the trout are returned to the lake.

A LAKE ST. JOHN WINNINISH.

WE have received from Mr. Geo. H. Dana, of Washington, D. C., a small winninish, which was caught by one of his party in Lake St. John, Aug. 1. This was the largest salmon captured at the time, and Mr. Dana wrote that few large ones were to be seen. Unfortunately, the specimen arrived in a poor state of preservation, although every effort was made to get it through in good condition, and it is difficult to make a satisfactory comparison with sea-run salmon of the same species. In all essential particulars, however, as the proportions of the different parts of the body, number of fin-rays, size of scales, structure of gills, colors of head, body and fins, it shows no great difference from the anadromous *salar* after a brief residence in streams. One feature that deserves mention is the massiveness of the upper jaw, particularly in its posterior half. This leads us to the belief that the example is a male, though lacking the characteristic elongation and hooking of the jaws so noteworthy in salmon approaching the spawning season. If, on the contrary, the fish in question be a female, a point which must remain in doubt because of the absence of the abdominal viscera, we have in the heavy upper jaw, small size, large dark blotches, so well displayed in Kit Clarke's "Where the Trout Hide," page 52, and the relatively great size of the fins, a series of distinguishing marks of the northern winninish by means of which the angler and the ichthyologist may recognize it at sight. It appears to be unusually difficult to get a Lake St. John winninish safely into the hands of a student of the salmon family, but we will not give up in despair. "All things come to him who can but wait." In the meantime, if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM will help to shorten the period of waiting by sending a prime winninish to this office, wrapped in coarse cloth or birch bark and packed in ice, we will duly express our thankfulness and contribute our share toward the complete description of this peerless salmon. It may be that a little later in the season a specimen could be successfully shipped without ice by means of one of the modern preservatives frequently referred to in these columns. For scientific purposes, however, there is nothing better than alcohol, and the methylated spirit will answer fully as well as rectified spirit.

BROOK TROUT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MR. PIERRE LOUIS JOUY, well known in connection with explorations in China and Japan, has recently visited western North Carolina in search of health and natural history collections. In the class of fishes he found a variety of members of the great family of minnows (*Cyprinidæ*), which gave him opportunity to make some valuable color notes from the fresh specimens. We were particularly interested in the brook trout of that region, and Mr. Jouy brought back with him to the Smithsonian Institution the following information as to the present condition of the trout streams of the Roan Mountain country:

"Trout are tolerably abundant in the small mountain streams of western North Carolina up to about 4,000ft. elevation (Roan Mountain). In the lower sections, about the settlements, the streams are almost fished out. Occasionally three or four are caught, with other fishes, by seining a stream after a heavy rain, when the water is so muddy that the fish are unable to see the net. The combination of worm and fly on the same hook has proved too much for the trout in the lowlands, and for good fishing one must go up the mountains to where the stream is only a few feet wide, but swift enough to scour out deep holes in which trout love to hide. In such places pretty good fishing can be had, and if the fisherman is a sportsman he will adhere to the rule of throwing back all under 6in. Trout have been offered for sale at the hotel at Cloudland, N. C., as low as ten cents per pound."

BLUE HERON AND TROUT.—A note from Portville, Pa., in a Pittsburg paper says: James Shuman, of this place, shot a blue heron on Page Creek yesterday which had 39 brook trout in its stomach, none of them in the least advanced toward digestion, showing that the big bird had taken them all at the meal it was still engaged in securing when it was shot. As a large number of these immense birds have been fishing along Page Creek for a couple of weeks past, incalculable numbers of trout must have been destroyed by them if 39 trout, none less than a yearling, are not sufficient for one meal for a single heron. No one remembers having ever seen a heron along the brook before, and a party is to be organized to hunt the army of greedy marauders off the stream. The heron Shuman killed stood four feet high, and measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 6.—Trout fishing is at its best just now, and some fine baskets are being brought in. There is another big run of salmon on the Fraser just now, and there appears every probability of being a pack, despite the late run. Last Saturday one of the canneries had 15,000 fish waiting to be packed, all these were caught the previous night; the cannery had thirty boats out, making an average of 500 to a boat. How's this for fishing?—CHARLES E. TISDALL.

THE BIG BASS OF BELMAR.—At Belmar, N. Y., Aug. 13, Mr. G. J. Ferry caught a 26lbs. bass in the surf at the mouth of Shark River. One man who heard of this said he would like to catch three of the same size; but one such fish in a season should satisfy the ambition of the average Belmar fisherman. Our correspondent "Big Reel" fishes in the same surf.

RESCUE OF ILLINOIS FISHES.—Dr. S. P. Bartlett reports that the work of rescuing fishes of the Mississippi Valley is now in full progress. Fish are abundant, the weather is cool and pleasant, and everything favorable to a great season's result. When the operations began this summer it was very hot, and this made the efforts to handle fish extremely difficult.

BASS FISHING AT COSSAYUNA LAKE.—Greenwich, N.Y. —Mr. Charles Ferris and friend, fishing at above lake Aug. 14, took 42 small-mouth black bass; 6 large-mouth black bass, 5 pike (pickerel) and 3 large bullheads. The bait chiefly used was frogs. Some of the bass were of very large size, and all were above the average.—J. H. K.

MACKEREL AND SHINERS.—A solid school of medium-sized mackerel were up Annisquam River, off Smith's Landing, Aug. 12. They refused to take the hook, and only one mackerel was caught. They were after the shiners, and the large schools of this fish afforded them good feeding. On the morning of Aug. 13 the mackerel had entirely disappeared, to the great disappointment of many fishermen who were seeking them in the afternoon. It is the finest fun on earth to catch them when they bite sharp.—*Gloucester (Mass.) Daily Times, Aug. 13.*

[The shiner of Gloucester is *Menidia notata*, the common silversides or friar of the New England and Middle Atlantic coast. It is a hard-scaled but savory fish, four or five inches long when adult, and swarms along the shores in salt and brackish water in countless numbers. Not only the mackerel, but also the weakfish, bluefish and other carnivorous food species derive a large part of their subsistence from the slender little shiner. In the aquarium this fish is conspicuous on account of its broad silvery stripe along the side and semi-transparency of its tissues.]

In this week's issue the well known "Seal Island," situated below Quebec, and noted as a resort for geese and wildfowl of all descriptions, is offered for sale. This presents a valuable opportunity for a club to secure an excellent preserve, with an almost inexhaustible supply of birds, and intending purchasers are offered a chance to shoot over the ground when the season opens. A. Toussaint & Co. of Quebec are the owners, and will give full particulars on application.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O. S. D. L. Jackson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 23 to 26 —Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1653.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS PUPPY STAKE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the puppy stake of tht Indiana Kennel Club closed Aug. 1 with thirteen nominations. All were born after Oct. 1, 1889:

DOCTOR W. (L. C. Newman, Stanton, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gladstone Boy—Clara).

EFFIE K. (G. E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.), black and white English setter bitch, pedigree not given.

FLORA (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone Boy—Clara).

HOPE'S MARK (D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Hope—Lady May).

IDAHO (Elms Kennels, Forest Lake, Minn.), lemon and white English setter bitch (Monk of Furness—Pearl Laverack).

MARIE BURR (W. F. Burdell, Columbus, O.), liver, white and tan English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).

MINNESOTA (Elms Kennels, Forest Lake, Minn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Monk of Furness—Lady Faydette).

NUTWOOD (Fairbank & Board, Indianapolis, Ind.), liver and white pointer dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).

ONOTA DON (F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.), red Irish setter dog (Chief—Bizrena).

ONOTA PEG (F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Bizrena).

PAXICO (A. J. Gleason, Alma, Kan.), liver and white pointer dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).

ROSE OF CLAREMONT (F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Ia.), red Irish setter bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nino).

TENNESSEE JOE (D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.), liver and white pointer dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).

P. T. MADISON.

THE NORTHFIELDS YORKSHIRE KENNELS have advice that the manager, Mr. Thomas, will sail from England in the Venetian and is due here on Wednesday, the 27th. Mr. Thomas will bring the well-known Irish terrier dog Breda Bill and two bitches of the same breed, one of them in whelp to champion Breadenhill. He also has in charge a Russian corded poodle bitch, by champion Achilles, and the dog Dexter, the longest corded poodle on record. A King Charles spaniel with a pug and some Yorkshires, all purchased through Mr. Richard Toon, of Sheffield, Eng. Mr. Thomas intends to show all of the dogs at Detroit.

THE BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS.—Boston., Mass., Aug. 18,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The National Beagle Club's field trials will be held at Hyannis, Mass., beginning on Tuesday, Nov. 4, and continuing through the week. The running rules will be ready Sept. 1.—F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

HAYFEVER sufferers use Peshall's Remedy. Certain relief. All druggists or by mail, Price 75c, GEO. L. WILMS, Jersey City, N. J.

THE ENGLISH SETTER.

HIS SELECTION AND TRAINING.

I HAVE no apology to offer for the following system of training. The work is not intended for the instruction of professional trainers, but for young sportsmen of limited means who must, perforce, do their own breaking. While many experts follow different rules when handling a large number of dogs, animals of the highest excellence have been broken by the author's system, and, where the sportsman has but a single dog or a brace in hand, I am convinced that none easier of application or more satisfactory can be employed.

WHICH SHOULD BE BROKEN FIRST.

In most instances where the sportsman has been unsuccesstul in breaking his dog,tit will be found to have been owing to his own mistake in not breaking himself before undertaking the education of his canine servant. Retrospection and introspection, in hundreds of instances, will disclose the fact that the undeserved blows and kicks and—shame to the brute who practices such a barbarity—the shootings administered to young dogs, would have come much nearer the seat of the difficulty if bestowed upon the breaker.

The sportsman who begins training a dog, forgetting he has a temper and the necessity for constantly exercising self-control and unfailing patience, will, if he be at all quick-tempered, ruin him completely. So important do I regard it to be unfailingly patient and kind with my dogs that I never take them out for a drill if feeling any degree of irritability. Firmness in enforcing commands and patience at every step of training are absolute pre-requisites to successful dog breaking, and, I need not say, the latter is very rarely exercised when one is irritable or angry. It will be much better that you suspend teaching your pupil for an entire day—which should not under ordinary circumstances be done—than that your passion should betray you into treating him with unmerited severity, thereby, possibly, rendering him timid for life. This may be considered a trifling rule, but, in my judgment, it is the most important one connected with kennel science; and, I assure you, you shall be successful in the degree that you are mild yet firm, quick to detect a fault, and prompt, calm and deliberate in administering proper punishment, and as you are unfailingly good-tempered; for the main object to be attained is to teach your pupil that while you are his master you are also his friend.

SELECTING A DOG.

In selecting an English setter, particular attention should be given to the purity of the strain from which you are about to choose. Droppers and other mixed breeds should be rejected. It is undeniably true that such curs occasionally make good fielders, but it should not be forgotten that a dog's hunting life, ordinarily, does not exceed eight or nine years, and that however good a crossbred dog may be in the field, his availability and usefulness end with his hunting days—he is utterly worthless as a sire—and what can be more provoking than the inability to reproduce a favorite? In ninety cases out of one hundred the produce of mixed breeds is unsatisfactory, they usually transmit to their progeny all their bad and few of their good qualities. It is true that in purchasing you are somewhat at the mercy of the seller, but you can and should assure yourself of the genuineness of the pedigree before buying. There are many honorable fanciers upon whose word you can rely with absolute safety, and whose address may be obtained from any of the sporting journals. Any setter of pure blood is good enough, but I shall always hold it beyond argument, with the almost numberless first-class dogs in this country constantly offered for sale, that it is unpardonable and bespeaks a dense ignorance to purchase a cur when a well-bred dog can be obtained at a moderate outlay.

It is not always possible to select the best puppy in a litter if taken at three months of age or under, but there are certain points, which if understood, will be of great value to a purchaser. Your choice being an English setter, let his muzzle be square, with a high, well-defined forehead, moderately wide between the eyes, ears only moderately long and drooping, without the slightest tendency to cock. If the ears when drawn forward reach to the end of the nose. I suspect spaniel blood, especially if the hair inclines to curl. The nose, if possible, should be black or dark liver colored; he should be deep chested, with powerful loins, well ribbed up, and the pasterns well bent. I especially like the head where it joins the neck to be clearly defined and of good height. The feet may be either cat or wolf-shaped, and in old dogs they should be well protected by hair-tufts. Size and color being matters of taste, no space need be devoted to them. The eyes should be large, liquid, dark and expressive. The hair should be soft, lustrous and silky, without curl. The feather upon the tail and the back of the legs should be of good length and perfectly straight. The nostrils should be wide apart and the entire fleshy parts of the nose should be cool and moist. Attention should be given to the manner in which the tail is carried. This should be slender, slightly curved and carried in a line with or a little higher at the tip than the back, not drooping, as this indicates a timid, possibly a gunshy, disposition. Reject a flesh-colored nose. Observe well how the puppy bears himself—whether he carries his head high and showily, or drooping—something, it may be, of his disposition will be revealed in the general carriage, shine out of the mischievous eyes, or be observable in the playful and friendly wag of his tail, remembering at the same time that you are not only selecting a faithful servant, but one of the pleasantest companions and a devoted friend.

It is of high importance that he should be descended from broken parents. The value of this I shall discuss hereafter, only pausing at this stage to remark that too much importance can not be attached to the value of heredity.

WHEN TO COMMENCE TRAINING.

The best time to commence training is as soon as the pup leaves its dam. It is remarkable how speedily and easily one may yard-break a dog if his education is commenced at this age. It is no exaggeration to say that you may train him in a single fortnight, and so thoroughly shall the work be done that he will never forget it if occasionally exercised in that which you have taught him. All dogs should be yard-broken before being taken to the field, and this can, and should be done, long before they are old and strong enough for field work—other writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

A dog which has been thoroughly so broken, may, in a great measure, be said to be field-broken, so readily does he learn to apply in the field that which has been taught him at the kennel. In respect to early impressions, "puppyhood" is much like childhood. If early received and properly instilled such impressions are lasting; but if a boy or a dog learns the "street tricks," they are well-nigh ineradicable, and, in the one case, a blackguard and a vagrant is the result; in the other, his canine prototype, essentially—a cur.

FIRST LESSON—CHARGING.

I have long since abandoned the practice of compelling my dogs to lie prone upon the earth when at a charge. I think it a useless cruelty. The sight of a dead bird falling and of others upon the wing is indescribable enjoyment to them—enjoyment which they thoroughly deserve. Besides, if permitted to sit—or stand as some sportsmen prefer—they will not only unerringly mark the dead, but very frequently the live, birds much more closely than can the sportsman. I invariably teach my dogs to sit down at command. The value of this method can hardly be overestimated, in a country infested with venomous reptiles as is that in which the writer resides. Had dogs been so trained and taught to sit when delivering a dead bird to hand, many instances of reptile poisoning might have been avoided. The word down or sit may be used for this purpose but you must use only one of them.

Commence by ordering him to sit, in an ordinary tone of voice, unaccompanied with raised hand or other motion. Avoid loud shouting. It is perfectly absurd to roar at a dog within ten feet of you in a voice loud enough to be heard half a mile away. He will not, of course, understand you. Place him gently in a sitting position, and keep him thus for a moment, at intervals repeat the word sit. Do this several times daily, being mindful not to continue until he becomes tired and loses interest in the lesson, but at such times only as he appears to be wide awake and ready to receive it. Continue for a week or more. At the end of this time, if he does not sit to order, place him in position a little roughly and if he do not then obey, resort to very gentle punishment, such as pulling his ear or a tap with the fingers or open hand upon the rump. Severity must only be resorted to in extreme cases—such as are seldom met with in a life time. You will probably succeed without going to extremes.

After he has become perfect in his first lesson, teach him to lie down by using the word "charge," and by placing him in the proper position and holding him there until ordered to "hold up." I should not advise teaching him the second lesson until he is thoroughly obedient to the command "sit," as there is, at this early age, danger of confusing him. As it is often desirable in upland shooting to have your dog charge at a distance from you, upon the approach of waterfowl or other game, without making any noise, teach him after he has thoroughly acquired his two first lessons, to charge by a blast on your dog-whistle and raised right arm. By gradually increasing the distance between you and him when at practice and insisting upon instant and implicit obedience every time you give the order, in a short time you will find that he will charge the instant the whistle is sounded or the arm is raised. By pursuing this plan I have avoided the use of the spike-collar and check-cord. Within the limits of this article I cannot pause to give the method of using these, at times, indispensable implements. Nor is it necessary, as all dealers having them in stock send complete instructions with them free of charge. They may be obtained from any gun house in all our principal cities. My advice is to do without their use if possible. In the hands of an expert trainer they are invaluable; in the hands of a novice, very dangerous.

Accompanying these lessons teach the dog to hold up by so ordering him, at the same time lifting him to a standing position. This, I think, he will learn sooner than any other command.

POINTING.

To teach him to "to ho," commence by placing or tossing his food 4 or 5ft. from him. He will at once spring toward it—young dogs are always voracious—when you should seize him, calling out in an ordinary tone of voice "to ho." Hold him standing, facing the food. If he struggles, as he probably will do, hold him firmly, repeating the command. See to it that his tail is kept stationary at the proper elevation—he may wag it if undeterred. After holding him thus a few seconds, release him, when he will again spring forward, but you should catch him again, repeating the command. Do this often, and finally at the order "hold up," allow him to eat. Do this whenever you feed him, and in a few days he will come to understand and obey instantly, which, of course, he should do shortly without being held. This lesson, if you prefer it, may be substituted for lesson first, and they should be taught together as soon as he understands both orders and obeys at once.

Any other words than "to ho," "hold up" and "charge" may be substituted, but as they are sonorous and distinguishable at a considerable distance, and are in general use among sportsmen, they are of advantage when hunting in company with others who have their dogs with them.

After your dog understands that he must point when ordered so to do, charges obediently to command and to the uplifted arm, you may proceed to teach him to retrieve, which ordinarily can be begun in from seven to fourteen days after the first lesson, dependent, of course, upon the native sense of the subject, which you can readily determine by the progress that he has made in his education.

RETRIEVING.

Young dogs are usually either so-called "natural retrievers" or they can be easily taught to fetch. Especially is this true if the sire and dam were taught this accomplishment. Save, possibly, the hunting and pointing instinct, I know of no other inherited quality so marked. I have repeatedly observed that my own dogs and those owned by other sportsmen bred from parents broken to retrieve, were either "natural retrievers" or became good retrievers by a little handling. For my part, I do not think that any superiority of form, style or mere beauty could induce me to purchase a puppy from unbroken parents, if I could possibly do otherwise. If compelled to so purchase, I should make a difference of at least 50 per cent. in the price paid. By procuring only the progeny of broken parents the young sportsman will find the labor of breaking greatly lessened. It is established beyond controversy by the experience of the great majority of breakers and sportsmen that dogs inherit, in a remarkable degree, the good and bad qualities of their immediate ancestors, and it follows that the better broken the sire and dam the more valuable the young dog.

In order to teach him to "fetch," procure an old glove or a stocking that has been worn. Toss it a few feet from him—first ordering him to sit. He will, upon being ordered to "hold up," spring forward and seize it. Persuade him to bring it to you, which he will probably readily do. When he delivers it within your reach order him to sit, and only take it from him when in that position. As he has obeyed you, you should praise and caress him, calling him "good dog," "good fellow," or the like. After repeated daily trials, in this simple manner, in a few weeks he will become perfect in this most necessary duty. If he fails, after weeks of patient and kindly endeavor, to obey you, the check-cord and spike-collar must be resorted to in order to effect your object. This, however, with very young dogs, will rarely occur, and when it does it is usually attributable to the fault of the handler, from too great severity, impatience, haste or the like. Do not keep him at this lesson until he tires of it. Three or four trials or even less will be sufficient if you give it him once or twice daily. But little more need be said on the subject of retrieving. Persistence, patience, rewards and mild punishments will accomplish wonders where a failure to enforce commands, impatience and cruelty will insure failure. He may now be said to be yard-broken if he has become promptly obedient in the foregoing.

RANGING AND QUARTERING.

When your puppy has arrived at a suitable age, say from 6 to 8 months, and, in case he be very strong and forward, even at an earlier age, you should teach him to range and quarter his ground. Upon this subject a diversity of opinion prevails among sportsmen. One wishes his dog to quarter his ground from fence to fence, turning outwardly at each crossing, not passing at more than 20yds. in advance of his last line; while others only teach theirs to hunt in the most likely places for the bevy. I shall not pause to discuss this matter further than to say that the necessity for closely quartering his ground depends largely upon the dog's nose and his sagacity. But I wish to emphatically state that I consider no dog broken if he do not quarter his ground to the whistle or order—the former being preferred. This, too, he should do unaided by motion of the hand.

You teach him to range and quarter by encouraging him to precede you, you yourself going to the right or left, covering the ground as you wish him to do, all the while ordering him to "hold up," "hie on," "hie on, my boy," in a kind tone of voice. When he has gone as far as is desirable, utter a sharp whistle either with you lips or a dog-whistle, and immediately retrace your steps upon a line about 15 or 20yds. in advance of your last, encouraging him as before. You will find this will require considerable time and patience, but you should persevere until he shall hunt his ground to your satisfaction. In the course of time he will come to turn and quarter the instant you sound the whistle, while you may walk leisurely through the field. This is of all the most perfect way in which to instruct him, as after a while he will learn that he may go as far as he pleases in any direction until the whistle is sounded, when at once he must turn. In woodcock and ruffed grouse shooting and upon quail, after the bevy is flushed and scattered, quartering is often absolutely indispensable. MONOQUET.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. K. C. AFFAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I don't want to further weary an already "tired" public, I will not engage in the Peshall-Watson war, but wish to point out about how the present position strikes most business men that I have heard from on the matter. Mr. Peshall has set forth certain statements of the A. K. C. secretary, indicating that the books have not shown the truth. Mr. Aldrich's statement supports this view, but neither prove anything whatever as to the books being "faked." At the most, they are indicative only. Mr. Watson stands triumphant on his examination of the books, and insists that he has disproved everything that Mr Peshall alleges. The truth is that he has not proved, or disproved, one single thing. I appeal to any business man as to the weight he would attach to any investigation of mere books without the papers on which the book entries are based. Mr. Belmont does prove one thing, *i. e.*, that he did not pay in money, as no one that I know seems disposed to doubt his word. In a private note to me, Mr. Watson adduces one item of proof that he strangely seems to have overlooked in his public statements. As I understand him, he roughly checked the cash account of receipts on stud book account with the entries in the book, and found they agreed fairly closely. This is indicative of the account being honest. The items that carry any weight with me are, Mr. Peshall's statement as to what was said to him, Mr. Belmont's denial, Mr. Aldrich's statement and Mr. Watson's checking of the cash and stud book entries; and I certainly am not going to wear my small brains out endeavoring to extract the meat in this husk pile.

For my own part, I have absolutely no opinion as to whether the books are honest or faked, nor will I entertain any opinion whatever on the matter until a competent accountant of unquestionable honesty has examined not only the books, but its vouchers, on which the book entries were made. I do not believe that outside of Messrs. Peshall and Watson there are half a dozen readers who have a definite idea as to what the charges and denials, specifications and opposing specifications are. All of us have something else to consider and bear in mind than interminable details of a wrangle like this, and unless every detail is remembered we are in a fog.

I do most sincerely hope that the A. K. C. will order an independent investigation of its own account, followed by a public report of the results. Depend upon it, gentlemen, you will make a most grievous mistake if you shut yourselves up any longer in your closet of a social club. You represent, and should consider, every man interested in dog matters, and while it is not necessarily true that "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," yet I do assure you, as honestly as I can, that the affairs of the A. K. C. are looked upon with suspicion by very, very many dog men who have taken no part in this row, and any more of your shutting yourselves up within yourselves, will just convert this suspicion into certainty. Do be warned in time.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 18.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

A FEW days ago I dropped across quite a find in the shape of "A Treatise on Field Diversions. By a gentleman of Suffolk; a staunch sportsman." It was printed at Yarmouth in 1824, and was evidently quite a standard work a century ago, for the preface begins as follows: "This interesting pocket volume, being decidedly the best work on the subject on which it treats, having for many years been out of print and become very scarce; at the suggestion of several eminent sporting characters of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, has been reprinted VERBATIM from the edition of 1776."

Here then we have a work devoted to dogs as old as the United States, recognized as possessing so much merit as to require a second edition fifty years later. Further, the author speaks of what was recognized as correct and well known fifty years before he wrote, so that he carries us back to 1726, and I don't know of any other book which in this respect can compare with it. The setter of the present day was then unknown. He was a mongrel according to this "staunch sportsman," for he says: "There are now various kinds called Setters, from their being appropriated to that service; such as between the English Spaniel and the Foxhound, ditto the Pointer, and the pure Pointer simply by himself. Whim gave rise to the *first* cross, very probably; but most assuredly indolence contrived the latter. None can lay any just claim, however, to the appelation, but what is emphatically called by way of eminence, *the English Spaniel.* The Irish insist—*their's* are the true English Spaniel; the Welsh contend—*their's* are the aborigines. Be that as it may: whatever mixture may have been since made, there were, fifty years ago, two distinct tribes—the black tanned—and the orange, or lemon and white. * * * Was I to choose one of this sort, he should be rather tall than otherwise; flat ribbed, and longish in the back; for a dog, when speed is a principal requisite, must, as well as a horse, in the language of the turf, 'stand upon ground.' A gentleman, who resided some time in Wales, tells me, this is a true description of their finest Setters."

Our author has not a very high opinion of the pointer, of which he says: "This kind of dog was introduced here in the beginning of the present century, and is acknowledged to be a native of Spain or Portugal. * * * The first I remember to have seen was about forty years back. Black and white—heavy—slow—without any regularity in beating—under no command—but a *Natural Pointer.* * * * They have a ferocity of temper which will not submit to correction or discipline unless taken in hand very young."

Reference is also made to a breed of rough pointers, introduced to Suffolk by the late Earl of Powis, from Lonain, of which the author remembered a very few capital. They took to sheep killing and were done away with on that account.

Lastly we come to "the Springing Spaniel," as the chapter is headed, and of which the author says: "The cocking or gun Spaniel, of *true perfect* breed, is of one general or whole

colour: either black or black-tan, commonly called King Charles' Breed; or red, in different shades, paler or deeper; such as in horses, we would call a blood bay, or a bright bay, I have known some (very rarely) absolutely so; without the admission of a different hair: though, for the most part, there is some white on the breast and bottom of the throat. Coat loose and soft, but not waved. Back broad and short. Legs short with breeches behind.

"There is a great variety at this time in different mixtures; of red and white, brown and white, black and white, grizzled, etc. Some, with a short, hard coat; others, with a waved coat, inclining to curl. But in all these pied or party-coloured; there is some tincture remaining, either of the Beagle or water Spaniel. * * *

"I have bred puppies by a Beagle and Spaniel bitch, and the reverse. But, by continuing the Spaniel to the females produced in that manner to three or four generations, the Beagle has been entirely lost, as to tongue, carriage, form of hunting, etc., but yet retained the mixed colours. * * *

"Mr. Mott, an old gentleman, called the father of sportsman, had of this red strain, fifty years ago, that greatly exceeded: and at this present there is a similar stock at Sir Joshua Vauneck's, superior to most. The same blood is doubtless to be met with, in most parts of England; for it cannot be supposed, that all the gentlemen of taste are foggotted up in Suffolk."

Our friend, the Ardent Sportsman, was a rare fellow for fancy, a parti-colored spaniel to him indicated a beagle cross, and a parti-colored greyhound a lurcher cross, but we have had about enough of him for one week.

This question of color in spaniels reminds me that Mr. Fellows told me a few years ago that he got the creams or reds from bitches with black and tan blood in them. Then here is part of a letter bearing on the same subject which I got a little while ago from Mr. J. P. Willey, in which he said: "I am breeding some red pups now. None of my bitches would throw those reds, but I have found where they come from. There must be some cross of liver and white or something of that kind. None of my Blackie III. stock will throw them, but mate the liver and white bitches to Obo II. and I get a red or two, and the same by my stock from Newton Abbot Laddie. I have bred two bitches by him to Obo II., and each of them has thrown a red pup. Hemingway's Miss Nance was the first bitch to throw reds that came to my knowledge; she was by Obo II., if you recollect, and her dam, Darkie, was out of Blackie by Beau, a dog I shall have to bring up again. I see there is a bitch bred and registered in England by Beau out of Blackie, a black and white, and if one will only follow it up he will find there is something of that kind in the breeding of the bitches that throw those reds."

I said when these reds came out first that it was the sport spoken of by Darwin, of white appearing in in bred blacks, but it would seem to be as Messrs. Willey and Fellows say, the black on a liver and white or black and tan strain does it. Can Mr. Fellows tell what happens when the creams or reds are interbred.

I regret to learn that after all Mr. Mercer's efforts to add to the muster roll of Clumber spaniels through breeding and leaving his recently purchased bitch Snow in England it has come to naught. Every one of her puppies died.

I have an apology to make to Mr. Keyes, of the Rideau Kennels, Ottawa. My original statement, that his stud circular claimed that Obo, Jr., had beaten Young Obo and Young Obo for a stud dog prize at Newark, N. J., was incorrect. Having destroyed the circular I could not refer to it when the claim was said to be incorrect, and presuming I had not misquoted I so wrote. Mr. Keyes has now forwarded me a copy of the circular, and I freely acknowledge it was my blunder. The only balm left in this Gilead is that I said I was sure the Rideau Kennels had not meant any deception.

Mr. Wm. Miller, of Providence, has purchased in England the St. Bernard bitch Dorothy IV., by Pouf out of Lady Unslow.

I understand that Mr. Vredenburgh has prepared a complete index of all dogs which received a prize or commendation, giving the full record of every dog during the season of 1890. This will be continued to the close of the season and published as an appendix to the Stud Book. That is just what was wanted to make the Stud Book what it should be.

No reply is necessary for me to make to Mr. Peshall's letter published broadcast last week. My letters have been strictly confined to a discussion of the A. K. C. accounts of 1888, and Mr. Peshall's many erroneous statements regarding them. There is as much truth in all these stories as in his telling Mr. Lacy last Wednesday that he had had papers served in his suit against the A. K. C. My friends, there will never be any such suit begun, and no one knows this better than Mr. Peshall. The whole thing is a dead cock in the pit; let us have live issues hereafter. J. W.

THE WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find a very annoying error has been made in our premium list. Pointers, class 20, should read: Open class, dogs under 55lbs., instead of 50lbs., as printed.

A special prize will be given to the owner or handler having the largest number of dogs in his care, and one to the owner or handler having the second largest number. The amount of the above prizes has not yet been decided upon.

Mr. M. F. Hayden offers 25 rose plants, value $10, for the best fox-terrier in Wilmington; 25 rose plants, value $10, for the best pug owned in Wilmington; 25 rose plants, value $10, for the best fox-terrier; 25 rose plants, value $10, for the best Irish terrier. Other special prizes will be announced in the catalogue.

The Adams, United States, and Balto. & Ohio Express Cos. have offices on the grounds, and will deliver direct to the building. Those who intend shipping dogs to the South for the field trials, etc., can have them sent to the Wilmington show and afterward forwarded wherever desired. All dogs are returned free to original shipping point. Prof. Parker's troupe of trained dogs will perform every day.

Exhibitors should notice that the entries close on Thursday, Aug. 21.

The entries are coming in rapidly, and our show will be a success. F. R. CARSWELL, Supt.

DEAF "HEARING."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of Mr. Watson's remarks in last FOREST AND STREAM, I would say that the little blind mute, Helen Keller, is as susceptible to sound of even distant and moderate thunder as I am; this I distinctly noted myself. She noticed the distant roll of thunder as quickly as she did the heavy, nearby peals. Mr. Watson has done good service in stamping out such utter nonsense as that Boston show test of deafness. Dr. Perry rendered an equal service at Newark show some years since, by introducing the practical test of whether a dog was castrated; clearly demonstrating that the dog was entire, when the vets all declared most positively that we was emasculated. A little common sense is worth bushels of scientific theory sometimes.—W. WADE.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

TORONTO, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following arrangements have been made with the railway and express companies in regard to the transportation of dogs to and from the grand international bench show of dogs of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at the city of Toronto, Sept. 15 to 19. The Graud Trunk and Canada Pacific railroads will return dogs free on payment of regular fares for outward journey. The Canadian and Dominion Express companies will also do the same. The trunk lines, which include the entire Pennsylvania Railroad system east of Erie and Pittsburg, will carry three dogs free when accompanied by owners, and will also carry owner for a fare and one-third upon procuring certificate from ticket agent. The New York, Lake Erie and the Northern Central and Western railroads will also carry three dogs free. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Chicago, Grand Haven and Milwaukee, Toledo, Saginaw and Muskegon, Grank Trunk Michigan system will carry one dog free. Exhibitors are carried over the Canadian railways for one fare for the double journey. Exhibitors from Detroit show will be provided with accommodation the week previous to the show, thus enabling parties to exhibit at Toronto without returning home, thereby saving the double journey. Entries close Sept. 3, and should be addressed to C. A. STONE, Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIAL.—Chatham, Ont. The meeting of sportsmen at the Garner House on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of forming a Field Trial Club, was well attended. Letters and telegrams from Detroit, London, Hamilton, Forest and other places were received, regretting inability of the senders to attend, but expressed sympathy with the object of the meeting and promised every assistance. Sheriff Mercer was elected President, F. W. Eddy, Detroit, 1st Vice-President; Dr. Totten, Forest, 2d Vice-President; W. B. Wells, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee—J. B. Field, C. A. Davidson, H. Avery and another of Detroit; Montague Smith, Forest; T. G. Davey, London; S. Holmes, C. R. Atkinson, Jr., Jos. Kime, V. S., and F. Bennet, Chatham. The feeling of the meeting was in favor of the spotting as against the heat system of judging, under which the trials were run last year; also that there should be three judges instead of one. The trials will begin Nov. 3, and will take the place of the rials which were to be held under the auspices of the Canadian Kennel Club. The International Field Trial Club was the name adopted.

DR. H. T. FOOTE had the bad luck to lose by death five of the litter of black and tan terriers out of his English Lady, by Broomfield Sultan. He attributes the loss to the recent ocean voyage of the bitch, as she arrived here only two days previous to her whelping.

CARBOLIZED SHEEP DIP.—We have received several inquiries regarding the preparation of the sheep dip described by "Hibernia." We do not know the formula for its preparation, but it can be procured of any dealer in agricultural supplies.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.—The judges appointed for the third annual field trials of the Southern Field Trials Club are Messrs. B. P. Holliday, F. I. Stone and W. E. Venable.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Flura. By H. J. Brown, Berlin Mills, N. H., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 21, 1890, by Boss out of Molly Stark.

Cartcret. By John H. Dey, Red Bank, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1890, by Brake out of Marguerite II.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Derby Hebe—Bombardos. Chas. D. Cugle's (Baltimore, Md.) bulldog bitch Derby Hebe (Reeve's Crib—champion Hebe) to his Bombardos (champion British Monarch—Gentle Gertrude), Aug. 2.

Molly McGinty—Cherry Boy. J. M. O'Brien's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Molly McGinty (Black Duck—High Rock Jet) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon), July 26.

Rhoda—Cherry Boy. Harry B. Tallman's (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Rhoda (Nick—Carlotta) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon), Aug. 4.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hornet. Wm. West's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornet (champion Doc—Lady Pluto), July 15, five (two dogs), by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon).

Starlight. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Fancy (Hinks—Starlight), Aug. 7, six (three dogs), by his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit).

White Gipsey. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Gipsey (champion Como—Miss Gladstone), Aug. 5, ten (five dogs), by his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit). Two bitches and one dog since dead.

English Lady (formerly Beauty). Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch English Lady (formerly Beauty) (Jackson's Gordon—McMee's Bess), Aug. 11, seven (six dogs), by T. Ellis's Broomfield Sultan. Four dogs and one bitch dead.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Spider. White fox-terrier dog, whelped April, 1889, by Regent Jock out of Snip, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to H. M. Noel, Harford, Cal.

Guess. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1888, by Dick out of Norwich Belle, by J. B. Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to Wm. Maitland, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Lord Disbro. Stone fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1888, by East Lake Major out of Piqua Belle, by J. C. Comstock, La Gro, Ind., to C. C. Carroll, Springfield, Ill.

Dick—Rochelle Lass whelp. Black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Jan. 27, 1890, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Mr. Wilson, Norwalk, Conn.

Dick—Meersbrook Girl whelps. Black and tan fox-terrier dogs, whelped Nov. 21, 1889, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., one each to Jas. Jennings, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Geo. Strell, Chicago, Ill., and R. Wright, Toronto, Can.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—The range at Shell Mound Park was well patronized to-day. Several companies of the National Guard held their monthly contests, and the members of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein and Independent Rifles competed for the trophies offered by their respective organizations.

To-day was a good one for shooting, the wind blowing a steady breeze all day, which prevented the smoke from obscuring the targets from the marksmen. The question of having a 500yds. target is again being considered. Some enthusiastic rifle shots have taken the matter in hand, and it is safe to say that in a short while those who feel so disposed will have an opportunity of practicing at that distance.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein was out in force and kept the markers busy. The contests in several instances were close, and the utmost good nature and friendly rivalry marked the day's proceedings. The winners of the medals in the classes are: Second class medal, L. Bendel, 365 rings; third class, H. Tietjen, 336; fourth class, F. Hilsz, 218. The medal for the first best shot was won by C. Scheurer with 24 rings, and the medal for the last best shot was carried off by L. Bendel with 23 rings.

The Rifles had also its monthly medal shoot and the following was the result:

H Donnermacher	40	T Hammann	30
E Uthe	40
Capt Schmalzholz	28	J W Urthman	29
H Joost	27
H Kortz	29	H Beverson	34
H Edson	30
E Moenning	29	C L Woest	28
F Staude	21
H Gaetjen	34

In this company the member making the highest score is entitled to the champion medal, and the one making the lowest score bears off the leather medal and holds it until some one is unfortunate enough to make a lower score.

An interesting match was shot by four members of the Nationals, and keen interest was manifested by the participants. F. O. Young and Chris Meyers contested against A. Johnson and C. F. Waltham. Below is the summary of each of ten shots by the participants:

F O Young	45 42 43 43 44—217	A Johnson	45 43 42 44 44—218
Chris Meyers	42 43 43 43 45—218	C F Waltham	44 44 44 45—221
	435		439

Johnson and Waltham beat their opponents by only four points. This was close shooting, considering that 200 shots were fired.

Two teams composed of four men each from the Nationals also shot a match for a frog dinner à la fourchette. Sparrow's team won by eleven points. The score standing:

Sparrow	41	Meyer	42
Grave	35	Petty	45
Fonda	30	Dunker	29
Caldera	25—131	Brown	14—120

NEW JERSEY SHARP SHOOTERS.—Jersey City, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual prize and team shoot of the United Rifle Association of New Jersey was held at Caledonia Park, Newark, N. J., Aug. 11. The feature of the day was the contest between the different rifle clubs for the championship. The conditions were five men to compose a team, each man to have 5 shots on the 12-ring target, possible score for each man 60 points. The Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City, consisting of L. P. Hansen, W. H. Hallowell, F. G. Kittredge, Chauning and J. Speicher, won the first prize, five solid gold medals of elegant design. The score was 295 points out of a possible 300. The Lakesides of Newark won second prize. The holding and score of the Excelsiors was superb, and won much admiration. On the individual target J. Coppersmith led with a score of 217, possible 225, with Fred Sneller second, L. P. Hanson and Dr. Boyken third, A. P. Pierson fourth, Adam Graef fifth and J. Speicher sixth. On the target of honor, Geo. Chapman, Wm. Root, G. D. Wogman and D. Ersbine were first, second and third respectively. Sweet music was rendered by Prof. Nichols's orchestra, and dancing was enjoyed on the spacious pavillion by members and guests of the association, and their wives and sweethearts. The shooting committee were Messrs. Hingee, Coppersmith, Widman, Targett, Sr., and Watts, and the association is to be complimented on so wise a selection. The day was delightful, and we hope the affair proved profitable, and that we may be permitted again to visit the United Rifle Association at their annual festival.—DAPHNE.

EPHRATA, Pa., Aug. 15.—North-End Rifle Club, of Lancaster county, met on the range for practice. The weather was very fine, no wind; Standard American target, 200 yards off hand, national rules:

C S Wenger	7	9	6	9	6	10	6	6	6	5	—70
L M Weist	8	6	6	9	8	5	6	6	3	9	—66
J M Sheaffer	6	8	5	7	7	5	6	5	7	4	—60
W D Winters	9	8	10	5	5	7	5	3	4	4	—60
J A Stober	5	5	8	9	7	5	8	4	5	10	—58
C Konigmacher	6	10	8	8	6	0	4	4	8	5	—59
W Carpenter	9	5	8	5	7	5	8	6	4	9	—52
M Kufroth	10	3	5	8	5	6	0	5	5	3	—50
R W Bickley	9	4	0	5	9	4	4	8	6	7	—47
D B Lefever	3	4	3	7	3	0	5	5	8	5	—44

The club will meet again to-morrow afternoon (Aug. 22) for practice. On Thursday, Aug. 28, the annual shoot for medals will take place. All rifle teams in the country have been invited, and a grand time is anticipated. The shooting will be at 200 yards, standing rest.—D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 15.—Sam. Dorman made the top score at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. An even dozen took part in the affair, and the scores made average up quite well. A 12½yd. Standard American target is used for all shooting. The score:

S G Dorman	9	9	9	10	10	9	8	8	9	10	—91
M C Billmeyer	10	9	7	10	9	8	8	9	10	10	—89
A McBean	9	8	10	10	10	9	9	7	9	7	—88
E C Mohrstadt	10	9	8	7	10	9	8	9	8	9	—87
M Summerfield	10	9	7	7	8	9	7	10	10	10	—87
A E Bengel	9	9	8	10	7	10	5	9	10	10	—87
J Stussell	6	9	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	8	—86
W Bauer	10	10	9	7	8	6	10	7	9	10	—86
W C Mackwitz	8	8	8	9	7	10	8	8	10	7	—81
W H Hettel	10	10	5	8	5	8	6	8	10	9	—79
S V D Penet	6	7	7	6	7	4	9	7	7	10	—70
B Grainger	5	4	6	7	5	4	7	5	5	6	—54

UNSER FRITZ.

MARION RIFLE CLUB.—Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The thirteenth annual prize shoot of the Marion Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will be held at their range on Labor Day, Sept. 1, at Marion, N. J., near the Pennsylvania R. R. station. Two hundred and fifty dollars in cash prizes, elegant gold medals and pieces of solid silverware are offered to all comers on the target of honor, prize target, Creedmoor target (500yds.), ring target, and a very fine programme for the 75ft. range.—DAPHNE.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 13.—There was a large attendance of members of the Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Forty-seventh, and Seventy-first Regiments, N. G. S. N. Y., at Creedmoor to-day, the third free practice day of the season. Seventy-one guardsmen made the required score at 200 and 300yds. to qualify as marksmen.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Aug. 22.—Middlesex Live Bird and Target Shoot, Dunellen, N. J.

Aug. 26 27.—Live Pigeon Match, at Milford, N. J., given by Mahlon H. Rupell, proprietor Milford House, whom address.

Aug. 26-29.—Twelfth Annual Convention and Tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, at Jersayville, Ill. Com. R. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-30.—Grand Inanimate Target Shooting Tournament of the West End Gun Club of Harrisburg, Pa., to be held at Williams Grove, Cumberland county, Pa. For programmes address H. B. Shoop, Secretary, Box 321, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day, Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Beeville, Tex., Gun Club Tournament. T. J. Skaggs, Secretary.

Sept. 3-4.—Tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club, Springfield, Mass. J. T. Herrick, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—White Plains, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament at Bluerocks. C. P. Rowley, Sec'y, 241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 9-10.—Harvey Hurd's and F. R. Huminger's Peoria Black Bird and Bluerock Tournament, at Petersburg, Illinois.

Sept. 9-11.—St. Paul Gun Club Tournament, Hamline, Minn. Professionals barred. F. D. Pononsby, Pres., St. Paul.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

DUNELLEN, TO-MORROW.—Middlesex Gun Club, Dunellen, N. J., will have a one day's shoot, Friday, Aug. 22, commencing at 10 A. M. sharp. Live birds and inanimate targets. Refreshments and loaded shells on the grounds.—CHAS. SMITH, Manager.

THE TORONTO TOURNAMENT.

TORONTO, Aug. 12.—Seldom has Toronto seen such a large and enthusiastic gathering of trap-shooters as assembled on Stark's athletic and shooting grounds this morning to take part in the McDowall first annual bluerock tournament, held under the auspices of the associate gun clubs of Toronto.

The sky could not have been clearer, nor the atmosphere better adapted to such an occasion, while under the able management of Mr. McDowall, assisted by Mr. Paul North, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the committee of management, an incessant firing was kept up from 9 o'clock in the morning until the bell tolled the hour for tea. The rapid firing system is new to Canadians generally, but it is safe to assert that it will be universally adopted for matches hereafter, considering the fact that under the old style of shooting, it would take as long to shoot at 500 birds as it did to shoot at 4,000 to-day. Messrs. Verity and Briggs officiated as referees, and acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner, while the cashier and secretary were complimented by the Americans on the manner in which their duties were performed.

Among the more prominent visitors in attendance from the United States and Canada were the following: L. Harrison, Minneapolis; F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; E. Andrews, Sardinia, N. Y.; H. Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; W. Crosby, Batavia, N. Y.; J. A. Ruble, Beloit, Wis.; E. S. Benscotten, Toledo, O.; W. King, H. B. Mohler, H. Levis, Pittsburg, Pa.; Paul North, Cleveland; J. Snyder, Towanda, N. Y.; W. A. Skinner, St. Paul, Minn. Canadians: J. Wayper, Hespeler; H. Cotton, Ridgetown; Capt. Dalton, A. W. Throop, Ottawa; A. R. Potter, Elora; A. W. Thompson, Preston; S. Glover, Carleton Place.

The following is the detailed score of the various events: Event No. 1, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Skinner	9	Andrew	9	Wayper	8
Charles	7	Henry	9	Potter	6
King	10	Wakefield	9	Dalton	8
Levis	8	Glover	7	Thompson	8
Paul	9	Mohler	6	Throop	5
Catton	8	Leitch	9	Walton	5
Kelsey	10	Snyder	6	McDowall	7
North	9	Draisey	7		

Event No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Skinner	11	Kelsey	15	Draisey	11
Charles	13	North	15	McDowall	15
King	15	Paul	10	Mohler	10
Levis	11	Glover	13	Thompson	8
Andrews	12	Walton	14	Potter	11
Wakefield	10	Snyder	10	Wayper	12
Catton	11	Leitch	13	Throop	8
Henry	9	Walton	7		

Event No. 3, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $100, W. McDowall, entrance $3, first, $20; second, $20; third, $20; fourth, $20; fifth, $20:

North	17	McDowall	18	Wayper	19
Heikes	19	McClure	10	Dalton	14
Shawdon	13	Wakefield	15	Benscotten	19
Leitch	18	Paul	19	Henry	13
Glover	19	Emond	11	Andrews	16
King	15	Mohler	16	Walker	11
Levis	16	Kelsey	20	Whitney	18
Throop	17	Draisey	14	Catton	20
Skinner	17	Tymon	9	Windsor	17
Charles	18				

Event No. 4, 10 singles, entrance $1:

North	9	Mohler	8	Potter	7
King	10	McClure	7	Snyder	5
Levis	9	Walton	5	Thompson	7
Charles	9	Leitch	10	Throop	7
Kelsey	10	Glover	9	Dalton	6
Catton	8	Paul	8	McDowall	9
Wakefield	8	Wayper	7	Whitney	9
Andrews	10	Henry	7		

Event No. 5, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

North	12	Charles	14	Paul	13
King	11	Mohler	13	Dalton	10
Levis	12	Glover	11	Wayper	14
Kelsey	15	McDowall	10	Throop	10
Wakefield	13	Leitch	13	Thompson	6
Catton	9	Emond	9	Potter	12
Andrews	15	Whitney	13		

Event No. 6, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $100, the Charles Stark Co. (Limited), entrance $3, first, $20; second, $20; third, $20; fourth $20; fifth, $20:

Benscotten	19	Heikes	16	Kelsey	20
Emond	13	Wayper	18	Andrews	17
Wakefield	18	Dalton	11	Charles	15
North	16	Mohler	14	McDowall	13
Skinner	16	Kemp	12	Paul	11
Glover	18	Tymon	13	Whitney	19
Levis	18	Sawdon	10	Windsor	19
King	18	Thompson	13	Draisey	12
Throop	16	Peardon	14	Catton	17
Snyder	13	Leitch	16		

Event No. 7, 5 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Charles	10	Kelsey	14	McDowall	9
North	14	Andrews	10	Throop	12
Skinner	10	Pal	6	Dalton	10
Leitch	12	King	8	Benscotten	10
Glover	10	Levis	12	Windsor	12
Heikes	14	Mohler	10	Wayper	12
Whitney	12	Emond	10	Catton	5

Event No. 8, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $50, entrance $2; first, $10; second, $10; third, $10, fourth, $10, fifth, $10:

Levis	10	Skinner	17	Blea	11
King	18	Leitch	13	Kemp	13
Benscotten	18	Henery	10	Emond	6
North	17	Dalton	18	Catton	16
Heikes	18	Mohler	14	Charles	16
Razzle	9	Wayper	19	Whitney	18
Wakefield	14	Peardon	12	Windsor	18
Throop	11	Andrews	17	Carruthers	11
Kelsey	20	Henry	13	McDowall	14
Glover	18	Crosby	16		

Aug. 13.—The second day of the McDowall international bluerock tournament was in every sense far ahead of the opening day. About ten arrivals were registered on the books in the club house, six of whom were Americans. The average for the day was a close race for first between Rolla Heikes and F. D. Kelsey, with odds in favor of Heikes of two in 150 targets. Charles, McDowall, Catton, Wayper and Glover, of the Canadians, are drawing money from all events, but cannot hope to beat such men out as Rolla Heikes, Kelsey, Benscotten, Whitney and Ruble, although the latter do not want to "miss a straight."

At a meeting of the committee of management it has been decided to shoot all guarantee purses to-morrow, including the merchandise shoot, on account of the American cracks having decided to attend the Keystone tournament at Corry, Pa., which begins on Monday next, therefore there will be $300 in guaranteed purses and about $150 donated, with entrance free in the latter. The following are the scores for the day:

Event No. 9, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Skinner	9	Besser	5	Whitney	10
Charles	6	Levis	7	Scott	6
Draisey	7	King	9	Benscotten	10
Glover	10	Potter	5	Crosby	7
Catton	10	Thompson	7	Andrews	9
Wayper	8	McDowall	7	Grant	6
North	7	Heikes	10	Mohler	6
Shane	6	Davidson	6	Razzle	10
Kelsey	10	Henry	5	Windsor	7

Event No. 10, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Charles	11	Benscotten	9	Andrews	13
Emond	12	McDowall	10	Mohler	12
North	12	Skinner	13	Shane	10
Levis	11	Kelsey	13	Thompson	14
King	14	Whitney	15	Davidson	9
Heikes	15	Potter	11	Grant	10
Wayper	11	Catton	12	Draisey	13
Glover	14	Razzle	13	Windsor	13
Throop	13	Crosby	13	Besser	11
Dalton	11				

Event No. 11, 20 singles; guaranteed purse, 100; Toronto Gun Club; first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20; fifth $20; entrance $3:

Heikes	18	Mohler	15	Miller	9
Kelsey	19	Benscotten	18	Throop	18
Whitney	17	Margetts	14	Dalton	17
Crosby	20	Skinner	19	Sawdon	13
Razzle	20	Charles	16	J Thompson	16
King	18	Peardon	11	Windsor	16
Geris	17	Glover	19	McDowall	15
Catton	17	Wayper	19	Andrews	16
North	18	Henery	11		
Potter	15	Pears	12		

Event No. 12, 10 singles; entrance $1:

Levis	6	Potter	6	Dalton	10
King	10	Henry	7	North	8
Razzle	10	McDowall	5	Besser	9
Mohler	9	Benscotten	9	Andrews	10
Windsor	8	Charles	9	Thompson	6
Heikes	10	Chapman	5	Throop	8
Whitney	8	Wayper	8	Miller	6
Crosby	9	Margetts	6	J Thompson	7
Catton	9	Glover	10		
Kelsey	10	Skinner	9		

Event No. 13, 20 singles; guaranteed purse, $100; Hamilton Powder Co.; entrance $3; first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20, fifth $20:

Catton	17	Kelsey	19	Dalton	12
North	16	Skinner	17	Wayper	18
Windsor	18	Henry	16	Mohler	16
King	19	Charles	19	Andrews	19
Levis	18	Throop	18	Besser	13
Razzle	18	Benscotten	19	Emond	14
Potter	16	Thompson	14	Miller	11
Heikes	20	Glover	19	J Thompson	15
Crosby	20	Margetts	11		
Whitney	19	McDowall	13		

Event No. 15, 10 singles, entrance $1:

McDowall	9	Skinner	10	Andrews	8
Levis	9	Benscotten	9	Heikes	10
King	8	Mohler	9	North	8
Glover	9	Charles	10	Henry	7
J Thompson	6	Dalton	8	Razzle	10
Besser	6	Wayper	9	Potter	8
Kelsey	9	Throop	5	Windsor	10

Event No. 16, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $100, Cleveland Target Co., entrance $3; first $20, second $20, third $20, fourth $20, fifth $20:

Whitney	19	Mohler	13	Andrews	18
Kelsey	20	Windsor	18	Grant	10
Crosby	16	McDowall	14	Benscotten	20
Heikes	19	Skinner	18	Dalton	17
King	19	Glover	17	Charles	16
Levis	16	Throop	16	Sawdon	11
Razzle	17	Wayper	17	Potter	11
North	14	Margetts	15	Miller	13
Catton	15	J Thomson	13		

Event No. 29, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $50, Stanley Gun Club; entrance $2, first $10, second $10, third $10, fourth $10, fifth $10:

Levis	15	Razzle	16	Henry	11
King	17	Skinner	18	Charles	16
Wayper	18	Catton	17	Chapman	14
Glover	17	Kelsey	20	Crosby	16
Dalton	14	North	19	Besser	14
Heikes	20	Mohler	18	Andrews	16
Throop	17	Whitney	19	Sawden	10
Emond	14	Kemp	4	Grant	9
Benscotten	19				

Aug. 14.—A larger number of shooters and a like addition in the attendance of spectators was the result of the very attractive programme catalogued for the third day of the tournament. Heikes carried off the best average for the day, with a score of 136 out of a possible 140, with Whitney a close second at 135. Windsor, Kelsey, and Benscotten, however, were following quite dangerously in their wake, with scores of 131, 126, and 125 respectively, while the Pittsburg contingent were making a good showing. Wayper, Glover, Charles, Catton, Ruth, and McDowall, of the Canadians, were all shooting in better form than the day before, but still could not hope to get an average against the powerful combination from the other side. G. H. Briggs, Charles, and Paul North officiated as referees during the day, and were thoroughly impartial in their decisions.

The following is the detailed score for the day. Event No. 17, 10 singles; entrance $1:

North	9	Charles	7	Throop	8
Henry	4	Thompson	10	Dalton	7
Kelsey	9	Emond	6	Crosby	9
Glover	9	Heikes	9	Windsor	10
Razzle	8	Whitney	10	McDowall	6
Skinner	9	Grant	7	Andrews	10
J. Thompson	8	Potter	7	Levis	8
Catton	8	Miller	7	Davidson	8
Wayper	7	Benscotten	10		

Event No. 18, 15 singles; entrance $1.50:

Skinner	12	Charles	10	McDowall	11
J. Thompson	8	Heikes	14	Andrews	15
Kelsey	13	Benscotten	12	Levis	14
Thompson	12	Dalton	9	Potter	15
Mohler	13	Whitney	15	Davidson	11
North	13	Crosby	13	Emond	8
Razzle	14	Miller	11	Ruth	11
Wayper	15	Throop	14	Windsor	14
Glover	13	Grant	10		

Event No. 19, at 20 singles, guaranteed purse of $100, by Owl Gun Club, entrance $3; first, second, third, fourth and fifth, $20 each:

Windsor	20	Ruth	17	Andrews	16
Charles	17	Crosby	18	Evans	11
Skinner	16	Mohler	18	Davidson	13
Benscotten	19	Glover	18	Redpath	17
Heikes	19	Throop	17	McDowall	15
Kelsey	20	Wayper	18	Dalton	16
King	19	North	18	Powell	12
Levis	17	Fern	12	Wilkinson	9
Whitney	18	Razzle	18	Townson	12

Event No. 21, at 20 singles, C. H. Riggs, cash donation, $40, entrance free; first $15, second $10, third $7, fourth $5, fifth $3:

North	18	Skinner	14	Glover	17
Razzle	18	King	20	Wayper	19
Andrews	17	Levis	15	Hoffmann	8
Ward	12	Catton	18	Burgess	11
Tee Kay	13	Ruth	9	Emond	7
Evans	12	Windsor	19	Henry	17
Thompson, J	13	Crosby	19	Thompson	9
Fern	11	Heikes	20	Criss	15
Wilton	13	Kelsey	17	Powell	10
Draisy	17	Robertson	6	Miller	14
Potter	12	Moses	14	Davidson	16
McDowall	11	Throop	18	Dalton	13
McCready	9	Bugg	18	Redpath	13
Benscotten	18	Ruth	14	Avery	16
Whitney	19	Mohler	14	Brown	14
Charles	12				

Event No. 23, 20 singles, guaranteed purse $100, W. McDowall; entrance $3, first $20, second $20, third $2, fourth $20, fifth $20:

King	17	Miller	11	Andrews	17
Kelsey	18	Glover	18	Charles	16
Mohler	13	Wayper	16	North	17
Skinner	19	Throop	15	Razzle	14
Heikes	20	Thompson, Jr.	11	McDowall	16
Ruth	14	Douglass	16	Avery	13
Levis	13	Catton	14	Dalton	15
Benscotten	19	Redpath	15	Wilton	12
Whitney	19	Henry	10	Fern	9
Crosby	19	Windsor	18	Evans	14

Event No. 24, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Mohler	10	Kelsey	12	Catton	12
Razzle	12	Andrews	10	King	13
Heikes	15	Benscotten	14	Evans	12
Crosby	10	Glover	15	Tee Kay	7
Levis	14	Miller	11	Windsor	14
Whitney	15	Skinner	12	Avery	11
North	13	Charles	11	Ward	6
Redpath	13	McDowall	10	Henry	9
J Thompson	9	Wayper	14	Emond	11
Ruth	11	Grant	7		

Event No. 27, 20 singles, guaranteed purse, $100, The Charles Stark Co (limited), entrance $3; first, $20; second, $20; third, $20; fourth, $20; fifth, $20:

Heikes	20	Potter	15	Miller	12
North	18	Glover	18	Ward	7
Razzle	18	Charles	16	Arey	14
Catton	18	Skinner	19	Evans	17
Mohler	18	Benscotten	18	Tee Kay	11
Kelsey	19	Ruth	16	King	16
Levis	18	Wayper	19	Windsor	19
Whitney	20	McDowall	15	Thompson	9
Crosby	15	Throop	16	Andrews	17
Redpath	18	Dalton	16		

Event No. 31, 20 singles, guaranteed purse, $100; Dominion Cartridge Co. (limited), entrance $3; first, $20; second, $20; third, $20; fourth, $20; fifth, 20:

Skinner	14	Ruth	13	King	17
Benscotten	20	Heikes	19	North	16
Charles	17	Kelsey	20	Razzle	13
Whitney	19	Crosby	18	Dalton	15
McDowall	15	Throop	16	Andrews	17
Henry	12	Windsor	17	Davidson	12
Glover	18	Levis	18	Wayper	17
Mohler	20				

Aug. 15.—The McDowall four days' tournament closed to-day. The number of Canadian shots participating was not as large as was expected, but in connection with the Americans the attendance was large enough to make the tournament a success, not only financially, but in every particular. The management was about perfect, and the shooting was of a quality not excelled at any of the large American tournaments. The American experts, who in the course of a year attend many tournaments, were unstinted in their praise of the grounds and accommodations provided for the shooters, and say it is very rare for a large tournament to pass off so absolutely free from any disagreeable features as this one has been.

Event No. 25, 10 singles:

Glover	9	Skinner	8	Winchell	8
Henry	2	Grant	7	McDowall	4
Razzle	10	Wayper	9	Andrews	10
Kelsey	9	Blake	3	Anderson	3

Event No. 26, 15 singles:

Razzle	14	Anderson	9	Winchell	10
Kelsey	14	North	11	Heikes	15
Glover	13	Grant	11	Benscotten	13
Skinner	12	Blake	12	Throop	12
Wayper	12	Hening	6	Dalton	10
McDowall	12	Andrews	13		

Event No. 28, 5 singles and 5 pairs:

McDowall	11	Wayper	10	Anderson	w
Sims	8	Razzle	12	Skinner	8
Kelsey	13	Throop	9	Winchell	9
Heikes	14	Benscotten	12		

Event No. 30, 10 singles, entrance $1:

McDowall	6	Henry	7	Benscotten	8
Kelsey	8	Anderson	7	Skinner	8
Razzle	7	Glover	9	Wayper	8
Grant	9	Heikes	10	Winchester	8
Blake	4	Throop	8	Dalton	8

Event No. 32, donated prizes, entrance free, 25 singles:

Benscotten	24	Blake	18	Windsor	23
Razzle	21	Skinner	19	Robertson	13
Glover	21	Wayper	18	McDowall	18
Throop	18	Henry	14	Winchell	12
Draisey	21	Anderson	15	Dalton	19
Heikes	25	Grant	15	Oliver	12
Emond	19	Ayre	10	Morrison	13
Boswell	14				

COLT TOURNAMENT.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith find inclosed scores made at the tournament of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, which was held on their grounds the 13th inst. Among the contestants were ex-Senator E. H. Lathrop, Dr. G. T. Herrick and L. H. Mayott, of Springfield, Mass.; John R. Pitt, of Middletown, who in his pleasant way makes friends at every turn; Thomas P. Bill, the fun-maker; J. H. Ames, of New London, the genial commercial tourist; the well-known sportsmen Hart, Upson and "H. D. L." from Collinsville: C. H. Merrick, of Rockville; Sterry and Root, of Tolland; A. Merriman, of Meriden; Judge S. D. Douglas and F. P. Griswold, of Windsor Locks; Postmaster M. White, Manchester.

The club held its annual meeting Aug. 13, and the following officers were elected: A. C. Collins, President; Egbert Decker, Vice-President; Millard F. Cook, Secretary; W. R. Hopkins, Treasurer; Executive Committee, A. C. Collins, Egbert Decker, M. F. Cook, W. R. Hopkins, and J. C. Capen. The report showed that the club is in a very prosperous condition. The scores follow:

First event, 8 Keystones, 5 angles, 70 cents entrance, 7 entries:

E I Root	1111111—8	Thomas P Bill	0111010—5
E Decker	1011111—7	C L Hotchkiss	1111010—5
F H Whittelsey	1111101—7	C H Merrick	1000111—4
C Sterry	1110101—6		

Root first; Decker and Whittelsey div. second; Sterry third; Bill and Hotchkiss div. fourth.

Second event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 6 entries:

C Sterry	1111111110—9	E I Root	1111111111—10
C H Merrick	0101101001—5	F H Whittelsey	1111111111—10
C L Hotchkiss	1110011011—7	E Decker	1111101101—8

Whittelsey and Root div. first money on 10; Sterry won second on 9; Decker won third on 8; Hotchkiss fourth on 7.

Third event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 15 entries:

C H Merrick	0001001101—5	John Alger	0111111111—9
C Sterry	1111111111—10	C B Manley	1010000011—4
E I Root	1101110111—8	A Bailey	1101101111—8
A "Wood"	1010111010—6	J H Ames	0111011111—8
E Decker	1010011111—7	C Upson	0011011101—6
John R Pitt	0110110100—5	C Hart	0111011010—6
C L Hotchkiss	1101000111—6	"Duff"	0001010110—4
F H Whittelsey	0011011001—5		

Sterry first on 10; Alger second on 9; Root, Bailey and Ames div. third on 8; Decker fourth on 7.

Fourth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 10 entries

C Sterry	1111111111—10	E Decker	1110011010—6
E I Root	1111111111—10	M F Cook	1110001101—6
F H Whittelsey	1111011111—9	John Alger	0C10110101—5
John R Pitt	1111111001—8	C B Manley	0101110001—5
C L Hotchkiss	0111011010—6	C H Merrick	0001011110—5

Sterry and Root divided first on ten, Whittelsey won second on nine, Pitt won third with eight, Hotchkiss, Cook and Decker div. fourth on six.

Fifth event, 5 pair Keystones, 75 cents entrance, 9 entries:

C Sterry	10 10 11 10 11—7	John R Pitt	10 10 10 11 10—6
C H Merrick	10 10 10 10 10—5	E I Root	11 11 10 00 11—7
C B Manley	11 00 10 10 10—5	F H Whittelsey	10 11 11 10 11—8
E Decker	11 00 10 11 11—7	A Bailey	10 11 00 11 10—6
B A Johnson	10 01 11 11 10—7		

Whittelsey won first with eight, Sterry and Root won and div. second in shoot-off on ties on seven, Pitt and Bailey div. third on six, Manley and Merrick div. fourth on five.

Sixth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, $1 entrance, 17 entries:

John R Pitt	1111111111—10	C Hart	1110011111—8
B A Johnson	1111011111—9	"H D L"	1111011011—8
C Sterry	1111011111—9	A Bailey	1001111111—8
E I Root	0111111111—9	"Duff"	1111100101—7
S D Douglas	0111111111—9	A "Wood"	0111110110—7
E Decker	1101111111—9	C H Merrick	0111100110—6
John Alger	1011111011—8	F H Whittelsey	1010101101—6
F H Griswold	1111001111—8	C Upon	1010010111—6
Chas L Hotchkiss	1111101011—8		

Pitt first with ten, Johnson, Sterry, Root, Douglas and Decker div. second on nine, Alger, Griswold, Hotchkiss, Hart, "H. D. L." and Bailey div. third on eight, "Duff" and "Wood" div. fourth on seven.

Seventh event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, entrance 75 cents, 19 entries:

F H Whittelsey	1111111111—10	A "Allen"	1010111101—7
C Sterry	1011111111—9	C Upson	0111001111—7
J R Pitt	1111011111—9	J H Ames	1010101111—7
E Decker	1111101111—9	C H Merrick	0111100111—7
J Alger	1111111110—9	B A Johnson	1111110000—6
E I Root	1011111111—9	A Bailey	1100101101—6
S D Douglas	1011111111—9	C H Hart	1001011110—5
A "Wood"	1111101111—9	"Duff"	1010111000—5
T P Bill	1100111111—8	M White	1100101010—5
F H Griswold	1011111110—8		

Whittelsey first with 10, Root, Alger, Sterry and Decker div. second, Bill and Griswold div. third, Merrick, Ames, Upson and "Allen div. fourth.

Eighth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 23 entries:

E Decker	1111111111—10	T P Bill	0011101110—6
S D Douglas	0111111111—9	F H Whittelsey	0110111110—6
B A Johnson	1111111101—9	A "Wood"	1101011100—6
F P Griswold	1011111111—9	C Hart	0101101011—6
E I Root	1011111111—9	M White	0010100111—5
"H D L"	1111101111—9	C Upson	0111001100—5
J Alger	0111110111—8	E H Lathrop	1100010011—5
C Sterry	1111001111—8	C H Merrick	1010110000—5
J R Pitt	1110011101—7	J T Herrick	0101001100—4
"Allen"	1110001111—7	L H Mayott	0010000111—3
"Duff"	0110110111—7	A Bailey	1001000001—3
J H Ames	0011110111—7		

Decker first, Johnson, Root, Douglas, Griswold and "H. D. L." div. second, Alger and Sterry div. third, Ames, "Allen," Pitt and "Duff" div. fourth.

Ninth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, $1 entrance, 16 entries:

John Alger	1111111111—10	S D Douglas	0101111111—8
"Allen"	1111111111—10	John P Pitt	1001111111—8
C Sterry	1111111110—10	E H Lathrop	1111110011—8
E Decker	1101111111—9	F P Griswold	1100111111—8
E I Root	1011111111—9	F H Whittelsey	0111111001—7
Burr A Johnson	1011111111—9	John Melrose	0101111100—6
Thos P Bill	1101111111—9	J T Herrick	0011100100—4
C H Merrick	1111110011—8	L H Mayott	0000000100—1

"Allen," Alger and Sterry div. first, Decker, Root, Johnson and Bill div. second, Lathrop, Griswold, Pitt, Merrick and Douglas div. third, F. H. Whittelsey fourth.

Tenth event, 10 Keystones 5 angles, 75 centrance, 24 entries:

E Decker	1111111111—10	B A Johnson	0011101111—7
"Allen"	1101111111— 9	E I Root	0111101011—7
C Sterry	1111111110— 9	John Melrose	0100110111—6
C L Hotchkiss	1011111111— 9	C H Merrick	1110110100—6
John Alger	1110111111— 9	John R Pitt	0011110001—5
F P Griswold	1111110111— 9	M F Cook	1000111010—5
T P Bill	1111111110— 8	E H Lathrop	0001001111—5
J H Ames	1101111110— 8	"H D L"	0101011100—5
A Hart	1011110111— 8	John S Holt	1010100101—5
"Duff"	1111101101— 8	A Merriam	1101000010—4
J T Herrick	0110011111— 7	C Upson	0010100110—4
F H Whittlesey	1101111001— 7	S D Douglas	0010010100—3

Decker first, Sterry, "Allen," Hotchkiss and Alger div. second, Bill, Ames, Hart and "Duff" div. third, Herrick, Whittlesey, Johnson and Root div. fourth.

Eleventh event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, $1 entrance, 15 entries:

John Alger	1111111111—10	S D Douglas	1110110101— 7
C Sterry	1111011111— 9	John S Holt	0111110111— 7
C H Merrick	0111111111— 9	John R Pitt	0111110011— 7
A Merriman	0111111111— 9	Jno Melrose	1101011011— 7
"Allen"	1101111111— 9	Thos P Bill	0101101011— 6
T P Griswold	0111011111— 8	B A Johnson	0101000111— 5
E Decker	1111100111— 8	E A Lathrop	0001110001— 4
F H Whittelsey	1111001111— 8		

Alger first; Sterry, Merriman, Merrick and "Allen" div. second; Whittelsey, Decker and Griswold div. third; Melrose, Pitt, Holt and Douglas div. fourth.

Twelfth event, 10 Keystones, 75 cents entrance, 21 entries:

F P Griswold	1111111111—10	John S Holt	0111001011— 6
S D Douglas	0011111111— 8	Burr A Johnson	0011111001— 6
J H Ames	1111111001— 8	John R Pitt	0101101010— 5
C L Hotchkiss	1110110111— 8	F H Whittelsey	0111000110— 5
E I Root	1011101111— 8	A Merriman	0100101111— 6
C Sterry	1111011011— 8	C H Merrick	1010010100— 4
"Allen"	1011110111— 8	A Conton	0100100111— 4
Thos P Bill	1011111011— 8	C Knox	1001010000— 3
J T Herrick	1111101100— 7	L H Mayott	0011010000— 3
John Melrose	1111110001— 7	E H Lathrop	0100000001— 2
E Decker	0111101101— 7		

Griswold first; Bill, Sterry, Root, Hotchkiss, Douglas and Ames div. second; Herrick, Melrose and Decker div. third; Johnson and Holt div. fourth.

Thirteenth event—Helpmate race; 8 Keystones, 5 angles, 50 cents entrance. Two men for each bird; if first didn't kill, second man to shoot. Nine entries, or 18 men:

C Sterry		F H Whittelsey	
E I Root	11111111—8	John R Pitt	10111110—6
"Allen"		M White	
E Decker	11111111—8	A Merriman	11101100—5
T P Bill		C Hart	
J H Ames	11111111—8	"H D L"	11011001—5
John S Holt		B A Johnson	
John Melrose	11110111—7	F P Griswold	11001011—5
S D Douglas			
C H Merrick	11101110—6		

Decker and "Allen" first; Holt and Melrose second; Merrick and Douglas third; Root and White, Hart and "H. D. L.," Johnson and Griswold div. fourth.

Fourteenth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 13 entries:

E I Root	1111111111—10	"Allen"	1101111001— 7
F P Whittelsey	1101111111— 9	John S Holt	1101111100— 7
B A Johnson	1101111111— 9	C H Merrick	1110110100— 6
E Decker	1111101111— 9	John R Pitt	1100010111— 6
C Sterry	1111111101— 9	W Knox	0000000000— 0
J F Herrick	1111111110— 9	J H Ames	0100010w
T P Bill	1110111101— 8		

Root first; Sterry and Johnson div. second; Bill third; "Allen" and Holt div. fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 Keystones, 5 angles, 75 cents entrance, 21 entries:

E I Root	1111111111—10	"Allen"	1101110111— 8
J R Pitt	1111111110—10	C L Hotchkiss	1011011101— 7
C Sterry	1111111110—10	E Decker	0111001111— 7
J T Herrick	1111111001— 9	C H Merrick	0110011111— 7
F P Griswold	1111111110— 9	T P Bill	1100111110— 7
J Melrose	1110111101— 8	J S Holt	1010111110— 7
F H Whittelsey	1111011011— 8	A Merriman	1010011011— 6
J Alger	1110110111— 8	E H Lathrop	0011111000— 5
B A Johnson	1110111110— 8	"Duff"	0110000100— 3
M Conton	1111011011— 8	W Knox	0100100001— 3
J H Ames	1011111011— 8		

Sterry, Root and Pitt div. first; Herrick and Griswold div. second, Whittelsey and "Allen" div. third, Decker fourth.

Sixteenth event, 5 pairs Keystones, 50 cents entrance, 7 entries, 3 moneys:

C Sterry	10 11 10 11 11—8	T P Bill	10 10 11 10 10—6
F H Whittelsey	10 11 10 10 11—7	C H Merrick	10 10 00 10 10—4
"Allen"	01 11 10 10 11—7	J S Holt	01 10 10 00 00—3
J R Pitt	01 11 10 10 10—6		

Sterry first, "Allen" and Whittelsey div. second, Pitt and Bill div. third. A. C. Collins.

ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 15.—A team match was shot by the Compton and Oak Hill Gun Clubs last Wednesday at bluerock targets, which resulted in favor of the former by 28 birds. At the conclusion of the match a couple of sweepstakes were shot off to fill in the day. The weather was favorable and some good scores were made by the participants. Five traps were used and the rules of the A. S. A. governed all events. Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, team match, 13 men a side, 20 bluerocks per man:

Oak Hills.

Thompson	00010111110111111100—13
J Twist	11011101111101111111—17
C Thorp	10110000111010011111—12
Heminghaus	11111101010011111111—15
Wade	01010000100000000110— 4
Good	10110001101011101110—12
Henshaw	10110111010101101001—13
Losekam	01010000011000110010— 7
Dorsey	10101100000111001010—10
W Twist	11101111101011110110—15
Krone	00001100101000110100— 7
Schafer	10111111111111111111—19—162

Comptons.

Junge	01000010111000001001— 8
Mittenberger	11010100111101111111—15
H Dick	11101101101110111111—16
J Loeffel	01101101000111101111—13
Sam Hill	01111010101011110100—12
A McGivney	10101111011111111111—16
J Simminskie	01011111111111111111—18
J Steffen	11101111101011111111—16
Ray	11101111101101011111—16
S Rawlings	11101011110110110111—15
Sheer	01001110111111111100—14
E Prendergast	01101111111111110111—17
Weaver	11111100111010111001—13—190

Shoot No. 2, sweepstakes, 10 single bluerocks:

Pike	1110101111— 8	G Thorpe	1010011101— 6
E Prendergast	1111011111— 9	Krone	1111110010— 7
Spencer	1111110111— 9	Heminghaus	1001000110— 4
Sieminskie	0101111111— 8	Ray	1111111111—10
Brown	1111111111—10	Scheer	1101111101— 8
G Prendergast	0111001110— 6	Weaver	1111011111— 9
F Rawlins	1000001010— 3	Steffen	1111110000— 7
Wade	0000010110— 4	Charles	0000010011— 2
Hill	1110111110— 8	A Rawlings	0101010111— 6
Good	1030111011— 6	Henshaw	1001000110— 5
Thompson	0101111101— 7	G Rawlings	1010100100— 4
C Thorpe	1100010111— 6	J Twist	1101001011— 6
J Prendergast	0001110001— 4	Mittenberger	1100111011— 7
Schafer	0111101111— 8		

Four moneys, all ties were divided.

Shoot No. 3, sweepstakes, 10 single bluerocks:

G Prendergast	0101001011— 5	Charles	0100001100— 3
Sieminskie	1101111111— 9	E Prendergast	1110111011— 8
Hill	1110001001— 5	Wade	0000000001— 1
Brown	0111111111— 9	Scheer	0111111001— 7
Spencer	1111101011— 8	Weaver	0101101111— 7
Schafer	1010111111— 8	G Rawlings	1110111101— 8
Good	0110100100— 4	A Rawlings	0110001000— 3
F Rawlins	1011110110— 7	J Prendergast	0001110110— 5

Four moneys, all ties were divided. Unser Fritz.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 14.—One of the largest gatherings of old-time wing shots, members of the Unknown Gun Club, met yesterday at Dexter's Park shooting ground, Jamaica Plank road, L. I., to hold the regular monthly shoot. Fifteen members went to the traps to shoot at 7 birds each, club rules, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, only one barrel to count in score. H. Knebel, Sr., the president of the club, killed 7 straight and won the gold club badge with the first prize. J. Boyle won the second prize after outshooting Hyde and Pfohlmann,

A NEW DIVISION SCHEME.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Clubs and managers of shooting tournaments know the difficulty experienced of late in getting their events filled each time and in attracting shooters that will enter each event. Dividing purses into four equal moneys, and paying for best averages each day has had some good effect, but at all shoots there are possibly half a dozen good shots that win most of the prizes and the others think it useless to compete with them and so refuse to enter, or if they know of any experts being in attendance, they stay away altogether.

For one I claim that the prizes belong to the best shots, and it has cost the so-called expert lots of time and money to become a good shot and it is natural he should want to get some of that money back. But a number look at it from a different standpoint, and that number is considerable and they are the ones wanted to fill the events at a tournament.

Now, at a recent shoot I talked with a number of well-known trap shots regarding the following plan of dividing prizes, and they were of the opinion that it is a good one, but I would like to have an expression from a number of shooters, and would like to see the plan tried at different places. Our club intend trying it at our next tournament, and you shall have the result here.

The plan is to place a value on each target shot at, and a double value on each one missed.

For example, if the entry is for 10 targets at $1 (price of targets extra), the value of each target hit should count 10 cents, each one missed 20 cents, and for each miss 20 cents would be deducted from the amount of entry. The money remaining in the "pot" for misses should then be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. as usual, and go to those with highest scores. If the entry money is $2, the value of the targets hit would be 20 cents, of those lost 40 cents. The events can be so arranged that each target has its value.

To illustrate more fully we will suppose a match at 10 targets per man, 10 men enter at $1 each (targets extra):

No. 1 breaks 10, wins for targets				$1 00
No. 2	"	9	"	" 80
No. 3	"	9	"	" 80
No. 4	"	8	"	" 60
No. 5	"	8	"	" 60
No. 6	"	8	"	" 60
No. 7	"	7	"	" 40
No. 8	"	6	"	" 20
No. 9	"	6	"	" 20
No. 10	"	5	"	" nothing.
Total				$5 20

Now the above leaves $4.80 to be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No. 1 gets $2.40 in addition to the one dollar, making his winnings $3.40; Nos. 2 and 3 divide $1.44 to be added to their 80 cents each, and Nos. 4, 5 and 6 divide third money. Now the shooters breaking only 6 or 7 ordinarily would get nothing, but by this arrangement they get enough back to pay for their ammunition at least, and that is just the point, for no matter how small a share of the prize money a shooter gets it is my experience he will enter the next shoot. No. 10, only breaking 5 targets, ought not to get a cent any way. I think it will also tend to improve the shooting. If a participant knows that each bird missed has a certain money value he will be apt to shoot more carefully.

This method possibly takes a little from the first money, but betters second and third prizes. We know that it will better our attendance of shooters here, but would like to hear from other points and see the reports in Forest and Stream. We don't want trap-shooting to lose its interest, and if this plan don't work it may set some one to thinking out one that will. Another thing with target shooting is that it is getting like glass balls, the boys are getting "on to them" and becoming too mechanical. We want a target that will be more uncertain in its flight, but yet give a good-sized mark and fly long enough. I have something of the kind in my head, but won't inflict it on you now.

Jack Rabbit.

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.

Hackettstown, N. J., Aug. 11.—I send you scores and winners of our shoot, held Aug. 5. No. 1, at 6 bluerocks: Ruple 3, Mason 4, Baxter 4, Stewart 2, Richter 1, Riggott 5, Parliman 5, Apgar 3, Smith 4. Tie for third shot off in next sweep and won by Ruple.

No. 2, at 9 bluerocks: Ruple 6 Mason 5, Parliman 8, Stewart 5, Smith 8, Riggott 7, Apgar 5, Ayres 7, Baxter 6, Richter 6, Bell 5. Tie for third shot off in next sweep and Baxter won.

No. 3, at 12 bluerocks: Ruple 5, Parliman 8, Stewart 10, Riggott 10, Baxter 0, Smith 9, Apgar 8, Mason 10, Richter 7, Ayres 9, Bell 6.

No. 4, at 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Ruple	1010111011 11 10 10—10	Apgar	1111111110 10 10 10—11
Stewart	1111110000 01 00 00— 7	Baxter	1011011101 10 10 11—10
Mason	1101000111 01 11 11—11	Ayres	1110011010 00 01 10— 7
Vliet	1011110011 01 11 10—11	Parliman	0111111111 11 10 11—13
Smith	1110011111 11 11 11—13	Riggott	1110111011 10 10 10—10

Ruple won third on shoot-off.

No. 5, 9 bluerocks: Baxter 5, Ruple 8, Riggott 6, Stewart 4, Mason 4, Vliet 5, Smith 7, Apgar 5, Richter 5, Skinner 6, Ayres 8. Ties shot off for third, Skinner won.

No. 6, 6 singles and 3 pairs: Richter 4, Baxter 6, Apgar 7, Parliman 9, Smith 9, Riggott 8, Mason 8, Skinner 7, Stewart 6, Ruple 12, Vliet 8, Ayres 8. Riggott won shoot off for third.

We now began shooting live birds and continued until late in the evening.

No. 7, 4 live birds, a Jersey sweep, $3 entrance:

Canon	0110—2	Smith	2221—4
Riggott	2222—4	Stewart	1010—2
Parliman	1120—3	Baxter	0101—2
Ruple	0121—3	Vliet	1210—3

Second shot out and won by Parliman.

No. 8, 5 live birds, $5 entrance: Canon 3, Stewart 3, Smith 2, Riggott 4, Parliman 4, Ruple 4, Vliet 5.

Extra No. 1, 4 birds, Jersey sweep, $3 entrance: Canon 3, Riggott 4, Smith 4, Parliman 4, Stewart 3, Apgar 2. Canon wins second in next sweep, Apgar third.

Extra No. 2, Jersey sweep, Canon 3, Riggott 3, Smith 3, Parliman 4, Stewart 3, Apgar 3. Second shot off miss and out and won by Canon.

Thus ended the first day's shoot on our new grounds. The rapid firing system was used, and nothing occurred to spoil a fine day's sport.

We are making great preparations for our tourney, Sept. 1 at targets, Sept. 2 at live birds. E. Richter, Sec'y.

STAMFORD.

Stamford, Conn., Aug. 13.—The Stamford Rod and Gun Club held a trap shoot on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 13. The following were the scores in detail. First event, 5 bluerocks:

J D Goulden	10110—3	Chas E Smith	00101—2
Harry Bell	10011—3	J P Tafft	01111—4
E Vanderwerken	00011—2		

Tafft took first; for second, Goulden won; for third, Vanderwerken won.

Second event, 5 bluerocks:

J D Goulden	11111—5	E Vanderwerken	01010—2
G T Hendrie	11101—4	C E Smith	11110—4
Harry Bell	10110—3	J P Tafft	11111—5
Dr Schavoir	10110—3		

Goulden won first; second, Smith; third, Bell.

Third event, 5 bluerocks:

J D Goulden	10110—3	E Vanderwerken	11010—3
G F Hendrie	11011—4	C E Smith	11000—2
Harry Bell	11010—3	J P Tafft	11111—5
Dr Schavoir	11001—2		

Goulden won third.

Fourth event, 5 bluerocks:

E Vanderwerken	00100—1	Harry Bell	01101—3
J D Goulden	11111—5	G F Hendrie	10110—3
Dr Schavoir	00010—1	J P Tafft	11010—3
C E Smith	11110—4		

Tafft won third.

The officers of the club are W. B. Rice, President; Dr. Chas. E. Rowell, Vice-President; J. P. Tafft, Sec'y and Treas.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, Aug. 11.—Le Club de Chasse et de Peche had a sort of formal opening of their organization to-day at their lately acquired island below Sorel. The steamer Berthier had been chartered for the occasion, and between two and three hundred gentlemen and ladies left the wharf at 9 o'clock, accompanied by the Harmony band. It was a magnificent day for the river trip, even if the wind was a little strong, so that when the Top channel was reached the time had seemed to pass very quickly. The gentlemen who are at the head of this club are:

President, E. J. Phaneuf; Vice-President, Charles Desmarteau; Treasurer, D. Dion; Secretaries, J. B. Bureau and L. A. Lapointe. Committee, H. Boisseau, Jos. Riendeau, H. Clouthier, H. Dubuc and J. O. Pelland.

The club is to be congratulated on its good judgment in the choice of a location, for better shooting grounds could hardly be hit upon anywhere in the country. About ten miles below Sorel the entrance to the upper channel is reached, and here what looks like a narrow river is entered, and although only about 100yds. wide it is plenty deep for vessels of the draught of the Berthier. The scenery here is as pretty as some of the most picturesque spots among the Thousand Islands. The channel, about a mile from its opening, is divided by several small islands, low-lying, and flooded in the spring, and the home of plover, woodcock and duck when the water subsides. At last Isle du Chenal du Moine is reached, and the first view of the new club house is caught between the trees. When the steamer drew up to the wharf, it was seen to be a substantial two-story building, the top flat being at present occupied by eighteen camp beds.

As there were two different sporting contests on the card no time was lost in getting all hands to work, and those who had come out to capture fish as well as prizes soon had their rods and lines in order and in making their way to some quiet spot, where the big fellows most do congregate. Then the shooters crossed the channel and the traps were soon in working order. There were two competitions, one at blackbirds and one at live birds and both were kept going simultaneously. The entries were greater than was expected, there being 28, and when the last man stepped to the score there was just one bird short. The shooting was kept up until 7 o'clock, and then there were some ties to shoot off in the blackbird match, which was done on board ship, their traps being adjusted on the upper deck. Following are the scores:

Shoot at 7 live pigeons, plunge traps, 26yds. rise, 7 prizes:

G A Contant	6	E Archambault	7
F X Lamoureux	5	C Muir	4
E Octave	7	L P Pariseau	7
R Bocel	5	E Dionne	6
A Sicotte	5	C Siotte	5
F Dubuc	5	W Coughtry	6
H Lajeunesse	6	A Boa	5
J B Bebard	6	L St Jean	3
H Belland	4	G Chapleau	7
O Brienne	4		

F Desroche 7
O Guy 3
L Lebeouf 5
J Bousquet 6
H Lareau 7
H Boisseau 5
B Boucher 6
Bpte Boucher 6
S St Jean 5

Judge, Eugene Lanthier; scorer, E. A. Lapointe.

Ladies' shoot, 9 birds:

Jos Bosquet	7	A Boa	7
E Octave	7	L Siotte	7
J E Pariseau	7	H Martin	7
F X Lamoureux	7	E Archambault	7
L Lebeuf	7	J O Guy	6

W Coughtry 6
A Contant 5
G B Bedard 5
H Lajeunesse 5

There were some half dozen other shooters, but as the scores were small they did not interfere with the distribution of the prizes.

There were two special prizes given for the largest game fish taken, which went to Mr. Jos. Rindeau for a 12lbs. dore. The second special prize for the largest perch was won by A. Dorion, Jr.

CLAREMONT.

Claremont Shooting Association.—Aug. 16.—Many shooters took advantage of the half-holiday and fine weather to run down and waste a little powder and shot. The hundred live birds on hand soon proved insufficient, being all shot by 2 o'clock, and the bluerocks were brought out and were the order of the day after 2:30 P. M. Some parties for the first time shot on these grounds, and expressed pleasure at the afternoon's sport—the wonder is that there are not fifty to a hundred every week. Plenty of birds will be on hand the first of the week and all through the week hereafter, this is the first time we have run short; we have used nearly 3,000 birds in four months. Below are the scores of most of the events with averages on bluerocks:

Ten bluerocks, 5 traps, 50 cents entry, Keystone rules, all events alike, ties divided:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Average pr.ct.
Lindsley	5	8	8	8	8	9	7	7	7	9	77
Collins	10	10	10	10	10	8	8	9	9	8	92
Wm Sigler	10	9	6	10	9	10	9	9	10	8	90
Lyons	7	8	5	..	7	2	7	6	5	..	59
Hathaway	7	6	6	6	6	8	..	6	5	9	70
Barry	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	50
Richmond	6	..	7	8	6	10	7	7	8	8	75
Stanwix	6	..	..	..	7	..	10	5	..	..	70
Rose	8	..	7	..	5	..	8	9	..	..	74
Mooney	8	6	10	8	7	7	8	9	9	..	80
Gayler	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	75
F Sigler	6	8	..	9	5	9	8	..	6	..	71
Redmond	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	70
Landreck	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Gayles	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Cattes	..	..	5	2	4	..	..	5	..	..	40
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	

Four live birds, $2 entrance, 2 moneys:

Howard	1011—3	Redmond	2121—4
Mead	0022—2	Stanwix	2100—2
Money	2111—4		

Three live birds, $2 entrance, 2 moneys:

Howard	102—2	Redmond	221—3
Mead	1o0—1	Stanwix	210—2
Money	121—3	Barry	0o0—0

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 14.—The regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held at the club house, at Bluerock, this afternoon. In addition to the club shoot the shoot for the gun offered by the Jenney & Graham Company, of Chicago, took place. The contestants all shot under a handicap previously arranged and the totals given below correspond with the amount of the handicap allowed. L. O. Jones and Gothan were tied for the gun, Jones winning on the shoot-off. Cogswell won the class A badge of the club, and J. Jones the B badge:

A B Jones	49	W A Calhoun	41	Kilby	46
H J Martin	49	H C Holt	49	Rudolph	26
Sweetman	46	Haycox	39	J Jones	48
Ashley	52	James	40	C Calhoun	22
Cathan	55	Weaver	45	Elford	50
Storey	54	W Harris	23	Berger	33
W H Tamblyn	50	J Rodgers	42	Turner	37
L O Jones	55	Rob	47	Silsby	50
Frederick	54	Wagner	48	Williams	46
Reynolds	42	Cogswell	50	Du Boy	44
Alexander	51	Gault	32	Marbach	30
Jaet	51				

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.—The Alameda County Sportsman's Club held its sixth and last shoot for 1890 at the Oakland Trotting Park this afternoon at live pigeons. The day was pleasant, and the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen to witness the races gave an air of life and gaiety to the scene that otherwise would have been lacking. The wind was directly from the west and across the line of the traps, but not sufficiently strong to interfere with the sport. The prizes for the season were as follows: First, gold match-safe, with diamond setting; second, gold medal for chain; third, gold dog-whistle for chain. Mr. C. M. Osborn won the first with a score of 64 out of a possible 72. W. W. Haskell second with 59 birds, and S. I. Kellogg third with 58 birds. The shoot for August was an interesting one, as the birds were of the liveliest sort, the score standing as follows:

Osborn	1101111111111—11	Mayhew	1111111111111—12
Knowles	0111110111111—10	Wilson	1111011111101—10
Cadman	1111111111110—11	Schroeder	1001111101111— 8
Plummer	0000011001111— 5	Bell	1111011011111—10
Jones	0011110011111— 7	Kellogg	1111111110110—10
Haskell	1111101111111—11		

Particular mention should be made of the fine skill in shooting displayed by the veteran trap-shooter, Mr. W. E. Mayhew, who, it will be observed by reference to the score, killed his 12 straight birds with his first barrel and no retriever needed to score his birds. The challenge shoot of the Alameda against the Gun Club of San Francisco will take place at the grounds of the Oakland Trotting Park on the last Saturday in August.

JERSEYVILLE.—St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 15.—The twelfth annual tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association will take place Aug. 26, 27, 28 and 29, at Jerseyville. The programmes for the affair are out, and but a glance is necessary to show that experienced heads were instrumental in its make up. R. Hutchison, the secretary of the Association, has labored diligently to make the affair a success, and to his efforts is due the fact that $500 in valuable prizes have been donated to be contested for by members of the Association. Besides the special prizes the Association guarantees $350 in cash, distributed among the open-to-all events on the card. Inanimate targets will be used exclusively, and the A. C. A. rules will apply. There will be two sets of 5 traps, and with the substitution of the walk-around system will insure plenty of sport for a large crowd. On the last day Jim Elliott, of Kansas, who recently defeated W. C. Beck, of Indianapolis, for the champion's cup, and Ed Spencer, of Carrollton, Ill., will engage in a 100 live-bird match for $100 a side.—Unser Fritz.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 15.—Excellent pigeon shooting took place at Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch, N. J., this afternoon. The contestants were "Phil" Daly, Jr., and Edgar Murphy. Daly was beaten by five birds, Murphy killing 94 birds of the 100 shot at, while Daly disposed of 89. It was a rattling contest from start to finish. Murphy is an old-time expert with the shotgun, having won many notable contests, while this is the first match at live birds that Daly has ever shot. Before the match Murphy, on the strength of his high reputation, was a hot favorite. Not until the twentieth bird did Murphy fail to score, missing both shots at a swift in-driver. His next bird fell dead out of bounds, and the Daly contingent were in ecstacy. The unlooked for success seemed to "rattle" Daly for a time, and he failed to bring down either his twenty-second or twenty-third bird. Murphy's twenty-fourth effort was a failure, and at the end of the first twenty-five rounds the score rested even, each having missed three birds. A fast flyer on Daly's left quarter in the twenty ninth round eluded his gun, and Murphy assumed the lead once more and never again relinquished it to the finish. At the end of the first half of the match Murphy was one bird in the lead, having killed 45 to Daly's 44. At the end of the seventy-fifth round he had increased his advantage to three, and at the end of the shooting was five birds in the lead. The last bird that Murphy missed was the sixty-second, the next thirty-eight going down before his unerring aim in unbroken succession.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.—The 15 members of the Parkway Gun Club who assembled at Miller's Dexter Park to-day did some remarkably good shooting, only 28 of the 105 pigeons fired at in the regular competition getting away. Three of the contestants, J. Blake, W. Levens and Farmer Bennett, tied on full scores of 7 each for the club medal and first prize. In the shoot off Levens missed in the fifth round, the other two continuing until the ninth round, when Bennett's bird, although hit hard on second fire, dropped dead half a foot outside the rear boundary, which, under the new rule of the club, runs on a line with the outside edge of the platform. In a sweepstake which followed R. Phicker, Jr., J. Bennett, A. Andrews and J. Savage were the winners. The result: Regular club shoot, 7 birds each man, under modified Hurlingham rules, club handicap, 80yds. boundary—E. Steinheuser 3, J. Blake 7, H. Steinheuser 5, E. Helgans 6, H. Bookman 6, J. Haller 5, Branwell 5, M. Meyer 2, M. Bonden 4, A. Andrews 4, R. Phister, Jr., 6, Col. Selover 4, J. Bennett 7, J. Savage 6, W. Levens 7. Ties for first place—J. Blake 9, W. Levens 4, J. Bennett 9. Sweepstakes at 3 birds each man, ties miss and out, 25yds, rise—R. Phister 7, J. Bennett 7, E. Steinheuser 6, Col. Selover 4, H. Bookman 3, A. Andrews 2, J. Savage 2, E. Helgans 1, H. Steinheuser 1, W. Levens 0.

TORONTO, Aug. 8.—A friendly shoot took place on Stark's athletic grounds between members of the Toronto Gun Club. Sides were chosen by the president and vice-president, the shoot to be at 15 artificial birds per man, for refreshments to be paid for by the losing side:

President's.		Vice-President's.	
C H Briggs	101111111100010—10	J Rice	011010001101111— 9
C Ayre	010111001 0010— 8	T Sawdon	11111 111011110—13
W H Leardon	111101 00001101— 8	W Bugg	110001001110011— 8
G Pears	000101011101101— 8	W McDowall	100101101110011— 9
T Bayles	111101101100100—10	F Andrews	101110101100111—10
	44		49

GRANGER PICNIC AND SHOOT.—Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 14.—The West End Gun Club, of Harrisburg, Pa., will hold a five days' tournament at Williams' Grove, Cumberland county, Pa., Aug. 26-30. This is on the occasion of the Grangers' seventeenth annual picnic and exhibition. The committee have spared no pains to make this one of the greatest shoots ever held in Pennsylvania. There will be guaranteed purses each day, and liberal prizes will be given for averages. Everything possible will be done to make it pleasant for all who will attend. The grounds are located 12 miles west of Harrisburg, Pa., on the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and very low excursion rates are given on all railroads in Pennsylvania, good until the following Monday.—M. H. B.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 16.—Many of the gunners have returned from their summer vacations, as was shown from the increased attendance at the grounds of the Wellington club to-day. In the third merchandise match for the month, at 10 singles and five pair hubs, Perry was first with 17. The other scores in this match were: Bennett, 16; Warren, Bradstreet and Amsden, 15; White, Weaver and Gore, 14; Purdy, 13; Walker and Melcher, 12; Bond and Sanborn, 11. The winners in the sweepstakes follows: Six hubs—Bennett and Gore. Six bluerocks—White. Six hubs—Bennett and White. Six hubs—White. Three pair hubs—Bennett, White, Melcher and Amsden. Six hubs—Bennett. Six hubs—Bennett and Lee. Six hubs—Amsden and Bond. Six hubs—White, Sanborn and Lee. Three pair hubs—Gore and Perry. Ten hubs, merchandise match—Bennett, White and Bradstreet. Five pair hubs, merchandise match—Perry. Six hubs—White and Gore. Three pair hubs—Bradstreet. Six hubs—Amsden and White.

ADAMS AND PARK.—Waverly, N. Y., Aug. 16.—A much talked of match between Joe Adams, the champion bird shot of Tioga county, and W. K Park, the Bradford county champion, of Athens, Pa., took place here Aug. 16, on the grounds of the Rod and Gun Club. Both contestants are members of the club and considerable rivalry existed between them, and both were backed by Waverly parties. The ground is a hard one to shoot on, as a high hill on the right and thick trees on the left make the birds difficult to "get on to." Kingbirds were used, and not a balk or broken bird occurred during the entire race. The match was as follows: Fifty single kingbirds, 3 traps, unknown angles, American Association rules, for $50. P. J. Lang judge for Adams, Dr. Tucker judge for Park; Mr. Loomis, of Brooklyn, referee:

J Adams.....1110111111101111111111111111101000111111111111—44
W K Park.....1101110111111110011110011110110111101111101011—39

KING BIRD.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

8-22. A.C.A. Meet, Jessup's Neck
23. South Boston, Open.
23. Plymouth, Cruise, Cape Cod Bay.
30. Orange, Annual.
30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Ianthe, Annual.
1. Arlington, Ann., Arlington.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.

JESSUP'S NECK.

At no previous meet has the camp sprung up and taken definite shape so rapidly as the present one; though only opened on Friday, by Sunday morning it presented the appearance of a very large camp, and now that many more tents have been pitched the view from the water is very picturesque. The first arrivals pitched their tents in a long row near the edge of the east bluff, here about 15 to 20ft. high, leaving a wide road between the tents and the bluff. In front of each encampment is a flagpole; the many club flags showing their bright colors to advantage above the white tents. Highest of all is the official signal staff, on which one signal or another is displayed at almost every hour of the day. This code, for which the Association is indebted to Com. Stanton and Mr. E. W. Brown, has already proved a great convenience, as well as a constant source of occupation to every one, and is likely to become a permanent institution. Every one in camp, ladies and children included, has a copy of the handsome little signal book, and as soon as the gun announces a new signal it is read and translated in every part of the camp. Among the most frequent messages thus sent out are the following: L, T, The mail is now ready for distribution. B. J. A notice which requires immediate attention has been posted on the bulletin board. J. W. The members of the A. C. A. are invited to an entertainment this evening, the particulars of which are posted on the bulletin board. The code of signals is quite lengthy and comprehensive, covering all the probable contingencies of races, meetings, capsizes, etc. The only difficulty encountered thus far is the amount of work imposed on the chief signal officer, as the communicant visiting yachts involves the use of the International, the Yacht and the Larchmont special code, as well as the special A. C. A. code. After two days of steady signaling Mr. Brown was threatened with an attack of nervous prostration, and Dr. G. L. Parmele was appointed First Assistant Signal Officer.

The organization of the camp is as follows: Com. Stanton is in command, with Sec'y Dunnell and members of the various committees as aids. The following officials have been appointed: Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. A. Gage, Vesper B. C.; Postmaster, D. M. Bond, Red Dragon C. C.; Bugler, H. E. Jepson, Puritan C. C.; Captain of the Guard, R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn C. C. In addition to the Officer of the Day, who has general charge of the camp, a number of pickets are appointed each day, who are stationed on the wharf, at Squaw Point and in various parts of the camp.

Trespassers are by no means uncommon, carriages drive into camp and small craft land at the wharf, bringing numbers of unwelcome guests, most of whom look on the camp as a circus, and gaze into each tent as into the cages of the animals in a menagerie. To keep out the ordinary sight-seer without discourtesy to friends of members, or others who would be welcome in camp, is a difficult matter; but past experience proves that stringent measures are necessary if a desirable degree of privacy is to be secured. Visitors from the docks or from the shore who have friends in camp are welcomed every day between 10 A. M. and colors; and many have presented themselves.

Unfortunately, like all other good locations, Jessup's Neck is by no means easy of access, and many canoeists have had difficulty in reaching the camp. The Transportation Committee, Mr. Bennett in particular, has worked hard to perfect all arrangements, but unforeseen difficulties have cropped up, overturning all the plans. The trip from New York by the steamer Shelter Island was a very easy one for those who came up to Sunday, as she landed them on the camp dock, though at the witching hour of 2 A. M. Those who came on Tuesday night, however, were less fortunate, there being so much wind and sea that the steamer refused to land for fear of injury to the rather light dock, and carried men and canoes to Sag Harbor, whence they straggled over by wagon, launch or canoe.

Even at best the steamer is only available on every other day, and many must depend on the railroad. This lands them in Sag Harbor, where more trouble awaited some, the launch originally engaged to run to that place and Greenport from the camp was not able to pay expenses at 25 cents each. Early on Monday morning the indefatigable Mr. Bennett sailed over to Sag Harbor in his boat, returning in triumph at noon with a staunch naphtha launch which he had chartered. He at once proceeded to organize the Jessup's Neck, Sag Harbor & Greenport Naphtha Transportation Co. with the following board of officers: E. W. Brown, Pres.; Dr. G. L. Parmele, first Vice-Pres; W. H. Brown, Second Vice-Pres.; M. Sherwood, Sec'y; L. B. Palmer, Ass't Sec'y; C. V. Winne, Treas.; F. L. Mix, Ass't Treas; H. Stanton, Gen'l Counsel; R. B. Burchard, Att'y; J. Johnson, Chief Engineer; R. P. Wagenan, Gen'l Pass. Agt.; Dr. Gage, Ass't Pass. Agt.; M. V. Brokaw, Gen'l Freight Agt.; W. R. Huntington, Ass't Freight Agt.; M. G. Foster, Traffic Mgr.; Wm. Whitlock, Auditor; N. D. Bill, Purchasing Agt.; Paul Butler, Advt. Agt.; R. S. Oliver, Paymaster General; H. T. Keyser, Supt. of Mails and Telegrams.

This company is doing an excellent business and is a great accommodation to the campers.

The disturbances on the railways, together with the crush of travel to the G. A. R. celebration at Boston, have complicated matters and caused much delay. A large party, some thirty in all, from Toronto, Galt, and other points in Canada, started from Toronto on Saturday, having made arrangements for a special parlor car and a freight car for their canoes. The parlor car was not forthcoming in consequence of the strike, and though, having started by the Erie R. R., the party came through with little delay, reaching Sag Harbor on Monday, the freight car was greatly delayed, not reaching Sag Harbor until late on Tuesday. A sloop was chartered, bringing over a couple of loads during the night, but it was Wednesday night before all were settled in camp. The party included Judge and Miss Dartnell, of Whitby, Messrs. Jaques, Mason, and several other members of the Toronto C. C., Mr. English, the canoe builder, of Peterboro, and the MacKendricks from Galt, with others of the Ubique C. C.

Though the first fond hopes of the Transportation Committee have by no means been realized, the arrangements are no more inconvenient than might be expected in a camp which is intentionally located in a secluded and isolated place. The perfect camp, which may be easily and certainly reached by canoeists, and yet is free from intrusion by cheap-rate excursions and similar unwelcome guests, has not yet been found.

As it is, the camp itself, it possesses most of those natural advantages which we mentioned as essential some two years since: the ground is dry and elevated, giving good drainage and a full view of the race courses; the wharf, store and mess-tent are in the center of the camp, between the main and the ladies' camp, thus separating the two. At the same time the ladies camp is convenient to the store and mess-tent. The ground is hilly and irregular, but being a smooth turf with hardly a stone, the walking is very good. There is little shade, the only trees being in the ladies' camp and on the extreme end, and these only cedars, but thus far the weather has been so cool, with cloudy skies and fresh winds, that the tents in the open have been very comfortable. In fact, it seems as if the spot had been made on purpose for an A. C. A. camp; the only possible improvement would be a few shade trees along the center of the main camp.

The beach is all that could be expected on salt water, and answers very well. The pebbles, in size from a hen's egg to a pigeon's, are not as good as sand, but being round and smooth, a canoe can be beached without damage. The tide has a rise and fall of only 2 to 3ft., and with the platforms this makes no trouble. The stages are similar to those at Stave Island and Lake George, built on short posts which raise them just above high water. Of course an inclined section, not needed on dead water, must be built to run the boats on at low tide, but this is easily made. Altogether the difficulties from the tide have proved less formidable at Jessup's Neck than at any other of the many points visited by the site committee.

On Monday the wind was strong from the west, working to N.W. by night and threatening another thunder squall as on Sunday. Early in the morning Vice-Com. Brokaw took charge of a three pole tent, 80×40ft., sent up from New York, and with a large and efficient force of amateur "canvas men" to aid (especially to advise) the old mess tent was taken down and the new one securely pitched in its place, the floors being extended and more tables built.

The day was spent in putting the various encampments in order, unpacking boats and sails, and greeting the new arrivals as they came in.

During the morning a scrub race was sailed over two rounds of the 1½ mile triangle, Com. Stanton setting the buoys early in the day. Among the starters were Messrs. Butler, Goddard and G. P. Douglas. Mr. Goddard, in the old Blanche, was the winner, with Mr. Douglas second.

This camp has one new and pleasant feature, it is readily accessible for large yachts, and they are arriving and departing at all times. On Monday the schooner Phantom, Mr. Parmele, N. Y. Y. C., anchored off the camp for several hours, her owner and family coming ashore. Nymph, of the Larchmont Y. C., was also off the camp. A small sloop came in from Bridgeport with several canoeists on board and a canoe in tow, having met with heavy weather Sunday night. On Tuesday the schooner Tidal Wave came in, also the sloops Emmy C., of the Newark Y. C., Frolic and Arab, Atlantic Y. C., and the little cutter Beth, the latter flying the colors of the Corinthian Y. C. Elfin, schr., Vice-Com. Jackson, Larchmont Y. C., also paid a visit, and Lotowana, Mr. Foster's cutter, came in for the night.

On Monday night a camp-fire was lighted at headquarters, most of the music being furnished by the Yonkers C. C. During the night a strong wind blew from the north, working around to N.E. by morning, with a cloudy sky that lasted all day. Among the arrivals were some members of the Yonkers C. C. with the big war canoe Ko-ko-ko-ho.

A very unpleasant arrival was a big working sloop from Sag Harbor, with a barber's pole over the stern and a bar on deck, which anchored during the morning close in shore and directly in front of headquarters. She deliberately lowered and unbent her mainsail and converted it into an awning, expecting to remain permanently. A request from the commodore that she should leave the camp was entirely disregarded, but after staying for a day and finding no custom, the mainsail was bent again and she weighed anchor.

The abundance of white pebbles and beautiful scollop shells along the beach has opened a new industry in camp, and some of the club camps are ornamented by very artistic decorations. In front of the Red Dragon camp is a huge dragon, built of various colored shells set in the sand, the tongue and claws being of yellow pebbles. Standing out from a red background of powdered bricks, the design is quite effective. A sign near by requests visitors not to poke or feed the animal. This ambitious work of art is located at the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets, as an improvised lamp post indicates on its faces. Underneath the lamp is a short section of the characteristic Philadelphia brick gutter and the deceitful "soft brick".

The next camp, that of the Puritan C. C., boasts a similar ornament, a *fac simile* of a Pilgrim ship, the hull of scollop shells, the spars and sails artistically marked in white pebbles, and the water indicated by dark brown stones. The name Mayflower is worked in white pebbles, with a border of pebbles and large land crab shells. On Thursday the Puritans ornamented the corner of Beacon street, on which their camp is located, with the only original Plymouth rock, whereupon the Dragons at once procured a large stump, warranted to be that of Penn's Treaty Tree, and planted it beside their guardian spirit.

The Ianthe camp has the club flag worked out in pebbles, while the Vesper club has neatly laid out its entire camp with pebble walks. As usual the Vespers have one of the best locations and the neatest camp at the meet; they pitched in a small grove at the extreme end of the grassy part of the Neck and some distance from the main camp. The club workshop is again a feature and proves a convenience to many. The Vesper fleet has its customary display of some of the best canoes in camp.

Tuesday was cool and cloudy, with a strong N.E. wind. Beyond the arrival of the yachts mentioned and a number of canoeists, the day passed without incident. Wednesday opened with a stronger east wind and quite a sea in the main front of the camp. But few canoes were out, the Vesper Club being the best represented. Mr. Taylor, a novice, was doing some fine sailing, his canoe nearly leaping out of the water as she ran before the seas, when his main yard broke and over he went. The only war canoe in camp is the Ko-ko-ko-ho, and in the evening she was out with a party of ladies. A camp-fire was held in the main camp and one in the ladies' camp. During the evening the wind shifted to west, and though a little rain fell during the night, Thursday dawned with a bright sky and warm sun, a great change from the previous days. The wind was light and the water smooth enough to tempt even the ladies to launch their canoes. During the morning the sloops Arrow and Circe, and the schooner Comet visited the camp, and Nymph anchored for a time in the afternoon. During the day a rather puffy westerly breeze made good sailing, the water being quite smooth, and a number of the cracks were out, Messrs. Butler, Gage, Gedney, Ford Jones, Oxholm, Goddard, Palmer, Douglas, Brazier and Forrest. There were comparatively few arrivals during the day. The camp is full of a sort of field mouse, a very tame little animal that runs in and out of the tents and under the tent floors. One tent boasts a tame specimen, while in front of the publication office of the *Daily Disturber* is another in a wire cage. In the evening the Vesper B. C. gave a camp-fire, to which the entire camp was invited—and went. The camp, with its pebbled space, around which the tents were grouped in the form of a horseshoe, was brightly lighted with colored lanterns, showing the many bright flags against a deep blue sky, in which the stars were shining, while on each side of the narrow neck was a wide expanse of dark rippling water. About the big camp-fire of fragrant cedar logs were grouped a party of nearly 150, including many ladies. With a full chorus, and an orchestra composed of banjos, guitars, mandolins and a cornet, there was plenty of music. Refreshments, including unlimited candy for the ladies, were handed around by the hosts. The meeting broke up about 10:30, after a very pleasant evening.

While it is too soon yet to make any definite plans for next year there is some talk of Lake Champlain as the site for the general meet, which goes to the Eastern Division. It would of course be unsatisfactory to follow the present meet by another on salt water near Newport or Boston, or along the north shore of Long Island Sound; and a meet on Champlain would be as convenient as any that could be held within the borders of the Eastern Division for the Canadian members.

The Northern Division, whose meet lately closed at the Lake of the Two Mountains, near Montreal, have under discussion a plan for a good cruising meet in Georgian Bay next year. These waters are unsurpassed for such a cruise, and it would by its novelty attract many. The many islands make it possible to lay out various routes each day, so that those who choose to may proceed slowly to the end of a day's run by a direct line, while for the fast paddlers and sailors a longer route around the islands will be selected. A steam launch will probably accompany the fleet as a tender. The Atlantic Division has not yet held its meeting, but will probably do so on Monday night. No plans have been made yet for the Division meet.

The races do not begin until Monday, but some of the prizes are already on exhibition at headquarters, the sailing trophy, now held by Mr. Jones, the paddling trophy, held by Mr. Torrance, and the Pecowsic cup, held by Dr. Gage. Com. Stanton has presented two very handsome cups of copper and silver, for the combined race, as first and second prizes.

The camp now boasts a barber shop presided over by a real tonsorial professor, and also a dark room for the photographers, of whom there are either fewer than usual, or the general use of the detective camera makes their work less conspicious. A few years ago it was no uncommon sight to see half a dozen tripods set up around some unoffending canoeist who had fallen into a too striking attitude.

In spite of a threatened thunder storm on Thursday night, Friday proved clear and warm, the pleasantest day since the meet began. Com. Stanton, who had been called away to New York on Wednesday, leaving Vice-Com. Brokaw in charge of the camp, returned early on Friday morning. Under his direction a ladies' paddling race was arranged. The race was called at 11 A. M., the course being from the flagship Vandal to the dock. Four canoes started, each manned by two ladies using double blades. The race was quite exciting, the leading boat, paddled by Misses MacKendrick and Sherwood, winning by a length.

The camp offers such facilities for amusement in the way of canoeing, yachting, and bathing that no one is ever idle. Many of the cracks are afloat, sailing over the triangle or spurting along shore in the light paddling canoes, of which there are a number of new boats built to the limit, 16×28, and over 40lbs. weight. Yachts, catboats and launches are constantly coming and going, bringing visitors to the camp, and carrying off parties from Squaw Point on various expeditions to Sag Harbor, Greenport, and other places. Canoes with select parties of two are afloat off the beach at all times. The bathing is very fine, the water being clear and warm, and many avail themselves of the chance for a salt bath. The fishing is very good, weakfish being plentiful, though bluefish, which are usually found off the point of the Neck, are scarce just now. The beaches and woods offer pleasant walks, and the views from the bluff to the west of the camp, or from the point of the spit, is well worth the journey.

Taken altogether, the camp is a very pleasant one. The long dock is quite a fashionable promenade in the evening, being neutral ground between the forbidden precincts of Squaw Point and the main camp.

Though not so boisterous as Lake Champlain, Jessup's Neck is a perfect blow hole, the wind is never still, and the sailmen have had nothing to grumble at thus far. It is a curious fact that the wind has been from moderate to strong all through the meet until the signal flags were set for the first race on Saturday, when the S.W. breeze of the morning fell to a calm. Fortunately it did not last long, and a good breeze set in before the start. On Friday evening a camp-fire was held at Squaw Point.

Among the craft that have visited the camp or are here with their owners are Mr. Jones's auxiliary naphtha launch Etcetera, Dr. Wilson's new auxiliary Duplex, Mr. Bishop's canoe yawl Buster, 15×5ft., Mr. Frederick's canoe yawl Wraith, formerly Penguin.

Saturday was a busy day in camp, with arrivals every hour by land or water, some driving over from Sag Harbor at midnight. The first event, the club race, was called in the afternoon, being won by the Yonkers C. C. In the evening a fine naphtha launch, the Katrina, came in from Norwich, with a large party of Eastern Division men on board.

All through Saturday night the wind blew heavily from N. E., and men were busy with guy ropes and tent pins. On Sunday the wind went to the west again, but blew very hard, rolling up a surf on the west shore and sending the big seas across the waters to the east of the camp. In the morning services were held in the Ladies' Camp, and the day passed very quietly. Chairman French of the regatta committee arrived late on Sunday night.

This year, with a larger attendance than ever before, a very decided change in the composition of the camp is noticeable. The third meet of the Association at Lake George in 1882 was marked by a large influx of new members, chief among them being the new Mohican club; in fact it was not until this meet that the Association really extended its growth beyond the small circle which formed it and constituted the attendance in 1880-81. In the following year the first Canadian meet, at Stony Lake, exerted a similar influence in what has since become the Northern Division, and a very large number of Canadians were added to the roll.

These two meets brought out many new racers, and started a strong rivalry between the clubs which are rapidly forming in all parts of the country. The fame of the camps and the races also extended beyond the circle of active canoeists, and canoeing became better known to the general public than it ever had been before. The men who came into canoeing at Lake George in 1881

and Stony Lake in 1883, the Mohican, Rochester, Toronto, Rondout, Pittsburgh, Knickerbocker, Newburgh, Springfield, Unique and Ottawa clubs, made a point of attending the meets for some years, and formed the main body, about which new recruits gathered at the three famous meets at Grindstone Island. Year after year the same men pitched their tents in the same places on the hillside, and entered against each other in the races, the club organizations being but little changed. As time goes on, however, and men grow older, great changes have occurred, and this year they are specially marked in the absence of many familiar faces and the presence of a very large number of new and younger men.

Among those present are: Gen. Oliver, E. B. Edwards, F. L. Mix, W. B. Wackerhagen, F. F. Andrews, C. B. Vaux, H. T. Keyser, R. J. Wilkin, J. G. Edwards and W. P. Stephens. Of these only one, Mr. Stephens, was present at the first meet in 1880. On Sunday two more who were present at that time visited the camp, Messrs. L. Q. Jones and W. W. Cooke. Among the most notable absentees are: Messrs. Gibson, Phil Wackerhagen, now in Racine, Wis.; Chas. M. Shedd, now in Washington Territory; B. W. Richards, now in California; Major Fairtlough, now in India; R. W. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, who was unable to be present on account of illness. Many of the old clubs, such as the Pittsburgh, Newburgh and Rochester, have few or no representatives this year; but others, like the Mohicans, have sent a large delegation of young members, who promise to take the places of the older in time. Besides there are more new clubs than ever before, the Yonkers, Ianthe, Puritan and Red Dragon have each a goodly number, while clubs hitherto unrepresented have pitched their tents on the Neck.

From so large an attendance a big entry list is certain. Among the racers now in camp are Butler, with Fly and Wasp; Gage, with the Owl; Brazer, with a new Elida; Goddard, with the old racer Blanche; Quick, with the Uno; Oxholm, with the Beta; Vaux, with the new Everson Bonnie; Howard, with the Toltec; Nadal, with the Pterodacty]; Palmer, with the Bat; Forrest, with the new Joyner, Dimple No. 4; Ward, with the Seabright; Dunnell, with the Eclipse; Anderson, with the Teaser; Elliott, with the Truant; Whitlock, with the Queen; Ford Jones, with the Canuck; G. MacKendrick, with a new "Mac;" and Harry MacKendrick, with a new "Chum." The new paddling trophy has brought out a number of new and handsome paddling canoes in addition to the sailing craft.

One fact is already plain, the sliding seat is the most effective method of twisting and straining a racing craft that has yet been devised, and it is likely to cause a radical change in canoe construction. It does not need an expert to see that with a canoe weighing 60 to 100lbs., and a man weighing 130 to 170lbs, seated on a plank extending 2ft. beyond the side of the canoe, and with all the sail that can be crowded on, the light little shell must suffer severely in the weakest part, the waist. In one canoe the planking on the bilge has been started by the pressure of a brace under the seat; in another the deck has been split, and evidences of straining are frequent. Capsizes, too, are more frequent this year, which may be laid to three causes, clumsy handling of the deck seat, breaking down of the seat, and big mizens. When a sliding seat does break there is something to follow, the man is likely to drop 50ft. or so into the drink, ending his chances. The big mizens, too, require much more skillful and careful handling as the size has grown from 20 to 60 or 70ft. One canoe, the No. 3 Dimple, carries two sails of 75ft. each. With such a rig, or even a much smaller mizen, a jibe is anything but the easy and simple matter that it once was, and many come to grief on the jibe.

On Sunday evening Mr. Emil Knappe, of Springfield, came into camp in a 14x40 canoe with 100ft. of sail, having left New London at 5 A. M. and crossed the Sound, having met some heavy water on this side. During the night the wind blew very heavily from W., dropping about 2 A. M. after a terrible blast, and then coming out of the north. The morning was cloudy and at colors rain began, causing a postponement of the unlimited race, set for 10 o'clock. By noon, however, the rain had ceased but left a calm.

As there was no wind the paddling race was called at noon, bringing out twenty-four starters, Mr. Carnegie winning after a hot race. After dinner the unlimited sailing race was called, but after the fleet was at the line the race was postponed and the tandem paddling substituted, there being no wind. This race was won by J. N. and H. F. MacKendrick.

In the evening the annual meetings of the Atlantic and Eastern Divisions were held, the following officers being elected: Atlantic Division, Vice-Com., I. V. Dorland, Arlington, N. J.; Rear Com., E. D. Anderson, Trenton, N. J.; Purser, Richard Hobart, Newark, N. J.; Executive Committee, H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y., and H. M. Kraemer, Philadelphia. The Eastern Division had forty members present, representing twelve clubs. The officers elected are: Vice-Com., James W. Cartwright, Boston, Mass.; Rear Com., Dr. G. L. Parmele, Hartford, Conn.; Purser, Raymond Appollonio, Winchester, Conn.; Executive Committee, Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; E. S. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.; Dr. S. Bishop, Bridgeport, Conn.

At 9 P. M. a meeting of the executive committee was held, at which Mr. W. U. Lawson, of Lowell, Mass., was elected commodore, and Mr. Ralph F. Brazer, the retiring purser of the Eastern Division, was elected secretary-treasurer. The committee also passed an amendment to the sailing rules prohibiting standing rigs after this year. During the evening a large camp-fire was given by the Mohican C. C. in front of its camp on the bluff.

THE W. C. A. MEET, BALLAST ISLAND.

ANOTHER year has rolled by and, without the aid of telescope or more effect than was required to "get there," the members of the W. C. A. have located another bright star in the gathering constellation at Ballast Island. The memory of this miniature emerald isle has a fond resting place in many good hearts, and as the time for our annual sojourn comes around we gladly bow our heads to the scenes left behind and head our bows for this snug harbor. Those who have not experienced it, cannot appreciate the quiet pleasure derived from meeting here each successive year our tried and faithful comrades, and further cementing the bonds of true fellowship. God bless all the Ballast Island boys, for they are true-hearted, every one of them.

The members of the W. C. A. are rather proud of the stability of their home, and one and all are loyal to good old Ballast. No "off with the old love and on with the new" here. We know our home this year will welcome us the coming season, and we are spared the feelings of a peripatetic house-renter, such as to a certain extent must come to our brethren of the A. C. A. in their yearly migrations. Then, too, the labors of our various Committees are much lightened, certainly a desirable factor of vacation time.

Our family is not large, but it is closely knit together, and from that comes true enjoyment. No clique is tolerated there, and club factions are an unknown quantity. Stranger canoeists are ever heartily welcome, and some of our most loyal members of to-day became so largely owing to the cordial greeting extended to them on their first visit.

As regards the number in camp this year, it was rather smaller than usual. Chicago usually sends down a solid delegation, but did not break up fairly this year, a number of her most active canoeists being unable to come. Dayton also dwindled in her representation, and Toledo deserted us entirely. Cincinnati also fell behind in her attendance, and the death of Judge Longworth of this city robbed us of a comrade whose place no one can fill. Many times was the "Skipper" spoken of, and oftener thought of.

This year brought out still more class C. canoes, until now they are in the majority. The class B. captains might resent it should I speak of this tendency as a possible illustration of the survival of the fittest, and yet when cruising time comes these same class B. fellows seem very willing to leave their craft on the dock and accept an invitation to ship as crew on the larger craft. Ye Gods of wind and water; think of it. Resigning a captaincy for the position of deck hand! To a certain extent this tendency to larger craft is to be deplored, for the smaller classes are the only true canoes, although the owner of a 16x40 stoutly claimed that it could be efficiently paddled. His entry for the paddling races must have been misplaced, for it could not be found anywhere.

However, for the waters of Lake Erie, and in fact for all open water cruising a class C. canoe is beginning to be accepted as the acme of comfort, and the squally weather this year demonstrated fully their staunch qualities and general weatherlines. With a gale blowing and the lake one mass of white-caps, they would start out under reefed sail and disappear to windward like magic.

In order that the canoes of both classes can be brought together in an amiable rivalry, and full opportunity be afforded to demonstrate any possible superiority of one class over the other, a movement has been started to make one of the cup races, perhaps the W. C. A. Trophy, open to all classes. If so arranged, this race should result in the evolution of the most perfect type of canoe for Ballast Island waters, and it is safe to say that it would be a good, all-around craft.

The same complaint was made this year in regard to the racing programme—too long. Next year there will probably be but three sailing races, the Gardner Cup, the Longworth Cup and the Trophy. However, it is proposed to sail each of these races in three heats. In each heat, points will be awarded similar to the methods now used for record events, and the canoe scoring the most points in the three heats will be the winner of the cup. Races are to be called at the exact time previously announced for them, without regard to the weather, and it is this fact that is to a great extent depended on to bring out the best all-around boat.

The weather this year was exceedingly erratic, and most of the time anything but true canoe weather; many of the winds being squally and very uncomfortable to sail in, with perhaps an occasional day of flat calm thrown in to strike a general average. This same fitful wind prohibited the annual carnival, to which a number of guests had been invited. When the appointed evening came the lake was in no mood to be trifled with, and the gale of wind blowing prevented even a decoration of camp with the lanterns.

In the way of rig and fittings there was but little that was new or startling. Two canoes came to camp fitted with athwartship tillers and next year will see more of them. A number of the canoes appeared with the lowering topmast rig, but did nothing to indicate its superiority, and in fact it does not commend itself as the ideal sail. One canoe was rigged with leg-of-mutton sails made with a fair amount of draft, and proved her general ability by winning the Longworth Cup.

The annual business meeting resulted in the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., D. H. Crane, Chicago; Vice-Com., N. B. Cook, Chicago; Rear-Com., O. A. Woodruff, Dayton; Secy.-Treas., J. H. Ware, Chicago. Just why so many plums were captured by Chicago is not apparent, unless it be that that city has the Cook and therefore knew best what part of the cake to help itself to. The above officers, together with C. J. Stedman, G. H. Gardner and W. H. Huntington, comprise the Executive Committee.

The hop, held on Thursday night of the second week, proved a great success, for not only did all enjoy themselves, but a fair amount was cleared above all expenses. This year the Hop was held at Wehrle's, the music being furnished by the Great Western Band of Sandusky. Good music, a smooth, spacious floor, not orowded, and a perfect night, all combined to make a success of it. At about 2 o'clock in the morning, the return was made to Ballast, but not to sleep. This proved the chosen night of the "Kit-Kats," and although their old chief was not with them, yet the old adage "a bad penny always turns up" proved its truthfulness, for "Penny" did turn up and led the braves to the onslaught. Many a charge was made that night, on the slate, and the dust was bitten by many a poor creature, sand-flies principally. Some of the more sedate heads in camp denounced the painting of the Island red as a cardinal sin, and it may be that next year the Commodore will be expected to restrain any such excess of spirits.

The races began on Tuesday of the first week, and should have been disposed of in time to leave the entire second week for cruising, but the wretched weather caused the posponement of a number of the events, making them borrow two days from the second week. Most of the races proved close and well contested, and afforded much pleasure to the contestants as well as the spectators. The free-for-all race has heretofore been sailed twice around the Island, but this year was changed to twice around the regular course, and gave much satisfaction.

The following is a brief summary of the race:

Class 1, paddling, was won by C. F. Pennewell, of Detroit; O. A. Woodruff, of Dayton, second.

The upset race was won by Nat. H. Cook, of Chicago.

The novice race and consolation race were sailed as one, the winner being D. E. Mead, Jr., of Dayton, a novice who demonstrated his ability by beating some of the old heads. J. O. Shiras, of Cincinnati, was second.

The trophy race was sailed in a stiff northeaster and the course was altered to keep the canoes out of the big seas as much as possible. Leaving everything to port, the course was around the "Umbrella Tree" Buoy, thence to the channel stake between Buckeye and Lost Island, and to the home buoy off the dock. Entries were as follows: N. B. Cook, Carrier Pigeon; G. H. Gardner, Ah Tarez; H. Root, Showandasse; T. S. Gates, Isabel; and J. O. Shiras, Katydid. The wind made the boys attend to their "knitting," but made a lively race of it. As the pace became too hot all gradually dropped out excepting Cook and Gardner, who kept fairly close together. On the third round Cook capsized in jibing around the outer buoy, leaving Gardner to sail it out alone. At the time of capsizing Cook had a fair lead and might have saved the race had he taken the precaution to tack. In this race all canoes crossed the line reefed down, but one by one shook out their full canvas as their desire to get there was stimulated by the rivalry. Mr. Gardner sailed a good race and got all the speed possible out of his boat. Mr. Cook was hampered by his light weight and consequent inability to hold his boat up.

In the Longwood Cup race Charles Weeks and D. H. Ware came into collision on the first round, and before they could clear away the wreckage were far behind and so dropped out, leaving Bartlett and Nat Cook to finish it. On the third round Cook parted his main halliard while in the lead, and lost 3m. 48s. before getting under way again. Col. Bartlett held his lead well thus gained, and Cook had to be satisfied with second place. The other races were:

Paddling, Class 2—J. S. Gates first, D. E. Mead, Jr., second.
Paddling, Class 3—O. A. Woodruff first, C. F. Pennewell second.
Sailing and Paddling—O. A. Woodruff first, B. M. King, second.
Capsize—N. H. Cook first, O. A. Woodruff second.

Protest was entered against C. F. Pennewell in regard to the record on account of his not "paddling his own canoe." It was sustained, making record stand as follows: First, O. A. Woodruff, 190 points; second, N. B. Cook, 120; third, T. S. Gates, 110; fourth, G. H. Gardner, 80; fifth, D. E. Mead, Jr., and B. M. King, both 40 points.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.

ISLE CADIEUX, Aug. 7.—Every A. C. A. meet must of course have its special feature, and whatever question there may be as to what constitutes the special feature of other meets, there can be none that the first eastern meet of the Northern Division, which to-morrow comes to an end, was peculiarly remarkable for thunderstorms. They were not nice little evolutions of cloud land with a few theatrical flashes of lightning, an odd rumble and a few drops of rain either; they were veritable cloud bursts and cyclones, without the slightest regard for the comfort or convenience of the campers, and they interfered seriously with every single attempt toward organized enjoyment. Stave Island was a wet meet, and it blew there sometimes, but the Stave Island rain was the falling of dew drops, and the Stave Island breezes were gentle zephyrs compared to those which visited Isle Cadieux.

The site of the camp is the western extremity of Isle Cadieux, a long, narrow, much indented island, which juts far out into the waters of the Lake of Two Mountains, about midway between Como and Vaudeville. The headquarters dock is located upon the narrow neck which divides the island from the mainland, and the camp ground is a well elevated promontory of stony land, dotted by a few fine maple and oak trees, and connected with the island by a neck of marshy land, one side of which is well wooded. The ladies' camp is located on a beautiful little bay about half a mile from headquarters, and midway between the two is the mess tent, a fine big pavillion, which Mr. Seavey would be inclined to utilize for other than dining purposes if he were here. The camp is in every particular a pretty one; there is a good background for the tents, immediately in front of it the wide waters of the lake spread out to the blue mountains of Oka, the ground has remained dry in spite of all the rain, and the harbor is a good one.

The first man in camp was Harry MacKendrick, with his new Chum, and the little racing machine he calls his paddling canoe. The new forty pound rule has had its effect upon this canoe, for two bulkheads and a keelson have been put into her, and an open canoe with bulkheads is a decidedly new departure, but then bulkheads weigh more than quarter inch cross braces. By July 30, however, there were a goodly number of men in camp, including several Ottawa men. The mess tent was in good running order, and the first service under the trees was well attended.

On Monday half a dozen tents went up, and there were quite a number of men in camp to loaf about headquarters and eat three tremendous meals a day. From the very first the camp caterer showed that it was not his intention to eclipse that famous Long Island mess of unpleasant memory, and in spite of wind and storm, three good substantial, palatable, and what is more, nicely served meals, were disposed of every day. There has been no attempt made to rival a second-class railway restaurant, but there has been a good solid breakfast at 7, a good cold lunch at 1 o'clock, and a three-course dinner in the evening, and if any one grumbled it was because he did not know any better. All through the first week new men and old came dropping into camp. The Scotts, accompanied by three ladies, came in on Tuesday. On this occasion, as upon others, they did not cruise the whole distance to camp, but they did cruise sixty miles down the Ottawa in two open canoes, with the ladies on board. The Oolah, Mr. N. Dwedney Jones's pretty little steam launch, came in on the same day, with three Ottawas on board, and her crew put up the tent, which was at once the envy of the rest of the camp, and the center of it in a social sense. On Wednesday a party of three Ottawas cruised in under the lead of Mr. W. McL. Manigny, whose gray hairs have not abated in the slightest his enthusiasm for the cruising canoe, and he proved that he not only believed in, but could handle his craft by bringing her through a thunderstorm which struck his little fleet off Oka, in full view of the camp, in fine form.

The most sensational arrival during this first week was, however, that of Dr. Douglas. It was a lovely moonlight night and the camp was lounging about the camp-fire, resting after a big hustle with a thunderstorm, when into the center of the firelight marched the vice-commodore of the A. C. A. He had paddled up from St. Anns, after a long railway journey, with no better knowledge of the situation of the camp than the fragmentary instructions of the lockmen, bringing with him his whole camping equipage for a two weeks outing, in the little Perdita, a decked log canoe of only 22in. beam. She is a very pretty and graceful boat, and the way her captain paddles her is such as to make many a younger man envious.

The first week was mainly spent in wrestling with thunderstorms, but there were a couple of interesting cruises of the picnic variety, one in particular, to the Indian village of Oka and the great Trappist monastery above it, being a very interesting one. There was more time spent in monkeying about the tents, in chatting under the flies and in concocting cooling drinks, however, and indeed the weather was so changeable that it was hardly safe to go very far from camp, if dry beds were considered desirable.

On Aug. 2, however, the quiet of the camp was pretty well broken, for this was the day of the Point Claire Boat Club regatta, which had been specially arranged for to suit the convenience of the A. C. A. men. Nearly a dozen canoes cruised down in the morning, and the camp steamer and barge went down in the afternoon with a large party on board.

The principal races of the day, which possessed more than local interest, were the canoe and skiff sailing races, the tandem and the four paddling races. The sailing race was a match between the big two and three men canoes, into which the St. Lawrence skiff has developed, sailing under their own rules; and the canoe pure and simple sailing under A. C. A. rules. Up to the last moment it was expected that the fastest up-river skiffs would come down to sail against Wallace in the Freyja, but not one of them turned up, and only two first-class skiffs, the Freyja, W. J. Wallace, and the Jean A., C. Monserat, both of Point Claire, entered against five decked canoes. The Mac, W. S. MacKendrick, Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; Mab, C. Archibald, Pointe Claire C. C.; Chum, Harry MacKendrick, Galt C. C.; Aloha, H. McLean, Pointe Claire C. C.; Isis, D. A. Poe, Pointe Claire C. C. In all thirteen boats and canoes started in this race, the largest fleet ever sent across the line on Lake St. Louis, and a fine sight it was. There was hardly a breath of air at the start, but a light breeze from the southeast sprang up shortly after the gun fired, and the fleet began to string out.

The Freyja took the lead from the first, with the Mac close behind her, and these two led the fleet straight around, with the Mab a good third. The Freyja beat the Mac 3m. 30s. elapsed time, on a five mile course, but as she allowed her 4m. 30s. on a length over all measurement basis, the Mac won the pennant for the best corrected time over the course, and a handsome piece of plate for her victory in her own class.

For the tandem single blade paddling race, two Western crews—the MacKendrick brothers and Messrs. Muntz and Lightburn, entered against three Eastern crews, Messrs. G. H. Duggan and E. Shearwood, F. Stewart and F. Fairbanks, and H. and C. Routh. This was the first time for some years that a thoroughly representative Western team had paddled on Lake St. Louis, and the greatest interest was taken in the race. Duggan and Shearwood, the winners of the Lachine cups, and of every tandem race on Lake St. Louis, came in easy winners, the Rouths were second, and the MacMendricks third. In the "four in a canoe" race the Western team also won.

After the regatta the St. Lawrence Y. C. cruise to camp began, and the steamers Nereid, Iris, Windemere and another took in tow the Valda, Lulu, Minnie A., Freyja and Kathleen. It was late when the fleet with the A. C. A. barge in the lead got into camp, as the channel into camp is unlighted, but a good dinner was awaiting in the mess tent, and it was late when the camp went to bed that night. An unfortunate incident of the tow up was that the Mab got under the bobstay of a yacht and had her side crushed in.

On Sunday morning the St. Lawrence Y. C. burgee was hoisted on the main staff under the Association flag, for the club was the guest of the Association, and the camp settled down to enjoy itself. There was a very beautiful and solemn service under the trees at 11, and the day would have been one of perfect rest and serenity had it not been for the inevitable thunder storm in the afternoon, which interfered sadly with the departure of certain of the guests of the camp. During this Sunday there must have been fully two hundred visitors in camp, and once a hundred members and the St. Lawrence Y. C. men were under canvas.

On Monday morning the racing commenced, the paddling races being put on as follows:

Event No. 1, record decked paddling:

Chum, H. MacKendrick, Galt C. C.	1
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, R. C. Y. C.	2
Aloha, H. McLean, P. C. C. C.	3
Isis, D. A. Poe, P. C. C. C.	4

Event No. 2, record open paddling:

R. G. Muntz, Argonaut B. C.	1
F. L. Girdwood, St. Ann's B. C.	2

Event No. 7, paddling tandem:

H. T. MacKendrick and L. Girdwood	1
G. H. Duggan and F. Shearwood, St. L. Y. C.	2
H. Routh and C. Routh, L. St. L. C. C.	3
F. Stewart and F. Fairbanks, L. St. L. C. C.	4
R. G. Muntz and F. I. Lightburn	5

This completed the racing for that day, as a heavy thunderstorm came on in the afternoon, and the Nereid went ashore and was bilged.

On Tuesday morning the Volda, the flagship of the St. Louis Y. C. left camp, and from the main dock the canoeists cheered her lustily as she went past. The first race put on was

Event No. 3, combined sailing and paddling, three miles in all, paddle and sail alternate half miles:

Mac, W. G. MacKendrick	1
Chum, H. F. MacKendrick	2
Flying Scud, M. L. Williams	3
Nereid, P. Sherwood	4
——, L. Girdwood	5
——, P. D. Scott	6

Record sculling, four and a half miles:

Mab, C. Archibald, P. C. C. C.	1
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, P. C. Y. C.	2
Chum, H. F. MacKendrick, Galt	3
Allie, W. H. Warren, L. St. L. C. C.	4
Flying Scud, M. L. Williams, P. C. C. C.	Withdrew.
Aloha, H. McLean, P. C. C. C.	Capsized.
Isis, D. A. Poe, P. C. C. C.	Withdrew.
Ivey, F. McCallum, P. C. C. C.	Withdrew.
——, F. T. Girdwood, St. Ann's	Withdrew
Iolanthe, W. M. T. Mainguy, Ottawa	Withdrew.

In the afternoon the 7½ mile race for the Orillia cup was put on and six boats, Mab, Mac, Chum, Isis, Mona and Banshee, A. Adamson, of Ottawa, started. There was a strong breeze from the west and a great black thunderstorm was rising swiftly in that direction when the gun was fired. Isis went away with the lead, but Mab and Mac passed her on the run, and Chum took third place on the reach. Two rounds were sailed with no great alteration in the position of the boats, excepting that as the wind fell lighter the Mab dragged out her reefs, and as she was the only boat in the fleet that could do this she increased her lead considerably. While the third round was being sailed the thunderstorm came down and every boat in the fleet went over from the pressure of the breeze on her flapping sails. It was a veritable cyclone while it lasted and a sea was raised which, when the size of the water stretch which supplied it is considered, was simply tremendous. The Mona was sufficiently close to camp to run in before the squall struck, Mab was also close inshore and got in without any harm befalling her. Mac and Chum were well outside, however, and Isis was capsized at the West Buoy, and the crews of the first two boats took refuge in a barge which had been manned by the men ashore to go to the sailormen's rescue. Isis was paddled ashore with a broken down rig. The only canoe at all seriously injured was the Mac, which went ashore and was seriously bruised.

It rained that night, but a large party from camp went down to Vaudreuil to a dance given in honor of the A. C. A. by Mr. Wm. Cassets at his beautiful summer residence there.

On Wednesday it blew too hard to get the sailing races off, but there was a hurry-scurry, won by Harry MacKendrick, and a tug of war, which was won by a mixed crew streked by Girdwood. The enforced idleness of the canoeists was taken advantage of to get through the general meeting. After a good deal of discussion the nominating committee agreed to recommend that the next of the division meets should be a cruising meet, and although nothing was decided as to details this decision was arrived at mainly because the camp had fallen in love with a more elaborate scheme for a grand cruise among the islands that fringe the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, from Pentanguishene to the French River, which has been prepared by Mr. I. N. MacKendrick, of Galt. The general meeting approved of the cruising meet idea and unanimously indorsed the recommendations of the committee.

The officers for the year elected were as follows: Vice-Com., Col. W. H. Cotton, Kingston; Rear-Com., I. G. Edwards, Lindsay;

Purser, C. E. L. Parteous, Kingston; Executive Committee, F. H. Gisborne, Ottawa, and Colin Fraser, Toronto.

On Thursday the Orillia cup race was sailed, *pro forma*, for it had really been lost and won on the day of the big blow, and as Mac, Chum and Mona had left camp when the race started, Mab had nothing to beat but the old Inez, Mr. F. McCallum. Mab took 2.40 to sail the race in a light wind, and beat her competitor by about two miles. The lead Mab secured in the two rounds sailed on the day of the storm was, however, such as to have insured her the race in all human probability, had it not been stopped. Mr. Archibald not only sailed very pluckily, beating a faster boat by good handling and a good working rig, but he faced a disaster which would have taken the heart out of most men, and afterward managed in one day, to get his boat well repaired and into camp in fit order to win a race. His success is well deserved.

In all 74 members and 230 guests registered at the camp during the two weeks, and the camp was a pleasant one in spite of the tremendous storms, the rain and the fact that there was a great deal of physical illness and mental depression. To a far greater extent than has perhaps ever been known before, the work of preparing for and carrying through this meet has fallen upon the vice-commodore, Mr. N. J. White, and the purser, Mr. C. M. Whitlaw, and they fulfilled their arduous duties in a manner that was admirable.

Under the new record rule only two men gained a place in it, W. G. MacKendrick coming first with 18 points out of a possible 20, H. MacKendrick second with 17 points.

IANTHE C. C.—The sixth annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will take place from the club house on the Passaic River, foot of Grafton avenue, Woodside, Labor Day, Sept. 1, at 2:30 P. M. Programme of races: Event 1, paddling, any canoe. Exempt from "one man one canoe" rule. Event 2, sailing, record event. Event 3, sailing, juniors, record event. Event 4, sailing and paddling combined. Event 5, sailing, maneuvering and upset. Event 6, paddling, record event. Event 7, paddling, juniors, record event. Event 8, paddling tandem. Canoes 30in. beam or over. Event 9, hurry-scurry and upset. Event 10, burlesque. A. C. A. rules will govern all races, open to all canoeists. In case the weather is unfavorable, the races will take place on the following Saturday.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: George R. Hazard, Newport, R. I.; Ernest N. Hazard, Peace Dale, R. I.; Willis S. Adams, Hartford, Conn.; Henry H. Edgerton, Danbury, Conn.; T. S. Cheney, Hartford, Conn.; Edward R. Kellogg, Hartford, Conn.; Frank A. Woods, Holyoke, Mass.; J. B. Welch, Pittsfield, Mass.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

22. Quincy, Club, Quincy.
22. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marbleh'd.
23. Hull, Cham., Hull.
23. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
23. West Lynn, 3d Cham., Lynn.
23. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beach.
23. Savin Hill, Cham., Savin Hill
23. Great Head, Sail-off, Great Head.
23. American, 2d Cham., Newburyport.
23. Cor. Navy, Regatta, West Long Island Sound Squad.
23. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Cup.
23. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
23. Riverside, Ladies' Day, Riverside, Conn.
23. L. Y. R. A., Oswego.
23. Buffalo, Cruise, Lake Erie.
23. Lynn, Lynn.
27. Rhode Island, Open Regatta.
27. L. Y. R. A., Rochester.
28. Miramichi, Black Brook to Oak Point and return.
29. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
30. Beverly, 3d Cup, Marblehead
30. Sippican, Sweep, Marion.
30. Savin Hill, Cruise.
30. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
30. Monatiquot, Sail-off Cham., Weymouth.

SEPTEMBER.

1. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Open.
1. N. Y. Y. R. A., New York.
1. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
1. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, Marblehead, Second Champ.
1. Yorkville, Open, Oak Point.
3. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Be'ch
5. Queen City, 1st Class, Tor.
5. Monatiquot, Sail-off Pen., Weymouth.
6. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
6. American, 3d Cham., Newburyport.
6. Great Head, Annual Club, Great Head.
6. Beverly, 3d Cham., Mon. Beach.
6. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester.
6. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Savin Hill
6. Hamilton, Marguerite Cup, 25 and 30ft.
6. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
6. Quaker City, Pen., Del. River
10. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Conn.
10. Pleon, Sail off, Marblehead.
10. Eastern, Special, 40 and 46ft. Marblehead.
13. Corinthian, Marblehead, Champ. Sail-off.
13. Hamilton, Monck Cup, 35 and 40ft., Lake Course.
13. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
13. Royal Can., Cruising Class, Toronto.
13. Buffalo, Club Cruise, Stone Dock.
20. Beverly, Sail-off, Mon. Beach
20. West Lynn, Sweep, Lynn.
20. Hamilton, 30ft.
20. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
20. Royal Can., 25ft. Class, Tor.
20. Riverside, Pen., Riverside, Conn.
25. Miramichi, Chatham to Newcastle and return.
27. Hamilton, 35 and 40ft.
27. Queen City, 1st Class, Tor.
27. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
27. Quaker City, Closing Cruise and Review.
30. Lynn, Lynn.

OCTOBER.

4. Hamilton, Sweepstakes.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES, AUG. 11,

FOR a second time the Corinthian Y. C. of New York has been specially fortunate in the weather and other conditions for its forty-foot sweepstakes, and, as in 1889, it has contributed to the racing calendar one of the most striking events of the year. The race sailed off Newport on Monday of last week is specially interesting in comparison with its predecessor of last year. The course and the weather conditions were as nearly the same as possible; three legs of 8½ knots each, making a beat against a moderate S. W. wind, a run, and a reach home in a freshening breeze. This year the starters were less by one than last, Tomahawk being withdrawn with her change of ownership, while of the seven which started only three were old boats. Of the eight starters of last year, only Minerva, Liris and Mariquita came to the line; of the others, Gorilla is laid up, Tomahawk was sold, as stated, after her entry by Mr. Morgan, and Pappoose, Helen and Alice are not in with Gossoon and Minerva.

Of the new boats, all designed by Mr. Burgess, the best, Gossoon, is a keel craft, Ventura being a very deep and narrow centerboard, Moccasin a less extreme craft, and Choctaw a counterpart of the modern compromise type best represented by Nymph and Verena.

The races of the Eastern Y. C. and the New York Y. C. cruise have narrowed the question of supremacy in the 40ft. class down to two boats—Minerva, the champion of last year, and her newer Yankee rival, Gossoon; so that no one was surprised to find that in spite of Minerva's delays and misfortunes she shared with Gossoon the honors of the day.

The entry fee was the same as last year, $100, with $25 forfeit for those withdrawing after entry, which made a total of $725, of which the club took $72.50, leaving three prizes of 60, 18 and 12 per cent., or $435, $130 and $87. The race was in charge of the regatta committee of the Corinthian Y. C.: Messrs. Eben B. Clark, W. H. Plummer, Wm. Gardner and C. S. Davison. The course was from off Brenton's Reef lightship, the first leg of the 25 knot triangle being toward Point Judith and nearly to windward. After the final race of the New York cruise all the racers hauled out to paint and make special preparations for this important race, and by Monday morning they were at the line in fine form.

The first gun was fired at 11:56:55, with the start at 10m. later, 5m. being given to cross the line. Capt. Charles Barr sailed Minerva, with Capt. John Barr as mate, while Mr. Burgess sailed on board Ventura, her owner steering. Minerva, like all the others, had set her large club, but after the preparatory gun she attempted to shift to her second club and got into serious trouble with some of her topmast gear. She finally started with a heavy handicap, carrying her big clubtopsail. The yachts crossed on starboard tack, Gossoon first, with Liris, Mariquita and Moccasin in line close astern of her. Choctaw, with a working topsail set under her club, came a distance astern, and Ventura, with no topsail, was close on the handicap time. Minerva for once was last of all, having a handicap of 5m. 10s. at the start. The times were:

Start	11 56 55	Choctaw	11 59 01
Gossoon	11 57 04	Ventura	12 01 20
Liris	11 57 17	Handicap	12 01 55
Mariquita	11 57 24	Minerva	12 07 05
Moccasin	11 57 36		

Last year, with the same breeze, the leaders held off shore on starboard tack for all the early part of the windward work, while the four boats that worked down the Narragansett shore, Gorilla, Pappoose, Alice and Helen, gained considerably on them by stronger winds. This year the fleet set out on the offshore tack, apparently with the intention of holding it, but when Minerva finally crossed she took the inshore tack at once. Even with the handicap the others did not propose to trust her far out of sight. Ventura tacked after her, and soon all the rest followed. The wind was freshening, and though she set a baby at the start, Liris soon took it in, none of the others carrying jiptopsails. Choctaw soon struck her clubtopsail, leaving the thimbleheader set, while Minerva found her big club too much for her and sent it down, replacing it by a thimbleheader, with some loss of time. Gossoon was leaving the pack to windward, while Minerva was coming up from the rear. Moccasin came to grief early in the race, being disabled in her gear and turning for home. Before the first mark was reached she passed Ventura and Choctaw in succession, and pulled up well on the leaders, having made nearly 4m. on Gossoon in actual time in a distance of 8 miles. Gossoon had gone well clear of the boats that crossed the line with her, but Mariquita was making a good race and beating Liris. The centerboarders were not in the windward work with the keel craft, being very badly beaten as the following times show:

	Time at mark.	Time over 1st leg.
Gossoon	1 30 35	1 33 31
Mariquita	1 31 34	1 34 10
Liris	1 33 43	1 36 26
Minerva	1 36 48	1 29 43
Ventura	1 42 40	1 41 20
Choctaw	1 47 18	1 48 17

Thus Minerva had gained 3m. 48s. on the Gossoon, 4m. 27s. on Mariquita, 6m. 43s. on Liris, 11m. 37s. on Ventura, and 18m. 34s on Choctaw.

The next 8 miles was run with booms to port and spinakers set, save that Minerva started with a balloon jibtopsail, not breaking out her spinaker until 20m. had passed, though she set her large club again. Ventura also set a clubtopsail, leaving only Choctaw with a thimbleheader up. The second mark was timed:

	Time at 2d mark.	Time over 2d leg.
Gossoon	2 25 39	0 55 04
Mariquita	2 26 18	0 54 44
Liris	2 28 09	0 54 26
Minerva	2 32 06	0 55 18
Ventura	2 43 06	1 00 26
Choctaw	2 43 56	0 56 38

Down wind Liris had done the best work, though it was a matter of seconds among the keel boats, and of minutes between them and the centerboards. Before the second mark was reached spinakers came in, and at the turn the yachts jibed to starboard. On the reach home Gossoon and Mariquita set intermediate jibtopsails, Gossoon holding on the finish, while Mariquita took in hers about half way home. Liris and Choctaw carried only lower headsails, but Minerva set her small jibtopsail on the last half of the leg. The times over the leg were:

Gossoon	48 29	Minerva	49 06
Mariquita	48 24	Ventura	49 50
Liris	48 03	Choctaw	47 46

Choctaw made the best time on the reach, passing Ventura, but this did not save her from a very bad beating. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossoon	11 57 04	3 14 08	3 17 04	3 15 08
Minerva	12 01 55	3 21 12	3 19 17	3 15 36
Mariquita	11 57 24	3 14 42	3 17 18	3 16 28
Liris	11 57 17	3 16 12	3 18 55	3 18 55
Ventura	12 01 20	3 32 56	3 31 36	3 29 00
Choctaw	11 59 01	3 31 42	3 32 41	3 20 21
Moccacin	11 57 36	Withdrew.		

Thus Gossoon beats Minerva 28s., Mariquita 1m. 20s., Liris 3m. 47s., Ventura 13m. 52s., Choctaw 15m. 13s.

So far as its technical merits are concerned the race belongs to Minerva, as she practically finished with Gossoon after giving her 5m. at the start. Thus far the result of the races on this side of the Cape have gone to disprove the conclusions drawn from Gossoon's performances at Marblehead, and to show that if she is to score any decided victory over Minerva when the score is made up at the end of the season she will have to travel faster than she has done of late.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 163d race, first open race of the season, was sailed off Marblehead Rock, Aug. 17. Course for first and second classes, 10 miles to windward and return; for third class, 5 miles to windward and return.

The day opened with a good northerly breeze, but it died out and hauled round to the eastward, till finally the judges gave the course S.S.E., just 15m. after advertised time.

The wind was then a very gentle breeze from S.S.E.; 5m. later the first class, 30 to 40ft. waterline, started, Minerva keeping up her record by making a beautiful start; Mariquita was next, but was bothered by Augusta, a second class sloop, who had got into trouble right on the line. Gossoon was third at the start, Ventura bringing up the rear.

Minerva seemed to hold a little the best wind, Gossoon to foot a trifle the faster. It was a nip and tuck race, till Minerva figured she could fetch the mark and tacked to the eastward, fetching the mark. This, of course, put the Gossoon behind, as Mariquita had followed in Minerva's wake and took second place. The large number of steamers and tugs which were on hand watching the squadron of evolution made it difficult to locate the tug serving as turning point.

Had not Gossoon overstood, she and Minerva would have reached mark very nearly together. Ventura early in the race broke her bobstay and withdrew.

Both were timed at outer mark: Minerva 1:54:45, Mariquita 2:03:05, Gossoon 2:03:30.

On the run home the wind increased till finish was was made in a good breeze. Gossoon beat Minerva 28s. and Mariquita 65s. on the run.

The result in the third class was a surprise to all and the result of a bad fluke. The entry included everything of any note except the new Mildred, and almost every boat of note from 21 to 30ft.

The large majority of the boats stood to the southward and westward, Saladin, Hawk, Shark, Harbinger and Almira taking the lead. For a long hitch on first tack Harbingor and Almira fully held Saladin, while Hawk and Shark, further to southward, were in a very good place; and when Saladin went on starboard tack off Nahant, followed by Harbinger, Hawk, Shark and Almira were well ahead, but to leeward; they had decidedly overstood mark; and besides wind inshore was lighter and continually heading them off. Saladin and Harbinger went for mark, apparently with no one to fear; but here came in the fluke—a small white sloop was seen coming in from the eastward and well ahead; it turned out to be the 25ft. boat White Fawn, who rounded mark 2:14:20. Allowing for the difference in start Gossoon had beaten her only 50s. actual time in a 10 mile beat to windward.

She had tacked to the eastward with Elite and Sprite, and got a tremendous slant, letting her fetch up well on to the mark in one long starboard tack.

Some of the other boats were timed as follows:

Saladin	2 18 01	Almira	2 44 45
Mignon	2 26 25	Hawk	2 46 03
Harbinger	2 27 53	Moondyne	2 57 38
Sprite	2 37 40	Chieftain	2 58 55
Shark	2 44 10		

In the third class keels perhaps the fairest race of the day was sailed. All the class stood to the eastward and all got the favorable slant. Hornet won, as was expected, but Kraken gave her a good race.

In the third class centerboards very few of the cats entered against the jib and mainsails, only the Burgess cat Wanda, the Hutchings boat Edith and the two Cape cats, Madge and Kiowa, starting against all the crack jib and mainsails on the bay. The light air seemed to settle it in favor of the jib and mainsails before the start.

Tom Cat and Wanda got the best of the start, Kiowa bringing up the rear. The fleet at once went on port tack and made several hitches along Tinker's Island, except Tom Cat and Eureka, who were having a hot fight a little further east, and rather in the lead of the fleet. Numbers of the boats soon found the pace too hot and dropped out. Kiowa led past outer end of Tinker's Island, closely pressed by Edith, who was proving formidable, and followed by Madge, who was not in her best form, and the jib and mainsail Gleam.

At this time Wanda was well to leeward, and tacked to eastward fluke-hunting, getting it with a vengeance, as after a long starboard tack she suddenly found herself within a quarter of a mile of the turning point, which she rounded about a minute and a half ahead of Eureka and five minutes ahead of Tom Cat. The latter two boats, followed by Trifle, had tacked east and got the advantage of the fluke, but not as much as Wanda.

Gleam in the meantime had left the others and gone east. She came home ahead of Trifle, but crossed wrong side of stake boat, and it is uncertain whether or no she rounded the outer mark. In the meantime both Edith and Kiowa outsailed Madge, and as the air died out Edith beat Kiowa a little. Later as it breezed up a little and they met more of a bobble Kiowa turned the tables.

Kiowa increased her lead a trifle on Edith and a good deal on Madge by the latter's overstanding before tacking to the eastward; and, once heading the sea, dropped them both, till Madge abandoned the race in disgust.

Kiowa rounded the mark just half an hour after Wanda, and 4½m. ahead of Edith. In the run in, Eureka and Tom Cat passed Wanda, Tom Cat gaining on Eureka. Kiowa dropped Edith a couple of minutes, and gained 7m. on Wanda.

The measurements of the E. Y. C. were used in the 40ft. class, those of the B. Y. C. in other classes.

Almira had but two men aboard and could not set her spinaker. She sailed the course but crossed the wrong side of the line.

Harbinger's length is not official; she will be remeasured. Eureka protests her length, but she was officially measured the night before the race.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva, J. L. Carroll, Jr.	46 07	3 50 24	3 48 17
Mariquita, Aug. Belmont, Jr.	48.35	3 59 21	3 59 21
Gossoon, Adams Bros	47.92	4 03 41	4 03 10
Ventura, C. H. W. Foster	47.00	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Saladin, W. P. Ferole, slp	38.07	4 09 24	4 09 24
White Fawn, A. E. James, slp	31.08	4 11 38	4 01 58
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper, cut	35.08	4 17 43	4 13 59
Mignon, H. Babson, slp	38.00	4 17 47	4 17 03
Elite, E. B. Rogers, J. & M.	29.10	4 29 04	4 16 22
Shark, C. A. Prince, slp	38.03	4 30 21	4 29 57
Hawk, Gordon Dexter, slp	38.03	4 32 45	4 32 21
Sprite, R. P. Benson, slp	27.05	4 34 27	4 17 19
Chieftain, A. Brown, slp		4 41 40	. . .
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw, cut	24.08	4 46 19	. . .

Almira, Hazard, Augusta, Mopsa, Posy, Secret, Erin, withdrew.

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Eureka, E. B. Rogers, J. & M.	26.10	2 34 17	2 34 17
Tom Cat, M. H. Randall, J. & M.	25.01	2 35 00	2 33 12
Wanda, R. C. Robbins, cat	22.06	2 38 24	2 33 33
Trifle, Irvin Bene, J. & B.	22.08	2 51 07	2 46 29
Kiowa, W. A. & W. L. Jeffries, cat.	23.07	3 01 07	2 56 23
Edith, F. M. Wood, cat	20.05	3 07 23	2 59 45

Madge, Alpine, Nellie F, Gleam, Flora Lee, Auk, Niobe, did not start.

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Hornet, Com. Paine, slp	26.3½	2 09 34	2 09 24
Kraken, Percy Chase, slp	26.06	2 13 18	2 13 18
Astrea, W. M. Bennet, slp	25.01	2 20 00	2 18 32
Lassie, W. S. Eaton, jr., slp	25.00	2 29 16	2 27 44
Zetta, Frye Bros., slp		2 36 46	. . .
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane, slp	24.05	Withdrew.	
Composite, J. McIntyre, slp	20.01	Disabled.	

Winners—Class 1, Minerva; Class 2, White Fawn; Class 3, centerboards, Tom Cat; Class 3, keels, Hornet; subject to measurements as stated above.

Mr. Pickman kindly lent his steam yacht Aurora to the club for the use of the judges.

Judges—Dudley L. Pickman and H. H. Buck.

SIPPICAN Y. C. 11TH CLUB REGATTA, Aug. 16.—Courses—For second class from judges' yacht around Nye's Ledge Buoy, thence around S. E. Ledge Buoy, and return to judges' yacht. For third class, from judges' yacht around Bow Bells Buoy, thence around S. E. Ledge Buoy and return to judges' yacht. For fourth and fifth classes, from judges' yacht around Seal Rock Buoy, thence to stakeboat off Plantin Island, return to judges' yacht and repeat course once. Weather, clear and fair; wind, light S.W.; tide, ebb.

SECOND CLASS—CATS (COURSE 15 MILES).

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widgeon, Moses Williams, Jr.		2 50 35	. . .
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	24.11	2 50 53	Allows.

THIRD CLASS—CATS (COURSE 9 MILES).

Puzzle, Wm. Amory	20.02	1 45 21	1 29 09
Eina, John Parkinson	20.01½	1 45 26	1 29 10
Parole, W. H. Davis	19.05	1 46 55	1 29 42
Hermione, R. L. Barstow	20.00	1 49 42	1 33 16
Etta, J. L. Stackpole	19.09	1 50 12	1 33 36
Hera, Louis Bacon	19.04	1 51 12	1 33 44
Trump, J. S. Whiting	19.01	1 53 00	1 35 20
Daisy, L. Stockton	19.02	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS—CATS (COURSE 7 MILES).

Edith, J. Chapman	17.02½	1 31 00	1 15 56
Red Wing, I. Hemmingway	16.02½	1 37 50	1 20 34
Hugo, J. G. Palfrey	15 06½	1 46 00	1 27 47
May, G. G. Van Rensselaer	16.03	1 57 00	1 39 47
Kitt, J. H. Clark		1 37 55	Ruled out
Zay, F. H. Luce	17.01½	Ruled out.	

FIFTH CLASS—CATS (COURSE 7 MILES).

Worry, H. W. Bellows	13.09½	1 40 45	1 19 38
No Name, G. Beale	13.05	1 45 25	1 23 50
Rustler, J. DeKay	11.07	Withdrew.	

Winners, Class 2, Widgeon; Class 3, Puzzle first, Eina second; Class 4, Edith first, Red Wing second; Class 5, Worry first, No Name second. Kitt was ruled out for rouding the wrong side of judges' yacht. Zay was ruled out for fouling Red Wing. Regatta committee, J. G. Palfrey (chairman), G. G. Van Rensselaer, and I. Chapman. Judges, Dr. Davis, Messrs. Austin and Ramsay.

NEWARK Y. C.—Eighth annual sweepstakes regatta, Aug. 16. Course, triangular one for all classes with a turn, so that the entire race could be witnessed from the club house, distance 10 miles. Weather beautiful, wind S. W.:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dudley, H. Bush et al.	42.00	Did not finish.	
Annie R., Norton Ship Building Co.	28.00	2 40 20	2 40 20

CLASS 5.

Viola, H. Nagel	25.04½	2 14 45	2 14 45
Our Own, Wm. H. Vreeland	24.00	2 13 50	2 12 38

CLASS 6.

Leader, Otto Rau	22.04	2 14 05	2 14 05
Just Woke Up, J. D. Phillips	21.11	2 17 40	2 17 25
Kidney Cure		2 23 10	2 23 10

CLASS 8.

Nedeya, C. P. Irwin	24.10	1 45 05	1 45 05
Manhattan, J. C. Egerton	22.06	2 16 00	2 13 10
Playmate, Philip Suse		2 27 27	2 27 27

CLASS 11.

Mist, Jos. Sandford	17.10	2 18 35	2 18 35
Bayonne, E. Van Buskirk	16.05	2 26 40	2 25 35
Dandy, Eugene Gezine	17.00	2 24 42	2 23 52
First Attempt, Harry Kalenstroth	17.03	Did not finish.	
Edna, Edward L. Phillips		2 19 20	2 19 20

Winners—Class 5, Our Own; class 6, Leader; class 8, Nedeya; class 11, Mist, Dandy second. The Nedeya wins the prize for making the best actual time; Leader for best corrected time. Judges, Rudolph Puhlmann and Major Rufus King, Pavonia Y. C. Regatta committee, A. F. Adams, Hardy Bush and Wm. Humpage.

RIVERSIDE Y. C., SPECIAL REGATTA, AUG. 9.—Club course No. 3; from club house to Red Bouy off Greenwich Point, to Red Buoy off western end of Captain's Island, to the starting line, distance 8 miles; weather fair; wind easterly and very light; flood tide. Summary:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sirene, H. E. Doremus	24.07	2 30 19	2 30 19
Pearl, H. Wilmot	25.06	Time not taken.	
Dot, C. J. Pierce	24.00	Withdrew.	

The race was for classes 8 and 9 of catboats, but class 9 did not fill. Prizes were presented by the ladies of the club. Regatta committee, F. B. Jones, W. A. Haffington and L. A. Lockwood. Judges, E. D. Hurlbut, W. S. Lines and Erwin Edwards. Launch Alice, Capt. P. C. Schutt, took the committee over the course.

GOLDEN FLEECE.—The auxiliary steam yacht Golden Fleece, chartered by Mr. F. P. Osborn, of New York, arrived at that port on Aug. 13, having left Falmouth, Eng., on July 17.

JESSICA.—Mr. McDonough's new 46ft. cutter is now at New London, where her racing rig is being fitted up.

WILD CAT.—The steam launch Wild Cat was launched from the works of C. L. Seabury & Co., Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y., at 8:30 on Saturday evening, 16th instant. She is designed specially for speed and is owned by Mr. Fred D. Hughes, a well-known New York yachtsman. Following are the dimensions of the Wild Cat: Length over all, 40ft., extreme beam, 5ft. 10in., draft 28in. She is double framed with very light cedar planking, copper fastened and riveted, finished throughout in mahogany, and develops a speed of 18 miles per hour. A number of engineer's trial trips have been made and proved very satisfactory to the owner and builders. The machinery consists of a 50 H. P. compound engine and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler. She is allowed 250lbs. working pressure and turns a 27in. wheel 400 revolutions per minute. The boat is open cockpit style and has a square stern with propeller aft of the rudder. The Wild Cat will be used by Mr. Hughes as a pleasure boat in New York waters and vicinity.

New Publications.

SPORT.

THIS is the title of a large illustrated work, now being published in parts by Messrs Bradlee Whidden & Co. of Boston, and devoted to depicting various phases of shooting and fishing. Sections I. and II. are now before us.

Only a publisher, we imagine, can have any conception of the difficulties and the expense attendant upon the production of a work of this character. These difficulties have to do almost entirely with the illustrations, for there are many men who are competent to speak intelligently of the animals to be included in a collection of this kind, and it is quite possible to select from among our sportsmen an editor, or better still a corps of editors with experience broad enough to enable him or them to properly supervise the work. When we come to figuring the wild denizens of the plains and woods and streams the case is different. To find an artist who knows how to draw and color a particular fish or animal, and who is at the same time a landscape painter is not always easy. If in addition to this it be demanded that he know something of the habits of these creatures, and of the circumstances which attend their capture, the difficulties of a choice are greatly increased, and it is found that the number of men who can acceptably furnish the illustrations for a work of this kind is still further reduced. Besides, each artist should be able to superintend, at least in a general way, the reproduction of his own sketches. It will thus be recognized that special knowledge of several different kinds is required for a successful work in this field. In the selection of the artists for the present work the publishers have had a fair measure of success.

The parts now at hand include the text and illustrations treating of the salmon, the moose, the brook trout, the black bass, the tarpon and the antelope; subjects for half a dozen essays of considerable length and for illustrations which might stir the sportsman's blood. The exigencies of publication have, however, obliged the publishers to limit the text to two pages on each species treated, one being devoted to a brief description of the fish or quadruped and the second to a short sketch of how it is captured. These handsome pages are 17in. by 12in. and are superb specimens of typography, press work and paper, but they are disappointingly short.

The main interest of the work therefore is in the pictures. These differ in excellence and the later are better than the earlier ones. The black bass illustration is spirited and well done, and the scene is attractive and natural. So too is that of tarpon fishing, which has a fine flavor of the sea. Mr. Remington's illustration of antelope shooting is characteristic and gives a capital idea of the wide sweep of the plains. His horses, and the cow puncher, with his shaps and his six-shooter, who is holding them while his companion shoots, would be recognized anywhere. It may be objected that the antelope play a small part in this sketch, but from the composition of the picture this is unavoidable.

We have said the later pictures in these two parts are better than the earlier ones, and it may fairly be assumed that as the work progresses, the experience gained by those connected with it will result in the pictures of each succeeding number being better than those which have gone before.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the text of the work, which is brief and as a rule elementary. We note the inexact statement that the female antelope has horns, while, as is well known, a good majority of the does are without them, at least for some years. The generic name *Antilocapra* is misspelled, but this is the only typographical error that has caught our eye.

There should be a broad field for a work like this, and we shall look forward with interest to the appearance of future numbers.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

FISHERMAN.—The specimen you wished identified is a specimen of the cavalli. See drawing in our Florida number of Jan. 9, 1890.

J. A. L., Owego.—The explosive you send looks like some we received from the inventor last spring, with a statement that it was not yet perfected for use. We do not know its composition.

H. E. H., Lowell, Mass.—We are not conversant with the rules governing the distribution of prizes in bowling matches; and in the absence of conditions previously agreed upon, are at a loss to see how your dispute can be settled save by mutual agreement.

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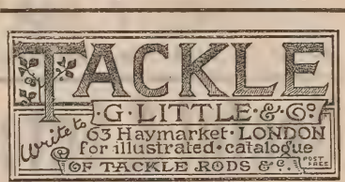
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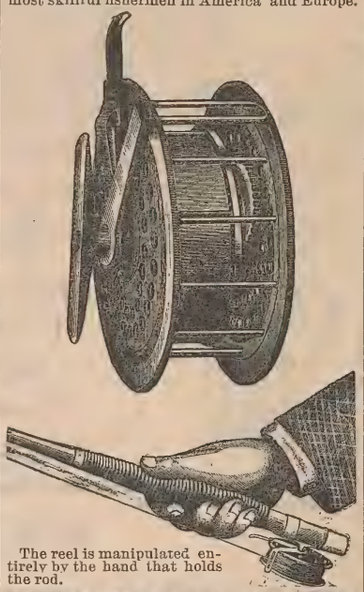
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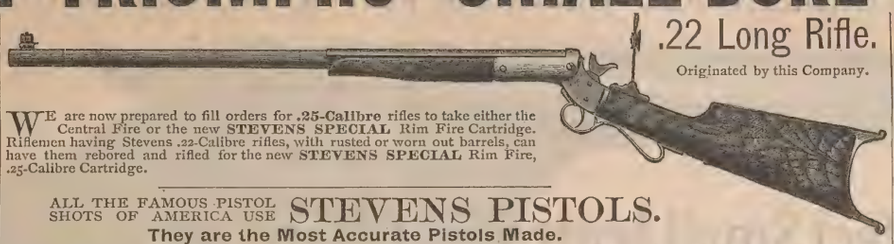
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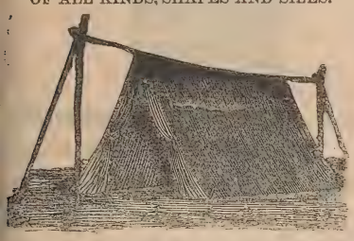
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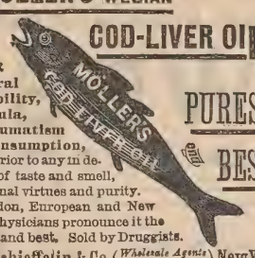
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The New York Herald.

IF there are any sportsmen so wise that they cannot learn something from this little book, their modesty prevents their fellow men knowing it. The compiler seems to have thought of everything from managing fine guns to snelling hooks, tying knots and skinning eels. He has chapters on rifles and shotguns, hunting and trapping, fishing, camping, dogs, boating, yachting, camp making, cooking, surgery and medicine, and one headed "miscellaneous" seems to include everything which the others have omitted. His paragraphs number more than six hundred. Newly fledged sportsmen who go out for more than a few hours will find it to their advantage to put this book in their pockets, or, better still, commit it to memory before they start.—*New York Herald, Oct.* 20.

This note refers to "Hints and Points, compiled by Seneca." Published and sent on receipt of price ($1.50) by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.
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THE CAMP-FIRE.

IF, as Warner says in his "Back-Log Studies," "the open fire furnishes the room," the camp-fire does more for the camp. It is its life: a life that throbs out in every flare and flicker to enliven the surroundings, whether they be the trees of the forest, the expanse of prairie, shadowed only by clouds and night, or the barren stretch of sandy shore. Out of the encompassing gloom of all these, the camp-fire materializes figures as real to the eye as flesh and blood, peopling the verge of darkness with grotesque forms, that leap and crouch and sway with the rise and fall, or bending to the wind, of the flame, and beckon the fancy out to grope in the mystery of night.

Then, imagination soars with the updrift of smoke and the climbing galaxy of fading sparks, to where the steadfast stars shine out of the unvisited realm that only imagination can explore.

The camp-fire gives an expression to the human face that it bears in no other light, a vague intentness, an absorption in nothing tangible; and yet not a far away look, for it is focussed on the flame that now licks a fresh morsel of wood, now laps the empty air; or it is fixed on the shifting glow of embers, whose blushes flush or fade under their ashen veil. It is not the gaze of one who looks past everything, at nothing, or at the stars or the mountains or the far away sea-horizon; but it is centered on and revealed only by the camp-fire. You wonder what the gazer beholds—the past, the future, or something that is neither; and the uncertain answer you can only get by your own questioning of the flickering blaze.

As the outers gather around this cheerful center their lips exhale stories of adventure by field and flood, as naturally as the burning fuel does smoke and sparks, and in that engendering warmth, no fish caught or lost, no buck killed or missed, suffers shrinkage in size or weight, no peril is lessened, no tale shorn of minutest detail. All these belong to the camp-fire, whether it is built in conformity to scientific rules or piled clumsily by unskilled hands. What satisfaction there is in the partnership of building this altar of the camp, for though a master of woodcraft superintends, all may take a hand in its erection, the youngest and the weakest may contribute a stick that will brighten the blaze.

What hospitality the glow of the camp-fire proclaims in inviting always one more to the elastic circle of light and warmth, that if always complete, yet expands to receive another guest. A pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night, it is a beacon that guides the wanderer to shelter and comfort.

The Indian weed has never such perfect flavor as when contending with heat and smoke, one lights his pipe with a coal or an elusive flame, snatched from the embers of the camp-fire, and by no other fireside does the nicotian vapor so soothe the perturbed senses, bring such lazy contentment, nor conjure such pleasant fancies out of the border of dreamland.

There is no cooking comparable with that which the camp-fire affords. To whatever is boiled, stewed, roasted, broiled or baked over its blaze, in the glow of its embers or in its ashes, it imparts a distinctive woody flavor that it distils out of itself or draws from the spiced air that fans it; and the aroma of every dish invites an appetite that is never disappointed if the supply be large enough.

It cannot be denied that the camp stove gives forth warmth and with more comfort to the cook, serves to cook food of such tame flavor as one may get at home. But though the serviceable little imp roar till its black cheeks glow red as winter berries, it cannot make shanty or tent a camp in reality or impart to an outing its true flavor. This can only be given by the generous camp-fire, whose flames and embers no narrow walls inclose, whose hearth is on every side, whose chimney is the wide air.

SHOOT MANAGEMENT.

THE returning German marksmen come back with unanimous report that the management of the big shoot at Berlin was not all that it should have been. In fact, if half the instances cited of errors and blunders be true, it is difficult to see how the management could have been much worse; and in view of the excellent fashion in which large tournaments are carried through on this side, it is not to be wondered at that President Walther thinks the Germans should come over here and pick up a few ideas on the subject before they undertake to manage another such affair as that so unsatisfactorily conducted at Berlin.

It is no easy matter to carry out such an affair as a large competition. There are so many minor hitches, so many chances for mishap, so many slips that get in at the last moment, that the utmost care is necessary to insure to each contestant an equal chance to show his skill against all fellow competitors. It is so easy to upset a marksman, so many little matters of detail which go into the making of a single bullseye shot—much more a string of them—that the shooter ought to go into the match with all possibly removable impediments entirely out of his way. He takes his chances against wind and weather. If he gets a gust of wind, a flash of dazzling sunlight, a drenching dash of rain, he simply gets thus the luck of conflict and has no blame to lodge against the management, but when clumsy or inadequate target machinery breaks down, when the facilities are ridiculously disproportionate to the entry list, or when the records get mixed up in inextricable confusion to the detriment of the shooters, then it is that the competitor comes away with a hearty growl.

In the case of the German shoot, it is not that the Americans did not gain prizes. In many respects they were far superior to the home talent, and this superiority shows itself in a liberal list of medals, cups and other insignia of victory; but they were won under conditions made unnecessarily harassing by the poor management; and just here comes in the criticism lodged against those in charge. It is very easy to say that in the case of a German shooting meeting it is an attempt to mix beer and bullets which so often leads to a disastrous compound; but in this instance this does not appear to have been the case. There was a sufficiency of shooters present to assure a successful meeting. The feasting and the firing were kept separate. Whether the feasting suffered through bad arrangements does not appear; from all reports it did not, but it is quite certain that the firing did.

Here on this side rifle and trap tournaments have been brought down to a precise management, so exact that we rarely nowadays hear of a disastrous jumble. The American Shooting Association has been doing good work in showing shooting clubs all over the country how to run a meeting smoothly and fairly. Penrose has been a pioneer in his clever, fair and rapid Keystone system. In rifle shooting, the National Rifle Association, at its Creedmoor meetings, has put through large competitions with substantial fairness to all concerned. Our Berlin managers had but to take a run over to England to get pointers in plenty from those who for twenty years and more have carried on the gigantic enterprise into which the Wimbledon shoots have grown. There was absolutely no excuse for any errors in such a direction, and particularly in so important a gathering as this widely-heralded Berlin shoot had grown to be. At any rate it has had one good effect. Our fellow citizens who went over and have come back again will now have a heartier respect than ever for American ways of doing things, and we shall not be compelled to listen to invidious comparisons after each poor score made, of how much better things move in "Fatherland."

MORTALITY AMONG BLACK BASS.

IN Black Creek, North Carolina, large-mouthed black bass, locally known as chub, are dying by hundreds from some unknown cause. A specimen sent to the U. S. National Museum was found to have nothing in its stomach and intestines. The gills showed no inflammation and were free from parasites; but Mr. Benedict noticed a moderate number of parasitic copepods, belonging to the genus *Lernæocera*, on the back and gill-covers, which, by irritation, had produced sores. In such cases question arises as to the relation of the parasite to the disease of the fish, whether that of cause or accompaniment. The degraded crustaceans called lernæans attack certain fishes in overwhelming numbers in the fresh waters and are killed or rendered harmless by contact with brackish or salt water. This is well known in connection with salmon and trout, and recently Mr. W. P. Seal has related in FOREST AND STREAM his successful treatment of injured aquarium fish in brackish water tanks. In salt water the parasites are comparatively inactive, seldom abundant, and cause the host little annoyance; but in fresh water the anadromous fish, when in its weakest condition, is overrun with lernæans, which produce small sores; next in order comes the salmon fungus (*Saprolegnia*), and soon the victim succumbs to the inevitable. If the salmon were originally inhabitants of the fresh waters, of which there is no adequate proof at present, perhaps the habit of going to sea was acquired through the necessity of ridding themselves of troublesome parasites.

CALIFORNIA BIRDS FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association's enterprise of stocking the covers of that State with game birds is noteworthy because of the scale on which it is conducted. The quail which have already been put out are generally reported to be doing well; and now the "Committee on Acclimatization" is devoting its energies to securing pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse from the West. It is intended to put out something like a thousand of these birds by next Thanksgiving Day. The Committee is also providing the introduction of California quail; and contracts are about to be given for several hundred of these birds. The investigation set on foot by the members of the committee to gain information as to the comparative game qualities and hardiness of the mountain quail and the valley quail has resulted in a mass of evidence of such a conflicting nature that the Massachusetts men are more in the dark than they were before. It should be quite practicable, however, for them to secure definite advice on this question. The FOREST AND STREAM invites any of its readers who may be willing to communicate with the Committee on this subject to do so, either through the columns of this journal or by direct correspondence with the secretary of the committee, Mr. Henry J. Thayer, 176 Washington street, Boston.

OUR Black Bass Number, July 24, has proved a great hit; and there is a constant call for it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AROUND CAPE HATTERAS.

"To Mitchell's, the pride of the mountain,
To Hatteras, the dread of the sea." —*Old Song.*

IT is but a question of time, and a very short time at that, when the eastern North Carolina coast will be as familiar and well known to the Northern sportsman tourist as the Adirondacks or the Thousand Islands.

That section running from Pasquatank River to Cape Lookout, some 300 miles long, embraces in its borders the finest game preserve on the American continent, and it is a region that will afford fine sporting for years to come, for nature has fenced it in with swamps, and interspersed it with impenetrable coverts where game can retire and rest in safety when too closely pursued. Immense fens and bogs abound, and these are further protected by miles of shoals, the water of which is but a few inches in depth. The water is too shallow in places to impel a craft, and the mud so soft as to make wading a labor infinitely more wearisome and fatiguing than even the treadmill.

Thus it is that feathered game cannot be exterminated, and as the tillable land can only be found in spots and is of a low sandy soil, agriculture does not pay. Besides, the whole region is most unhealthy; bilious fevers and chills abound, and keep all emigration away. Most of the inhabitants are fishermen or shingle cutters, and use their little farms more as a residence than a source of profit, for agriculture as a means of support in this swampy country means starvation. A few barrels of nubbins, a few score of stacks of peanuts, a few hundred rows of cotton stalks, constitute the crops. As most of the young men leave home to get a livelihood elsewhere, the population keeps stationary, the country remains unsettled, and the region still continues to be the paradise of sportsmen.

Since the completion of the Philadelphia & Seaboard Railroad, sportsmen can now leave New York in the morning and reach Norfolk the same evening, thus enabling them to take the evening trains and boats for their destination and to be ready for a shy at the game the next morning. There are five great sounds lying close to each other, each a noble sheet of water, full of fish and ducks.

These sounds are connected together by a canal deep enough to float large steamers. Most of the names were given to these various waters away back in 1600.

There is the Albemarle, named after England's great duke, Chowan, Pamlico, Currituck—all Indian names—and Cove Sound, after its discoverer.

These sounds are fed by different rivers that pour in fresh water, while the inlets from the ocean admit the salt water, and thus the sounds are at times fresh, salt and brackish. Indisputably at some remote age all these sounds were a part of the Atlantic Ocean, but after the sand dunes arose from some powerful action of Nature, they become inland seas. At no very distant day the homesteads and farms on the land separating sounds from the ocean were but shallow sand banks. Spence writes in 1800, "All along the sea coast is a belt of low narrow sandy islands, which look as if they were a bar placed to defend us from the stormy ocean outside. That bar of sand has a good deal to answer for."

It is to be seen from the map, that the extreme eastern limit of North Carolina consists of a narrow strip of land extending along the entire coast, and separating the ocean from the interior waters. This strip is sandy, varying in width from about one-fourth of a mile to about five miles; in places it is entirely bare of vegetation, being merely the beach of the ocean; in other places, especially in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, where it is the widest, it is covered by live oaks, red cedars, and the ordinary trees of the main land, and a shrub called yeopon from which is made a tea much valued by some. This strip of land is called the "Banks." It is broken only by four considerable inlets: Hatteras, Oracoke, Beaufort, and the one at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Through these vessels from the sea enter the interior waters. The depth of water which can be carried into the interior through Hatteras or Oracoke is 8ft., at Beaufort 16ft., at the mouth of the Cape Fear River 12ft. This strip of land is not suited to agriculture; the frequent winds prevent the cultivation of the grains, or of any but low growing vegetables, but the soil is not in most places barren; and the melons and sweet pototoes grown on the Banks are considered to have more saccharine matter than those of the interior. It is pretty thickly populated, the people living by fishing and pilotage.

All through eastern North Carolina the quail abound. Every field has its one to a half-dozen flocks, and a sportsman mounted on horseback, who can ride from one clearing to another, can shoot day in and day out to his heart's content. There is a wide difference though in the manner of shooting these birds down here. No gunner, no matter how expert, can decimate a flock, for when flushed they usually fly in the reeds, and then they are safe, as they can run between the canes faster than a dog can force his way through. To my mind this mode of hunting partridges is more exciting than spending hours in hunting for the scattered birds in one flock. From 40 to 90 shells is the usual number fired in a day. More often the latter than the former. The number bagged depends, as Nathan Cobb would say, "how the gun was pinted." The most put in my shooting coat in one day was thirty-four; of course I lost some dead birds in the swamp. I carry with me eight dogs, and hunt them on alternate days; yet the country is so rough that in a couple of weeks nearly all of them are limping, drooping and shaky, and as thin as razor-back garpiked hogs.

While writing about dogs let me narrate a circumstance of how one of those—I cannot call them men, but *things* and *its*, called dog poisoners—came to grief. It happened in this way. I made my way to North Carolina by land, stopping *en route* with various friends, and shooting as I went. I stopped for several days at what was once a stately old hall, not a thousand miles from Petersburg, Virginia. In *ante bellum* days this old plantation was a famous one, and was a renowned hunting rendezvous for the young planters. The country round about is so poor that it merely keeps the wretched inhabitants from starvation and that is about all.

On the side of the road, in an old tumble-down house, that seemed as if it had the ague fever for years and had nearly shaken itself to pieces, dwelt a sour, morose, ill-favored individual, who had lately married a young and comely female—for the whys and wherefores of women are past finding out. This Daniel Quilp hated everybody, but he hated a sportsman more than anything else in the world, and whenever he saw a party heading his way he would slyly scatter eggs charged with strychnine around in the fields, and thus he poisoned many noble animals far above him in the scale of creation. One day last fall he saw a couple of sportsmen riding along the road, accompanied by a half dozen setters, one or two which climbed the fence and were ranging in his field. This Snarleyow—the Dog Fiend—spread a half dozen poisoned eggs in his yard and left the gate open, he then disappeared in the stable. Fortunately his own two dogs gobbled up the eggs, and in a short time they died in agony. Nor was this all—"the poisoned chalice" returned to other lips, that ought to have been dear to him. A little darky found one of these eggs, carried it to the house, and her mistress later on made a batter-bread pudding, using unconsciously the loaded egg. The consequences were that she had spasms that night; the doctor was called, and in her agony the wife declared that her husband had poisoned her. An examination showed signs of the *nux vomica*, and by the next morning the neighborhood was ringing with the excitement. The big brothers of the wife organized a posse, dashed in the house, seized the dog poisoner, and getting a rope, swore they would hang him. Had the wife died, as she was expected to, they would have swung him from his own fig tree, by commands of Judge Lynch, but she getting better, explanations ensued, and the truth coming to light, he was released. Query: Is not a man who is base enough and cruel enough to poison innocent dogs, too mean to live?

On the way to Hatteras I spent a few days with an old gentleman living on the banks of one of the wide streams that run into Croatan Sound, N. C. It was more like a stately river or a frith, at the point his house was built. I, in company with two friends, was paddling along a creek, when on suddenly turning a bend the narrow inlet broadened into a spacious sheet of water, on one side of which was a low but spacious farm dwelling with numerous outbuildings. The elderly owner hailed us from the banks and with that proverbial North Carolina hospitality invited us in, and later on insisted on our staying with him as long as it suited our convenience. As an inducement he promised us that we could kill any number of ducks by "toling." We had hunted ducks for years, in every imaginable way, but never in that fashion. "Toling" consists in the use of a trained dog gamboling on the beach and attracting the ducks through curiosity close to the shore, where the gunner lies hid.

"I believe I am the only one in this region that shoots ducks by toling," said the old gentleman. "It used to be a common thing in my day. However, I will show you how it is done to-morrow, for it is going to be a cold rough night and it will drive the ducks in from the open Sound."

That evening as we sat around the midnight lamp, over our pipes and toddy, Mr. Menefee reeled off story after story of the immense amount of game, especially waterfowl, that a few years ago used to haunt the Sound. Some of his statements were almost incredible, yet fuller investigation showed me that they could have been true. An illustration. The late Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, was one of the most learned and scientific men that Virginia ever produced. He spent years in tireless efforts to bring to the outside world the hidden wealth of Virginia and North Carolina. In one of his letters, written in 1869, he says in relation to the section referred to:

> Nor is game less abundant. Its extent is scarcely known by any one out of this region. There are ducks of various kinds, of which the canvasback is the most esteemed. There are also wild geese and swans exceeding all conception of any person who has not been informed. They are often so numerous as to entirely cover acres of the surface of the water, so that observers from the beach would only see ducks and no water between them. These great collections are termed "rafts." The shooting season commences in autumn and continues through the winter. The returns in game killed and secured, through any certain time to a skillful and patient and enduring gunner, are as sure as the profits of any ordinary labor of agriculture and trade and far larger profits for the capital and labor employed. The following particular facts I learned from the personal knowledge of a highly respectable gentleman and a proprietor on the Sound (Currituck) Princess Anne. The shooting (as a business) on his shores is done only by gunners hired by himself and for his own profit, and who are paid a fixed price for every fowl delivered to him according to its kind, from the smallest or least prized species of ducks to the rare and highly valued swan. He has employed thirty gunners during a winter. He provides and charges for all the ammunition they require, which they pay for out of their wages. In this manner he is obliged to know accurately how much ammunition he gives out, and it may be presumed that the gunners do not waste it unnecessarily at their own expense. In this manner, and for his own gunners, and his own premises only, in one winter he used more than a ton of gunpowder, and shot in proportion, which was more than four tons, and 46,000 percussion caps. From this expenditure along the shore of one farm only, there may be some conception of the immensity of the operation and the results along the shores extending for full 150 miles, and on all of which the same business is regularly pursued.

We were awakened before the break of day by our host, and by sun-up were safely ensconced in a blind made of sea weed, a few feet from the water's edge. The sight before us was one to make a sportsman's blood rush through his veins. As far as the eye could reach could be seen ducks in couples, groups and ricks, while the air was alive with them flying inshore, and lighting with a great splash. We crouched in the blind, Mr. Menefee telling us not to move nor speak. The dog was an aged setter, a cross, it seemed to me, for he was neither Irish, Gordon, Laverack nor belton. He knew his business, though, for his master had trained him years ago, and used him regularly to supply his household wants. Mr. Menefee took a position some fifty yards from our blind, and behind a small mound of sea weed only large enough to conceal his body, and ordered Rex to "hie on."

The old dog deliberately trotted along the beach. About a hundred yards from the shore there was a large flock of ducks feeding off the wild celery, and for a time they took no notice of the dog, who trotted up the beach, and then at a low whistle from his master retraced his steps. He kept this up for fully ten minutes, and then we saw the scattered ducks slowly swimming toward us. Old Rex, at the command of his master, now cantered along the shore, and this quick motion evidently startled the mass of waterfowl, for they ceased feeding, and I could see them through my opera glass turning their heads first on one side and then on another. Then the dog was ordered to lie down, and he remained so for at least half an hour. The whole flock were now on the *qui vive* and were swimming and circling in every direction, but slowly advancing toward us.

Again Rex was ordered to rise and gambol along the beach, and the sudden movement set the ducks paddling away; but the bolder spirits faced about, and like a flock of sheep the mass followed them.

When the dog had nearly reached his master's blind, Mr. Menefee in a low tone ordered him to lie down and roll; and soon the astounded ducks beheld four paws sticking in the air. This caused an impelling movement shoreward, and the rising sun glinted and glistened on the emerald and opal-hued heads not over fifty yards away.

It was an artistic performance throughout, and we held our breath and fingered the hammers of our guns nervously.

Two or three times old Rex got tired and rose, and looked inquiringly at his master, but a rotary motion of his hand informed the dog, who was now nearly beside himself with excitement, to continue his rolling.

Nearer, and yet nearer the great raft of waterfowl advanced, closer and closer and closer they pressed on each other, drifting inch by inch, and foot by foot toward the fatal spot.

With straining eyes we gaze alternately at them and Mr. Menefee, with our nerves strung to the highest pitch. Would he never give the signal? Rex could act no longer. Nature gave out. He was crouched spread-eagle fashion, in the position that a setter sometimes takes when he runs upon a flock of partridges in a bare corn field. His eyeballs gleamed and every individual hair seemed to stand on an end.

At last the sign was given, we saw his master cock his piece, and we all three rose up, and taking a lightning aim at the fluttering flying mass, pulled both triggers. A volume of sound, a dense smoke, a noise like thunder, as the huge mass took wing, a shout of unrepressed excitement from us all, a frenzied barking from Rex as he bounded in the water and the deed was done.

Our spoils to the eight loads were eighteen killed and nine crippled ones, which we got after an exciting chase in a boat.

In five minutes there was not a duck to be seen on the bosom of the water, only long lines flying out in the sounds.

"No more toling to-day," said our host, "or not until evening at any rate; those ducks won't stop short of twenty miles."

We asked him why such a method of killing ducks was not more practiced.

"For various reasons," was his reply. "First, it requires a trained dog; and there are but few that are pre-eminently intelligent that they can be coached. It takes infinite pains and patience. I have spent more time in tutoring old Rex there than I have in bringing up any of my children. Then there is only one shot to be had after all, and the shooting over decoys is much more successful. It takes much time, too, and only young ducks in the beginning of the season can be toled. Later on when the wildfowl have more experience it is labor lost on them, they become wary and suspicious, and move away from shore as soon as they catch a glimpse of any object, no matter what it is. Then again it is so uncertain; at the most critical juncture the merest trifle will scare the flock off before they are in gunshot. The slightest movement of the hunter, any noise, even the click of a gun-lock, will send them hurrying away. It frequently happens, too, that the dog becomes excited; and either stands them, or whines, or, unable to control himself any longer, dashes in the water, and then the anxious watcher has his trouble for his pains. For this reason the sport of toling is too uncertain to be popular, especially since the advent of the breechloader."

"What is the greatest number you ever killed?" I asked.

"About eight or nine years ago, three of us fired in a solid rick at point-blank distance, guns loaded with No. 4 shot, and we got sixty-nine canvasbacks."

"Do all ducks tole, Mr. Menefee?"

"No. Canvasback, redhead, blackhead, spoonbill and shovellers tole readily, that is if they are young, but other species, such as the black duck, baldpate, bluewing, bullhead, spoonbill, spritgail, dipper, coot, loon and brant won't at all. There are but few canvasbacks now, and toling, except to an old fellow like me, who has plenty of time aud an old muzzleloader, don't pay. Still it suits me and old Rex there, don't it old dog?" And the toothless old setter rapped with his tail his assent vigorously on the floor.

It was with real regret our party took leave of this big-hearted, hospitable North Carolinian.

The account of the discovery of Hatteras is an interesting one. The first white man's foot that trod the cape was that of Captain Philip Amadas in 1584. He was accompanied by Arthur Barlowe, who quaintly describes the event: "But after we landed on the Cape we saw before us another mighty long sea, for there lying along the Coast a track of islands adjoining the Ocean, these islands being very narrow for the most part, then there appeareth another great sea, containing in bredth in some places forty, or in some places fifty miles over, before you come to the Continent, and in this enclosed sea there are a hundred islands of divers bigness," The "mighty long sea" was Pamlico Sound, and the writer undoubtedly took the sand shallows for islands.

The coast of North Carolina is over 400 miles in length and slopes like a crescent outwardly; its center runs in a sharp point which is called Cape Hatteras, and is by many miles the most extended point on the Atlantic coast. The cape is but a narrow sand bank that juts out into the ocean, and is separated from the sound by a strip of land several miles wide.

The reason of the sudden storms, gales, tempests, squalls and hurricanes off Cape Hatteras are simple.

The coast at the Cape trends so far into the ocean that the Gulf Stream flows within twenty miles of the Cape. The difference in temperature between the hot air of the Gulf Stream and the cold land breezes along the shore engenders frequent commotions in the atmosphere at the place, and sudden changes of the weather are the rule, not the exception. All weather signs fail at Hatteras. Neither glass nor barometer avails, and the sailor's heart is in his mouth as he nears the dreaded spot. The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report to Congress last year, said: "These shoals have well earned the title of Cemetery of American Coasters. Old sailors dread less to go around Cape Horn in the winter than to go around Cape Hatteras in that season."

The shoals alluded to are the most dangerous reefs on the Atlantic. They surround Cape Hatteras from seven

to eight miles outside, and are covered with about nine feet of water. They are called the Diamond Reefs, and hundreds of the argosies of commerce and thousands of lives have been lost on these fearful shoals. Imagination cannot conceive, nor can tongue tell the scenes of horror that have occurred on these accursed sands. Could the keeper in his far-off post but see the pictures of the desperate battles for life, the frenzied struggles for existence; could he catch the despairing appeals for help, the cries of utter hopelessness, the last shriek, as the doomed men sank, he would end his days raving in a mad house.

When once a vessel is driven by the stress of weather upon these shoals there is no hope. The shore is miles away and no human aid is near. No life-saving crew could make their way through the breakers. Death is as sure to the foundered barque as to a scuttled ship in mid-ocean. Many, many vessels, blown out of their course by the fateful northeast wind, in a driving snow storm, when the flashing light of Hatteras was veiled from view, have been carried on waves mountains high and dashed on these reefs, where the league-long rollers thundered; a frenzied cry, the noise of crackling timbers, the sound of solid oak riven and torn, and then Faith, Hope and Mercy veiled their eyes, as Death held high carnival. Well may the mariner exclaim as he neared this worse than the fabled Charybdis, "Blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark, the storm is up and all is on the hazard of the die;" and many a captain of a ship off Hatteras felt, no doubt, as Gonzola in the tempest, when he exclaimed in the fullness of his heart, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of barren ground."

It may well be asked why these dangerous shoals are not noted by a lighthouse. Such has been the intention of the Government for years, but great fears are entertained that no structure could stand the effects of the terrible storms. Then again the shifting sands afford but a poor foundation for the structure. Every board of trade and every chamber of commerce has petitioned Congress that a lighthouse should be erected at once on this spot, and last year the Senate appropriated $500,000 for the purpose, but the bill failed to pass the House. Another effort will be made this session to that effect.*

The chairman of the Lighthouse Board says, that "The proposed work off Cape Hatteras is one of great magnitude, and is the most difficult and dangerous of the kind ever attempted by the Government. To carry it to a successful issue, requires the highest skill, supported by the best appliances and by ample means."

Major O. E. Babcock, Chief of Engineers, was sent by the Government to make an examination of these shoals and report upon the feasibility of erecting a lighthouse. He says in his report:

Awating the calm weather of June, and a time when the tender Jessamine could be taken from other work, I proceeded on the 24th ultimo to Hatteras Inlet, via Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, arriving at the inlet on the 28th. I procured the services of a pilot. The sea being too rough to venture with the tender, I waited until the morning of the 29th, when, the sea being quiet and but little wind blowing, we proceeded to sea at 5 A. M., reached the shoal at 7 A. M., and passed in between the Inner and Outer Diamond. We sounded up to within (not to exceed) 200yds. of the breaker on the N.W. side of the Outer Diamond. We found no sounding less than 17ft., and, to appearance, this depth was carried almost on to the reef itself.

I am satisfied from my own observation and the assurances of the pilot and all with whom I talked, that there are many days during the months of June, July, August, and September, when the winds are off the shore, when the sea is quiet about the shoal and when a vessel adapted to the work could go to the very edge of the breaker and work for many hours at a time.

I am of the opinion that the placing of a beacon or a lighthouse on the Outer Diamond itself is practicable, and, though its construction will be expensive and attended with danger, I think the importance to commerce so great that the work should be done. As the temporary work necessary to reach the shoal will be as expensive for a beacon as for a lighthouse, I think a lighthouse not less than 80 or 100ft. high should be built, to be attended and lit nights like other lighthouses.

In my opinion a pier built on the same principle as the ocean piers at Coney Island, Long Branch, and other places, can be constructed from a point on the inside of the shoal on to the very shoal itself.

The plan adopted for the proposed tower is a modification of the Rothersands Bank, Delaware Bay, Light-house. Certainly the task is greater than erecting the famous Eddystone.

Whomever fate has chosen as the keeper of the prospective lighthouse on Hatteras Shoals he will have a solitary existence, and in the winter months the spray from the breakers will hide sea and heaven from view.

The Cape Hatteras Lighthouse is built upon the beach and is a stately shaft 189ft. high. The outside is painted in spiral bands, alternately white and black. The lantern is also of the latter color. These contrasting colors, experience proves, can be seen further in the daytime than any other combination. The first tower was erected here in the year 1798, and the present one was built in 1870. About half a mile away is another lighthouse, or rather beacon. T. F. Smith, a staunch, level-headed man, is keeper, with three assistants, Miller, Austin and Riggs. Wesley Austin was the gunner of the place, and we found him an enthusiastic sportsman,

The scene oceanward from the top of the tower is one full of grandeur, but on the land side the picture is the very abomination of desolation. Dreary stretches of sand dunes and then swamps, such as only the weird pencil of Gustave Doré could have drawn. Immense pools of black stagnant water, great ponds of slimy liquid, dangerous, treacherous bogs, quivering quagmires, dark loathsome fens, impure sloughs, comprise most of the banks, with here and there an open glade upon which are built primitive log houses, occupied at certain seasons of the year by woodchoppers, fishermen, sheep herders and cattle men. The trees seem to have been struck by lightning, or blighted by some curse of nature, for most of them are prostrate on the ground, while those that remain standing are bare of foliage, and their skeleton branches wave sullenly in the gale. On the tops of many of these trees are huge nests of the great sea fishhawks and the black-headed eagle. The prone and fallen trees are covered with trailing vines and tangled briers and entwining creepers, and are so interwoven and twisted together that the mass forms an almost impassable *chevaux de frise.*

The only permanent inhabitants of Hatteras are the lighthouse keeper and his assistants, with their families. They have led for the past ten years such a solitary life as few men could endure. Yet, on the whole, the men are mildly content, if not radiantly happy, for their hearthstone is cheered by the presence of wives and families. They have good houses, pure water, abundance of fuel free—those three articles which cost so much in the city. A nice garden, all kinds of fish, quantities of oysters, clams, crabs and bay birds in summer, and flour, pork and beef furnished by the Government. The problem of "how to live" never addles their brains. It is true their existence is not brightened by any excitement, nor is it cheered by social intercourse; yet to compensate them in a measure, they are shielded from those things that the great master of human passions tells us is hardest to bear—"the proud man's contumely,"

> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

After all, it is an open question whether one so isolated from the "madding crowd" is to be envied or pitied. Each position as lighthouse custodian is almost a sinecure, and is not affected by the mutations of politics.

There is probably no mariner, tourist or traveler, who passing Hatteras, when glancing shoreward catches sight of the beacon light gleaming from afar, who does not wonder who are the inmates of the lone light tower and how they live. The keeper, who spends his lonely life in lighting the lamp as regularly as the day ends, must possess one preëminent quality. He must be positively and absolutely trustworthy. Other men in different vocations may forget or neglect their duty sometimes, and no harm will come of it; but the vigilance of the lighthouse keeper must never relax. Upon him devolves a responsibility in human life and capital so vast that no words can accurately gauge it. Frequently, in the dead of night, a stiff northeast gale springs up, and scores of outgoing vessels, from the little brigantine to the stately barque sailing seaward, catching sight of the Hatteras light, turn their prows oceanward; and speeding from the treacherous sands, ride out the storm by running before the gale in reefed canvas or scud under bare poles.

Suppose the light should go out? No pen could describe nor imagination conceive the horror that would ensue. Death would ride the gale, and how many sailors instead of embarking to the strand, would pass across to the Stygian shore, and how many freighted vessels of commerce would be shattered wrecks upon the shoals.

Thus it is that when the right man for the right place is found, no political influence can oust him, for he has the whole maritime power of the country at his back.

During the day the keeper has little or nothing to do. He pays a visit to the foot of the tower every morning, where the oil cans and working tools are kept, and with his assistant in a few moments ascends to the top by a circular stairway of two hundred and odd steps, and fills the reservoir of the lantern with lard oil; this burns with a more steady flame, and gives less heat than any other except sperm oil. A few minutes is spent in polishing the lens, and then pulling a canvas shade over the reflector, the keeper descends, locks the door of the tower, and his day's work is done. Until sunset his time is his own, he can hunt, attend to household chores, lounge, smoke, sleep, or step across the way where the beacon keepers are stationed, and spend hours in gossiping.

As the day wanes, and the shadows creep from woodland and deep, the keeper with his lamp ascends to the light, inspects the machinery, uncovers the lens, gives them a finishing polish, and glancing at his watch, touches a match to the lantern just as the sun sets by the almanac time. Slowly the flame runs around the circular wicks, and in about five minutes the whole interior of the head of the tower is bathed in a refulgent glow.

The machinery is similar to that of a town clock; and the glass case with its costly reflecting lenses, smoothly and regularly revolves around the Argand light, and every ten seconds a dazzling white flash illumines any one point in the compass, and the eastern flash can be seen twenty-five miles out at sea.

There are two watches. The keeper goes on duty at sunset, and is relieved by his assistant at midnight, who in turn remains at his post until sunrise. The top of the tower is warmed by the great lamp, but in very cold weather a stove is fired in addition. Thus in the most biting weather the tower's loft is well heated, and the custodians keep their watch and ward in comfort. They may, and perhaps they do, doze the long hours away, but by long habit their senses have been so refined and sharpened, that any derangement of the machinery startles them into instant wakefulness, just as the miller arouses the moment the great wheel ceases to turn.

Several times during the present custodianship the delicate clock work that revolves the disk has become disarranged, and the keepers and their wives have had to turn by hand through the long night the glass globe with mathematical regularity. The necessity of this proceeding is patent, if a ship sighted a fixed light, that was marked on the chart as a ten second flash, it would cause the skipper to lose his bearing and possibly cause him to drive his craft on the reefs.

CHASSEUR.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

* WASHINGTON, July 3.—At last, after many years of waiting, there seems to be a fair prospect that a lighthouse will be built on the Diamond Shoal at Cape Hatteras. This cape is considered the most dangerous point anywhere on the United States coast line. More wrecks and injuries to shipping occur there than anywhere else. The winds, the currents, and the force of the waves cause it to be more dreaded by mariners at certain seasons of the year than Cape Horn itself, and any craft that runs aground there is liable to strike a treacherous quicksand and disappear for good. Shipmasters, pilots, carrying companies, boards of trade, and chambers of commerce innumerable have besought the Government to interfere and avert the vast loss of life and property which occurs in that neighborhood every year. Experiments have already been made in warning vessels off the shoal, but to little effect. A whistling buoy which was placed there was carried away by the sea, and passed out of sight forever—possibly being caught up by the Gulf Stream and landed somewhere on the coast of Ireland, as a number of American harbor buoys have been. A lighted buoy was tried also, but it soon became a toy of the waves and sank, doubtless swallowed up by a quicksand. Many memorials have reached the United States Lighthouse Board praying for a lightship, but that has not seemed feasible, because there is evidence that the ship would either drag her anchor or snap the chain, in either case ending her usefulness, or else she would be so surely wrecked by the strain brought upon her in this turbulent sea as virtually to seal the death-warrant of every man detailed to serve on her.

But a lighthouse—a permanent structure—has always been considered worth building there if the necessary appropriation could be obtained. Some five years ago, two firms of contractors made estimates and agreed that the building a first-class lighthouse, a hundred and fifty feet high, with foundations a hundred feet deep, ought not to cost over a half million of dollars, or consume more than a year's time. It was impossible to procure from one Congress so large an appropriation, and the necessity for quick work when the building was once started made this embarrassing, but Representative Randall of Pennsylvania devised a plan for reconciling Congressional frugality with commercial needs, and, accordingly, in the spring of last year an appropriation of $200 000 was passed, coupled with authority to contract for the rest of the work after expending this sum—a practice generally forbidden by law.

The bids for the work were opened this week. They were only four in number. One of them was thrown out for a technical informality, and another for exceeding the limit of the estimated expense. The third and fourth came from the two firms which had already figured on the cost. One, Sooysmith & Company, offered to build the light in three years for $488,000 in round numbers; the other, Anderson & Barr, agreed to do it in eighteen months for some $485,000.

The first step in building this house will be the construction, at Norfolk or some more remote point where there are facilities for doing such work, of a caisson about forty-five feet in diameter, made of boiler iron of plates, each two by six feet in size, the whole resembling an inverted pan. This will be fitted with a temporary wooden bottom and have one or more air-shafts running vertically down through it. It will be launched at the place where it is built, and towed to the Diamond Shoal, and there sunk by loading with concrete Its level will be maintained by adding more concrete to any side that tips upward. The excavation will then go on in the chambers at the bottom connected with the upper air by the shafts before mentioned, till a proper depth has been reached, and more plates will be added, course after course, at the top as the caisson sinks further into the sand. When at last this foundation is deemed complete, the superstructure will be built on it. When rust eventually wears away the plates which formed the sheath of the caisson, the great mass of solid artificial stone in ide will remain as a permanent pedestal.

The beginning of the work will be attended with very great risk. After towing the caisson to the Cape—an operation which would probably take between thirty and forty hours even from a point as near as Norfolk—two hours of thoroughly good weather will enable the contractors to make it fast. But storms spring up in that region almost at a moment's notice, and one might easily undo in a half hour the labor of weeks or months.—*Correspondence New York Evening Post.*

Natural History.

TRAPPING DAYS.—I.

THE watershed lying between the headwaters of the streams which flow into Hudson Bay on the north, Lakes Superior and Michigan on the east, and the Mississippi and Missouri rivers on the south and west, is dotted with small lakes; and these together with the country along the small streams which flow down from it, form what was probably the finest trapping ground for furred animals in the United States of America, if not in the world. Lying in Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, it formed a country which the Indian tribes relinquished with reluctance, and which cost thousands of precious lives before the strife was finally decided in favor of the all powerful pale face. To those, who, like the writer, were familiar with it in the days when the elk roamed by hundreds over the plain, when for leagues in extent the buffalo chips caused the western half of the great plateau to resemble the corral of the stockman, when the muskrat houses in the lakes and sloughs could be counted to the number of a thousand in a single day's journey, and when the flight of the wildfowl was sufficient to suggest Burdette's fanciful description of the wild geese on the Platte River, where they numbered a million geese in each flock, and where the flocks averaged one for each half mile—it was never a matter of wonderment why the Sioux fought hard and long before they finally relinquished to the white man this best of all their hunting grounds.

In the fall of 1864 the writer began trapping furred animals in this part of the great Northwest, when the line of furthest settlement on that part of the then frontier extended from Spirit Lake, Iowa, to Mankato, Minn., and beyond which the deserted cabins of the murdered settlers along the Des Moines River and the remote shores of peaceful Lake Shetek, were the only indications of the advancing civilization destined to blot out all trace of the savagery of the Indian race. The country swarmed with furred animals, and the only drawback to the enjoyment of the wild life of the trapper was the ever present consciousness of the necessity of sleepless vigilance against savages whose cunning and ferocity were proverbial, and against the vicissitudes of the most rigorous and treacherous winter climate which ever lay out of doors.

The inducement held out to an early settler to turn his attention to trapping during the fall and spring was very great. The trapping ground began at his own door, while traveling representatives of the great fur companies called at his cabin once or twice each year, eager to purchase for cash, at a good figure, each and every skin which he and his family could secure; and this, too, during the period of time when his new farm was as yet unproductive and when the naked heels of poverty-shod industry were in danger of being trodden upon by nimble-footed want.

When, during the great war of the rebellion, muskrat skins sold for 50 cents each, many a settler, although entirely unskilled in the art of the trapper, by the purchase of a few dozen muskrat traps easily secured enough skins to exchange for the winter's supply of clothing and groceries for his family; and an itinerant preacher, whose line of travel extended along the Spirit Lake frontier, was known to have purchased a much-needed horse, saddle and bridle, by the simple expedient of spearing muskrats, with a rat spear made of the rod of the end gate of a worn out wagon. This sport of rat-spearing beneath the ice was considered fully equal to wing-shooting prairie chickens, while being manifestly much more remunerative.

The rat spear was a round rod of steel, or of iron, steel-tipped, half an inch in diameter, with a single short barb 2in. from the point, and with a wooden handle 2in. in diameter and 18in. in length, the whole spear being about 5ft. long. Although it could be used for months each season, yet the very best time for its use in the whole year was when the young ice first coated the surface of the sloughs and lakes, and if the trapper was so fortunate as to find new ice an inch or two thick, entirely free from snow or other hindrance to its transparency, he quickly found that a week's spearing with such favoring conditions was worth all the rest of the season for the use of this implement. One trapper named Simpson speared 77 rats in one day, a most unusual catch.

Proceding quietly along on the smooth, thin and transparent ice, the trapper silently approached the strange mound of rushes, reeds and canes, which, anchored to the bottom of the slough, formed the abode of the muskrat, and drove his spear diagonally down through the house, and an instant's pause enabled him to tell by sound or feeling whether a wounded rat, impaled upon the cruel spear, was struggling to free itself from the deadly rod, or whether his thrust had proved a clean miss. If a rat had been speared, a hole was chopped into the house with

the hatchet, which until now had been carried in the left hand, and the little animal secured; but if not, the spear was withdrawn, and if no sign of escaping rats appeared under the ice near the house, another thrust was made; but commonly the first blow upon the house was immediately followed by the sound of one or more rats, plunging into the water through the bottom of the house; and often from one to a dozen of the panic-stricken vermin would be seen beneath the ice, swimming rapidly away from their invaded home.

And now followed the rapid and exciting work of spearing through the ice. If the water was shallow and comparatively free of vegetation near the rat house, a skillful trapper would often secure the last one of the fleeing rodents before they reached cover. Driving his spear down through both ice and rat with a quick stroke, a few rapid left-handed blows of the hatchet around the spear broke a hole through the thin ice, through which the withdrawn spear lifted the struggling rat, and if seen to be severely wounded he was shaken off the spear at a distance from the hole in order that he might not escape during the capture of the others; or if but slightly hurt, the finishing blow with the hatchet was given, and the eager trapper sprang in chase of another, and the quick, exciting work developed a degree of skill quite surprising to a new-comer.

And a double fascination was added to the sport by the knowledge that at this particular season of the year the otters left their homes in the banks of the lakes, and for reasons which will be given later invaded and for a short time held possession of their choice of the larger rat houses, driving out the rightful occupants, while they enlarged the interior opening (or dwelling place of the rats) to suit their convenience; and where they lived during a period of time each fall, the length of which varied with the season. The trapper, whose careful approach to a rat house was in silence, and whose aim and spear thrust were careful and strongly given, was sometimes rewarded by a tumult and struggle inside the house as welcome as it was unexpected. During my trapping career, while muskrat skins never sold for more than 20 cents each, a good otter skin was worth $12.

Our catch of furs consisted of the skins of beaver, otter, fox, coon, badger, skunk and muskrat; and, while all other animals on the list were reasonably plentiful, so amazing were the numbers of the muskrats on the best sloughs and lakes, that the catch of rat skins commonly equaled in value that of all other fur combined.

Each trapper was provided with a boat and a kit of traps numbering from 50 to 100, and of different sizes, from the No. 1 for rats to the No. 4 for beaver. Beaver were commonly caught in traps set in the water along the banks of streams, where they were at work felling trees, the bark of which they used for food. Foxes were caught in buried traps, baited with small bits of meat scattered around. Muskrats were caught in traps fastened to long slender stakes driven into the bottom of the lake or pond at the edge of their houses, where when caught they would commonly drown before cutting off a foot to release themselves, which they were quite apt to do when caught on shore.

The work was carried on with vigor during the fall months, for during the winter nothing moved above the snow but the foxes, and no one could endure the cold of the blizzard swept plains. The severity of the winter weather is hard to describe, and still more difficult to realize without actual experience of its rigor.

In all I have ever read concerning the blizzards of those treeless plains I have never heard them properly accounted for. There is a period of time, during each and every winter in that country, when no blizzard need be apprehended, for the simple reason that none is possible; and again there is another period during which he who ventures forth from shelter does so at the peril of his life. A blizzard is solely and simply a combination, formed by furious wind and flying snow, which moves almost invariably from northwest to southeast. A snowstorm in that country, as in others, is invariably accompanied by moderate temperature, while the furious northwest gales are apt to come during the seasons of very lowest temperature; and the time of peril to human life is not alone during the prevalence of a blizzard, but also during the period of time between a fall of snow and the next great windstorm, which, coming unheralded and with a speed which no flight can escape, catches the unwary or belated traveler, and envelops him in a cloud of flying snow raised from the ground by the action of the wind, as dense as the fall of ashes at Pompeii, where, in the stumbling flight for life, the blind Nydia was better qualified to act as guide than any of the whole seeing multitude. The storm is accompanied by a degree of cold which makes each hour of exposure a torturous struggle for existence, and leaves one at length only when, unable longer to battle against the deadly stupor of the benumbing frost, he has sunk to his final rest—

"With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow."

The result of this furious tossing and driving of the snow was seen in the formation of drifts in each ravine and behind every obstruction, of snow which had lost all semblance of its former beautiful form and velvety softness, and had been hammered by the wind into a compact mass nearly as hard as ice, and over which a loaded wagon could be driven as over a pavement. From the time when these drifts were formed until the next snowstorm a blizzard was impossible, for the reason that the wind could not again tear the snow loose from the drifts, and no matter how furiously it blew during this interval, and even though the belated trapper might be frozen to death, he was not bewildered by flying snow; but could, while he lived, see his way. I remember when in the days of my boyhood, and familiar only with the soft fluffy kind of snow common in timbered regions further south and east, what a puzzle it was to me when I read accounts of the snow houses of the Esquimaux; but after having wandered over the blizzard-formed drifts of Minnesota the riddle was solved when I saw snow which might have been used for fortifications with which to withstand an invading army.

During the short days of the fall and early winter each hour of daylight was utilized in the outdoor work of the trapper, while the long evenings were spent in the warm cabins, lighted by the blaze of the open fire, where the busy work of cleaning and stretching the skins gathered during the day went merrily on until long hours into the night.

The life was necessarily one of hardship and peril, yet possessed, nevertheless, of a wonderful fascination. The element of luck entered so largely into all our calculations, that the working of the most carefully laid plans seemed very like gambling The otter trap, cleaned, smoked and carefully set for a $12 otter, was found when next visited to be securely holding a vagrant 50 cent skunk which, before being killed, by his vilainous fragrance, not only destroyed the set or position for again setting a trap for the otter, but rendered the trap useless for a long time, as the stench seemed impossible to eradicate. On such an occasion the ejaculations of the disgusted trapper were "not loud but deep."

On the other hand, the rat trap carelessly set on the slope of a rat house and fastened to a stake standing in 3ft. of water, next morning was nowhere to be seen, and even the rat house itself had disappeared, but the standing stake surrounded by floating vegetation remained, and being withdrawn from the water brought up with it not only the missing trap, but also the sleek body of a drowned otter, which had carelessly placed his paw in the jaws of the waiting trap, and in his struggle for life and freedom had afterward torn the rat house to fragments.

Singular things, too, were observed, and among the most noteworthy of these was the fact that while the scent of the skunk is one of the most terribly repulsive ever known to man, the trapper who proceeded bravely to skin and stretch the hide of each and every one he caught, found after he had skinned a dozen of the repulsive creatures that his repugnance to the scent had for the most part mysteriously disappeared. I well remember, when at the beginning of my career, having, like others of the fraternity, formed the valorous resolution to skin and save the hide of every animal that wore hair and which fell to my traps; and finding shortly afterward a highly perfumed skunk fast in a trap, I essayed, with the help of another beginner, to remove the skin. The five-minute job consumed an almost interminable hour of suffering for us both, and nothing but the most fixed resolution, coupled with the mutual exhortation to "stay with him," held us to our lightly undertaken pledge. Before my trapping days were ended I had grown so indifferent to the olfactory terror that I have killed a trapped skunk with the ramrod of my shotgun, and, providing that the perfume was not brought into actual contact with my clothing or person, I would much rather skin a skunk than an old male badger. All trappers of my acquaintance agreed such results invariably followed the continued handling of the fur of this animal. I may add, however, that since my removal from such acquaintance with this odorous creature all of my oldtime repugnance to his perfume has returned.

Among the noteworty things which came under the trapper's observation, one of those most worthy of careful study, was the otter's change of residence with the change of season, which has already been alluded to. During the summer the otter sought the deep waters of the loneliest lakes, in the steep banks of which he made his den, which was entered by an under-water passage from the waters of the lake; and here was his home until the frost began to coat the bosom of the lake with the icy mail of winter.

The impulse which prompted him to change his residence at this particular season seemed an inherited one, peculiar to the otters of this region alone, which had evidently proved by bitter experience that to remain in the open lakes during the severity of winter was to court destruction.

The knowledge of this peculiarity of the otter was obtained by the writer during a fall, winter and spring campaign, when the site occupied by our party of three was a group of three lakes with their outlying sloughs, some three miles northeast of the great bend of the Des Moines River.

When the ground was occupied we agreed to divide it as equitably as possible, and each trapper was bound to occupy only his own ground and to own only the fur he caught; and, in consequence, his reward was proportionate to his skill and industry.

The oldest man in the party, who was also possessed of much more skill and experience than either of the others, was Jim Moorehead, the inimitable; one of the jolliest and most humorous of artists in the trapping guild who ever distanced his competitors in the friendly evening contest of fur-dressing, and then, to salve their lacerated feelings and restore good humor to the cabin, drew forth the old violin and lightened their final toil with the cheery notes of the "Seventeenth of Ireland," the "Arkansaw Traveler" or "Old Zip Coon." May he live a thousand years!

In the apportionment of the ground, Jim readily agreed to take the large open lake to the westward, as his experienced eye detected abundant sign of otters along its banks, which was almost entirely lacking along the other lakes. We were late arriving on the ground, and during what remained of the fall weather the work of rat-trapping went busily on, and considerably more than a thousand rats were taken withing a period of three weeks. Meanwhile Jim wisely forbore setting a trap for the otter, preferring to wait until the fur was perfectly matured by the approaching cold, or, in the vernacular of the trapper, was "prime."

Finally, just as he had concluded to set his traps, the first cold spell of winter, coming suddenly and quite severely, coated the open lake and nearly all of the surface of the rush lakes with ice strong enough to sustain a man's weight; and as we promptly set forth to flesh our maiden rat spears, which until now had stood unnoticed in the corner of the cabin, Jim was amazed to find that the whole family of otters had left his lake and taken up their abode in my own.

Proceeding carefully to my work I now had the rare good luck to spear and secure a magnificent otter, and as the snow had already fallen in considerable amount and the wind had begun its task of piling it in drifts on the ice, wherever a bed of canes or rushes projected above the surface, a short time afterward we were all completely nonplussed to find that during the darkness of a still night the otters had disappeared and all sign of them had vanished utterly, so that the most careful search, completely encircling the lake, aided too by the watchful eye and keen scent of Jim's dog Coaly, failed to show a trace of their line of flight in the new snow; while all could see at a glance that at no place around the lake did an abrupt shore meet deep water in a manner which would make a den in the bank possible.

In vain were all the large rat houses in the lake probed again and again with the spear; not a sign nor trace of the truants could be found; and even old Jim confessed his inability to solve the problem. It looked uncanny; and although afterward the theme of many a discussion around the camp-fire, where a score of theories were offered in solution of the strange enigma, the cunning otters, sphinx-like, kept their secret well; and not until the following spring were we enabled fully to understand their strange procedure, and to read from the book of nature this strangely opened page of the natural history of one of the most singular and cunning of all of America's furred animals.

We were indebted to old Coaly after all for the solution of the problem, and it was the instinct of one animal which revealed to us the shrewd plans of the others.

When the long cold winter had passed and the warmth of the sun's rays was daily lowering the snowdrifts, Jim and I were crossing the lake with Coaly at our heels, and as we were passing a drift of the largest size, formed amid and above a large bed of the tall slender cane, common to the northern sloughs, and which grew in a shallow place near the middle of the lake, the dog appeared interested in the drift; and running along on its top and pausing occasionally to smell its surface, suddenly disappeared from sight.

A moment later he reappeared, and with some difficulty regained the surface, when Jim and I, who had stopped as the dog vanished, now hastened to learn the cause of the sudden weakening of the drift, and walking up on its top approached and looked down into the hole which had engulfed the dog. The drift covered a space of one or two acres, and rose to the height of about 5ft. above the surrounding snow. A glance down into the hole told the story of the vanished otter, and a half hour's examination of their winter's residence formed the most interesting study in natural history which ever fell to my lot.

As soon as the drift had been formed of sufficient depth, the wary creatures had approached it from beneath, and breaking through the thin ice (which in the thick growth of the tall cane had merely coated the surface of the water), and burrowing upward into the drift, had formed their home free from the fear of the deadly spear, for where in all that wide expanse of drifted snow should the trapper essay a thrust?

As the drift deepened until nothing but the tips of the tallest canes appeared above, they were out of spear reach and dwelt securely. Here during the winter they had opened long galleries extending for a distance of 50ft. in length, where they could romp and play, and the fragments of the canes torn out in their excavations had been carefully gathered into beds, where each animal slept dry and warm, while a room similar in purpose to those marked "w. c." in the yacht specifications testified to the fact that the otter is a neat and cleanly creature.

As the drift had sunk until the arch above their residence had grown thin, the dog was enabled to scent them, and, in the laudable pursuit of knowledge, he for the moment lost his footing, to find it again several feet below. My profound admiration for the cunning of the little creatures was mingled with disgust at my own stupidity, which had hindered me so long from solving so simple a riddle.

While the open lakes were coated with solid ice from 1ft. to 3ft. thick, and while the ground along their shores was sometimes frozen to a great depth before the snow of winter had fallen to protect it, here was a house both secure and comfortable; and they had learned to make the change in the proper season of the year; and remained masters of the situation at last. Along the running streams were occasional springs of warm water near the shore and beneath the surface of the water, which prevented the formation of ice above them, and these spring-holes, together with the occasional breaking of the ice by the rise or fall of the water of the streams, gave the otters which dwelt in their banks a chance for life during the winter; but the big snow drifts on the surface of the lakes were the last resort of the lake otters, and the cunning creatures had long since learned their use.

ORIN BELKNAP.

MR. STRATTON'S MINKS.—Malvern, Ark.—I have just read C. L. Stratton's account of a minkery his father kept in western New York some twenty years ago. Twenty-three years ago this summer I spent several months among relatives in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and among other things of interest in the neighborhood I visited Mr. Stratton's minkery, also his park where he kept two elk and a pair of fallow deer.—LEW WILLOW.

Travelers who have penetrated into the eastmost parts of southern Russia find some strange beliefs as to the power of fish charms. Many fish found in those countries have two small, hard, round bones on the side of the head. They are believed to have the power when worn by the owner to prevent colic, and they are termed colic stones. The more wealthy of the peasants have colic stones mounted in gold, and they are worn upon the neck as a valuable addition to a necklace. The bones of the common bullhead are much used among the Russian pheasants as a charm against fever. Among European nations in the middle ages doctors of medicine had faith that two bones found in the head of the tench have medical virtues. The bones were applied to the skin in cases of fever. The tench is a European fish, and the United States Fish Commission are endeavoring to introduce it to American waters.—*Jeweler's Review.*

A young man named Ferguson, living near Troy, Drew county, met with a peculiar but fatal accident Tuesday. He was in the woods hunting, and having remained out longer than was expected his family instituted search for him, and found him in an unconscious condition in an out-of-the way place. It appears that he had fired the gun at a squirrel, and the weapon being heavily loaded recoiled and hit him in the stomach, the blow being a serious one. He was taken home and medical aid summoned, but the physican was unable to restore him to consciousness, and last night he died. —*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

GLORIOUS HUNTING AND FISHING.—The sportsman will find the luxuries of travel in the solid vestibule trains that run daily over the Great Rock Island Route between Chicago and Council Bluffs and St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, and also hundreds of resorts on its lines where game fish bite recklessly, and quail, grouse, partridge, ducks and geese hold camp meetings to invite the onslaughts of Nimrods. To the "Lake Park" region of Minnesota and the famous hunting and fishing grounds of the Northwest, the fast express trains of the Albert Lea Route run daily between Chicago and Watertown, Sioux Falls, Minneapolis and St. Paul. The lakes, streams, fields and forests directly reached by these lines are innumerable, and attract yearly the best shots and anglers in the country.—*Adv.*

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

SHOOTING GEESE IN NORTH DAKOTA.

IN the fall of 1888, in response to an urgent invitation from my old friend Major Singletree, I packed my trunk, cleaned up my guns, and stepped aboard a western bound train, settled myself for a long ride, with a small town in North Dakota as my objective point.

I had three reasons for taking this trip, any one of which was of sufficient importance to an idler like myself to prove satisfactory. It had been years since I had seen my old chum, the Major, I had never been to that part of the Northwest, I wanted to get a shot at those brant and gray geese that the Major said were so numerous there every fall. I had laughed softly to myself as I read that portion of his letter where he said: "Doc, you have the reputation of being something of a sportsman, but the fact is, you don't know what sport is until you come here when the geese are flying in. You think it glorious, down East, if you get a crack or two at a paltry score or so of straggling, bewildered geese. Come out here, and in one day I will give you a hundred shots at more geese than can crowd together in the public square of your city."

Now the public square of our city comprised some ten acres, and as many geese as could crowd in there, why—I laughed at the usual exaggeration of these Western people.

Well, I found the Major hale and hearty, and but little changed; a fact that he attributed to the "wonderful ozone" of that country. We were soon seated behind a fleet pair of bronchos and bowling along over the prairie. It was getting toward evening of a clear October day, such as you rarely see except on the great plains of the Northwest. To the north of us stretched the level prairies, with here and there a farmer's house or so-called "shack." South of us stretched the broad prairie, with the sluggish river Cheyenne, winding its way like a huge snake until lost from sight in the distance. A few scraggly trees line its banks, and here and there, like some huge monster from the bowels of the earth, rose in strong contrast with its surroundings a frowning bluff or butte.

To the east, that same grand yet monotonous prairie, with the little village lying in its bosom, resembling from our distant point of view a covey of birds clustered there. But the west! Ah, even as I write, that picture comes before my mind, full of the sublime grandeur of God's own work. The sun was setting slowly, it seemed, and the western horizon was a scene of golden glory. We were nearing a little lake now, which was only one of many tha dot the plains of North Dakota. A beautiful sheet of water it looks to be, though without a twig of foliage on its shores. The Major pointed over toward it with his whip and said: "There's where we'll come in the morning, and I'll think I'll keep my word in showing you some sport."

"A pretty little lake," I answered.

"Yes, but strongly alkali. There's my claim over yonder," he continued, pointing on beyond the lake, where a little collection of houses could be seen. "Does not look far, does it? but it's a good half hour's drive. When I came here that claim of mine was white with buffalo bones, where the Indians had slaughtered the buffaloes for their hides. I made a good thing in picking up those bones, too," he chuckled.

We had turned off from the road now, and we headed toward the lake. It made no difference, so far as I could see, whether we were on the road or not; there were no fences, and the wheeling seemed as good one place as another.

The Major wanted to show me a few geese, he said, and he did. The lake was full of brant and gray geese, while the air seemed alive with them, and the discordant *honk, honk* and *yip, yip, yip*, from a thousand feathered throats made me fairly gasp for breath. Instinctively I began unbuckling my gun case. The Major laughed. "Never mind, Doc, there will be just as many there to-morrow."

The Major's farm was not unlike many another large claim; one large rambling wooden dwelling house, with several smaller buildings, some for hired help, and a few good sized barns. A dozen reapers and binders stood about the barns, and the barnyard contained a good-sized drove of horses and mules. Some well-bred red Irish setters lay about the veranda. These dogs seem to stand the winters better than the other breeds.

That evening we spent on the veranda, enjoying our pipes and watching the prairie fires at different points. These fires, the Major informed me, he protected himself from by plowing several furrows around his collection of buildings.

We talked of old times and new that evening, and the Major was in his element with feet elevated and well-filled pipe, he spun yarn after yarn. "When I first came here," he said, "I had only one team and that was a yoke of oxen. I could only make two trips a day to the elevator with my wheat, and as you may imagine it was slow work. To amuse myself I used to take my gun along, and on the way home I would leave the oxen to plod along alone, and I would take another route, now and then bagging a few ducks by the sloughs, or perhaps getting a crack at a sandhill crane or a covey of chickens. I never came home empty handed, but would usually gain a point ahead of the oxen, and there wait until they came along, load in my game and ride home."

We were to be up before daylight, so before I retired I got out my hunting suit and boots, put in about thirty rounds of ammunition in my belt, and then turned in. A loud knocking on the door aroused me early in the morning. I sprang out of bed and admitted the Major. "Time to be off, old fellow," was the salutation. He was dressed in a light brown suit with top boots, looking fresh and anxious to be off. "All right. What sort of a morning is it?" I asked as I threw on my clothes. "Can't see very well yet," replied the Major, "but I think it's going to be all right; looks cloudy, any way."

"Good!" I exclaimed, as I buckled on my cartridge belt.

"Is that all the ammunition you are going to take along?" he asked.

"Why?" I answered in some surprise, "Is that not enough? I have thirty rounds!"

"Humph!" he chuckled, "you are not in the East now, young man. Fill your belt, and your pockets, too."

Hastily swallowing a lunch that had evidently been prepared the night before, we started for the lake. A few geese were flying here and there, dimly visible in the gray light, but the bulk of them, the Major said, were still on the lake. We were passing through one of his mammoth wheat fields, the grain had been cut, and piles of straw at different places indicated where the threshers had been at work. We were near the lake now. Suddenly I grasped the Major's arm. Just beyond us was a small bunch of straw, and just beyond that a flock of geese were standing in the stubble. Hastily I thrust a couple of cartridges in my gun, and crept forward, keeping the little stack of straw between me and the geese. It was too dark to determine whether it was a large or small flock. "Don't shoot until they rise!" said the Major, in what seemed to me an unnatural tone of voice. Carefully I worked along. I had almost gained the straw. Funny they don't see me, I thought. I was now in excellent range, and I suddenly rose up. They did not move. A low, mocking laugh came floating softly up behind me. I had been fooled. "Confound you and your decoys!" I said, half laughing and half vexed.

"Never mind, Doc," said the Major, half choked, "I won't tell. Here's your stopping place," pointing to the little bunch of straw, "and there's mine over yonder," nodding toward a similar bunch some hundred yards away. "And now let's get in, for it's growing light, and the geese will be thicker than fleas here in five minutes, and they won't be sheet iron ones either," he added with a laugh as he started off.

Advancing to the straw I saw what the Major meant by "getting in." A little pit had been dug two or three feet deep, and some straw heaped up about it. I lost no time in getting in, and we were none too soon, for with the advancing light the geese were stirring themselves.

The limpid lake seemed literally coated over with geese, the majority of them, however, being brant. From different parts of the lake they were rising, and gradually veering around, would start for the feeding ground with such trumpeting that, to use an old expression, "a man couldn't hear himself think." An hundred must have passed over my head before I could collect myself for business. Then the fun commenced. I raised my gun, and aiming at the leaders of a large flock not 50ft. above me, cut loose on them. A large gray goose came tumbling down. Away went the other barrel, and down came a brant, while a crippled goose gradually settled, steering as well as he could for the water. I hastily reloaded. The noise of the firing had made a commotion among the fowl on the water, and hundreds, yes, thousands were flying in every direction.

Bang! bang! went the Major's gun. Whang! whang! I answered. How they did tumble. It was glorious sport. The barrels of my gun had no time to cool. First they flew toward me; then dismayed by the reception I gave them they would turn toward the Major, only to be more confused. At last they began crossing the lake, and I thought our sport was ended; but a puff of smoke, followed by a report, showed that some one was over there as well.

How long we kept up our fusilade I cannot tell. We are not apt to notice the flight of time on such occasions. My belt was empty, but a glance around on the prairie showed that it had not been emptied in vain. The geese had most all gone now and we were lying quiet. I began to feel the effect of the cramped position of my legs, when *whir r-r* went a flock over my head and were about to settle among our decoys. Up came my gun, the cramp was forgotten. Bang! bang! with the usual answer from the Major, and three more were bagged.

"Had enough, old boy?" he called, rising from his hiding place and stretching himself. "Yes," I answered, doing likewise, "I'm no pig." "Thirty-eight," said the Major, musingly, after we had piled up our game. "How do you like it, Doc?" "Glorious!" I exclaimed.

G. G. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 18.—Mr. John Parker, deputy game warden for Wayne county and Detroit, Mich., writes me on the 16th as follows: "I arrested a Detroiter named Chas. F. Burkhart for illegal shooting of woodcock last Sunday and Judge Kurth fined him $50. How is that for summary justice? I am going up the river to-night to lay for unlawful duck shooters and expect to nail a couple. Will write soon and tell you." Johnnie is apt to get 'em if anybody can. He has had some exciting personal encounters with the toughs and lawbreakers of his country, invariably landing his man, and if the justices and juries would back him as he should be he would make illegal shooting still more unpopular in that region. As it is his name is a terror to the evil doers. I hope he will get his duck shooters.

Mr. W. C. Held and Mr. Louis Smith, both of Saginaw, Mich., the latter secretary of the American Beagle Club, have made a little visit in this city, stopping on their way home after an extended trip through the West. They were gone six weeks in all, and visited the National Park and parts of Idaho and Colorado. They report an elegant time, and both have Kodaks full of pictures. A bit of strange information they give is that scouts are now killing bears in the Park, the latter having become so destructive that it became necessary to thin them out, for which the scouts claim Government permission. All of which does not seem very clear. These gentlemen report that the country about Livingston is an angler's paradise, and they are indeed full of enthusiasm over the wonders of the great West which they have seen. They say that chickens are plentier in North Dakota than for years back. They saw a fine bunch of antelope in the Bad Lands of Dakota. Both gentlemen were looking brown and hearty, and are to be envied for their good fortune in making such a grand tour.

To-day Mr. Fred Kimble, known all through this country, and president of the Peoria Target Co., was in town, and it happened that we lunched together at Kinsley's. Nothing very remarkable about that, but now I think of it, I don't think we ought to have gone there. This gray-headed old stomach-killer, Kinsley, is not nearly so much a good restaurateur as he is a persistent violator of the Illinois game laws. I call to mind a late article in a Chicago daily (the *Herald*) in which a glowing account was given of a little midsummer dinner given by an insurance man to a few friends, at Kinsley's, this summer. The host left the *menu* quite to Mr. Kinsley's judgment. Oh, it was such a nice little dinner! The paper spilled over about a column's worth on it, as if the man who wrote it all had never had a square meal in his life. Part of this simple, elegant, newsworthy little repast consisted of baked prairie chicken! Bear in mind, this was in midsummer—I believe in June or July. Our season doesn't open till Sept. 15. If Mr. Kinsley got his birds out of a freezer he is no better off, and broke the law plainly and unmistakably. Now, as the paper above mentioned is still accessible, as the names of the host and guests are known or can be learned, as the *menus* were distributed among the guests as souvenirs, and as Mr. Kinsley got up and published the *menus*, I was just wondering if there wasn't enough to shake His Majesty Kinsley up on this a little. I should think about the best thing he could do would be to call in those souvenirs, if he can. After that, he might reflect that he has done an unlawful and disrespectable thing, and has violated not only law but decency. Still further, he might ponder that he is in danger of losing the trade of a class of sportsmen who respect decency. Further yet, he may query of himself whether he isn't in danger of serving illegal prairie chicken to the wrong man some day. All of which is submitted without a bit of respect for Mr. Kinsley, his methods or his dinners.

E. Hough.

WATER-KILLING DEER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: When will men learn that brutality is not sport? that cutting off all avenues of escape for an animal and then deliberately destroying it is not in accordance with the ethics that govern or should govern those who pursue game for pleasure? Some professional hunters feel no doubt a certain degree of elation when they make a successful shot at game taken at a disadvantage, and the more shots they get of that kind the better are they pleased. With these persons gain and game are synonymous terms, and the manner of the taking off of the latter, no matter how unfair, is considered all right, so long as it is successful.

If then such market-hunter's methods are worthy only of condemnation, what must be thought of men of a different calling, who visit the Adirondacks for the purpose of killing deer in the lakes of that region?

What fun or excitement can there be in rowing up to a deer swimming in the water and clubbing it to death? No skill is required in order to compass its death under such circumstances. Any one with bloodthirsty tendencies can do the trick.

A recent issue of your paper, I think it was Aug. 7, contained quite a long narrative of the exploits of a party of hunters in the Adirondacks. The writer of the article was evidently a novice, and doubtless would have obtained more meat had he employed a guide to row him and then used a club instead of a shotgun. As we sometimes say of executioners, he bungled his work fearfully. His first lesson in the art of shooting deer in the water, as given by his older and consequently more hardened associates was as follows: "When the wind is blowing hard don't shoot over the side of the boat, but over the end; get the deer to windward, then push the boat instead of pulling it, coming up close behind the deer and shoot over the stern."

Just why the deer should be to windward, when the shooter gets ready to empty his gun into its head at close quarters, is not explained and will always remain a mystery. We may also be pardoned for failing to see the necessity of using firearms when a stick would accomplish the same results. That the deer of this country are gradually disappearing must be apparent to all those who have given the subject any thought. In a few years, if the present methods for their destruction prevail, they will be, like the buffalo, exterminated in their wild state and only found in parks and menageries.

The season for hounding deer in the Adirondacks is rapidly approaching, and it is sad to think that men, otherwise humane, should feel any degree of pleasure in taking the life of an animal whose legs are practically tied. Such men cannot be termed sportsmen, because the members of that fraternity are governed by the unwritten law that all game shall have a chance for its life. The true hunter loves the excitement as well as the difficulties attending the pursuit of an animal, and if all uncertainty in regard to its capture was eliminated, nothing would be left to afford him enjoyment; to him also the actual possession of the carcass is of little value outside of the fact that it serves as a voucher for his skill.

A. T.

BIRDS CROSSING THE CITY.

WHILE I was walking up Washington street, Brooklyn, last Tuesday morning about 3 o'clock, I heard the clear note of a reed bird overhead. I stopped to listen to the welcome and familiar music, and coming as it did from the darkness of a great city in the quiet hours of the morning, the little voice was all the sweeter. Then as I listened I heard not only one but many calls as the birds pursued their flight toward the south, and also, from what appeared the outer edge of the flock, I heard the calls of two long-billed and long-legged birds, known in the days of my youth as shypokes. These two were about 50yds. apart, and as the night was dark and somewhat foggy they were evidently calling each other that they might not go astray.

I often hear the whistle of plover crossing over the city at night, and a few weeks ago as I stood watching the moon from my window I saw a large bird outlined for an instant against the bright disc, and so vivid was the picture that the bird's wings seemed fairly to brush the face of the moon.

How such sights and sounds wake up old memories and create an intense longing for the dog and gun. Now, I had no desire to shoot the reed birds, but they brought to mind the rice beds of Chipoax Creek, and the fat woodducks that fed upon its marshes. As for the shypokes, why they came into my life with the first gun I ever shouldered. And though they are not choice of flavor or plentiful of flesh, yet with what keen delight did I creep upon them and pull the trigger of that old single gun. How I rejoiced over the first one I killed flying, and how very much powder I wasted before I succeeded in making another wing shot. But stop—I merely started in to tell you of the birds crossing the city, but the voices that spoke to me from out the night aroused a host of memories that could not be entirely suppressed.

Old Man.

MINNEAPOLIS CHICKEN SHOOTERS.—The Minneapolis *Journal* of Aug. 19 says: The trains that left the city last night and to-day carried numerous hunting parties. The baggage cars were transferred into dog menageries, and the owners of the canines either kept them company or lounged in the cars. There is but one real, genuine hunting season to the sportsman, and that will open to-morrow in Minnesota, and will allow him to crack away at ducks and prairie chickens to his heart's content. South Dakota is a pretty good chicken country, but they have a law out there that spoils the fun for Minnesota hunters. The season opened in South Dakota Aug. 15, but the law prohibits taking the game out of the State. Minnesota hunters like to "prove up" their claim with the raw material, and so they have waited patiently for the 20th. There is plenty of game all over the State. That is the report. Col. Bobleter, the State Treasurer, never misses his annual chicken hunt. He is going out to-night, and will be accompanied by M. A. Paulson, of Minneapolis; Prof. Herman, of St. Paul, and two or three other gentlemen. Col. Bobleter's old hunting ground is at Tracy, but last year his friends persuaded him to go "up north," with the result that he came back almost empty handed. To-night he will leave for Tracy, and will carry with him a copy of the Republican State platform for a mascot. Health Officer Kilvington was going, too, taking a bee line for the west, in company with his dog Grover, who can mark a chicken's location at fifty miles' range. But "Doc" was surprised and pained to find on going home last night that Grover had cut one of his paws badly and could not go. "He never had a better nose than this season," said the doctor sadly, "but it will be some time before he can hunt again." Joseph M. Regan, president of the Protective Association, and party have gone to Holly. W. E. Haskell went yesterday. M. F. Hanley, in company with his brother, J. A. Hanley, of the Santa Fé road, went out to-day by special car for Ward Lake, Minnesota. The members of the Lowry Meadow Gun Club left this afternoon for the Minnesota bottom, where the club has its 2,000-acre reserve. Among those who went out were J. C. Joslyn, J. D. C. Knapp, Will L. Wolford, Will Ankeny, F. C. Lawrence, Charles Bushnell, Lou Floyd, Harry Legg, James Griffin and Henry Elliott. The club has some rare sport in store in shooting teal and mallard ducks, which have bred in large numbers on their grounds during the year. P. B. Winston, the big Democratic politician, has gone with a party to the western part of the State. He packed up his traps and left the minute he got home from Pennsylvania. Capt. Foster, of the Fire Department, has a leave of absence to kill all the chickens he can in a week. John Nicholson and E. D. Brown have gone to Royalston. Emil Ferrant and George Goosman have gone to Dorner. A party that left last night for Redwood Falls was composed of Ed Terrill, James Ford, Charles Bryant, Dell Allen and Peter Thielen. Among others who will leave to-day are A. T. Rand, W. D. Washburn, Jr., H. C. Hanson, James B. Hanson, John B. Hanson, Thomas Laurie, John Denwick and E. E. Webster. The chicken season continues until Nov. 1. Hundreds of sportsmen leave the city every year for a few days' outing in the chicken fields. Times have been very lively for the gun stores, as the reports of plentiful game have made the nimrods anxious for the field. The hegira will continue for a day or two yet. Soon the friends of the nimrods at home will be dining on prairie chicken—if luck is with them.

ROCHESTER AGAIN.—Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 25.—In the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an article concerning Rochester. As a resident, and a "gun crank," I wish it were possible to induce Mr. Hough to accept an invitation to go duck shooting on one of Mr. Richmond's "25-cent" trips. If he longs for bass or pickerel we will take him to Irondequoit Bay—round trip 20 cents. If he were to walk to Windsor Beach, along the R. W. & O. tracks, he would be extremely liable to secure a fair bag of woodcock. In the Genesee River, south of the center of the city, catches of bass are frequent. Last season I killed three woodcock within the city line, and in less than three miles of the geographical center of the city. Pigeons are not any way plentiful. Mr. Hough does not state as to whether ammunition is included in his Chicago "five dollar trips," but from this city a sportsman may have a shooting or fishing trip, be gone one day, his expenses being less than $1,50, and have a pretty good time. He can hire a boat for 50 cents a day and his car fare would amount to probably 25 cents. We admit that Chicago is a pretty big city, and a lively and wide awake one at that; but for inexpensive and successful fishing or shooting trips I claim that we are in the lead.—GENESEE.

UPPER MAGALLOWAY RIVER, MAINE.—The several camping parties up river report a little improvement in the fishing. Game is abundant, and when the open season begins great sport is anticipated. Partridges are seen in "flocks" all through the woods. No less than a dozen camping parties are on the river, and several are stopping at Flint's Hotel, making short excursions out into the neighboring country. This way of sporting makes it very easy, and the party can spend the time to good advantage and have a comfortable bed at night, which a great many prefer to "roughing it." The river is lower than it has been before for years. A new dam is in process of construction at the head of Aziscohos Falls in place of the old one, which has outlived its days of usefulness.—SEWES.

MICHIGAN.—Argentine, Aug. 23.—Game in this part of Michigan is fairly plenty, such as ruffed grouse and rabbits. If we could shoot quail we would have lots of sport. More quail than for years, but one hard winter and they are gone. I expect the law on quail will not be observed very strictly; of course they will be shot on the sly; but it will not make much difference, for the game and fish warden law is a detriment to those who would like to have the game and fish protected. I believe the wardens in a great majority are no good, only to wink at violations and let the poacher get all the best of the sport.—OLD SUBSCRIBER.

WASHINGTON.—Sunshine, Pacific County, Aug. 14.—Four cow elk and three buck elk were killed within two miles of this town last week. No such thing as law in this country. Don't know what the term means.—McK.

GLOVES PROTECT FROM POISON IVY.—Kankakee, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently much has been said by your contributors in relation to poison ivy, cure, etc., but nothing that I have observed in relation to a preventive. For many years it was a rare circumstance for me to hunt in timber without becoming poisoned by ivy or other poisonous vegetation. I have suffered much from that cause. About twenty years since I tried the experiment of wearing a pair of light close-fitting buckskin gloves, gloves with long wrists that would extend under the coat sleeves, and so pliable that I could readily handle my gun. The gloves proved a success, and since that time I would as soon forget my gun as the gloves when shooting on a hunt. Never since I adopted that practice have I been poisoned. I am satisfied the face, etc., becomes poisoned through the medium of the naked hands.—H. L.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.—Highgate, Vt., Aug. 23.—The woodcock season is now here in the Green Mountain State fairly open, with a good supply of birds. The writer and his son were out on the first and made a good bag. The young chip can handle his gun as well as his Greek and tied his sire on the score. The next day I went out with the "old gent." Dear old governor! the seventy-seven years that you carry dimmed your sight and feebled your step, but they have not cooled your ardor for an outing. When the white frosts arrive, if a hound should bring a fox unto Green's ledges, I am quite sure that you would be on your old stand, where the stone wall crosses the northern point of the ridge, and add another brush to your long score. Ruffed grouse are reported by the berry pickers to be numerous, which we will know all about after Sept. 1.—STANSTEAD.

ARKANSAS GAME NOTES.—Malvern, N. H.—Our open season for deer commenced on the first day of August, and the woods were full of hounds and hunters during the first few days of the season. I have heard of only two deer being killed yet in this vicinity, and only a few started. I think they are very scarce this year. Quail are very plentiful, and by the time the open season for them arrives they will be large enough to furnish good sport.—LEW WILLOW.

NETTLE ANTIDOTES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, "H. B.," in 21st inst., speaks of the tops of ferns as being an antidote for the poison of that pest, nettles. Another infallible remedy for that poison and of kindred vegetation is urine. A single application effects an immediate cure. This the writer knows from observation and experience since boyhood.—H. L.

CONNECTICUT FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

THE society, whose long name everybody knows, has issued a statement: *Members and Others:* We beg to call your careful attention and reading of this letter. This Association needs membership, not only for the money which will be added to the Association, but which is actually necessary for the expenses in employing detectives in working up cases and paying attorneys to fight doubtful cases in the courts. The Association deserves the vigorous support and hearty coöperation of every farmer, sportsman and angler in Connecticut. Since our organization in September, 1888, we have successfully prosecuted over fifty fish and game law violators. Some of the cases were for spearing black bass, using dynamite for killing fish, netting trout, shooting chicken partridges, callow woodcock and quail in close season, selling game in the close season, etc.

This organization leases no land for any purpose.

Already we hear of woodcock being killed, but our hands are tied for the want of funds. Our campaign began with work, progresses with work and must end in work—not talk or hesitation.

The Association appeals to its members and all those who pride themselves on obeying the game laws to use their efforts in our behalf. Earnestly appeal to your friends to join the Association; if they cannot unite with us let them make a donation. Remember that we receive no financial aid whatever from the State.

The officers of the Association work gratuitously, and they pledge themselves to a continuance of the diligent work in enforcing the game and fish laws, if furnished money—not sympathy (the latter is all right, but it don't pay bills.) A constant and untiring fight must be kept up to prevent the total extermination of our game birds and fishes. We must be on the alert for any violation of the game or fish laws. Do not delay in sending your dollar (or more if possible) now, to-day. It costs about $20 to convict a game or fish law violator.

The following editorial, from that wideawake paper *Cooley's Weekly* (Norwich, Conn.), "hits the nail on the head," it reads as follows:

"Without prompt, vigorous and adequate protection, the game and fish of Connecticut will soon be practically exterminated. It is a question of sport within legitimate bounds, or of no sport at all; a question of whether the game and fish of the State of Connecticut belongs to the people of the State or to half a dozen prowlers and poachers, pot hunters and law breakers in each town.

"This is precisely the way in which the matter stands: If the people of Connecticut want the game and fish of the State preserved they can accomplish that and easily enough; if they are indifferent, or if they love best the prevailing illegal poaching methods, if they prefer quail and partridges unfeathered, and to hunt trout with nets and lime, very well, then—that ends the whole business."

This Association is not the "Hartford Game Club" or "Hartford Club" or "Hartford Gun Club," but the "Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish," and our work is not confined to Hartford or Hartford county. We are ready and willing to act in any town in the State. Furnish us reliable evidence in any town and we will prosecute at our own expense, any party, rich or poor, that violates the game and fish laws of this State. Every one should see his duty clear to do his full share in helping our organization.

It has been clearly demonstrated that the game and fish laws are practically of no earthly use unless the law-abiding citizens combine and enforce them. The benefits of our association are one hundred fold over what individuals can attain. The membership fee is $1 (farmers are admitted free), but any one can take as many memberships as he pleases and have a vote for each membership. There is work for all who love legitimate sport with rod and gun.

We trust for your prompt, welcome and hearty response to our request, and that an early remittance be sent to Dr. N. W. Holcombe, Pratt Street House, Hartford, Conn. Let every member get at least one person to join us; by so doing much good can be done. We need something more than saying, "Go for the violators." Give us funds and we will "go for them." Annual dues for the current year would be very acceptable now. Very truly yours,

A. C. COLLINS, President.

A digest of the Connecticut fish and game laws has been prepared and is distributed gratuitously

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

ON CANADIAN RIVERS.

[The following chapter is taken from Mr. E. A. Samuels's new volume, "With Fly-Rod and Camera."]

[*Continued from Page 93.*]

FISHING for the present was useless, even if the pool had not been disturbed, and throwing ourselves among brakes and wild grass in the shade of the trees, we gave ourselves and the pool a short rest.

The black flies and mosquitoes were now putting in their best work, and we were obliged to anoint our exposed skin with our "fly pi'son," as William termed it.

I have seen various preparations for keeping off the insect pests of the northern wooods, but of all that I have tried I have found none more efficacious than a liberal proportion of pure Stockholm tar dissolved in sweet oil, one part of tar to two parts of sweet oil, and the flavor heightened with a little oil of pennyroyal or peppermint. Vaseline, thoroughly incorporated with this, gives it a consistency and "wear," and is therefore a valuable addition. The solution of tar cannot be too strong, but too much pennyroyal will cause irritation to the skin and eyes.

Ah! what a paradise would be the northern wilderness in summer if it were not for the voracious insects which abound in myriads and annoy us at every turn. In some localities they render life almost a burden to man and beast, and a favored spot it is, indeed, that is free from them. I have seen the black flies in the valley of the Magalloway River in Maine, in such numbers that the farmers could not work in the fields in the heat of the day unless they had a "smudge" burning near them all the time. Repeatedly have I seen cattle come tearing down the hills as if they were mad, and thrust their heads into the smoke of the "smudge pot" that was kept always burning at every door to drive away their tormentors. I have seen the window panes of a school house in a back settlement so covered with these insects that they appeared almost solid black.

Never shall I forget an experience that I had in the summer of 1860 on the upper waters of the Magalloway. It was a wild country then, and one would not meet a hunter or fisherman for weeks at a stretch. Now it is quite different, and fishermen are numerous, and on an island in Lake Parmachene there is a comfortable house for their accommodation kept by the popular guide John Danforth. On the occasion I refer to, I had with me as canoeman, a son of dear old Captain Wilson, one of the whitest men that God ever created. We were coming down the river on our return from a trip to its head waters, and had just reached "the Meadows," so-called, when young Wilson was taken ill. He seemed in great pain, almost as if dying, and was of course quite helpless. What his sickness was I could not understand, but I did the best I could for him. I laid him in the bottom of the boat on some blankets, and gave him a dose of Jamaica ginger, which I happened to have among my stores. I felt sure it could not hurt him anyway, and it did in a short time give him relief, for he soon fell asleep. But the black flies! Like a dense cloud they settled upon us, and I was literally streaming with blood. Wilson I had covered with the blanket, and his face was protected by his hat, with a handkerchief throwm over it. But I, while I was tending him, was completely at the mercy of the little pests, and no mercy did they show.

Not a breath was stirring, and the weather was very warm; the perspiration streamed at every pore, and consequently tar ointment would not adhere to my skin. It would have been useless, anyway, against such hordes as pounced upon me.

It took but a short time to convince me that unless I had a smudge in the canoe the situation would be critical, for I had heard of cases of terrible poisoning from black flies, which were followed by insanity and helplessness. Seizing the frying pan and iron pot, I started a fire in each, and when it was fairly burning, I covered it with damp moss, leaves and turf. I placed one in the bow close to Wilson, and the other at my feet, and began my long paddle of, I think, over thirty miles down to Aziscohos Falls.

The river was low, and once or twice I was obliged to get out of the boat and haul it over bars and windfalls, at which times I was at the mercy of my tormentors.

The load was also heavy for a single paddle, and tired enough I was at nightfall when I landed at an old logging camp on the river side, and got my patient out of the boat and into the camp. However, I started up a big smudge, for although the flies had finished their work for the day, the mosquitoes began to show up in clouds.

I then built a fire and got supper. I contented myself with hard tack, fried bacon and tea. For Wilson I made a dish of flour porridge; and through the evening I laid cloths steeped in hot water across his abdomen, changing them as fast as they cooled off to the temperature of the body.

This treatment seemed to do him good, and glad and thankful enough I was to see the poor chap coming around, for it was a pretty serious matter for me to have a sick man on my hands alone in the wilderness, particularly as I did not know what ailed him, and what the best treatment would be.

At length I smudged out the camp and turned in, leaving a big smoke going outside.

On the following morning Wilson was so far recovered that he could move about without my assistance, and we got an early start on the river, he, however, still too weak to paddle. The flies, however, soon put in an appearance, and I was obliged to kindle my smudge again. I sped the boat as rapidly as I could, but it was noon when I heard the oh, how welcome roar of the falls and knew that the end of my journey on the river was at hand.

Wilson, though still feeble, was able to walk the carry (portage) around the falls with me, although we had to travel slowly; and it was late in the night when we reached his home at Wilson's Mills, and I was relieved of my responsibility and anxiety.

We were both so badly poisoned by the virus from the insects that we were in high fever for a day or two, but good nursing brought us out all right.

My hands were in a terrible state, for in addition to the soreness from the bites of the flies, they were badly blistered by the hard bout I had had with the paddle.

Yes, that was an experience with black flies never to be forgotten. The region about the Magalloway is one of the favorite haunts of this pestiferous insect, and I do not remember ever seeing it in any other section in anything like the abundance in which it exists there. In old times we used to think that the Schoodic Lake country, particularly about Grand Lake Stream, was bad on account of these diabolical insects—and I have seen them so thick on the Miramichi that the air was black with them—but I have never anywhere seen anything like the prodigal plenty in which they are found on the Magalloway.

"Pass me the p'ison, please," exclaimed William; after Frere and I had anointed ourselves, "the flies are very cross* to-day."

I handed the tar to him, both of them had been well punctured, the insects having crawled into their hair and beards and left their scars freely.

Anointing being over we settled down for comfort.

"'Tis a pretty pool, entirely," said Hiram, who was carelessly tying various knots in a piece of string.

"It is that," assented William.

"I wish I had a dollar for every fish that was ever taken from it."

"You'd need a team to carry them if they were our American silver dollars," I added.

"Yes, and a double team at that," said Frere,

"Yes, 'tis a great pool, altogether," answered Hiram, unconsciously repeating his first statement.

"And one of the best to kill a fish in on the river."†

"True," replied Frere, laughingly, "if you can keep him away from the rocks."

"Oh, there's no trouble at all," replied William, deprecatingly, "you'll never have one run down there again. This was the first time I ever saw one, and many's the fish I've seen killed here."

"No, they never run there like that," said Hiram, "but you want to mind the head of the pool too, there's an old drift tree there," pointing to a spot just below the upper rapids, "and if you get 'hung up there,' good-by Mr. Salmon."

"Is there really any drift stuff here?" I asked, "if so now is the time to get it out. I don't want to lose any fish on it."

"All right," replied the guide. "Come, William, with the gaff, and we'll clear it out."

The two brothers proceeded to the beach, above the rapids where the canoe was hauled up, and shoving it out into the stream and embarking, they moved slowly down to the place that had been designated.

William held the canoe steadily in place while Hiram began reaching with the gaff down into the water for the drift wood.

"By Jove," I exclaimed, "there's more water there than I dreamed of; see! he has the whole length of the gaff under water, and his arms up to the elbows."

"Yes," replied Frere, "there is a sharp pitch there, and quite a deep hole."

In a short time Hiram shouted to William to "push in," and the canoe, impelled by the setting pole, soon touched the beach, Hiram dragging with the gaff what proved to be a large limb of a tree with the branches and twigs on, just as it had floated down the stream and sunk months before.

"That's a dangerous snag out of the way, at all events," said Frere. "What have you found, Hiram?" he exclaimed, as the guide, after hauling the limb up on the beach, proceeded to detach something that was evidently fastened to it.

"'Tis a bit of net that got torn on it," answered the guide, "that snag has done one good job anyway."

"Hallo, here is the rest of your cast, sir," exclaimed William, unwinding something that was also entangled in the twigs.

"What!" ejaculated Frere, "my casting line? Impossible."

"It is, sure enough, and the fly, too, all but the barb of the hook, that's gone."

It proved to be as they had stated; the salmon, after parting the casting line, had purposely entangled it afterward in the drift stuff and, breaking the hook, had freed itself of its unwelcome incumbrance.

"'Twas a crafty lad, altogether," said Hiram, handing the line to Frere, "how well he knew the way to get rid of it!"

"Yes," said Frere, "I knew he would not carry it around long."

"It was a poor length of gut," I exclaimed, as I examined it. "See, here is at least six inches of it thin and flat."

"Yes," said Frere, "I see it was weak there, although it would have made no difference if it had been perfect; it is almost impossible to obtain good casting lines nowadays except at fabulous prices, and even then they are likely to have weak places."

"That is true," said I, as we resumed our seats among the brakes, "there is sure to be a weak spot somewhere, and I have for years tied my own, and I use nothing but the best round gut of even and uniform thickness."

"I believe I will try it myself," replied Frere, "there is no great labor required in it, and it is worth something to have a cast on that one may feel absolute confidence in."

"Yes," said Hiram, "the best cast is none too good. I was once out with a man from Montreal. He had a big lot of new casting lines and they looked all right, but they went to pieces on every fish. He lost a big lot of saumon that trip, something like a dozen or fifteen, I am sure."

"He did so," added William, "he had hard luck, not a cast in the lot wuth tuppence."

"Do you mind, Doctor, how we lost the saumon last year in the White Rapids Pool on the Jacquet?" asked Hiram, addressing me, "Sure he was the wild divil, too."

"Yes, I shall not forget him for a while," I replied, "such a dance as he led us."

"How was it?" inquired Frere.

"Oh, it was only one of the cases of 'lost fish' that every one knows all about," I replied. "I was running down the river with Hiram in the canoe, fishing the pools on the way down. When we reached the White Rapids Hiram landed me on the shore above the pool and I walked down along the river, casting as I went. When I reached the boil immediately below the rapids I got a rise, and casting again was fast to a fine fish. He took down into the pool and from the way he cavorted around there one would think he had an electric battery in his tail. Zip! he'd dart up and down the pool like an arrow, and "cree-e-e' the old reel sung out in response to his movements."

"Yes, the lad was in the air more of the time than in the water," exclaimed Hiram, "it was jump, jump, jump all over the pool; sure he was a wild divil, altogether."

"Yes," I replied, "he was a lively customer; I never had a fish quite so full of energy. At length he ran down to the foot of the pool and criss-crossed over among some big boulders there and got the line wound around them. I yelled at the top of my lungs to Hiram to wade out with the gaff and cast off the line or the fish would part it."

"Sure I thought he was gone," said the guide. "I saw the line in the rocks and made sure it was broken."

"No," I continued, "he was still on when Hiram went out to him and cast off the line, and whir-r-r! how he made the water fly as he darted to the head of the pool again. Up and down did he continue to race, sometimes in the water, as often in the air, and apparently as fresh as at the start."

"No doubt a fresh-run fish," remarked Frere.

"Ah! yes, he was a bright one," said Hiram.

"At length he gave a big leap and then ran to the boil again, where he settled to the bottom, and stir him I could not. For at least fifteen minutes I tried every means that I knew of for starting a sulking salmon, but he would not budge. Finally I got impatient and told Hiram to take the canoe and stir him up with the setting pole.

"'Are you sure he's still on?' Hiram called out.

"'On! of course he is,' I replied, 'see the line vibrate as the rascal shakes his head!'

"'Yes, he's trying to shake out the hook,' answered the guide, and he immediately started for the canoe.

"I had a steady strain on the fish all the time for all the rod was worth, and I kept it up while Hiram was bringing down the canoe. Now and again I felt a spiteful jerk, as if the fish were shaking the line back and forth. Anon would come a strong steady tug as if he were about to start out again on his wild racings, and then the dead hard resistance would follow.

"Hiram soon had the canoe in the pool, and going up to the head poked down with the setting pole where the salmon was lying, but the fish did not stir. Finally the guide took hold of the line and began lifting it carefully with one hand, underrunning it with the gaff.

"'Sure, the fish is gone!' at last he shouted.

"'No!' I exclaimed, 'impossible!'

"'He is gone, altogether,' replied Hiram, 'and you are fast to a tree at the bottom of the pool.'

"As he said this he put the gaff down into the water, and hooking it into a branch of sunken drift wood like that just taken out of this pool, he came ashore at my side."

"Ha, ha," exclaimed Frere, "that's a pretty good joke; the idea of playing a piece of drift stuff so long is rich."

"Yes, it was pretty rough on me, I admit," said I, "but I'll be blessed if any one could have known it was not a salmon. The scamp no doubt freed himself as soon as he struck the drift stuff, and the line, fastened to the swaying limb, vibrated and pulled according to the strength of the water moving it back and forth. It felt all the time like a large strong fish."

"Tricky divils are salmon," sententiously observed William. "I never feel sure of one until he is high and dry on the shore."

"Yes, the salmon is a good fighter," said Frere, "and the uncertainty of bringing him to grass constitutes nine-tenths of the fascination there is in fishing for him."

"One cannot risk a single chance on him," I replied, "and it is often a little thing that brings the fisherman to grief even with the best of care."

*Hungry or savage.

†These dialogues are literally as jotted down by me on various occasions.—E. A. S.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

GRAND ARMY DAY in Boston last week was something of a holiday to the tired merchant who did not happen to care for the parade. Business was almost entirely suspended, and some of those who wish they were boys again did their best to be so for one day at least. Mr. Crane, of the leather house of Shedd & Crane, with Dr. Pratt, a well-known lover of the rod and reel, early on that day betook themselves to the Old Colony Railroad. They went down the line to Quinticus Lake, in North Rochester, Plymouth Co. By the way, it might be mentioned that this is the very same pond that ex-President Cleveland fished on his last trip to Marion, the little Buzzard's Bay town, so much beloved by Mrs. Cleveland. Our Boston boys had the same guide and boatman engaged that took Mr. Cleveland out, Mr. Levi Roundsville, and a very efficient and enthusiastic boatman he proved. They took a large number of pickerel with rod and reel at which the guide was very much delighted. They also succeeded in getting several bass, the playing of which gave the boatmen a great deal of pleasure. "Ooh! see him go it!" was a favorite expression when the fish took out the reel in good style. On one occasion they were all particularly delighted at the sport the fish gave them, and they set him at a 3lb. bass at the very least. But lo! when he was brought to the net it proved to be a good-sized hornpout. The guide was pleased. He knew where the hornpout were plenty, and he proposed that they go for them. So they left pickerel and bass fishing for a season, and Mr. Crane says he had no idea how well the ordinary hornpout will play the reel. Stubborn as a mule, he refuses to allow his head to come above water till he is thoroughly tired out, and then a few draughts of fresh air do not seem to take the "gimp" all out of him, as in the case of the trout. It rather works like a stimulant—a little oxygen does—it makes the pout pull the harder, and the second time his head is brought out of the water it must be done with sheer force of the rod.

Mr. W. H. Coggin, salesman and coffee expert, with the well known house of Dwinell, Hayward & Co., has just returned from his vacation at Hampden, Me., the former home of his wife, who was with him. Heron Pond, a few miles from Bangor, on the Maine Central, is the pond that Mr. Coggin intends to fish every opportunity. This time the party was made up of Mr. Coggin, Henry L. Mayo, the Republican candidate for the State Senate from his town; Dr. W. H. Nason, a flourishing young physician from the same town; Chas. Wales, the leading grocer of the village, with W. H. Doane, Mrs. Coggin's brother. They went up to the pond the night before the great day of their best success. They secured plenty of live bait—"shiners" is the local name—from the mouth of a stream that flows into the pond. Early the next morning the sport begun. They took several good-sized black bass, all of which they rejected when it came to the question of cooking. A number of pickerel also fell to their creel. But their best sport came from taking white perch, considered the king of fish in that pond, so far as real value is concerned. They had very remarkable success in still-fishing for white perch with live bait. They caught over forty fish of good size, perch and pickerel, and nearly every family in the neighborhood had fried fish for breakfast the following morning.

It is pleasing to learn that a candidate for the State Senate in Maine—sure to be elected, for the town is intensely Republican—is a sportsman and a progressive young man. Next winter the question of fish and game protection is again to come up in that State, and there is little doubt at least one Senator can be looked to for such wholesome change in the game laws as they require.

D. C. Ford, of Bridgewater, reports rather a peculiar discovery at Biddeford Pool, in Maine. An embankment has washed away just above the railroad, and there has come out of the bank an old dugout, or log canoe, that really should be in the possession of some society of history. The dugout is 38ft. long and very wide and deep, though somewhat gone to decay. The boys have run around on the rim or gunwale, and their feet have worn into the decayed wood till down to where it is 1¼in. in thickness. How long this relic of savage skill has lain there no man can tell, nor to what tribe she belonged.

Mr. Patrick Kelley, the patron in church building of the late Father O'Brien, of Cambridge, Mass., is to start for Richardson Lake is a few days. He will stop at the Upper Dam. Mr. Kelley is a great lover of the rod and reel. He visited the Upper Dam with Father O'Brien for several seasons, and though one of the gentlemen was a Catholic priest and the other a devoted friend and follower, yet no two men ever went to that region who enjoyed it better. Even the priest came off in trout fishing. It was once a remark of Father O'Brien that when he came to die he desired no other resting place than at the lakes. But when he departed this life, a year or two ago, his wishes, if they were really wishes in sober earnest, were not carried out. The loss of his friend rather staggered Mr. Kelley in his love for the lake and the swift waters of the Upper Dam, but he is to try it again this fall. By the way, Mr. Kelley is very desirous that we have a rod and reel association in Boston, and why can not his wishes be carried out?

The cool September is close at hand and with it the late fly-fishing. The reports are favorable. I hear that it was very cold at the Maine Lakes on Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights, and that the trout have already begun to rise, But there is no need of taking the jack-light, for the open season on deer does not begin in that State till Oct 1. A friend of mine was riding into Boston the other morning just behind the car seat where sat two other gentlemen, both Boston merchants. One was telling the other about the elegant jack-light he had just had built. He was going to start for Seven Ponds, in Maine, early enough to be on the spot on the first night of September, in order to try his jack-light on the deer. The open season began on that date he evidently thought. My friend, also a sportsman, who goes to Maine every year, politely told him that he did not like to dispute a stranger, but that he felt that it was nothing more than right to inform him that the open season on moose, deer and caribou in Maine did not commence till Oct. 1. The gentleman seemed surprised and remarked that my friend must be mistaken, for his guide had written him that he could "jack as much as he choose" after Sept. 1, and the gentleman felt very sure that the law was so amended at the last session of the Legislature of that State that Sept. 1 was the opening day. He was informed that he was absolutely mistaken and that attempt to change the open season on that class of game to Sept. 1 was killed at the very last hours of the session, two years ago this winter. SPECIAL.

CALIFORNIA FISHES.—Dr. Carl H. Eigenmann writes us from San Francisco that with the exception of the flounder and sole fisheries San Diego is far ahead of San Francisco. The various species of rock cod (*Sebastichthys*) are more abundant at San Diego and their average size is much larger than further north. Dr. Eigenmann noticed in San Diego that those species of fishes which rarely come into the markets are usually much above the average in size, a condition probably explained by the fact that these are stragglers from the north and probably only fish of unusual size stray from their accustomed haunts. If so, these rock cod will undoubtedly plant southern colonies, since many of them were gravid. Up to July 5 very few barracuda had come into San Francisco markets, the Monterey catch being merely nominal. The southern California catch seemed to be as large as usual. The young or medium sized quinnat salmon were running in the Sacramento in small numbers in June and early July. In the exploration of lakes Tahoe and Donner, recently undertaken by Dr. Eigenmann, two new species of minnows were found and one new form of miller's thumb (*Uranidea beldingi*). The last is abundant in Lake Donner and destroys immense numbers of young trout, especially those domesticated in the hatchery. One of the trout in the region may prove to be a distinct species, as the eggs and newly hatched young are very different from those of the common species (*Lenshawi*). The fish of Lake Donner were found to be essentially the same as in Lake Tahoe.

MAINE SALMON.—Caribou, Aug. 21.—There have been several salmon taken with the fly here this summer, one weighing 17lbs. The persons using spears have been most successful, however, and have secured nearly all there are. Fish Commissioners Stilwell and Stanley are here for the purpose of having a fishway placed over the Aroostook River dam, as the Aroostook River salmon would take a fly as readily as the Penobscot salmon with a fishway. Caribou would certainly have a superior salmon pool which would attract many people to this section.

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

I.

THERE is no sporting locality in the Western country which has a wider reputation than the St. Clair Flats, and the sporting clubs of that locality have long been the name of everything denoting thoroughness, wealth and luxury in sportsmen's organizations. It is not every one, however, who has had the privilege of visiting this land of ducks and small-mouthed bass, and not every one knows definitely much about the forms of the sport there or of the great clubs which have made that their abiding place. The story of the St. Clair Flats may therefore be of interest. It is believed that the effort of FOREST AND STREAM to secure complete information for such a story is the first noticeable attempt of the kind made by any sportsmen's paper. Before proceeding to the actual clubs of the Flats, it will be well just to say a word or so about a couple of clubs which belong on the same chain of waters, but which lie below Detroit instead of above it.

THE POINT MOUILLE CLUB.

This is a very exclusive and wealthy organization, whose membership, confined to only about a dozen, covers several States in residence. Shares of stock in this club are not obtainable. If one were sold by a holder it might bring $3,500 to $5,000. The shooting at this club is perhaps the finest and pleasantest of which any knowledge can be obtained in this country, and it is peculiar in its way.

Point Mouillè Club lies about 30 miles below Detroit, on the American side of the Lake Erie shore. Here nature has formed a narrow beach, and back of this beach, on which the club buildings stand, lies the marsh, which is one of the finest wild rice beds in the land. The ducks work back and forward across the beach, between the marsh and the lake, and the pintail decoys are sometimes put out on the edge of the beach, it being one of the tricks of the club for a member to see how many ducks he can drop on the woodpile. The club has about three miles of marsh, the latter being much cut up by deep creeks. This peculiarity makes the sport of "jumping" mallards out of the rice a very popular and easy one. It is not an unusual thing for the dogs to point mallards in the thick rice that runs up close to the beach. Geese and swans frequent the marsh also. A boy lately caught two geese in steel traps, and two swans were killed with a .22 rifle. As to the size of the bags made, nobody knows just how many ducks could be killed by a boat in a day on Point Mouillè marsh, but bags of over 100 are not thought remarkable at all.

The boat used by this club is a type of itself, and is known as the "Point Mouillè boat." This is a sharp double-ender, a three-piece boat decked over about 3ft. at each end. It is made sometimes in iron. Its draft is about as light as that of any duck boat made, and it is intended solely for punting.

The buildings of the club comprise a dining hall, a "Rowdy Hall" and a number of cottages, besides boat houses, etc. The keeper, Bill Jardine, himself a very good marsh shooter, is paid $600 a year. Board is $3 per day, and the pusher's fee is $1 per day.

Mr. Wm. C. Colburn is president of the Point Mouillè Club. Mr. H. H. Warner, better known as "Kidney-Cure Warner," is one of the members, among whom are also Messrs. Harvey Brown, Sheffield and Barber, of Detroit. Mr. Fay, one of the members, lives so far east as Boston, and Mr. E. E. Flint, another member, lives in Chicago. Mr. Flint is a member of many clubs, and he goes where he likes for his shooting; but he always says that no duck shooting in the whole country surpasses that of Point Mouillè.

THE ISLAND SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB.

FOREST AND STREAM was cordially invited to visit the quarters of this thriving young club, now only one year old, but the possessor of franchises very enviable indeed, since the grounds of the club lie only seven miles below the foot of Woodward avenue. The journey down was made one morning in the latter part of last May, in the tight and speedy little steam yacht Ida M., owned by Mr. Chas. H. Preston, the president of the club, the latter himself presiding at the wheel. There were on board that morning also Messrs. John Parker, Wm. Hunter, A. F. Roehm and Edward King, members of the club; Mr. Stenton, of the Peoria Gun Club; Mr. H. A. Penrose and a friend from Corry, Pa.; Mr. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., and Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O.

The first stop was made at the head of Fighting Island, a mile or two above the club grounds. Here is a beautiful point of land, occupied by a cottage, a spread of fine turf and a rare old orchard. Mr. Preston, in association with Messrs. E. H. and W. H. Gilman and Howard Barnes, all of Detroit, has secured a fifteen years' lease of this upper part of the island and will put up a fine summer resort provided with attractions to the public. A more inviting spot in the summer could hardly be found. There is marsh near at hand here, on which good bags are often made.

We now ran quickly down to the club house, passing in sight of some fine points of marsh, where we were told that heavy shooting is often had. The club house is merely an old farmhouse, one story, rather picturesquely located on the bank of one of the river channels. The marsh lies back of this, covering some 1,500 acres or more. The total territory of the club covers about 1½×5 miles. The marsh, which is nicely traversed by creeks and broken by good pond holes, is plainly visible from the observing tower. There were some birds working on it as we looked. The ducks breed there to some extent, chiefly mallards, woodducks and teal. The present Island Club is the successor in leasehold of another club, which forfeited its lease, and as was stated is only a year old. Records of the marsh are therefore not yet abundant; but four guns bagged 89 ducks in a half day, and it is said that in one day two guns have killed 193 here. There is a heavy flight up and down the Detroit River between Lake Erie and the Flats, and these side marshes catch more or less of it. There were five bevies of quail on the preserve last year, and it is thought that these birds can be kept, as they are sharp enough to take to the marsh when pressed too hard.

The dues at the Island Club are $30 and a monthly assessment which brings the total up to about $50. The steward, Mr. Roehm, familiarly known as "Pa," does the providing for the club and levies such assessments as are necessary therefor. The keeper, Keyser, has as perquisites all the fur and fish he can take in and around the marsh, and his wife is paid $10 per month. The membership of the Island Club is as follows: Chas. H. Preston, Pres.; Chas. Smith, Vice-Pres.; William Hunter, Sec'y; Wm. H. Gilman, Treas.; also Messrs. John Parker, A. F. Roehm, Edward King and Howard Barnes. Mr. Henry Bromly and Wm. Milner are members formerly in the old club also.

There is no bass fishing of consequence about the island itself, but there is good fishing for lake fishes. The party of our visit fell to catching perch and rock bass, and out of this grew a rivalry, which terminated that in a wager Messrs. Parker and Penrose could catch more fish than Rolla Heikes and the writer. The latter team was fortunate enough to strike a "hole" of rock bass and using two hooks to the line was snaking out the fish in great style until discovered by their rivals, whose faces fell when they learned how the count stood. An idea, however, seized them and hoisting sail they at once sped away to a point where John Parker, himself the game warden for Wayne county, knew there were some nets set, on the Canadian side. By dint of stealthy raising three or four of these they secured a fair miscellaneous lot of fish, including dogfish and sunfish, and this they endeavored to count in upon the returns. Objection to this was promptly filed on the ground that many of the fish did not show shot marks, and the challenge, after much argument and final admissions on the part of the guilty parties, was duly sustained by the referee, Mr. Andrew Gackson Courtney, the same a fisher of great accomplishments as proved that day. Thus felony was detected and punished and became a byword among the people. Mr. Parker and Mr. Penrose may be good fishers with nets, but when it comes to fishing with hook and line they are not in the competition at all.

We passed a very delightful day here on the island, and could well see how all there might be delightful. The voyage home, between the beautiful green shores of the beautifully blue Detroit River, was pleasant also. The Canada side of the river is especially charming, occupied as it is by drives, lawns and residences. Near the Fort we stopped, and here the writer made an acquisition, in the shape of a handbill announcing a shooting match, which is too good to withhold from shooting men in general. The inventor of this bill is a Frenchman, and his English is worthy of Mr. Robinson's Antoine Bissette. The announcement was as follows:

"Shooting match at Thomas Gignac's Hotel Petite Cote Friday May 30 th., 75 pigons blue rock glas balls as many, as wanted. To begand at 1 P. M. Come one come all Thomes Gigans Prip."

Soon after the island trip, preparations were made to go up among the club houses of the St. Clair Flats proper, about a week being devoted to that work. At the time it was announced that Mr. John Parker, warden for Wayne county, with Mr. Frank Wherry, acting as assistant State warden, were going up to look after some violations of the fish laws, complained of by some of the larger clubs. The writer, being invited to join them in this trip, did so with pleasure, since it afforded the best possible method of learning thoroughly the peculiarities of the country. We set sail of a Wednesday morning in the cabin boat owned by Mr. Gilman, which is much used by the Detroit boys on their shooting trips. This boat is called "No. 11," and she is a study in naval architecture. She is a flat-bottomed centerboard craft, with two masts, about twice as broad as she is long. The cabin, however, is very large and roomy and provided with every convenience for cooking, eating and sleeping. There is a good cook stove, a handy folding table along the centerboard well, plenty of lockers under deck, and a place where a false bottom is laid for the beds at night. Under the deck forward is a vast cavity, where are stowed the bedding, guns, valises, etc. The boat bore evidences of having been occupied by shooters who knew how to live and yet kept things neat and shipshape. A better abode for three men bound on such errands as ours could not be devised.

The Detroit River is a very swift stream, and as we met a hard head wind the first day, we were able to get up only as far as Belle Isle Park by evening of the first day. Numbers of the craft out on the river were tacking up stream, but No. 11 wasn't built that way, and we couldn't get up the hill, no matter which end of the boat we sailed first. A steamer just pulling out for Walkerville offered us a tow up, and we cast them a line, and went flying. In this way we came upon the point of sustaining what would have been at best a very serious accident, and learned that the simple operation of being towed, even in so large and steady a craft as ours, may in reality be a very dangerous one. Our boat when under tow ran very high forward, and we shipped a great amount of water astern, through the rudder hole. Wherry and myself, acting under the orders of Parker, who was in command of the vessel, went forward by the foremast to try to keep her nose down all we could. We were going a good gait, when Parker also came forward. His weight was enough to overcome the balance of the loose water ballast we were carrying. This rushed forward under decks, and the No. 11 began to go down by the head about as fast as any vessel ever did. The water surged up over the bows, wet us to the knees as we stood on deck, and even swashed across the top of the cabin. Parker called out for us to jump astern, and at the same instant the engineer of the steamer saw our plight and at once reversed his engines. Otherwise we should certainly have gone to the bottom; as it was, the tons of water that went over us were mostly turned from the cockpit by the build of the deck, and we slowly came up again, not much the worse for it except in the wetting of our cargo, and for a scare which never reached its height till two or three days later, when we got to figuring about it.

We were now fain to cast anchor off Belle Isle, but the park policemen, not liking the looks of our piratical craft, ordered us away. Laboriously we worked across the river, pulled through the bridge, and after finishing the pumping out of our vessel, closed the first day of our voyage toward the Flats within the city limits of Detroit, with a good supper on board and a damp bed after that; for our bedding had been well soaked during our towing escapade.

E. HOUGH.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

SHENANDOAH BASS GIGGING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from Stra-burg, Shenandoah county, Va. Clever people up there—but clever to everything except fish. The aborigines of that section, for some reason known only to themselves and divine Providence, have a deadly enmity to that great fish, the black bass. The Fish Commission are rather disgusted with the slaughter of the bass that they have been trying to cultivate in the Shenandoah River and branches, and have concluded that if the slaughter is permitted by the State they will allow the river to go without the noble fish, and let the pot-hunters dirty their own nests and then seek other fields for murderous fame. They hunt fish up there with a long gig, as it is called, a pole from 12 to 15ft. in length, with 6 or 8 sharp prongs on end. They hunt at night and more especially in winter season, when the fish are more or less torpid.

These pot-hunters take their boats by night and fasten on a basket of pine knots at the stern or middle of the craft, and as they shove about the stream they see the unsuspecting fish, which are gigged without mercy as they lie at rest.

Now every sportsman must admit that this is all wrong and that this game fish should be protected as much as any other game. It is said that laws for the protection of fish would have been passed but for the opposition of the counties of Clark, Warren and Rockingham. Understand that these counties have agreed that whatever is found in the fields or the woods or the rivers is indictable for food. The natural inference is that if any poor little human being, whether in the form of a hunter or otherwise, could or should be caught in the fields or rivers or woods of any of these three counties he could be legitimately cannibalized.

It certainly will seem strange to the sportsmen of the country to realize the fact that Virginia gentlemen and sportsmen will countenance and permit this murderous slaughter of one of the gamiest fish that swims our waters, and that for the paltry gain of pot-hunters.

Well, they still have one satisfaction, and that is that the waters will soon be depleted and that no sportsman will spend a dollar where this murder is carried on.

It is the old fable of killing the goose that laid the golden egg. No more eggs, no more fish. ALIC.

VORACITY OF THE WALL-EYED PIKE.—One of the statements made in these columns by "Stehman," June 26, concerning a singular capture of a Susquehanna "salmon," otherwise known by the name of wall-eyed pike, pike-perch, etc., etc., was evidently looked upon by some of our contemporaries as a pleasing fable instead of a sober fact. Dr. DeKay, in his "Natural History of New York," Part IV., published in 1842, has the following to say about the species: "This is the common pike, pickerel, pickering, glass-eye and yellow pike of the Great Lakes, and of most of the streams and inland lakes in the western part of the State. . . . The pike-perch is exceedingly voracious, and is highly prized as food. It is caught readily with the hook, and appears to prefer as bait the common fresh-water crayfish (*Astacus bartoni*). The best time for fishing is in the dusk of the evening with a great length of line out, and keeping it gently in motion. The foot of rapids, or beneath mill dams, appears to be its favorite haunts. In the heat of summer it seeks the deepest parts of lakes, or in streams in the coolest parts concealed under weeds or grass. . . In Chautauqua Lake I was informed of one which was 30in. long. It had swallowed a duck, which had thrust its head through the gill openings of the fish, and having thus destroyed it, both were found dead on the shore."

SPANISH MACKEREL.—On Monday, Aug. 18, upward of 9,000 Spanish mackerel, some of them weighing over 8lbs., were caught at Virginia Beach, Virginia. A portion of these were sent to markets in Washington, D. C., and sold for 20 cents per pound. These are frequently called bay mackerel by the fishermen. We have not heard whether the anglers have paid any attention to the Spanish mackerel in Virginia; but if not they have missed one of the finest game fishes of the coast. It can readily be taken by trolling in the way pursued for bluefish, and will handsomely repay, by its game qualities and excellent flavor, any efforts bestowed upon its capture. Besides, it is one of the most beautiful fishes of the East Coast, and commands a high price in New York and other Northern cities.

MUSCALONGE IN INDIAN RIVER.—Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Mr. G. Pitt Evans, of Theresa, Jefferson county, N. Y., writes: "Dan Tyler went down after 6 o'clock one evening and caught one back of the island; it weighed 39lbs. 12oz. Not many muscalonge have been taken yet this season, but many pickerel and some very fine black bass." Although Indian River is a small stream compared with the St. Lawrence, 11 miles distant, I will venture to say that there are more muscalonge taken from it in the same number of miles in length. I was at Theresa in August, 1885, when the water was too high for good fishing, but in September there were a number caught, weighing from 30 to 37lbs. each.—J. L. DAVISON.

MR. HENRY GECK, representing Yawman & Erbe, of Rochester, is now in the city for a stay of a month or more, introducing some of the firm's specialties. One of the special articles manufactured by this well-known concern, is the equally well-known automatic reel. Various improvements have been made in its construction, until now it is as near complete as human skill can make it. Mr. Geck reports an exceedingly good trade during the present season, the firm being away behind their orders. An additional stock will be made ready for next year so that all orders can be filled as received.

PASQUE ISLAND AND NEWPORT.—Mr. E. Vom Hofe, of 95 Fulton street, has reports that the striped bass fishing at Pasque Island has been very good. Mr. John E. Stetlinius landed one weighing 46lbs. The heaviest so far taken was one of 49lbs., and the average of some fifty fish being 16lbs. and over. Mr. John G. Hecksher, Jr., at Newport, R. I., took two bass, one weighing 50lbs. and the other 57lbs. They are now mounted and on exhibition at Mr. Vom Hofe's store.

MAGALLOWAY RIVER REGION, Maine.—Sportsmen are coming into the woods at the present writing quite numerously, via Colebrook, although the travel seems to be about equally divided between that point and Bethel and Lakeside, and Lake Umbagog. By the former route, a very pleasant and interesting drive is taken through the famous Dixville Notch, and by the latter, a cool and enjoyable steamboat sail the entire length of Umbagog Lake and up the Magalloway River is a charming feature, and highly enjoyed after the stage ride from Bethel to Lakeside (foot of the lake). Teams from this place will meet parties either at Colebrook by appointment, or at the steamer every day, after which a good night's rest prepares one for a rougher experience in the camp. Deer are still plenty, and seen every day in going up and down the "Upper" River. Fishing is a little dull up river just now, being "between seasons." Good sport is looked for next month. Partridges are "thick."—SEWES.

DESERVED PRAISE was given by the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Dispatch* when it said the other day, "Fish Warden John W. Hague is just the sort of officer the State needs. If all the servants of this Commonwealth did their duty as intelligently and as faithfully as Mr. Hague does his, not nearly so many laws would be dead as there are to-day. The fishes and the fishermen have been greatly benefited by the enforcement of the act of 1889. Mr. Hague after making it very hot indeed for the law-breakers on the Allegheny, gave his attention to the Monongahela. He made the inspection in a canoe, and his report of the fishing on that river is encouraging. The fishermen are respecting the law. There is a general demand for an open season of two months for outlines. The fishing clubs camping out in the summer want to be relieved of the terrible anxiety of watching poles. The sufferers should be relieved."

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price $2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price $1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price $5.50.

Fisheulture.

RETURN OF SCHOODIC SALMON.

IN the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1886, page 751, we find the following account by Mr. C. G. Atkins of the marking of Schoodic salmon at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, for the purpose of recognizing them in the event of their recapture in the same waters: "In 1885, at the close of the work of spawn-taking, the greater number of the salmon in hand were marked by cutting out a V-shaped piece from the outer margin of the anal fin. This year all the salmon that were handled were closely scrutinized for these marks, and fifty-six of them (five males and fifty-one females) were found to bear what appeared to be the mark sought for. In each of these cases there was a distinct, well defined triangular transparent spot in the requisite position. It appeared as though the rays and integuments had been reproduced, so as to completely fill the outline of the fin, but that the new growth had as yet assumed no color. So distinct were these marks that both Mr. Buck and Mr. Munson (managing the station) were fully convinced that they were the marks of 1885. Such a result was unexpected, and great interest will attach to a repetition of the experiment. These fifty-six marked fish average in weight 3.4lbs., and in length 20.5in., in both points less than the general average of 1885. For a more exact experiment Mr. Buck has devised a system of marks consisting of holes to be punched through the fins, by which numerals can be indicated and individual fishes identified on their return, and these marks were applied to a large part of the fishes handled in 1886."

The object of this marking was the identification of the fish in the event of their recapture and a comparison of their condition with the previous record concerning them. Two hundred salmon were treated in the way above described. As the season of 1886 advanced, fifty-six fish, which had been marked in 1885, were taken, and it was seen that the notch was filled up with tissue thinner than the rest of the fin and lighter in color. The mark was visible but indistinct. Where the rays had been cut off their position was outlined in the new tissue, but there was little or no bone or cartilage present. The salmon had not been numbered, and no comparison of their condition with that of 1885 could be made. Many of them, however, were fine gravid females, and the fact was established that these salmon visit the same spawning bed in successive years. It was expected that the holes punched in 1886 would not close entirely, or that a scar would be left by means of which the marked fish could be identified. In 1887, however, only one marked fish was seen, and it had the V shaped notch similar to the distinguishing mark of 1885. If any other were taken which had been handled in 1885 or 1886 the marks were too nearly obliterated to attract observation.

From the foregoing it will be observed that more than 25 per cent. of the Schoodic salmon under observation at the Grand Lake Stream station in 1885 returned to the stream and were identified in 1886. This would seem to indicate that the salmon belonging to the Grand Lake Stream school maintained their organization intact and did not wander far from the estuary of their native river. It is probable that the mystery of the winter habitat of our Maine salmon will some day be solved within the limits of the Gulf of Maine. Up to the present time no effort has been made to investigate the marine life of the Atlantic salmon in American seas. If we were to adopt the methods pursued in the winter salmon fishery of the Baltic doubtless the results of such studies would materially increase our knowledge of the subject.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsman's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publication, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O. S. D. L. Jackson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

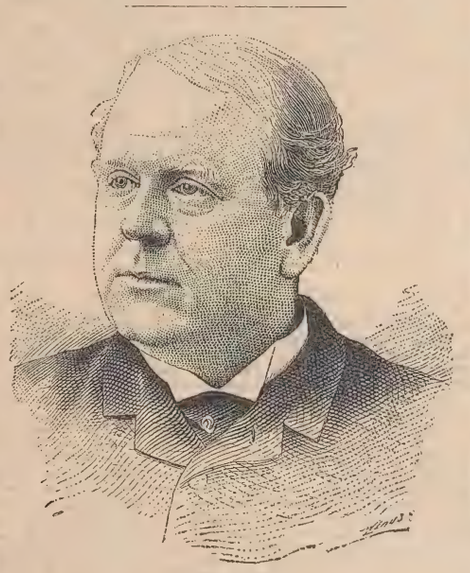
1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.



"ASHMONT"

TO be widely known among the citizens of the "canine world" is a distinction which many have attained and still more will accomplish, but in such a community, riddled as it is by petty jealousies, to have every member of all the "schools," together with the vast army of independents, uniting with one accord in granting to any single individual their tribute of praise is a distinction attained by but very few. In this singularly unique position stands the friend of the dog, and every honest man's friend, Dr. J. Frank Perry, of Boston, Mass. To thousands of dog owners both here and abroad his *nom de plume* of "Ashmont" is better known than his name, and who is it that does not as soon as he sees "by Ashmont" at the head of an article leave all else unread until that is carefully perused and its salient features memorized.

"Ashmont," however, is but the safety valve whereby, by doing more work, he recuperates from the flagging duties of daily and doubtless at times irksome routine; for as he would doubtless say, with that merry twinkle of the eyes and pucker of the lips his friends know so well, "A doctor is never done working till he has followed his patients."

The medical side of Dr. Perry's life is, of course, but little known to the dog world, but in that direction he is a widely read writer. In that field he carries out the same ideas so well demonstrated in his recognized standard work on the diseases of dogs—plain talks to plain people. When once spoken to on this noticeable feature of a book he had published he replied: "I am glad to hear you say so. That is my aim in all I write. I wanted to have no ambiguity in that book so I gave it to a young girl to read, with instructions to mark every sentence she did not fully and clearly understand. I felt much flattered by having only some six or seven alterations to make." As "Dr. Frank" he has published several works on the care of children and what, for want of a better term, may be called domestic doctoring or household aids to the physician. He is also a weekly contributor on such subjects to one of the leading Boston papers, besides being medical director to an insurance association.

The two leading characteristics in Dr. Perry's genial make-up might be said to be curiosity and charity—a desire to get at the bottom of things to elucidate pertinent facts for the purpose of doing good to man or beast, together with that sharp grasp of a subject the result of a wide experience, and all shining through that noble "fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind."

Dr. Perry first came prominently before the American dog owners when at New York show in 1884, he purchased the mastiff dog Hero II. at his catalogue price of $500. At that time he had got together a small kennel of what may be called native mastiff bitches and wanted a dog of national reputation to place at the head of the stud. Gradually the natives were replaced by direct importations, and with a view of not permitting his hobby to prejudice his profession he gave the name of "Ashmont" to his kennels, that being the railway station close to his residence in the suburbs of Boston. For several years the dogs from the Ashmont kennels played a prominent part in the show rings of this country, and it was not until the arrival of Minting that he really retired from exhibiting. At that time his unceasing literary work was taking up the hours he had formerly devoted to the mastiff hobby, and having to leave much to attendants, his interest necessarily became less. Although it is but fair to say that when Dr Perry finally decided to retire he had undoubtedly the best kennel of mastiffs he ever possessed. Still there wasn't a Minting among them, and with him as an exhibitor it was always first or nowhere.

On one occasion Dr. Perry officiated in the judging ring, at New York in 1886, and when he emerged from the to him trying ordeal he vowed it was his last attempt. It is no reflection at all upon Ashmont to say that he is not fitted for the ring. Not that he does not possess both the knowledge and ability to make good selections, but he has not the callous indifference of the ideal judge, who has no sensitiveness as to exhibitors' pride or feelings, and can think of nothing but the dogs in front of him.

After several years of practical retirement Dr. Perry came to the front again as the promoter of the National Dog Club, the necessity for which seemed to be thoroughly sustained by the hearty response received from all classes of exhibitors. Everything seemed to promise a brilliant future for the new club, and additional eclat was received by the support given to the Buffalo dog show, held under its rules, opposed as that show was by the concentrated efforts of the A. K. C. and its supporters. Another month or two demonstrated, however, that the energy of the members was but effervescent, and the club would soon die of inanition. Dr. Perry, its president, then concluded to propose amalgamation with the A. K. C., and his offers met with a willing response on the part of that body, the result being that the National Dog Club members were accepted as associate members and much enlarged privileges granted the latter. It was further agreed that the National Dog Club officers should be elected officers of the associate members for the ensuing year, with the president, Dr. Perry, a member of the advisory committee of the A. K. C. How well Dr. Perry performed the duties of his office was recognized by his re-election to the presidency of the associate members for the present year. His inflexible determination to have the election of officers of the associates carried out in strict conformity with the letter of the constitution was evinced when he declined to permit the counting of the votes when an imperfect voting list had been sent out. This was a great feather in "Ashmont's" cap, and the vote of thanks and confidence tendered him at the associate members' ensuing meeting was a well merited tribute to the position he had taken.

To those who only know Dr. Perry by his writings and his speeches at meetings there is one other side yet unrevealed. No one has a larger fund of apropos stories and apt illustrations to garnish his conversation. Told, as they are, in his dry, phlegmatic style, they are irresistible, and it is no wonder that those who know "the Doctor" best love to get him out of the hurly burly of the dog show to a quiet corner and start him on a story-provoking topic.

THE IRISH RED SETTER CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE annual field trials of the Irish Red Setter Club will be held Sept. 16 to 18, near Newtownstewart, County Tyrone, Ireland. The judges are Dr. J. H. Salter and E. T. Herdman, Esq. Six stakes are advertised as follows:

THE IRISH SETTER PUPPY STAKES.—For Irish setters born in 1889, with £5 cup and 45 per cent. of entry fees to first, £3 3s. cup and 20 per cent. of entry fees to second, 10 per cent. of entry fee to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth.

THE IRISH SETTER ALL-AGED STAKES.—For Irish setters only, with £5 cup and 45 per cent. of entry fees to first, £5 cup and 20 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES.—For pointers and setters of all breeds born in 1889. The pointers and setters will compete separately, with 45 per cent. of entry fees to first, 20 per cent. to second, 10 per cent. to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth in each division, and a £5 cup to the absolute winner.

THE GRAND ALL-AGED STAKES.—For all setters and pointers, with 45, 25, 10 and 5 per cent. to first, second, third and fourth.

THE GRAND BRACES STAKES.—For all setters and pointers, with prizes the same as the preceding.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE STAKES.—For all setters and pointers, with 80 per cent. of entry fees to the winner, and a fifty guinea challenge cup if there are four entries. If there are five entries an additional prize of £20 will be given to second, and if there are six entries £25 will be given to second and £15 to third.

The trials will be on grouse and the dogs will be shot over.

HOW IS THIS, MR. PESHALL?—Mr. Peshall is a lawyer. Mr. Peshall knows how lawyers do. If they are non-suited in a case they immediately draw up a charge on different grounds. This appears to me to be the sort of plan old Jimmie's friend is adopting. The jury, however, in the case of the A. K. C. *vs*. Mr. Peshall is composed of a more intelligent body than the average twelve men drawn to try a case in our ordinary courts. What the neutral dog people want to know is this: If there is anything "crooked" about the A. K. C. affairs, why does not Mr. Peshall, who has been invited by Mr. Watson to inspect the books, accept the invitation? If he cannot point out the "faking," who can? Mr. Peshall has made a specific charge which he has not been able to prove by any printed testimony. The opportunity has been offered for him to do so, but as yet has not been accepted. The only conclusion clear-minded people can draw, is that the proofs he first asked for have materialized into unanswerable evidence for the defendants.—A. BARKIS (who once believed in Peshall, and is still willing to do so, if the facts "weren't agin 'im.").

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—Toronto, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the coming international bench show of dogs of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held in the city of Toronto, Sept. 15 to 19, the following classes have been added to the list: Smooth-coated St. Bernards, challenge dogs, silver medal, value $20; bitches, the same; open class, bitches, $7, $3 and diploma. Greyhounds, challenge bitches, bronze medal, value $10. English setters, challenge bitches, bronze medals, value $10 and $5. Irish setters, challenge bitches (the Toronto Irish Setter Club donates), $10. Beagles, challenge dogs, $5; bitches, the same. Kennels of four each of beagles, black and tan terriers and Yorkshire terriers, $10; poodles, silver medal, value $20. Class 6, rough coated St. Bernards; Class 10, smooth-coated St. Bernards; Class 19, greyhounds; Class 28, English setters; Class 33, Irish setters, will be for dogs only. Entries close Wednesday, Sept. 3.—C. A. STONE, Sec. and Supt.

HAYFEVER sufferers use Peshall's Remedy. Certain relief. All druggists or by mail. Price 75c. GEO. L. WILMS, Jersey City, N. J.

THE ENGLISH SETTER.

[*Concluded from Page 94.*]

IN THE FIELD.

YOUR youngster being perfect in the foregoing lessons, he may be taken to the field for work. You must, however, be very careful not to subject him to extreme exertion because of the danger of stunting his growth or otherwise injuring him. Give him only a little work at beginning, gradually increasing the time as he advances in age and strength. By all means begin his field-training upon the birds you expect to shoot over him in the future. The best dog for general shooting I ever owned, I broke on woodcock. Quail are good birds upon which to commence work, as they lie well and have a strong scent. Pinnated grouse for the same reason are excellent birds upon which to exercise him. Ruffed grouse are so wary and difficult to approach, their haunts being in places where the sportsman cannot observe the motions of his dog—a most desirable, even necessary condition to success—that they cannot be considered available in the section of country in which the writer lives. Sufficient woodcock may be found for the purpose of the first season's training in nearly every section of the country. After being thoroughly broken upon woodcock, quail, pinnated grouse, snipe and ruffed grouse, in the order named, may properly come in for a share of attention. The manner of breaking upon all these birds is precisely the same. Your dog should instinctively point rigidly the instant he catches the scent of a game bird; should he not do this and you are so situated that you cannot afford to "dispose" of him and try again you can teach him to point if his olfactory organs are all right, by proper management. Quail will answer for this purpose better than almost any bird, as they give out strong scent and will not flush at the sound of the human voice nearly so quickly as do most of the others. Having ascertained where a bevy feeds, take your dog in the morning to the stubble and start him to work, carefully watching him, and when you observe from his motions that game is in the vicinity, speak kindly to him, cautioning him by calling out "steady," "careful," being mindful not to alarm or excite him by speaking too loudly or harshly. If he presently discovers that he is within a few feet of the birds—a fact you can easily discern after a little observation and experience—utter the command "to-ho." If thereupon he flush the bevy or bird, and you afterward, as you should do, punish him by a light tap or a threatening display of the whip, which should always accompany you in the field, he will in time come to understand that he is punished for disobeying the command "to-ho," which he will soon learn is only uttered by yourself at such times as he should point, and he will soon be pointing whether ordered to do so or not. In some cases he will point the first game bird he scents, and will continue to do so even when very young. But because he may fail to do this during his first or even his second season, do not conclude he is worthless. If his breeding is irreproachable and disease has not destroyed his olfactory powers, be assured he will ultimately point as staunchly as desired. There is a vast difference in dogs in this respect. The best dog the author ever owned did not point until her third season. Yet in that single season she proved to possess staunchness, sagacity, and a first-class nose.

Very probably, however, as I have said, he will point the first bevy of quail he scents, especially if his sire and dam were field-broken, and if he is of a strain of unquestioned purity. In this event your labors will be greatly lightened. But if he does not do this, and if he flush bevy after bevy, still continue as above, resorting to extreme severity only in case he persists in his disobedience. As I have said, the pointing instinct is not always developed in dogs of a year or greater age. A knowledge of this fact should tend to dissipate your anger and moderate the severity of the castigation. You must not expect to break him in a single day or week, or month, or even with certainty, so that he shall be faultless, in a year. Most probably he will be several years old, although carefully taught, his faults punished and his obedience rewarded, ere he can truly be said to be broken. Do not delude yourself with the belief that you or your professional breaker can turn out to order a perfectly broken dog in a single season. Experience, with constant watching and exercise in the foregoing lessons, can alone make him perfect. Professionals will hardly admit this, but the fact remains, confirmed by the experience of every old sportsman. However, be not discouraged, your work is not in vain. The worst is passed, and, even during the first season you will have fine sport over him, more the second and still more each succeeding year, amply repaying your care, labor and vexation. Of course I state the above as a general and not the invariable rule. Instances have not been wanting in which a single season sufficed for breaking; indeed, this has occurred in my own experience, but it is the exception and not the rule.

When the birds are flushed by yourself or your dog, or from whatever cause, he must be taught to sit down instantly whether the bird be shot at or not. To do this, invariably call out "sit" the instant you see the bird or hear the whir of wings—invariably doing so before discharging your gun. This is a somewhat difficult thing for an impetuous young sportsman to do; but if neglected you will fail of accomplishing your object. More sportsmen, in the excitement of the moment, fail here than at any other step. Enforce the command above all others. Never permit a single infraction to pass without a reprimand, and in case of persistent disobedience, with due punishment—severe if he still prove refractory. Before resorting to the check-cord, when he runs in, go to him, seize him by the loose skin of the neck and drag him back to the spot whence he started, crying "sit," "sit," and compelling him to remain at a close charge for several moments. Repeat this until convinced it is useless. When so convinced use the whip while dragging him back. In time you may, if you prefer it, permit him to remain standing instead of sitting down. At first, however, compel him to sit down until ordered to hold up, as in this position he is not so liable to run in to chase crippled or live birds. Remember always that you are not out for the purpose of bagging game but to train your dog. Subvert all things to this end. Better lose scores of birds than permit an error in this or any other respect to go unpunished. Keep cool. It does not matter if you do not kill the bird. You will find it again. Should you fail to do as suggested he will repeat the offense at the first opportunity and evidently become wholly unmanageable. When a dog, despite punishment, persists in running in or breaking shot, *i. e.*, running in to catch dead, wounded or live birds, or upon the discharge of the gun, I use a check-cord made in the following way: Procure a cotton twine, about twice the size of that made use of by carpenters as a chalk-line and about fifty or sixty feet in length; make a slip-noose in one end and sew the other through and through to prevent its fraying against the bushes and herbage—a knot is apt to catch on obstructions and to be very annoying. Slip the noose over his head and set him to work. When he finds game you will have no difficulty in placing yourself near the line, and, upon flushing the birds, call out "sit," after which you may discharge your gun. By this time he will be twenty-five or more feet in front of you in full chase. Step upon the string, lay down your gun, and drag him back hand over hand to the place whence he broke, all the time crying "sit," "sit." You will choke him a little. So much the better. Compel him to remain at a charge until you have reloaded or even a little longer, occasionally reapproaching him for his misconduct. He will understand you. Then order him up and on. Repeat this as often as he shall break, and a few such lessons will effectually and forever cure him. I have known the most stubborn and well-nigh incorrigible brutes broken of this fault in this way in a single day.

When the birds are flushed and you kill, after a proper time, order him to "hold up," "seek dead." When he has found it, command him to "fetch," which, with a little persuasion, he will do at once if properly yard-broken. When he brings it to you cause him to sit, and take the bird from him in that position only—the benefit of this I have already pointed out—praising and caressing him if he readily deliver it to hand, chiding him if he bites or retains it. It now becomes necessary to decide whether you will follow the scattered bevy or seek a new one. All sportsmen will agree with me that, where the nature of the ground or the direction of the day's beat will permit, the latter is the best plan, especially with young dogs, as quail only feed from two to three hours in the morning, after which they lie in huddles in dense cover where it is difficult for even experienced dogs with fine noses to locate them; but in the early morning, while still feeding, their trails can be more easily found and followed. You had therefore better seek another bevy or wait at least a half hour until the birds have begun to move and collect. At such times you will often hear them calling and thus be aided in finding them. When a bevy is flushed much of your success in again finding them and in working your dog will depend upon the accuracy with which you have marked them, so that for his sake great pains should be taken to locate them to a yard if possible.

You should also teach him to "drop to shot" whether game is on the wing or not, if your gun be discharged in his hearing. This is done precisely as you teach him to "drop to wing."

These simple rules having been thoroughly learned, nothing further is needed to perfect your dog in field wisdom save experience, which, as I before stated, is the great finisher, and without which no dog can be called perfect.

With the exception of a word as to backing all has been written hereinbefore necessary for the information of the young sportsmen. No dog can be considered broken which does not back his fellow the instant he observes him pointing. Many dogs do this naturally. Those who do not, are taught to do so precisely as they are taught to point game, and no extended observations are needed upon the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS RULES.

With timid and gun-shy puppies I procure a small-bore rifle and kill a bird or two in his presence. When he comes to understand that the report is connected with the killing, all shyness is at an end. I have no difficulty afterward in using the shotgun over him.

There are many useful accomplishments which may easily be taught, some of which are not mentioned in any work on dog-breaking with which I am familiar. Fancy tricks should not be taught a setter for many reasons, chief among which is the fact that they have quite enough to acquire in becoming perfect in field work.

Never permit your dog to rear up against yourself or other person. If he does so, and is of a timid disposition, step smartly upon his hind toes and at the same time mildly rebuke him. A few such lessons will put an end to the practice. If not timid, gentle punishment will prevent it if accompanied with a command "down" in a threatening tone.

Never permit your dog to run upon the streets unaccompanied by yourself. If unbroken the labor of breaking will be quadrupled—if broken it injures his usefulness. Having acquired the "street tricks," as before stated, he may generally be set down as worthless. Punish him whenever you find him away from home. A setter or pointer which has been allowed to habitually run upon the streets can usually be recognized by the currish manner he has acquired of carrying his tail curled over his back. Never purchase one of this kind no matter what the inducements held out.

Never loan your dog under any circumstances. This practice has ruined many valuable animals.

Do not permit him to play with or obey commands from any other than yourself.

Never hunt your dog with another until thoroughly broken unless with his brace-mate; even this latter is of doubtful utility.

Under no circumstances permit another sportsman to accompany you to the field until your dog or brace of dogs is thoroughly obedient and staunch.

Never repeat a command. If the sportsman orders the dog a half dozen times to "charge," "fetch," etc., he only obeys when he sees fit to do so. Enforce instant obedience when satisfied he hears and understands you.

Remember that shouting and intemperate flogging may cause your dog to blink his game.

When in or out of the field never permit him to cross a fence in advance of yourself. The reason for the rule is that he will never leave the field in which you set him to work unless by your order. In shooting in standing corn, high grasss or weeds, and in dense covert, nothing is more common than to lose your dog while he is pointing game. If he has been taught as I suggest, instead of shouting yourself hoarse or blowing your whistle until your face resembles a toy balloon, go to work quietly and seek him; you will surely find him in the field with yourself, perhaps within a dozen paces of the spot where you last saw him, pointing probably, and you will thereby avoid the necessity, and the evils resulting therefrom, of calling him off his points or inducing him to flush the birds. I invariably break my dogs thus, and strongly urge young sportsmen to do so. If you observe him approach a fence wall or other means of inclosure, evincing a disposition to cross it, call out distinctly beware fence, or 'ware fence, and enforce strict obedience.

While out exercising my young dogs I occasionally drop my handkerchief or glove and encourage them to restore it to me. They soon learn what is wanted, and instances are recorded where this has been the means of finding lost property without which sportsmen would have been seriously embarrassed. Such discipline as last suggested cannot injure a dog, but will rather have the effect to increase his efficiency as a retriever.

Should you decide to teach other accomplishments, let them be such as will have a tendency to strengthen the qualities which make him a valuable companion and servant in the field, and not such as are merely showy and amusing, or such as may result in engaging his abilities to the neglect of and endangering his field qualities.

In conclusion I wish briefly to mention a remedy I have tested and know to be of value. Many localities where game abounds are infested with rattlesnakes. My own dogs have been bitten as have many others within my knowledge; yet I have never nor have any of my friends lost one in consequence since the discovery that Perry Davis's Pain Killer is a certain antidote.

For my own part, I never go to the field in spring, summer or early autumn shooting without it. The method of administering it is as follows: Rub the bitten parts thoroughly with the preparation, and give a teaspoonful diluted with water—warm water is preferable—every half hour until three or four doses have been administered, and continue rubbing it in at intervals of fifteen minutes for an hour, when your patient will be out of danger.

The swelling will probably remain for several days, but need excite no alarm. He may be lame, if bitten in one of his feet or legs, for a week or more, but will rapidly recover and experience no serious after results. If he be bitten about the head or forlegs, sacks filled with a jelly-like liquid will form upon and just under the skin of the neck. Rub these thoroughly with the preparation and they will disappear in a day or two. I might mention many instances where dogs have been bitten, in the neighborhood of the writer's residence, some of which did not receive the benefit of treatment for several hours after the accident, not one of which died. It is, indeed, a specific in these cases.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

MR. CARSWELL told me on Friday last that Wilmington entries would total about 200, which is about what could be expected, considering the opposition at Detroit, Youngstown and Kingston. This state of affairs cannot, of course, be avoided; but it is unfortunate that the seven September shows cannot be spread a little thinner than four in one week. Toronto is lucky to get a clear week on Sept. 15 to 19, and then Ottawa and London are competitors the week following.

Danbury is to the front again this year with an unopposed show on Oct. 7 to 10. Secretary Lynes undoubtedly did not consult the "gentleman" who confidentially informed me after I had pegged his pointer back last year that the decision was "rank" or I would not have been asked to go there for the fourth year in succession. The Danbury pointer judging was not without its amusing side. There could be no question but that my judgment was at fault, the two gentlemen who were beaten fully agreed on that point; so let us take their claim as correct. The question then is, what dog should have won? But here they dissolved partnership, each claiming that his entry should have been in first place. As near as I could make it out the laugh was on my side after all.

Danbury last year was held under the auspices of the Connecticut State Kennel Club, but that association is on the obituary list at the A. K. C. headquarters with the label "Owes $10." Danbury will therefore go it alone, as it did before. Entries close on Sept. 26, and there is no entrance fee, while the prizes are $5 and $3 in the open classes, and $3 and $2 in the puppy classes. Year by year the quality of the exhibits has improved at the Danbury show, and I hope to see that this holds good in 1890.

Mr. Mitchell Harrison has relinquished all idea of bringing the collie Christopher over from England, has removed the announcement of his speedy departure from the "ad," in the English papers and reduced his stud fee to seven guineas. Dublin Scot has again changed owners and is owned by a Mr. W. P. Kidd, of Manchester.

Our collie judges by the way, wouldn't have Charleroi II. at any price, neither would the breeders. I think Marsden seriously contemplated sending for the police when I told him that I would sooner breed to Charleroi II. than Scotilla or Dublin Scot. I notice, however, that Mr. Stretch has not been offering to sell Charleroi II. and still keeps him at stud. That dog was a collie, some prize-winning collies we have had here were only dogs.

Having amply demonstrated to their own satisfaction that the American beagle breeders and their standard are all wrong the small-hound men of England are proving that they don't know what the true type of harrier is. Englishmen are the clowns of the human circus, affording more amusement to those who watch than any other people. Every foreign breed of dogs that they take hold of they proceed to draw up a standard for, to suit their views. They did it with St. Bernards, with dachshunde, basset hounds, great Danes, and now they have decreed that the Belgian fanciers do not know what is the correct thing for those little black mongrels called schipperkes. It is all perfectly correct to do that, according to their notions, but when Americans practically adopt the only English standard in existence, and which had never been challenged, as correct, then there is a howl of indignation at the absurdity of Americans knowing anything of an English breed, while all the howlers disagree with one another as to what the beagle really is. No Englishman can understand that it is legitimate for any one to do to them as they would to somebody else, and the funny thing is that they never see the absurdity of their position.

A person who styles himself a special commissioner for one of your contemporaries has stated in print that he "resigned" as sub-editor of the English *Kennel Gazette*. The fact is he had "to get" and for the past two months has been trying to live by mortgaging his chance of getting reappointed. I regret having to bring anything of such a personal nature into this column, but FOREST AND STREAM readers will remember how he tried to squirm out of a well-proved charge of plagiarism of the rankest kind and his conduct in the Salisbury case, in which Millais supported him. Now we have another phase of his character. Millais sought to excuse his plagiarism to me by saying he had eight children—guess there must have been triplets since then. A negro down South acknowledges to the parentage of seventy-two children. On the Millais theory he might commit murder with impunity.

A week ago I had occasion to advertise for a foster mother and Mr. Fred Kirby kindly allowed me to use his address for application. The man who was running the advertising department on the paper selected thought he knew what I wanted better than I did, so he changed my advertisement from the dog classification to "Help Wanted—Females." Fred had lots of applications, but he only asked the first one "How old are the puppies, mam?" J. W.

SAN ANGELO DOG SHOW.—There will be a dog show at San Angelo, Tex., Nov. 6 to 12, in connection with the second annual exhibition of the Concho Valley Fair Association. Twelve classes are provided for, two each for English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, collies, pointers and foxhounds, with one prize of $3 in each class.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Little Roscoe. By J. W. Flynn, Bristol, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 13, 1890, by Royal Krueger (Bannerman—Cora) out of Baby W. (Cameron's Racket—Pussie).

Tampa. By J. W. Flynn, Bristol, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 3, 1890, by Storm (Lee—Countess) out of Belle of Wood Brook (Blue Boy—Mischief).

May Be. By A. S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., for liver and ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 20, 1890, by Spot Dash (Sir Philip Sidney—Topsy) out of Gypsy Bang Bang (Bang Bang—Bosk).

Don of Ossian. By W. E. Sharpe, Indianapolis, Ind., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1890, by Ossian (Croxteth—Amine) out of Cherrystone (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone).

Lalla Rookh. By L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 18, 1889, by champion Elcho, Jr., out of Bessie Glencho (Glencho—Flame).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Henrietta—Balkis. G. Prozesky's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Henrietta (Chief—Babe) to H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose). Aug. 18.

Vera Bang—King of Kent. R. L. Hooper's (Athens, O.) pointer bitch Vera Bang (Bang Bang—Christmas Vie) to E. Dexter's King of Kent (Priam—Kent Baby), Aug. 4.

Lavinia Belle—Bradford Ruby II. Henry Eichler's (Covington, Ky.) pug bitch Lavinia Belle (champion Treasure—Viola) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Aug. 17.

Nellie Belton—Jerry. Forest Kennels' (Groton, N. Y.) English setter bitch Nellie Belton (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) to D. Francis's Jerry (Rex Gladstone—Mina), Aug. 19.

Kate IX.—Red Rover Glencho. G. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Kate IX. to his Red Rover Glencho, Aug. 9.

Claremont Heather—Red Rover Glencho. M. C. Furst's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Claremont Heather to G. H. Covert's Red Rover Glencho, Aug. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Loisette. L. C. Whiton's (New York) greyhound bitch Loisette, Aug. 5, six (two dogs), by H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Brunette. Prof. L. P. Braive's (New York) Newfoundland bitch Brunette (Bruno II.—Mirza), Aug. 11, ten (eight dogs), by J. Boss's Leo (Lucifer—Diablesse).

Nellie II. Prof. L. P. Braive's (New York) pointer bitch Nellie II. (Sensation—Nellie), July 4, eight (five dogs), by his Roscoe (Don—Gipsey).

Chequasset Tara. Mrs. E. Tyler's (St. Paul, Minn.) pug bitch Chequasset Tara (champion Dude—Almah), Aug. 5, seven (two dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Boycott (Duke—Bonnie).

Lulu. Geo. J. Crandall's (Pawtuxet, R. I.) English setter bitch Lulu (Green's Sam—Mamy Belle), July 30, ten (five dogs), by T. M. Aldrich's Gene (Druid—Ruby).

Daisy Foreman. Geo. W. Neal's (Westville, Conn.) English setter bitch Daisy Foreman (champion Foreman—Jolly Nell), Aug. 18, seven (five dogs), by F. Windholz's Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena).

Jennie. Prof. L. P. Braive's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Jennie (Dash—Fannie), Aug. 12, eight (five dogs), by his Buck (Old Glen—Belle).

Little Nell. G. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Little Nell, Aug. 19, thirteen (nine dogs), by his Dick Swiveller.

Forest Corinne. Forest Kennels' (Groton, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Forest Corinne (champion Bruce—Little Nell), Aug. 22, five (three dogs), by F. Mackey's Garry IV. (Sarsfield—Nora).

Twinkie. Central Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) King Charles spaniel bitch Twinkle (Don II.—Duchess), Aug. 16, six (five dogs), by Wm. Philips's Roscious.

White Nellie. Forest Kennels' (Groton, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch White Nellie (California Terror—Rose), July 31, six (three dogs), by V. J. Nye's Spiven (Baron—Nellie).

Tickle. Jas. E. Unks's (Muncie, Ind.) fox-terrier bitch Tickle (Warren Discord—Daze), Aug. 12, four dogs), by his Beverwyck Trap (Dusky Trap—Daze).

Marie. F. O. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Marie, July 8, two dogs, by P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Highland Abbe. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mrs. N. Q. Pope, Poland Corner, Me.

Highland Fairie. Black, white markings, greyhound bitch, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mrs. N. Q. Pope, Poland Corner, Me.

Highland Donald. Red brindle and white greyhound dog, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mrs. N. Q. Pope, Poland Corner, Me.

Higland Clan. Black brindle and white greyhound dog, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mrs. N. Q. Pope, Poland Corner, Me.

Highland Yorks. Black and white greyhound dog, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to R. H. McLusky, New York.

Don of Ossian. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1890, by Ossian out of Cherrystone, by P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., to W. E. Sharpe, same place.

Sir Loris II. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped April 3, 1890, by Sir Loris out of East Lake Virgie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jules B. Kampe, same place.

Lalla Rookh. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 18, 1889, by champion Elcho, Jr., out of Bessie Glencho, by St. Cloud Kennels, Mott Haven, N. Y., to Louis N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich.

Bonnie Oho. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped February, 1889, by Pete Obo out of Floss B., by H. S. Symonds, Wakefield, Mass., to A. S. Aborn, same place.

PRESENTATION.

Highland Helen. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped April 23, 1890, by champion Balkis out of champion Cassandra, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to C. S. Wixom, Covert, N.Y.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEWARK.

NEWARK, Aug. 18—The shoot of the United Amateur Rifle Association to-day was not a success, but 48 men took part in the shooting, and of this number but 40 were members. The shoot was announced to begin at 9 A. M., but it was 11 before the carpenters got through with their work on the short range. The committee refused to open the ring target match on the 100yd. ranges, but no notice of this change for economy was given until 2 o'clock. The team match was a financial failure, the prizes aggregating $65, while there were but six entries. The contest of the individual targets at 25yds. was very hot during the afternoon and the scores were high. A. R. Pierson put up 74 out of 75; Coppersmith, Snellen, Boyken, Swing and Hanson made each 73, while no less than nine seventy-twos were recorded. The results of the various contests were as appended. Individual contest, best three tickets; winners in order: J. Coppersmith 217, S. Snellen 217, J. A. Boyken 214, L. P. Hanson 214, A. R. Pierson 213, A. Graef 212, Gus. Widman 211, C. Bischoff 210, G. D. Weigman 210, J. Speicher 210, F. Swing 209, W. R. Raah 207, F. Horstman 207, F. Hall 207, W. Hollowell 205, J. Herter 205, W. H. Watts 203, W. Cheening 203, F. C. Dietz 202, C. H. Townsend 202, J. Stadelhofer 202, D. Mahoney 199, G. Oberst 198, J. Huegel 198.

Honor target, 3 shots only for each member, first prize and association medal: Geo. Chapman 72, W. R. Raah 70, J. K. Walsh 67, G. D. Weigman 67, D. Erskine 65, F. Horstman 64, J. Coppersmith 63, F. Hall 63, G. Snellen 62, W. H. Alexander 59, J. L. Burger 57, John Berger 57, H. Schroeder 55, E. Flocke 48, C. H. Townsend 47, S. Targett, Sr. 47, G. Oberst 42, J. Herter 40, J. Henning 31.

Team shoot: First prize, gold medal to each member: Excelsior Rifle, of Jersey City—L. P. Hanson 53, J. Speicher 47, J. W. Hennessy 54, J. W. Cheening 57, W. Hollowell 50; total 275. Second prize, $15; Lakeside Rifle Club—Gus. Widman 52, C. Hoerl 55, B. Limpert 52, J. Stadelhofer 53, G. Snellen 57; total 269. Third prize, $10; Howard Rifle Club—S. W. Chapman 53, J. L. Burger 54, Fred Fetting 50, A. Graef 57, J. Herter 51; total 265. Fourth prize, $5; Essex Amateur Rifle Club—J. Coppersmith 56, C. Cooper 48, W. H. Watts 54, G. D. Weigman 54, J. K. Walsh 52; total 264. Essex Indians—G. Oberst 50, F. Heims 54, W. H. Alexander 54, E. McCraith 50, J. McCallum 51; total 353. Monroe Rifle Club—D. Erskine 56, W. Wilkins 52, C. Koker 43, W. Armstrong 53, G. Targett, Sr., 43; total 242.

Twenty-eight tickets were sold on the point target. John Coppersmith got 3 red flags, J. A. Boyken 6, J. Speicher 3, C. H. Townsend 3, C. A. Rowly 1, G. D. Weigman 1.

THE GERMAN SHOOTERS.

PHILO JACOBY is now on his way from New York to his San Francisco home. He arrived on the Normannia with his comrade, John Utschig, also of San Francisco, and left New York for the West on Aug. 24. The pair shot with success in the shoots at Berlin and Frauenfeld (Switzerland), winning 12 goblets, 31 medals, and 13 valuable honorary prizes. They carried the American and California flags, the latter with its golden grizzly, in all their travels, and speak in high praise of their reception everywhere. Barney Waltner, Gebhardt, Krauss, R. Busse, A. Jordan and several lesser lights have returned from Germany with loads of prizes. Mr. Walther says that when the "Deutsche Schuetzenbund" thinks of getting up another festival it should send representatives to this country for instructions. He declares the Berlin shoot to be the worst managed affair he ever saw. So great was the crowd on some of the days that a shooter was unable to get to the target to fire more than a dozen shots. On one day Miller had to wait five hours for a chance to finish a ticket. Walther says the meager success of the Americans at the field targets (300 metres) was due to their small caliber weapons, and he is convinced that nothing less than .40-60 will do good work at that distance. He says the majority of the German shots have lubricant on their bullets when they go to the firing point, but that they keep a box of pure vaseline beside them and dip each bullet into this before loading. Walther is confident that Zimmermann would have won the first honor goblet for rapid firing had not his target broken down, thus losing him three minutes. At one time Walther held his rifle to his shoulder for nearly forty-five seconds before his target came up. All these delays were counted against the shooters. August Begerow was handicapped in not having regulation German sights, and consequently his showing is poorer than it would have been had he had a proper outfit.

David Miller, of Hoboken, from whom the Miller Rifle Club derives its name, has returned laden with prizes and glory. Two valuable candelabra, given by the city of Berlin, and the handsome cup offered by the North German Lloyd to the American marksman who made the highest score on the field target, are among Miller's trophies. His score in two shoots was 28 and 30 out of a possible 60. Miller ascribes his success to two reasons—first, that he while in Berlin led a regular life; and secondly, to the fact that he received some valuable information and three days' active practice at Hamburg.

Fred P. Laute, captain of the Howard Rifle Club, of Newark, is expected home from Germany by the middle of September.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 23.—The last series of the St. Louis Pistol Club came to an end with the shoot held last Wednesday. The shoots were well attended throughout the sixteen weeks it was on and was withal a most successful affair. For the highest general straight average Mr. E. Mohrstadt was awarded the medal, a very handsome bauble of gold by the way. Sam Dorman and G. Alexander tied on 91 at the last shoot, but on the shoot-off the former came off victorious. The medal will be held by Dorman for one week and then turned over to Mohrstadt to keep company with two others which he won in previous shoots held by the club. For all shooting the club uses a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

S G Dorman	8	10	8	10	9	9	8	10	10	9—91
G W Alexander	10	9	9	8	9	10	9	8	9	10—91
A McBean	9	10	10	8	10	8	9	7	10	8—89
W Bauer	9	9	9	8	10	9	10	8	10	7—89
E O Mohrstadt	9	9	9	8	8	10	10	8	8	9—88
M Billmeyer	6	8	8	10	10	10	6	9	9	7—83
A E Bengel	8	8	6	10	10	10	7	8	5	9—81
M Summerfield	5	8	7	10	10	8	8	9	5	6—76
W Mackwitz	6	10	8	6	6	7	8	9	8	8—76
H Stussell	7	7	8	10	8	7	9	7	7	5—75

UNSER FRITZ.

NEW JERSEY AT CREEDMOOR.—General Spencer has received definite orders from Governor Abbett to proceed with the selection of a team to represent New Jersey at Creedmoor in September. The General will select his team this week. In regard to the newspaper reports that the team would be comprised of the 24 men who made the highest score in class practice, he said that it had not the slightest foundation; in fact such a team might well be left at home. He intends to choose men whom he knows can be depended upon for good work. Ex-Gov. R. S. Green spends a good deal of his leisure time at the State range, as does Comptroller Anderson and Gen. Donnelly. They are all enthusiastic riflemen, though the ex-Governor is the strongest shot of the three. It is expected that an interesting match will take place in the near future with Gov. Abbett, Comptroller Anderson and ex-Gov. Green as the principals. Gov. Abbett is improving rapidly under the care of Gen. Spencer, and has taken a great liking to range work since he made his qualifying score.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—New York Rifle Club held one of its series of matches at Creedmoor. The weather conditions were very unfavorable for good scores. A very strong and puffy 10 o'clock wind was blowing when the match opened. After a time the wind got around to 9 o'clock and it blew a perfect gale from that quarter until the match closed. The light on the targets varied from bright sunlight to deep shadow, consequently the marksmen had to keep constantly moving sights for wind and elevation. The following scores were made at 200yds. on the standard American target—possible 100: T. J. Dolan 84, M. Herrington 84, James Duane 79, J. S. Case 74, Mr. Loyd 73, Dr. E. R. Chadbourne 72, Mr. Gensch 72.

A GALLERY LEAGUE.—A scheme for an Inter-State Gallery League is being worked up by Fred A. Freiensehner, of Newark, and bids fair to come to a successful issue. The idea is to form a league of the strongest clubs of New Jersey and New York, for the purpose of shooting a series of tournament matches during the winter season. So far the following clubs have signed their willingness to join: Our Own, Howards and Lakesides, of this city; Excelsiors, of Jersey City; Millers, of Hoboken; G. A. R.'s (formerly the Barrys), Harlem; and the Albigs, of New York. In the near future a meeting of delegates will be called and details arranged.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Aug. 26-29.—Twelfth Annual Convention and Tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association, at Jerseyville, Ill. Com. R. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-30.—Grand Inanimate Target Shooting Tournament of the West End Gun Club of Harrisburg, Pa., to be held at Williams Grove, Cumberland county, Pa. For programmes address H. B. Shoop, Secretary, Box 321, Harrisburg, Pa.

Sept. 1-2.—Hackettstown, N. J., Gun Club Shoot, Labor Day.

Sept. 1, at targets; Sept. 2 at live birds. For programme address E. Richter, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Beeville, Tex., Gun Club Tournament. T. J. Skaggs, Secretary.

Sept. 3-4.—Tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club, Springfield, Mass. J. T. Herrick, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—White Plains, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament at Bluerocks. C. P. Rowley, Sec'y, 241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sept. 9.—Tolley's Tournament, Catskill, N. Y. Geo. F. Tolley, Secretary.

Sept. 9-10.—Harvey Hurd's and F. R. Huminger's Peoria Black Bird and Bluerock Tournament, at Petersburg, Illinois.

Sept. 9-11.—St. Paul Gun Club Tournament, Hamline, Minn. Professionals barred. F. D. Pononsby, Pres., St. Paul.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse, Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

KEYSTONE THIRD ANNUAL.

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 18.—The third yearly shoot given at Corry by the Keystone Manufacturing Co., began to-day, or began to begin, for although the fixtures announced this as the first day of the shoot, the programme proper does not begin until to-morrow, to-day being occupied by sweeps, which have served to limber things up and take the stitches out of the boys who have just come off the long sea voyage from Toronto shoot. The weather to-day was pleasant.

The Keystone grounds, well-known to all the tournament shooters as models of convenience and system, never were so well equipped as they are this year. To the right and left of the main battery of ten traps are two batteries of five traps each, intended mainly for tie shooting. Each of these is provided with scoring and cashier accommodations, also with a large tent for sheltering the shooters and spectators. Every provision has been made by the management to make the shoot successful and pleasant, to save time and trouble for the shooter and to keep the shooting humming all the time. The rapid-firing system, as worked by Mr. Penrose, is now known and understood all over the country, but it has never been put in better practice than it will be here this week. A big shoot is a big business enterprise, and needs both push and system. It may surprise some readers to know that, besides the trappers, over a dozen men are employed by the management in scoring, keeping cash and general hustling, and that, so far as can be seen, all are kept busy every minute.

It was a good idea of the Keystone people to put up tents for all visiting manufacturers or agents wishing to display goods. There are in all ten tents upon the grounds, some of them very large ones. The result is a spirited and picturesque effect, novel and very pleasing. What with the cashiers' buildings, the tasty two-story club house, the dining hall, shooters' shelter, etc., the whole circle back of the traps is now pretty well filled up, so that the grounds look very lively, and convey the impression, which is a correct one, that something is happening here this week. The arrangement of the tents is as follows: Beginning at the right hand of the semi-circle, close to No. 10 trap, is a spacious Sibley, over which floats the ensign of the Heikes' Hand Protector Co., next to which is a similar tent devoted to the celebrated Baker gun. There is a big shelter tent over toward the right hand set of traps, but the next in line is the tasty little lawn tent of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., of Chicago. It is hoped that this tent will by next Wednesday have in it for host Mr. Jenney himself, who is announced to be on hand then. Following this in order is an ornate tepee bearing the charcoal heraldry of one Long Feather, chief of the Piutes. Hatchets, bows, arrows, etc., adorn the walls of this wigwam. Long Feather himself is displayed in the act of making an attack upon a sandwich. He looks a good deal like Harvey McMurchy, and this might further be inferred from the fact that the device above this tent announces "The Celebrated L. C. Smith guns."

A neat little "A" tent, with a canvas verandah, is the Corry branch of "W. Fred Quimby & Co., of N. Y. City." Fred is expected on to-morrow. The most striking outfit of the whole, however, and one calculated to make the blood of the tenderfoot observer run cold with dread, such is the display of hatchets, knives, scalp locks and sanguinary scenes of battle upon its walls, is the Kickapoo tepee occupied by one Oregon Nick, representing the "American Wood Powder Co., of N. Y. City." Nobody knows where Milt Lindsley got his ideas of the shields, spears, hatchets, pappooses, etc., which so copiously ornament his tepee. To the left of the gate is a clean little wall tent, belonging to the "Crack Shot Powder, of Pittsburgh, Pa." On beyond the club house is a big wall tent, suited to the expansive brains of those who occupy it, and devoted altogether to the press. To the right of this tent is the standard of FOREST AND STREAM, with a seductive allusion to a luscious lot of scores next week, and to the left is the banner of its hated rival. The two representatives of the hated rivals sit within and have a pretty good time. Uncle Jake Pentz is good company. The row of tents gets better at every house, and this is the last house in the row—unless we except the big shelter tent at the left hand battery, whose roof is inscribed to "Hazard's Trap Powder."

It was hard work getting a flat place big enough for trap grounds in the hilly burg of Corry. The Keystone grounds are directly on top of a big hill, and from the club house it looks as though one was seeing right off over the edge of the world. The spot is pleasant, and it never looked more like pleasure and business both than it does to-day.

A good many of the "regulars" are in town this evening, among others Heikes and Scott McDonald, of Dayton; the two Wolstencrofts, Whitney, Enoch Miller, Harvey McMurchy, Milt Lindsley, Dickey, of Boston; Clover, Mr. Bristol, of New Haven; Uncle Billy Sigler, "Dayton," Benscotten, "A. James," and a lot of others. In Mr. Gastright, of Newport, Ky., readers may recognize an old shooter who used to travel with Ben Teipel and others of that day. Billy O'Fallon Crosby is also here. Ruble is here, too, and will use the shooting name of Windsor for a change. Ruble has been trying a 20-gauge over at Toronto, but says he can't do any good with it. By the way, Ruble is not stopping at the Phœnix Hotel, where most of the boys are. He stopped there last year, and in the course of the week made an arrangement with one of the table girls to take her out to the circus. They went, but when the poor girl refused to buy her own ticket at the door, Johnnie declared the entertainment off and took her back home. He said he never took a lady anywhere unless she bought her own ticket, anyhow. From this arose a coldness which this year has caused the gentleman to seek out lodgings and board separate. Nothing of this sort has happened this year except a little game started by Rolla Heikes, who steered a blind man against the crowd and then struck him for a divide after he had passed the hat. At least that's what the boys say, and Roll don't deny it. He just smiles his blonde smile. High jinks, as usual, when the boys get together.

Following are the conditions announced to be followed during the week governing holding of trophies, division of moneys, etc., as published in the programme book, and to be adhered to more or less strictly as occasion may demand;

"All trophies won by individuals at this tournament are to be held by them for one year, and bond given for their safe return at expiration of said time. If winners prefer, donors will hold trophy and no bond will be required. For best averages in guaranteed matches and trophy shoots, the surplus moneys will be divided: 30 per cent. to 1st, 25 to 2d, 18 to 3d, 12 to 4th, 10 to 5th, 5 to 6th. Shooters must compete in all guaranteed matches to establish an average for above prizes. In the trophy contests, winners of trophies get the trophy only this year, and the money is divided: 2d, 40 per cent.; 3d, 30; 4th, 20; 5th, 10. Next year the winners of this year's trophies get 40 per cent. of the entrance money.

"We have divided all our purses into five equal moneys, so as to protect the weaker shooters, but add $50 each day for averages, and balance of surplus money is divided into six averages, and will give the better shooters who shoot through a chance to win nice purses."

Keystone rules of course to govern. Following are to-day's sweeps:

Sweep No. 1, $1 entrance:

W Wolstencroft	1111111110— 9	Cady	1111101011— 8
McMurchy	1110111111— 9	Stephens	0011101111— 7
J White	1111111111—10	Lewis	1111111111—10
Dickey	1111111111—10	Miller	1111010011— 7
Willey	0011111111— 8	Bristol	1110111101— 8
Heikes	1011111111— 9	Burbridge	1011111001— 7
Thurman	1011111011— 8	McFarland	1101101111— 8
Folsom	1101110001— 6		

White, Dickey and Lewis div. first; Wolstencroft, Heikes and McMurchy tied on 5 and div. second; Willey shot out and won third; Stephens, Miller and Burbridge tied on 5 and div. fourth.

Sweep No. 2, $2 entrance:

Dickey	1111111011— 9	Stevens	1111111111—10
McFarland	1110101110— 7	W Wolstencroft	1001111101— 7
Lewis	1111101111— 9	Willey	1110111111— 9
Bristol	1111011101— 8	Cady	0111111111— 9
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Burbridge	1111111111—10
J White	1111111111—10	Miller	1111111111—10
Heikes	1111001111— 8	Folsom	0111111111— 9

All ties div. but second, which was shot down to Cady and Folsom, who divided.

Sweep No 3, $2 entrance:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111111—15	Folsom	1011110001110 11—10
J White	1111101101111—13	Burbridge	1100111111111—13
Bristol	1011111111011—13	Lewis	0111111110111—13
Stevens	1110111101111—13	Dickey	1110111111111—14
Willey	0110101111111—12	Miller	1111111111100—13
McMurchy	1101111111111—14	Thurman	1101111111111—14
Heikes	1111111111110—14	Cady	1111111111011—14
		McFarland	1111011001101—10

First div.; second shot out and won by Heikes and Cady; third shot out and div. by White, Bristol, Stevens and Lewis.

Sweep No. 4, $1.50 entrance;

"Wolsey"	1111111111—10	McFarland	1011011111— 8
Bristol	1101111111— 9	Heikes	1111111111—10
Willey	1110111111— 9	Thurman	1111111111—10
Cady	1111111111—10	E D Miller	1111101111— 9
Burbridge	1101111110— 8	McMurchy	1111111111—10
Folsom	1101101111— 8	Dickey	1111100101— 7
Stevens	1011111111— 9	Lewis	1110111110— 8
J White	1111111111—10	Clover	1110100011— 7

All ties shot off at 5, and "Wolsey," Cady, Heikes and McMurchy div. first; Miller won second; Folsom won third.

Sweep No. 5, $1.50 entrance:

Wolsey	1111111111111—15	Lewis	1111101110111 13
J White	1111111011111—14	Clover	1101111111101—13
Stevens	1101010111101—10	E D Miller	1111111111111—15
Willey	1011111110101—12	Babcock	0101110111101—11
Dickey	1101111111110—13	Folsom	1111010011101—11
McFarland	1001011011111—11	Thurman	0111111111101—11
Cady	1111111111111—15	Davidson	1110111101111—13
Heikes	1111111111115—15	Burbridge	1011001100111—10
McMurchy	1111111111111—15		

Wolsey, Cady, Heikes, McMurchy and Miller div. first; White won second alone; third shot out and Clover and Thurman div. on tie.

Sweep No. 6, $2 entrance:

Wolsey	1111111111111—15	Laurie	1111111111001 1—13
Cady	1111011011111—13	McFarland	1010011111011 0— 9
Clover	1111111011111—13	Miller	1111111011111—13
Lewis	1111011111111—14	Davidson	1111111111111—15
Stephens	1111101111001—12	Burbridge	1011011000111— 9
Heikes	1111111111111—15	Dickey	1111110110111—11
McMurchy	1111111111111—15	White	1111011111111—14
Thurman	1111111111011—14	Babcock	1100011111111—13
Willey	1111110111101—13		

First and second div.; Clover, Laurie and Miller div. third on shoot off, on 4 out of 5; Stevens won fourth.

Sweep No. 7, 5 pairs:

R Stephens	10 10 10 11 10—7	Miller	10 10 11 11 11—8
Clover	11 10 11 10 10—7	Wolsey	11 11 10 10 11—8
Bristol	11 11 10 10 11—8	Dickey	01 10 11 10 10—6
Heikes	10 11 10 11 01—7	Cady	10 11 10 00 10—5
McMurchy	00 00 01 11 11—5	Benscotten	11 11 10 00 10 6
Osborne	11 11 11 11 10—9	Folsom	10 10 11 10 10—6
Lewis	10 11 11 11 11—9	Burbridge	11 10 10 11 10 7
White	10 11 11 11 11—9	Willey	11 11 11 00 10—7

First and second div. Heikes won third in shoot-off, 3 pairs straight. Benscotten won fourth in shoot-off, 11 dead out of 6 pairs.

Sweep No. 8, 5 pairs:

Osborne	10 10 10 01 10—5	"Wolsey"	10 11 11 01 11—8
J White	10 10 10 10 11—6	Lewis	10 11 10 10 10—6
Stevens	10 11 10 11 10—7	Benscotten	11 11 11 10 11—9
Heikes	10 10 11 11 10—7	Babcock	10 11 11 10 10—7
McMurchy	10 10 10 10 10—5	Dickey	11 11 10 11 11—9
Clover	01 11 11 11 10—8	Willey	11 11 10 11 11—9
Cady	11 11 10 10 10—7	Burbridge	10 10 10 10 00—4
Miller	11 11 10 01 11—8		

All ties div. but Stevens by 3 pair straight.

Sweep No. 9, $1.50 entrance:

Stevens	11111111111101—14	"Wolsey"	11111101111111—14
J White	11111110111111—14	Miller	11011111111111—14
Benscotten	11111111110111—14	Thurman	11111111110011—13
Heikes	11111111111011—14	Lewis	11101101111111—13
Cady	11111111110111—14	Babcock	11111111101111—14
Osborne	10111011111011—12	McMurchy	11111111111110—14
Dickey	11111011111111—13	Davison	11100011010111—10
Clover	11111111111111—15	Willey	11101111101111 13

First shot out and div. by Benscotten, Miller and Babcock on 5 straight, second div., third won by Osborne.

First Day, Tuesday, Aug. 19.

The prospect was bad this morning, and it grew worse and worse all day. Heavy rain fell steadily from a cheerless sky and tried the spirits of the hardiest. This made Pen look down his nose, and he publicly expressed his fears that a rainy week was on hand to spoil the shoot. So it seemed all day, but in the evening, just as the last backload had conveyed its dripping load down the hill, a bright spot appeared in the west, a bright bow of promise spanned the heavens and a red glow suffused at least a portion of the sky, giving promise of better things to-morrow. The programme was shot through to-day, all but the last event, the rain only serving to prevent the shooting down of the ties, which would otherwise have been shot out. The ladies served a very good dinner to cheer the wet but plucky shooters. The scores began to present a better appearance. Mr. Quimby arrived as per contract. Skinner, of the Whitney Gun Co., appeared and shot all day, and so did Pope, of Olean. Kelsey got in during the evening, and word was had from several others who were belated but on the way.

A glance at the names on the score will show that the talent is here in force. It is a hard crowd to shoot in. Nobody made any money to-day. Benscotten was bemoaning his fate. "I have only lost 5 birds out of 65," said he, "and have broken 150 out of 160, and I am behind the game." "You ought to have gotten the other 10," said somebody. "Well, if I had," said Ben, disconsolately, "somebody else'd get more. It aint no use shooting nowadays." It does take good shooting here for a fact. Heikes, Whitney and Wolstencroft only missed one bird apiece in the 55 counted on average to-day, thus tying on div. average. Cady won second average on 53; Benscotten and McMurchy had tied on third average with 52 out of 55. Taking the day through Whitney missed two birds out of 160. Heikes only missed three. Wolstencroft only missed five. Whitney won the elegant Keystone trophy with 50 straight. That boy is a rooker. He must have about a carload of silverware that he has won. Wolstencroft has materially and noticeably changed the style of his shooting since last winter. He is shooting much slower. Heikes is shooting them, if anything, a trifle quicker. A study of the above totals will give an idea of what a shooter has to do in order to win here. The scores below will show how near some of the others came to getting there.

Shoot No. 1, 10 single Keystones, entrance $1:

Keller	1011110111— 7	Bristol	1111010101— 7
Stevens	1101101111— 8	Folsom	0110011111— 7
Heikes	1111011111— 9	McFarland	1101110011— 7
W Wolsey	0111111111— 9	Edwards	1111110111— 9
Osborne	1111111111—10	Gastright	0010111111— 7
Miller	0111111001— 7	Seigler	1111111111— 8
E Pop	1011001110— 6	Lewis	1111111110— 9
Dickey	1111111111—10	Windsor	1110111111— 9
Pope	1111111111—10	Tippy	1101111111— 8
J White	1111111111—10	Babcock	0111011111— 8
Skinner	1111000111— 7	Benscotten	1111111111—10
Burbridge	1110110111— 8	McDonald	1111111111—10
Lindsey	1111110111— 9	Dayton	1011111101— 8
Riblet	1111101100— 7	McMurchy	1111111111— 9
Whitney	1111111111—10	Thurman	0111111111— 9
Cady	1111111110— 9	Crosby	1101111101— 8

All ties div. but second, which was shot off, Cady, Edwards, Windsor and McMurchy div. after tying on 10 straight.

Shoot No. 2, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Wolsey	111111111111115	Cady	111111110111114
Stevens	111101001010 —10	Lindsley	010101111111112
Miller	111110111011113	McFarlin	111001110111012
Dickey	111111101111103	Sieler	111101011111113
Heikes	111111111111115	Burbidge	110111111111114
Osborne	110111111111114	Benscotten	111011111111114
J White	111101111111114	McDonald	111111011011113
Willey	010111101010111	Crosby	111011111010112
Pope	110110101111010	Babcock	111010100010110 — 7
Skinner	111010111111110	McMurchy	101111111111113
Riblet	101101110111010	Danton	011001101111001
Folsom	111111111111014	Windsor	111111111010114
Whitney	111111111111115	Lewis	111101011111113
Bristol	111111100111012	Elliot	111011100010010 — 8
Edwards	110111111111101		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 3, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2.50, $50 guaranteed:

Wolsey	1101111111— 9	Whitney	1111111111—10
Stevens	1111110111— 9	Edwards	1110100101— 6
Miller	1111101110— 8	Thurman	1111111110—10
Osborne	1111111111—10	Cady	1111111111—10
Heikes	1111111110— 9	Bristol	1111101001— 8
Kellar	1111111110— 9	Folsom	0001011011— 5
Dickey	1111111111—10	McFarland	1111011000— 6
Tippy	1010110110— 6	Crosby	1010101111— 8
J White	1111111111—10	Babcock	1011111101— 9
Riblet	0011110110— 6	McDonald	1011111111— 9
Skinner	1111111101— 9	Benscotten	1111111111—10
Sigler	1111110111— 9	Lewis	1110111111— 9
E Pop	1110100110— 6	Davton	1111111000— 7
Gastright	1010100101— 5	McMurchy	1011110111— 8
Willey	0111111110— 8	Windsor	1011111011— 8
Lindsley	0110111111— 8		

All ties div. No shoot off.

Shoot No. 4, 15 single Keystones, entrance $3 50, $75 guaranteed:

Heikes	111111111111115	"J White"	111011111011112
Osborne	111111111111014	Dickey	110110001110010—10
Stevens	001101111110101—10	Cady	011111111111114
Wolsey	111111111111115	McFarland	111011000111114
Whitney	111111111111115	Tippy	111111111111115
Dayton	111101111111114	Babcock	111010111111113
McDonald	111111101111114	McMurchy	011111111111113
Lindsley	111111111111014	Keller	111101111210012
Skinner	111110100101010—10	Lewis	011111111010012
Benscotten	101111111111114	Gastright	110111101101011
Pope	111 101111111014	Sieglor	111011111111114
Riblet	101001011179111 10	Edwards	110111111111114
Bristol	111111111111115	Miller	111011101011112
Cro by	111111011111110	Windsor	111011111111114
Folsom	110011100111110—10	Willey	011111111011012

All ties divided.

Shoot No. 5, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Lindsey	110111001101100— 9	W lley	101110110101111—11
M Donald	111111111111115 — 5	Bristol	011111010110101—11
Babcock	101110101111011—11	Segiler	111111101111114
Dickey	110 101110011111—11	Edwards	111111111111115
He kes	211111111111115—15	Pope	111111001011011—11
Stevens	111111011010011 -11	McMurchy	110101111111112
Whitney	111011111111114	Dayton	110111010111101—12
Osborne	111111111111115	Gastright	111011110110113
Folsom	111010111111113	Lewis	111111111111114
Cady	111111111011114	Crosby	111111101110112
Skinner	111111101111114	"Wolsey"	111111111111114
Riolet	111111 1001111—13	Miller	111111111111115
Benscotten	111111111111114	Dr Miller	111111101111114
White	110111111111114	Windsor	111111111110101
Keller	111111101011111—13	Tippy	101111011111112
Burbridge	111011111011110—12	E Davis	101111111111114

All ties div.

Shoot No. 6, 20 single Keystones, entrance $5 $100 guaranteed:

McDonald	11111111111111111111—20	Ribbet	10111101160111011011—14
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20	Gastright	11001111101111100111—14
Stevens	11001001111011101011—13	Pope	01111111110001010111 14
Wolsey	11111111111111111111—20	Willey	11011010101111111111—16
Osborne	01111111111111111111—19	Folsom	10111111111111111111—17
Babcock	10111110111111010110—16	Sigler	01101111101111111111—17
Whitney	11111101111111111111—19	Lewis	11111111111111111111—20
Cady	11111111111111111111—20	Crosby	11111110111101011011—17
Benscotten	11111111111111111011—19	McFarlan	10111110111111111011—17
Kellar	11110111100 10111111—16	L Davis	10011010010111110111—13
Dickey	10110100010000111112	E D Miller	11011011111111111101—19
M'Mrch'y	11111111111111111111—20	Dr Miller	11101110111010111011—16
J White	11110110111111110—17	Edwards	11110111100111011001—14
Lindsley	11101010101110000 01—12	Windsor	01111111111111111111—18
Bristol	11111011111101111111—18		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 7, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1 50:

Benscotten	111111111011011—13	McMurchy	111111111110111—14
Kellar	111010101111111—12	Folsom	0011001111111—11
McDonald	111111111111111 15	Bristol	110111101101110—11
Dickey	111111111111115	Cady	111011110111113
Skinner	1111111 011011—14	L Davis	110101011111101 11
Stevens	111111111111115	Crosby	011011111111115
Babcock	111111111111115	Edwards	111111111111115
Heikes	111111111111115	Pope	011111110110112
Burbridge	110111111111114	Lawrie	111111111111013
Wolsey	111111111111115	"Dayton"	111111101111012
Whitney	111111111111115	Rindet	000010111100101— 7
Thurman	1111 111111111115	Lewis	111111111111115
Osborn	111111111111114	Willey	111111101110001—11
Lindsley	101 1101011011—12	Miller	111111111111104
White	111111011111101—13	"Jame-"	101111101111010 11
Sigler	111101100111101—11	Gastright	101111101111110—13

All ties div.

Shoot No. 8, Keystone trophy contest, 50 singles, entrance $5:

Benscotten	11111111111010111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Lewis	11111101111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—45
J White	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Stevens	11111111101111111101111111111111111111111111111111—40
Wolsey	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Keller	11011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Clover	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Dayton	11111110 010 11111101011101111111111111111111111111—40
Lindsey	11110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—42
Osborne	10111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Dickey	01101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Pope	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Cady	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
James	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Crosby	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Willey	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Whitney	01111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Babcock	01111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Thurman	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
McMurchy	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Davis	00111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—37
E D Miller	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
McDonald	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Heikes	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Windsor	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Sigler	11111 01111111111111110 11111111111111111111111111—43

Whitney won the Keystone trophy with the admirable score of 50 straight. Ties below were divided.

Shoot No. 9, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2.50, $50 guaranteed:

Benscotten	1111110111— 9	Gastright	1101101100— 6
Heikes	1111111111—10	Stevens	1010110011— 6
Lindsey	1111110 1— 8	Dayton	1011110111— 7
Kellar	1111111101— 9	P pe	1101101100— 6
Wolsey	1111111111—10	Mc Murchy	1111111101— 9
Osborne	1101111110— 8	Bristol	1111111111—10
Whitney	1111111111—10	Windsor	1111111111—10
Cady	0111111111— 9	McDonald	0111111111— 9
White	1111111110—10	Willey	0011111110— 6
Tippy	1111111111—10	Seth	1111111000— 7
McFarlin	0111111110— 8	Miller	1111110111— 9
Babcock	0110111111— 8	Dickey	1010111111— 8
Davis	1111111111—10	Crosby	1111110111— 9

All ties divided.

This closed the shooting for the day, shoot No. 10 being announced for the first on the following morning. It had on the whole been a very good day, although the division of the ties instead of shooting off made the winnings very light, whereof the experts kicked the hardest. The highest number of entries during the day was 32.

Wednesday, Second Day, Aug. 20.

The promise of the evening before was fulfilled, and the morning broke bright and clear. The day was warm, cheerful and pleasant throughout, and things wore an aspect very different from that of the day before. By afternoon there was a good crowd upon the grounds, and the club house verandas were filled with lady spectators. The entries reached 38 at top notch to-day. Everything moved off well, and the occasion was pleasant to the extreme in each detail. Mr. Janney, of the Janney and Graham Gun Co., and Mr Robbins, of the *Sporting Review*, arrived from Chicago this morning, and will stay through the week. The lists will show several new names. The first event of the day was the postponed event, No. 10, from yesterday. Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 10, 10 single Keystones, entrance $1:

Sigler	1111111111—10	Crosby	1110 10111— 8
Lindsley	1110111110— 8	McMurchy	1101111111— 9
Bristol	1111111110— 9	Dickey	1111011101— 8
Kelsey	1111110111— 9	Cady	1111111111—10
"Wolsey"	1111111111—10	Dr Miller	0111110111— 8
Kellar	1111100111— 8	Windsor	0111111011— 7
"Whit"	0011111111— 9	McFarland	0110101111— 7
Edwards	1101111111— 9	Heikes	1111111 1—10
Benscotten	1110111011— 8	McDonald	1011111111— 9
"White"	0111111111— 9	E Miller	1111111110— 9
Folsom	0111111111— 9	Osborne	1111111111—10
Beckwith	0110101101— 6	St vens	1111101111— 9
Tippy	1111111110— 9	Whitney	0111111101— 8
Burbridge	1011111111— 9	James	1011111111— 9
Willey	1111011110— 8	Skinner	1110111111— 9
Elliot	1111101110— 7	Davis	0101111110— 7
Matrice	1111100011— 7		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 1, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

White	111 111111111—15	Dickey	111111110110113
Benscotten	111111111111 10 14	Kelsey	111111110011111—15
Kellar	111110111101110—12	McMurchy	111111111111 1 -15
Lindsley	0111010 0110 011— 8	Bristol	101111111110111—13
Osborne	111111111111101—13	E D Miller	111111111110111—14
Stevens	011111110111000—11	Skinner	0111101 0110011—11
Whitney	111011101111111—13	Clover	111111111111111—14
"Wolsey"	111011111111111—14	Marhias	111111111111014
Folsom	011111111100101—11	Edwards	111101111110111—13
James	111111111111114	Dr Miller	110110111011110—11
"Flintlock"	0110101100 0000— 6	Cady	101011111110111—12
Elliot	0010110101110011— 8	McFarland	111010 1000101— 8
Burbridge	111111001111111—12	Beckwith	000000111110111— 8
Willey	110111111101111—13	Davis	111111101011111—13
Siegler	110101111111111—13	Crosby	111111111111115
Heikes	111111111111115	"Tippy"	111111110110101—12
McDonald	111111011111110—13		

First and second div.; third div. after shoot off by McDonald, Dickey, Kelsey, Bristol, Edwards, "White" and "Windsor;" fourth div. after shoot off by Cody and "Tippy."

Shoot No. 2, 10 Keystones, entrance $1:

Benscotten	1001111111— 8	Osborne	0111111111— 9
J White	1101011101— 7	James	1111111101— 9
Lindsley	0111101111— 8	Clover	1111111111—10
Heikes	1111111111—10	Crosby	0110110111— 8
Folsom	1101110000— 5	McFarland	0001100110— 4
Sigler	1111011100— 7	Pope	0001100110— 4
Bristol	1111111111—10	Skinner	0111111111— 9
Stevens	1111011111— 9	McMurchy	1111111011— 9
Kellar	1101111111— 9	Dayton	1111111111—10
"Wolsey"	1111111111—10	Davis	1111011111— 9
Burbridge	1111111 011— 9	Cady	1110111110— 7
White	1101111111— 9	Thurman	1111110111— 9
Willey	1111110111— 9	George	1101001110— 6
Kelsey	1101101111— 8	Whitney	0101111001— 6
McDonald	1101111111— 9	Edwards	1110111111— 9
Flintlock	1010 00010— 4	Dr Miller	1011111111— 9
Dickey	1111101110— 8	Windsor	0011111111— 8
Miller	1111111110—10	Tippy	1101101100— 6
Mattice	0101111111— 8		

First div., second div. by Thurman and Edwards after 10 straight in the ties, third div. by Crosby, Windsor and Lindsley after 5 straight ties, fourth div.

Shoot No. 3, 10 pairs Keystones, entrance $2 $50 guaranteed:

Sigler	11 01 01 11 00 10 11 11 10 11—14		
Willey	10 11 11 11 11 01 11 00 10 11—15		
Bristol	10 10 10 00 10 11 11 10 10 10—11		
White	10 10 10 11 11 11 01 11 01 10 11—15		
Kellar	10 11 10 11 11 10 00 00 10 00—10		
Stevens	00 11 00 10 10 10 10 11 10 00—9		
Heikes	10 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—18		
Cady	10 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 01 10 11—15		
Davis	00 10 11 00 10 10 10 10 10 10—9		
Burbridge	10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—16		
Lindsley	00 01 00 10 10 10 10 11 11 11—10		
Whitney	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—17		
"Wolsey"	11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 00 01—17		
Kelsey	10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—18		
Benscotten	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11—18		
Dickey	10 11 11 11 11 19 11 10 10 11—16		
Osborne	10 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 10—13		
"Whit"	10 11 10 01 10 10 11 11 01 10—13		
Crosby	10 11 11 10 10 00 11 10 11 11—14		
McMurchy	10 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10—15		
Dayton	10 11 10 11 10 00 10 01 10 00—10		
Pope	10 11 10 01 01 11 10 11 11 11—15		
Clover	10 10 11 01 10 10 11 11 01 11—13		
Edwards	11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 10 10—16		
James	10 11 10 11 10 10 11 00 10 10—13		
E D Miller	11 00 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 10—14		
McDonald	01 10 00 00 10 10 10 01 10 00—9		
George	00 10 10 11 10 11 00 10 10 10—10		
Windsor	10 01 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 00—14		
Thurman	11 10 11 00 10 10 11 01 11 10—14		
"Tippy"	0 11 10 10 11 11 10 10 11 10—14		
Dr Miller	10 11 10 10 10 00 10 10 11—11		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 4, 10 single Keystones, entrance $1:

Tippy	0111111111— 9	James	1111111101— 9
Dr Miller	1011101101— 7	Burbridge	1111011111— 9
Heikes	1111111111—10	Wolsey	110 0111110— 7
"Whit"	1111 11111—10	Thurman	1101111111— 9
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Mattice	1111110101— 8
Bristol	1111000101— 7	Clover	1011111011— 9
Folsom	1111110101— 8	Sigler	1000111001— 5
Osborne	11 1111111— 9	McDonald	1111111111—10
Kelsey	1111111111—10	Stevens	1011100111— 7
Pope	1111111111—10	McMurchy	1111111111—10
Lindsley	0111011011— 7	Whitney	1111111111—10
Cady	1101111111— 9	Elliott	0011111110— 7
Dickey	1111111111—10	Skinner	1111111111—10
Kellar	0110111111— 8	E D Miller	1110111111— 9
Willey	1101011110— 6	Edwards	0110111111— 8
Flintlock	1110111110— 8	Gastright	1111110110— 8
Sigler	1111111110—10	Windsor	1111111111—10
White	0111111111— 9	Austin	1111010111— 8
Crosby	1101111011— 8	George	1111111000— 7

All ties div.

Shoot No. 5, 20 single Keystones, entrance $5. $75 guaranteed:

Kelsey	01111111111111111111—19	James	11111111111111111111—20
Pope	11111101111111111111—18	McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20	"BWhite"	10 01111011011111111— 6
Crosby	11111111111111101011—18	Willey	11010110110111111111—16
White	01111111111111111101—18	Cady	11111111111111111110—18
Benscot'n	11111111111111111111—20	George	11000111010 0100001— 9
Bristol	11111111111111111111—19	Stevens	11111111110111111111—19
Osborne	11111111111111111111—20	E D Miller	11111111111010101110—16
Flintlock	11111 01101001111111—15	Whitney	11111111111111111110—19
Lindsley	01111011111111111111—18	Edwards	11111111111111111111—20
Sigler	11111111111111111111—20	Osborn	11111110110111111111—17
Woolsey	11111111111111111111—20	Dr Miller	11111110111111111100—17
Clover	01110111111111111111—20	Windsor	11111011111111111010—17
Dickey	11111111111111111111—20	Gastright	10111110111010111111—17

All ties div.

Shoot No. 6, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

Pope	011111001111111—14	Cady	111101110111101—12
Elliott	100010100110011— 7	Stevens	111111111010111—12
Heikes	111111111111115	Kelsey	111111111111114
Crosby	101101111111101—12	Siegler	111110110011011—11
Bristol	111101111111114	Dickey	111011111111013
Benscotten	111111111111101 14	"Wolsey"	111111111111115
"J White"	111111101111013	Mattice	111111011111113
Lindsley	111100010101000 8	Whitney	111111111111115
McDonald	110001111111112	George	011010 00110111— 9
We more	111101111111010—12	Osborne	111111111111115
Kellar	111101101110111—12	Skinner	111111110111114
Austin	111101111100111—12	McMurchy	110111111111011 13
"Whit"	111010111111001—12	"Tippy"	111111111111115
F Isom	110111111110 —13	Edwards	101111111111114
Flintlock	100011111111111—12	Thurman	111111111010 11-14
Burbridge	111111010111113	Windsor	111111111111115
Clover	111111110111114	E Miller	011111111111014
"James"	101111111111114	Dr Miller	101110111010111—12
Gastright	1 101111011111013		

First and second div.; third was shot out, Folsom, Burbridge and Dickey staying and dividing; fourth was shot out and Cady and "Whit" div. after the ties.

Shoot No. 7, 25 single Keystones, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed, 5 moneys:

"W ley"	1111111111111111111111111—25
Ben cotten	1111111111111111111111111—25
J White	1101111111111111111011111110—22
Heikes	1111111111111111111111111—25
Willey	1111111111011111101011111—22
Stevens	1110111111111111101011111 23
"Whit"	0110001110011010110110101—15
Burbridge	1001011111111111011011111—21
Cady	1100011111100011111111111—21
Pope	1110011111111111111010111—21
Dickey	1111111101111111111111110—22
Clover	0111111111111111111111111—24
James	1111111101011111111111111—23
McMurchy	1111111101111111111111111—24
Crosby	1111111111111111111111111—25
E D Miller	0111111111011111111111011—22
Bristol	111110 1011111011111111111—21
Osborne	1111011011111111111110101—21
Dr Miller	1111111011111111111111110—23
Kelsey	1111111111111011111111111—24
Edwards	1111111111111111111111111—23
Sigler	1111101111111111111111111 24
Whitney	1111111111111111111111011—24
Windsor	110 1111111111111111111111—24
McDonald	1111111111111111111111111—24
Kellar	0000011110111011011111100—15
Gastright	1111111111111111111 111111—25

All ties div.

Shoot No. 8, the L. C. Smith Trophy.—Great interest was evinced in this shoot, which on the whole is regarded as the most important of the tournament. The magnificent trophy itself, nearly 3ft. high, and admirably ornamented in devices of the field, is one of the most considerable trophies now in competition at the trap. It has been shown in illustration in these columns. It was won last year by H. B. Whitney, the very well named "boy wonder" of Phelps, N. Y., who has returned in perfect condition this year. It was displayed this afternoon upon a stand in front of the club house, and certainly impressed both shooters and spectators with a sense that there is something to this shooting business, and nerved the boys with a determination to do their best or better. How they succeeded may be seen by a look at the scores. The blackboard was watched anxiously. At the end of the first 25 birds it presented a bristling face nearly all "15," with hardly an "0" to break the monotony. It was remarked by the old shooters that such a score had rarely ever been seen before, if ever at all. The best target shots of the United States were among those who stepped to the score. There was no 50 straight made. Billy Wolstencroft had the cup in his hands at the last shot, but missed his fiftieth bird. This let in three others, Heikes, Osborne and Benscotten. Wolstencroft, as is well known, shoots a Greener, Heikes and Benscotten, Lefevers, Osborne a Smith. It will be remembered that last year Harvey McMurchy, the representative of the Smith gun, who has done so much for it among the shooting people of the country, won the Smith trophy here, making 50 straight, but gracefully resigned in favor of Mr. Whitney. This year Mr. McMurchy did another courteous act by throwing open the competition to guns of all makes, and not confining it solely to shooters of the L. C. Smith gun, as heretofore has been done. No restraint was therefore put upon the shooters, and not a murmur was heard throughout the whole closely contested event. The shoot-off in the ties was exciting. It was decided to shoot off at 25 birds. In the first tie Osborne missed his third bird. Benscotten fell out on his twentieth, and the expression of grief on his face would have caused a hitching post to weep. Wolstencroft and Heikes shook hands and went on with 25 apiece. They then agreed to divide the money, which by the conditions of this year is to be 40 per cent. of next year's entry, and continued the shoot. Wolstencroft wore a blue

jersey and Heikes a black, and black and blue moved up and down the long line of traps until the blue jacket let his ninth bird, a left quarterer, get away. Heikes not to be outdone, let his tenth, a right quarterer, get off. Wolstencroft dropped his fourteenth, and it is probable he then had too great a respect for the sawed-off blonde in the black jersey, for he dropped the twenty-second and twenty-third, the latter at least in pure carelessness. Had he held up on these birds he would still have been in it, for Roll missed his twenty-fourth and walked out with 23 in the last tie, a winner in one of the prettiest shoots it has been the fortune of the public to see.

Comment should be made here on the remarkable shooting which is of late being done by Rolla Heikes. He has been winning about everything in sight, and in the Smith trophy shoot he not only won his race, but broke the record, which was thought to be unbreakable. Two years ago J. E. Miller, of Cincinnati, made a run of 158 single targets, and this was the record till today. When Heikes fired at his twenty-seventh bird in this race to-day everybody on the grounds noticed that the report was light and muffled, a mere squib. Rolla thought the powder and shot must have run together. It was a machine-loaded shell. However that may be, this was his 181st bird, bringing over his last 38 straight from yesterday. Mr. Heikes, therefore, made a run of 180 straight, with 22 to the good over the record. Giving him the bird he lost through the defective shell, which he was certainly due to break, and his total run would have reached 240. There is in this shoot a whole commentary on modern trap shooting. It can be reduced reply to a science, or to a mechanical art at least, it would seem. The conditions were 50 single Keystones, $5 entrance, winner to take the cup and 40 per cent. of next year's entrance, balance to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Score:

J White.....1111111110111111111110111101111111111111111001111—45
Wolstencroft.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
James.....1111111101111101101111111111101111111111111111111—46
Stevens.....1111111111110111111111101111111111111111111111—48
Heikes.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Osborne.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Thurman.....1111111011111111111111111111111111111101101111—46
Crosby.....1111111111111111111111011110111111111111111110—46
McMurchy.....1110111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Benscotten.....1111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111—49
Kelsey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Clover.....1111111101111011100111111111011111111101111111—44
Edwards.....1111111010111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Whitney.....1111111111111111111111011111111111111111111110—48
M Donald.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Willey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—45
Cady.....1011110101111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Miller.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101—48
Dickey.....1111111110101111111111011111111111111111111111—46

First tie, 25 singles, 18yds.:

Wolstencroft.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—25
Heikes.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—25
Osborne.....1110101
Benscotten.....1111111111111111110

Second tie, 25 singles, 20yds.:

Wolstencroft.....1111111101111011111110011—21
Heikes.....1111111101111111111111101—23

Heikes won. All other ties div. McMurchy won third alone on 47. This closed the shooting of the day. The places for daily average were: Heikes and Benscotten first, Wolstencroft second, Kelsey third; the number of birds missed in the average shoots being respectively 2, 3 and 4.

Thursday, Third Day, Aug. 21.

Grief and woe overspread the landscape this morning and pretty little Corrv Valley was bathed in tears. The rain was fitful all the morning, and at 11 o'clock drove the boys away from the scores and set in to drown everybody in sight. Tough luck for Penrose, who has done too much good hard work to deserve to see his tournament spoiled this way. The delays seemed so many and so probable that it was determined to drop a number of the minor programme sweeps, and to go on with the guarantee, championship contests and team races first.

The wind this morning had blown down the tepees of Long Feather and Oregon Nick, and these gentlemen were forced to divide their time between Fred Quimby and Mr. Jenney, who sat in their door like Chatham street merchants and invited everybody in out of the wet. This would be a pretty good time, since everybody has stopped shooting and gone to telling stories, to tell how Fred Quimby got his title of "Blue Island Champion," but it is nearly dinner time and it may be better to wait. The following scores were shot out before the deluge:

Postponed shoot No. 9, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2.50:

Welsey.....1111111111—10 Dickey.....1111111110— 9
J White.....1111111111—10 McClure.....1101011111— 8
Benscotten.....1111111111—10 J C Hill.....1111101011— 8
Bristol.....1011111111— 9 J F Mallory.....1110111100— 7
Sigler.....1110101111— 9 F F Mallory.....1111110111— 9
Lindsley.....1111111110—10 McDonald.....1111011111— 9
Kelsey.....1111111111—10 Cady.....1111111111—10
Heikes.....1111111110—10 Crosby.....1111110111— 9
E D Miller.....1111101000— 6 Willey.....0110101110— 6
Dr Miller.....0111011111— 8 Osborne.....1111111000— 7
"James".....1111111113—10 McMurchy.....1111111111—10
Folsom.....1010110110— 6 "Whit".....1101101000— 6
Stevens.....1100101111— 7 Edwards.....1111101101— 8
Burbridge.....1011101111— 8 Tippy.....1111101111— 9
Whitney.....1111111101— 9 Clover.....1100001111— 7

All ties div.

Postponed shoot No. 10, 10 single Keystones, entrance $1:

Sigler.....1110111101— 8 F E Mallory.....1100011001— 5
Stevens.....1111111011— 9 J S Mallory.....1011111111— 9
Mattice.....1111101110— 8 Benscotten.....1111111111—10
"White".....1111111010— 8 Crosby.....1011111101— 9
Osborne.....1110101110— 7 McMurchy.....1111111111—10
Burbridge.....1111111001— 8 E D Miller.....1011111111— 9
Bristol.....1111011111— 9 Tippy.....1111101111— 9
Kelsey.....1111111111—10 Dickey.....1111110111— 9
Heikes.....1111111111—10 Skinner.....0110111011— 7
"Whit".....1111101111— 9 Edwards.....0111111111— 9
"Wolsey".....1111111101— 9 McDonald.....1111111111—10
Lindsley.....1011110111— 8 Dr Miller.....1111011111— 9
Folsom.....1101110101— 7 Willey.....0110110111— 7
McClure.....0100001100— 3 Cady.....0010111111— 7
Hile.....1110010001— 5 Thurman.....1100111111— 8
Whitney.....1111111111—10 "James".....1111111111—10

First div., second shot off and div. by J. S. Mallory, Crosby, E. D. Miller, Wolstencroft, Dickey, Dr. Miller; third div., fourth shot out and won by Folsom and Skinner.

Shoot No. 1, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

J White.....111111111111111—15 Osborne.....111111111111100—13
Lindsley.....011001010101111—10 Dr Miller.....111111101101113—13
McDonald.....111111101111111—14 Clover.....111111111111110—14
Welsey.....111111111111115—15 "Whit".....101111111111013—13
"James".....110101110101011—12 Stevens.....101111111111111—14
Crosby.....110111111111111—15 J C Hile.....101011111001101—10
Folsom.....011111000100001— 8 Sigler.....111111010111111—13
Bristol.....110110011111112—12 Thurman.....110101110110110—10
F E Mallory.....111111110011113—13 Dickey.....111111111111110—14
McClure.....111100110111112—13 Whitney.....110111111111111—14
E D Miller.....101111111110113—13 Windsor.....111111111111115—15
J F Mallory.....011110011111112—12 McMurchy.....111111111111101—14
Kelsey.....011111111111113—13 Pope.....111111111110114—14
Burbridge.....101011111101111—12 Skinner.....111111111112011—14
Willey.....111111111111115—15 Benscotten.....111111111111115—15
Cady.....111110111111114—14 Tippy.....101011111101111—12
Heikes.....111111111111115—15

First div., second shot out and div. by McDonald, Crosby, Clover, Whitney and Skinner; other ties div.

Shoot No 2, 10 singles, entrance $2 50; $50 guaranteed:

"Wolsey".....1111211111—10 Sigler.....1111111100— 8
"I White".....1111111111—10 Skinner.....1111111111—10
"James".....1111111113—10 Dickey.....1110111010— 7
E D Miller.....1111111112— 9 "Whit".....1010111010— 6
McClure.....0000011111— 5 Benscotten.....1111011111— 9
Cady.....1101111111— 9 McMurchy.....1111110111— 9
Lindsley.....1011111111— 9 Clover.....1111111111—10
F E Mallory.....1011111101— 8 Dr Miller.....1111101110— 8
Folsom.....1110011111— 8 Windsor.....1111111111—10
Heikes.....1111111111—10 Whitney.....1111111111—10
McDonald.....0111110111— 8 Edwards.....1111111111—10
Stevens.....1101111111— 9 Pope.....1111101000— 7
Willey.....1111110111— 9 Kelsey.....1001111010— 6
Burbige.....1011111111— 9 Osb rne.....1011111001— 7
J F Mallory.....1100111110— 8 Tippy.....1111011111— 9
Crosby.....1011111111— 9

First shot out and div. by White, Clover, Windsor and Heikes; second shot out and div. by Stevens, Cro by, Benscotten and McMurchy, after 10 straight; third shot out and div. by McDonald and J. F. Mallory; fourth div.

This was the first shoot after dinner. The rain stopped a little before 2 P. M., and the events were hurried off as fast as possible.

Shoot No. 4, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2.50, $50 guaranteed:

White.....1111101111— 9 Clover.....1101111111— 9
"Wolsey".....1111111111—10 Willey.....1111111111—10
Folsom.....1111110110— 8 Edwards.....1110111001— 7
Lindsley.....1111110001— 7 Whitney.....1111111111—10
Cady.....0111110100— 6 J F Mallory.....1111110100— 7
Heikes.....1111111111—10 Windsor.....1111111111—10
Stevens.....1111111110— 9 Dr Miller.....1111111111—10
Crosby.....1111011111— 9 "Whit".....1011101110— 7
F E Mallory.....0111111111— 9 Kelsey.....1101101111— 8
McMurchy.....1100111011— 7 Dickey.....1111111111—10
Benscotten.....1110111111— 9 Tippy.....1011111110— 8
Burbridge.....0110111111— 8 Osborne.....1011111011— 8
"James".....1111111111—10 Pope.....1100011110— 6

First shot off and won by Windsor; second shot off and div. by Crosby and Benscotten; third shot off and div. by Folsom and E. D. Miller; fourth shot off and div. by J. F. Mallory, Lindsley, "Whit" and McDonald; fifth money div.

Shoot No. 9, 15 single Keystones, entrance $3, $75 guaranteed:

J White.....111001110101111—11 Dr Miller.....111111111011111—14
Heikes.....111111111111115—15 McDonald.....111111111111115—15
Welsey.....111111101111115—15 Pope.....111111101111101—13
Folsom.....011111101111113—13 Skinner.....111111111101114—14
Benscotten.....111111111111014—14 McClure.....011110000101101— 8
Stevens.....110111111111114—14 Osborne.....111 011111111114—14
Cady.....101111101111113—13 Kelsey.....111111111111115—15
Willey.....111101111011110 12 "Whit".....011110110111100—10
Sigler.....111011011111113—13 Dickey.....111111111111115—15
"James".....101111101110011—11 Clover.....111110111100111—12
McMurchy.....111111101111114—14 J F Mallory.....101100110111010—10
Lindsley.....101110010001111—10 E D Miller.....110110111101110—12
F E Mallory.....111111111111115—15 Whitney.....111111111110114—14
Crosby.....111111010101101—12 Windsor.....111111111111115—15
Burbridge.....111011001111014—14 Tippy.....111111111111114—14

First shot out and div. by Wolstencroft, F. E. Mallory, McDonald, Kelsey and Windsor. Second shot out and div. by Whitney, Stevens, McMurchy and Dr. Miller, third and fourth div.

Shoot No. 8, Peters Cartridge Co. Trophy.—This was another interesting shoot, this well known and handsome trophy having never yet failed to bring out a full entry of the shooters on hand. Out of the 50 there were two 49s, Wolstencroft and Clover, the rest scattering. Heikes fell in the lucky hole of 46. An amusing incident happened here, which will serve to show the ceaseless scheming and pulling for place which has marked this tournament almost beyond precedent. A certain young shooter, who has figured well in the scores right along, had observed that Heikes was alone in the 46 hole, and thought that a good place to be. He therefore concluded to drop his last bird, and held about 20ft. behind it purposely. To his intense surprise and disgust a stray pellet wandered out and broke the bird, and thus he was in the 47 hole, where there are several others and much less "divvy." Served him right! The conditions of this shoot were 50 singles, entrance $5, winner to take cun and 40 per cent. of next year's entry, this year's money to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, won this trophy last year, the conditions then being that the winner took his money with the cup. Score:

Heikes .....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Osborne.....1111111111011111111111111111111111111111101111—46
McMurchy.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Cady.....0111110011111011111111111111111111111111111111—47
"J White".....1111101111111111011010101010110110011111111101—39
"James".....1111011111011111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Dickey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
McDonald.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Thurman.....1111101101011111111101010110101010111001100010—35
Wolstencroft.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Stevens.....1111111101101011111111111111111111111101101111—45
Crosby.....0011111011111011111111111111111111111111111111—44
Pope.....0100011111111111011111101111111111111111111101—42
Kelsey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—48
Dr Miller.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Whitney.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—47
Clover.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49

All the ties in this shoot were divided except of course the first, which was shot out by Wolstencroft and Clover, with the following result:

Ties of 5, 18yds.

Wolstencroft.....11111 11111 11111—15
Clover.....11111 11111 11110—14

Wolstencroft won the Peters trophy.

Shooting was now continued in the guarantees, the order of the programme being discontinued.

Shoot No. 2 (billed for Friday); $50 guaranteed, entrance $2 50:

Lindsley.....1111011111— 9 Stevens.....0111111111— 9
Benscotten.....1111111111—10 Osborne.....1111110111— 9
Windsor.....1111111111—10 James.....1111111111—10
McClure.....0011110111— 7 F E Mallory.....1111111101— 9
Folsom.....0101010111— 6 E D Miller.....1111111111—10
Heikes.....1111111111—10 "Welsey".....1111111011— 9
McMurchy.....1111111111—10 Crosby.....0111111111— 9
Willey.....1110110011— 8 J F Mallory.....1101101011— 7
"Whit".....1101110010— 6 J White.....1111111100— 8
Dr Miller.....1111111110— 9 Clover.....1111111100— 8
Burbidge.....1011111111— 9 Whitney.....1111111110—10
Cady.....1101111111— 9 Kelsey.....1111111110— 9
McDonald.....1011111101— 8 Pope.....0110010110— 6
Sigler.....1010111100— 6 Skinner.....1111110010— 7
Dickey.....1111111111—10

All ties div.

This closed the day. Rain was again drizzling down, and the outlook was cheerless. The day had, however, been a pretty good one, all things considered; 33 entries in such weather being about as much as could expect. The boys are breaking in the neighborhood of 8,000 or 10,000 targets a day, counting ties and all. The oldest of the oldtime kickers are kicking because everything is divided and not shot out; but if all the ties were shot down it would take about five aces to win anything in this gang. There is the usual wail from the rounders who have won it all, all over the country, and want more, that "nobody is making anything." At the sport of trap-shooting to-day, it seems, one must "make something" or the sport is no good. A few more years of this, and one of two things will happen, the sport of trap-shooting will be reorganized, or there won't be enough of it left to reorganize. There are no young shooters here at this shoot to amount to anything. The geese of the golden eggs are being killed. Target shooting is getting to be a mechanical art, and the element of skill or chance is not in it. They will have it or they will quit. The experts can then take what there is left.

In the above there is nothing of reflection upon this tournament, which has certainly been gotten up upon as broad, as general and as liberal a basis as could be, and which has certainly been conducted with a method and a carefulness in detail so admirable as to compel even the most unwilling praise. But it is the fault of the late drift in trap-shooting matters in general that things are as they are, and now happens to be a good time to sit down and look at these things fairly and think about them.

But, the day's work over, these hearty and careless boys don't think of anything. Clover put in $3.50 yesterday, broke 25 straight and took out $1.97, less $1 for shells; but he isn't thinking about that now. He is explaining to old Mr. Kellar, who is a little deaf, a patent multiple trap which he claims to have invented before the old man dreamed of his. Benscotten missed only 7 birds out of 210, and was still $8 in the hole, but he has forgotten that and the two birds he claims were scored against him, and is happy as the rest. Skinner and Enoch Miller didn't win the $10.0 they wanted, but to-night they will probably play another one of their wonderful games of pool, which lasts four hours, and at the end of which they have less to their credit than when they started, by reason of the red ball getting "in the hole" all the time too. And then the boys will get together in Roll's room, and he and his running mate, Scott McDonald, who isn't as handsome as he is big, but pretty near it, will play banjo duets until every heart forgets its sorrows, and no one can dream of less than 100 straight.

Fourth Day, Friday, Aug. 22.

More rain, and more of it. Things looked dismal. The crowd, however, hung together pretty well, twenty-six entries being made in one shoot. The weather being such that it was impossible to do regular shooting, it was announced at noon that the programme would be abandoned, and the team race and the individual championship contest for the Keystone diamond ring shot out first, the remainder of the time being devoted to sweeps or guarantees.

Prior to this time, however, two sweeps were shot to-day, and the student of trap matters may find in these two little sweeps more to interest him than in pages of the others. They came at a time most opportune, after all that has been said and written at this tournament about the hard shooting and the light winning, and the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs which makes such a combination possible. Mr. Penrose said:

"You men have all been objecting because you don't win anything. We have given $1 400 to you in this shoot, and yet nobody has won anything. Now I am going to give you a harder game, and put you into the 'professional rules,' and I don't think you'll get so many straights then."

There have been many schemes by many men to invent some method by which an element of irregularity, variety and uncertainty could be introduced into target shooting, which would do away with the dead monotony and mechanic-like automatonism of the "rapid-firing system" as usually seen. Harvey McMurchy's idea is that 5 traps, set in a straight line away from the shooter, each trap 2yds. further than the one next behind, and the furthest 24yds. from the score, would make shooting more interesting. Each shot could then be determined by the indicator, and the angle could be changed if desired. Milt Lindsley's idea is that of two batteries, one of 5 traps and one of 3, the 5 traps to be set in a semicircle at 18yds., the other 3 at 60yds. The 3 outside traps are all to throw incomers, the middle one a straight incomer and the 2 end traps right and left quartering incomers. A shooter steps to the score with five shells, and he gets five shots out of the 8 traps, the traps being determined by the indicator.

Either of these ideas would be good. The chief trouble is that not so many birds can be broken in a given time in that way.

The "professional rules" of the Keystone Company are an attempt to solve the same problem and yet retain rapidity of firing, which is of course the idea first in mind to the target manufacturers. In many ways these are a very fair solution, and the interest shown in these two shoots proves it.

The rapid firing system as seen at tournaments is under the "amateur rules." In it, both traps and angles are known, and each taken in rotation. In the "semi-professional rules" the same full battery of traps is retained, and the same system of rotation, but while the traps are known the angles are changed. In the "professional rules" the full battery of traps and the rotation in position is retained, but the trap is determined by lot, out of that half of the battery, or out of those traps, which lie to the right or left of the middle line. If the shooter is to the left of the line, he knows that he will get some trap out of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5, etc.; if to the right, it will be out of Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, etc. Which of those traps it will be he does not know, and that is determined by the indicator. He may stand behind No. 1 trap, call "pull," and get No. 5 trap. He may then move up to No. 2, and get No. 1 bird. And so. His birds are thus offered to him at distances constantly changing. Deprived of the knowledge of the exact whereabouts of the bird, he is obliged to shoot quick, and to use skill, judgment and calculation. In other words, he has got to be a shooter and not a machine. Such conditions as these put the field shooter and the young shooter much more nearly on an equality with the professional than the so-called "amateur" rules, which have been abused and ridden to death by the professionals until they certainly have no charms to invite the amateur to a tournament. It is a further and very great merit to the "professional rules" that under their system of rotation a match can be shot off at them almost as rapidly as under the common system. They are, indeed, the rapid firing system followed with unknown traps and unknown distances.

So much for these rules. It was positively funny to see the cracks go to pieces under them. Shooters who had broken 98 out of 100 here this week came out of the 10-bird sweep with 2 or 3 birds scored against them. Farmer Heikes, who broke 180, or more likely 240 straight, only got 5 out of his 10, and was received with applause as he retired from the score. Not a straight was scored by anybody. Look back over the scores through the week before to-day, and dozens of straights of all lengths will stare one in the face on every page. Rolla Heikes broke the record on straights here this week. Let us hope that he broke also the old regime of target shooting. His little record of 5 out of 10 is more interesting news than his record of 180 straight, and in the end may mean more money to him and to the target manufacturers. It has got so that the publication of these long scores of straights is frightening away the younger shooters from tournaments. We have got to have more variety and fewer straights at our big tournaments, or the day of big tournaments will fade.

To the credit of the Keystone Company it must be said that they seem to be the first managers to recognize this and to attempt to make improvement. Let us hope that they will succeed, and that in their next tournament they will insist upon at least an equal division of time between the "machines" and the shooters. There is nothing like looking on ahead a little, and it is coming to be a conviction in the minds of many most interested in shooting that there will be a good deal more money for shooters, dealers and manufacturers in looking up some new systems which let in the shooting public, than in clinging too closely to the old, which simply forms a close communion of a clique who can't win any money themselves and won't let anybody else win any. Following are the scores. They disclose the little known fact that our machine shooters can't shoot. There has been a good deal of laughing and joking about this to-day:

Sweep No. 1, unknown angles, 10 singles, $2:

Sigler.....0111111001—7 Dickey.....0110110111—7
Lindsley.....1110101010—6 Crosby.....1110011111—8
Thurman.....1110010110—6 McClure.....0000001100—2
Osborne.....1101110111—8 E D Miller.....1111011111—9
Cady.....1111000100—6 "Welsey".....0111111110—8
"J White".....0101101001—5 Windsor.....1111011111—8
Kelsey.....0111111111—9 Tippy.....1011011111—8
McDonald.....0111011110—7 Stevens.....1001001101—5
Skinner.....0011110011—6 Edwards.....0100111001—5
Whitney.....1111011110—7 Heikes.....1101001100—5
Curtin.....1010111010—5 Willey.....0011110001—4
James.....0001110111—6 Burbridge.....1111011010—7

Kelsey first. All ties div.

Sweep No. 2, unknown angles, $2:

Dickey.....1111111011— 9 McClure.....0101001111— 6
Stevens.....0010111111— 7 Kelsey.....1111011100— 7
Lindsley.....0100011101— 5 Skinner.....0110111111— 8
Dr Miller.....1110001111— 8 Whitney.....1010111111— 8
James.....1110110011— 7 Dickey.....1111111110—10
J White.....0110100111— 6 Tippy.....1011110011— 7
F E Mallory.....0001111101— 7 Cady.....0010001010— 3
Wolsey.....1001111110— 7 George.....1000111010— 5
Miller.....1101110101— 7 Heikes.....1101111111— 9
Kelsey.....1111010111— 8 Tippy.....0101101101— 5
Segler.....0011110111— 7 Pope.....1001111111— 8
Sigler.....1010100011— 5 Windsor.....0110110011— 6
Stevens.....0111001111— 7 Irwin.....0101100111— 6
"James".....0110100111— 6

Dickey first. All ties div.

There was considerable kicking among the old-timers at the above style of shooting. Benscotten remarked with tears in his eyes that one feller might get easier birds than the other feller, and then what was the other feller going to do? It wasn't pinch enough for Ben. Too bad. Ruble was different. He bent his great brain to devising some way to beat this game. Ruble shoots a Lefever. You can break a Lefever, put in a shell, keep your finger on the trigger, close the gun, and have your shell in the gun with the gun not cocked. Then you can step up to the trap, call "pull," fail to discharge your gun, show it to the referee uncocked, and get another bird out of the same trap. By this way you get a known angle in a race of unknown angles. It is a good deal of trouble, and not a very pretty thing to do; but this did not deter Mr. Ruble, who worked the racket very nicely. The rules should be rearranged to balk the games of gentlemen like Mr. Ruble, who always have time and brains for purposes of this sort.

Another very interesting event was now called up, in the East and West team race. Mr. O. R. Dickey captained the Eastern team and Rolla Heikes the Western. The conditions were 100 singles, $5 a man, six men to the team, birds donated by the Keystone Mfg. Co. Score:

East and West Team Race.

Eastern Team.

O R Dickey.....1111111111111111111111111
(of Boston, Mass.) 0111111101111111111111111
1111101111111111111111110
1011011011111111111111— 93
H B Whitney.....1101111111111011111110
(of Phelps, N. Y.) 1111111101111111111111
1111101111111111111111111
1101111011111111111111— 93
F D Kelsey.....1110111111111111110111
(of E. Aurora, N. Y.) 1011111111111111111111
1111101111111111111111
1111111111111111111111— 96
E D Miller.....1111111111111111111001
(of Springfield, N. J.) 1111101101110110111111
1111111111001111011111
1111110111111111010111— 86
H McMurchy.....1110111111101111111111
(of Syracuse, N. Y.) 1111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111
1011111111111111111111— 96
W H Wolstencroft.....0111111111111111111
(of Philadelphia, Pa.) 1111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111011
1111011111111111111111— 97—561

Western Team.

Heikes 1111111111111111111111111
(of Dayton, O.) 1111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111
1111111111111111111111111—100
W S McDonald 0111111111111111111101111
(of Dayton, O.) 1111111111111011111011100
1111111111011111111111111
1111111111111111111111111— 93
E S Benscotten 1111111111111111111101111
(of Toledo, O.) 1111111111111011111111111
1111111111111111111101111
1111111111111111111111111— 94
G C Osborne 1110101111111011111111111
(of Toledo, O.) 0111101101101111111110111
1111111111111101111111111
1111111111111101111101111— 88
J A Ruble 1111111111111111111111011
(of Beloit, Wis.) 1111111101111111111111011
1011111111001111111111111
1111011111111111111111111— 92
E D Edwards 1110111111111111111111111
(of Dayton, O.) 1111111111111111111111101
1011111111111111111111111
1111111111110111011110110— 93—560

The East won.

This was a close race, especially at the close. "Edwards" was the last man to shoot, and had he broken his last bird he would have tied the race. He missed, and the East scored the win by that one bird. No race could be closer and be decided.

Heikes in this race ran another 100 straight. Rolla seemed to be unable to miss anything this week. He has not missed a bird in the shoots for average for the past three days.

Wolstencroft dropped three birds in the 100. He was probably all right for 100 straight, but had a defective shell three different times, the report making no more noise than a squib. Wolstencroft, as is well known, shoots a nitro powder and loads his own shells. The squibbing of these shells is set down to one of the unaccountable freaks of the explosive, it not having fed down right in the shell.

Sweep No. 3, 10 single Keystones, entrance $2:

James	1111110111— 9	Sigler	1111111110— 9
J White	1111111010— 8	"Wolsey"	1111111111—10
Stevens	1101111111— 9	Dickey	1111111111—10
Clover	1111110100— 7	Cady	1011111110— 8
Osborne	1111111111—10	E D Miller	1111111111—10
Irwin	1110010101— 7	McDonald	1111111111—10
Lindsley	0011010101— 6	Dr Miller	1011111111— 8
Thurman	1111111111—10	Tippy	1011101111— 8
Cady	1011111111— 9	Pope	1101111110— 9
Crosby	1111101111— 9		

All ties div.

Sweep No. 4, 15 single Keystones, entrance $1.50:

McDonald	1111111111011—15	McClure	0111111111101111—13
Cody	1111011110001111—12	Thurman	1011111011101111—12
Lindsley	1111011101111111—13	Stevens	1001111111111111—13
"James"	1111111111111111—15	Osborne	1011001110—w
"J White"	1011110110101101—11	Clover	1111101111111111—14
Austin	1101110001011111—10	Kelsey	1111110111111111—14
Dickey	1111111101110110—13	Pope	1111111010111111—13
"Wolsey"	1111111111111111—15	Heikes	1111111111111111—15
F E Mallory	0011110110000110— 8	E D Miller	1111111111111110—14
Dr Miller	0011110111111111—12	Cady	1101111111111011—13

All ties div.

Sweep No. 5, 20 single Keystones, $2:

McDonald	11111111111111111111—20	Cady	11111111111111111011—19
Sigler	11111111101101110111—17	McClure	10111001100110000111—14
"James"	10111111111111011111—18	Pope	11110111111111111110—18
Wolsey	11111111111111111111—20	Stevens	11111110111111111111—19
"J White"	11111110111101111110—17	Crosby	11111111111111111111—20
Cady	11111101111011011101—17	Tippy	11111110011111111111—18
Thurman	11111111111111101111—19	Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
F Mallory	10111001101111111111—16	E D Miller	11101111101111111111—18
Dr Miller	11111111111111111111—20	Lindsley	00111111111111111110—17
Osborne	01111111110101111110—16	Clover	10111111111111111101—18
Dickey	11111101111101111111—18		

All ties div.

The day closed in an execrable rain.

The averages for to-day will be awarded, as is at this writing understood. The averages for yesterday are: First, Wolstencroft, Heikes and "Windsor", no bird missed during the day in average shoots (guarantees); second, Whitney; third, Benscotten, Dr. Miller, Stevens, F. E. Mallory.

Scott McDonald made a run of 75 straight to-day, which he says is his best record. This is a week of records.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ORGANIZATION.

There is no State organization of the clubs of Pennsylvania, and for some time there has been talk of formulating and completing such an organization. This came to a decisive point to-night, and a meeting was called at Corry Hose rooms about 9:30, which was well attended by the Pennsylvania sportsmen now in town. There were present Messrs. H. A. Penrose, A. M. Howard, Jas. and W. H. Wolstencroft, Jos. Thurman, Jr., Elmer Shaner, Wm. Wasson, F. E. Mallory, J. McClure, R. W. Blydenburg, Clyde Wilcox, F. E. Ward, J. E. Austin, F. Berry, A. J. Russ and others. Clubs were represented from Corry, Erie, Oil City, Frankford, Philadelphia and Germantown. After informal discussion, Mr. Jos. Thurman, Jr., of Germantown, was called to the chair, E. Hough, of Chicago, being asked to keep the minutes of the meeting.

It was moved by F. E. Mallory, seconded and carried unanimously that Mr. H. A. Penrose, of Corry, be chosen president of the new organization. Mr. Penrose then took the chair.

It was moved by Mr. James Wolstencroft and seconded by Mr. Austin, that Mr. Jos. Thurman, Jr., of Germantown, be chosen vice-president. Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Jas. Wolstencroft and seconded by Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft that Mr. Elmer Shaner, of Pittsburgh, be chosen secretary. Carried.

It was moved by Mr. Austin and duly seconded that Mr. Jas. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Philadelphia, be chosen treasurer. Carried.

Upon motion of Mr. Jas. Wolstencroft the president appointed the Board of Directors, who were named as follows: Messrs. F. E. Mallory, of Oil City; W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Philadelphia; F. F. Davidson, of Allegheny City; Brelsford, of Harrisburg; and W. H. Starbird, of Corry.

Upon motion of Mr. F. E. Mallory the president and two associates, to be chosen by himself, were constituted the committee on By-Laws. Upon further motion of Mr. Austin the same committee was constituted one of arrangements, to select time and place for the first State meeting and tournament.

Upon motion of Mr. Blydenburg it was decided to call the new organization "The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association." Upon motion of Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft the Keystone target was adopted as the State bird to be used in the tournaments. The meeting then adjourned.

Thus was completed a very good evening's work, which should have been done long ago. There are numbers of good clubs all over Pennsylvania, and the State organization should prove a strong one. It is probable that the first fall meeting will be held this fall at Pittsburgh. It is contrary to the State laws to shoot live birds at the trap, but it is certain that two or three days of the meet will be put in at live birds. Pittsburgh is the best point for the first State meet.

Tom. Peacock got in to-night, late, but better than never.

Saturday, Fifth Day, Aug. 23.

The day was raw, cold and exceedingly disagreeable. The number of shooters will be seen to have fallen off materially. Penrose, Dickey and Cady shot at 20 birds each to warm up the traps, Penrose getting only 7, Cady 16, Dickey 16. Sweeps were then shot through the morning. Score:

Sweep No. 1, 10 single Keystones, $1:

"James"	1111111101— 9	F E Mallory	1111111111—10
Stevens	1111101110— 8	McClure	1110000101— 5
Dickey	1111110111— 9	F E Mallory	0011101001— 6
Cady	0111110010— 7	Sigler	1111111101— 9
"J White"	1111110111— 9	Heikes	1111111111—10
E D Miller	1111111111—10	Lindsley	1111111111— 9
"Wolsey"	1111111111—10	Cady	1101100111— 7
Dr Miller	1111111111—10	Windsor	0111110101— 7
Peacock	1111111111—10	Thurman	1111110111— 9

First and second div. Stevens won third. Fourth shot off and Cady won.

Sweep No. 2, 15 single Keystones, $1.50:

Heikes	111111111111111—15	"J White"	111110111111111—14
Dickey	111110111111111—14	J F Mallory	111011101110010—10
Dr Miller	111110111111110—13	Sigler	111111111110110—13
"Wolsey"	111111111111111—15	Cady	111111111111111—15
Peacock	111111111111111—15	E D Miller	111110111011111—13
F E Mallory	101101111111111—13	Thurman	101110111110111—13
Lindsley	101111110110011—12	Cody	111110111111111—14
McClure	100010110111010— 8	"James"	110111111111111—14
Stevens	110111111110111—13		

All ties div.

Sweep No. 3, 25 single Keystones, entrance $5:

Stevens	1111111111010111110110111—21
Dickey	1110111111111111111111111—24
"Wolsey"	0111111101111111111111111—23
Heikes	1101111111111111111111111—24
Peacock	1111111110001011001111111—19
"S White"	1101111111111111010031—20
"James"	1111111111011111111111111—24
F E Mallory	1111111111111101111111100—23
Cady	1111111111111111111111110—24
Dr Miller	1111111110111111111011111—23
E D Miller	0110111111111111111111111—21

Dickey won first on shoot off; second div.; F. E. Mallery won third; fourth div.

Sweep No. 4, 20 single Keystones, entrance $2.50:

"James"	11101111001111101111—16	Cady	10011110110101011110110111—14
Lindsley	01111001111110110100—13	Peacock	01111011111111011010101—16
Heikes	11111101111111111111—19	"J White"	11011111111111111111—19
Dr Miller	01111011111011111—17	E D Miller	10001111011111011111—18
F Mallory	11011101101111111110—16	Cady	11111011011111111110—17
Clover	11111101111101111111—18	Windsor	01111111111111111111—19
Wolsey	11110111011111011011—16	Thurman	11111111111010111111—18
Dickey	11111111111111101101—18	Stevens	01011101110110100010—12

First, second and third div., fourth shot off and Wolstencroft won.

The last contest of the day and the closing event of the tournament was the much anticipated individual championship match for the target championship of America and the valuable diamond ring offered in token thereof by the Keystone Mfg. Co. The ring has been exhibited on the grounds during the week, and is one of the most beautiful diamond rings ever offered in the country as a shooter's prize. The total cost of the ring was $135. The stone, a very fine one, is set in the middle of a miniature gold "Keystone" bird, the latter being gypsey-set on a heavy circlet of rough and polished gold. Tho whole ring is at once unique and elegant, and makes a trophy seldom equalled.

There was much discussion before this shoot as to the rules under which the contest should be shot. Under the usual rules it seemed like offering the trophy either to Heikes or Wolstencroft, whose long runs this week have been almost unprecedented. Heikes to-day closed another run of 170 straight and again in the same week broke the record. Earlier in this report I have said that Heikes had not missed a bird in the average shoots. This is slightly incorrect. He missed one bird in doubles, but not a bird in the singles. At the end of three and a half days, in this shoot, barring two shoots at unknown angles, Heikes had not missed one single bird he had shot at, at 16yds. That is to say, at regular distance and rules, he had shown that he could shoot day after day and not miss a bird. Wolstencroft was but little behind him. It was considered, then, that when the question was put to a vote of the contestants, the choice was for the unknown angles, or "professional rules."

Full enough description has already been made in this report of these rules. Their application in this shoot is something that every trap-shooter ought to study carefully. This was the most noteworthy and interesting shoot of any recent day in target shooting. It is the first important effort to introduce variety and to break the dead level. It proved to be the refuge of the experts against each other—a little tough on "Roll" and "Woolsen," apparently, but better, as a last resort, for the majority.

Before the race began it was announced that if for any cause, such as the failure of a gun to cock, etc., the indicator would be whirled again, and the shooter not have the same trap without change. This was for the benefit of Honest John Ruble and his little non-cocking invention, which was explained earlier in this report. It was also announced that a bird broken in trapping would also cause another whirl of the indicator.

There was a great deal of complaint about these rules to the effect that it was "all in the way a fellow's luck run." It was even tried to be shown after the shoot that Wolstencroft's success was due to his "luck" in getting easier birds. That is of course all nonsense. No man on earth could watch a race of 20 shooters, at 100 birds and all sorts of angles and tell at the end of it how many birds of each trap each shooter had had. As a matter of fact the element of luck would in all probability be pretty evenly divided. Until this feature of luck does take some place in our target shoots they will continue to grow more and more monotonous and uninteresting, until finally the answer will be forced upon the people who ask the question, Why does trap-shooting interest wane?

And yet there should this be said: The "professional rules" do not offer really unknown angles. Of the five men who stand behind the five traps governed by each roll of the indicator, the last one, and the last two really, know the traps which they are to have. This is obvious. It ought to be remedied. To be sure, No. 5 man may get No. 1 trap, a left quarterer, and have to shoot at it 50yds. or over. Rolla Heikes thought that this was not a test of skill, as the gun would not do the feat regularly. Yet he and Wolstencroft and plenty of others did break that bird time and again. Suppose they didn't. It was more fun to see them miss it than it was to see them break 20 at 16yds.

Such, then, were the conditions. Under them it is very probable that Mr. Wolstencroft's score of 94 out of 100 is the greatest feat of target shooting ever seen at any target, and it is yet to be seen that Garver or any professional could equal it. It is probable that Mr. Heikes's record of 180 straight at the "amateur rules" will be beaten before Mr. Wolstencroft's 94 out of 100 at the "professional rules."

Of Mr. Wolstencroft's shooting it must be said that he appeared in admirable form and showed himself beyond question an expert in art of shooting on the wing. Abandoning altogether his old snappy style, far more brilliant and far more risky, he showed evident effort at calculation and judgment of distances, which made his work admirable in the extreme. For Rolla Heikes, old quail shooter as he is, this race had no unqualified terrors. Rolla is a shooter, and about the safest man in the country to back at this very race, unless we must bar the winner of to-day. We will wait a while before we see his 94 out of 100 beaten. The nearest to it to-day was Mr. Pope, of Olean, with 83. Thus the new rules brought into close company with a record breaker a man whose average does not place him anywhere near there under the old rules. This is just exactly what is wanted. Q. E. D.

Wolstencroft shot under the name of "Wolsey." The following is the score:

Individual championship contest, 100 single Keystones, "professional rules," entrance $5:

Thurman	0100100001100101011111010111001011101111010110101
	1011001111111111111111111111111111000011111100011—62
"J White"	1110111000101011010101111111010000010110011100111
	1011010110110100001101110100110101010100111111010—59
"James"	1110111011111011111110010011111111111000111110110
	1001101110110100100110111010111101101111111111011—73
"Wolsey"	1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—94
Lindsley	1000100010010101011101111111101101010001100100001
	0110100100111100031000110111011110101010110000000—50
Cady	1111100100100111110101111111101111111111110011110
	1111011010110011111101111111111100110111101011111—75
Cody	1111111111111101111111110001111111010011101111101
	0110001110011110010011111009111110010011000011011—66
F E Mallory	1110011110110101011111100111000110111010111110
	1111111010101010110111110101010101101111110000111—71
T Mallory	1001000101000001100001010000111110000000011110
	1101001101111011111111111111111111111111111111110—45
McClure	0011001000001011011100011100101010110111101111111
	0110011011111011111010000110101010110011000110101—59
Clover	1101111111110110010010000100000001011011011111
	1000101111100111100111011110000100111011011101—61
Heikes	1111111110111011111111111111111111111111111111100
	1111101110111010100111111111111111111111111111100—85
Stevens	1100111101000010111101110011011011011100000111
	0011110111111111111011011111111111111111111111110—82
E D Miller	0110100101000111101110011111111011111010100100
	1101111111111111111010110000101011111111111111110—69
Windsor	0111110110111011111111111111111111111111111111111
	1000101111010011110001010110111111111111111111111—72
Pope	1111111011111011111111111111111111111111111111011
	1100111111111001101111111111111111111111111111110—83
Dr Miller	0000110011111111111111111111111111111111111111100
	1110010011110110061101111110011111000100100100—65
Dickey	1100111010110101101110110101111111111111111111111
	1011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—75
J F Mallory	1011100101110100000100100111111110111111111111011
	1010001101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—68
Peacock	1010101111011111111111111111111111111111111111111
	0010001110111100111011111111111111111111111111111—68

W. H. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Philadelphia, won first, the diamond ring and the individual championship; Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, won second alone; A. P. Pope, of Olean, N. Y., won third alone; O. R. Dickey, of Boston, G. Cady, of New London, Conn., div. fourth; "A. James," of Philadelphia, won fifth alone.

The matches closed at 7:05 P. M., nearly in the dark.

Thus ended the Corry third annual tournament, which for stated reasons has seemed of unusual interest and significance. Rated quite aside from these reasons, the tournament has, on the whole, been a successful one, in spite of the abominable weather, which has been everything it could to discourage both the shooters and the management. About 30,000 birds have been broken. Mr. Penrose thought he would have broken 100,000 at the three batteries had the week been what he wished. However, he is not feeling in the least bad over the result of his shoot, and no one of the attendants, amusingly light as has been the "earnings" of this gang of crack shots, has the least word of dissatisfaction to-night. The L. C. Smith cup, the Peters trophy, the Keystone trophy, the championship ring and $1,200 in guarantees, make a good list of attractions for even such experienced hands as those who made the main attendance here.

The boys separate to-night and to-morrow. Next week will see most of them at the "Three J.'s" shoot of Jack, John and J. W. at Detroit. E. Hough.

A DAY AT DUNELLEN.

In response to the circular sent out by Charley Smith, announcing an open to-all shoot for Aug. 22, a pleasant party of sportsmen gathered on the grounds of the Middlesex Club upon that date. The programme called for a few events at bluerocks, but Jersey shots never take kindly to the artificials and consequently the entries were light. As soon as the live birds were produced the entry list began to fatten, and the real sport began. The birds furnished were a good lot, only a few could really be called duffers, consequently the scores are highly commendable. The shooting of Kleinz was of the highest order; of the 39 birds he shot at he lost only one, and that fell dead out of bounds. His skill is the more creditable as he was using a new Parker gun that was a stranger to him. The feature of the day's sport was the miss-and-out, and those that left before it was concluded missed a treat. The race was a hot one. The three leaders killed 50 of the 51 birds shot at; and if Smith had not slipped up on a hard black bird that towered to the right, they would certainly have had to draw the money, as it was getting too dark to continue. His miss, under the circumstances, was nothing to his discredit.

Event No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry, 3 moneys:

Van Riper	9	Wallace	6 C Smith 5
Tee Kay	8	Lawrence	6 Post 3
Ayers	7		

No. 2, same conditions:

Van Riper	8	Post	7 Lawrence 5
Wallace	8	C Smith	6 Squires 5
Tee Kay	8	Ayers	5

Ties for first shot out and div. by Wallace and Tee Kay.

No. 3, same conditions:

Rupel	8	C Smith	6 Kleinz 6
Post	7	Wallace	6 Van Riper 4
Tee Kay	7		

Ties for third shot out and won by Kleinz.

No. 4, same conditions:

Post	8	Ayers	8 Wallace 6
C Smith	8	Tee Kay	8 Loeble 4
Rupel	8	Van Riper	7 Clark 4
Kleinz	8	Hunt	7

Ties for first shot out and won by C. Smith.

No. 5, 4 live birds, $3 entry, 3 moneys:

Hunt	4	R Welsh	4 Van Riper 3
C Smith	4	Loeble	4 Capt Cordts 3
Dr Ziglio	4	R Irwin	4 D Darby 3
J F Kleinz	4	Dan Terry	4 Lawrence 2
Post	4	Wallace	3 Rupel 1

Hunt, Ziglio, Loeble and Terry drew their pro rata of first money, the others shooting out the tie in next event.

No. 6, same conditions as No. 5:

Kleinz	4	Ziglio	4 J D Voorhees 3
Irwin	4	Post	4 Ayers 3
Welsh	4	Hunt	3 Ruple 3
D Terry	4	Van Riper	3 C Smith 2
D Darby	4	Wallace	3 Loeble 1
Lawrence	4	"Forrest"	3 Cordts 1

Tie on 3 for second money shot out in next sweep and won by Wallace.

No. 7, 7 live birds, $5 entry, 3 moneys:

Wallace	7	Welsh	6 Darby 5
Dr Ziglio	7	Voorhees	6 Post 5
Hunt	6	Ruple	5 Loeble 5
Kleinz	6	C Smith	5 Van Riper 4
Irwin	6	Forrest	5 Cordts 4

No. 8, 7 live birds, $5 entry, winner to take all:

Kleinz	7	Irwin	6 Van Riper 5
Welsh	7	C Smith	6

Kleinz and Welsh divided.

No. 9, miss and out, $2 entry: Kleinz 17, Irwin 17, C. Smith 16, Welsh w, Van Riper w. Kleinz and Irwin divided. Tee Kay.

CHICAGO SHOOTING EXPERTS.

Burnside, Ill., Aug. 21.—The following is the score made here to-day by members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association for the *Herald* medal and Jenny & Graham Gun Co.'s trophy, 20 live pigeons, entrance $20, Illinois State rules, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., winner in last contest to receive $50 from this purse:

R B Wadsworth, *a* (29yds)	11122112200211212221—18
M J Eich, *a* (29)	11121011112111112021—18
A W Reeves (30)	11101111111112011112—18
Henry Kleinman, *a* (29)	11101111121121121121—19
W W Foss, *b* (30)	12120222121112101111—18
Geo Kleinman, *a* (29)	11211110111101211112—18
J E Price (30)	11112121120111121111—19
J J Kleinman, *a* (29)	11112111010111011110—16
Abner Price (30)	12211112111120102111—18
John Watson, *a* (29)	11022221202220212111—17

Henry Kleinman and J. E. Price div. first money and shot off for medal and trophy, ties as follows:

Kleinman	11111—5	11101—4	Price 22111—5 12211—5

Price wins medal, etc. Ties for second money: Wadsworth 5, Eich 5, Reeves 4, Geo. Kleinman 5, Foss 3, A. Price 5. Second tie, miss and out: Wadsworth 2, Eich 2, Kleinman 2, Price 3 and wins. *a*, 12-gauge under 8lbs; *b*, 12-gauge over 8lbs. Wadsworth, being winner in last contest, got the $50.

Sweepstake at 5 live pigeons, entrance $3, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., Illinois State rules:

R B Wadsworth	22122—5	2	Ed Steck	22201—4	0
M J Eich	11111—5	2	A Price	21112—5	4
A W Reeves	01121—4	1	Henry Kleinman	11222—5	4
Geo Kleinman	11121—5	2	J E Price	12122—5	4
L Harrison	01112—4	0	J Watson	11211—5	4
W W Foss	11010—3				

Ties, miss and out: Second ties for first div.

Same as above, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Wadsworth	12111—5	9	J J Kleinman	21221—5	4
J E Price	21211—5	3	Henry Kleinman	12011—4	
Geo Kleinman	11121—5	10	A Price	21121—5	5
Reeves	11111—5	10	Watson	21211—5	2

Ties, miss and out: Second ties for first div.

Aug. 22.—Fort Dearborn Club inaugural shoot, 15 live pigeons, Illinois State rules, for club medal and sundry donations:

Abe Kleinman, 12-gauge (29yds)	01110221011121—12
J M Hutchinson, 10-gauge (30)	11011120011100001—9
W P Mussey, 10-gauge (30)	21112121220112—14
W N Lowe, 10-gauge (30)	22212010112121—13
C S Burton, 10-gauge (30)	01021122121212—13
Henry Smith, 10-gauge (30)	01102201112220?—11
Henry Ehlers, 10-gauge (30)	11110111212111—14
Geo Kleinman, 12-gauge (29)	01112121212121—14
F C Donald, 12-gauge (29)	25221201122222—14

Ties on 14, at 5 birds:

Mussey	12221—5	11111—5	20
Ehlers	11111—5	21111—5	10122—4
Geo Kleinman	22111—5	12112—5	11212—5
Donald	10222—4		

Geo. Kleinman wins.

Peoria blackbird medal, by same club:

Abe Kleinman	11111101111111110111—18
W P Mussey	11111111011001100111—15
J M Hutchinson	10010001101001100111—10
W N Lowe	11111000101110100111—13
C S Burton	01101101101111111110—14
Henry Smith	11101000?00101011111—11
Geo Kleinman	11111111101111111111—19

Ravelrigg.

SPRINGFIELD SHOOTING CLUB.—Springfield, Mass.—On Gunn's Lot, near Winchester Park, Sept. 3 and 4, Keystone rules, 4 moneys in all events; 5 Keystone, 3 Ligowsky and 2 bluerock traps will be used, Keystone system for Keystone and Bandle birds. Any shooter may draw out his share when tied irrespective of the amount.

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 23.—The first of a series of three friendly team matches between the Compton and Riverside Gun Clubs took place on the grounds of the latter to-day, and resulted in favor of the Riversides by 27 birds. The members of the winning team shot remarkably strong, whereas several of ehe Compton's best men "stubbed their toes" in grand style, which is responsible for the "Waterloo" they sustained at the hands of the victors. The second match of the series will be shot next Saturday on the grounds of the Comptons, when the latter expect to be in better form, and promise to give their opponents a warm reception. At the conclusion of the match several sweepstakes were shot, all of them being well filled. Bluerock targets, A. S. A. rules:

Comptons.

Weaver	1001011111111111011111—16
Hill	1010111111101111111101—16
Siminskie	0111111111111101111—18
Prendergast	1101101111111111111101—17
Alexander	1111111111111011110—18
Armfield	1100111101101110100—13
Moore	1111100111111011111—17
Flynn	1011111101111100011111—16
Steffen	1111100011001111101110—14
Lewis	0110111111111101111111—17
Rawlings	0111111111101111111110—17
Roy	1011101111111111011111—17
Mackwitz	1011100101001010100—10
Lenhardt	1111011110111101011001—15
Schaff	1010101100000100100000— 8
McGivney	1111111010011111111101—16
Smith	0100111000001011011110—10
Mittenberger	1001111101110101111111—15—270

Riversides.

Fink, Sr	1010011110100100111010—11
Hugley	0101101011110011011111—13
N Predock	1101111111101111111—18
Sewing	1011111111111111111—19
Selzer	1111111110010011111—16
Kincer	1101111001100111110—14
Eickhoff	0111001111111011111—16
Langenbacher	1011110110111111111—17
P Predock	1101111111111111111—19
Stroh	1011111111111111110—19
Schomberg	1111101101111111101—17
Kline	1111111111111111110—19
Maune	1110111100011111111—16
A Predock	1011111011110010111—16
Circardi	1101011111101111011—16
C Weber	0111111101101111110—16
P Weber	1111100110101111011—15
Haggerty	1111111111111111111—20—297

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Aug. 23.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entrance. ties divided:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Collins	10	7	8	8	7	8
Hathaway	6	7	6	4	10	10
Simpson	10	9	8	7	9	7
Rose	9	6	5	10	..	..
Osterhout	8	3	2	4	7	6
Barry	7	4	5	8	5	3
Whit	8	10	10	8	9	10
Howard	9	9	6	8	8	9
Money		9	8	6	10	8

Sweeps at live birds, 4 birds, $2 entrance:

Collins	1121—4	Howard	2210—3
Hathaway	2212—4	Osterhout	0010—1
Simpson	1122—4	Rose	2212—4
Money	1111—4		

First money shot off in next sweep, same conditions:

Collins	2211—4	Howard	2020—2
Hathaway	0111—3	Osterhout	1101—3
Simpson	1122—4	Rose	1212—4
Money	1111—4		

Rose drew his share of first, rest shot off in following sweep, same conditions:

Collins	0222—3	Money	1211—4
Hathaway	0112—3	Howard	2011—3
Simpson	1011—3	Osterhout	1020—2

Capt. Money toook first in all three sweeps.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 20.—Contrary to the decidedly unfavorable weather indications which prevailed in the morning the day developed into one most favorable for shooting and out-door enjoyment generally. A fairly good number of trap shots were in attendance at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association to-day, the main attraction being the eighth competition in the diamond pin match, in which there were ten contestants, several of whom succeeded in putting up in this, likewise in other events, some very creditable scores. Diamond pin match, at 20 single Keystone targets, Keystone system of firing, and 5 pairs of standard targets:

	Keystones.	Standards.
Hosmer	1111111111101111111—19	01 10 00 11 11—6—25
Bennet	1011111111111111101—18	11 10 10 01 10—6—24
Gale	1111111101011111110—17	10 10 01 10 11—6—23
White	1111101111010111111—17	11 11 00 10 10—6—23
Wheeler	1111110111000110111—15	10 10 10 11 11—7—22
Barrett	1111101111011111011—17	10 00 01 10 10—4—21
Bowker	1111111010111111011—17	00 11 01 00 00—3—20
Nichols	1011011101111101010—14	00 11 10 00 10—4—18
Parham	0110111110010110010—12	00 10 10 00 10—3—15
Brackett	1100101110101111010—12	10 00 00 01 00—2—14

UTAH VS. COLORADO.—Salt Lake City, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Scores are inclosed of an alleged match between Colorado and Utah marksmen on Aug. 11. The five Ogden men could not leave home unfortunately that day and shot their score in Ogden. Colorado claims it is not a match. Utah concedes this and hopes a real telegraph match can be arranged with Colorado to take place in the near future. The match was at bluerocks, A. S. A. rules, 30 singles and 5 pairs doubles:

Utah Team.	S.	D.	Colorado Team.	S.	D.
M B Brown	26	10—36	Kibler	27	7—34
S Browning	28	9—37	Craig	25	10—35
Jas Johnson	27	7—34	Compton	27	8—35
E B Walker	30	7—37	Sedarn	24	6—30
J Sharp, Jr.	29	8—37	Mechling	20	9—39
J M Anderson	28	10—38	Peterson	23	6—29
M Browning	29	8—37	Pickett	29	10—39
Ed Browning	27	9—36	Haywood	29	9—38
A Brewer	27	10—37	Kennicatt	23	7—30
A Bigelow	26	10—36—365	Rose	27	8—35—344

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS VS. EMERALD.—About eight hundred persons, including representative shooters from the Long Branch, Bronxdale, Jersey City Heights, Jeanette, Algonquin and other gun clubs, were present at Burbank's Club Grounds, New Dorp, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 20, to witness the return match at live birds between the Washington Heights Gun Club and the Emerald Gun Club, both of New York. It was the second match of a series of three to decide which club had the better men. The previous contest was won by the Washington Heights Club. Each club presented a team of 10 men, each man to shoot at 10 birds, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing, both barrels to count. The birds, as a whole, were an elegant lot:

Washington Heights G. C.		Emerald G. C.	
H Harrison	1001110101— 6	D Serverage	1110111101— 8
W W Disbrow	1111011011— 8	T J Crystal	1111101101— 8
E A Fountain	0011010110— 5	W Doinck	0000100010— 2
C R Terwilliger	1001000111— 5	Dr J Hudson	0101110111— 7
W J Ellio.t	1111111111—10	C M Hathaway	1011111101— 8
M Cox	1101011111— 8	T H Vass	0101111111— 8
A C Dimar	1111011111— 9	W Maessel	0101100110— 5
R A Arnow	1111110011— 8	G Ramsen	1111111110— 9
G Snook	0111001111— 7	P Butty	1001110110— 6
J E Sauer	1111111010— 8—74	L C Gehring	1111100111— 8—69

DETROIT SHOOT.—Chicago, Ill., Aug. 18.—Shooters who have been pleased as well as puzzled by the great success of the different shoots held at Detroit during the last year will be interested in the tournament to be given by the old management, Messrs. John Parks, John Brooks and J. W. Garrison, commencing a week from to-morrow and running three days, Aug. 26, 27 and 28. It is to be hoped this shoot will fill as well as the others so highly successful. Mr. Parker writes, under date of the 16th: "We are going to entertain the shooters after the tournament and give them a ride down the river to Fighting Island, where we will have dinner and then indulge in a live-bird shoot. We hope to have a pleasant time." The executive ability and liberality of the former shoots assure the success and extended patronage of this one, and the boys will doubtless turn out in numbers.—E. HOUGH.

NEWARK, Aug. 20.—On John Erb's grounds to-day Frank Class, of Pine Brook, and Fred Lumbreyer, of Larchmont, L. I., met in a live bird match. This was the first match for money ever shot by Lumbreyer, who is about twenty-two years of age. His work with his first barrel was done with lightning quickness, and he handled his second when necessary very cleverly. Class shot out of all form. Lumbreyer lost his 9, 16, 20, 26, 31, 45 and 50th killing 93 out of his 100, his 9 and 16th birds dropping dead out of bounds. Class lost his 5, 14, 18, 33, 36, 49, 53, 55, 56, 63, 83 and 91st birds, killing 88 out of 100, his 35, 36, 53 and 56th birds falling dead out of bounds. The match was for $250 a side, under Hurlingham rules. Al Heritage was referee and C. H. Townsend official scorer. During the first half of the race the birds were of a fair quality, considering the sultry day, but during the last half the majority of them were slow flyers. Both men used 12-bore guns, Lumbreyer a Francotte, V. L. & D. special match shells, 45 grains Schultze powder, No. 7 and 6 shot for first and second barrels respectively, Ph. Lumbreyer handled the gun for his son; Frank Class shot without a handler with a Lefever, using Schultze in the first and black powder in the second barrel.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Aug. 23.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, for gold medal and prizes, match at 25 bluerocks. American Ass. rules:

L Lane	0111010101001111111111111—19
R H Peck	1111100010101111110000110—15
T Meyer	1011101011000111110011101—16
C Collins	0001000010111010110001010—10
E Jeanneret	1100001110010001001100011—10
J C Blauvelt	1100111010101110001011101—15
P Jeanneret	1000010010001001010101111—11

Jeanneret won fourth on shoot-off.

Sweepstakes at 10 bluerocks: Meyer 9, Peck 7, Blauvelt 9, Lane 9. Same conditions: Blauvelt 7, Lane 6, Meyer 7, Peck 6, P. Jeanneret 5. Blauvelt won first on shoot-off. Same conditions: Meyer 7, Peck 7, Lane 6.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 25.—The long talked of live bird matchs between Philip Daly, Jr., of the Central Gun Club, and Charles Wingert, of the Fountain Gun Club, of Long Island, was shot thit afternoon on the grounds of the Central Gun Club. On the firs6 25 Daly only killed 15, while Wingert killed 21. In the next 2 birds Daly killed 15 and Wingert 19. Daly made a brave fight, but Wingert shot him out on the eighty-ninth bird, having killed 70 birds to Daly's 56. The wind blew strongly from the southeast and carried most of the birds over to the left side of the field. A number of Daly's birds fell dead out of bounds.

STANDARD FACTORY EXPLOSION.—Blue Island, Ill., Aug. 22.—Fifty pounds of powder exploded in the packing room of the Standard Cartridge Factory yesterday, killing two workmen and injuring eighteen others. The machinery was badly injured, but the building was little damaged. Supt. E. C. Willard came off uninjured, as his many friends in shooting circles will be glad to learn. The company will go ahead at once with its work.—SOMERS.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 25.—J. A. R. Elliott, of this city, to-day made his first defence of the cup which he won from Dr. Beck, of Indianapolis. He defended it against Samuel Gay, of Glenhall, Ind. The score was a tie, each scoring 47 out of a possible 50. In the shoot-off on 10 birds Elliott scored 10 to Gay's 3, thus making a successful defence of the cup.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Aug. 26.—The four-day shoot started here to-day with an attractive programme, having an abundance of matches. The event for Friday, Aug. 29, is the match at 100 live birds between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and Ed Spencer, of Carrollton, Ill. At the Kansas City meeting of these two experts the score stood 97 to 96 in favor of Elliott.

PITTSBURGH.—The Wilkinsburg Gun Club will hold their first annual tournament at their grounds, near McKee's grove, on Monday, Sept. 1. A great deal of interest is being manifested in this shoot, and the entries for the various prizes are numerous. The matches commence at 10 A. M., and some of the best shots of the country will enter the lists.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Aug. 25.—The White House Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at artificial targets on Sept. 5, on their grounds at White House. In the afternoon they will shoot a team race with the famous Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J. Everybody is invited.—H. BISHOP, General Manager.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 23.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day the following scores were made in the merchandise match for August: Melcher, Bennett, Barrett and Perry 17, Sanborn 14, Gore 13, Cowee 10, George 9, Porter 7.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 2.—The weekly shoot of the East End Gun Club occured at their range to-day. The following scores were made in the club shoot: Sweetman 21, Held 13, Night 22, Bloom 21, Wherry 15, King 20, Barnes 15. Tie: Bloom 3, Sweetman 2.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

30. Orange, Annual. 30, 31, Sept. 1, South Boston, Harbor Meet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Ianthe, Annual. 20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen
1. Arlington, Ann., Arlington. Point, Fall.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

RACE WEEK.

THIS year the location of the camp was such as to permit the races to be sailed with the least possible trouble to the sailors and the regatta committee, and in addition the many spectators were exceptionally well pleased, so that the races were not only well worth seeing, but could be very easily seen. The principal starting and finishing line was directly off the large dock, the paddling course, 1 mile and ½ mile straightaway, lying to the south, the high bluff in front of Squaw Point commanding a view from start to finish. The sailing triangle, with one flag opposite the dock, was within easy view from both camps. While many gathered on the bluff or on the end of the dock to obtain the best possible view, others contented themselves with watching the whole of each race from under the awnings in front of the tents of the main camp, where they gathered in pleasant little groups. From any of the tents in the forward rows a man might lie on his cot or sit quietly at work, and yet keep the whole race in view. There was no necessity of leaving the camp entirely, or of going afloat in a canoe and waiting by the hour to see a race, while all other work and occupation stopped, as has been the case at times in past years; and consequently the interest in the races was greatly increased. This matter of a camp which shall command from its front a full view of the courses is a very important one in selecting a site, a point to be noted by future committees.

The paddling races were started at the far end of the course, finishing off the dock. The sailing races were started off the dock, the wind in each case permitting a windward start against the sun, or leaving all buoys on port. The starting signals for the sailing races were given from a gun in front of headquarters, with the lowering of the big A. C. A. flag at the same point. Some little trouble ensued from this, the gun being so frequently used for saluting that its sound was confusing.

The fleet of races was a large and specially fine one, including nearly all the crack sailors and paddlers of the United States and Canada. The new paddling trophy brought out some fast and lightly built racing canoes, while nearly all the famous sailing craft were present. The first week was marked by strong winds without a break until the signal flags for the first race were set on Saturday, when the wind dropped. During the race week several calms interrupted the programme, but there was wind enough at one time or another to get off all the sailing events.

The signal code was most useful; in fact it is hard to see how it could be dispensed with in the future. Its use, however, depends on the selection of an open camp, where the signals can be seen from every point; at such camps as Bow Arrow, Long Island, or Stave Island, in the woods, it would be practically useless.

The entries for the races were as follows, the canoes being practically of 16ft. length and 30in. beam, except the 28in. boats allowed in the paddling races. The odd sizes have very nearly disappeared from the racing, and all sailing craft are built to the limits of 16×30:

Canoe.	Owner.	Club.
Surprise	J. O. Shiras	Longworth.
Mac No. 4	W. G. MacKendrick	Ubique.
Chum	H. F. MacKendrick	Ubique.
Caryalovus	Jas. MacKendrick	Ubique.
Olive	J. N. MacKendrick	Ubique.
Canuck	Ford Jones	Brockville.
Kitt	F. M. Sinclair	Brooklyn.
Eros	F. C. Moore	Knickerbocker.
Truant	W. S. Elliott	Marine and Field.
Wasp	Paul Butler	Vesper.
Owl	J. A. Gage	Vesper.
Blanche	D. S. Goddard	Vesper.
Ellida	R. F. Brazer	Vesper.
Drift	F. W. Taylor	Vesper.
Fly	H. S. Gray	Vesper.
Beta	T. S. Oxholm	Yonkers.
Uno	H. L. Quick	Yonkers.
Sylph	T. A. Gessler	Lake Hopatcong.
Ell	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto.
Imp	A. H. Forbush	Puritan.
Passaic	G. P. Douglas	Ianthe.
Wraith	D. D. Gessler	Knickerbocker.
Vesta	D. Goodsell	Yonkers.
Seabright	H. C. Ward	Brooklyn.
Kipinisti	D. F. Jones	Royal Mil. Col.
Dolphin	R. O. Kirkwood	Yonkers.
Waif	D. B. Jaques	Toronto.
Gwin	Roy Sweeny	Toronto.
Eurylda	H. H. Smythe	Brooklyn.
Xmas	W. Sweeny	Toronto.
Spider	E. C. Knappe	Springfield.
Nipsie	C. V. Schuyler	Arlington.
Bonnie	C. B. Vaux	Yonkers.
Toltec	W. W. Howard	New York.
Guenn	W. Whitlock	Brooklyn.
Minx	J. W. Simpson	Yonkers.
Vitesse	P. B. Rossire	Yonkers.
——	W. A. Leys	R. Can. Y. C.
Dimple No. 4	Geo. C. Forrest	Hartford.
Dimple No. 2	Edward R. Kellogg	Hartford.
Kie Loe	F. W. Noyes	Red Dragon.
Lasata	G. L. Metze	Ianthe.
Eclipse	F. L. Dunnell	Brooklyn.
Bat	L. B. Palmer	Ianthe.
Idlemere	J. L. Douglas	Ianthe.
Valesca No. 2	H. M. Kreamer	Red Dragon.
Kismet	W. L. Perry	Talassit.
Ole Joe	J. W. Cartwright	Puritan.
Sprite	H. K. Tilley	Toronto.
Lieda	S. Schieffelin	New York.
Water Witch	F. B. Collins	Bayonne.
Sprite	A. H. Mason	Toronto.
Coboconk	J. H. Carnegie	Coboconk.
Meda	I. V. Dorland	Arlington.
Wynot	E. N. Hazard	Cornell.
Asp	H. D. Murphy	Shuh Shuh Gah.
Henrietta	R. W. Strachan, Jr.	Orange.
Valfreyia	Jos. Stewart	Ianthe.
Pterodactyl	B. H. Nadal	New York.
Zerlina	E. D. Anderson	Trenton.
Lenna	P. W. Hart	——
Teaser	W. D. Anderson	New York.
——	R. B. Wilkinson	——
——	J. R. Robertson	Puritan.

One detail of the meets has been brought to a high degree of perfection by means of constant control for ten years, the regatta programme. It is now in very satisfactory shape, the events being as few in number as possible, and yet covering all the varieties of canoe racing. It was as follows: Record Events.—1. Paddling. One-half mile straightaway. 2. Paddling and sailing combined. One-half mile alternately—three miles. 3. Sailing. Four and one-half miles. No limit to rig or ballast.

Other Events.—4. Trophy paddling. One mile straightaway. Exempt from "one man one canoe" rule. See Sailing Regulations, Rule V. 3. Trophy sailing. No limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, three hours. Seven and one-half miles. See Sailing Regulations, Rule V. 4. Tandem paddling. One-half mile straightaway. 7. Sailing. Pecowsic cup. Four and one-half miles. No limit to rig or ballast. Winners of sailing trophy barred. 8. Sailing. Club. To windward and return. Two miles. Time limit, two hours. First three members of any one club to count. To be first sailing race called on. 10. Paddling. Upset. No special appliances allowed. At signal every canoe must be turned completely over, righted, and, with crew inside paddled across the finish line, 200yds. 11. Sailing. Upset and maneuvering. No special appliances allowed. Canoe to carry two sails. No limit to ballast. One-half mile. At signal, throw over and recover paddle. Second signal, canoe to be tipped over until top of foremast touches the water; canoe to be righted, and cross finishing line under sail. 12. Hurry scurry race. Run, swim, paddle. 13. Gymnastics, etc. 14. Paddling. Club fours. One-half mile straightaway. Any canoe. All sailing races will be started to windward and finished at regular home buoy irrespective of distance. The novice race, open only to members who never sailed a canoe before Sept. 1, 1889, will be sailed on the result of the first round of race No. 3.

The first race called was on Saturday afternoon, event No. 8, club sailing, course 2 miles to leeward and return. There were 48 starters at the line when the signal was given at 4 P. M., the wind being moderate from S. W. The course was not logged, so the actual times are of no value. The fleet spread out as soon as the line was crossed, some swinging out and standing for the markboat, while others sailed wide and came out to the west of the mark. There were a number of mishaps from broken deck seats and similar causes. Mr. Butler pulled out his mizen traveler, delaying him considerably. The fleet turned in a bunch, but spread out on the beat home. The leaders were:

1....Uno	H. L. Quick....Yonkers.
2....Canuck	Ford Jones....Brockville.
3....Owl	J. A. Gage....Vesper.
4....Bonnie	C. B. Vaux....Yonkers.
5....Wasp	Paul Butler....Vesper.
6....Blanche	D. L. Goddard....Vesper.
7....Beta	T. S. Oxholm....Yonkers.

The Yonkers C. C. wins, with Vesper second.

Messrs. J. N. MacKendrick and D. Goddard, of the regatta committee, were in camp early, but the chairman, E. L. French, only drove into camp late on Sunday night from Sag Harbor, Mr. Meade, of Dayton, O., being with him.

On Monday morning there was no wind, so the first race called at 10:30 was No. 1, paddling record, ½ mile, with 35 starters. A number of men entered light Canadian canoes, looking for first prize in this race, while others, working for the record, started in decked sailing canoes. The race belonged to the light boats from the start, Mr. Carnegie being first and Tilley second, but Mr. Knappe made a very fine race, finishing fourth in a heavy decked canoe, his Spider. The wind was moderate by the time the race started, blowing against the course. Carnegie led almost from the start, being pushed by Tilley. The order was:

Coboconk, J. H. Carnegie, Coboconk	1
Sprite, H. R. Tilley, Toronto	2
Ole Joe, J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Puritan	3
Spider, E. C. Knappe, Springfield	4
Mac, H. F. MacKendrick, Ubique	5
Kismet, W. L. Perry, Talasit	6
Zerlina, E. D. Anderson, Trenton	7
Uno, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	8
Passaic, G. P. Douglas, Ianthe	9
——, W. A. Leys, R. Can. Y. C	10
Seabright, H. C. Ward, Brooklyn	11
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, Ubique	12
Wraith, D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	13
Ellida, R. F. Brazer, Vesper	14
Olive, J. N. MacKendrick, Ubique	15
Valesca, H. M. Kramer, Red Dragon	16
Bat, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	17
Kitt, E. M. Sinclair, Brooklyn	18
Bonnie, C. B. Vaux, Yonkers	19

Gwin, Roy Sweeney, Toronto Eurylda, H. H. Smythe, Brooklyn	20
Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn Toltec, W. W. Howard, New York	
Wraith, T. A. Gessler, Knickerbocker Idlemere, J. L. Douglas, Ianthe	21
Blanche, D. S. Goddard, Vesper	22
Eros, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker	23
Wonenda, J. W. Simpson, Yonkers	24
Kie Loe, F. W. Wayes	25
——, Pitt Baker, ——	26
Ell, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto	27
Fly, H. S. Gray, Vesper	28
Guenn, Wm. Whitlock, Brooklyn	29
Lasata, G. L. Metze, Ianthe	30
Dimple No. 4, G. C. Forrest, Hartford	31
Waif, D. B. Jacques, Toronto	32

The unlimited sailing race was called for 2:30, there being a moderate breeze from N.W. in the morning, and the canoes were assembled at the south buoy in season, but the wind was so light that the race was postponed, and event No. 6, tandem paddling, was called in its place at 3:30. There were 9 starters, and after a good race Messrs. J. N. and H. F. MacKendrick won, with L. B. Palmer and George Douglas second:

Olive	H. F. MacKendrick, J. N. MacKendrick,	Ubique	1
Passaic	G. P. Douglas, L. B. Palmer,	Ianthe	2
Valasca	H. M. Kreamer, W. L. Perry,	Red Dragon, Shuh Shuh Gah	3
Waterwitch	J. L. Collins, F. B. Collins,	Bayonne	4
Ole Joe	J. W. Cartwright, Jr., J. R. Robertson,	Puritan	5
Wraith	Theo. A. Gessler, D. D. Gessler,	Knickerbocker	6
Coboconk	J. H. Carnegie, R. B. Wilkinson,	Coboconk Ubique	7

Tuesday being visitors' day, the waters in all directions were covered with sails before colors, and people crowded into camp from all directions; on foot, in carriages and wagons, in steam launches, sloops, catboats, and yachts. Ninety craft of all sizes landed passengers on the east side, and 60 yachts and boats were anchored under the lee on the west side. It was estimated that 2,000 people visited the camp, giving it the appearance of a county fair. The wind was quite strong from S.E., with a canoe sea, when the unlimited sailing race No. 3 was started at 9:17 A. M., being nearly an hour late. The entries were 48 in number, but there was some confusion over the starting guns, only 35 getting away, and many of these badly handicapped. The course was 4½ miles, or 3 rounds of the triangle. Beta very soon took the lead and held it, with Canuck and Toltec following close. Blanche capsized near the second mark of second round, being then second boat but righted and sailed on. Beta came reaching over the last leg very fast with Canuck on her weather quarter, and as the mark was neared Canuck, aided by a favoring puff, cut in ahead and won by 5s., her time being 52m. 55s. Toltec sailed a good race and took third place. The order was:

Canuck, Ford Jones, Brockville	1
Beta, T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers	2
Toltec, W. W. Howard, New York	3
Blanche, D. S. Goddard, Vesper	4
Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper	5
Passaic, G. P. Douglas, Passaic	6
Bonnie, C. B. Vaux, Yonkers	7
Wraith, D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	8
Owl, J. A. Gage, Vesper	9
Kitt, F. M. Sinclair, Brooklyn	10
Truant, W. S. Elliott, Field and Marine	11
Spider, E. C. Knappe, Springfield	12
Lieda, S. Schieffelin, New York	13
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, Ubique	14
Kismet, H. D. Murphy, Shuh Shuh Gah	15
Drift, F. W. Taylor, Vesper	16
Eros, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker	17
Chum, H. F. MacKendrick, Ubique	18
Nesta, D. Goodsell, Yonkers	19
Lasata, G. L. Metze, Ianthe	20
Ellida, R. F. Brazer, Vesper	21
Idlemere, J. L. Douglas, Ianthe	22
Seabright, H. C. Ward, Brooklyn	23
Gwin, Roy Sweeny, Toronto	24
Dimple No. 2, E. R. Kellogg, Hartford	25
Eurylda, H. H. Smythe, Brooklyn	26
Sylph, T. A. Gessler, Knickerbocker	27
Bat, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	28

The novice race, No. 11, sailing, upset and maneuvering, was called at 3:15 P. M., the course being from a point on the last leg of the sailing triangle to a finish off the main dock. The order was:

Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, Ubique	1
Canuck, Ford Jones, Brockville	2
Lieda, S. Schieffelin, Vesper	3
Wraith, D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	4
Pterodactyl, B. H. Nadal, New York	5
Kipinisti, D. F. Jones, Royal Mil. Col	6
Kismet, H. D. Murphy, Shuh Shuh Gah	7
Xmas, W. Sweeney, Toronto	8
Gwin, Roy Sweeney, Toronto	9
Passaic, G. P. Douglas, Passaic	10
Ell, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto	11
Eros, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker	12
Surprise, J. O. Shiras, Longworth	13

The paddling upset race, No. 10, was called at 4 P. M. with 7 starters. The race was started from the first buoy of the sailing course, but there was a serious misunderstanding among the contestants. No notice of the course was posted on the bulletin board, but verbal instructions were given to each individually. While some were told to finish off the small landing in front of headquarters, others understood the instructions to mean a finish off the main dock, where the other races were started or finished, thus making a course at right angles to the starting and finishing lines instead of an oblique one, as a finish at headquarters necessitated. As soon as the fleet started one-half the men headed one way and the remainder the other. Bat and Passaic were quickly upset and righted, and were first and second at the main dock, Wraith and Chum finished first and second at the other dock and were declared winners, the order, as posted by the committee, being:

Sylph, T. A. Gessler, Knickerbocker	1
Chum, H. F. MacKendrick, Ubique	2
Kismet, H. D. Murphy, Shuh Shuh Gah	3
Surprise, J. O. Shiras, Longworth	4
Passaic, Geo. P. Douglas, Ianthe	5
Bat, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	6
Sprite, H. R. Tilley, Toronto	7

As soon as the list was posted a protest was made by Bat and Passaic, and in the evening a meeting of the Ianthe C. C. was held and a formal protest made by the club on the ground that Messrs. Palmer and Douglas had paddled the course given them by the committee and had finished first and second. The committee refused to sustain the protest on the ground that it had not been made before leaving the boat, nor a written copy served within an hour after. The club thereupon made a second protest on the ground that the directions for this race, over a special course and with an unusual finish line, had not been posted by the committee, as prescribed by Rule VI. This protest the committee declined to accept, and Gessler and MacKendrick were declared the winners.

The final race of the day was the hurry scurry, No. 12, with 9 starters. The course was a very poor one, though perhaps the best possible; a run down the narrow dock, with a turn at right angles at the end before diving. The result was:

Bat, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe	1
Wraith, D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	2
Xmas, W. Sweeny, Toronto	3
Olive, J. N. MacKendrick, Ubique	4
Sprite, H. R. Tilley, Toronto	5
Passaic, G. P. Douglas, Ianthe	6
Kismet, H. D. Murphy, Shuh Shuh Gah	7
Lasata, G. L. Metze, Ianthe	8
Ell, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto	9

This finished the racing for the day and the visitors left the camp. During the morning a meeting of the Central Division was held, at which the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., C. F. Wiuné, Mohican C. C.; Rear-Com., T. P. Gaddis, Ruckawa C. C., Dayton, Ohio; Purser, W. Howard Brown, Montcan C. C. Executive Committee, H. M. Stewart, Rochester, and J. K. Bakewell, Pittsburgh.

In the evening a grand minstrel show was held in the big tent.

On Wednesday morning there was little wind, so the paddling trophy was called, with 8 starters, the course being one mile straightaway, finishing off the dock. The bluffs afforded a fine view of the race from the start, which was made at 12:18 P. M.

Several of the racers stood up in paddling, but Mr. MacKendrick knelt on one knee and swung his double blade with an exceedingly graceful and powerful motion, which at once put him to the front and finally brought him in a winner by a handsome lead. The record was:

——, H. F. MacKendrick, Ubique	1
——, H. R. Tilley, Toronto	2
Coboconk, J. H. Camegie, Coboconk	3
*Spider, E. C. Knappe, Springfield	4
*Zerlina, E. D. Anderson, Trenton	5
——, W. L. Perry, Shuh Shuh Gah	6
*Waterwitch, F. B Collins, Bayonne	7
——, W. A. Leys, Toronto	8

*Full decked sailing canoes.

Mr. Leys upset, but regained his canoe and completed the course.

After dinner a light S.W. breeze sprung up and Event No. 2 was started, the course being 4½ miles, or 9 separate legs of the triangle, sailing and paddling over each in alternation, the sails being set or lowered at each mark. Uno led over most of the course, the final leg being a beat, and won easily. The full record of this and the Pecowsic cup was not posted, but the leaders in the combined were:

Uno, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	1
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, Ubique	2
Passaic, G. L. Douglas, Ianthe	3
Chum, H. F. MacKendrick, Ubique	4
Bonnie, B. Vaux, Yonkers	5
Kitt, F. M. Sinclair, Brooklyn	6
Seabright, H. C. Ward, Brooklyn	7
Ell, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto	8
Kismet, H. D. Murphy, Shuh Shuh Gah	9
Wraith, D. D. Gessler, Knickerbocker	10
Ellida, R. F. Brazer, Vesper	11
Eros, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker	12
Blanche, D. S. Goddard, Vesper	13
Sylph, T. A. Gessler, Knickerbocker	14
Gwin, Roy Sweeny, Toronto	15
Owl, J. A. Gage, Vesper	16
Toltec, W. W. Howard, New York	17

By 4:30 P. M. there was a fresh S.W. breeze, and the Pecowsic cup race, No. 7, was called, the course being three rounds, 4½ miles. The start was to windward, the fleet being bunched out by the buoy at the leeward end of the line, most on port tack. Wasp made a fine start, coming by the dock at the weather end of the line on starboard tack just at the gun. Wasp led, with Canuck second and Beta third; but at the first mark on the second round Beta took second place and held it, the order at the finish being:

Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper	1
Beta, T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers	2
Canuck, Ford Jones, Brockville	3
Mac, W. G. MacKendrick, Ubique	4
Uno, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	5

There were 35 starters, but the official record of finish was not posted.

This ended the racing for the day. In the evening a dance was given in the mess tent.

On Thursday morning the wind was blowing strong from S.E., but by the time that the trophy race, the great event of the meet, was called at 10 A. M., it had fallen a little, though there was still a fresh breeze that lasted during the race. The start was very pretty, all but one of the 15 starters going over close together on port tack. The last canoe, Lieda, was not only late, but at the line her mainmast gave way, throwing her out of the race. The course was 5 rounds of the 1½-mile triangle, 7½ miles; the first leg being to windward, the second free, and the third a reach. At the start last year's winner, Canuck, took the lead and was never headed, gaining steadily on the fleet. Mr. Jones sailed his boat admirably, cutting out the buoys with precision and throwing away nothing. He soon had the race safely, bar accidents, and the chief excitement lay in watching the fleet chase Mr. Butler, who was second man. Uno was sailing very fast, but as the following table shows lost a great deal through the breaking of a rudder chain, making up a part of it after Mr. Quick had crawled aft and replaced the chain on the rudder head. Mac partly filled and gave up, having no bailer. Wasp sprung a mast, but sailed a fine race, being passed just at the finish by Owl. Blanche capsized on the first jibe, but righted and continued. The complete summary of the five rounds is as follows:

	First.		Second.		Third.		Fourth.		Fifth.	
	Order.	Time.	Order.	Time.	Order.	Time.	Order.	Time.	Order.	Time.
Canuck..	1	10 28 50	1	10 46 35	1	11 03 45	1	11 20 43	1	11 38 20
Owl.....	3	10 30 15	3	10 48 20	3	11 06 40	3	11 23 52	2	11 41 30
Wasp....	2	10 29 30	2	10 47 30	2	11 06 17	2	11 23 47	3	11 41 32
Seabright	4	10 30 10	5	10 49 10	4	11 06 51	4	11 24 21	4	11 41 40
Uno.....	3	10 30 00	10	10 50 40	6	11 07 47	5	11 25 27	5	11 42 17
Blanche..	12	10 32 30	8	10 49 45	7	11 07 53	6	11 25 39	6	11 43 12
Beta.....	5	10 30 28	6	10 49 20	5	11 07 40	7	11 26 15	7	11 43 47
Wraith..	9	10 31 08	7	10 49 40	9	11 08 50	8	11 29 39	8	11 43 52
Bonnie...	6	10 30 22	4	10 49 05	8	11 08 22	9	11 26 59	9	11 44 40
Toltec....	10	10 31 28	11	10 50 50	10	11 09 09	10	11 27 38	10	11 45 32
Truant...	11	10 32 10	9	10 50 20	11	11 11 12	11	11 29 10	Withdrew.	
Passaic..	13	10 33 30	13	10 57 22	13	11 17 38	12	11 33 47	11	11 59 50
Spider...	13	10 33 15	12	10 51 40	12	11 11 54	Withdrew.			
Mac.....	8	10 30 45	Filled on second round.							
Lieda....	Dismasted at start.									

At noon the record was posted, standing as follows:

			Points.
1.	Geo. P. Douglas	Ianthe	40
2.	W. G. MacKendrick	Uoique	34
3.	H. F. MacKendrick	Ubique	32
4.	C. B. Vaux	Yonkers	30
5.	F. M. Sinclair D. D. Gessler H. C. Ward	Brooklyn Knickerbocker Brooklyn	28
6.	E. C. Knappe H. D. Murphy	Springfield Shuh Shuh Gah	25
7.	D. S. Goddard	Vesper	21
8.	R. F. Brazer W. W. Howard	Vesper New York	20
9.	F. C. Moore	Knickerbocker	13
10.	Roy Sweeny	Toronto	10
11.	T. A. Gessler	Knickerbocker	9

During the day a number of tents came down, and camp began to thin out perceptibly. In the afternoon a damp S.E. wind threatened a storm and kicked up a heavy sea, but at 4 P. M. the special races for the Jabberwock cup, postponed from the Central Division meet, and the cruisers' race were started together, the conditions being as follows:

The Jabberwock Trophy.—Presented by Vice-Commodore Geo. A. Warder to be contested for by members of Central Division, to be the property of the man winning it twice, distance 3 miles, 2 times around the triangle. At least 5 canoes must start in this race.

Sailing cruising race, 3 miles on the triangle, 2 times around. Start to be made with sails down and hoisted at signal. At end of first round sails must be lowered and then proceed. Canoes for this race must have 6ft. sleeping room, of which 5ft. must be clear. Centerboards must not project when housed.

The cruisers' race was won by Idlemere, J. L. Douglas; a number of competitors capsizing. The Jabberwock Cup was won by Mr. F. F. Andrews, Rochester C. C. The Shimmecock Cup was also paddled for, being won by Mr. Emil C. Knappe of Springfield.

In the evening a campfire was lighted in the Ladies' Camp, at which the many prizes were presented. During the night rain fell heavily, but the following morning was clear and the two final races were called, a swimming race, won by Mr. Moffat, of the Yonkers C. C., and the club fours. The MacKendrick crew, the winners of last year's race, were on the dock to start for home when three crews were made up for this race. As soon as they learned that the race was really to take place, Mr. Jas. MacKendrick and his three sons got their canoe ready and started, coming in winners.

All day Friday men were packing up and leaving, and though some few remained to camp for a week or so in comparative solitude, by Friday night the great Salt-Water Meet of 1890 was "all over."

CANUCK.—Mr. Ford Jones, the winner of the A. C. A. trophy at the late canoe camp, has decided to sell his canoe Canuck rather than take her back to Canada. She can be seen at the New York Canoe Club house until Sept. 2.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $2.00. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Nedé. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By I. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

28. Miramichi, Black Brook to Oak Point and return.
29. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail, Savin Hill.
30. Beverly, 3d Cup, Marblehead
30. Sippican, Sweep. Marion.
30. Savin Hill, Cruise.
30. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
30. Monatiquot, Sail-off Cham., Weymouth.

SEPTEMBER.

1. So. Boston Mus. Fleet, Open.
1. N. Y. Y. R. A., New York.
1. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
1. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, Marblehead, Second Champ.
1. Yorkville, Open, Oak Point.
3. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Be'ch
5. Queen City, 1st Class, Tor.
5. Monatiquot, Sail-off Pen., Weymouth.
6. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
6. American, 3d Cham., Newburyport.
6. Great Head, Annual Club, Great Head.
6. Beverly, 3d Cham., Mon. Beach.
6. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester.
6. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Savin Hill
6. Hamilton, Marguerite Cup, 25 and 30ft.
6. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
6. Quaker City, Pen., Del. River
10. Pleon, Sail off, Marblehead.
10. Eastern, Special, 40 and 46ft. Marblehead.
10. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Conn.
13. Long Island Sound Squadron Regatta of the Cor. Navy, Greenwich, Conn. Event postponed from Aug. 23.
13. Corinthian, Marblehead, Champ. Sail-off.
13. Hamilton, Monck Cup, 35 and 40ft., Lake Course.
13. Queen City, Skiff Class, Tor.
13. Royal Can., Cruising Class, Toronto.
13. Buffalo, Club Cruise, Stone Dock.
20. Beverly, Sail-off, Mon. Beach
20. West Lynn, Sweep, Lynn.
20. Hamilton, 30ft.
20. Queen City, 2d Class, Tor.
20. Royal Can., 25ft. Class, Tor.
20. Riverside, Pen., Riverside, Conn.
25. Miramichi, Chatham to Newcastle and return.
27. Hamilton, 35 and 40ft.
27. Queen City, 1st Class, Tor.
27. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
27. Quaker City, Closing Cruise and Review.
30. Lynn, Lynn.

OCTOBER.

4. Hamilton, Sweepstakes.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. CIRCUIT, 1890.

It is too early yet, with only the partial results of one season to work on, to form any opinion from the racing as to the merits of the classification by corrected length, now on trial by the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario. At the same time, there is a marked contrast between the depressed condition of yacht racing on the coast under the old method and the lively boom in racing on the Lake under the new rule, which has made the circuit of this year such a success. The starting lists at the western end of the Lake have been specially large, and while many of the smaller craft have not been able to make the entire round, the fleet has been of satisfactory size, and the racing very keen at the more distant ports. The first class on Lake Ontario is necessarily a poor class for racing, as it includes the few larger boats of mixed rigs and odd sizes, from the cutter Vreda of 45ft. to the schooner Oriole of 70ft.; so that close racing is impossible. In the smaller classes, however, which range from 21 to 46ft. corrected length, there are enough yachts of nearly the same size to make some very good racing, as the tables will show. This year a great deal of interest was felt in a number of new craft, the steel 30-ater Vreda, lately brought out, the new Fife boat Yama, the new Samoa and several others, all built for the new rule. The programme, which was published some time since, has been changed somewhat, as the weather necessitated, but the same number of races were sailed as at first announced, an extra race at Cobourg taking the place of one at Toronto, which was omitted.

The rendezvous this year was at the extreme western end of the Lake, at Hamilton, where the fleet assembled on Aug. 12, sailing the first race next day, Wednesday. One of the features of the race was the new Yama, who not only beat her own class easily in this, her maiden race, but made the best time on these rounds when she sailed with Oriole and Vreda. The summary is as follows:

FIRST CLASS, YACHTS OVER 46FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Vreda	11 30 00	2 46 18	3 08 29
Oriole	11 30 00	2 41 15	3 11 15
Aileen	11 30 00	2 49 43	3 17 55
46FT. CLASS.			
White Wings	11 30 00	2 36 28	3 06 23
Condor	11 30 00	2 57 35	3 25 21
Verve (R. C. Y. C.)	11 30 00	3 08 10	3 33 45
Madge	11 30 00	3 19 16	3 47 59
Verve (H. Y. C.)	11 30 00	3 24 00	3 52 58
40FT. CLASS.			
Yama	11 40 00	1 39 20	1 59 20
Merle	11 40 00	1 47 20	2 06 24
Psyche	11 40 00	1 48 40	2 07 04
Vision	11 40 00	1 57 36	2 14 33
35FT. CLASS.			
Coquette	11 50 00	2 05 41	2 15 41
Alert	11 50 00	2 18 25	2 21 56
Cypress	11 50 00	2 18 31	2 26 46
Edith	11 50 00	2 26 07	2 35 00
30FT. CLASS.			
Nancy	12 00 00	2 20 20	2 19 12
Nadia	12 00 00	2 24 12	2 23 26
Samoa	12 00 00	2 30 27	2 30 10
Echo	12 00 00	2 30 25	2 30 25
Wona	12 00 00	2 59 04	2 36 42
Volante	12 00 00	2 40 00	2 39 46
Velnette	12 00 00	2 45 45	2 43 20
Amelia	12 00 00	2 49 55	2 49 47
Kelpie	12 00 00	2 53 23	2 49 00
Naiac	Withdrew.		
Lotus	Withdrew.		
25FT. CLASS.			
Mischief	3 00 00	2 30 28	2 29 19
Maud B	3 00 00	2 30 07	2 30 07
No. 11	3 00 00	Did not finish.	
Schemer	3 00 00	2 52 00	2 51 03
Nadjy	3 00 00	2 54 56	2 54 51
Heathen Belle	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Oneyeda	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Katie Hall	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Mystery	3 00 00	Not timed.	
21FT. CLASS.			
Widgeon	3 00 00	5 36 15	2 36 15
Rambler	3 00 00	5 48 07	2 47 34
Caprice	3 00 00	5 53 26	2 53 24
Clytie	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Antho	3 00 00	5 59 32	2 59 30
Eclipse	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Amelia	3 00 00	Not timed.	
Rustler	3 00 00	Not timed.	

Coquette was disqualified for not carrying out the association rule of being sailed by a member of a club belonging to the Association.

In the evening a dinner was given in honor of the yachtsmen, with an illumination of the fleet. Next day the fleet sailed to Toronto, where, on Aug. 15, the regatta of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was sailed. The course was from a line between the Exhibition wharf and a buoy to the southward; thence to the bell buoy; thence to buoy No. 3, moored five miles east by north from the bell buoy; thence to buoy No. 4, five miles south by west, by half west; thence northwest, half north to the bell buoy. The first class, 46 and 40ft. classes sailed around this triangle twice and the other classes once, 30 and 15 miles respectively. The 25ft. class sailed from opposite the town club house to a buoy opposite the island club house; thence through western channel and return via the island club house buoy and Gooderham & Worts's elevator, 9½ miles.

The wind was light from south, shifting later to S.W. Again Yama led the fleet, making the best time over the course, while her class competitors were beaten by an hour. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS, OVER 46FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriole	11 00	6 17 50	7 17 50	7 17 50
Vreda	11 00	7 07 57	8 07 57	7 54 55
Aileen	11 00	7 12 40	8 12 40	8 09 40

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
46FT. CLASS.				
White Wings	11 10	6 41 47	7 31 47	7 31 47
Verve No. 1	11 10	7 33 05	8 23 05	8 06 41
Condor	11 10	7 36 40	8 26 40	8 22 57
Madge	11 10	7 45 20	8 35 20	8 33 30
Verve No. 2	Did not finish.			
40FT. CLASS.				
Yama	11 20	6 26 27	7 06 27	7 06 27
Merle	11 20	7 29 32	8 09 32	8 07 11
Psyche	11 20	7 37 00	8 17 00	8 13 24
35FT. CLASS.				
Vision	11 30	3 30 00	3 00 00	3 00 00
Coquette	11 30	3 35 50	4 05 00	4 04 30
Cyprus	11 30	3 41 20	4 11 20	4 09 20
Edith	11 30	4 23 32	4 53 32	4 51 37
30FT. CLASS.				
Nancy	11 40	3 51 45	4 11 45	4 10 20
Nadia	11 40	3 56 58	4 16 58	4 16 00
Velnette	11 40	4 58 15	5 18 15	5 14 47
Samoa	11 40	5 06 40	5 26 40	5 26 40
Wona	11 40	5 55 50	5 55 50	5 53 00
Volante	11 40	5 42 40	6 02 40	6 01 32
Kelpie	11 40	5 58 15	6 18 15	6 12 55
Amelia	11 40	5 59 00	6 19 00	6 18 52
25FT. CLASS.				
Maud B	2 00	5 24 50	3 24 50	3 24 50
Widgeon	2 00	5 43 30	3 43 30	3 38 52
Caprice	2 00	5 44 20	3 44 20	3 39 30
Ina	2 00	5 48 40	3 48 40	3 46 25

In the evening a dinner was given at the handsome club house of the Royal Canadian Y. C., on the island, with Com. Boswell in the chair. Speeches were made and toasts drunk until a late hour. The proposed regatta of the Queen City Y. C. was abandoned, and on Saturday the fleet sailed for Cobourg, where an extra regatta had been arranged for Monday.

The course was from a starting buoy moored a quarter of a mile south of the harbor, to a buoy five miles southeast by south, thence to a buoy about five miles west of the south buoy in a line with Gull Island lighthouse, and thence back to the starting buoy. The first class yachts sailed twice over the course. The second class went once around, and thence to the southeast buoy and back to the starting buoy. The third class boats went once around the course.

A temporary classification was adopted to allow all the yachts to enter, White Wings being classed with the larger boats and Cyprus with Yama. In the second class was a new comer, Goldspur, by a local builder, Donclaus, of Brighton, sailing her first race. She beat Merle badly and made a very good showing. The wind was moderate from S. E. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
FIRST CLASS.				
White Wings	10 32 00	4 35 07	6 03 17	5 48 02
Oriole	10 31 00	4 33 26	6 02 26	6 02 26
Vreda	10 35 00	4 56 45	6 21 45	6 08 38
Aileen	10 35 00	4 54 22	6 19 22	6 16 22
Condor	10 35 00	Did not finish.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Yama	10 32 27	3 47 00	4 54 33	4 54 26
Goldspur	10 54 25	4 09 19	5 14 49	5 14 49
Merle	10 53 55	4 25 22	5 31 47	5 20 42
Toronto Verve	10 51 15	4 47 45	5 36 30	5 36 30
Vision	10 50 00	Did not finish.		
Psyche	10 52 45	Did not finish.		
Cyprus	10 54 17	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Nancy	10 15 00	2 25 00	3 10 00	3 08 35
Maud B	11 11 31	2 31 10	3 19 39	3 13 06
Nadia	11 39 39	2 28 05	3 14 26	3 13 28
Samoa	11 18 55	2 29 28	3 15 33	3 15 33
Velnette	11 14 20	2 39 53	3 25 13	3 22 11
Wona	11 15 00	2 41 29	3 26 29	3 24 31
Volante	11 12 22	2 41 07	3 29 45	3 20 46
Amelia	11 15 00	2 44 45	3 29 45	3 29 34
Kelpie	11 13 09	3 01 13	3 48 04	3 42 35
FISHING BOATS.				
Ripple	2 00 00	3 24 21	1 24 01	1 24 18
Queen Bess	2 00 00	3 34 12	1 34 12	1 27 27
Guenn	2 00 00	3 39 25	1 39 25	1 31 35
A. Z	2 00 00	4 20 55	2 20 55	2 17 10

The prizes were presented at the Dunham House in the evening, after which a ball was given in the Opera House in honor of the yachtsmen. On Tuesday the fleet sailed for Kingston.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—Third championship, 37th regatta, Aug. 19, off Fort Point, Weymouth. Distance 9 miles first class, 7 miles second class; weather good; wind S.E., strong:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
White Fawn, H. A. Jones	25.00¾	1 27 59	0 59 11
Erin, John Cavanagh	26.11	1 25 32	1 00 27
Posy, E. S. Hunt	22.03	1 32 16	1 00 28
Moondyne, H. J. Shaw	24.10	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	20.08½	1 24 16	0 58 06
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	1 29 37	1 00 42
THIRD CLASS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 42 28	1 11 01

The White Fawn having won a leg in a previous race, wins the championship and cup for first class. The Eureka and Diadem each have a leg for the championship in the first class and will sail off Aug. 30. The Rocket had a walkover and won championship and cup in the third class. Judges: Chas. G. Sheppard, T. D. Bagley, E. T. Jordan.

GREENWICH, Conn., Aug. 28.—Special carnival race for 20ft. catboats. Course, triangular around Captain's Islands. Weather clear. Wind, heavy, northwest. Tide, flood:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Phyllis, W. J. Jones	19.11	3 21 30	4 22 00
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	19.05	3 22 13	Did not fin.

Race was sailed under rules of the Indian Harbor Y. C. Prize was a handsome silver set presented by Mr. B. H. Yard, of the Indian Harbor Hotel.

CORINTHIAN MATCHES, AUG. 18, 19 AND 20.

AGAIN the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was successful in its midsummer series for forty and thirty footers, a repetition of the race originated last year. Three days in succession of very good racing served to place Minerva at the top of the forties and Saladin ahead of the thirties. The prizes were two, a $300 cup for the larger, presented by Augustus Hemmenway and Bayard Thayer; and a cup costing $125, presented by the club, for the smaller boats. The starters in the 40ft. class were Minerva, Gossoon, Mariquita and Ventura, Tomahawk entering but not starting. In the 30ft. class there started Saladin, Shark, Hawk and Almira, the latter a new Cape cat by the builder of Harbinger. The series was arranged some time since, all the forties and thirties being invited to enter, but only the above boats started. The first race was sailed on Aug. 18, the course being over a 4-knot triangle including Marblehead Rock as the starting point, the Graves Whistling-Buoy, and a sea mark 8 knots E½N from the Graves. The wind was fresh from N. W. at the start, the forties carrying club and the thirties working topsails and all reached off very fast. The start was a very close one, being timed:

Mariquita	11 00 17	Saladin	11 05 49
Gossoon	11 00 38	Almira	11 06 10
Minerva	11 00 40	Hawk	11 06 20
Ventura	11 00 44	Shark	11 06 29

Minerva held the others, Ventura dropping astern. Shark led her class for a time, but Saladin passed her, while Almira dropped astern of the fleet. The first mark was timed:

Mariquita	11 58 12	Saladin	12 12 52
Minerva	11 58 23	Shark	12 13 17
Gossoon	11 58 51	Hawk	12 13 48
Ventura	12 00 23	Almira	12 18 37

The next leg was also a reach, and after jibing Minerva and Mariquita fell into a luffing match, Gossoon meanwhile running by both, while Ventura was so far astern that she had nothing to do but to steer a straight course for the next mark, leaving the fighting to the others. The wind had now drawn so far to the westward that spinakers would draw, while it lightened rapidly, giving every chance for flukes. Saladin drew ahead of her class, while Gossoon and Ventura gained on the other two, who had lost much time by luffing. The second mark was timed:

Gossoon	1 20 23	Saladin	1 23 14
Ventura	1 21 38	Hawk	1 35 33
Mariquita	1 23 54	Shark	1 35 38
Minerva	1 24 18		

Almira was not timed, as the wind fell entirely before she reached the mark. There was a deal of fluking on the last leg, Minerva and Gossoon standing to the south in the very light air, and finally being caught when the breeze did come by Ventura and Mariquita, the latter pair getting an easterly breeze that took them home under spinakers, while Gossoon and Minerva were beating slowly up against a light N. W. air. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FORTY FT. CLASS.				
Ventura	11 00 44	3 01 15	4 01 15	3 59 59
Mariquita	11 00 17	3 02 01	4 02 01	4 02 01
Gossoon	11 00 38	3 17 16	4 17 16	4 17 16
Minerva	11 00 40	3 24 42	4 24 42	4 22 47
THIRTY FT. CLASS.				
Saladin	11 05 49	3 28 32	4 23 32	4 18 51
Shark	11 06 29	3 35 39	4 30 39	4 25 39
Hawk	11 06 20	3 49 17	4 44 17	4 38 55
Almira	11 06 10	4 07 08	Not taken.	

The race was a pure fluke, as all her previous sailing has shown that Ventura has no business with Gossoon. Saladin beat Minerva on elapsed time.

The second day brought a strong S. E. wind, with a sea and a head tide, so the same triangle was sailed, but in the reverse direction, making the first leg a beat. The forties had a good start, the four going over within 15sec., while the thirties, with the addition of the Gloucester boat Mignon, also started promptly. For the first 8 miles Gossoon and Minerva fought hard for the lead, Gossoon gaining a little all the time; the other two were practically beaten on this leg. The times at the first mark were:

Gossoon	12 48 20	Mariquita	12 48 23
Minerva	12 45 58	Ventura	12 50 17

The thirties were not timed, but the order was Shark, Almira, Saladin and Hawk, Mignon withdrawing. Almira was sailing excellently and gave Shark and Saladin all they wanted to beat her. Reaching off on the second leg, in a good sea and a strengthening breeze, balloon jibtopsails were set on the forties. Gossoon gained a few seconds while Minerva and Mariquita sailed very evenly, Ventura losing a couple of minutes. The times at the Graves were:

Gossoon	1 47 32	Mariquita	1 51 12
Minerva	1 48 47	Ventura	1 54 42

The order of the thirties was only changed by Saladin passing Almira near the Graves. Minerva was hurt by her big balloon jibtopsail, which lost her some time in jibing at the mark and finally sprung her topmast so badly when about 6 miles from home that the spar was saved with difficulty from a total wreck, and no jibtopsail could be carried after the balloon was taken in. The finish was very close, the corrected times show that Minerva won by only two seconds. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FORTY FT. CLASS.				
Minerva	11 10	2 43 17	3 33 17	3 31 22
Gossoon	11 10	2 41 24	3 31 24	3 31 24
Mariquita	11 10	2 44 31	3 34 31	3 34 31
Ventura	11 10	2 49 43	3 39 43	3 33 27
THIRTY FT. CLASS.				
Shark	11 15	3 18 24	4 03 24	4 03 03
Almira	11 15	3 25 04	4 10 04	4 03 09
Saladin	11 15	3 24 33	4 09 33	3 09 33
Hawk	11 15	3 31 37	4 16 37	4 15 56

On board of Minerva was Mr. Will Fife, Jr., who arrived in New York on Sunday for a short visit to America. He also sailed in the race of the following day, having with him Mr. G. o. Adams, of Gossoon. After the races Mr. Fife returned to New York, leaving on Sunday night for Oswego to sail a race or two in Yama. Shark was very well sailed by Mr. Waterhouse, who as usual was handicapped as compared with Saladin by a scratch crew hastily got together.

This race made a sail off necessary between Minerva and Ventura in one class and Saladin and Shark in the other, which race was sailed on the following day, Wednesday. The wind was N.N.W., so a course 10 knots S.S.E. was determined on, but the yachts were not notified of the exact direction until they were crossing the line, so that it was impossible to tell on which side spinakers should be carried. After some delay in setting spinakers when the course was known, they settled down to work with clubtopsails set, booms to starboard and spinakers to port.

Minerva got well away, as did Saladin, but Ventura had a bad start, and Shark was handicapped. Minerva held her lead for a time but the wind lightened and shifted to north, so that balloon jibtopsails were set instead of spinakers, when Ventura ran ahead to leeward of Minerva, Saladin also dropping Shark, there being too much sea for the wide boat. The wind continued to lighten and draw ahead, until when half the leg was covered it was right ahead, and the boats were beating for the outer mark. Minerva began at once to beat Ventura and was soon in the lead, showing a great gain at the turn, while Saladin had caught Ventura on elapsed time. The turn was timed:

Minerva	3 39 50	Saladin	4 01 13
Ventura	3 58 42	Shark	4 18 42

The run home was in a light breeze that made it doubtful whether the race could be finished in time, but this was done easily, the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
40-FT. CLASS.				
Minerva	11 15	5 32 06	6 17 06	6 16 33
Ventura	11 15	5 55 57	6 40 57	6 40 57
30-FT. CLASS.				
Saladin	11 20	5 54 37	6 34 37	6 34 37
Shark	11 20	6 09 38	6 49 38	6 49 04

Thus Minerva wins the $300 cup and Saladin the $125 cup. The races were very well managed by the judges, Messrs. Daniel Appleton, W. S. Eaton, Jr., and F. L. Rhodes.

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. F.—North Bend is in Clinton county, Pa. We regret that we cannot give you the address.

J. E. S., Oskaloosa, Ia.—Will you please tell whether the inclosed spray is of wild rice or the common lake reed. Ans. It is not wild rice.

F. L. R., New York.—The open season for partridges in New York State begins Sept. 1, for squirrels Aug. 1. This applies to Orange county.

WANTS FOXES.—Jersey City.—Will you permit me to ask brother sportsmen and others, through the columns of your paper, to inform me by letter of localities where red foxes are numerous. I intend to spend a few weeks in trapping them during the coming season, and shall feel under obligation to those who give me this knowledge.—F. G. KITTREDGE (Jersey City, N. J.).

H. E. H., Plymouth, N. Y.—Kindly inform me if any law has been passed forbiding the shipping of partridge and woodcock in this State, aside from Courtland county and the Forest Preserve? Is there any law in Pennsylvania in regard to shipping partridges? Ans. Such laws hold in Niagara, Rockland, Columbia, Dutchess, and perhaps some other counties. 2. Not that we know of.

R. T. F., New York.—Can you tell me where I can obtain the game laws of the Eastern States. I want to find out whether the laws for quail and partridge shooting are different in Long Island from the rest of the State of New York. Ans. See our issue of July 31. Quail and ruffed grouse season on Long Island begins Nov. 1; other parts of the State ruffed grouse Sept. 1. There is no reliable compendium of the game laws of the Eastern States in print. We shall issue a compendium of the laws of all the States about Oct. 1.

LANCEWOOD, New York.—Starting on Sept. 8, I propose taking a two weeks' paddle down the Delaware in a portable canvas boat, drawing with my luggage aboard about 4½ in. of water. My intention is to commence at Deposit and work down as far as the Water Gap, fishing along the river in the good places. If either yourself or any of your readers can give me a few points as to the river, fishing places, and amount of water and current I may expect to find on the route—a new one to me—the information will be greatly appreciated. Ans. The Delaware, from the New York line to Trenton, N. J., is mainly a series of long pools of varying depths, sometimes scarcely sufficient to float a skiff containing two men, and in many places exceeding 25 or 30ft. At Lackawaxen, Pa., there is a formidable dam, but the riffles connecting this great series of pools usually present no difficulty in going down stream, and they furnish the dobsons or helgramites so freely used now in bass fishing on the upper Delaware, as well as lurking places for the fish. The maximum current in the riffles of the portion of the river known to us is about three miles per hour. The best fishing is usually to be found at or near the foot of the pools and in the edge between swift water and the eddy near the head. Off rocky points, where ledges run off into the river, the fishing is good; also near sunken logs in deep water. A beautiful stretch of water for fly-fishing begins about 1½ miles below Dingman's Ferry and extends 1½ miles down the river. Mr. Epting took eighteen fine bass from this piece of water last year, and it promises equally well this season. You can find good fishing almost anywhere, beginning at Deposit. Stockport, Lordville, Hankins, Callicoon, Cochecton, and Port Jervis, in New York, are all noted places. Lackawaxen, Shohola, Milford, Dingman's Ferry, Delaware, Egypt Mills, and Bushkill, in Pennsylvania, are probably better known at present. Hotels and boarding houses range from $1 to $3 per day. The prevailing rate from Dingman's Ferry to Bushkill is from $7 to $10 per week. Catfish, helgramites, lampreys and crickets are the usual live baits, and artificial flies are frequently successful. Catfish cost $2.50, helgramites $2 and lampreys $1.50 per hundred, and all except the first, which is now the best, are readily obtained.

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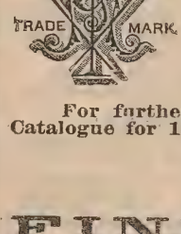
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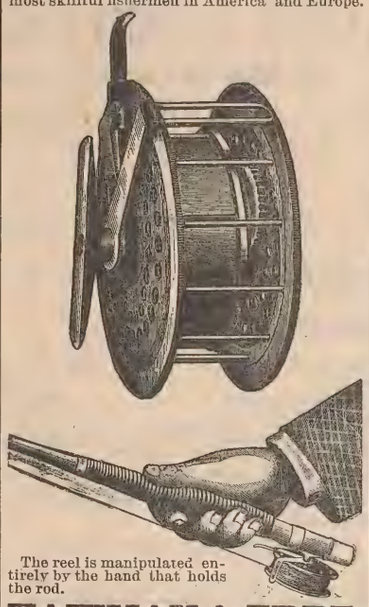
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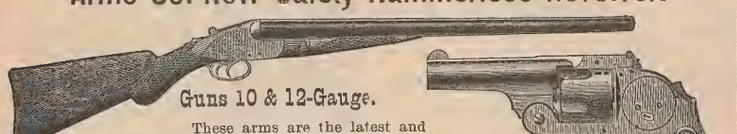
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The wonderful system of lakes and streams of the Adirondack region contain already superb fish, and might by stocking and protection be made to produce vast quantities more than they now do, and in much greater variety. The same is true, though in less degree, of many other sections of the State. Sullivan county has its trout brooks; the central part of the State abounds in lakes which might be made to teem with fishes which are now unknown to their waters. Our salt-water line fisheries might, and no doubt will be, greatly improved as the good work of the U. S. Fish Commission goes on.

Turning to feathered game the opportunities are not less ample. Perhaps nowhere on all our coasts is there a finer natural winter resort for wildfowl than that afforded by the wide and shallow bays of the south shores of Long Island. Here in the olden time—a time still within the memory of living men—the waterfowl collected in noisy millions, coming in the early autumn and departing for the south only when these bays were closed by frost, returning again as soon as the ice broke up, and not leaving for their northern home until the last days of May or the first of June. Geese, brant and all the best varieties of ducks made the Great South Bay and Shinnecock Bay their stopping places, and in old times not even Currituck, Albemarle and Core sounds were more populous with the clanging multitudes. Then, several varieties of ducks bred commonly on Long Island, and feeding in the early autumn in these productive waters were the decoys which called down the first arrivals of the migrating hordes.

How is it to-day? A few men still go shooting to Long Island, but their reward is small. They get but few ducks, and those only of the poorer sort, and for one man that gets a duck ten return with empty hands. The continual shooting, the battery and the net have so depleted the stock of fowl that it is no longer worth any man's while to go shooting on the south shore. Although less populous, and, from their situation, occupied for a much shorter time in spring and fall, the lakes of Central New York, by planting with food suited to the birds, and by prevention of shooting at improper seasons, might be made to afford splendid shooting, where now there is little or none.

It is needless to speak of the possibilities for quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting, were the seasons observed and a decent respect paid to the law, but if this were regarded, English pheasants and partridges might be turned out and in many places would thrive, and in the course of a few years so increase as to become firmly established. Prairie chickens might be introduced on Long Island, and black game in the Adirondacks; and wild turkeys might be established in their former homes.

It is in the North Woods, however, that the greatest opportunities are to be found. Here, in this wide region, if it were under proper State care, could be carried on a work similar to that now being undertaken by a private citizen in New Hampshire. The deer could be protected and permitted to increase; the elk, the moose and the caribou might be restored to the gloomy forests which they once inhabited, protected there until they had increased in numbers, and could then be treated as the circumstances might demand.

If a wise and liberal policy were to be agreed on by sportsmen and State officials, New York could be made to furnish such magnificent sport with rod, with shotgun and with rifle, that her citzens need never pass beyond her borders in search of sport.

Nor is New York the only State in which such opportunities present themselves. Several of the New England States are as favorably situated, and so are many of the Western and all of the Southern States. It is not too late to take action, but before cencerted action can be taken there must be agreement, and to-day agreement seems as far off as ever.

The trouble seems to be that we are all selfish, are all human; each one of us believes that the laws were made for others, but not for him. So there is a continual struggle to see who shall get the most game, and the game suffers.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

DURING next week Creedmoor will be the scene of the 18th annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association. The arrangement by which the State of New York became the owner of the property while yet reserving to the organizing association the right to carry on its annual and other meetings, seems to be working in most satisfactory fashion. The directors are striving in the direction of popularity in the match where the old rule about light rifles and heavy trigger pulls has been in a measure abolished so far as certain matches are concerned. We have in the past expressed our opinion upon this point, and we reiterate that at the very start the Association did a wise thing in putting a prohibition upon the shooting devices which had been so common at all the old-fashioned shoots in this country for years and years back.

Creedmoor was intended to foster the use of a practicable arm. Military shooting was very properly set before anything else, and the influence of this mother range on this style of marksmanship is seen in the orders now issued on this branch in the militia guard of every State, and in the regular army as well. Heavy bits of ordnance mounted on a stand, such as are still to be found among the string shooters, and the near kin of these arms found in the palm-rested weighty tubes which do such remarkably close shooting at the ring targets and other measures of our German friends, were ruled off the Creedmoor range for years, and the call given to the comparatively rough and crude arm of the service. Some attention was paid, indeed, to small-bore work of a sort calculated to encourage the use of a weapon where skill counted more than anything else, and the international matches were fought out on these lines. Had Creedmoor started out on any other plan, it is, we think, doubtful whether we should have seen the valuable advance in the science and art of shooting which can now be traced so fairly and clearly to this range.

Now, in its years of prestige and of honorable record, it is perfectly proper that the old range should be thrown open to the shooters of every kith and kin, and that the invitation be made to every one with a shooting contrivance to come up and show what he can do with it. We have not the least idea but that the light-arm riflemen can hold their own, so far as skill goes, with those who use and advocate the more cumbersome style of arm.

The meeting promises to be a notable one. Canada has given no small attention to military shooting. She has an enthusiastic and alert body of civilian shots who burn a great deal of powder. They promise to send a picked team down to give our military shooters a hard battle and a taste of defeat. Several of the States will be on hand with representative teams, and in the Barney Walther team match all the crack off-hand clubs may meet on fair neutral ground and settle for the season a long line of talked-of matches and many disputed points of superiority.

THE MAINE DEER SUPPLY.

FOR several years past, in fact ever since the anti-marketing and anti-hounding laws have been in force in Maine, the deer supply of those woods has been on the increase. This year reports come, not from one favored locality alone, but from all the hunting districts of the Pine Tree State, that the deer are more numerous than ever before; and abundant reward is promised to the resident and visiting sportsmen when the season opens in another month.

There are numerous theories to account for this pleasing condition of affairs; but we think it most reasonable to assume that the cause of Maine's present wealth of game is to be found in the laws forbidding marketing and hounding. When the Commissioners once made it clear to the market venison hunters that the meat could not and would not be shipped out of the State to the Boston market, it was recognized that the occupation of these people was gone; and the deer supply has been free from their industrious pursuit. The non-hounding law has not been so stringently enforced. In some districts hounds are employed covertly and in the sneaking way of law-breakers the world over, to drive deer into water for the delectation of sportsmen from other States, but the great incentive to hounding, which was market-hunting, having been removed, it is improbable that the practice as now conducted materially affects the aggregate supply.

From her large game, under existing conditions, Maine is reaping a larger income than was possible under the old ways. Deer "on the hoof" are more valuable, ten times over, than deer packed for the Boston market. While it might be practicable, as it certainly is desirable, to make certain modifications in the law, so that sportsmen may carry home with them the venison and antlers secured by them, there is little probability that the Legislature will seriously listen to the notions of those interested parties who seek to restore the traffic in venison.

DESTRUCTIVE FISHING.

A CASUAL inspection of the east coast markets at this time will show the presence of the young of several valuable kinds of fishes. Spanish mackerel measuring only 10 to 12in. and weighing about 8oz., and channel bass (*Sciæna ocellata*) of about 1lb. are among the number. Such immature fishes have almost no value to the fishermen, but the full-grown individuals are very choice and high-priced. The worst feature of this practice is the probable extermination of the species. No special argument is necessary to show that if the young are taken the fishing will soon be destroyed. In addition to the numbers brought to the market, thousands upon thousands of little fish are killed and wasted on the fishing grounds. Striped bass suffer the same kind of decimation, and it is a wonder that the species has not already been exterminated. The ruthless and senseless destruction of young fish by nets and seines has long been a grievous drain upon our food and game fishes and cannot be defended on any ground of advantage or necessity. We must stop it or lose many of the best fish in our waters. This might be done by regulating the size of the mesh of nets and seines, and enforcing compliance with the legal requirements.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SLIDE ROCK FROM MANY MOUNTAINS.

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

So far, our search for sheep had been unsuccessful. We had seen plenty to be sure, but all of them had been ewes and all had been in such situations that it was useless to attempt to approach them. We were camped on the mountain side, a thousand feet above the stream bottom, a spot which had only been reached by great effort on the part of the panting pack-horses, and, so far as we then knew, at the highest point on the mountain where there was water.

Our bad luck in the matter of game had affected the spirits of all the party; some were merely disgusted, while the older hunters were ashamed to have been out for four or five days without having killed anything larger than a blue grouse. The Rhymer had given vent to his feelings of discouragement and dissatisfaction in a scrap of verse, which I give below:

A weary lot is thine, my friend,
A weary lot is thine;
To climb up hills that never end,
To hunt in vain for "sign."
A shadow of elusive trail,
A spot where game once stepped,
Rouse hopes whose basis is as frail
As to find where a bear has slept.
To miss a sheep before he leap,
To miss him after, too,
To stumble on the hillside steep,
And curse your failing shoe.
All this, I wis, is hardly bliss,
So let us hope some day
Our trusty guns no shot shall miss,
Our legs no tricks shall play,
But lightly down from mountain crown
Will carry off our prey.

On the day following our arrival at this camp, the Rhymer, Dick and Yo had started out to climb higher on the mountain to see whether the camp could not be moved up to timber line, to the base of the high rocky peaks, among which it was suspected that the big rams lived. They started on horseback, but when they had tugged up 3,000ft. more of the steep ascent, the animals were tied up to some great pines on a level grassy spot, the men changed their heavy shoes for their moccasins, placing the former, soles up, under a tree where they would be protected in case of rain. Then they proceeded on foot, following a game trail which led along a narrow ridge. On the right, this ridge dropped off almost vertically toward a deep ravine, the steep rock slope being thickly clad with slender pines standing so close together that a horse could not force his way among them; to the left, a grassy slope ran down to thickets of quaking aspen which grew near the summit of a series of rock ledges that dropped down to the valley of the stream above which we were camped.

The men walked on briskly, noticing as they passed along abundant old deer and sheep sign, a few fresh tracks showing that sheep had been here within a day or two, and, in the edge of the timber, many young pines partly stripped of their bark, where the buck deer, as their horns were hardening, had rubbed them against the tree trunks to get rid of the velvet. Beyond the narrow ridge the trail led over a rock slide, and, always ascending, at length reached a nearly level plateau. Here the green trees stood thick in some places, in others far apart, but there was no undergrowth, and but few fallen trees; the ground was softly green, covered with dwarf huckleberries which stood three or four inches high. One could see on all sides through the trees for 50 or 100yds., and altogether the place was an ideal ground for deer. A hunter could go along as noiselessly as a ghost. Here and there were little open marshy spots with coarse grass and peavine, and sometimes a little water.

For a mile or two the men went on through this timber. Now and then they started some grouse, which were feeding on the last of the huckleberries, but they were looking for larger game and paid no attention to the birds. No fresh deer tracks were seen, and at length the Rhymer determined to go back and hunt among the aspens and along the rough ledges on the creek where the camp was, while the others decided to push on and see if a way could be found to the bare snow-covered rocks ahead of them, of which glimpses could now and then be had through the openings in the timber.

After they had parted, the Rhymer hunted all day and at night came to camp without having seen anything. The others after a little ceased their hunting, and traveled at a good rate through the timber toward the snow-clad peaks which seemed constantly to draw nearer. At first they had intended to go only a little way toward these peaks, just far enough to get some notion of their accessibility, but they were constantly lured further and further on by the nearness of their goal, and at length, about three o'clock, they emerged from the timber in a little open valley traversed by a tiny brook, and found themselves within 500yds. of the foot of the rocks. Their first glance into this valley showed that it was a good camping place, their second that some one had camped there before. In the meadow there was standing a picket pin, beyond, a dead tree had been chopped in two, and a little further on, behind a clump of pines, were the ashes of a fire, and a place where three men had slept. A little investigation showed that there was abundant feed for the animals with the other needed accessories of a camp, wood and water in plenty.

It was now three o'clock, and it seemed very doubtful if, in the remaining two hours of daylight, they could return to the camp which they had left at 8 o'clock that morning. Hurrying toward camp they passed swiftly through the living forest. Soon after they had started back the sky became obscured by clouds and it began to snow. The high rocks which they had just left were at their backs, and for a short time the occasional glimpses that they had of these peaks served to thow them their direction. As the forest grew dense and the snow fell more thickly even these landmarks were hidden, and they traveled merely by their sense of direction. At length night began to approach. They saw in the dim forest which they were traversing nothing that was familiar; the falling snow had destroyed landmarks; even the sense of direction became vague, and each of the men had a different notion of the points of the compass and the position of the camp. Just before dusk they came out on a ridge whence could be had a clear view of some mountains across a deep but narrow valley. They were totally unrecognized, and the conclusion forced itself on the unwilling minds of both men that they were lost—in other words, that they had mistaken the ridge on their way to camp and did now know where they were.

There was no difficulty about reaching the camp. That could be done readily enough by following the water down to the main stream, and then following that until they should come to the trail, made a few days before by their own pack train. This they could of course follow to camp. It was rather mortifying to the two men, each of whom had spent more than twenty years in the mountains, to find that they had missed their way; and yet it was not unnatural. There were neither tracks nor trail to follow, and with neither landmarks nor sun to guide them, they had gone off too much either to the right or to the left and had lost the track. Let any man have his eyes bandaged and try to walk straight across a room and see how near he comes to doing it; and then let him imagine how far he would diverge from his course if the room were six or eight miles across.

Turning back into the forest, the men tried to retrace their steps so as to get back on to the ridge from which they had wandered, but it was too late in the day to do this. The snow still fell, it was cold and growing dark. A halt was now called, a level spot, sheltered by a clump of great spruces, was chosen as a camp ground, and a short time was devoted to gathering a great pile of wood for the night. Then a fire was built, and the men lit their pipes in lieu of supper, and prepared to make the best of an uncomfortable night. For two or three hours they smoked and talked by the fire, and then as they grew sleepy they stretched themselves on the ground, partly dried by the warmth of the fire, and dropped off to sleep. The wind still howled through the trees, and the gusts occasionally sent thick clouds of snow whirling under the low branches of the spruces. Sometimes it whitened for a moment the prostrate forms of the sleepers, and then quickly melted off in the heat of the fire. Neither howling wind nor drifting snow disturbed the tired sleepers, so long as the fire burned brightly, and the bed of pine needles, with which the ground was thickly strewn, seemed as soft to them as the most luxurious couch. It was only when the fire burned down and the air grew chilly that their sleep became troubled.

But little real rest can be had by one who depends for warmth solely on the fire by which he lies. Hardly has he fairly begun to slumber when the fire begins to burn itself out, and as soon as it has died down the sleeper becomes cold. At first he shivers in his sleep, and gradually as he grows colder consciousness returns, and he feels that he ought to rise and make up the fire. If he has a comrade, he suffers for a while in silence, pretending that he is asleep, in the hope that the cold will oblige his partner to get up and perform this disagreeable duty; but at length in desperation, being no longer able to endure the cold, he springs to his feet, builds the fire, fills his pipe and smokes for a few moments, and then, thoroughly warmed, lies down again to catch another nap of an hour.

In this way the night was spent by Dick and Yo. About 4 o'clock the latter rose, and, lighting his pipe, sat by the fire waiting for dawn in order to assure himself of the points of the compass. The sky was still overcast and the snow still fell, but it was almost certain that for a few moments, just as the sun rose, the east would be noticeably brighter than any other part of the heavens. And so it was. Gradually as day approached a faint gray light seemed to fill the forest; objects which a little while before had been swallowed up in the blackness which enveloped everything away from the fire became visible, at first dimly, then more clearly. Yo rose and walking some distance away from the fire watched the sky, and presently the brighter light he looked for was seen, and he knew where the east was.

The campers were not delayed that morning by any preparations for breakfast. They took a draught of water from a little spring hole near their camp, washed their hands and faces, and again set out for camp. They were not very hopeful of getting to it by the mountain path, for, unless the sky should clear and the sun come out, it was entirely probable that as soon as they got into the thick timber again they would lose their way. Still they determined to try it again. Just after they had started they came upon a brood of grouse which scattered and flew into the trees. After a little looking Dick saw one and Yo passed him the rifle, so that he might kill it and they might have breakfast. Dick fired, but the gun was strange to him and he missed, and then breakfast flew away.

They pushed on. By 9 o'clock the snow had changed to rain, which fell with ever-increasing violence; by 10 the men were drenched and cold, and disposed to be cross. As they were going along through some thick down timber near the edge of a ravine, there came to them, apparently out of the hollow at their feet and seemingly quite close to them, a rifle shot. It was evident that the Rhymer was out looking for them. They fired an answering shot, heard another and fainter one, which they answered, and then another sounded a long way off. After that they got no reply to their signals. It was now proposed by Yo that they should go to camp. "It is no use, Dick," said he, "for us to go wandering about in this timber any longer. No doubt we would get to camp finally, but it may take us a day or two. Let us go down now to the creek and follow that till we strike the trail leading to camp. I am getting mighty hungry."

No sooner said than done. The men pitched down into the ravine, and, taking the deer trails which led along the hillsides, found an easy way down to the main stream. Following this down for a couple of miles they came upon the trail made by a pack train, and then climbing a thousand feet up the mountain side they walked into camp, to the great astonishment of Batiste and Johnnie.

After a hearty meal they stretched themselves out by the fire, and there Rhymer found them, when an hour or two later he came into camp, and told them the story of his search for them.

The next day was spent in blazing a trail toward the peaks already visited by the "Babes in the Woods," and in making a cache of a lot of superfluous things with which it was unnecessary to burden themselves during the climb. The day after the whole camp started for the heights. On the way the Rhymer made great havoc in a flock of Franklin grouse, which were met with along the trail, and Yo managed to clip the heads off two or three of these and of some dusky grouse.

It was perhaps four o'clock, and the sun had fallen behind the peaks, when camp was made close under the foot of a great moraine, and just above the old camp discovered on the previous visit. After the loads were off and the tents up, the Rhymer, Dick, and Yo took their rifles and walked up to look at the rocks. The first named turned off just above camp to the right, while Dick and Yo went to the left. They had gone perhaps some yards from camp, when, just as they were approaching the crest of a little tamarack-crowned ridge, Yo saw in the sag beyond him a sheep, walking away. He at once dropped to the ground, and in a suppressed voice implored Dick to do the same. The latter, who had not seen the sheep, did so, and they watched the animal. It was only 50yds. distant, but as it was walking directly from them, Yo did not fire because he feared to spoil a ham of meat by shooting through it. Presently the animal disappeared over the next crest, and they hurried after it. As they rose up over the hill the sheep saw them, and stopping stood broadside on looking at them. Yo raised his rifle, took a quiet aim and fired, and the fat ewe fell. In a moment more Dick's knife was in her throat. Yo.

AROUND CAPE HATTERAS.—II.

[*Concluded from Page 107.*]

THE first day of our arrival at the island our party spent in unpacking our traps and loading shells, which in wildfowl shooting should by all means be nickel or brass, as they shoot stronger than paper shells. That evening I accompanied the keeper to the tower's summit, and we swept the horizon with a powerful field glass. The view was sublime. The cape lay like a map below, and the coast could be traced for miles. There was evidently going to be a squall, and the white cap billows came dashing over each other on the beach like a squadron of a thousand horses on a mad steeple chase. The storm king was marshalling his forces for the onset, and had dispatched Triton to summon Æolus from the Cavern of the Winds and allure Neptune from the side of Amphitrite. The sea-gulls, inhabited by the soul of Halcyone, scented the tempest from afar and flew screaming across the waters. The sky was of a dull-leaden color and hurrying masses of clouds hid the setting sun.

"It is going to be a bad night," said the keeper, coming to my side, "I have just taken a glance at the barometer, and it is falling rapidly. Look, yonder is a sure sign."

Gazing oceanward I could see the various crafts reefing their sails and showing their sterns to the coast, intent on placing as many miles as possible between them and the dangerous shoals.

That night is one that will ever be remembered by me, for I had what the greatest of the Bourbon kings craved for—a new sensation. A fearful storm swept the Atlantic Coast, and I sat alone with the keeper in the top of the tower, my two companions preferring to remain in the house by the glowing crackling fire.

It needed but little imagination to fancy that a besieging force was storming the tower. The sleet struck the glass reflector like bullets, making it ring again, the howling of the wind and the tumbling of the surf against the shore sounded like the booming of cannon and the stroke of the ball, while the scream of the frightened gulls seemed as the yell of the escalading forlorn hope.

Then, again, it appeared as if a legion of fiends were trying to uproot or stave in the lighthouse. How they shrieked, snorted, yelled and clamored with their stentorian voices. How they fly all around the tower seeking some weak point to burst in. Ye gods! what a pandemonium! Are all the foul spirits of the earth, the air, the sea, set free to-night? Listen to their yells, their roars, their whoops, their squeals, their hoots and their derisive groans. Merlin getting in his enchanted cave and invoking witch, worlock and helling, never listened to a more cursed discord than this. Faust shutting his eyes upon the hideous orgies of the Walpurgis night, never heard a more infernal tumult made by monsters, vampires, ghouls and demons.

All at once there came several unmistakable and distinct strokes and knocks against the reflector, that caused me to bound from my seat. "What in the name of Heaven is that?"

"It is the wild ducks attracted by the lights, and you will find plenty of them in the yard in the morning dead or crippled. One fearful night the wildfowl came so thick and fast and with such tremendous velocity and force that I was really afraid they would shiver the glass, though it is an inch and a quarter thick. Had they done so, the light would have been blown out, and God knows what would have happened then. I picked up nineteen ducks and eight wild geese in the morning."

"Are they the only birds that are lured by the light?"

"No, all kinds of birds are attracted by the flash, especially on a dark night. I have gathered during my stay here every kind of migratory bird. I only wish I understood the art of taxidermy, I should have had by this time a superb collection."

Further conversation became impossible; the storm had only sunk to gain strength, and recommenced with redoubled fury. The gale had changed to a whirlwind, and now a new horror was added to the scene; the tower began to rock to and fro. It could not be imagination, for the keeper's hand-lantern, which hung suspended from a girder overhead, was swinging like a pendulum.

I was getting nervous, the keeper smiled, and finding the human voice could not be heard above the din outside, he produced his pencil and wrote: "I can sympathize with you. When I first came here and felt the tower sway backward and forth, I could not stand it, and several times I made a break for the open air; and then I would shut one eye and walking back some distance would measure the profile of the tower against the house, and thus became convinced that the structure was stationary, on the outside at least."

"But it does move on the inside," I wrote back, "can't you feel it?"

The keeper only smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

The tornado now stormed the tower with a ravening ferocity impossible to describe, the tall shaft seemed to bend beneath the blast; I became demoralized. "I can't stand this any longer," I shouted in the keeper's ear, and slipping through the manhole I reached the iron stair-

way, caught hold of the railing and speeding down two steps at a time reached the door and darted into the open air; and such was the violence of the wind that I could hardly fight my way to the house some 50ft. distant. As I listened to the shrill tenor of the wild winds, mingled with the hoarse bass of the breakers, and thought of the sailors out in that raging sea that night, the old refrain of the cherup aloft rang through my ears.

The storm continued all the next day with a northeaster blowing with the velocity of 50 miles an hour. One could hardly put their face out of doors, for the frozen snowflakes were driven like miniature arrows almost horizontally through the air. Mr. Fos said something about going out to shoot.

"It would be suicide," answered the assistant keeper, and keener sportsman never handled gun. "No craft save a lifeboat could live in such a sea. You gentlemen have a little patience, there will be first-class hunting the coming week, for the storm has scattered the flocks and they will shoot finely, that is, if the weather continues cold."

Indoors everything was tidy and cosy; the wide fireplaces were filled to their utmost limit with great oak logs, that warmed one's heart as well as body. Certainly the Government takes good care of its faithful keepers. The house of the chief and his assistants fronted each other; both were of brick two feet thick and contained six rooms each, a wide porch ran along the front, the windows were substantial and both dwellings had storm doors. In the kitchen was a large cooking stove and in the pantry attached a cistern with an unfailing supply of pure water.

At dinner we sat down to a menu worthy of a Washington lobbyist, one that would have cheered the soul of a gourmand and made the eye of an alderman light up with anticipation. Roast wild duck, that had committed suicide the night of the storm; diamond-back terrapin stew, snipe, oysters in different styles, roast possum served cold with vegetables, not to speak of the country cured ham and home-made pickles and preserves, with native scuppernong wine. This grape seems to be at home and thrives its best only in North Carolina. It does not grow in clusters like all other grapes, but singly, and is the size of a boy's marble, and deep purple in color. It is wonderfully prolific; and a single vine planted on a sunny side of a house will in a few years cover a wide arbor and yield a score of bushels of grapes. The natives make wine of it and there is much rivalry among the neighbors as to who can turn out the best brand. The wine is sweet and as strong as the muscatel.

We talked shop all that evening, and the keeper gave us a clear idea of the great quantity of every kind of game.

"The most plentiful of all," said Mr. Smith, "are the snipe; the yellow legs and graybacks fairly swarm along these shores at certain seasons of the year. Waterfowl are plentiful on the sound, and also on the ponds in the banks."

"Are there any deer on the mainland?" asked one of us.

"The greatest abundance," was the reply, "but unless they are shot before they reach the swamps there is no chance of getting any venison."

"I suppose you stalk them down here?"

"What?"

"I have read in the magazines that the way to kill deer is to crawl up and shoot them."

The keeper laughed aloud. "They may kill your Northern game that way, but I'll defy any man, woman or child in these parts to creep on a North Carolina deer unseen or unheard. Why, they always feed with their eyes and ears wide open, and they have as quick glances as a hawk or eagle. Even when they lie down they face with the wind, so that they can see any way and smell another, and it is impossible to surprise them. If the keenest hunter in North Carolina was to rely upon getting meat in hunting deer in that way, he would have to live on a fish diet the balance of his days. No, the only way is to jump them with hounds, and then the gunners on the stand plug them as they run by, as deer always strike for the water when chased, and it is easy to guess the route they travel."

We next inquired about the fishing. It was first rate in the summer and fall, and that gamest fish that swims, the drum, was very abundant in the late spring. The hogfish, sheepshead and sea trout were most plentiful. Indeed nature had blessed this section with a great variety of fish flesh and fowl, and it required but little labor to keep a full stomach. This spot would be a paradise for a lazy man, for he could keep stuffed, and with luxuries, too, for the smallest amount of exertion.

One evening Wesley proposed a coon hunt. The "banks" around Hatteras are a raccoon paradise, there are more of these animals to the acre here than in any other place on earth. There are regular paths through the brushwood and sea grass leading to the ocean's edge made by these nocturnal prowlers. The beach was their market place; here they would get their crabs, oysters, young sea birds, wounded waterfowl, frogs, shellfish and carrion. There never had been any organized attempt to thin the coons out, and they had multiplied to an enormous extent. They roved and wandered at will all over the island, and the keeper could not retain a cat upon the premises, for just as certain as Mrs. Puss or Mr. Tom remained out of doors at night, just so sure would its mangled form be found in the morning, for anywhere a cat can climb its foe can follow. A coon is as fond of a scrimmage as a grizzly bear, and he can whip anything his own weight that goes on four legs, for his hide is so tough and his pluck so great that he never gives up. A coon fights on its back, and its feet are armed with curved, keen claws, which are used with fatal effect; while as a reserve, he has sharp teeth and a jaw like a bulldog's. On many a Virginia plantation where a pack of hounds is kept, the largest and most savage dog has generally his ears torn to ribbons and his dewlaps cut in two. This is the mark of his battle with the coons. Young hounds will attack the varmints on sight, but rarely a second time; and it is only the leader of the pack, noted for his size and strength and ferocity, that will undertake to "put a head" on a coon.

In an evil moment we consented to Wesley's proposal, and urged the keeper to go with us, but he declined. "I don't want to spoil your pleasure, gentlemen," he remarked; "but coon hunting isn't the thing it is cracked up to be, at least I have not found it so."

An indignant remonstrance arose from the listeners. It was glorious sport we all agreed; and it was pure laziness in him, nothing else. "Well, have it your own way," he said; "but I would not go in the swamp in the night, not if every coon that was treed would come down as he did to Captain Scott."

Probably all of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have heard of the story of Captain Scott and the coon, but I will venture to add that not one of them who lives north of Mason and Dixon's line could repeat the tradition correctly. Anyway, I will tell it as Keeper Smith narrated it.

Captain Martin Scott was a Virginian and an officer in the regular army. The coon episode happened some time in the year 1830. Captain, then Lieutenant, Scott, was stationed at Fort Smith, a frontier post on the Arkansas River, which was commanded by Captain Bradford, who was the author of the famous story. It was a very common recreation for Scott to shoot the darting chimney swallow on their darting erratic flight with a bullet from his long Kentucky rifle. This is a degree of skill almost incredible, for there are few shots of the present day who can kill three out of five with the improved breechloader. Lieutenant Scott's boon companion was Quartermaster Van Swearingen, who, like many other amateurs, imagined that the rifle was bound to kill something when he was at the big end of it. He was a great admirer of the Lieutenant's sporting gifts, and loved to bask under the luster of his companion's great skill.

One day a dog treed a coon in a tall cottonwood down in the lowlands, a short distance from the fort, and the dog not being able to climb the tree commenced barking to attract some one's attention. The story goes that the coon sitting in a crack of a limb looking down in supreme contempt at his four-footed foe, at last growing tired of the monotonous yelping, he hailed the dog and told him to shut his jaws, that he had no intention of coming down. This made the dog more angry, and he continued his yelping. Again the coon called to him ironically and advised him not to break a blood vessel, and the coon was so pleased with his joke that he wrapped his tail around a limb, swung himself in the air, and laughed until he showed every tooth in his head. "You will laugh on the wrong side of your mouth soon," howled the dog; "and here comes one who will make you do it, you thieving, chicken-stealing, carrion-eating, loud-smelling old varmint, you."

"Who is he, you bandy-legged, stump tailed, egg-sucking reptile?" cried the coon as he repaired to the shelter of the tree.

"It's Lieutenant Van Swearingen," growled the canine.

The coon grinned until his eyes disappeared in his face.

"Little Van," he grunted derisively, "why he may shoot and be blanked. I'll bet my valuable hide against your mangy pelt, that he don't get me out of this tree."

Van Swearingen appeared and blazed away at the coon who did not even condescend to hide behind a branch. Having shot all of his ammunition away the quartermaster retired in high dudgeon. Shortly after another figure appeared on the scene, and pouring some fresh powder in the pan prepared to fire.

"What's his name?" inquired the coon.

"Scott," yelled the dog.

"Who?" inquired the coon, fearfully agitated.

"Lieutenant Scott," bayed the dog.

"Martin Scott," squealed the animal. "I'm a gone coon. Cap'n Scott, Cap'n Scott, don't fire, I'm coming down." So saying, he folded himself in a ball and dropped to ground, and yielded his life to the dog without a struggle.

There was a nondescript mongrel on the Hatteras Cape who was worthless for anything under the sun; but he would hunt coons. Leaving our guns behind us, we started about an hour after sunset, Wesley leading the way with a lantern in one hand and an ax in the other. We kept up the causeway and in about ten minutes heard Jeff give tongue.

"He's treed," cried Wesley, "come on," and waving his lantern as a signal he disappeared in the chapperal, which was so dense, so thorny, so full of holes, hog wallows and quick sands as to be nearly impassable in the day time; and as for making our way through it in the dark, it was an undertaking we soon found out too much for any civilized being. We had begun to taste the delights of coon hunting.

We followed Wesley's light, that shone as weirdly as the deceptive "Jack o' lantern" itself, and worked our way carefully among the hanging vines, and charged by main force through the tangled briers. Jeff all the time barking frantically some two hundred yards away. After we had picked, screwed and crawled about half the distance, a slimy, sluggish creek stopped our further progress. "There used to be," said Wesley, "an old tree that had fallen across the stream. If it is there now we can cross on that."

After a scuffle and scramble over prostrate timber, and fallen rotten trunks, we reached the natural bridge. It must have been there for a long time, the outer wood being soft and the whole body covered moss. Holding tight to each other, we slowly wabbled our way across. All went well until we reached the middle of the tree, when Wesley, who was leading, suddenly uttered a profane ejaculation and attempted to jump back, but too late. The combined weight was too much for the bridge. It gave way, and all three went down together in freezing black water, up to the arm-pits. The lamp went out, of course, and we scrambled out as best we could in the profound darkness, each one making his own remarks on the situation.

As soon as we stood on the shaky ground, I told Wesley to lead us out of the cursed wilderness, that I for one had enough sport. My comrade said as he had had all the fun he wanted, he was ready for home. Wesley, whose fault was swearing, ripped out an oath, that he was a blanked fool for bringing us on such a trip. We promptly agreed with him.

Our file leader started with his followers close at his heels, but he had evidently lost his bearings. He led us over fallen trees, whose dead branches were festooned by trailing vines as tough as iron wires; then we got into a brier thicket armed with thorns as long and sharp as a shoemaker's awl. Worrying through this trap, leaving scraps of torn clothing behind, we wandered in a jumble of mixed bamboo and fox-grape shoots as strong as whip cord, in which snarl we got completely tied up; and Wesley's profanity at this stage was appalling. We actually had to use our knives to get out of this place, and finally, after a hard fight we emerged panting from exhaustion. After getting our breaths, we made another essay, and steered right into a mixture of brambles and prickly pear with the ooze underneath reaching to our hips. Wesley got to fighting the tangled vines and clinging creepers like a very fiend, for while we could not see him, the whole neighborhood could hear him thrashing and wrestling about like mad; and then he ran right into a thicket of the matted spined branches and spiked stems. Surely the uproar must have frightened many a skulking coon back to his lair. Out of this slough we wriggled somehow almost desperate, for things were getting serious. The perspiration was running down body and face alike, though it was so cold that even the sheltered pools were freezing.

We could hear, with many an ejaculation of thankfulness, the welcome sound of the turf beating upon the shore, and we knew that we were nearly out of the worse than Cretan labyrinth. So we plunged onward and walked from "the frying pan into the fire," for all hands got involved in an abatis that seemed composed of every kind of vine that would trip, every creeper that would embrace, every thorn that would pierce, every curved spike that would tear, every jagged branch that would bar our way. A veritable *chevaux de frise*, so dense, so impenetrable, that the cunning hand of man could never have intermingled such a tangle. It was like a huge spider web, whose threads were composed of elastic vines strong as manilla hemp, as elastic as India rubber. Underneath was the yielding sand that sucked the feet down and held on like the clinging fingers of a drowning man; overhead, and all around us was the thick darkness. The struggle to extricate ourselves from this noisome, infernal spot was one that none of us will ever forget. With hands torn and bleeding, and clothes gaping wide with many a rent, we wormed along inch by inch, breathing heavily and breaking out ever and anon into an ecphonesis of maledictions that even the best of men frequently use when they wear tight shoes or mash their fingers with a hammer.

"This beats the devil," roared Wesley, as the tough and stout wooden cobwebs envelop him and tie him as fast as the Lilliputians did Gulliver. "Come here, some of you," he shouted, "and help me out. I'm worse off than a turtle on his back." We reached him and by using our knives carefully got him clear of the vines and creepers that had circled him around and around, and warned him that it was safer and surer for him to coon it than to charge through the jungle like a rhinoceros.

I suppose we were fully two hours getting out of this place, and it was only by husbanding our strength and breath, and being guided by the sound of the sea, that we got out at all that night. We were completely exhausted when we broke through the brake and reached the beach, and we lay down on the sandy shore at full length gasping for breath and feeling as if every muscle of our bodies were wrung and stretched and every bone broken.

It was long after midnight when a melancholy procession of torn and bedraggled men, so different from the joyous crowd of but a few hours before, pulled themselves into the house, each one too mad and miserable to utter a word.

All the coon hunters lay up for repairs next day, and even Wesley, who certainly ought to be more tough than we city men, was so used up that he literally crawled in the evening up the spiral steps to his post in the top of the tower.

For several days we tried our luck behind the decoys, but the weather, though in the midst of winter, became as mild as if it were in the balmy month of May, and the ducks were scattered everywhere, but there was no gathering at any one place. They spread themselves over the Sound and rarely came to the marshes. It was hard fortune alike to the professional and the amateur. It was a strange sight to see gunners in their blinds stripped to their shirt sleeves. A hard, severe winter means abundance of wildfowl and splendid shooting; an open winter, such as this was, means a scarcity of ducks and geese, and a very poor showing up indeed. Getting tired of this sport we bundled up our traps and struck for home.

I would strongly advise the Northern and Western sportsmen who contemplate a trip to Southern waters to wait the advent of the season, and if January and February seem to have changed places with May and October, to remain at home and save the blastings of high and sanguine hopes.

A parting word of advice and I am done. If you decide upon going on a hunting trip to eastern North Carolina, go in a party of four, if possible, for the cost will be lessened fully a third, and then four is the right number for a trip; two to a blind require only one guide, and his fee comes exactly to what one shooter would have to pay alone. Then, again, four men can entertain each other better and form partners at cards, etc. Never make the trip unless you know when and where to stop. A happy-go-lucky voyage is almost sure to end disastrously. For all routes to North Carolina waters, write to Messrs. Culpeper & Turner, agents for North Carolina transportation lines, Norfolk, Va., and they will give you full and reliable data and most valuable advice. They are courteous and accomplished gentlemen, and ardent sportsmen themselves, and have a fellow feeling for the disciples of the gun.

When you reach the land of the swan, the brant and the snipe, the region of the chills, the shakes and the ubiquitous guide, make all your bargains and contracts beforehand; be strictly business for once in your life, and remember that there are plenty of gulls along the North Carolina coast without you adding to the number.

CHASSEUR.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Coeur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsman's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publication, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

AN IOWA NOCTURNAL MONSTER.

AN article has been going the rounds of our Western press describing a strange monster which has been wandering around and disturbing the good people in the vicinity of Independence, Iowa. The substance of the article as near as I can give it is this: The Kress neighborhood, near Independence, is wild with excitement over the appearance of a strange animal that makes the night hideous with its roaring. The animal is supposed to be of an amphibious nature, and to have drifted in with the late high waters. As near as it can be located it has taken up its quarters in a creek which passes through the farm of George Powles. It is generally supposed that the animal lies secreted in the stream during the day, and wanders forth in search of food at night, for it is then that it raises its terror-inspiring voice, which is described by those who have heard it as a cross between the roar of a lion and the screech of an enraged panther. Several persons who were walking or driving along the adjacent road have been so frightened by hearing the appalling sound, that they could not be induced to pass over the route again.

People are becoming panic-stricken, and it has become such a matter of vital importance that something must be done. The farmers of the locality have organized a hunt, and invited the Independence Gun Club and militia to join them.

Now, as I am something of a natural history crank and a lover of the chase, it can be imagined how my curiosity was excited by reading an article like the above. I felt like packing my hunting outfit and boarding the first train for the south. But upon further consideration, I thought best not to go as the article was a "clip," and there might be some doubt as to how fresh it was. However, I could not drop the matter from my mind, so I wrote to one of the local editors of Independence, and have just received the following reply:

WILLIAM H. STEELE.—Dear Sir: Yours of recent date to hand. The article to which you allude was published in the ——, and was a hoax. "The strange animal" proved to be a blind mule which had got lost, and made night hideous with its ceaseless braying. This is all of it. Very respectfully.—S. T.

There are undoubtedly many Western readers of FOREST AND STREAM who saw this article, and will be just as anxious to know the outcome of the hunt as your humble servant. I think many of the articles we read describing monster land and water animals, if properly followed up, would terminate just as this did. I remember seeing an article in FOREST AND STREAM about a year ago describing a strange monster that had been seen in a pond or inland lake in Mexico, and I have wondered a great many times if it had been discovered what the animal was.

WILLIAM H. STEELE.

FOREST CITY, Iowa.

THE CAPE CHARLES TIGER.

WE have received from Mr. Joseph Ragan, of Washington, many interesting fish notes from time to time, based upon his experience in the market. Just now he has brought to our notice a fish which he believes he saw for the first time about ten years ago at Cape Charles, where it has again made its appearance in large numbers, and now forms a notable portion of the supply of fresh fish in some of the Southern markets, and particularly in Washington. To the fishermen, according to Mr. Ragan, the species is known as the tiger, probably on account of the black half bands on the sides of the body. We have previously referred to this fish in writing of the fishes of the Gulf of Mexico as the amber jack (*Seriola stearnsi* of Goode and Bean). Dr. Jourdan has considered this species to be identical with the *Seriola dumerili* of the Mediterranean, a species which it resembles, but from which it may easily be distinguished. The Mediterranean amber jack has a shorter snout, larger eye, deeper body and a shorter soft dorsal fin; its upper jaw is much more expanded posteriorly than in the species named in honor of Mr. Stearns. Both forms occur on our coast and are to be found in the National Museum at Washington. The difference between them may be readily perceived even upon a casual examination. The amber jack or Cape Charles tiger is a beautiful fish, belonging to the family which includes the pilot fish, the pompano and the crevalles. It reaches a length of 30in., is shaped like a mackerel, is a swift and powerful swimmer and has excellent qualities as a pan fish. The young have five or six dark cross-bands on the sides and a golden streak along the middle of the body; a similar streak extends from the eye backward to the beginning of the soft dorsal. The upper parts are greenish and the belly light. The tail is deeply forked and beautifully variegated with yellow and dusky with white tips at the ends of the lobes. The specimens now so abundant in the markets are about a foot or less in length and very plump and inviting in appearance. So far as we know the species rarely occurs as far north as Cape Charles. It was discovered by the late Mr. Silas Stearns at Pensacola, Fla., in 1878. The young specimens have not previously been secured. According to Mr. B. A. Bean, who has tested the edible qualities of the tiger, the flavor resembles that of the Spanish mackerel, and there is no trace of the strong taste of the common mackerel.

ORANGE FILE-FISH IN COW BAY.—New York, Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One morning a short time ago I was coming out of Cow Bay (L. I.) on a sloop and noticed a fish (looking like a sheepshead) swimming slowly about a foot under water. The wind was very light. I jumped into the small boat, rowed up to the fish and hit him with the boat kook and brought him aboard. I laid him on the paper inclosed, and have an accurate diagram, with what I trust is a sufficiently clear description. I showed the fish to a number of local fishermen, none of whom recognized it. A friend was to have taken it to Blackford, but failed to do so; fortunately I preserved the diagram. I have been around the Sound for twenty-five years and never saw such a fish. What is it? Its pouch was empty, and I think it must have been sick or tired.—G. C. B. [The best known name of this species is the one given above. It is also called fool-fish, barnacle-eater, unicorn fish, unicorn file-fish and sharp tailed file-fish. By some of the early ichthyologists, among them DeKay and Mitchell, the young of this species was considered as a species distinct from the adult because of its long tail, slenderer body and much darker coloration. The orange file-fish occurs on our coast from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and is found, also, in the West Indies. The adults are rather uncommon about Long Island and northward, but the young are abundant every summer.]

SOME AQUATIC GIANTS.—The Gloucester (Mass.) *Daily Times* of recent dates announces the capture of some marine curiosities. A mackerel was taken off St. Peter's Harbor, Prince Edward's Island, measuring 2ft. in length—the largest ever known in that locality. It reports, also, the capture of a large codfish, near Shelburne, Nova Scotia, having in its stomach a lady's purse containing a considerable sum of money. A turtle weighing 640lbs. was caught in a fish-trap near Sandwich, Mass., Aug. 25. There are several species of marine turtles which attain to a weight of 1,000lbs. and upward; the green turtle occasionally weighs this amount. The loggerhead has been known to reach 1,600 lbs., and the leather turtle exceeds even this enormous weight.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

CLABROUGH 12, May 1, '90.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6, '89.
REMINGTON 16, May 30, '89.
REMINGTON 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26, '89.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5, '89.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
WHITNEY SAFETY 12, M'ch 6, '90.
WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

THE PLOVER.

WHEN autumn skies are flash'd with blaze
And autumn groves with glory shine,
When maples wear their scarlet robes,
O'er which the grapevine wreaths entwine,
Then far resounds the plovers' cry,
As swift o'er upland space they fly.

O'er old Montauk's ravines and slopes,
Full oft I've mark'd their legions pass,
Now circling, plunging high in air,
Now fluttering, hovering o'er the grass.
The birds migrating urge their flight
In crowded ranks, in serried files,
Wheeling, and pausing to alight,
Seeking the insect swarms that fill
The grasses of the plain and hill.
Those plover tribes, the blackbreast flocks,
Ne'er cease their flight o'er pastures wide,
Their haunts are by the meadow lands,
Where flows and ebbs the salty tide;
And there, in ambush, bid away
The fatal fowler seeks his prey.

The golden plover! none more fair
Of all the wings that beat the air;
Birds are they of the bright, warm fields,
Darlings of breeze and azure skies,
Glad harbingers of early spring,
And coming autumn with its dyes.
Now swift athwart the grass they flit,
How rapid, sweeping on the wing,
Now swooping low above the grass,
Now brightly glancing as they pass—
Arriving when the grass sprouts green,
Departing when the airs blow keen.

The upland plover! Sweet its trill,
Its operatic, liquid note,
Like the soft breathing of a flute
Its symphony in air doth float;
So low, so sweet, one scarce may see
This winged minstrel of the air,
Till sudden a gray wing floats by,
And drops the feather'd lyrist there;
Then o'er the grass lands, far and free
Swells out the bubbling harmony!

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

TRAPPING DAYS.

II.—IN THE BLIZZARD.

THE first "cold snap" of the winter lasted but a short time and was succeeded by beautiful weather, so very mild and pleasant, indeed, that the prospect for an open winter appeared bright, and as the best of the crop of fur had already been secured from the old trapping ground a party of three, consisting of two brothers named Dan and George Bellows, and the writer, quickly planned a winter campaign to include a trip to a famous trapping ground about 75 miles northwest of our present location and which was reputed to be swarming with furred animals.

The prospect for making a safe trip, undisturbed by the dreaded Sioux, seemed much better during the cold of winter, and we proposed returning before the grass started in the spring, and hoped to make the round trip while yet the Indians were housed in their winter quarters. It was a foolhardy, or at least a very reckless plan; yet, like many other unfamiliar with the winter climate of the northern plains, we were destined to learn by bitter experience the terrors of the deadly blizzard.

Old Jim concluded to work the old ground as long as the weather would permit, and the third partner in the original company about this time quit the camp and returned to his home.

A man named Haley was hired to haul our outfit to the new location, and as the wind had swept the first snow of the winter into the ravines, leaving most of the surface of the prairie free of obstruction, we started with as light a load as possible, to make a rapid march and to give the driver time for his return to the settlements before the coming of another fall of snow. Haley had a span of powerful bay horses and heavy rations of grain for a week's time were hauled along, and which was judged sufficient to meet all contingencies.

On Dec. 3 the march began, and our progress was necessarily slow, as the entire absence of anything like roads obliged us to keep the only pace possible over the rough prairie, now frozen hard as stone. On the second night out from the settlement we reached a camp of two trappers of my acquaintance named Layton and Baker, who were located on some lonely sloughs about ten miles northwest of our old camp; and here the weather grew very much colder, obliging us to keep in the shelter of the friendly camp for a day and two nights.

The next day's march brought us to Lake Shetek, where we found two trappers camped in the abandoned house of one of the murdered settlers, massacred in the terrible outbreak of 1862; and who, with the open-handed hospitality of the fraternity, made us welcome and cheerfully shared the cabin with us.

Again the cold grew intense, and for two days more we hugged the fire, rejoicing not only over our own comfortable quarters, but also over the fact that the horses were in a warm stable, something we had scarcely hoped to find on the trip. A council of war was now held, and as less than a day's rations of corn remained for the horses, it was evident that the recklessly planned expedition would have to be abandoned.

Once more the weather moderated and grew strangely warm, the sky in the meantime being obscured by heavy, low-hanging clouds. Starting on the return trip as early in the morning as possible, we drove at the best pace the rough ground would permit, as we were very apprehensive of a snow storm. When five miles of the return journey had been accomplished snow began falling rapidly. While at Layton's camp I had taken a careful observation of the direction by the aid of the very best compass I ever carried, and now on the return the information obtained was priceless.

By consent of the party I walked in front with the open compass in my open hand, and while the little point of timber at Layton's camp, twelve miles distant, was only about fifty rods in width, and while at no time during the day could we see for more than one hundred rods in any direction through the falling snow, so perfect was the working of the little compass that, when in the afternoon the timber we were in search of suddenly loomed up through the falling snow, our course was found to be true as the flight of the crow.

A hurried council was now held, and so great was our eagerness to reach our old camp, ten miles further on, that, although we were unable to see the sun to determine the time of day, we quickly decided to take chances, and without pausing to greet the hospitable brethren of the guild, turned the horses' heads in the new direction, and again struck out upon the trackless plain. Snow to the depth of six or eight inches had fallen, and as we left the friendly timber behind, the snow-fall checked perceptibly and soon ceased altogether. When half a mile distant from the timber, some one chanced to glance backward toward the northwest. A shout and a pointed finger turned every eye backward to see the rolling wheels of the swiftly-moving chariot of the storm king. Fearful as was its appearance, its coming was truly grand. I have seen the rise of many blizzards, but never one whose coming was so swift. It was instantly apparent to all that to return to Layton's camp in the teeth of the gale was impossible, for the first breath of the whirling blast was like ice, and nothing, either brute or human, can move in the face of the full grown blizzard. Instantly the air was loaded with flying snow so thick as to render breathing difficult, and darkness began to gather around, not alone from the whirl of flying snow, but also from the approach of night, which proved to be rapidly following one of the shortest days of winter.

Again the little compass was brought into requisition, while all our lives seemed swinging in the oscillations of its faithful needle, which trembled as with the added load of responsibility. Almost at the beginning of the storm, while crossing a ravine, the front wheels of the wagon struck against an abrupt rise of ground and the wagon tongue snapped off short.

This new calamity, which for the moment almost took our breath away, proved a blessing in disguise, and was probably the cause of saving all our lives. No time was there for words.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why.

Loosening the shivering horses from the broken wagon, Geo. Bellows, the corpulent, was mounted on one, and Haley on the other, and each man, seizing a quilt or blanket from the abandoned vehicle, hurried forward in the whirl of the fast increasing storm.

As I sprang to the lead of the little procession, a new cause of anxiety began to create uneasiness in my mind as I remembered that I had never taken the direction by compass from one camp to the other, but was trusting in the statement of Baker (Layton's partner), who had given us the result of a careful observation which he claimed to have made; and as I reflected upon the importance of the utmost care in taking directions across these treeless and but slightly undulating plains, where the topography of the country offered no clue to direction amid the whirl of the blinding snow, I remembered with regret that during our march over the same ground a few days before the haziness of the air had been just sufficient to prevent my obtaining the direction myself.

Not wishing to burden the minds of my comrades with a new anxiety, I hurried on in the swiftly increasing cold, while the whirl of the flying snow was indescribable. It was all important that I see the compass needle while daylight lasted, and yet it seemed at times an impossibility.

I was warmly clad, and the heavy quilt I had snatched from the wagon seemed glued to my body by the force of the gale as a postage stamp to a letter, yet through all that mass of clothing the cold pierced like a million needles, and while one hand carried the faithful compass, the other was kept busy clawing the ice from my face and eyes; for the snow, whirled ceaselessly into my face, seemed to thaw by contact with the skin and to freeze again at the same instant, and a thin coat of ice extending from the fur cap, pulled low down over my eyes, to the beard which covered the lower half of my face, seemed to form instantaneously, while all the forces of nature were in league with the gale to drive us to blindness and to death.

I am aware of the poverty of words to describe our battle with the storm. He who has never met the full-grown blizzard on its native heath is as powerless to understand its terrors as is a blind man to comprehend the glory of the rainbow: and he who, in the darkness of a

winter night, has wrestled for his life with the storm god of the northern plains, needs no telling. Even the horses now began to show a degree of fear, as strange as it was new to us. Haley rode right behind me, and his horse, paying no attention to its rider, now insisted upon touching my left shoulder with his nose continually. Like all trappers on the frontier, we were shod with moccasins—an absolute necessity in a winter climate where a pair of boots worn upon the feet meant frozen feet inevitably—and as the horse was sharp shod, the dread that the toe-calks of his shoes would sever the tendons of my legs became overpowering, and I shouted back: "Haley, keep your horse off of me! I'm afraid he'll step on my feet with his sharp shoes and cripple me."

"Why, I can't see you, Belknap; how the blank can I keep the horse off of you?" cried Haley.

There was really no help for it, although I wondered then and do until this day, how it was possible for that frightened animal to touch my shoulder a hundred times during that fearful journey without once interfering with my feet. Soon the darkness became so deep that the needle of the compass could no longer be seen, and closing it I returned it to my pocket, and the journey was continued guided by the wind which appeared to blow steadily from the northwest, almost directly in our backs.

We were really wrong in our direction, as was afterward found, our course being a point or two too far north, but in my anxiety to find the sloughs or lakes on which the camp was located I turned to the right each time we reached a depression, where, although the prairie grass had been swept clean by the autumn fires as over the rest of the plain, still the standing stubs of the larger weeds, which had grown on the lower ground, and which now projected above the surface of the snow, indicated the possible edge of a slough; and as I knew that any sloughs found on our route within miles of our present position were bound to be the right ones, I kept hoping each time I blundered into similar weeds that I had now found the edge of the slough of our anxious search, and only turned back to the old direction when the rising ground proved the supposition a mistaken one.

This was repeated several times, and carried us just far enough to the south to enable us to hit the extreme north end of the most northern slough.

Stumbling along through the rapidly forming drifts, I suddenly pitched headlong over something nearly waist high, plowing my way headformost into the snow. Screaming back to Haley, in a voice which rose above the roar of the tempest, to pull up his horse instantly, I turned and crept back on hands and knees to examine the object which had overturned me, and never did the face of dearest friend seem more welcome than did the glimpse of the humble rat house which had brought the hurried march to so abrupt a pause.

I knew that rat houses were built only on sloughs or lakes, and that there were none other sloughs within a radius of miles from the right one, and furthermore that the length of time traveled indicated to a certain extent that we were right at last.

It was easy to follow the edge of the ice by its smoothness, and soon a strange roaring sound indicated the proximity of timber, when our course grew plain to my mind, and after a short distance had been traveled along the shore of the lake, sparks of fire rising from out the earth in our front, gave friendly notice of the near presence of Old Jim, comfortably housed in the warm dug-out cabin, and of warmth, comfort and life for us at last.

Jim's amazement at our sudden advent was ludicrous to observe; the horses were sheltered under the bank, and, wrapped in quilts, stood the night's exposure very well, and the half cord of oak wood piled in the back end of the cabin kept the old fire-place roaring all that bitter night, while the cold grew so intense that no one of us lay down to sleep, but sat up and dozed in front of the fire all night. The blizzard at daylight sank to rest, leaving the snow hammered hard into drifts, and with a degree of cold which, I am confident, would have frozen mercury.

The night of that 10th of December, 1864, will not be soon forgotten by the trappers who yet remain alive of the old fraternity.

A brother of the writer, camped some twenty miles distant, was belated while gathering in his traps and overtaken by the blast while within half a mile of the timber which surrounded his cabin, and was guided to shelter only by the roaring of the wind through the treetops, which in his bewilderment he had already nearly passed by.

A friend named George Palmer, lost in the storm, reached the house of a friendly Norwegian late in the night, where he was taken in and cared for by the good Samaritan Norseman, and escaped from the blizzard with the loss of all his toes save two.

Two trappers, C. and B., from Spirit Lake, Iowa, were returning from their camp, some fifty miles distant, to their village home, and overtaken by the storm wandered until late in the night, when reaching the foot of a sheltering bluff which rose abruptly from the plain and afforded partial protection from the piercing wind, as they were in entire ignorance of their whereabouts, agreed to stay where they were and battle for their lives against the cold until the morning light, keeping watch over each each other that neither be allowed to go to sleep. Through all that weary night the struggle for life went on, while their dog froze stiff and dead by their sides; and B. afterward declared that C. prayed audibly, as Charles Reade says, "as men pray only for their bodies," and made the most solemn pledges of reformation if permitted to live until morning. As the blizzard at daylight died away, and the rays of the coming sun illuminated the landscape, they saw that they were on the north shore of Lake Okabena, while at the east end of the lake stood a grove of timber in which a trapper's deserted shanty stood, which was in plain sight of the scene of their suffering, and that now C. began swearing like a pirate at their ill success in not reaching the camp the evening before. Poor B. was himself again lost in a blizzard during the succeeding winter, and not even were his bones ever found.

As the morning dawned bright and clear after the terrible storm a council was held in the cabin, and as the two Bellows brothers were determined to return to the settlement and remain until spring, and Jim Morehead wished to return to his family for the winter, and as he wished to trap with the writer over the old ground during the following spring, it was agreed that all the rest return to the settlements while I remained to winter alone in the cabin and hold the trapping ground secure from intrusion until the following spring.

The broken wagon could not be removed until spring, but we planned for the driver and one other to return immediately with the sled and secure the wagon load of provisions, bedding and traps, which was done within a couple of weeks.

When the broken wagon was abandoned a cur belonging to the writer stopped behind to guard the load, unknown to any of the party, and was not missed until too far distant for possible recovery, when she was abandoned to her fate. All agreed that it was utterly impossible for anything to live through the night and poor Daisy was supposed to be dead. As Jim had no good moccasins with which to make the home trip, and was also minus an overcoat, I loaned him mine, which he was to return with the team when it came for the load of supplies on the broken wagon. Left alone I began pondering on the fate of my faithful dog, and nothing but the absence of overcoat and moccasins prevented me from returning to the wagon to learn her fate. As the days passed and the team did not appear my impatience grew, until, on the morning of the eighth day after the blizzard, I fashioned some moccasins of cloth and wrapping a blanket around me set out to recover her if alive.

Reaching the wagon a low feeble yelp greeted me and the poor creature crawled feebly forth from under the wagon to meet me. While snowdrifts were piled 10ft. high just beyond the wagon, singularly enough a depth of only 8in. was found under the wagon, and here the poor creature had, by the warmth of her body, melted a round hole through the snow to the ground, while all that she had eaten was a small corner of a frozen shoulder of pork and a handful of frozen beans, which she had gnawed out of a pot. I could have held in my two hands all she had eaten for eight days.

Feeding her carefully with small pieces of meat chopped fine, I got her back to the cabin, where she fully recovered, only to get hold of a lost poison bait prepared for a wolf, which proved more potent for evil than even the blizzard itself and ended her career at last.

ORIN BELKNAP.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ills., Aug. 25.—The explosion in the new works of the Standard Cartridge Co., at Blue Island, imperfect mention of which was made last week, was a most unfortunate and serious affair, although if we may weigh matters at all in such times of death and disaster, it may be said that the accident might have been much worse. Two men were killed, and eighteen more or less seriously hurt. Only about 50lbs. of powder exploded, it being estimated that that was the amount in the four machines then running. The building was not much injured except in the breaking of the glass, but the machines in the place were ruined. It is thought that the accident was caused by a workman who was cutting in the head of a tin powder-can with a hatchet or chisel, instead of unscrewing the cap over the opening. The explosion of this can caused the others. Charlie Willard, who is known all over the trap-shooting world, is superintendent of the works. He escaped the danger of the wreck in a singular manner. He happened to miss the morning train out to the works which he usually takes, and by the time he got out that day the accident had happened. Charlie has been doing all he possibly can personally among the victims of the accident, and this work, with the strain attendant, has nearly made a nervous wreck of him already, and he shook all over when talking about it. It is a most deplorable affair. The company is doing all it can for the sufferers. Work will be duly continued at the factory, Mr. Rice, the manager, says, with the machines which were not yet in place at the time of the accident, of which there were a number. The factory was just finished, and as soon as it was in perfect running order the management intended to have a little reception as was stated earlier. It is not the business loss in this casualty that affects the management, but the loss of life and limb. This should weigh the less heavily when the gentlemen in charge are able to reflect that the accident occurred through no fault or carelessness of their own.

Aug. 26.—Messrs. Ben Dicks and Lee Hamline are absent in the Indian Territory, chicken hunting. It is not pleasant to chronicle any such a fact. It is not probable that the men who will go from here to the Nations to shoot chickens will be content with killing enough to eat. If they kill more they must leave them rotting in the grass, as thousands of shooters have done and are doing, unless they happen to be in the chicken shipping business, which is not a very good business anyhow. There are drawbacks to these long trips into good game countries, as our friends, Dicks and Hamline, will learn if they hit the shooting at its best. They will have to decide at once what to do with their birds, of which, in the grass shooting of that country, it is easy to kill from 50 to 100 a day, or was two or three years ago.

Last week there were large numbers of ducks on Maksaw-ba marsh. These are the local ducks that were bred there this summer. It is about time for them to make the regular migration to the north which is the invariable course with the Kankakee and Illinois ducks.

Messrs. Alex. T. Loyd, R. R. Donnely, M. T. Hart, of Crown Point, and perhaps another will leave here Aug. 30 for Iowa after chickens. They go to northwest Iowa, but have not definitely chosen their field.

Mr. Joseph Hawley and his friend, Mr. Jones, both well known in insurance circles here, left on the 20th for Minnesota on their annual chicken hunt. They go to Ortonville first, but will locate later and be gone two or three weeks.

Messrs. C. S. Burton, Hank Smith, and two other friends, will start soon for Otter Tail county, Minn., for three weeks or more of their annual unadulterated happiness with small-mouth bass, prairie chicken and ducks. They go to their old stamping grounds.

Mr. W. P. Mussey seems to have inaugurated at Maksaw-ba club house the new sport of shooting woodcock on a flyway. There is a point right at the railway crossing where two or three dozen of these birds cross every night just about dark. Two or three birds, before the "flight" is over, is about all that can be expected to the gun, but it is interesting fun in the dim light.

It is not known with any accuracy yet just what has been the extent of the lawless shooting of chickens in this State, but it is probable that the opening of the legal season, more than two weeks from now, will see the birds pretty much all thinned out over the open grounds. An insurance man, who offices near where I do, tells me that a friend of his, whose name with difficulty I suppress, brought in fourteen chickens two weeks ago from a little hunt not far from town. And so it goes. What good fun these early shooters spoil. If they would only wait till October, and shoot these birds over the corn, they would have grand sport. To shoot the "flappers" out of grass or stubble is boy's business.

Aug. 29.—Messrs. Ben Dicks and Lee Hamline are back from their Western trip. It seems that they changed their plans and did not go to the Indian Territory at all, but to Council Grove, Kansas. I wish these people would be more careful and go where they intend to go. It would save trouble in writing them up. I am afraid that the burning words that I have penned concerning the possible misdeeds of these gentlemen must go for naught, which is very annoying. The fact is, their Kansas chicken trip was not so very devastating, owing mainly to the fact that they lost both their dogs, a setter and a pointer, which belonged to Mr. Hamline, one by a rattlesnake bite and the other by distemper. Where was Ben Dicks with the medicines when that dog was snakebit? That's what Lee Hamline wants to know.

Mr. J. E. Pumphrey, of Columbus, O., well known in trap-shooting circles, is in town to-day and will shoot with the boys at Burnside. Mr. Pumphrey is on his way East, and has been as far West as Minneapolis, where the boys took him out on his first chicken hunt. Mr. Pumphrey says their party got 96 birds, and he did not find it hard to stop the flappers.

E. HOUGH.

COLORADO NOTES.

MONUMENT is a small village about sixty miles south of Denver, and twenty miles north of Colorado Springs. It is located on the main lines of four or five railroads running from this city to Denver. The adjacent country is called "The Divide," and is devoted mainly to the raising of very fine potatoes, wheat, oats, barley, etc. West of the village the country is mountainous, generally well timbered, and at the proper season of the year blackberries, raspberries, and choke cherries abound in luxuriant profusion. Of these fruits bears are very fond, and during this season are reported unusually plentiful in the immediate neighborhood of these fruit patches, retiring when pursued to the rocky fastnesses in the direction of Pike's Peak.

A short time ago a fresh and callow youth from this city, in company with a friend, was climbing the mountain a few miles west of the village on their way to Young's tie camp. The wagon was some distance behind, they having walked on ahead enjoying the bracing mountain air. But the road was rough and steep, and as they neared the top of the ascent the young man from the city was nearly winded. He was toiling painfully along with hat in hand and coat over his arm when a sudden stir in the leaves and a startled "Woof!" caused the young men to halt abruptly and gaze fearfully around. There, within ten paces, was (to them) an enormous cinnamon bear just rising from his disturbed morning nap under a pine tree. For an instant fear and astonishment paralyzed all parties at the unexpected meeting. Then the bear said "Woof!" which is probably bear language for "Good morning, gentlemen," and gazed at his visitors with glad surprise. The youths returned the compliment by saying "Bear!" But they did not prefix it by "Morning, bear," nor say it in a quiet, gentlemanly tone, such as is usually employed when meeting a stranger or a casual acquaintance in an out of the way place. They vociferated the ursine inhabitant's name with all the strength of their lungs, and then turned and took a beeline for the Atlantic coast down the mountain side, shedding coats, hats, and terrific yells at every jump. It was astonishing how suddenly their weariness vanished, and how rapidly the bracing mountain air had invigorated their frames and imparted speed to their footsteps. The bear, looking somewhat disgusted at this unceremonious departure of his visitors, ambled quietly off, and was seen shortly afterward as he disappeared over the mountain top half a mile off, in the direction of his rocky retreat.

A few days after this some of the men employed at the tie camp organized a bear hunt and proceeded to these rocks and caverns, where they succeeded in rounding up and killing a large cinnamon—possibly the same one encountered by the boys.

A few days after these occurrences a resident of the village, wife and child were out on the mountain picking berries. As a precaution the man took his gun along. The child, a little girl, strayed a short distance from its parents, and came suddenly upon a large bear, feeding upon the fruit. The child was paralyzed with terror and could neither move nor scream. The bear seemed anxious for a closer acquaintance and had advanced quite close to the child, when up rose the father from a patch of bushes with his gun in hand and blood in his eye. The skin of that bear is now drying upon the fence surrounding the family mansion.

The bears seen are all what is known as the cinnamon bear. They are not especially ferocious, though they make an ugly "scrap" when crowded.

Trout fishing is fair in this region, though no large ones have been reported this season.

Reports from the region of Meeker state that that section is overrun by tourists, who are slaughtering deer and elk out of season from mere wantonness. At this rate the large game of Colorado will soon be exterminated. If they want sport (with a spice of danger(let them go to Monument and try the bears.

Numerous fishing parties from this city have made excursions to Wagon Wheel Gap and vicinity, where the gamy trout are abundant and grow to a large size.

If quail could be protected for several years they would soon grow abundant in this State. In several localities on the Arkansas River east of here I have heard of there being quite a number of coveys. They are moving westward, and if not relentlessly slaughtered will, in a few years, be abundant in our mountains and valleys.

An antelope was killed the other day in this county by H. M. Morse, a crack hunter of this city. The shot which procured the game was fired at a distance of 500yds., breaking two of the animal's legs.

Colorado ought to be the greatest State in the Union for outing parties in the mountains. No snakes, no noxious insects, and beautiful weather about nine months in the year.

TENDERFOOT.

PUEBLO, Colo., Aug. 22.

SPORT IN NEW MEXICO.

ON the 28th of June last we left our mountain camp, having secured seven bears, a porcupine, four bay lynxes (wildcats), a considerable number of coyotes and a handsome crossfox, from about the middle of May to the 15th of June, after which date we got nothing, owing to two of men being unwell, which prevented us from moving to a fresh camp. One large cinnamon, shot by C., turned and came toward him, but was so badly wounded that he could get no pace on, and was easily despatched with a second ball in the head. We hauled him out on burros (donkeys), and a nice time we had for a solid hour cutting him up, and fighting the dense army of mosquitoes. By the way, these insects are, of all animals that infest the range, most to be feared, knowing no fear themselves. One old silver-tip fell to our bag—a magnificent specimen, measuring 7ft. from the tip of the nose to the tail, and covered with dense glossy fur. Of course, they grow much larger sometimes, but the very big ones are few and far between. This bear was shot through the heart, the top of which was completely cut off, but that did not hinder him from making one hundred yards or more before he died.

After leaving our camp our troubles began. The heat was intense and we had to make frequent stoppages, chiefly on account of a pony I had lately bought, which showed an irresistible desire to throw himself backward every now and again. Once, while going down a hillside that appeared to be an angle of 45 deg., or near it, one of the packs got loose, and the donkey, sneaking out from under it, made off as hard as he could run. However, "all is well that ends well." So we did at last reach the placer mines where we stayed for the night.

The next day we got within twelve miles of our intended camp, but the dogs began to suffer from the hot sand, having been used to the cool grass of the mountains; so bad, indeed, were they that three of them could only just make it in the next day, and their feet were completely raw. Luckily there was plenty of rest in store for them, for we are after trout and not bear just now. On our arrival we found trout in usual abundance, but some distance up the river. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather three 4lb, fish have been caught by us, and quite a number ranging from 3lb. to 1lb. Any one with some small knowledge of fly-fishing can go up this river and catch many more fish than he could carry home, unless, indeed, he was a Sampson or Sandon. The Brazos is becoming known and deservedly famed for its large red-vented trout, and several other parties have been to try their luck this year.

If we meet with anything worth repeating during our fall hunt I will inform you. A. COAPE.

LABOR DAY IN THE WOODS.

BOSTON, Sept. 2.—The shooting season is begun. The open season on game birds in Maine begins Sept. 1, while the same is true of New Hampshire. By the act of the last Legislature in Masssachusetts the open season on all game birds was made uniform, on Sept. 15. Monday, Sept. 1, was Labor Day, a legal holiday in Massachusetts, and a number of Boston sportsmen took occasion to slip down to Maine for a day's shoot. The Saturday evening trains on the Boston & Maine carried several sportsmen, with dogs and guns. The promises of shooting in Maine are unusually good. Partridge are reported plenty, with more ducks than usual in the lakes and rivers. But the amount of spring shooting done on the shore birds is believed to be ruining that part of the game in Maine. Woodcock shooting does not promise very flatteringly, but still some of the knowing ones—gunners at Portland and Lewiston—know how to secure good bags, with good dogs.

Mr. Nat Manson, Jr., with his friend Ned Binner, both well known in the iron trade of Boston, started for Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, Maine, on the 29th of August. They will be absent about three weeks, and they have planned for a rare time in the woods. They take for cook and guide Oscar W. Cutting, of Andover, who has cooked, guided and built camps and boat houses at Camp Stewart. He is a rare fellow in the woods—has staid at the "old camp" so long that he is a little homesick anywhere else. Ned Binner tells a rare story of "dusting partridges" with Oscar as a guide. In the city of Boston a favorite slang expression for run away or left is "got up and dusted." Well, Oscar had seen where some partridges had burrowed in the dust of the old logging road. They had been taking a dust both in the sand. He came back to camp with the account that the partridges were "dusting." Binner was taken back, but got his gun out to try for a shot. They went along a few rods when Oscar stopped. "Here is where they 'dusted.'"

Binner did not look at the ground, but for partridges in the air.

"Well, I don't care for where they got up and dusted, but where are they now?"

"I did not say they 'got up and dusted.' They dusted before they got up. Don't you see their little holes? There's where they kicked in the dust."

"Oh!" said the now enlightened Binner, as he examined the little round burrows. "There's a difference between 'getting up and dusting' and kicking in the dust before they get up." All the time he had thought Oscar meant that the partridges had suddenly flown away.

Geo. F. Freeman, of Harrington & Freeman, the Court street jewelers, proposes to take his vacation at Camp Stewart, from the middle to the last of September.

M. R. Fottler, statistical clerk at the Boston Chamber of Commerce, put in Labor Day among the birds at Franklin, New Hampshire. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, was to have been with him, but was prevented by sickness.

F. N. Perkins, with Denny, Rice & Co., of the Boston wool trade, has been fishing and camping at Jackson, New Hampshire. He reports a good many trout and rare sport. He and his brother were rendered "a little nervous" by the fact that a bear weighing some 300lbs. had just been killed in that section. They saw the skin and savage claws at the last stopping place where they went into the woods. The first night they lay down in front of the camp-fire, and as most Boston boys would have done, they began to conjure up imaginary bear in every shape formed by the dim light in the forest. Sleep was a long time coming to their eyes. At last Frank fell into a drowse. His brother moved. He woke with a start. There were the two eyes and the black front of an enormous bear just beyond the dying embers. Frank seized his revolver, a .32-caliber of the bulldog pattern. The bear was glowering upon them. The frightened young man of the wool trade was no sheep to be killed by a bear, and he commenced to "pepper away." His brother awoke with a scream. The bear never moved. Frank had put three bullets into an old black stump with a couple of glints of moonshine for eyes.

F. R. Shattuck, of L. A. Shattuck & Co., of the Boston metal trade, has gone "down to the Cape" for a few days of needed rest. He will doubtless fish some with his old friend Capt. Jenkins. Fred is a fast friend of the FOREST AND STREAM. He is the poet of the "Immutable" and the "Mutable." SPECIAL.

A WEST VIRGINIA GAME COUNTRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading to-day the interesting communication of "Easby" in your issue of Aug. 21, descriptive of the south branch of the Potomac as a celebrated fishing resort, calls up pleasant recollections. The region referred to is not only a famous fishing resort, bnt is doubtless the best hunting ground and the most accessible to the great busines centers of any to be found in the country. It was my good fortune to spend the month of October, 1887, at Romney, and during most of the time I boarded in the family of Capt. C. S. White, State Fish Commissioner. I call to mind the fact that we consumed at his table, while I was there, three large wild turkeys and quantities of smaller wild game and fish, all taken within two or three miles of Romney. One of the turkeys was shot within a mile of Romney Court House, and within a mile and a half of the railroad station. There are plenty of deer, some bears, large numbers of wild turkeys and great quantities of smaller game, especially quail, in the immediate vicinity. As I said at the start, taking the great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington, as the great central business regien of the country, and this certainly must be the nearest and most accessible first class fishing and hunting resort.

But, I wish to refer to a fact that ought to interest numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM, in the cities named especially, as well as in contiguous regions of the country. There is within five miles of Romney one of the most remarkable sites for a natural fish and game preserve of which I have any knowledge. Briefly stated, it consists of two mountain ranges running parallel, due north and south, with a valley between, barely wide enough for a driveway, and through which runs an excellent trout stream, where splendid catches are the rule during all trout seasons, like the present. The mountains and all contiguous land is heavily timbered and abounds in the splendid large game already referred to. When I was at Romney several square miles of this region could have been secured for a trifling sum, and I urged Capt. White and friends to secure it, and am under the impression that they did so.

I hope that if this communication reaches the eye of the Captain he will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a better description of the region than I am able to, for he is a life-long resident there, and an ardent sportsman as well, and can give interesting facts in this connection. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

HARD SHOOTING OR POOR SHOOTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me tell you of an Ontario woodcock hunt at the opening of the season on Aug. 15 on the river. Twenty years ago you could find these birds in almost any bend of the river, but since the dairying and exporting of cattle to Europe it has destroyed and broken up their haunts to some extent. The shooting then opened on Dominion Day, it being six weeks later now, the birds are moulting. Our legislators intended to protect the birds, and destroy the summer shooting, as it is a very hard matter to find them at present. After an hour's drive, my comrade and I and the dog entered one of the many ravines and creeks which lead to the river on the north side. Near the top the ravine is broken by knolls and bogs which are covered by a plant about three feet high with a yellow flower—if you touch the bud at a certain time in its growth it flies apart with a snap. Here is the home of the summer woodcock or "bog suckers." It seems to suit them for feeding and boring on the beach knolls; and they are also protected from all tyros in the art of wing-shooting, as we soon found out. At the first bog we came to the dog (a cross between a Gordon and English setter) swung around among the flowering plants two or three times, as if there had been a bird there some time or other, but failed to find. As I went to step into the bog at the edge, I nearly stepped upon him; shot and missed. The dog proved to be a flat-catcher of the first water, as he chased the bird through the dense trees until we thought he was not coming back. When he returned, beautifully winded, and unfit for use for some time, we proceeded. There are small ravines which run back a few rods from the main one. We went up one of these; and here the dog and we ourselves got rattled and flushed and missed three birds in as many minutes. We hunted too fast and were over anxious. The heat was intense, the sweat pouring off from us in great style. We held a consultation at the head of the spring, which, to make matters worse was dry. We concluded that cock shooting was not in our line of business, yet it was our day off. We went back to the main creek, and went further down and flushed a woodcock. We were then about a mile from our lunch basket. We decided to return. In walking back we flushed bird after bird, which seemed to have a knack of eluding the dog very nicely. They would bunch in twos and threes on a dry knoll, where the sun would penetrate through the dense foliage and destroy any scent they emitted; and if we flushed them ourselves they would fly straight up over the tops of the lower trees or undergrowth; and one needs be an expert indeed to touch them, as eight feet of flight is all the time we had to shoulder and cover. My comrade, an Englishman and a thorough sportsman, was not a little chagrined, as he thought he was infallible in the art of shooting on the wing. We had lunch by a spring of sparkling water, and a short nap. We then resumed the hunt for two hours without success as to woodcock. We bagged a brace of whistle wings or high-holders, as they term them here. We saw different braces of doves flying through the woods, but could not get a shot at them; they were too shy. MINOR.

DELAWARE, Ont.

SHOOTING TALK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I happened into Kendrick & Prettie's sporting goods establishment in Syracuse the other day, where one may usually count on finding the chairs held down by some of the city sportsmen, and while there I made inquiries of those present regarding the prospect for game the coming season. All were unanimous in declaring that reports were very encouraging for a good supply of woodcock and partridge (ruffed grouse). While I was present a report came in that an unusually large number of ducks are now on the Montezuma marshes. There have been some good catches of black bass on the Seneca and Oneida rivers this season. A gentleman who was in Kendrick & Prettie's when I went in reported having caught twenty-three nice bass the day before on the Oneida River, using crabs for bait.

From fish stories the party got to telling other kinds, and one or two seem worth repeating. A trap-shooter, well known in this section, is responsible for the following: He was in the country where quail are occasionally found, and one being heard near the house, one of the boys of the household got his muzzleloader and started for the quail. A. followed him, and they soon came to where they could see the bird sitting on the fence. The boy took aim and pulled the trigger, but the cap failed to explode. The boy lowered the gun to the hollow of his left arm, and turning to the right so he could see A., motioned to him to keep quiet as the quail had not moved. Then he removed the cap, dusted a few grains of powder into his hand and proceeded to prick the powder into the nipple with a pin, when suddenly the gun was discharged killing the quail.

An elderly gentleman said this reminded him of the time he was out for ruffed grouse in a very thick cover, where he could not shoot on account of the brush, while his friend who was with him killed three or four shooting from the hip, that is without raising the butt of the gun above the hip when shooting. OSCEOLA.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

A FOX COUNTRY.—Walden, Vt., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A young man who is spending his vacation here had sent to him a copy of your paper of Aug. 21, and in it I noticed an article written by "Daphne" about still-hunting foxes. The article brought to mind the successful exploits of a young man who, until a few years ago, lived a few miles from me. He was a perfect fiend for foxes, and I don't believe the man ever lived that would take them in a trap as he did. If I remember right, he trapped and shot nearly one hundred in one season. Of course he set a good many traps, and foxes were plenty, but I think it a large number for one man to kill, and it made him famous as a fox trapper. He was very careful and said very little about his traps or catches, and no one that I know of ever learned his secrets. Foxes are getting plenty here again, but when Kittredge was here the farmers had little trouble to raise hens and turkeys. But this season they have done much damage, and this all notwithstanding a bounty of $1 is paid on them. I don't know where Mr. Kittredge is now, but the farmers would welcome him back, and if he should see this he might give your readers some useful information on getting rid of the pests.—A. L. PERKINS. [The stray copy of the FOREST AND STREAM that fell into the hands of Mr. Perkins has led to an odd train of circumstances, for the Kittredge sought for is, to the best of our belief, no other than "Daphne," who wrote the note on still-hunting foxes, and last week asked for a good trapping country.]

DAYTON, O., Sept. 1.—The pheasant season opens to-day, and the birds are plenty in Mercer and Auglaize counties of Ohio, Jay county, Indiana, and on north through three tiers of counties to the Michigan State line. Wild duck shooting begins to-morrow, but there will be none on the streams here until cold, stormy winter weather comes. Dove shooting is at its height, and bags of from twenty to sixty birds are brought in every day. Woodcock are moulting.

OHIO.—Cadiz.—Rabbits and quail are very abundant in this vicinity, as the season was very favorable, many coveys of quail being at this date as large and strong as the old birds. My pack of beagles are doing finely. They have had any amount of good runs this fall, and will be in great shape when season opens.—S. C. G.

MINNESOTA.—St. Paul, Aug. 25.—Chicken shooting is good in Minnesota; bass fishing excellent; and prospects for duck and geese fair.—H. W. C.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

TOBOGA BILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent visit to Panama, now become familiar to every man, woman and child throughout the land through the stupendous frauds of the management of its would-be inter-oceanic canal, has brought to mind the story of Toboga Bill, an enormous shark which for many years inhabited the waters of Panama Bay, but which has been missing for the last decade.

This shark was generally seen swimming close to the sides and gangways of the ships in the harbor, and was considered so docile in manners that instead of being feared and killed he was cherished by the sailors and boatmen as an old and tried friend. Of course, many curious yarns have been told about him, but the one accredited to an old sailor, Peter Delf, rather eclipses the others, and I shall give it as I heard it told by a captain of one of the Pacific Mail steamers.

Peter was head lighterman for a number of years in Panama Bay for the Panama Railway Company, and it was his duty to get the cargo lighters to and fro between the railway wharf and the steamers out in the bay. One day he was working a lighter out to a steamer, which was to sail in an hour, when the wind fell light. A passing tug offered him a tow, but being an old-time salt he declined the tow without thanks, and worked away at his lug sail, shifting it from one side to the other in the

vain hope of catching more wind. Finally the wind failed entirely, and poor old Peter was left two miles from the steamer in great distress.

While bemoaning his luck and trying to think of some expedient by which he could get his cargo to the steamer before she sailed, he spied Toboga Bill swimming quietly alongside lookingly knowingly up into his face. He had been in the habit of feeding this shark on his trips across the bay, and thought, of course, the monster had come for a meal, so he proceeded to swear at him lustily for bothering him at such an inopportune time. Bill, however, didn't mind the oaths, but continued to look up into the old sailor's face in a beseeching manner.

Suddenly it dawned on Peter what his fishy companion wanted, so he got a rope, made a bowline on the end of it, and tossed it over the bow of the lighter. Bill took it in his mouth, swam off a little way and stopped, again looking knowingly in Peter's face, who divined at once that he wanted more rope, and gave him thirty feet more slack. Bill then took the bowline in his jaws firmly, and started in a straight line for the steamer, making the lighter fairly whizz through the water. When nearing the ship he let go of the line, sheared off, and let the lighter run neatly alongside of the open hatches of the steamer.

Since the disappearance of Toboga Bill another large shark has made his appearance, and though much smaller than his illustrious predecessor, proves himself much more of a shark in character. His name is Long Tom, and many unfortunate men are said to have been eaten by him, two quite recently. PISCATAQUA.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., September.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

II.

THE morning of the second day's journey toward the Flats broke clear and with a change of wind. No. 11 began to plow her way heavily but steadily up the river. We passed the Peoria Club house well along in the morning, rounded the lighthouse point, and stood away past beautiful Grosse Pointe, with its elegant buildings and drives. There is a large and showy club house here, but Grosse Pointe Club is rather social than sportsman in its make-up, and we need not linger in its description. The are numbers of cottages along this shore also, the distance from town being just sufficient for a pleasant drive. Afternoon parties, balls and fish suppers make much of the programme here.

The wind rose to goodish strength as we crossed Milk River Bay. We ran past numbers of pound nets. Jack Parker took the duck boat and ran over to the fishery, where the boats were unloading their catch. He found one mascallonge, a fish which it is unlawful to take in pound nets. The fisherman said he was about to put this mascallonge back in the water, but if he did it is doubtless the first act of the kind for him. All the fishers along have agreed that very few mascallonge, and those very small ones, were now found in the nets, whereas ten years or more ago they were numerous and large. No definite news, of course, could be learned here of any seining of black bass. The information was that most of this work was being carried on over in Baltimore Bay.

In the afternoon we left the land far away to our left and stood out into the open lake, heading for a long point which stretches out from the head of the bay. There was quite a sea on, and the wind was not especially favorable, but the skillful work of Captain Parker got us well along before evening. A black storm was now threatening, and it seemed wisest to anchor under cover of the point, which we did, making everything snug and shipshape that night in one of the creeks of the marsh. That night we found, a little further up the channel, the stakes where the wings of a fyke net had recently been set. Doubtless this net had done its work well, and it is a question whether the lone fisherman, whose hut we saw on the point above us, ever bothered himself with discriminations as to the fish that came to his net.

Before the dusk set down, we could see from our decks the long line of buildings far out in the lake, which constitute the group of the St. Clair clubs proper. We ate a hearty supper and passed a jovial evening aboard that night, flattering ourselves that we would soon be at anchor at the end of our journey.

But on the following morning the wind was light and unfavorable. We poled around the point, and spread sail then to the best advantage, but in spite of all, we ate our luncheon on board at noon, and it was 4 o'clock that evening before we ran in under the lee of the "made ground" at the long line of club houses and cottages, and again made ready for a threatening storm. As we tacked in for our last reach, we passed a boat containing four damsels from the Rushmere Club House. These we hailed after the manner of the country, and catching up the line they tossed us, we gave them a tow of a quarter of a mile or so, meantime gravely informing them that we were pirates and smugglers, and that it was our intention to take them out into the middle of the lake, scuttle their craft, and carry them off into captivity.

We came to anchor just back of the Rushmere Club house, and from our position had a very good view of what is really a unique scene. The "flats" of Lake St. Clair are miles and miles in extent, but throughout their extent there is not any land at all, unless an approach thereto may be found in the marshy banks of some channel. Even the deep channel of what is called the St. Clair River has no banks, properly speaking, in that section where we now were. On every hand the shallows spread away for miles and miles, covered in many portions with a regular wild-rice marsh, but showing little or nothing of terra firma, except a low island or so like the one called Strawberry Island, which we passed in coming up. Away off to our right, where we could see the black smoke clouds rolling up, beyond the two old lighthouses, was the "ship canal," which is simply a channel dredged through the shallow lake, the banks, which are built of the dredged dirt, being protected by willows thickly planted along them. Following up any given pillow of smoke, we could see it pass the big lighthouse at the end of the canal, just beyond the first of the line of club houses, and turn into the deep channel, or "river," whose edges touch the docks on the American side. Then the big boat would rush along past the buildings, hardly a stone's throw from our craft, which lay quite back of the buildings. Past these houses, and through this narrow channel of deep blue water, all the traffic of the whole Great Lakes system passes, going and coming, up and down. How great, how enormous that traffic is no one can know who has not stood and watched the unending procession of noble vessels which day and night glides by. Among these vessels are the fastest inland steamers of the world, whose time card equals that of any freight train. Besides these are countless sailing craft, odd and picturesque many of them, and the whole scene is a stirring marine panorama whose like is not elsewhere to be found.

Just across the narrow channel, where all the boats run, lies a low and marsh-covered shore line. This is on the Canada side. Beyond that, miles and miles, nobody knows just how far, lies a wilderness of marsh and channel, which is all included in the claims of the alleged "preserves" of the Canada Club. This club leases its territory of the Walpole Island Indians, who were supposed to have a sort of ownership of this region, nobody knows just how. This shutting up of so great a part of the marsh, including some of the best fishing (although the latter, being largely in navigable channels, cannot be stopped by right), is a matter viewed with great disfavor by the American clubs, and the Canada Club cannot be said to be in the least popular on this side of the channel. Barring this claim at preserving all the marshes and fishing beds of this interesting region are open territory. A great many readers have doubtless supposed that the wealthy clubs of the St. Clair Flats must own great bodies of land as preserves. This is not the case at all, and there is here no ground for the old outcry against club preserves. Each club owns the ground its buildings stand upon and that is all. Anyone who has money enough can buy privileges equal to those of the wealthiest club member, by the simple operation of digging up his real estate from the bottom of the lake. That is just what all the clubs have done. They have dug up their standing room. The preserves are those of nature only.

As far as we could see off to the left a thin and curving ribbon of this "made ground" followed the ship channel, clear around to the "Southeast Bend," and on this fragile support of artificial earth stand all the club houses and also an astonishing number of cottages, hotels and private residences.

The process of "making ground" is here not a very difficult or expensive one. The great dredging machines simply tear the bottom out of the lake, which may be only 8 or 10ft. deep, and pile up the results in a heap. Where the bottom is thus robbed, the water is of course very deep, and in this way have been made the innumer- short channels or "cut-offs" which separate some of the buildings from their neighbors. The price for such "made land" is about $50 per front foot, I was told. Of course the original appearance of this artificial ground is very rough, the dirt having a bluish clayey look as it lies in the huge piles fresh from the dredge; but the hand of man knows how to smooth all this down, and you will look far before you find much prettier lawns than some of those which lie along the channel on the St. Clair Flats.

There has of late been a sort of question raised as to the title to this ground, much of which has now become very valuable. Far above the spot which for the time constitutes our point of view, lies what is known as Hersen's Island. The Hersen heirs were many, and it has appeared to their interest to be of the opinion that Hersen's Island meant not only the island itself, but all the marsh, all the other islands and all the lake anywhere in that end of the country. The chief reason for this belief of theirs sprung from the fertile brain of one McQueen, of Toronto. The latter gentleman claims to have quit-claim deeds from about forty of the Hersen heirs, covering about all of the lake where the made ground now lies. The heirs were willing to quit-claim a little lake, more or less, to him for almost anything he wanted to give them. Mr. McQueen has also shown himself willing to quit-claim cottage sites, hotel sites and the like upon much the same basis, and he has really intimidated a number of recent builders into paying him sums of money in return for his "quit-claim' to their land. In some cases these sums have been as low as $20. In most instances McQueen's demands hade been met with prompt and peremptory refusal. It would seem about the best thing to do with that gentleman is either to drown him or give him twenty-four hours to leave the country. He is not strictly necessary.

We were now fairly upon our scene of operations. Messrs. Parker and Wherry began to cast about them in their line of work, which was to secure a better system, or a better possibility of a system, of fish protection on the Flats. Of this I shall speak later. On the following morning, the boys having very kindly loaned me the little duck boat—which was the best all-around boat I ever was in, for pushing, paddling or sailing, it being double-end, beamy, well decked, light of draft and provided with the nicest little centerboard on earth—I set out for a systematic trip among the club houses, beginning at the first one on our right, the great St. Clair Club, whose magnificent building is just above the mouth of the ship canal. Thence, on up the river, each club was visited in order, and in the writing will be taken up in the same order; so that our little story will touch, first, the St. Clair Club; second, the Mervue Club; third, the Rushmere Club; fourth, the Peninsula Club; fifth, the Delta Club; sixth, the Canada Club; seventh, the North Channel Club. The latter club is across the bay and some miles distant from the main body of the clubs; but it is a strong and worthy organization, and properly to be included in any account of the clubs of the Flats. Now, each of these clubs is different from the others, so that the story of each is interesting. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE ST., Chicago.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

SOME PLEASANT MEMORIES.

I DON'T know when I have read anything, containing a like amount of reading matter, that gave me as much pleasure as did the perusal of the Bass Number of FOREST AND STREAM. I am not so successful in handling the rod as the gun, but I have long since found that the pleasure derived from the pursuit of either game or fish does not depend upon numbers or pounds. And I think that of all the different objects of pursuit "by field or flood" the black bass has yielded me more real unalloyed pleasure than any other.

My first acquaintance with him began during that impressible time of life covered by "the teens." Memory carries me back to the lakes and ponds of Hillsdale county, Michigan, where, a barefooted boy, armed with ironwood pole, line, and hook to match, and seated, with my elder brother or some other youth for companion, in a poplar dugout, I watched the frog or minnow bait as it "skittered" along the edge of the rushes and lily pads that fringed the shore, and several rods behind the boat, and I feel again the electric thrill that ran along the rough pole and to every nerve of the holder, when with a rush and a gleam the gamy fish left his hiding place and seized the tempting morsel.

Ah! I very much doubt if the older fisherman, though armed with more elegant outfit of boat and tackle, ever derives the same exquisite pleasure from that same electric thrill, as the barefooted urchin, with rough rig, but with freedom from care.

Later on I have tempted *Micropterus*, under different names, with different kinds of bait and varied success in other waters, from the lakes and rivers of northern Minnesota to the lagoons and bayous of the Gulf Coast, and have found him everywhere and in all places the same gamy fellow, a fighter to the end.

Along the Cypress Bayou, with its chain of lakes, from Shreveport, La., to Jefferson, Texas, was once a favorite resort of mine. In the late spring and early summer, when the rain had raised the waters, the "trout" were out in the overflowed land amid the grass, and following up every little branch and inlet in search of dainty morsels, and here they would readily take the bait.

But of all the waters of my acquaintance, I think all others must yield the palm to the streams of Arkansas, among which the White River and the Washita take precedence. The Washita from Arkadelphia to its source abounds in rapids and deep levels and meets the requirements of the black bass to perfection. White River is famous for its fishing. Fly-fishing is not indulged in to any great extent, although some local sportsmen in the towns and some visitors sometimes use the fly, but minnows are the popular bait. Fishing parties from Little Rock and other cities, both in and out of the State, often visit both of these streams and seldom return disappointed.

I have just read Myron Cooley's "Two Days After Bass," from Detroit, Minn., in your Aug. 7 issue. I have fished many of the lakes he mentions, and a summer spent in that neighborhood several years ago has furnished many pleasant memories ever since. One red letter day of that summer was spent on Graham's Lake in Otter Tail county. My companion on that day was a Mr. N. whom the Methodist Church had ordained to be a "fisher of men," and whom I found to be a fisher of fish as well. The day was delightful, the lake and surroundings beautiful, the company congenial, and the fishing all that could be desired. During the middle of the day we selected a grassy bank under the shade of the trees, ate our lunch, and took a long mid-day rest. The fish bit often enough during the early part of the day to keep us well entertained, and during the last hour of our stay we caught fish until we were ashamed to fish any longer as we already had as many as we could carry away.

We tried trolling and still-fishing with several kinds of bait. The Rev. D.D. out-scored me in numbers by long odds, but I had revenge on him in taking the largest fish of the day, more by accident than skill, I suspect. It was taken by trolling, with minnow for bait; was a bass and weighed two hours after 4¼lbs. Not a large fish, but good enough for "the Joneses."

The fish we caught were bass, perch, sunfish, pickerel, and wall-eyed pike. The most of the pickerel and perch we put back into the lake as we had as many as we wanted without them. LEW WILLOW.

MALVERN, Ark.

VIRGINIA TROUT AND QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That I have been busy you may imagine from the fact that I have not wet a line this summer. I was on the Shenandoah, near Elkton in Rockingham county, for a few days in July and hoped to give the bass a trial, but the river was swollen and muddy and so prevented me. Trout with us are becoming very scarce. There are several good streams near this place, about twenty miles distant, but they are so closely fished that it is hardly worth one's while to try his luck. Further away, on the headwaters of the Greenbrier and the Elk, in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, there is still fine fishing; but the new times that have come upon us, with ore washing to befoul the streams, saw mills to sour them and timber cutting to take the cool shades off them, have almost done away with trout in Virginia. One thing in this connection, which I think worthy of the careful attention of men who have the means and a love of fishing and camping in and along clear mountain waters, is that a good many trout streams can be bought. Clubs might be formed, houses erected, and care taken to prevent excessive and improper fishing. Many an angler's paradise might here be preserved to the delight and the preservation of health of many a man who now sits too long at his desk.

One branch of sport still flourishes among us; indeed, under the operation of wise and well executed game laws it grows better year by year. It is partridge (Bob White) shooting. To this I am devoted, and spend many happy days in the fall and winter tramping over the windy ridges and through the wide fields of our lonely valley.

T. S. D.

STAUNTON, Va., Aug. 22.

A LARGE CARP.—The United States Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries has received the following note from Mr. Mark H. Wood, of Barrington Center, R. I.: "I took from my three-quarter acre pond a carp weighing 17lbs." We believe this is the largest New England carp.

BASS FISHING ON THE GREENBRIER.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—When a disciple of Izaak Walton happens across a stream wherein the wily bass is wont to disport in great numbers, and the eager anglers at large know naught of its existence, he is apt to treasure his secret and selfishly monopolize the sport the gods have given. Such monopolistic instincts are not entertained hereabouts, hence this epistle.

The Greenbrier River finds a rugged basin at the foot of that jagged range of the Allegheny Mountains that separates old Virginia from her off-spring. The stream for one hundred miles or more pursues a circuitous course through abrupt cuts and rocky gullies, until it forms a copartnership with the New River, the result being the Great Kanawha. The water, clear as crystal, coming as it does for the most part from numberless mountain springs, rushes madly over a bed of disjointed rocks that form a home for bass unexcelled in its naturalness. From source to mouth the stream is a chain of pools separated only by vigorous ripples that appear to delight in carrying the fisherman's frail craft with an invigorating energy that sends the blood tingling through every vein. For miles the only evidences of civilization are the tracks and occasional trains of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which company follows the south bank of the river eastwardly to a point near White Sulphur Springs. The lofty mountains on either side, covered with maiden verdure, are occasionally replaced by picturesque rocky upheavals, not unlike the Hudson River Palisades. The presence of man is made manifest by infrequent fields of corn that at once suggest the feasibility of working billy goats in a plow. In close proximity to every corn patch is generally to be found a rude negro cabin, and in the twilight, while the dying embers on the earthen hearths emitted their faint glow and sent aloft, as if reluctant to depart, their ghost-like columns of curling smoke, the soft and sweet melodies typical of the darkies blended harmoniously with the hurrying waters. It is the music of which so much is written and too little remains.

But, what about fishing!

It is pretty hard work to convince the ordinary angler to believe that black bass will bite freely in the month of August anywhere south of the northern Michigan region. Yet, two decidedly amateur fishermen caught more than one hundred bass in the Greenbrier River in two days. To be sure, they were not of the size and weight to be exhibited in glass cases at a nickle an exhibit, yet they possessed the life, energy and ambition that combined make the bass the gamiest fish to be found in fresh waters.

Did they fight?

Well, if snapping in twain two sturdy rods can be accepted as conclusive evidence, they are fighters of the Sullivan school. Of course, on account of the rocky bed and constantly recurring ripples there is more strain on the rod than is experienced in lake fishing, where plenty of water will permit the free use of the reel. A taut line and but little play may abbreviate the pleasure experienced while landing the game, but the enervating aggressiveness of a short struggle more than counteracts any lack of fun that may arise because of the absence of a superfluity of water.

Here is a ripple, probably two hundred feet in length, that carries the angler's craft at break-neck speed, more enlivening by far than shooting Lachine Rapids on a Royal Mail Line steamer. The sturdy oarsman steers deftly in and out—now to the right and back to the left—narrowly missing huge sunken boulders that would certainly bring to grief an inexperienced pilot, while from the stern of the boat the fisherman has thirty or forty feet of line trailing through the startled waters. Suddenly the craft darts into smooth water, a pool of light green crystal, and a sharp tug at the line indicates the presence of the enemy. "See him rush!" "Give him line." "There he goes." "Reel him in." In his mad career he endangers the safety of the line among the rocks on the south bank. The boat is propelled slowly to what might be termed the leeward of a mass of hidden rocks, and the last round in the brief battle begins. Slowly but surely the line is taken in, care being exercised in avoiding the sharp edges of the jutting stones, until nothing remains but to land the boy. Yes, he's landed, proud and brave as when in his element, he leaps, turns and twists in the bottom of the boat, the bright rays of the sun greatly increasing the wonderful beauty of his glistening scales. "How much does he weigh?" "Two pounds, sartin," replied the ancient guide, with an air of positiveness that left no doubt as to his having been there "many a time."

An hour later, Mr. Fish, fresh from the frying-pan, tickled the palate as ne'er a morsel e'er tickled without the precincts of Epicurus' pantry.

Alderson, W. Va., is the center of the fishing region, and anglers may be certain of receiving courteous attention at that pleasant little place. VAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 27.—Mr. J. M. Clark of this city, well known in bait-casting circles, has gone to Trout Lake, Wis., after mascallonge. If he can get boats and a guide there he will probably go on up into the Manitowish country, and should there have good sport if the nights have grown cold enough this early. I have taken pleasure in directing a party of gentlemen from New York State to these same waters, and hope they will all have good luck.

Messrs. C. D. Gammon, H. D. Nicholls and Will Cribben have left these parts for an unknown region in Canada, via Grand Trunk Railway, after trout. This was the party which I was to have joined on a grayling trip to Michigan last week had not other developments prevented. Their change of base was decided upon very suddenly, and as the legal season was nearly out they could not wait for the writer, who can only hope they may strike it all right.

Mr. W. R. Rittenburg, of Fonda, Pa., called on me today to ask where he could find good fishing for bass near Green Bay or Oshkosh, Wis. I sent him to Neenah, and he should meet success there during his stay of a week or so. Mr. Rittenburg is of experience with the bass of the Susquehanna, and it is hoped he will find the right reefs in Winnebago.

Mr. John Soderberg is lately back from a week's stay at Cedar Lake (on the C. and A.—not the Cedar Lake close to Chicago) where he took my advice and went for a rest and a bass fish. Mr. Soderberg reports plenty of rain, snakes and frogs, but few bass.

Mr. W. U. Low, Hank Smith, F. C. Donald and C. S. Burton tried Cedar Lake also a couple of weeks ago. They caught one bass, lost another that was hooked, and Mr. Law stole one out of Ed. Varu's ice-house, and that was all they caught. Times have changed since my friend Harryman and I were there on the Fourth of July. The cold weather has probably driven the bass out of the rushes into the deep water.

Mr. O. N. Blomgren, of Blomgren Bros. & Co., this city, is just back from a four months summer journey in Sweden, where he did some fishing. Mr. Blomgren says that owing to the strict enforcement of the game and trespass laws in that country the fishing is very good there, while in regions here not settled for anything like the same length of time the streams are utterly exhausted. He had fine trout fishing in streams that were preserved by the landowners, taking some very fine trout on some American flies that he had carried with him. The Swedish trout, however, like their American cousins, preferred plain worms. The Swedish angle worm he found much like our angle worm, but the Swedish trout flies were far clumsier than ours. The anglers there paint their rods a light gray or slate color, so as not to alarm the trout. The trout in the language of that country is called "lax," and the pickerel, of which Mr. Blomgren also caught some good ones on the American skinner spoon, is called "gedda." Both the trout and the pickerel he describes as being very similar to our fish. A singular feature attended this fishing, which was nearly in the land of the midnight sun: there was almost no night at all. Mr. Blomgren caught trout between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and even made some very successful photographs at a quarter of ten o'clock at night. He describes the country as very beautiful in that region, southwestern Sweden, near Ulrikshamn. The salmon streams, further north, he did not think were leased or preserved. There were wild deer in the mountains near by, and in the evening they often heard the crowing of the great grouse, the "cock of the woods," or capercailzie, known in Sweden as the "chedde." This bird is so shy that it is next to impossible to shoot it in the day time. It is shot on the roosts by night, in the way that is so deadly to our wild turkeys. Mr. Blomgren is delighted with his trip, and thinks Sweden a fine place for an angling or touring American to visit.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

THERE is a report, which seems to be authentic, that on Aug. 11 a small-mouth bass was killed in Lake George that weighed 7lbs. 14oz. The only thing we know that would cast any doubt on this story is that the angler's name was Billy Patterson. Black bass are rather scarce in this lake, but like the trout in Raquette Lake, when you get them they are big ones.

Mr. A. F. Delafield, a prominent Connecticut angler, has just returned from Lake St. John. He reports landlocked salmon very abundant, but small, seldom running over 2lbs. in weight. They seemed to prefer small flies and the best killing one was dressed on a No. 6 Sproat, with turkey or mottled peacock wings, yellow body and black hackle, and with junglecock shoulders. His experience was, that unless one belonged to one of the numerous clubs that control the rivers emptying into the lake it was impossible to obtain any trout fishing.

The reports of the large trout caught in Lake Edward seems to be greatly exaggerated. One gentleman states that after fishing there for three consecutive seasons he has yet to see a trout brought in over 3lbs. in weight, and none are taken on the fly.

The early cold weather has made excellent fly-fishing throughout the Adirondacks. Mr. W. Holberton states that he never enjoyed better fly-fishing than he had last week at Brandreth Lake. He caught all the trout needed in camp, and never had to keep any under ¾lb. in weight. Once he had on two, each over 1lb. These two fish on a 4½oz. rod gave royal sport.

Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., writes from Val Cartier, Quebec, that the trout fishing there is superb; so it looks as if the many anglers now about starting for the September fishing in Maine and Canada will have splendid sport. Deer are very plenty in the Adirondacks and in fine condition; many are already getting their blue coat.

It seems a great shame that the bass in the Walkill River cannot be better protected. The farmers along that beautiful stream are poaching in the most outrageous manner. This is one of the best waters for fly-fishing near New York, and if properly protected would afford fine sport for hundreds of anglers.

The following is an excellent and well tested list of flies suitable for Maine fishing during this month: Dark-Montreal, scarlet-ibis, professor, blue-jay, silver-doctor, fairy, grizzly-king, brown-palmer, brandreth, also the coachman and white-miller for fishing at dusk. Of course there are many other excellent flies, but this is a safe list for those who have not had much experience in Maine waters. These flies should be dressed on No. 6 Sproat hooks, unless the angler uses the patent fluttering flies, in which case No. 8 will be large enough. It is well to take a few flies in addition, dressed on No. 3 or 4 Sproat hooks, to be used when the water is rough or deep. Large trout will not rise from deep water at small flies as a rule. The best flies to use on large hooks are the brandreth, Parmachene-belle and white-miller. The large flies should be allowed to sink well under water before the recovery is made. Leaders for this work should be at least 6ft. long, and better 9ft., and they should stand a dry test of at least 4lbs. Forty yards of waterproof line, not tapered, on a good click reel with an 8oz. split-bamboo or hand-made wood rod, together with a large landing net, completes the outfit.

SCARLET-IBIS.

MESSRS. BUZZILENI AND SPADAVECCHI went fishing in a catboat last Sunday, and when they were pulled out of the water by the rescuers it was impossible to tell which was Buzzivecchi and which Spadaleni.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail [illegible] application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

THE PIKE OF LAKE MELISSA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While Dr. Davisson and I were fishing in the chain of lakes south of Detroit City, Minn., we put in one day at Buck's Mill on the outlet of Lake Melissa. The stream is dammed at a narrow place and several hundred acres are overflowed, the water backing up nearly to Lake Melissa. The water in the pond is perfectly clear, but has a peculiar yellowish tinge that one sees sometimes in sloughs. There are floating islands of grass in the pond and tamarack trees grow in and around it. After a furious rainstorm we started fishing for big-mouth bass and caught several very large ones. In the deepest water Dr. Davisson made a cast and hooked what we supposed was a large bass, though he did not jump as the big bass of these waters always do. After a hard fight which tested all of the Doctor's skill he brought him to the landing net and I dumped into the boat a 4lbs. wall eyed pike, almost black on the back, a blackish bronze on the sides and shading off into a white on the belly. We anchored at once and caught several more, all large ones, regular demons to fight and game as any bass that ever swam, only wanting their acrobatic qualities to make them superior. In the strange colored water, as they darted around the boat fighting desperately after being hooked, they looked as if made of gold, and it was a sight that would make even a pot-fisherman's blood tingle. Mr. Payne and Mr. Hitchcock, of Casselton, Dakota, who were anchored near us, also caught several.

I have caught many wall-eyed pike, but never caught one colored as these were. The pike we caught in the lakes near the pond were the common, every-day, white-sided pike, with only a suspicion of bronze on their sides. Whether it was a different variety of pike, or whether living in the strange colored water gave them the deeper markings we were unable to find out. Their fighting abilities surprised us more than their coloring, the ordinary pike bearing about the same comparison to them that a rock bass would to a 5lbs. small-mouth.

The fish in these lakes are all game and there is splendid bass, pike and pickerel fishing to be had in Lakes Sally and Melissa, and the smaller lakes near them. We caught many bass that would weigh over 4lbs. and pickerel that would weigh 10 and 12. We hooked larger ones, but they got away with our light tackle. The lakes are being seined and the people residing near there seem perfectly indifferent to it. Several seine-reels were in plain sight on the shores of Lake Melissa the whole three weeks we were there. A. E. GOSHORN.

WINTERSET, Iowa.

BLUEFISH IN BUZZARD'S BAY.—New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 20.—Although Buzzard's Bay has been well stocked with large menhaden during the season, the bluefish have shown a much greater fondness for the young English herring. These herring are about three inches long, and are very abundant this year. For the past week or so the bluefish have been feeding, also, upon the very young menhaden, those a few inches in length, of which there are more in the bay at present than there have been for a number of years. Bluefish are very plentiful, and although they may frequently be seen rushing the schools of young English herring or small menhaden, I have not seen or heard of their making much of a raid on the schools of full-grown menhaden. This may be due in part to the fact that the bay bluefish generally run rather small this year, and are too lazy to bite a fish in pieces before swallowing it. The value of knowing that the bluefish are feeding on the smaller fish does not seem to be fully understood by the fishermen, as they, with few exceptions, stick to the eel skin drail or squid, when if they would use an imitation fish not over 5in. long, made of block tin, at least three fish would be hooked to one with the eel skin drail. To meet with the greatest success this tin drail should have indentations cut or pressed on it to represent the head, scales and eyes; it should be scoured bright with back of a knife, and have a piece of eel skin 1½ to 2in. long and ¼in. wide hooked through the middle, to make a proper tail for the imitation fish. When trolling let the boat sail very slowly, so that the drail may sink into the school of bait, as most fish prefer taking their food under water instead of coming to the surface to strike it, and thus getting their mouth full of air.—WILLARD NYE, JR.

FISHING NEAR WELLESLEY, MASS.—A good many black bass have been caught lately in the Charles River, Mass. A party living in Wellesley took a string of seventeen large ones from the river recently, and thirteen at another time. These fish ranged in size from 2 to 4lbs. At Natick they have been getting large quantities of white perch. I saw a string of eleven pickerel the other day that were taken from the river, but not one of them had a crooked tail. A peculiarity of the pickerel in the vicinity of Wellesley is the large number of individuals with deformed tails which are sometimes taken. I have been trying to get a specimen for the National Museum for some time, but although I have seen a great many during the past I cannot now find an example. The frogs are of large size and very numerous here this season. I caught one the other day that weighed 17¾oz., and I have made a first-rate model of him. I think a good active man ought to catch from 100 to 300 frogs a day in this vicinity at present. My brother and I caught a large water snake in Baker's Pond, and he has also gone into the model department where he will prove a startling feature.—S. F. DENTON.

COLORADO STREAMS.—I want to tell my brothers of the rod and reel where I have found some splendid fishing. I made my headquarters at Sapinero, Gunnison county, Col., and fishing for a few days in the Gunnison and its three tributaries, that empty within two miles of the settlement. Here the Utah trout were found in abundance. Then I fished up Lake Fork, for 22 miles, as far as Lake City. There was good fishing every mile of the way, and the one daily train is so accommodating as to pick up anglers that make the signal of distress. Lake City is a thriving mining camp, and a day or two can be well spent amid the beautiful scenery of this region. From Lake City a day's ride over the mesa, through a splendid game country, brought me to the head of Savoya Creek, which is literally alive with Rio Grande trout. Two days' fishing down Savoya Creek brought me to the Gunnison, six miles above Sapinero, having spent five days in encompassing the 65-mile quadrilateral.—SHOSHONE.

ON THE KALAMAZOO.

Master, I marvel, how the fishes live in the sea.
Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

HURROO, hurroo, for the Kalamazoo," cried John and I, as we stepped from the train at New Richmond, Mich., and gazed upon the beautiful river, in whose limpid depths sported untold numbers of huge bass waiting for our coming. That is the way we felt, anyhow, over the matter, whatever line of reasoning the bass may have pursued.

The Kalamazoo at this point is an inviting one for the angler. With cool water, swift current, numerous deep pools and eddies, and with grassy and shaded banks in long stretches of inviting green, it presented a picture to the long-time city dweller sufficient to make him dance and whoop for very joy, whether he caught any fish or not.

It was not long before John and Izaak, Jr., had their traps toted to the little hotel, and, although it was not far from dinner time, with the angler's usual impatience we had to try the waters at once, but with small success, being rewarded with a couple of half-pounders, which we triumphantly carried back to the hotel as a fore-runner of the big things to come. And this leads me to remark that angling is the art of anticipation combined with the science of realization. But I am bound to say the science part cuts no such figure in the calculation as does the art part. And it is well it does not, as there wouldn't be a fish left in the waters big enough for a kingfisher—no pun intended—to make a dive at.

After our dinner we felt better, and concluded to spend the rest of the day in a sort of experimental trip up and down the river to get the "lay of the land," even if it were water. As an experiment the afternoon was a decided success. We found everything that could be desired except the bass. True, we caught some small ones, one even up to a pound, but that was not what we wanted. We were after those lusty two and three pounders which would churn the water into foam and make the angler tingle from finger tips to toe ends. The bass were there—of course, they were; for hadn't Sid. Jones caught one a few days ago that weighed "nigh on to seven pounds," and Bill Smith seen one as long as his arm; and hadn't little Tommy Tucker caught one of six pounds on a little hook while fishing for shiners? So said the natives, and why should we doubt the statements, seeing we wanted them to be true?

The next day was Tuesday, and we decided to go up stream to where the Rapids River made its junction with the Kalamazoo. There we were assured was good fishing; it was a place where the bass had a sort of camp-meeting place, though we found that an adjournment had taken place before we arrived at the spot. Reader, have you ever had a day when everything went against you, despite your utmost precautions? Well, Tuesday was that sort of a day to us—a regular hoodoo day. Everything went amiss. If we dropped our hook into a likely pool, we would catch a snag. If we ran near the shore, our lines would catch on the bushes. If we pulled a frog out of our sack, he would give a kick and off he would go. But why detail the miseries of that day? Once, as our boat was rounding a point in the river, John had a bite which so excited him that he gave a yank sufficient to land the fish in the next county, only the fish took the frog, not the hook. Hastily pulling into the bank, and grasping a log to hold the boat, Izaak, Jr., cast out after the same fish, and proposed to show John how the thing should be done scientifically. Scarcely had the frog disappeared beneath the surface when there was a good strike, a yank in return, and Mr. Bass was hooked. He was a big one, too, and, after our run of luck, he seemed to be a yard long. The tussle was a sharp one, for no line could be given, or the fish would make for the snags and be lost. So he had to be played in the smallest limits. After some little time he came to the surface, deliberately stood upon his tail, turned a double back somersault, and was gone. "Where is your science now?" said John; but Izaak, Jr., never argues under such circumstances; he simply keeps still. In that pool we had six bites, and lost every one. Could anything be more exasperating? And the same blasted luck followed us to the end of the day. The only revenge we had was at the supper table, when we cleared off the landlady's table as would a flock of Kansas grasshoppers. John was so overcome by the day's luck that he couldn't even wink at the landlady's pretty daughter who waited upon us. Izaak, Jr., himself was not very hilarious, but he was too old an angler to grieve over one day's misfortunes.

The next forenoon we fished down the river, with the net result of a one-pound bass. But John had an experience. We were fishing from the bank, and I was a few rods below him, and between us was a clump of bushes. Presently, from John's direction came a tremendous splashing, and I knew something had been hooked. Rushing through the bushes, I found John with his hat off, hair on end, teeth set, and eyes fixed upon some critter he was trying to keep away from the bank. One glance was sufficient to show what the trouble was—a big dogfish; and all anglers know they fight like the very devil. John thought he had a bass as big as Noah's ark, but when I said "dogfish" his heart broke, and so did the hook, and the "lawyer" was gone. This wasn't the first trip with me for John to catch a dogfish, and if he doesn't stop that sort of work I'll chuck him in the river some time for unsportsmanlike conduct.

The outlook was so poor that after dinner we had a council of war, and decided that the next morning we would go up the road ten miles to Black Lake, where fishing was reported as good. So I wrote a note to Charles the Hunter, at Holland, to have a boat for us when we should arrive. A half day still remained to us, and we concluded to make another trip to the "Rapids" and see what would come of it. As we came to the deep pool where we had the bites of the day before we again tied up, and, by the blue heron of the Kalamazoo! in less than half an hour we had seven fine bass—three of 3lbs. each, two one-pounders, and the rest scattering. How those three-pounders did battle against the bamboo, but to no avail! The bass were the small-mouth, and concerning the discussion of which is the more game, the small-mouth or large-mouth, I think it depends on the water surrounding. Here in the Kalamazoo River, with its swift current, the fish have to hustle for a living. They can't lay around and loaf like the bass in the lakes, but must be up and fioning, or get left in the struggle for existence. The difference between a lake bass and a river bass is the difference between a spindle-shanked dry-goods dude and the pitcher of a base-ball club.

Our three days on the river had a fair ending after all, and yet, the next morning, as the train pulled us away, I could hear John saying something that sounded like "Shoo, shoo, the Kalamazoo!"—this because Izaak, Jr., had caught all the large bass.

The rest of the week we spent on Black Lake with very satisfactory results. The white bass, or silver bass, found abundantly in Lake Michigan, had this year come up to the head of the lake and furnished fine sport to the angler. They are a beautiful fish, gamy as the black bass, and on the table cannot be excelled. They run in weight from three-quarters to two pounds. Friday, however, was another off day in our outing, as we were wind bound all day at Stick-in-the-mud Point on the north shore of Black Lake. Thither we had gone early in the morning, and the wind blew great guns all day, and it was very rough in the evening when we rowed back. John got pale around the mouth when the whitecaps would slap him in the back; Charles the Hunter was tickled; and Izaak, Jr., handled the oars. Saturday afternoon, however, we had fine sport, and took a basketful of fine fish—black bass, white bass and croppie. On that day we had an example of old-time fishing methods. A native was skittering for bass with a cane pole 21ft. 13in. long, and with a line about half that length. He hooked a bass, and then we saw a funny maneuver; he jammed that pole down through the water toward China, until he could reach the line, and then hauled in the small bass hand over hand. We suppose it tickled him, and it most certainly did us.

Our week's fishing was over, and back to the city of Grand Rapids we went, where I had left the good wife and kid to engage in the joys of "visiting," at which Izaak, Jr., is not an expert. But even a week's absence had caused the kid to forget me, and she screamed with fright when I sought to resume our old relations.

But the joys of visiting soon palled upon my tastes and a few days later I was again on Black Lake, accompanied this time by Professor George. But a few years ago this latter individual was somewhat disposed to define fishermen *à la* Carlyle, but he has been converted into better ways through a son who is a great lover of angling. Professor George may now be classed with the fishing cranks, and has been known to rise at 3:30 A. M. so as not to miss the morning rise. Our success continued remarkable, and in one afternoon and the next forenoon we took 90 fish, all bass, except one big sheepshead, which we didn't count. Why is there such a prejudice against this fish? He is clean-looking, makes a good fight, and—but is he good to eat? Some say no and some yes.

But the time for the final reeling in of the line has come, and the tackle is carefully and tenderly laid away for a new resurrection the ensuing year. [Mem.—If there is no angling on the "other side" some fellows will have a mighty lonesome time of it.]

It will be noticed that Izaak, Jr., in this account of his outing has been chary in describing the beauties of nature. He might have dwelt lovingly on the glory of sunset on the waters; of the shimmering light falling through the old forest trees; of the sweet songs of birds—kingfishers and crows; of the hum of myriad insects—most mosquitoes; of the beauty and grace of the clambering vines—generally poison ivy; of the bracing air and glorious sunshine—which burned the skin off the tip of his nose; of the pure and sparkling waters—full of "frog spittle;" and of a great many other fine things which anglers write about when they fail to catch fish. But Izaak, Jr., skipped all these, for his success in angling was a sufficient theme about which to write. And in the long weeks which must intervene before another outing, the scenes and exploits of the present one can be lived over again, which is the privilege of all faithful anglers, and among them is he who signs himself

ST LOUIS, Mo. IZAAK, JR.

FISH AND GAME IN WEST VIRGINIA.—Capon Springs, W. Va.—Four miles from Capon Springs, and reached by a beautiful drive through the mountains, are situated Capon River and lake, where the anglers are now taking fine black bass and perch with a rod and line, using live minnows for bait, and sometimes substituting artificial flies. Yesterday I saw a bass weighing 4½lbs. which was caught there. Capon Lake empties into Lost River, a tributary of the Big Capon. Not far away is the lovely valley of the Capon, celebrated for its brook trout, which are still plentiful enough to attract anglers familiar with the region. Capon Springs is the center of a fine hunting territory. Woodcock are abundant, pheasants (ruffed grouse), and wild turkey were never more plentiful, although not yet in season. Deer and bear are plentiful, and the prospect for the first is unusually good at present. —E. T. M.

AN EEL ON THE FLY.—Norfolk, Va., Aug. 30.—An incident occurred in this neighborhood some ten days since which I think is worthy of record as being something out of the ordinary; and I deduct from it that you can add the eel to the fishes that take the fly. Mr. Joseph T. Allyn, a prominent lawyer of our city and a devotee of Izaak Walton, "may his tribe increase," spent a day at Virginia Beach, and fished in Lake Holly immediately in the rear of the Princess Ann Hotel. He used the fly, and among his catch of bass, strawberry and blue perch, which all rose freely, he hooked and caught an eel of noble proportions, which did some heavy lugging such as an eel only is capable of. The hooking was no accident, but was done "of malice aforethought" on the part of the eel, and he suffered the penalty of his act.—REYNARD.

A horde of noisy sparrows has chosen for a roost a tree in the yard of a citizen of Orange, N. J. For several evenings he has been experimenting with a sparrow disturber, which is at least a partial success. He has tied stout cords to nearly every limb of the tree and gathered the ends at his window. When the sparrows settle down for the night he goes to the window and jerks the string. The sparrows become "rattled" and flit away in the dark. Another citizen of Orange has a fine growth of ivy on the side of his house, and the sparrows have been inhabiting it throughout the year until recently. He has driven them away by going into the attic and sifting Scotch snuff and cayenne pepper down through the vine.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 270 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishculture.

MORE ABOUT TROUT CULTURE.

DENVER, Col., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Milton P. Peirce affects much distress because I do not reply to his statements. It quickly became apparent to me in this controversy that Mr. Peirce did not desire information. In his own esteem, he already knew it all; nobody could teach him anything, hence there was only one course left to pursue—adopt his own tactics, meet him with his own weapons. For this I must beg the pardon of FOREST AND STREAM and its readers. Mr. Peirce has but one text and sings but one song—"Trout culture is a failure." True, he introduces variations now and then and spices it with Billingsgate. Yearly progress in trout culture, as reported in FOREST AND STREAM, proves that Mr. Peirce is wrong in his belief, but nothing that I might write would change his opinion. At least, he would not admit that it did. To the public he has proved but one thing—that he, Mr. Peirce, failed in trout culture (as I am assured he failed in various other undertakings), and that he is thereby convinced that every one else must fail in he same way.

I very earnestly concur in Mr. Peirce's desire that those sufficiently interested will look back over the controversy he has raised. In his latest and very labored effusion he has endeavored to escape the real issue much after the manner of the cuttlefish, but he must not forget that he has posed for years as a fishcultural critic, and has assumed the right to abuse at will all who do not share his views, and the time has come when he should make good his claim to that eminence in fishculture which is so loudly proclaimed in his own behalf, but which I have never known to be recognized by any one else. When Mr. Peirce can learn to conduct a controversy in a gentlemanly manner and not by charging all who oppose his views as either callow or with unworthy motives "with an axe to grind," etc., etc., he will receive proper courtesy no doubt and any amount of evidence that he may desire to receive and discuss fairly on its merits; but no self-respecting man, trout culturist or any other, can afford to submit to his dogmatic and dictatorial controversial methods. His intense egotism will not allow him to treat an opponent courteously or fairly, as is evidenced by a perusal of the short-lived "Journal of Carp-Culture and Rural Hydraulics," of which he was editor. The only recourse is to meet him on his own ground, or to treat him as one of those unscrutable inflictions of an All-wise Providence, which must be endured with patient resignation. Unfortunately this latter policy has already prevailed too long in his case, and so it has become impossible for any one having views at a variance with those of Mr. Peirce to mention them without encountering his charges of "self-interest." What has been the object of Mr. Peirce's various schemes and "fads" if not for his own self-interest?

If, however, he ever succeeds in overthrowing the beliefs and methods of such men as Spencer F. Baird, Marshall McDonald, G. Brown Goode, Herr von Behr, Max von dem Borne, Sir James Maitland, E. G. Blackford, Fred. Mather, Seth Green, Livingston Stone, and others, or impeaching their honor or sincerity, he will do it by practical demonstrations and not by abuse or charges of interested motives. The recoil simply knocks Mr. Peirce down every time he shoots. It is true he picks himself up, loads his blunderbuss and picks his flint anew every time, but it is no use, it is only a blunderbuss and it will kick.

His conclusions and prognostications concerning shad and whitefish culture have been in the same vein, though somewhat more indulgent toward the work of the U. S. Fish Commission, in that direction, treating it as being yet in the "legitimate experimental stage." Here are some of his opinions: "We have but little faith in the whitefish experiments, and not much more with regard to the shad." "Does any one suppose that one in fifteen of the plant of young shad made in the waters of the Delaware last season will ever be seen again by mortal eye? We have not the faintest belief that one in one hundred of them survived twenty-four hours after planting." How do these utterances sound in view of our present knowledge of the results in these branches of fishcultural effort? Mr. Peirce violently condemns the catfish for cultivation, although it is being taken up extensively for that purpose as preferable to the carp. He says, referring to the Colorado Fish Commissioner: "If the Commissioner had a practical knowledge of fish-culture, he would let every variety of catfish severely alone, and advise every one else to, as we now do."

It is well known, I am informed, where he is well known, and in fact a perusal of the meagre file of the late "Journal of Carp Culture and Rural Hydraulics," reveals the fact throughout that Mr. Peirce has all his fishcultural life been the "victim" of "jobs" and "antagonisms." He has been suppressed and misrepresented, and there has been an evident conspiracy throughout the fishcultural world to refuse him that recognition of eminence for which he so earnestly yearns, but I hope he will try, in the future, to repress himself sufficiently to enlighten us as to what he has done to deserve such eminence, rather than as to his personal entanglements, enough of which can be gleaned from what he has previously written. Let us know something of the very "valuable experiments of ten years" at Winona, upon which he bases his opinions, and also as much further back as that "long, careful, systematic experience" in fishculture as he likes. Let us know when and where he practiced trout culture. Let us also have some hint of the great fishcultural establishments created by Mr. Peirce, and the results, in tangible shape. Let us have the name of the paper of enormous circulation to which Mr. Peirce contributes, as I for one would be truly glad to subscribe if it comes up to my expectations as a comic publication. I would like to hear, also, what paper it was which said that Mr. Peirce was "generally acknowledged to be one of the best known and most reliable authorities on the subject of fishculture." The allusion to the three great publications of enormous circulation could hardly have referred to the publications of the "Rural Publishing Co.," although the late "Journal of Carp Culture and Rural Hydraulics" is the only publication in which I have ever seen any reference to Mr. Peirce as an "eminent authority" on fishculture. The prospectus to that short-lived record of Mr. Peirce's opinion's contained the following modest reference: "It will be almost superfluous for the publishers to say to most of those who will receive this prospectus that the editor-in-chief engaged by them is one of the best known writers upon fishculture, and is recognized throughout the civilized world as a leading, and in most cases the leading, authority upon carp culture. Fourteen editions, embracing several hundred thousand copies of his writings upon the subject, have been published and distributed in every civilized country upon the earth." As Mr. Peirce was the "editor-in-chief" of that paper during its very ephemeral existence, perhaps he can tell who wrote it.

In regard to Mr. Peirce's boast as to the fishcultural establishments he has fitted up, I have no doubt that his persistent advertisement of himself as the great and only carp culturist (on strictly moral principles), the deviser of the "American system of carp culture and expert in rural hydraulics," has had its effect in procuring him "jobs" throughout the country, and I am willing to add yet further to his fame by advertising him here. It is a great pity the defunct "Journal of Carp Culture and Rural Hydraulics," which was his personal advertising organ, having been devoted exclusively to the extirpation of the "trout culture delusion,"

and to an exploitation of Milton P. Peirce's great "American system," a compulsion of the adoption of the term "food carp" for that of German carp, and the advertising of specialties in the line of rural hydraulic pumps, wind-mills, water-rams, etc., Peirce's only rifle sights and Peirce's only shipping cans, had so brief an existence, for that was a proper medium for his lamentations.

Now, as Mr. Peirce, in his own estimation, holds the exalted position of censor in all matters pertaining to fisheulture, as opposed to that of fishcultural crank in the minds of others, and starts out invariably by referring to trout culture as a snare and a delusion because he found it so, and also by assailing every one who differs from him as either improperly interested or callow, I respectfully submit that it is in order for him to demonstrate his position as suggested above, by something more than mere bluster and assertion When he has done that and adopted a more courteous tone. I have no doubt that the trout culturists of the country will be pleased to gratify him in his very laudable desire to obtain information.

Simmering the whole matter down to its legitimate conclusions, the burning question is, are the great lights of fisheulture (leaving out small fry like myself) all wrong and only selfishly interested in fostering a delusion, and is Milton P. Peirce the great and only inspired, disinterested and altogether lovely prophet in the wilderness of fisheulture? I, for one, am willing to let the defense of trout culture for the present rest upon the opinions of those great fisheulturists of Europe and America whose faith and determination have made fisheulture what it is to-day, on the one side and of Mr. Peirce on the other. And if what I have said in this controversy with Mr. P. is blackguardism, and if he is innocent of that style of argument, I am very sorry and will have to stand the odium. Mr. Peirce has enjoyed a monopoly, without opposition or molestation, for a long time, and if he persists in keeping it up I may have something more to say. WM. N. BYERS.

TROUT CULTURE POSSIBILITIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my numerous articles published by FOREST AND STREAM and other journals during the past dozen or more years, referring to certain phases of trout-cultural delusion, I have occasionally alluded to the possibilities of success by adopting certain lines of action in the matter of improving trout streams instead of continuing the delusion of artificial propagation.

I was born upon the extreme divide of one of the spurs of the Green Mountain range upon a newly-cleared farm. Near the house was a spring, which was the extreme source of a famed trout stream. A little rill ran from this spring past our house and within thirty or forty yards of the same, and my earliest recollections are in connection with this little stream. My brother, some years older, and now a venerable and staid D.D., made and floated tippy little boats and constructed rude little water wheels, which revolved under diminutive falls, for my especial amusement. The result was that this little stream possessed a peculiar fascination for me, and I spent many hours along its margin, and sometimes against the expressed wish of my mother, who died just a month prior to my sixth birthday; therefore, the time of which I write must have been when I was about five years old; but the recollection of the incident which I will now relate is as fresh and vivid as if it occurred but yesterday. There had been a number of frosty mornings, rendering the grass as white as snow, an article with which I had become quite familiar the previous winter by sundry sleigh rides to church, two miles away, and by numerous hand-sled rides managed by my now D.D. brother, who on one occasion, after foddering the cattle, carefully attached the tongue of the hand-sled to the tail-switch of a wild heifer, and, neglecting to remove me from the sled, prodded her with the hayfork after beading her toward the open meadow. For some reason, that heifer manifested the utmost disgust for the rest of the herd and endeavored to create remoteness between herself and them, and still further manifested her disgust by protruding her tongue and giving a blast that would have drowned the loudest horn of Jericho. Instantly the whole herd gave chase, with heads and tails erect. I have witnessed many fast things, from a tonsail iceboat to a note maturing in the bank, but I doubt if even an unfounded rumor ever made such time as that affrighted heifer. And I sat upright on the sled, holding fast to the sides with both hands, and passed through space in a manner which would have astonished a pre-paid half-rate telegraph message. My brother, now thoroughly frightened, called excitedly to me to "let go," but I stuck like a sealed Government envelope, from which has just been omitted part of a communication. The heifer cleared the little trout stream like a wild deer, and at the same time the switch of her tail parted from the sled, which was carried by momentum a long distance down the gentle incline, barely missing several stumps along the route, and finally came to a dead stop in the feathery snow. My brother was following close in the wake of the excited cattle, and although he has since spent many years on the "circuit" and many more as Presiding Elder, I doubt if upon the occasion of belated appointments, he ever made such time as upon that bright winter morning on top of the historic Berkshire Hills, while in his anxiety to ascertain if his cherished sled had sustained any injury.

O yes, I vividly remember that particular locality, but I have somehow wandered from my subject, for I was referring to sundry frosty mornings, and my mother had explained to me the difference between snow and frost, and especially when the latter had melted under the rays of a warm fall morning's sun, and I had been forbidden to go through the wet grass to the little stream to float chips down the ever-varving current. My favorite point for launching my imaginary boats was nearly in front of the house and just below a tiny water-fall which had caused a slight widening of the little stream, perhaps to thirty inches and leaving about twice that length of dead water, some fifteen to eighteen inches deep near the little fall. The bottom of this little body of water was covered with clean gravel. One frosty morning, disobeying the injunction of my mother to not go through the wet grass, I gathered an armful of chips and went down to my favorite launching ground. As I looked over the bank I was startled to see two large fishes dart under the projecting bank where I stood. I had frequently seen small fishes there, but never before such large ones, which I now think were ten or twelve inches in length. My childish curiosity was excited, and I lay down in the wet grass upon that bank and peered over into the water, and soon saw the noses of the two fishes gradually working out to the center of the gravel-bed, over which one of them slowly passed with a peculiarly gyratory motion and the other closely followed and soon commenced roiling the water, as I thought. I saw this operation repeated two or three times, when my mother appeared upon the scene and walked me to the house in quick time, notwithstanding my attempts to acquaint her with what I had seen. I subsequently crept carefully to that place and again saw the fishes engaged in these interesting operations, which nearly twenty-five years later became clear to me, under the explanations of Drs Ackley and Garlick, of Cleveland, O., the fathers of American fisheulture. I had seen, when but five years of age, a pair of trout, in their native haunt, engaged in the interesting operation of propagating their species. Since my first lessons under Drs. Ackley and Garlick, in 1853-4, I have frequently repeated my childhood exploit of watching wild trout on their spawning-beds, both before as well as since conducting their artificial propagation.

Some ten years ago, while making special investigations upon the subject of fish and fisheries for the last census, I visited the identical spot where as a five-year-old child I unconsciously witnessed for the first time the operation of propagation of brook trout. It was in the summer time, and I found only a nearly dry pile of gravel. The removal of the surrounding forest caused the spring to dry up during the summer, and the real living head of the still fair trout stream is another spring fully half a mile below, and which was formerly a tributary and at a point where respectable-sized trout were frequently taken. I have no doubt but what they still seek that point for propagating purposes. About a mile from the latter point there is another spring upon a farm owned many years by a relative, and where I have spent many a month during a term of years. This spring is the extreme head of another tributary to the same trout stream, and this tributary abounds in spawning places up to and including the spring in question. I know of scores of springs in that immediate region which head prolific little trout streams, where thirty or more years ago it was a common practice to catch trout to and including the head spring. Farming operations practically destroyed the fishing in most of them, but they have many of them of late been coursing through what have been termed "abandoned farms," which for many years have been growing up to brush and in some cases to quite a respectable growth of young timber. The trout have been gradually increasing, and the present season are reported as plentiful as ever.

Now, I am aware that I have been quite diffuse, even to tediousness, in this communication, but it has been a simple statement of facts, called out in part by the attempt of one of your correspondents to belittle my almost lifetime studies and investigations, particularly in connection with trout culture, and for many years before I wrote a word upon the subject. I have visited the region named every three or four years, and during the past twenty-five years have from time to time visited all the New England States, and almost entirely in the interests of fisheulture. My investigations have also embraced several other States containing trout waters, notably New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, in all of which I have conducted personal examinations and methodical investigations, while my extensive investigations by correspondence embrace every State and Territory of this country as well as all the leading countries of the globe. The result of these investigations is overwhelmingly conclusive, that artificial trout culture is at best a gross delusion. But, my investigations have taught another valuable lesson. By following nature's lines and profiting by her lessons, hundreds of trout streams can be restored to their old-time fertility. All through the mountain towns of New England where population has dwindled and farms have been abandoned, this recuperation of trout streams is being accomplished naturally. In hundreds of localities it can be accomplished artificially, and particularly when the stream can be controlled by fishing clubs or associations. I have during the past dozen years made a number of plans for this purpose. In the concrete, these plans consist in meandering the streams so as to double or treble their length, and, of course, their producing capacity. To deflect from the main stream little rills, running them when practicable a considerable distance before turning them again into the main stream. These little rills will be sought by the breeders in the spawning season, for their instinct teaches them to search for solitary pools where they will not be disturbed and where their spawn will not be devoured by other fishes Of course, provision is made for numerous little falls for aeration of the pools into which the falls should plunge. This is necessary both in the main stream and in the spawning rills And there must be innumerable hiding places prepared for the wary fish. Finally, an abundance of rapidly growing shrubbery and trees must be planted on the sunny sides of the serpentine trout preserve, for shade is an absolute necessity, in order to keep down the temperature of the water. All through the northerly portions of this country hundreds upon hundreds of miles of productive trout streams can be maintained for all time to come, unless a radical change comes over our planet. If one-tenth the sum which has been wasted in the delusion of artificial trout culture had been expended in the direction indicated, there would be a hundred miles of productive trout streams where but one now exists. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION EXCHANGES.—Herr Max von dem Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany, desires calico bass, crappie and sunfish in exchange for European fishes and eggs suitable for the waters of the United States.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O. S. D. L. Jackson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Dog Show of the Wilmington Fair Association, at Wilmington, Del. F. R. Carswell, Supt., 101 West Sixth street.

Sept. 2 to 4.—Dog Show of the Midland Central Fair Association, at Kingston, Ont. C. H. Corbett, Secretary.

Sept. 2 to 5.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 22 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 9.—Field Trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunoy, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brought, Secretary.

DOG TALK FROM ENGLAND.

HANLEY, England.—Mr. F. W. Dunning, the owner of Duke of Wellington and other good St. Bernards, has had the misfortune to lose his promising puppy, Baron Stanley (Sir Bedivere—Hykeham Queen). He contracted distemper at Leeds show, another victim of the folly of showing puppies.

It will be of considerable interest to American readers to hear that Mr W. Rust's Scotch collie Moonstone, bred by Mr. Geo. A. Fletcher, of Milton, Mass., by Scotson out of Moonlight, has recently won third at the Tunbridge Wells show. Moonstone won second to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla II. at Boston, Mass., 1890.

Mr. Mitchell Harrison's Christopher will remain in England, and personally I think Mr. H. is wise in his decision. There are more good stud dogs in the States now than we can possibly use. Scotilla can take his place very well, though I do not claim that he is as good.

I am pleased to see another American writer advising St. Bernard breeders to purchase good bitches. "Manhattan," in the *Canine World*, has taken up the question, and it is indeed a pity that the breeders cannot realize the importance of following his advice.

Mr. Shillcock, of Birmingham, has sold the St. Bernard Lord Hartington to some unknown American gentleman. Lord Hartington is by champion Plinlimmon and out of Florentine. He is orange and white in large splashes, with well marked head, good bone and head, 32in. standard, and I should judge about 180 lbs. weight. He has done quite well here in the stud, and has won a few firsts on the bench.

The new paper, the *Canine World*, is pitching into the English Kennel Club in great form on the score of raising objections to some entries and not noticing others just as objectionable.

Dublin Scot, the well known collie, has again changed hands. Mr. W. P. Kidd, of Manchester, has purchased him of Mr. Stretch.

The show of 50 English mastiffs to be given at Crystal Palace this week as a compliment to Dr. Derby, is indeed a compliment of the highest quality. There will be no competition, simply a collection for the Doctor's inspection.

I note "Hibernia's" article on beagles in FOREST AND STREAM just received. As I wrote in my last batch of notes I have not seen a single beagle in England yet. When I do I will have more to say on the subject. Regarding type I would not vote for either of the three. I should vote for beagle type which is neither bloodhound, harrier nor foxhound.

"J. W.," in his note on "The Dog Millais-nium" has caused many a smile in dog circles on this side. A little more of that style of journalism would make the journals more readable.

I visited the Crewe show last week. The horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, implements, etc., were a grand lot, one of the finest collections I ever saw, rivaling the Chicago cattle show, but the dogs were a very poor lot; 148 dogs and about 20 good ones in the whole lot. Mr. Astley judged all classes except collies. He did very well with the terrier classes, but must have had his eyes shut when judging the St. Bernards, field spaniels, etc. In black field spaniels the vhc. dog was an easy second. The winner in St. Bernard bitches, J. H. Ellis's Septima, has the advantage in nothing else but size. She is narrow in skull, long in muzzle, no collar and no depth of body. The winners in collie classes were mostly Mr. Stretch's and showed considerable quality. There was one good pointer, one of Mr. Norrish's breeding. The English setters were some well bred youngsters by Monk of Furness and Sir Frederick, and showed considerable quality. In the mixed setter class, second prize was given to the worst looking specimen of a dog that I ever saw a prize awarded to. Had it not been labeled a Gordon setter I should have called it a mongrel. In a few weeks we shall see some dog advertised with a long list of winnings, among them first at Crewe, 1890.

Mr. Harris's bull terrier formerly called White Wonder, that was protested against at the Boston show for being deaf, was deaf when born. He was bred by Mr Pratt, of Oak Hill, Stoke-on-Trent. He is by White Sam out of White Rose. Mr. Pratt thought that the puppy was deaf when born and sold it to Mr. Hughes, a postman at Stoke, for £1. The postman soon discovered that the puppy was deaf, but kept the matter as quiet as possible, but in spite of his precautions the dog finally became known throughout the section as the "postman's deaf dog." Mr. Hughes made up his mind to get even with Mr. Pratt and laid his plans very shrewdly. He wrote Mr. Heath, the former owner of Miss Glendynne, now called Attraction, Enterprise and other good ones, and got him to make a date to call and see the dog. He then goes to Mr. Pratt and tells him how wonderfully the puppy has improved and that Mr. Heath is talking of purchasing him. (Mr. Heath and Mr. Pratt were at that time trying to outdo each other.) Mr. Pratt not wishing to see his rival with the best dog in the country and supposing the puppy must have outgrown his deafness purchased him on the spot for £10. Of course he soon discovered that the dog was totally deaf and threatened suit, but as he had first sold the dog when deaf he was advised to let the matter rest. This much I know to be the facts. It is furthermore stated by those who ought to know that the White Wonder was soon after reported dead and the same dog was represented as another dog under another name. I have not questioned Mr. Harris in regard to the affair, but if he paid the price stated, £80, he was badly sold, whether he knew him to be deaf or not. If Mr. Hinks sold the dog to Mr. Harris and did not say anything about the deafness he is a swindler of the first water. Hinks & Pratt are one firm. American readers must not get this Hinks mixed up with James Thorpe Hincks, the Clumber man, at Leicester, or E. C. Hincks. It is Fred Hinks that sold White Wonder.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—At a special meeting of the Great Dane Club, Aug. 7, it was decided that hereafter any great D[illegible] with a cankered mouth, or with a joint or any part of tail removed, shall not be eligible for competition.

Although England can beat us in number and quality of field spaniels, Clumber spaniels and Irish water spaniels, it appears they can't afford to encourage the breeding of them. It seems decidedly strange to an American to see Clumbers and black and liver fields all run together in one class and called "field spaniels." And it is no sinecure for the judge to pick out the winner and give any satisfaction. It is not so in the very largest shows, but in small shows of 500 entries I have seen it many times.

"J. W.," in FOREST AND STREAM of July 31, gives Lord Calthorpe's weight at 208lbs. and Baroness Cardiff at 186. If Lord Calthorpe can show an ounce over 186 I will agree to eat every atom of him, with the owner's permission.

NAMOOSH.

THE ENGLISH SETTER CLUB.

THERE will be a meeting of the English Setter Club at the office of the secretary, 50 Broadway, New York, Sept. 25.

The Executive Committee have prepared the following circular, which should be promptly responded to by every lover of the English setter: "Office of the English Setter Club, New York, August, 1890. My Dear Sir: You will have noticed by the recent issues of interested papers, the formation of an English setter club, its organization and membership, which we hope meets your approbation. The officers elected and the committees appointed are fitted for their several duties, and together with these and the organizing members, composed of many of the principal breeders and owners from all sections of our country, we desire to form by additional membership and influence, as we should, the strongest specialty club in existence. To this end we appeal to every lover of the English setter to join us, that we may, by hearty co-operation and concerted effort, effect much that cannot be done otherwise. Among these things we mention the adoption of a standard, selection of judges for bench shows and field trials, a proper registration of the English setter, and what should constitute one (ridding ourselves of many that are improperly classed, and not include everything, as now, that is not a black and tan or an Irish setter), establishing, where possible, the right of property in dogs, and proper transportation of them by railroad and express companies, appointment of local committees to look after the care of English setters at bench shows, and to report any negligence or abuse to the owner; in fact, to take an interest in all matters that may tend to the improvement and care of this breed, and all will recognize that to best accomplish these objects, the largest possible influence of membership is needed. The membership fee and yearly dues are placed at a low figure, that none may excuse themselves on account of it. We ask your favorable consideration of this invitation to join us in our efforts for good to our favorites. An early reply is respectfully solicited. By order of the Executive Committee."

"SPECIALISM" IN DOG SHOWS.

WE hear a good deal of this question of "specialism," and the criticisms passed on the so-called "specialist" are quite as often as not condemnatory. On the face of it one would be inclined to say at once that there can be nothing in such complaints. Specialism, as it is called, is in truth nothing more than the division of labor. And any one would certainly suppose that a man would judge a particular breed better if he did not burden his mind with the study of breeds having nothing in common with that one. No man in his senses would deny that a man might be perfectly well fitted to judge a class of shorthorns and quite unfit to judge Channel Island cattle. We should get some rather odd results if a judge of Brahma fowls was turned on at Birmingham to award the prizes in the game classes; and so might multiply instances *ad infinitum*. Yet on the other hand vague discontent at a system generally has some element of truth underlying it. To intrust our shows to so-called "all-round" judges would be putting the clock back ten years. Still it is worth while to see whether "specialism" has not its dangers; if so, what they are and how they may be guarded against. Now to begin; there are breeds and breeds. There are breeds into which arbitrary points reckoned as merits by some accepted convention among breeders and exhibitors, but having no obvious effect either on the utility or beauty of the animal, enter. Now here the man who is not a specialist is obviously helpless. No amount of experience gained, say, among setters, will teach a man whether a pug's head, or tail, or color is of the correct pattern. It seems to me, however, that this in itself helps to illustrate the dangers which attend specialism, and which are present to the minds of those who denounce the specialist judge. There are many points where the most important points are those which plain common sense shows are needful to the working of the animal, and where convention has established certain minor points as desirable. Take, for example, an Irish setter. He must have certain essential points of make and shape needful for pace and endurance. He must also have a certain type of head and a certain shade of color as indications of purity of breed. Now these last are points where no knowledge derived from any other breed will help a judge. But in such points as shoulders, legs and feet, and the like, the wider the judge's experience, the more equal will he be to the task of criticism. If a judge of hounds were to say "I really can't judge setters; there are several detailed points proper to that breed which I don't understand," I should say he showed his sense. But if he were to say "I know nothing about these dogs," I should be tempted to say then there is a good deal about your own business that you also don't know. And I should certainly admit this. If a man had by any misfortune to travel somewhat out of his own province to judge a breed with which he is thoroughly conversant, the man who does know three or four breeds will do better, or perhaps one should say fail less, than the man who only knows one.

On the other hand, there is, as it seems to me, this overwhelming argument in favor of the specialist judge. A man can hardly have acquired the minute knowledge necessary for a judge—the habit of patient and thoughtful comparison, except by breeding and keeping continuously the kind of dog that he professes to judge; and the man who has done this is, in nine cases out of ten, a specialist. The man of many breeds is almost sure to be a man who may love dogs, but who loves winning prizes better; and of such, it seems to me, judges are not made. The man who really loves dogs for their own sake, to whom the task of comparison is really a labor of love, is almost sure to settle down—if he does not begin—with a special interest in a very limited number of breeds. Still he need not be absolutely or wholly a specialist. It is an old description of education that it should be "something to everything and everything to something." So I should say of the properly equipped critic of dogs. Only the "something of everything" will not be enough to enable him to judge with credit to himself or satisfaction to his neighbors.

The dangers of specialist clubs are, it seems to me the same. There is no doubt a fear that they may teach exhibitors to over rate what I have before called the arbitrary and conventional points of the breed. And there is yet a further danger. It is the business of a specialist club to be for its own breed the responsible department in the dog showing-world, to protect the interests of the whole body of exhibitors in that breed. And thus anything in the nature of exclusiveness is fatal. A club which professes to represent the whole body of exhibitors and really represents a section is worse than useless; it is misleading. And this, it appears to me, is a very strong argument against the policy of a club which refuses to accept any judge for its own breed who is not a member of the club. I know that I differ here from persons who speak with high authority. Certainly let a club draw up and revise a list of judges; let it encourage shows to adopt that list and exhibitors to insist on it. But good judges may stand aloof from the club, possibly not from any personal hostility to it, but from a score of reasons which do not in the least affect their fitness for the post. A specialist club ought to aim at making every breeder and exhibitor, even if he remains outside the club, into an ally.

The question of restricting certain prizes to members of the club seems to me to be on a wholly different basis. That is really a question of finance. If a club by so doing can attract fresh members, and thereby increase their funds and consequently its utility, let it do so. If the promise of a prize limited to members brings subscriptions of an equal amount the prize is self-supporting, and those who are not eligible for it are no worse off than they would be otherwise. It is not a question whether there shall be a close prize or an open one, but whether there shall be a close prize or no prize at all.

Whatever may be the dangers or drawbacks of the system, I cannot doubt that specialist clubs have done, and may do, great good for breeds in which they exist. It is a good thing to keep up personal communication and exchange of ideas between breeders, to set a number of men working on what one may roughly call a co-operative system for the same object, to substitute a corporate interest in the whole breed for a merely individual interest in one's own kennel.—*J. A. D. in English Kennel Gazette.*

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE dog show in connection with the annual fair in progress at Wilmington, Del., this week was opened on Tuesday morning. The catalogue showed a total of 190 entries, and the dogs were benched on the permanent stalls used last year in the cool ground floor of the large exhibition building. Mr. F. R. Carswell, of Wilmington, was superintendent, and he cannot be too highly complimented on the way he managed the whole affair.

The judges were Dr. H. Clay Glover and Mr. R. F. Mayhew, and they divided the classes about half and half. Dr. Glover worked by no means as rapidly as Mr. Mayhew, and a few of his classes were not judged until Wednesday morning. The following is a full list of the awards made up to 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, when the fair closed for the day. As will be seen by the names in the list the quality of the dogs is excellent, and we may add that the judges' awards were well received by all hands:

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Kensington Kennels' Brother; 2d, H. Barnett's Lu Lu; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Don. *Bitches:* 1st, D. Woodson's Lady Caution; 2d, H. Barnett's Lady Tioga. *Puppies:* 1st, H. Barnett's Lady Tioga. Best in show, Lady Caution.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Archduke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. S. Diffenderffer's Blodwin and Lakme. Best in show, Blodwin.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Diffenderffer's Lord Hector; 2d, Diffenderffer & Shewbrooke's Lord Clifton. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Queen Bess. Best in show, Lord Hector.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Weisbrod & Hess's Marco; 2d, J. H. H. Maenner's Pedro. *Bitches:* 1st, Weisbrod & Hess's Flora; 2d, C. Heimerle's Irene. Best three, J. H. H. Maenner.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, E. W. Jester's Thora III.

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—LARGE—1st, S. W. Pentz's Brake. SMALL—Hempstead Farm Kennels' Queen Fan.—OPEN—LARGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Winslow's Tempest; 2d, S. D. Riddle's The Beau; 3d, J. S. Colton's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Belle Randolph; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Laverack Elsa. SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. H. Hyland's Pommery Sec and Ossining; 3d, Fleet View & Reading Pointer Kennels' Spot Dash. Reserve, J. S. Summer's Bang of Kippen. *Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Merry Legs; 2d, J. H. Winslow's White Fawn; 3d, J. H. Tindall's Princess Bang. *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Hyland's McGinty. Best dog owned in Delaware, Prince; bitch, Princess Bang.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, St. George Kennels' Dick Roy and Don Del; 2d, W. H. Wallace's Punch. Reserve, D. C. Brown's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Churchman's Ruby; 2d and reserve, St. George Kennels' Miss Dido and Maggie; 3d, G. W. Stanley's Melba. Very high com., Woodbury Kennels' Mollie. *Puppies:* 1st and high com., T. H. Hardy's Sam Randall and Blue Girl; 2d and high com., W. R. Fiele's Ivy and Dean; 3d, W. H. Wallace's Oakingham.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—E. Maher's Larry S.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, I. W. Kemble's Major; 2d, C. Stevenson's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Kendall's Leda Glencho; 2d, I. W. Kemble's Madge; 3d, G. W. Bush, Jr.'s Norah. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Thayer's Trix and Mona; 3d and very high com., W. F. Aschenbach's John L. and Nellie.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. F. Smith's champion Roxie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. F. Smith's King Item. *Bitches:* 1st, H. F. Smith's Countess Roxie; 2d, J. E. Gans's Ruby Royal.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OVER 28LBS.—1st, W. H. Smith's Lady Daffodil; 2d, T. Wallace's Pascha.

COCKER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Barnes & Rumney's Red Doc; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Toady Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, Barnes & Rumney's Hazel Obo; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Waggles. *Puppies:* 1st, Barnes & Rumney's Banjo; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Wiggles.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes and Colonel Scot; 2d and high com., F. R. Carswell's (agent) Major J and Bonkie; 3d, J. Watson's Blair Athol. Reserve, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Zulu. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Cora II. and Jakyr Dean; 3d and reserve, F. R. Carswell's Lady Moll and Iduna. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. R. Kyle's Attila Wonder and Noble Wonder; 3d, F. R. Carswell's Rutland Pet.

BULLDOGS—1st and 3d, C. D. Cugle's Bombardos and Derby Nancy; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Sykes.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, 3d and reserve, Woodbury Kennels Meg Merrilies, White Stubbs and White Violet; 2d, E. D. Hays's Chessel's Flyer.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. A. P. Stephenson's Janesse; 2d, St. George Kennels' Krooks.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, B. Cannon's Waldmann I.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rubicon; 2d, Regent Kennels' Blemton Consequence.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Brawler; 2d, Regent Kennels' Regent Brisk; 3d, M. W. Taylor's General Grant. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Caitiff. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Jenny; 2d, Regent Kennels' Regent Edna; 3d, W. T. McAlee's Tennis. Reserve, C. H. Byron's Nellie Bly.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Breda Tiney.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. Stevenson's Lovett.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Dick; 2d, St. George Kennels' Winnie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, F. Senn's Prince; 2d, Central Kennels' Lady K.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Woodbury Kennels' Tiney; 2d, A. E. Brown's Dot.

PUGS.—*Bitches:* 1st, R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly. *Puppies:* 1st, R. T. Harrison's Maude H.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's King Victor; 2d, Central Kennels' Pansy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Geo. C. Whitman's smooth-coated collie Beauty; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Schipperke Othello; 3d, Mrs. A. A. Cobb's poodle Curly. Reserve, V. Laubacker's Dalmatian Dick. High com., A. C. Heck's French poodle Chief.

DEATH OF A PROMISING PUPPY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have lost, from inflammation of the bowels, a mastiff puppy that promised to be the greatest show dog ever whelped in America. Several judges who had seen him considered him equal to his sire, champion Beaufort, in every respect. Of great size with the grandest short square head and smallest ears, with the most dense black markings. He was out of Gerda, so well known in England on the show bench, also the winner of Mr. Wade's special offered in England for the best moving mastiff. Champion Beaufort's reputation as the best stud dog ever known I am sure must be correct, I have seen litters sired by him out of inferior mastiff bitches which are of great promise. He is always sure to get good heads and black markings.—J. L. WINCHELL, (Fair Haven, Vt., Aug. 27).

FOX-TERRIER LOST.—Bloomfield, N. J., Aug. 30.—A small fox-terrier bitch disappeared Aug. 25, and I am afraid she has been stolen. Has solid white body and evenly marked head, black and tan patches covering eyes and ears, and small oval black spot on top of skull midway between ears. Lame in her left fore leg. Quite timid. Answers to the name of Trouble. Any information concerning her will be gratefully received.—W. H. JOECKEL, JR.

HAYFEVER sufferers send 5c. stamp for sample of Peshall's Remedy. GEO. L. WILMS, Jersey City, N. J. Regular size, 75c.—*Adv.*

THE OTTAWA DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our silence with regard to the dog show to be held here in connection with the Central Canada Fair, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of Sept., must have appeared peculiar to many, but it was our desire to be able to announce the list of special prizes when writing, and this has only now become possible. The show is held in a permanent building erected and fitted for the purpose, amply lighted and ventilated, with permanent benching capable of accommodating about one hundred and sixty dogs. Should a sufficient number of entries be received, it is the intention to build an additional wing. An ample exercising ground, surrounded by a 7ft. high fence, insures the dogs receiving sufficient exercise, their well-being will be looked after by a paid superintendent, Mr. C. C. Rogers, and an efficient staff of attendants, while the members of the committee will constantly be in attendance to personally see to the wants of the dogs and their owners. Exhibitors who are unable to attend in person need not hesitate to send their pets to Ottawa, as they will receive unceasing care and attention. Spratts Patent will feed the show. All possible precautions against fire are taken, and a fire engine, hose reels, and brigade of firemen are on duty night and day at the grounds.

Besides the attractions of the dog show, exhibitors should recollect that the Houses of Parliament and Department buildings of the Dominion Government, situated on a bluff overlooking the beautiful Ottawa River, not to mention the wonderful lumber mills, are one of the sights of the continent and amply repay a visit in themselves alone.

To those hesitating between London and Ottawa we would ask them to note that while we do not offer quite as much money in prizes as the Western city, our entry fee is but one dollar as compared to two at London, while our special prize list is far the more liberal of the two. No trouble need be apprehended in crossing the United States dogs over the border line, for arrangements are made with the customs authorities constituting the show grounds a "bonded warehouse" for the time being. A special feature of the Ottawa show is the Central Fair Association's special first class diploma for the best specimen of each breed, which is a very handsome affair of large size. Mr. James Watson, the popular and veteran judge of Philadelphia, will judge all classes. Arrangements have been made with the express companies running into Ottawa to return all dogs free of charge that have paid full rates one way: also with the railways, who have agreed to return all dogs free when accompanied by their owner or attendant, excess baggage rates being charged one way. Our list of special prizes as collected to the present date includes:

Five dollars for best in mastiff, St. Bernard, black and tan terrier, pug, English setter, Irish setter, Gordon setter, pointer, greyhound, beagle, Clumber spaniel, cocker, collie and fox-terrier classes; $5 pair of trousers for best dog or bitch fox-terrier; $10 for best kennel of 4 setters, any breed; $10 for best setter puppy; $3 for best foxhound, bull-terrier, best conditioned dog; with various reading matter to the best puppies and a dozen photos of himself for the biggest dog in the show. Ottawa is young in knowledge of dogs; and as its people are now awakening to an appreciation of them, this city offers a promising market for high class stock of all kinds, especially in setters of all kinds, pointers, greyhounds, beagles, terriers of all breeds and all the non-sporting varieties. Entry blanks and information may be had of F. Arthur Jackson, Sec'y, Central Canada Fair, Ottawa. The regular prizes are $7, $3 and certificate to third, 60 classes. Entries close Sept. 13.

BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE, Central Canada Fair.

THE BARZOIS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a letter I received a few days ago from Mr. Hugh Dalziel, of Surrey, Eng., the author of several able works on the dog, and the same gentleman who came over some few years ago to judge our dogs at the W. K. C and other shows, and in speaking of the Russian greyhounds, and of Krilutt in particular, he says: "Krilutt is the handsomest Barzoi I have yet seen, and I have known every one of the breed exhibited in England. If the Russian dogs that are to compete with Krilutt at Crystal Palace show in October, on their way to America, can beat Krilutt they must be marvels. I hope they are, for it is always a pleasure to see a better than the best." We shall anxiously await the show coming off at the Crystal Palace, and whether or not Krilutt is beaten, we shall give them a hearty welcome to our shores, and as they go westward bid them increase and multiply and bring good luck to their new and enterprising owner.—H. W. HUNTINGTON.

DANDIE DINMONT SALE.—I have bought Mr Naylor's (Mt. Forrest, Ill.) entire kennel save one exception.—W. E. HOFF (Chattanooga, Tenn.).

KENNEL NOTES.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jersey Maid—Hesper. Pauline Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Jersey Maid (Plinlimmon, Jr.—Maude) to E. B. Sears's champion Hesper, Aug. 26.

Queen Vic—Roger. E. A. Ohmer's (Dayton, O.) English setter bitch Queen Vic to L. Gardner's Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg), Aug. 11.

Queen Bess—Dick Swiveller. J. P. Spelling's red Irish setter bitch Queen Bess to Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller.

Nancy—Toons Royal. A. P. Mack's (Rochester, N. Y.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Nancy (Bradford Harry—Tangle) to North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Toons Royal (champion Dreadnaught—Filis), Aug. 25.

Flo—Bradford Harry. C. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Fan) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Sport. Natural Gas Pack's (North Baltimore, O.) Natural Gas Pack bitch Lady Sport (Sport—Queen), Aug. 12, nine (three dogs), by L. Bowser's Dick II. (Dick—Fanny).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Carl. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1889 by Jack out of Gypsy, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to Charles Greenwood, Sabattus, Me.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. B. S., New London, Conn.—Write to Wm. Macnaughton's Sons, South Fifth avenue, New York.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Argentine, Mich.—The little fish which you caught on a fly is the blue-spotted sunfish (*Lepomis cyanellus*). It is also called green sunfish and red-eye. This fish is found in tributaries of the Great Lakes and throughout the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, as well as in streams tributary to the Gulf of Mexico. The blue-spotted sunfish grows to a length of 8in. under favorable circumstances. It is a beautiful fish, and, as would be expected from its wide range, varies greatly and has been described under many scientific names. It is certainly one of the most widely known sunfishes of the West. In our Black Bass Supplement Dr. Henshall describes the game qualities of our sunfishes, and states that some of them rise eagerly to the artificial fly and make a gallant fight. You will find good figures of the species in the Ichthyology of the Pacific Railroad Expedition, under the names of *Calliurus formosus* and *longulus*, Plate V., Figs. 1-4 and 5-8; also Plate VI., Figs. 5-8.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW GAS GUN.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30. The declaration of the Paris *Paix*, echoed by the London *Daily News*, that M. Paul Giffard's substitute for gunpowder as the charge for small arms is likely to revolutionize the art of war, is not received with entire faith by all our officers. It is said that the Chamber of Commerce of St. Etienne has already given the inventor a gold medal and $2,000 as a testimonial of the success attained by this novelty; but a fair statement probably is that in its present form the *nouvelle balistique* can never be a complete substitute for gunpowder, although within its restricted limits it has remarkable merits.

Since 150 or 300 "drops" or charges of the liquid carbonic acid gas can be stored in the small steel reservoir under the gun barrel, and one charge falling into the chamber volatilizes and explodes in contact with the air, so forcibly as to drive out the bullet, the firing can go on very rapidly and continuously. Supposing the soldier to have an extra steel cartouche or cylinder with him, he would carry 600 charges of the liquefied gas, each liberated as fast as the trigger could be pulled. Still, the loading with bullets which are dropped separately into an aperture in the breechlock, must go on, and this double process must be continued. Other advantages possessed by this weapon are smokelessness, a very moderate report, safety in use, and the preservation of the barrel from fouling. Perhaps the sportsman, even more than the soldier, will appreciate the lack of smoke and of noise which might alarm his game as well as the advantage of finding his gun barrel smooth and bright after 300 rounds. As it does not need to be heavy, the weapon can be manufactured at small cost, while the cylinder full of the liquid costs only a few cents.

But a fundamental shortcoming of the Giffard gas gun, which in its present state must dispose of its claim to be the "military weapon of the future," is the shortness of its range. The extremely low pressure which the gas exerts on expanding, as compared with gunpowder, can hardly make it effective at much above a third of a mile. Troops armed with such a weapon might therefore be at the mercy of an enemy possessed of rifles sighted up to 1,300yds. Special forces might carry them and reserve their fire until the enemy should be within their inferior range; but such a double system arming would not be generally approved. The rifle, as it appears, would also have to be held in a limited position in order that the drop of liquid may be properly volatilized, and this might be a drawback in battle. But it would seem to be an acquisition in any case to the sphere of machine guns. Unfortunately, criminals may also appreciate the advantages of its smokelessness and comparative noiselessness.

But perhaps the most interesting suggestion made in regard to this new invention is that it ought to enter the field of heavy guns instead of small arms, and apply itself to the projecting of shells filled with dynamite and other high explosives. Commander F. P. Barber of our navy, a well-known expert, has pointed out that this liquefied gas of Giffard should really be put upon the plane of compressed air as an explosive power for such projectiles. Like the pneumatic gun of the Vesuvius, it has a low pressure and a short range, but a pressure which is fixed and which can be most accurately measured. This means absolute safety in the use of the high explosives as the bursting charge of the projectiles. Moreover, the pressure of the carbonic acid gas remains uniform to the last drop of the liquid. As the pneumatic gun gives a mortar-like fire, the asserted necessity of not depressing the Giffard gun would not put it at a disadvantage by comparison. This use of the new projecting power, as suggested by Commander Barber, may turn out to be the most practically important one, at least for military purposes, and at any rate it suggests the future of mortar fire with shells containing large charges of high explosives at short or medium range.

Another suggestion is that the new liquefied gas may be really only the pioneer in new experiments, and that if it has so low a pressure as to give too short a range for infantry arms, yet some other substance may do better. At all events, one more step is taken in replacing, for certain military purposes, the irregular and violent shock of gunpowder by slowly acting but steady and accurately measured expansive forces.

DEER HUNTERS' ASSOCIATION.

DAYTON, Ohio, Aug. 30.—The Deer Hunters' Association of Southwestern Ohio held its eleventh annual reunion and rifle tournament at Greenville yesterday. The association is made up of representatives of clubs in five Ohio counties and adjoining territory in Indiana, who go each year in camping parties hunting bear and deer in Northern Wisconsin and the woods of the Upper Michigan peninsula. The members are all skilled hunters experienced in woodcraft, and most all of them gray-haired men who have been making these expeditions to the north for big game for thirty years.

Their reunions are held on the beautiful club range in a clear strip of timber near Greenville, O., where the members for fifty miles around assemble each year. One hundred crack shots were there yesterday, weather fine though windy. The rifle range runs through an opening in the woods, the firing and target sheds, neat substantial buildings being 200ft. apart, the shooter always facing the south, the target shed on a slight elevation. The officers all reside in Greenville. A. N. Wilson, President; G. A. Katzenberger, Treasurer. Frank Culbertson, Secretary. At this reunion a number of hunting expeditions were planned, the first party to start for Michigan Sept. 22.

First match, at 200yds. off-hand, open sight, three shots each. American field target, possible 30 rings, 60 entries, five money prizes.

M. Hampton, Richmond, Ind., 8, 8, 10, total 26, first prize. A. N. Wilson, Greenville, O., 8, 8, 8, 26, second prize. Dock Merling, Greenville, 7 8, 9, 24, third prize. J. L. Heck, Union City, Ind., 6, 9, 9, 24, fourth prize. Daniel Heim, Greenville, 7, 9, 7, 23, fifth prize. Other scores were: Gus Sander, of Dayton, O., 22; J. H. Schwable, Greenville, 22; S. R. Bell, Union City, 22; W. J. Glunt, Union City, 22; James Knick, Greenville, 20; Charles Mattner, Lewisburg, O., 19; C. Holt, Eaton, O., 19; Ross Pitman, Hollandsburg, O., 18; Frank Culbertson, Greenville, 18; T. E. Garrette, Euphemia, O., 17; A. C. Cunner, West Alexandria, O., 15; J. D. Baker, Arcanum, O., 15, Charles Knick, Greenville, 12

Second match, 200yds., muzzle rest, no restriction in sights, three shots, German ring target, possible 72, 85 entries, five money prizes:

A. E. Clemmer, of West Alexandria, O., 48; G. A. Katzenberger, Greenville, O., 67; S. R. Bell, Union City, Ind., 47; Benj. Fye, Richmond, Ind., 64; J. M. Woodbury, Union City, Ind., 46; Charles Knick, Greenville, 53; Perry Green, Hollandsburg, O., 47; Thomas Jones, Union City, Ind., 66; Ed Schwind, Dayton, O., 62; Julius Wehner, Dayton, O., 60; Julius Weinstein, Dayton, O., 50; Robert Appleby, Eaton, 54; Philip Kern, Dayton, 40; A. N. Wilson, Greenville, 59; F. Culbertson, Greenville, 56, James Knick, Greenville, 41.

Katzenberger won first, Jones second, Fye third, Schwind fourth, Wehner fifth prize.

An exciting feature of the afternoon was the shooting at the hunter's moving targets, a life size picture of a buck, doe, fawn or bear on each of the four targets, the center being over the animal's heart, 12 rings, and the outside ring calling for the red flag. Conditions of the four matches, 100yds. off-hand, open sights, one shot each man at each target, possible 12 rings in each match, possible aggregate 48, 91 entries, 8 prizes on each target, and the Association gold medal to the shooter making the highest aggregate score in the four matches. Following are the eight winners and their scores in each of the four matches:

Buck target—Ed Culbertson, of Greenville, O., 12; M. Loxley, of West Alexandria, O., 12, John Yeke, of Eaton, O., 12; Chas. Johns, of Greenville, O., 12; J. D. Wilson, of Lewisburg, O., 11; J. N. Woodbury, of Union City, Ind., 11; R. Thomas, of Eaton, O., 11; Dr. Evans, of Greenville, O., 10.

Doe target—S. P. Younce, of Lewisburg, O., 12; Phil Miller, of Eaton, O., 12; Wils Kerby, of Greenville, 11; A. N. Wil or, of Greenville, 11; S. S. Black, of West Alexandria, O., 11; Gus Sander, of Dayton, O., 11; J. L. Heck, of Union City, Ind., 11; Ross Pitman, of Hollandsburg, O., 11.

Fawn target: M. Foxley, of West Alexandria, O., 12; Thomas Jones, of Union City, Ind., 12; [illegible] 12; [illegible] 12; [illegible] 12; T. W. Bi[illegible] of West Liberty, O., 11; S. [illegible] 11; Henry Heisler, of Greenville, O., 11

Bear Target: L. F. Cuprave, of Eaton, O., 12; F. Gazelle, of Lewisburg, O., 12; W. H. Schaefer, of Germantown, O., 12; Henry Heisler, of Greenville, 11; J. L. Heck, of Union City, Ind., 11; John J. Wilson, of Union City, Ind., 11; Gus Sander, Dayton, O., 11; L. F. Parmalee, of Lewisburg, O., 10.

Prizes in each of the four matches were articles suitable to life in the woods, such as heavy blankets, rubber clothing, belts, hatchets, etc.

The gold medal was won by J. L. Heck, of Union City, Ind., by a score of 39. Charles Johns, of Greenville, was second with 38, which was just the score that Nils Kirby, of Greenville, won the medal on last year. Heck's score of 39 is the highest aggregate made by any shooter in these four matches in seven years.

BROWN.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 24.—The greatest shooting event of the season was that of the San Francisco Gruetli Shooting Section, which took place at Harbor View to-day and consumed the entire day, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until sundown.

It was a free-for-all day and made up of four separate contests, the public, or cash target, honorary target, luck target and membership target.

In the cash target contest each competitor was required to purchase tickets at $1 a piece, each ticket entitling the holder to four shots, and there was no limit placed upon the number of tickets one might purchase. Each ticket of four shots, however, counted as one person in the race for prizes, so there was nothing to prevent any one person from winning any number of prizes, provided he was good enough marksman. Following are the names of the first ten prize winners:

First prize, $30, won by A. Johnson, 95 points out of a possible 100; second, $25, F. Kuhuly, 95 points, third, $20. H. Brown, 94 points; fourth, $18, McLaughlin, 93 points; fifth, $15, George Helm, 93 points; sixth, $12, William Glindeman, 93 points; seventh, $10. H. Hett, 91 points; eighth, $9, A. Strecker, 90 points; ninth, $8.50, Rahwyler, 90 points; tenth, $8. James Dornbier, 89 points.

The first bullseye shot (24 rings) of the forenoon was made by A. Rahwyler, prize $2.50; last bullseye shot, afternoon, John Straub, prize $2.50; last bullseye, forenoon, A. Gehret, prize $1; first bullseye, afternoon, George Helm, prize $1.

In addition to the above prizes a special prize of $5 was offered to the one making the best five scores during the day—the winners of the first three prizes barred. This was won by George Helm, score 92, 92, 93, 92, 91.

The honorary target contest was of a higher grade than the cash target match, to the extent that only three shots were allowed per ticket of $1. In other respects the conditions of the match were the same. Seventy-five prizes were contested for in this match, consisting of watches, jewelry, silverware, wearing apparel, etc. Following are the first ten winners: First won by F. Kuhn, by 73 out of a possible 75 points; second, William Glindeman, 72; third, George Helm, 71; fourth, A. Johnson, 69; fifth, A. Strecker, 69; sixth, A. Rahwyler, 68; seventh, H. Brown, 68; eighth, F. Yung, 67; ninth, A. von Well, 67; tenth, James Backman, 67.

The target that held out the most tempting inducements, however, was the Target of Luck, since the prizes competed for were by far the most valuable, and the chances of winning considerably reduced. Each competitor was allowed to purchase but two tickets, each ticket allowing two shots. Unlike the other contests, that was the limit. The first ten winners are as follows: First prize won by E. Hovey, 37 points; second F. Kuhule, 37; third, J. Straub, 37; fourth, F. Genret, 36; fifth, G. Orsi, 36; sixth, A. Johnson, 35; seventh; A. Gehret, 34; eighth, G. Helm, 33; ninth, C. Meyer, 32 points; tenth, R. Finking, 32.

The members' prizes have not yet been decided upon fully, but it is known that the first one will be a fine blooded bull and the second a bedroom set. Following are the winners in the membership target:

1. F Gehret	18 20 22—60	6. P Baumgartner	10 23 13—55
2. A Gehret	21 20 19—60	7 G Ors	23 6 24—53
3. A Rahwyler	24 10 22—56	8. E Weber	19 14 20—53
4. P Siyesser	22 9 24—55	9. E Christin	22 12 19—53
5. V Luthold	23 14 16—55	10. J Hugenin	20 13 20—53

The following committees from the several rifle clubs had charge of the event: California Shooting Club—Capt. Fred Kundli, R. Finking; Swiss Rifle Club—J. Dornbierer, P. A. Ginini; Turner Schuetzen—Capt. Zimmer, G. Helm; Germania Schuetzen Club—Leo Klotz, Doc Muff; Gruetli Schuetzen Section—A. Rahwyler, John Bruegger, Emil Weber; J. Appenzeller, Louis Hauser, Fritz Gehret, Mr. Reupp; Eintracht Schuetzen Section—H. Gumbel, H. Schubert.

NORTH END.

EPHRATA, Pa., Aug. 30.—The North End Rifle Club gave a shoot at their range Thursday, Aug. 28, and there was quite a large attendance. Besides the members of the home club the following were present from abroad: Lancaster Schuetzen Verein, Jacob Wolfer, Thos. Anderson, Jas. B. Best, Howard Grossman, Ed. Deisley, Chas. Franciscus. Villa Rifle Club, of Lancaster—Peter Dommel, H. J. Kegel, L. W. Knapp, Jr. Columbia Rifle Club—G. F. Hiltz, M. H. Smith, Fred Gerfin, Lewis Smith, Wm. Schoenberger, Frank Treible.

The matches were shot at 200yds., and the first one was for a gold and silver medal. It was shot at rest. The result was as follows, out of a possible 100:

J Wolfer	5	7	5	8	7	8	5	4	6	8—63
T Anderson	6	4	7	0	7	5	10	6	5	4—55
E Deisley	0	7	4	0	4	3	8	8	4	9—47
L Knapp	0	0	3	4	3	5	5	5	0	7—32
J Best	0	0	0	0	4	4	0	0	0	3—11
P Dommel	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
H Kegel	0	6	0	5	8	10	5	7	7	0—48
C Franciscus	8	7	7	8	7	10	9	6	10	5—77
M H Smith	7	3	5	6	5	6	7	4	4	9—56
G Hiltz	0	4	0	6	4	6	4	4	0	0—34
F Girlin	6	0	6	5	4	8	8	10	0	0—59
F Treible	5	7	0	6	4	7	4	5	5	8—51
W Schoenberger	7	4	3	0	4	4	4	9	8	0—40
L Smith	7	3	5	8	6	5	7	8	5	4—58
W Carpenter	10	10	8	7	10	10	10	7	8	6—83
W D Winter	5	10	8	7	7	6	10	9	10	8—81
C Konigmacher	10	6	9	5	5	6	10	0	10	8—69
J S Schaefer	8	10	7	5	7	10	6	7	10	10—81
C Wenger	9	8	9	10	9	9	10	9	9	10—92
R W Bickley	4	4	9	7	5	5	6	4	4	8—56
L Wiest	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	9	6	5—66
D B Lefever	0	0	4	6	5	7	7	0	4	4—37
M Kafroth	8	4	8	6	4	6	8	6	7	6—93
S A Stober	7	9	5	6	8	6	8	6	4	6—68

The gold medal was awarded to Clayton Wenger and the silver prize to W. Carpenter. Last year these medals were won by Messrs. Wiest and Winters, who were allowed to keep them until this year. Next year the four gentlemen will contest for them.

The second match was for a silver medal, 200yds. at rest, 5 shots each.

Wolfer	6	6	5	5	0	—22	Schoenberger	4	7	6	3	4—25
Anderson	8	7	6	6	7	—34	L Smith	6	6	10	5	5—32
Deisley	4	3	6	7	3	—23	Carpenter	4	9	6	10	8—37
Knapp	0	0	7	5	7	—19	Winters	7	6	6	4	9—32
Best	0	3	4	0	7	—14	Konigmacher	7	5	5	6	7—30
Dommel	5	5	0	9	9	—28	Shaeffer	6	9	8	6	6—35
Kegel	5	7	8	5	6	—31	Wenger	8	9	7	8	5—37
Franciscus	8	4	7	4	4	—27	Bickley	10	5	3	6	3—27
M H Smith	10	4	5	5	5	—29	Wiest	6	8	4	7	9—34
Hiltz	0	6	3	4	0	—13	Lefever	0	4	0	4	4—11
Girlin	5	9	8	8	0	—27	Kafroth	10	7	8	7	8—40
Treible	5	0	7	5	6	—23	Stober	9	9	7	9	7—40

In the shoot-off, at 3 shots each Stober won as follows: 7, 4, 10—21. Krafroth 7, 5, 7—19.

The third match was five shots each, off-hand:

Wolfer	5	3	3	6	5	—22	Schoenberger	3	4	3	5	0—15
Anderson	7	7	8	6	4	—32	L Smith	0	4	9	7	4—24
Knapp	3	0	0	0	4	—7	Carpenter	10	0	6	7	5—28
Best	0	0	0	7	0	—7	Winters	4	5	5	5	4—23
Dommell	3	0	0	6	0	—9	Shaeffer	5	3	7	7	10—32
Kegel	5	0	6	3	0	—14	Wenger	6	5	8	5	6—30
Franciscus	5	6	8	8	0	—27	Wiest	6	7	10	8	8 39
Smith	7	8	0	6	5	—26	Lefever	0	0	3	0	0— 3
Hiltz	7	0	3	0	10	—20	Kafroth	4	0	0	4	0— 8
Girlin	3	6	6	5	8	—28	Stober	6	4	0	5	4—19
Treible	5	8	4	4	3	—24						

Wiest won first prize. The North End Club held their own against all comers and some member of their team were winners in each contest.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 30—In the competition for the handsome gold medal, emblematic of the championship among members of the Marion Rifle Club, Jersey City, the aggregate scores to date are as follows: L. P. Hansen 1,417, J. Speicher 1,304, J. Rebhan 1,302, Wm. Weber 1,103. H. Mahlenbrock 1,071, T. Stiff 1,012, C. Bauchle 743, A. Braun 563, J. J. Autenreith 389, and A. [illegible] 315.

[illegible] regular weekly competition of the Marion Rifle Club [illegible] handsome gold medal [illegible] scores made on [illegible] possible 220 points on the standard 25-ring bar or at 75ft. distance: A. Meyer 238, F. Brandt 235, A. Meyer 229, J. Fowkel 223, L. Vogel 222, B. Koch 208, M. Rogers 208, R. Dewey 205, W. Gressner 202, H. Klempt 202, A. Buley 202, and P. Kanel 200.

NEW JERSEY TEAM.—Gen. Wm. S. Stryker, Adj.-Gen. of New Jersey, has named the State team for the Creedmoor matches as follows: Brigadier-General Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice; Brevet Brigadier-General George E. P. Howard, Acting Assistant Inspector General of Rifle Practice; Colonel James M. Van Valen, Assistant Inspector General of Rifle Practice; Colonel Anthony R. Kuser. A. D. C., Staff of Commander-in-Chief; Major William S. Righter, A. D. C., Division Staff; Major R. Heber Breintnall, First regiment; Captain Wm. F. Decker. Company C, First battalion; Second Lieutenant Henry R. Goesser, Company A, Second battalion; Sergeant Alexander C. Neumann, Standard-Bearer, Division Staff; Hospital Steward Frank H. Lalor, Seventh regiment; Color-Sergeant Chas. Chinn, First battalion; Corporal August Dietrich, Company C, First battalion; Private William Oscar Vincent, Company H, Fifth regiment; Private William Hartmann, Company B, Seventh regiment; Private John Ranson, Company B, First battalion. Brigadier-General Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, is the captain of the team. Brevet Brigadier-General George E. P. Howard, Adjutant, and Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Early, quartermaster. The officers and team will report to General Spencer at Creedmoor on Thursday, Sept. 4, at 9:30 A. M.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 30.—The fifth in the series of matches for sharp-shooters' medals, for members of the National Guard, was shot on the 500 and 600yds. ranges at Creedmoor to-day. The day was fair with a strong breeze. Following are the scores of the prize winners, 5 shots each distance, Remington State model rifles:

	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
I S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regt.	24	24	48
E S Spink, Co F, 23d Regt.	24	20	44
W R Pryor, staff, 23d Regt.	22	20	42
W A Stokes, Co H, 23d Regt.	21	21	42
J McNevin, non-c m staff, 13th Regt.	25	22	47
R H Herndrans, Jr, Co G, 14th Regt.	21	22	43
G W Lotz, Co G, 13th Regt.	22	20	42
O E Dudley, Co F, 7th Regt.	22	21	43
H B Thompson, Co C, 7th Regt.	23	23	46
W Donaghy, Jr, Co H, 13th Regt.	20	22	42
R M Kalloch, Co H, 7th Regt.	24	23	47
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Regt.	24	22	46
L J Elliott, Co C, 23d Regt.	25	23	48
J D Obot, Co F, 7th Regt.	23	23	46
A Bertrand, Co C, 7th Regt.	22	22	44
J B Frothingham, 2d Brigade staff.	23	22	45
G E Constable, Co F, 13th Regt.	22	22	44
F L Seefeldt, Co H, 23d Regt.	22	20	42
E L Chase, Co K 9th Regt.	21	21	42
O M Beach, Jr, Co B, 7th Regt.	23	20	43
F A Wells, Co B, 23d Regt.	22	21	43
J Howard, Co G, 12th Regt.	22	21	43
H D Hamilton, Co G, 23d Regt.	23	22	45
W A Bayer, Co D, 23d Regt.	21	22	43
A H Paul, Co B, 71st Regt.	21	21	42
J Dwight, Jr, Co F, 7th Regt.	20	22	42
R Byars, Co G, 22d Regt.	21	21	42
H Coburn, Jr, Co C, 7th Regt.	22	21	43
J T Hull, Co F, 23d Regt.	22	21	43
S F Fahnestock, Co I, 13th Regt.	23	19	42
J W Hale, supernumerary.	22	21	43
C H Smith, Co B, 71st Regt.	22	20	42
J N Munson, Co G, 7th Regt.	22	20	42

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a good attendance of riflemen. Some fine scores were made in several of the matches. Mr. Francis (Rabbeth) made two fine scores of 116 each at rest, these being the highest scores made at this range this year. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds., standard American target:

Record Off-Hand Match.

J Francis	111 A H Ballard. 102
W P Thompson	110 A R Long. 99

Record Pistol Match, 50yds.

H Severance	92 O M Howard. 85
W Charles	89 H W Gill. 83

Champion Off-Hand Match.

W Charles	90 O M Howard. 74
S T George	79

All-Comers Rest Match.

J Francis	116	L R Avay	105 A G Horne. 103
F Daniels	110	M T Day	103 J B Hobbs. 101
A H Ballard	106		

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

W Charles	89	S C Sydney	80 D R Ball. 71
H Severance	82	S T George	79 A N Mann. 70
C H Eastman	80		

MARION, N. J., Sept. 1.—The Marion Rifle Club of Jersey City held its annual prize shoot on its range at Marion to-day. Among the many visiting rifle shooters were members of the Newark Shooting Society, the Howard Rifle Club, the Our Owns of Newark, and the Zeitler Rifle Club of New York. With good management the competition was a success socially and financially. The winners of prizes on the different targets follow: Target of honor, open to members only, 200yds. off-hand, A. Brown, first medal; J. Rebhan, L. P. Hansen, Wm. Weber, H. Hoersch and J. Autenreith took the next five prizes.

Prize target, 200yds., off-hand, four handsome pieces of silverware, won by L. Joiner, J. Coppersmith, J. Rebhan and J. Speicher.

500yds. competition, Creedmoor target, three strings of 5 shots each man, possible 25 points—L. P. Hanson 23, 23, 21; total 67. H. Hoersch 21, 21, 19; total 61. J. Autenreith 21, 20, 19; total 60, and A. Braun 18, 18, 17; total, 53. The two premiums for the highest and second highest aggregate of points were won by J. Autenreith and L. P. Hansen.

Short range, 23-ring target, 75ft., 9 shots, possible 225 points: J. Coppersmith 223. L. Joiner 223, L. P. Hansen 222. J. Snellen 222, G. Wildman 219, M. Hoff 219, J. Rebhan 219, Vogel 218, C. Bauchle 218.

Ring target, 200yds., 3½in. rings, possible 75 points on 3 shots, best 3 tickets to count: J. Coppersmith, 68, 70, 74 total 212. L. Joiner 66, 66, 70; total 202. M. Vogel, 64, 65, 69; total 198. M. Speicher, 65, 65, 66; total 196; J. Rebahn, 65, 65, 66; total 196; L. Flack, 63, 64, 68; total 195; J. Autenreith 71, 58, 66; total 194. L. P. Hansen 63, 63, 61; total 187. The premiums for most points were won by L. Joiner, J. Coppersmith and L. P. Hansen.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—Creedmoor, Aug. 30.—The New York Rifle Club held the last one of a series of 200yds. handicap matches to-day. The scores were not up to the average, owing to unfavorable weather conditions, and an interruption during the best time for shooting, we having to leave our targets on account of the military shooters, who were shooting at 500 and 600yds., and who were stationed almost immediately in our rear. Following are the scores:

J E Geusch	81+1=82	T Loyd	69+8=77
M Herrington	80+1=81	Dr Chadbourne	62+8=70
J Duane	76+2=78		

Messrs. J. S. Case, C. E. Taynior, J. F. Klein, Maj. Shorkley and John Macauley were also present, but did not shoot in the match, preferring to spend their time practicing with various guns and ammunition. The winners of the various prizes cannot be announced until the return of Secretary Dolan, who is away on a visit to Canada.—M. HERRINGTON.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 28. Half a dozen of the Shooting Society members were at the park this afternoon, and a big lot of powder was burned. In the members' trophy match John Coppersmith made 201, G. D. Weigman 207, on which a 5-point allowance is to be added, C. H. Townsend 205 and an allowance of 10 points. In a practice shoot J. T. Collins made 219, 116; John Coppersmith, G. D. Weigman, 198, 199. Coppersmith and Townsend used a new 14-pound Wurfflein .32-40-165 rifle, with a 32in-barrel, which did some close shooting.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Sept. 9.—Tolley's Tournament, Catskill, N. Y. Geo. F. Tolley, Secretary.

Sept. 9-10.—Hyers Hurd's and F. R. Hunsiger's Peoria Black Bird and Blue Rock Tournament, at Peoria, Illinois.

Sept. 9-11.—St. Paul Gun Club Tournament, Hamline, Minn. Professionals barred. C. D. Pounsby, Pres., St. Paul.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bancle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limbeur, Sec'y.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS TOURNAMENT.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Aug. 29.—The twelfth annual tournament of the Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association was held here Aug. 26, 27, 28 and 29, and was a grand success in every particular. With the exception of Tuesday morning, when a heavy rain fell, the weather was just suited to the sport. The attendance throughout was satisfactory and a heavy programme was worked off. The special prizes contested for were both numerous and valuable. On Tuesday the affair was honored by the presence of Wolfred N. Lowe, of Chicago, who came here for the purpose of conferring with the sportsmen with reference to the betterment of the game laws. More stringent laws are to be asked for from the several assemblies this coming winter, and an effort will also be made to induce the law makers to pass a bill for the appointment of game wardens in each county in the State, whose duties will be to see that the game laws are not violated. Mr. Lowe is an enthusiastic sportsman, and he is laboring diligently to save what little game remains within the boundaries of this State.

The honor of entertaining the members of this association next year fell to Jacksonville. Bunkerhill wanted it, but after a long fight in the convention which held it in a deadlock for a couple of hours, Jacksonville came out with flying colors. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Dr. C. Henry, of Jacksonville, President; Geo. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Vice-President; J. B. Thompson, Secretary; H. D. Duer, Treasurer; the two latter of Jacksonville.

Standard traps and targets were used for all programme events, governed by the rules of the A. S. A. Ties divided unless otherwise stated:

First Day.

Shoot No. 1, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $1.50:

C Parent	0000101001— 4	N Crosley	1100111111—8
A Harris	1010011100— 5	E Spencer	0111010101—6
T W Taylor	0001111100— 6	W Dick	0101111100—6
C Spencer	1111011011— 8	J Brown	1011110110—7
F O Appell	1000001000— 2	W S Duer	1010011111—7
W C Smith	0101010011— 5	H A Hurd	1011101100—7
T O'Niel	1101011111— 8	Dr E L Spencer	1100111111—8
C E Strawn	1101011111— 8	J Perings	1100101111—7
G Crosley	1111110111— 9	G W Rex	0111011011—7
M A Warren	1111111111—10		

Shoot No. 2, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $1:

Parent	1010101011— 6	W Spencer	1111110111—9
Bauer	0000100011— 3	Hurd	1011111111—9
Al Tack	1000110110— 5	Penalings	1101111011—8
Taylor	1011011111— 8	Stoeckel	0111100100—5
Harris	1001111001— 6	Warren	1111110000—6
Chappell	0010101001— 5	O'Niel	1001110111—7
Strawn	0010111111— 7	Rex	1101111111—9
Smith	1111111111—10	Brown	1011001111—6
Burleigh	0111111110—8	Cadwallerder	1111001100—6
F E Felter	1111010110—7	Beatty	1000011110—5
Kight	1000011010—4	Dick	1011111010—7
C Spencer	1111111111—10	Cameo	1111010101—7
Duer	1111111111—10		

Shoot No. 3, open to all, at 15 singles, entrance $2.50:

C Spencer	111111111111111—15	G Crosby	101111111101111—13
Hurd	101111111111011—13	N Crosby	111111010111110—12
E Spencer	000101101101111— 9	W Dick	100101010010010— 6
Taylor	110110100100101— 8	Warren	111101111111114—14
Harris	110110011111112—12	Brown	000111010101101— 8
Chappell	111001011011111—12	Rex	100111111111113—13
Smith	011101111101111—12	O'Niel	111010110100101—10
Strawn	111100101000111— 9	Duer	011010011010110— 9
Parent	101010010010011— 7	Perrings	110011010101110— 9

Shoot No. 4, for association members only, at 15 single targets, entrance $1.50:

O'Niel	111111011101111—13	Perrings	111111001111011—12
Cameo	001111001000111— 8	Beatty	110101110001111— 9
C Spencer	111010110110111—11	Cadwallerder	011100110000111— 8
Hurd	101100111117110—11	W Spencer	111011111111110—13
E Spencer	111010111110011—11	Stoeckel	111010101011110—10
Taylor	111111001110011—13	Parent	111101010001101—10
Harris	111111100111011—13	Warren	111011111011111—13
Chappel	111111001011100—10	Strawn	111011011111101—13
Columberger	101101011010010— 8	Dick	111101010100100— 6
Felter	010111001011101— 9	Tack	010111000111010— 7
Burleigh	111010111111111—13	Brown	111111100110—12
Bauer	101011101111111—12	Smith	110011111011101—12
Rex	111001111101111—12	Duer	111110110111111—13

Shoot No. 5, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $2:

Strawn	010110110001110— 9	Duer	001111110111111—12
Chappell	111000100000000— 4	Rex	111011111111101—13
C Spencer	111011011111111—13	Taylor	111111010100010— 9
Cadwallerder	000000010000102— 3	Harris	111111110110116—12
Parent	101101000101100— 7	O'Niel	111111111100100—12
Perrings	111011110110100—10	Bluebill	101011110000111—10
Dick	100011000111011— 8	Hurd	110110101101111—11
Brown	101110011100010— 8	J Cornet	010100101001000— 5

Shoot No. 6, for members of association only, 25 single targets, entrance $1. All prizes in this shoot were specials. To first, one Baker shotgun, valued at $30; second, ¼ keg 10-bore wood powder and 1 sack shot; third, ¼ keg Dead Shot Powder and 50 P. P. shells; fourth, one lawn tennis racket; fifth ¼ keg Ladin & Rand powder; 6th Spencer

Smith	111111111100110111111111—23
Dunston	111111010011001111101101—18
Columberger	101110010101010100110100—14
Stoeckel	000111001011110100100100—13
Dr Spencer	111110111011111111111111—23
Brown	111111111011111111111111—23
Dick	111011011010111101111011—21
Hurd	111011101101111111111111—22
Jack	101010110100010100010110—14
N Crosby	111111111111010100101—21
C Spencer	111101110101011111111011—20
Parent	000110010101010100010101—12
Perings	110111001011011111011100—17
Bauer	111010111011011111111111—20
Cadwallerder	010111101101011111001011—17
Felter	101110000011100110100 010—11
Kight	000011110101010001000101—12
Harris	111101111111011111110111—22
Warren	101011111101111111110111—19
O'Niel	100111111001101111111111—20
Taylor	111111001011111100110110—18
Bluebill	011111010111111111101101—19
G Crosby	110101111111111101110111—21
Strawn	111011111001111111111111—21
Rex	111011111111011111101111—20
Duer	101110011111101111111111—21
Choppell	000110000011000011000111101—17
Burleigh	111111111100000011101101—18
O B Still	100111011000101111010111—15

Brown won the gun, Harris second, G. Crosley third, C. Spencer fourth, Bluebill fifth.

Shoot No. 7, open to all, 15 single targets; entrance $2.50:

Strawn	110111011111101—12	Chappell	100010001000010— 4
Felter	100000110011101— 7	Dick	111101011101101—12
C Spencer	111111111111115—15	Warren	011010101111111—11
Duer	011110001101100— 9	Parent	001101011110110— 9
Brown	110010101011111—10	Harris	111111111111111—15
N Crosby	111110100111111—12	Bluebill	111111111111115—15
Rex	111011100111110—11	Cornet	101111111111114—14

Second Day.

Shoot No. 8, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $1.50:

Parent	0101011100— 6	Bauer	1111110110— 8
L Dinsmore	1001101000— 4	Rex	1101100110—6
Cameo	1010000001— 3	J Victor	0110011100— 4
Chappell	0011110011— 6	O B Still	1010001001— 4
Warren	1101011111— 8	Hank	0101110101— 6
O'Niel	0111111110— 8	N Crosby	1101111011— 9
Beatty	1001011011— 6	Duer	0111110011— 7
Brown	0110011110— 6	Burleigh	1100111000— 4
Blue Bill	1110111111— 9	Hurd	0011110111— 7
Pening	0111111111— 9	Tack	1000111000— 4
Dick	1111111111—10	Strawn	1111111101— 9
Taylor	1111110110— 8	Harris	1111111101— 9
Cadwallerder	0111110110— 7	R Whitehead	1011111101— 8
G Crosby	1111011101 - 8	Stoeckel	1010001111— 6
Smith	1101000110— 5	J Z Scott	1010003000— 2
C Spencer	1111101111— 9		

Shoot No. 9, for members of Association only, 10 singles and 3 pairs targets, entrance $1.50:

Strawn	0111011111 10 10 01—11	C Spencer	1111101111 11 10 10—13
Hurd	0111110011 10 00 00— 8	Cadwallerder	1010110010 00 10 00— 7
N Crosby	1011011111 01 10 10—11	Bauer	1011111110 10 10 00—10
Blue Bill	1111111011 11 10 11—14	Felter	1111100011 00 00 00— 7
Smith	0100111011 11 00 10— 9	Taylor	1111011001 00 10 10—10
W Spencer	1011111010 10 11 10—12	Warren	1110011111 01 10 10—11
Dick	1001010001 00 00 11— 6	O B Still	0100010010 10 10 00— 5
Dr Spencer	0110111011 10 10 10—10	Scott	1010111101 00 00 00— 7
Burleigh	1101010010 11 10 00— 8	L Tremlett	1000101100 01 00 10— 5
Groves	0010101000 01 10 10— 6	Dr Lang	1110001110 10 10 11—11
Rex	1110101101 10 11 10—11	L Dinsmore	1010001000 00 10 00— 4
Brown	0101111111 10 11 10—11	Harris	1111111101 00 00 10—10
Hank	1000011111 11 11 00—10	Whitehead	1111110110 11 00 00—10
Stoeckel	1000106000 10 00 00— 4	Penings	1111111111 10 11 10—14
Parent	0111001111 00 10 10— 9	Duer	1111111111 10 11 11—15
Chappell	0110100011 11 10 10—10	O'Niel	1001111111 00 11 11—12
Beatty	0000111100 10 00 00— 7		

The special prizes were won as follows: Duer first, one rubber hunting coat and one sack of shot; second, hunting coat, won by Blue Bill; third, 500 letter heads and envelopes, was taken by W. Spencer; fourth, ¼ keg of powder and 50 P. P., was won by Bauer.

Shoot No. 10, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $2:

Parent	000111011000000— 5	Dr Lang	011010111111100—10
G Crosby	110111001111011—11	Strawn	101101111101000— 9
Smith	011010110001001— 9	Duer	101110001110111—10
C Spencer	111111111010110—13	Brown	010101101010101— 8
Cornett	101011001001110— 9	Bluebill	111111111101111—14
Rex	001110101011110— 9	Perrings	100100001001001— 5
Victor	000111100010110— 8	Dick	100011000001111— 9
Harris	101110011111110—11	Taylor	111110100110111—11
Scott	100101011111130— 8	Cadwalader	000000100110111— 6
Tremlett	110001001101000— 6		

Shoot No. 11, for individual championship medal, none but members of the association allowed to compete, 25 single targets, entrance $2:

Strawn	1101110110111111101011001—19
O'Niel	1111010111111010101010101—18
Penings	1010101110101010111010001—17
Brown	1110101010111000111000101—16
Dick	1110111111111100111111110—21
Hurd	1101111010000011000111101—15
Warren	1111001011110000111111111—20
G Crosby	1111101111111101101101101—21
Chappell	0101110101111000110101101—16
Dinsmore	1011001100111100010001101—13
Tremlett	0111100010101000101010001—12
Grover	0001101011101101111111001—15
Parrent	1010011100011011010101—15
Duer	1111101110111111001011010—19
N Crosby	1011100111101111111111001—19
C Spencer	1111010111111111111111111—23
Harris	1111111101111111111111110—23
Rex	1101011011111111111111001—19
Taylor	1100101011000111111111100—18
Whitehead	0101010010101010111111000—14
Scott	1000110111000011111111111—17
Bauer	1101011100000101101111111—18
W Spencer	1011010111111101011101110—17
Blue Bill	1111111001110110101011111—19
Smith	0111111000011101110000111—15
Dr Long	0101010000710111000010111—12

The shoot-off for the medal resulted in a victory for C. Spencer, second prize, one year's subscription to the St. Louis *Republic*, was won by S. Crosby; third prize, a split-bamboo fishing rod, was captured by Strawn; fourth, a hunting coat and 50 P. P. shells, was taken by O'Niel; the last, a quarter of a keg King's Quick-shot powder, went to W. Spencer.

Shoot No. 12, $50 guaranteed; open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $3:

Chappell	1011111010111101—12	Dick	0100110111010101— 9
Bauer	1111111111111011—14	Cornett	1111110111110001—11
Strawn	0011111110111110—11	Taylor	0001110010111111— 9
C Spencer	1111111111111115—15	Warren	0010111111111111—12
Brown	1111111101111114—14	Hurd	1111101010101001—10
Rex	1110011111111011—12	Hank	1001111111111111—13
Victor	0101010111111110— 9	W Spencer	1111011111101111—12
Scott	1111000101111101—10	O'Neil	1011111100001111—11
Harris	1011111010101101—11	Parrent	1111000111100011— 9
Tremlett	1110000010000101— 5		

Shoot No. 13, for association members only, 20 single targets, entrance $2:

Penings	1110101011010010011—13	Scott	1001111111011111101—16
Rex	1011111010101101011—15	Dick	0111100101011000111 -12
Bauer	1101111011111111101—17	Brown	1010101111111111111—16
Taylor	1011000001100101111—11	C Spencer	0111111101111101111—17
Tremlett	0101101000010010— 8	Panent	1101111011010001101—14
O'Niel	1011101011100011111—14	Whiteh'd	1101010111111101001—14
Duer	1111111011111111110—19	Burleigh	1110010111100011111—14
Groves	0100101011011000000— 8	Chappel	0011101010011101111—13
Strawn	1101101111111111110—17	Cadwal'd	0010101111111000001100—10
Warren	1101000111111100011—13	Harris	1111111011111111111—19
Smith	1111101101111101101—16	WSpencer	1111011010111011111110—16
S Crosby	1001010000111111111—14	Dunston	0010100100000111101— 8
D Spencer	1101111011011111110—16	Hurd	1111111111111111110—19
N Crosby	1011111101111010110—15	Tock	1011000101000000110 — 8
Blue Bill	1111011010111011—15	Cameo	1110001010011011100—11

No moneys divided in this shoot. First prize, a 12-gauge Smith hammerless gun, was sold to a gentleman on the ground for $35 and the amount was divided between the three 19 men; second prize, Bauer; third, to W. Spencer; fourth, Blue Bill; fifth, div. by O'Niel and Burleigh.

Shoot No. 14, open to all, 15 single targets, $50 guaranteed, entrance $3:

Bluebill	1101111111111101—13	Bauer	1011110101111111—12
Scott	1011001011111110—10	Rex	0001100011100010— 6
Cornett	0111101100100000— 7	O'Niel	0111111111111111—14
Dick	0111111000101101—10	Brown	1010011111011111—11
C Spencer	1111011011111111—12	Strawn	0111011111101111—12
J Elliott	1110111111011111—13	Taylor	1110111010100101— 9
Harris	1010101111110111—11	G Crosby	0011110111110000— 8
Hank	1111111111110111—13	Parrent	0110000111110110— 8
N Crosby	1011011110101100— 9	Warren	1110011101111110—11
Duer	1100110101110110— 9	Chappell	0110111010111111—11
Victor	1111111111001111—13		

Shoot No. 15, for members of Association only, 10 single targets, entrance $1:

Felter	1010010100— 4	Whitehead	0110101101— 5
Beatty	1110011111— 7	Warren	1100001111— 6
Chappell	0010000011— 3	Hodges	0010011000— 3
Penings	1101010111— 7	G Crosby	1111110000— 6
Hurd	1011111111— 9	Strawn	0011111101— 7
Parent	1011111111— 9	Victor	1111011111— 9
Dr Spencer	1111011010— 7	Smith	1111111100— 8
Tock	1100100101— 5	Dr Lang	1110010101— 6
Dick	1111111000— 7	Tremlett	0111010110— 6
Bluebill	1111111011— 9	O'Niel	1110111101— 8
Brown	1110001111— 7	Duer	0110111011— 7
C Spencer	1111111111—10	O B Still	1011101010— 6
Scott	0110011111— 6	Burleigh	1011101111— 8
Bauer	1110110110— 7	Cameo	1110100110— 6
Harris	1111100111— 8	W Spencer	0000011111— 6

Four equal moneys, all were divided. Five special prizes, consisting of subscriptions to various newspapers and journals, were won by Hurd, Bluell, O'Niel, Dick, Brown and Scott.

Shoot No. 16, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $2:

Rex	1010110110101111—10	N Crosley	0100001101111001— 8
Chappell	1110101000010111— 6	Strawn	0111111111011113—13
O'Niel	1110111001101111—11	Dick	0111010101011111—10
Cornett	1111101110111110—12	Brown	1001011110110—11
Smith	0111110111100000— 9	Harris	1111111101010110—11
Tremlett	0000100001000001— 3	Parent	0110111000011111—10
Bluebill	1111111101011111—13	Scott	1111001101111—12
Victor	1011110111110110—11	C Spencer	0111111111011112—12
Elliott	1111111111111101—14	Hank	1101010111111101—11

Third Day.

Shoot No. 17, Association, 10 single targets, entrance $1.50:

Block	0010110001—4	O'Niel	1110111111—9
Jinks	0110111011—7	Brown	0110111101—7
Fox	0111110010—6	Duer	0011111101—7
Smith	0010010111—5	C Spencer	0111011111—8
Harris	0101101010—5	Dick	1111101101—8
N Crosby	1101111111— 9	Rex	1111011110—8
Hurd	1101111011—8	Taylor	1113010111—7
Scott	1101001110—6	J M Todd	0011001101—5
Still	0100101001—4	C Strawn	1110110011—7

Four moneys; all were divided. Special prizes were won by O'Niel, C. Spencer, Strawn and Fox.

Shoot No. 18, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $2:

Dick	1110101111— 8	Webster	1100001011— 5
Harris	1110011110—7	N Crosby	1111011011—8
Scott	1110011011—7	Blue Bill	1111111110—9
Hawk	1010111110—7	Strawn	1111101101—8
Todd	0101001011—5	Taylor	1111110111—9
Sanders	1111111101—9	Puck	1000010010—4
Rex	1101111111—9	Hurd	0111110..11—8
Victor	0011000011—4	Strawn	0111011111—8
O'Niel	1011111011—8	Brown	0011011101—6

Shoot No. 9, association, at 15 single targets, entrance $2:

Hawk	1111111111011110—13	Rex	0101111011110110—10
Victor	1110111000010111—10	Webster	0000111011101011—10
Taylor	1110111111110111—13	Scott	1111010111111111—13
Dr Spencer	1011111111011110—13	Brown	1111111011111101—13
G Crosby	0101111111010111—12	Sanders	1111110111111101—13
Black	0101011101111101—10	Dick	1101100011000001— 6
C Spencer	1111111111101111—14	Todd	1001011011110110— 9
N Crosby	1011011010010110— 8	"S"	0000100011110111— 5
Harris	1101101011110010—10	Hurd	1101110101111111—12
Bradley	0110111011101100— 9	O'Niel	0110111101111111—12
Duer	1101111110101—12	Beatty	1111011011010111—11
Strawn	1101101101010101—10	Columberger	1111111101111010—12
Parrent	1111101010000001— 7	Anderson	1011111010101000— 9
Robley	1000101111010101 - 8	W Spencer	1100101010000910— 6
Bauer	0111011111111110—12	Perrings	1011101010011101— 9
Blue Bill	1111011101110011—11	Smith	1001010211110010— 8

Four moneys, all div. Special prizes were won by G. Crosby, Hurd, Beatty and Brown.

Shoot No. 20, $50 guaranteed, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $3:

Webster	1011110101110111—12	C Spencer	0111101111011111—12
Rex	0101111100011110— 9	Bradley	1111000101010100— 7
Blue Bill	1111101111111110—13	Taylor	1111110111101101—12
Price	1011110001101101— 9	Duer	1101111011111—11
Wallar	1100110000111101— 9	Columberger	1011110111110011— 9
Elliott	1111001111001110—10	Wade	0000000110100000— 3
P Klinz	1110011110111011—11	Smithson	0010011111111101—10
Parent	1001101111111110—11	Victor	0111110111101111—11
O'Niel	1001111111111—13	Harris	0111110101011101—11
Scott	0111101001111001— 9	Strawn	1111111000101112—12
Dick	1001101111111110—11	Brown	0110101101111111—11
Landess	1100001110010001— 6	Todd	0101000110101101— 6
Hurd	1111101111010000—10	Hawk	1011011111111011—12

Shoot No. 21, association, 25 single targets, entrance $2:

Bauer	1111010111111111010111111—20
Brown	0111111011111110010101001—17
N Crosby	0111011101101101111111001—17
Webster	0100100111010100010100101 11
Penings	0111111010111111010100011—17
Hurd	1111111111011011010101111—21
Taylor	1011110101101101111111111—19
Duer	1111011011011111111111101—20
Scott	1010111011111111111111120—20
W Spencer	1011110111101111111111111—21
O'Niel	1111010110111111111111111—21
Rex	0110101110111111101111100—18
Dick	1110110101111110101111000—16
Warren	1001110101111010111010110—17
Block	0111100111111100000100011—14
Anderson	1100010010001011111110—15
Harris	1011100011111001010110—16
Dr Spencer	1111110110111111111111—22
G Crosby	1111010111011010111111—20
Strawn	0111011111111101111111111—21
C Spencer	0111011111111111111111111—22
Blue Bill	1111101110111111111111110—21
Parent	1011111000101111010010—15

All prizes in above shoot were specials, and first, a 12-gauge Lefever hammerless gun, went to Dr. Spencer.

Shoot No. 22, $50 guaranteed, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $3:

Kling	1101011111111101—12	O'Niel	1111111011111011—13
Elliott	1111111011011—12	Strawn	1100111111111113—13
C Spencer	1111111111110—13	Walter	0100010000111101—11
Blue Bill	1111111001111—13	Harris	1111110101011113—12
Dick	0011011111011—11	Black	1101111110110—13
Rex	1111110000111001— 9	Smithson	1001111100111100—10
Hargrave	0011010111011— 9	Parent	1110010000110001— 7
Hawk	0001111011101010— 8	Scott	0101010100101001— 6
W H Price	1111111111100001—12	Brown	1111110111111111—14
Landess	1000111101111100— 9	Duer	0111001111101111—11
Warren	1111011111111111—14	Hurd	1111101111111101—13
Webster	1110100111111110—11	Taylor	1100111111011111—12
Victor	1100111111100111—11		

Shoot No. 23, Association, 10 single targets, entrance $1 50:

Beatty	0111010100— 5	Smith	0100001000— 3
Bauer	1110100001— 5	Perrings	1111111111—10
Webster	1101100101— 6	Victor	1101111111— 9
Rex	1010100111— 7	Hurd	1111010101— 7
Hawk	1111011119— 8	Brown	1110101000— 6
Scott	1110100101— 6	Blue Bill	1010111101— 7
Strawn	1111111110—10	W Spencer	1011111011— 8
Dick	0111001111— 7	Harris	1111111110—10
C. Spencer	1111111111—10	Black	0011000010— 3
Warren	1111110111— 9	Prent	0000110111— 6
Landess	1110010010—7	G Crosley	1011111011— 8
O'Niel	1111111100— 8	Bradley	1111111001— 6
Duer	1111000111— 8	Taylor	1101111101— 8
Dr Spencer	1001111111— 8	Columberger	0011111001— 6

Shoot No. 24, open to all, 15 single targets, entrance $2.50:

Kling	1111110000110100— 9	Hawk	1101001110111111—11
Price	1100110010011101— 9	Dick	0001100111101111— 9
Waller	1011001100000101— 7	Rex	1100010001111101— 8
Landess	1110101001010111—10	Warren	0110111111110111—12
Brown	1111111111111111—14	Blue Bill	1100111101111010—10
Elliott	1001111100111110—10	C Spencer	1101111111111111—14
Harris	1111010111101111—11	O'Niel	0101111111111111—11
Puck	1110101000111100— 8	Hargrave	0000011010111111— 9

Shoot No. 25, open to all 10 single targets, entrance $2: Hurd 9, Black 5, Webster 7, Waller 8, Harris 8, Hawk 7, O'Niel 10, Todd 5, Blue Bill 7, Penings 8, Price 4 C. Spencer 9; Taylor 7, N. Crosby 7, Parent 7, Landess 3, Bradley 6, Smith 4.

Shoot No. 26, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $2: Kling 9, Harris 7, Brown 5, C. Spencer 8, Hodges 6, Victor 4, Duer 10, Strawn 8, Warren 8, N. Crosby 4, Rex 8, Blue Bill 10, Panent 5, Anderson 6, Penings 10, O'Niel 7, Dick 6, Price ..

Fourth Day.

Shoot No. 27, Association, 10 single targets, entrance $2:

Jones	1011010110— 6	Tack	1110001101— 6
Harris	0111100110— 6	G Crosby	1111101010— 7
Burleigh	0001111111— 7	Chappell	1100010001— 4
Webster	0101000011— 4	Hawk	1111111110—
Victor	1111111110— 9	N Crosby	1111000111— 7
Hurd	0111011111— 8	Duer	1111111111—10
Perrings	1110110111— 8	Rex	1111100101— 7
Taylor	1011010111— 7	Scott	1100100101— 5
Brown	0111111101— 8	Smith	1110111111— 6
Dick	0001010110— 4	C Spencer	0011100111—
W Spencer	1111111111—10	Strawn	1011110110—

Shoot No. 28, open to all, 10 single targets, entrance $2:

Duer	1011011111— 8	Hawk	1110111101— 8
C Spencer	1101111111— 9	Smith	1101111110— 8
Strawn	1011111011— 8	Webster	1111110111— 9
Rex	1100111011— 7	Jones	1111101001— 7
Victor	0101001011— 5	Perrings	1111011111—
Brown	0011100101— 5	Harris	1100010000—
Chappell	1000111011— 6	Warren	1111010011—
Hurd	1101111001— 7	Beatty	0000010110—
Dick	1111111111—10	Tack	0.00010010—

Shoot No. 29, Association, 25 single targets, entrance $2:

Duer	1011011111101111111111111—22
O'Niel	1011111011010001111111010—17
Warren	1111111111111111111101101—22
Watts	0000011111111101111101010000—15
Dick	0101000011101111001101011—1
Harris	0111110101111111111010101110—1
Rex	1100110101111111111111111—22
N Crosby	1100011100110111110110011—1
Taylor	1001011111110111101110111—1
G Crosby	1010001011111111111111111—1
Scott	0010101100010111101111111—1
Black	1111100011101111010100100—1
Webster	1110000111101111010111111—1
Chappell	1110101011111011010111000 -1
Hurd	1110111100...1111111111—2
W Spencer	1001111101111101010101—1
Bauer	0111111010...1010111011—1
Dr Spencer	1101101110...1010011101—1
Strawn	1110111111111111111111111—23
Bluebill	1111111010111111111111111—23
C Spencer	1111111111011111111111111—23
Brown	1111111111111010101—19
Jones	1111110101111011101111111—20
Perrings	1011101110011010111011111—20

First was a 12-gauge Parker gun, value $80. Bluebill, C. Spencer and Strawn tied for it, and the two sold their interest to Bluebill.

Shoot No. 30, $50 guaranteed, open to all, 15 singles, entrance $3:

C Spencer	111111011011011—12	Jones	101011111111101—12
Perrings	010011111111101—11	S Harris	110011111111110—12
Webster	101100011100001— 8	Warren	011100001111111—11
Brown	011111101111111—13	Scott	110010110100101— 8
Blue Bill	010110111101111—11	Dick	001110111111112—12
Strawn	111111101 11111—14	Hawk	110111111101111—13
Hurd	100110011111100— 9	A Harris	111110111101111—13
O'Niel	110001100011111— 9	Duer	111111111111111—15
Rex	101111111111101—13	Bauer	001111111111111—13

Shoot No. 31, association, for teams of three, 10 singles, entrance $3:

Jacksonville Club.		Woodburn Club.	
Duer	1111111111—10	A Harris	1111111111—10
Strawn	0111111111— 9	G Harris	0111101110— 7
urd	1111011111— 9—28	Bauer	1110111111— 9—26
Bunkerhill Club.		Jerseyville Club.	
Dr Spencer	1111110110— 8	Perrings	1011100100— 5
W Spencer	1111111111—10	Blue Bill	1111111101— 9
C Spencer	1011110111— 8—26	Warren	1011111111— 9—23
Havana Club.		Brooklyn Club.	
Brown	1111110100— 7	Taylor	1111111101— 9
Rex	1111011111— 9	Scott	0011110111— 7
Dick	1111100010— 6—22	O'Niel	0011011111— 7—23
Modoc Club.		McGinty Club.	
Victor	0001000111— 4	Squires	0011110101— 6
Smith	1100011101— 6	Chappell	1111010000— 6
Hawk	1111011010— 7—17	Stoeckel	1110010111— 7—19

Shoot No. 32, open to all, at 15 singles, entrance $2:

Bauer	111111111111111—15	Hawk	111110100101011—11
Taylor	111111011101C01—11	Dick	001000111101101— 9
C Spencer	111111111111111—15	Strawn	111111111110111—14
Rex	011010110101001— 9	Jones	110100101011110— 9
G Harris	110100911111011— 9	Bolivar	1010,0001010001— 5
Warren	110101101001101— 9	Clark	010110000101011— 7
Perrings	101100110111111—11	Duer	111101101111111—13
Brown	111111010110001—10	Black	111111110110111—13

Shoot No. 33, association, at 10 singles, entrance $1:

Cadwaler	0110011100— 5	Chappell	1001111101— 7
Jones	1101101111— 8	Wade	1001110001— 5
Warren	1111011111— 9	Squires	1101101001— 6
A Harris	0101100001— 4	Blue Bill	1111111110— 9
Bauer	1011011111— 8	Perrings	1011001110— 6
Duer	1111111111—10	C Spencer	1111111111—10
Hurd	1111111011— 9	Strawn	1111101101— 8
Dick	0111101100— 6	Smith	1110011001— 6
G Crosby	1011001010— 5	Rex	1101110011— 8
Dr Spencer	1111111111—10	Taylor	1110011111— 7
O'Niel	0310011111— 6	Hawk	1110011111— 8
Bearty	0111110111— 8	J Lee	1111111111—10
Black	1111110111— 9	Brown	1111001111— 8

Match for $10 a side between W. N. Dick and J. Brown, 20 singles each, resulted as follows:

Dick	01110101101011100010—12	Brown	01110101110101011100—13

Shoot No. 34, special, open to all, 6 live birds, entrance $2.50:

O B Still	020021—3	Brown	121211—6
Duer	212102—5	Farmer	122022—5
Dick	113121—6	Strawn	112120—5
Scott	112210—5	Chappell	120120—4
Watts	012012—4	Colman	112212—6
Blue Bill	112212—6	S Harris	121201—5
Maholen	112102—5		

In the presence of a large crowd at the park on the afternoon of the last day Jim Elliott, of Kansas City, defeated Ed Spencer, of Carrollton, Ill., in a live bird match for $100 a side. At Kansas City last May they shot a live bird match for $100 a side, which was won by Elliott by a score of 97 to 96. Spencer had quite a little bad luck in the affair, and feeling confident that if allotted his share of luck he could defeat Elliott, he agreed then to shoot him another match. The match was arranged and took place here to-day, and like the former went to the Kansas City man, who has just won a long chain of unbroken victories.

The birds used for to-day's affair were a very indifferent lot, and the scores made by the contestants are no credit to them or any indication of good work. Not more than 25 out of the 200 trapped took wing without having to be flushed. Spencer had a shade the hardest birds, and made several pretty second-barrel stops of tailers. Conditions of the match were 100 live birds, Hurlingham rules, for $100 a side. The score:

Elliott	2221210122111122221211111111212212111111212121121
	1123111121110201111121111111111212121111111-11111—98
Spencer	2121011212112102212121212012012211222121112222
	2212111122222211121210122112111212121110211111111—94

UNSER FRITZ.

LONDON, ONT.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 26.—The Rodney Gun Club, an association made up of all the crack shots along the M. C. R. line, tried conclusions with a team of ten men from the London Gun Club on the home grounds yesterday. The local men thought that they would have an easy thing to do in worsting their opponents, and for this reason were not careful to pick out all their good shots; but before the first squad had finished firing the majority of them had greatly changed their minds, as the boys from the 'quail grounds" demonstrated clearly that they knew how to handle their guns. At the finish of the first squad the visitors led with 90 dead birds to their credit, against 76 for London. The home team's second squad, however, included some of their best shots, such as Redpath, Evans and Jaynes, who began their work with a determination to make 100 out of a possible 150, and the score shows that they succeeded, Redpath making the highest score of the day by securing 25 birds out of the possible 30. Messrs. James, Evans and McDougall did some excellent shooting. The score:

Rodney—First Squad.

Havens	1111110010111001101100011111111—21
T Hillman	1100110101101101111011101010—19
C Grant	1101110 0110011000000111010110—16
H Rotz	1110100011110111010001010000—16
C Doyle	0001110111110000101011110011—18— 90

London—First Squad.

Teekay	0111001000101100001111000110—16
Dougall	1101011001111101110111111101110—21
Graham	1011010100100010000100100101100—11
Winfield	0100100011100 0011000111111000—14
Greener	0011110001010101001010100111 0—14— 87

Rodney—Second Squad.

J Smith	1010011110011011110100000110011—17
W Eaustis	1111101101101111110101011 0—23
H Davies	1011011110101111001011011110—21
J Thomas	1110001000001001100100000 01—11
J Voaden	1111010011010101010100001011000—13— 85

London—Second Squad.

Redpath	1110110101111111101111101111—25
Jaynes	1110011111001110111111111100110—22
Vernon	1011010111011010011001101100 11—18
Gibbs	0001101010000010011111111000 14
Evans	1111111101011111100101010100—21—100

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

Arrangements are fast being completed by the Executive Committee of the London Gun Club for the holding of a grand tournament in this city under the auspices of the club. Although the exact day has not been set, it has been decided to hold it during the second week of October. Mr. H. A. Penrose, of Corry, Pa., has been engaged to superintend the affairs of the meeting, and will no doubt add much to its success by his long experience in sporting matters. The committee intend to profit by the experience of the recent Toronto tournament, and have decided that the tournament shall be open to none but Canadian sportsmen, as in the Toronto meeting about seventeen Americans carried off fully two-thirds of the prizes, and by their entrance kept out many Canadians who refused to shoot with them.

The committee expect to have a prize list amounting to $1,500, and have already received intimation from several of the more prominent shooters of western Ontario that they will be pre ent. The programme will be varied somewhat from ordinary trap-shooting by a few hundred shots at live birds. Keystone targets and the rapid-firing system will be the order for trap-shooting. Subscription will be placed before the citizens in a few days, and the committee expect that as the sportsmen have been characterized for their liberality that the merchants and others will not be backward in evincing similar interest in the tournament to insure its success. Team shooting will constitute a feature of the affair.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 30.—The last contest in the merchandise match for August took place at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day. The scores made follow: Gore 18, Melcher and Sanborn 17, White, Bennett, Bond and Bradbury 16, Cowee 15, Hammond and Porter 12. The winners of the merchandise prizes, the best three scores at 20 birds to count, were: Bennett 51, White and Perry 49, Melcher 46, Gore and Bond 45. The other scores were: Sanborn 44, Bradstreet 41, Cowee 35, Porter 27.

CORRY KEYSTONES.

CORRY, Pa., Aug. 28.—At our next meeting our club will probably adopt the Keystone professional rules for shooting for the medals. Our present professional rules call for 6 traps, but at our tournament last week we used 10 traps in a straight line, which is faster and makes the shooting much more difficult. For our club shoots we shall likely use 8 traps, 5 in a straight line, the regular distance from the score, and 3 traps, 60yds. from the score, directly in front of No. 3 trap; 5yds. apart to throw a straight incomer, and a right and left-quartering incomer. The inside traps to throw a right-quarterer, left quarterer, straight-away, right-quarterer and left-quarterer. The traps to be numbered, inside 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and the outside traps 6, 7, 8; to be pulled according to indicator. Mr. M. F. Lindsley, Superintendent of the American Wood Powder Mills, asked me to add to my present rules the 3 outside traps, throwing incomers, which makes the shooting much more like live bird shooting, which I have done. Printed forms of the new rules can be had by addressing the Keystone Manufacturing Company, Corry, Pa. Owing to the bad weather that has prevailed since our tournament opened and continuing until the present time, our attendance was small at our last weekly shoot. First match, Keystone professional rules, 6 traps:

Edwards	0110000110101000011111100—12
Starbird	1111101100110001111000110—15
Wetmore	0111100001001100000100011—11
Laurie	1111101011101100001111001—16
Austin	1101000101011111010010011—15
Penrose	0110111010011010111010011—16

Second match, same conditions:

Wasson	0011011000001000010001100— 8
Dunbar	1000011000010110000010111 10
Wetmore	0110100111101111010111111—17
Edwards	0101000000100001010101001— 9
Starbird	0011111000101111101010101—14
Penrose	1110111100101111111110111—20

Third match, amateur rules:

Edwards	0111111101010011111111111—20
Wasson	0010011010100001110111100—13
Penrose	1011111111101111111111111—23
Wetmore	1111111111111011111011111—22

Match for club medal, 5 traps:

Edwards	0011011011110011011011001—16
Starbird	1111100011011011011111111—19
Wetmore	1011111011111111111111101—21
Laurie	1101111011011011011001101—17
Austin	1111111110011111111111110—22
Penrose	1111111010110111111111111—22
Blair	1101011010100100010101110—13
Ward	0010011111001101 0000
Dunbar	1000100100101011011001011—12
Wasson	0001110110001110010001111—13

Shoot off for first gold medal: Austin 4, Penrose 5. Penrose won first gold medal, Wetmore second, Starbird silver medal.

MADISON COUNTY.

CANASTOTA, N. Y., Aug. 30.—The fifth meeting of the Madison County Sportsmen's Association held here Tuesday, Aug. 26, was well attended, all the clubs being represented. The day was cloudy and one or two light showers fell during the P. M., but they were not sufficient to dampen the ardor of the shooters, and the entire programme was carried out. All of the shooters did not arrive until noon, so the second event for the team championship was postponed until their arrival, and the two next events were shot off in the meantime. All events were at kingbirds from five traps, rapid firing system, except the second.

In the contest for the individual championship of the county, Mr. Maxwell, of Oneida, and Mr. Roberts, of Canastota, tied on 24 out of a possible 25, but as Mr. Maxwell was obliged to leave to catch his train the tie will be shot off at some future date. The prize is a beautiful gold badge, properly engraved, donated by the Canastota G. C., the winner to hold the same until won from him at some future shoot of the Association. A silver butter dish (value $10) to one making best average in all contests was won by Mr. Markham, of Oneida. This was also donated by Canastota G. C.

Following is the score, which was obtained through kindness of Mr. Salisbury, of the Canastota *Bee:*

Contest 1, 10 single kingbirds, entrance 75 cents: Maxwell 9, Suits 9, Cavona 4, Frier 10, Peet 9, Briggs 7, Lansing 7, Ostrander 6, Curtiss 6, Atwell 4, Webber 4, Markham 10, Roberts 7, Card 6, Dwyer 8, Salisbury 8, Gard 7, Crittenden 4, Morse 5, Clow 8. All ties div.

Second event, team championship of Madison county, first prize $150 cup; second prize, $25 cup, 15 singles and 6 pairs kingbirds. Team entrance $3.

Oneida First Team: Markham 21, Maxwell 23, Cavona 21, Clark 14, total 79

Eaton First Team: Peet 25, Fryer 21, Curtiss 20, Briggs 19, total 85.

Cazenovia First Team: Atwell 17, Dwyer 17, Thompson 18, Webber 15: total 67.

Canastota First Team: Lansing 23, Salisbury 16, Clow 17, Roberts 24; total 83.

Cazenovia Second Team: Card 15, Cruttenden 20, Bass 10, Morse 15; total 60.

Canastota Second Team: Ward 17, Ostrander 20, Suits 15, Barret 17; total 69.

First, Eaton First Team; second, Canastota Second Team.

Contest 3, 15 singles, entrance $1: Markham 15, Maxwell 13, Suits 9, Cavona 13, Peet 13, Roberts 13, Briggs 10, Morse 9, Dwyer 12, Fryer 12, Lansing 13, Atwell 11, Salisbury 9, Ward 10, Curtiss 13, Ostrander 6, Card 8, Cruttenden 6. First, Markham; second shot off, won by Maxwell; third, div. by Dwyer and Fryer; fourth, Atwell; fifth, Briggs and Ward.

Contest 4, 20 singles, entrance $1.50: Markham 20, Maxwell 17, Cavona 16, Peet 19, Fryer 12, Roberts 14, Lansing 19, Briggs 15, Salisbury 19, Ward 15, Cruttenden 12, Clow 17. All ties div.

Contest 5, 10 singles, entrance 75 cents: Briggs 8, Graham 8, Cavona 9, Curtiss 7, Suits 5, Lansing 8, Card 6, Thompson 6, Dwyer 8, Ostrander 8, Peet 9, Maxwell 6, Markham 10, Bishop 7, Cruttenden 8, Salisbury 9, Roberts 7, Atwell 7, Cheeney 5, Clow 7. All ties div.

Contest 6, 15 singles, entrance $1: Markham 14, Maxwell 14, Curtiss 14, Lansing 14, Peet 14, Ostrander 13, Suits 8, Roberts 15, Cavona 14, Cruttenden 10, Salisbury 12, Bishop 8. First, Roberts; second, shot off and div. by Curtiss. Lansing and Peet; third, Ostrander; fourth, Salisbury; fifth, Cruttenden.

Contest 7, 5 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1: Maxwell 12, Markham 13, Lansing 10, Cavona 10, Roberts 14, Peet 10. All ties div.

Contest 8, walking match, 10 singles, entrance 75 cents: Roberts 8, Ostrander 1, Salisbury 9, Graham 5, Lansing 8, Clow 7, Barrett 6, Ward 6. Ties on first div.

Contest 9, 15 singles, entrance $1: Lansing 9, Salisbury 10, Roberts 12, Graham 4.

Contest 10, 25 singles, for individual championship of Madison county, entrance $2: Markham 23, Roberts 24, Lansing 17, Maxwell 24, Peet 22, Salisbury 18. Maxwell and Roberts tied for badge and div. first; second, Markham; third, Peet; fourth, Salisbury; fifth, Lansing. OSCEOLA.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30.—The third quarterly shoot for the yearly prize of the Frankford Gun Club took place on their grounds at Frankford this afternoon. There were 9 contestants, each shooting at 25 Keystone targets, thrown from 5 traps, under American Shoo ing Association rules. A large number of spectators witnessed the excellent shooting through the entire match.

J Crother	19	T Ridings	15
E Sawson	18	B Bourne	17
E Betson	22	D Meyers	18
J Hilt	17		
T Rowcroft	17		
W Timm	18		

On the grounds of the Parker Gun Club this afternoon 8 shooters contested in a match for a watch. The conditions were 3 birds up, thrown from 3 traps, under American Association rules. Each contestant shot two chances, and at the end of the first round four chances remained in, W. Timm having two and Messrs. Jones and Hack one each. In the shoot-off Timm, who had shot splendidly throughout, carried off the prize:

Hack	5	Timm	8
Lund	1	Kerr	1
Rowcroft	3	Hey	3
Jones	4	Lawless	4

There was a good attendance at the grounds of the North End Gun Club at Frankford to-day. It was a family shoot for the regular monthly prizes. Class shooting, 25 single Keystone targets each man. The prizes offered were gold watch charms representing a setter dog, and were won by Wm. Wolstencroft, F. Barron and W. Howe. The score:

Class A.

W H Wolstencroft	21	J Wolstencroft	18

Class B.

F Barron	21	J Rothacker	18
J C Corson	12	W Wilson	12
		N Swope	17
		J S Somers	16

Class C.

E Ridge	15	W Howe	18
		D Hartley	9

STAMFORD ROD AND GUN CLUB, Aug. 25.—First event, 5 bluerocks:

A S Pitt	00111—3	N C Downs	10100—2
H Oothout	10010—2	I P Tafft	00111—3
G B Hendrie	11111—5		

Second event, 5 bluerocks:

W B Rice	10111—4	I P Tafft	01111—4
J D Goulden	00110—2	A S Pitt	10111—4
H Oothout	01110—3	G B Hendrie	10110—3

Third event, 5 bluerocks:

W B Rice	11111—5	C E Smith	00000—0
H Oothout	11111—5	A S Pitt	10111—4
G B Hendrie	11010—3	N C Downs	01010—2
J D Goulden	10101—3	E Vanderwerken	10001—2
I P Tafft	11110—4	Harry Bell	10001—2

Fourth event, 5 bluerocks:

W B Rice	11011—4	G B Hendrie	10111—4
Harry Bell	01101—3	E Vanderwerken	10001—2
H Oothout	10111—4	C E Smith	11100—3
A S Pitt	11111—5	N C Downs	10001—2
J D Goulden	00100—1	J E Palmer	10001—2
I P Tafft	11111—5		

Fifth event, miss and out: Tafft won. Sixth event, miss and out: Hendrie won. Seventh event, miss and out: Oothout, Rice and Hendrie div.

HIGHLANDTOWN, Md., Aug. 28.—Maryland Gun Club shoot at 25 Keystones, 5 traps, A. S. A. rules:

Hughes	1011111010101011101111111—20
Simmons	1010111010101010101010101010—15
J A Hartner	1111111111111111111111111—24
Holson	0111101010101010101010101—15
Gegner	1011111010111101101111111—21
Havern	1111111111111111111111111—22
Miller	1101011100110010110110111—16
Cantler	1111011111111011111111110—22
Fink	1011111100111001111010111—18
Colehepp	1101010111010011011011111—18

Fifteen Keystones, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, A. S. A. rules:

Simmons	110100110111111—11	Fisk	011011010010011— 9
A Hughes	101111101111110—12	J B Miller	011100110110011—10
J A Hartner	111111111111111—15	R Cantler	111111111010110—13
Holsen	001101110111001— 9	Bire	011111001110111—11
Wonder	100101110110 1—10	Colehepp	110011011011001—10
Havern	111101111011111—13	A T Hartner	111011111011101—12
Gegner	101111111110111—13	Fink	011110111011101—11
W Havern	110111001101101—10	Dickey	011100111011111—11

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Aug. 30.—Eleven sweeps at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry, and twelfth sweep at 15 bluerocks:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Sigler	10	7	10	7	10	7	5	9	8	6	8	8
Collins	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	7	8	9	8	14
Albee	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Craft	..	7	7	9	9	9	7	7	8	..	..	..
Howard	9	6	7	7	9	6	7	8	..	..	..	..
Lindsley	..	..	8	9	6	5	6	7	9	6	9	11
Hunt	..	..	7	5	7	6	2	6	..	..	..	..
Connors	..	..	3	7	2	4	3	4	..	..	..	..
Haggerty	..	..	9	8	5	8	8	9	9	7	9	10
Russel	..	..	7	5	9	6	10	8	9	10	9	8
Dean	..	..	9	6	7	7	4	7	7	7	9	13
Inwood	..	..	3	5	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nixon	..	..	8	7	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..

Four sweeps at 4 live birds, $2 entrance: Collins 4, 4, 4, 4; Albee 4, 4, 3, 4; Howard 2, 4, 4, 3.

Sweep at 4 live birds, $2 entrance: Sigler 4, Russel 4, Collins 4, Albee 4, Haggerty 4, Lindsley 4, Hunt 4, Howard 4, Inwood 3.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 28.—The regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club was held this afternoon at Blue Rock, at 25 birds, and resulted as follows:

Cogswell	20	Marbach	18
Hebbard	17	King	11
Jones	17	Williams	16
John	12	Carter	19
Frederick	19	Wilson	14
W H Tamblyn	20	F Tamblyn	16
		Connell	19
		Mack	17
		Jack	17
		Post	9
		Tuam	11

Cogswell and W. H. Tamblyn shot 5 birds for the first badge. Cogswell losing 1 and Tamblyn making the 5 straight.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 26.—The new Fort Dearborn Club of Chicago promises to be about the strongest of our trap-shooting organizations, and has some features in its making which are interesting. The membership is limited to thirty, and there are twenty-seven members now. The club is duly incorporated, the original members being W. N. Low, C. D. Gammon, H. D. Nichols, W. P. Mussey and Abe Kleinman. The President is W. N. Low; Vice-President, C. S. Burton; Secretary-Treasurer, W. P. Mussey. The board of managers are Messrs. Gammon, Nicholls and Kleinman. The annual dues are $3, and the membership fee $5. Two medals are put in competition, one for live birds and one for artificials, the first worth $50, the latter $20. Mr. Van Uxen offers a suit of moleskins for best average, the Jenny & Graham Gun Co. a coat or gun case for second average. On targets Abe Kleinman offers for average 100 E. & C. or Schultze shells. A very good rule adopted by this club is that in the selection of officers or selection of a team, no nominations shall be made, but all election made by secret ballot. Another good thing is that the members may not form any team whose services do not belong exclusively to the club on call. Fort Dearborn Club will thus go into the next State meet with a very strong team at its command, and will be very likely to make the tall corn crack when it turns loose. The club shoots, which have already begun, will be held at Watson's new park at Burnside.—E. HOUGH.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 2.—To-day's varying and tricky wind prevented the redoubtable marksmen of the Acme Club from making their usual large scores in the regular monthly blue-rock contest at Dexter Park shooting grounds. The standards were thrown right and left from two traps at medium height, and the only man to keep his score sheet clean was T. Short, who broke the possible 20. Mr. Link captured second prize with 17. Three impromtu sweepstakes, in which Kunzweiler, Short, Dethloff, and Link were the principal winners, following the regular event. The scores: Regular club shoot, 20 blue-rocks each man, 21yds. rise right and left angles. T. Short 20, L. Link 17. Kunzweiler 15, Menkel 15, M. Schottler 12, Maier 11, Greiner 10, Dethloff 10, Florney 10, Munk 10, Roesch 7, Koerner 7. Referee President C. Dethloff.

HARTFORD, Aug. 26.—At the annual meeting of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, Mr. A. C. Collins was again elected president, Egbert Decker vice-president, W. H. Hopkins treasurer, M. H. Cook, secretary, and J. C. Capen with the above form an executive committee. The treasurer reported a balance of $190 in his hands. The club has a membership of 90, and has a fine house and grounds on which they shoot every Saturday afternoon. The club has not only given financial aid to the Connecticut Fish and Game Protective Association, but its members are always willing to give information of any illegal shooting or fishing.—M. F. COOK, Secretary.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 28.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, there was a match of 100 clay pigeons between Charles Crompton and E. Welsh, the result was: Crompton 78, Welsh 77. The merchandise contest was continued, in this contest each man has a possible 25 clay pigeons. The work this week resulted as follows: G. J. Rugy 23; W. E. Johnson and E. B. Burbank each 22; C. H. Howe, W. S. Davis, and E. T. Smith each 21; M. D. Gilman, E. Whittaker, W. D. Jourdan and Charles Crompton each 20; C. B. Holden, C. E. Foreland, George Adams, A. B. F. Kenney and E. Welsh each 19; H. W. Webber 18; E. S. Knowles, V. F. Prentice and H. Colvin each 16; J. B. Garland 15; A. Gilman 14; F. Forehand 13; E. F. Swan 12; C. R. Burnett 10; E. James and C. S. Day each 9.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 29.—The Island City Gun Club held a successful sweepstake shoot at South Beach to-day. There was a strong wind from the bay, but as it was at the marksmen's backs it did not affect the shooting materially. The grounds are not of the best, there being but three traps and no fence inclosing the space used for shooting. There were several match shoots decided during the day, and lots of money changed hands on the results. The scores made in the sweepstakes, at 5 birds each man, were as follows: L. Bardes 5, Wm. Grant 5, Chas. Schneider 4, T. Smith 4, O. Nichols 3, J. Myers 3, Barney McAloon 3, Neils Nelson 3, J. Rueger 3, J. Triebel 2. Bardes and Myers had a match shoot at 6 birds each, and tied with 4 apiece.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 1.—The annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, which is to be held at Hamline Sept. 9, 10 and 11, will be open to all comers except professionals. The contest for the Chamber of Commerce badge will be the principal event of the contest, and it will be shot for on the second day. American Shooting Association rules will govern, and the sport will begin at 9 A. M. each day.

HAMBURG, Aug. 31.—Dr. Carver, the shooter and Wild America proprietor, beat his own record here to-day by four minutes and twenty seconds, in breaking 1,000 glass balls with a rifle in exactly thirty-four minutes. The shooting took place in the presence of 30,000 people.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.
20. New Jersey Athletic, Bergen Point, Fall.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.
Commodore: HENRY STANTON.....} New York.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. DUNNELL,}
Vice-Com. *Rear-Com.* *Purser.*
Central Div..Geo. A. Warder....E. L. Frueh.....J. K. Bakewell, 110 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Eastern Div..Dr. J. A. Gage.....A. S. Putnam.....Ralph F. Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div..W. J. White.....W. J. Read.....C. M. Whitlaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div..M. V. Brokaw.....I. V. Dorland.....W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for the current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Vice-Commodore—T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.
Rear-Commodore—Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Keogh, 34 Montauk Block, Chicago, Ill

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

NEW YORK C. C. INTERNATIONAL CUP.

THE third series of races for the New York C. C. international challenge cup was sailed on New York Bay on Monday and Tuesday, resulting in the retention of the cup, though the honors of the sailing were very equally divided.

The trial races were held on Aug. 29-30, there being a good number of crack sailors present. The first race, on Friday afternoon, was sailed in a good breeze, the course being two rounds off the club house, a strong tide running. Vagabond ran over a log and tore off her deep fixed rudder, while Uno broke her steering gear. The second race was sailed on Saturday afternoon, in a strong wind. The course was three rounds, about 7½ miles. Toltec carried away a mast, Vagabond broke her mizen step and Guenn capsized. Lieda capsized when in a good place on the second round, but righted, bailed out, and finished second. The full times of the two races are as follows:

AUGUST 29, START 5:54.

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper	6 31 50	7 04 55	1 10 55
Lieda, S. Schieffelin, New York	6 36 15	7 10 45	1 16 45
Beta, T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers	6 37 30	7 11 45	1 17 45
Toltec, W. W. Howard, New York	6 44 00	7 20 00	1 26 00
Vagabond, C. J. Stevens, New York	6 38 30	disabled.	
Uno, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	Disabled.		

AUGUST 30, START AT 3:50.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elap'd.
Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper	4 17 10	4 40 31	5 09 05	1 23 35
Lieda, S. Schieffelin, New York	4 14 10	4 40 13	5 06 50	1 21 20
Beta, T. S. Oxholm, Yonkers	4 15 45	4 42 25	5 08 52	1 23 22
Toltec, W. W. Howard, New York	Disabled.			
Vagabond, C. J. Stevens, New York	4 16 45	4 42 07	5 15 45	1 30 15
Pterodactyl, B. H. Nadal, N. Y.	4 17 26	4 42 23	5 14 30	1 29 00
Uno, H. L. Quick, Yonkers	4 13 40	4 36 10	5 01 06	1 15 36
Guenn, Wm. Whitlock, New York	4 24 27	Capsized.		
Hornet, W. Wintringham, Brook'n	4 18 15			
Random, C. B. Vaux, Yonkers	4 16 25	4 42 32	5 09 23	1 23 53

As the result stood on Saturday night there was little to guide the committee in chosing between Messrs. Butler and Quick, so early on Monday morning a third race was sailed in a light wind. Wasp led over two lengths of the course, but finally lost the wind for a time at the first Buoy, Uno passed her and winning. It was then decided to select Mr. Quick as the representative of the New York C. C. in defending the cup. By 10 A. M. there was not wind enough to enable yachts and catboats to breast the strong ebb tide that was running to leeward, and the canoeists and their friends waited rather impatiently until after 3 o'clock before a light southerly breeze came in against the N. W. wind that had been all day about the Upper Bay. The course was the usual club triangle, off Stapleton, but owing to the drifting of the buoys the distance could not be accurately determined. There was a long leg to windward, down the shore, a dead run up the channel to second mark, and a short reach across to the finish, three rounds. The tide was near the last of the ebb, but running quite strong. At the gun Canuck was near the line, going over within 10sec., but with little headway; Uno was just over the line, being obliged to work back and re-cross, being 55sec. late. She carried two hoisting sails of 105ft. while Canuck's standing rig had 120ft. Canuck crossed on port tack and at once filled away on starboard, heading offshore; Uno followed the same course but about 100ft. to leeward. After one long leg out Canuck tacked and stood in for the lower mark, Uno following. When near the shore each made a couple of short hitches and then went by the buoy with sheets off. In reaching Uno had made up 15sec. on Canuck in the beat. The wind was very light as they ran up against the tide, sometimes winged out and sometimes with booms on opposite sides as the two ran along together. Uno overtook Canuck, both passing the second mark together, and ran by her as the turn was made, opening up about 100ft. between the pair at the end of the round and with 15sec. of time between them. The other rounds were but repetitions of the first, the differences at each mark being shown by the times below. The windward leg was made in two long hitches with a short one at the end. On the down wind leg of the last round Canuck ran through Uno's lee and took the lead, but held it for only a few moments, Uno being safely ahead at the second mark. The finish was timed: Uno, 1:24:31. Canuck, 1:25:04, giving the race to Mr. Quick by 33sec. It was nearly 5 P. M. when the race finished, and Mr. Jones was averse to sailing a second race at once, so a postponement was made until Tuesday morning. The elapsed times were:

	1st Round.		2d Round.		3d Round.			
Uno	12 30	25 20	29 38	41 19	51 49	56 10	1 07 00	1 20 20	1 24 31
Canuck	12 00	25 20	29 53	41 40	52 24	56 48	1 07 11	1 20 31	1 25 04

On Tuesday morning there was a light but puffy wind from S.W. blowing over the hills back of Clifton. Mr. Quick did not reach the club house until 11 A. M., and then some time was lost in wrestling with a refractory mast tube, so that it was 12:45 when the race started. Canuck carried her largest mainsail, 90ft., the mast being 18ft. long, with a mizen of about 40ft., and Uno discarded the lowering rig of Monday for a larger standing rig nearly equal to that of Canuck. The mainmast, however, was of pine, and a weak stick, that threatened to break and required much favoring through the race. The course was the same as on Monday, the tide just running ebb, while the first leg down the shore was a close reach, the second a free reach, with a short hitch across on the wind to finish, three rounds. Canuck was to windward before crossing, but fell to leeward at the line, Uno running out ahead on her weather. The puffs struck them heavily at times as they reached down for the first mark, Canuck standing up straight and working out to windward, while Uno had to beg to save her mast. At the jibe for the first mark Uno had gained 8s., but on the reach against the tide to second mark she added 1m. 2s. to this. They luffed around the mark for the second round with Uno 2m. 21s. ahead.

They went away with the wind further ahead and somewhat stronger, allowing Canuck to carry her heavy spar and big sail better, while Uno was not so well off as before. It was now a beat to the mark, Canuck doing the better work and soon crossing Uno's bows. At the turn she showed a lead of 35s., having made up nearly 3m on the one leg. Off the wind Uno caught her a little, being only 7s. astern at second mark. The next leg was something to see; the two came in, on the wind, Canuck ahead and luffing to prevent Uno passing, the latter gaining until, as Canuck luffed around the mark Uno shot inside of her, the two being laid flat at the same time by a specially heavy puff. Mr. Quick got out and put one foot on the centerboard, saving a capsize, while Canuck luffed and ran clear ahead. On the long windward leg the superiority of Canuck was again apparent; she stood up stiffer and held a better course than Uno, the latter not daring to take the puffs on account of her mast.

At the first buoy on the last leg Canuck led by 1m. 38s., all gained on the one leg, but as she came for the buoy the wind dropped, leaving her becalmed for a few moments, in which time the tide caught her and carried her down on the buoy, her stern and rudder dragging against it. Mr. Jones sailed on, finishing 2m. 37s. ahead of his rival, and at once announced the fact of the foul. Under Rule VIII. Canuck was disqualified and the race went to Uno, but Mr. Quick declined to accept this result, and offered to let the race go and sail a new one in its place. This generous offer, however, Mr. Jones would not accept, saying that as the fault was his it was only fair that he should stand by it. This of course ended the racing, leaving the New York C. C. for the third time holder of the cup. As Mr. Quick is a member of the Yonkers C. C., the cup will be turned over to the custody of that club as soon as it is returned to the holders by the Brooklyn C. C., who have it now in possession. The full times of the race are as follows:

	1st Round.		2d Round.		3d Round.			
Canuck	8 45	19 39	25 10	35 15	42 48	47 15	58 45	1 06 43	1 11 19
Uno	8 35	18 30	22 49	35 50	42 55	47 15	1 00 18	1 08 55	1 13 56

The result was a great disappointment to every one concerned, as it was evident that the two men and their boats were very evenly matched and that another very close race was to be expected, the result probably depending on which canoe found the wind most suitable for her. In this race Mr. Jones was at a disadvantage in this respect at the start, his large and heavy rig requiring a certain weight of wind to enable him to carry it steadily. As it breezed up his chances improved, as the times show, while Mr. Quick suffered in proportion through his light spar, which demanded the most careful nursing in such puffy weather.

While the fouling of the buoy did not affect the real merits of the race, and every one would have been glad to have ignored it entirely, it is a point which is covered by an imperative rule, one that has been found of the first necessity in all yacht and canoe racing, and which the club had no power to set aside. The only possible solution of the matter was in the acceptance by Mr. Jones of Mr. Quick's sportsmanlike offer to call the whole race off and try again, and all racing men will appreciate the spirit with which this offer was made on the one hand and declined on the other. No better proof could be desired of the generous and chivalrous love of sport which has always characterized canoe racing, or the respect which canoe men themselves have for the rules they have made to govern their racing. Mr. Jones has returned home, but has left his canoe here in hopes of sailing her, as he proposes to give up canoe racing for yachting.

THE LACHINE RAPIDS COURSE.—Before the first race for the New York cup was sailed, Mr. Jones, who had been struggling for several days with the tides of the Upper Bay, was asked where the next race for the cup would be held in the event of his winning it; whether it would take place off Brockville. He looked for a moment at the ebb tide traveling at a 10-knot gait over the starting line and by the dock, and then remarked, "I think that I should select the Lachine Rapids as the fairest place next to New York Bay."

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Geo. W. Arnold, Jr., Harry L. St. John, L. R. Rogers, Walter Douglass, Gilman S. Stanton, Frederick E. Stanton, New York; O. D. Roberts, Brooklyn; R. P. D. Bennett, Garden City, N. Y.; Edward R. Gnade, Rutherford, N. J. Eastern Division: R. Wilton Lockwood, E. L. Florence, Norwalk, Conn.; John E. Goodwin, Geo. S. Ford, New Haven, Conn.; Albert W. Orton, Rome, N. Y.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

BEVERLY Y. C., AUG. 23.

164TH REGATTA, FOURTH OPEN SWEEPSTAKES, MONUMENT BEACH.

THE race was started in a moderate N.E. breeze, which kept dying out. All the boats finished in a very light air against a head tide. In first class Thyra evidently had not read the rules, as she threw ballast overboard after preparatory signal was set, and was ruled out in consequence. The new Crosby boat Dora beat Mattie easily. In second class Widgeon showed what she could do properly handled, while Anonyma's poor position was a surprise. In third class Daisy broke tacks with the others, while the three sister boats made a hot and close race of it. Rip was missing in fourth class, and Edith had a walkover.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Thyra, R. G. Shaw, Mon. Beach	27.07	3 01 02	2 50 35
Dora, C. W. Bliss, B. Y. C.	27.05	3 04 46	2 54 24
Mattie, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	28.10	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr., B. Y. C.	26.10	2 55 13	2 44 14
Mollie, S. O. Phinney, Mon. Beach		2 59 08	2 48 19
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B. Y. C.	26.08	3 12 03	3 00 52
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	26.10	3 15 23	3 04 23
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	26.10	3 17 03	3 06 03

THIRD CLASS.

Cayuse, F. W. Sargent, B. Y. C.	22.09	2 45 44	2 34 06
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d, B. Y. C.	22.09	2 47 00	2 35 22
Elna, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	22.10	2 47 13	2 35 40
Daisy, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	21.01	Withdrawn.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Edith, Irving Chapman, B. Y. C.	19.04	2 07 27	1 54 56

*Ruled out.

Winners—First prize: Class 1, Dora; Class 2, Widgeon; Class 3, Cayuse; Class 4, Edith. Second prize: Class 2, Mollie; Class 3, Puzzle. Third prize: Class 2, Mist. Judges: Geo. H. Richards, F. E. Cabot, A. H. Hardy.

165TH RACE—2D CHAMPIONSHIP.

This race was started at Marblehead, Aug. 23. The wind was a good N.E. breeze, accompanied by rather a heavy sea and a pouring rain that was as effectual as a pretty good fog.

In the first class, although Saladin, Shark and Hawk had entered, only the latter turned up, owing to a misapprehension, both the others thinking none of the three would start, and all being willing to take a rest after last week's racing.

In the second class Wraith found it too heavy weather to get down from Boston, and Sprite beat Queen Mab easily. In third class keels Hornet had frightened out everything in her class except Nixie, whose owner had more pluck than the others, while in the centerboard division no one but Wanda dared tackle Kiowa in the seaway, and Wanda had not been able to repair her centerboard, carried away after race of the 16th; so Kiowa had a sail over, although Niobe was under way at the line and Edith lying close by with her racing crew on the wharf.

Kiowa did not hear first whistle, and so was handicapped at the start about two minutes, but it made no difference, Hornet can sail away from any 20ft. catboat ever built, at least in Eastern waters. Susie, who won the 24ft. championship in the C.Y.C. last week, tackled the 20ft. class, but was easily beaten by Kiowa and played with by Hornet.

In fourth class Psyche had entered, but could not beat down from Boston against the northeaster, so Dolphin had a walkover.

It was the smallest championship race but one ever sailed by the club, and it was rather rough on the boats that started to have the others keep out of the race. Courses, first and second classes, 10½ miles; third and fourth classes should have been 7½, but was 8½ miles. Time as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hawk, Gordon Dexter, slp	38.03	2 33 35	2 32 29

SECOND CLASS.

Sprite, H. P. Benson, slp		2 37 45	2 27 52
Queen Mab, W. O. Guy, cat		2 44 40	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Hornet, Com. Paine, slp	26.04	1 48 17	1 41 18
Nixie, C. L. Cochrane		2 07 35	1 58 58

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Kiowa W. A. & W. L. Jeffries, cat	22.07	1 57 05	1 46 02

FOURTH CLASS.

Dolphin, Royal Ribbon, cat	18.00	2 15 56	2 09 52

Champion pennants won and held by Hawk and Dolphin won by Sprite and by Hornet tieing Kiowa. Judges' yacht S. S. Gleam, B. Y. C. Judges, John P. Cushing, Jos. A. Iasigi.

Harbinger and Eureka's lengths as given by their owners make no difference in prizes on the 16th, as White Fawn and Tom Cat win.

NEW YORK Y. R. A. REGATTA, SEPT. 1.

THE second annual regatta of the New York Y. R. A. was sailed on Monday, the wind being very light, and the race a quiet and easy one. The classes and courses were:

Class A, schooners, 40ft. and over. Class B, cabin sloops, 53 to 62ft. Class C, cabin sloops, 45 to 53ft. Class D, cabin sloops, 38 to 45ft. Class E, cabin sloops, 32 to 38ft. Class F, cabin sloops, 27 to 32ft. Class G, cabin sloops, 27ft. and under. Class I, open sloops, 27 to 32ft. Class J, open sloops, 23 to 27ft. Class 3, open sloops, 23ft. and under. Class 4, cabin cats, over 28ft. Class 5, cabin cats, under 23ft. Class 6, open cats, 27 to 32ft. Class 7, open cats, 23 to 27ft. Class 8, open cats, 20 to 23ft. Class 9, open cats, 17 to 20ft. Class 10, open cats, 17ft. and under.

Start and finish between Liberty Island and Oyster Island Buoy. Course 1, for classes A, B, C, D and F, to and around Buoy 9½ and return, 24 miles. Course 2, for classes G, I, 2, 4, 6 and 7, to and around the Red Bell Buoy, at north entrance of the Swash Channel, and return, 19 miles. Course 3, for classes 3, 5, 8 and 9, to and around Buoy 13 off Swinburne Island, and return, 14 miles. Course 4, for class 10, to and around Buoy 15, and return, 11 miles.

The full times were:

CLASS C.

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Dolphin	12 15 10	7 22 13	7 07 03	6 29 36

CLASS D.

Avalon	12 22 00	7 14 13	6 52 14	6 02 45
Gertrude	12 21 55	7 16 15	6 54 20	6 03 56
Phantom	12 17 41	7 15 20	6 57 39	6 06 41

CLASS E.

Orestes	12 22 00	7 17 00	6 55 00	6 01 21
Nimrod	12 24 45	6 15 40	6 53 45	6 58 09
Volusia	12 15 00	7 14 45	6 59 45	6 03 42
Mergus	12 20 58	7 15 30	6 54 32	5 57 46

CLASS F.

Mascotte	12 19 01	7 32 03	7 13 02	6 10 38
Emmy C	12 14 20	Did not finish		
Peerless	12 15 50	7 16 10	7 00 20	5 55 58
Forsyth	12 19 22	Did not finish.		
Brunhilde	12 17 40	7 23 30	7 05 50	5 57 40
Pavonia	12 13 21	7 18 10	7 04 49	5 54 13
Maud M	12 13 13	7 19 50	7 06 37	5 55 13
Anne R	12 22 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS G.

Soutter Johnnie	12 17 15	6 09 20	5 52 05	4 54 46
Vixen	12 22 00	7 15 50	6 54 50	5 56 57
Bertha	12 16 15	6 12 30	5 56 15	4 59 14
Christine No. 1	12 19 13	6 11 00	5 51 47	4 51 52
Theresa	12 14 38	6 07 30	5 52 52	4 52 13
Maud	12 22 00	7 17 03	6 56 03	5 53 02
Millie	12 15 15	6 09 00	5 53 45	4 51 23
Aunt Jennie	12 22 00	Did not finish.		
Christine No. 2	12 22 00	7 20 10	5 58 10	5 21 23

CLASS 1.

Helen	12 26 00	Did not finish.		
Eagle Wing	12 24 06	6 21 45	5 56 59	5 01 32

CLASS 2.

Lizzie F	12 32 00	7 15 50	6 43 50	5 45 53
Beulah	12 29 05	6 14 20	5 45 15	4 47 18
Jas. F. Corlett	12 34 47	Did not finish		
Cameron	12 24 30	5 16 10	4 51 40	3 53 08
Gracie B	12 28 20	5 52 57	5 23 57	4 21 49
Our Own	12 30 00	5 23 39	4 53 39	3 50 34

CLASS 3.

Just Woke Up	12 32 00	4 16 40	3 44 40	2 55 38
Leader	12 27 22	4 22 40	3 55 18	3 05 39
Louis W	12 27 14	5 28 11	5 00 57	4 11 02
Schemer	12 23 40	5 27 41	5 04 01	4 06 35
H. C. Miner	12 33 45	4 32 05	4 00 05	2 57 54

CLASS 4

Nina	12 27 12	7 18 30	6 51 18	6 00 20
Storm Child	12 24 20	7 15 31	6 51 11	5 55 07
Henry Gray	12 25 40	6 16 11	5 50 31	4 51 37
Lona	12 28 14	7 20 50	6 52 36	5 53 42
Edna	12 24 40	7 16 35	6 51 55	5 51 07

CLASS 5.

Ripple	12 32 10	5 25 30	4 53 20	4 0 18
May Bee	12 25 32	6 10 03	5 44 31	4 51 35

CLASS 6.

Nora L	12 36 42	5 12 50	4 36 08	3 40 58
Square	12 37 40	Did not finish.		

CLASS 7.

Nedeva	12 33 40	5 15 50	4 42 10	3 41 14
May F	12 32 50	5 54 35	5 20 45	4 19 19
Vivid	12 33 20	6 16 50	5 42 30	4 40 41
Irene	12 34 40	7 07 40	6 33 00	5 30 06
Gesine	12 38 00	7 19 45	6 41 45	5 38 24

CLASS 8.

Pauline B	12 33 33	4 52 35	4 19 02	3 33 14
Columbia	12 34 13	5 01 15	4 27 02	3 38 10
Oneonta	12 34 37	4 36 19	4 01 42	3 12 28
Three Brothers	12 34 38	4 41 18	4 06 40	3 17 03
Orient	12 33 29	4 53 40	4 20 11	3 30 22
Irma	12 34 39	Did not finish.		
Lizzie B	12 34 00	4 37 52	4 03 52	3 13 53
Undine	12 34 35	4 29 35	3 55 00	3 04 47
Eureka	12 34 12	4 37 25	4 03 13	3 13 00
Frank Oliver	12 37 32	5 00 30	4 22 58	3 31 54

CLASS 9.

Merlin	12 35 50	Did not finish.		
Rival	12 40 11	4 29 50	3 49 39	2 55 42
Gauntlet	12 34 01	4 37 53	4 03 52	3 09 55
Anita	12 35 09	4 31 30	3 56 21	3 01 31
Dolphin	12 40 10	4 32 19	3 52 09	2 57 19
Chas. G. Wills	12 37 45	4 39 59	4 02 14	3 07 03
Bon Ton	12 33 10	4 15 15	3 42 05	2 43 52
Mist	12 36 19	4 35 30	3 59 11	3 00 35

CLASS 10.

Gala Water	12 37 35	4 27 40	3 50 05	3 00 35

In Class C Dolphin has a walk over. Avalon wins in Class D. In Class E, Mergus; in Class G, Soutter Johnnie; in Class 1, Eagle Wing; in Class 2, Our Own; in Class 3, Just Woke Up; in Class 4, Henry Gray; in Class 5, Ripple; in Class 6, Nora L.; in Class 7, Nedeva; in Class 8, Undine, and in Class 9, Bon Ton.

Messrs. Geo. E. Gartland and Com. Bussell were the judges.

COMING RACES.

ON Saturday the Larchmont Y.C. will sail its annual fall regatta, with a special race for cabin sloops and cutters, in the classes 30 to 40 and 40 to 50ft. cor. length, on Monday. On Saturday last the same club held a race for open boats. On Sept. 10 the Eastern Y. C. will sail its fall regatta off Marblehead, open to the 30, 40, and 46ft. classes. On Sept. 13 the New York Y. C. will sail a fall regatta, under the following conditions;

The start will be made off Scotland Lightship at 11 A. M., wind and weather permitting.

Courses.—To windward or to leeward and return. Course I, for class V., schooners; classes VI. and VII., sloops, cutters and yawls; nine miles. Course II, for all other classes, all types included; thirteen miles.

Prizes.—A $250 prize in each class when two or three start; a prize of $75 for second, if four or more start; and a special prize of $250 for keel schooners sailing in one class, if two or more start.

Entries addressed to the Regatta Committee, New York Yacht Club, No. 69 Madison avenue, will be received up to 10 P. M. on Sept. 12.

The matches between Minerva and Liris will be sailed off Larchmont on Sept. 6-8, and on the same days Gossoon and Ventura will race off Marblehead, the latter having challenged Gossoon's claims to the championship. On Sept. 9 a match will be sailed between Gossoon and the 40-footer Milicete. A match was set for last week between Mariquita and Mocassin, at Newport, but it was not sailed. Besides these races several other private matches have been made, to be sailed during September.

ATALANTA.—The sloop Atalanta, designed and built by the late Capt. Cuthbert to sail for the America's Cup in 1881, in which contest she was beaten by Mischief, was partly burned at her moorings in Charlotte Harbor, on Thursday night of last week. Her owner, Mr. George Eyre, of Brighton, Ont., was at the banquet of the Rochester Y. C. and during his absence the yacht caught fire. Before the fire department could reach her the deck, interior and sails were destroyed, the hull being comparatively uninjured.

METEOR.—On Aug. 23 as the steam yacht Meteor, Mr. T. J Montgomery, was going down the Bay off the Battery she was run into by the steamer Guyandotte, of the Old Dominion Line, bound out. The yacht was badly cut into on the starboard side, abreast of the pilot house, and as she was making water rapidly she was quickly towed to the point off Governor's Island and beached. At low water the hole was stopped, the yacht pumped out and towed away for repairs. The responsibility for the collision has not yet been determined.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. CIRCUIT, 1890.

THE account of the L. Y. R. A. round in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM brought the racing down to Cobourg, where the third race was sailed on Aug. 18. The remainder of the programme included a race at Kingston on Thursday, Aug. 21, at Oswego on Saturday, and at Rochester on Monday, the fleet disbanding after the latter race. In order to cover the hundred miles between Cobourg and Kingston in time, it was decided to tow, going by way of the new Murray Canal; and on Tuesday the tug Emma Munson, of Kingston, started from Cobourg with a heavy hawser astern, to which thirteen yachts made fast, each having a bow and stern line to the hawser, leaving her at liberty to drop out of the tow at any time. Oriole returned to Toronto, Aileen, Deerhound and Velnette started for Charlotte, the port of Rochester and the station of the R. Y. C., and there was left in the fleet Vreda, White Wings, Nancy, Yama, Merle, Verve (Toronto), Volante, Maud B., Nadia, Vision, Samoa, and Cricket. Leaving at 4 P. M. on Tuesday, the fleet anchored off Kingston at 8 P. M. on Wednesday, Cricket having dropped off and started across the Lake for Oswego.

On Thursday morning the wind was fresh from S.E., the fleet starting with jackyarders aloft. The course was from off the town around a buoy across the river, then around the starting buoy and off around a buoy up the river to the start, two rounds. The smaller classes sailed shorter courses, using the same buoys. Norah, of Belleville, joined the fleet for this race. The first round was sailed in a strong wind, jackyarders coming in, the times being: Norah 11:40, Vreda 11:45, Yama third, White Wings fourth. The wind now increased until the yachts that continued the race were under close canvas, White Wings, Verve, Condor, Gracie, Ariadne, and all save Samoa in the small class giving up. Vreda beat Nora; and Yama, under three reefed main and small staysail, beat Merle badly. As Yama came home her No. 3 jib, which was stopped on the bowsprit, got adrift and was split by a sea that filled it as she rose. Merle sailed well in the sea, but had no show against the little Fife cutter. In addition to the wind and sea it rained heavily, while the weather was very cool, putting the sailormen in a very poor plight.

After finishing Vreda ran into the harbor under the guidance of a local amateur, and found a very bad berth. Her two anchors dragged and she went into the stone piers of the railway bridge, where her port side was badly battered, the steel plates being dished between the frames. A party of soldiers from the fort came to her aid with planks from a lumber yard near by, which they ran down between her and the pier, thus breaking the blows. Had she been a wooden craft she would have sunk very quickly after such a severe hammering. As it was, she came off without any vital injury, continuing the circuit, but her side will need some careful treatment to restore the original shape. The new Volante fared still worse, going ashore on Point Frederick, where she sunk. She was raised next day and docked, some seven new planks being put in, after which she rejoined the fleet at Oswego Monday night. A number of other yachts were more or less damaged, while all hands were thoroughly tired out by night. The summary of the race was:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	10 00	1 22 05	3 22 05	3 16 16
Norah	10 00	1 25 50	3 25 50	3 23 50

White Wings and Condor did not finish.

40-FOOTERS.

Yama	10 00	1 41 20	3 21 20	3 41 30
Merle	10 00	2 08 30	4 08 30	4 06 00
Verve	10 00	Did not finish.		

35-FOOTERS.

Gerda	10 15	2 35 00	4 20 00	4 20 00
Gracie	10 15	Did not finish.		

30FT. CLASS.

Samoa	10 15	1 50 03	3 50 32	3 50 32

Volante, Norma, Ariadne, Nancy, Kelpie and Maud B. did not finish.

On Friday a few of the yachts started for Oswego, reaching there after a very rough passage across the lake, but all idea of a race on Saturday was given up. With a fair wind the rest came in on Saturday, thus having a day of needed rest before the next race.

Monday morning was clear and bright, with little sea and a nice breeze, the course being laid S. W. by W., five miles, making a beat out and a run back, three rounds for the larger yachts and two for the smaller. The start was made off the breakwater at 10 A. M., some of the yachts being a little late and straggling over. Oriole had come from Toronto, the old Katie Gray was entered, and Wona, Romola and others of the smaller yachts were on hand. Mr. Will Fife came up from New York to sail on Yama, though the yacht, under the L. Y. R. A. rule, was steered all day by Mr. Allan Ames. Starting under Oriole's lee and just ahead of White Wings's lee bow, she was soon the leading boat, coming out ahead of the Hamilton Verve, which had started some time ahead of her. Yama, Oriole and White Wings worked along the shore, while Verve and Merle stood out in the lake, gaining by more wind. Yama was first boat at the outer buoy, and had a long lead on the fleet at the end of the first round, having carried spinnaker in. On the next leg out Merle carried away a new jaw made for her at Kingston, and started home.

The wind fell very light on the second round, there being barely enough to take Yama around the outer mark, while Oriole was becalmed for a long time. The end of the race was little better than a drift, Yama being in a long time before the other boats had made their second round. Vreda did little, the wind being too light for her. Katie Gray made a good race in her class, beating Gracie. Yama took the pennant presented by Com. Mott for the best time over the course by an Oswego yacht. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriole	10 00	5 05 30	7 05 30	7 05 30
Vreda	10 00	Not timed.		

46FT. CLASS.

White Wings	10 00	5 10 00	7 10 00	7 10 00
Verve (Toronto)	10 00	5 21 00	7 21 00	7 18 00
Condor	10 00	Not timed.		
Verve (Hamilton)	10 00	Disabled.		

40FT. CLASS.

Yama	10 00	2 30 50	4 30 50	4 30 50
Merle		Did not finish.		

34FT. CLASS

Katie Gray	10 10	4 30 50	6 40 50	6 37 50
Gracie	10 10	4 50 45	6 40 45	6 40 05
Vision	10 10	4 59 00	6 49 00	

30FT. CLASS.

Nancy	10 10	3 47 05		
Samoa	10 00	3 56 00		
Nadia	10 10	Not timed.		
Norma	10 37	4 11 05		

25FT. CLASS.

Maud B	10 10	12 37		
Romola	10 10	12 55		

In the evening a dinner was given at the club house, all the yachtsmen in the fleet being present.

The race at Rochester had also been postponed one day, so that Tuesday and Wednesday were left to reach Charlotte, nearly 60 miles distant. Some of the yachts sailed at midnight on Monday, reaching Charlotte at noon next day, the wind being light most of the time; others, especially those which left last, met head winds and heavy seas on the lake. Merle waited for repairs to her gaff and did not get away until Wednesday morning. She made Big Sodus, about half way, and put in, the weather being too heavy, thus failing to reach Charlotte in time to start.

The course for the Rochester Y. C. regatta was up the lake shore, buoys being set at 5 and 7½ miles respectively, the two larger classes sailing two rounds of the long course, 30 miles, and the smaller classes two rounds of the short course, 20 miles. The smallest class, open boats, sailed but one round. The wind was strong directly down the shore and making a beat to the outer mark. The start was made off the west pier, the largest class going off at 10:30. The Hamilton Verve having lost her topmast at Oswego went in without one, trusting to the breeze holding. Vreda led both Oriole and Aileen, going to windward in grand shape, and having a long lead at the turn. There was a good working breeze and quite a sea at the start, but both fell as the day advanced. Off the wind Oriole gained on Vreda, and collared her near the end of the first round, but on the next leg to windward Vreda picked up, in the end saving her time easily from the larger boats, in spite of the schooner's allowance for rig. Aileen was third all day, but beat Oriole by a 30 seconds at the end. Yama had nothing in her class, so Deerhound started to make a race, but came to grief, losing the jaws of her gaff. Nancy also met with the same mishap. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Vreda	10 30 53	4 34 56	5 51 54
Aileen	10 30 59	4 37 09	6 04 09
Oriole	10 30 29	4 34 49	6 04 49

46FT. CLASS.

White Wings	10 44 19	4 55 50	6 15 50
Verve (Hamilton)	10 40 51	6 20 27	7 38 34
Verve (Toronto)	10 41 26	6 49 05	8 01 42
Condor	Time not taken.		

40FT. CLASS.

Yama	10 50 34	2 42 05	3 50 25
Deerhound	Disabled.		

35FT. CLASS.

Vision	11 01 36	3 41 05	4 41 05
Gracie	11 01 10	3 45 18	4 44 56
Edith	11 02 35	4 21 26	5 17 50
Majel	Did not finish.		

30FT. CLASS.

Nadia	11 10 46	3 59 30	4 48 13
Samoa	11 10 25	4 00 27	4 50 27
Velnette	11 10 28	4 06 19	4 52 16
Volante	11 10 39	4 07 05	4 56 41
Norma	11 10 46	4 09 41	4 57 31
Amelia	11 10 26	4 28 41	5 18 27

25FT. CLASS

Maud B	11 20 30	1 56 36	2 36 30
Katie Hall	11 22 41	2 49 23	3 26 59
Romola	11 21 10	2 53 40	3 30 27
Undine	11 21 11	2 50 07	... ...
Restless	11 21 21	3 22 02	4 02 02

After the race a dinner was given to the visitors by the Rochester Y. C., the prizes being presented, after which the fleet was disbanded and the round of 1890 was at an end. The entire round occupied a little over two weeks, the distance covered being about 560 miles, not including the cruises to the rendezvous and from the last port. In addition six races were sailed. Some of the yachts which made the entire round, such as Samoa and Nancy, are but 25 to 27ft. l.w.l., while the little Wona, of 22ft., and the still smaller Romola, of 18ft. ventured each a long way from home. Considering this sea which has to come up at a short notice, and the severe storms that are to be found frequently enough in August, a racing cruise of such a length, and by small yachts, is no small achievement to carry through successfully, and that it is done every year speaks well for the spirit and skill of the lake yachtsmen.

The Lake Yacht Racing Association and its annual circuit of races have passed beyond the experimental stage, and are well and firmly established, and though there is much to be done before the fleet is worked up to the highest standard, a good start has been made in all matters of organization and government. From its formation in 1884 to the present time the L. Y. R. A. has followed the policy of adopting good rules with an eye to the future, rather than temporizing over vital matters out of consideration for any local interests, and the wisdom of this course is now apparent. While the fleet is still a small one, and many of the yachts are by no means cracks, there is every opportunity and incentive for improvement in the right direction, and each year shows a steady advance. The resolute prohibition of shifting ballast and unlimited crews from the first, though strongly opposed at the time, has done much for the young fleet, and other equally wise legislation has since done more, until, in spite of small size and rough finish, the lake yachts are in the main excellent little craft.

The larger and finer yachts that have been brought to the Lake or specially built there, as Vreda, Oriole, Yama and Merle, are of course equal to any of their class, but it is of the smaller and home-built boats that we speak in particular. There is growing up a fine class of small sea-going yachts that are back and forth across the Lake at all times through the season, and that make the complete circuit each year. The old shoal centerboard craft that once monopolized the prizes at each port have largely disappeared, making way for abler and better as well as faster boats. This year the fleet has been increased by some very important additions, both from within and without. The largest of these is the 20-rater Vreda, a steel cutter, designed by Mr. Watson, and built on the Clyde in 1888. She is a handsome vessel of 45ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 9ft. draft. Below she has very good accommodation, though much of the space has been given up to the forecastle. She is practically identical with the 20-rater illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug 8, 1889. Her rig is quite small, boom and bowsprit being very short, and it is not enough to drive her in light weather, though with a moderate increase she will probably do well on the Lake. Owing to her long passage and late arrival there was not time to fit her properly before the beginning of the circuit, and she has sailed under many disadvantages, but with a suitable rig and a new coat of paint she will prove a credit to the Lake fleet in speed and appearance. Her details and deck fittings are of the latest pattern.

The new Fife cutter Yama has already been described in our pages, and it is only necessary to say that she has proved as fast as she is handsome, and in no way discredits her designer or her sister Minerva. She has easily beaten her chief opponent, the Burgess centerboard Merle, on every occasion, and has proved herself specially fast in light winds, while equally good, so far as can be seen, in heavy weather. She, too, was hardly ready when the season began, and her owner, Mr. Allen Ames, had little opportunity to sail her and learn her ways, but he has steered her admirably in all her races, frequently beating the larger yachts without allowance.

While these two boats claim special notice as equal to the best of their class afloat anywhere, they are no more interesting than the smaller craft that have been built on the lake, by home designers and builders, to fit the new corrected length classes. The popular class thus far is the 30ft., calling for boats of about 26ft. l.w.l., and several of these have been built since the class was established last fall. The most successful of these, judging from the racing, is Nancy, designed and built by Mr. Thos. Dadson, of Hamilton, and owned by Dr. F. S. Malloch. She is 25ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 3in. beam, and 5ft. 6in. draft, a keel boat. Another in the same class is Samoa, designed by her owner, Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of Hamilton, a fine little ship of 27ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. draft, with clipper stem and very taking sheer, not unlike the Gardner boats. The racing indicates that Mr. Jarvis has taken too large dimensions for the hull, and Samoa has need of more canvas in ordinary weather, though all right in a blow, being the only yacht out of 7 starters that made the course at Kingston. Another new boat is the Volante, designed and built by Mr. George Webster, of Hamilton, 26ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft. Her iron ballast, partly inside, does not give her the required stability, but with a lead keel she should make a good showing. The smallest of the new fleet is an 18ft. craft, Romola, designed and built by the steward of the Rochester Y. C. last winter, a handsome little clipper with a good sheer and long ends. All of the new yachts are of modern type and graceful outline, and show that the amateur designers of Lake Ontario are living to learn.

The weak point of the fleet as a whole is in the appearance; there are but few of the yachts which are kept as they should be, and many show the need of a good planing, with judicious doses of paint, putty and elbow grease. The hulls are strongly built, the deck fittings and appointments are improving each year, but there is a rough look about the woodwork which is not necessary, and the spars, gear and ironwork show a lack of neatness and finish. This is partly due to the fact that few paid hands are employed, the yachts being sailed by the owners and their friends, and with good seagoing bottoms and strong rigs it is a secondary matter, but at the same time there are a number of yachts in the fleet which might be easily made to show to infinitely better advantage by a little more care and labor in this direction. All this will come in time, and Yama is likely to prove a most valuable object lesson to the lake, as her fittings are most complete, and she will be kept in condition to show them with advantage.

So far as the first year's racing goes, it is at the very least a negative proof in favor of the new classification, the classes having the usual number of entries and the boats certainly being as well matched as of old. In some cases certain boats have been at a disadvantage, being built for a waterline class; but the result has, as a whole, been very satisfactory. There is room for a good class at about Vreda's size, not over 50ft. corrected length, as such a yacht can be within the working limit of draft on Lake Ontario and yet give abundance of room. Just now Vreda is obliged to race with Oriole, a 70ft. l.w.l. schooner, the result being a matter of weather but is satisfactory to none.

The next class, 46ft. corrected length, calls for a boat about 40ft. l.w.l., and might be made to take in such craft as the original forties Baboon and Xara, with a little lightening and reduction from 47 to 46ft. corrected length. The Lake 40ft. class, corrected length, promises to be a most promising one, a boat like Yama, with an after stateroom and a good cabin, offering most desirable accommodations for local uses. The presence of this new boat is likely to stimulate some of the Lake yachtsmen to build to beat her, and the addition of a new boat or two by other designers would make fine sport next year. The 35ft. class as yet has no new boats, but a number of old ones which keep the racing alive in it. The next class, 30ft., includes a number of modern keel boat of 25 to 27ft. l.w.l., and as these boats are accustomed to make the full circuit every year, racing at all ports, and at the same time are of very moderate cost, this class is likely to fill rapidly.

A new feature of the Lake racing is the "one-gun" start, adopted last fall and used this year in all the races with unusual success, considering its novelty. Delays occurred in some cases, but as a rule the starts were well timed and the yachts went over with the gun; so that even better results may be looked for next season. One thing, however, is necessary, not only on this account, but in order that all the details of the timing may be properly attended to. An official timekeeper should be elected, an experienced and reliable man, who should have entire charge of the watch, the gun and the record in every race, thus reducing the matter to a system. He might select his assistants from the regatta committee or others of each club, but should have entire control and responsibility. As matters are now, with but one or two races each year in some clubs, there is little opportunity for a regatta committee to learn from experience, and the timing is too important a matter to run any risks with. The novice, even though an experienced yachtsman, is not to be trusted with the gun and watch, especially for a one-gun start, while the accurate timing of the finish of a large fleet, and the prompt calculation of the result, demands constant practice on the part of those to whom it is intrusted. The fleet is now properly numbered, each yacht as it is enrolled being given a number which she keeps permanently; the one-gun start is likely to be retained, and with a few more yachts in several of the classes and the whole business of starting and timing in experienced and responsible hands, the Lake Yacht Racing Association will be equipped with as complete and perfect machinery for carrying out the end indicated in its title as any similar body afloat on fresh or salt water.

GOSSOON AND MINERVA, AUG. 23-26.

THE close of the Corinthian series at Marblehead on Aug. 20 left Gossoon and Minerva with an even score, each having won four races from the other. In order to settle the question a series of three private matches was arranged, to be sailed at Marblehead, for $100 per side. The first race was sailed on Aug. 23, the course being 10¾ knots dead to leeward, from Half Way Rock to Fawn Bar Bell Buoy, and return. The races were arranged under a mean of the allowances of the Eastern and New York Yacht Clubs. Saturday morning was rainy and foggy, with a moderate N. E. wind and a heavy sea, when the tug W. H. Clarke, with the judges, W. S. Eaton, Jr. and H. H. Buck, anchored N. W. of Half Way Rock. Gossoon, with Mr. Chas. Adams at the stick, was carrying a large jackyarder, but Minerva, anticipating a start to windward, had set her small one. When the handicap gun fired at 10:40 neither had crossed, but half a minute later they went over together, Minerva to windward, spinakers were set to starboard and balloon jibtopsails were run up over the jibs, the two running off very fast before the sea. Gossoon ran ahead and made a steady gain from the start, showing about a minute and a quarter lead when half the leg was covered. She was the first to take in kites at the leeward mark, Minerva carrying her spinaker well up to the turn. The two luffed around the buoy as follows:

Gossoon	12 22 02	Minerva	21 24 24

Gossoon had thus gained 2min. 22sec in the run of 11 knots. She carried her large jackyarder and a baby jibtopsail, Minerva having her second jackyarder and no jibtopsail. A long stretch was made on starboard tack toward Nahant, the pair tacking about 1 P. M. and heading into a bad sea. Minerva now set her jibtopsail, being astern and a little to leeward of Gossoon. The next inshore tack was made at 1:47, Gossoon following Minerva around. When they tacked again and stood out by Pig Rocks they were timed:

Gossoon	2 12 47	Minerva	2 17 44

After passing the buoy on Pig Rocks Minerva again stood inshore, Gossoon following, and from here to the finish they made short hitches. Both wind and sea now increased and Minerva began to gain on her rival, but not enough to save the race, Gossoon finishing 2min. 25sec ahead. This was more than her allowance and won her the race.

The second race was sailed on Aug. 26, there being a calm at 10 A. M. when the tug anchored off Marblehead Rock with a large fleet of yachts in attendance. A little later however a breeze came in from S. E. and the course, 10 miles, was made known. The start was made at 11:28, Gossoon having a good berth to windward and going over at 11:28:40, while Minerva was 23sec. later. Both carried large jackyarders and small jibtopsails and went over the line on the same tack. Gossoon began to draw away, increasing her lead steadily from the start and losing little or none of it at any time during the windward work. Long tacks were made, some sea being met off shore. When 6 or 7 miles out, Minerva, finding the wind much stronger, sent down her topsail and set the No. 2, losing a little time by it, which was doubled when she had to send up the big one again off the wind. Gossoon had tacked by the mark, started sheet, set spinaker and was well on her way home with a lead of over 6min. before Minerva turned, the times being:

Gossoon	1 40 15	Minerva	1 46 58

The time of setting spinnakers was 1:57 for Minerva and 2:22 for Gossoon. On the run in Minerva gained 1min. 10sec., but this was too little to count, and Gossoon finished with a lead of 6min. 33sec., the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossoon	11 28 40	2 57 24	3 29 24	3 29 24
Minerva	11 29 03	3 02 57	3 34 57	3 33 07

Gossoon wins by 5min. 33sec. elapsed time and 3. 43sec. corrected time, she thus wins the $300 prize and stands for the time being in the place that Minerva had so long held at the head of the 40ft. class.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, Aug. 27.—

The fourth annual open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 27, in a strong S. W. blow that caused the yachts to drag their anchors. The wind moderated by noon, the race being sailed in a fresh westerly breeze, but the larger yachts that were entered did not turn up. The full times were:

CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Diamond	2 18 30	4 29 52	2 11 22	2 10 28
Mascot	2 18 00	4 35 18	2 17 18	2 17 18

CLASS 3.

Iris	1 58 17	5 00 45	3 02 28	3 01 18
A. P. E.	1 58 10	4 55 10	2 57 00	2 57 00

CLASS 4.

Widgeon	2 04 30	4 11 47	2 07 17	2 07 09
Faust	2 04 19	4 13 48	2 15 29	2 14 05
Mollie	2 02 26	4 12 47	2 10 21	2 10 21
Edna	2 02 15	4 20 42	2 18 27	2 14 33
Alice	2 02 26	4 58 45	2 36 18	2 31 33
Pawpaw	2 02 10	4 34 15	2 32 05	2 30 29
Victor	2 02 45	4 25 03	2 22 18	2 19 41

CLASS 5.

Scud	2 09 02	4 34 34	2 25 32	2 25 32
Unknown	2 12 35	Did not finish.		
Hesper	2 18 19	4 48 55	2 33 30	2 32 00
Daisy	2 09 27	4 36 06	2 26 39	2 25 52

CLASS 6.

Mist	2 15 00	3 25 19	1 10 19	1 07 38
Bat	2 15 00	3 27 50	1 12 50	1 11 13
Zara	2 15 00	3 16 54	1 01 54	1 01 26
Nettie	2 15 00	3 18 19	1 03 19	1 03 19
Shadow	2 15 00	3 21 46	1 06 46	1 05 54

All starters in class 6 were handicapped. Diamond, in addition to taking the first regular prize in her class, also won the special prize in that class, on sail area measurement. A. P. E. also won the special prize in her class on measurement of sail area.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—The third race for the first-class challenge cup, presented by Mr. C. H. Levin, was sailed over the St. Lawrence Y. C. course, off Pointe Claire, on the morning of Aug. 23, the match being between Lulu (the winner of the two previous races, 29ft. corrected length) and Chaperon, 28ft. 6in. The wind was north and very puffy, and it began to rain at 8 o'clock and kept on raining steadily and remorselessly all day. The starting gun was to have been fired at ten o'clock, but Chaperon was towed up to the Pointe with her sails unbent, and the whole forenoon was spent in getting her into proper shape. The gun was fired at 12:05 and the boats crossed the line, Chaperon at 12:09, under jib, jibtopsail, staysail and mainsail; Lulu at 12:09:30, under jib and mainsail. On the run out to the east buoy Lulu gained a little, and to avoid being blanketed the black cutter held down below the buoy and gave Lulu a chance to skip around it and take the lead. It was a long reach, with the wind well over the quarter, to the southwest buoy; and both boats caught it hot for a while, for the gusts came down across the lake as if they were being fired from a gun. About a mile from the buoy Lulu put in two reefs and Chaperon put in one, and did it smartly enough to secure the lead again. At the buoy Lulu managed to get to windward of the cutter and to get the lead. On the beat up to the north buoy the sloop fairly went away from the cutter, both lying closer and footing faster. It was a close reach back to the east buoy, Chaperon was driven for all she was worth, and gained steadily on the sloop and still further reduced the latter's lead on the beat from the east buoy to the finish line. Lulu had made so much, however, that she could not be caught, and the finish was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lulu	12 09 30	1 48 45	1 39 15
Chaperon	12 09 00	1 51 17	1 42 17

Lulu, therefore, wins by 3m., and having won three matches in succession she becomes the winner of the cup.

RACING ON THE HUDSON.—On the afternoon of Aug. 23 a regatta was sailed on the Hudson River from Washington Heights, open to several classes of boats, for prizes presented by John A. Cameron, of 152d street. The course, which was about twelve miles, was from 152d street to a stake boat on the Jersey shore off the Palisade Park (just below Englewood), from thence to a stake-boat off the chemical works at Edgewater, and return to 152d street. At the start a strong N.W. wind was blowing, the sea being rough. The skiff Valiant was the first off, going by the starting line with a big rush on the instant of the signal. Just as the catboat Roma was coming about to cross the starting line she carried away her mast at the deck, and was towed in. Valiant led almost up to the second stakeboat, and the way this skiff with her leg-of-mutton sail traveled along was a surprise to many. The Cameron here took the lead and headed for the New York shore, where the wind was strong with a down tide. Valiant and Frankie V. foolishly held to the Jersey shore and lost badly by so doing, there being little wind and a tide butting against them. The greater part of the race was sailed in a succession of rains, squalls and calms. Cameron won the sloop race, Dolphin the catboat race and Ino the steam launch race. The official figures are as follows:

SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
J. A. Cameron, J. J. McCarthy	26.00	2 10 20	2 10 20
Arrow, Madden	19.06	2 40 22	2 30 37
CATBOATS.			
Roma, C. C. Griffin	19.00	Carried away mast.	
Dolphin, H. C. Schwartz	19.06	2 07 45	Handicap'd 7m.
Frankie V., F. Van Riper	18.11	2 27 43	2 26 53½
Mystic, F. C. Stratton	20.00	Did not finish.	
Rambler, Davis	18.00	2 37 50½	2 34 35½
Valiant, C. J. Leach	15.08	2 51 53	2 46 08
STEAM AND NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.			
Perseverance, Elliott & Co	23.06	1 21 50	1 21 48
Ino, J. M. Cummings	23.06	1 07 10	1 07 10
Flirt, A. B. Tower	23.06	1 07 46	1 07 44

The last named race was very close and interesting. All the launches were well handled. The Perseverance broke down a few yards from the finish. The judges were G. T. Holihan, C. H. Kruse, L. C. Vannier and Jas. Miller.—L.

LARCHMONT Y. C. OYSTER BOAT RACE.—The annual race of the Larchmont Y. C. for the oyster boats about the Sound was sailed on Aug. 23 over the Captain's Island course of the club, 22 knots, the wind being fresh N.E. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS—PRIZES $50 AND $25.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jennie R., A. L. Ford	35.00	3 37 47	3 31 47
Combination, L. B. Smull	35.06	3 52 06	3 46 51
Agnes, F. Morris	39.00	3 53 31	3 53 31
Mary Ella, A. B. Jones	41.00	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS—PRIZES $40 AND $25.			
Emma R Martin, G. W. Martin	30.07	4 02 35	3 59 47
Claudia M., A. L. Ford	29.06	4 03 18	3 59 03
Lucy Neal, J. E. Bird	31.10	Did not finish.	
Eva C., A. B. Ford	33.00	Did not finish.	
Bessie B.	32.04	3 58 05	3 58 05
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS—PRIZES $40 AND $25.			
Simon Banks, A. J. Hart	31.00	4 11 05	4 08 05
Stella May, S. M. Schwartz	30.01	3 37 57	3 33 34
Julia B., J. C. Thorn	33.00	4 02 37	4 02 37
Loon, C. C. Duryea	33.01	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS—PRIZES $40 AND $25.			
Susie C., T. E. Stuyvesant	27.04	3 44 23	3 49 28
Jennie A. Willis, J. A. Will	25.07	3 55 35	3 51 57
Agitator, J. Reynolds	24.06	Did not finish.	
Addie B., J. Croker	24.05	3 56 07	3 51 44
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS—PRIZES $40 AND $25.			
Shamrock, E. Hyde	26.06	4 02 17	3 59 17
Delphine, A. L. Smith	25.02	4 21 08	4 21 08
Joke, E. C. Smith	25.06	Did not finish.	

The winners are Jennie R., Bessie B., Stella May, Susie C. and Shamrock.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON, Aug. 23.—Race No. 5. Course No. 3. Starting off squadron wharf to flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Mars Rock buoy, leaving these marks on the starboard hand, and finish off squadron wharf, $10\frac{8}{10}$ miles. Time limit, four hours. Weather rainy. Wind, south, squally. Tide, ebb. Start, 2 P. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wenonah, sch., A. E. Jones et al	4 31 10	2 29 00	4 31 10
Calypso, slp., H. V. Kent	4 44 50	2 43 05	4 32 55
Hildred, slp., G. E. Francklyn, Jr.	4 51 20	2 49 40	4 39 46
Mentor, cut., C. Stayner	5 00 00	2 58 05	4 45 15
Daphne, slp., F. H. Belletal	5 05 40	3 03 40	4 52 14
Minnehaha, slp., A. I. Stikeman	Late for start.		

Albatross, sch., Psyche, cut., Etienne, slp., did not start.

First prize, Wenonah (Lord Lansdowne cup); second prize, Calypso; third prize, Hildred. Officers of the day, J. E. Butler, F. S. West.

GORILLA.—Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll has lately sold his 40-footer to Mr. Wm. Kent.

RIVERSIDE Y. C., LADIES' DAY REGATTA, AUG. 23.—Course for classes 1 to 7 to Centre Island Buoy and return; classes 7 to 10 once around Captain's Island; distance 12 and 7 miles; weather clear; wind heavy N.W.; tide flood.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Correct'd
CLASS 1.					
Eleanor	47.00	3 17 00	5 24 00	2 07 00	2 07 00
CLASS 3.					
Alcedo	38.00	3 17 00	5 45 00	2 28 00	2 28 00
Doctor	35.00	3 17 00	6 19 00	3 02 00	.. ..
CLASS 5.					
Vorant	30.11	3 17 00	6 31 20	3 14 20	3 14 20
Zanet	25.00	3 17 00	6 37 05	3 20 05	3 15 02
CLASS 8.					
Pearl	24.03	3 22 00	4 23 28	1 01 28	1 00 45
Dot	25.06	3 22 00	4 24 38	1 02 38	1 02 38
Sirene	24.07	3 22 00	4 29 37	1 07 37	1 07 06
CLASS 9.					
Gertrude	21.10	3 22 00	4 27 58	1 05 58	1 04 58
Rival	19.11	3 22 00	4 38 40	1 16 40	1 16 11
Lassie	19.11	3 22 00	Did not finish.		

Winners—Class 2, Eleanor; Class 3, Alcedo; Class 5, Vorant, protested by Zanet; Class 8, Pearl; Class 9, Gertrude. Times were taken from the gun. Prizes were presented to the ladies on the winning yachts. The flagship, the schooner Nirvana, served as judges' boat. Regatta committee, F. B. Jones, W. A. Huffing, W. S. Lines.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—Twelfth (open sweepstakes) regatta Marion, Aug. 30,—Courses, third class, from judges' yacht around Bow Bells buoy, thence around Southeast Ledge buoy and return to judges' yacht, 9 miles; fourth and fifth classes, from judges yacht around stake boat off Plantain Island, thence around Seal Rock buoy and return to judges' yacht, and repeat course once, 7 miles. Wind fresh southwest.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'ed.
THIRD CLASS.					
Parole, W. H. Davis	19.05	1 20 50	2 57 57	1 37 07	1 21 48
Daisy, L. M. Stockton	19.02	1 22 41	3 02 50	1 40 09	1 24 33
Hermion, R. L. Barstow	20.00	1 20 12	2 59 30	1 39 18	1 24 41
FOURTH CLASS.					
Edith, Irving Chapman	17.2½	1 25 58	2 56 22	1 30 24	1 14 20
*Hugo, J. G. Palfrey	15.6½	1 26 21	3 05 02	1 38 41	1 20 28
Mattie, F. Allen	15.09	1 26 24	3 05 07	1 38 48	1 20 53
Kitt, J. H. Clarke	16.3½	1 25 54	3 05 55	1 40 01	1 22 52
May, G. G. Van Rensselaer	16.03	1 26 38	3 17 03	1 50 25	1 33 12
*Ruled out for fouling Kitt.					
FIFTH CLASS.					
Worry, H. W. & R. P. Bellows	13.0½	1 31 30	3 11 35	1 40 05	1 19 08
No Name, C. A. Clark	13.05	1 31 55	3 16 35	1 44 04	1 22 29

Winners—First prize, class three, Parole; class four, Edith; class five, Worry; second prize, class four, Mattie. Regatta committee, J. Gorham Palfrey, chairman; Irving Chapman, G. G. Van Rensselaer. Judges, Dr. J. S. Whitney, Messrs. O. M. Angier, A. L. Briggs.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—This organization continues to grow and has now passed the two hundred mark in membership. The cruise which was held in the week ensuing between Aug. 2 and 9 was most successful, nine boats reporting to Commodore Connolly at Greenwich, Conn. The East River Squadron held their regatta off the Knickerbocker Yacht Club House, at Port Morris, on Aug. 16. The entry list was large, and every class except cutters filled. Mr. A. Dahm-Petersen managed the affair, and deserves great credit for its success. The Staten Island Sound Squadron will hold its fall regatta on Sept. 6. Entries may be made with Mr. Louis Berg, The Alpine, Broadway and 33d street. The West Long Island Sound Squadron of the Corinthian Navy will hold its annual regatta at Greenwich, Conn., on Sept. 13; entries may be made with Mr. F. B. Jones, 40 Wall street. The following are proposed for membership: F. C. Barber, E. T. Cushing, A. D. Prince.

The West Long Island Sound squadron will give an open regatta on Saturday, Sept. 13, at Greenwich, Conn., the start to be at 1 P. M. Entries may be made with Mr. F. B. Jones, 40 Wall street. The Staten Island Sound squadron will give its fall regatta off Sewaren, N. J., on Sept. 6. Entries to be made with Mr. Louis Berg, The Alpine, Thirty-third and Broadway. A regular meeting of the association will be held at the Hotel Marborough on Sept. 29, at 8 P. M. Proposed for membership, R. Wilton Lockwood.

New Publications.

THE SALMON FISHER*

MR. HALLOCK'S book of the salmon is in convenient form for ready reference, and will be read with a great deal of pleasure by anglers. The chapters devoted to the equipment for salmon fishing, the methods to be adopted, the reviews of the author's own exploits on salmon rivers and of the details of salmon fishing, particular instructions for the skillful handling of the fish, descriptions of the celebrated preserves of famous anglers, and the index of the salmon waters of Canada and adjacent provinces are admirably executed and have a permanent value.

Concerning the life history and the distribution of the *Salmonidæ* we differ in some essential points from Mr. Hallock. For example, in the Eastern Continent one species of trout, *Salmo macrostigma*, is found in northern Algeria in about latitude 37° N. In North America the most southerly trout recorded was described by Prof. Cope in the *American Naturalist* for August, 1836, page 735. This is a black spotted species from streams of the Sierra Madre, Mexico, at an elevation of 8,900ft., in the southern part of Chihuahua near the boundaries of Durango and Cinolas, N. Lat. 28°. This carries the family nearly 12° further south than Mr. Hallock's limit. The rainbow trout, *S. irideus*, is known to occur as far south as the Mexican boundary, about latitude 33°; and the brook trout, *S. fontinalis*, is native in western North Carolina below latitude 36°.

There are many difficulties in the way of determining the distribution of the *Salmonidæ*. Scarcely anything definite is known about this family in the northern part of British America, and the "monstrous salmon weighing up to 75lbs. and measuring 20in. in depth," referred to by Schwatka, are more likely to be lake trout than salmon. For the occurrence of this large species in the region in question we have the authority of Richardson, a renowned zoölogist, who studied collections from many portions of the Territory. The good condition of this supposed salmon in winter, under 6ft. of ice, is another argument in favor of the belief that it is lake trout. From all we can learn from natives of Alaska, who accompanied us to the lake sources of salmon streams, and from the testimony of white men engaged in the Alaskan canneries, salmon can be caught in these lakes at any time during the winter under the ice; but they never recover their plumpness and all die in the early spring. Mr. Hirsch, who has spent many years in Alaska and is thoroughly acquainted with its salmon and trout, has assured us that no living adult salmon come down the Karluk River in the spring. Although the Atlantic salmon recuperates after spawning there is scarcely any evidence to show that the species of Pacific salmon return to the sea alive. As to the distribution of the quinnat salmon, the species has never been traced with any certainty above the Yukon River. The only species which are positively known to range further to the north are the dog salmon, *O. keta*, and the little humpback, *O. gorbuscha*. Specimens of the keta have been obtained in Kuwuk River, a tributary of Hotham Inlet, and the little humpback has been taken by Capt. Smith in the Colville.

We have reason to believe that the Pacific salmons, at least, take very little food in rivers. They come in from the sea pursuing herring, capelin, lant, and other marine fishes of small size; but while these probably attract the nobler species into the bays they do not ascend streams, and the salmon leave them behind when the rush into fresh water begins. It has not been the writer's good fortune to find sand worms in rivers above tide limits, and he doubts their occurrence in fresh water in quantities sufficient to form a food supply for hungry salmon.

There is no evidence of the landlocking of any other Pacific salmon than the red fish, *Oncorhynchus nerka*. It is highly probable that landlocking occurs in this species, for numerous quantities of small red salmon, which are sexually mature, have been observed in Idaho, Washington and British Columbia. We recently examined examples of ten inches or less in length, both sexes of which were ready for spawning or partially spent. These are from the Puget Sound region, and were collected by Prof. O. B. Johnson, of Tacoma. A small fish like this would scarcely answer the description given by Mr. Hallock of the 40lbs. specimens occurring in lakes of the West and Northwest. The great lake trout, however, *Salvelinus namaycush*, abounds in lakes of Idaho, British Columbia and Alaska, and is probably the species alluded to.

The number of dead fish to be found along Alaskan streams, except in the vicinity of canneries, is frequently exaggerated, and it is pretty certain that bears do not pursue their prey anywhere near the haunts of man. When we have been fortunate enough to discover a bear in the act of fishing it has only been by a considerable outlay of stealth and patience. We have the impression that the fourteen salmon taken from a Clackamas pool in one day by a single rod were the steelhead salmon referred to by Mr. Stone in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8, 1889. This of course is not a true salmon, but a large black-spotted trout. In southern Alaska a great many quinnat salmon are caught in the salt-water bays by trolling, using sea herring for bait.

We cannot leave this interesting subject without calling attention to the fact that the theory of the fresh-water origin of the *Salmonidæ* and its date from the later Tertiary has no accepted basis. No fossils belonging to the salmon family proper have yet been found. The genus *Rhabdofaris*, of Cope, which has been used as a text by those who proclaim the fresh-water origin of the family, differs radically in a very important particular from all the members of the true *Salmonidæ*, and the probability is that it will finally be assigned to a very different place in our systems of classification. T. H. B.

*The Salmon Fisher, by Charles Hallock, New York. The Harris Publishing Co., 1890, pp. 126.

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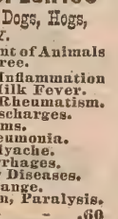
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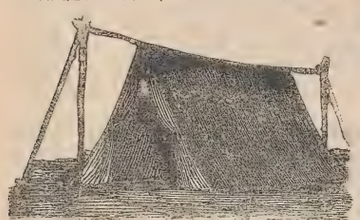
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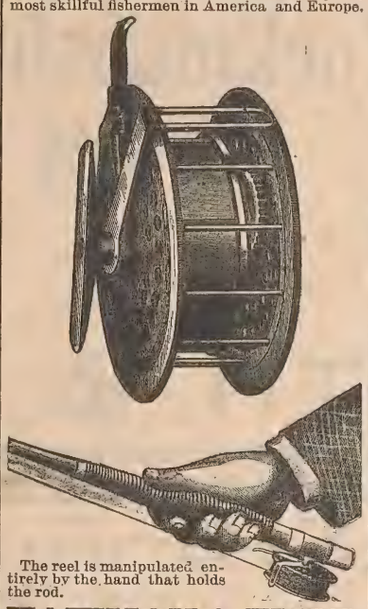
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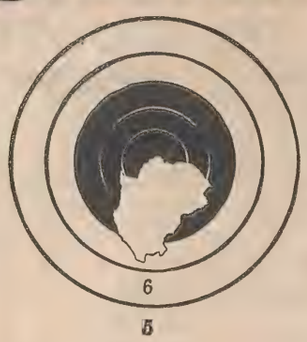
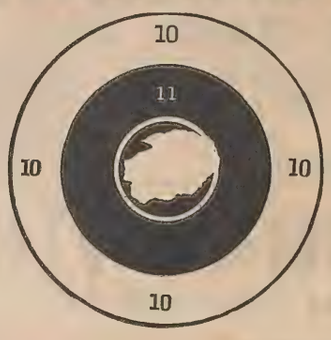
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WANTED—AN ANTI-BRUTE LEAGUE.

WHEN a man joins a fraternity and assumes its badge of membership, he takes upon himself an obligation not to disgrace that body. It would be happily conditioned if all those who claim to belong to the fraternity of sportsmen, while wearing no outward token of their membership in the craft, should feel a like obligation to do nothing which would bring discredit and dishonor to their fellows. As things go now, any individual man or brute is at liberty to trap himself out with the implements of sport, and conduct himself with decency or indecency, as his instincts prompt, and still claim to be a sportsman.

There is a Philadelphian—a deer hunter—who deserves to be read out of the fraternity of sportsmen and into jail. We find his latest exploit recorded in the Albany *Argus* of Sept. 9. It happened on Chateaugay Lake, in the Adirondacks. Two ladies, one of them being Mrs. Dr. Sandon, of this city, were out on the lake in a boat on Monday of last week, when they saw a doe and her spotted fawn emerge from the cover on the lake shore, the hounds being close behind on their tracks. A rifle crack was heard, and the doe was seen to fall on the beach. The little fawn in its terror swam out into the lake, and coming near to the boat in which were the two ladies, it was caught by Mrs. Sandon, who lifted it by the ears out of the water into the boat. The Philadelphia "sportsman," who had killed the mother deer, hereupon hurried up in a boat and demanded the fawn, threatening to shoot it in the lady's arms if she did not give it up. Frightened by his brutal threats and menacing bearing, Mrs. Sandon handed over the fawn. The Philadelphia brute drowned it.

The full record of Adirondack deer hounding would show scores of outrageous deeds of wantonness and hardened brutality, but we very much question if there are many incidents even in that record more disgusting than this. It is many degrees worse than what happened on the following Saturday on Lake George, when John Cronkhite, proprietor of the Trout Pavilion, took out a number of New York guests, drove a deer into the water, rowed out to it, cut its throat, towed it ashore and proudly displayed it suspended from a tree as the steamer Horicon passed the hotel in the afternoon.

Manifestly when city snobs in the Adirondacks commit these water-killing abominations year after year, the tone of public sentiment prevailing at the hotel resorts in that region must be exceedingly debased. Reformation in that quarter can at best be slow. But surely there should be some way of expressing the feeling of New York sportsmen at large on such outrages. If the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game were still in existence—in its old type of membership—we might look to that body for action in these cases. In the absence of any organization of the kind, might it not be entirely practicable for a number of sportsmen to organize themselves into a society for the express purpose of voicing the sentiment of decent men respecting the brutalities of snobs in sportsman's guise? Properly conducted such a league might at least have some deterrent influence, for these fellows of low instincts, like this Philadelphian, are nevertheless quite prone to shrink from the expressed scorn and censure of sportsmen. They would find in the attentions bestowed on them by an anti-brute society less satisfaction than they now derive from the homage paid them by their fellow snobs.

What we need is an anti-brute league; and for that matter, not one but a dozen.

THE MUDFISH OR LAWYER.

IT is reported that the mudfish (*Amia calva*), which made its appearance in Seneca and Oneida rivers, New York, in large numbers, recently, is a mysterious visitor, its origin being unknown. During the last three months fully fifty, averaging 2lbs. in weight, have been caught in the streams mentioned, usually with crawfish for bait. Their sudden appearance in such numbers has excited apprehension that they may prove destructive to game fish, and the misgiving is well founded. The mudfish is exceedingly voracious and clings to life with the tenacity of a bulldog. Its jaws are massive and armed with strong, sharp teeth; its body, moreover, is protected by a covering of bony scales, and the skull bones are thick and heavy. The cold water of trout streams is not favorable to the existence of this fish and we may, therefore, rest easy as far as they are concerned; but the black bass, perch and most other fishes inhabiting waters of moderate temperature, together with the smaller fishes upon which these subsist, are liable to extermination when associated in close quarters with the worthless mudfish.

HOXIE.

AN old woman being in want of a goose-herd, Reynard offered his services. Installed as goose-herd, he did his duty so assiduously that at the end of a fortnight there remained of the geese to be herded only one scrawny old gander, which the fox had disdained as too tough to be eaten.

The people of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, had some partridges and woodcock in their game covers, for which they appointed a farmer named Hoxie game warden, and set him to guard the game. He went at it in Reynard style, preserving it—after he had shot it out of season—by hiding it in wells until he could sell it. Hoxie was rapidly reducing the Hopkinton game to the single gander status, where it would require no more policing, when the subject was brought to the attention of President Penny of the Society for the Protection of Game and Fish. We have already reported how this game-thieving constable was neatly trapped with a basket of birds in possession, and how with his contraband booty he attempted to skedaddle.

We recur to the case because Hoxie appears to be a fair type of one class of Rhode Island farmers. It is a common practice for many of them who live near the popular summer resorts on the shore to kill immature game birds for sale to the hotels.

Hoxie is reputed to be worth thirty or forty thousand dollars; and presumably is not driven by sufferings of his family to provide food for them in this way. He appears to have had an appetite for illicit game, and when a man has once contracted such a taste he cannot be cured of it by investiture with a game warden's badge, no more than a fox can be cured of his hankering for poultry by being made goose-herd, or than a sneak thief can be made honest by putting a policeman's uniform on him. Moreover Hoxie is a ring politician, and a crony of the judge before whom he was tried for this offense, and who let him off so tenderly that the prosecuting society announces its intention of going to another court with the case. The further progress of the suit will be watched with interest. The society is a strong one. Its membership is growing; and there is work enough to keep it busy.

THE DECLINE OF LARGE REGATTAS.

THE most important event of the week in yachting is the announcement of the abandonment by the New York Y. C. of its proposed fall regatta, set for next Saturday. After weeks of preparation and every effort to secure entries, the regatta committee is compelled to announce the abandonment of the race, the entries being too few to warrant the trouble and expense. The present season has been marked by two important features, the great regattas of the two large clubs have all been failures, owing to the very meagre entries, while at the same time there have been more match races sailed than ever before.

At first sight these two facts would seem to be contradictory, but a closer examination will show that both follow naturally from the same cause. The racing yacht has reached a degree of perfection which, while it intensifies the rivalry between a few of the fastest in each class, makes it absolutely useless for any but racing craft to start in the races. The line between the cruiser and the racer is so sharply drawn in actual practice that it can no longer be ignored by the yacht clubs; its existence must be recognized and rules made to fit the altered conditions of racing.

After the many failures of this season, it is plain that the great open regatta is a thing of the past, unless some method can be devised for separating the thorough racers from the great majority of other craft that formerly started; a task that is by no means an easy one, but which the clubs must take up very soon if there is to be any general revival of yacht racing next season.

ONE DRAWBACK in the visiting sportsman's satisfaction in Maine, and it must be conceded that it is a decided drawback, is the fact that he may not take home his venison. This is a wise provision in general, its intent being to cut off entirely the marketing of Maine venison. But there are modifications of the non-export law which serve their purpose admirably and which do not bear as a hardship on the sportsman whose intentions and actions are honest. By limiting the amount of game that may be exported in one season by one individual and by requiring the owner to accompany the meat while in transit, it has been found quite feasible in other States to cut off the marketing of venison, while at the same time the sportsman is allowed the satisfaction of taking home the game he has killed. We do not know that ingenuity has as yet devised any scheme by which the purpose of such a law can be thwarted, or the privilege given sportsmen abused. We should like to see it tried in Maine.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON have been noted by scores this season; and now that a Rogers fishway has been put into the dam at Mechanicsville, the fish are going over that obstruction in large numbers. The stocking of the Hudson with salmon may now be regarded as an established success, or at least as an enterprise for which success can with excellent reasons be promised. There are other dams and falls yet to be provided with fishways, and now that the Mechanicsville way is proving so effective, it would be only folly to postpone extension of this work. The Hudson, as a salmon river, is destined to be famous.

WINNINISH FROM THE METABETCHOUAN.—In answer to our request for winninish Mr. C. C. Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., has sent us three fresh specimens, which were taken in the Metabetchouan River, P. Q., Sept. 3. Mr. Maxson calls attention to the marked difference in coloration and ratio of weight to length between these fish and examples from the Discharge. We shall take great pleasure in fully describing these beautiful specimens in our next number. Mr. Maxson has our hearty thanks for his courtesy.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A RIVER.

LONG ere the ruthless march of trade
Had ribbed the land with sunset-reaching trails
Or human vandals torn
The robe the spring's soft touch has laid
On Nature's shoulders bare, or sweeping sails—
Like conq'ring banners borne—
Had filled with freighted argosies
The liquid highways to the seas;

Young warriors, hast'ning to the fray,
A thousand strong, with flashing silver mails
And wind-torn crests of white,
Have rushed down ravines far away,
Their chargers' hoofs, like soft-toned, chiming flails
(That thresh to threads of light
The restless beds of pebbles there)
Stringing linked cadence on the air,

That melts to silence, as they swell
Their banded comrades' stealthy march between
The walls of forest bough—
Whispering faintly as they tell
Of the ferocious strength that creeps unseen
Beneath the outward show
Of peace and fair security,
To spring at last upon its prey.

Though prisoned in high corridors,
Self-carved in blinded rage from solid rock
Naught but itself its scars,
Till white with sweat, 'neath storm-kings' spurs,
It charges with resistless shock
Against the puny bars
Men raise against the mountain god
And snaps them like a willow rod.

BROOKLYN, L. I. K. H.

TRAPPING DAYS.

III.—PERIL.

THE winter following the departure of the other trappers to the settlements, during which I lived alone in the cabin thirty miles beyond the most remote of the settlers, was the most monotonous and lonely of my life.

When all bird life had disappeared from the bleak plains, and when no living thing moved above the snow, save the foxes, the frost reigned supreme.

The foxes grew at length so very cunning that the most tempting bait failed to lure them nearer than 50yds. from a trap. Mentioning this to an old trapper of twenty years' experience during the next summer, he smiled and asked, "Why didn't you bury your bait also? That," he continued, "was the very plan to adopt if you wished to deceive them Bury both trap and bait as though you were trying to hide them securely, and the cunning animals would have soon unearthed them both for you."

Sam Baker, the partner of Layton, had gone home at the beginning of the cold weather, and Layton and myself were the only men who wintered on the trapping grounds. Layton's axe broke in the middle of winter, and he was obliged at great risk of freezing to make a trip to the village of Spirit Lake to secure a new one, stopping at my cabin over night on the journey. The first day after reaching his cabin with the new axe, while chopping down a tree for fuel, the wretched implement, for which he had just made the toilsome journey of 120 miles on foot, broke squarely in two, and the whole distressing expedition had to be repeated.

With the first moderation of the severity of the winter weather during the month of February, Jim returned to the cabin to assist me in the spring catch, which is often quite valuable. Although we did quite well with other fur, the muskrat trapping proved a failure, owing to the intensity of the cold of the winter, which proved exceptional, and hundreds of rats were frozen to death in their houses, sometimes to the number of half a dozen to each house, and their decaying carcasses appeared among the drifting rushes when the waves washed their houses to pieces in the spring. The same ground which had yielded over a thousand skins in the fall, now carefully trapped for weeks, gave us just ninety-eight rats.

The first thaw came early and continued until the ice was half gone, and when the wildfowl returned in countless numbers we grew jubilant over the coming of the spring During the first days of April the cold returned in all its vigor, and again the ice locked everything solid on the surface of the lakes save where the wildfowl swarmed, and by the warmth of their bodies kept open water for a space.

Jim and I now turned our attention to shooting ducks for their feathers; and the old single-barreled, muzzle-loading shotguns proved quite efficient, our best day's score being 67 ducks.

As our provisions were none too plentiful, and as we wished to stay on the trapping ground as long as was prudent, the dogs, of which we now had two, had long since been turned out to forage among the bait carcasses for their food. It may be best to explain that during the fall trapping the bodies of all animals caught in traps and which can be utilized for bait, are, if possible, carried to the cabin and piled conveniently near, both to make food for flesh-eating animals as scarce as possible on the prairie (thereby keeping the wild animals hungry and eager for bait continually), and also to enable the trapper during the cold of winter to have on hand a plentiful supply of bait without the trouble of hunting it.

It was pretty rough on the dogs, and nothing but our necessities compelled it. It was interesting to observe the choice of the dogs among the different animals. Muskrats were taken first, next badger, skunk or coon without much choice; then fox, next otter, and last of all mink, which was eaten with evident disgust. So severe was the unavoidable lesson, and so keen were the dogs' recollection of it, that it was amusing to the last degree to both Jim and me, when at length the shotguns began to pile up the ducks around the cabin in such heaps that plentiful rations for the dogs were now fully assured, to observe that so particular was old Coaly (Jim's dog) to make assurance doubly sure, that on a multitude of occasions he would rise from his repast, and taking a fine duck in his mouth trot back on the hill and bury it in the dry dirt on the top of the gopher knolls.

This habit of burying meat grew insatiable with the old dog and led at length to the most ludicrous incident I ever observed. Jim and I were one day walking around the largest slough, and while Jim carried his shotgun I had taken the old muzzleloading rifle, which with the shotguns constituted our only weapons, and as we started to walk around a long narrow arm of the slough two wild geese rose from the water. As they were too far distant for the small shot in Jim's gun I fired at the foremost one and wing-tipped the other, which fell into the water of the narrow slough and Coaly was sent in to retrieve it. Finding himself near the other shore when the goose was secured Coaly dragged him out on that side and disappeared from our sight among the cane which lined the shore, and we hurried around the slough to secure the fowl, if possible, before the dog had torn it. Nearing the place, at length, we met the dog hurrying to meet us, wagging his tail and appearing in an ecstacy of enjoyment over the sport, but no goose was to be seen. Feathers and other evidences of a tussle were to be seen, but no bird.

For twenty minutes we hunted all over the narrow point, to which, by the way, the dog seemed quite unwilling to return, before Jim noticed the black feet of the goose protruding from the black dirt of a gopher-knoll. Unearthing it we found no evidence of its having been hurt, save by the rifle ball, and while thoroughly alive, for some reason it had remained quiet while the dog buried it and made no move that we observed until after we had dug it up. The look of disappointment on the face of the old dog at the failure of his little scheme was indescribable, and we laughed loud and long over the absurd affair, which seemed greatly to increase the dog's discomfiture.

The time of year had now arrived when danger from the Sioux grew imminent, and yet like many others we grew heedless; and while having good success at fur catching foolishly prolonged our stay on the trapping grounds, tempted by the hope of more money, the lure which leads others besides trappers to destruction.

There were only two times in the year when we feared the coming of the Indians. In the early spring, with the coming of the first grass for their ponies, came the cunning Sioux, while, yet the grass was insufficient to sustain the big American horse of the settler in a possible pursuit; and during the harvest month of summer time, when vegetation for the covering and concealment of the murderous wretches was in its fullest devevelopment, and only during the time of the full moon. With the approach of either of these seasons the apprehensions of the trappers were excited, for during the harvest month many were apt to be traveling along the frontier from one system of lakes or sloughs to another in search of good trapping ground for the coming fall and winter; and of all who were exposed to the depredations of those whom Frémont justly called the "Arabs of the New World," the one whose situation was the most perilous was unquestionably the isolated trapper. Waylaid on any one of the many lines of his necessary daily travel in attendance upon his traps, his path was beset with perils which no amount of watchfulness on his part could obviate, and the list was long of adventurous men, who, to gain the means of subsistence for those dependent upon them, sallied forth in quest of furred animals and were never afterward heard of; and the escape from unseen dangers of others seemed at times little less than miraculous.

The time of the full moon was invariably chosen by the Sioux for their depredations, in order that all their traveling might be done by night and they thereby be enabled to appear unexpectedly in places supposed to be secure, when the charge of the savage upon his helpless victim was as sudden as the leap of the jungle tiger.

Jim and I were one day attending our muskrat traps in the largest slough, having left the dogs in the shanty, and while Jim paddled down the main lake I attended some traps set in the narrow arm of the slough, where I had shot the goose with the rifle, and regaining the main body of the water and observing Jim's canoe pulled up on the bank far down the lake, paddled on down to him. He greeted me with the question: "Did you hear them dogs?"

"No," I replied; "I was back in behind the hills, and if they barked it was unknown to me."

"Well," said Jim, "they barked real savage for a minute or so and then stopped, and in a few minutes they turned loose again worse than ever."

Everything was quiet now at the shanty, and leaving our boats we walked back, scanning carefully any and all cover on our way which might shelter a savage. All was quiet at the shanty, and yet we were uneasy. We knew that besides ourselves there were only a party of three, a man and two boys, camped at Lake Talcott (an enlargement of Des Moines River similar to Lake Pepin on the Mississippi), and Jim Layton, ten miles above us, who yet remained out on the trapping grounds; and while we were not on the line of travel of the Lake Talcott party, if by any chance either of them or any other white man came to us they would go straight to the cabin and easily make friends with the dogs.

Searching carefully all the ground between the lakes back of the shanty, just one solitary fresh moccasin track was found, about 150yds. northwest of the cabin, on a high knoll, where somebody, trying to get a look at the cabin, had stepped on a gopher knoll. A wink is said to be as good as a nod to a blind man, and taking the rifle and one shotgun loaded with buckshot, we started immediately to the settlements for a team to move our outfits back to civilization. Securing the team, we went back after our things and brought them in without trouble.

The man of the Lake Talcott party about this time came in also for a team to move their outfit home, leaving the two boys to take care of things until his return. A warm muggy day came while he was absent, and the boys, attending to their traps and carrying their guns around during the day, got them both wet, and, boylike, neglecting to clean and dry them in order to render them sure fire when needed, lay down to sleep in their bed without removing their clothing, only drawing off their boots. Their cabin door opened outward, and just at daylight, shortly after they awoke, they observed their door opening and saw an Indian swing it around and set a stick against it and then spring back and raise his gun alongside two others who stood with guns presented. At the first sight of the Indian the boys sprang from their bed, and while in the act of throwing off the covering and springing to their feet the savages fired. The distance was not over 15ft. (I afterward examined the ground carefully), and while it could not again have been done in a thousand times' trying without both being killed, the only hurt either sustained was a flesh wound by a small bullet through the calf of one of their legs. Seizing their guns, the boys aimed and snapped, but both guns failed to go. Instantly the thought of running, while yet the guns of the Indians were empty, came to their minds, and with a word to each other they sprang through the low door and rushed for the prairie. As they did so, one or more charges (probably from double-barreled guns) greeted their rush for the open air, and the unwounded boy, Tom Kirkpatrick, had a bullet part the hair and graze the skin of his forehead.

As the Indians ran after them the boys presented their guns, and after this maneuver had been a few times repeated the wretched cowards turned back to plunder the camp, and the boys were left to make their journey of forty miles to the settlements in their stocking feet over the burnt grass stubs of the prairie.

In the afternoon the wounded boy declared his inability to proceed further, and requested Tom to go to the settlement and bring a wagon out for him. Tom accordingly hurried on, and just about sunset, while descending the river just above the town of Jackson (which town, by the way, consisted alone of a frontier post office), just as he reached the crest of a low hill and glanced across the ravine to the summit of the next hill in front, he saw five Sioux, who, catching sight of him at the same instant, came for him on the run, spreading their line like an opening fan as they ran. Tom turned and ducked down behind the hill, and instead of running down the ravine toward the river, turned and run up it and out on the high prairie, where, providentially for him, stood an old deserted field which had belonged to a Norwegian settler murdered in the last massacre, and which, now surrounded by a high rail fence, was occupied by a dense crop of tall weeds. Tom sprang over the fence, and in his peril and his fright not forgetting to carefully part the weeds in front of each step and close them together behim, worked his way well out into the field and fell flat. Soon an Indian, quickly followed by two others, appeared perched on the top of the fence, where for minutes, which doubtless were anxious ones for Tom, they surveyed the apparently unbroken expanse of weeds, and at length to his great relief turned back toward the river. Lying quietly until darkness shrouded his movements, Tom made his way out of the field into the prairie, and making a wide detour reached the house of a friendly settler a few miles down the river, where just before morning the other boy put in an appearance, having been unable to rest in the cold of approaching night, but compelled thereby to keep moving, and doubless passing the other Indians in the night time.

These boys both declared that when the Indians chased them at the shanty they saw plainly three fresh scalps dangling from the belt of one of them, and as only three trappers—Jim Layton, Jim Morehead and I—were known to be out, the anxiety among our friends was great; and when, all unconscious of the doings of the wretches (who, I have no doubt whatever, were the very scoundrels who were foiled by the vigilance of our dogs), we drove down the hill the next day in sight of the little settlement, a dear brother of mine met us with open hands extended and with a voice unintelligible with emotion, and we learned for the first time what the barking of our dogs at the shanty a few days before had really signified.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Natural History.

SIX WEEKS WITH A SPARROW FAMILY.

AS I stood by my chamber window one morning at about six o'clock, I saw a song sparrow on the board walk below, gathering blades of grass. Very soon she disappeared in the side of the terrace, upon which the walk was laid, and when she had disposed of her materials came out and gathered more. I thought she was rather neighborly in selecting a site for her home and was afraid she would soon be frightened away, as it was almost underfoot; but I suppose the birds had learned somehow that we were friendly creatures, and that we kept no cat, for they have built all round the house ever since, on the ground, in the lowest crotches and branches of trees, very near the house, and even on the house under the ends of the roof.

The next morning the bird was there again at work. Birds build busily early in the morning, before the people are about, and leave it for the rest of the day. The next day I walked along below the terrace and looked in upon her as she was sitting on her nest, but as I went very quietly and immediately retreated, she did not fly off. Every person who came in or went out of the side door of the house walked almost over the head of this little bird, but she did not fly off unless we stopped and looked in over the railing. This we ceased to do when we found that she objected to this familiarity. I sometimes looked in when she was away, and after four days' sitting there were five eggs. Two weeks later there were four birdlings. I was frequently awaked at five o'clock in the morning by a great outcry among the birds on that side of the house, and going to the window would perceive the cause to be our neighbor's black cat. I would induce her to leave in a hurry, and while she fled the birds broke out into songs of thankfulness; then all was silent and I went back to slumber a while longer.

The sparrows remained in the nest one week, then one day as I entered the yard I saw the mother bird on the trellis of the grape vine, about a rod from the nest, chirping vociferously and anxiously. I feared that the little birds had come to grief, and looking into the nest, saw that it was empty. But when I saw her fly down into the grass and keep silent a moment, I concluded that they were all right, but had just come out into the world and the mother was anxious for their safety for the night. I had noticed that all the while she was chirping she had in her mouth what looked like a bit of dried grass, and I wondered what this was for. I had noticed, also, that she occasionally flew straight upward for three or four feet, and supposed she was trying to teach the little ones to fly, but I thought she was foolish to think that the stupid little things, that I knew fledgelings to be, would look up to see what she was doing. Then I observed that when, after a descent into the grass, she came back to her perch

on the trellis there was nothing in her mouth. So then I knew that what looked like bits of grass were certain long-legged, long-winged insects, which she had caught in her upward flight, and that it was not a lesson in flying as I had supposed. As I never, at any one time, saw a sparrow fly in a vertical line, I suppose it was the emergency of the case that called forth this unusual conduct; she could thus obtain food for the little ones without leaving them, and it would appease their hunger if it was not their usual food. It would seem that her loud chirping was to arouse their dormant energies; and when she had succeeded in getting one a little higher up in the world she would give it her mouth full of insects, but she would not give one a bit until it had made an effort in that direction. I had seen one little tailless ball of feathers flutter up to the first and then to the second bar of the trellis, and another was sitting drowsily in the top of a rose bush near the nest. Meanwhile the father bird was in the garden with the rest of the family, and I concluded that he had put them to bed in the raspberry bushes. Twilight was now coming on (I had watched them for an hour), and as she had got them out of the reach of prowling animals, she ceased her lecturing, and silence like a poultice fell to heal the waves of sound. I think she must have felt exhausted and sleepy after her great anxiety and energetic eloquence. She went around and gave a look at each of the little ones, then flew up into a tree and gave a goodnight song, came down once more to see that they were all right; then went back to the tree for the night.

For two weeks longer I watched these sparrows as they lingered about near the nest, picking food in the narrow strip of flower bed under the windows or meditating on the walk. The old birds still fed the young ones, though they were full grown, and their tail feathers had lengthened day by day, until before the end of two weeks they were of proper length. When robins leave the nest, they go further off and do not linger in its vicinity.

I left home before the sparrows did for a two-weeks' visit. On my return I found a nest of unfledged sparrows near the other side of the house, and in a novel situation. It was in a whirl of pea vines which had slipped half way down from their support. There came two or three rainy days, and when I again looked into the nest the little birds were dead and the nest was alive with lice, which sometimes kill the young, and are caused, I suppose, by dampness. The poor disappointed mother sat for hours near by in a dejected manner, with a worm in her mouth. The successful family were reared on the sunny side, and the other on the shady side of the house. It is, indeed, a great success for a ground sparrow to raise a family, for they have so many enemies that they have small chance to do so. But this sparrow displayed unusual prudence; the nest was placed where no creature would be likely to walk—on the slope of the terrace and under cover of a tuft of long grass and many thorny rosebushes. I found two other nests in the ground near the house, but they were unprotected, and the eggs disappeared from one and the unfledged birds from the other.

I think young sparrows must be very nervous and sensitive to touch, for, looking into a nest one day and seeing the little birds perfectly motionless, with heads down out of sight, I doubted if they were living and laid my finger on them to see if they would move, when suddenly up came four heads like "Jack in a box," and they immediately sprang out of the nest. I feared this was a premature coming out, and repented my curiosity; but thought the best thing I could do was to leave them to the parents, who came with anxious outcries. The nest was well hidden in the dense foliage of a hemlock hedge, and it was only by observing the mother bird enter it that I had discovered it.

We have but few English sparrows here. I sometimes see half a dozen of them with other sparrows picking hayseed or meal which I throw out to them in winter. I have never seen one of them molest a native, but I have seen the song sparrow drive off the English. Then came the fox sparrow and drove off the song sparrow. Probably the English sparrow is not so bold when not with large numbers of its kind. The fox sparrow is the largest and brightest-colored of the sparrows. Two years ago several of them came into my yard one day and remained several hours; their favorite place was near the grapevines, where they scratched like hens among the dry leaves; they are about the color of the red thrush or thrasher.

The hen bird or chipping sparrow, although usually more familiar and approachable than any other bird, is more timid in regard to her nest than the song sparrow or robin. Last year one built in a branch over the steps, but deserted it because we one day had occasion to go up and down those steps more than usual, and I have never known another to build so near as that. At the same time a robin had a nest lower down and as near the steps, which she did not leave.

I see some queer antics among sparrows. Looking out through the open door one day I saw a song sparrow on the concrete walk sitting on her tail, which was turned under her. Something seemed to be wrong there. She was picking at the tail feathers, and either the tail would not stay under her or else she was too uncomfortable to sit still more than a moment at a time. The tail seemed to be continually getting away from her. She went through these gymnastics many times. Finally a white-throated sparrow came on to the walk and began imitating her, whereat she flew at him and drove him away. At another time I saw one on a fence, trying to scratch her ear and keep her balance, but she did not succeed in giving more than one hasty scratch at a time. I have seen young sparrows dancing near the river hedge. At my approach they slid under the bushes like rats.

I think the most beautiful song of the song sparrow is the one which begins with *ting, ting, ting*, like strokes on a sweet toned bell; then there is a peculiar charm to me in the *wheat, wheat*, those clear notes which we hear from the song sparrow early in the spring. Another very musical song of the sparrow, which I hear from my river hedge, is *twit, twit, twee twir; timm, timm, timm*; the third note prolonged and rising. It is said that the song sparrow always begins with three short notes, but I find in my notes of Aug. 5, "4 o'clock—beginning to rain—song sparrow, *tweee wheat, wheat, wheat.*" And on July 25, sitting in my wharf arbor, I heard the beautiful varied warbling of the song sparrows on opposite sides of the river, answering each other. The song was different from any I ever heard, and more beautiful, with rising and falling notes, and it was inimitable. Having seen in the *Audubon Magazine* a question of whether the song sparrow is found near water, I will add that on my estate, which is on the banks of the Nunketeset, song sparrows abound, even to the water's edge. I have found nests in the ground within a rod of it, and all the nests spoken of in this article are within a hundred feet of the river.

JULIA M. HOOPER.

STINGING SNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much gratified to find the welcome name of Miss Catherine C. Hopley appended to an article in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, and could wish that the intervals between her contributions were shorter.

I have a mind to relate an experience I had with a real Simon pure stinging snake since I last wrote on that subject. My friend Walter Clark, to whom I showed Miss Hopley's decided negative of the stinging snake theory, declared that he would bring me the next one he saw.

Last winter was so mild in this country that snakes might be seen at almost any time during the season. Accordingly, one day in January last I came into my office and found a snake lying on the hearth, which I was told was left by Mr. Clark to convince me that such a thing as a stinging snake did exist, Miss Hopley to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, I examined the reptile with a great degree of interest. And though I have had large experience with snakes, this one belonged to a species I had never before encountered.

The specimen was about four feet long and of slim proportions. The upper part was of a jetty, shining black, as before described; the under part was generally of a bright coral color, with irregular interruptions of a dark bluish color, extending from opposite sides in alternating patches, which did not reach entirely across except at a few points. The dentition consisted of the usual four rows of teeth in the upper mouth, common to most varieties of non-venomous snakes.

Now for the stinging part. The snake had been crushed, but there was still life enough to produce a quite active wriggling. I set a poker on his tail and he immediately began to throw it about in a manner quite suggestive of the use of a sting. I thought I saw for an instant a sting thrust rapidly out and withdrawn, but persistent efforts for some twenty minutes failed to discover it again. I then cut off an inch of the tail and dissected it. I subjected it to microscopic examination, but there was no sting to be found. The vertebrate processes extended quite to the extremity of the tail in diminishing size, and I split them open to fully discover the structural arrangement. There was absolutely no sting and no place for one.

When I told Clark the result of my examination he said: "Well, I was certain I saw a sting run out and back very quick; it must have been a shadow." Mr. Clark is a man of more than average intelligence and fair education, and yet he has been fully convinced for years past that this snake possessed a sting, and that he had repeatedly seen the sting; all because it bore the reputation of being a stinging snake upon the testimony of negroes. This shows the small value of non-expert testimony, especially where snakes are concerned. COAHOMA.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.

HABITS OF ELK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the review of the "Big Game of North America," in your issue of Aug. 14, you call attention to certain misstatements, about the habits of elk, in my article: "Elk Hunting in the Olympic Mountains."

In that sketch I described the habits of the elk in that locality, and in that locality only. Between Gray's Harbor and Neah Bay occurs the heaviest rainfall in the United States, 128in. annually. The mountains that border the shore are very precipitous and abrupt, and are covered with a dense growth of giant firs. Around the roots of these trees grows a continuous impenetrable thicket of young firs, and the ground beneath them is covered with a thick carpet of spongy moss.

From the 15th of October until the 1st of February the rain on the coast is almost continual, and when it is raining on the shore it is snowing in the mountains. The snow is not such as falls in the Rockies, dry and sifting, but is wet and clinging, and rests in fantastic festoons and wreaths on the branches of the firs. When a storm wind sweeps over the mountains, the snow will be shaken from the boughs of the great firs and will be caught on the branches of the bushes beneath. The moss beneath these bushes constitutes the food of the elk. When browsing upon it his antlers continually dislodge the great masses of snow that lodged in the bushes, so that during this season he is ever coated with snow. Instinct, bred of the experience of countless generations of elk, causes him to know that his antlers, brushing the snow from the branches, is the one sure cause of much of his discomfort. The instinct of comfort causes him to assist Nature to remove his antlers, by rubbing them against a tree, weeks before they would naturally fall off.

Still continuing on horns, I base my statement on the microbes and parasites in the velvet on the views and opinions of many intelligent prospectors who have spent many summers in these mountains, and whom elk meat furnished with the means of existence. These prospectors carry a magnifying glass of great power, in order to detect traces of mineral in the specimens they may examine. They also have examined the velvet on the horns through these glasses, as I have, and on these facts do I depart from the accepted traditions, with the honest conviction that the statement is true, and the naturalist of the future will prove that I was justified in doing so.

Concerning the statement about the elk leading instead of driving his harem, I give as a reason that the elk trails in the Olympic Mountains are very narrow, and wind along the edge of deep cañons and precipitous cliffs. Cougars and wolves are very numerous, and often lie in wait on the edge of the trail. Should the cows or calves be in the lead the appearance of the cougar or wolf would be the signal of a panic, and the leader driving from behind would cause a jam, and the result would be that some would be crowded over the rocks into the cañon below, where the wolves could feast on them at leisure. When the bull is in the lead, it is an evil day for the animal that tries to bar his path.

In regard to elk feeding at dawn instead of night, I give as a reason the intense darkness that pervades this cloud-ridden, mist-hidden region, as well as the rugged and abrupt formation of these mountains in the localities that the elk frequent. It takes remarkably good eyesight to avoid falling over the cliffs, and to guard against the attacks of the large carnivores, even in the day time.

In explanation of killing an apparently large number of elk, I will state that the Makah and Quillayute Indians claimed this region as their exclusive hunting ground. The only landing places between Quillayute and Neah Bay are Atchewan and Osette. At that time both these villages were under control of petty chiefs, and as there was no other approach to these hunting grounds, except by canoe, they would exact a tribute on all the meat, and half the antlers, from the sportsman. But at that time elk were found in large bands, as they were seldom molested, for the region was, at that date, almost unexplored and unknown, so the sportsman could kill any number desired.

I do not offer this explanation to vindicate myself. If I have committed a fault worthy of censure in departing from accepted traditions, and advancing facts that I believe to be true, I accept the censure, knowing at some future time science shall investigate and substantiate the statements that I have made. W. A. PERRY.

CLEARBROOK, Wash., Aug. 28.

Game Bag and Gun.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

CLABROUGH 12, May 1, '90.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.
FOLSOM 10 and 12, Sept. 28, '89.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.
PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6, '89.
REMINGTON 16, May 30, '89.
REMINGTON 12, Dec 5, '89, Feb 6, '90
REMINGTON 10, Dec. 26, '89.
SCOTT 10, Sept. 5, '89.
L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
WHITNEY SAFETY 12, M'ch 6, '90.
WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 8.—Henry T. Brown, of Walter Brown's Son & Co., in the Boston wool trade, is about starting for the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, Me., from which point the fishing is reported remarkably good. Or at least they have already had several days of good fishing at that point, with a record of an 8lbs. trout, a 6lbs., a 6¾lbs., and a good score of smaller fish. Mr. Brown is a lover of the rod and reel, inherited from his father. Walter Brown was for years known as an enthusiastic sportsman. He was an artist as well, and a picture from his brush of a conquered trout, with the fly in his jaw, has scarcely ever been excelled by the trout artists of this country.

Mark Hollingsworth, also an artist, is to start for the Upper Dam in a few days. It was his brush that executed the trout and fish basket piece that adorns the mantel in the hotel office at the Upper Dam. George Blood, an engineer of the Boston Fire Department, in the Charlestown district, is spending his vacation at the Rangeley Lakes. Generally, the vacation season is over, and the sportsmen who have a little more time to spare prefer to wait till the last of September in order to get a taste of shooting as well as fishing.

W. T. Farley, of Farley, Harvey & Co., of the Boston dry goods trade, has returned from his month in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Farley was also with him this time and had the pleasure of being in the boat when her better half shot a deer. They spent the month of August in the Upper Saranac Region. Again he brings out a deer story and the truth of it is beyond question, for the same circumstance has happened three times this season. It is one thing to run deer with dogs, and they are celebrated for this sort of sport in the Adirondack region, but when it comes to running deer with a narrow-gauge railway train that is another thing. Perhaps the New York game laws, as soon as they are codified, will show how such running of deer is illegal. But at present they will continue to shoot deer from the trains on the Adirondack Railroad, which runs from the settlement up to Tupper Lake. Last week, as Mr. Farley was on his way home, down the road, the engineer saw a deer ahead on the track. He was running at good speed, and the deer, as deer will do when frightened, took the smoothest path offered and begun running ahead of the engine. The baggage car was signalled, where there are usually a number of guns and sportsmen. This time a couple of hunters went ahead and the speed of the engine was increased till the deer found that he must jump the track. This he soon did, and in the stumble he made in turning so suddenly an opportunity was offered the hunters to fire. One of them hit the deer in the throat and it fell. The train was stopped and the deer taken aboard. Mr. Farley says that this story can be vouched for by all on the train. SPECIAL.

BAY-SNIPE ON THE CAROLINA COAST.

ONE of the best days of baybird shooting we have had this season was at the Martin's Point Gun Club on Monday last, Aug. 25. We have spent many pleasant days there since July 1, and some of the bags made were very large, but on this day the sport was fine. Your correspondent killed fifty graybacks over decoys in thirty minutes with one gun. Our bag for the day counted up 610 yellowlegs and graybacks or dowitchers to four guns. But three guns really did all the killing, one of the party being ill, could not shoot and only killed forty snipe. The parties participating were Alex. Hunter and W. E. Valk, of Washington, D. C., Geo. W. Taylor and J. B. White, Norfolk, Va.

Bay-snipe shooting is fast becoming very popular, especially where one can have such sport as this. We drove to our blinds about one-half mile from the club house at daylight, when it was cool and pleasant, shot until 8 o'clock, when we returned with about thirty yellowlegs, which at this place equal in flavor, we think, any bird in America. After a nap through the middle of the day, we load up our cartridges and amuse ourselves in various ways until about 4 o'clock, when we return to our blinds and shoot until sunset. One of the big advantages in this locality is that we do not have to wait for high tides or low tides. The ponds are fresh water and the shooting is good every hour in the day.

Golden plovers have not yet arrived, but we expect them with the first little storm from the east. We shall go down with some New York friends next week, and will write you the result thereof. YELLOWLEG.

GAME IN MEXICO.

AS the sportsman crosses the Rio Grande at Laredo, Texas, on the Mexican National Railroad, his first view of Mexico will not impress him favorably, as no prospect of game will be seen for the first hundred miles. The country is almost barren, with stunted cactus and sage brush, and now and then a few scattered musquit trees, gnarled and stunted for want of water. Now and then a chapparrel cock will dart out of the way of the train at race horse speed, or perhaps a jack rabbit will hop lazily out of the way.

The first hunting ground is Morales. Here the country is broken with deep cañons and high peaks. A fine stream crosses the track near the station, and for miles on either side groves of piñon trees grow high up the hillsides. The piñon is a variety of pine which sheds its nuts in abundance, the sweetest and richest of all nuts, and the best turkey feed. Here the sportsman can tarry for a few days and enjoy turkey shooting to his heart's content, as they are very plentiful. The natives have no guns, and very few hunters have ever been in the locality. There are a few quail at this point, but not in sufficient numbers to justify the trouble.

When the turkeys are hunted and killed to the sportsman's satisfaction—and he will soon be satisfied, for he can kill all he wants and more in a couple of days—he had better take the train and proceed to Saltillo, which is the end of the first division. A lovely place, with its running streams, fountains, orchards and gardens. A stop here over night at a good hotel, kept by an American, and you are ready to take the train for Carneras, the summit of the mountain, a distance of twenty miles. In going from Saltillo to Carneras you pass directly through the famous battle field of Buena Vista, where General Tyler fought a lot of half-famished school boys from Chapultepec, and won by a "scratch," if it could be called winning. As you proceed up this heavy grade and around the great horseshoe, you will see covey after covey of quail, with their jaunty white plumes elevated, scampering off to a safe distance or sunning themselves at easy gunshot from the track. If you can withstand the temptation to jump off the train, and wait till it stops at Carneras, you will be in the land of quail and deer, such as few localities can boast of. The blue grass grows in great tufts knee high; and here the quail will lie well, and there is no cactus to injure a dog. There are ponds in every direction surrounded by long grass; and morning and evening, when the quail come for water, one can shoot till his gun gets hot. They are a fine bird, in coloring much like a California quail—blue on the back and wings, and pale gray, mottled with white and russet, on the breast. Their flesh is dark, like the prairie chicken, but delicate and of fine flavor. They are not so plump and round as a Bob White, but much larger. The plume on their head can be raised and lowered at will; and on the old cocks it grows sometimes to an inch in length, snow white. Where the ground is bare they will not take wing readily, but run with surprising speed until they find suitable cover. They are chary of taking wing, but when they do, they fly like a bullet, and it takes a hard shot to bring them down.

There are high peaks on every side, and rich valleys and tablelands for miles and miles, where the deer graze lazily, almost undisturbed—the most beautiful of all deer. In color they are like the white-tailed deer of the Northern States, but small, and as symmetrical as a gazelle. It is rarely that they weigh over 100lbs. In the latter part of September, when they are "in the blue" (as the old hunter terms it, that is when their winter coat is scarcely ¼in. long and presents a bluish appearance), they are as fat and sleak as mules and keep in good condition till February. The ex-Governor of Coahuila, Don Jose Maria Garga Galan, is something of a hunter. His home is in Saltillo. He keeps some fine hounds and is always ready to take a hunt, and has killed several Mexican lions in this vicinity.

About the middle of August the upland plover arrive in countless thousands and stay till about the first of November. They grow as fat as butter and are fine eating, but afford little sport. The best way to hunt them is on horseback. If one cares to shoot jack rabbits he can have his fill. They bother a bird dog very much. There never was a dog that would not run them, no matter how well trained. A jack will jump up in front of his nose and go off with a hop and a skip, with his ears elevated and, to all appearance, one hind leg broken. Your dog will take after him sure, and get within five feet of him, he knows the dog can't catch him and keeps just far enough away to taunt him. Turn a greyhound loose and it would surprise you to see the change; Mr. Jack will lay his ears down, set his broken leg and, instead of his high gallop, will assume a gait of business. Instead of the great big thing he looked to be he will resemble a common walking stick more than anything else. If your dog is a good one and can stand a four-mile run at a rattling pace, he will turn him. If he has wind enough left to repeat he will doubtless catch him. It must be remembered, and I mention this fact to ease the mind of sportsmen owning good dogs, that there are good jack rabbits as well as good greyhounds, and there are some that no dog can catch.

If the sportsman wishes to remain here for any length of time he can make Saltillo his headquarters, whence he can reach the hunting ground in an hour, leaving at 6 A. M. and returning at 7 P. M. He can hire for a bit a day a sandal-footed native, who cannot lift 50lbs. off the ground, but who will carry all that five men can put on his back. You cannot make him understand much, even if you talk Spanish; but as a necessity he will do in place of a burro.

South of San Luis Potosi, on the line of the National Railroad from Jaral to San Maguil, is the very paradise for ducks and geese. For sixty miles along this rich valley it is like one great grain field. Barley and wheat are sown and harvested every day from October to May. On this the ducks, geese and brant feed the whole winter through. Adjacent to the ponds and irrigating ditches they can be knocked up like snipe—the prettiest shooting in the world.

The Tampeco branch of the Mexican Central, which was opened to travel last May, and which runs from San Luis Potosi to Tampeco, has opened up one of the greatest hunting resorts in the world for deer, turkeys, bear, mountain lions and tigers, to say nothing of the wild hogs, lynx and civet cats and big gray wolves. The road crosses the Sierre Madre range, and a wilder region cannot be conceived. After the road crosses the mountain and emerges from the great cañon, the country is comparatively flat and swampy. Every pond and stream is girdled with a thick growth of bamboo, a famous hiding place for bruin. The great palm and cypress trees, which lift their heads high above the dense undergrowth of swamp oak and vines, are homes for millions of parrots. The woodduck hatches in the deserted nests dug out by the parrots and woodpeckers. The bears have plenty to eat the year round, and do not lie dormant, as is their custom in the North in the winter. There are pecans, acorns and fruit, grapes, plums, and better still, tuñes, the fruit of the cactus. The species of cactus known as the prickly pear on the northern prairies grows into a great tree in Mexico; and around the disc of every leaf is a row of fruit as large as goose eggs, food for bird, beast and human. The natives put the tuñes in a sack and roll them to free them of the thorns with which they are covered. Old bruin rolls them between his tough paws and eats to repletion. He is not to blame, for they are very good.

There is a doubt in many people's minds in the United States as to the existence of tigers in Mexico. There is a mounted specimen in the museum in the City of Mexico, which was captured on the line of this branch. The writer has never seen one alive, but has seen several green hides brought in by the Indians. It should be remembered, however, that he has never lost any tigers. If any of the sportsmen of the North care to take a hunt in Mexico I feel sure they will be richly repaid for the time and expense. The strange customs of the people and the habits of game are so different from in the United States. Many trophies can be gathered up worth a great deal to the hunter and naturalist; and for fine climate and health this is exceeded by no place on earth. No sultry sun, no chilly winds, a continual ideal September the whole year round and the purest air mortel ever breathed.

MEJICANO.

A SOUTHERN TEXAS GAME COUNTRY.

M., THE Junior and the Scribe arrived on Nov. 10, 1886, at Rio Grande City, a small town on the left bank of the Rio Grande River, about 98 miles, as the crow flies, from its mouth. Having heard of the fine sport to be had all along the lower Rio Grande River, we had decided to spend one month following its course overland in easy stages and to get all the shooting we could possibly crowd in that time. At Rio Grande City we remained three days. We were told that the surrounding country was fairly alive with quail, and hiring a conveyance for a day for the small sum of $1 Mexican money, or about 82 cents American currency, we set out about 7 A. M., taking our dogs and 100 rounds of ammunition each. We had hardly left town when M.'s pointer drew on a bunch of weeds and pointed. The driver called our attention to the dog; we dismounted, and when we came within about 20yds. a large covey of "Bob Whites" rose; our guns spoke and we dropped three birds. We had not hunted over more than about five miles of ground when our ammunition gave out and returning to town about noon we counted 164 birds, whereupon M. exclaimed: "What glorious shooting. What is the use of going further? This beats anything I ever dreamed of. There is nothing like quail shooting over a good dog. Just think of a couple of market butchers getting in here and taking pot shots; they would flood the New Orleans and St. Louis markets in two days' shooting." Arrived in town our driver asked whether he could not take us some other day to a lagoon about nine miles northwest of town, where we would find ducks very plentiful. Being eager to interview the ducks we arranged for the team for the following morning at daybreak. We spent the evening visiting Fort Ringgold, adjoining Rio Grande, a military post garrisoned by two companies of infantry and one company of cavalry. The post is nicely laid out, the buildings are substantial, and taking ice machine, waterworks and saw mill in consideration, is as modern as possible. The grounds are kept scrupulously clean, and the contrast between them and the filthy town is so great that we dreaded to return to our lodgings.

Although our team was on hand promptly, it was some time after sunrise next morning (Nov. 12) when we got into our conveyance. We reached the lagoon at about 8:30. While we were filling our pockets with ammunition a ragged boy drew near, and our driver engaged him in conversation, ascertaining that the little fellow knew a favorite feeding ground, where he had seen a large number of ducks that morning. He was willing to act as our guide, and to sharpen his wits I gave him a quarter. Our little guide led the way through thick chapparal and high rushes, over flooded swampy ground, and after following him with difficulty for about a mile, a noise like distant breakers struck our ear. Continuing our tramp the noise became louder and more distinct, and our hearts began to thump when we distinctly distinguished that it was the calling of a large number of ducks of nearly all—to us—known varieties. Meanwhile we had been conducted to a piece of high ground, and right before us, not more than 200yds. distant, through some live oak timber, we saw a many-colored mass of wildfowl literally covering a small pond of open water, surrounded on three sides by a thick canebrake. We enjoyed the strange spectacle for some time, and decided to try and get within easy range and let drive into that living mass. About 200yds. to our right the chapparal was very thick, and ran on the edge of the canebrake up to the water's edge; we retraced our steps, and after getting below the high ground out of sight, reached the thicket without disturbing the ducks. Our dogs we left tied in charge of our guide with instructions not to fetch them up until we would call. We then began the hand and knee act, and after tearing our lower garments in many places and pricking our hands and shins, we managed to get within about 30yds. unperceived. After resting a few moments we rose simultaneously and fired one barrel each between wind and water and the other barrel when the mass took to wing, and at least two of us got in two more shots before all got out of reach. When the smoke cleared away we noticed our guide and both of our dogs in the pond, and all our calling did not induce either to come to shore and give us a show for some more slaughter. The dogs were frantic in their efforts to overtake winged and wounded ducks and could not be gotten down to their retrieving work for some time; our boy, however, went at the matter in hand in a business way, showing that he was well broken and knew what species were most valued. He waded about and carefully selected among the killed, bringing to shore on his first trip nine canvasbacks and one mallard drake. When our dogs calmed down they assisted, and in about thirty minutes all dead and badly crippled ones were brought in, fifty-one all told; twenty-nine green and blue-winged teal, eleven of a species called down there cornduck, turkey brown and very large, nine canvasbacks and two mallards. It was not 11 o'clock, and we decided to take our fowl to the wagon, ride part of the way to town, then send the team home and hunt in the remainder of the way. When we left the wagon, about two miles from town, we took twenty-five cartridges each and brought down forty-two birds between us. I never saw dogs get down to business as ours did on this second day, and I was so taken up with their action and style that my companions discounted me as far as the shooting was concerned.

After returning to town we set to work separating our camping outfit with a view of shipping some necessary articles of wearing apparel, bedding and our saddle kits by steamer to Brownsville, and succeeded that same evening in hiring a light covered spring wagon and four horses to take us to the same place, in such drives as we might desire to make, for a consideration of $3 Mexican money per day, and forage for man and beast, the team to be ready to start at 8 o'clock A. M. on Nov. 14, thus having a day to purchase some extra supplies, load ammunition, and gather whatever information we could pick up concerning the best camping grounds. Because it is generally omitted, I will detail cost of our trip as I go along. I therefore specify here expenses during our stay at Rio Grande City, viz.:

1 cool room with two clean beds and otherwise fairly well furnished and attendance, $1 per day	$ 4 00
Meals in Mexican restaurant (*à la carte*), well prepared, clean but not choice and of limited variety	10 00
Hire of vehicle 2 days at $1 per day	2 00
Expenses for 4 men 4 days, Mexican money	$16 00

In our currency $13.12, or one man, 4 days, $3.28.

Pedro, our driver, brought the team around promptly at the stipulated hour; he was a bright-looked fellow of about twenty-eight years of ago, who proved to be honest, handy, willing to assist in anything, and of a very cheerful disposition. We got our traps and ourselves aboard, and although we had enjoyed some fine shooting during our stay at Rio Grande City, we all were as glad as school boys to be on the move again. The ponies were sprightly little animals, and we traveled at a gait that a party pressed for time would have to pay in the North Woods $20 a day for. The road is very hard and smooth, the country covered with thick chapparal and every imaginable species of cactus, the thickets appearing at intervals absolutely impenetrable. Here and there we passed small openings from thirty to about one hundred and fifty acres, and I noticed that they were grazed down to the roots by either sheep or goats; of ranch cattle we saw but few, and ponies and goats appeared to be the only stock raised to any extent. A drive of about one and one-half hours brought us to a small settlement situated on the high bank of a large lagoon. Pedro told us that there were quite a number of ducks and any quantity of quail waiting to be hunted, and that the right man hunting the low hills to the left of the road would be almost sure to get a shot at a deer toward evening.

We went into camp in a nice open spot in some live-oak timber, pitched our tent and, after gathering a good quantity of fire wood, I introduced Pedro to the contents of the grub-box and our battery *de cuisine*, told him to help himself whenever he felt hungry, and not to expect us back till about dusk. We took some cold meat, bread and claret aboard, shipped our artillery, and agreed to hunt according to the following programme: The Junior was to take the hills; M., who is a botanical crank, was to explore the woods; and the Scribe was given to understand that the party needed just about one-half dozen teal for next breakfast. Until that day I had never known game of any kind to be disgustingly plentiful, but leaving camp with a view of shooting sufficient ducks for one meal, I ordered my dog to heel, and followed the lagoon on its highest bank. I flushed large coveys of quail all along at such short intervals that I had to fasten to my pointer with a suspender, and often to drag him along forcibly, when he would wind and try to point quail from the trail. After following the lagoon for a distance of about a mile, I noticed some ducks on the opposite bank about 200yds. from me. They were too large for teal, and walking in open sight until I came directly opposite them, I clapped my hands to induce them to take to wing, they glanced in my direction and resumed their meditative and aggravating pastime of sunning themselves. Thus dared, I let a charge of No. 6 drive at them, killing two and winging a third one; the rest rose clumsily, circled around twice, and would have dropped in around their dead kindred had I not sent my dog in to retrieve. He brought the three birds, which proved to be large brown cornducks, as fat as butter. Having all we could use for breakfast I retraced my steps toward camp, where I found M. fast asleep in his hammock and our Mexican factotum busily engaged preparing dinner. I pitched in, and in less time than it would take to make out a bill of fare we were served, and carefully selecting and setting aside the most unsavory morsels for the Junior, whom we did not expect for several hours, we acquitted ourselves of our task with hunters' appetites.

After dinner we crawled up in our hammock for a smoke, and were undoubtedly fast asleep when a Comanche war whoop roused us from our meditations. The Junior had returned, devoured all the delicacies we had set aside for his dinner, and was clamoring for more in such strong terms that I rose and promised to prepare supper in a jiffy. He told us that he had jumped one doe, seen two more deer without coming to shot, and then exhibited the pelt of a large bob-tailed wildcat, the only game he had slain. After supper we got in comfortable positions to enjoy a smoke and decide on our next camp. We were told that we would have a three-hours' drive to Havanna (all these places are stock ranches, with store and school house), where we would find no hunting we cared for except quail. Further down, at Peditos or Lomita, however, deer, turkey and ducks were plentiful. Leaving the decision with Pedro, we told him to select the best hunting ground within twenty miles for our next camp, and to be ready for an early start.

MUX.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 4.—The people who want to find the John Wilkinson Co. after the 15th will have to seek no longer in the lower regions of State street, but up about 269 State, I believe it is, where the firm will move at that date. They will have more room there, and will be nearer the center of the business.

As is well known, the Jenney & Graham Gun Co. used to be next door neighbor to the Wilkinson Co., but last spring they came up to 103 Madison street, where they have a whole house of their own, with floors for different lines of work. They are very well settled now and have the room they needed, for their gun trade and specialties in other lines of sports have made big growth lately. They are very well known in the West and get a heavy mail trade, being seemingly as popular in the Rocky Mountains as here, although it is not of record that Mr. Jenney gives the boys out there as many guns to shoot for as he does here.

I was in at the new store the other day, talking to John Gillespie, and John was mad. He showed me a piece of a broken gun stock, about half of the lower end of the stock.

"Now, some darn fool out in Wyoming," said he, "has sent in this piece of a gun and wants us to make him a new gun stock. Nothing to go by but this chip, and if we don't make him a stock just long enough, and with just drop enough, he'll kick and threaten to ruin our trade. Some men don't know enough to pound sand."

All sorts of cranks in the world of field sports. A great many of these cranks send in from all over the country to get John Gillespie to load their shells. They think he spits on the wads and gives them a magic charm, but John tells me he doesn't, but just uses his little loading machine. Black powder shells he will not load for anybody, but confines himself to wood and Schultze. He got a few cans of the E. C. powder, but has never had occasion to open them, for that powder don't seem to go out West. "They can buy loaded shells in black powder now good enough for anybody," says John. "I ain't got no time for that, and I wish I didn't know how to load a blame shell. Duck season's coming on now. Killed eight myself on English Lake Club grounds on opening day. Some of the boys got as high as fifteen or twenty, all woodducks. Rather shoot ducks than load shells. Blame cranks, they always want the most shells when the shooting is the best." That such is life, I reckon a good many of the rest of us have discovered.

This centralization of the sporting goods trade is better understood by a Chicagoan than anybody else. It is beyond doubt true that Spalding moved into 108 Madison street and the Jenney & Graham Gun Co. into 103 Madison street, and the Wilkinson Co. as close to it as they could get, all because Billy Mussey's place is at 106 Madison. Billy runs a palatial hall where the boys play marbles on tables, and here every shooter or fisher of Chicago is certain to be found at one hour or another of the day. For this reason the walls and ceilings of the room have assumed a dark blue color. I presume there are more lies told there than in all the rest of Chicago, and that is saying a great deal. Billy himself religiously celebrates every opening day of the year in Indiana and Illinois, and he is to-day just back from Mak-saw-ba marsh with the astonishing bag of two ducks and four snipe. But then that's a good many if you look at it one way.

Our chicken season draws on apace, and the fall fever is beginning to stir in the blood. Mr. Mussey and myself are going to try again for access to the preserved ground where we had our great sport with the October chickens last fall, and if we succeed, something will be heard to drop out this way. Billy has got his new yellow boots fixed so they won't skin his heel, and he has been heard to announce that if he gets on that flyway again in the evening, and sees a flock of those old roosters coming, he is going to begin shooting as soon as he first sees them coming, so he won't shoot behind them. But our fate is in the hands of Mr. Hicks, who owns the land.

Mr. M. C. Morris, of Baltimore, Md., is in the city for a while. He has never seen a prairie chicken and wants to get one. It would be a pleasure to see him nearly step on a full-grown one, in the grass, as sometimes happens, and odds that he wouldn't know whether he had shot at a chicken or a dynamo.

Dick Turtle has made two woodcock trips to the Kankakee, bagging 48 on one trip and 70 odd on the other. On the latter trip he floated about 60 miles down the river, starting away above Water Valley and coming down.

Sept. 5.—Messrs. J. T. Nevin, of the Pittsburgh *Leader*, Mr. J. Cunningham of the same paper, Mr. John White, a well-known attorney of that city, and their friends, Messrs. C. A. Atwell and C. T. Harbaugh, also of Pittsburgh, are in town to-day on their way home from a chicken hunt in Nebraska. They were out near Geneva of that State, and in ten days only got about 50 birds. They say the birds were very wild and scarce. Illegal shooting had cleaned them out. The law was laughed at, and shooting has been going on ever since July. Nebraska has the game warden system.

Sept. 6.—More than a year ago reference was made to the proposed drainage of the Kankakee marshes of Indiana, by means of a cut through the great natural rock dam which it thought to be the cause of the vast system of back water. To-day a morning paper of this city has the following on its editorial page:

"The contract has been let for the removal of the rock ledge in the Kankakee River at Momence, and it is probable that within a year a million acres of fertile land, now spoiled with swamp water, will be open to the sun and ready for the plowshare. While the stretch of naturally fertile land which is to be redeemed lies mostly within the limits of Indiana it is tributary to Chicago. Some persons have claimed that the removal of this limestone uplift in the Kankakee would increase the spring floods in the Illinois and do damage which the Chicago Drainage Trustees would be called on by the farmers to make good. It has been alleged also that immense quantities of silt would be carried down stream, would be deposited in the Illinois, and add to the difficulties of its navigation. But on consideration there seems no good reason to expect any of these misfortunes. All that the small rock cut will do practically will be to drain off the swamp water. As the 'cut' will be a rock one and cannot be enlarged by the flowing waters, there need be no more fears of silt than there will be from the waters of the Desplaines flowing through the deep rock cut which this city intends making southward from the Sag."

This question has two alternatives of interest to the sportsman. It is doubtful whether the cut through the rock will really drain all or very much of the great Kankakee marsh. The Kankakee to-day is a very swift stream, but the fact that it runs like a mill-tail when between its banks does not seem to drain the marsh very thoroughly when the stream is at its lowest. Local rains seem to have much to do with the wetness of the marsh. Upon the other hand, if the attempt be as successful one as is contemplated, the marsh will be ruined forever, and thus one of the greatest natural features of this region be changed and soon forgotten. The Kankakee marsh is unique. It is historical. Without it, our chief sporting ground is gone, and this city is robbed of what can never be replaced, so far as the sportsmen are concerned. Mak-saw-ba, Cumberland, English Lake, Water Valley—how would it sound to have all those names shorn of their sporting interest? We will wait. If the worst comes to the worst the marsh owners, like the Mak-saw-bas, who have title to a goodly acreage, will find their stock increased in value over a hundred fold, and their land a rare good investment. E. HOUGH.

THE NORTH LOUP VALLEY.

NORTH LOUP, Nebraska.—To my eyes, no other valley in the wide West compares with this. It is situated in the central part of Nebraska, and of the three Loup valleys it is the most fertile and beautiful.

Picture to yourself a level valley, covered with green pastures and waving fields of corn, dotted with comfortable farm houses; in the middle of the valley a swiftly-running river, 300ft. in width, joined by numerous creeks coming from the low hills on each side; along this river many patches of heavy timber and willow thickets. It has been only eighteen years since the first settler came into this part of the valley, yet now it is pretty well settled up, and the primitive "sod house" has given way to the more substantial frame structure. Most of the farmers have groves of timber, and are also beginning to raise fruit.

Game of several kinds is found here. Fish abound in the river and creeks. In the fall and spring ducks and geese by the thousands come into the valley to feed in the cornfields and along the river and creeks. It is no trouble to find them, and many times during a half day's hunt as many as 1,000 geese, and ducks without number, have been seen. Prairie chickens, quail and several varieties of snipe are here in numbers. The season by law opens Sept. 1, but the law is not obeyed, and the young are killed before they can hardly fly. Despite this reckless killing there seems to be as many as ever here. Rabbits are not scarce. There are some jack rabbits, but they are hard to get. Cotton-tails are quite plentiful and easy to kill. Coyotes also are numerous and increasing in numbers. Further up the valley deer and other large game is found. Trapping is carried on to some extent, and muskrat and mink are caught in good quantities and beavers are not unknown.

Fishing has been good this summer and a great many fish have been caught, some of which were of good size. The principal kinds are catfish, whitefish and bass. Pike are coming in lately some, and a few have been taken. One was recently caught weighing 4lbs. These are mostly found in the river, while in the creeks are small fish of several other varieties. Of those caught in the river, catfish are the largest and most abundant. Some have been caught this summer weighing as high as 4½lbs., and from that down to 1lb. Whitefish and bass have been taken weighing 2 or 3lbs. All kinds seem to be more plentiful than for several years back. Recently the writer and another fisherman fished by moonlight and caught nearly fifty fish. C. J. D.

A GREAT FOX COUNTRY.—Jersey City, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Indeed it was an odd train of circumstances that brought forth the letter of Mr. A. L. Perkins, of Walden, Vermont; and I think I must be the one he refers to as a "famous fox trapper," for I well remember him and the good old hills of that Green Mountain town; and that my success was all I could ask in that line. The season he speaks of was a remarkable one for fox trapping; they seemed to be looking for me as much as I was for them. It was one of those years that all trappers experience when game is plenty and takes to bait readily; but in this I think the fox is the most changeable. I have seen trapping seasons when I knew foxes were plenty, and yet it was difficult to trap them, requiring the utmost care and perserverance, not that it does not require this at all times, but some years to a greater degree than others. He calls me a fiend, but this may be far fetched, yet I think if I had all the foxes together that I ever caught and should set their tails on fire, there would be a great commotion and perhaps a conflagration. I have three foxes in a large cage at my back, and they are quite tame, as the word goes, but a fox is a great deal like an Indian, return him to his native haunts after months of training and he is as wild as ever. Thanks Mr. Editor, for your notice of last week, that I wanted to learn of a "fox country," for from the number of letters I have received it must be a "fox country" from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and proves to me the great circulation of your splendid paper.—DAPHNE.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.—Macomb, Ill., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by your valuable journal that the Massachuseits Association is about to introduce the California quail into that State, and perhaps my experience may be worth something to this club. About twelve years ago I sent to California and got four dozen of these quail and turned them loose in the month of April about three miles from this town. They seemed to be perfectly contented and not very wild. The males could be heard every morning singing, and the females would come near to the house and would nest in the garden under a hill of potatoes or in a bunch of weeds. They were often seen during the summer with fifteen to twenty of the young brood following one female, and the males would keep up their song. About the first of October the singing stopped, and the first of November we took our dogs and hunted the country all over and over, thinking we might find them, but our work was in vain. We have never seen nor heard of these birds since. Instinct taught them they could not stand the climate and therefore they emigrated to a more genial clime. I do not wish to discourage the sportsmen of Massachusetts, but in my opinion they will make a failure with these birds. —W. O. BLAISDELL.

HACKENSACK RAIL ALL GONE.—Hackensack, Sept. 3. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first day of the rail season was not a success on the Hackensack River. In fact the rail shooting is about played out there, and for several years it has been very poor. I went out at daylight on the first with my spaniel to see what show there was; but the paths tracked down through the grass told the story. The ground had been thoroughly gone over by poachers. I only saw one bird. This is the usual experience of conscientious sportsmen. The poacher sneaks out a few days before the law is up and gets the cream of the shooting. No wonder people club together and buy up shooting and fishing privileges. It is the only way that a business man can be sure of a little sport. When the poaching loafer is warned off or arrested for trespass he raises a terrible howl about the selfishness of people who want to shut out the "poor sportsmen."—WAKEMAN HOLBERTON. P. S.—I have a magnificent specimen of woodland caribou from Newfoundland on exhibition if any one wishes to see it.—W. H.

NEW JERSEY.—Hornerstown, Sept. 8.—The prospect for game in this section during the coming season seems to be remarkably good. Quail are more abundant than at any time during a number of years past; the coveys are numerous and uncommonly large, but as yet many of the birds are less than half grown, denoting that the earlier broods were either small or that numbers of them were destroyed by the heavy spring rains; but if nothing happens the birds will be of a good size when the gunning season commences in November. Partridges, so far as we have seen and have learned, are rather more numerous than in former years. Of rabbits, owing to last winter being warm and open, the number appears to be unlimited. In many fields one can scarcely move in any direction without starting them up. So taking it altogether, the chances here this fall for an excellent gunning season are as good as the most sanguine sportsman could wish for.—A. L. L.

TENNESSEE QUAIL.—Chattanooga, Sept. 3.—Quail are plentiful this season, judging from the information of farmers; and a few of us who keep on the good side of them expect nice sport when the season opens. Moccasin Bend, Lookout Valley and Chattanooga Valley, between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, all afford fair quail shooting. We are glad to note an increasing tendency to observe our game laws, which seem to be reasonable. No shooting yet, although lots of birds are large enough. The law is more respected than its enforcement feared.—G. E. S.

BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS.—The first number of the *Book of the Game Laws* will be issued about Oct. 1 from this office. We have undertaken the publication of this periodical in response to constant calls for a trustworthy compendium of the game and fish laws. The FOREST AND STREAM enjoys peculiar advantages for conducting this work in a satisfactory way. We shall make the *Book of the Game Laws* the authority in its field. Send for prospectus.

SNIPE ON LONG ISLAND.—"The Cedars," Oakdale, Sept. 1.—While crossing the meadow at 4 o'clock this morning to fix out for bay snipe shooting, I flushed four English snipe. The wind at sunrise being in the wrong quarter, N.W., and no birds, I picked up and beat the meadow for the English snipe, but succeeded in flushing but one more. Bay snipe shooting has been a failure here the past summer.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

MECHANICSBURG, Pa., Sept. 5.—The prospects for an abundance of quail and rabbit shooting were never brighter than at present. Reports from the outlying districts say that small game has not been so plenty for several years.—MINNIE MINGO.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

FISHING IN MINNESOTA.

WHAT angler read the "Bass Number" recently published by FOREST AND STREAM without gratification, who without being instructed, and what one did not enjoy again in recollection his many personal exploits with rod and line?

Next to actual experience I delight in reading of the pleasures of brothers of the craft, rejoice with them when they take a "whopper," weep when the "whopper" just at the critical moment tears out the hook, and in fact can almost in imagination impersonate the scribe and finish the perusal with only less satisfaction from the reading than he enjoyed from actual experiment.

Although my experience with *Micropterus salmoides* has been less extensive than that of many I can yet bear witness to his game disposition and fighting proclivities, and though there are perhaps others which excel him in these points the angler who has enjoyed a good morning's sport with this species will not feel disposed to grumble at any lack of combativeness.

My first knowledge of black bass fishing was acquired when a small boy in a large mill pond near one of the less pretentious towns of Iowa.

The bass in that locality were very fastidious as to their diet and seldom could be coaxed to take anything but live minnows; frogs, spoon hooks and flies were often tried, but failed to allure them; as to the fly, perhaps from inexperience in manipulating, but I incline more to the belief that it was simply from lack of inclination for that variety of bait.

How well memory retains each favorite spot for fishing, the overhanging bank, the old stumps and logs lying in the water, one log in particular, which lay within a few feet of the place where the water entered the mill-race, from under which was almost daily scored the first catch in the morning, and, singular to relate, seldom more than one.

My last experience with *Micropterus salmoides* was while on a summer vacation in the lake region of Minnesota, the first object in view being to regain health, broken by too constant confinement within the limits of the smoky city, and was limited principally to Schilling's Lake, a beautiful little sheet of water about three-quarters of a mile in length and a half mile in breadth, almost entirely hemmed in by trees, and situated near the diminutive village of New Auburn, Sibley county. Neither before nor since my visist was it much resorted to by anglers, or farmers, for the alleged reason that the fish were all frozen out, in regard to which statement being somewhat skeptical, the wise policy of a personal investigation was adopted and the assertion disproved with little difficulty.

The lake was very well stocked with black bass and some pickerel, the smallest bass caught in the whole season, with one exception, not weighing under 1¼lbs., the largest not over 3lbs. 10oz., the smallest pickerel not under 6lbs., the largest not more than 8lbs., so that both bass and pickerel ran very even as to size, although in game qualities the bass is far superior.

The first attempt at fishing was made upon a cloudy day in early June, with just sufficient wind to slightly agitate the leaden surface of the water without making it difficult to row, the writer seated in the stern of the boat at one end of about 50yds. of small braided silk line, at the other end of which was a spoon. We had made a half circuit of the lake and were coming with the wind down the center, the oarsman skeptical, the writer hopeful, feeling between the finger and thumb that pleasant sensation which the spoon, revolving rapidly and swiftly through the water, produces, when a quick pull, the line veers around to the left, a sudden leap into the air and a black bass, in our eyes a monster, is exposed to view. A taut line is kept upon the prize, and the fun proceeds, until after many rushes and struggles he is drawn close, lifted into the boat and exhibited in triumph to the oarsman with some inquiry as to whether he did not believe that when the lake froze up solid at least one fish escaped, to which in the presence of *prima facie* evidence he assented without argument. The spoon was again cast out; we rowed to the foot of the lake, and proceeding around up the other side, came again to the head, and started down the center, when, as the boat neared the place where we were rewarded by the previous strike, there came suddenly a mighty tug, the line "swished" wildly back and forth through the water, and after a savage contest for perhaps five minutes, which several times seemed about to be decided in favor of the combatant at the other end, a pickerel was at last coaxed up to the side of the boat, seized by the gills and lifted struggling over the side, when he proceeded to try and drown us with about an inch of water, which was in the bottom, the spoon dropping from his mouth in the effort. Fairly exultant with our good luck, we again cast forth the spoon and rowed up, down, and around the lake, feeling several times jerks at the line, but at no time getting a strike, and remarking what good luck we had when rowing through the scattering weeds, that the hooks did not catch, until at last, concluding there were no more fish in the humor of biting, our course was steered for home, only to find when the bank was neared and the spoon drawn in that it was minus the hooks, which we found upon investigation to have remained in the pickerel's throat. This explained to us why the line was several times so mysteriously jerked, also the immunity we enjoyed from the weeds; but our success was so great not only in catching two good fish, but also in demonstrating that there were plenty where they came from, we were not disposed to "cuss" our luck. So taking our way to the house, the scales were brought out and the bass was found to weigh just 3lbs. 1oz., the pickerel exactly 7lbs.

The greater part of my fishing in that lake was with the rod, as I could not often get any one to row. Small frogs were found to be the killing bait, which, after sundown, were easily caught in a marsh lying between the lake and the house, and placed in a can with plenty of water, for use on the following morning. The necessity of giving them plenty of water was learned from experience, as the first frogs caught were placed in a can without water, and in the morning found shrunk to about two thirds of life size, and very dead. They were hooked through the back for still-fishing, through the mouth for trolling. The fish would also take minnows, but not nearly so freely as frogs; dead bait of any description they would seldom touch, which revealed the cause from which the farmers in the vicinity concluded that there were no fish in the lake, as their ideal bait was beefsteak, liver, fat pork, or, in short, almost anything that would hang on their hooks, except such live bait as the fish would take. The only time they would bite freely, except on cloudy days, seemed to be from daylight until about 7 o'clock A. M., when the sun made it too bright for them. Between those hours it was no hard matter to get a string weighing from 20 to 30lbs. of as nice fish as any one could desire, and sufficient to keep the neighbors well supplied.

Adjoining Schilling's Lake lies another lake of the same name as the village on which it borders, and the two lakes have this peculiarity, that the first named is always clear, but the last muddy. Moreover, in the one last mentioned there actually seemed, as far as I was able to determine from the most approved methods of angling of which I was cognizant, to be no fish but "cats" and sunfish. The two lakes are at one part separated by a strip of land not more that 100yds. in width.

After a summer gloriously spent in fishing and seeking health, and meeting in both pursuits with equally gratifying results, the writer returned home with the firm resolve that it should not be the last spent among the lakes of Minnesota.

"Bless'd silent groves, O may you be
Forever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
Forever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a fishing here."

MIRATOR.

NEW NAME FOR THE CROAKER.—Dr. H. M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., informs us that the croaker (*Micropogon undulatus*) is invariably called grumbler by the negroes of the lower Potomac River region.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—Mr. J. M. Clark and Mr. Geo. Morell are just back from a ten days' mascallonge trip in the Manitowish country, where they have had great sport. They caught in all fifty-five mascallonge, over 600lbs. of fish in all, and a number that weighed 20lbs. or just under, as determined by the scales. None ran over 20lbs. They caught fifteen mascallonge in two hours one afternoon. Many of these must have been small, as they were an hour and a quarter in landing one fish they struck, an 18lbs. one.

Messrs. Clark and Morell went to Trout Lake via Woodruff on the M. L. S. & W., and at Trout Lake they got a boat and a guide, the latter being the old resident guide, Wm. McArthur, probably the best posted man in that country on the fishing waters and thoroughfares. They did not take the north trail to Boulder and the lakes above Trout Lake and so through the upper fork of the Manitowish River, but went west of Trout Lake on the south fork of the Manitowish. Either way, the whole country is a network of wonderful lakes and streams. They passed through Rice, Alder, Manitowish, Star, Island, Stone, Spider, Mud, Clear and Rest lakes and their connecting streams, and finally striking the main Manitowish, came out where it crosses the railway, and thence shipped home. They found good fishing pretty much all along, and the fish seemed to be running in the river, but they thought the last half of September would have been a better time. In Clear Lake they found a water which McArthur said they were the second boat to visit. It was reached by a thoroughfare from Stone Lake, a little reedy passage known to almost no one of that region.

Of course, the bulk of the fish caught had to be returned at once to the water, only a very small portion being brought down to Chicago. That is a great trouble with that country and that sort of fishing; one hardly knows what to do with so much fish.

There are one or two interesting features about this trip, which may well be emphasized for the use of other anglers. No hand lines were used, as indeed they never should be used by any one. All the fish were caught on rod and reel, and Mr. Clark took several by casting and on his own bass rod. The first few fish were killed after the fashion I mentioned once before in these columns, the guide at once towing the fish for deep water. After that, I am glad to say, the anglers stopped the boat, went back to the fish which the reel could not pull from their place, and so killed their fish fair on the rod. This I have said is what I wanted to do on my mascallonge and will do the next time, and it is just what any angler should do. This business of towing a mascallonge around and killing him with the oars is all wrong, and it ought to be stopped.

On advice of a friend who had studied this fishing, Messrs. Clark and Morell din not use the No. 8 spoon, but the No. 6. Neither lost a single spoon, and every fish was killed on the No. 6. Much to their credit, too, be it said, they took off the gangs from the spoon and used a single hook, an 8° Sprout, ringed. On this they used the "tongue," or gullet of the mascallonge. Readers contemplating a trip should note this, as Mr. Clark trolled a whole day with the ordinary Skinner without a rise, while Mr. Morrell, using the "tongue," killed three fish out of the same boat. After that the single hook "tongue" were used altogether. It is possible that the fish get used to seeing the same old sort of spoon and become educated, if that can be said for such wild waters as these. I am glad that the day of the single hook has begun. The triangle gang never did seem quite right, for it don't give the fish a show. I remember I once wrote to Mr. Skinner and told him I had a notion to try a spoon with a single hook. If this falls under his eye I hope he will debate the question of offering the public some spoons rigged with only one hook. The spoons used by Messrs. Clark and Morrell were gold, half red on the inside. We thought last spring that silver and red was better. And so it goes. There seems variety enough in mascallonge fishing. These gentlemen are to be congratulated on the style in which they fished and the success with which they met. For the sake of others who would like to go up, it may be mentioned that their guide's address is Wm. McArthur, Minocqua, Wis., marked "Forward to Trout Lake." McArthur lives at the lake.

Mr. J. O. Blake, one of the head hustlers of Spaldings', starts soon on an interesting Western trip with Mr. Geo. J. Charlton, assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago & Alton. Both gentlemen will take their wives, and will travel on a scale of railroad luxury and grandeur. The trip will cover Colorado, Salt Lakes, etc., and the return will be via Northern Pacific, including the National Park. Some folks are lucky, but no one is objecting to the luck in this case, and the hope is general that the trip may be pleasant throughout.

E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

AS a rule a first-class angler has first-class tackle and keeps it in the best of order. One can always tell an old hand at a glance. His rods and reels are in good shape, and while he does not carry a fishing tackle shop along with him he always has just what he needs and plenty of it. If people would only take the trouble to read the FOREST AND STREAM and pay a little attention to the practical directions that appear from time to time in its columns, they would pick up a deal of useful information that would tell when they reached the stream. It is folly to suppose that it is only necessary to have fine tackle to be able to catch fish. In fact, this has comparatively litttle to do with it. An expert is able to do very good fishing with a poor outfit, but it adds very much to his pleasure and comfort to have everything right. The best of tackle will, through neglect, soon become no better than the poorest. A well-made rod, whether split-bamboo or wood, will last with proper care, at least, ten seasons, but we have seen the very best that money could buy, ruined by one season's careless handling.

One of the principal causes of deterioration in rods comes from the neglect to straighten the joints after severe work. The best of rods will take a slight set after a hard day's fishing, particularly if the fish run heavy. Before putting the pieces away each joint should be carefully looked over and bent back as straight as possible, then whiped clean and dry and put back into its case. If this is neglected the set will be still greater after the next day's fishing, and finally it will grow so crooked to become almost worthless. Neither should the rod allowed to remain together too long. At least every t or three days this straightening process should be g through with. It does not take five minutes to do t and the angler will find himself amply repaid for it. sportsmen would give one-tenth part of the care to tl rods that they bestow on their guns, they would have more pleasure and profit out of them. It is a good p to go over the rod with an oily rag before going out the rain, and it is very important not to leave the rod long without revarnishing. Once in two years is al as often as it will be found necessary.

Mr. E. H. Sanford has been so fortunate as to capt a 50-pound striped bass at Narragansett Pier. We beli this is the first big bass killed at that place this seas Newport has so far carried off the honors in that line.

It is a disgrace to the New York Association for Protection of Game, and also to every sportsman in N York city, that such restaurants as Delmonico's, Brunswick and others should serve game out of sea year after year without being punished. Of the sn who encourage this state of affairs by ordering game of season we have no words to express our feeli Game Warden Willett Kidd has been after some of people, and we hope they will be brought up with a ro turn.

DR. BACHMAN'S ROD.—The Chattanooga, Tenn., *Ti* of Aug. 31, gives the report of a graceful incident: of the most pleasant treats yet enjoyed by Rev. J. Bachman, D.D., who is preparing to leave on a jour to the Holy Land, occurred last evening at the Cham of Commerce. As a fisher of fish, as well as "fishe man," Dr. Bachman is renowned in this section, an now has fishing tackle with which he may tackle river Jordan to his heart's content. When Dr. Bachi was ushered into the Chamber of Commerce, ostens to look at a guide to London, he was met by a delega of friends. Major Chas. D. McGuffey, who headed delegation, presented the doctor with a costly jointed ing rod, tackle, etc., and read the following neat brief letter from the donors: *To Dr. Bachman:* * * * "That you may, in the classic Orient, not forget recreations of our Western continent, we beg to hand herewith, as a parting gift from some of your legio friends, this fishing-rod and tackle, with which an Am can fisherman may show the denizens of the old w the skill of our artisans as well as the prowess of disciples of Izaak Walton. In this community anyth you may vouch for, even a fishing story, will pass curr but you may be captured by the insatiable reporter your stories given in print where irreverent strangers smile incredulously. As a safeguard in such event, are glad to know that you can have the corroboratio the comrade of your journey, Mr. John C. Griffiss, a gentleman so versatile that while building up and sustain the reputation of one of our foremost business men financiers, he could yet become familiar with fish circles, from the bass of northern Michigan to stingarees and turtles of the Georgia coast and the ha of the Florida alligators; could sustain a membershi both the Chattanooga fishing clubs, and win from lamented gentleman whose name the General Mc Club bears, the admiring comment: 'That fine-dre gentleman; he can fall overboard oftener, go down de and come up wetter than any man I ever knew.' W such a comrade to vouch for your fish stories, they n fear no discount, even among strangers. Jesting ap our friend, when you throw your line in classic or sac waters, when your eyes see no land to bound the Atlantic, when your feet tread the storied soil of Eur or your brow is fanned by the breezes of the Mediterran or the sultry zephyrs of the Nile, or while you war among the hallowed scenes of the Holy Land, may feel ever how warmly our heart's best wishes follow y Dr. Bachman replied that he had always found he and strength in fishing, as he stood on the shore and the fly or gave the minnow. He said he looked forw with pleasant anticipations to the day when he will st where the great fisher of men stood, and view the sac scenes of the Holy Land.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN "SWAGOS."—Sept. 8.—In your issu Aug. 31, I see a very interesting article, "A Few Rema on Bass," by Dexter. He says: "Frequently I have s a native hook a fish, and heard him call out 'sw (meaning, I suppose, Oswego or large-mouth bass) be he had seen the fish at all." I have fished in that n charming body of water for 20 years, have taken ou good many black bass, but in all that time I have ne seen or caught an Oswego. Will Dexter kindly state what portions of the lake the Oswego are found, or w found, for I want to steer clear of such places and s to my old haunts, where only the small-mouths (tl grand fighters) are found and known.—H. N. F.

THREE OF A KIND.—Many years ago in western C necticut I snared a good fat pike with a wire loop, was somewhat surprised upon cutting him open to a smaller pike in its stomach. Noticing that the sec pike was also plump and apparently well fed I made incision into its belly, and my astonishment was gre increased to find that it had likewise made a meal of of its brethren. There was a scarcity of food in stream and the pike were necessarily driven to wh sale cannibalism.—J. E. B.

MECHANICSBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—The bass fishing not been the "howling success" that was anticipate the opening of the season, on account of the high muddy condition of the streams. Only one string of importance was caught, and that by the village exp Doc Hade, seventeen in number, one weighing 5lbs., a which were taken on a fly.—MINNIE MINGO.

POMPANO IN LONG ISLAND WATERS.—Mr. E. R. V bur, of this city, took in the Great South Bay of L Island, last week, a young specimen of the ovate p pano (*Trachynotus ovatus*). This is a rare fish in th waters. It is one of many unusual specimens caught the northern coast this year.

IE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

III.—THE ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB.

NCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, as cycles and æons go (so says a late issue of a Chicago daily), western end of Lake Erie marked the furthermost it of those waters of the Great Lakes which went ward through the St. Lawrence. There was then no Clair River, there was no Detroit River, and there e no St. Clair Flats. All the water of that region t north instead of east, passed through the Mackinac its, down Lake Michigan, over the ten-feet sand ridge ch now divides the lake from the Des Plaines Valley, so on, through the Illinois, down the Mississippi into Gulf.

earlier articles, descriptive of the Chicago duck s, mention has been made of the peculiar Calumet on, how it seems only recently divided from the main , and how lost and aimlessly its so-called rivers, ly even now only creeks trickling along the bottom he lake bed, wander around, flowing first one way th en the other, as high water or a high wind on the m ay dictate. It has also been remarked how inti- e a connection there is between the Calumet region the Des Plaines region, and how the "Sag," or the eder ," fairly connects the two. "Au-sag-inoski" the Indian name for it was, which not very many people w. This connecting trickle of water, which was called the Calumet Canal, we are told, but which is for the most part provokingly just too deep for a e hunter to wade in hip boots, wanders through a marsh, close up to the top of the divide. It used to into the canal. All these places have received com- t as good game localities close to Chicago.

hen the eastern straits broke through, and the waters lichigan, Superior and Huron, in obedience to some ghty mandate se reason or whose we cannot formu- began to journey ward through the Lawrence instead vestward through Mississippi, the us Calumet duck nds, and the yet famous St. Clair grounds were ably formed at and the same time he receding of the rs. Behold the l of sympathy and touch of human rest which con- s these two local-

ut we shall see this ular connecting ad grow yet more ular and more ng. We shall see pointing arrows g this thread, ch mark alike the of the waters and tread of the years, ersed upon them- es and pointing in opposite direction. shall see gray- ed old Father Time wide-handed Na- herself meekly re- e their steps and ow back along a path they have forgotten, a new er trail marked out solely by the hand of man. And n the St. Clair Flats and the Calumet Marshes will be more intimately related.

he city of Chicago as yet pumps her drainage water r the divide. Larger facilities of the sort have been ded, and it has long been the talk that Chicago must mately cut through the low "Divide," and make a er whose source should be in Lake Michigan, and ose mouth should lie in the valley of the Des Plaines. thin the next few years this will doubtless be done. n a river, of which the present fearful streams of the cago River will be a part, will flow from the lake th and west, at least 150ft. wide, at least 18ft. deep.

he subtraction of such a stream will make some nges along the lake levels, and this will undoubtedly end to the St. Clair Flats. It was questioned by some his would not affect certain riparian rights or certain mmercial necessities to the point of commanding an erdiction, but the engineers say that there will be a ering of only a few inches at the flats, hardly enough be perceptible, and that if the big boats do scrape a le on the bottom, somewhere in getting through the s, all that will be necessary will be to build a few les or so of wing dams and thus throw a yet greater d of water through the channel of the St. Clair. icago, wonder-daring, nature-changing, lake-compell- , generously promises that she will deal better with country of the flats than it did with her own country, l will not reduce the St. Clair River to a miserable rsh trickle, as the St. Clair did with her Sag. The utifully clear blue waters of the St. Clair shall still nd eastward to the sea, unhindered and unhurt by the iled flood of the river made by man, although the rse of the latter shall be that first planned by nature. Verily, this is a great and wondrous time. Let not our arts be troubled. Shall not man, who changes and tores the course of the seas, some time be able to find ans to restore and support the wild creatures which e in and upon those seas? Already the outposts of that vement sit in light and graceful fortification alike ng the St. Clair and the Calumet. Let not the men of ab St. Clair be troubled. Years hence, and hundreds years, let us hope, their strong castle by the stream ll sit at the head of the river, from its windows shin- an influence as beneficent, in its way, as the light t streams from the tower near by, with which it daily iches hands and nightly interchanges greeting.

As I was saying, it was a mighty good duck boat, this e that belonged to "No. 11," and it took only a few oments to drop down to the end of St. Clair Club dock. r, D. A. Whitney, the urbane steward, who presides over the practical workings of the club *ménage* during the open season, received the inquisitive visitor with ready courtesy and hospitality, and cheerfully volunteered the assistance which made possible the writing of our little story.

The St. Clair Fishing and Shooting organization is the oldest organization on the flats. It was founded in 1869, and may therefore be said to have reached its full majority, and at the same time to be lawfully the head of the family of clubs. A glance at the illustration will show, in a way more or less imperfect, since no black and white engraving can present either the harmony of color or the actual effect of the full perspectives, that the buildings of the club are very considerable in extent and architecturally very noteworthy. The main building is very happy in its conception, being simple, strong and comfortable looking to a degree. You may look long and far and you will not find a club building which will impress you better. But this is modern. Look beyond the main building, at the left hand corner, and you may see a glimpse of the building which, or a part of which, was the original home of the club. The first building was a small frame house, only 18×30ft. in size, with no dock at all. First one addition was made to this, and then a second, until it had fourteen rooms, at which point it was thought that the height of all reasonable architectural dreams had been reached. This old structure was formerly up on the dock, after the latter was built, but was in course of time moved back. Behind the main club house there are now so many bath houses, boat houses, etc., that the place looks somewhat like the quarters on an old plantation. Some of the larger of these connect with the main building, and just how far it is from front to back of St. Clair Club house is something no one knows. The present club house, or the main building which is so known, was erected four years ago, and after it was finished had cost over $27,000. It is 200ft. in front, and about 200ft. from front to back. In front of it lies 355ft. of dock. The passenger boats can tie up almost at the front door, and the great steamers of the lake pass constantly by, to and fro, only a few yards distant from the wide verandas. Further on, across the channel, lies the line of rushes on the Canadian side.



ST. CLAIR FISHING AND SHOOTING CLUB.

The front door of St. Clair house is a grand wide affair, solid and well ornamented in stained glasses. Within that, there appears a vista of highly waxed floors and hard-oil finish in pine, bright and cheerful, which stretches across a noble hall, a long parlor and observation room to the right and up a wide and stately staircase which admits no insinuation of a difference between upstairs and down. The arrangement of this lower floor is superb. Fine as this club house is in its exterior, it is only at its best within. The long halls and the gracious expanse of easeful room which stretches away from them leave an impression of sheer magnificence. The finish in the natural grain of the wood, the immense fire-place, and the shining waxed floors heighten all this, and the effect is further continued by the quiet elegance of the furnishings. I do not know who had in hand the decoration of this interior, but it was certainly no upholsterer. There is a great table in the center of the observation room, and this is well loaded with books and periodicals. Upon the walls are the admirable field scenes of the Detroit artist, Mr. Hopkins, who certainly is that rare creature at once a sportsman and an artist. There are a few well mounted birds about the office and halls, and there is a valuable painting by Hopkins, a marine, in the ladies' parlor, upon the other side of the entrance hall. Nothing is overdone, and all is well done. The colors of this interior do not swear at one another, and there is not anything in the whole effect to cause for one that involuntary twitching of the shoulder blades which sometimes warns an unconvinced reason that something is wrong. For instance, I suppose Mrs. Whitney might have red silk curtains at the windows that front from the office on the water, or she might have maroon, or a screaming blue of some sort or other; but she doesn't. She has just exactly the amount, kind and quality of blue in her silk window curtains, which serve to make them a comfort and not a query. Everything else is just so. You can go into St. Clair Club house and have perfect comfort with your shoulder blades. Moreover, Mrs. Whitney took me through the big dining-room, and through the big kitchen, and through the pantries, and through so many other rooms, further and further back, and to one side or the other that my head swam, and I pledge my word and honor it was the same all the way through, and the most superciliously clean place I ever saw. I would as soon be struck by lightning as to look at one of those dishpans again, and as for the silver, it was bright-shining as the sun. The world lost a great house-keeper when Mrs. Whitney married, although her husband and St. Clair Club gained one by the same token. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney have been in this present position for 9 years, and they ought to be there about 99 more.

The steward's office is railed off just to the left of the entrance, and with his formidable keyboard and set of books looks something like a hotel office. A good deal of system is necessary in conducting an establishment as large as this, for sometimes seventy-five or one hundred persons will be on hand daily in the summer, or even more if there is a grand ball or unusually large fish supper on hand. There are eighty-nine bed-rooms on the second floor. Any overflow beyond this is taken up by the extra house down at the end of the dock, which is devoted entirely to sleeping purposes. It should be borne in mind that this is a very large as well as very wealthy club. Its membership includes what we may, I suppose, call the aristocracy of Michigan, although I do not like the word, nor suppose the club does. You are liable to go in there and fall down over a Senator fixing his fishing rod, in almost any corner, and a postmaster-general isn't any more than aces high. The Hon. Russell A. Alger, whose name the breezes which sigh through the lumber regions whisper in connection with the White House; the Hon. Don M. Dickinson, ex-postmaster-general, Senator McMillan, of Michigan, and a number of other guns too big to be fired from the shoulder, all belong to this old and select sporting organization, but so far as I could learn they get treated just as well as anybody else and are not held responsible.

It should not be supposed that this club is devoted altogether to social or summer resort purposes, or to such dissipations as dancing, or eating fried perch all night. Doubtless during the heated season many Detroiters avail themselves of the privilege of taking the afternoon boat simply for a cool ride up to the club house, and for the pleasure of an evening there, without any fishing or shooting; but there are many ardent anglers and hard-working shooters in this body, and much good and genuine sportsmen's work is done. Of preserves the club has none, but the boats of its members lie out as long and as far in the flight as any, and go as far for bass. These clubs are all equal in this regard, as has been mentioned. It was something in the way of news to learn that neither the shooting nor the fishing lies very close to the made ground, rather long journeys being required for either. The question may be asked, Why were the buildings, then, placed where they are? This was done so that the big boats, which have to stick to the channel, could get up to the building sites, before and after building. From this "made ground," where all the club houses stand, the smaller boats take out the seekers after sport. For instance, the best bass fishing is now ten, twelve, or even fifteen miles or more from the club houses, away over on the Canadian side, among the channels where, much as the jealous "Canadian Club" may object, they cannot prohibit the club men from fishing. (No member of the St. Clair Club, however, has ever hunted on the Canada Club's preserves, or fished across the Canada line until the opening of the season, which is later for Canada than in Michigan.)

For such journeys as are necessary or pleasant among the fishing grounds or to and from the city, there are owned by members of the St. Clair Club a number of steam yachts, some of them of a very high grade of excellence. The Vita, belonging to Mr. M. S. Smith, Mr. Alger's partner, I saw in the docks of the Detroit Boat Works, down at the city, undergoing a refitting, and if I am not mistaken it was the Idler also that I saw there. The latter boat had undergone a complete rebuilding, her lines being materially changed. Idler is owned by Senator McMillan. Both Idler and Vita are grand boats, among the best of their class on fresh waters. Then there is the Dawn, owned by Mr. John S. Newberry, and reputed to be the fastest little craft on the lakes. Dawn is a thing of beauty. You could almost pick up her slender, shining hull under your arm and walk off with it, yet her noiseless engines can send her twenty miles an hour. The Truant is owned by Mr. Truman H. Newberry. The Magna belongs to Mr. W. K. Parcher, and Louise to Mr. H. C. Hart. The Lillie is the property of Mr. A. E. Brush, and the May Lily of Mr. Geo. B. Hill. Pastime and Lurline belong to the Messrs. Walker. There are twelve club boats for general touring purposes, and about sixty-five small boats scattered around among the numerous boat houses.

The typical boat, if we may so speak, among the various sorts used upon the St. Clair Flats, is a good stiff skiff, clinker built, about 16 to 18ft. long, with provisions for stepping a mast well forward. On a journey of ten miles or upward the sail is an esteemed ally to the oar. Most of the bass fishing is done from such boats as these. The methods of this fishing will be described later on. The typical rod, if such a thing may be where all kinds of bass rods are brought and used, is a single-piece cane, about 8ft. long. This makes a stiffish but springy rod, which not even the bait caster always despises, for much of the fishing for the small-mouths is deep water work, as it is in Lake Erie about the islands,

The typical duck boat is much like that belonging to "No. 11," and used on the journey along the club houses, double-ended and decked, but rather lower. What they call the "lying-out boat," from which their open water shooting at bluebills and the other deep-water ducks is done, is very flat and low on the water, almost sneak boat build, for it must be both boat and blind. Variations from this model are made according to the fancy of the individual shooter. In this open water shooting the gunner lies upon his back in the boat, his decoys being arranged, of course, as for blind shooting. There is often a very considerable sea on, and it requires practice to learn how to shoot ducks from a swaying boat in this way, as many a fair marsh shot has discovered upon trying it. It is cold, rough work lying out in a small boat all day, and it requires the fullest quota of duck-hunter hardihood. There are some of these stubborn and stiff-necked fellows among the members of the St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, and some good bags were made this past season, during which, by the way, the ducks are said to have been more plentiful than for many years past.

But, after all, to wander through the luxurious abode of this great and wealthy organization, and to note the provisions for more than ease and comfort, could give one no hint of duck boats, of leaden skies or stormy winds. One could hardly imagine hip boots and corduroys or canvas creaking and dripping along these elegant halls. Far more fitting to all this seemed the thought of warm days, and gentle winds, and skies blue as the river that rolls by. Surely, in the great expanse of this observation room, which opens out upon the channel, there never could have gathered a group of men who talked gun pure and simple. Far more likely and fitly, so it seemed as we passed out, saying our farewells on the bright May morning, may the genius of the place, the goddess of all this sweetness and light, have been Celestine, who, herself gentle and beautiful as the morning, sat gazing out the great window, across the blue water, her lashes drooping over eyes that quite forgot the half-open book upon her lap. There be lotus plants among these wild rice beds. If there exist in these latter reflections anything to offend a sterner sportsman spirit than would seem to be implied herein, let the apology be that the visit was made in the late spring, after the duck season was over and before there was any fishing of a sort to attract the anglers. Everything about the big club house then looked very quiet, and pretty and restful.

The following is the membership of the St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club: R. A. Alger, Geo. F. Ambrose, W. K. Anderson, W. O. Ashley, Darius N. Avery, Geo. E. Avery, John H. Avery, C. K. Backus, Hibbard Baker, W. L. Baker, Stephen Baldwin, Levi L. Barbour, E. T. Barnum, Thos. Berry, Geo. W. Bissell, A. G. Boynton, W. H. Brace, C. K. Brandon, H. H. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio; W. E. Brown, A. E. Brush, C. H. Buhl, L. S. Butterfield, W. H. Burtenshaw, McD. R. Campau, Clarence Carpenter, S. G. Caskey, W. J. Chittenden, Wm. C. Colburn, H. C. Colburn, Olney B. Cook, A. W. Copland, Jerome Croul, C. A. Davison, H. M. Dean, J. N. Dean, Alex. Delano, Hamilton Dey, Don M. Dickinson, H. M. Duffield, Chas. Dupont, E. O. Durfee, Wm. M. Dwight, H. W. Dyar, James Edgar, James L. Edson, George W. Edwards, Wm. D. Edwards, Chas. Endicoit, Geo. Farwell, Jesse H. Farwell, Thos. Ferguson, D. M. Ferry, G. L. Field, James L. Fisher, C. T. Fletcher, E. H. Flinn, C. L. Freer, R. H. Fyfe, R. T. Gibbons, S. L. Gillett, of Boston, Mass.; R. Gillis, M. H. Godfrey, Bruce Goodfellow, Levi T. Griffin, Thos. Griffin, H. C. Hart, J. D. Hawks, F. W. Hayes, John A. Heames, C. J. Heath, F. J. Hecker, Geo. B. Hill, Chas. C. Hinchman, J. M. Hinchman, C. C. Hodges, D. C. Holbrook, William P. Holliday, Alfred Hooper, Geo. H. Hopkins, Wm. S. Hopkins, Henry Howard, of Port Huron, Mich.; R. R. Howard, Geo. S. Hosmer, N. J. Hubbel, Chas. B. Hull, E R. Hull, Wm. Hull, Albert Ives, Jr., Butler Ives, H. H. Jackson, H. L. Jenness, Fred Joy, H. B. Joy, James Joy, James F. Joy, C. V. Kasson, R. S. Keys, A. C. King, Frank E. Kirby, Geo. W. Latimer, E. L. Lewis, Wm. Livingstone, Jr., O. M. Locke, J. S. Lorimer, Eugene S. Lowe, G. W. Marshall, W. J. Mason, L. A. McCreary, Walter McFarland, A. C. McGraw, Fred G. McGray, Theo. A. McGraw, Thos. McGraw, Thos. S. McGraw, W. A. McGraw, James McGregor, J. P. McLaren, Donald McLean, James McMillan, George McMillan, Andrew McPherson, E. W. Meddaugh, Ira A. Metcalf, M. B. Mills, John B. Moloney, George F. Moore, Wm. V. Moore, Fred T. Moron, John V. Moran, W. D. Morton, J. B. Mulliken, S. R. Mumford, John F. Murray, E. E. Myers, James Nall, H. S. Newberry, J. S. Newberry, Thuman H. Newberry, H. L. O'Brien, N. C. O'Brien, R. C. Olin, R. B. Owen, W. K. Parcher, Geo. H. Parker, A. A. Patton, Geo. A. Patterson, W. S. Penfield, H. S. Pingree, Thos. Pitts, James E. Pittman, F. B. Preston, W. H. Prittie, W. E. Quimby, A. C. Raymond, James A. Remick, D. C. Rexford, Eugene Robinson, Geo. O. Robinson, Ford H. Rogers, Charles Root, George H. Russel, John R. Russell, G. L. Sampson, H. P. Scott, Allen Sheldon, H. D. Sheldon, E. L. Shurly, Horace Silsby, Eugene Smith, F. G. Smith, F. G. Smith, Jr., M. S. Smith, Wm. L. Smith, Chas. Sprichfield, W. J. Spicer, J. G. Standart, Fred D. Standish, James D. Standish, A. M. Steele, H. H. Swan, D. H. Taylor, Samuel Teichner, W. G. Thompson, H. T. Thurber, Horace Turner, C. H. Van Husan, Chandler Ed. Walker, Bryant Walker, Frank H. Walker, J. H. Walker, Homer Warren, Geo. R. Watson, Brady E. Wendell, John H. Wendell, Fred L. Wells, of Port Huron, Mich.; Wm. H. Wells, N. C. Williams, H. C. Wisner, Fremont Woodruff, C. M. Wooley, Smith E. Wooley, W. C. Yawkey. E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND DINING CAR ROUTE.—The Northern Pacific Railroad, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast, with its elegant vestibuled service of dining cars and Pullman sleepers, not only affords business men, tourists and others a route of travel equal in every respect to any in the country, but renders accessible to sportsmen the only region in which can be found to-day the large game which was once so plentiful in all the West. In addition to the large game, the sportsman will find in the country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad such quantities of small game as is unknown in the East. This line, penetrating the Lake Park region of Minnesota, and running through the valleys of such trout streams as the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Hell Gate, Clark's Fork, Spokane, Yakima and Green rivers, as well as lying in close proximity to the hunting grounds of the Big Horn, Snowy, Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky, Cœur D'Alene and Cascade Mountains, is unquestionably the sportsmen's route of America. The pamphlet, "Game Preserves of North America," together with other interesting publication, descriptive of the Yellowstone Park and Alaska tours, will be mailed free on application to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

THE CALICO BASS IN EUROPE.—Herr Max von dem Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany, has hit upon a very good method of making his people familiar with the fishes which are being acclimatized in Germany chiefly through his efforts and with the co-operation of the United States Fish Commission. Herr von dem Borne's plan is to issue neat pamphlets, usually containing a picture and a brief popular description of the species of which it treats. We have before us now such a paper upon the American calico bass or silver bass in Europe. On June 19 we noticed similar publications relating to our rock bass and channel catfish, the former of which contained an illustration of the subject. These articles are sold at a uniform price of thirty pfennige or about eight cents of our money. For the calico bass the German, French and English common names are given; also the scientific names as contained in several standard works on ichthyology, and a reference to the literature of the fish, particularly that relating to its artificial culture and its use as a game and food species. This is followed with a synopsis of its specific characters, an account of its original habitat, its food, size, table qualities, adaptability to pond culture and its game qualities (for a further account of which the author refers to FOREST AND STREAM of June 5, 1890), its breeding season, rate of growth and fertility. The account closes with a brief reference to its introduction into France and from France into Germany. Herr von dem Borne hopes soon to obtain a numerous progeny from the calico bass which he brought from France. He intends to keep the young in ponds to protect them from predaceous species until they are ready to spawn, and then to plant them in open waters, streams and lakes. A modification of this plan of popularizing the work of fishculture might advantageously be adopted by our State and national fish commissions.

COLORADO TROUT FOR EASTERN WATERS.—We have previously mentioned the proposed transfer of black-spotted trout from Colorado to eastern waters by the U. S. Fish Commission. This project has been carried out and the station at Wytheville, Virginia, now contains 2,000 fry hatched from eggs collected at Leadville, Colo. The young fish are large enough to feed and they are in a flourishing condition. There is every reason to believe that a goodly portion of them will be brought to maturity. The Superintendent of the Wytheville station, Mr. George Seagle, finds that this trout developed in the Wytheville water much faster than the rainbows, the embryo sac being absorbed in about twenty days bringing the fish into the feeding condition while the rainbows require about thirty-five days to reach the same stage of developement. This is one of the numerous varieties of the black spotted trout of the Rocky Mountain region, technicall yknown as *Salmo mykiss* or *purpuratus*. The extensive range of this trout, under climatic conditions which must be greatly varied, encourages the belief that it will readily adapt itself to the conditions existing in our eastern lakes and streams, suitable for trout life, and become a valuable addition to our rapidly increasing stock of noble fishes.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industrial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 23 to 26 —Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. H. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

WILMINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE late hour to which judging was continued on the first day of the Wilmington dog show necessarily confinished last week's report to the prize list only up to the 6 o'clock awards. The cause of the delay in making the awards was due to the late hour of starting, it being after 2 o'clock before everything was in readiness for Messrs. Glover and Mayhew to begin operations. Mr. F. R. Carswell explained this by saying that while he had to absent himself from the fair grounds on Monday afternoon, some one had taken his carpenters, and his judging inclosure, in place of being completed when he got back, had not been begun.

Mr. Carswell deserves the greatest possible credit for this show, which was entirely his own work throughout, from inception to termination. And while the entries were not very large, yet two hundred, with two other shows to buck against, is all that could be expected, and certainly for evenness of quality it was really a wonderful display.

There was a goodly delegation from Philadelphia at the ring side, while Mr. R. Leslie came all the way from Lynn, Mass., to put his pointer bitch, Belle Randolph, in the challenge class. Mr. Diffenderfer was also on hand from the city of the milk route.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Brother had an easy win in the dog class It is some time since we have seen him. and he certainly never looked in better condition. His small size will always be a drawback, but notwithstanding that we preferred him for the breed special to the bitch Lady Caution. The second dog was Lu Lu, plain in head and light in loin. Don. third, is also plain and had a badly lacerated leg, the accident happening in transit. Lady Caution, first in bitches, was well shown, but lacks head properties. The second was an immatured daughter of Beaufort. She is good in head and in time should be a winner.

ST. BERNARDS—(DR. GLOVER).

First to Arch Duke, unopposed. In-bred to Otho, he takes after him in head and front, being full of character. He fails in body and loin, but is a good mover. Blodwin won in bitches, but she was dead out of coat and bore little resemblance to the bitch that all but beat Nanon at Baltimore. In head her kennel companion Lakme is better, but her size is against her. Mr. Diffenderffer was also first and second in smooth-coated dogs with Lord Hector and Lord Clifton. The latter is dish-faced and his eyes are too wide apart, which spoils his character. In size he has the advantage. Queen Bess, first in bitches, was lucky to have no opposition. She is small and bad in coat.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Mr. Mayhew tried to scale the fence when he saw a 300-pounder enter the ring with a curly-coated black dog. He finally mustered up courage to tender a red ribbon to the heavy-weight owner, which was indignantly refused. "What award did you make, Mr. Mayhew?" "Well, I offered him second, but he wouldn't have it."

GREAT DANES—(MR. MAYHEW).

Marco won well. A dog of great symmetry, his neck and shoulders being excellent. Has come on well since he was shown at Philadelphia last year. Pedro, second, lacks the quality of the winner. In the bitch class Irene might well have been sent out of the ring. She was a disgusting sight, the result of suckling. Flora, first, was well shown, but she is weak in face; rather throaty and carries her stern too gaily. Minca Mia is lippy, but otherwise about as good as anything in the class.

DEERHOUNDS—(DR. GLOVER).

Thora III. is typical, but far too small. Her pedigree, as catalogued, does not seem correct. Who was champion Robin, her sire?

POINTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Brake, shown too light, was alone in the heavy challenge class, as was Queen Fan in the light division. In open dogs Tempest, looking soft and light, won from The Beau, a son of old Beaufort, whom he resembles in color. He is coarse and plain. Prince, third, is a black, and not a bad one in front, but he is "chucked up" in body and carries his stern over his back. In heavy bitches the well-known Belle Randolph easily won from Larnock Elsa, off in front and too long in the coupling. Pommery Sec beat Mr. Hyland's Ossining. Neither looked well. Spot Dash was third. These are all well knewn. Reserve was given Bing of Kippen, who generally gets a card when shown. In small bitches Merry Legs won from White Fawn. The former is far too small, but possesses fair quality, and White Fawn has a good head, but is heavy in shoulders. Princess Bang is weedy. The pointer special was won by Brake.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Mr. Jester got first in open dogs with Dick Roy, not over good in head or front, but a strong, well-built dog. Punch, second, is snipy and bad in loin and body. Don Dell has few credentials for a show bench. The best of the English setters was the bitch Ruby, who won easily in her class. The puppies were poor, and altogether the breed was feebly represented.

IRISH SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Larry S., first and alone in challenge class. Major, first in dogs, is strong in head, but is good in body, legs and feet. Don is coarse. Leda Glencho, first in bitches, was properly placed over her full sister Madge. Leda is good in head, nice size, good legs and feet. The puppies Trix and Mona do not look like training on into open class winners.

GORDON SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

With walks over for Roxie and King Item and only two in the open class one might ask what are the Gordon Setter Club members doing. Countess Roxie is so much better than Roxy Royal back of the shoulders that the decision was discounted long ere it was given. Puppy prizes were withheld.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS—(DR. GLOVER).

Brag was in miserable condition, but nevertheless could still beat his son Brag, Jr., in head, build and bone. The New York winner, Biz, won easily in bitches from Joy, also from Mr. Jester's kennels.

FIELD SPANIELS—(DR. GLOVER).

Daffodil is leggy, but beat Pasha in head, coat and condition.

COCKER SPANIELS—(DR. GLOVER).

Red Doc was placed over Toady Obo in dog class. Doc is chunky in head, ears set on badly, no neck and is not right in loin. Toady Obo might be straighter in front and is a trifle long for a cocker, but he has a grand outline, a good head, and was in the pink of condition. Waggles won the bitch prize in a canter from Hazel Obo. Waggles, like Toady Obo, was in splendid shape. She is just the right cocker size and build, but is a little wide in skull. The winning puppy, Banjo, is too much of a terrier in body. Waggles, second, is light of bone.

COLLIES—(MR. MAYHEW).

Challenge prize to Scotilla, unopposed. First in open dogs to Roslyn Wilkes, an easy win over Major Jum, who is a well built dog with good length of head, but his coat is open. Blair Athol, third, is soft in coat but good in head and character. Colonel Scot has seen his best day and his head is now very strong. He was well shown. Hempstead Zulu had no coat whatever. The well known Cora II. won in bitches from the now always smooth Jakyr Dean. Lady Moll was too fat but easily beat Iduna for third honors. In puppies there was no future flyer. Attila Wonder is small and weedy; Noble Wonder coarse and curly on loin; Rutland Pet too small.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Sykes was the best of the three by a long way, but he was in woeful condition, and first went to Bombardos, who stands on his forelegs, and they are too long. His skull is good, but his muzzle is weak, and he is not short enough in face. Derby Nancy is very moderate, long in face and not out at shoulders at all.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

This class was well handled, first going to Meg Merrilies, good head and front, good shoulders and nice outline. Chesset's Flyer is now cheeky and gone in front. White Stubbs still looks the puppy he always did. White Violet is another past number.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. MAYHEW).

The two bassets were not flyers by any means. Jocresse beat her litter brother easily. They are of the wrong type altogether. The winning dachshund, Waldmann I., had no opposition. He is thick in head and straight backed.

BEAGLES—(DR. GLOVER).

In the two classes the only good one was the bitch Floy. Of the dogs we preferred Rowdy II. to Mingo, who is one of the long back brigade.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

In the challenge class Blemton Rubicon beat Blemton Consequence. A sound decision. Both are too well known to need any description. Blemton Brawler won in open

dogs. He is a little on the large size, but Regent Brisk falls off so much when you get back of his shoulders that, smart little terrier as he is in front, he is bound to be put behind a fair all-round dog. General Grant was well shown, but he is now cheeky and is not good in coat. The bitches were a rather weak lot, and Tennis, about as good as anything, showed timidly till the judge had made up his mind, then she brightened up and threw her ears properly. Warren Jenny is good in shoulders and outline, but heavy in ears. Regent Edna was shown too fat. First in puppies went to a smart youngster in Blemton Valour. Very good in head and expression, but is hardly filled out yet. He quite outclassed Regent Reuben.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Breda Tiney had no opposition, and was shown in good condition.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Lovett had a bloodless victory, two clipped half-bred Yorkshires being dismissed without a notice of course.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

The Rochelle Kennels' Dick had no difficulty in winning from Winnie, a very bad one, whose timidity reminded one of the late Mr. Travers's recommendation to "b-b-bury the rat."

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

First, Prince, is not dark enough in blue, but his tan is good, as is his texture of coat. Lady K. is weak in both colors.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Tiney is much above the average of small black and tan terriers and showed as lively as a cricket. A little more length of head and she would be first-class. Dot lacks life and terrier smartness.

PUGS—(MR. MAYHEW).

Two poor bitches were shown. Nellie Bly (with wrong date of birth) was minus the coloring she showed at Boston. Daisy is weak in face and her color is not clear. Puppies poor.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MAYHEW.)

King Victor, the well known Blenheim, beat a weak-faced King Charles, Pansy by name.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MAYHEW).

The smooth-coated Beauty, formerly shown by Mr. Carswell, won easily, though he was rather long in coat. Second to the Schipperke, Othello, and third to a black poodle of passable merit.

The following are additions to the prize list as given last week:

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, St. George Kennels' Brag and Brag, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, St. George Kennels' Biz and Joy.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Prentiss's Mingo and Rowdy II.; 3d, R. Blakely's Gunner. *Bitches:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Floy; 2d, J. P. Prentiss's Bell.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Puppies:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Valour; 2d, Regent Kennels' Regent Reuben; 3d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Vain.

In cocker bitches Waggles beat Hazel Obo.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

OUR report of the Detroit dog show has not yet come to hand. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. C. Cook's Moses. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Ayers & Powell's Edric; 2d, H. Falconer's Mode; 3d, C. C. Cook's Captain R. Reserve, Elizabeth Oesterreich's Prince Leo. Very high com., F. E. Fisher's Ashmont Tiger. High com., J. J. Lynn's Beaufoy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. C. Cook's Pharaoh Queen and Duchess of York; 3d, H. Falconer's Bess.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. C. Cook's Captain R. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. C. Cook's Duchess of York and Miss Beaufort; 3d, Tracy Bros.' Leo's Nell.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Pottersburg Kennels' Bruce; 2d, C. E. Waskeenan's Pioneer; 3d, Royal St. Bernard Kennels' Max. *Bitches:* 1st, Pottersburg Kennels' Phyllis.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Santa Rosa; 2d, withheld; 3d, H. Falconer's Lute.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Lewis's Victor Joseph. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Burtenshaw's Leon B. *Bitches:* 1st, Gramercy Kennels' Cleopatra.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Burtenshaw's Leon B.; 2d, W. C. Lautner's Pluto. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Keepsake.

BLOODHOUNDS.—No entry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—No entry.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. G. Nichols's Melac; 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Favor. *Bitches:* 1st, Wolverine Kennels' Minca II.; 2d and 3d, H. C. Farnum's Francis and Duchess. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Pasche II. and Brutus; 3d, C. Witherspoon's Captain. Very high com., C. H. Ruhl's Czar. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, H. C. Farnum's Gypsy.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, B. S. Dering's Nora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Rockwood Greyhound Kennels' Master Rich. *Bitches:* 1st, Rockwood Greyhound Kennels' Miss Rare.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., G. C. Taylor's Scavenger, Milo and Nibs; 3d, J. Hochheimer's Dash, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, G. C. Taylor's Second Sight; 2d, C. W. Sarvis's Lady O'Livia.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st Hempstead Farm Kennels' Robert le Diable. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Lass of Bow.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Acme Kennels' Chief; 2d, Gillman & Barne's Lansdowne; 3d, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Drake. Very high com., Dr. J. W. Taylor's King Bow's Bow. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Madstone; 2d and 3d, Detroit Kennel Club's Countess Lill and Ruby Croxteth.—SMALL—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. *Bitches:* Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. Meissner's Bangstone; 2d, Kalamazoo Kennels' Wonderful Lad; 3d and very high com., Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Glitter and Westminster Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Heether's Fan N.; 2d, F. Wies's Karl; 3d, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Nan. Very high com., Grayburn Kennels' Flirtation. High com., J. E. Gill's Galena.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Glitter and Westminster Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Westminster Nan; 2d, W. W. Sweeney's Lord Graphic's Trinket.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Dager's Cincinnatus and Toledo Blade; 3d, reserve and very high com., J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson's Boy, Dad Wilson, Jr., and Chickasaw II. Very high com., J. E. Patterson's Doncaster II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. Shelley Hudson's Bohemian Girl and Sunshine; 3d, Detroit Kennel Club's Victory. High com., A. J. Hiscox's Guess Gladstone.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Warui's Shelbark. *Bitches:* No entry.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark, Jr.'s, Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Laura B.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Kildare; 2d, A. W. Stephenson's Chief II.; 3d, St. Cloud Kennels' Shanmore. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Winnie II.; 2d and very high com., L. N. Hilsendegen's Biddy Clare and Lalla Rookh; 3d, J. H. Dunnigan's Duchess of Avondale. High com., Gillman & Barnes's Miss Boots.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Darby III. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Bonny Elcho.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, S. G. Dixon's Leo B. and Field Marshall. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Hammel's Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe; 2d, withheld. High com., J. A. Heether's Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, S. G. Dixon's Meadowthorpe Blossom.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. J. Morrison's Fred. *Bitches:* No entry.

FOXHOUNDS.—ENGLISH—Only entry absent.—AMERICAN—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Brave. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com. (3) and high com., Cook Kennels' Roderick, Dan, Drum II., Bill, Rover, Streak and Tuck. Reserve and high com., L. Bowser's Willie H. and Dick II. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com. (4) and high com. (3), Cook Kennels' Bernhardt, Francis, Fly, May Queen, Flying Kate, Jet, Croud II., Fanny, Vixen and Black Bess. Reserve, Detroit Kennel Club's Surprise. High com., Natural Gas Kennels' Lady Sport.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Cook Kennels' Bill. *Bitches:* No entry.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. B. Whitlock's Pierce and Bard. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., A. B. Whitlock's Clara II, Patti, Modesty and Claude.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—No entry.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Patsey O'Connor. *Bitches:* No entry. OPEN—No entry.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—No entry.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Bridford Gladys. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond; 2d and 3d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennel's Sampson and Napoleon. Very high com., Cook Kennel's Newton Abbot Farmer. High com., G. Connor's Don C. Com., A. G. Shafer's Don. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, R. P. Keasby's Lady and Miss Ben d'Or; 2d, Woodstock Spaniel Kennel's Topsy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennel's Rabbi. *Bitches:* No entry. OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Brock; 2d and high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Roy Obo and Black Obo; 3d, Dr. H. B. Nicol's Kildare; very high com., Miss Elsie M. Chope's Rex and A. W. Pancoast's Laddie O. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Geo. H. Bush's Bessy W. and Novel; 3d, F. F. Dole's Flossy W.; very high com., Woodstock Spaniel Kennel's Nina. OTHER THAN BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennel's Bambo. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Pancoast's Trixey. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodstock Spaniel Kennels' Bambo; 2d, A. W. Pancoast's Pippo; 3d and very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's George Obo and Judge Obo. *Bitches:* No entry.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Grampian Kennels' Bonnie Stewart; 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Langhan; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Money Musk; 2d, withheld.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Drury; 2d, Grayburn Kennels' Lord Edward. *Bitches:* No entry.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and equal 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Dexter and Kava II.; equal 2d, Mrs. E. Chalmer's Bruca. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Nell and Cora. High com., Detroit Kennel Club's Grisette.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* R. B. Sawyer's Harper. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Carisbrook. *Bitches:* 1st, R. B. Sawyer's Dolly Tester; 2d, Woodward & Herrick's Duchess of Palmer.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, F. F. Dole's Prince Bendigo and White Prince; 2d, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels' Wait for Me. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Mariner's Attraction; 2d and 3d, F. F. Dole's Grove Duchess and Miss Gladstone.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Joe Lewis's Feldmann K.; 2d, Gilman & Barnes's Duke II. Very high com., Oxford Kennels' Carl. *Bitches:* 1st, Joe Lewis's Lina L.; 2d, Gilman & Barnes's Duchess. Very high com., Alice T. Hurst's Taxey, and B. F. Lewis's Gill.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Bennet's Little Duke. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. R. Wherry's Joe; 2d and very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Bross and Rock; 3d, and very high com., Middleton Kennels' Princeps and Stormy. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Middleton Kennels' June M. and Yonnie W.; 2d and very high com., Hollywood Kennels' Pearl of Hollywood and Queen of Hollywood; 3d and com., Detroit Kennel Club's Romp and Racy. High com., A. V. Bradrick's Sanky.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hollywood Kennels' Trueman. *Bitches:* No entry.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Diadem.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Woodale Kennels' Starken's Jack and Hillside Mix; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II.; 3d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Sabre. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Ebor Nettle; 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Jenney; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Enid.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II. *Bitches:* No entry.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Eskdale Broom and Wentworth Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st, Oxford Kennels' Nettie Topper.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Lewis & Jarret's Burnside.—OPEN—1st, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels' Breda Bill.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. J. Hartzlor's Glencoe. *Bitches:* 1st, Swayne & Shoemaker's Meadowthorpe Glen Effie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—No entry.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Smith's Buffalo General. *Bitches:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Blake & Hebertson's Sir Wallace and Prince; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' The Senator. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Hawley's Rochelle Grit; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Nadjy. Reserve and very high com., Blake and Hebertson's Buttercup and Nanon.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels' Toons Royal and Fishpool Gem. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels' Daisy and Venus.

TOY TERRIERS.—No entry.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1s, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, Acme Kennels' Lord Nelson. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier; 2d, Sarah E. Davis's I. C. P. Sprake; 3d, J. J. Lynn's Chequasset Ruby. Very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Duke. High com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Climax. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Cassina; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lady Thurman.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Banjo G.; 2d, F. C. Nims's Dave Day. *Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel E.; 2d, withheld. High com., Mabel Munger's Pansy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Trebilcock's Toronto Charlie; 2d, H. Niemann's Bentrick. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Niemann's Jennie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, H. K. Gay's Wenona and Trix.

WHIPPETS.—1st, 2d and very high com., Campbell & Blake's Ben Bone, Nellie Gray and Maggie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Rose M. Prince's Anno (Chihuahua). *Bitches:* 1st, F. J. Wakefield's Eyah (Chihuahua); 2d, Mrs. F. J. Wakefield's Pepity (Chihuahua).

DOGS OF THE DAY.

THE country folks complained of the ten cents charge to visit the dog department at Wilmington, and the show was thrown open on the second day, with the result that it was impossible to move between the benches. Some gentlemen who have loudly complimented Mr. Carswell on the work he did at Wilmington on the morning on the first day, seemed perfectly content to sit smoking cigarettes and watch him toiling. By the way, how comes this show to be described as the first at the Wilmington fair grounds? I have something more than a faint recollection of judging there last year.

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding has disposed of his brace of Clumbers to Mr. Jacob Moerlein of Cincinnati, O.

It is with much regret I have had to inform the officials of the Ottawa show, that I cannot judge there. Two race meetings were started here since I accepted the Ottawa invitation, and a trotting meeting is also down for the same week here. As these are in my particular line of duty, I have had to forego the long anticipated pleasure of a little relaxation across the border, and I can only envy my successor the pleasure I am sure is in store for him.

"Namquoit," in his notes from England queries a "par" of mine regarding some St. Bernard weights. I got them from an English exchange. He is kind enough to refer to something I said regarding Mr. Millais. I wrote still another which has most unaccountably not been noticed either by the *Fancier's Gazette* or its kennel director. I presume he is content to rest under the stigma of having asked me to betray a business confidence. Well, we will leave it so. J. W.

OTTAWA DOG SHOW SPECIAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please add to the list of special prizes of the Ottawa dog show, that a $5 special for best field spaniel, dog or bitch will be given.—THE BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

KINGSTON DOG SHOW.

KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show held here this week was a very successful one, and one of the best little shows that I ever attended. The manager, Mr. Corbett, was the right man in the right place, and everything in connection with the show ran smoothly. The attendants were the best lot I ever saw. One pleasing feature of the show was a tastefully decorated room where visitors could wash, smoke, write, lounge and brag about their dogs to their heart's content. There were over 150 entries, with but half a dozen absentees, and the average quality was very good. Mr. Vail judged pointers and setters, Mr. Osborne collies, and Mr. Fellows the other classes. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Lord Caution; 2d, C. Hamilton's Victoria.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—1st, Laidlaw & McBain's Benmore; 2d, P. Hart's Queen Vic. Very high com., A. B. Van Blaricom's Daisy May. *Puppies:* 1st, P. Hart's Queen Vic.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. A. Minnes's Czar; 2d and 3d, withheld. High com., W. Saulter's Duke.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and very high com., M. Switzer's Trailer and Bell; 2d, high com. and com., A. R. Milne's Leo, Dash and Dot.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Balkis. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Cassandra.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Elcho; 2d, A. P. Thompson's Volunteer. High com., C. L. Curtis's Sancho and E. C. Hill's Jupiter. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Bates's Galatea; 2d, H. P. Thompson's Lady Langtry. Very high com., C. L. Curtis's Flora. High com., W. G. Young's Fanny M.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger and Whisker. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Una and Elf; 3d, Elora Kennels' Elora Blue Bell. *Puppies:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Corbett's Grouse; 2d and ver, high com., C. A. Stone's Forest Fred and Forest Spot. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, C. A. Stone's Forest Nettie and Gladys; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Nellie Dale. Very high com., W. C. Darby's Lady Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, R. E. Kent's Ruby K.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. W. Pearsall's Redstone and Jack Malone; 3d, M. Flynn, Jr.'s O'Donovan Rossa. Very high com., J. B. Walkem's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, A. W. Pearsall's Lillie Ban and Bell Ida; 2d and high com., M. Flynn, Jr.'s Molly Glendyne and Sedan. Reserve, J. Quill's Kerry Gow. *Puppies:* 1st, Toronto Irish Setter Kennel Club's Phil Sheridan; 2d, M. Flynn, Jr.'s L'smore.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Gibbs's Clyde. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Doty's Major. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Floss. *Puppies:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Duck II.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Bate & Geddes' Boss II.; 2d, C. B. Smart's Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, Bate & Geddes' Brownie: 2d, W. G. Young's Belle of Ottawa. *Puppies:* 1st, W. G. Young's Belle of Ottawa; 2d, J. B. Smart's Darby; 3d, H. Kent's Our Joan.

FIELD SPANIELS.—W. G. McCullagh's Gipsey Queen; 2d, J. B. Walkem's Sport.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Mike.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's King of Obos; 2d and equal 3d, P. G. Keyes's Obo, Jr. and Bob Obo; equal 3d, L. G. Mitchener's Dona. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Ipswich Boy. *Bitches:* 1st G. P. Keyes' Finey Obo; 2d and high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Busy and Dora; equal 3d, G. Bill's Black Fly and L. G. Mitchener's Black Vic. Very high com., W. G. McCullagh's Vic and L. G. Mitchener's Uno.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Crosley; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Dunn. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Little Red Riding Hood; 2d, T. J. Fitzsimmon's Mollie; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Blondie G. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Zetta. *Puppies:* 1st, Corktown Cocker Kennels' Dot Smirle; equal 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Ula and Fatima. Very high com., P. G. Keyes's Rideau Rollie and R. J. Gowdey's Leo.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. Andrew Pattullo's Sir John; 2d and 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Bute and Norman. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. D. Duncan's Floss and Flora; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Manilla. *Puppies:* 1st, McEwen & Gibson's Norman; equal 2d, J. D. Duncan's Flo and Reality. Very high com., G. S. Oldrieve's Gadie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. Cooch's Count Dick.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Thompson's Zigzag; 2d, G. W. Prescott's Punch; 3d, G. Bell's Sly Boots. Very high com., A. W. Garrett's Stanley. *Bitches:* 1st, P. G. Keyes's Clytie; 2d, J. G. Mitchener's Carlton Vic; equal 3d, G. W. Prescott's Judy and G. Bell's Overshoes. Very high com., W. Lee's Vic. High com., W. C. Kent's Flip and G. Oldrieve's Dudley Slave. *Puppies:* 1st, H. P. Thompson's Pickle; 2d and high com., G. W. Prescott's Punch and Judy; 3d, G. Bell's Sly Boots. Very high com., Dr. C. V. Clark's Belvoir Bacchus. High com., G. S. Oldrieve's Daisy.

HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1, J. C. Daniels's Fan; 2d, withheld.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, A. Geddes's Vortex and Squaw.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st, 2d and 3d, E. Bradford's Prince, Spot and Juliet.

PUGS.—1st, withheld; 2d and very high com., A. G. H. Luxton's Jewell and Nigger; 3d, J. B. Walkem's Budge.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, A. E. Elmer's Garry and J. Roedler's Lord; 2d, E. Thornton's Fritz. Very high com., S. McCullagh's Lena II.

KINGSTON.

IRISH SETTER IMPORTATION.—Fall River, Mass., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received on Sept. 2 by the Iowa of the Warren line, the Irish setter Inchiquin, whose purchase from the Rev. Robert O'Callaghan, Rochester, Kent, Eng., I recently wrote you of. Inchiquin is by Shandon II. out of Iona, and is worthy of his ancestry, as he is indeed a magnificent specimen of his breed. From my correspondence with Mr. O'Callaghan I had made up my mind that I should see a good dog in Inchiquin, but he far exceeds my expectations, and in the opinion of several good judges of the breed is fit to compete with the best in America. In describing him Mr. O'Callaghan writes me: "He is in my opinion, a very handsome dog, and sure to win here; he has a grand head of the correct type, good bone and muscle, and his color is also good, he is full of life and quality, and his style in the field is perfect, he is an Irish setter all over, and of the purest blood." For the benefit of your many readers, who are lovers of the reds, I send his measurements: 23½in. at shoulder, 28in. girth of chest, 9¼in. from tip of nose to occiput, 38in. from tip of nose to set on of tail, 14in. length of tail; muzzle deep, head dome shaped, eyes hazel, neck long, shoulders well placed and loin strong. He seems devoted to hunting and shows great style, carries his tail beautifully, with a merry lashing of his flag. In fact I am more than pleased with him, and feel that Mr. O'Callaghan has sent me a dog that is fully up to his description in every particular, and I shall take great pleasure in embracing the first good opportunity of letting my brother fanciers see him on the bench.—JOHN J. SCANLAN.

DANBURY SHOW.—New York, Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the many inquiries received from intending exhibitors, and for the general information of the public, I desire to give notice through your columns, that the wins at the forthcoming bench show to be held at Danbury, Conn., will not be recognized, the Connecticut State Kennel Club, under whose auspices the Danbury show was held last year, having in the mean time ceased to be a member of the American Kennel Club.—A. P. VREDENBUGH, Secretary.

HAYFEVER sufferers send 5c. stamp for sample of Peshall's Remedy, GEO. L. WILMS, Jersey City, N. J. Regular size, 75c.—*Adv.*

A COON RACKET ON SKITCHAWANY MOUNTAIN

I WAS going to my work one noon, and was just turning the corner of the main street when, glancing up the road, I saw a team of two horses driven by a Frenchman—old Black Pete he was called. In the wagon, which was covered, and a large one, was his wife with a whole family of children. He was bound for his winter home in Connecticut. In the spring he goes to Canada, and while on the road he is ready to whack up a horse trade, dog, or anything else that he can make a dollar on. Tied to the axle were six or eight dogs of all kinds, curs and mongrels, and among them was a brindle hound, a perfect beauty and the only brindle hound I ever saw. His ears were long and thin and I did not think he was over three years old. I motioned to Pete to stop, and as he hauled up I asked him how much he asked for a little poodle next to the wheel. "Twenty dollars; and a fine one, a fine one, nothing like him for a pet, owned by one of the richest men in Canada." How much for that lop-eared dog next to him? "Oh!" exclaimed Pete, "that is the greatest coon dog that ever lived, and I got him in Canada for a man in Connecticut. He is one good one, and I ask $25 for him and would not take a cent less." I bought that hound finally for $5, took him home and tied him to a box next to my foxhound and they were soon fast friends. That night I took him out for a walk, and I felt highly elated over my purchase, and resolved that before many nights had come and gone I would see whether he was "one of the best coon dogs ever owned in Canada," or not.

There was a friend of mine who wanted to go, and the third evening after buying him, about 7 o'clock, we started out. About a mile up the road lived an old coon hunter by the name of Furgerson, who had a notorious coon dog, part hound and part mastiff, and he was a good one; no coon could get away from him, and when he once got hold of a coon, it was all up with him. We had sent word to old Furg, and he was waiting for us. He slung his six-foot gun over his shoulders with his climbers, and we struck out for Skitchawany Mountain

It was a beautiful evening in September. The bright moon was just climbing the distant hills, while the glint and gleam of the lights in the farmhouses on the meadows could be seen for miles up the fertile valley of the Connecticut River. A dense fog hung low over the river, but beyond toward the mountains it was clear and frosty. We were soon in Vermont, and following about a mile up the road that runs along the base of the mountains we struck out to the left, and on the edge of a fifteen-acre cornfield we slipped the dogs and they sprang forward with a yell, but I don't think they had struck any scent. We had just got up under the mountain, when old Furg's Bluch opened off to the north about forty rods on a hot trail, and was soon joined by Brindle, and they were soon making it hot for something, for they were tearing around under the mountain at a great rate

Old Furg lit his lantern, and rounding a spur of the mountain we found them at a stand on a thick knoll of hemlocks. They were barking furiously as we got up to them, and were leaping up and trying to tear the branches off a hemlock which run up about forty feet high. "We have got him," says old Furg, "sure." The tree being easy to climb, I volunteered to go up and knock him off and let the hounds kill him. Up I started with a stout club in my hand, while old Ferg held his lantern as high as he could, while I tore through the thick branches of the hemlock, ready to knock the stuffing out of any coon that ever lived. I had got up about 15ft., when bang went Furg's blunderbuss, and I thought I was a dead man sure. A monster cat fell into my arms and I let go. I could not hold on; my strength was all gone and I thought my right ear was shot completely away. I struck the ground all in a heap. The cat bounded away, and old Bluch fastened on to my shoulder, and I was badly shaken up before old Furg and Damon could beat him off. They helped me to my feet and felt me over and pronounced me all right, but a close call. Taking a swallow of rattlesnake poison annihilator, we struck out. My head swam and began to ache, and I staggered along like a drunken man.

It seems that when I struck the ground, the cat, which was unhurt, bounded down the side of the mountain with Brindle close on to her. She struck out for the nearest farmhouse, about 200 rods away, and the farmer's hired man told me a few days after in the village that he was just going out to fodder the cattle when he heard the hound coming. The door to the house was open and a cat shot across the threshold, while a streak of dog not a foot behind dashed after, right into the kitchen. The farmer's wife was just straining the milk, and she fell over in a dead faint. The old farmer grabbed a chair and made a lunge at the hound, which was tearing around the room after the cat, and he knocked it into splinters, and pandemonium reigned before Brindle gave up, and soon joined us on the side of the mountain.

We then struck north, and followed along the base of the mountain, and had gone about a mile, when both hounds gave tongue out on the meadow, a half mile distant. We sat down and awaited results. They soon got into an immense cornfield; and I never heard such music from two dogs in my life. We could hear the hills of corn go down before them in their frantic endeavors to get hold of him, for they were right on to him; and it seemed as though they would pick him up before he could make the mountain; and it was a race for life. It was one continuous yell, and I was surprised at the way my new dog held his own with Furg's old Bluch. They raced him around the cornfield for about fifteen minutes, and then he swung for the mountains away to the north of us, and they finally came to a stand at the foot of a monster white pine, all of 90ft. high, with not a limb to be seen short of 70 or 80ft., and the top spread out like an umbrella. All was now excitement. Our good hounds were tearing off great chunks of bark in their eagerness, and were baying furiously. "Build up a roaring fire," shouted old Furg, as he commenced to strap on his climbers; and we had a fire going, and it lit up the side of the mountain for rods around.

We were right in the vicinity of a rattlesnake den, where numbers had been killed through the summer; and every stick that I tore out of the leaves, I expected would turn out to be a six-foot rattler. But we were prepared for such an emergency; and about that time would just as soon have bearded the rattlesnake in his den as not.

Furg had got his climbers strapped on and his gun loaded and strapped on his back; and he started up while we held our now crazy hounds back, thinking they would pull him down. He grasped the huge trunk around and drove a climber in, and started upward. He was a long time going up, and after reaching the first limb he swung himself over it, and looking down at us with his one eye (the other he always said he lost in a grizzly bear fight in the wilds of Maine), he told us to stoke her up. We piled on the wood until the flames shot up to an immense height, and old Furg disappeared in the ranches. "Look out, I see him," came from up between the heavens and the earth; and bang goes his Krupp. The hounds sprang away from the butt of the tree, and with open jaws and eyes bulging out, and looking upward for the expected coon, they stop their baying for a moment. But no coon came down. "I missed him," cried Furg. "Keep a good fire agoing," and in a few moments he sang out, and a bright flash shot through the treetop, followed by a roar that would have done credit to a twenty-foot Columbiad. The hounds sprang back again and gazed upward. The coon shot through the air like a ball. Both hounds saw him in the glare of our fire; and, shades of Aunt Isaac! he fell right into the flames, and the dogs were on him in an instant.

The fire flew in every direction. The yells of the wounded coon, the yelps and howls of the dogs, and old Furg a yelling up among the clouds, must have made the old farmers along the river think the evil one himself was having a night of it on the precipices as of old. The air was full of flying limbs all ablaze. Damon and I jumped back for our lives, yelling at the dogs; but soon a howling streak of fire shot down among the rocks, and another went off to the left and disappeared from view. Old Furg was soon down; and he commenced to tear around for both coon and dogs. Neither could be found; but I finally found old Bluch out on the meadow, rolling in the wet grass; and my dog came to us in about half an hour. They were burned in spots all over; their feet were terribly blistered; and they rolled and licked themselves for an hour or more.

We began to look for the coon. The fire had gone down; and we finally found him in a crevice in the rocks close to the fire, still alive but his hair was all burned off. We killed him; and found that one of his legs was shot away and hung by a piece of skin.

Our dogs were all used up, and we concluded to turn homeward. We weighed the coon, and he weighed 26lbs. Old Furg wanted to keep my dog a few days and hunt him. I let him have him; and that was the last I ever saw of him, for old Furg came to me a few days after and told me he had sold both dogs to parties down country. I just about got my money back; and I guess the man got him in Connecticut that Black Pete got him for in the fall.

G. R. CUSHING.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

DOG TALK FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON, England.—I notice Manhattan's remarks in the *Canine World* of Aug. 29 *re* the bull-terrier White Wonder. I think from my notes regarding the dog, that I mailed a fortnight since, that there cannot be the slightest doubt that he was deaf from birth, and that affair at Boston was as I stated at the time "the greatest farce on record." Show committees seem to think that any man who can write V. S. after his name will give as good satisfaction at a show as Dr. Glover or Dr. Sewall. A few such lessons as the Boston show committee have received in 1888 and 1889 ought to teach them a thing or two.

Welsh and Irish terriers are looking up here. The more I see of them the more I wonder why they are not more popular in America, they are very hardy, grand rabbit dogs, and quite a number are used for hunting partridge and other game, they are also very intelligent and tractable.

At the Crystal Palace show to be held next month, there will be 24 judges. In short a specialty judging list. This is as it should be; the idea that one man can judge all classes and give satisfaction is well enough for an agricultural show, but it will not go down much longer at our Kennel Club shows. The judges best known in the States are Mr. F. B. Craven for bloodhounds, Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon for bull dogs, Mr. G. S. Lowe for pointers, Mr. C. Houlker for pugs, Mr. A. J. Gosling for St. Bernards and Messrs A. H. Clarke and A. Maxwell for fox-terriers.

On the 29th and 30th of August there were six dog shows held in this little country of England (little only as regards area).

Smothered dogs en route from bench shows are not unknown to Englishmen as well as Americans. Mr. Lowe's pointer was returned by the Tunbridge Wells show committee in a hamper too small for him with the usual result. Mr. Lowe claims £100 damages.

According to the *Stock-Keeper* at the French Gordon Setter Club's field trials next month, all competing dogs must have been whelped and reared in France, have a pedigree and belong to French owners.

In the same paper I notice that Mr. Ellis is offering the services of that most excellent bulldog Ch. Grabber, free to breeders, on the payment of a small fee to the kennel man. Methinks I hear of the like in America, "Wal, I guess not."

The latest phase of the hydrophobia scare is a man at Bridgton, Eng., that was recently bitten by a spider. The doctors say his symptoms are very similar to hydrophobia. the *Stock-Keeper* proposes to muzzle all spiders hereafter.

By the way, I wonder if friend Wade is seriously ill. For the first time in six months (I had almost said years), I have picked up four papers published in one week and not found a single article from his pen.

NAMQUOIT.

A VOTE OF THANKS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly allow me space in your kennel department to thank Mr. Frank A. Carswell, Supt. of the bench show held at Wilmington, Del., Sept. 2 to 5, for the way my pointer dog Brake looked when he was returned home. There are so many always finding fault, a word in praise may not be amiss. Brake was sent from here Monday and after winning first and special for the best pointer in the show, arrived home Saturday A. M. in splendid condition. This being the first time I have ever shown him, without having some one in charge of him, his condition when he arrived was highly gratifying. —STANTON W. PENTZ.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Indiana Kennel Club will again hold its field trials at Brikell. This decision was reached by the club, after repeated overtures by the good people of Bicknell. By making this change the expenses will be materially reduced, consequently the purses will be enlarged accordingly. The club in making the change feels that it has acted wisely in the interest of its patrons.—P. T. MADISON (Indianapolis, Ind).

THE IRISH SETTER CLUB SPECIALS.—The Irish Setter Club of America have offered two specials of $125 and $75 for the best two Irish setters entered and run at the field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club in November. No special entry is required. All dogs entered in the Derby or All-Aged Stake are eligible. It is to be hoped that owners of this breed will enter their dogs and make this event an interesting one.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—At a meeting of the Board of Governors held at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock on Tuesday, Sept. 9, the names of Messrs. H. Hulman, Jr., Terre Haute, Ind., and A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, N. Y., were proposed for membership. Reports from the grounds of the club at Otterburn Springs state that birds are well grown for the time of year, and are very plentiful.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—Toronto, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the Industrial Exhibition Association Grand International bench show of dogs from Sept. 15 to 19, closed with some 500 entries comprising, the grandest dogs on this continent. The buildings are completed, and everything is in good shape for the show.—C. A. STONE, Sec'y and Supt.

IRISH SETTER IMPORTATION.—The Kildare Kennel Pittsburg, Pa., have recently purchased in England the Irish setter dog Torc. He was whelped Jan. 15, 1884 and is by Cocksure and out of Grannaile. He is own brother to the well known field trial winner Mac's Little Nell and has done some winning at English shows. He should prove a valuable acquisition to the Kildare Kennel.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB DERBY.—There are 78 entries for the Derby of the Southern Field Trials Club. The list came to hand too late for publication this week.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hallowe'en—Balkis. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Hallowe'en (Zoedone—Cataract) to his champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose), Sept. 6.

Brunette—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Brunette to his Ormonde, July 19.

Phaedra—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Phaedra to his Ormonde, June 23.

Juno—Ormonde. C. H. Strother's mastiff bitch Juno to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, June 12.

Brunette II.—Ormonde. W. Howatt's mastiff bitch Brunette II. to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, June 10.

Coco—Ormonde. W. Heberling's mastiff bitch Coco to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, May 2.

Nevada—Watch. Peter Boudrie's (Toledo, O.) St. Bernard bitch Nevada (champion Sir Charles—Clio) to John Posey's Watch (Guide—Sans Peur), Aug. 2.

Lady Nebo—Jersey. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Nebo (Sancho G.—Frantic) to J. P. Willey's champion Jersey (champion Obo II.—Darkie), Aug. 28.

Slick—Obo II. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Slick (champion Hornell Slick—Gracie) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (champion Obo—Chloe II.), Aug. 28.

Rosaline—Border Clinker II. W. E. Hoff's (Chattanooga, Tenn.) Dandie Dinmont terrier Rosaline (Badger—Jennie Lee) to J. H. Naylor's Border Clinker II. (Border Clinker—Pansy), July 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Phaedra. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Phaedra, Aug. 25, eight (five dogs), by his Ormonde.

Juno. C. H. Strother's mastiff bitch Juno, Aug. 16, five dogs, by C. E. Bunn's Ormonde.

Brunette II. W. Howatt's mastiff bitch Brunette II., Aug. 14, three (two dogs), by C. E. Bunn's Ormonde.

Coco. W. Heberling's mastiff bitch Coco, July 4, nine (three dogs), by C. E. Bunn's Ormonde.

Violena. E. M. Barteau's (Babylon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Violena (Spot—Lilly Faust), Aug. 13, seven (four dogs), by C. Floyd-Jones's Bang (Bang Bang—Peg).

Fannie Obo II. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie Obo II. (Sancho G.—Frantic), Aug. 27, eight (four dogs), by Mount Waite Kennels' Titus (Prince G.—Lora).

Frantic. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Frantic (champion Black Pete—Fannie Obo), Aug. 10, five (one dog), by J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (Obo—Chloe II.).

Pansy W. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Pansy W. (champion Obo II.—Lady of Lansing), Aug. 19, two (one dog), by J. P. Willey's champion Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie).

Daisy G. O. B. Gilman's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy G. (Jet—Beauty), Aug. 7, three (two dogs), by his Titus (Prince G.—Lora).

Vigil. E. C. Ray, Jr.'s (Mamaroneck, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Vigil (Venator—Nellie), Aug. 22, two bitches, by C. D. Purroy's Brockenhurst Quick (The Moonstone—Brockenhurst Dainty II.).

Lady Fidget. E. C. Ray, Jr.'s (Mamaroneck, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Fidget (Music—Thistle), Aug. 31, six (three dogs), by his Oxford Trap (Dusky Trap—Old Silver).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dandy G. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Carlo out of Gyp, by A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to O. B. Gilman, Boston, Mass.

Border Dandie. Pepper Dandie Dimont terrier dog, whelped Feb. 17, 1888, by Border Clinker out of Forest Vick, by Jas. McPherson, Rockford, Ill., to Wm. E. Hoff, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Forest Lass. Pepper Dandie Dimmont terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 28, 1888, by Old Jock out of Gypsy Queen, by J. H. Naylor, Mt. Forest, Ill., to Wm. E. Hoff, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Pride of Leader. Pepper Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1882, by Shem out of Little Welcome, by J. H. Naylor, Mt. Forest, Ill., to W. E. Hoff, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rosaline. Pepper Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch, whelped March, 1887, by Badger out of Jennie Lee, by J. H. Naylor, Mt. Forest, Ill., to Wm. E. Hoff, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON.

OTTAWA, Sept. 1.—The twenty-third annual matches of the Dominion Rifle Association commenced this morning. As early as 7 o'clock riflemen residing down town were wending their way toward the banks of the Rideau, while the dwellers in tents on the brow of the hill were astir long before that hour. The flag on the pole in the rear of the targets was anxiously scanned and a moment sufficed to show the riflemen that a right wind was blowing. Later on in the morning a number had learned to their cost that the wind was stronger than they had supposed, as to hit the target the allowance of the full tar was necessary. Added to this the wind was inclined to be tricky. Otherwise the day was a splendid one for the marksmen. The light was good and old Sol shone out splendidly. The work of the meeting was commenced at 8:30 by the opening of all the targets for extra series shooting, and at 9:15 the actual matches commenced with firing in the bankers' match, in which the "green" shots alone participated. The result of the Nursery showed that some good men are coming up and that the average of the shooting was better than last year, when 17s took prizes, while no fewer than ten 18s were counted out to-day.

In the Macdougall match some surprising variations of fortune took place. Competitors who left the 400yds. butts with excellent scores went to pieces completely at the longer range through miscalculation as to the force of the wind. The popular "Jack" Crean, of the Q. O. R., came within a point of being top man and for a long time it seemed as if he were to hold the cup for the next twelve months. The honor, however, fell to Private J. F. Abbott, of the 59th battalion, Cornwall, and a "nurseryman" at that, his score being 45 out of a possible 50. Private Abbott was one of the last men to shoot at the 600yds. range, and his score upset the chances of the Toronto man.

The Gzowski and British Challenge Shield matches took up the whole of the afternoon, and the light was getting poor as the last teams were finishing. During the day there was a large gathering of interested spectators on the range, among them being Sir A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, and Mr. H. A. Ward, M.P. Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, president of the Association, is expected here to-morrow. The new system of squading the men cannot be said to have been a great success, but after this morning's experience it is expected that matters will run more smoothly. Last year there were 416 competitors; the number this year will likely be greater.

The Bankers' Prize—Nursery—Open to members of the Association who have not at any time previous to prize meeting of the D. R. A. won a prize of $8 or upward; range, 500yds.; 5 rounds; Snider rifles; position, any, with head to target; highest possible score, 25;

Trooper W H Eaton, King's (N B) Cav.....24
Lieut W Revell, 22d Batt.....24
Capt W H Hill, 57th 23
Capt R M Dennistoun, 57th..23
Pvt G Elouitt, GGFG 23
Sergt J Huton, Prescott Cav..23
Pvt A Miller, 13th 22
Maj J T Thorn, retired list..22
Corp T W Dunn, 8th RE 22
Gunner McEachern, Halifax GA.....22
Pioneer T Pratt, 6th Fusiliers.22
Capt Grant, 20th 22
Capt Bethune, 5th R Scots ...22
Pvt C Routh, 43d.....22
Corp J Armstrong, 6th.....21
Corp A S Byrd, 53d.....21
Color-Sergt E Skeaden, 13th..21
Pvt D E Andrews.....21
Pvt R Kough, 3d Vics.....21
Pvt F Hall, 57th 21
Pvt Lockhart, 93d 21
Capt Griffith, 37th.....21

Macdougall Challenge Cup Match.—The cup presented by Lady Macdougall with $525 added by the D. R. A., open to efficient members of the active militia, members of the staff and officers of the active force who have retired retaining rank, and to all officers, non-commissioned officers and men of Her Majesty's regular army and navy stationed in Canada who are also members of the association, the cup to become the property of the member winning it twice consecutively. Range 400 and 600yds., 5 rounds at each range, Snider rifles, position any, with head to target at 400yds., any at 600yds., highest possible score 50:

Pvt J F Tabbott, 50th.....45
Lieut Crean, Q O R.....44
Staff-Sergt Loggie, N F B.....44
Sergt Davidson, Charlottetown Engineers.....44
Sergt Gillies, 91st.....43
Staff-Sergt R McVittie, R G...43
Gunner McEachren, HGA.....42
Maj S Hughes, 45th.....42
Staff-Sergt M Clarke, 95th....42
Pvt E Westman, Q O R.....42
Sergt Drysdale, M G A.....41
Pvt W Kenney, 45th.....41
Trump Chowe, 1st B F A.....41
Lieut-Col Anderson, 43d.....41
Lieut Davidson, 8th R R 41
Pvt C Windatt, 45th 41
Pvt Kamberry, 5th R S.....41
Lieut A D Cartwright, 47th...41
Staff-Sergt W A Mason, 57th..41
Staff-Sergt Donnelly, Q O R..40
Lieut Robertson, 20th.....40
Lieut Wilson, 33d.....40
Staff-Sergt Cleveland, 54th....40
Lieut Weller, R M C.....40
Capt Adams, H G A.....40

The first annual meeting of the Rifle League of Canada was held this evening, Mayor Mason in the chair. There was a large attendance. The secretary's report stated that there were 52 teams and 800 competitors in the league matches. A reference to the "phenomenal shooting" drew forth loud cheers and laughter. Capt. Russell, of the 45th, made 101 out of a possible 105. Capt. Bruce presented the treasurer's report, showing receipts for $475 and a balance on hand of 24 cents. Sir Adolphe Caron, who was present, presented the prizes. Lieut. Healy accepted the trophy, a magnificent specimen of the silversmith's handiwork, on behalf of the 54th, Windsor Mills, Que., nine. Very handsome silver cups were presented to the following corps: 13th, 53d, 45th Bowmanville, 45th Lindsay, Halifax G. A., 96th, 21st, 12th and 63d. The winners of badges also came forward and received their prizes. Sir Adolphe Caron made a speech in excellent taste, in which he gave credit to Col. Fred. Denison, of Toronto, and Col. O'Brien for their efforts in getting free ammunition for the League. He announced he would give a prize for next year's matches. He dwelt on the importance of the matches and humorously remarked that as a public man he sometimes required good marksmen to protect him. Sir Adolphe closed by promising free ammunition next year. Col. Powell, the popular and efficient adjutant-general, made some encouraging remarks. Resolutions of thanks were passed to the officers of the League, to the Government and to the *Militia Gazette*, whose editor, Mr. J. D. Taylor, responded in a speech which went to the hearts, and, he trusted, to the pockets, of the militiamen present. Major Weston touched a tender spot when he stated that in future care should be taken to have the scores properly checked and verified. This suggestion met with loud approval. The following officers were elected: Pres., Lieut.-Col. Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hamilton; Vice-Presidents, Lieut.-Col. Anderson, Ottawa, and Major Delamere, Queen's Own, Toronto. Secretary Pringle and Treasurer Bruce were re-elected, and Mr. Crooks was appointed assistant secretary.

OTTAWA, Sept. 2.—The weather vouchsafed for the second day's matches of the Dominion Rifle Association, though cheerless and objectionable to the average citizen, was somewhat in favor with the marksmen on the rifle range. The sky was dull to a degree, and ever and anon a sort of Scotch mist descended, sufficiently copious to keep everything in a damp and clammy condition. The atmosphere was so motionless that the powder smoke evinced a tendency to hang over the range, and almost the only complaint heard was that this "reek," as a Scotch competitor termed it, prevented, in some cases, a clear view of the targets. The range did not look so lively as on the first day, there being few or no visitors; and the competitors who were not actively engaged in shooting stayed in their tents and swapped lies as to the great scores they had made during the practice season and in the Rifle League season.

The scores in the Gzowski and the British Challenge Shield matches, which came off yesterday but the result of which was not made known last night, were posted early to-day, and showed that in the first named match first and second places were taken by the two Ottawa corps, the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the 43d Batt. The former apparently beats the latter by one point. The result is not cheerfully accepted by the 43d team, for the reason that the tickets of the match were taken away by Capt. W. E. Hodgins and kept by him over night. That was the reason the score could not be made up last night. The 43d men are inclined to reject the finding because Capt. Hodgins is an officer of the Foot Guards. Of course Capt. Hodgins is incapable of tampering with the tickets, but under the circumstances it is unfortunate that he should, by his action, have left any room for doubt, and in a certain degree destroyed the conclusiveness of the match.

The following were the results in the Gzowski and British Challenge Shield matches, fired yesterday.

The Gzowski match—Open to one section of 5 efficient men from any corps of the active militia of Canada; to the section making the highest aggregate score in the following stages: skirmishing, 20 rounds, from about 450yds. to 100yds., advancing and retiring, any military position; volley firing, 5 rounds at 300yds., kneeling; independent firing, 5 rounds at 150yds., standing, at targets exposed to view for limited periods:

	Skirm.	Vol.	Ind. Tot.
Cup and $50, Gov.-General F. G., Ottawa..270	81	80—431
$40, 43d Batt., Ottawa.....285	61	84—430
35, Q. O. R., Toronto. 264	93	69—426
30, 10th R. G., Toronto.....228	60	74—362
25, 13th Hamilton. 206	67	75—348
20, 6th Fus., Montreal.....212	51	78—341

Next in order—12th York Rangers, Toronto, 331; 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, 330; Halifax Garrison Artillery, 325; 57th Peterborough, 319; 3d Vic. Rifles, Montreal, 307; Montreal Garrison Artillery, 305; B. C. Garrison Artillery, 297; 5th Royal Scots, Montreal, 296; 21st Essex, 270; "B" Company, I.S.C., St. John, P. Q., 263; 53d Sherbrooke, 239.

This match was won last year by the Ottawa Guards with 422 points, so it will be seen that the shooting was remarkably good to-day.

The British Challenge Shield—The shield presented by the Auxiliary Forces of Great Britain to the active militia of Canada, with $100 added by the D.R.A.; teams of 4 efficient men; skirmishing, 20 rounds, from about 100yds. to about 450yds., standing, kneeling or prone, at the discretion of the firer; advancing or retiring under the order of the officer appointed to the command of all the sections; target exposed 15 seconds:

	Hits.	Score.
Shield and $40, 10th R. G., Toronto.....54		214
$30, 5th Royal Scots, Montreal.....47		200
20, 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec. 44		198
10, Q O.R., Toronto, 1st team.....43		190
Montreal Garrison Artillery.....42		190
Governor-General's F. G., 1st team.....41		185
6th Fusiliers, Montreal.....42		174
G.G.F.G., Ottawa, 2d team.....42		174
13th Hamilton, 2d team.....41		171
57th Peterborough 38		170
Halifax Garrison Artillery.....42		168
3d Vics, Montreal.....38		165

Number of competing corps, 23.

This shield was won last year by the 10th Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto, with 280 points.

The fourth place is subject to confirmation by the Executive, the score of the Q. O. R. team and that of the Montreal Garrison Artillery being a tie so far as the number of points recorded is concerned.

The Manufacturers' Match—Ranges 500yds., rounds 7, rifle Snider, 74 prizes of the total value of $585:

Pvt W R Pringle, QOR.....31
Pvt J Mullin, GGFG.....20
Pvt C Taschereau, 9th Batt...20
Pvt W Huston, 95th.....20
Pvt Sweet, 91st 20
Pvt W Mitchell, RG 20
Bomb C Gardiner, MGA.....20
Pvt D Sinclair, 45th.....20
Pvt A Robertson, 28th.....20
Sergt J Drysdale, MGA.....20
Corp O Baird, Charlottetown Engineers 20
Sergt R Graham, 20th.....20
Corp R Busmare, 3d 20
Lieut Flowers, HGA.....20
Pvt J D Chipman, 71st 20
Corp W H Meadows, QOR ...20
Pvt J Davison, QOR 20
Lieut M Hope, 3d Vics.....20
Capt T E Robson, 26th. 20
Lieut Blackmore, 63d.....20
Sergt J J Bell, MGA.....20
Color-Sergt Heron, 63d.....20
Pvt G McKenzie, 21st.....20

Number of entreis, 28. In the case of ties the highest scores at 600yds. determines the tie. The first team prize was won last year by the 6th Fusiliers with 159 points.

Individual prizes:

Pvt. J. E. Hutchinson, 43d....64
Color-Sergt. E. Pratt, 6th Fus. 62
Pvt. Matthews, 79th.....61
Sergt. Hall, 79th 60
Pvt. McDiarmid, 90th 60
Pvt. Ellis, G. G. F. G.....60
Capt. McMicking, 44th 59
Pvt. Beach, 45th 59
Sergt. Mumford, 63d.....58
Major Thomas, 54th.....58
Major Sam Hughes, 45th.....58
Staff-Sergt. McVittie, R. G....58
Sergt. Pink, 43d.....58
Sergt. Rolston, 20th 58
Sergt. Dent, 10th Royal Gren..58
Sergt. Ogg, 1st B. F. A. 58

This evening the annual meeting of the competitors was held at the drill hall. Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, M.P., president, was in the chair, supported by Lieut.-Cols. Bacon and White. Captain Adam, of Hamilton, offered a resolution, seconded by Capt. Adams, of Halifax, recommending that the extra series be abolished and sighting shots introduced. After a discussion, however, and on a vote this motion was replaced by one retaining the extra series, but also introducing sighting shots at a charge. A resolution was adopted in favor of further restricting the qualification for the nursery match entries. On motion of Maj. Weston, it was resolved to apply to the Department of Militia for a reduction in the price of ammunition supplied to the D. R. A. Capt. Bogers, of Ottawa, moved that in future the aggregate that decides the Bisley team shall be altogether from the Martini matches, which should be increased. He said that capital shots with the Snider were usually poor shots in England with the Martini. This change could be made, he thought, without hurting the feelings of the Minister of Militia, who armed the forces with the beautiful Snider. Capt. Bishop, in seconding, said the motion reflected a general feeling. At Bisley they met the pick of the Martini men of the world, and it was folly to send men over there not versed in the use of the Martini. Capt. McNachtan, of Cobourg, said that so long as the forces in Canada were armed with the Snider it would be unfair to make this change. President Kirkpatrick strongly opposed the resolution, which would exclude the mass of our volunteers from competing for the chief prize of the D. R. A. meeting. Moreover, as soon as the new rifle in England was adopted for the force the Martini would disappear. A dozen or so voted for the motion and about two dozen against it, so it was lost. The meeting then adjourned.

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—Gay is the great appropriate adjective to apply to the appearance of the Rideau range to-day. The President, Mr. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick, M. P., and Mrs. Kirkpatrick held an "At Home" in the Council tent in the afternoon. Scores of ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to the genial president and his charming wife, and partook of their hospitalities. The band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards filled the air with strains of music, and indeed the whole aspect of the place was that of a *place aux dames* rather than a *champ de mars*. The ladies were there in great numbers, and the lovely weather induced them to stay until the last shot was fired. It would not be surprising to find that toward the close of the day the shooting showed a decided inferiority, for one could not expect the marksmen to continue making bullseyes while they were making sheep's eyes at the fair promenaders who had so suddenly developed an interest in the competition and competitors.

A slight change must be made in yesterday's table of the result in the Minister of Militia's match. It appears that the Ottawa Rifle Club took part in the contest, but did not put in their tickets till this morning. On examination it turned out that they had taken second place. This puts the Queen's Our Own Rifles out of the list of prize winners in that match.

Standing match—Open to members of the association. Range, 200yds.; rounds, 7; rifle, Snider; position, standing, with one elbow clear of the body and left hand and wrist clear of the trigger guard:

Capt Gray, GGFG.....33
Sergt Harrison, D of WR.....31
Staff-Sergt Ogg, 1st BFA.. ...31
Sergt Morris, 13th.....30
Pvt Fllis, 43d.....30
Capt Binmore, 3d.....30

Twelve 26s were counted out.

Dominion of Canada match: Ranges, 200, 500 and 600yds.; 7 rounds at each range; Snider rifle; position, at 200yds., standing or kneeling; at 500yds., any, with head to target; at 600yds., any. The team prizes to be awarded to the five highest aggregate scores by any five previously named members from the cadets of the Royal Military College, from the Schools of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry; from any regiment, squadron or troop of cavalry, field battery or brigade, or field or garrison artillery; from any corps of engineers, battalion or independent company of the active militia; or of the same denomination of the force of Her Majesty's regular army or navy stationed in Canada, provided that they all are members of the Dominion Rifle Association:

Badge and $60, 47th Batt.. ..387
$40, 63d Batt.....384
$40, G G F G. ... .380
$30, 59th Batt.....378
$20, 6th Fusiliers.....373

Next in order were the 23d Batt., 372; 10th R. G., 371; Halifax Garrison Artillery, 370; 8th, 367; 43d, 367; 13th, 364.

Individual prizes:

Staff-Sergt Grayburn, 91st... 86
Staff-Sergt Simpson, 12th.....86
Pvt Armstrong, GGFG.....85
Sergt Dow, 21st.....84
Color-Sergt. Gourdy, 8th.....84
Sergt Miner, 71st.....84
Staff-Sergt. Rolston, 20th 83
Color Sergt Henderson, 62d...83
Sergt Swayne, 47th 83
Staff-Sergt Clarke, 95th.....83
Capt Hartt, St John Rifles....83
Pvt Beach, 45th.....83
Pvt Taylor, 43d 82
Color-Sergt Mitchell, 90th.....82
Sergt Samson, QOR.....82
Sergt-Maj Lockhart, 63d.....82
Corp Westman, QOR.....82
Sergt Kimmerley, 47th.... ..82
Staff-Sergt Young, 45th.....82

The Snider Aggregate.—The prizes in this competition are awarded to competitors who have made the highest aggregate scores in the following matches, viz.: McDougall, Manufacturers', Minister of Militia's, Dominion and Standing matches:

Pvt Ellis, GGFG 235
Staff-Sergt Rolston, 20th.....230
Staff-Sergt Ogg, 1st B F A.....230
Capt McMicking, 44th.....228
Lieut David-on, 8th 227
Pvt Hutchison, 43d.....226
Sergt Hall, 79th 225
Staff-Sergt Gillies, 91st.....224
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 10th RG224
Pvt Armstrong, GGFG. 223
Lieut Wilson, 33d.....223
Staff-Sergt McVeity, 10th RG223
Pvt Kamberry, 5th 222
Maj Sherwood, 43d.....222
Pvt Kambery, 5th 220
Pvt Mathieson, 79th.....219
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 90th....218
Pvt Mullin, GGFG 218

OTTAWA, Sept. 4.—Another day's excellent weather greeted the marksmen on the Rideau range as they went to the butts in the Rideau match sharp at 8:30 this morning. The match was concluded on time, and the Ouimet match was at once started. Everything looked as if the work of the meeting was to be disposed of before dark, notwithstanding that a large programme had yet to be got through with. After the Ouimet match was concluded, about noon, and when negotiations were under way for starting the Governor-General's match, it was found that several ties had to be shot off before the hundred in the grand aggregate could be completed. No less than six had to fire for last place on the grand aggregate, while some others had to fire for a place in the prize list. This being done, it was found that Sergt. Graeburn, of the 90th, and Pvt. McVittie, of the 12th, a young lad and son of the veteran Scotch shot of that name, had for the second time tied for the last position of the prize list. Graeburn secured it, but the youth is well up in the aggregate, and has yet a chance to win the Governor-General's prize and go to Bisley besides. By the time all these delays were shot off it was well into the afternoon, and it was found impossible to get through with the work to-day, and the council wisely decided to postpone further shooting until to morrow. Experience now goes to show that all the matches cannot be crowded into four days. The following are to-day's scores:

Rideau match, open to members of the association, 500yds., 7 rounds:

Maillene, GGFG 35
Capt Rogers, 43d.....34
Pvt Moodle.....34
Lieut Healy 34
Sergt Swaine, 47th 33
Pvt Hutcheson, 43d.....33
Staff-Sergt Goodwin, 13th.....33
Staff-Sergt Clarke, 53d..... 33
Staff-Sergt Simpson, 12th.....33
Pvt Beach, 45th.....33
Staff-Sergt Harris, HGA.....33

Twenty-nine 30s were counted out.

Ouimet match, open to members of association, Martini-Henry rifles, 600yds., 10 rounds:

Corp Carroll, GGGG 49
Pvt Windon, 45th.....47
Pvt Abbott, 59th.....46
Capt McMicking, 44th.....45
Sgaff-Sergt Ashall, QOR.....45
Capt Jamieson, 43d.....45
Pvt Chipman, 71st.....45

Lansdowne Aggregate.—Challenge cup presented by His Excellency Lord Lansdowne, late Governor-General of Canada. Open to teams composed of 5 members of any affiliated rifle association whose names have been given to the secretary before Monday, Sept. 1, and vouched for as having been members thereof on or before July 1, 1890; to be awarded to those teams the scores of whose members in the Manufacturers', Minister of Militia, Standing, Rideau and Ouimet matches collectively, shall be the highest:

Royal Grenadiers.....841
Sherbrooke R A 840
Queen's Own Rifles.....839
Ottawa Rifle Club.....838
43d Batallon.....827

Bankers' Prize Fund, grand aggregate, to be awarded to competitors who have made the highest aggregate scores in the following matches: Macdougall, Manufacturers', Minister of Militia, Dominion, Standing, Rideau and Ouimet:

Pvt Ellis, G G F G 304
Pvt Hutchinson, 43d.....301
Sergt Ogg, 1st B F A 290
Capt McMicking, 44th.....299
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, R G 297
Lieut Wilson, 33d.....292
Staff-Sergt Rolston, 20th.....292
Capt Mulligan, D F.....291
Staff-Sergt McVittie, R G....291
Lieut Davidson, 8th R R 291
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 90th.....290
Sergt Hall, 79th.....290
Sergt Bent, 93d.....289
Sergt Humford, 63d.....289
Sergt Horsey, 45th.....289

OTTAWA, Sept. 5.—The plum of the Dominion Rifle Association meet, the Governor-General's prize, consisting of a special badge and $250, goes to Winnipeg. Staff-Sergt. C. N. Mitchell, of the 90th, and one of the four famous Mitchell brothers, being the lucky man. Capt. McMicking, of the 44th, takes the second prize of $150, and Pvt. Watters, of the 6th Fusiliers, the third prize of $100.

Firing in the Governor-General's match commenced at 8:30, the weather being favorable, although there was a strong right breeze blowing. Several of the competitors came back from the 500yds. range with scores of over 60, and when the final stage had been shot it was found that the three riflemen named above and Sergt. Harp, of the Q.O.R., had tied at 93 points for the money prizes. The men had, therefore, to shoot off, a decision being arrived at by the aggregate score in five rounds at the 600yds. range and then by firing single shots until decided. When the four men took their positions at the targets there were hundreds of spectators behind the ropes. Mitchell fired first and scored a bullseye. McMicking followed with an inner, Watters with a magpie, and Harp with an outer. Their respective scores, shot for shot, are here given:

Mitchell.....55552—22
Watters.....35450—17
McMicking.....44342—17
Harp.....25324—16

Mitchell, Watters and McMicking in their fifth shots failed to notice that the wind had freshened, with the result that two of them only scored outers, while Watters was carried entirely off the target. On his last shot Watters had the chance of tieing with Mitchell for first money, but missed his chance. Harp did better with his last bullet than the others, but he had to be content with fourth place. McMicking and Watters had then to shoot off ties for second money, one shot each deciding the question according to the rule. McMicking scored five and Watters three points. Mitchell received a hearty round of applause for his efforts. The provincial match concluded the twenty-third annual meeting of the association.

The following are the scores posted to-day:

His Excellency the Governor-General's prize, value $500, to be competed for by the 100 highest scores in the grand aggregate match. Ranges 200, 500 and 600yds; rounds, 7 at each range; Martini-Henry rifles; position, at 200yds., standing or kneeling, at 500yds., any with head to target, and at 600yds. any.

Special badge and $250, Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 90th.....93
Badge and $150, Capt McMicking, 44th Batt.....93
Badge and $100, Sergt Watters, 6th Fusiliers.....93

Winners of badges only:

Staff-Sergt Harp, QOR 93
Pvt Hutchinson, 43d.....92
Sergt Hall, 79th.....91
Capt Hartt, St John RC.....90
Staff-Sergt Mitchell, 10th RG.....90
Staff-Sergt Goodwin, 73d.....89
Capt Mulligan, Durham Field Battery.....88

The Bisley team for 1891 will be selected from the following competitors in the order as they stand, the executive committee reserving to itself the right to pass over any competitor for cause. The scores given are those made in the grand aggregate, the Governor-General's and the London Merchants' Cup combined:

Pvt Hutchinson, 43d 480
Capt Milligan, 32d.....472
Staff-Sergt C Mitchell, 90th..472
Capt. McMicking, 44th.....472
Sergt Gillies, 91st.....471
Staff-Sergt T Mitchell, RG..467
Sergt C M Hall, 79th.....466
Sergt J Horsey, 45th.....463
Pvt J H Ellis, GGFG.....461
Pvt Kambery, 5th RS.....458
Lieut A Wilson, 33d.....456
Lieut J H Kuifton, QOR.....455
Sergt Watters, 6th Fusiliers.455
Lieut J McAvity, 62d 450
Staff-Sergt K McVittie, RG..449
Pvt C E Windatt, 45th 448
Corp Binmore, 3d Vics.....447
Pvt J A Armstrong, GGFG..447
Color-Sergt Henderson, 62d..446
Sergt H Marris, 13th.....446
Lieut Cartwright, 47th.... ...446
Pvt Hilton, 62d.....445
Pvt D D Beach, 45th 445
Lieut W H Davidson, 8th 445
Capt Hartt, St John RC. 444
Sergt Mumford, 63d.....444
Corp Westman, QOR.....443
Capt Gray, GGFG.....443
Sergt B Bent, 93d.....443
Sergt McAdam, 3d Vics.....441
Sergt Short, GGFG.....441
Lieut R Rennie, QOR 441

The London Merchant's Cup. Open to teams of eight members of any affiliated provincial association; ranges 200, 500 and 600yds.; rounds, 7 at each range:

$100 and cup—Nova Scotia team.....662
$80—Quebec team.....644

Next in order:

Ontario 643
New Brunswick.....637
Manitoba.....604
Prince Edward Island.....575

The revolver match. Range 25yds., 7 rounds.

Corp. Armstrong, 6th Fus.....44
Sergt. Hall, 79th.....40
Pvt. Moffat, 79th.....40
Pvt. Cuckow, 13th.....40
Lieut. Crean, Q. O. R.....40
Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, G. G. F. G.....39
Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, 10th.....39
Major Sherwood, 43d.....38
Color-Sergt. Crookes, Q. O. R.38
Staff-Sergt. Ashall, Q. O. R ..37
Lieut. Stephens, 16th 36
Color-Sergt. Fairbain, 49d.....36
Mr. S. White. 36
Lance-Corp. Allan, I. S. C.....35
Capt. McMicking, 44th.....35
Lieut. Robertson, 20th.....34
Pvt. Matheson, 79th.....33

Corporal Armstrong, who won first place in the above match, says he never fired a revolver before in his life, and the one he used belonged to another party.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 5.—At the meeting of the directors of the Newark Shooting Society to-night, it was decided to hold the King shoot on Thursday, Sept. 25. The following committee was appointed to secure prizes from the members and friends: J. Coppersmith, F. C. Watts, F. A. Freiensehner, H. Scheiener, C. H. Townsend, C. Mink, Jr., J. Bauder, A. Seitz. The programme will comprise a members' shoot for the "1890 King Medal," and for prizes contributed by members and friends: shooting on the point target open to all, with a division of money among the holders of tickets for red, white and blue flags, and a shoot for the ladies for a prize given by the society and others contributed. Each lady who shoots will be required to give a prize. The ladies' shoot is in charge of William Schmauder and Ferd. J. Herpers, Jr.

GERMAN MARKSMEN.

THE champion target shot of the world, Gus Zimmerman, of New York, returned home on the Hamburg liner Columbia, arriving Sept. 5. He came with his gun, his trunk full of medals and trophies, in good health and with his usual joyous smile. His companions were Alexander Stein, Herman Weber and Messrs. Waldsmith and Meyer, all of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps. There was a crowd at the pier in Hoboken to meet him, and they made the welcome a ringing one. The Leutzow Company, of which the champion is the captain, was there in force under the leadership of Gus Ringler. Charles Doppler, George Zitzman and John Flacklan. From Hoboken the champion was escorted over to the Bull's Head Tavern, of which he is proprietor, at Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, and there he held a reception all day and all the evening. His breast was covered with medals of gold, silver and bronze. On a sideboard was packed vases, cups, pitchers, goblets and statuettes of gold, silver, ivory, Dresden ware and glass. "These are not all," said the happy, modest and handsome prize winner. "There are a lot more that have not come to me yet, but are on their way over."

"How many did you win altogether?" was asked.

"I can't tell you yet. Not until they all come to hand and I look over my list, but I think there are a few more than fifty."

Zimmerman won a prize in every match in which he entered, and the first prize in every contest of importance that he took part in, and he took his chances in every match he was allowed to enter. He broke the record of scores a dozen times. In some of the contests he competed against from 5,000 to 7,000 trained marksmen.

It was June last that the German-American representatives of the New York Shooting Corps to the number of 300 left for Germany to take part in the annual shooting festivities in the Fatherland. Mr. Zimmerman, with seventy others, represented the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps. At Berlin they were wined and dined and were led in a procession of honor Unter den Linden and before the Castle to the Town Hall. They were even tendered a reception by Prince Bismarck himself at Friedrichsruh.

The Americans competed at Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Neustadt, Bingen, Frauenfeld, Hanover and other places, and acquitted themselves with honor at all. The pre-eminent marksman was in almost every case Gustave Zimmermann. He is specially proud of a beer set of Dresden ware—a pitcher, a dozen silver-mounted mugs and salver—presented to him by A. M. Simon, United States Consul at Hanover, as a prize as the best American marksman.

A cup of silver and gold was another trophy from Hanover won for the highest individual score during the meeting. In winning this Capt. Zimmermann broke the best record ever made in Germany at 200yds. and 328yds., off-hand shooting.

He broke the record in another match at Hanover with a score of 75 out of 100 in 50 shots at 328yds., the highest count for each shot being but 2. In the same kind of a match at Berlin he broke his own record.

Of his eighteen or twenty medals he is, perhaps, proudest of the one captured in Switzerland. He was the only American entered and had 7,000 or 8,000 to contend against. The medal is of solid gold, big and heavy as a half dozen gold eagles rolled together.

At Hanover he won the star of honor for the highest score at 328yds.

Zimmermann's first shooting was in the shooting festival at Bremen on June 15, 17 and 22. He won first prize on the target of honor, two handsome vases, inlaid with gold and silver; also a cup as first prize in the fast-firing contest, second prize on the 328yds. field target, and first prize on the point target.

At Hanover, an important meeting, Zimmermann captured on the target of honor the prize given by the American Consul, a handsome pitcher, with mugs and tray of exquisite Delft ware, embellished by engravings and a silver shield, and bearing an appropriate inscription. He also won first prize given by the Hanover Schuetzen Gesellschaft. On the point target Zimmermann scored 75 points in 50 shots, the man next to him having only 58. A fine gold cup, a picture given by the Eidgenössische Schuetzen Gesellschaft of Switzerland, and the first star also went to Zimmermann on the same target.

From Hanover Zimmermann went to Hamburg, but was too late to take part in the Independent Team match. From Hamburg the Independents went to Berlin, the objective point of the German excursion. On the first day he won the first cup on the point target, and on the second day first cup in the field. On Tuesday, July 8, in the quick-firing contest, Zimmerman did not draw for place as the other marksmen did, but was awarded 54 as his number. When the cannon gave the signal Zimmermann noticed that his target had been sent up, and fired. On his fourth shot his target broke down. Upon the information given by a member of the Berlin Shooting Committee the New York champion was enabled to secure another target after two minutes' delay. He had scored 7 red flags, or 14 points, in 20 shots. When he wished to cool his gun, as his paraphernalia was still at his old stand, he had to go himself and carry his necessary implements to his new shooting ground, thus losing valuable time. The sixth cup was awarded to Zimmerman on this target. Other prizes won at Berlin were a cup in the shape of what is called in Germany a "humpen," given by the Muenchner Kindl'r Brewing Company, of Munich, on the 300 metre field-ring target, and prizes on all the other field and point targets. In the serial shooting Zimmerman not only surprised the German shooters, but his American confrères as well. He put up a score never equalled in Berlin, namely, 49 points in 50 shots at 196yds. He received only the first cash prize on this target, the honor prizes, including a valuable gold medal, being awarded to members of the German Schuetzen Bund only. Pistol shooting had never been a principal point in Zimmerman's marksmanship, still he managed to capture thirteenth prize, beating among others some of the American experts.

At Bingen Zimmermann again showed his superiority in serial shooting by taking first prize on his forty-fifth shot. Other prizes won by him were first prize on the target of honor and second prize on the master target.

In Neustadt Zimmermann won the first set of spoons and forks on the point (196yds.) target; also the first gold badge on the target of honor; a very handsome tea service on the championship or master target, with 51 out of the possible 60, and on the 328yds. field target won the second prize, a handsome coffee kokal.

Gustave, or "Gus" Zimmermann, as he is more familiarly known, is a fine-looking man of 36 years of age. He is 5ft. 7in. in height, stocky build, and weighs about 208lbs. He was born in Baden, Germany, and came to America in 1870. He commenced rifle-shooting about ten years ago in the shooting-galleries about town, and soon became an expert. He came into public prominence about two years ago in a three-hour bullseye match at Morrisania Schuetzen Park, and again last year as the winner of the Tiffany Cup at Creedmoor, and the $1,000 piano at the German Hospital Fair. He went to Germany three years ago to participate in the Schuetzen festivals of that country, but was attacked with rheumatism on his way over. Though a cripple for the time being, he boldly entered several contests, and came away with fifteen prizes. He generally uses a Ballard rifle in his target shooting, but for quick firing prefers a Winchester.

Capt. Zimmerman said that the balance of the American rifle shots would arrive on the Fulda, which left Bremen Aug. 30.

Among the American teams represented by the returning voyagers are the Independents, the Bull's Head and the German-American Schuetzen Corps of this city.

The shots who came with Zimmerman went at once to their homes.

All of them were more or less successful, and their marksmanship was generally superior to their European competitors.

The returned sharpshooters were disinclined to talk about the reported troubles among the American sharpshooters while in Berlin, due it was said to jealousy.

They said they were too glad to get home to think of the bickerings while they were away, and were bound to enjoy their reception first.

Laurel-crowned and justly proud of their victories won in a foreign land, the twenty-nine members of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps, under the command of Capt. George Sieburg, arrived Sept. 8 on the steamer Fulda. The voyage from Bremen, which the steamer left on Aug. 30, was favored by good weather and a smooth sea.

"Yes," said the Captain, "our trip has been a memorable one, indeed. We shall never forget our pleasures and our honors. However, we are glad to get home again, as are also our wives and our daughters. The time has passed quickly for us, and our journey was, in fact, a continued ovation. It did not end until we left the German shore in Bremerhaven. The Schuetzen companies in Bremen and Bremerhaven tendered us a reception on the day of our departure, and sent us with a 'Godspeed' on our journey home.

"It is impossible to give an account of our journey in a few words. It would require a volume to tell all we saw. The Americans were treated with especial courtesy, from the day they arrived in Germany. We left New York on June 3, and have been gone, therefore, a little more than three months. After leaving Bremen we went to Hanover, where we took part in the shooting matches. We then spent a few days visiting our old friends and respective homes in the Fatherland. We arrived in Berlin for the great international Schuetzenfest on July 2 and remained until July 13.

"The festival was one of the greatest and most interesting of the kind ever held. More than 6,000 marksmen gathered in Germany's capital. Fully 300 of these were from America. Berlin was not prepared, in fact, for such a large attendance. It was difficult for us to get proper accommodations. Berlin, you know, is a great city, but it is a dead one when compared with New York. The soldiers and military display, the trees along the famous Unter den Linden, the insignia of imperialism, lend it a certain charm and splendor; but it seems still and village-like after the rush and push of this city.

"We were successful in an unusual degree at the matches. We succeeded in gaining fifteen prizes, which we have brought home in proof of what American marksmen can do when pitted against their kind on the other side of the sea. Our trip after leaving Berlin was full of interest to all of us. Especially did we enjoy our stay in Munich and our visit to Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play. We went to all of the principal cities in the southern part of Germany, and took the trip up the Rhine as a matter of course. We divided into separate parties at Cologne on July 27. The following month, until Aug. 27 we spent in various ways, coming together again to attend the banquet in the famous Rathskeller of Bremen on Aug. 29. The reception and banquet were given by the Bremen Schuetzen Verein."

ZETTLER CLUB.

THE seventeenth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, which closed on the 8th, was one of the most interesting and successful meetings in the club's history. There were many noted marksmen present from neighboring States, and nearly all the crack rifle teams and clubs of New York and Brooklyn were well represented. The principal events, with the prize winners in each, were as follows:

Target of Honor:

M Dorrier	24	20	24—68	J H Bernius	24 19 19—62
John Hecking	22	20	24—66	C G Zettler	21 18 22—61
Chas Kohlmetz	14	25	25—64	G W Downs	21 18 20—59
R R Busse	22	23	19—64	L Flach	23 21 15—59
J A Bergen	19	21	24—64	F C Ross	19 20 20—59
J Coppersmith	22	19	21—62		

Judges' Target:

A J Christen	21	20	21—62	C W Horney	20 15 16—51

Ring Target, ¾in. German ring target:

R Busse	8½	F Steinbach	25	C G Zettler	28½
J Coppersmith	19½	A Stahl	25	B Zettler	29¾
H Holges	22	M Dorrier	27	G Walz	33
G Klingenhofer	24	I J Lyons	27½	F Ross	36

Ring Target, best five shots:

S J Lyons	31	L Flach	22	B Zettler	18
O G Zettler	30	H Holges	19		

Ladies' Contest:

Mrs C C Wissel	40	Mrs Kellar	36	Miss B Downs	36
Miss Baumgart	38	Mrs B Walther	35	Mrs Steinbach	34
Mrs C G Zettler	36				

Cash prizes were given in all the contests which were on the 200yds. range. Sergt. T. J. Dolan, champion rifle shot of the National Guard, has put up $25 in gold, to be constituted a first prize in a reporters' match, which is to be shot at Creedmoor Saturday afternoon, and which is open to all regularly accredited reporters for New York and Brooklyn newspapers. An entrance fee of $1 will be charged, the aggregate of which will constitute a second prize, to go to the second man. The range will be 200yds. and each man will have 10 shots.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Association was held to-day at its range under very unfavorable weather conditions, and with a few exceptions the scores were not up to the usual standard. The attendance was good. Lieut. W. G. Hussey won the silver and gold and the silver military medals. Following are the best scores finished to-day, 200yds., standard American target:

All Comers' Rest Match.

J Francis	115	A S Hunt	105	M R Barter	100
S Wilder	109	M T Day	103	R F Lawrence	97
F Daniels	106	S T George	101	W Drew	87
F W Chester	106				

All Comers' Off-Hand Match.

S O Merville	74	77 Grains	72	A N Mann	64
M T Dry	74	A S Hunt	68	M R Barter	72
D R Bale	73	W Drew	66		

Military Match.

F F Hanscomb	40	O T Prescott	35	G Belcher	33
E L Fitzhenry	39	J Durward	35	A S Field	32
G H Nason	37				

TORONTO, Aug. 30.—On account of a difference of opinion existing between the Orillia and Bradford Rifle Clubs as to their shooting qualities, Joseph Neilly, of Bradford, issued a challenge to shoot any one or more of the Orillia Club for $25 per man. The challenge was accepted by four of the Orillia shooters, and the event came off last Saturday on the Barrie Junior Rifle Range, Mr. Neilly winning three matches out of four. The score:

First Match.				Third Match.			
	100yds.	200yds.	T'l		100yds.	200yds.	T'l
J Neilly	43	36	82	F J Delaney	41	38	79
W W Wood	42	40	82	J Neilly	46	36	82

Wood won at longe range.

Second Match.				Fourth Match.			
J Neilly	46	49	95	W Hammond	47	32	79
G E Whiten	43	39	82	J Neilly	49	38	87

J. Neilly made an average of 86½; Orillia four men made an average of 80½. The match was shot under the rules of the Off-hand Rifle Association. J. W. Crossley, of King City, acted as referee.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 6.—The St. Louis Pistol Club began operations on a new tournament last Wednesday. A small crowd took part, but the scores made are very creditable. The medal, which is a handsome bauble of gold valued at $15, was won for the first time by Sam Dorman, who scored 93 out of a possible 100: For all shooting the club uses a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

S G Dorman	8	8	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	93
E Mohrstadt	8	10	9	8	10	10	9	7	9	9	89
A McBean	8	8	10	8	5	10	9	8	10	9	85
A E Bengel	7	10	7	8	6	8	9	7	7	10	83
M Billmeyer	9	10	9	9	8	8	8	0	8	5	83
M Summerfield	6	8	8	9	8	8	10	8	8	8	81
F A Fodde	8	7	10	10	6	7	7	7	9	10	81
H Stussel	9	6	5	8	6	10	9	9	5	7	74

Officers of the Pistol Club are making arrangements for holding a picnic shortly, the main feature of which will be sweepstake shooting for prizes. A number of valuable prizes have been donated already, and the prospects are that the affair will be a grand success. The date for holding the picnic has not been set yet, but will take place in the near future.—UNSER FRITZ.

ZETTLER CLUB.—The regular monthly meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club, held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 2, at their headquarters, 331 Bowery, was unusually well attended, even some of the Newark members, notably Mr. J. Coppersmith, being present. Mr. Bernard Walther, the president of the club, was warmly welcomed by his fellow members and occupied the chair for the first time in four months. The shooting committee, consisting of Messrs. Boyken, C. G. Zettler, Holges, Steinbach and Ross, reported progress, and the programme for the annual prize shoot of the club was approved. The contests, which, with the exception of the target of honor, are open to all comers, were set for Sept. 7 and 8, at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, L. I. Nearly $400 have been guaranteed by the club in prizes and premiums on the ring and point targets, open to all, and $100 has been donated, besides a large number of useful and valuable individual prizes on the target of honor. The club also gives two prizes to be shot for by the judges and invited guests.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—The Empire Rifle Club held its opening meeting at the headquarters, 12 St. Mark's place, yesterday. It was decided to hold bi-weekly shoots at the gallery, during the season, on the 100ft. range of the German-American Shooting Society. A gentleman formerly prominently connected with rifle shooting will give two valuable medals for the season's competition. After the transaction of the usual routine business the meeting was adjourned and the young members tendered a reception to the ladies, among whom were Mrs. C. G. Zettler, Sr., Mrs. Martin, Miss Sophie Martin and Miss Grace Van Arden. After the serving of refreshments dancing was the order of the evening and was continued until a late hour.

MARION, N. J., Sept. 3.—The weekly shoot of the Marion Rifle Club, of Jersey City, on their range at Marion, N. J. to-day, was not as well attended as usual, owing to the fact that the Marions held their annual prize shoot only two days before. Eight members took part in the contest and put up fairly good scores. The weather conditions were favorable until the latter part of the match, when the wind began to veer considerably. The results: Two hundred yards, off-hand, 25-ring target, 12-inch black, 3in. bulls-eye, ¾in. rings: L. P. Harsen 207, J. Speicher 192, J. Rebhan 192, Wm. Weber 189, J. Diehl 180; A. Braun 174, H. Hoersch 174, T. Stiff 156, out of a possible 250.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Sept. 9-11.—St. Paul Gun Club Tournament, Hamline, Minn. Professionals barred. F. D. Pononsby, Pres., St. Paul.

Sept. 9-12.—Cincinnati, O.—Al Bandle's Sixth Annual Live and Artificial Shooting Tournament, open to the World. Avenue Ball Park, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Guaranteed Purse. Wm. E. Limberg, Sec'y.

Sept. 25-27.—Harrisburg, Pa.. Annual Fall Tournament, Harrisburg Shooting Association. Two days Keystones one day live birds. Programmes now ready. A. M. F. Worden, Sec'y, Box 468.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

SHOT MAKERS COMBINE.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 30.—There are sixteen shot manufacturing concerns in the United States, and two of them are in St. Louis. A combination or trust has been formed, taking in all sixteen of the plants. Alexander Euston, president of the Collier Shot Tower Co., of this city, vice-president of the Linseed Oil Trust, and former trustee of the Lead Trust, arrived here from New York this morning and spent a good portion of the day in conference with Geo. W. Chadbourne, president of the St. Louis Tower Co., and other gentlemen connected with the lead industry.

Mr. Euston this evening admitted freely that the combination had been formed, and said there only remained a few finishing formalities to be gone through with, which will be settled at a meeting to be held in Chicago next Wednesday. The plan of the combination is the same as the lead trust. Every one of the sixteen concerns will surrender its individual existence and cancel its capital stock. Each will become a branch of the American Shot Tower Association, on a valuation fixed by a committee appointed three months ago, and which has completed this feature of the work.

A meeting was held in Chicago last week attended by John Farell, of Bailey, Farell & Co., Pittsburgh; A. E. Schmidt and E. A. Leroy, of the Leroy Shot Co. of New York; Alexander Euston, of the Collier Shot Co. of St. Louis; the two Blatchfords, of the Chicago Shot Tower Co., Chauncey Keep, of the Raymond Lead Co.; Chicago; F. A. Lawrence, of the Northwestern Shot Co., Omaha; Hugh Merin, of the Cincinnati Shot Tower Co., D. F. Boyce, of the Continental Co., Kansas City; Chas. Tatham, of Tatham Bros., New York; G. W. Chadbourne, of the St. Louis Shot Tower Co., W. T. Harvey, of the Merchants' Co., Baltimore; E. H. Murdock, of the Sportsmen's Shot Co., Cincinnati, and John McPhail, of Joseph Robertson & Co., Baltimore.

The Gulf Shot and Lead Co. of New Orleans, Thos. W. Sparks, of Philadelphia, and the Colwell Lead Co. were not represented, but they are in the trust. The association is incorporated in Illinois and has a capital stock of $8,000,000, with headquarters at Chicago. The President is John Farell, of Pittsburgh; Secretary, E. W. Loorne; Treasurer, E. A. Leroy. These facts were fully confirmed by Edward M. Flesh, secretary of the Collier Shot Co., and Col. Thos. Richeson, president of the Collier Lead Co. Both admitted unequivocally that the trust is formed for the purpose of regulating the output and controlling prices.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—The *Times* says the organization of the American Shot and Lead Company has been completed in this city. Mention of the plans of the company for obtaining control of the shot towers of the country was made several days ago. The capital stock is $3,000,000. One concern in each of the larger cities of the Union have been merged in the new company, and each has a representative in the Board of Directors chosen, which is as follows: Edward A. Leroy, of the Leroy Shot Works of New York, Walter T. Harvey, E. H. Murdock, Alexander Euston, Hugh Merrie, of the Merrie Shot Works of Cincinnati, Nathaniel H. Blatchford, of the Chicago Shot Works, Gideon W. Chadbourne, of the Collier Shot Tower Company of St. Louis, the largest concern of the kind in the country. John Farell, of Farell & Co., shot manufacturers of Pittsburgh, and Frank B. Lawrence.

The Northwestern Shot and Lead Company, of Omaha, is also in the purchase. The company has invested almost $3,000,000 in the manufacturing plants, and about $10,000,000 more will be required for the purchase of the stock in the hands of those who will dispose of their business to the new company. The company, it is asserted, is in no sense a trust, but the bona-fide purchaser of $3,000,000 worth of property, and the prospective purchase of about four times that amount. The aim of the company is principally at the shot business.

BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN.—A team shoot to decide the Dexter Park championship for a trophy emblematic of the same, and to be known as the Dexter Park Championship Trophy, will be held on that popular shooting ground on Wednesday, Oct. 1. Invitations have been sent to the following New York and Long Island shooting organizations: Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, Parkway, Acme, Northside, Hillside, Falcon, Kings County, Manahan, and Crescent Gun Clubs, Long Island and Diana Sportsman's Clubs, all of Brooklyn; the First German Gun Club of New York, and the German, Jeanette, Emerald, and Algonquin Gun Clubs of this city.

The conditions are that the trophy shall become the absolute property of the club whose team makes the highest score; in case of ties, the teams shall shoot off at 3 birds each man. The teams shall consist of ten men each, and the entrance fee will be $10 per team. Entries will close Saturday, Sept. 20, when a committee consisting of a delegate from each club entered will select and purchase a trophy to the amount of the entrance money deposited. Five extra prizes of $30, $20, $15, $10 and $5 will be given to the five marksmen making the highest individual scores; possible ties will be shot off at 3 birds each man, then miss and out, the five shooters staying in longest to be entitled to the money.

The following rules will govern the shoot: The captains of the teams entered shall select a referee, whose decision shall be final, a judge who shall watch the position of the gun, and two official scorers. The captains shall draw for places, and only the officials and the contestants actually shooting in each round will be allowed to stay in the inclosure. Each man must shoot at 10 live birds from 5 traps, 25yds. rise for 12 and 27yds. for 10-bore guns, the gun to be held below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, both barrels allowed. Birds killed or shot on the ground will be "no bird" and the shooter will be entitled to another bird; only one man at a time will be allowed to gather birds. Only the captains of the competing teams can challenge birds for any reason, and Hurlingham rules shall be binding in all respects not before specified.

The probabilities are that at least ten of the invited clubs will participate, among them the Glenmore, Parkway, Acme, North Side, Jeannette, Emerald and the two German gun clubs. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M., and the meeting promises to be the success of the shooting season in the vicinity of New York.

Sept. 3.—The Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held a well-attended meeting at the Woodlawn Park traps to-day, and, as usual with this crack organization, the scores made were good, although the birds were, as a rule, fast flyers. J. E. Lake and Dr. Shiels tied for the club badge and first prize on clean scores of 7, Shiels winning in the shoot-off with 3 to 2. A very interesting sweepstakes at 3 live birds each man, ties miss and out, followed the regular event, the races in the ties being especially well contested. The scores:

Club shoot, 7 birds each man, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules, 5 traps, 80yds. boundary: Lake, 23yds., 7; Beecham, 21yds., 3; Jones, 25yds., 5; Boetche, 21yds., 4; Blattmacher, 23yds., 5; Davenport, 25yds., 6; H. McLaughlin, 23yds., 5; Schwartz, 25yds., 5; Shiels, 25yds., 7; Wheeler, 23yds., 6; Allan, 23yds., 6.

Ties for the club badge and first prize, 2yds. additional handicap, 3 birds each man: J. E. Lake 2, Dr. Shiels 3.

Sweepstake at 3 live birds, 25yds. rise, club rules, 3 prizes: Shiels 3, Allan 3, Wheeler 3, Schwartz 2, Blankley 3, Boetche 0, Jones 1, Lake 1, McLaughlin 3, Schliemann 3, Davenport 2, Botty 3.

Shoot-off for first prize, miss and out: Blankley withdrew, Allan 0, McLaughlin 0, Botty 3, Wheeler 4, Shiels and Schliemann 7 each, div. first money.

Shoot-off for second money: Schwartz and Davenport divided after killing 7 straight each.

Lake and Jones div. third prize on the fifth round, each having killed 4 and missed none.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 280 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

SPRINGFIELD TOURNAMENT.

THE Springfield (Mass.) Shooting Club held a very successful two days' shoot on Sept. 3 and 4. About 50 crack shots were in attendance and the scores made are high as a rule; 5 Keystone, 8 Ligowsky and 3 bluerock traps were used. A special feature of the shoot was the throwing of incomers in the Ligowsky events, 3 traps being placed in the field 60yds. from the shooter, and throwing a right and left cross quarterer, and a straight incomer. This was after M. F. Lindsley's idea of making shooting harder, and it succeeded well, besides breaking the monotony of the Keystone system. This unknown angle shooting has come to stay in this club. Among the shooters I can mention the following names: Bennett Bros. and F. Cowee, of Boston; W. C. Cady and Col. J. H. Ames, New London, Ct.; E. W. Tinker, Providence, R. I.; F. H. Griswold and S. B. Douglas, of Windsor Locks, Ct.; G. H. Hill, Meriden, Ct.; J. M. Johnson, Norwich, Ct.; Gilmore Hibbard, Chicopee; W. S. Chapin, Holyoke; R. B. Viets and B. North, of Berlin, Ct.; E. O. Goodwin, of East Hartford, Ct.; Allen Willey, Hartford; E. Decker, Wethersfield, Ct.; Root and Sterry, of Tolland, Ct.; T. P. Bill, of Middletown, Ct.; C. H. Burbridge and John Melrose, of Hartford, Ct.; J. W. Webb, of Willimantic, Ct.; W. N. Henry, Thompsonville, Ct.; D. C. Stevens, Forestville, Ct.; and Tucker, of Parker Gun Company.

No. 1, 5 Keystones, 16 and 18yds. rise, 4 moneys:

Hill	10 Decker	6 Smith 8
Sterry	10 Root	10

No. 2, 8 Ligowskies, 18 and 16yds. rise, 3 incomers and 5 outgoers; unknown angles, M. F. Lindsley's plan, $1 entrance:

Hill	1 Henry	7 Root 5
Decker	4 Sterry	7 Viets 8
Smith	6	

No. 3, 10 Keystones, 18 and 16yds. rise, $1 entrance:

Hill	9 Osborn	8 Goodwin 6
Smith	6 Root	8 Douglas 10
Herrick	2 Folsom	8 Cady 8
Decker	8 Pierson	5 Griswold 7
Sterry	8 North	5 Tinker 7

No. 5, 10 Bandle clays, 5 Keystone traps, both barrels, $1 entrance:

Cady	10 Decker	8 Tinker 9
Folsom	10 Sterry	10 Viets 5
Henry	8 Osborne	8 Goodwin 8
Smith	8 Douglas	9 Root 10
Hill	7	

No. 6, 10 Keystones. Keystone rules, four moneys, $1.50 entrance:

Griswold	7 Goodwin	9 Pierson 5
Osborn	10 Smith	7 Douglas 8
Tinker	9 Folsom	9 Sterry 9
Root	9 Decker	8 Jordan 6
Cady	8 Hill	8

No. 7, 8 Ligowskies, 18 and 16yds. rise, 3 incomers and 5 outgoers, unknown angles, four moneys, $1.50 entrance:

Henry	7 White	6 Freeman 3
Smith	6 Osborn	8 Douglas 4
Folsom	4 Tinker	6 Goodwin 6
Hill	7 Sterry	8 Decker 5
Bennett	6 Root	4 Willey 7
Cady	4	

No. 8, 8 straightaway Keystones, four moneys, $1 entrance:

Keyes	7 Tinker	5 North 3
Hill	5 Goodwin	6 Cady 6
Smith	7 Becker	6 Bennett 7
Sterry	7 White	7 Griswold 7
Viets	4 Folsom	8 Root 7
Pierson	4	

No. 9, 20 Bandle clays, 5 Keystone traps, four moneys, $3 entrance:

Hill	16 Cady	15 White 19
Sterry	16 Root	16 Bennett 18
Willey	18 Decker	18 Smith 16
Tinker	17 Folsom	18 Hibbard 11
Osborn	15	

No. 10, 10 Ligowskys:

Goodwin	7 Henry	7 Osborn 8
Hill	8 Sterry	6 Herrick 5
Cady	8 Viets	2 Tinker 5
Willey	9 White	7

No. 11, team shoot, 10 Keystones per man, $2 entrance:

Douglas	1111011011— 8	Cady 1111111111—10
Griswold	1111111111—10—18	Henry 1110011111— 8—18
Hill	1110101111— 8	Decker 1011111101— 8
Keyes	1011110111— 8—16	Goodwin 1011111111— 9—17
Willey	1111111101— 9	Bennett 1111111100— 8
Folsom	1111011110— 8—17	White 1111111111—10—18
Root	1111111111—10	
Sterry	1111111110— 9—19	

No. 12, 8 Ligowskys, unknown angles:

Hibbard	6 Cady	6 Tinker 6
Goodwin	5 Decker	4 Osborn 5
Henry	6 White	5 Smith 6
Sterry	7 Bennett	8 Folsom 4
Hill	3 Bull	6 Root 5
Keyes	4 Willey	7 Herrick 7

No 13, 10 Keystones:

Folsom	7 Smith	7 Osborn 8
Bull	7 Keyes	7 Goodwin 8
Hill	5 Decker	9 Cady 8
Willey	8 Root	10 Bennett 10
Viets	6 Sterry	9 White 9
Douglas	8 Griswold	7 Hibbard 5

No. 14, 10 Keystones, 5 Keystone traps:

Willey	9 Sterry	9 Goodwin 10
Folsom	9 Osborn	9 Douglas 8
Henry	6 Root	7 White 10
Bennett	10 Bull	9 Smith 7
Decker	7 Cady	9 Griswold 9
Hill	7	

No. 15, 8, Ligowskys, unknown angles:

Willey	7 Bennett	7 Root 6
Smith	4 Decker	4 Goodwin 5
White	6 Herrick	6 Freeman 5
Osborn	7 Cady	7 Keyes 5
Henry	6 Sterry	8

Second Day, Sept. 4.

No. 1, 10 Keystones:

Ellsworth	9 Cady	7 Melrose 7
Willey	8 Sterry	9 Stephen 6
Webb	6 Cowee	7 Sloan 5
Bill	9 Root	10 Henry 4

No. 2, 5 pairs Ligowskys, 2 Ligowsky traps, 4 moneys, club rules:

Henry	5 Root	7 Bill 8
Willey	4 Sterry	4 Cowee 8
Cady	6 Webb	5 Melrose 3

No. 3, 8 Bandle clays, straightaway, 5 Keystone traps, Keystone rules, 4 moneys:

Stephens	6 Melrose	6 Cady 6
Henry	5 Elsworth	4 Sterry 7
Bill	6 Root	7 Sloan 6
Webb	8 Willey	5 Cowee 5

No. 4, 10 Keystones, 5 Keystone traps, 4 moneys:

Jenkins	5 Mead	8 Cady 8
Ellsworth	7 Cowee	6 Sloan 7
Webb	9 Henry	6 J Henry 9
Goodwin	7 Bill	8 Stephens 5
Burbidge	8 Sterry	7 Tucker 7
Melrose	7 Root	8 Decker 10
Willey	8	

No. 5, 3-man team, 30 Keystones, 5 Keystone traps, team entrance, $3.75:

Bill	1111111111—10	Goodwin 1101001111—7
Root	1111111111—10	Burbidge 0111111111—9
Sterry	1110111111— 9—29	Decker 1010000111—5—21
Henry	1101110100— 6	Webb 1110101111— 8
Willey	1111111111—10	Ellsworth 1111010111— 8
Cady	1111111111—10—26	Cowee 1111111111—10—26

No. 6, 5 pairs bluerocks, 2 traps, 14 and 16yds. rise:

Burbridge	5 Bill	5 Webb 5
Cowee	4 Sterry	8 Mayott 2
Willey	4 Cady	5 Melrose 6
Goodwin	8 Root	8 Harrick 4

No. 7, 6 bluerocks and Ligowsky puzzlers:

Cady	3 Webb	3 Ellsworth 2
Sterry	6 Root	5 Willey 3
Cowee	1 Melrose	4 Goodwin 1
Henry	4 Bill	1

No. 8, 8 Ligowsky targets, unknown angles:

Goodwin	8 Root	5 Henry 6
Willey	6 Tucker	7 Decker 2
Burbridge	7 Webb	7 Cowee 3
Melrose	7 Bill	7 Cady 8
Sterry	6	

No. 9, 10 Keystones, 5 Keystone traps, four moneys, $1 entrance:

Goodwin	7 Mead	7 Cady 8
Sloan	8 Henry	7 Bill 9
Jenkins	3 Cowee	4 Olmstead 7
Melrose	7 Ellsworth	8 Burbridge 10
Webb	6 Sterry	7 Stevens 8
Root	10	

No. 10, 15 Keystones, 5 Keystone traps, four moneys, $1.50 entrance:

Root	15 Decker	12 Burbridge 12
Jenkins	4 Sterry	12 Cowee 7
Webb	13 Sloan	9 Willey 14
Ellsworth	12 Mead	7 Bill 13
Melrose	9 Cady	12

No. 11, 10 Bandle clays, 5 Keystone traps, both barrels, $1 entrance:

Bill	6 Goodwin	9 Willey 6
Melrose	7 Sloan	3 Burbridge 8
Henry	9 Cowee	10 Webb 10
Root	10 Stevens	8 Cady 8
Sterry	10 Decker	8

No. 12, 10 single Keystones:

Bull	7 Root	10 Decker 3
Cady	8 Goodwin	7 Sloan 6
Webb	8 Bill	8 Cowee 6
Burbidge	9 Henry	3 Cobb 6
Sterry	9 Willey	8

No. 13, 8 Ligowskys, unknown angles:

Henry	6 Olmstead	4 Ellsworth 5
Burbidge	6 Tucker	7 Sterry 7
Willey	8 Bill	7 Root 7
Cobb	5 Webb	8 Bull 7
Cowee	4 Melrose	5 Cady 7
Goodwin	6	

No. 14, 5 pairs of bluerocks:

Cowee	4 Goodwin	7 Burbidge 7
Bill	5 Root	9 Sterry 6
Henry	3 Decker	4 Cady 5

No. 15, 8 Ligowskys, unknown angles, butt of gun below elbow:

Bill	6 Goodwin	7 Root 6
Burbidge	6 Sterry	7 Stevens 6
Cady	6 Decker	6 Cobb 5
Henry	4 Webb	6

MILFORD, N. J.

MILFORD, N. J., Aug. 26.—Live birds, miss and out, $1 entrance, 21yds.:

Potts	2 Stryker	1 Hunt 0
Riggott	1 Rupell	0 Garry 0
Robinson	1 Smith	0

Second event, 3 birds, $3 entrance, 30yds., two moneys:

Riggott	3 Potts	2 Hunt 2
Smith	3 Rupell	2 Stryker 2
Robinson	2	

Ties shot off. Riggott won first, Robinson second money.

Third event, 4 birds, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Rupell	4 Smith	3 Hunt 2
Riggott	4 Stryker	3 Wagg 2
Potts	4 Robinson	3 Garry 1

Rupell first on shoot-off, Smith second on shoot-off, third div.

Event 4, 2 singles and 1 pair, $3, 3 moneys:

Riggott	4 Potts	3 Stryker 3
Wagg	4 Smith	3 Rupell 2

First div., second shot off and won by Potts.

Event 5, 3 birds, $2, 2 moneys:

Potts	3 Wagg	3 Stryker 2
Riggott	3 Rupell	2 Smith 2

Potts first on shoot off, Rupell second.

Event 6, 3 birds, $3, 2 moneys:

Riggott	3 Smith	2 Rupell 2
Wagg	3	

Riggott first on shoot off, Smith second.

Event 7, miss and out, $1, 30yds.:

Smith	11 Rupell	2 Riggott 0
Wagg	10	

Second Day, Aug. 27.—Event 1, $1 entrance, miss and out, one barrel, 25yds.:

J Smith	2 Rupell	0 Garry 0
M Fox	1 Gillmor	0 Hoffman 0
Riggott	1 Robinson	0

Event 2, 3 birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

Smith	3 Warford	3 Apgar 3
Riggott	3 Ayres	3 Holjes 2
Fox	3 Hoffman	2 Rupell 2
Gillmor	3 Garner	2 Garry 1

Smith, Riggott and Ayres first on shoot-off, second div.

Event 3, 3 pairs, $3 entrance, three moneys, 26 and 24yds.:

Fox	6 Riggott	5 Holjes 4
Gillmor	5 Garner	5 Warford 4
Potts	5 Smith	4 Apgar 1
Ayres	5	

Fox first, Gillmor and Potts div. second on shoot-off, Smith third on shoot-off.

Event 4, 4 birds, $3, 3 moneys:

Riggott	4 Holjes	3 Apgar 2
Garner	4 Smith	3 Fox 2
Hoffman	4 Stryker	2 Garry 1
Potts	3	

First and second div., third shot off and won by Stryker.

Event 5, same as No. 4:

Apgar	4 Holjes	4 Gilmor 3
Riggott	4 Stryker	4 Ayres 2
Garner	4 Smith	3 Hoffman 2
Potts	4 Fox	3

Riggott and Garner div. first after shoot off, second shot off and div. by Smith and Fox, third div.

Event 6, $1, miss and out:

Riggott	3 Fox	1 Hoffman 0
Smith	2 Holges	0 Potts 0
Stryker	2	

No. 7, miss and out:

Riggott	9 Smith	2 Hoffman 1
Stryker	8 Fox	1 Holges 0
Potts	3	

No. 8, miss and out:

Fox	7 Holges	2 Smith 0
Riggott	6 Rupell	2

No. 9, miss and out:

Smith	12 Fox	11 Riggott 7

The shoot was under the management of M. H. Rupell, who had plenty of live birds on hand and many left over, as a larger gathering was looked for.

TOWANDA, Pa., Sept. 9.—Trap-shooting is growing in favor each month with our club members. One year ago it was difficult work to get out more than three or four members at our shoots. Now we generally have from ten to a dozen and all anxious for the contest. The club has purchased two badges, one for club members only, the other for all shooters in the county, to be contested for the first Friday in each month. The youngest member of the club, a slight-built, but quick and accurate shot with a breechloader, came off winner in both events. Score as follows, 4 traps, unknown angles, American Association rules:

First event, club badge, 25 single targets:

Dittrich	0101111110111001110111101—18
Snider	1010110011001110011011011—15
Montanye	1011111111111010111111111—21
Turner	1111011011001001000100000—11
Tyrrell	0101100101011100001111100l—13
Mace	0111010011101101101101110—16
Chamberlin	1010111010011000101001001—12
Frutchy	0111110110111011111010011—18
Laplant	1111110110111001000001110—14

Second event, county bange, 25 single targets:

Dittrich	1101011110011101110001101—16
Snider	1101110110000110111011101—16
Montanye	1011111011111010011101011—18
Turner	0111110010000000111000001—10
Tyrrell	0110111001011001110010111—15
Mace	0111010011000011011011111—14
Laplant	0010110010110100101010011—12
Hill	1010101010000101010011000—11
Worthing	1100111001101111001101110—16
Fanning	1101101101001111110011111—18

Montanye and Fanning tie. In shoot-off at 3 traps Montanye wins as follows: Montanye 111, Fanning 110.—W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 6.—The first contest in the merchandise match for September was shot to-day at the grounds of the Wellington Club. The conditions have been changed so that 30 birds are shot at instead of 20, 10 clays, 10 singles and 5 pairs standards. The scores in this match to-day were: Bennett 28, Beaudry 25, White, Gore and Sanborn 24, Melcher 23, Hooper and Bond 22, Cowee 21, Porter 20, Brackett 18.

HACKETTSTOWN.

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.—The first tournament of the Gun Club took place Sept. 1 and 2; the first day at "graven images," the second at live birds. The weather was propitious, in fact all that could be desired. The attendance at targets was good, and at live birds unexpectedly small, as feathers invariably "draw" here. The scores and winnings follow. Reg. No. 1, 6 bluerocks:

Reading	2 J L Smith	5 Vliet 4
Morford	6 Brickner	3 Strader 5
Lance	5 Ruple	4

Reg. No. 2, 9 bluerocks:

Miller	9 "Hunt"	8 Reading 4
"Russell"	7 Strader	7 Morford 7
Dean	8 W S Smith	7 Ruple 7
Brickner	3 Lance	7 Maintz 7
Parliman	6 Sickles	6 Woerner 7
J L Smith	8 Walters	6 "Wilson" 7

Reg. No. 3, 12 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Reading	6 "Russell" 9
Dean	7 W S Smith	10 Manitz 10
Morford	8 Strader	8 Ruple 8
Hunt	9 J L Smith	11 Parliman 5
Lance	6 Walters	10 Wilson 11
Sickles	9 Brickner	6

Reg. No. 4, 9 singles, 3 pairs bluerocks:

Miller	13 Reading	6 Russell 11
Dean	8 W S Smith	11 Ruple 13
Brickner	5 Lance	8 Hunt 10
Parliman	9 Sickles	11 J L Smith 8
Walters	13 Wilson	10 Morford 12
Strader	8	

Reg. No. 5, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Reading	4 Russell 8
Ruple	6 Dean	7 W S Smith 9
Manitz	8 Morford	10 Strader 5
Hunt	9 J L Smith	8 Parliman 9
Lance	8 Walters	9 Wilson 7
Sickles	8 Backstro	5 Brickner 2
Vliet	5	

Regular No. 6, 25 bluerocks:

Miller	20 Parlima	19 Sickles 21
Russell	20 J. L. Smith	23 Brickner 16
Hunt	21 W S Smith	20 Wilson 21
Dean	24 Backster	15 Strader 15
Manitz	18 Walter	21 Vliet 14
Ruple	21	

Regular No. 7, 6 singles and 3 pairs:

Miller	10 Walters	9 Vliet 7
Dean	10 Hunt	10 Parlima 8
Russell	9 J L Smith	10 Backster 6
Manitz	7 Ruple	8 Wilson 8
Sickles	9 W S Smith	8

Regular No. 8, 15 bluerocks:

Miller	13 Ruple	9 Vliet 11
Russell	8 Bercaw	5 Backster 10
Dean	15 Wilson	13 Ayres 12
W S Smith	11 Sickles	13 Manitz 9
Hunt	14 Parlima	14 J S Smith 11
Walters	13	

No. 9, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Dean	9 Ruple 9
Russell	5 J L Smith	9 Walters 10
Reading	5 Bercaw	5 Vliet 6
Hunt	9 Sickles	7 Backster 7
W S Smith	9 Wilson	6 Ayres 10

No. 10, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	9 Backster	7 Ruple 9
W S Smith	7 Dean	7 Ayres 8
Russell	7 Walters	9 Bercaw 6
Hunt	8 Wilson	7 Vliet 7
Sickles	9 J L Smith	8

No. 11, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	9 W S Smith	7 Vliet 5
Bercaw	6 Hunt	6 Dean 10
Walters	10 Backster	8 J L Smith 10
Russell	7 Wilson	8 Ayres 8

No. 12, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Manitz	5 Ayres 8
Bean	10 Walters	7 Hunt 9
Russell	7 Wilson	10 J L Smith 9
W S Smith	9 Backster	8 Bercaw 7

No. 13, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Hunt	7 J L Smith 10
Dean	9 Walters	10 Wilson 8
Smith	9 Bercaw	5 Backster 5
Russell	7	

No. 14, extra, 10 bluerocks:

Miller	10 Hunt	6 Wilson 9
W S Smith	9 Dean	10 Walters 8
J L Smith	7	

This ended a day's sport second to none, not a kick nor hitch of any kind, everything pleasant and enjoyable. Tuesday morning came bright and warm, but the sky soon became overcast with a light haze and made a typical one for live bird shooting.

Regular No. 1, 4 live birds, entrance $3:

Canon No 1	2 Ruple	4 Smith 4
Riggott	4 Canon No 2	3 Bercaw 4
Baxter	4 Dye	4 Duke 3

Riggott wins first in shoot-off.

Regular No. 2, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Canon No 1	4 Ruple	2 Smith 2
Riggott	4 Dye	3 Dutchy 3
Baxter	4 Vickle	4 Canon No 2 1

Regular No. 3, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Canon No 1	4 Rupe	4 Dutchy 2
Riggott	1 J Smith	3 Sickles 4
Baxter	3 Dye	1

Regular No. 4, at 5 birds, $5 entrance:

Canon No. 1	5 Baxter	3 J Smith 1
Riggott	4 Dye	4 "Dutchy" 5
Ruple	4	

Regular No. 5, at 3 pairs, $3 entrance:

Canon	0 Dutchy	3 Vliet 3
Smith	4 Dye	4 Ruple 4
Riggott	5 Baxter	3

Regular No. 6, at 4 birds, $3 entrance:

Canon No. 1	4 Dutchy	4 Drake 4
Smith	4 Riggott	4 Yager 3
Vliet	2 Bercaw	3 Canon No. 2 3
Dye	3	

Ties on first, miss and out: Canon No. 1 7, Smith 11, Riggott 11, Dutchy 0, Drake 0. Second tie: Smith 6, Riggott 6, and div.

Regular No. 7, at 4 birds, $3 entrance:

Canon No. 1	2 Bercaw	4 Canon No. 2 3
Smith	4 Yager	3 Vliet 3
Dye	2 Riggott	4

Regular No. 8, at 4 birds, $3 entrance:

Canon No. 1	3 Bercaw	3 Vliet 2
Smith	4 Riggott	4 Yager 3
Dye	2 Canon	2

Regular No. 9, at 4 birds, $3 entrance:

Riggott	4 Parliman	1 Bercaw 3
Smith	3 Vliet	3

Regular No. 10:

Riggott	4 Parliman	3 Bercaw 1
Smith	4 Vliet	3

Ties div.

This ended the tourney and also the day, for it was twilight by this time, and although the management had plenty of birds it was too dark to shoot. Hearty thanks are extended to all for favors and attendance. E. RICHTER, Sec'y.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—The programme for the sixth annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club is now ready, and presents an attractive list of events. The shoot is to last four days, commencing Tuesday, Sept. 30, and will comprise two days at bluerocks and two days at live pigeons. Over $1,000 is offered in guaranteed purses with all surplus added. The American Shooting Association will govern all contests, with the exception that in live bird matches the boundary will be 80yds. from the traps or field enclosure. For programme, etc., address W. Fred Quimby, 291 Broadway; T. H. Keller or Chas. Smith, Plainfield, N. J.

KEYPORT, N. J., Sept. 1.—The monthly shoot of the Midway Gun Club for a gold medal was won by James Lambertson, who killed 32 pigeons straight. James Bedle killed 12 and Charles Muirhead 5. In the sweepstakes of $2 entrance fee each the first money was won by James Van Brakle and James Bedle, who each killed 5 straight. The next was won by James Lambertson and Jake Applegate, who also killed 5 straight. A shoot for a purse of $25 at 10 pigeons between John Van Brakle and A. Holtznagle was won by Van Brakle, who killed 8, while Holtznagle killed 5.

WHITE PLAINS TOURNAMENT.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Sept. 4.—First bluerock and live bird tournament of the White Plains Gun Club, held on the North End Driving Park, White Plains, N. Y., to-day.

On account of Mr. A. C. Dittmar's death on the first day of our shoot, Sept. 4, at 11 A. M., the boys did not show up as expected, and this also accounts for the poor scores of some of the intimate friends of Mr. Dittmar; the deceased being one of the most prominent shots in Westchester county, and one of the finest men we had around us.

Mr. M. F. Lindsley, Sup't of the American Wood Powder Co., was in no condition to shoot, as Mr. Dittmar and Lindsley were almost like brothers, and the latter would not have shot at all only on account of helping us out, there being such a poor crowd.

We all feel Mr. Dittmar's death greatly, and trust the next shoot we have will not be broken up so by such bad news we had on last Thursday.

Following are the scores in full for both days. American Shooting Association rules governed all contests:

Event No. 1, 10 bluerocks: Collins 7, H. Lawton 8, Smith 6, T. Ward 5. All ties div. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

No. 2, 12 bluerocks: T. Bassford 6, Collins 9, Lyons 5, Halpin 5, T. Ward 8, W. Ward 9.

No. 3, 9 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks: Halpin 6, Smith 8, Lyons 9, Collins 13, W. Ward 12, T. Ward 9.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks: T. Ward 13, Lyons 7, Smith 11, Collins 14.

No. 5, 20 bluerocks: Collins 17, T. Ward 15, Lyons 14, Smith 15, W. Ward, 16, Thompson 10.

No. 6 at 12 bluerocks: T. Ward 9, Collins 10, Halpin 9, Smith 8, W. Ward 7.

No. 8, at 15 bluerocks: Collins 15, T. Ward 11, W. Ward 11, Smith 9, Sutton 7.

No. 9, at 12 bluerocks: Collins 10, Halpin 8, Smith 10, W. Ward 8, T. Ward 7.

No. 10, Jersey sweep, at 4 live birds: Collins 3, J. Thompson 4, Lyons 2, T. Ward 4, T. Bassford 2.

No. 11, same as No. 10: Collins 4, T. Ward 3, W. Ward 3.

No. 12, at 3 live birds: Collins 2, J. Thompson 3, T. Ward 3, T. Bassford 2, W. Ward 3.

No. 13, 15 bluerocks: Collins 14, T. Ward 10, W. Ward 10, Halpin 12.

No. 14, 10 bluerocks: T. Ward 9, Collins 7, W. Ward 7.

No. 15, 10 bluerocks: Collins 9, T. Ward 8.

Second Day, Sept. 5.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: Collins 8, T. Ward 6, Austin 5, W. Ward 7.

No. 2, 12, bluerocks: T. Ward 10, Lindsley 8, Collins 10, W. Ward 9.

No. 3, 9 singles and 3 pairs: Lindsley 8, Collins 8, Welsh 7, T. Ward 10, Austin 6, Nichols 9.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks: Lindsley 13, Collins 9, T. Ward 14, Nicholls 11, W. Ward 9, Betti 9, Manley 11, G. Bassford 5.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks: Collins 14, T. Ward 15, Nicholls 9, Manley 12, G. Bassford 8.

No. 6, 5 bluerocks: Collins 14, Manley 10, Lindsley 8, W. Ward 11, Nicholls 13, Halpin 10, W. Ward 8.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks: Collins 9, T. Ward 8, Lindsley 6, Manley 8, Nicholls 9.

No. 8, Jersey sweep, 4 live bird:

Halpin	2020—2	T Bassford	2000—1
Nicholls	1222—4	Collins	1211—4
T Ward	1112—4	E Ward	2020—2
Welsh	0012—4	J Thompson	1201—2
Manley	1222—4	E Thompson	1100—2
Lindsley	2201—3		

No. 9, 10 live birds:

Collins	1112221o1—9	Manley	2121122222—10
T Ward	1121110120—8	J Thompson	0221012112— 8
Lindsley	1011112221—9	Nicholls	0202121102— 7

No. 10, Jersey sweep, 4 live birds: J. Thompson 4, Lindsley 3, T. Ward 4, Sutton 2, Collins 4, E. Ward 4, Halpin 4.

CHAS. P. ROWLEY.

NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 1.—East Side Gun Club, weekly shoot; all ties div. unless noted. Sweep No. 1, 10 standards, 50cts. entry:

C Von Lengerke	1111111111—10	E Hague	1001101001— 5
H Koegel	1011111111— 9	A Koeler	0110111000— 5
P Schilling	1111101111— 9	F Hillfers	0100111000— 4
R Barr	0101111001— 6	C Laubenstein	0000011011— 4
P Schork	1011101001— 6	J Fisher	0000010100— 2
P Longstaff	0100111101— 6	F Perment	1000000000— 1

Sweep No. 2, 5 standards, 25cts. entry:

Von Lengerke	5	Hague	3	Laubenstein	2
Koegel	5	Schork	3	Hillfers	1
Barr	5	Ulbricht	3	Koeler	1
Longstaff	4	Schilling	3	Fisher	2

Sweep No. 3, 10 standards, 50 cents entrance:

Barr	10	Von Lengerke	7	Hillfers	5
Koegel	9	Langstaff	7	Reach	4
Fisher	8	Hague	7	Perment	1
Schilling	8	Schock	6		

Sweep No. 4, 5 pairs, 50 cents entrance:

Hague	7	Perment	5	Laubenstein	3
Von Lengerke	5	Schock	5	Fisher	3
Koegel	5	Hillfers	4		

Second shot off and won by Von Lengerke.

Live-bird sweeps, 4 birds, $4 entry:

R Schoeft	1111—4	Richards	1100—2
Koegel	1111—4	Langstaff	1005—1
Hillfers	1110—3	Schock	000 —0

No. 2, same as above:

Schoeft	1111—4	Perment	1101—3
Koegel	1110—3	Hillfers	1010—2

No. 3, same:

Koegel	1111—4	Perment	0101—2
Barr	1111—4	Hillfers	1000—1
Schoeft	1101—3		

No. 4, 4 live birds, $2:

Koegel	1111—4	Perment	1101—3
Hillfers	1111—4	Schilling	1101—3
Barr	1111—4	Ulbrecht	0000—0

No. 5, same as No. 4:

Koegel	1111—4	Perment	1110—3
Barr	1111—4	Hillfers	0110—2

No. 6, same:

Koegel	1111—4	Perment	0111—3
Barr	1111—4	Hillfers	0011—2

No. 7, same:

Barr	1111—4	Koegel	1110—3
Perment	1110—3		

FOXHIDE.

DEATH OF ARTHUR C. DITTMAR.

ON Thursday morning last Arthur C. Dittmar, eldest son of the late Lieut. Carl Dittmar, died suddenly at his home in this city. Young Dittmar on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3, inhaled the fumes of some acids he was mixing in the nitre room of the works at Baychester. He did not feel any immediate bad effect from the breathing in of the acid vapors, but on his return home from the works late in the evening he had a sharp coughing spell. A physician was called. No specially serious symptoms were manifested until the next morning, when a sudden turn for the worse brought on death about 11 o'clock. The interment was on Sunday last in Woodlawn Cemetery, and the funeral, from his late residence No. 72 East 108th street, was attended by a very large throng of friends and admirers of the universally respected young man.

He was in his 28th year, but had already won for himself a name as a very clever chemist in the line of explosive compounds, and was a worthy successor as a scientist to his father, who, it will be remembered, was the inventor of Dualline, the high blasting preparation, and of the Dittmar wood powder, the first powder of its class introduced into this country, the predecessor of many of the smokeless powders now so much in vogue. Upon the death of Dittmar, Sr., some seven years ago, the young man, then scarcely out of his teens, took charge of the factory and carried on the business with credit and success, and the blasting powder output had a very high reputation in the trade. Arthur was an enthusiastic sportsman, an ardent yachtsman, a very quick field shot and an expert trap shot, and had won many matches both at live birds and at inanimate targets. He and Milt F. Lindsley, the popular trap shot, were fast friends and companions, and the sudden death of his boon comrade has completely upset the popular representative of the wood powder interest. At the funeral the floral tributes to the memory of the young business man and chemist were many and rich, and his sudden demise has been the text for many kind words of appreciative sorrow at every meeting of sportsmen and shooters since the news became known.

WHITE HAVEN, N. J., Sept. 5.—The Springfield team, which was billed to shoot a match with the White Haven Club to-day, duly arrived on the morning train and were escorted to the club grounds, where they indulged in sweepstake shooting till dinner time, and evidently saw nothing to take their appetites or courage away, for they came back quickly and called for the match. The White Haven boys were ready and the match began. The day was exceedingly warm and the shooters stripped for their work. Much to the surprise of every one, White Haven took the lead from the start and it looked as if the invincibles were to be beaten at last, and if Cramer and Bishop of the White Haven team had walked out with their last 7 straight they would have won the day; but when Dean, Cramer's running mate, broke all his birds, and Cramer knew he must, too, it took his nerve and he dropped his last four and lost the day for White Haven. Miller finished for Springfield with 7 more straight, and Bishop, now thoroughly demoralized, added three more 0s to White Haven's score and gave the match to Springfield by 6 birds. Cramer and Bishop can shoot, but they have not the nerve to hold them when everything depends on what they do. As it was, they tumbled and Springfield won and went home with the opinion that if White Haven had a little more nerve they would make somebody hustle. Following are the scores, 7 men on a side, 25 Keystones, unknown angles, Association rules. Jacob Pentz and S. K. Large official scorers. Return shoot some time in October at Claremont, N. J.:

White Haven Team.		Springfield Team.	
Anderson	19	Sickley	18
Cole	18	Pudney	22
Gummere	21	Sayre	18
Stout	20	Terry	16
Chamberlin	19	Siegler	21
Cramer	17	Dean	21
Bishop	20—134	Miller	24—140
			H.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Aug. 30.—Boiling Spring Gun Club, bluerocks, five traps, American Association rules, gold badge:

Coe	0100011000110000001111100—10
Meyer	1101111101110101111101101—20
Blauvelt	1111111111011000111111—22
Lane	1111100000111001111110001—15
Peck	0000001100000001010100110— 7
R Chaffee	1111010110011101001110101—17
C Collins	1001100010100000011001010— 9
Klees	1010111101111101111001110—17
G Chaffee	1100010110011100010011111—14
E Jeanneret	0101000110110011011011100—11
P Jeanneret	0010001000101101110101010—11
DuBois	0100001000100011001000100— 7

Sept. 1.—First sweep, four live birds, $2 entrance, four moneys, ties divided, 3 ground traps, 28 and 29yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

Lindsley	4	Matzen	3	DuBois	1
Van Riper	1	Blauvelt	4	C Collins	2
E Collins	2	Klees	3	Peck	1
Meyers	3	P Jeanneret	3	Morris	3
Post	3	G Vatgs	2	Hagen	2
Wanda	2	Lawrenson	4		

Second sweep, same conditions:

Lindsley	4	Vagts	4	Matzon	3
E Collins	3	Post	2	Morris	1
P Jeanneret	1	Peck	2	DuBois	4
Van Riper	4	Stettler	2	Lawrenson	3
Wanda	3	Lane	2	Klees	4
Hagen	4	Blauvelt	4	Meyer	4

Third sweep, same conditions:

Lindsley	4	Hagen	4	P Jeanneret	3
E Collins	4	DuBois	2	Matzon	3
Wanda	4	Lane	2	Meyer	2
Van Riper	3	Post	3	Klees	0
Peck	3	Stettler	4		

Fourth sweep, miss and out, $1 entrance:

Post	3	Hagen	2	E Collins	3
Lindsley	3	Peck	1	Stettler	1
Van Riper	0	DuBois	2		

Birds shot out: Lindsley, Post and Collins div.

Sept. 6.—Last shoot during eight weeks for prizes, at 25 bluerocks, 18yds. rise:

Meyer	0111011011111111011010110—18
Chaffee	1011011111011110001110010—15
Lewis Lane	1111111101111101111011—21
P Jeanneret	0011000100101100101010000— 9
R H Peck	0110000110011011001010110—10
E Jeanneret	0011001100011011001010110—12
C Collins	0011010601006000011101 1000— 9
Blauvelt	0110111111001111111110—20

First prize of series won by Meyer; second, Lewis Lane; third, R. G. Chaffee; fourth, P. Jeanneret; fifth, R. H. Peck.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 4.—The following is the result of the shoot at the East End Gun Club grounds this afternoon, 50 birds being shot at:

A B Jones	45	Kilby	36	Alexander	43
Sweetman	41	King	45	Mack	31
L O Jones	37	Kohn	32	Haycox	42
Frederick	39	Joseph	37	Wherry	39
Hebbard	38	Knight	40	Williams	42
M Bell	38	Baker	43	Wilson	35
Brockway	36	North	47	Cavell	45

The first badge in the club shoot was won by North and the second by A. B. Jones. Owing to the lateness of the hour the ties for the gun were not shot off.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Sept. 11.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Lindsley	4	8	8	6	5	5	8	4	3	
Thompson	9	8	8	8	8	8	6	6	5	
Collins	9	7	10	8	7	10	7	5	6	
Albee	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	6	6	6	7	9	5	4	6	3	
Hunt	8	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnston	8	9	7	10	8	8	..	..	..	..
Connors	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hathaway	7	6	4	7	4	8	..	..	..	..
Craft	8	8	8	8	7	8	..	..	..	..

Live-bird sweep, 4 birds, $2 entrance:

Albee	1111—4	002—2	Thompson	1112—4	210—3
Collins	1111—4	110—2	Money	1111—4	221—3
Hunt	2201—4	112—3	Wanda	0112—3	
Lindsley	1111—4	020—1			

Ties on first money shot out, 3 birds each.

BOSTON, Sept. 3.—More favorable weather conditions could not be desired than prevailed at the range to-day and several clean scores were made. Mr. Bowker was an easy winner in the diamond pin match. He also won the gold champion medal, which he will hold until the next shoot, when it will be contested for again. The following gives the winners and their scores in the main event of the day, the diamond pin match, at 20 single Keystone targets, Keystone system of firing, and 5 pairs standard targets:

	Keystones.	Standards.
Bowker	11111111001111111111—18	00 11 01 10 11—6—24
Hosmer	11110111010111111111—17	10 10 10 10 00—4—21
Parham	10111100111101111101—14	11 10 10 10 11—7—21
Brackett	11111111011001110111—16	10 10 10 10 00—4—20
Gale	11101101011001011101—13	00 11 11 11 10—7—20
Curtis	01111110111111010011—15	00 01 01 10 10—4—19
Nichols	11011110101111100110—14	01 11 00 00 01—4—18
Scott	01011000100100101011— 9	01 11 10 10 11—7—16
Brickett	10011010010010110110—10	00 10 10 11 01—5—15

MILLERSBURG, Pa., Sept. 2.—The most exciting pigeon match that has come off here for years was shot to-day between Ike Thompson, of Tower City, and G. Wall Hepler, of Steelton. The birds were trapped and handled for each other; they were strong and quick on the wing. The match was for $100 a side, and with several side bets the stakes amounted to fully $1,000. There was a marked contrast between the contestants, Thompson being 6ft. 3in. in height and about 40 years old, while Hepler stands about 5ft. 7in. and is not quite 20 years of age, although he handles the gun with deadly precision, killing 13 birds in bound, 3 dead out of bounds, gun snapped on another, which might have won the match. Another match will be arranged. Match at five pigeons, 1 trap, 21yds. rise, 60yds. bound, one barrel, with gun below the elbow, snap to count miss:

Thompson	1101101011110110—13	Hepler	1101101011101011110—13

Canoeing.

RACING RULES AND STANDING SAILS.

FOR nearly five years the standing sail introduced by Mr. E. H. Barney on the Pocowsic has been a fruitful source of argument and discussion to American canoeists. Sufficient ink has been spilled to lay out a three mile race course on, and enough wind has been wasted in meetings and beside camp-fires in arguing the pros and cons of this weighty subject to sail an "unlimited" race. At one time about a year since the question of prohibiting all standing sails had got beyond the preliminary stage of general discussion, and was actually submitted to the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, receiving a negative vote. At that time opinions were greatly divided, many who were opposed to the standing rig on principle being at the same time against any prohibitory legislation, believing that the evil would in a short time correct itself.

With the negative vote of the executive committee the matter dropped, all discussion was at an end, and the subject was dismissed from the minds of canoeists. Not a word was heard during the first ten days of the meet, and it was with a shock of surprise and almost consternation that the news went through the camp at the close of a meeting of the executive committee that all standing sails had been summarily abolished after the present season.

The motion which was made by Ex.-Com. E. B. Edwards, present as proxy for Vice-Com. White, of the Northern Division, and seconded by Vice-Com. Brokaw, Atlantic Division, was as follows: "After the present season the regular sailing races of the American Canoe Association shall be confined to canoes whose sails can be readily lowered while afloat." The members present were Com. Stanton, Sec'y Dunnell, and Messrs Gage, Putnam, Brazer, Knappe, Jaques, Brokaw, Dorland, Haviland, and Edwards and Schuyler as proxies. Mr. French of the regatta committee was also present. No formal vote was taken, but after a long discussion the motion was declared carried.

The meeting was the usual one for the election of officers and any other business which might appear, and was held at headquarters, only the officers being present. The men in camp were gathered about the hospitable camp-fire of the Mohican C. C., awaiting the result of the election, with no idea that any other important matters were under consideration, and when at the end of the meeting the news went quickly around there was a buzz of excited comment among all who heard it. Some who were discussing other affairs, or had wandered off, did not hear of the new rule until next morning, but before the white flag had announced breakfast the whole camp was full of excitement over the matter. The drift of popular opinion was all one way, the action of the committee was dissapproved as hasty and sudden, even by the strongest opponents of the standing rig, while the friends of the rig were opposed both to the matter and the manner of the change. To any one who listened to the comments heard on every hand, it was clear that the sudden action of the committee had awakened a feeling of doubt and mistrust among canoeists which has attended no previous legislation of the Association, and that whatever the intrinsic merits of the case might be the mode of action had exerted a most undesirable influence.

Leaving for the time the question whether or not any legislation was necessary, the first point that presents itself is that up to this time all changes of rules in the Association have followed a definite course, partly by law, partly by custom. The early changes by which the constitution, by-laws and racing rules were perfected; the many changes which have proved necessary from year to year in the race programmes; the creation and subsequent abolition of races with limited sail and ballast; the development and final adoption of the Division scheme, have all gone through a course of open and public discussion; and we can recall no case in which a change of even secondary importance has been submitted to a vote of the executive committee without due notice of the same being given, informally but none the less positively, to all members of the Association.

It is true that such notice is not compulsory in the case of the racing rules, though it is with the constitution, but at the same time it has always been given, members knew in advance when any important matter was to come before the executive committee, and not only that but they were at liberty to be present at the meeting and listen to the discussion, though of course having no voice.

Further than this, the amendments to the racing rules have generally followed a well defined course, indicated, if not positively prescribed, by the rules. It is the positive duty of the regatta committee, at the expiration of their term of office, to make a report to the Association, and this report should embody the conclusions which they have drawn from the races at the meet, as well as all suggestions of changes in the rules. Acting on this report, the new executive committee is supposed to make such changes as it deems advisable. There is nothing to prevent the regatta committee from making a recommendation at any time, which the executive committee may act on, but few if any cases have arisen in which such a course was necessary.

In the present case there is not only no reason at all why the prohibition of standing sails should be hurried through without a word of warning and at a closed session of the committee, but every reason why so important a matter should be carried out in the regular course, and with the greatest deliberation and publicity. If the regatta or executive committee were desirous of restricting standing sails, the proper course of procedure would have been for the executive committee at the recent meeting to have put on record its opinion that such legislation was necessary, leaving it for the regatta committee to make as strong a recommendation as it deemed fit in its coming report. With these two opinions before it, the new executive committee when it meets in November would in all probability have made the change unless the sentiment of a large majority of canoeists was manifestly against it. There are many who are strongly opposed to any such restriction, and a certain amount of opposition is to be expected, but a due regard for the rights of all demands that such opposition shall be squarely and openly met, and not dodged by any sudden and unexpected action of the committee.

As it is now, a serious opposition has quickly grown up and taken shape in the form of a petition to the executive committee for the repeal of the new rule, among the signers being men who have never used or approved of the standing rig. It is a question whether any prohibition of this rig was necessary or desirable, but granting that it was, there were many who would oppose it in any case, and there will be more who will do so under the circumstances attending its adoption.

Had the matter been mooted about camp for a week, had the members present been aware that a question which all considered dead for the time was to be reopened, the feeling would have been entirely different, but as it was, with a change so radical and important in itself, and so utterly unexpected, coming out of the darkness and into the sudden blaze of the bright camp-fire, the moral effect so far as the respect and regard for the governing powers of the Association are concerned, was of the worst.

The regatta committee of last year, with the same chairman as now, carefully refrained, as all previous committees had done, from commenting in any way on standing rigs and sliding seats. What has caused this great and sudden change, why the committee should recommend in such a hurry the abolition of the standing rig, has not yet been made clear, and canoeists will look with more than usual interest for the report which will soon be forthcoming from the regatta committee. This report, by the way, which is called for under Chapter IX., Section 8 of the By-Laws, constitutes one of the most important duties of the regatta committee, and is, we regret to say, the one most neglected. It should contain not a mere statement of moneys expended and prizes given, but the committee is in a position to acquire most valuable experience and data concerning the development of racing and the changes which become necessary with almost every season.

Although the full discussion before the meeting has not been made public, in fact, no complete report was taken down, we understand that when the point was raised of the expediency of the proposed action the remark was made by one member that the executive committee possessed sole power in the matter, and that it could do what pleased it, in spite of all opposition. This, as it happens, is very true, the sole power to make changes, and to make them without previous notice, is vested in the executive committee, though we believe that this is the first, certainly the first case of any importance, where they have used it. As the rules now stand it is possible for the executive committee to meet just prior to the races at any camp and to pass a resolution that no standing seats shall be used, that all centerboards shall house within the canoe, or that drop rudders shall not be allowed. Of course, any such sudden and extreme legislation is not to be looked for, but if it should prove that any members of the executive committee are possessed of the idea that they are vested with supreme power, to be used without regard to the possible interests of the constituents whom they represent, a few amendments to the racing rules may be necessary. In any case there are two amendments to Rule XXII. which can do no harm and may sometimes prove useful. The rule now reads: "These rules may be amended by the executive committee on recommendation of the regatta committee." We would suggest in addition the clause now existing in the constitution, "Provided the amendment receive the votes of at least two-thirds of said committee, and has been published in general terms in the official organ of the A. C. A. at least two weeks before being voted upon, or by a writing signed by the commodore and two-thirds of the members of the executive committee after similar publication." In addition to this should be added; "No amendment shall be made in the period between May 1 and the meeting of the executive committee in October or November."

Such an organization as the American Canoe Association, whose strength lies partly in the encouragement and promotion of racing and at the same time in the judicious restriction of all over-development of the sport, has need of a capable, intelligent and strong

government, which must at times exert its power in the limitation of threatened abuses even though its action may be contrary to the ideas of many. Whether or no the present case comes under this category we propose to discuss next week; what we would emphasize just now is that in order to exercise this power at time, it is necessary that the governing body shall by its wise and conservative policy in the past, and by giving the greatest publicity to all its deliberations, possess the full confidence of every member of the Association. We have never agreed with the policy of past administrations in refusing to place any limits on features which promised to be objectionable in time; we have favored a stronger and more vigorous effort for the encouragement of the canoe for canoeing and the restriction of the racing machine; but it must be said that the result of all past legislation of the Association has been to foster a feeling of confidence on the part of the individual members, a feeling which has received its first check in the recent action of the executive committee.

THE PADDLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

MR. HARRY F. MACKENDRICK, of Galt, Ontario, the recent winner of the A. C. A. paddling trophy at the meet, has issued through the Toronto papers the following challenge:

Having won the championship paddling race at the recent A. C. A. meet, and having decided to retire from the aquatic arena, I wish, before doing so, to give an opportunity to any one who may wish to try conclusions with me in a paddling contest, and I hereby challenge any amateur in America (or for that matter the world), to paddle a one-mile race in best and best canoes within A. C. A. limits, this challenge to remain open for one week; the race to be paddled within three weeks from to-day on the Grand River at Galt.

Yours, etc., HARRY F. MACKENDRICK,
GALT, Aug. 28. Galt Canoe Club.

There is considerable rivalry between the paddlers of Toronto and Galt on the one hand and those of Montreal on the other, and Mr. MacKendrick attended the Northern Division meet, at the Lake of the Two Mountains, especially to meet some of the Eastern champions. The open paddling race, however, was called after Mr. MacKendrick had started in another race, so that he was prevented from entering it; and though he challenged the winners, his challenge was not accepted, and he was obliged to return without the chance to measure blades with them. Since then, his victory at the A. C. A. meet has made him the holder of the most important paddling prize of the year.

The above challenge has brought out the following reply from a well known racer, Mr. Johnson, of Toronto, who for some years has been one of the leading paddlers of the A. C. A.:

I will accept the challenge issued by Mr. H. F. MacKendrick to paddle any man in the world one mile in best-and-best A. C. A. canoes, but would prefer to have the race paddled on Toronto Bay in preference to the narrow and crooked Grand River at Galt. If Mr. MacKendrick objects to paddle on Toronto Bay I will toss him for choice of water. As I have just returned from a long trip through England, I would like to have the date of the race named by him postponed till the end of the month. Yours, etc., M. F. JOHNSON, Toronto C. C.

Mr. MacKendrick has replied as follows:

In reply to Mr. Johnson's acceptance of my challenge, I may state that I will be both willing and glad to paddle him a race, but it must be in Galt. The Grand River at this point is from 200 to 400yds. wide, and a very good mile course can be had either with a turn or straightaway. As Mr. Johnson wishes more time, I will postpone the date one week, hoping this will prove satisfactory to him. Yours, etc., HARRY F. MACKENDRICK, Galt C. C.

GALT, Sept. 2.

MOHICAN C. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 1.

THE Mohican C. C. held a very successful regatta on Labor Day at its down-river club house, about 40 members of the club being present with many guests. The new war canoe, built by the Ontario Canoe Co., arrived just in season and was employed in taking out the visitors. It is 30ft. long with 16 paddlers and will carry about 30 persons. The regatta included the following events:

No. 1, double-blade paddling: Cora, Max Bender, first; Turtle, A. T. Smith, second; Nocturn, W. C. Titus, third; Walula, C. V. Winnie, fourth; Ohm, G. G. Plyer, fifth; Racquett, J. C. Shaw; Ripple, S. Anable; Kanawa, H. S. Miller, did not finish.

No. 2, junior sailing race: Scud, W. S. Egerton, first; Turtle, A. T. Smith, second; Kanawa, W. S. Miller, third; Racquett, J. C. Shaw, fourth; Kay, W. Hackett, fifth; Cora, Max Bender, withdrew; Ohm, G. G. Plyer, capsized.

No. 3, unlimited sailing race: Thetis, W. A. Wheeler, first; Ohm, G. G. Plyer, second; Scud, W. S. Egerton, third; Turtle, A. T. Smith, fourth; Racquett, J. C. Shaw, fifth; Natalie, Ed. Sipple, sixth; Kanawa, H. S. Miller, seventh.

No. 4, single blade, tandem: Redskin, Wheeler and Titus, first; Nocturn, Winnie and Plyer, second; Doggie, Hackett and Anable, third; Flash, Bender and Smith, fouled.

No. 5, combined paddling and sailing: Thetis, W. A. Wheeler, first; Scud, W. C. Titus, second; Kanawa, H. S. Miller, third.

No. 6, hurry-scurry: Thetis, W. A. Wheeler, first; Racquett, J. C. Shaw, second; Ripple, S. Anable II., third; Kanawa, H. S. Miller, fourth.

No. 7, lance contest: Anable and Miller first, Wheeler and Winne second, Plyer and Shaw third, Bender and Smith fourth.

No. 8, half-mile swimming match against tide: Anable won.

No. 9, double-blade tandem paddling: Titus and Wheeler first, Bender and Smith second, Anable and Hackett third, Winne and Plyer fourth.

The prizes, 31 in number, were all flags made by ladies interested in the club; they will be presented at an entertainment to be given soon.

VESPER B. C.—The fall reception of the Vesper B. C., of Lowell, with the opening of the new canoe house and bowling alley, was held last evening; invitations were sent out widely among canoemen.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: C. Vickerstaff Hine, Chicago.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

BEVERLY Y. C.

166TH REGATTA, THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, MARBLEHEAD, AUG. 30.

THE day opened with a rattling S. easter, which promised a good race. Hornet and Kiowa were on hand early, the former with the bonnet off her jib.

About 1:30, however, a thunderstorm absolutely killed the wind, and start was delayed ten minutes to get air enough to move the boats. Finally they drifted over in a very faint S.S.E. air, course for first and second classes being a beat to S.E. Pig Breaker, then reach to Half-Way Rock and run home.

Saladin, Shark and Hawk started in second class; Wraith, Queen Mab and Sprite in second class. In first class Saladin led, Hawk second and Shark third as long as wind held; but coming home wind was very light and variable, ending light S.W., and Shark passed Hawk, wind going entirely as latter came in. Wraith led in second class, but as she reached Half-Way Rock got the wind N. W., or dead ahead, and when her time run out was but little by the Rock. Sprite started late and got becalmed outside. Queen Mab gave up race. Hornet had effectually scared all the third class sloops and had a walk over. Kiowa, Edith and Wanda were on hand in third class cats.

The start was a good one, first leg being a run to Bowditch, wind being only a breath, and a heavy sea rolling in; this suited narrow boats. Hornet got a good lead; Wanda passed Kiowa. Off Buoy 6 it breezed up a trifle. Kiowa passed Wanda and picked up on Hornet. Stake boat was rounded; Hornet, Kiowa, Wanda, with intervals of a second or two only, Edith a minute astern. From here it is a broad reach to Curtis Point, in a moderate air. Edith picked up on Wanda, Kiowa dropped them both badly, and Hornet gained on the lot, leading Kiowa 1min. 35sec. round the Rock, Wanda 4min. 45sec. and Edith 5min.

On the wind Kiowa picked up on Hornet, till as they came together latter had to tack on Kiowa's lee bow, latter having right of way, the other two being out of it all this time. Here, however, wind went entirely. Wanda got a fluke which put her ahead of the fleet. Edith, as usual, drifted ahead in a dead calm, while Kiowa went astern. After time limit had expired a N.W. breeze took them home. Race will be resailed in second and third classes next Friday. Result in first class:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Saladin, W. P. Fowle	38.07	3 14 45	3 13 54
Shark, C. A. Prince	38.03	3 22 35	3 21 32
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	38.03	3 23 55	3 23 22

Saladin wins. Judge, F. Elliot Cabot.

156TH REGATTA, SECOND OPEN RACE, MONUMENT BEACH, SEPT. 2.

This race was one of the best of the season, the day opened with a N.W. breeze, shifting to N.E. and dying out calm by noon, after which a S.W. air started in.

The start was delayed 15 minutes to allow becalmed boats to reach the line; during race wind steadily breezed up till they finished in a good wholesail breeze, outside boats being reefed.

In the sloop class Ramona started 1.34 ahead of Reliance and allowed her 8ls; Reliance did best to windward and took the lead, though the catboats held her to windward, running home Ramona gained and they came for the line neck and neck, Ramona being timed half a second ahead. Their course was 13¼ miles, being a beat round Pine's Buoy to Bow Bell's Buoy and a run home round Scraggy Neck Buoy.

The two larger cat classes beat round Pine's Buoy to Bird Island Light, reached across to Scraggy Neck Buoy and ran home, eleven miles.

Third class beat to Pines, reached across to Abiel's Ledge, ran home, then beat back to Pines and returned, eight miles.

Fourth class beat down to Pines and ran back twice round, five miles. Rip started with a foul bottom and poor sitting sail, the result being that Edith beat her fairly. In third class the first round was very close between Puzzle, Cayuse and Eina. Cayuse led at the turn but Puzzle had gained 26s.; while Eina had lost 8s. to Cayuse. Cayuse's sail was a disgrace to the boat, the whole thing being a big bag with a tight leach. Puzzle's sail, carrying half a dozen battens, did much better; both Eina and Cayuse were rigged with Hanley's pet idea of a brass eye screwed to the mast, to hold halliard blocks. Soon after rounding judges' boat Eina broke hers off, but having done it before had taken precaution to rig a stout rope as a preventer, and although delayed a good deal, swayed up her sail and kept on.

A minute or two later, however, Cayuse smashed hers, and the sail came down with a run, putting her out of the race.

In second class Mist used best judgment and started behind the others, getting advantage of the freshening breeze. Widgeon, who has done very well since she has been properly handled, winning four races out of five prior to this, took the lead; but Gymnote, whose alterations have evidently improved her, sailed very well and covered Widgeon all the way home.

First, second and third class boats finished very close together, giving judges plenty of work. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOP CLASS.			
Reliance, N. H. Emmons, B.Y.	35.05	2 33 18½	2 29 19½
Ramona, M. H. Bray, B.Y.C.	36.00	2 34 50	2 31 12
FIRST CLASS.			
A. P. E., D. Crosby, Osterville	27.04	1 52 40	1 42 13
Dora, C. W. Bliss, B.Y.C.	27.05	1 53 20	1 42 58
Emilie, J. R. Holmes, Cuttyhunk	27.07	1 54 17	1 44 06
Mattie, H. Stockton, B.Y.C.	28.10	1 54 49	1 45 55
Starling, J. C. Cobb, Warsham	26.99	1 59 39	1 48 33
SECOND CLASS.			
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B.Y.C	26.08	1 52 56	1 41 43
Mollie, S. O. Phinney, Mon. Beach	27.00	1 53 23	1 42 34
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr., B.Y.C.	26.10	1 53 27	1 42 27
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B.Y.C.	26.10	1 53 49	1 42 49
Wildcat, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach	26.04	1 54 19	1 42 46
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B.Y.C.	26.10	1 54 56	1 43 56
Chispa, N. Hutchins, Jr., Onset	25.03	1 56 09	1 43 21
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr., B.Y.C.	24.02	1 59 45	1 45 38
THIRD CLASS.			
Puzzle, Wm. Amory II., B.Y.C	22.09	1 43 42	1 32 04
Eina, J. Parkinson, B.Y.C.	23.10	1 45 18	1 33 40
Daisy, H. Stockton, B.Y.C.	21.01	1 48 28	1 35 06
Parole, W. H. Davey, B.Y.C.	22.08	1 51 02	1 39 20
Ulula, W. H. Winship, Onset	21.02	2 13 48	2 02 22
Cayuse, F. W. Sargent, B.Y.C.	22.09	Disabled.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Edith, I. Chapman, B.Y.C	19.04	1 19 16	1 09 38
Rip, C. W. Jefferson, B.Y.C	19.00	1 19 59	1 10 14
Duckling, R. S. Hardy, B.Y.C	17.09	1 22 24	1 21 29
May, G. Van Rensselaer, Sip. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

Winners: Class 1, A. P. E. first, Dora second; Class 2, Mist first, Widgeon second, Mollie third; Class 3, Puzzle first, Eina second, Daisy third; Class 4, Edith first, Rip second; sloop class, Reliance. Judges, F. E. Cabot, A. H. Hardy, W. L. Jeffries.

Sept. 5.—The resail of the 167th race, third championship in second and third classes took place on Friday at Marblehead. The day opened with a strong southwester, shifting to W. by N. during the morning, and it looked as if the heavy weather boats would at last get a show, but just before start it petered out into a very light air, and when Hornet leading third class, was almost home, it came out S.W., making a beat for third class up the harbor, increasing Hornet's lead and letting second class lay their course home over what ought to have been a windward leg. Start in second class was very good between Sprite and Wraith. Queen Mab did not start, though present. Sprite soon took lead and held it, winning prize and championship.

In third class sloops, Hornet had a walkover; she lead Kiowa by a trifle at Bowditch Ledge, by 4m. 30s., doing some wonderful pointing on leg. At Selmans berth, the last buoy passed, she had about the same lead, but change of wind at end of race increased it very much, as she had much less beating to do than the others.

In cat class, on first leg Kiowa led Edith by a minute. Wanda just astern of Edith. On the beat to Curtis Kiowa increased her lead and Wanda passed Edith. Kiowa leading Wanda 2m. 50s. and Edith 5m. and 15s. at that point. Running out round buoys 7, 5 and D, Wanda gained on Edith and both on Kiowa, as latter ran into a calm. As it breezed up a little at the finish, Kiowa left them both, and Edith lost to Wanda, but picked up a few seconds by good handling on the line. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Sprite, H. P. Benson		2 29 45	2 20 40
Wraith, C. E. Hodges		2 38 58	2 28 23
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Kiowa, W. A. & W. L. Jeffries	22.7	1 28 57	1 17 54
Wanda, R. C. Robbins	22.6	1 30 48	1 19 40
Edith, F. M. Wood	20.9	1 31 50	1 18 57
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Hornet, Com. Paine	26.4	1 20 6	1 12 24

Sprite, Kiowa and Hornet won prizes, Sprite and Hornet hold pennants. The 168th race advertised for Sept. 6, has been postponed to Sept. 20.

THE ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.

THE third race of the St. Lawrence Y. C. series was sailed on Aug. 30 over the usual course at Pointe Claire. The race was for first, second and third class boats, but only three yachts, each representing a different class, came to the starting line, and the race was therefore for the first class pennant. The start was as follows:

	Length.	Start.
Chaperon, E. S. Cloustan	29.05	4 22 20
Minnie A, C. Smart	25.06	4 22 25
Valda, G. H. Duggan	23.03	4 23 15

It was blowing hard from the west, making it a reach to the east buoy, a beat to the southwest buoy, another reach to the north buoy, a run back to the east buoy and a reach in. All the boats went across the line with two reefs in their mainsails, the two sloops had also a reef in each jib, but the cutter carried both jib and staysail. Minnie A. passed Chaperon before the buoy was reached, and at the buoy Valda took her place on the cutter's weather quarter, and went across her bows on the first tack. There was a short choppy sea that bothered the short boat a good deal, and she lost some time in getting a reef out of her jib, but she gained well on Chaperon and held Minnie so well that the latter had not saved her time on her when the buoy was reached. On the reach to the north buoy Valda shook out the three reefs she had gone to windward with, and as Minnie not only held on to her tacks too long, but held well up above the buoy, she lost badly. On the run Valda and Chaperon set both spinaker and clubtopsail, and both gained on Minnie, who was content with a spinaker. The reach to the finish line did not materially alter the position of the boats. The time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda	4 23 15	6 31 05	2 07 50	2 01 44
Minnie A	4 22 25	6 30 00	2 07 35	2 04 09
Chaperon	4 22 20	6 34 10	2 11 50	2 11 50

Valda won by 2m. 55s. corrected time. The position of the boats in the series is as follows: Lulu, two first prize first class pennants; Minnie A., two first prize second class pennants; Valda, two first prize third class pennants and one first prize first class pennant, and Pearl, one second prize third class pennant. There is still one race to be sailed, but it is not probable that it will alter the present standing of the winners, and therefore Lulu, Minnie and Valda are the winners of the trophies in their respective classes.

GOSSOON AND VENTURA.

THE first match of the series between Gossoon and Ventura in answer to the latter's challenge was sailed on Sept. 6, the course being 10 miles to windward, E. by S. from Marblehead Rock, and return. Ventura showed a new and larger suit of sails, while Goossoon had a new mainsail. The wind was very light, and when two-thirds of the windward work was finished rain fell heavily. Ventura was in the windward berth at the start, at 11:35 A. M. but got in a bad position and went outside the mark, putting her 1min. 43sec. astern of Gossoon, latter being handicapped 45sec. Gossoon gained steadily on the windward work, her lead being increased by the failure of the wind just after she turned the weather work, leaving Ventura still a long distance away. The times at the mark were:

Ventura ..... 2 37 28 Gossoon 2 18 25

Gossoon set her spinaker slowly and only carried it for about 3 miles, the wind drawing ahead. Ventura carried hers all the way home, the boom being well forward. The full times were:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossoon	11 35 43	4 14 05	5 39 05
Ventura	11 37 26	4 31 27	5 56 27

The second and final race was sailed on Monday, the course the 24-mile triangle from Marblehead Rock to the Graves and then around a mark boat off shore. The wind was light S.S.W. at the start, which was timed:

Gossoon ..... 10 55 44 Ventura 10 55 47

Both carried jackyarders and jibtopsails, Ventura being to windward. Gossoon soon worked out a good lead, but after a time the wind shifted to E., giving Ventura a great advantage, so that when they next met she was even with Gossoon. For the rest of the first leg it was a close battle, Ventura finally leading at the mark. The times were:

Ventura ..... 1 42 43 Gossoon 1 43 44

On the second leg balloon jibtopsails were carried, Gossoon picking up Ventura and passing her near second mark, the times at the Graves being:

Gossoon ..... 2 52 10 Ventura 2 52 39

On the last leg Gossoon gained, finishing with a lead of 2min. 05sec. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossoon	10 55 44	3 48 06	4 53 06	4 53 06
Ventura	10 55 47	3 50 11	4 55 11	4 53 55

Ventura called for a remeasurement, but it is not likely that she will gain anything. This ends the series, with Gossoon still champion.

LARCHMONT Y. C., SEPT. 6.

THE fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday was a most disappointing failure, there being so little wind that the yachts did not finish until late at night. The starters were: Class 4, Clara and Jessica; Class 5, Liris, Mariquita and Minerva; Class 7, Sasqua, Volusia and Kathleen; Class 8, Brunhilde and Amazon; Class 11, Aura, Elfin and Mimette; Class 16, Zelica, Phyllis and Rival.

The usual courses of the club for these classes were sailed. The race was started at 1 P. M. with no wind, and although there was a light breeze for a time later on, it soon dropped. The winners were: Clara, Minerva, Kathleen, Amazon, Aura and Rival.

On Monday a special race was sailed in better weather, the entries being:

CLASS 1—40 TO 50FT. CORRECTED LENGTH.

	Cor. Length.	Allows.
Jessica, W. O. B. McDonough	49.68	
Liris, C. W. Wetmore et al	48.83	01 08
Mariquita, A. Belmont, Jr.	48.00	01 54
Minerva, J. L. Carroll, Jr.	45.61	05 25

CLASS 2—30 TO 40FT. CORRECTED LENGTH.

Volusia, J. M. Williams	37.53	Allows.
Kathleen, T. C. Zerega	37.44	00 11

The course was to windward and return, 12 miles, turning a mark off Cold Spring Harbor. The wind was light E. by W. Volusia did not turn up, so Kathleen could not start.

Shortly after the start Jessica broke her port spreader, losing a good deal of time before it was temporarily repaired. The start was timed:

Minerva ..... 11 13 57 Jessica 11 31 31
Mariquita ..... 11 14 27 Liris 11 15 23

Minerva quickly ran away from the fleet, having a long lead at the weather mark, which was timed:

Minerva ..... 1 42 38 Liris 2 01 30
Mariquita ..... 1 52 50 Jessica 2 03 20

Off the wind she added to her gain, winning very easily. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Minerva	11 13 57	3 52 24	4 38 27	4 33 02
Mariquita	11 14 23	4 12 14	4 57 51	4 55 57
Liris	11 15 23	4 22 09	5 06 56	5 05 38
Jessica	11 14 31	4 25 15	5 10 42	5 10 42

Owing to Jessica's mishap and the fact that she was poorly sailed, the race was no test of her performance with the 40-footers.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB REGATTA, SEPT. 3.

CONSIDERING the fate of most clubs this season, the Marine and Field Club, which is making a strong effort for the encouragement of racing in all sorts of sailing craft, was very lucky to secure a dozen actual starters in its fall regatta of Wednesday week. In addition to several good canoe races, this club has now attained the dignity of its second annual yacht race, and in spite of light weather and a small fleet the affair must be set down as a success. The race was sailed under the rules of the New York Y. C., and practically over the club's courses, save that the start and finish were off the handsome grounds of the Marine and Field Club at Bath Beach. The 70ft. class went around Sandy Hook Lightship, by way of Southwest Spit; the 46 and 40ft. classes turned the Scotland Lightship, and the smaller boats turned Buoy 5. The start was timed as follows:

Arrow, C. S. Osborn	12 26 45	Pastime, T. R. Meserole	12 28 24
Lakshmi, C. M'K. Loeser	12 26 54	Gunhilde, Messrs. Dedricksen	12 29 49
Penguin, G. E. Brightson	12 27 02	Sasqua, H. Andruss	12 31 26
Jessica, W. Macdonough	12 27-07	Madcap, W. B. Dickey	12 33 49
Polly, T. S. Arnold	12 27 37	Shamrock, J. R. Maxwell	12 36 11
Broncho, M. Hartley	12 28 18	Gracie, J. P. Earle	12 36 54

Only Shamrock and Gracie started in the 70ft. class. In the 46ft. class were, in addition to Com. Dickey's Madcap, the Ellsworth sloop Penguin, sailed by Capt. Joe Ellsworth, and the new Fife 20-rater, Jessica, the latter sailing her maiden race. The tide was ebbing and the wind light S.E., shifting later on to the west and falling very light, Shamrock soon led Gracie, keeping her lead all day. The times at Buoy 10 were:

Shamrock ..... 1 41 15 Penguin 1 46 35
Gracie ..... 1 45 40 Jessica 1 46 50

Penguin was the better sailed, but when outside the Hook Jessica went away from her on the wind, the times at the Scotland being:

Jessica ..... 2 47 35 Madcap 3 00 59
Penguin ..... 2 48 50 Rover 3 01 21
Polly ..... 2 50 36 Broncho 3 09 40
Sasqua 2 52 57

The others were timed at Sandy Hook Lightship: Shamrock 2:49:10, Gracie 2:51:20.

Coming in spinakers were set before a very light breeze, Jessica having only the masthead spinaker intended to keep her within the 20-rating class on the other side. Penguin passed her, finishing ahead by a few seconds, but giving Jessica the race on allowance. Jessica protested on the ground that Penguin was over the line before the gun, the protest being allowed by the committee. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
70FT. CLASS.				
Shamrock	12 36 00	5 00 58	4 24 59	4 24 58
Gracie	12 36 00	5 11 10	4 35 10	4 33 40
46FT. CLASS.				
Jessica	12 27 08	5 23 30	4 36 28	4 35 33
Rover	12 23 49	5 27 59	4 54 10	4 51 55
Madcap	12 27 09	5 38 25	5 11 16	5 08 20
Penguin	12 27 02	5 23 05	4 36 03	4 36 03
40FT. CLASS.				
Sasqua	12 31 26	5 18 40	4 47 14	4 46 46
Polly	12 27 37	5 27 40	5 00 03	5 00 03
Broncho	12 28 18	5 47 50	5 19 32	Not meas.
30FT. CLASS.				
Pastime	12 28 27	4 32 00	4 03 36	4 03 36
Arrow	12 26 45	4 59 04	4 32 19	4 35 10
CATBOAT CLASS.				
Gunhilde	12 29 49	4 14 00	3 44 11	Not meas.
Lakshmi	12 26 50	4 12 17	3 45 18	Not meas.

The judges were Messrs. S. Risk, W. C. Kerr and C. A. Deshon. The result in the smaller classes depends on the measurement of the boats.

MR. FIFE'S VISIT.

MR. WILL FIFE, JR., the designer of Clara, Minerva, Dragon, Yvonne, and many other fast yachts, arrived in New York on the City of Rome on Aug. 17, proceeding at once to Marblehead, where he sailed a couple of races on Minerva during the Corinthian series. On his return to New York he ran up to Oswego, joining his new Yama at that port on the morning of the race of the Oswego Y. C., in which Yama won her fifth successive first prize. He continued with her to Rochester, returning to New York on Aug. 28 and leaving two days later for home. Mr. Fife's visit was, of course, partly for business, and it is probable that he took several orders home with him, but it was also for recreation and for a look at the American boats, many of which are new since his first visit in 1887.

The great American interviewer, both amateur and professional, was out in full force to welcome him, but with rather poor success, as to the many questions that were fired at him point blank, whether he would build a yacht to challenge for the Cup, whether such a yacht would have a keel or a centerboard, and whether he could beat this, that or the other craft, he quietly but positively replied that such questions were not fair and he would not answer them.

Mr. Fife is a well built man of medium height, with broad shoulders and weighing about 189lbs. He has a frank, open face and pleasant manner, and when not plied with questions, had a good deal to say of yachting on the other side, especially of the new racing craft and the wonderful racing witnessed this season on the Clyde. One opinion at least he gave very freely and positively; after half an hour in Yama's cabin on the afternoon of the Oswego regatta, when the "Redoo" had been sung in most approved fashion, and with proper accompaniments, he remarked that the method of celebrating a victory on Lake Ontario was fully as moist and exhilarating as a similar ceremony on the Clyde.

The designer of Minerva is now in his thirty-third year, his father, with whom he is associated in the famous old yard at Fairlie, being nearly seventy. "Old Will Fife," the grandfather of the present Wm. Fife, Jr., and father of the elder Will Fife, was a yacht builder and ship owner many years since, his son, who succeeded him in the business, attaining well deserved fame as the builder of many staunch and speedy yachts, whose day has since gone by, Fiona, Neva, Condor, Moina, Neptune, Foxhound, Bloodhound, Coralie and the ill-fated Cythera. Young Mr. Fife designed his first yacht of any note in 1876, the Clio, a successful 5-tonner. Since then he has turned out a large number of fast racers, Neptune, Sleuth Hound, Ariel, Lenore, Erycina, Clara, Rival, Ulidia, Yvonne, Minerva, Uvira, Dragon, Windward, Encore, Oread, Woodcock and many steamers. In 1883 he took charge for a time of the Culzean Ship Building and Engineering Co.'s works at Maybole, building while there Clara and Bayadere. Afterward he returned to Fairlie, where he has built up a very successful practice in designing, as well as building.

While in this country he was outspoken in favor of a classification by corrected length, similar to the present British rules. In an interview with a reporter of the *Tribune* he also expressed himself as follows in regard to the conditions of the new deed of gift of the America's Cup:

"When asked regarding the possibility of another challenge for the America's Cup, Mr. Fife said: 'I do not believe that there will be another challenge for the America's Cup, as long as the New York Y. C. adheres to the present deed of gift. It is manifestly unfair. English yachts and English yacht builders could never get from the Americans those concessions which the Americans demand from the British. Under the present deed of gift, the challenging boat has to send to the New York Y. C. its four principal dimensions and give a ten months' notice. Now, if I have the four principal dimensions of a yacht given me and I have ten months in which to study those dimensions and in which to construct a yacht, I believe that I could build a yacht which would beat nine whose dimensions were sent me. At least I should have no hesitation in trying it. It is easy to be seen that under the present deed of gift the Americans have a great advantage. The challenging yacht is a fixed quantity that cannot be altered. The Americans know by the challenge almost exactly what sort of a yacht she is, in every particular. The problem which then confronts them is to build a yacht which shall be a little faster, no matter at what expense of other qualities. It is very much easier to improve upon than to originate. It is very much easier to build a boat which shall attain speed at the expense of other qualities, when the desired amount of speed is practically known, than it is to originate the perfect boat. I do not think the deed of gift is fair to British yachtsmen, and I do not believe there will be another challenge for the America's Cup as long as it is held under that deed.'"

LYNN Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 1.—The open regatta of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed on Monday of last week in a light N.W. wind, the courses being for second and third classes: From starting point to whistling buoy off Graves, leaving it on the starboard: to Winthrop spar buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to flagboat off Grover's Cliff, leaving it on starboard; to and across line between judges' boat and stakeboat; 10 miles. For fourth and fifth classes, from starting point to Flip Rock Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to flagboat off Grover's Cliff on starboard; to buoy off Lobster Rocks on starboard, leaving Fish Weir on port; cross judges' line and repeat; 9 miles. The times were:

SECOND CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

First prize $20, second prize $15.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.00	2 59 12	2 27 08
Harbinger, Hooper	28.00	3 01 22	2 32 20
Duchess, Murdock	25.01	3 12 55	2 40 57
Almira, J. J. Young	25.03	Dip not finish.	

THIRD CLASS, CENTERBOARDS.

First prize $20, second $10, third $5.

Hazzard, Prince & Moody	23.10	3 07 05	2 33 42
Scud, Linton	22.06	3 17 14	2 41 13
Mavis, Linton	21.00	3 21 10	2 44 11
Black Cloud, Wheeler	23.10	2 17 53	2 44 30
Silver Cloud, McLaughlin	22.05	3 22 17	2 47 10
Expert, J. J. Jones	23.02	3 29 03	2 55 22
Ideal, Williams	22.00	Did not finish.	
Gilt Edge, J. B. Farrell	23.00	Did not finish.	
Montezuma, G. E. Curry	22.01	Did not finish.	

FIRST CLASS, KEELS.

Emma L., S. L. Saunders	24.08	3 10 31	2 38 05
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson	24.07	3 18 29	2 46 07
Irene, Gordon & Co.	23.09	3 21 00	2 47 31
Judith, W. B. Pidgeon	23.04	Did not finish.	

FIRST CLASS, JIB AND MAINSAIL.

First prize $20, second $15, third $5.

Tom Cat, M. H. Randall	19.00	2 48 49	2 12 53
Auk, Martin	18.07	2 54 34	2 18 01
Gleam, P. J. Lowell	19.10	2 54 45	2 19 58
Tiffe, J. Besse	18.06	2 50 58	2 20 17
Vexer, G. W. Murphy	20.06	5 55 41	2 21 46
Forlorn Hope, J. Howard	20.00	2 56 54	2 22 19
Nellie Farley, F. O. Smith	20.11	3 11 03	2 37 40
Zoe, W. H. Ferrando	18 01	Did not finish.	
Isabel, Hogdon	16.05	Did not finish.	
Budge, Harrington	19 02	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS, KEELS.

First prize $15, second $10, third $5, fourth $3.

Astrea, Benner	20.02	3 13 20	2 38 59
Inez, Goodrich Bros.	18.06	3 16 20	2 39 40
Zetta, Flye	18.09	3 19 20	2 43 02
Vesper, Wiegand	19.01	3 19 48	2 43 59
Velma, Barker	18.02	3 24 03	2 46 53

FIFTH CLASS, CATBOATS.

First prize $15, second $10, third $5, fourth $3.

Rocket, Faxon	16 02	2 57 12	2 16 46
Wild Cat, Ally	16.10	2 58 10	2 18 54
Jack Dow, Hyde	18.06	2 55 42	2 19 01
Flora Lee, Lansing	16.10	3 18 34	2 34 18
Jessie M., Blethen	18.00	3 20 24	2 42 58
Alice L., Lynch	17.07	3 19 19	2 41 16

YORKVILLE Y. C. REGATTA, SEPT. 1.—The sixth annual regatta of the Yorkville Y.C. was started with 25 yachts on Labor Day, but the wind was too light to allow any yacht to cover the course, from Oak Point around the Gangway Buoy, within the time limit of six hours. The race will be re-sailed. On Sept. 4 the new club house at 102d street was formally opened.

SINKING OF A YACHT.—Just at daylight on Sept. 5, as the sloop yacht Magnet, of Roxbury, Mass., was passing through Long Island Sound, bound for New York, she was cut down by a large tug, which passed on without stopping. The yacht sank immediately, her crew escaping in a dory. The name of the tug has not yet been ascertained, but Mr. E. Burkhard, owner of the yacht, has offered a reward for it. The yacht was about 26ft. long.

SAPPHIRE.—Mr. John Stetson has sold his Burgess steam yacht Sapphire to Mr. Amzi L. Barker, of New York.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 4.—The open regatta of the Massachusetts Y. C. on Thursday was sailed in a very light breeze, making a drift at the finish, many of the yachts withdrawing. As the fleet had not been measured under the new rule of the club, only the elapsed times were given out, as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

Ten-mile course. First prize, $15; second prize, $8.

	Elapsed.
Almira, T. J. Young	2 10 43
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	2 09 50
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper	2 14 30
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	2 48 30
Mudjekeewis, W. P. Whitmarsh	Withdrew
Helen, W. Shaw	Withdrew
Duchess, G. J. Murdock	Withdrew
Erin, J. Cavanaugh	Withdrew

SIXTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Secret, E. F. Linton	2 30 45
Sea Bird, C. L. Jay	2 35 53
Ustane, Small Brothers	2 59 46
Ideal, F. Williams	2 40 02
Montezuma, G. E. Curry	3 02 20
Elite, C. B. Rogers	Withdrew
Posy, T. F. Hunt	Withdrew
Gilt Edge, H. W. Burr	Withdrew

KEELS.

Echo, Burrell & Isham	2 45 49
Irene, Gordon & Co.	2 49 54
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	Withdrew
Marguerita, F. Skinner, Jr.	Withdrew
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson	Withdrew

SPECIAL—JIB AND MAINSAIL UNDER 21FT.

Auk, A. A. Martin	1 43 13
Elsie, R. W. Bird	1 45 58
Zetta, H. G. Fly	Withdrew
Tom Cat, M. H. Randall	Withdrew
Astrea, R. M. Benner	Withdrew
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	Withdrew

SEVENTH CLASS—CATS FROM 18 TO 21FT. WATERLINE.

Jackdaw, Hyde & Otis	1 39 15
Egeria, Frank Ware	1 39 00
Peri, F. Driscoll	1 40 25
Water With, E. H. Foster	1 45 42

EIGHTH CLASS—UNDER 18FT.

Psyche, Frank Gray	1 40 24
Rocket, M. H. Faxon	1 41 44
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	1 44 39
Freak, G. F. Maybury	1 47 06
Flora Lee, Whitmarsh & Lanning	1 47 14
Scamp, G. H. Nute	1 47 55
Florrie, W. H. Besarick	1 51 53
Cadet, C. L. Smith	1 54 39
Guenn, E. M. Horton	Withdrew

SAVIN HILL Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 3.—The Savin Hill Y. C. sailed a very successful open regatta on Wednesday of last week, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Corrected.
Almira, Thomas J. Young	25.03	1 33 18
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.00	1 34 25
Harbinger, James R. Hooper	27.11	1 39 56
Elite, C. B. Rogers	24.06	1 43 13
Mudjkeeewis, W. P. Whitmarsh	25.05	1 45 18
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	1 48 30
Judith, U. B. Pigeon	23.04	1 58 30
Annie Maud, F. O. Veghelan	24.03	2 04 02
Primrose, J. H. Stark	23.03	2 07 26
Gilt Edge, H. W. Burns	23.03	withd'n.
Mildred, G. L. Sears	24.07	withd'n.

SPECIAL CLASS.

Ustane, Small Bros.	21.05	1 06 35
Auk, A. A. Martin	18.07	1 08 38
Elsie, R. W. Bird	17.04	1 16 59
Pioneer, J. F. Turner	20.06	1 21 36
Eureka, E. Rogers	20.06	withd'n.
Tom Cat, R. M. Bemer	19.01	withd'n.

SECOND CLASS.

Egeria, Francis Ware	20.01	1 07 38
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 09 30
Ideal, Frank Williams	22.00	1 13 09
Wraith, C. E. Hodges	22.03	1 13 23
Mist, E. L. Pond	22.07	withd'n.
Montezuma, C. E. Carey	22.01	withd'n.
Tyke, McBaith & McInness	19.10	withd'n.

THIRD CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 02 54
Peri, Frank Driscoll	18.06	1 05 14
Psyche, Francis Gray	17.04	1 06 31
Flora Lee, C. D. Laning	16.10	1 07 28
Jack Daw, Hyde and Otis	18.06	1 07 35
Mirage, John Dearborn	17.05	1 08 30
Freak, George F. Mayberry	16.00	1 11 41
Florrie, W. H. Besarick	18.05	1 13 21
Scamp, H. M. Nute	16.04	1 13 13
Wildfire, H. C. Keith	17.03	1 15 15
Guenn, E. N. Hutton	17.06	1 17 51
Avis, J. H. Odell	18.07	withd'n.
Paradox, Louis M. Club	17.06	withd'n.

FOURTH CLASS.

Bessie, W. C. Cherrington	12.09	1 02 44
Nina, J. P. Bullard	14.10	1 04 26
Nellie, J. O. Leary	14.11	1 11 29

The judges were: J. P. Harris, chairman; Allen M. Davis, William H. Besarick, James S. Clark, Jr., Frank Driscoll and Walter P. Thayer.

BROOKLYN Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 1.—The fall regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C., on Labor Day, was spoiled by the prevailing calm weather which vexed so many yacht sailors about New York. Only three classes succeeded in finishing their courses, the times being as follows:

CLASS B.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Mabel, A. C. Fitzgerald	12 07 15	5 59 10	5 54 14
Grace, Geo. P. Lyons	12 06 44	Withdrew.	
Gertrude, Wm. F. Everett	12 07 32	Withdrew.	
Alma, J. S. Hale	12 06 27	4 27 30	4 21 03

CLASS C.

Heming, Dr. E. F. Drayton	12 05 35	6 03 40	5 57 04
Manhattan, J. C. Egerton	12 07 03	5 58 53	5 52 50

CLASS F.

Alice, John Cottier	12 06 05	5 51 00	5 43 10
Faustina, R. C. Hopkins	12 05 34	5 41 00	5 35 26

CLASS 1.

Daisy, R. H. Woodman	11 58 08	Withdrew.
Vida, G. R. West	11 55 40	Withdrew.
Mamie, A. Wheelwright	11 57 17	Withdrew.
Irene, A. M. Lockhart	11 57 45	Withdrew.
Iroquois, E. H. Chandler	11 56 00	Withdrew.

CLASS 2.

Ray, G. R. Hawes	11 57 10	Withdrew.
Kildee, G. W. Neidlinger	11 59 23	Withdrew.
Seneca, J. P. Tribken	11 56 42	Withdrew.

CLASS 3.

Bess, M. J. Hanley & W. Murphy	11 59 20	Withdrew.
Mull, Com. B. F. Sutton	11 56 00	Withdrew.
Rosie, Dr. J. R. Latham	11 56 30	Withdrew.

Alma won in Class B, Manhattan in Class C, and Faustina in Class F. During the evening the club house was beautifully illuminated.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 1.—Small entries and a light wind rather spoiled the fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. on Labor Day, only 9 yachts starting. There were two entries each in four classes, the fifth class having only one entry, the fast open boat Myra, which entered for the special prize for best elapsed time, winning by an hour and a half. The times are:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS 32FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sentinel, A. Droegmundt	32.09	10 49 20	. . .	. . .
Nyssa, Com. D. Rousseau	32.08	10 46 10	6 34 30	7 47 50

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 25FT. AND UNDER 32FT.

Alice, A. N. Holden	31.11	10 46 10	4 38 00	5 52 30
Jessie, F. Gauss	26.05	10 46 10	6 38 00	7 41 50

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.

Nanita, Rear-Com. Coughtry	21.06	10 41 15	6 28 30	7 47 15
Marvel, J. Loeber	21.03	10 42 30	. . .	. . .

CLASS 3—CABIN CAT-RIGGED YACHTS.

Linda, E. S. Snyder	24.01	10 45 00	6 19 00	7 34 00
Ida B., H. Sturg	22.00	10 45 00	. . .	. . .

SPECIAL PRIZE.

Myra, G. K. Rosenquest	24.00½	10 41 13	3 02 41	4 21 29

Nyssa won in first class, Alice in second, Nanita in third and Linda in fourth.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF MARBLEHEAD.—The second championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead, on Sept. 1, in a light southwest wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS, 30-FOOTERS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Saladin, W. P. Fowle	2 20 44	2 18 35
Mignon, H. G. Babson	2 21 53	2 18 54
Shark, W. H. Waterhouse	2 22 55	. . .
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	2 23 29	2 21 02

SECOND CLASS.

Susie, W. W. Keith	3 14 54	. . .
Jone, J. S. Poyen	3 16 57	. . .

SPECIAL CLASS, CRUISING RIG.

Bon Bon, Van Nostrand	3 14 08	2 59 08
Gretchen, Merriam	3 15 17	3 00 17
Clytie	3 00 34	3 00 34
Orinda, Dr. W. H. Winslow	3 13 22	3 04 22

THIRD CLASS, CATS.

Wanda, R. C. Robbins	1 49 48	. . .
Edith, F. W. Wood	2 09 15	. . .

FOURTH CLASS.

Hornet, J. B. Paine	1 43 16	1 35 46
Kraken, Perry Chase	2 05 00	1 58 37

FIFTH CLASS.

Josephine, D. Follet	1 39 35	. . .

SPECIAL OPEN RACE, UNDER 16FT. WATERLINE.

Tantrum	1 16 10	1 14 33
Alpine	1 16 22	1 16 09
Banjo	1 26 21	1 20 24
Composite	1 20 50	1 20 50
Pansy	1 25 26	1 24 29
Mary	1 34 20	1 32 54
Vera	1 39 40	1 38 00
Reba	1 53 14	1 48 36
Comus	1 53 56	1 51 22
Milo	1 53 48	. . .
Estelle	1 54 20	. . .
Bessie	1 57 26	. . .
Oswa	Withdrew.	

Saladin thus wins the championship in first class and Susie in second class, Wanda in third class, Hornet in fourth class and Josephine in fifth class, each having won two legs. Saladin, Susie, Wanda and Hornet each got first prizes, and Mignon second prize. Bon Bon wins first prize of $20 in special class, Gretchen second, $10, and Clytie third, $5. In open race Tantrum wins first prize of $25, Alpine second, $15, Banjo third, $10, Composite fourth, $5, and Pansy fifth, $3. The judges were Daniel Appleton and L. L. Rhodes.

Rowing races for dories, double and singles, were held in the afternoon. In the single race Eldridge Graves defeated Arthur Frost. In the double race Chapman and Graves won. In the tab race H. Perry took first prize, Wright second, Taylor third. H. Perry also won the swimming match.

BRIDGEPORT BOATING ASSOCIATION, OPEN REGATTA, Sept. 1.—On Labor Day a very successful regatta was sailed by the Bridgeport Boating Association over a course 6 miles to leeward and return off Seaside Park. The wind was fresh N. W. The full times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Stranger	11 04 32	1 17 18	2 12 48
Arrow	11 03 40	1 19 40	2 13 15
Clytie	11 03 18	1 16 36	2 09 48
Hebe	11 03 29	1 14 48	2 39 00
Gitana	11 05 31	1 33 16	2 27 55

CLASS B—JIB AND MAINSAIL, 27FT. AND UNDER 32FT.

Amateur	11 03 47	1 00 40	1 56 53
Tern	11 04 02	1 09 14	2 05 54
Teal	11 03 03	1 20 00	1 56 57

CLASS D—JIB AND MAINSAIL, 21FT. AND UNDER 25FT.

Rival	11 04 44	1 08 19	2 03 35
Ramona	11 02 20	1 07 42	2 05 22

CLASS E—JIB AND MAINSAIL, UNDER 21FT.

Hornet	11 08 30	1 11 14	2 33 44

CLASS F—CATBOATS, 21FT. AND UNDER 25FT.

Alice	11 11 05	1 36 12	2 25 07
Ampere	11 11 19	Did not finish.	
Kate	11 11 39	1 41 14	2 29 29
Molly Pitcher	11 14 15	1 50 00	2 43 19
Coronet	11 10 49	1 48 38	3 36 53

CLASS G—CATBOATS, UNDER 21FT.

Go Softly	11 08 30	1 35 32	2 26 45
Wawa	11 10 00	1 35 37	2 35 37
Phyllis	11 09 15	1 22 27	2 12 44

The judges were Messrs. George Turney, W. A. Lewis and Thos. F. Vose.

PLEON Y. C., THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, SEPT. 3.—The Pleon Y. C. race of Wednesday was sailed in a very light easterly breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, J. T. Small	2 56 45	2 45 35

KEELS.

Composite, J. H. McIntire	3 15 00	3 04 29
Snail, A. G. Wood	3 21 12	3 05 39
Milo, E. Mason	3 28 20	3 15 39

SPECIAL CLASS.

Minna, I. H. Norris	2 20 50	2 11 19

SECOND CLASS.

Banjo, I. J. Taylor	1 57 10	1 48 12
Monmi, I. W. Dunlap	2 08 09	1 55 54
Sheila, W. Jackson	1 59 20	1 47 05
Midge, H. Jackson	2 03 30	1 49 45
Estelle, C. Pierce	2 06 04	1 53 18

Tantrum wins the Wood cup and the championship. Banjo wins the Palmer cup and the championship for second class. Composite wins a leg in the first class keels championship and, with Snail and Oswa, will sail-off for the championship of the class. Minna wins the championship in the special class.

HULL CORINTHIAN Y. C.—This club sailed a race on Aug 30 in a very light wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 41 41	2 10 10
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.00	2 49 00	2 11 18
Adolphe, H. Moebes	22.04	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Mabel, H. Rice	19.10	2 38 54	2 15 43
Madge, W. D. Lovell	19.11	2 40 21	2 17 14

FOURTH CLASS.

Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	16.10	2 38 34	2 12 24
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	2 41 12	2 14 05
Freak, G. Mabel	16.00	2 52 16	2 22 07
Mabel D., C. E. North	16.11	2 50 48	2 23 43

FIFTH CLASS.

Billow, H. Brown	12.10	2 23 04	2 07 19
No. 2, Z. Cleverly	13.08	2 28 26	2 08 19
No. 1, S. S. Harrington	14.05	Withdrew.	

Judges: S. N. Bouve, C. V. Souther, H. O. Stetson, W. D. Shattuck and H. B. Wilson.

SOUTH BOSTON MOSQUITO FLEET OPEN REGATTA, SEPT. 1.—The open race of the South Boston Mosquito Fleet on Labor Day was sailed in an unsteady N. W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nadine, D. Palmer	14.11	1 48 06	1 48 01
Nina, J. P. Bullard	14.11	1 48 41	1 48 36
Holy Smoke, A. L. Barry	14.06	2 02 55	2 02 22
Ruby, J. L. Putnam	14.11	Did not finish.	
Flossie, C. Smith	14.04	Did not finish.	
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.11	Did not finish.	

SECOND CLASS.

Bessie, W. C. Cherrington	12.11	1 40 56	1 38 59
Skeeter, S. N. Small	12.11	2 11 53	2 09 36
Snag, J. E. Robinson, Jr.	12.03	2 13 58	2 10 57
Bunty, W. A. Cook	12.11	Did not finish.	

The judges were M. W. Rawson, W. H. Rawson, and Jas. F. Briggs.

FLEUR DE LYS.—On Aug. 30 the new Burgess schooner Fleur de Lys was launched at Bath, Me., where she was built for Mr. Geo. Trotter by John MacDonald. She is a wooden vessel, 108ft. over all, 86ft. l.w.l., 21ft. 9in. beam and 13ft. draft, a keel boat. She is intended for long cruises, her owner proposing to make a voyage around the world next year after a preliminary cruise in Southern waters this winter.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—On Aug. 30 the final sail-off of the championship took place, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Diadem, L. A. Hayward	18.02	2 28 23	1 59 28
Eureka, E. B. Rogers	Withdrawn.		

Diadem takes the championship cup. The wind was very light and uneven, Diadem catching a puff that gave her a long lead, while Eureka was becalmed, finally withdrawing.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Long Island Sound Squadron will hold a regatta at Greenwich, Conn., on Sept. 13. Open to all boats 23ft. l.w.l. and under. To be sailed under Corinthian Navy rules. Classification on length: Class A, over 20ft. and not over 23ft. l.w.l.; class B, over 17ft. and not over 20ft. l.w.l.; class C, over 14ft. and not over 17ft. l.w.l.; class D, 14ft. and under. Classification on type: Cabin sloops and cutters, catboats, yawls and periaugers. Open sloops, catboats, yawls, periaugers and canoe yawls, canoes, St. Lawrence River skiffs and rigged rowboats. The racing length for cabin boats is the l.w.l. and sail area, according to the following: $L.W.L+\sqrt{S.A.}\div 2$. The racing length for open boats is the length on the l.w.l. Crews shall be composed of amateurs and shall be limited as follows: Classes A and B, 3 men; class C, 2 men; class D, 1 man. The helmsman shall not be considered one of the crew. Ballast shall not be shifted and no outriggers or seats that extend beyond the beam of the boat shall be used. Prizes will be awarded in all classes where two or more boats start. The course will be triangular, 7 nautical miles, around Captain's Islands. The start will be at 1 P. M. precisely. One dollar entry fee will be charged all boats not enrolled in the Corinthian Navy. Entries will close Thursday Sept. 11, with the Secretary of the Squadron, F. B. Jones, 40 Wall street, New York.

A regular meeting of the association will be held at the Hotel Marlborough on Sept. 30.

The following are proposed for membership: W. Luttgen, M. J. Rooney, Byron Baldwin, Henry A. G. Way, B. A. L. Batzen, M. O'Day.

On Sept. 6 the fall regatta of the Staten Island Sound Squadron was sailed off Sewaren, N. J., over a 10-mile course, the wind being light at the start but freshening later. The times were:

CLASS A—CATBOATS OVER 18 AND LESS THAN 23FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Manhattan, A. T. Skerry, Jr	22.06	2 35 43	2 35 13
Nankit, T. W. Hawkins	22.10	2 34 20	2 33 10
Maggie E., Chas. Tice	22.00	Did not finish.	

CLASS B—CATBOATS OVER 12 AND LESS THAN 18FT.

Galawater, J. Spavin	16.03	Did not finish.	
Madge S., J. H. Stull	15.06	2 42 22	2 30 29
Dove, J. W. Elsworth	14.08	2 39 37	2 25 57
Bayonne, P. Van Buskirk	16.06	2 43 20	2 33 27
Dolly, Wm. Whittaker	12.00	Not taken.	
Gennett, W. Van Buskirk	12.00	Not taken.	

CLASS C—SLOOP YACHTS.

Emma M., M. Munday	21.04	Not taken.	
Kidney Cure, H. Watts	17.05¼	2 43 03	2 35 00
Just Woke Up, J. Philips	21.11	2 24 15	2 23 03

In Class A. Nankit won, with Manhattan second. In Class B. Dove won, with Madge S. second; and in Class C. Just Woke Up won, Kidney Cure second.

There was also a race for naphtha launches, the Amelia Victoria, length 27.6ft., owned by N. Luttgen, covering the 10-mile course in 1:21:55. Elsie, length 18.6ft., owned by S. Mershon, second, in 1:35:18. The judges were R. H. Desmond, Thomas Riddle, and Judge A. D. Brown.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S.—On Aug. 30 a race was sailed, open to all yachts of the squadron, for the United Banks challenge cup, under the following conditions: The yachts will be started from a markboat, anchored off Squadron Wharf, by the officers of the day, who will notify each yacht in succession when to start. Yachts will range alongside the markboat at 1:45 P. M., will receive warp lines and take up positions astern in the order of rating, the smallest being next to the markboat. On the word from the officers of the day each yacht in succession will haul up to the markboat and await the word to start. Yachts will be allowed spring lines, but must cast off on the word to start. Head sails are not to be set until the signal to start is given. Course No. 4.—Starting off the Squadron Wharf to Flag Buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Point Pleasant Buoy, thence to Flag Buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Point Pleasant Buoy, leaving these marks on starboard hand and finish off Squadron Wharf, $11\frac{3}{10}$ miles. Time limit, 4 hours. Weather, heavy rain. Wind, E.S.E., squally. Tide flowing:

	Rating.	Start.	Finish.
Mentor, cutter, C. Stayner	2.3	2 05 00	4 15 29
Daphne, sloop, F. H. Bell et al	2.6	Did not start.	
Etienne, sloop, J. E. Butler	2.8	2 07 12	4 09 51
Psyche, cutter, G. E. Weston et al	3	2 07 58	4 12 39
Calypso, sloop, H. V. Kent	3	2 07 58	4 13 14
Hildred, sloop, G. E. Francklyn, Jr	3.2	2 08 41	4 28 55
Minnehaha, sloop, A. T. Stikeman	3.5	2 09 39	4 22 05
Albatross, schooner, D. Crowan	3.6	Did not start.	
Wenonah, schooner, A. C. Jones et al	11	2 20 26	4 26 37
Uvira, cutter, Jas. Frazer	23	2 26 11	3 57 05

Winners: First, Uvira; second, Etienne; third, Psyche. The start was made in "Bermudian" fashion—the time allowance being allowed at the start. Officers of the Day—Messrs. F. A. Hamilton and W. H. Throop.

JESSICA.—The new 20-rater Jessica, the first of her class in our waters, has sailed two races, winning the first by a very small margin. The yacht she beat in her first race was the sloop Penguin, an Ellsworth boat that has raced but seldom and is little known, but is by far the best Ellsworth boat of her size, certainly a faster yacht she is not yet provided with, using the small spinaker in her first race. After sailing her against Dragon, Mr. Fife pronounced her as good as that famous 20, and if well sailed here she should make a very fair showing in the 46ft. class as it is now constituted, though it should be an easy matter to beat her in most racing weather with an American boat built fully up to date.

HULL Y. C., Sept. 6.—On Saturday the Hull Y. C. sailed a very good race in a hard rain, the times being:

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elite, E. B. Rogers	24.11	2 05 04	1 32 55
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.08	2 12 58	1 40 52
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	Not measured.		
Almira, T. J. Young	Not measured.		
Secret, E. F. Linton	Not measured.		

KEELS.

Echo, E. L. Burwell	24.06	2 11 20	1 38 42
Swordfish, H. L. Johnson	24.07	2 15 24	1 42 32

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Madge, B. Pope	19.11	1 32 21	1 09 04
Mabel, H. L. Rice	19.10	1 32 35	1 09 24

FIFTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 30 13	1 12 16
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	1 43 42	1 17 58

After the race it was discovered that Echo and Swordfish had each sailed a wrong course, so Echo started again and sailed the proper course. Judges: Messrs. John A. Stetson, J. B. Forsyth, W. S. Cary, B. W. Rowell, F. H. Brown, J. J. Souther, E. C. North, W. E. Sherriffs, J. R. Chadwick, C. S. Waldo, J. B. Field, L. S. Jordan.

PROVIDENCE CORINTHIAN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, SEPT. 8.—Courses for classes 1, 2 and 3, 18½ miles; for class 4 11½ miles; weather fair, wind S.S.W., tide half flood.

CLASS 2.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie, C. F. James	30.10	3 55 45	3 55 45
Rhodia, H. C. Blair	29.03	3 39 45	3 37 14
Frolic, E. L. Anderson	25.01	3 42 28	2 32 25

CLASS 3.

Victor, E. V. Bowen	22.06	3 42 42	3 41 58
Afghan, Benj. Davis	22.09	3 47 35	3 46 27
White Wings, A. D. White	23.03	3 46 53	3 46 33
Gladys, John D. Peck	21.01	3 49 09	3 44 01

CLASS 4.

Arrow, Frank Bennett	17.04	3 09 43	3 09 43
Nemo, Arthur Lacey	17.04	2 59 00	2 59 00
Nettie, Wm. Carroll	16.10	3 02 13	3 01 11
Zara, J. W. Gladhill	16.03	2 52 58	2 50 39

Pennants for fastest actual time for classes 1, 2, 3 and 4, Kelpie and Zara. Regatta committee, Fred Griffith, F. W. Folsome and Chas. Herrmann. Judges, regatta committee.

ROCHESTER Y. C., WOLTERS CUP, Sept. 4.—On Thursday of last week the second race for the Wolters Cup was sailed, off Charlotte, over a triangular course of 13 miles. The wind was fresh but unsteady, going from S.W. to W. and N.E. during the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Velnette	2 35 00	4 58 30	2 23 30	2 18 13
Edith	2 35 00	5 01 30	2 26 30	2 26 30
Amelia	2 35 00	5 08 05	2 33 05	2 30 17
Ripple	2 35 00	5 21 00	2 46 00	2 46 00
Majel	2 35 00	Did not finish.		
Undine	2 35 00	Did not finish.		
Alta	2 35 00	Time not taken.		

Velnette has won the cup twice, so retains it, and the third race, set for to-day, will not be sailed.

QUEEN CITY Y. C.—On Aug. 30 the Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, sailed the first and second class race postponed from Aug. 9. There was a strong N.W. wind when the start was made at 2:45, the four starters carrying double-reefed mainsails and storm jibs. The times were:

	Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widgeon	2d	4 33 30	1 48 30	1 44 00
Mischief	1st	4 32 15	1 47 15	1 46 00
Nellie G	1st	4 35 00	1 50 00	1 50 00
Ina	1st	4 37 15	1 52 15	1 50 15

A skiff race, for the *World* cup, was also sailed, only Elsie being ready at the start. Excelsior and Alliance came along 10m. later and started, but finally gave up, Eslie winning the cup, which she holds for the second year.

ST. LAWRENCE SAILING SKIFF CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—A match race for the championship of the St. Lawrence River and $250, was sailed on Aug. 29, at Clayton, N. Y., between the racing skiffs Choctaw, of Gananoque, Ont., and Yankee Doodle, of Clayton. The course was twice around three buoys, a distance of fifteen miles. Race was called at 2:05, with a very light and fluky wind. The first three miles was a drifting match with Yankee Doodle leading, having had about 15s. the best of the start. It was soon evident that Choctaw was the best boat in this wind, and she passed Yankee Doodle and turned the first buoy with about a minute's lead. In starting for the home buoy Choctaw's crew showed the best judgment, fetching it easily in one long and one short tack, while Yankee Doodle had to make two long and one short tacks, and then was headed off at the buoy by a shift of wind, while Choctaw was footing it down the wind, increasing her lead very rapidly on the second round. Choctaw finished at 5:11:19, and Yankee Doodle at 5:30:41. Choctaw carried about 450sq. ft. and Yankee Doodle about 350. Choctaw is owned by Frank P. Jones, of Gananoque, and is an enlarged model of Ford Jones' sailing canoe Canuck. Yankee Doodle is owned by the St. Lawrence S. C. and S. L. C., of Clayton. She has a very fine immersed section, but an extremely full deck plan, which in the opinion of many is a detriment to her. Both boats have a great deal of deadrise and are at their best on the wind. S. G. Averell and A. R. Porte, of Ogdensburg acted as referee and starter. It is to be hoped that these boats can meet again in a match race, with a good wholesail breeze from the start to finish.

OHIO Y. C.—On Aug. 28, the handsome new house of the Ohio Y. C. at Presque Isle, near Toledo, was opened with appropriate ceremonies by Vice-Com. Hermann Krauser, Com. Ketchum being absent in the East. A pleasing incident of the evening's fun was the presentation of an elegant silver tea service to Mr. J. E. Gunckel, who as secretary of the club has done so much for its success. On the following day a reception and dance was held at the club house. The young club has one of the finest houses on fresh water, and promises to give a needed boom to yachting on Lake Erie.

BURNING OF A STEAMER.—On Aug. 28, a small passenger steamer, the Albert V. Benson, that was dignified by the name of yacht, was burned and sunk off Prince's Bay, Staten Island. The vessel was brought from the Hudson River, where she was built, some weeks since, to run as a passenger boat between Elm Park, Staten Island, and Elizabethport, being licensed to carry 50. She was about 60ft. long and of 20 tons. Some delay occurred in securing the history of her boiler for the inspectors, and she had not begun her regular trips, but was on a trial trip down Staten Island Sound and on Raritan Bay when a fire broke out, probably caused by the light pine deck being in too close proximity to the stack, which at times was very hot. The six persons on board saved themselves with difficulty, the engineer being helped out of the engine room by a passenger and having a very narrow escape. One boat was burned at the davits before it could be lowered, and the life raft shared a similar fate. The party escaped in a large rowboat which very fortunately had been launched a short time before the fire broke out, and was towing astern. The yacht burned until she sunk. She was owned by M. Buck, of Congers, Rockland Co., N. Y.

NEW YACHTS.—The building season promises to begin early this year and to be far livelier than last. Among the new yachts announced are a 46-footer for Mr. Belmont, owner of Mariquita, and a 40 or 46-footer for Mr. Thayer, owner of Pappoose. Both will be designed by Mr. Burgess and built by Lawley. Work has already begun on the Belmont boat, the spars being roughed out so as to secure a thorough drying. It is reported that the 30-footer designed last year by Mr. Gardner for Mr. Phillips, of Swampscott, will be built this fall by Mr. J. H. McIntyre on his composite system, and also that Mr. John B. Paine, after cleaning out the 25ft. class with Swordfish and the 20ft. class with Hornet, will build from his own design for the 30ft. class. Mr. Gardner has lately completed a design for a small steam yacht for Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, owner of Palmer, schr., and the yacht is now building at Wintringham's. She will be of wood, 61ft. over all, 60ft. l.w.l, 15ft. 3in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft. Mr. Gardner is also at work on a design for a 25ft. racer for Mr. L. J. Boury, of the Seawanhaka and Atlantic clubs. It is now stated that the new Forbes steamer will be but 125 instead of 140ft. l.w.l.

LARCHMONT Y. C. CATBOAT RACE, Aug. 30.—The Larchmont Y. C., in addition to its annual oyster boat race sailed last month, and the fall regatta and special races of the present week, arranged a race for open boats which was sailed on Saturday week, but with rather poor success, the entries being so few in number. The course was four miles to leeward from Larchmont to Mattinnicock Buoy and return, two rounds, 16 miles. The only starters were Phyllis, W. Jones; Rival, E. S. Wheeler; and Zelica, H. G. Shreman. The wind was blowing heavily from N.W. when the race started at 12:34, Zelica, with full sail, crossed first, followed by Phyllis 6s. later, and then Rival 1m. 5ls. later still and with 1m. 43s handicap. The latter pair carried single reef each. Zelica covered the first leg in 44m. 24s., Phyllis in 44m. 46s., and Rival in 45m. 37s. The first mishaps occurred when the trio had gone a little way on the windward leg, Rival losing a man and waiting to pick him up, throwing her so far astern that she withdrew. Shortly after Zelica, carrying too much canvas and unable to reef, capsized and was taken in charge by the judges' boat, Dalzell. A fireman from the tug jumped overboard and made fast a line to the cat's masthead by which she was righted, her crew being cared for on the tug. She was bailed out and started for home in tow of a naphtha launch. Phyllis finished the course in 4h. 25m. 26s.

NEW YORK Y. C. FALL REGATTA.—The following notice was sent out on Sept. 6 in regard to the fall regatta of the New York Y. C., set for Saturday next: "As the list of probable starters is at present by no means as satisfactory as when the committee decided on having a fall regatta, they have decided that the races for the autumn cups will not be held. S. Nicholson Kane, William E. Iselin, Chester Griswold, Sec'y.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—The new yachting department of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, under the direction of Capt. J. C. Summers, will hold its first regatta on Saturday next, starting at 11 A. M. off Larchmont. It was at first intended to sail the races down the Bay, but as most of the yachts likely to enter are about Larchmont, the course has been changed, the Larchmont Y. C., with its usual courtesy, offering its aid. Prizes will be given in the 53, 40 and 30ft. classes.

MUCILAGE.—This fast cat, built by Hanley, of Monument Beach, and once owned by Mr. E. D. Morgan, has been purchased by Com. Gerry.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. H. D., Poughkeepsie.—Is there such a fish as fresh-water sheepshead? While in camp recently on Lake Champlain, two fish were caught weighing 5lbs. each that were called "sheepshead," and they certainly resembled the sea fish in almost every respect except edible qualities. They are quite common in the lake, and valued mainly for the two "lucky bones" found in the head. Ans. In is the fresh-water drum (*Haploidonotus grunniens*). It the Great Lakes it is kuown as sheepshead; in some parts of the South as thunder pumper. Look on page 370 of the "Industries."

G. A. B., Naponset, Mass.—Which of the various artificial baits would be best to use in New England waters during September and October for pickerel? Ans. Write to some reliable dealer, advertisements of whom you will find in this paper, stating the average size of the pickerel where you fish and he will offer you a choice of apparatus best suited for the locality. The phantom minnow is used in pickerel fishing and the artificial frog also. In trolling for this fish a good sized spoon should be used except among reeds and lily pads were smaller fish may be caught by skittering with a smaller spoon. Sometimes a piece of pork or strip of the white belly of a catfish, eel, or any other fish of suitable color will answer as well as a spoon.

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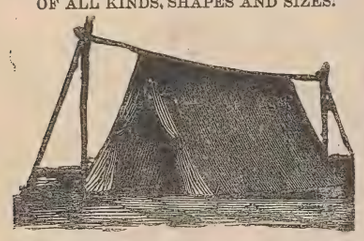
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XVIII.	Quail Shooting.		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Author.
Mallard Duck.
Retriever Bringing Mallard (in Marsh).
Blue-Winged Teal.
Sculling Mallards on Mississippi.
Wilson Snipe.
Snipe Shooting Over Dog.
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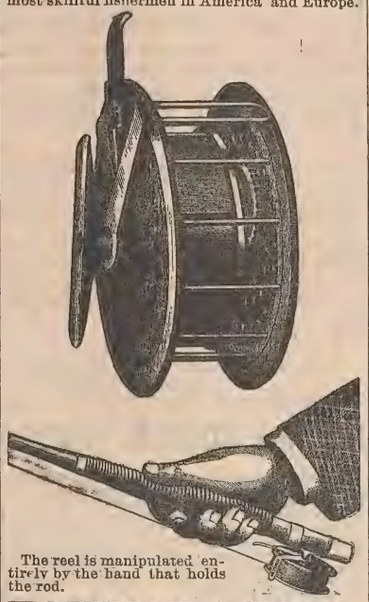
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THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE success which came with the prize meeting at Creedmoor last week is sufficient answer to those who predicted an immediate collapse of the National Rifle Association as soon as the control of the range was turned over to the military authorities of the State. The Association retains the right to a ten-day meet each year, and it can make that gathering a success for all manner of shooters.

The good management this year is in almost an entire measure due to Secretary Shepherd, who acted as executive officer. He has what he considers a very fine edge in the running of a shoot. There is a certain knack of knowing just where to insist upon the exact letter of the rules and where to allow a little leeway, which makes the difference between a wrangling failure and a smooth and satisfactory success. The fact that the entire meeting went off without a single protest of any sort, that everybody went away convinced that they had won on their merits or lost for the want of them, is good proof that the management was excellent.

There are some points worthy of note in the results of the shooting. It will not do to blame too heavily the despised "gas pipe" where scores do not come out to the liking of our State guardsmen. The Remington State model arm with its .50 caliber may be a rather obsolete arm in the present rush for small-caliber weapons, but it is hardly fair to give it too black a character, when such scores as those made in picked competitions at Creedmoor go upon record. No rifle yet made will get a good score with a duffer manipulating it, but a clever shot with a very indifferent arm can roll up very respectable scores. It is the man and the machine together which unite in getting the high score; and the Remington arm in the hands of our militia will be the right arm in the right place for a long time to come yet. All the arguments about difficulty of carrying extra charge, and about the necessity for extra long-distance shooting, which are brought forward when urging the high velocity, small-bolt bullet arm now making in Europe, do not apply at all to our militia arm. It fires a big bullet, the very one to let fly into a mob of rioters, which is probably the only enemy the National Guard will ever have to meet when acting as a home guard. Let the men all along the line come up somewhere near in skill with teams sent to Creedmoor each year, and we should hear no more talk about refitting the guard with a new arm at a good round expense.

The difference between the Remington and the Springfield is not so great when each arm is given its best showing, and the regular army managers may well be on the lookout for something more modern. A regular army soldier should have in his hands the very best arm, one fully on a par with those in foreign use. The three points of rapidity of fire, length of range and accuracy must all be well covered, and then the points of lightness of arm and of ammunition come into consideration. If our army Springfield is so little different from the State Remington as these matches go to show, then it is time for somebody in the army board to look up a new arm.

The Creedmoor meeting had the usual run of marksman's weather, with plenty of rain, but the rifles endured the drip far better than they would have acted in a high gale, so only those who look upon a meeting as a sort of picnic outing had anything to complain of. The off-hand team match did not fill as it should have done. If all the off-hand clubs, whose members do so much talking and challenge writing, really wanted a grand comparative test of skill, this was the time and place. The shooting Zettlers were there, and being there of course carried off the honors.

The Hilton trophy goes to the National Capitol for a year and the District Guard has shown that in addition to being a very pretty appearing body it has some good shots in its ranks. With the shooting States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts all within arm's length of Creedmoor, it seems somewhat odd at least to have to record the trip of the Hilton trophy down to the bank of the Potomac.

THE POET'S LICENSE.

NOTE was made in these columns the other day of a poem entitled "The Yellow Hammer's Tap," contributed to a recent number of the *Century Magazine*, and remarkable for certain ornithological peculiarities. The poet among other things speaks of the season

> When brown wrens peer through rough-hewn rail
> And oft is heard the drum of quail.

For his drumming quail Mr. Oldham has been taken to task by the Chicago *Herald*, and his defense is characterized by a delicious ingenuousness. "My critic," says he, "thinks that I took too unwarranted a liberty with the quail, he maintaining that 'quails do not drum; partridges drum and quails whistle.' Well, in the South, where I live, we make the same distinction between a quail and a partridge as he might make between tweedledum and tweedledee. He would doubtless prefer the whistle of the tweedledum, while his nearest neighbor would probably have a decided leaning for the drum of the tweedledee. There may be a shade of scientific difference between the quail and the partridge, but substantially there is none."

The shade of scientific difference between the two birds may well enough be ignored, when the exigency of verse demands a rhyme for rail, and Mr. Oldham is quite right in estimating at its true worthlessness the suggestion of his captious critic that there is any natural obstacle to a quail's drumming. But if our poet should leave his pen for a day or two, and seek a practical lesson in the true scientific distinction between the two birds, he might find it without difficulty in an October ruffed grouse cover. If he has been accustomed to potting quail about Norfolk, he would find, when an old cock grouse rose on strong wings and put a dozen trees between itself and the poet-gunner, that the shade of scientific difference between the birds was something vastly more real than his fancy had ever pictured.

But it cannot be expected that the rhymesters shall always observe the dry facts of ornithology and other branches of natural history. If a poet must needs be an ornithologist and an ichthyologist, it is certain that much verse now printed in our magazines and other literary journals would never see the light. There was, for instance, the poem read by Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, at Woodstock, Conn., last July, on the South Fork Fishing Club. Our Fishculture columns have contained some discussions of the possibilities, failures and triumphs of trout culture; but Dr. Ward performed the feat of transforming the black bass, with which the Conemaugh Lake was stocked, into "silvern" and "golden" trout. And big fellows, too. For when a poet, sitting in his study, by the magic of his pen and ready flowing ink, sets about stocking a lake with trout, it is just as easy for him to fill it full of big fish as of fingerlings. Dr. Ward makes his club man fight the fish three-quarters of an hour, and then—

> The glory, the wonder, he lies on the sod,
> Six pounds and ten ounces, a fish that will break
> The record of fishing with fly and rod
> The largest trout in Conemaugh Lake.

And not only big fish, but a generous supply of them; for he tells us that "a million of trout are sporting about," "one-pounders, two-pounders, or three or four," and bigger ones, up to the "monsters that never rise to the hook." Surely, such a triumph of fishculture has not been achieved elsewhere, nor will its equal be chronicled until some other Fourth of July poet shall dip his pen in ink, and emulous of Dr. Ward's "fish story," "go him one better."

But after all, is it not curious that in this day of generally diffused intelligence, magazine editors and others should print poems which so manifestly mutilate the works of the Creator?

A LONG COMPANIONSHIP.—We find in the Kingfield, Me., *Reporter* note of a venerable trio of anglers, whose long companionship in annual camps is worthy of record. Messrs. T. C. Barrows and George W. Reed, of Montpelier, Vt., and E. S. Merrill, of Winchendon, Mass., aged respectively 71, 72, and 73 years, have been camping this summer at Blakesie Pond, on the Spencer waters, where they have had success with trout. The summer of 1890 made the forty-second successive year during which these three have camped and fished together. If Messrs. Barrows, Reed and Merrill are blessed with the vivid memories many anglers possess for incidents of their out-door life, they must indeed have a rare fund of incident and anecdote to rehearse to one another and live over again together in their chats about the camp-fire.

AN OHIO IDEA.—Dr. James A. Henshall, secretary of the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, is sending out a circular to farmers, sportsmen, fishermen and others, asking their opinion as to desirable close seasons for fish and game. He has prepared a list of the several species, giving the prevailing seasons as fixed by the present statutes, and asks those who receive the circular to write opposite each one the season during which it should be protected. In this way he hopes to get a concensus of opinion, which will make it possible to draft a law fairly reflecting public opinion. Persons interested, who may not receive the circular, may obtain copies by addressing Dr. Henshall, at 108 Broadway, Cincinnati.

PROFESSORS FORBES AND LINTON, whose exploration of the Yellowstone Park on behalf of the U. S. Fish Commission was mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of July 31, have returned to their homes. They found greater wealth of invertebrates suitable for fish food on the plateau, now destitute of trout, than in the valley which contains native species. The streams cutting through the Cretaceous and Tertiary rocks are richer in aquatic insects, crustaceans, etc., than those penetrating the lavas of the lower elevations. Many new and interesting forms have been taken by these explorers, and there is no longer a doubt as to the feasibility of stocking the troutless waters with choice *Salmonidæ*.

SONG BIRDS have been more numerous and in greater variety in many localities this season than for many years before. If the bird hosts have been large it might be thought that there should be a corresponding decrease in insect hordes. But as a matter of fact, where there are the most birds there are also more than the usual supply of many species of insects.

THE NOTES ON THE WINNINISH in our angling columns to-day will be supplemented next week by a letter from Mr. Maxson with further details respecting the specimens referred to.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

A CANADIAN contributor, W. R. M., sends us this incident of a journey in the wilds:

The next morning at daylight, leaving our friends groping for gold in their mudhole, we tightened our knapsacks and compass in hand started through the woods in the direction of the settlement where we had left our horse. At noon we came out in an open glade, through which a large stream rushed, foaming to the sea. There we found an officer from the garrison at Halifax, accompanied by an Indian guide, busily engaged in whipping the stream. They had secured a fine basket of trout, some of them he assured us would weigh 3lbs. each. Wishing him good day we plunged into the woods. An hour's march through the dense undergrowth found us jaded and I plodded along in a sleepy way. Suddenly I was galvanized into life by hearing the savage bay of a hound, *Ow! Ow!* Nearer it came, until with a crashing of branches a large black bear sprang out into the trail in front of us. Startled at the sight of us he reared up on his hindlegs, a heavy trap dangling from one of his forefeet, and growled. One sight of his glistening teeth was enough, and Barron climbed up a tree with neatness and dispatch. Too frightened to follow his example I spasmodically brought the gun to my shoulder and poured a charge of small shot into the bear. This increased his rage and he plunged toward me. Turning to run I tripped and fell under a tree that had blown up by the roots. Seeing two stones on which it partly rested I crawled into the crevice, the bear making the dirt and bark fly in his efforts to get at me. I gave myself up for lost. After what seemed an eternity a noble hound came tearing through the brush. His appearance was followed by the crack of a rifle, and the bear, with a bullet through his head, plunged forward, throwing the dirt all over me in his dying struggles. The hunter, a fine looking Indian, assisted me out of the hole and without a smile gave directions that would bring us out near our team. I for one was glad to join it after two hours more hard travel.

CAMP LIFE ON THE MEDICINE.

"DINNER is ready!" That is a cry always attended to in camp.

And, behold us, seven hungry people, of all ages and both sexes, seated around the table covered with a clean red oilcloth, and beside each plate a Chinese napkin. This same table, by the way, is due to the constructiveness of our *chef* and is made of pine poles driven into the ground with crosspieces nailed on the top ends and covered with rough pine planks. The chairs around are made also on the ground by the same doughty hand and are formed on the camp-stool plan, only nailed together solidly with board backs and seats; and they are movable. Above stretches an awning, 18 or 20ft. long, covering the table and extending over the front of the largest tent—the dormitory of the matron of the establishment and her daughter M. She is the assistant *chef*, if indeed she is not entitled to the first place, for she is our baker. Off to the left a little distance, between two tall jack pines, is the fireplace, blazing and smoking away merrily. There is a huge pine back log cut from a fallen tree, where a little gopher has his domicile, and I regret to say, is gradually being dispossessed; and over two stout green sticks is laid a goodly pile of Norway poles and fat split pine. A hearth has been cut squarely in the black sandy turf of the slightly sloping spot, and over this, under the sticks, how the coals glow! Between the jack-pines has been nailed a strong green birch pole, and other smaller poles have been cut into hooks to hang pots and kettles over the fire. Reposing on some rocks is a Dutch oven, over which M. stoops and removes a crisp, flaky, just-browned-to-a-turn huckleberry pie; and now dinner will begin.

The *chef* has outdone himself to-day broiling and frying the brook trout, which by-the-by have been caught partly not a hundred yards away in Medicine Brook, running swift and clear as crystal, and cold as clear, under its fringe of alders and hazels at hand. See the crisp brown dainty, which the *chef* says weighed a pound and a half, as he took it all resplendent with its scarlet spots and vermilion fins, gay and gamy, from its cool, shadowy haunt in the brook! Surely no meat could be more delicious. There are blueberries cooked into sauce, and also uncooked, with all their delicate whity-blue bloom, in tin dishes on the table, and also red raspberry jam, much more highly flavored than any made from berries grown in gardens where the soil was richer and the air hotter and less pure. They grew on the hillside over the bridge, perhaps five minutes' walk out of camp, to be had for the picking. And M.'s fresh yeast bread, brewed and baked on the spot, eaten with the sauce of hunger which outdoor pine air gives in abundance, how good it is! See also her brown nutty fried cakes—ah! they are fit for the gods. Little Mark, of seven years of age, wishes he had the whole panful, or I can't read eyes.

To be sure, that same Dutch oven is as tricky as a mule, according to M.'s account. She says she can't calculate what it will do; and when she expects a neat brown crust, and puts her coals on top of the lid and rams them under the oven among the stones always the same way, it is just as likely to burn in little spots like smallpox pits as to behave properly. That is as regards pie, as Uncle Pumblechook might say. And she maintains that cake has the perversity of the evil one in it when that Dutch oven gets it. It either flobs over the edges in a hopeless gob, or rises in a burnt hill on one side, leaving the other sobby dough. And bread is much the same as cake, according to her. But I am bound to say all that seems to be in her eye largely; for to us superhungry mortals the most which comes from her hands is a toothsome success.

Then there are canned tomatoes and other tinned fare brought out with us, which makes our dinner something to be envied by the pale languid beings grilling in the nineties several hundred miles south, where we came from. When the dessert forks are dropped—we allow that much style along with the paper napkins as an innovation of our wild life along with the red squirrels, the chipmonk and gopher, the raven and the noisy jays, our camp neighbors—the table is in the identical condition Jack Sprat's was said to be. Nothing but empty dishes remain, yet everybody has had enough—even seven-year-old Mark and I arise heavily to go our several ways. To the matron and M. falls the duty of clearing up the feast and washing the dishes. Not a pretty task, for everything almost is blackened by the fat pine smoke—even our faces catch a share—and at last when the dish-pan is ready to be emptied, it looks more like ink than dish water, in spite of plenitudes of soap. But when the crock is washed from hands and wrists, and old kid gloves drawn on, we are ready to go blackberrying or blueberrying, for there are, as George says, "scads and oodles of them," and not far off. It is great fun to hunt the blueberries, which in many places are very large and the ground literally blue with them. Such a pretty fruit as it is, and so much prized by the people up here. They come long distances in wagons for them; and not many days pass in which some party does not go by our camp on the old military road passing near. The little red squirrels, too, hunt them; and often dispute your progress with much noisy chatter and scolding from some neighboring tree. Then too the whir of the partridge wings momentarily arrests you often, and I have counted nearly a dozen in a covey sometimes. They seem very tame, and will sit on a scrub oak limb quietly and look wonderingly at you. In fact all of the creatures up here—even the skunk, which nightly visits us, and we allow to go and come unchallenged—seem exceedingly tame and fearless.

We were told by a visitor that there are deer in these plains also, but none of us have spied them. There is so much life about though I do not doubt it in the least. One of our greatest luxuries is a copious spring, across the brook, but sufficiently near for convenience, its water being pure and soft and deliciously cool. Ice water would be a superfluity with such a spring accessible. The brook serves for cooking purposes, being nearer, and our washings are done on its grassy bank. We thought it quite sufficient for all purposes, and congratulated ourselves on the good fortune of having such cool pure water until the *chef*, who seems to be a perfect water witch about springs, discovered and dug out this one. Of course a rustic bridge of poles, usually called corduroy, was thrown over to facilitate reaching it. A few hundred yards away are very beautiful rapids and a miniature cataract.

It is delightful after dining, when the sun is hottest on our tents and over the almost treeless plains, to take a book or pen and paper and seek the deep shade cast by the Norways and tamaracks standing guard solemnly over the turmoil of these waters. I like to sit in the seat made beside the falls and look down its smooth, glassy, gliding plunge into the resounding chasm where it tumbles; or glance beyond over the headlong rush of the writhing rapids, winding under mossy cedar roots, over and around a miniature island, there to disappear in the "dim religious light," away who knows where? It is more than picturesque, this mossy dell between high wooded hillsides, with its many branching currents breaking into rapids here and there, and falling many times over granite rocks, so beautifully clear, yet breaking now and then into flour-like foam in the dim, cool, green-lighted shade; and through all and above all the soothing, full-voiced music of the waters.

M. and I took a walk lately when we discovered a lake. One of the advantages of our position is that we can safely take as long walks as we choose, not only with comfort but pleasure. On this occasion we followed the old military road to the north. Our progress was slow, for the golden rod was in such sunshiny profusion, the ox-eyed daisies and a small, pale, delicate wild sunflower so plentiful; the purple asters as thick as stars in November heavens; and there were so many scarlet berries glowing amid their green leaves on the ground—lovely crimson choke and sand cherries, and rose haws and other coral-like berries—how could two women help stopping to pick them? But the cool bracing wind thrilled us with energy like wine and literally compelled us to go on and "get the good of it." There is such a joy in a brisk walk against such a wind up here! You involuntarily fill your lungs with its pure deliciousness, throw out your chest and brace every muscle with the happy consciousness of life and motion. Away to our right, as we bowled along, we caught the gleam of broader water than little Medicine Brook and at once turned toward it. It proved to be quite a little lake and in it were myriads of beautiful white pond lilies. But alas! the sedgy margin forbade near approach and our beauties bloomed on untouched by us. What would we have given for a cluster of the odorous golden-centered bunches of snowy bloom!

We have ranged the plains from north to south for many miles, and while doing so shrunken muscles have filled out, pale cheeks have reddened with new blood, and sunburn, and eyes that looked sadly enough when they came, begin to glow with renewed vitality. And this is due in no small measure to those vigorous walks in the resinous pure air of these jack pine plains.

We have planned to make an excursion to the roaring falls of the Pesthigo River, five or six miles away. The three men of our party walked it not long ago, but M. and I must go with Van Keuren, the man who brought us out. The glowing accounts brought us of fine bold scenery and a fall of 60ft. have fired our imaginations, and we shall not be satisfied to "go out," as the phrase is here, without beholding it.

Our Chippewa and Pottowatomie neighbors, who camped a mile north of us, and who came so often singly or in pairs past camp, have gone, and I really miss the tinkling bells of their little ponies and the novelty of their brown faces. They were infinitely more picturesque and interesting, with always a dash of scarlet somewhere about their dress, than the squalid moss-backs of the country, who drag a miserable wagonload of women and tow-headed children along usually, and nearly always stall on the bit of bad road up the steep bank edging the plain above and beyond our camp.

I must not neglect to state that our little community is quite communal. There is a distinct division of duties, however, and each individual "goes at" and discharges his or her functions daily in an orderly and thorough manner. The *chef* fishes for trout, sometimes going miles and staying away for hours. I have before observed that the *chef* cooks his fish; and he frequently gets breakfast, making then most phenomenal flapjacks. Then, too, he partly prepares wood and brings up water. These, besides a general oversight, comprise his duties. G. loves to cut and bring in wood and helps M. bake, and both of us get dinner. It is the matron's part to see to the cosy beds and air the pillows and blankets, and she actually has a broom with which she keeps the sacred space set apart for domestic purposes clean of chips and trash. N. is general assistant in ordinary, and even little Mark goes to the spring for water and the butter and fish bucket. So, barring roughened hands and sunburned faces, we are a sight worth seeing in our little canvas hamlet, albeit our raiment might be fresher from the tailor and dressmaker, and perhaps the washerwoman also.

Before closing, let me state that we are in what is known as the Thunder River country, about fourteen miles west of Middle Inlet, an obscure station of the Milwaukee & Northern Railroad. From that point we were brought here by E. H. Van Keuren, who very plainly shows his Netherland origin both in looks and cleverness. He and his two good white horses take M. and me out next Thursday, and the canvas village by the brook will vanish. The skunk and the porcupine can enter in and possess the land they seem so much to covet; the silver-voiced wood thrush will whistle to silence in the dawn; the tents will have been folded, and some of us go forth in the wilderness to fish and hunt and some return to civilization.

AUGUST 17. MRS. M. E. BANTA.

TRAPPING DAYS.

IV.—THE PRESENTIMENT.

FOR a few years after the great massacre of 1862 the trapping grounds along the western plains of Minnesota and the eastern edge of Dakota were unoccupied by either race. Warlike expeditions of both whites and reds passed and repassed, but no one troubled the furred animals, and in consequence their numbers increased amazingly. When the writer joined the little band of venturesome trappers, who were beginning to encroach upon the debatable ground, the multitude of furred animals which swarmed everywhere along the shores of sloughs, lakes and streams, was a constant source of surprise; and the temptation to venture further and still further out into the wilderness, where the prow of the trapper's boat had never parted the wild rice or the rushes of the sloughs, was very great. As a consequence, while the fate of some was never known, others who returned in safety had adventures to relate, ranging all the way from laughable comedy to deepest tragedy.

One of my acquaintances, a tenderfoot from Pennsylvania, while trapping some twelve miles southeast of the big bend of the Des Moines River, found a silver watch on the prairie; and on looking around in the grass found a man's boot containing the bones of the leg and foot of the unfortunate wearer; and immediately the timid tenderfoot, taking alarm at the gruesome sight, bolted for home, and neither the entreaties nor the jeers of his partner were sufficient to move him again beyond the line of the settlements. Those who heard this story supposed that the victim of whom traces had thus been discovered must have been one Frost, a trapper who disappeared some years previously, and whose anxious partner, Friend, in a careful search for the missing man, found only his track in the sand of a lake shore alongside the moccasin track of an Indian who had evidently followed him.

A party of three trappers from Spirit Lake, Iowa, drove northwest to the east shore of Lake Okabena, and as night was approaching they stopped the team and began looking for a suitable camping ground for the night. As one of the party advanced some three hundred yards in front of the wagon, and neared the edge of a ravine, he heard just in front of him and apparently at the bottom of the ravine a low murmuring sound, as of human voices in low conversation, and knowing well that there were no white men ahead of his own party, he turned without standing upon the order of his going and hurried back to the wagon, where a few words of explanation fixed the attention of the whole party to the shortest route for home. As they turned the horses' heads toward home, all eyes were riveted upon the bank of the ravine behind, and the driver in his haste turned the horses around too quickly, the front wheel struck the scorch-iron of the wagon box, and one of the party who afterward related the adventure, remarked that he never heard so little a thing make so frightful a racket, adding that he could not have been worse scared had the savages really killed him. Immediately at the sound the head of an Indian appeared above the grass of the ridge next the ravine, and quickly disappeared. No further developments were waited for, but the frightened trappers retreated without drawing rein until the village was regained just before daylight. A party prepared for war returned next day in search of the Indians, but though their trail was followed for a long distance, at one point on which evidences were found that the savages had killed an elk but a few hours in advance of the coming of the party, all trace of the wretches was finally lost.

It may be asked why the trappers were not willing to meet the savages, man for man, on equal terms. To this it can be truthfully replied that they were, but that while the wants of the savage were bountifully supplied by the open hand of an entirely too generous Government, which enabled him to live in a state of luxury, of which before the coming of the white man he had no conception, the trapper belonged to the unfortunate race which, taxed to keep the Indians in idleness, was also obliged to provide for the wants of their own dependent ones; and at no time of his necessary daily toil in the pursuit of furred animals was he, or could he be, ready for war while loaded with the cares and the implements of necessary toil.

He was a man of too good sense to carry around with him the loaded revolver of the city rough and professional coward—the weapon which never did hit the right party—and his only weapons were the shotgun, used to kill furred animals, and his pocket knife used in skinning them. He understood perfectly that any wandering savage intent on murder, and armed with the gun issued to him by the United States Government, who should find one of his mink traps set on the shore of some lonely slough, had only to walk thirty yards to leeward of the trap and secret himself in the grass to get the easiest kind of a "drop" on him; and he went into such places in pursuit of necessary wealth for the same reason that the whaler braves the perils of the polar seas, and urged by the same motives that impel man, the creatures of wants and cares, to court danger and confront death everywhere.

When the writer first went out in search of trapping ground, in 1864, he traveled with an elder brother intent upon the same mission, and as all the country northwest of Spirit Lake, Iowa, was regarded as unsafe, and as small war parties of Sioux raided the frontier occasionally for

some years afterward, a sharp look-out was kept continually, and every precaution taken to prevent surprise. As did many others, we made a summer trip to examine the different localities and select a suitable trapping ground, in order that valuable time might not be wasted in such a search when the fur was "prime."

A preliminary trip, extending from the village to the shores of Graham Lake, thence southwest to Okabena and back, was made, and still we remained undecided and concluded to make another trip up the left bank of the Des Moines River, where at length, on the shores of Lost and Fish Lakes, the indications of fur seemed abundant enough to warrant us in selecting these lakes with their outlying sloughs as the scene of our coming toil; and well pleased with the outlook we camped for the night on the southeast shore of Fish Lake. While we planned for my brother to drive across the prairie to the eastward on the following morning to the town of Mankato, Min., for necessary supplies for the coming fall campaign, it was arranged that the writer should next day examine more thoroughly the scene of our future operations, and should leave abundant sign of our intention to claim the locality as a trapping ground, which would secure us from intrusion from others of the guild; and then camping alone on the river bank the following night he should proceed next day on foot back to the settlements.

It was a lovely evening, still and fair; and as the harvest moon slowly climbed the eastern sky the blankets were spread upon the grass a few rods distant from the wagon, while the horses, picketed near by, cropped the rich grass of the prairie, and all nature seemed breathed upon by the spirit of love and peace.

I remained seated by the camp-fire after my brother had retired to enjoy a smoke, and while seated alone in front of the cheerful blaze, I became gradually aware of a feeling of strange uneasiness and apprehension, for which I could find no warrant, and which seemed gradually to be deepening and growing more intense. Let me explain that I have not the slightest faith in nor sympathy for the whole vulgar trumpery of ghost or witchcraft business, and have no words emphatic enough to express my contempt for the whole wretched trash.

> Witch legends Ronald scorned; ghost, kelpie, wraith,
> And all the trumpery of vulgar faith!

Here, however, was a new sensation; a something so entirely different from anything ever before experienced that I was simply dazed; and rising to my feet I walked around the fire, glanced at the ponies peacefully gathering the green herbage and giving no indication of approaching danger, and finally, while still uneasy and utterly perplexed, I lay down by brother's side to sleep. Sleep was impossible. Rest I could not; and the thought of possible danger from wandering Sioux began to haunt me, although a moment's reflection upon the fact that we had just returned untroubled from an expedition to ground much nearer the Indian country, and far more exposed than the shore of the peaceful little lake on which we were now camped, seemed to render the suggestion an absurd one. Yet, still the possibility troubled me, and I reflected that while in accordance with my invariable custom when in the wilderness my own gun and ammunition were under the edge of my blanket, my brother's weapon lay in the wagon, while he himself believed in possible Sioux only when he saw them.

Ashamed to confess the growing apprehension which now fairly tortured me and forced me to address him, I shook him by the shoulder and asked him, "Where is your gun, Ike?"

"In the wagon," he sleepily answered.

"Why don't you put it under your bed and keep it dry? You'll want to shoot a duck or goose in the morning and your gun won't go because the cap is wet with dew. Go and get it and keep it by you."

"Let the gun alone," he rejoined crossly.

"Look here, Isaac," I persisted, "if you don't get your gun I will."

"What is the matter with you?" he answered, raising himself up on one elbow and staring into my face. "If you must have the gun here before you are satisfied, I suppose I can get it," he continued, rising up and getting the gun, which he placed under the edge of his blanket and again lay down to sleep.

Again I tried to compose myself to rest and still I found sleep impossible, while the feeling of dread of impending and nameless evil lessened not at all; and again I rose and scattered the brands of our decaying camp-fire, and tramped into the blackness of darkness the last spark of light.

Once more I retired to my bed, and soon the strange sensation lessened and passed gradually away, and was followed by the peaceful sleep enjoyed by the lover of the open air; and the morning dawned sweetly upon the silent prairie. After breakfast my brother departed for Mankato, and I wandered over the ground making the necessary signs; and camping alone on the river next night, walked down to the settlements the day following, wondering continually what could have caused the strange uneasiness, the like of which had never before (and has never since) agitated me.

Reaching the house of a friend, the first news I heard was the tale of blood just received from the settlements on Elm Creek (of which Fish Lake is the source), of the depredations of a war party of Sioux in search of scalps and horses, and which, on the very night of my troubled slumber on the shore of the lonely lake, had passed us by, and appeared next morning at the Elm Creek settlement, where a man and boy were murdered and several horses taken, which were never recovered.

My brother, returning from Mankato, told me that he had gone only about a mile after leaving me, when he came into a trail in the heavy dew, which came from the direction of the north shore of the lake upon which we had been encamped; and as it went in his direction he followed it for some miles before reaching the Mankato road, where he turned off more to the northward, and not until he had followed it for quite a distance did he find out what made it. Growing thirsty, he stopped at a small lake to get a drink, when he noticed that one of the party in front of him had at this point turned off on the same errand, and in the soft ground of the lake shore the small moccasin track was plainly seen, as was also the print of his hands and kees in the mud where he had kneeled to drink.

Whether or no the stamping out of the last embers of our camp-fire secured the slumberers of the lonely camp from the gaze of murderous eyes, I know not. One thing I know, that the sensation of that night, if ever again repeated, will not be suffered to pass unheeded.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Natural History.

BREEDING HABITS OF DARTERS.

Occasional Observations on the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

DURING April and May a number of spawnings of the "tessellated" darter (*Boleosoma olmstedi*) and the rainbow darter (*Pœcilichthys cœruleus*) were observed. The eggs of the tessellated darter were deposited on the under surface of stones, or on the sides of them, where one leaned against the sides or back of the aquarium, or against another stone. The eggs were deposited in a single irregular layer over an area of about one by three inches. They were about the size and appearance, and were deposited in the same manner, as those of the common sunfish. The great activity and the brilliant coloration of the male, which is perhaps one of the most sober-hued of the darter family ordinarily, differing but little from the female, were very conspicuous.

The spawning was effected by passing up and down over the surface chosen until all the eggs were extruded and adhering to the stone. They undoubtedly pair, for although all the males would be in a state of great excitement and would endeavor to join in the operation they were invariably driven away by the successful male, who would dart at them furiously, with open mouth and fins quivering with excitement, the color increasing in intensity. The male guards the eggs during incubation, retaining the brilliant color until that duty is over. During this period his vigilance is incessant and every fish is driven from the vicinity of the nest.

The markings on the fins become at this period, on the males, very bright and distinct, and add more to its ornamental appearance than the brighter colorations do to other species. The nuptial coloration is a mingling of delicate and indefinable shades of blue and green, with bronze and iridescent effects, which, with the striking effect produced by the markings, make it at this time perhaps as beautiful as any of the family, if not so gorgeously colored.

The rainbow-darter, also called "blue darter," "soldier-fish," etc., is probably not found east of the Allegheny Mountains. It is one of the most highly colored species of the family. The prominent colors are red, yellow, orange, blue and green, arranged in conspicuous patches or regular patterns of the most striking character. These fish in the aquaria are from the vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Neosho, Mo., and correspond perfectly in color. They do not, however, wholly correspond with Jordan and Gilbert's description in Bulletin 16 of the U. S. National Museum, although more so than to any other species there described. Unless of another species it would indicate a very considerable degree of variability in the coloration. Jordan and Gilberts's color description is as follows: Males olivaceous, tessellated above, the spots running together into blotches; back without black lengthwise stripes, sides with about 12 indigo-blue bars running obliquely downwards and backwards, most distinct behind, separated by bright orange inter-spaces; caudal fin deep orange, edged with bright blue; anal fin orange, with deep blue in front and behind; soft dorsal chiefly orange, blue at base and tip; spinous dorsal crimson at base, then orange, with blue edgings; ventrals deep indigo; cheeks blue, throat and breast orange.

The specimens herein described differ considerably from this description in color, viz: Spinous dorsal, lower half deep brick red with a line of lemon color arranged in a series of arches on the membrane just above the back; a lemon-color line also at the upper margin of the dark brick red arranged in reverse order to the lower one; that is, with the concavity upward, the upper half of the fin being a very deep indigo blue. Soft dorsal an artistically arranged pattern of green, blue, yellow and light brick red, difficult to describe. Ventral and anal fins with broad band of pale blue (becoming deeper at times of greatest excitement) at base and tips, with broad central band of deepest indigo blue; pectoral fins transparent, yellow at base; caudal transparent, bordered with dusky and pale blue; a blue blotch across the nape; breast with small orange spot; a lemon-yellow dash around the throat. This species is more addicted to perching about on plants near the top of the water and its movements are very birdlike. In spawning frequently a place would be apparently selected among plants for the purpose, to which they would invariably return after chasing about the aquarium for some time. As with the tessellated darter, there was undoubtedly a mating, although usually two or three other males would be hovering near and frequently making rushes to join the female, in which they were invariably defeated and driven away by the chosen male. At times the spawning would take place among the pebbles on the bottom of the tank, the female dragging herself along in a quivering manner, the male pressing closely alongside of her, and other males following closely in the rear evidently bent on assisting in the fertilization of the eggs. All the fish not actually engaged in the spawning were evidently in a state of great excitement, and followed after, eating the eggs as fast as they were deposited. As the tessellated darters were much the larger the eggs could hardly have been protected from them, although many smaller fish, notably the four-spined stickleback, under like circumstances would attack anything without regard to size. It is probable that in a wholly natural condition the eggs are deposited on the under or protected sides of stones, where they would be more easily guarded. In fact in some cases the females would remove the sand from beneath a part of small stones on the bottom, and would remain ensconsed in the shelter thus made, but no spawning was observed in such situations by this species, the preference appearing to be for the denser masses of plants, high up, or among the pebbles on the bottom. That of the tessellated darter was wholly on the protected sides of stones, but their presence in the same tank may have interfered with the natural habits of the others.

The quick, jerky, energetic, climbing and darting movements of both species are much like those of squirrels, or of the nut-hatches.

BUFFALO CROSS BREEDS.—Oxford, Neb., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Gustave Cole, a ranchman who lives near this place, has four buffaloes in domestication. He has also one half-breed calf, dropped last spring, by a domestic cow. Cole has crossed the buffalo bull on 13 of his cows, in the last three years, but 12 of them died before calving. This must be owing to some individual characteristic of Cole's bull, for, if my memory serves me correctly, both Mr. Jones, of Garden City, Kan., and Mr. Bedson, of Manitoba, have been succesful in producing half-breeds from domestic cows. Am I not right?—G. O. SHIELDS. [Mr. Jones has successfully bred such crosses.]

SNAKE BITE.—Suncook, N. H., Sept. 3.—In late copies of your paper quite a number of correspondents have had their say in regard to a remedy for snake bite. The writer goes barefooted in the swamps and timber on fishing or hunting excursions, and in this way named protects his life from the venomous stings of snakes: He takes the cast-off skin of the rattlesnake or black snake and places the same in a little bag with some common soap, then washes himself all over, using the bag as a sponge. It acts as a vaccination against the poison and must be done yearly to secure full immunity against their poisonous fangs.—H. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

CARPENTER'S CAMP.

COLD, gray, bare Elk Creek Mountain stands a lonely sentinel in the heart of the great wilderness of central Colorado. Only the professional hunter has scaled its rugged sides or explored its black cañons. From afar the tie-choppers have seen it and have planned a trip for elk and deer before they commenced to float. But the journey has always been too long and the time too short. In the clefts of the rocks the snow lies deep and as it melts little streams trickle down through the mountain mahoganies, the piñon pines and the spruces. The rills unite. Here is Elk Creek, wild, pathless, and Soap Creek, along which winds the almost-forgetten Leadville trail, and here is that beautiful brook, unseen, unheard, unknown, save as it makes its last leap—graceful Chipeta Falls.

Under the spruces, under the willows, where the mimulus, the smilacina, the larkspur nod to the smiling waters, the Rio Grande trout, black-spotted and lithe, plays with his cousin *Salvelinus fontinalis*, the latter already becoming abundant in the waters where it has been introduced. Down the creek they swim into the deep, dashing Gunnison, swim and find the world too large, their cousins, the Utah trout, too fierce. So they return to the icy waters of the mountains. And the Utah trout chases the minnows and its smaller relatives, hunts helgramites and leaps at flies, swims down the Gunnison until that stream meets the Grand and then turns back. It, too, has a larger, a red-throated, cousin that here is called the salmon.

I am high up on Elk Creek Mountain, looking away to the south and west, and I follow the waters, though I see them not, for hundreds of miles through meadows and cañons to the muddy Colorado, and, as I close my eyes, I can see yet more. I can see through that mighty chasm that the river has cut for itself beyond the hot, barren plains of Yuma, past Guymar with its feverish swamps and Mazatlan with its silvery, Spanish chimes, out to the broad, purple Pacific. In fact, I rather believe that my astral body, that should have been locating bighorns or grizzlies while I slept, went wool-gathering amid the limes, the citrons and the orchids of the Spanish main. Is not that the way with all of us who love the rod and gun? Is it not the first premonition that we are growing old that we dream of that which is behind us? We anticipate, to be sure we do, but we realize that nothing can quite equal the pleasures of last year, of a decade, of a score of years ago. We live again our former lives, but without the hardships, the pains, the bitterness that they knew, and I am inclined to think that the sweetest part of life is that in which we travel to the sunset land.

All this by way of reverie while I wait for the sheep that are above, the elk that are below or the silver-tip that may be just the other side of that rock. Old! Who said anything about growing old? One breath of such air and I am good for miles of mountain climbing. Dim-eyed! I can see from the mountain of the Holy Cross far beyond the Ouray cliffs. For five hours I have been climbing. The rest of the party are somewhere about the mountain. Every moment I expect to hear the crack of a rifle. While I wait I would sleep, but I cannot. I can only doze. This icy mountain air beats upon me. Mountain air is never still.

How came we here? This takes me to the point from which I should have started. Last evening, as the new moon went below the hill, I was smoking the peace-pipe with Jack Carpenter. Jack is several years my junior, and thinks that what he does not know about trout fishing is not worth knowing. We had been together for two hours just before supper, he using fish eyes for bait and a bob, while I stuck to coachman and grizzly-king. Seeing that he was out of luck, I offered him the use of another outfit that I had left at the house, and as he mumbled his thanks I caught a word that sounded very much like "damphoolishness." Thereupon a slight coolness arose between us, which was not assuaged by my taking home eleven red-throated trout while he had but two to his credit. We were smoking when there was the clatter of hoofs down the Soap Creek trail, the splash at the ford, the stop to open the only gate on the ranch, and Jack's paternal was before us. He threw the loosened McCarty to his hopeful and made use of a few choice expressions known only to the vocabulary of a Western mountaineer. We knew that something was up and his deliberation was tantalizing. But patience had its own reward. The hunting knife came from his boot, the Climax from his hip pocket. Seating himself on a nail keg he thus began:

"Durn my skin, if this ain't the wust luck yit."

"So, pap?" said Jack, utterly forgetful of the buckskin mare.

"Thar's tew colts dead up to the head o' the cre-uck. Some blanked mounta-ain lion's killed 'em, an' one ain't been dead more'n tew hours."

"So, pap?"

"Shet up, dum ye. An' thar's six or seven ka-ows an' heifers layin' up thar; been eatin' that ar blue weed what the man last summer called h-h—. Gol durned hard luck, stranger, durned hard luck."

"Ya'as, Jeems, pretty tough on yer, but it's nuthin' to what yer mam an' me went thru' nigh on to forty years ago." The voice was that of the patriarch of the family. He had come to the door to get full particulars and to encourage his son to bear up under the weighty misfortune.

"Ef I could git up to Gunnison and git some strychnine I'd hev a lot of bar scalps and hides, but pizen ain't no good fur lions."

"So, pap!" This time the kid wanted to corroborate.

"Shet up, you lazy whelp. I'll break every bone in your —— —— ——." But the boy and the mare were making tracks for the corral, and before Jack returned, the Carpenters and I had made our plans for a hunt and trap for three or four days. I had come for trout and to me this was an unexpected pleasure, as I had not had a rifle in my hand for three years.

The Carpenters were born hunters. Half a century ago the old man hunted the black bear in the mountains of North Carolina. Thirty-five years ago, with his wife and the then youthful Jeems, he journeyed across the plains to Utah and embraced the Mormon faith. He intended to settle down on a little farm and raise hops, alfalfa and potatoes, go to meeting on Sundays and pay his tithing. But what was innate could not be entirely eradicated, so after a few years Jeems married, Mary Ann died and the old man gave his farm to the boy, shouldered his rifle and lived a life of solitude and strange adventure. Then Jack was born and Jeems began to desert his home and take long trips into the mountains, returning with plenty of pelts and hides, which when converted into shining double eagles, burned big holes in his pockets. The old man, they always called him "Pap," and I don't know that he had any other name, built a cabin on Soap Creek, and when the railroad was built Jeems and his wife joined him. The three men pretended to raise a little corn for the stock. The summers were so short and they planted it so late that it was always used for green fodder. The lonely woman did the housework and looked after the little vegetable patch, so different from the beautiful gardens she had known in Utah Valley. Jack should have helped her, but when he was not fishing he was up the creek after deer. Long after I wrapped my blankets about me and lay down in the haystack I nursed the strange stories that "Pap" had told and—

"Git up, you lazy cusses. Mam's done got breakfust nigh cooked an' you uns aint got life enough to git aout o' the sun."

Jeems was stretching matters a little, as it was yet gray dawn and "powerful" cold. But we were dressed in less time than it takes to tell it. Mrs. Carpenter's coffee and flapjacks were duly appreciated. The packing was a longer job. We took six horses. Three of them were pack animals, and poor Jack, being the youngest and toughest of the bipeds, had to walk. He might have had a pack saddle, but if his early experience was anything like mine any other locomotion would be preferable. The old man, in spite of his five-and-sixty years, was the most enthusiastic of the party and assured us that he was quite a boy again.

At 6 o'clock we started for the head of the creek, Jeems leading, I second, the old man next and Jack with the pack-train bringing up the rear. Slowly we wound across the pasture lot, as stony as any New England hillside, out into the natural meadow where the grasses were browning under the August sun, up into the narrow cañon. The trail was rough. It was never more than 10yds. from the brook. Sometimes it was fringed with willows, and our steeds would stumble over the holes of skunks, muskrats and similar varmint. Again it was among the aspens, and we saw where some brave stag last night had made his bed, and now we went under the cold dark spruces, and the black walls of rock on either side made it seem as though we had stepped both into winter and into night. The air was oppressively still, but the brook laughed on and the tops of the spruces reached away into the sunlight, and up there we could hear the squirrels chattering one to the other. About our feet were mouldy decaying logs, and there were bones of animals that had died by the sparkling water long before the white man invaded the primeval solitude. Side by side lay the cast-off antlers of the wapiti and the skull of the bear, and over and about them twined the purple vetch, and the bleaching skeletons were veiled in long-plumed clematis, and from the rotten logs soft mosses and more delicate lichens drew their life.

Thus far we had seen no animal life excepting a few song birds and the white tail of a hare that considerately got out of the way and allowed us to pass. But now I cast my eye up and on a brown limb, about 20ft. from the ground, sat a brown bird. I recognized the solitary male in an instant and wondered what he was doing in such a position at this time of day and season of the year. Still I did not study long. I had the only shotgun in the party, so I dismounted and handed the reins to the old man. An instant afterward there was a shot, and flash of feathers and a thud. The squirrels set up a chattering that must have been heard a mile. As usual Jack forgot his duties and ran forward to pick up the game which lay at my feet. "Humph!" said he, "it's nothing but one o' them ar brown sage hens."

"It's a typical dusky grouse," said I, but Jack was running frantically down the trail to stop one of his equine charges. As we rode along, he astride of the bedding, for his unusual exertions had been too much for him, I enlightened him as to the distinguishing marks of *Centrocercus* and *Dendragapus*. I am afraid my lesson was wasted, for, as I passed forward, I heard something about folks that are "too gol darned smart to call things by their right names."

At 9 o'clock we had come 14 miles. It had been a hard ride, but the hardest was yet before us. The cañon opened into a little park. There was an old beaver dam at this point and I begged for an hour's rest, upon which I knew Jeems had already determined. Packs were laid upon the ground, cinches loosened and we had an opportunity to stretch ourselves. Jeems said we were going too high up for fishing. Nevertheless I had put a few Nos. 8 and 6 hooks and a line in my pocket. A willow sapling and a grasshopper completed the outfit. The water was low and clear. Peering through the bushes I could see half a dozen little trout sunning themselves. The sapling stretched out over the stream. The grasshopper fluttered slowly toward the water. It never touched it. There was a flash, a splash, and an 8in. specimen lay quivering on the bank. Seven of his companions were strung beside him, when a shout gave notice that the cavalcade was ready to continue their peregrinations. The party supposed that I was sleeping and my trophies were greeted with a shout. Dinner was secured. For supper we must depend upon our rifles.

Oh, the misery of that two hours' climb! The cañon narrowed. The trees were left below, and there was nothing but the bare rocks and the water that separated them. We made our way up to the mesa and then beneath the hot sun, amid sage brush and scrub oaks, we straggled on, making a beeline for the peak, while the stream took a wide detour. At length it was over. We saw the green cañon line bending in our direction. Then we saw the opening where the poison larkspur grew and the slaughtered colt. The wind came from the snow banks. Elk Creek Mountain was above. The little brook was scarcely a yard wide. Under the pines we stopped, threw ourselves on the ground, drank long and deep of the icy waters, and then made camp. This was not a difficult task as the cabin was already built and provided with cooking utensils. The Carpenters used it on their hunting expeditions and on the annual "round up," though in this region they gathered in no other horses and cattle than their own. We knew our parts. Jack looked after the horses and transferred their loads to the cabin, Pap cleaned the fish and grouse, Jeems made the bread, while I built the fire, and manipulated the frying pan and coffee pot. Jack thought he was having an easy time, but the hour of retribution came after dinner, when I flatly declared that the dishes and utensils must be washed or I wouldn't eat another meal in camp, and Master Jack was unwillingly set to work. Then the three men started to build a bear trap, and I took my rifle and wandered up and around the mountain, out of sight and sound of my companions. So, by a circuitous route, as old Cæsar would say, I reached the spot at which I commenced this story.

There is a mystic subtle spell about these magnificent mountain distances that the dwellers by the seashore cannot appreciate. The foreground and its detail are lost to view, and there is a succession of heaped-up rolling of billows that spread away a hundred miles or more, green, gray, purple and blue, earth and skyline lost in space. How restful it is! I do not know how I took my eyes from the scene before me and looked down into the cañon below. A slowly moving streak of tawny gray arrested my attention. It was not more than 75yds. away, a *Lynx maculatus*, bent upon some death-dealing errand, for it crawled and crouched and now and again lifted its head to scent its quarry. My rifle was brought to bear upon it, but I would give it another 50yds. It stopped. The great tail switched nervously; the body trembled. I saw nothing but the great cat. There was a parting of the sarvice berries. A doe and half-grown fawn were on their feet and bounding up the opposite bank. The lion sprang. It would have been a moment's job for him to have caught them, but as he leaped I fired, aiming sufficiently high, as I thought, to catch him in mid-air. I was so interested in waiting to see his second leap that I forgot the deer until it was too late to secure them. The second jump was a long time coming, and I was about ready to descend from my shelf, when there was the most unearthly yowling and spitting down in the bushes. That beast acted exactly like a domestic cat in a fit. By and by he cooled down a little and walked this way and that in a most defiant manner, as though trying to find out what struck him. Fortunately he never learned, for as he stood there with his broad side to the mountain, sniffing and irresolute, a little less than 300 grains of lead got inside of his ribs and he dropped in his tracks. When I felt certain that he was quite dead I examined his head and found that the first ball had struck the base of the skull and glanced forward to the ear. It must have produced a temporary paralysis.

The Carpenters took no notice of my shots, so I wandered back to camp in a most exalted frame of mind and related the exploit. Jack thought that no one but a "tenderfoot" would have lost the deer; but I cared nothing for his insinuations. However, he was willing enough to go with me and secure the fur and head. Jeems was overjoyed, and declared that I might live with him a month and he would never charge me a cent for board.

But time was getting late. The sun was sloping to the west and venison must be procured; so the old man and Jeems started in one direction, while Jack and I took a pack horse and also our rifles and went back for the spoils of war. The horse snorted and plunged a little as he came to the carcass, but that was all we had for excitement. When once more at the hut, I stretched the skin and then made the fire and prepared to welcome the wanderers.

My hands were in the dough and Jack was watering the live stock, when a shot close by made me look up. There they were on the hill not a quarter of a mile away. The old man was coolly recharging the muzzleloader that he would not exchange for the finest express ever made, and Jeems was jumping down into a little arroya, from which he threw up the carcass of a yearling buck. It took but a minute to dress it and each bore a hind-quarter into camp.

We thought of dragging the remainder of the deer to where the dead cattle lay, but unless we dragged it along the trail that the bears were accustomed to take it would do no good. We were afterward glad that we let it alone. While I had been out on my lion hunt my partners had arranged a place of concealment near the cattle, and the bears were sure to be around between 8 and 10 o'clock. After supper we went to the ambuscade, and before dark I had a pretty fair idea of the ground. The cattle had come down to drink and had eaten the larkspur that is so common on moist uplands. Then they had wandered back toward the mesa, and as they reached the open and began to climb their strength failed. They were from thirty to fifty yards from the water, and two clumps of willows near the brook had been chosen as our posts. A little mound had been thrown up behind which two of us could lie, and if bruin charged he would probably go clear over us and into the water. The wind was in our favor. Each party could view the entire field. We had upward shots, and, as the ground about the cattle and along the bears' trail to the mountain had not been walked over, we believed that the whole family would come to the feast. Jack and his grandsire lay behind one bush, Jeems and I behind the other. We hardly dared whisper to each other, much less smoke; so I silently borrowed a mouthful of Climax. As I am not a chewist, it had the effect of producing a profuse perspiration and of keeping me quiet for at least an hour.

It was late twilight. In a couple of hours the moon would be gone. The only sounds were the rippling of the brook and the sigh of the night hawk. Jeems poked me with his elbow and laid his ear to the ground. There was a slow, heavy tread not over a quarter of a mile away. We got up and peered between the willows out upon the sidehill where the moonlight fell. There was a crackling of the sage brush, a sniffing of the air and a dark object came into view about 100yds. away. The other party had been warned to let the first shot come from us, and Jeems determined to await developments. Bear No. 1 advanced without hesitation to the first carcass, nosed it a little, and then made a critical inspection of the field, finally selecting his meat and commencing to eat. We would have fired, but, before he lay down to his task No. 2 appeared on the scene. We took them for young cinnamon. No. 1 growled and bristled up for a fight, and for a moment it seemed as though there would be a scrimmage, but No. 2 knew his rival and did not provoke him. He selected a carcass some distance away, and after taking a great bite would stand up for a second and look at No. 1, who, all unconcerned, was gorging himself at a great rate. He quartered toward us.

"Now is your chance," whispered Jeems. It was probable that Pap and Jack already had their rifles trained on No. 2 and were only waiting for us to give the signal. Jeems was ready in case my trembling hand failed to make a proper hit. He did not shoot. Bruin was only 40yds. away, and when he received the ball he just rose on his haunches, turned his head toward us and fell back. No. 2 started and evidently had made up his mind to emigrate, but a reminder from Jack, that broke his fore shoulder, induced him to hunt the cause of the disturbance. I wanted Jeems to settle his case, but my partner declared that bruin was "Pap's meat," so I was not surprised to see the old man step from cover, draw the angry brute's attention, and give him a good center shot that laid him out if it did not result in instant death.

Still they waited. I did not believe that we would see any more bears, but Jeems said that in the short hours before the moon sank we might get one that had not been alarmed by the shooting. I was woefully sleepy, and was dozing when there was another nudge in the side. I started to speak, when a sharp "hist" brought me to my senses. From the sage-brush came a crackling that indicated more than a single bear. The moon was just disappearing, and in another five minutes there would be nothing but starlight, which is not very satisfactory in a cañon. A great big hog came shuffling and grumbling into the foreground. No! It was a she-bear, and behind her were two lively cubs. We would not wait an instant longer than was necessary for this shot. What? Sure as fate she sees or smells the dead bear! Up the hill she turns and the cubs run squealing beside her. Crack! Crack! Pap and Jack have stopped her. Crack! Jeems drops one of the cubs, but this arouses all the fire in the mother. She is sore hit, but she saw the last flash and she makes for our cover. I blaze away but overshoot. Pop! pop! pop! Jeems is pumping lead over and about her as fast as he can work the lever, but all to no purpose. Jeems stands up. He cannot see her but he knows that she will be here in an instant. Crash? snap! The willows break like straws. A pair of angry eyes are on a level with ours. The hot breath is in our faces. Bang! Jeems jumps to one side, I took the other, but not in time to save my ankle from a horrible wrench as I pulled it away from the prostrate body of our dead foe. The second cub must have been uninjured, for we heard it making tracks for the mountains, and nothing but pitch darkness prevented our settiug out for him.

"Forty dollars bounty money, fifty dollars for hides, a lion and plenty of meat ain't such a bad day's work," quoth Jeems as we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to pleasant dreams.

Any man who goes into the mountains to rest and there joins a hunting expedition will do considerable sleeping after he returns to his accustomed avocation. There is a strain of nervous excitement and of actual physical endurance that renders an extraordinary amount of sleep necessary, and yet four or five hours is all that the hunter can take. In fact I was inclined to grumble against Providence, as I was routed out a little after 4 o'clock the next morning and found a shimmer of ice over all the standing water and icicles on the twigs that overhung the brook. The plan was to get an elk or two at daybreak. The Carpenters had not yet begun to cure their winter supply of meat and they were the providers for the two nearest section houses and for a small settlement on the railroad. Pap was to stay in camp and have breakfast ready on our return.

Our route took us to where the deer was killed on the previous evening, and here we stopped, for the carcass was gone. It had been dragged away and we thought no more of elk hunting. The lion must have a lair near by or it would have cached what it did not eat instead of making a hard drag over the rocks. It would sleep during the greater part of the day, and would be especially sluggish when the sun first grew warm. Back to camp we went for breakfast and to hold a council of war and took the old man by surprise. However, we all turned in, and in twenty minutes were discussing the campaign over coffee and venison.

We might have made good use of a dog, but any of the Carpenters could follow a trail with the ease and accuracy of an Indian. It seemed likely that the lion had taken his meat into a split rock, as we knew of no cavern in the immediate vicinity. Therefore, two of us were to follow the trail and the others were to go round the head of the cañon, being guided in their movements by signals from below.

The scheme worked to perfection. Pap trailed the cunning feline as far as he could and then signalled Jeems, who peered over the edge of the crevice and saw, 50ft. below him, the lion sleeping beside the forequarters of a deer. It was an easy matter to take the great brute in the neck, severing the cervical vertebræ. Death was instantaneous.

Then the carcass was dragged out and skinned, and the remainder of the morning was devoted to skinning the bears and treating the hides to saltpetre. Two Newhouse traps, with log drags, were then set and baited, and hard work was over until the following morning.

After dinner the Carpenter crowd started on horseback

to look after their cattle. They took their rifles and expected to bring back some big game. I cut a willow and wandered down the brook for a mile or more. Here the stream meandered through a grassy little meadow, and the trout I caught were nothing but fingerlings. It reminded me of some fishing I once had on the South Williamstown side of old Graylock. That was before I had made the acquaintance of lancewood or split bamboo. I had fair success until a mink splashed into the water and swam past. On the homeward trip, while walking through some high grass, I had the misfortune to step into a big hole, and the result was a painful sprain. Getting back to the cabin was the hardest work I have done for many a day, and about six o'clock the rest of the party came in with two deer. They had seen no elk signs and thought that it would be impossible to secure any on this trip.

After supper, as we sat in front of the cabin, the head of a bighorn appeared on the opposite cliff. Jack was for stalking it, and then you ought to have heard the old man read the riot act. He knew from practical experience how fast the game was disappearing, and any needless slaughter or law breaking was, in his eyes, an unpardonable sin.

The following morning one of the traps was gone. I was too lame to accompany the party that followed the trail of the log, but before they could have marched more than half a mile, I heard eight shots fired in rapid succession. They brought back the hide of a silver-tip. This ended the hunting of the expedition. Five bear and two lion skins, with plenty of bear meat and venison, was packed down to the Gunnison, and my hunting trip was over. SHOSHONE.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME INTERESTS.

BOSTON, Mass. Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the first meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association Vice Pres. Benj. C. Clark presided. The meeting was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Thursday evening, Sept. 11. The open season on woodcock, quail and partridge begins on Sept. 15. Special action was taken to prevent any killing of these birds before that date, and as the association has gone to a good deal of expense and labor in restocking the State, it is hoped that the birds will not be disturbed until it is lawful to hunt them, thereby giving them all the chance possible to grow and increase, and encourage the association to continue its work of increasing our game birds.

Letters were read from the Mayor and several prominent citizens of Lynn, saying that if the association, when it receives its next shipment of birds, would furnish them a quantity of quail, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse and wild turkeys, they would plant them in the public park, of about 1,500 acres, in that city and provide a warden to protect them. This the association propose to do as soon as the birds can be procured.

Large numbers of these birds will be imported and distributed throughout the State as soon as the proper season arrives so they can be obtained.

Wild turkeys, which years ago were found in considerable numbers in the western part of Massachusetts, but which now are never seen, will be procured, as many as possible, and it is hoped that in a few years they will figure as one of the principal birds of the State.

The following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. Sydney Harwood, M. W. Davidson, Holman K. Wheeler, Frederick S. Hodges and Percival Manchester.

RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec'y.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 28 is an article from a Washington, D. C., correspondent ("A. T."), which deserves, I think, more than a passing notice. It should be sustained and approved by every conscientious sportsman in the country to-day. His communication relates to the reprehensible practice of water-killing deer, and was brought out by his reading a description of deer slaughtering by a party in the Adirondack, which appeared in your issue of Aug. 7.

"A. T.'s" protest is timely and admirable, but to my thinking he does not cover all the ground. He says: "The season for hounding deer in the Adirondacks is rapidly approaching, and it is sad to think that men, otherwise human, should feel any degree of pleasure in taking the life of an animal whose legs are practically tied."

The laws of the State of New York permit the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks during a certain season, and many would-be sportsmen take advantage of it to the extent of slaughtering deer, which their lack of skill and patience would never bring to them in any other way. Now, the method is disreputable enough when pursued under the sanction of the law; but what can be said of those who openly do it in the close season? What stigma is too bad to apply to them?

From July 1 to 18 last I was located at a grand hotel on one of the St. Regis lakes, Franklin county, N. Y. This house was not one which a sportsman of ordinary means would be apt to visit. Not much. But it was filled with "money kings" and their families from all the States (New Yorkers predominating), and, Mr. Editor, though it shames me to write it, there was scarcely a pleasant night while I was in that house that I was not roused from my sleep by the "baying of hounds" and the crack of Winchesters. Was the law being violated, do you ask? Well, if I wanted further proof, I found it in meeting with the entrails of deer floating about the lakes during the day when I was out. It fairly made my blood boil with indignation to think of it.

This grand hotel and the camps about the three lakes represent a large part of the wealth, brains and political influence of the State of New York; how easy it would be for these men, if they chose, to stop this nefarious business.

But during my stay, to my knowledge, not a voice was raised against it, not a protest recorded. Why? Simply because I believe the wealthy are the most persistent law breakers in this direction. How very quickly a poor devil would be hunted down for such an infraction of the law.

In marked contrast to this, I call to my mind a snug little nook in northern New Hampshire where, on the Dead Diamond, Amasa Ward has established his camp. Owing to the conservative methods insisted upon by Amasa, deer have rapidly increased there in the last few years, and this season are more plenty than ever. No hounds for "Old Injun," and none would be tolerated an instant on his territory. Last October I visited him for the purpose of bagging my initial buck. I arrived in camp at a most inopportune time, the country had been deluged with rain for four days, the river was high, and the deer had retreated to the most inaccessible places. For six days Amasa and myself were indefatigable in our efforts, but no "nine-pronged antlers" rewarded our patience, and I was obliged to return without the much sought for trophy. And yet, I had a great deal more honest enthusiasm to express about that trip than I would if we had hounded a buck to water every day. J. W. B.

SOUTHBORO, Mass., Sept. 8.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—Look out for Monday. It is opening day. Such of the chickens as have not already suffered will have to suffer now. The daily papers have all published their more or less glaring inconsisties. The *Tribune* of Aug. 28 in an interview with "a prominent sportsman" publishes the interesting news that Indiana is the only State in the Union that has no game law, and where a man can take his gun and go out and shoot anything he likes to; but even this grave and reverend authority falls into line to-morrow morning and will have a timely article on opening day. Thus history lingers with us.

Messrs. John Gillespie, Charlie Willard and Charlie Wilcox start to-night for Fox Lake for a little early air. Ed Howard writes down that snipe and teal are in in abundance, and they will probably have good fun. Charlie Wilcox has been fretting for some time. "Game laws are a nuisance," he says; "they only give the early shooters a chance, and hold back a genuine sportsman like me!" But he has stood it the legal limit.

On the opening of the duck season in Wisconsin, Messrs. C. E. Felton, J. O. Pierson, Ben. Dicks, Lee Hamline and P. F. Stone had some of the finest duck shooting ever known lately in this region. This was at their club marsh at Harrison, Wis., one of the most wonderful duck marshes of the West. In a day and a half the above gentlemen killed 327 ducks. About half were teal, the rest mallard, redhead and pintail. The redheads breed on that marsh a great deal. Mr. Stowe killed 71 ducks in half a day. Mr. Dicks killed 35 mallard and 25 teal in his shooting. To show what the shooting really was—it was not over decoys, but chiefly on flyways—I may cite the number of shots fired. Mr. Hamline fired 450 shells, and bagged 83 birds. Mr. Dicks fired 400 shells and bagged 60 birds. Of course some few of the shells were not actually fired at ducks. There was plenty of shooting, sure.

The late cold and snow to the north of us is expected to send down the teal this week. Ordinarily they are due about the 20th or 22d on the Kankakee. They are at Fox Lake now.

Messrs. T. Benton Leiter and Wm. Haskell were after chickens near Pulaski, Ia., week before last. They got a good many birds, but numbers of them were not well grown—a commentary on the Iowa law. They report quail very abundant there.

Charlie Strawn, of Jacksonville, says there are more quail this year in that region than for years past, and chickens also are fairly abundant.

John Schick, of Mt. Pulaski, Ill., told me early last summer that chickens were going to be abundant around there.

W. L. Shepard is lately back from Iowa where he went after chickens. He says he will never go there again.

Jo Card is back from Minnesota after chickens. He says it was no good. By the way, Mr. Card has just had the hard luck of losing his nicely broken dog. The cars ran over him at Mak-saw-ba and broke him all up.

Mr. John Howley and his friend Mr. Jones are back from their Minnesota trip. They went to Ortonville and report bags of 20 to 30 birds per day to two guns, which is certainly a plenty.

Mr. Ben Holmes, mayor of Kansas City, with Karl Quinnotte, Walter Hallowell and two others of that city, were out after chickens near Council Grove, Kansas, and they report rattling good shooting. So says a recent letter.

No reports of the legal Illinois crop of chickens are, of course, at this time obtainable.

A singular and interesting bit of news is the fact that a flock of 50 wild pigeons was seen in the Kankakee timber last week. If really protected, these birds would soon become plentiful again. Lake George Club had a crate of wild pigeons last week, but did not shoot them at the trap. E. HOUGH.

BOSTON GUNS AND RODS.

STILL the sportsmen are returning from their vacation trips and few days' outing. The rod and gun are becoming more and more the essentials of such trips. The camera is much desired, but the imperfections of the best "snap shot" outfits of the present day are so glaring that one is discouraged after one or two trials. A Boston merchant returned recently from an outing with a Kodak. He had industriously and carefully—as he thought—made his hundred exposures and was expecting great pleasure from his pictures. But the returns from the development were that not a single negative was made. The invention of an instantaneous camera that shall work even in cloudy weather and give fair results with a lens stopped down to sharpness is yet to be made, much as it is desired at the present time. Hence the sportsman must continue to be contented with rod and gun, unless he is willing to go to all the bother of a camera that sets up on a tripod, and to give time to making his exposures, as well as a great deal of actual skill and thought to the details of the work.

Mr. Ned Stearns, of the Boston *Herald* editorial staff, has lately returned from a vacation at Keasar's Falls, in Maine. He reports the pickerel fishing excellent below the falls, with good bass fishing in the vicinity. Partridges are plenty, but wild. They are closely hunted, for nearly every boy in the neighborhood has a gun and is a pretty fair shot. One needs a good dog to hunt grouse in that part of Maine, and a spaniel that will "put them up" and bark is preferred by the natives. Mr. Stearns was out one day with a mongrel dog that was good, and with a result of three partridges to his gun.

The members of the Inglewood Club, with its extensive preserves of fish and game in New Brunswick, are delighted with what they have got, so far as they have visited their own camps. Mr. H. P. Bridgham, the India street tobacco merchant, is at the club's preserves at the present time, and he writes glowing letters of fish and game. Mr. Samuel Shaw, of the Murdock Parlor Grate Co., has lately returned from a visit to the camps of the club. He is more pleased than ever with the prospects of pleasure in that region. Mr. Cobb, of Cobb & Easterbrook, well known brokers in Boston, has also just returned from a visit to the home of the club. Andrew S. Marsh, a commission merchant of 20 Lincoln street, has returned from quite an extended trip over the grounds of the club. He found the prospects of game, in the legal season, very good, with fishing good.

If is reported, on good authority, that Mr. Bayard Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., and having an office in Boston, is having rare sport at his camps on Richardson Lake in Maine. Mr. Thayer, it will be remembered by those familiar with that region, purchased last year the celebrated Birch Lodge, at the head of the lake, once occupied by the defaulter Whittier. He went over to the Cranberry Bog the other day, and came across an old bear and a cub He succeeded in capturing the cub, and the wonder is that the enraged old bear did not capture the man; but he escaped. The next day, with guides, he went over to the scene of the struggle and set a trap. At last accounts no bear had been taken, however. Another gentleman hunting partridges in that section came upon a bear in the old logging road that he was following up. He had nothing but small shot in his gun, and was rather glad than otherwise to see the old bear make off.

The daily papers give an account of the appearing of a giant moose in the streets of the village of Vanceboro, on the Maine Central Railroad, the other day. They further state that a citizen of that town seized his gun and shot the moose dead. He was promptly prosecuted by the game wardens, but he paid his fine of $100 cheerfully, only allowing as little cost as possible to be made, and then was heard to say that he was willing to shoot another as fine a moose at that price. This story is doubtless untrue, in part at least, for in the first place the moose would be confiscated by the State, and would not be the property of the hunter at all, though he had paid the fine.

Mr. James L. Raybould, salesman for Hyde & Wheeler, 41 North Market street, Boston, has just returned from a vacation of four or five weeks in the home of his younger days in the northern part of New York. He was within a few miles of the Adirondack woods, and believes that he found fish and game more plenty than he would have done had he gone into the wilderness proper. He says that the running of railroad trains into the woods is making it too easy for hunters and fishermen to get there, and that the fish and game cannot long stand up against such invasion. His best record was thirty-eight trout in one day. The partridge shooting he found good. The deer are plenty. SPECIAL.

HINTS BY AN OLD-TIMER.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it or is it not a natural desire of the shooting fraternity in general, when they read their favorite sporting paper and glean from its well-filled pages the interesting articles written by its many able correspondents, to long to have their say also? I know that is the way I feel, and I doubt not that there are many who experience the same desire, especially those who, like myself, have handled the gun and dog for forty years.

Perhaps we cannot write so well, our language may not be as classical, our sentences not as rounded nor as pleasing to the ear as those of our more gifted brethren; but our ardor and enthusiasm are as great, if not greater, than some of those who have had fewer opportunities and consequently less experience than we have had. We concede to them all honor in the literary line; but when the cobwebs are brushed from the brain of an old-timer by one of the many articles he reads, the latent fires are again kindled, memory comes rushing along with hundreds of incidents of hunt and camp, then he concedes to the rising generation nothing. For his knowledge has been gained by experience, not by theory, and he longs to appeal to "his friend," the paper, to correct some of the errors he sees, but is deterred from so doing by the fear of being called an old fogy. Hence he says nothing, but as he reads he separates the facts from the theory and watches the game as it is brought down or joins in the laugh at the camp-fire. Old age may compel him to remain at home, but I doubt if old age will ever be able to blot from his memory the bright scenes of the past.

Many of these articles are written on grounds familiar to some of us old-timers, and as we read we see many familiar objects, and in imagination, at least, tramp the fields or lay low in the blind waiting for a shot.

"That reminds me." I consider Henry Kleinman's article on duck shooting, published in this paper, to be facts from end to end. As I read them I could almost hear the crack of the gun, if I couldn't smell the powder; and he hits the nail on the head when he says, "Keep still." And yet I do not know that an amateur could gain much information by reading his articles; it is only the old hand at the business who understands them.

I would like to add to his articles some advice for young hunters who may wish to shoot ducks in the timber when the water will permit you to wade.

Dress as near the color of the surroundings as possible, better be too light than too dark.

Select a suitable spot near some old snag without a top if possible, and take your place close to it and keep still, as the ducks are unable to distinguish between a stationary man and a stump.

A few years ago a friend and I were in the timber after mallards; we found a good place for the decoys and an old snag covered with vines where we could stand and shoot. The day was bright and clear, so that the decoys showed to good advantage. Flock after flock of ducks came for the decoys, almost within shot, and would then sheer off. This continued for about an hour, when I knew something was wrong. I then looked at my friend's gun, and found what I believed to be the cause, and asked him to go to a log that lay in a dense shade, about fifty yards away and sit down. Scarcely had he done so when a small bunch came nicely to the decoys, and the mystery was solved. It was the reflection of the sun from his gun. The best remedy I know of for this is to give the barrels a good coat of shellac. This prevents not only the glitter, but the rusting of the barrels as well, for the shellac is impervious to water. After the season is over you can

easily remove the coating by slightly warming the barrels and rubbing it off with alcohol and a rag.

The coming season, opening Nov. 1, promises to be one of the finest for quail that this part of Illinois has known for many a year, their name in legion.

Some of the farmers object to shooters coming on their lands, but if properly approached (that is recognize them as the owners of the land and ask their permission), very few will object.

And now, in conclusion, let me ask you to request of Kleinman, "Chasseur," and other writers on duck shooting to continue their interesting articles, as they amuse the young and make the old feel gay. KIZER.

CYCLONES ON TAP.—Says the Hartford *Courant*: The usual slaughter of young partridges has begun, and the game law is as usual falling into disrespect in regions where this sort of thing is tolerated. Where the Connecticut Association makes itself felt there is more regard for the statutes. Down in New Haven county they are printing a letter from Mr. A. C. Collins that reads as follows: "Sportsmen never shoot out of season. They leave the ranks of sportsmen the minute they shoot unlawfully and become—poachers. If your sportsmen wish the game and fish protected let them each contribute $1 to the association at Hartford and we will guarantee some prosecutions. But as long as sportsmen sit on the fence and yell game protection without lifting a hand (or a dollar from their pocket) to prevent the illegal work so long will the game law be broken. Within the past two years we have convicted fifty-one persons for violating the game and fish laws throughout the State. If the sportsmen wish to see some convictions let them chip in a dollar and we will attend to the rest. Gentle breezes will not stop poachers from getting in their work. We have several cyclones that we can turn out loose on them. Order your cyclone now.—A. C. COLLINS, Pres."

TEXAS GAME.—Fort Worth, Sept. 1.—Our chickens are now full grown, so I took a trip up the Fort Worth & Denver R. R. branch of the Union Pacific. At Henrietta, 100 miles from Fort Worth, I made the first hunt. Hunting over a portion of two miles west of town with two dogs, I killed 14 chickens in two hours. I found chickens in great numbers, but my dogs were too fat to keep it up. The next day I went to Iowa Park, 30 miles, and found good shooting. With a companion from Vernon we killed 20 brace, and our dogs were now down to work; next day we killed 63 brace, all young grouse. The next day we went into the Waggoner Pasture and killed to three guns 69 brace. Two years ago the grouse left this region and for some unknown reason did not return till this year. This region is well watered, and the people will let a stranger hunt all he wants. Quail and turkey abound, and after this date everybody will get good shooting.—ALMO.

OFF FOR A CAMPAIGN.—Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 16.—Three hunters, L. L. Brown, C. C. Harman and Charles McConnell, are preparing for an expedition by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Hickman, Kentucky, thence across the country to Reel Foot Lake and Obine River, where they will shoot ducks and geese until January. The party is thoroughly equipped for roughing it, are experienced in woodcraft, and are going to the same territory where they camped last winter. In January they will move into Mississippi to hunt bear and deer, and to trap otter, coon, mink, beaver and wildcats, and will not come home until the middle of April.—BROWN.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

FOR practical and specific directions to reach several hundred fishing resorts within easy distance of New York city, see issues of 1889 as follows: April 18, April 25, May 2, May 9, May 30, June 6, June 13, June 20, June 27.

THE OLD STREAM.

WELL, here I am again, where I have wanted to be for so many years, on my way to the trout stream of my boyhood. They tell me that there are still some fish left in its waters. I only hope there may be, for I have come a long way to try them and I know there are no better trout in the world than those we used to catch in this stream. I ought to know this, too, for I have tried them in very many places.

Oh, you dear old stream! You have helped to educate me! You have helped to make me love nature. And they tell me you have made a man of me, too. How often I have seen you in my dreams, and thought over the pleasures that I have enjoyed along your borders.

But I am here now. And is this really you? Is this the "gulf" that once seemed so deep? And is that Snake Rock that once looked so high? And is this little brook coming in here really the Roarer. What a change. Why, I need not have brought my boots to cross here now. It looks as though I could even wade Frothy Hole.

And these rocks; have they grown out of the water in my absence? They look as though they had: and there is one with its head above the surface that I never saw before.

Yes, this must be the place where we always commenced our fishing—when we were out for more than half a day. It was just below that hill with its granite cap, and although the two small clearings that appeared to be crawling up its sides are overgrown with brush and only the ruins of Ned's house remains, still the hill is there the same.

But I will commence in the gulf, where I caught my first pounder (what joy it gave me), and fish down two miles or more to the dear old home of my childhood. Ah, but those who made it home to me have long since left this earth. Yes, and long since our name has been almost forgotten here.

Here goes, though. I will cast below the rocks that the naughty boys loved to call the Devil's Mouth. Why, a rise! I feel the young blood coursing through my veins again. And here comes a fish, I declare! But my! if the rocks have grown taller the fish have grown smaller, if this is a sample of them. Not six inches long. If we ever caught one here (and I have caught many) he was never under nine inches. I will try again; this one must go back. No luck. We will move a few steps down, where the water is smoother. My! what a lot of fish of some kind come for my flies. Now, one is hooked and they are fighting for the "dropper," I have two. What are they? The biggest "red fin" I ever saw and a "silver back" 4in. long. When I was a boy some fellows used these (only of smaller size) for bait fish. I try again and again, and every time I cast a minnow or "silver back" is hooked. The whole place seems alive with them; and as the flies come ashore a half bushel of "bait fish," it seems to me, follow them. I think to myself, "I was only occasionally in the past we would see one of these in this stream."

But I will go on to the pool. That was always a good place. Pool? Pool? Where has it gone, I wonder? Nothing but a creek, running through a bed of stones and gravel, about 50ft. long, by 20ft. wide. Longhole is next, if I remember. I come to the place, but there is no hole there. The stream runs close under the bank now. And the bank has no trees on it. I don't see a remnant of the old birch where I shot my first partridge, nor does it look as though there had ever been an otter or a mink caught in this neighborhood. Nothing but little gray birches here now, with a scattering pine or hemlock bush.

I have a rise, though from under the bank. And O, delight again, I have a fish nearly 10in. long. He is killed. But I must look at him. I lay him on my hand and mark his spots, and ask myself, "Can this really be a descendant of the trout I used to catch in my boyhood?"

Now there is nothing but boulders for some distance. They seem to have grown too in my absence. The stream that was always half way up their sides (and often overtopped them) is now almost lost as it trickles along down. But there is a nice place below. We used to call it Sugar Bush Pond. I will make my way to that. It is the place where Dave used to fix his set lines and bait them with minnows. He caught some large fish there, and then he would come boasting and trumping over us fellows. We found him out at last. We found the ends of his lines fastened under water out of sight. His fun was up then.

But this pond is as shrunken as the rest of the stream. No doubt it would have been more shrunken though had it been able to get lower. It could not do this, for on one side a projecting rock dammed it up and on the other a large boulder stood in the way. Everything that floated down was caught between these two points, and it was not swept away until the fall or spring freshets.

So I have a promising place to cast and the fly hardly touches the water before a trout is on. He is an eight-incher and the next cast brought me another of nearly ten. "I shall find plenty," I say to myself, "before I get down and have a basketful to carry home." But we shall see.

No more could be tempted from this hole, while minnows by the dozen pursue my flies as they come in. In the Sugar Bush itself there is very little change. The trees themselves did not seem to be much larger than I remembered them. This has been preserved, not so the stream.

I pass down and get not a rise. Here the woods had been cleared off for some distance, and there was a mass of stones and gravel spreading out for several yards below me. I hear a cow-bell tinkling on a place that was wild when I was a boy. Now I run into a brier patch near where the blackberries grew, and where we came to shoot partridges in those happy days. It was somewhere here where my dog once attempted to pick up a porcupine in his mouth, and a bee-tree stood not far from that rising. What hunting I have done over that swale and over that hill! Rabbits, partridges, squirrels, wild pigeons have all fallen to my gun here. Now I see only bare rocks and blueberry bushes, where once monarchs of the forest grew, and where we caught rabbits in the winter time is a sheep pasture now.

No more fish. "Stone Hole" is dried and the mouth of "Rocky Brook" and "Little Bend," "Log Pond," "Still Run" and "Shallow Hole" are no more. You would not think such good trouting places ever had an existence. But there goes a partridge just as of old, and a hen hawk screams far up those hills, and a bluejay is calling here. "It is easier to fish this stream now," I say to myself, "than when I remember it."

And now I come to a hole of which I have no recollection. There was no hole here when I was a boy. Ah! I see it has been made by first cutting the timber off of the land, then the earth washed down and the stream made its way into the bank and some brush and stuff got in, and this is the result. The place gives me another fish, and I have a rise which I fail to take. I look into the water here to learn its depth, and then I see thousands of minnows and some fish that I do not know. Maybe they are suckers, but there were none in the brook as I remember it.

On I go. I am coming to "Alder Run" now. It was a dreadful place to get through in the past. There was only one way of doing it. That was to wade the stream, and where the alders overlapped part them. There were fine fish in it, though, and many a one have I taken. I am here, but no alders now—only a meadow, cleared on both sides, and I can see the course of the stream. How fresh and green the grass looks!' "Here is a chance," I say, as a thrush springs from her nest in a spruce bush by my side, and the next moment a woodcock goes whistling away. It was near here that in the spring on quiet evenings they would mount high in the air and then twitter themselves round and round in circles as they came down, calling as a night hawk when they reached the ground. I regret to think, too, that once or twice in my life I was tempted to wait for them and shoot them when they came down.

But I reckoned without my host in regard to this nice meadow below me. It is a mass of bog-heads of the largest and most treacherous class. I have three falls before I get through it, and had it not been for my boots I would have been mud above my knees. I see several water snakes glide off into the stream as I go along, and in one of my falls I came near going in head first. It is hard to watch one's footing and flies at the same time. Two more trout are the quota it furnished to the basket.

Nearly a quarter of a mile of rapids after this, and little falls, and then the "still water." One more fish in this distance that I could keep, two that had to go back. Another partridge flies, a rabbit starts, and a ground squirrel scurries along over an old log; and tracing my way through a tangle of rocks and briers I am here, Change, change, change, more bog-meadow on one side and a growth of alders on the other; and down some two feet below the level a wide shallow brook where minnows are disporting themselves, with occasionally a small trout, that darts under the nearest bank. Only one fish went into my basket here (the smallest of the lot) in this place, where years ago I always caught my best fish. Kingfishers are passing up and down here all the time. I have seen two hover for a moment over some shallow pool and then dash down and secure a fish. I should think that such a place would be a paradise for kingfishers.

But I am nearly done now. When I get over the nearest fence I will be in the old place. Will try Brookmouth, if it be still there, and Duck Pond, and then to the cars. Two more reward my efforts, while minnows in abundance pursue my flies and hook themselves at their pleasure.

I have seen the old stream and am satisfied. It did not bring back my boyhood, nor did the recollections it inspired reward me for my trouble. It would, perhaps, have been better had I cherished its remembrance instead of trying to renew what can never be again.

I passed out of the old wood road below the house (the thrushes and white-throats singing as in evenings of old) saying to myself, "This is only a sample, I suppose, of many a New England trout stream, and I am but one of thousands, no doubt, who would fain revive the past."

STILLABOY.

EXPLODING HORN POUTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. H. C. Jackson, of the dry goods firm of Jackson, Mandall & Daniel, has just returned from Poland Springs, Me. He did not do much fishing on this trip, but to illustrate the folly of pursuing fish and game to the last ditch, he tells a good story of his boyhood days, when he went a-fishing with a hook of his own manufacture and a line made up of the best piece of twine that he could find. At first his hook was made of a bent pin, but later he learned how to make a very good fish hook for those days. It was with a hook of his own manufacture that he used to catch horn pouts in the creek—not always to eat, for it was a country where fish were plenty in those days of a better quality than horn pouts. But the love of the sport made a fisherman of him, as it does many an active, intelligent boy, fit to be at the head of one of the most enterprising dry goods houses in the country in later years. The creek ran across the road under the little bridge. On the right hand side the wagons were driven down through the little stream and the thirsty horses were allowed to drink. The stone wall was just above, and over the wall was the deep pool where the horn pouts were taken, sometimes in goodly numbers. Finally there came a very dry season. The water dried up in the roadway where the horses watered, and day by day the water grew lower and lower in the pool in the bottom of the meadow over the wall. At last, in the haying time, the boy Jackson observed that there was scarcely a foot of water in the now very narrow creek. He wondered where all those horn pouts were. The hay rake was in his hand, and it was but the work of a moment to reach across the pool and draw it through the water, following the bottom. Several horn pouts were quickly jerked out and lay writhing in the sun. This was a novel way of fishing—with a hay rake. It may be novel to some of the trout jiggers, and they can take a rake with their kit this fall to use on the spawning beds, if the notion is worth anything. The Jackson boy was pleased with his success. He continued to jerk the fish out with quick movements of the rake till about every horn pout in the pool was on the bank. It took years to restore even the horn pout fishing to that pool. But they were taken. What was to be done with them? was the question. They were not wanted to eat. The terrible horns about the head of the pouts had frequently injured the hands of the boy when he had previously caught them, and now was a chance for revenge on the whole race. A live one was placed on a smooth stone. Another stone, as big as the boy could lift, was let fall on to the fish, when—bang! What a report! The bladder of the fish went off like a small cannon. Here was the sport. A new idea. Another and another followed with a satisfactory noise, and there was no further question as to the use that the raked-out horn pouts should be put to. Such is usually the case. The fish and game that are taken foolishly—in an unsportsmanlike manner—are generally not of the slightest use to the catchers, except it be to make a report. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.—Messrs. W. H. Bartlett, Arthur Orr and C. L. Williams, of Evanstown suburb, and Mr. A. C. Bartlett, of Peoria, all well known Board of Trade men here, are outfitting to-day for an extended trip to the Turtle Lake country of northern Wisconsin. They go over the Hurley Division of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway, and go in the chartered Pullman hunting car "Nimrod." They go in good shape and to a good country. It is not altogether clear what they intend to shoot at this season, but they certainly ought to get fine mascallonge fishing after the cold snap we have just had out here. They may get a few ducks, and could doubtless get deer in season. The character of their outfit may be inferred from the fact that to-day one of their party invested $160 in sporting material. They certainly should have a pleasant time in their chosen country.

Messrs. R. M. Bissell, A. V. Armour, H. N. Tuttle and R. W. Hamill, all of this city, start next week for a mascallonge trip, and may get over the Michigan line and get a deer. They go in at State Line station, taking boats there to the west, and striking into some country which they believe is not visited or known. Good fortune go with them. E. HOUGH.

THE JEANNOTTE.—Quebec, Aug. 20.—Lieut.-Governor Angers and his son caught 125lbs. of beautiful trout, in less than three hours, at the Jeannotte River last Monday. On Wednesday a party of three Americans caught about the same quantity, and on Thursday five members of the Orleans Fishing Club, who have leased the Jeannotte River, did also very well. The trout ranged from 2 to 4½lbs., specimens of which could be seen yesterday in the window at the Chinic Hardware Company.

MR. J. E. HARDER, of Clearfield, Pa., in this issue advertises for sale the patent of a combination breech-loading shotgun and rifle. Their factory and plant was destroyed by fire and they have not the necessary capital to push its sale.—*Adv.*

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

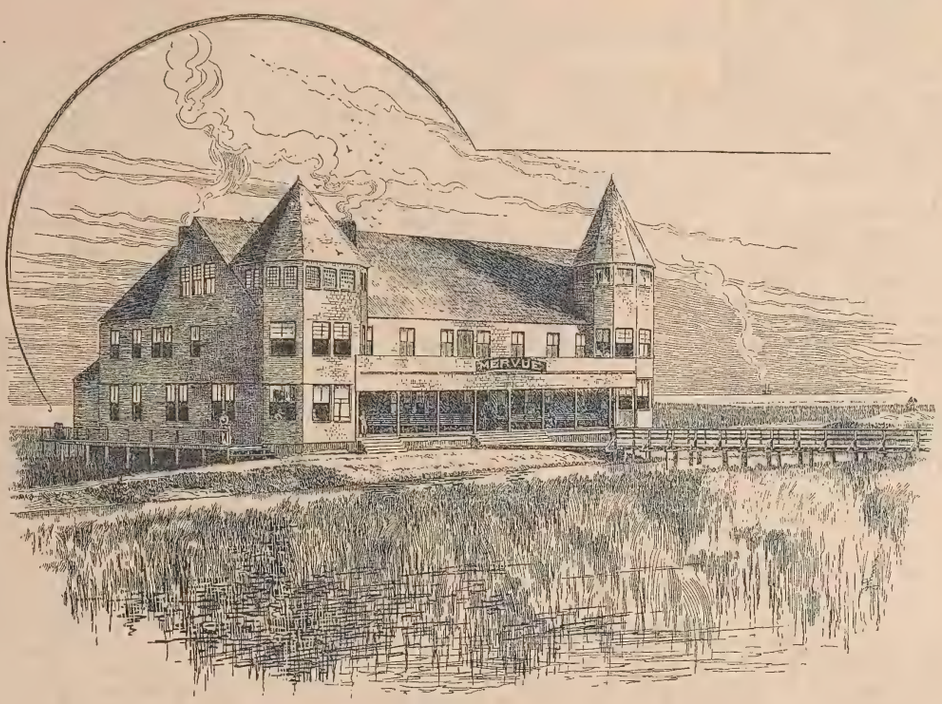
IV.—THE MERVUE CLUB.

THE "made land" which follows on up the river from the St. Clair Club is often protected against the water by piling and planking. All along, following the great curve of the river, there is a nearly continuous string of cottages, cabins and summer "ranches," as they are locally called. First above the property of the St. Clair Club is the tasty private cottage of the Messrs. Ed. and F. W. Joys, of Detroit. Then there is a sort of combination cottage belonging to a Mr. Smith, from over Baltimore Bay way, and after that a vacant cottage of little consequence, and then the modest abode of Mr. Jas. H. Harsen, of Algonac. Beyond this are what is called the La Croix ranch and cabin with a sail-covered porch, and then one comes to one of those deep and narrow waterways made by the dredgers, running clear through the strip of made land from front to back and known as a "cut-off."

Over the cut-off is the long dock of the two-story frame hotel known as the "Arthur House." This is run by Arthur Humphreys, perhaps as good and well-known a pusher as any on the Flats. Here we found abundant evidence of practical sportsmanship. Mr. Humphreys took us up into the loft and showed us a magnificent fleet of decoys which he and his brother were just painting. All these decoys were made with flat bottoms. A round-bottom decoy is not liked on the Flats, and is not suitable for the shooting practiced there. Much of this is open water shooting, in more or less of a swell, and the old shooters say that a flat bottom decoy sits much more steadily than a rounded one. The latter wabbles in the chop, and does not look natural. Here we saw also what was a new idea to me, in the shape of a number of tremendous mallard decoys, as large as geese, and painted jet black all over. These, so our host informed us, were for use in the night or late dusk. I think most sportsmen will have little use for such decoys, for night shooting, or shooting on the marsh after sundown, is recognized as being without the legitimate limits of club practices, and in many States is against the law. The game ought to have some chance, and the night is all too short a time for that. At Mr. Humphreys's place we heard some bitter reflections upon the Canada club, who, it was said, upon the basis of an imaginary lease, were keeping the best duck grounds of the Flats closed against American shooters. This question we passed along until more information could be gathered on it.

At this point the wild rice marsh back of the made ground is quite dense and wide, and runs up almost through the strip to the channel. All through the rice we could see the mudhens working, and some of these, feerless from their freedom from molestation, swam up close along where our boat lay. There was a sort of saloon connected with the hotel, and this was built on piles, the front porch being 3 or 4ft. above the water. There were rice hens swimming around under the house, and Humphreys told us that a mallard lately built her nest and hatched a brood under the house. There is, of course, more or less nesting of wildfowl all over the Flats.

There is a stretch of shallow water, in the summer time grown up with wild rice, lying between the ship channel and the shore for a distance in here. But for the made land the marsh would be continuous here. But out of the low terra firma we now saw rising the solid and comfortable structure of the



THE MERVUE CLUB.

MERVUE.

The little duck boat slipped up over the shallow beach and received a hospitable hailing here, and Mr. R. M. Northwood, the club steward, did the honors and answered the questions.

The incorporated name of what is generally known as the Mervue Club is "The Michigan Fishing and Shooting Association." The idea of the club was conceived about three years ago by Mr. Chas. Bristol and Mr. Oscar Rasch, of Detroit, as the result of a pleasant fishing trip to the Flats. The club began with fifteen members, and $5,000 worth of stock was subscribed the first night. Soon thereafter 642ft. front of land was bought. 350ft. deep, and in July, 1889, the present building was erected.

"Mervue," as may be seen by the cut, is a spacious building, of a roomy and comfortable look. It is well arranged within, and provided with the usual reception room and hall, leading to the parlors, smoking room, dining room, etc. The thirty-six sleeping apartments are mostly on the second floor—a lot of them are necessary, for there have been 118 persons out at Mervue on one day, though not all remained over night. The third story, or attic, holds the servants' quarters, and was designed originally to have also the billiard and smoking rooms. The building is in every way suited to its purpose, and the club, whose membership is mostly made up of young men, most of them, perhaps, single men, may be very much congratulated upon their new home now that it is finished. This is the youngest and most youthful club of the Flats. The gentlemen will have a yet more tasteful and handsome place when they have completed their plans and improvements, which will include a filling in, smoothing down and putting in grass about 100ft. to the front at least, which will make a very nice lawn.

There are now in all over one hundred members of the Mervue Club, and its affairs may now be said to be in good, sound, flouri-hing condition financially, which may largely be attributed to the judicious taking into the club of some old business heads familiar with the planning and conduct of large enterprises. About $75 of the $100 share has now been paid in, the first payment being $25. The annual dues are $12. The steward is paid a salary, providing his own material and charging a specific amount per diem. Mr. Northwood, who succeeds Mr. Mackintosh in this office, is of experience in Canada hotels, and will doubtless make a success of the practical administration of the club.

Good boat houses were going up, and about two dozen boats were already owned by club members. There will be one yacht at least, that owned by Mr. Bowling.

I regret to say that the articles of incorporation of this club lay especial emphasis upon the fact that its purposes are "for social intercourse," but there are two clauses in the by-laws which many and many a club might do well to copy and follow:

Article VI.—Games.—Sec. 1. No games shall be played at the club house on Sunday, and no person shall bet on any game, or play for any stake upon the association's property at any time, under the penalty of expulsion of any member and the exclusion of any guest.

Article VII.—Wines and Liquors.—Sec. 1. There shall be no malt or spirituous liquors sold upon the premises.

The officers o Mervue Club are: F. F. Williams, President; W. J. Stapleton, Vice-President; J. W. Weisman, Secretary: S. J. Bowling, Treasurer. The board of directors are the above, ex-officio, and also Messrs. H. C. Corvs, Edward Sharp, J. F. McGregor and H. M. Leonard. The following is the latest obtained list of membership, but is not thought to be quite complete: Edgar Anderson, E. G. Arnold, Alex. Barr, John Barr, George Billing, J. W. Biglow, Wm. B. Bierce, C. W. Bristol, S. J. Bowling, D. D. Booth, Fred W. Brand, E. A. Broadwell, Geo. B. Burton, W. G. Burton, Jas. M. Buick, Dr. J. E. Clark, C. G. Chase, W. R. Campbell, John G. Craig, Fred Ekliff, John Eisman, E. D. Emmons, Chas. K. Foster, H. L. Gabell, Raynard Gabell, B. J. Gore, W. A. E. Gore, E. S. Greece, David W. Gray, Thos. F. Godfrey, C. E. Howell, Fred H. Hutaff, H. D. Heidt, R. R. Hodge, E. A. Heames, H. F Hollands, J. G. Hollands, John Hutchings, Thos. L. Hilton, J. W. Hanna, Windsor, Ont; H. H. Jackson, F. C. Jackson, Henry Kiesling, David C. Kay, A. G. Limbach, A. C. Leonard, H. M. Leonard, H. D. La Grange, Wm. G. Latimer, T. O. Leonard, Jr., Edw. F. Loud, Oscoda, Mich.; J. G. F. Macdonald, Dr. S. G. Miner, W. E. Moss, Chas. B. Marks, Jas. F. McGregor, W. H. McGregor, John McBride, Jr., A. W. McCloud, G. W. McAllister, Anthony T. McLogan, Eugene L. Nicol, B. M. Patterson, Alex. Paton, W. E. Parker, A. F. Peck, August Rasch, E. A. Rasch, F. A. Rasch, O. E. Rasch, Ed. H. Rhines, H. C. Rohns, C. E. Richmond, Shiloh Rickel, D. J. Robertson, A. W. Reckmeyer, F. G. Skinner, Otto Scherer, Irving R. Swan, Ed. Sharp, Enoch Smith, Louis Torrey, C. E. Thompson, J. A. Topping, G O. Thompson, John S. Thompson, F. A. Thompson, Chas. W. Warren, J. T. Whitehead, O. C. Wynn, G. W. Winterhalter, L. D. Wells, W. W. Wilcox, W. H. Wright, Jos. A. Yorston, A. T. Yorston.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

DELWARE RIVER BASS FISHING.—Under date of Sept. 7, Hon. Henry C. Ford writes that bass fishing has not been very good lately in the vicinity of Egypt Mills, Pike county, Pa., owing to the high water. He took sixteen bass on Sept. 5, ranging from 1lb. in 3lbs. in weight, and ten on the 6th, varying from 1lb. to 2¼lbs.

WINNINISH OF THE METABETCHOUAN.

IN our last issue we acknowledged the receipt of three perfect specimens of the winninish taken in the Metabetchauan River, Quebec, by Mr. C. C. Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., in answer to a request made through our columns Aug. 21. Mr. Maxson's letter announcing the shipment reads as follows:

"CHAMBORD JUNCTION, P. Q., Sept. 4, 1890.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed just before leaving home a request for a winninish, and in response to the same I have expressed to you this evening three fish of assorted sizes taken with some others this morning in the Metabetchouan River. You will notice a great difference in coloration between these and the fish from the Discharge. They are also heavier for their length."

The safe arrival of the specimens has already been referred to. The largest of the winninish is a 4lb. female, measuring 23in. in length. The ovaries are well developed, the eggs as they lie in the ovary averaging about six to the inch. From their appearance it is probable that the fish would have been ready to spawn early in the fall. The next in size is a very shapely male weighing 3lbs. 1oz., and measuring 19¾in. over all. The milt was approaching maturity, but the cartilaginous tip at the extreme end of the lower jaw is very small and is entirely received within the upper jaw. The smallest is also a male, 16½in. long and weighing 1lb. 12oz. At some future time we propose to publish a comparison between these winninish and the landlocked salmon of the Sebago Lake and Grand Lake Stream in Maine. We cannot see any difference between Mr. Maxson's specimen and the winninish sent by Mr. Dana from the Grand Discharge, near the foot of Lake St. John, and referred to in our columns Aug. 21. One noteworthy feature of the anatomy is the presence in the female of 86 cœcal appendages, or about 20 more than the average number in the Atlantic salmon; in the two males, however, the number of cœca is about normal, the larger having 68 and the smaller 65. The stomachs of each of these fish contained a few insects representing a moderate number of species, but as these have not yet been identified we defer commenting upon them for the present, merely remarking that all of the insects and insect larvæ are small. Mr. Dana informs us that it is a common thing to find winninish with their stomachs filled and distended with insects; he has frequently observed them feeding in the early morning. The big dorsal fin and most of the top of the body can be seen when the winninish rises into flecks or patches of foam and scoops up the insects, meanwhile moving around in a circle. The downward movement of the fish resembles the tumbling of a porpoise. Winninish may be seen breaking water in this way in all directions, and after a temporary disappearance the feeding fish may be looked for within a few feet of the spot from which it disappeared. The natural fly which was noticed as the one chiefly taken during the present season is a yellow-bodied species. From the fact that it is described as having "two long tails" we infer that it belongs to the *Ephemeridæ*.

We have made a preliminary comparison of Mr. Maxson's winninish with some Sebago salmon taken from Lake Sebago early in November, 1888. The Sebagos at that time were in the breeding condition and are large fish—one a female weighing 13lbs., and the other a male of 17lbs.—so that the basis of comparison is not very satisfactory, but we observe a few particulars to which we have previously called attention and which may prove to be important. The winninish of the Metabetchouan and the Grand Discharge has a heavier and longer upper jaw than the Sebago; the longest ray of its dorsal fin is about three-fifths the length of the head, while in the Sebago it is only one-half of this length. The adipose fin of the winninish is longer and slenderer than that of the Sebago, its base being less than one-half of its height, while in the Sebago the base is considerably more than one-half. The tail of the winninish is more deeply forked than that of the Sebago. It should be borne in mind, however, that all of these differences may be due to the differences in the size of the individuals compared. It is somewhat surprising to us that the insect-eating winninish should have the massive jaws which form one of its striking characteristics. Perhaps if we knew all about its feeding habits we would find that it preys at some time of the year upon other fishes.

Anglers will doubtless be interested to know the principal measurements of these winninish for comparison with their weights. The female measures 23in. from the tip of the snout to a line connecting the tips of the tail. The body is 5in. deep and 2¼in. thick. The head is 4¼in. long, the snout 1¼in., and the eye is one-sixth as long as the head. There are twenty-four rows of scales from the beginning of the dorsal fin to the lateral line, twenty-one rows from the beginning of the belly fin to the lateral line, and the lateral line pierces 123 scales. The weight of this fish when received was 4lbs.

The larger of the two males is 19¾in. long and weighs 3lbs. 1oz. Its depth is 4⅓in., thickness 2⅓in., length of head 4¼in., snout 1⅜in., eye ⅝in. A comparison of these

measurements will show that the male is deeper-bodied than the female. The smaller male is 16½in. long, weight 1lb. 12oz., greatest depth 3⅜in., thickness 1 1/16in, head 3½in. long, snout 1 1/16in. and eye ⅜in.

The colors of the female are as follows: Left side of the head with about 13 dark brown spots, the largest immediately behind the eye, from which it is separated by a space equal to the length of the eye. In shape this spot is circular and one-half as long as the eye. Most of the spots are on the gill cover. The sides of the body bear numerous ×-shaped and ××-shaped dark spots, the largest a little more than one-half as long as the eye. The large back fin is very indistinctly spotted. The fins are all rather dark, and also the membrane around the throat and the lower edge of the under jaw. Each scale has a narrow dusky margin, giving a generally dark appearance to the body. It may be well to state that the general coloration of this winninish is closely similar to that of an introduced landlocked salmon from Woodhull Lake, New York, and of a small salmon from the Merrimac River.

We trust that Mr. Maxson will tell us any facts that he may have collected as to the spawning season and spawning habits of the winninish, appearance and growth of the young, and in general anything bearing upon the little known life history of this peerless game fish.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE trout fly-fishing this season has been very peculiar; and to the observant angler it teaches quite a valuable lesson. When the ice first went out of the lakes last spring, many anglers left for the Maine and Adirondack waters expecting to get the cream of the speckled trout fishing; but they were disappointed, the cream did not rise, nor the fish either. The reasons for this were the early and constant rains and continual cold weather, in short, the absence of sunshine, for trout love sunshine in the early spring as much as any angler. Those who happened to be on hand a little later, when the water and temperature were right, had splendid sport. Last fall there was practically no fly-fishing in Maine until late in September, and none at all in the Adirondacks, because the weather was too warm. The first frost in the Adirondacks last year came on Sept. 21. This year the first white frost came on Aug. 16, and was followed by a week of cold, wet weather. This resulted in unusually fine fly-fishing. And it will undoubted continue so through September.

The lesson to be learned from this experience is that after a cold winter, warm weather and sunshine are necessary for good fly-fishing, but after the water has become warm on the surface from the summer sun, cold weather is necessary to bring the trout to the surface. Of course trout in rivers and brooks are not so much influenced by the changes in temperature. The surface of shaded running water does not become heated as it does in a lake. Yet even in rivers the fish often retire to cool spring holes in summer and long stretches of usual good water will be found deserted.

The weakfish still seem to be found in the rivers. Very good fishing is reported along the Hudson, particularly at Sing Sing. There has been considerable illegal netting there during the summer, but lately the poachers have been closely watched and the fish have had a chance to feed in the bay. One night's netting will destroy all chance of the anglers catching anything for the next two weeks.

A great many sportsmen who have devoted themselves to angling during the past five months are now turning their thoughts toward the dog and gun. In some sections ruffed grouse are in season, and though the leaves are too thick and the weather too warm for comfort, yet many are tempted to follow this royal bird into the mountains. But soon we shall have the crisp October weather, and it is to be hoped a flight of woodcock with it. Then the noisy, bustling spaniel will have a chance, and walking will be a pleasure and not a steam bath.

BARNEGAT BAY.—New York, Sept. 13.—I am just home from Forked River, Barnegat Bay. Five of us got on board about 8 o'clock in the morning and were on the ground by 9 o'clock. About 10 the weakfish came along, and inside of two hours we had 100 in the box. Then it slackened up a bit and I took my rod to pieces. The rest got a dozen of shedders (making five dozen in all), and the total catch counted up over 125 weakfish and 5 snappers. I brought 20 home, and at half-past 7 in the evening, cleaned and weather-dried, they reached a tilt of 25lbs. Expenses as follows: Fare $4, hotel $2, share of boat (at $5 and bait also at $5, a dollar a dozen) $2; total $8, for two hours' fishing and eight hours' riding on the rail. Still, fish are there and will be until the seasonable northeaster comes along. Forked River is the right place to go to, being right on the ground. The fishing is on the first ebb and lasts just about two hours. The day was ideal and delicious, and there were no snipe flying, though on our way out early in the morning we heard some guns banging away toward the lighthouse. Much talk of big bags, but inquiry disclosed that every oxeye was counted a bird. Great promise of quail, but weather against kingfish running.—GRAY JOHN.

LAKE ERIE WHITE BASS.—Dayton, O., Sept. 16.—A few years ago white bass were very plentiful in Lake Erie, but were attacked by a parasite that threatened extinction of this excellent table fish. Anglers, however, are now rejoicing at the reappearance of white bass in great numbers. The fish are small, but another season will be numerous and in size to afford great sport to anglers, for they are vigorous biters.—BROWN.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THE BENEFIT.—If you know a good thing tell it and let your friends have the benefit. Being of this opinion we quote the following from one of our exchanges: Lynch, Noble & Co., of the Freight and Baggage Transfer, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., in a press letter write: "We have used Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics two years, and we cannot speak too highly of them. In our judgment none that we have ever used can compare with them. One of our best horses was attacked with what the veterinary surgeons termed inflammation of the brain, and was given up to die, when these remedies cured him." Editorially we cheerfully give the above statement to our readers, in view of the fact that it is in harmony with what is appearing in every part of the country respecting these wonderful remedies.—*Baltimore (Md.) Farmer.*

Fisheulture.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

A MEETING of the Commission was called for last week at Saranac Inn, but only the President, Mr. Eugene G. Blackford; the Secretary, Mr. E. P. Doyle, and Mr. Henry Burden, of Troy, were present. Messrs. Sherman, Bowman and Joline were absent. A quorum was lacking and much business of importance was deferred. Mr. Blackford examined the Adirondack hatchery near by and lakes Brandon and Meacham; in the latter pickerel were found in such numbers as to threaten the destruction of the trout fishing unless the prompt measures already taken accomplish their extermination. The investigation of the hatchery showed it to be in first-rate working order, and in Lake Brandon the condition of things is highly promising for the permanence of successful fishing. In 1889 the Adirondack hatchery distributed 956,000 brook trout, 25,000 frostfish (*Coregonus quadrilateralis*) and 1,905,000 lake trout. One of the most insiduous and deadly enemies of trout eggs and fry in Meacham Lake is the miller's thumb (*Uranidea gracilis*), a small, but ubiquitous and unmitigated pest in the lake and its tributaries.

RAINBOW TROUT IN CARP PONDS.—The U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. M. McDonald, is in receipt of a letter from Herr Max von dem Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany, concerning his successful rearing of the rainbow trout in carp ponds. Herr von dem Borne considers this trout a great acquisition to German waters. He does not believe that it will destroy the small fishes as the pike does. In summer the water in his ponds sometimes reaches a temperature of from 77 to 80 deg. Fahrenheit, yet the rainbow trout continues to be healthy and grows very rapidly. It is, however, the only trout which thrives in waters of such warmth. By reference to FOREST AND STREAM, of July 17, it will be seen that Mr. W. P. Seal has kept the rainbow trout in water of 76 deg. Fahrenheit, but only by means of perfect aeration. In exchange for calico bass, crappie and sunfishes, which the U. S. Fish Commission will send to Herr von dem Borne, will be received 50,000 eggs of trout (*Salmo fario*) from different German rivers.

THE LEADVILLE TROUT STATION.—The U. S. Fish Commission station at Leadville, Col., is a very promising infant. Although less than six months have passed since the superintendent took charge of the establishment he announces a stock of 92,691 Eastern brook trout, measuring from 1½ to 2in., and in the very pink of condition, now ready for distribution. Native black-spotted trout fry ten days after hatching had not half absorbed the egg sac. The period of incubation was much prolonged by cold water and the embryonic growth is slow; 295 adults of these trout were collected in August in addition to 946 already on hand. Those taken in August will spawn next spring. Seventy-five brook trout will yield eggs this fall. A few California trout were gathered and 3,288 Loch Leven fry are at the station. The outlook for the future is very encouraging.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 15 to 19.—Second Annual International Dog Show of the Industial Exhibition Association at Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Secretary.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 25 to 26.—Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

[*Special Report.*]

THE second annual bench show of the Detroit Kennel Club was opened Tuesday, Sept. 2, and continued until Friday night, the show being held in connection with the Detroit International Fair and Exposition. The benching was of the old pattern and the feeding Spratts biscuit. The weather for the first two days being very warm, but Thursday a very heavy rainstorm came up, and when the show closed Friday night it rained very hard. Many of the dogs being taken away must have felt very uncomfortable, the fair grounds being about 4 miles from the center of the city. The attendance was very good, sometimes making it almost impossible to get around. No extra charge was made for admission. That the show was quite a drawing card could not be denied. H. E. Cook, of foxhound fame, did the superintending, and did well for a first attempt. The entries numbered 334, some of which were absent, and there were a few duplicate numbers. The numbering of the benches was very bad, being mixed up in all ways, making it difficult to find the dogs. The quality of dogs as a rule, with exception of well known kennels, were not up to the standard. Some of the dogs were not in healthy condition and mostly out of coat.

The judges were: Miss Anna Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs. Maj. J. M. Taylor, New York, setters, pointers, beagles, American foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs. Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, N., Y., mastiffs, great Danes, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, collies, greyhounds, deerhounds, wolfhounds, bloodhounds, English foxhounds and dachshunde. Dr. Chas. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., cocker and field spaniels. Mr. J. F. Kirke, Toronto, Can., black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Scotch terriers, Skye terriers, Irish water spaniels, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Clumber spaniels, poodles, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous. Veterinarian, Samuel Brenton, Detroit, Mich.

MASTIFFS.

Mastiffs had eighteen entries in six classes. In challenge dogs Moses, not looking so well as we have seen him, was alone. In challenge bitches there were no entries. In open dogs first prize went to Edric, a good stamp of dog with plenty of bone; second to Mode, good in muzzle, but open in feet; third to Captain R. Prince Leo, reserve, is smutty in face, bad eyes and sour expression. Ashmont Tiger, good brindle color, well-carried ears, plain in head, got vhc., and Benfoy hc. In mastiff bitches, Pharaoh Queen, placed first, shows lots of quality, with a good head. Duchess of York won second, the third prize going to Bess, light behind and pinched in muzzle. There were only three entries in this class. In the dog puppy class Captain R., winner of third in the open class, was the only entry and was given first. Bitches had four entries, with Duchess of York, second in the open class, a clear winner; second went to Miss Beaufort, pinched in muzzle that may improve; third to Leo's Nell, only ordinary.

ST. BERNARDS.

Roughs were very poor, the winners being the best of the lot. There were no entries in the two challenge classes. In open dogs Bruce had an easy first, second prize going to Pioneer, good in legs and feet, body fair, cut away too much below the eyes. The third prize, Max, is no show dog. In bitches Phyllis, the only entry, won first. She was shown in bad form; good in body, but plain in head. Dog puppies had no entries, and only two entries were in the bitch class, first prize going to Alta Kennels' Santa Rosa, the third prize to Lute. In smooths champion Victor Joseph was alone in the challenge dog class, the bitch class having no entries. In open dogs, Leon B. shows too much haw, small in size, snipy; he was given first. There were only three entries, R. J. Sawyer's Mascot Royal being absent. The bitch class had five entries, and three of these were absent, all belonging to R. J. Sawyer, the prize going to Cleopatra, with good body and limbs; her head might be a little shorter; she shows lots of quality. In dog puppies, Leon B., first in open dogs, scored another win in this class, with Pluto second prize. Only three entries, with one absent, and in the bitch class two entries, one, Mascot Guard, being absent, the first prize going to Keepsake. The St. Bernards were a very poor class as a whole. I expected to see a better showing of this breed with Miss Whitney as judge.

BLOODHOUNDS

Had no entries and Newfoundlands the same.

GREAT DANES.

There were no entries in the challenge class, the open dog class bringing Melac and the newly imported Flavor together. The first prize was given to Melac. He is a grand upstanding dog and seems to improve right along. When fully matured he will make it warm for the best. Flavor, the second prize winner, is a nice taking dog, rather small size, too flat in ribs and light in thighs. In the other classes the Wolverine Kennels had most winners, the rest of the entries being poor.

DEERHOUNDS

were provided with four classes, but only one specimen put in an appearance, Nora. She is too small and lacks substance all through. She was given first.

GREYHOUNDS.

The winners are mostly well known. In challenge dogs Master Rich was alone, and in challenge bitches Miss Rare also had a walkover. In open dogs Scavenger had an easy win with the same owners' Milo second. The third prize was ordinary, Flyaway and Neverflunk being absent. In the bitch class first prize went to a nice bitch in Second Sight, Lady O'Livia receiving second. There were only two entries in the class.

SIBERIAN WOLFHOUNDS

had two classes with no entries.

POINTERS.

In challenge dogs, 55lbs. and over, Robert le Diable, well-known, had a walkover and Lass of Bow in the challenge bitch class had the same. Open dogs brought out a good one in Chief. His worst fault is in head and he is rather straight behind, good legs and feet. He won first, with Lansdowne second, not quite right in pastern and coarse in tail. Third went to Westminster Drake and vhc. to King Bow's Bow. In the bitch class Madstone, first prize, now shows age and might be better in condition. Countess Lill, second prize, is a fair sort. Ruby Croxteth was placed third. Only three entries in this class. In light-weight challenge dogs Westminster Kennel Club's champion Naso of Kippen was all alone. Glauca the same in bitches. In the light-weights Bangstone, having been transferred from the heavy-weight class, captured the blue ribbon. He is quite a taking dog; good head and front, but moves rather weak behind, second prize going to Wonderful Lad, too thick in skull, full in eye, sour expression, good body, legs and feet. Third prize went to Westminster Glitter. Westminster Gladstone, light in shoulder and too straight behind, got vhc. Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow's Dash was absent. In bitches first prize went to Fan N., a nice head, shown too fat and moves weak behind, second going to Karl, wide in front and feet might be better. Westminster Nan, third, is light below eyes, good in body and has lots of bone. Flirtation, skull too much domed, full in eyes, ears too high and light in bone, got vhc., Galena, flat in ribs and light in thighs, getting hc. In dog puppies Westminster Kennel Club captured first and second with Westminster Glitter and Gladsome, the only entries. In bitches Westminister Nan, the third prize winner in open class, won first, with Lord Graphic's Trinket second prize, only two entries in this class.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

In English setters challenge dogs, Dad Wilson was alone, and there were no entries in the bitch class. In the open classes J. Shelley Hudson and J. E. Dager had almost a clean sweep with their well-known winners.

IRISH SETTERS.

In challenge dogs ch. Blarney had the class to himself, and Laura B. the same in bitches. Open dogs brought out a new one in Kildare, good length of head, good color, might be better in fore-legs. Chief S., second prize winner, is coarse in head. Third prize went to Shanmore, too high on legs and light in thighs, good color, looks like a racer. In bitches Winnie II. won first prize. She was shown heavy in whelp. Another good bitch in Biddy Clare getting the second prize. Third prize went to Duchess of Avondale, long coupled, poor in head and too short in neck, and in poor condition. Lalla Rookh, a nice little bitch that might be better in ribs and feet, took vhc. In puppies there was only one entry in each class.

GORDON SETTERS

Brought out well-known winners, Dr. Dixon really having no competition.

FOXHOUNDS.

Six classes were provided for this type of hound, but there was only one entry and that was absent. In the American class H. E. Cook, of the Cook Kennels, made a very fine display of of about 20 entries, while A. B. Whitlock had on

exhibition a kennel of so-called shaggy foxhounds. He is about the only person having this type of hound.

CHESAPEAKES AND SPANIELS.

No entries, and Patsy O'Connor was alone in his glory to represent the Irish water spaniel display. Clumber spaniels had no entries. The display of field and cockers was very good and they were well handled by Mr. Nelles. Some were shown in bad condition, their skins needed attention. The awards gave general satisfaction, the winners are mostly well known.

COLLIES

were a very poor show. Very little competition, only seven entries in four classes. The winner in open dogs, Bonnie Stewart, is a rare, workmanlike dog with good body, coat, legs and feet. His worst fault is coarseness in skull and faulty in ears. Second went to Langhan, a nice type, third going to Roslyn Dandy, shown in bad coat. In bitches, Money Musk had it all to herself, and another of McEwen & Gibson's, Drury, was first in dog puppy class, Lord Edward getting second.

POODLES

were a good display, a grand-coated dog, Dextor, winning easy, equal second going to Kava II. and Bruce. In the bitch class Nell won first with Cora second, he going to Grisette.

BULLDOGS.

In challenge dogs, that good dog Harner was alone. He is a little short of wrinkle, but from back of head to tail it would be difficult to improve upon him. Bitches had no entries. In open dogs Carisbrook won first. He is rather straight in front, good in skull, and was shown in good condition. In bitches, Dolly Tester, good in head, not out enough at elbows, too high on leg, easily defeated the second prize winner Duchess of Palmer.

BULL-TERRIERS.

Challenge dogs had no entries. In bitches, Starlight, shown in good form, had a walkover. In open dogs first went to Prince Bendigo, light in eye, good head. Will improve. Wait for Me, late King of Hearts, had to be content with second. Third went to White Prince, good in body, a little short in head, and with lots of terrier character. In bitches, the well known Attraction won, a fine bitch, seems to be filling up in face and full in eye to what she was. Second prize went to Grove Duchess, well-ribbed, nice head, good eye and tail; at present a little coarse in coat. Third to Miss Gladstone III., black mark on eye, rather thick in head and out at shoulder.

DACHSHUNDE.

Feldmann K. had no trouble in winning. It will take a good one to beat him. Second went to Duke and vhc. to Carl. There were four entries in the bitch class, with Lina L. ahead of the class; the rest of no special merit. Second went to Duchess.

BEAGLES.

Little Duke was alone in the challenge class and there were no entries in the bitch class. In open dogs first went to Joe, a good sort, but might be shorter coupled. Second went to Brass, quite large enough and rather throaty. Third went to Princeps, a little wide in front. Stormy, vhc., is heavy in head. Detroit Kennel Club's Rock was also vhc. In the bitch class first went to June M., a nice type. Second to Pearl of Hollywood, with good body, legs and feet. Third to Romp, a good workmanlike hound. C. to Racy, a bad eye, and out of condition. Puppies had only one entry in the two classes.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Lucifer was alone in challenge dogs and Diadem in bitches; both are well known. In the open dog class a new face turned up in Starding's Jack, a good long-headed dog, but rather cheeky, best of legs and feet, shown a trifle fat, who easily beat Blemton Victor II., placed second, the third prize going to Wm. Sabre, plain in head, coarse in ears and nappy in coat, Hillside Mix getting vhc. In the bitch class Ebor Nettle deserved her blue ribbon, with Warren Jenny second, third going to Blemton Enid. The rest were of no special merit. In the puppy class Warren Drummer being absent left Blemton Victor a walk over.

IRISH TERRIERS.

In the challenge class Lewis and Jarret's Burnside was alone. In the open class Breda Bill, a good sort, skull rather broad for length of head, won first.

SCOTCH TERRILRS.

There was one entry only in the dog and one in the bitch class. Glencoe, winner in the dog class, is a good, strong dog, good in coat, body and legs. He is a little coarse in head and his eyes are too large. Meadowthorpe Glen Effie is of fair type. Her ears show too much fringe.

DANDIE DINMONTS.

There were no entries in this class.

SKYE TERRIERS.

The well-known Sir Stafford was first.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

Buffalo General in challenge dogs and the winners in the open classes are so well known they need no comment.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

A few nice Yorkshires were shown by the Northfield Kennels.

PUGS.

In the challenge class Lord Nelson and Bob Ivy came together, the latter winning. It seems a difference of opinion. Bob may be a better size, while Nelson is a fine stamp of pug with a grand head. Bessie won first in the challenge bitch class. In the open class first went to Eberhart Cashier, with Sprake second, Chequasset Ruby third and Climax hc. This is another reverse, Sprake having beat Cashier at Chicago. They are both nice dogs. Duke was vhc. In the bitch class Cassina won first, with Lady Thurman second, a finely marked bitch and of nice size. In dog puppies Bango G., a promising youngster, was first, with Dave Day second. In bitches first went to Mabel E.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

Two fair hounds were shown, both too large in size; Wenona winning first, with Trix second.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.

Several workmanlike dogs were shown.

The English whippet classes were made up of Campbell & Blake's well-known Ben Boue, Nellie Gray and Maggie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anno and Eyah, Chihuahua dogs, won in these classes. Both are nice little dogs, but are broken in color.

A list of the awards was published last week. Following is a list of the

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Largest entry, H. E. Cook; second, Detroit Kennel Club. Largest display of sporting dogs, H. E. Cook; non-sporting, the same. Largest and best collection, condition and handling in the ring to be considered, B. F. Lewis. Kennel mastiffs, C. C. Cook; mastiff dog (pet) class, Edric. Best smooth-coated St. Bernard dog in en class, Leon B.; St. Bernard Club special for best American-ed St. Bernard bitch under 18mos., Santa Rosa; over 18mos., ecpatra. Kennel great Danes, Wolverine Kennels; greyhounds, C. C Taylor. Kennel pointers, Westminster Kennel Club; best lit-weight pointer, Naso of Kippen. Pointer Club special—st dog and bitch, Naso of Kippen and Lass of Bow. Kennel glish setters, J. Shelley Hudson; brace, the same; best head and l. Dad Wilson; bitch in open class, Bohemian Girl. Kennel sh setters, W. L. Washington; dog in open class, Kildare; bitch, innie II. Kennel Gordon setters, S. G. Dixon. Pack of ten American foxhounds (2), Cook Kennels; six shaggy foxhounds, A. B. Whitlock. Kennel field spaniels, Woodstock Spaniel Kennel; cocker spaniels, the same; cocker bitch in open class, Busy W. Best collie, Bonnie Stewart. Kennel poodles, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels. Best bulldog, Harper; bitch, Dolly Tester. Kennel bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; best, Attraction. Dachshund, Feldmann K. Kennel beagles, Middleton Kennels; pair, Detroit Kennel Club; best, Little Duke. Kennel fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; Yorkshire terriers, Northfield Yorkshire Kennels; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; best, Bob Ivy; litter of puppies, H. Warup's pointers.

SPECIAL.

SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB DERBY.

THE entries for the third annual Derby of the Southern Field Trials Club number 78. There are 70 English setters, 2 Irish setters and 6 pointers.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ALPHONSO S. (F. S. Ward), dog (Buckellew—Vic Vic).
ANDY (J. M. Avent), dog (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).
ATLANTA (L. W. Smith), dog (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).
BALLYHOO (D. E. Rose), bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).
BANGALANG (E. F. Rochelle), dog (Quilp—Lexington).
BELLE STAR (F. F. Myles), bitch (Yazoo—Dimple).
BELL M. (J. W. Murnan), bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).
BESSIE M. (E. M. Myer), bitch (Dan Bryson—Grace Bryson).
BLACK JACK (G. T. Hodgson), dog (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).
BLADE (C Tucker), dog (Toledo Blade—Sola C.).
BLANCHESS (C. W. Bocage), bitch (Dexter—Patti).
BINGO (Beringer & Co.), dog (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl.
BOLD BIDDY (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Paul Gladstone—Belle of Stanton).
BUSTER (B. Ridgway), dog (King Noble—Cricket).
COMO SU MADRE (B. Crane), bitch (Roderigo—Maud).
COSETTE (W. W. Titus), bitch (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).
COYOTE (J. I. Case, Jr.), dog (King Noble—Cricket).
DAME DARBY (H. S. Bevan), bitch (Count Noble—Moonstone).
DAVE (J. A. McCargo), dog (Startle—Clio).
DAVE W. (G. T. Hodgson), dog (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).
DILL (P. Lorillard, Jr.), dog (Toledo Blade—Dashing Lady).
DOLLY HILL (J. Shelley Hudson), bitch (Ben Hill—Dolly S.).
EDWIN BOOTH (M. R. Rogers), dog (Roderigo—Miss Llewellin).
EUGENE (C. Tucker), dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
FASHIONETTE (H. A. Renfroe), bitch (Dan Gladstone—Bonsolone).
FINGAL (J. E. Dager), dog (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).
FLORA (Dr. G. W. Ware), bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Clara).
FLORA GLADSTONE (E. M. Myer), bitch (Dan Bryson—Grace Bryson).
FOLLY (J. M. Avent), bitch (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
FOX D. (J. H. Young), dog (Jack—Fannie).
GATHER (G. T. Hodgson), bitch (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).
GOSSIP (P. H. O'Bannon), bitch (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).
GRADY (Dr. R. M. Smith), dog (Yazoo—Dimple).
IDA STEWART (M. F. Rogers), bitch (Marshall Ney—Miss Llewellin)
JEANETTE (H. S. Bevan), bitch (Jean Val Jean—Rowey B.).
JEAN'S BOY (H. S. Bevan), dog (Jean Val Jean—Rowey B.).
JENNIE MAY (J. M. Avent), bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
JESSIE JAMES (F. F. Myles), dog (Yazoo—Dimple).
JOE BLACKBURN (J. W. Renfroe), dog (Nortier—Winnie D.).
JUBAL EARLY (J. E. Hart), dog (Roderigo—Daisy Fisher).
LELA (B. M. Stephenson), bitch (Tennessee Charlie—Maud).
LEMONES (J. E. Dager), dog (Toledo Blade—Lady G.).
LITTLE MINCH (B. M. Stephenson), dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).
MARGUERITE (D. E. Rose), bitch (Gath's Hope—Sue J.).
MEMPHIS (P. H. Bryson), dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).
NOBLE GLADSTONE (P. H. Bryson), dog (Count Noble—Girly Gladstone).
NOPRA (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Gath's Mark—Allie James).
OLIVETTE (H. Hulman), bitch (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
OUR PET (B. M. Stephenson), bitch (The Corsair—Tchula).
PAULA (P. Lorillard, Jr.), bitch (Paul Gladstone—Belle of Stanton).
PAUL BO (T. M. Brumby), dog (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).
PINK (J. A. McCargo), dog (Startle—Clio).
QUEEN VIC (J. I. Case, Jr.), bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
RAYON (J. M. Avent), dog (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).
ROD'S BELLE (P. H. O'Bannon), bitch (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).
ROSA B. (H. S. Bevan), bitch (Jean Val Jean—Rowey B.).
RUPER (J. M. Avent), bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
SAM R (G. P. Jones), dog (Dash Bryson—Daisy's Hope).
SINTRAM (P. Lorillard, Jr.), dog (Gath's Mark—Allie James).
TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock), dog (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).
TORY REM (F. R. Hitchcock), dog (Roderigo—Belle of Bridgeport).
TRIXY (G. T. Hodgson), bitch (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).
VANITY FAIR (W. Wilson), bitch (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).
WHYTE B. (P. H. Bryson), dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).
ZUC SERA (B. Crane), dog (Jean Val Jean—Little Gift).
UNNAMED (F. S. Ward), bitch (Buckellew—Vic Vic).
UNNAMED (J. M. Avent), dog (Jean Val Jean—Haidee).
UNNAMED (J. M. Avent), dog (Jean Val Jean—Haidee).
UNNAMED (T. H. Poindexter), bitch (Toledo Blade—Rhet).
UNNAMED (Whyte Bedford), dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).

IRISH SETTERS.

RANCHO (F. H. Perry), dog (Claremont Patsy—Nino).
ROSE OF CLAREMONT (F. H. Perry), bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nino).

POINTERS.

HAYWARD (Lebanon Kennels), dog (Lebanon—Virginia).
LADY GAY SPANKER (Graphic Kennels), bitch (Rumor—Lady Norrish).
LEBANON'S BOY (Lebanon Kennels), dog (Lebanon—Penelope).
MISS RUMOR (Graphic Kennels), bitch (Rumor—Lady Norrish).
PENELOPE II. (Lebanon Kennels), bitch (Lebanon—Penelope).
RIDGEVIEW LASS (Graphic Kennels), bitch (Graphic—Frivolity).

FLEAS ON DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Pretty long articles on this subject sometimes appear, I would make some brief suggestions. Watch the dog's condition in this regard. Some owners thoughtlessly allow their dogs to endure the torment of the little black pests, and an excellent reminder to stir up their sympathy would be about a hundred of the insects on themselves for a fortnight or so. They may be removed to-day, and next week make their appearance again. Insect powder is the very best thing I have tried. It should be good. There is much that is not effective, either because of adulteration or loss of strength by exposure to the air.—N. D. E.

DOG TALK FROM ENGLAND.

MR. E. H. MOORE, of Melrose, Mass., is still purchasing. I understand that he has been negotiating by wire for the St. Bernard bitch Altona, litter sister to the well known Alta Bella, by Alton out of Bellegarde. She is much like her illustrious sister, but not as good.

The *Canine World's* editorial columns are headed with an excellent illustration of the head of an English bloodhound. To my mind it is very appropriate. They seem to be on the scent of everything wrong in dogdom. The difficulty of getting this paper on the news stands in London and elsewhere has induced the proprietors to make a change of base, and hereafter the paper will be published from 158 Fleet street, London, E. C. They have come to beard the "lion" in his den.

Mr. Mercer's Clumber bitch Snow has failed to prove in whelp to Boaz and will doubtless remain in England and be bred to Cardinal or some other good one.

According to the *Stock-Keeper* the Crystal Palace show, to be held next October, will contain 300 classes; the prize money amounts to some $10,000, and no puppy classes will be provided, but there will be juvenile classes for dogs under 18 months. The Crystal Palace is the best place for a dog show that it was ever my lot to see. It double eclipses Madison Square Garden. A show of 2,000 dogs could be literally lost under that great glass roof.

Two more good ones have gone the way of all flesh this week—champion Lorne, the bulldog, and the well known bull-terrier Como.

The exhibition of English mastiffs, held by the Old English Mastiff Club, at Crystal Palace, Friday, Aug. 22, in honor of Dr. Derby, the secretary of the English Mastiff Club of America, was well worth a trip across the pond to any lover of that breed, and yet I must confess I was disappointed. The entries numbered 51, and comprised the cream of the breed, with a few exceptions. Father Van Doorne did not show Jack Thyr, or any of his good ones. Messrs. Taunton, Ralph, Rice, Cook, Dr. Turner, Capt. Piddock, Prince de Chandernagore, and Messrs. Andrew, Higgs, White, Mackinson, Pulbrook, Price, Woolmore, and Drs. Eadous and Slatter were the exhibitors. While the best of the dogs were being led about the rings for inspection we did a bit of judging on our own account, nor were we alone in the occupation, for every mastiff man was doing likewise, as well as "Thames Tattler," Mr Brown, "Senex," and a few others of like ilk. According to our bad judgment, the best dogs shown were Mr. Andrew's Schoolmaster, by ch. Hotspur out of Lady Dora. Same owner's President, by Montgomery out of Lady Florida, a puppy that at 14 months weighs 180lbs. and stands 33in., according to his owner, and, I must confess, he looks it. Mr. Norman Higgs's Chrysolite, by Commodore out of Christine. W. K. Taunton's ch. Hotspur, Carshalton, Prince Carshalton, Duke and Constable. Dr. J. Sidney Turner's Seabreeze is a rare stamp of bitch, by ch. Beaufort out of ch. Cambrian Princess, and has much of the character of her dam; same owner's Ayrshire, of the same litter, is also good, but I could not see anything in the young stock that would anywhere near equal Mr. Moore's youngsters by ch. Ilford Caution out of The Lady Dorothy or Coleus, I forget which. The display of cups and prizes consisted of two challenge cups, or, more properly speaking, ewers, very beautiful "cups" they are too, and the Westminister Kennel Club's challenge cup, won in '89 by Alonzo, and in '90 by Melrose Prince, for competition at the Crystal Palace show, also a plaster cast (life size) of the head of Mr. Taunton's Orlando, and numerous gold and silver medals. I noticed Mr. Moore sketching the group, looking at the dogs in the ring, consisting of Mr. Taunton and Drs. Rowe and Turner, and, if I am not mistaken, the *Stock-Keeper* or *Gazette* will be favored with the sketch in their next issue. Altogether it was a delightful afternoon, the dogs were benched under a tent out in the grounds in a charming spot, the weather bright, warm and pleasant, and, although there was no competition, I was impressed with feeling of good fellowship of the whole affair, and I hope to see the day that America will hold specialty shows of the same nature.

After receiving the dogs we took a stroll through the palace, and among the many beautiful places we visited, the Wurtemburg gallery will be long remembered. The specimens of birds and animals were remarkably well-mounted and arranged. We noticed a pair of Spanish pointers pointing a pair of partridges, a group of very fair dachshunde digging out a badger, another fighting a wildcat. One enormous boarhound fighting a gray wolf, the largest dog I ever saw, I think, and several groups of boarhounds and wild boars, many of the hounds being pure white.

As an illustration of how much more interest the English public take in the dog I have not seen anything more striking than the new departure of the Scottish Kennel Club. They will give three prizes in challenge classes at their next show. The Englishman's love for the dog is apparent everywhere. Every painting has a dog stuck in some corner, the display of photographs at every photographers contains a dog or two, every art store contains numerous prints of noted dogs, and every street of every town contains more or less of a small dog show.

Paris now supports a pointer club, a Gordon setter club and a setter club for English and Irish setters.

The *Stock-Keeper* gives another instance of the feeling of good fellowship existing between the two countries: "Some time ago Mr. Samuel Woodiwiss made a bet (if bet it could be called) that he would forfeit £10 to Mr. Jack Ellis if a certain bull bitch which had been served was not in whelp. We hear that the bitch is not in pup, and that Mr. Woodiwiss was anxious to 'cash up;' but as Mr. Ellis is not one of the sort who will take advantage of another, he refused to receive it, and it was decided eventually that the said £10 be given as a special prize in the joint names of Messrs. Jack Ellis and Samuel Woodiwiss. We hear, too, that upon Mr. Sprague's suggestion both gentlemen agreed that it should be given for the best bulldog or bull bitch owned by an exhibitor resident in America. Good business this, and a pretty compliment to our American friend."

Mr. James F. Hall's (Fairhill Kennels, Phila.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lowden (Plinlimmon—Lady Linton) has missed to champion Pouf. She will not go back with Mr. Hall as I stated in a former note, but will be bred again to the same dog. Mr. Washington Hall, of Hawley, will keep her in the meantime.

While strolling out in the country the other day with Mr. Wm. Nixon, of Hanley, the former owner of champion King Victor and breeder of Victory, we called on Mr. A. B. Bailey, of Shooter's Hill, Loughton. Mr. Bailey is one of the oldest members and ablest supporters of the St. Bernard Club and a popular judge of that breed. Although I feel indebted to him for a very pleasant afternoon I was doubly pleased to meet the breeder of Juno, the dam of champion Bayard, and also Juno the granddam. In the pedigrees of the St. Bernards in America Bayard is a prominent feature. All St. Bernard men know that Bayard was by Bosco—Juno and Juno by Wonder—Juno In some pedigrees I have seen it is printed Hall's Juno. Such, however, are not correct

Bailey bred both, but sold the younger at 6 months of age. Mr. T. King bred Bavard and the pedigree should read:

Champion Bayard, 8,447. { Bosco..... { Bruno, 2,419. Silverhorn. } King's Juno. { Wonder. Bailey's Juno.

Mr. Bailey showed us a son of old champion Bayard—Buttercup, out of Chitterbob (champion Hector—Duchess). Although 10 years old he is as lively as a kitten, he could jump a five-barred gate, straight and strong and is apparently good for another 10 years. He also showed us some well-marked young stock of considerable quality. But he has long since given up showing, more's the pity, for there are not many men in England that have done more for the breed.

The *Fanciers' Gazette* states that Bena II., the dam of Sir Bedivere, is en route for the States. I fancy there is some mistake about that. Bena II. is a litter sister to Sir Bedivere, not the dam. The dam of Sir Bedivere is Bena. And as Bena should be heavy in whelp to Keeper at this time, I fancy it is Bena II. that has been shipped. NAMQUOIT.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

I AM still as fully convinced as I ever was that the A.K.C. should go beyond members' shows and recognize in some way winners at shows held under their rules. This is one plan followed by the English Kennel Club, which we might copy with advantage. It gives control of the dog shows in a very easy manner, without clogging the membership of the Kennel Club with a lot of societies which take no interest whatever in the club beyond having its protection.

Mr. Crowell writes from England that he is bringing with him quite a number of dogs, mainly St. Bernards, and in the published list he included Donna Silva. It may be that Mr. Crowell is bringing her over, but a day subsequent to that of his published letter an offer was made of Donna Silva to an American breeder and an acceptance of the offer was at once cabled. So, whether Mr. Crowell brings her on or not, she will undoubtedly come to America.

Another St. Bernard purchase for this country is the bitch Dart, a winner of several prizes and very favorably spoken of in the English reports. She was purchased on behalf of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, of Germantown, and has been bred to Lord Bute, whose claim to be the best St. Bernard in the world is not being disputed by any English exhibitor. I notice that Lord Bute seems to be the sire of quite a number of promising puppies, both for size and quality, and I think this importation should turn out well for the benefit of American breeders.

Still another St. Bernard importation is Lady Garnet, by champion Pouf out of Lady Arnslow, which Mr. William Dodd, of Savannah, has purchased from Mr. George Long, of Carlisle, Eng. She is a young bitch, and has only been shown in the novice and puppy classes, getting third at Glasgow and second at Hartlepool.

Mr. J. S. Bacon, of New York, has made one or two collie purchases while in England this summer. They include Clwyd Fan, winner of nine firsts, and in whelp to Edgbaston Fox. With her come two of her puppies by Metchley Wonder.

Mr. T. A. Howard, of Columbus, Ohio, advises me that he has just received a pug, Penrice, from England. He is now two years old and has won first at Brighton, Colchester and Chelmsford, and second Crystal Palace. He is a well-bred dog and only 13lbs. in weight. Ohio seems to be quite a pug country.

I had the pleasure to meet Dr. M. H. Cryer the other day, immediately upon his return from a six weeks' tour out West and back through Canada and the Eastern States. I asked him how the dogs were, and he said he had not had time to see them since he got home.

Quite a nice little premium list has been got up for a show in connection with the Cumberland County Fair, to be held at Carlisle, Sept. 30 to Oct. 3. There is a classification for twenty-six breeds, with one to three classes for each breed. Entry fee 50 cents, and the prizes run to $3 for first and $2 for second prize. Mr. John E. Steel, of Carlisle, is the Supt.

I notice that Mr. Vredenburgh has called attention to the fact that the Danbury show could not be recognized by the A. K. C. This I said in FOREST AND STREAM two weeks ago, when I drew attention to the show. Last year's show was held under the auspices of the now defunct Connecticut State Kennel Club, but Danbury has always got along very well without the A. K. C., and I suppose it doesn't see any important necessity for becoming a member. The fact is, I don't think these small fair shows ought to be recognized. Take Wilmington for instance, a very nice show of its class, but surely some distinction ought to be drawn between a win at Wilmington and one at Boston or New York.

I can congratulate the Ottawa dog show managers upon having secured the services of Mr. H. W. Lacy to judge there on Sept. 23. It was with a great deal of regret that I had to cancel my engagement to go there, and I quite envy Mr. Lacy the pleasure in store for him.

Dr. Glass, of Philadelphia, has bought from Messrs. Taylor & Brown the well known English setter Bob H. The probability is that the Doctor will enter him at the Philadelphia field trial meeting.

Mr. J. H. Winslow tells me he has lost two very nice pointer puppies by distemper, one out of Naso of Kippen and the other by Graphic. "But, will you believe it, the best one is still alive."

Mr. Marshall, the Newfoundland breeder of Troy, N. Y., has purchased from Joe Lewis, of Pittsburgh, two young pointers, Forest King II., son of Forest King, and Graph, by Graphic. To make up for their departure Mr. Lewis has purchased the dachshund Feldmann K. and Lina L. and one of their puppies. Their former owner was Mr. Carl Klocke, of Pittsburgh, who won quite a number of prizes with them.

The men who run beagles down in Jersey and about Philadelphia are quietly smiling over the National Beagle Club field trials. They don't say that the field trials will be a failure, but they want to know how in the world they are going to be a success.

"Uncle Dick" made quite a success of his judging at Kingston, Ont., so I am told by a well-known fancier who was there. I see they have had dreadful floods at Hornellsville, and I somehow fear that our friend will have suffered in the washout. If so, we will all have to give him a helping hand.

Dr. Foote has had something to say about the influence of a sea voyage on the return of the season in a bitch. I had no theory on the subject, but was simply stating my observations and groping for information. What Dr. Foote states does not change what I said at all. I started the subject by saying that a voyage to England sent a bitch back about three months, and very soon I came across cases of bitches coming from England which were not affected at all. Now Dr. Foote has two cases on hand which exactly coincide with that, and he accounts for the difference by saying that Meersbrook Maiden that went to England was a very sensitive bitch, and the one that came here was the reverse. I don't controvert what he says about his own dogs, but I am sure that in the case of my own bitches, Nesta and Mavis, they were both plain, stay-at-home, worry-about-nothing animals, and yet they were set back. Dr. Foote's theory does not hit my cases.

Mavis went to England twice, with the same result each time. The first time she was kept and bred to Sefton, sire of Metchley Wonder. The second time she was sent to Christopher, developed steamer surfeit, and Mr. Stretch, being a little doubtful about her trouble, took her to a man who should put A double S after his name in place of V. S., and he advised Mr. Stretch to send her away at once. She was sent back without my hearing of it till she had almost arrived, and did not suffer a double relapse, but came in about the time she would probably have done had she remained in England. I hope Dr. Foote will look the subject up a little more, it is his profession, not mine, and I am curious to know why a voyage to England has apparently a different effect from one to America.

Has any one observed any diminution in the size of litters, numerically, within the past few weeks? I have knowledge of five bitches, all bred within a few days of one another. Four of these were known good breeders, yet the result has been that two of these missed, one had three puppies and the other six, while the fifth—her first litter—had but two. The weather at the time they were bred was excessively warm and enervating. I was attending to the four cases specially mentioned, and in order to effect my purpose I had to take the dogs into a cool stable where they would not suffer from the heat. The two that missed were the first bred to the respective dogs, and the other two were services a day or two later

I have sold to the Rev. Chas. F. Kelly, D.D., of Towanda, Pa., the black, white and tan dog Prince Charlie, by Sefton out of Mavis. Now that he no longer belongs to me, I would like permission to state that he is a dog that should not be overlooked by breeders. His pedigree is of the very best, individually he is good, and I have seen good puppies from him. J. W.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

THE dog show at this busy fair opened this afternoon, and by 2:30 P. M. Mr. Davidson commenced his work in the pointer ring, Mr. Oldham getting to the spaniels shortly afterward. As there are but two rings Mr. Mason is reserved as an attraction for Wednesday, and at that time he will judge all the non-sporting division. One would almost imagine himself in an American show, so many are the well-known faces I see around the ring. Among those I noticed were Geo. H. Bush, A. W. Smith, Frank Dole, Dr. Nelles, T. G. Davey, J. F. Kirk, Dr. Mills, W. A. Powers, Geo. Bell, J. G. Mitchener, J. Luckwell, Andrew Laidlaw, H. G. Charlesworth, C. S. Wixom, H. Jarrett, Ben Lewis, Jos Lewis, Geo. Thomas, C. A. Stone, up to his ears in work as superintendent, J. Massey, W. S. Jackson, Capt. C. Greville Harston and many other well-known dog men.

Enough praise cannot be given to the committee for the admirable building they have had erected by the Fair Association. Perfect ventilation, combined with ample room to bench seven or eight hundred dogs, and the several offices connected combining to make it one of the most attractive and well designed buildings I have ever seen for the purpose. The stalls are divided by wire partitions in gilt and black, and a noticeable feature is the ample space for each dog. The building has been built from a rough design evolved from the mighty brains of friends Davidson and Mason last year, when the unfortunate exhibitors waded round the show ankle deep in mud and other wretchedness. The feature of the show is the spaniel classes and a showing of cocker bitches I have never seen excelled. The greyhounds are a fine show, and the setters are not far behind. St. Bernard classes are also pretty well filled, and the absence of the Hempstead Kennel seems to have brought all the other fox-terrier kennels to the front.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Minting Minor; 2d, Mode; 3d, Grimsby Caution. Very high com, Lord Caution. Com., Major. *Bitches:* 1st, Bessie B.; 2d, Bess; 3d, Ilford Bess. Very high com., Lady Belle. High com., Blondie. *Puppies:* 1st, Grimsby Caution; 2d, withheld.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 2d, Grimsby Caution. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Ilford Bess.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st, Benmore; 2d, Monk; 3d, Lord Dalhousie. Reserve, Monarch. Very high com., Garibaldi, Bruce. High com., Leo, Duke, Chump. *Bitches:* 1st, Phyllis; 2d, Nora; 3d, Berna. *Puppies:* 1st, Ben Maider; 2d, Kildonan; 3d, Senator.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—1st, Victor Joseph.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Baronet. *Bitches:* 1st, Alpine Queen; 2d, Nellie.—NOVICE—1st, Nellie; 2d, Baronet.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Major; 2d, Leo; 3d, Toby.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Melac; 2d, Lord; 3d, Bismarck. High com., Pollux. *Bitches:* 1st, Irene; 2d, Dudley Flora; 3d, Freda. High com., May.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Nora. No others.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Balkis; 2d, Highland Chief. *Bitches:* 1st, Cassandra.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Scavenger; 2d, Jolly Ranger; 3d, Sir Lancelot. Very high com., Apparition' Turk. High com., Sport, Charlie McGrath, Milo. *Bitches:* 1st' Second Sight; 2d, Grimsby Jess; 3d, Halloween. High com., Nell'

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries.—OPEN—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John R. Daniels' Lord Graphic; 2d, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake; 3d, W. J. Danay's Shot.—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell; 2d, Thos. Thornton's Minnie-ha-ha; 3d, Burritt Her's Sport.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1 t, J. and F. Mackie's Shot; 2d, W. G. Cassels' Snipe; 3d, J. Robertson's Hector; high com., John R. Daniels' Lord Graphic's Lad.—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Fan N.; 2d, John R Daniels' Trinket S.; 3d, John E. Gill's Galena; very high com. H. M. Kipp's Nellie; high com., Charles Christie's Thornton's Duchess.—NOVICE—*Dogs and Bitches:* 1st, John E. Gill's Galena.—*Puppies:* 1st and 2d, John R. Daniels' Lord Graphic's Jem and Lord Graphic's Jean.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Cohannett Kennels' Kent II; 2d, Jos. Lewis's Tony Gladstone; 3d, J. Shelley Hudson's Chickasaw; reserve, Cohannett Kennels' Royal Kent; very high com., T. G. Davey's Locksley, Forest Kennels' Forest Fred; high com; Forest Kennels' Forest Sport, and J. Shelley Hudson's Dad Wilson's Boy; com., J. Scroggie's Toronto and Geo. Batterson's Roger Boy.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Shelley Hudson's Bonemian Girl; 2d, A. G. Habbick's Genevieve; 3d, Chas. G. Winchell's Belle Gladstone; very high com., E. J. Walsh's Scottish Belle; high com., Forest Kennels' Forest Gladys and Forest Topsy; com., Forest Kennels' Forest Nettie and Mount Royal Kennels' Nellie Dale.—*Puppies:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Forest Heather; 2d, Samuel Steamland's George III.; 3d, Geo. C. Hore's Roger.—NOVICE—*Dogs and Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Forest Heather; 2d, J. Shelley Hudson's Chickasaw; 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest Fred.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. H. Covert's Dick; 2d, G. W. Clarke Jr.'s Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore, Laura B. absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Max; 2d, Kildare; 3d, O'Donovan Rossa. High com., Paddy Sarsfield, Larry, Jack Malone, Red River, Glen Echo. Com., Bang Jerry. *Bitches:* 1st, Bell Ida; 2d, Buddy Clare; 3d, Jeanette. Very high com., Flavie, Kerry Gow, Glidella, Molly Glendyne. High com., Lilly Ban Sedan. Com., Kildare Ruby.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Elector; 2d, Parnell; 3d, Sport. Very high com., Mansfield. High com., Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, Nellie D.; 2d, Lalla Rookh.—NOVICE—1st, Kildare; 2d, Flora; 3d, Larry.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Leo B.; 2d, Field Marshall. *Bitches:* 1st, Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Ivanhoe; 2d, Clyde. *Bitches:* 1st, Hilda; 2d, Bloom.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Genius; 2d, Bingo. *Bitches:* 1st, Vanity; 2d, Vexation; 3d, Nancy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Patsey O'Connor.—OPEN—1st, Jos. Lewis's Countess Bendigo; 2d and 3d, Jas. F.W. Ross's Handy Andy and Ochtwan Biddy. Very high com., Miss Nichol's Sancho.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Bate & Geddes's Bromide.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. R. Smart's Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Young's Belle of Ottawa.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Rosedale Kennels' champion Newton Abbott Laddie and Bridford Rube.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rosedale Kennels' Beau; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Samson; 3d, B. F Lewis's Black Diamond. Very high com, Luckwell & Douglas's Faust. High com., A. Laidlaw's Napoleon and Rosedale Kennels' Black Knight. Com., P. J. Keating's Friday and J. Scully's Sweep. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. P. Keasby's Lady and Miss Ben d'Or; 3d, W. G. McCullagh's Gipsy Queen.

COCKER SPANIELS.—NOT EXCEEDING 28LBS.—ANY COLOR—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Rad Jacket; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Rabbi. *Bitches:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Juno W.; 2d, J. W. Bunting's Sensation.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglass's Black Duke; 2d, G. Bell's King of Obos; 3d, J. G. Mitchener's Dono. Reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Brock. Very high com., P. G. Keyes's Bob Obo and J. W. Bunting's Pedro. High com., Rosedale Kennels' Rosedale Dandy. Com., James Harris's Fine Furs. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. F. Bush's Novel; 2d, Geo. Bell's Idea; 3d, Geo. F. Bush's Bessy W. Reserve, Rosedale Kennels' Rose Busy. Very high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Nina. High com., J. G. Mitchener's Lady Obo. Frank F. Dole's Floss W., and Brant Cocker Kennels' Busy. Com., Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Sally, George Bell's Perhaps and Chas. Searle's Topsy.—NOT OVER 28LBS.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Bambo; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Nugget; 3d, George Bell's Crosby. Very high com., M. W. Kennedy's Rondo. High com., H. G. Charlesworth's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Luckwell and Douglass' King Pharaon's Sister; 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Zetta; 3d, G. Bell's Little Red Riding Hood.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Bambo; 2d, Rosedale Kennels' Rosedale Rover; 3d, H. G. Charlesworth's Myget. Very high com., Rosedale Kennels' Rosedale Bottles. High com., F. E. Curtis' Snob. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Bell's Idea; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Woodstock Minnie; 3d, Rosedale Kennels' Belle. Reserve, Geo. H. Bush's Smol. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Fatima.—NOVICE CLASS—*Dogs:* 1st, Martin O'Neill's Sport; 2d, P. G. Key's Bid an Rollo. *Bitches:* Geo. Bell's Idea; F. F. Dole's Flossie W.; J. G. Mitchener's Lady Obo. Very high com, Geo H. Bush's Smol. High com., Andrew Laidlaw's Woodstock Minnie; J. G. Mitchener's Black Vic.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, The Squire; 2d, Colonel Scot; 3d, Bute. Very high com., Mess High com., Sir John. Com., Ollie. *Bitches:* 1st, Manilla; 2d, Cora II; 3d, Nancy. Very high com., Floss. Com. Flo. *Puppies:* 1st, Roslyn Trefoil; 2d, Drury, 3d, Laddie. Very high com., Lassie.—NOVICE—1st, Roslyn Trefoil; 2d, Drury; 3d, Lady Florence.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Harper.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Carisbrooke. *Bitches:* 1st, Dolly Tester.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, White Prince; 2d, King of Hearts; 3d, Vic. High com., Tipperary. *Bitches:* 1st, Grove Duchess; 2d, Miss Gladstone.

DACHSHUNDE.—Divided 1st, Gill and Feldman.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Una.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Witch Hazel Prince; 2d, Drummer; 3d, Whisker. Very high com., Stormer. High com., Sinbad. *Bitches:* 1st, Elf; 2d, June M.; 3d, Stella. Very high com., Lilla. High com., Beauty.—UNDER 12IN.—1st, Alva W.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Bacchanal.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Volunteer; 2d, Blemton Trump; 3d, Stardon's Jack. Reserve, Oriole Trap. Very high com., Zigzag Heckle. High com., Richmond Crack. Com., Rant. *Bitches:* 1st, Eva Nettle; 2d, Blemton Vice; 3d, Speck. Very high com., Ebor, Speedy, Bell, Mischief. High com., Brooklyn Vernon, Spot. Com., Rose, Dot, Judy.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Moody; 2d, Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Vic; 2d, Speck; 3d, Scollops. Reserve, Chp. Very high com., Dot, Spot, Judy, Oriole, Belle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE: 1st, Buffalo General.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Kaiser; 2d, Senator. 3d, Rochelle Scot. Very high com., Donovan. High com., Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Broomfield Madge; 2d, Desdemona; 3d, Rochelle Nadjy. Very high com., Jenny. High com., Merry.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st, Toronto Charlie. *Bitches:* 1st, Ruby; 2d, Topsy.

Best collie, The Squire; best black and tan, Kaiser.

THE ENGLISH SETTER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the executive committee of the English Setter Club, Sept. 9, the following important action was taken:

Moved, That inasmuch as the qualified members of the English Setter Club of America were accepted as members of this Club on payment of the membership fee of $5, and without payment of annual dues for 1890, we consider it but just that the dues for this year be remitted to all other members of the English Setter Club. Therefore be it

Resolved, That existing members be entitled to the remission of their annual dues for the year ending Dec. 31, 1890, and that all persons joining between this date and Jan. 1, 1891 be chargeable up to that date only, with the membership fee of $5, the intent of this action being to place all the membership in this respect on an equal basis to the close of the year, Dec. 31, 1890. PERCY P. OHL, Sec'y.

MR. A. CROWELL sailed from England Sept. 10 on the Canada with quite a string of dogs. Among the list is the schipperke bitch Cople Sophia, purchased last year for Mrs. J. W. Connelly, Dorchester, Mass.; she was bred Aug. 8 to Mr. G. R. Krehl's Drieska. Also the St. Bernard bitch Pleiad (Plinlimmon—Mascotte), purchased for Mr. W. S. Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Crowell will bring for his own kennel the rough St. Bernard dog Victory (Lysander—Lady Pauline), the bitch La Purcelle (champion Save—Faultless), the bitch Prudence (Helvellyn—Zephyr), the bitch Republican Belle (Plinlimmon—Florentius) and the bitch Donna Silva (Duke of Wellington—Calypso). The last three are well known winners. He will also bring the smooth dog Belisarius (Bombastus—Topsy) and the bitch Nun Nicer (Austin Friar—Muri). Both have done some winning in England, and Mr. Crowell thinks that some of them at least will get into the money here.

BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS SPECIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following donations for the National Beagle Club's field trials: Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md., offers a suitable piece of silver valued at $20 for the dog or bitch, bred by a member of the National Beagle Club and owned by breeder, winning the greatest number of heats. Mr. F. W. Chapman, Melrose, Mass., offers a beautiful silver water set, valued at $25, for the dog or bitch having the best voice; donor not to compete. Mr. E. C. Barrett, Boston, Mass., offers a powerful pair of field glasses, valued at $20, for the dog or bitch doing the best trailing throughout the trials. More specials will be announced later.—F. W. CHAPMAN, Secretary (Boston, Mass., Sept. 13).

SALE OF MT. WASHINGTON KENNEL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please state in your valued paper that I have disposed of all my interest in the Mt. Washington Kennel to Mr. Joseph Lewis, of Canonsburg, Pa., including champion Paul Gladstone and several other English setters. The kennel will be carried on under the old name by Mr. Lewis at Canonsburg, Pa., and I wish to state to the public that it gives me much pleasure to recommend Mr. Lewis to them, as my six years' experience with him was of the most pleasant nature, and I would not have severed my connection with him had I remained in the Eastern country.—S. L. BOGGS, Salt Lake City, Utah.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Master, Hustler, Tramp, Montrose, Zarine, Zilla and Zanita. By Eberhart Pug Kennels Cincinnati, O., for fawn pugs, four dogs and three bitches, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne.

Tim Glendyne. By J. J. Scanlon, Fall River, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 3, 1890, by Tim (Biz—Hazel) out of Ellis (Elcho, Jr.—Maggie H.).

Cubo and Eileen. By Wm. F. Murphy, New Haven, Conn., for black cocker spaniel dog and bitch, whelped July 9, 1890, by Dixie (champion Black Pete—Miss Nance) out of Cleopatra (champion Black Prince—Zona).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Thurman—John Bull. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Thurman (Santa Claus—Almah) to their John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen), Sept. 6

East Lake Virgie—John Bull. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B) to their John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen), Sept. 1.

Broomfield Madge—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Madge (Patrick—Queen) to their The Senator (Patrick—Pink), Aug. 26.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Tippins. Dr. W. C. Johnson's (Frederick, Md.) collie bitch Lady Tippins, Sept. 9, seven (two dogs), by Chestnut Hill Kennels' The Squire.

Lady Thora. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Thora (Santa Claus—Almah), Sept. 6, five (three dogs), by their Bradford Ruby II (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B)

Countess Sequa. H. S. Pitkin's (Hartford, Conn) St. Bernard bitch Countess Sequa (Everest—Sequa) Aug. 10, five (two dogs), by his Prince Barry (champion Merchant Prince—Bernie V.).

Tough. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle), Aug. 28, four dogs, by Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Ooo—Farrow's Nellie).

Merry Duchess. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—Juno), Sept. 9, three dogs, by his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bell. Black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1880, by Driver out of Queen, by F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., to C. R. Williams, New Brunswick, N. J.

Dare Go—Dido B. whelp. Black and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 12, 1890, by Tell Kennels, Worcester, Mass., to Wm. H. Dennison, Norwich, Conn.

Prince Barry—Queen Miranda whelps. St. Bernards, whelped April 26, 1890, by H. S. Pitkin, Hartford, Conn., a dog each to Dr. M. N. Armstrong, Newton, N. J., and Miss E. E. Carlisle, New Britain, Conn., and a bitch each to E. Byrem, Harrisburg, Pa., and H. H. Phillips, Crystal Falls, Mich.

Polly and Romola. Black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped June 30, 1890, by Bob Obo out of Cleo, by Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to R deau Kennels, same place.

Bounce. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 19, 1890, by Bob Obo out of Tough, by Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to W. H. Morgan, same place.

DEATHS.

Lady Thora. Pug bitch, whelped Dec. 26, 1887 (Santa Claus—Almah), owned by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., in parturition.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE eighteenth annual fall gathering of the National Rifle Association has filled Creedmoor with shooters during the past week. The meet was a success, though the weather was decidedly untoward during the few closing hours. The day to day narrative below is followed by the list of winners and the conditions of the matches.

Sept 9—The opening day of the eighteenth annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association proved a treasure so far as the shooting men were concerned. In respect of light, wind, temperature, and atmospheric conditions generally, it was a perfect shooting day. Capt. John S. Shepherd had direction of affairs as executive officer of the meeting, the statistical department being run by Gen. Chas. F. Robbins and Sergt.-Major Jacob Manz, while the duties of range officers were discharged by Major Edward Duffy, Capt. Emil F. Christoffel and Capt. Jas. M. Maconnell, the surgeon being Major C. E. De La Vergne. The number of individuals competing in the several events was close upon 150, while the entrance fees paid in footed up $500, as against $190 on the first day of last year's meeting.

The Judd match, for military rifles, 7 shots at 200yds., open to all comers, was the first scheduled event of the day. It brought out a field of over a hundred entries and resulted in some really brilliant off-shoulder shooting. The match will be continued another day, and then the winners of the Judd trophy and 25 cash prizes offered by the Association will be announced. The shooters placing a mortgage upon these prizes, the first five of which are to be won on an aggregate of two scores, were as follows:

Judd match:			
J F Klein	34	A C White	32
C B Pratt	34	J M Stewart	32
A D etrich	34	J M Pollard	32
W D Huddleson	34	J J Mountjoy	32
H Hodges	33	John Corrie	32
T J Dolan	33	E J Cram	31
Frank Stuart	33	F L Graham	31
C H Gaus	31		
C E Gensch, Jr.	31		
J S Shepherd	31		
W W Young	31		
Alex Stein	31		
C T Hilliker	31		

The Wimbledon cup was taken by Major Gaus of the 3d Brigade with 141 in the possible 150, at 1000yds. Good scores were also run up in the Tiffany, all comers' military and the governor's matches.

Sept. 10.—A cloudy sky and heavy wind were the atmospherical conditions which greeted the marksmen on the Creedmoor ranges in the second day's contest of the National Rifle Association. The light was excellent; in fact better than if the sun had been shining, while the wind was anything but desirable. It blew across the range from right to left in fitful gusts, so that good marksmanship was out of the question. As a consequence, only a very few of the shooters were able to improve their scores of the day previous, and the majority of them confined their efforts to the matches which closed to-day, notably the Judd match. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. B. Walther, shooting in the Tiffany and pool matches will be continued until 6 o'clock each evening, weather permitting.

The Judd match, which began on Tuesday, closed with A. Dietrich, of New Jersey still in the lead; his score of 67 out of the possible 70 could not be beaten, and only four of the contestants were able to improve their previous scores with paying results. Thirty-one is the lowest score in this match to obtain a prize.

The principal event of the day was the long-range military match, 15 shots at 800 and 900yds., respectively. Sergt. Frank Stuart, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, one of the best all-round marksmen in the national guard of this State, and who shot in the 1883 American team at Wimbledon, took first with 61 at 800 and 62 at 900yds. Among the six prize winners was the Pennsylvania crack, J. J. Mountjoy, the only man who used a Springfield instead of the usual military special rifle.

Gus Zimmermann arrived at the range during the afternoon and proceeded at once to the 200yds. range, where he began to demolish the canvas targets in the Tiffany and pool contests. As soon as he had his rifle properly sighted the New York sharpshooter got down to fine work. During the pool shooting Zimmermann scored five consecutive bullseyes, and in 50 shots, fired in ten strings of five each, he made the following scores: 43, 41, 43, 43, 50, 43, 45, 47, 44, 47, a total of 439 out of the possible 500. Mr. Zimmermann won the Tiffany cup last year, and is in first place for it now with 45, 47, 47, or 139 altogether. He intends to improve this score to-morrow, but even if he should fail the other contestants will find it hard work to overcome his lead. Mr. Case had an excellent chance so far, but spoiled it, and with it a good string of 5 shots by firing one shot on the wrong target.

Sept. 11.—To-day's rainy weather recalled the stormy days of last year at Creedmoor, L. I., and many were the stories told of that stormy meeting, but even the deluge of 1889 was not more disagreeable than the shooting in to-day's drizzle, bad light, and veering wind.

Major C. H. Gaus, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Third Brigade, N. G., S. N. Y., won the military championship of the United States in the President's Match with 106 points, two of which were the allowance for the use of the Remington 50-caliber State rifle, the highest total score with the Springfield (105) being made by J. M. Stewart, of Washington. The match was divided into two stages, and only the seventeen prize winners in the first stage were eligible for competition in the second stage.

The Bruney Walther team match was not as successful as anticipated, owing principally to the bad weather, which kept some of the out-of-town clubs away, among them the Newark Shooting Society and the Our Owns, of Newark.

The Zettler Rifle Club had three teams in the field, the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, one, and the New York Rifle Club one, the same which opened the match on the day previous. The second New York team failed to materialize. The Zettler team No. 1 won the match easily with 139 points, their first score being 192 and their third 193. The New Yorks took second place, but could improve the previous day's results by only one point. The Zettler team No. 3 won third prize.

The inter-State long range match, which the Association has been trying to resurrect, did not take place, no entries having been received. It used to be one of the most interesting features of the annual meeting, and similar contests are very popular in England.

Shooting in the Tiffany match was more lively than on Thursday, owing principally to the presence of the New York sharpshooters. Gus Zimmermann improved his score by making 48, giving him a total of 187 points, although many good shots will be made to-morrow, it is hardly probable that any marksman will be able to wrest the victory and the cup from the genial Gus. Among other shooters who put up scores or bettered their old ones were Messrs. D. Miller, C. G Zettler, B. Zettler, J. A. Boyken, G Joiner G. Schlicht and G. Kleinbub.

In the Steward match W. G Flussey and W. L. Cash made the best scores; in the All-Comers F. Stewart, H. Lohmann, Jr., F. H. Lalor, D. N. Murphy and H. J. Mehard; in the Governor's match, S. B. Wetherald, J. F. Klein, A. G. Kuser.

The officers of the day were Capt. Gibson, Lieut. Smith, 71st Regiment; Lieut. Kraft, 23d Regiment; Capt. M Cauley, 12th Regiment, and Surgeon-Major Henry of the 12th Regiment.

Sept. 12.—This was National Guard day at Creedmoor, and the boys in blue who form the military force of the Empire State contested for the team Championship and trophy offered by the State of New York, valued at $300. The Twenty-third Regiment's team carried off the prize, with 487 points out of the possible 600. The Seventh Regiment shooters had a handsome lead at the 200yds., but they could not hold their own at the 500yds. The Twenty-third's boys won the championship in 1883, 1887 and 1888, while the wearers of the black-braided gray were victorious last year.

The two brigade matches followed. In the First Brigade contest the Seventh Regiment won with 506, while the Twelfth's team, which had been brought together chiefly through the efforts of Sergeant T. J Dolan, took second place. Only two regiments contested for superiority in the Second Brigade, the Twenty-third beating the Thirteenth by 40 points.

The wind, a regular fishtail, was worse than on any previous day, and the light was poor until after 10 o'clock. It was almost impossible to get proper elevation at the longer distances, and this explains the poor scores of some of the best shooters in the teams. The highest individual score, 46, was made by Sergeant Van Husen of the Twelfth Reg ment, with 21 at 200 and 25 at 500yds. Lieut. Pickett, Twenty-third Regiment, made the same score.

Very little shooting was done in the continuous contests. In the Governor's match Klein, Root and F. Stewart put up full scores of 35, and W. L. Cash 34. In the All-comers' Military, J. J. Mountjoy got two 45s, A. R. Kuser and A. E. Newman a 45, and Ch. Chirm and W. G. Flussey made 46 each.

The officers of the day were: Major Chauncey, Eighth Regiment; Major J. Crocker First Brigade staff; Lieut. Christoffel, Forty-second Regiment; Surgeon-Capt. Weston, Twenty-second Regiment.

To-morrow's matches will be the Hilton trophy match and the inter-State military match. The Tiffany, the Governor's, the all-comers' military, the Steward and the revolver matches will be concluded also with the finish of the meeting.

Sept. 13.—The National Rifle Association's annual meeting at Creedmoor came to an end to-day amid a downpour of rain, and the men who took part in the Hilton trophy and inter-State matches were thoroughly drenched before they had completed their scores. Taken all in all this meeting was rather more successful than that of last year, but the exceedingly unpropitious weather of the last three days undoubtedly kept large numbers of riflemen from attending and taking part in the matches.

Severe showers at intervals all day and strong winds in the morning and early afternoon made the shooting a difficult matter. The darkness in the afternoon interfered seriously with the 600yds. distances. Yet considering the day, some good records were made. The attendance was larger than on any other day during the week.

There was quite a large number of military and civic visitors from New Jersey, who seemed greatly interested in the contests for the Hilton trophy, and it was a great disappointment to them that their State representatives did not carry off the prize. Among those who were present were ex-Governor Green, Major E. J. Andrews, State Comptroller; Colonel John J. Toffey, State Treasurer; General R. W. Donnell, Quartermaster General; Riparian Commissioner R. R. Redding, Colonel Van Clieff, Colonel J. Kuser, of Newark; Colonel C. F. Loutrelle, Colonel G. G. Felton, Colonel J. C. Owens, Assistant Inspector General, and Lieutenant Colonel C. Y. Bamford.

The Washington, D. C., team carried off the Hilton trophy with a score of 1017, beating the New Jerseymen by 19 points. The New York team won the inter-State match with a score of 986. Sergeant Frank Stuart, of the Sixty-ninth regiment, won the first prize in the all-comers' military match, making an aggregate score at 200 and 500yds. of 141. The first prize in the Governor's match was won by Sergeant John F. Klein with 115 points at 500yds.

The record of the meeting stands as follows:

No. 1. Directors' Match—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A., 5 rounds, any military rifle, including specials. Won by Major Geo. Shorkley by a score of 23 out of a possible 25.

No. 2. Judd Match—Open to all comers, Remington 50-cal. State model, the United States, Springfield, or the Martini-Henry rifle, 7 rounds, the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes:

A Dietrich	67	J M Pollard	32	A Stein	31
C B Pratt	66	C W Simons	32	C H Gaus	31
J F Klein	65	J M Stewart	32	J S Shepperd	31
T J Dolan	65	J Corrie	32	F L Graham	31
H Holges	64	W G Hussey	32	C E Gensch, Jr	31
F Stuart	33	A C White	32	W B Johnston	31
J J Mountjoy	32	C T Hilliker	31	G Hull	30
W D Huddleston	32	W W Youngs	31	C G Zettler	30
E J Cram	32	W J Underwood	31		

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1000yds., 30 shots, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, position any without artificial rest. Won in 1875 by M. J. Fulton, in 1876 by L. L. Allen, in 1887 by Dudley Selph, in 1878 by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. R. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884, 1885 and 1886 by J. W. Todd, in 1887 by T. J. Dolan, in 1888 by W. M. Merrill, in 1889 by C. H. Gaus:

Major C H Gaus	4355355555555555555555445355—141
E A Leopold	3545354445535145344545434544043—124
James McNevin	0155334455535535434544054253455—114
J W Todd	5503554553-2255335345535455454—129
Frank Stewart	3554423303344534-2553552035353—98
Peter Finnegan	2243450302333243233544440545 - 97
F H Holton	5542020030443455351043244553— 90
Alexander Stein	5338544035345300540 retired.

No. 4. President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States—First stage, 200 and 500yds, 7 shots each, open to all members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, or the National Guard of any State. Competitors to shoot with the rifle of the model issued by the State they represent or U. S. Springfield rifle; 50-cal. Remington rifles will be allowed one point in 500yds. Second stage, open to the 17 prize winners in the first stage, 600yds., 10 shots, any position; 50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Prize, the Mid Range Championship of America for one year, and each $25, to be awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Maj C H Gaus, St N Y (Rem)	30	34	65
Gen C F Robbins, St N Y (Rem)	29	34	64
Maj H C Brown, 23d N Y (Rem)	30	33	64
Corp W D Huddleston, Mass (Spg)	30	30	60
Corp G L Hoffman, 7th N Y (Rem)	28	32	61
Sergt J J Mountjoy, 2d Pa (Spg)	31	30	61
Capt E De Forest, 23d N Y (Rem)	29	31	61
Sergt J M Stewart, D C (Spg)	30	31	61
Sergt F A Wells, 23d N Y (Rem)	30	30	61
Gen G E P Howard, N J (Spg)	32	28	60
Lieut W P Pickett, 23d N Y (Rem)	28	31	60
Sergt C T Hilliker, Mass (Spg)	28	31	59
Lieut F L Graham, D C (Spg)	31	28	59
Sergt W Hartmann, N J (Spg)	30	29	59
Col J Cram, Maine (Spg)	29	30	59
Sergt H A Vincent, N J (Spg)	24	35	59
Corp J Kelly, U S A (Spg)	28	31	59

SECOND STAGE.

	1st Stage.	2d Stage.	Total.
Maj C H Gaus, N Y, (Rem)	65	40	106
Gen C F Robbins, N Y (Rem)	64	40	105
Maj H C Brown, 23d N Y (Rem)	64	38	103
Sergt J J Mountjoy, 2d Pa (Spg)	61	40	101
Capt E De Forest, 23d N Y (Rem)	61	41	102
J M Stewart, D C (Spg)	61	42	103
Sergt F A Wells, 23d N Y (Rem)	61	43	105
Lieut W P Pickett, 23d N Y (Rem)	60	41	102
Lieut F L Graham, D C (Spg)	59	43	102
Sergt W Hartmann, N J (Spg)	59	41	100

No. 5, the Long-Range Military Match—Any military rifle, including specials, 800 and 900yds., any position, open to all-comers, 15 shots at each distance:

	800yds.	900yds.	
Frank Stuart	3354355554554451—61	3424555554555-62—123	
A Stein	4455545444454455—57	3454543453334355-56	123
Peter Finnegan	4345534555543535—63	4454045535544385—59	122
James McNevin	5344454535535—63	4441354443343005 54—117	
J F Klein	3053-5553425555—55	3-4405540303445—48—103	
J J Mountjoy	0422503043554445—45	0243352535344553—52	97

No. 6. The Tiffany Match.—All-comers' continuous match, 200yds., standing, 5 shots on the American Standard target, any weight rifle with any trigger pull, but no palm or other rest allowed. The allowance for military rifles will be three points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes:

Rifle.	1st	2d	3d	Total.
G Zimmermann, Ball.	48	47	47	142
J A Boyken, Ball.	47	45	45	137
L S Case, Ball.	47	48	40	135
H H Hawes, Win.	47	44	43	134
W H Beardsley, Ball.	46	43	43	132
A C White, Ball.	44	43	43	130
G Joiner, Ball.	44	42	42	128
C G Z tler, Zett.	45	43	42	128
C E Genset, Jr., Ball.	44	42	41	127
M Dorrler, Ball.	42	42	42	126
W W Youngs, Spg. 9	42	28	37	126
G Schlicht, Win.	44	41	40	125
C E Tayntor, Ball.	45	40	40	125
J Coppersmith, Spfg.	42	42	40	124
J B Taylor, Ball.	42	41	40	123
D Miller, Ball.	44	41	37	122
A Friebel, Win.	46	41	35	122
B Zettler, Ball.	42	41	38	121
H dolges, Ball.	44	38	38	120
W G Hussey, Sfd. 9	41	37	32	119
G W Plaisted, Win.	41	37	39	117
S B Wetherald, Sfd. 9	39	35	34	117
B Walther, Ball.	40	39	37	116
R Busse, Ball.	42	38	36	116
G W Lotz, Spfg.	40	39	37	116
A Bertrand, Ball.	44	37	34	115
J G Newburg, Mayn.	41	35	35	111
A Mevna, Spfg.	40	36	35	111
F Buzzini, Spfg.	39	37	34	110
M Herrington, Sfd.	37	37	36	110
F Freidag, Ball.	39	36	30	105
A R Pierson, Ball.	36	34	34	104
E Fischer, Ball.	34	34	34	102
A Stein, Rem. 9x	31	31	31	101

No. 7. Governor's Match—7 shots at 500yds., position any, any military rifle, including specials, open to all comers. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores. Allowance for Remington rifles .50cal., 3 points; other military rifles 1 point on three scores, and in the same proportion for single scores:

Rifle.	Allow.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Total.
J F Klein, Rem	3	35	34	34	106
F Stuart, Rem	3	35	34	33	105
A Stein, S M	..	35	34	34	103
W G Flussey, Sfd	1	35	34	34	104
A R Kuser, Sfd	1	35	34	34	104
J J Mountjoy, Sfd	1	34	34	34	103
W D Huddleson, Sfd	1	34	34	34	103
G F Root, Rem	3	35	34	32	102
Geo Shorkley, Rem	3	34	33	32	102
W L Cash, Sfd	1	34	34	32	101
J Kelly, Sfd	..	35	33	32	101
D J Murphy, Rem	3	33	33	32	101
J Ranson, Sfd	1	34	33	33	101
G H Harries, Rem	3	34	33	32	100
P Finnegan, S M	..	34	33	33	100
J B Wetherald, Sfd	1	33	33	33	100
J Gormley, Sfd	1	33	33	32	99
F L Graham, Sfd	1	33	33	32	99
T H Babcock, Rem	3	33	30	30	96
J E Bell, Sfd	1	33	33	32	99
J G Austin, Rem	3	33	32	30	98
J M Stewart, Sfd	1	33	32	31	97
R B Smythe, Sfd	1	34	31	30	96
C H Gaus, Rem	3	32	31	30	96
H J Mehard, Sfd	1	32	32	31	96

No. 8. All-Comers' Match.—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., standing at 200, prone at 500, five shots at each, rifles the Remington .50cal., Sta e model, or such other rifles as may be issued or authorized by the State of New York, the U. S. Springfield, or the Martini-Henry. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Frank Stuart	22	25	47
Wetherald	22	25	47
Corrie	22	25	47
White	23	24	47
Klein	21	25	46
Gaus	21	25	46
Elliott	22	24	46
Hussey	22	24	46
Chinn	23	24	46
Graham	22	24	46
Youngs	22	24	46
Field	22	24	46
Mountjoy	23	23	46
Stewart	20	25	45
Kuser	21	24	45
F H Lalor	21	24	45
Newman	21	24	45
H Lohman, Jr.	22	23	45
Dietrich	22	23	45
Stein	22	23	45
W L Cash	22	23	45
D J Murphy	22	23	45
Huddleson	23	22	45
Root	24	21	45
W S Cash	24	21	45
H J Mehard	25	20	45

No. 9, Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from army, military or navy, U. S. or foreign countries, 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 rounds at each distance, standing at 200yds., any to 500 and 600yds., any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government, any ammunition.

District of Columbia N. G., Springfield Rifles.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut F L Graham	31	31	28	90
Pvt W. S. Cash	23	25	29	77
Capt J E Bell	31	32	30	93
Capt R A O'Brien	24	32	29	85
Lieut W P Vale	25	32	23	80
Pvt R B Smythe	29	18	32	79
Capt W S Cash	28	33	28	89
Lieut G H Harris	26	28	29	83
Lieut W B Johnstone	24	31	27	82
Corp J M Stewart	30	31	28	89
Corp A O Hutterly	27	29	22	78
Major J M Pollard	29	29	34	92
	327	351	339	1017

New Jersey State Team, Springfield Rifle.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Gen G E P Howard	26	30	33	89
Pvt J Ranson	27	30	31	88
Lieut H R Goesser	36	27	15	72
Corp C Chinn	28	28	30	86
Col A R Kuser	29	32	28	89
Sergt A C Newman	28	26	26	80
Pvt Wm Hartman	27	30	26	83
Capt Wm F Decker	27	31	22	85
Corp August Dietrich	28	27	26	81
Sergt F Lalor	29	27	28	84
Col J M Van Valen	27	28	28	83
Pvt H O Vincent	29	25	24	78
	335	341	322	998

New York State Team, Remington, .50cal.

Capt E De Forest	30	32	31	93
Capt W A Stokes	26	28	18	76
Lieut F A Wells	32	33	32	97
Pvt L J Elliott	31	33	21	85
Pv C W Simmons	29	25	24	78
Pvt G A Scott, Jr	27	32	30	89
Corp H W Janssen	27	30	24	81
Pvt A Stein	26	26	22	74
Lieut W J Underwood	30	29	24	83
Sergt F Stuart	27	32	20	79
Lieut W P Pickett	29	33	32	94
Pvt R M Kalloch	28	22	7	57
	324	359	285	986

No. 10. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each State or Territory in the United States, 200 and 500yds. Position, at 200yds, standing; at 500yds, prone, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government. 10 shots per man each dist.:

New York State Team.—Remington. 50 Calibre.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Capt E De Forest	40	46	86
Capt W A Stokes	42	46	88
Lieut F A Wells	42	42	84
Private L J Elliott	41	36	77
Private C W Simmons	40	38	78
Private G S Scott, Jr	42	44	86
Corporal H W Janssen	40	36	76
Private J W Halstead	36	45	81
Lieut W J Underwood	39	43	82
Sergeant F Stuart	42	43	85
Lieut W P Picket	41	38	79
Private H M Field	37	47	84
	482	504	986

New Jersey State Team.—Springfield Rifle.

Gen G E P Howard	39	43	82
Private J Ranson	39	40	79
Major W S Richter	34	44	78
Corporal C Chinn	36	43	79
Col A R Kuser	40	44	84
Sergeant A C Newman	40	40	80
Private Wm Hartman	44	28	72
Capt Wm Decker	36	43	79
Corporal Aug Dietrich	41	40	81
Sergeant F Lalor	39	29	68
Col J M Van Valen	42	44	86
Private H P Vincent	34	43	77
	464	481	945

District of Columbia, N. G.—Springfield Rifles.

Lieut F L Graham	34	46	80
Private W S Cash	36	46	82
Capt J E Bell	37	43	80
Capt R H O'Brien	30	42	72
Lieut W Tyale	38	34	72
Private R B Smythe	33	32	65
Capt W L Cash	42	45	87
Lieut G H Harris	34	38	72
Lieut W B Johnstone	43	45	88
Corporal J M Stewart	40	45	85
Corporal A O Hutterly	39	40	79
Major S M Pallard	36	40	76
	442	496	938

No. 11. Inter-State Long-Range Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.. 15 shots at each distance. Weapon, any rifle within the rules: No entries.

No. 12. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of twelve from each regiment, battalion, or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., standing at 200, prone at 500yds. Weapon, the Remington rifle, State model, 50cal., rounds five at each distance:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Capt J S Shepherd	45534—21	53543—20	41
Capt Stokes	43464—20	54555—24	44
Private Simmons	44444—20	53454—21	41
Private Spink	34534—19	55534—22	41
Private Field	43444—19	54544—22	41
Corp G Ball	44554—20	53554—22	42
Lieut Walls	43444—19	32334—15	34
Priv Elliott	35443—19	43454—20	39
Sergt G Musson	44343—18	55545—24	42
Lieut Pickett	44454—21	45550—23	44
Corp Brown	44434—19	35432—17	36
	236	251	487

Seventh Regiment.

Private Stein	44444—20	24554—20	40
Private Halstead	54544—22	54452—20	42
Sergt Klock	43355—20	54455—23	43
Private Coburn	33344—23	54445—17	39
Corp Dudley	44444—20	32544—18	38
Private Dwight	55454—23	23454—18	41
Lieut McLean	44434—19	45453—21	40
Corp Jansson	34343—19	44554—22	41
Sergt Dunn	44444—20	45540—18	38
Corp Munson	44445—21	45355—22	43
Lieut Underwood	34444—19	33354—18	37
Private Kalloch	44444—20	35434—19	39
	240	241	481

Twenty-second Regiment.

Capt Thurston	54453—21	44455—22	43
Lieut Threadwell	25434—18	32425—16	34
Capt Weston	35434—19	55443—20	40
Sergt Kane	05443—16	40434—15	31
Sergt Turney	44445—21	54504—18	39
Private Reynolds	44554—22	34454—20	42
Private Evans	25444—19	24544—19	38
Private Mahoney	44433—18	34220—11	29
Sergt Burnton	44443—19	33244—16	35
Capt Hussey	44443—19	43442—17	36
Sergt Murphy	42443—17	44544—21	38
Private Byars	44433—18	45544—22	40
	227	218	445

Twelfth Regiment.

Lieut Schuman	43545—19	35433—18	37
Capt Lindley	34444—19	50544—18	37
Capt Sieter	42444—18	34433—13	31
Sergt Kingsland	44454—21	32344—16	37
Sergt O'Connell	44344—19	33455—20	39
Capt Content	33433—16	44524—19	35
Sergt Noziglia	34443—18	22244—14	32
Sergt Hussan	44344—19	24555—21	40
Sergt Frost	34344—18	43444—19	37
Sergt Jackson	44444—20	43443—18	38
Sergt Dolan	44445—21	35424—18	39
Private Stein	34454—20	53355—21	41
	228	215	443

Thirteenth Regiment.

Sergt McNevin	43354—19	34355—20	39
Private Lotz	44554—22	00253—10	32
Capt Tuscomb	44444—20	44343—18	38
Private Harvey	44454—21	44535—21	42
Private Dodez	33545—20	32442—15	35
Private Haywood	43433—17	42422—14	31
Sergt Lane	44533 19	33204—12	31
Private Donaghy	43344 18	55455—25	43
Sergt Constable	44454—21	31453—17	38
Private Teevan	32444—17	53354—20	37
Sergt Fahnstock	33443—17	54244—19	36
Sergt Werner	43344—18	43453—19	37
	229	209	438

No. 13. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York. The Remington rifle, State model, .50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance; position, standing at 200yds., prone at 500yds.:

Seventh Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Private Stein	19	23	42
Private Halstead	23	19	42
Sergeant Klock	24	20	44
Private Coburn	16	23	39
Corporal Dudley	21	20	41
Private Dwight	22	23	45
Lieutenant McLean	20	22	42
Corporal Janssen	18	24	42
Sergeant Dunn	20	21	41
Corporal Munson	19	24	43
Lieutenant Underwood	20	22	42
Private Kalloch	21	23	44
	243	264	507

Twelfth Regiment.

Lieutenant Schuman	21	20	41
Captain Lindsley	19	16	35
Captain Siler	18	18	36
Sergeant Kingsland	20	14	34
Private Jewell	20	9	29
Corporal Donovan	16	22	38
Sergeant Nasigla	15	23	38
Sergeant Van Fluesen	21	25	46
First Sergeant Frost	18	19	37
Sergeant Jackson	21	21	42
Sergeant Dolan	20	12	32
Private Stein	19	22	41
	228	221	449

Twenty-Second Regiment.

Captain Thurston	20	23	43
Lieutenant Treadwell	20	18	38
Captain Weston	17	21	38
Sergeant Kaus	21	18	39
Sergeant Tourney	15	20	35
Private Reynolds	20	22	42
Private Evans	21	15	36
Private Mahoney	16	20	36
Sergeant Burnton	16	20	36
Captain Hussey	21	10	31
Sergeant Murphy	14	19	33
Private Black	15	20	35
	220	224	444

No. 14. Second Brigade National Guard Match—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the Second Brigade of the National guard of the State of New York, Remington rifle, State model, 50cal., 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, standing at 200, prone at 500yds.:

Twenty-third Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Capt DeForest	19	18	37
Capt Brown	20	23	43
Capt Shepherd	19	24	43
Capt Stokes	20	21	41
Pvt Simmons	21	23	44
Pvt Spink	19	24	43
Lieut Wells	20	20	40
Pvt Elliott	18	20	38
Sergt Musson	22	15	37
First Sergt Hamilton	19	12	31
Lieut Pickett	21	25	46
Pvt Field	20	23	43
	238	248	486

Thirteenth Regiment.

Sergt McNeviu	17	20	37
Pvt Latz	21	15	56
Capt Tuscomb	18	19	37
Capt Harvey	20	19	39
Pvt Dodez	22	20	42
Pvt Miller	14	21	35
Sergt Lane	18	16	34
Pvt Donaghy	19	17	36
Sergt Constable	21	19	40
Pvt Teevan	20	20	40
Sergt Fahnstock	18	20	38
Sergt Werner	19	15	34
	227	221	448

No. 15. Revolver Match—30yds., 5 shots on the American Standard target, reduced for 100yds., position off-hand, use of one arm only allowed. Revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7¾in. Minimum trigger pull 3lbs. Plain open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes. Ammunition, any. Cleaning allowed between scores only. Army revolvers, with 3lbs. trigger pull and using service ammunition, will be allowed 10 points on three scores. Aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes:

Tayntor	44 42 59—125	Mountjoy (+10)	38 33 32—103
Petty	41 40 40—121	Bruce	28 34 33—105
Pryor	41 41 59—121	Mebard	34 33 33—100
Hussey	42 41 37—120	Stein	33 35 29— 97
Newberry	41 40 38—119	Lloyd	39 28 27— 94
Gaus	40 38 38—116		

No. 16. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor count. Competitors may at their option use either the iron or canvas targets; 5 shots sitting, kneeling or standing; rifles, the Remington .50-cal. State model, the United States Springfield, or the Martini-Henry. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores:

Graham	25 24 24—73	Boyle	24 23 23—70
Hussey	25 24 23—72	Gaus	28 23 23—69
Cowie	24 24 24—72	Cash Walter	24 23 22—69
Huddleson	24 23 23—70	Carl William	23 23 23—69

No. 17. The Barney Wa ther Team Match.—Open to teams of five from any rifle club, association or military organization, no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams, 200yds., 5 shots per man on the American standard target, standing, any rifle, any trigger pull, without palm or other rest, cleaning allowed between shots.

Zettler Rifle Team No. 1.

	First Entry.	Second Entry.	Third Entry.	Average.
G Zimmerman	38	39	40	7.80
M Dorrier	47	42	38	8.40
J A Boyken	39	40	45	8.27
H Holges	39	39	35	7.53
C G Zettler	30	39	35	6.93
	192	199	193	7.79

New York Rifle Club.

J L Case	34	37	34	6.93
C E Gensch, Jr	35	42	39	7.73
R Tayntor	44	30	41	7.67
T J Dolan	40	39	34	7.53
M Herrington	29	54	31	6 27
	181	182	179	7.23

Zettler Rifle Team No. 2.

B Walther	30	40	41	7.40
J Coppersmith	29	40	43	7.47
G Joiner	38	37	36	7.40
B Zettler	37	37	36	7.33
C Rein	34	20	23	5.13
	168	174	179	6.95

Miller Rifle Club.

D Miller	33	37	..	7.00
G Schlicht	39	36	..	7.50
A Moyns	28	40	..	6.80
L Vogel	37	41	..	7.80
E Fischer	36	23	..	5.90
	173	177	...	7.00

Zettler Rifle Team No. 3.

A Bertrand	27	23	26	5.07
R Busse	32	31	36	6.60
G W Plaisted	39	32	39	7.33
A Stahl	29	32	33	6.27
H Witte	25	33	31	5.93
	152	151	165	6.24

NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 13.—Arrangements are completed for a 100 shot match, which will begin on the Clinton Rifle Range on Wednesday night next. The leading prizes will be two Wurfflein special gallery rifles, worth $25 each, and besides these 60 per cent. of the entrance money will be divided into five cash prizes. The entries will close when 20 contestants have entered, though each contestant will be allowed to shoot his re-entry score after the main entry list has closed. The entry fee will be $5 and the re-entry fee the same, each contestant being restricted to one re-entry. The target used will be the "Zettler 25-ring," with a 2in. bullseye. Over a dozen of the finest shots in New York and New Jersey have signified their intention to compete. Shooting will begin at 7:30 and 9:30, two men shooting at one time, and each shooter will be limited to 100 minutes. The match will be open on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights until completed.

A scheme is on foot to form the Newark Shooting Society, Miller Rifle Club, Zettler Rifle Club, Harlem Rifle Club, Bullshead Rifle Club, Albig Rifle Club and the Williamsburg Schuetzen Gesellschaft into an "Inter-State League," for the purpose of running one or more big prize festivals each year on one or another of the outdoor ranges. In the arrangement of a festival of this character each club could pay a given amount to the guarantee fund to secure an immense prize list, and even if the festival should be a financial failure, the loss of each club would be a mere trifle. With each club financially interested each of their members could be depended upon to work hard for the success of the shoot. A meeting will be called for some time in October, when it is hoped that an organization may be perfected. Dr. J. A. Boyken and C. H. Townsend, of the Newark Shooting Society, are the projectors of the scheme, and Townsend has a fashion of getting there when he starts off on anything in the shooting line.

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at its range, with a good attendance of riflemen, also quite a number of the Press Rifle Club were out practicing for their fall shoot, which will be held at Walnut Hill about the middle of October. S. O. Merville won the bronze victory medal. Following are the best scores made, distance 200yds., standard American target:

(R.) ALL-COMERS BEST MATCH.

J Francis	106	M R Barter	101
F Daniels	105	A S Hunt	99
S Wilder	104	F W Chester	99
A H Ballard	103		

A N Mann ..98
M T Day ..92
T Oliver ..92

(R.) ALL-COMERS OFF-HAND MATCH.

S C Sydney	83	M T Day	75
S O Merville	80	A King	73
C H Eastman	79	S E Howard	71
H Severance	78	D Bayley	68

D R Ball ..66
A S Hunt ..64
M R Barter ..62
J B Hobbs ..60

(R.) PISTOL PRACTICE MATCH, 50YDS.

H Severance	90	A G Horne	82
(R) Recntries allowed.			

W Drew ..77

MERIDEN, Ct., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Citizens' Rifle Club, of Meriden, will hold their fall prize shoot at their range Sept. 24. If stormy it will be postponed until the next fair day. Twenty cash prizes will be given, valued at $125. First, second and third prizes will be $20, $15 and $12. A number of special prizes will be given. Programmes of the match can be procured by writing to W. G. Hooker, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 13.—A small crowd attended the last weekly shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. Sam Dorman made the top score of the ten members who participated, and won the medal. A 12½yd. standard American target is used for all shooting. The score:

Sam Dorman	9	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	6	8	—90
M Billmeyer	10	10	10	8	9	9	8	10	7	6	—87
W C Mackwitz	7	8	10	8	9	8	7	10	8	8	83
G Alexander	9	10	10	10	6	5	7	9	7	9	—82
W Bauer	7	7	8	7	9	8	9	6	10	10	—81
A E Bengel	8	8	8	10	7	9	8	9	7	7	—81
M Summerfield	8	9	9	10	7	6	8	8	8	8	—81
H Stussell	6	8	5	9	10	8	10	7	9	7	—81
A McBean	7	8	8	7	10	5	8	10	8	9	—80

UNSER FRITZ.

THIRD BRIGADE MEET.—Major Gaus, who did such good work at Creedmoor last week, is to be executive officer at Hensslaerwyck range when the Third Brigade Rifle Association has its thirteenth annual meet on Oct 2 and 3. This management means a well run meeting. The programme is a well arranged and liberal one, with six good matches for all styles of shooting.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Sept. 24-26.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, Watertown, N. Y. L. H. Prentice, Secretary.

Sept. 25-27.—Harrisburg, Pa., Annual Fall Tournament, Harrisburg Shooting Association. Two days Keystones one day live birds. Programmes now ready. A. M. F. Worden, Sec'y, Box 468.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

Oct. 14-16.—First Annual Tournament of the Boiling Spring Fishing and Gunning Club, at Rutherford, N. J. Sweepstake purses. Address P. A. Jeanneret.

BANDLE'S SIXTH ANNUAL.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 9.—Here we are again, gentlemen! The circus has traveled around thus far on the circuit. The animals will soon go into winter quarters now, and this is nearly the last chance to see this positively all-star aggregation in its dazzling feats of skill and kaleidoscopic evolutions of trained intelligence.

In other words, the gang has worked around as far as Cincinnati, and this time it is Al Bandle who is giving an imitation of a man running a tournament. Heikes, McDonald, Brascotten, Runle, Al Taylor, Charlie Budd, Billy Crosby, Harvey McMurchy, Paul North, McFee, Doc Vincent, Charlie Strawn—you could shut your eyes and bet your pile that every one of these would be here. And so they are, and a few others. The entries touched 21 at high water mark to-day. Al Bandle has seen them go twice and three times that on first days before this. He sat on a box and looked at the line. "What's the matter with it?" he asked. "I've done all I could for the boys. Why don't they come?" "It's the modern tournament system," returned the older ones of his friends; "the rapid-firing, big-score system, and don't you forget it."

"I believe it," said Al.

The writer came down from Chicago with Charlie Budd and took pleasure in a long talk with that veteran of the trap. "If Al gets 30 shooters," said Charlie, "he can't complain. The big shoots are all running light now. There is no money in them and no attendance except that of the old-timers. You didn't see me at Corry, did you? Not any. But I was at Keitsburg, Iowa, and a lot of other small shoots; and I tell you, the small shoots are the best. What do I think is hurting trap-shooting? Why, it's the rapid-firing system. The percentage eats the shooter up. The manufacturer and manager get it, but the shooter gets it in the neck. There's lots of trap-shooting going on over the country now, but it's in small clubs and State tournaments. This and the present tournament system are keeping the young shooters back. The days of good tournaments are gone. It's work to go to a shoot now. Do you know, I wouldn't have come down to Al's shoot at all this year, if I hadn't known that he wouldn't have any of this walk-around business in it. Al always sticks to the five or three-traps down system, so that the shooter don't know his bird. That's the best way. I'm tired out on this-walk-around system, and you can bet your sweet life our club out at Des Moines don't use any of it, not while I have any say about it. It may break a few more birds at the time, but she's stopping the breaking of plenty others later on. It don't make shooters and it don't make shooting."

And yet, when we got out on the grounds, there were two sets of traps, screened. "What's Al got the screens up for?" asked somebody. And then it transpired that Al. Bandle, the great and only Al., annual giver of the most conservative tournament of the whole circuit, had yielded to somebody's importunities, and proposed to run the walk-around system, only he used 5 traps instead of 10.

"The boys wanted it," said he. Now, who wanted it? Look over the lists at Corry, Detroit, and here, and you can find the

names of the men who wanted it. I confess, it makes me tired, and if I am so permitted by a continuance of health and editorial forbearance, I am, within the next five or ten years, going to make somebody else feel tired too, either of shooting in this absurd and babyish way, or of reading about it. In company with others, I have sat day after day, day after day, behind these lines of traps, and heard the bang, bang, bang, "dead, dead, dead," of this "system," until I am mortally weary of it. Not a thing to break the monotony. Not a bit of interest in any shot fired. Not a bit of fun in it. Nobody shooting for fun. Everybody making a business of it. Every shot netting the management, say five cents, if the shooter buys his shells (A). Bandle is charging five cents per bird, and is obliged to, to keep even), but every shot a nail in the coffin of the true theory of gunnery and good sport. Yes, and before long the managements will realize that each shot is a nail in the coffin of their own financial interests. Some one has to make the break. The time for the break has come, all the thinking shooters say that. Very well; this paper can be the first, and is the first, to kick over the traces which of late have found trap shooting too close and tight to pure business. If I understand sport, it means fun and not business, and if I understand the functions of a sportsman's paper, they are to further the fun, sport, skill, and to back the businesses devoted thereto. Now, let some one come out and give a tournament which shows some progressive thought, some enterprise, and, if necessary, some sand. The walk-around was good in its day. It did much to spread trap shooting, until it was taken hold of and worked to death by the experts. Let some management come out now and give the shooters a game in which skill, chance, nerve and calculation will be placed first, and machine shooting made impossible.

Let us see next year a shoot contrived on lines of modern and progressive thought. I believe this paper would send a man a thousand miles to see and study such a shoot. The shoots of today don't need much study. Corry shoot I liked because it showed a faint inkling of a desire to do something progressive. Why can not North, and Penrose, and McMurchy, and Budd, and Lindsley, and Heikes, and McDonald, and such men get together and get up an idea for a new sort of shoot, one which will not bore an innocent spectator to death? They can do it easily enough and it is time they did. There is no fun in sitting around and seeing these same fellows trying to rob each other year in and year out. I want to see somebody rob them. There are numbers of shooters who wouldn't mind trying that if they had the ghost of a show to do it. There is no fun to-day. I kick. Let us all kick, loudly, harmoniously, concertedly, until we have kicked all the hay out of this present bugbear of modern "tournaments," or robbing-bees.

Well, since Al. has fallen from grace and used the walk-around, we ought to expect to see the same old scores oughtn't we? That might be, except for the fact that the new bluerock trap, with the rigid-arm carries, is used. I think the management of the bluerock will agree with the shooters that this trap does not yet deliver its birds with quite the unvarying regularity of the old trap. There has not been much breakage or delay, but once in a while a bird would go out which was a regular "quail," as the boys call them. Even these little irregularities, the least bit out of the regular machine shooting line, has balked some of the shooters and cut down their averages. For that reason the fact of slight irregularity is hailed with pleasure, as one more proof of the theory forninst machine shootery. We have heard here of the dissolution of the Standard Target Co. injunction in the suit of the Peoria Target Co. Paul North thinks the Cleveland people will now get a rebearing and gain permission, with the Standards, to use the old pivoted carrier. The result of this fight is not yet, but it all goes into the assertion that this is a momentous year in target-shooting history.

Everything about the old grounds is about the same as usual. "Wick" is here, helping in the management, and so is Gus Dick. The same old lunch, Bandle is here, and the same old wait of an hour and a half before you can get anything to eat, and the same old coffee, warmed over, from last year—I thought last year it was as bad as coffee ever could be, but it wasn't; and the same old coop of Cincinnati live birds, and the same old street car, cleaving the deep, rich Cincinnati air at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. A critical observation leads me to believe that "Wick" is a trifle better looking this year than he was last. Al Bandle does not show much the more frost in his tar-colored forelock by reason of being a married man of late. But he has grown severe, very severe. He has been heard to tell the performer on the horizontal bar, who assuages thirst at 5 cents an assuage, that "if that feller Wick comes around here and wants any beer on the management, you make him pay or throw him out. That don't go no more now. We got to figger close this year and stop the leaks or we don't make no money, see?"

Nothing startling was done to-day, except that it looked as though it was going to rain, and didn't. Tee Kay was promised as an attraction, but his spirituelle form didn't materialize. Charlie Budd got the glory this time, running about 85 with only two misses. Charlie's late practice on the Iowa Grangers has done him good, and he is slowly recovering from his long siege of the "grip" and its attendant consequences. He telegraphed to Al to "hold the guarantees open till he got there." Al is still holding 'em open, and hoping for more crowd to-morrow. Ruble is here, I am pleased to state, but his shooting is impaired by the fact that he has grown color blind. He is unable to distinguish a colored person from a white one, or so at least the Fostoria boys say. The rank is to be preserved in uniform, Orderly Sergeant Weeks, from Newport barracks, appearing for some target practice. This was his first live-bird shoot, and the scores will show he did very well, for the only bird he missed fell dead out of bounds. Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, extra, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1; 15 entries:

Heikes	1110111111—9	Taylor	1101011111—8
McDonald	1111110111—9	Crosby	1110111011—8
Benscotten	1111101911—8	Bandle	0111101111—8
Brigden	1101110111—8	Nemo	1011101111—8
Spencer	1010011111—7	McMurchy	0111010111—7
Allister	0000010010—2	Randall	1000111011—6
Jack	0000011111—6	North	1111100111—8
Ruble	1100111111—8		

Heikes and McDonald div. first, Benscotten, Bandle and North second, Spencer and McMurchy third.

Shoot No. 2, extra, 10 single bluerocks, $1, 18 entries:

Bandle	0100311111—6	Taylor	1101011011—7
Benscotten	1111111101—9	Jack	1111011111—9
North	1111111111—10	Randall	1101111111—9
Spencer	0111101111—8	Ruble	1111011110—8
Heikes	1111111111—10	Allister	0010101101—5
McDonald	1111111111—10	Crosby	1101011111—8
Brigden	0111010101—6	Strawn	1010111101—7
Nemo	1101010103—5	See	1101011111—8
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Smith	1001001110—5

North, Heikes, McDonald and McMurchy div. first, Benscotten, Jack and Randall div. second, Spencer and Ruble third.

Shoot No. 3, 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50, 21 entries:

North	1111111111—10	Budd	1111111111—10
McMurchy	0100111111—7	Jack	1110111111—9
Heikes	0111111011—8	Spencer	0100101111—6
Bandle	1111111111—10	Benscotten	1111111001—8
Brigden	1100101111—7	Randall	1011001001—5
McDonald	1101111011—8	Crosby	1111111100—8
Taylor	0100001001—3	Ruble	1011110110—7
Nemo	1111111111—10	Strawn	1110011111—8
Schaller	1001111000—5	Albert	1111010011—8
Smith	1001101111—7	Allister	1000001011—4
Frank See	1101001111—7		

North, Bandle, Nemo and Budd divided first. Jack won second. Heikes and McDonald won third.

Shoot No. 4, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2, 21 entries:

Benscotten	111111100111111—14	Jack	111111101111110—13
Heikes	111111111111111—14	McMurchy	111011111111111—14
Bandle	110111101110111—12	Spencer	011111100111101—11
Ruble	110111011111111—13	Strawn	011010111111111—12
North	111110011111011—12	Smith	011101011111111—12
McDonald	011111110011111—12	Budd	111111111110111—14
Nemo	011010011111010—9	Brigden	111101101011111—12
Allister	100010010101101— 7	Randall	011100011.11110—10
See	110010010101110— 7	Albert	101101101011010— 9
Taylor	111111011111001—13	Crosby	101000111110110— 9
Schaller	011111111111111—15		

Benscotten, Heikes, McMurchy and Budd div. first, Ruble, Taylor and Jack div. second McDonald won third.

Shoot No. 5, programme, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2, 19 entries:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Taylor	011111101011101—11
Bandle	111011110101011—11	McMurchy	101111011111111—13
Schaller	110001110010111— 9	Allister	100000000010111— 5
North	111111111111111—15	Strawn	010111110111111—12
Benscotten	010011111101111—12	McDonald	100111111111101—13
Spencer	111110110111111—14	Jack	111111111001111—13
Crosby	001101011111100— 8	See	111011101011111—13
Smith	111101001111111—12	Ruble	111111111111111—15
Heikes	111111111111110—14	Nemo	111111101000111—12
Brigden	101111111111111—14		

Budd, North and Ruble div. first, Spencer, Heikes and Brigden div. second, McMurchy, Jack and See div. third.

Shoot No. 6, programme, 10 single bluerocks, $1.50, 20 entries:

Taylor	1011111011—8	McDonald	1111111111—10
Nemo	0110101111—7	North	1111101111—9
Jack	1101111101—8	Benscotten	1111111011—9
Schaller	1101111101—8	Brigden	1111111111—10
Heikes	1101111111—9	Spencer	1111111100—8
Smith	1111110111—9	See	1101010101—7
McMurchy	1111101111—9	C F Smith	0000000010—1
Bandle	1111101111—9	Ruble	1111111101—9
Budd	1101111111—9	Strawn	0101010000—4
Crosby	1100111011—7	Albert	1111111110—9

McDonald and Brigden first, Bandle, Budd and North second, Taylor, Jack, Schaller and Spencer div. third.

Shoot No. 7, programme, 10 single bluerocks, $1.50, 21 entries:

North	1111111011— 9	Budd	1111111111—10
Bandle	1111101111— 9	Smith	1111011111— 9
McMurchy	1110111111— 9	Allister	0001111000— 4
McDonald	1111111111—10	Weeks	1110010110— 6
Heikes	1111101111— 9	Benscotten	1111111111—10
Jack	1111111001— 8	Ruble	1110111111— 9
Schaller	1111111110— 9	McPhee	0111111110— 8
Taylor	1111011110— 8	Strawn	1111110111— 9
Nemo	1111011000— 7	Spencer	1111111111—10
See	1010010100— 5	Crosby	0110101001— 5
Brigden	1101110111— 8		

McDonald, Budd, Benscotten and Spencer div. first, Bandle, Heikes and Ruble won second, Jack, Taylor, Brigden and McPhee div. third.

The grounds were now cleared for the live-bird shooting, in which much greater interest was manifested. The birds were about an average Cincinnati lot, with but few good ones. Nearly all had to be "flapped up," but once in a while a good one got out. It is still too warm here for strong birds, it is probable also that the coop provided is not well enough ventilated. Score:

Shoot No. 8, programme, 7 single live birds, $5, 21 entries:

Heikes	1110111—6	Jack	2211121—7
Benscotten	0110111—6	Cliff	0100021—3
McMurchy	1111211—7	Ruble	1121021—6
Budd	1212221—7	Vincent	2111111—7
Smith	1112011—6	North	1111111—7
Weeks	1112211—7	Scott	0101021—4
Schaller	0011121—5	Taylor	2211211—7
Spencer	2222111—7	McDonald	1111100—5
Allister	0122000 -3	Bandle	1211102—6
Crosby	1111111—7	Tom	0020111—4
Brigden	0211221—6		

McMurchy, Budd, Weeks, Spencer, Crosby, Jack, Vincent, North and Taylor div. first, Heikes, Smith, Brigden, Ruble and Bandle div. second, Benscotten, Schaller and McDonald div. third.

Shoot No. 9, extra, miss and out, live birds, entrance $3, 17 entries:

Jack	0	Heikes	0
Bandle	21111	Vincent	0
McMurchy	11111	Cliff	220
Budd	11210	Schaller	11210
Smith	1210	Ruble	11112
Spencer	12111	Wick	11211
Weeks	11110	North	11111
Allister	0	Benscotten	11112
Crosby	21111		

Bandle, McMurchy, Spencer, Crosby, Ruble, Wick, North and Benscotten div. $34.50.

It was now dusk, and the boys went to town over the dizzy curves of the grapevine street car route. At ten o'clock to-night, at this writing, rain is falling steadily and the prospect for a wet day to-morrow seems a certainty.

Wednesday, Second Day, Sept. 10.

The morning broke rainy. It rained dismally all the forenoon and more than half the afternoon. The grounds became sloppy, and the shooters crowded under the big shelter tents in wet and draggled bunches. Yet the top entry to-day, 53, was two names higher than that of yesterday. "Edwards," of Dayton, and Dr. Miller, of Amanda, were new comers to-day. It is now nearly certain that Al's shoot for this year is not to be a large one. Yet he told the writer to-day that in 1888, on Saturday, the sixth day of his shoot, he had 27 entries in a live-bird race, at $25 entrance, and in the same week had as high as 97 entries in a live-bird event, at $6.50 entrance. There has been more talk about such matters as these at this shoot than at any I have ever attended, certainly more than enough to warrant the position taken earlier in these columns. To get at the matter in the best possible form, I to-day went to numbers of the most prominent shooters here, and put to each the question:

"What do you think of the rapid-firing system, as affecting the success of modern tournaments?"

The following are the answers, condensed:

Al Bandle—"I believe the rapid-firing system should be abolished, and I am sorry now I started it here. It is the first and last time. I think it has hurt our shoots all over the country. I favor 5 traps, unknown to shooter. I think we must abolish the rapid-firing system, or it will abolish us."

Ed Taylor—"The rapid-firing system is no good on earth. It makes shooting easier, instead of more difficult. It is babying our shooters."

Harry McMurchy—"It is the worst thing we could do. We are going backward instead of forward. We are wanting easier instead of harder shooting. It ruins a man for field shooting. I like the five traps, unknown angles, much better.

Rolla Heikes—"I am in favor of almost any other system. I like the old five traps way the best. I don't like the Keystone professional rules."

W. S. McDonald—"It is too mechanical. It helps the management of a shoot, but it don't help the shooter."

J. M. Babcock (of Meadville, Pa.)—"It kills a club quicker than anything else, this rapid-firing system."

Dr. Miller (of Amanda, O.)—"It is no good and we ought to quit it. I favor unknown traps and angles."

T. E. Benson—"I prefer unknown angles; the harder they are the better for the shooter."

C. W. Budd—"The walk-around is destroying trap-shooting as fast as it can."

E. D. Edwards—"It is responsible for the falling off of attendance. It is breaking up shooting in the country."

Paul North (of the Cleveland Target Co.)—"It is as bad as anything could be. Our shooting interests are going to pieces under it. It looks good for the manufacturers, and I ought to favor it for that reason if anybody ought, but I believe that it would be much better in the long run if we should do away with it. It is killing off the crop of shooters, and that must be our goose of the golden eggs."

"Wick"—"It is a rotten system. It hurts shooting, and unfits a shooter for the field."

J. E. Whetstone (of Cincinnati)—"I am an old timer, and not in it to-day at all, but for myself I don't like this mechanical business. I prefer unknown angles."

J. N. Dupuy (of Ironton, O.)—"I have come down here just to watch this shoot. I shoot a good deal at the trap up home, but I am not shooting here. What is the use of my going in when Heikes, and Bandle, and Budd and all those fellows are in a race? I have no chance with them, and I can shoot cheaper and with more fun if I shoot somewhere else, and don't hand over my money to those fellows. I don't want any walk-around, thanks."

J. A. Ruble—"The walk-around system is the only system to shoot under. It makes the most money."

E. S. Benscotten—"It helps sell more birds and more shells. I don't think the system is at fault, but I think the angles are too easy. I would rather see five sets of three traps pulled by indicator. Am in favor of the walk-around."

Wm. Crosby—"The walk-around is the only system to run a shoot by. A shooter comes out to shoot, and he don't want to wait all day. I don't think this system to blame for our light attendances. I think we are having too many shoots all over the country. Stop all the shooting for two years, and I bet you there would be big tournaments then."

Thus it may be seen, that out of 17 shooters interrogated only 3 had any word of commendation for the system, which has of late been so general. Among these shooters are the majority of those who are most interested in shooting as many matches as possible and the representative of at least one big target company, whose interests might be thought to be favored by this system. It is plain that the paper which heads a crusade against this pernicious machine system will not be alone. The best and most prominent shooters of the country will be with it. How long shall the short-sighted business interests of tournament managers be allowed to thwart the actual wishes of the shooters? Among the men above named are the very ones who could best devise a better system. We may well wish that they and the few other thinking shooters of the circuit would form a little independent congress and declare rebellion; not an American Association, with skyscraping theories of reform and few facts to show as results, but a plain, horse-sense gathering of the practical shooters. A movement like that—a simple resolution of the shooters of the circuit—can save or help our trap-shooting, and nothing else can. It may seem startling when we say that 30 men are doing all the target shooting at the tournaments of the country; but do you follow back the scores, and if you can penetrate all the assumed names and the like, you will find this to be very nearly the truth. The managements are catering to these 30 men. They want these 30 machines to come and break so many birds at $30 a thousand. Well now, do you call that shooting, and do you call that sport and do you think that is what trap-shooting should be to-day? For my part, I know these men well enough. I want to see an occasional new face at the shoots. Do you call that an unfounded wish? Do you call it so, when more than 20 out of 30 circuit riders are right now, to-day, in this very column, echoing the same wish? If I were a tournament manager in this progressive country of America, I would take my pocketbook out of my eye for about five minures, and see if I couldn't find a way, even if it did cost a sacrifice of money at first, either to kill these 30 shooters or keep them from killing all the other shooters. The most ridiculous part of this whole business is, that it is not these 30 shooters who are at fault, so much as the managers who allow them to dictate, or who encourage them in the same old game so profitable to themselves. "Make your game, gentlemen," says the manager, "I don't want anything but the percentage; $1,600 a week is my per cent. Only about $30 or $40 a week for each shooter, besides his traveling expenses." Now, how long can shooters stand that? It is only those who have salaries and expense money given them for the purpose. Dig down into the history of your 30 machines, and you will find about half of them that are shooting under inducements. It is business for them. You and I must shoot for fun, but it is business for them. We bet on another man's game, and he takes our money without the least competition. Perhaps he is in a "combination" against our chance skill, which makes the percentage about five times as much more against us, if there are five circuit riders in the "divide." This, then, is trap-shooting to-day. The percentage of the management is against even the 30 shooters of the elect. They can't make any money under it. The percentage of the salaried shooters is against those who are not salaried. The percentage of the machine shooter is against the shooter for sport. The percentage of the "ring," or "divide," is against the single, square shooter. All four of the above percentages are against the young amateur who would like to shoot, but has too much sense to try under such circumstances. Here is your trap-shooting to-day. How do you like it? It is time for the independent congress of practical shooters. Let us hear from them. The managers will do just what they say, if they say it hard.

Such, in a measure, was the thought of the bedraggled crowd who gathered under the wet tents to-day at Al. Bandle's sixth annual, one of the best and most popular shoots of the circuit, and now reduced to a gathering of about 20 men, among whom not one introduction was necessary.

I ought here, while I think of it, to correct a misstatement made in the report for yesterday, already sent in. Al. is not charging 5 cents for birds, but 3. "It was 'Wick' who told you I was charging 5 cents, wasn't it?" asked he. "Well, he got rattled. It's 5 cents for beer. He was thinking of beer. Five cents for beer and 3 cents for birds, same old prices. Wick was thinking of beer." The wind blew, and the rain fell, and still the villains pursued her. Score:

Shoot No. 1, extra, 10 bluerocks, 23yds. rise, unknown angles, $1 entrance, 13 entries:

Bandle	0010000101—2	Benscotten	1111110111—9
McMurchy	1111101100—7	Dr Miller	1110100010—5
Heikes	1001011101—6	Jack	0100101110—5
Albert	0010101009 3	Brigden	0011011111—7
Smith	0000101115—5	John	1010011100—5
McDonald	1111001001—6	Ruble	1000100100—3
Strawn	1001010100—4		

Benscotten won first, McMurchy and Brigden div. second. Heikes and McDonald div. third.

Shoot No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance, 18 entries:

Bandle	1111111110— 9	Miller	0111011100— 6
McDonald	1101101111— 8	Sutton	0111001111— 7
Heikes	1111111111—10	North	1111111101— 9
McMurchy	1101111111— 9	Jack	1110111111— 9
Smith	1110111110— 8	Budd	1111111111—10
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Ruble	0111110111— 8
Strawn	0111011111— 8	"R D"	1101111111— 9
Brigden	1100111011— 7	Taylor	0011111111— 8
John	1111010111— 8	Vincent	1110111110— 8

Heikes and Budd div. first. McMurchy and North won second. McDonald and John won third.

Shoot No. 3, programme, 15 bluerocks, $2, 23 entries:

Benscotten	111111101111111—14	Brigden	111111111011111—14
Heikes	111111101111101—14	Strawn	101011110011111—11
Bandle	111011111111110—13	Budd	111111111111111—15
McDonald	111111111111111—15	Spencer	111011111110100—10
Jack	101101101111111—12	Randall	111010000011 01— 8
Smith	111101111111101—13	Miller	010001101011001— 7
North	111011111111111—14	Vincent	101111111110101—12
McMurchy	111111111011111—14	Ruble	111111111111011—14
John	111011111101111—13	Albert	111111111111110—14
Taylor	111100110111111—13	Lafshaw	111111111111000—12
Crosby	101011000110100— 7	R D	011011101111011—11

McDonald and Budd first, Heikes and McMurchy second, Bandle, Smith and John third.

Shoot No. 4, first guaranteed purse, 20 bluerocks, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed, $40 to first, $30 to second, $20 to third, $10 to fourth, 21 entries:

Heikes	11111111111111011111—19	Crosby	01111111111110110011—16
McMurchy	11101011111111111111—18	Strawn	10101011101111011111—15
Penscott	11111111111101101111—18	Taylor	01111110110111111011—16
Budd	11111110111111111101—18	Vincent	01111110101101100000—12
North	11111110101111111111—18	Jack	11010110111111011111—16
McDonald	10111101111111011111—16	Ruble	10111111111111111101—18
Smith	11111011111111111111—19	Bandle	11011111111111111111—19
Brigden	11111011011111111101—17	Prill	00111111111111111110—17
Spencer	01010111011111111111—15	Sutton	11000000000010000000— 3
John	01011011010110101110—12	Miller	01 01100111111100001—12
Davis	11111111100111010111—16		

Heikes, Smith and Bandle div. first, $40; McMurchy, Benscotten, Budd and Ruble div. second, $20; Brigden and Prill div. third, $20; McDonald and Crosby fourth, $10.

Shoot No. 5, second guaranteed purse, 20 bluerocks, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed, $40 to first, $30 to second, $20 third and $10 to fourth, 23 entries:

Heikes	11111111111111111101—19	Ruble	11100011111101111111—16
McDonald	11110101111111111111—18	Vincent	11110110011111111111—17
Bandle	11011111111111101111—19	Davis	11111110110011110110—15
McMurchy	01111111111111111011—18	Prill	11011011111111101001—15
North	11011100000011110011—11	Strawn	01001101111110111111—15
Budd	10111111111111111601—17	Taylor	01110100111011011101—12
Smith	11010111011001110111—14	Jack	11011111111101111101—17
Spencer	11111111111111111100—17	Miller	11111010111111111010—16
Benscott	11111111111111111111—20	Randall	10001011111111111010—14
Brigden	11000111101111011101—14	R D	10110111110011111010—13
Crosby	10011011111111111101—16	Merrick	10011110010011010110—11
John	11001111111110111110—16		

Benscotten won first alone, $40; Heikes won second alone, $30; McDonald and Bandle div. third, $20; Spencer and Jack div. fourth, $10.

Shoot No. 6, programme, 15 single bluerocks, $2 21 entries:

McDonald	111111110111101—13	North	111111111011111—14
McMurchy	010011011111110—10	Brigden	000111111111110—11
Heikes	111111111111111- 15	Jack	011001111111100—10
Spencer	101110101111111—12	Crosby	110101111101110—11
Miller	111101111010111—12	Stroble	011010011111111— 9
Bandle	111111011001110—11	John	101000100101011— 7
Merrick	010001010 01100— 6	Benscotten	111111111111111—14
Smith	111101111111101—13	Ruble	011111101111111—13
Scott	011101111001010— 9	Strawn	101111101011111—12
Budd	111111111111111—15	Tom	101100111111110—11
Vincent	100101010011000— 6		

Heikes and Budd won first, North and Benscotten won second, McDonald, Smith and Ruble won third.

Shoot No. 7, extra, 15 single bluerocks, $2, 21 entries:

Heikes	110111011111011—12	North	111111111111111—15
McMurchy	111111011101111—13	Merrick	101101010010101— 8
McDonald	111101111111111—14	Crosby	111101110110111—12
Bandle	111111111110111—14	Brigden	101111111111101—13
Ruble	111111111110110—13	John	110010110110001— 9
Spencer	011111000111111—11	Jack	011110011111110—12
Smith	111111101110111—13	Tom	101000101110010— 8
Budd	111111111101111—14	Miller	011101101111111—11
Benscotten	111101111111110—13	Strawn	111111001110110—11
Scott	100010101010011— 8	Alkise	001111000111011—10
Vincent	111010111111010—11		

North won first alone; McDonald, Bandle and Budd div. second; McMurchy won third.

The grounds were now cleared for live birds, and amid a soaking rain the last shoot of the day began. The birds were wet and draggled and only with the utmost difficulty could be persuaded to fly. The affair appeared rather pitiable. When weather is such that birds fly with such reluctance, it is a question whether a match should be continued. Score:

Shoot No. 8. programme, 7 live birds, entrance $5, 15 entries:

Jack	2 11'20 6	Bandle	1011211—6
McDonald	0110101—4	Crosby	1212121—7
Spencer	2222221—7	Williams	0120220—4
Budd	1112111—7	North	1111011—6
McMurchy	1111111—7	Alkire	1111111—7
Smith	1111222—7	Stroble	1102200—4
Heikes	1221111—7	Ruble	2111210—6
Latshaw	1111211—7		

Spencer, Budd, McMurchy, Smith, Heikes, Latshaw, Crosby and Alkire div. first; Jack, Bandle and North div. second; McDonald, Williams and Stroble div. third.

In this shoot occurred an incident which should well be noticed, as characteristic of what tournament methods may be, with men of a certain class. North had missed his fifth bird, and when Ruble stepped to the score he turned and called back to North, "If I miss this bird you and I'll be in a good hole together. Let's stand in together on it, Paul." North very promptly told him to go ahead and hoe his own row, as he would not "stand in" with him under any circumstances. Ruble killed his bird. At the next and last round, however he saw there was still a better "divide" in the 6 hole than in the 7. He therefore stepped to the score with only one shell in his gun, waited till his bird was 50yds. away and deliberately shot behind it. This action was so rank that it drew down outspoken contempt on him. Where there is 25 cents up, however, John Ruble don't mind a little contempt. He clamored for a divide on second money. "No you don't" said Bandle and North, "we'll shoot you out now, or shoot the pot up, one or the other. We won't divide with you." There were now in this tie Jack, North, Bandle and Ruble. Each killed his bird till it came to Ruble, who got nervous, clipped the tail of a weak hopper, missed it again with second, and left the score, red as a turkey's neck, amid yells and screams of laughter. I do not know whether it is fashionable or not to report such things as these, but while I do continue to report shooting tournaments I shall continue to show up such methods and such men, and in the end perhaps do something toward either changing or driving out the one and the other from such gatherings. Any decent paper loves good sport, square shooting and square men. A performance like the above is not merely funny. It is disgraceful. If tournaments should continue to be openly marked with such blots, it would be time for the bulk of us to hunt other company. The time will come when such circuit workers will work less for "place," or will find few places where they will be allowed to work at all.

Let us have another incident that happened to-day: Benscotten, Ruble and McMurchy were in a tie. McMurchy was absent, getting some shells, and Ruble forgot that there were three in the tie. Benscotten called "pull" for No. 1 trap, but the bird didn't go where he expected it. Of course it is beneath the dignity of a tournament shooter to take a bird that is 6in. out of line. He might miss it. Benscotten thought it was No. 2 trap at had gone off and wanted another bird. At this Ruble lifted up his voice and wailed, and the bird was scored lost, which he waited pretty bad. And then M Murchy, who was still in the tie, stepped up and shot them both out! This was pretty rich, and the boys enjoyed it largely.

Such is a tournament to-day. Chivalrous, isn't it?

Thursday, Third Day, Sept. 11.

The boys were slow in getting together. It was about 11 o'clock when the shooting began. The day was cold and cloudy, and not unpleasant, only a light sprinkle of rain falling in the evening. The length of the races prevented the running off of many, only five matches being shot. Nothing of special interest transpired. Score:

Shoot No. 1, programme, at 15 bluerocks, $2 entrance, 24 entries:

Bandle	11'011111111111—13	Budd	111111101111l1 -14
McMurchy	1111 1111111111—15	McDonald	111111101111111—14
North	1111111111111—15	Stevenson	111100110111111—12
Heikes	1111011111111—14	Smoke	1111010101C0011— 9
Crosby	0101011110111—11	Hayes	1011111111101—13
Kershaw	1011011110001l—10	Marshall	1011101111010—11
Merrick	1001010101010101— 8	M R	1111011111111—12
Smith	111111 11010111—13	Nessler	0100001101101— 8
Richardson	1111111011111—14	Jack	1101111011 011—12
Alkire	1111111110 01—15	Murphy	1010101010101100— 7
Frank	0110111010100— 9	Vincent	1111011111111—14
Spencer	1011111111011l—13	Benscotten	1111111111111—15

McMurchy, Norhand Benscotten div. first, Heikes, Richardson, Budd, McDonald and Vincent div second Smith won third.

Shoot No 2, extra, at 10 rio rocks, $1 entrance, 21 entries:

North	1111111111—10	Ruble	1111111111—10
Smith	1010111111— 8	Budd	1111111110— 9
Kershaw	1011101.000— 5	Heikes	1111111111—10
Alkire	1111111101— 9	Bandle	0111011110— 7
Jack	1110111111 — 9	Richardson	1011111101— 7
Smoke	1101111111 — 9	Bourne	100 0'0000— 1
Vincent	1011111111— 8	Dupy	0010 01001— 4
Hayes	1111101111— 9	McDonald	1111100111— 8
Brigden	1010101110— 6	McMurchy	1111101111— 8
Benscotten	1111111111—10	Stevenson	0011010001— 4
John	1100111000— 5		

North, Benscotten and Ruble div. first, Alkire, Budd and Heikes div. second, McDonald and McMurchy won third.

Shoot No. 3, programme, 15 bluerocks, yentrance $2. 18 entries:

Heikes	1111111111111—15	Richardson	1111010011101l1—11
North	1111 1111101111—14	Smoke	1111101111101—12
McDonald	0011111111111—13	Vincent	1101111111001—12
Bandle	1111111111011—14	Jack	1111011111010—11
McMurchy	1111110101111—13	Budd	1111111111111—15
Benscotten	1111111111110—14	Stevenson	1011111101101—12
Kershaw	1100001001l100— 7	Brigden	1101111111101—13
Smith	1110111111.000—11	Hayes	0110111111010—11
Alkire	1111110111011—13	Ruble	1111111101111—14

Heikes and Budd div. first, North, Bandle and Benscotten won second. McDonald and McMurchy won third.

Shoot No. 4, programme guarantee, 20 single bluerocks, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed:

Bandle	1111111100111101111—17	North	1111111111111111111—20
Ruble	1111111111111111111—20	Willie	0011111000010100011—11
Smith	1111101111101'10111—17	Jack	1111101110111111101—17
Kershaw	0110111111101101101—15	R D	1100111011111111111—17
McDonald	1111111111111111111—20	Smoke	0011111111001110100—13
Benscot'n	1111111111111101111—19	Hayes	0111110111C0110001 - 14
Spencer	1110101111111011111—17	Brigden	0110111111111111111—18
Crosby	1101101101111111111 17	Taylor	1111101010001111111—15
Richard'n	0100011111101011101—15	Albert	0101111111111101111—17
M'Murchy	1111111111101111111—19	Murphy	0010111111111111101—16
Heikes	1111 1011111111111—19	Bohemian	1001010011101110010000— 9
Strawn	111111 0111010101—15	Frank	1110 1111101111010—16
Vincent	0111101111111111111—18	Sunman	0010100901001110001 — 7
Budd	1111111111010110— 17	Alkire	1111101001010110100—13

Ruble, McDonald and North div. first, $40. Benscotten, McMurchy and Heikes div. second, $30. Vincent and Brigden div. third, $20. Crosby, Budd and Albert div. fourth, $10.

As usual, the live bird race was made the last event of the day. The birds to-day were in much better order and flew far more promptly. They were not hard birds in any sense of the word. The only man ever known to call Cincinnati birds good ones is "Wick," and he was never outside of Cincinnati. Score:

Shoot No. 5, programme, 7 live birds, entrance $6.50, $100 guaranteed, 25 entries:

Budd	2212111—7	Gunman	0112101—5
Bandle	1122211—7	Spencer	1112211—7
Heikes	1021111—6	Strawn	0121100—4
McMurchy	1121111—7	M Donald	2121210—6
Benscotten	2101112—6	North	111o110—5
Murphy	2122111—7	Willie	1110011—5
Kershaw	1221001—5	Stone	1020201—4
Frank	000o0121—3	Crosby	2111112—7
Bohemian	1111011—6	Vincent	2011112—6
Jack	1111010 5	Latshaw	1212221—7
Smoke	1o1122—6	Richardson	1021112—6
Hayes	001o124—5	Ruole	1112111—7
Smith	0022113—5		

o denotes fell dead out of bounds; 2 denotes use of second barrel.

Budd, Bandle, McMurchy, Murphy, Spencer, Crosby, Latshaw and Ruble div. first, $40; Heikes and Bohemian won second, $30; Smith, North and Willie div. third, $20; Strawn and Stone div. fourth, $10.

In this last race the unfortunate 6 men had to shoot out. One by one they fell out, until only Heikes and "Bohemian" were left in it, and they divided. "Bohemian" shot a very plucky tie and in good form. It took 12 birds to decide the tie to this point. Smith, North and Willie had to get 5 straight to decide in their tie.

There are no daily averages in this tournament. The management announce in their programme: "All of our guaranteed matches last year over-filled so well, we think it advisable to make 8 moneys of surplus ties this year." This money was to have been divided as follows: For best averages in all guaranteed matches, first 20 per cent., second 18 per cent., third 16 per cent., fourth 14 per cent., fifth 12 per cent., sixth 10 per cent., seventh 6 per cent., eighth 4 per cent. It is now almost certain, however, that the surplus will be so small as to leave next to nothing in the above division. To-day 25 entries was top notch, and this is the highest entry of the shoot.

Friday, Fourth Day, Sept. 12.

The day was cool, the sky being slightly overcast. No rain fell and it was a good shooting day. The attendance, however, showed no increase, 24 entries being high mark. Almost no Cincinnati shooters have participated in this year's shoot, and the country contingent has been very light. The reasons for this are apparent, as above indicated. Nothing of special interest transpired to-day. The live birds, owing to the brighter and clearer air, flew much better, but over 75 per cent. had to be scared up, very often by some one's running up within a few feet of the bird. This is a practice which should be discouraged, as it may result in accident, as the shooter is always disposed to take close chances and may not always see the other person in time as he swings on the bird. In one case to-day Paul North was trying to scare a bird up for Rolla Heikes. He was close to the bird as it rose. Heikes failed to stop the bird with his first barrel, and just at the point where he should have used his second, he found himself holding square on North, who had thrown himself on the ground. Heikes held his second, but missed the bird as it got in close to the dead line. Not all shooters might be so careful. If a bird will not fly without such inducements, it is poor fun to kill it anyhow.

The referee in most of the live-bird matches of this tournament has been the veteran Wm. Hall, once a prominent live-bird shot, but now retired on his laurels.

Usually at Al Bandle's shoot there are enough shooters on hand at the end of the week to make Saturday an attractive day at live bird events, chiefly individual or team matches. This year the shooters nearly all go home to-night, so that to-morrow will not be very much of a day. The tournament programme closes with to-day, and the boys disband to-night. Al may have a few live birds on his hands, but it is hoped not many, for no one who knows him would care to see him get the worst of it in any way. By the way, Al has a pigeon in his collection here which is a freak. It has two sets of legs perfectly distinct. The underneath pair are double d over, slightly deformed and smaller than the others, which are normal in every respect. The bird is apparently strong and healthy and will be put in a museum. Following are the scores of to-day:

Shoot No. 1, extra, 10 single bluerocks, $1, 8 entries, 2 moneys:

Vincent	0101111111— 8	Spencer	1111011111— 9
Smith	0100101011— 5	North	1111111111—10
Richardson	1001110010— 5	Crosby	1101111111— 9
Bandle	1010111011— 7	Strawn	0110111101— 7

North won first, Crosby won second.

No. 2, extra, 10 single bluerocks, $1, 8 entries, 2 moneys:

Bandle	1001010001— 6	Smith	1111110111— 9
Strawn	1111111101— 9	Vincent	1111111111—10
North	1110110010— 6	Spencer	1011111111— 9
Crosby	1110111111— 9	Richardson	1111101111— 9

Vincent won first, Spencer won second in shoot off.

Shoot No. 3, extra, 10 single bluerocks, $1, 23 entries:

North	1111101111— 9	Heikes	1101111111— 9
Smith	1111111111—10	McMurchy	1011111111— 9
Spencer	1100011111— 7	Jack	1010011111— 7
Richardson	0111101101— 7	Miller	1111111110— 9
Albert	1011111110— 8	Budd	1111111110— 9
Crosby	1111111111—10	McPhee	1011001010— 6
Vincent	1011111111— 9	Bandle	0101101010— 5
Strawn	0111101011— 7	McDonald	1111111111—10
See	1101111111— 9	R D	1111110110— 8
Ross	1 1011111— 9	Webb	1111001001— 6
Brigden	0011111101— 7	Benscotten	1111111111—10
Ruble	1111111110— 9		

Smith, Crosby, McDonald and Benscotten div. first; Ruble, McMurchy and Budd won second in shoot off; Albert and R. D. won third.

Shoot No. 4, programme, 15 single bluerocks $2, 24 entries:

McDonald	1111111101111—14	McPhee	1111110101l111—13
Jack	1011111111101—13	Richardson	0111000011010— 8
Bandle	1001100101011— 9	D R	0111101111111 13
Heikes	1111111111110—14	Crosby	1111111111115
McMurchy	1111101111111—14	See	1100101111101l—12
North	0111111111111—14	Ross	1110111001111l0—11
R D	1110111101111—13	Joe B	0011111101111—12
Budd	1111111111111—15	Ruble	1111111111111—15
Smith	1111011111101—13	Albert	1111011111110—13
Vincent	1111111110111—14	Brigden	1011111111 11110—11
Strawn	1101111010110—11	Alkister	1000101000031l— 5
Spencer	0111111100l101 11	Taylor	1111111111111—15

Budd, Crosby and Taylor div. first. In shoot-off McDonald, Heikes and North won second. In shoot-off McPhee won third.

Shoot No. 5, programme guarantee, 20 bluerocks, entrance $5, $100 guaranteed, 21 entries:

Bandle	1111111010101110001—15	Ruble	1111111111111111111—20
Jack	100.0111111111111110—16	Spencer	1101111011111011110 —17
Heikes	1111111111111011111—19	Crosby	0111101010111010101—14
Budd	1111111111111111111—20	D R	1100111111111010101—15
McMurchy	1111010111111111111—18	Strawn	1110111111111010110—15
M'Murcy	1111010111111111111—18	Vincent	1111111111111101111—19
M'Donald	1101111011210101—17	McPhee	1011111111111111011—16
Smith	1111011101111111101—18	Albert	1111111111111011110 —18
Allist r	1000000000000031111— 5	Brigden	1111001111101111110—16
Taylor	0.1111100010001011l—12	Joe H	0.1111111010001l110 —13
Benscot'n	1101111111111.1110111—18		
North	1101100101111111011—15		

Budd and Ruble div. first, $40; Heikes and Vincent div. second, $30; McMurchy, Smith, Benscotten and Albert div. third, $20; McDonald and Spencer div. fourth, $10.

Shoot No. 6, programme guarantee, 7 live birds, $6.50, $100 guaranteed, 17 entries:

Bandle	1120202—5	North	2o1o210—4
McMurchy	10.2112—6	Latshaw	11o1112—6
Spencer	1222121—7	Ruble	1o12212—6
Budd	1111111—7	Benscotten	1111122—7
Crosby	2021220—5	McDonald	1021121—6
Allister	2221202—5	Jack	1 1212—5
Richardson	0o12111—5	R D	2o11222—6
Smith	21o1011—5	Vincent	1111211—7
Heikes	1120111—6		

o Dead out of bounds.

Spencer, Budd, Benscotten and Vincent div. first, $40; Ruble and McDonald won second in shoot-off, $30; Bandle, Crosby, Richardson and Smith div. third, $20; North won fourth alone, $10.

Shoot No. 7, extra, 15 single bluerocks, $2, 18 entries:

Budd	1111111111111—15	Willis	1010010000101l00 — 5
McDonald	1111111111111—15	Richardson	1010110010101l0— 8
McMurchy	1111111111101—14	North	0001110110101l0— 8
Vincent	0011111111l11—12	Strawn	0111111111111—14
Benscotten	1111111111111—15	Bandle	1111111010l0111—10
Smith	0111110101111—13	Latshaw	1011101011111100—10
Spencer	1111111111 011—13	Jack	1101111111111—13
Heikes	1111111111111—15	Ruble	1110011111111—14
Cro-by	1111111111111—15	Wick	0100001100111l— 8

Budd, McDonald, Benscotten, Heikes and Crosby div. first, McMurchy and Strawn won second, Smith, Spencer and Jack div. third.

Shoot No. 8, extra, 20 single bluerocks, $5 entry, 12 entries:

Heikes	1111111111111111111 20	M'Murchy	1111110011111111111—18
McDonald	1111101110101111110—15	Spencer	1111111101111l10011—17
Budd	1111111111101111111—19	North	1111111111111111111—20
Smith	1101111001011111011—15	Vincent	1111100111111111101—17
Bandle	1111101111100101111—15	Crosby	1111111111101100100—15
Benscot'n	1101111010111111111—17		

Heikes and North div. first. Budd won second, McMurchy won third. Benscotten, Spencer and Jack div. fourth.

Shoot No. 9, extra, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2, 12 entries:

McDonald	1111111111011—14	Heikes	1110101000011l00— 7
Vincent	1111001110011111—11	Jack	1101101011101111—11
Bandle	1110011111111l1—13	Mason	0l001101001111— 8
Smith	1111101011101—11	Miller	1011011100101— 9
Budd	1111111111111—15	North	1101111011111—12
Strawn	1011111011111101—12	McMurchy	1111111111101—14

McDonald, Budd and McMurchy div. first. Bandle won second. Strawn and North div. third.

Shoot No 10, extra 20 single bluerocks, entrance $3. 6 entries:

Heikes	1111101111111001110—16	Budd	1111111111111111111—20
M Donald	1111111101110111010—16	North	1111011111111111110—18
Bandle	1111111110011121011—17	M'Murchy	1111011111111111111—19

Budd won first. McMurchy won second. North won third.

Shoot No. 11, extra, 5 single bluerocks, entrance 50 cents:

Bandle	00000—0	Budd	10010—2
Vincent	10110—3	McMurchy	01100—2
McDonald	10101—3	North	10011—3
Heikes	11101—4		

One money, Heikes won.

Shoot No. 12, same conditions as above:

Bandle	10100—2	McDonald	00001—1
Vincent	01001—2	Benscotten	11011—4
Heikes	01011—3		

Two moneys. Benscotten won first; Heikes second.

It was now dusk. Ruble had stopped trying to show Al Bandle that he ought to award at least a little surplus money for averages, and had departed for the street car, where he doubtless tried to persuade the conductor that he was under ten years of age and therefore entitled to a 3-cent fare. Al had paid out the last purse and shaken hands with group after group of the boys as they started home. The sixth annual was over, for it is probable that only a few local shots will come out to-morrow. It would not be honest to report this shoot as a big and booming success, for it has not been. When Al Bandle can't give a shoot that is a big success something is wrong, and it isn't wrong with him. Therefore it may be repeated that it is time to look the state of affairs squarely in the face, and to see if something cannot be done to better it.

It may be interesting to present a novel bit of news, bearing upon the amounts of winning by some of the shooters. Billy Crosby shot all the week. He is usually held a very good shot. He lost $95 here this week. Paul North quit just $20 ahead of the game, but from this his hotel and traveling expenses must be deducted. Charlie Budd made about $40, Scott and McDonald about $25, and Rolla Heikes $50 or more. When Spencer went into the last live bird match he had just 60 cents left after paying his $6.50 entrance money. He won about $8, enough to get him home. A gentleman from South Bend, Ind., was not so fortunate. He had to borrow money of Rolla Heikes to get home. Roll wins their money, and then sends them back after a new supply.

The rigid arm bluerock trap had its first prominent test here, and was used exclusively throughout the shoot. It seemed practical, although not so regular a thrower as the old trap. It did not seem to break the birds in delivery often enough to delay matters to any extent, and the boys who kicked on its occasional quarterers are those who are used to having the bird thrown into the same hole every time. As stated earlier, this irregularity ought to be held a merit. Anything on earth for a little novelty in trap-shooting.

From here the boys scatter a good deal. McMurchy goes South to Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. He will shoot quail in Mississippi this fall. Budd goes at once to Iowa, and will start Monday next on a good big chicken hunt about 115 miles north of Des Moines, his home. Benscotten and Charlie Strawn will hunt chickens next week near the latter's home at Jacksonville, Ill. Rolla Heikes will shoot quail in northwestern Ohio this fall. Good luck to them all. They are an awful set of robbers, but a pretty decent set of fellows after all. They will all be at Al's shoot next year, and let us hope that something will have happened by that time.

E. HOUGH.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 13.—The Oak Hill Gun Club turned the tables on the Comptons in the second team match of the series of three. The day was unfavorable for the shoot and small scores were made; 20 bluerock targets per man, A. S. A. rules;

Oak Hills.		Comptons.	
C Thorp	17	Miltenberger	14
Schaefer	15	Soeffel	15
Thompson	13	Alexander	9
Soeham	9	Mohr	16
G Thorp	18	Mackwitz	12
Henshaw	16	Fox	14
W Twist	16—104	G Rawlings	15— 95

On Sept. 26, 27 and 28 the southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association will hold its tenth annual tournament at Belleville. The affair promises to be successful because there is an army of trap-shooters in the Territory from which to draw upon for a crowd. Inanimate targets will be used exclusively for all events and A S. A. rules will govern.

Canoeing.

CANUCK.

ALTHOUGH descended from an ancient and honorable family of boats, the modern decked canoe and its accompaniment, the double bladed paddle, are of quite modern origin, their first general introduction to boating men dating back hardly twenty-five years. The birthplace of the decked canoe and modern canoeing was in England, under the kindly ministrations of Capt. John MacGregor and Mr. W. Baden-Powell, the sport being imported into America about five years later. In the two great nations of either side of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, in which the canoe has since been so thoroughly naturalized, it found on its first arrival a widely different state of affairs. In the United States the canoe family was practically unknown save by a few hunters and fishermen, chiefly on the Northern borders; to the men who have since established canoeing in its modern sense, the cruisers, campers, paddlers and canoe sailors, the new craft came with all the charm of novelty added to a wide range of adaptability for all sorts of pleasure afloat. Its excellent sailing qualities, even in its first crude form, at once attracted attention; and as one improvement after another was rapidly made, the canoe in the course of years developed into a really serviceable sailing craft, though at the expense perhaps of general stability and especially of paddling qualities. It was too far removed from the light rowing boat on the one hand and the catboat on the other to meet with much opposition from either, and after some early prejudice against it was on grown it entered on a car er of increasing prosperity.

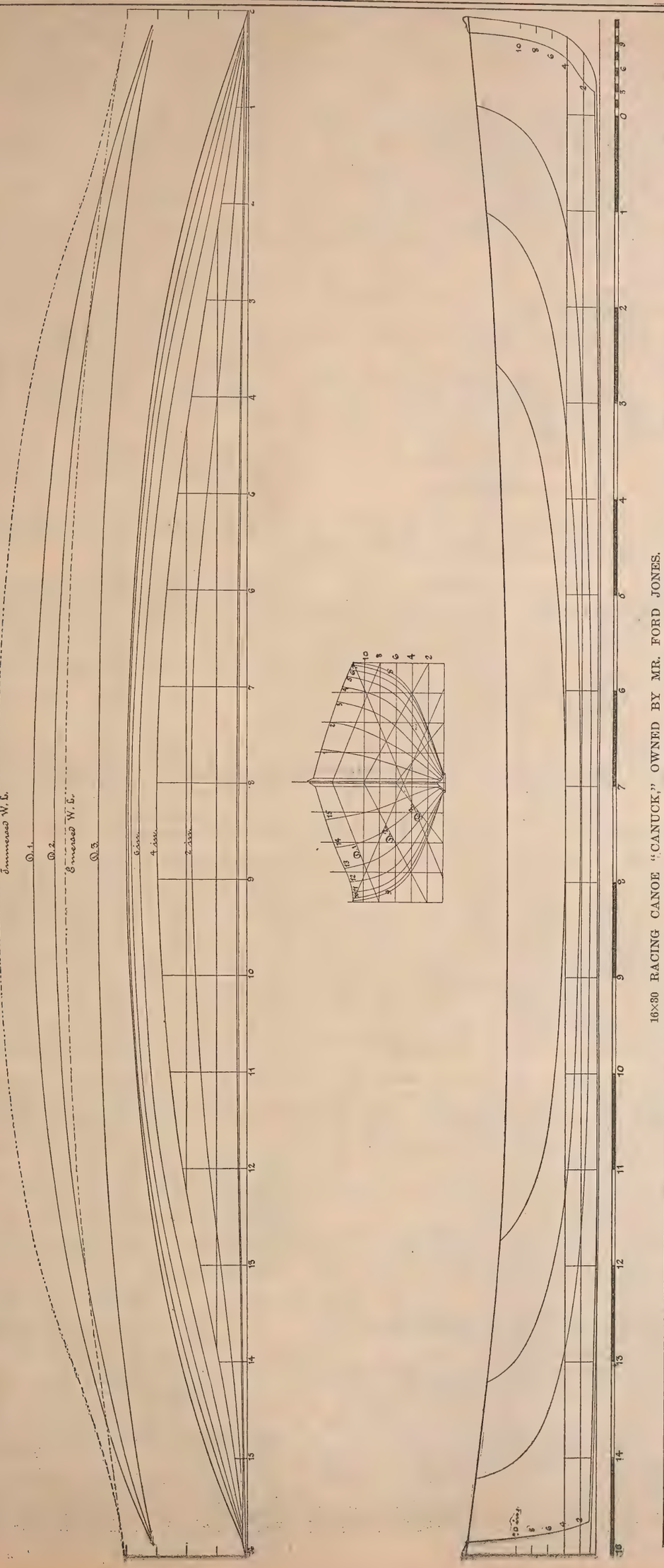
When however a year or so later the first decked canoes found their way to Canada they met with a very different and less cordial reception. The canoe was by no means the stranger that it was south of the St. Lawrence, but in the form of a light open craft with a single blade paddle it had been for years in almost universal use for cruising, camping, racing and hunting. It is no wonder that the native craft cast a jealous eye on its foreign cousin, and the latter had a hard course to paddle for a long time. The open Canadian canoe, with the light single blade that had always been its inseparable adjunct, was so admirably adapted to natural conditions and the prevailing tastes that the majority were blind to the merits of the decked craft with the double blade, and though in time the decked sailing canoe became very popular wherever suitable water was found, and the double blade, by dint of sturdy work at the A. C. A. meets proved that for speed it was superior to its forest rival; the developement of the sailing canoe has not been as rapid nor as complete as in the States.

Thus it has happened that after many years of racing the Canadians have taken the lead in the paddling races and their neighbors have carried off the sailing trophies. There have been some good Canadian sailors in fast boats, and some very fast American paddlers, and in the combined races the Canadians have won at times, but the great sailing prizes of the Meets have nearly all gone to the United States, just as the paddling prizes have gone to Canada. This year and last have however proved notable exceptions in that the principal sailing prize, the A. C. A. Trophy, has not only gone to the north side of the St. Lawrence, but has been won twice in succession by the same man and in the same canoe; something which has never been done before. The lines of the winning boat, Canuck, are given with this article, the sail plan and the detailed description being left for a future issue.

It will readily be seen that Canuck is of very different model from any of the famous canoes whose lines have been published at times in the FOREST AND STREAM, Vesper, Notus, Snake, Fly, Guenn, Vagabond, Sea Bee and many others; perhaps the nearest resemblance, though a purely accidental one, is to the canoe published in our issue of Jan. 16, 1890. As distinguished from the Canadian canoe on the one hand and the various British models on the other, she is of distinctively American model, being fitted, rigged and sailed after the fashion of the States, but at the same time she is a copy of none. As to design, she is the result of some successful collaborations between her owner, Mr. Ford Jones, of Brockville, on the St. Lawrence River, and her builder, Michel Sauvé, of the same place; though just how much of the credit is due to each we cannot say. Good as the boat is, a large share of her success is due to the very skilful handling of Mr. Jones, who may be put down as one of the best sailors on the St. Lawrence River or in the American Canoe Association.

Mr. Jones joined the A. C. A. in 1885, sailing at the meet in the canoe Irex in that year, and again in 1886. In 1887 he was much better boated in a new Sauvé canoe, Ramona, with large standing sails, coming in second to Pecowsic out of 34 starters in the limited race, third in the man-overboard race, and fifth in the trophy. In 1887 Mr. Jones sailed Ramona at Lake George, winning the man-overboard race and the limited sailing. Last year he brought to the meet the new Canuck, sailing her without a sliding seat, as he had the others, and winning the A. C. A. trophy, as well as second place in the sailing upset, and third place in the Pecowsic cup race. Added to this record, Mr. Jones in Canuck made the best attempt yet for the New York C. C. International cup; it being, in the opinion of most who witnessed the races a matter of wind and weather between him and the defender.

Mr. Jones is a young Canadian, a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, in 1889, and now a law student. He has spent his life beside the St. Lawrence and has done a great deal of sailing in the St. Lawrence skiffs, but in his canoeing he has been at a disadvantage from being obliged to sail alone, with no good men against him to try his boats by, as the Brockville C. C. was only organized last year. He never enters a paddling or combined race, devoting



16×30 RACING CANOE "CANUCK," OWNED BY MR. FORD JONES.

himself entirely to sailing at the meets and on the river, but he is also an expert with the gun, the open canoe and the single blade, spending some time each spring and fall on hunting expeditions. He is now talking of giving up canoe racing for yachting on the St. Lawrence, having reached a point where he can with propriety follow the example of Messrs Gibson and Brokaw, who have retired on their laurels.

RACING RULES AND STANDING SAILS.

AS an exhibition of fine workmanship the fleet that was strung out along the beach at Jessup's Neck during the recent A. C. A. meet was far in advance of anything yet known in canoeing; from the canoes of the Vesper men at one end down to the fleet of the "married racers" on the beach at Squaw Point were more handsome canoes than have ever been brought together before in the whole history of canoeing. Lying unnoticed among the highly polished racers, with their clean lines and smooth bottoms of Spanish cedar or the beautiful white cedar of California, was a homely old canoe, a boat much the worse for age, but with a history, nevertheless, that carried us back to the beginning of organized canoeing in America, and that suggested some curious comparisons between the fleet of to-day and those of past periods.

This canoe was built in 1878, the date of a great awakening in American canoeing, when the seeds long planted began to give positive evidence of life and growth. She was, if we are not greatly mistaken, the first centerboard canoe, being fitted with a small trunk and a dagger board; and, further than this, she was the first canoe with the pointed, flaring roaming which has since become universal. She was built by George Rohr, of Harlem, a skillful shell builder long since dead, who sailed her a little himself; but it was not until 1880 that she was first publicly raced as the Wraith, by Mr. Wm. Whitlock. Later on she was sold to Mr. L. Q. Jones, of Hartford, and under the name of Venture she became one of the famous boats of the old racing days at Grindstone when Vaux owned the Dot and Gibson the Snake.

Looking at her, the work of one of the best men of the day, and certainly ahead of her times in many respects, one realizes fully the great advances that have been made in model and construction of late years, and the first conclusion is that the work of the American Canoe Association, whose rules and races have been the controlling factor of this advance, has been an unequivocal success. Unfortunately, however, the sight of the old boat brings back many memories, and suggests other points of comparison than model and finish, until, after a careful scrutiny of the new fleet in all its details, one may be left in honest doubt as to whether the many and great changes have been in advance or retrogression. Keen as the racing is now, it does not exceed that of five years since, the first year of the record, when the entries were proportionately as numerous, and the competition as close. The fleet of that year was made up of such canoes as Snake, Sea Bee, Day Dream, Nirvana, Sofronia (these five standing first on the original record of 1885), Thetis, Katrina, Marion B. Gueun No. 1, a fleet that would make but a sorry showing at first sight beside the racers of to-day. Whatever they were in speed and appearance, however, they possessed one substantial characteristic, they were canoes that had cruised, that could cruise, and that, apart from their work as racers, did good service for their owners in a dozen different ways.

From this point of view, and certainly it is a fair one, the new fleet, in all its glory of handsome lines and elaborate finish, makes but a poor showing; and it is no wonder that many of the more thoughtful and conservative members of the Association are ready to call a halt in further progress until it is known just where the end is likely to be. The canoes which came to the meet to race, and it is getting to be more and more the fashion to bring no canoe, or at most an open paddler unless a man comes to race, may be classed all under one head as racing machine, with a few strongly marked characteristics. There were some few that were fitted for the real work of canoeing and cruising, a few more that might be altered so as to be suitable for such work, and of the racers some possessed less of certain undesirable features than others, but the majority were of one type, whose leading features may be summed up as follows: A hull of good dimensions and model for ordinary canoeing work, though in some cases of rather light build; a sail plan that, whether with hoisting or fixed sails, is of extreme dimensions and often of exaggerated proportions; a cockpit that is now nothing more than a sitz bath and is rapidly contracting into merely a small copper foot bath; a centerboard that occupies the entire center of the canoe, that shows half its breadth above the deck when raised; and last of all a heavy sliding seat, of wood and metal, almost 4ft. long, on which the canoeist, save the mark, sits or even stands.

Such craft as this, expensive and delicate as they are, can be used for but one purpose, match racing. They must be launched tenderly from the club float or from the stage at the meet; some will not stand up under their spars without a man in them; no paddle is carried because there is little or no need to use it and there is no room below to stow it, not even a painter is made fast to the stem in most cases, as the canoe is never left afloat without a man in her. In the case of one canoe at the meet it was necessary first to lower the board and then screw down the sliding seat directly over it, so that the canoe was practically a keel craft for the time being, the lowered board preventing her from being launched from a sloping float or beach.

If such a craft is the outcome of half a dozen years of racing under the A. C. A. rules, is it not time that the rules were changed? With such an extreme to-day what may next year or the year after bring forth? Can canoeing flourish when such craft as these are the only ones recognized or encouraged by the organization which has assumed the responsibility of guiding and directing its future? It is such questions as these, questions which persist in presenting themselves to all who are interested in the success and development of canoeing, that have hurried some of the most earnest friends of the A. C. A. into the action which we condemned last week; and while we differ from them as to the means employed, we are heartily in sympathy with the spirit which animated them. That a great and increasing evil exists there can be no doubt, and the future welfare of canoeing, and especially of the A. C. A., demands an effort to remedy it; the question is whether the prohibition of standing sails is the proper and only step.

The policy of the Association up to the present time has been one of "*Laissez faire, laissez aller*," the various administrations declining positively to place any restrictions on new features, however undesirable they might promise to become in time. With this view we have always disagreed, holding that it was the duty of the governing powers, representing as a rule the oldest and most experienced element of the Association, to use the power given them in the control of the racing rules so as to prohibit or limit any dangerous or undesirable features, and to turn the whole influence of the rules and the racing toward the improvement of the canoes which gave a name and existence to canoeing, rather than to the development of a special type of racing machine. In accordance with this belief, and in view of the more rapid disappearance of cruising canoes and of cruising qualities in the racers each year, we advocated several years since some radical changes in the rules, one of the most important of which was the limitation of the standing rig. Then, when the standing rig was yet in its infancy and big plate boards were few in number, a change of the rules might have been made without serious injustice to any one, but that time has gone by, and the conditions have changed materially. There has come into existence a large and costly fleet, manned by the racing blood of the whole Association, a fleet so large that to legislate it out of existence would be unjust and impolitic, even if it were possible.

The danger of the standing rig *per se*, that was so eloquently set forth at the recent meeting, is so trivial as to be of no importance one way or the other compared with the many greater evils. The great trouble to-day is that the Association is doing absolutely nothing for the advancement of cruising, the improvement of cruising craft, and the invention of new and improved cruising and camping appliances; but such influence as it has, through the racing rules, is directed entirely to a craft that cannot by any possibility be used for cruising. Under such circumstances the abolition of the standing rig is a most absurd and inadequate measure; of itself it amounts to nothing, and if any substantial reform is to be accomplished, the executive committee must proceed to much more extreme measures. The development of the racing canoe, in other words, the crowding out of such craft as have made canoeing, and are used to-day by a large majority of canoeists in all parts of the world, by a racing machine, has gone on unrestricted until it is too late to stop it by any such halfway measures as the abolition of the standing rig.

Looking now at the special merits and demerits of the standing sail, it must be plain that the chief point urged against it at the meeting, its danger, amounts to nothing in itself; no such broad generalization as that the standing sail is dangerous and the hoisting sail safe, can be truly made. In sizes not over 40ft., and the inventor of the sail, Mr. E. H. Barney, has more than once said to us that somewhere near this was the practicable limit of such a rig, the danger is purely imaginary, the sails are small, light, simple, and may in case of emergency be easily unshipped, or if carried, can do little harm. The Pecowsic rig was safety itself compared with some rigs seen in the races, areas of 150ft., nominally lowering, but in practice utterly unmanageable in a violent squall or when any breakdown happens. It is true that a standing sail like

Canuck's, with an 18ft. mast in a 30in. canoe, is dangerous in the hands of any but an expert, but how much better would the huge hoisting rigs, with complicated gear, be in the same hands. If one is prohibited because it may lead some rash novice into trouble, what justice is there in allowing the other to go free. In one form no objection can be made to the standing sail; in the case of a mizen of 35ft. or so, it is simple, effective, and being within reach of the canoeist, may be unshipped at any time. So with standing sails of reasonable size for use in afternoon sailing, they may be slipped into the boat at a moment's notice when time is quite an object between business and supper.

When we favored the prohibition or limitation of these sails, it was with the idea that the best interests of canoeing, both cruising and racing, would be promoted by the perfection of a good reefing and lowering rig, and that such work was the immediate duty of the A. C. A. As it has proved, this same end has, to a great extent, been reached by accident; the combined record race, in which sails must be lowered or hoisted at each buoy, with similar conditions in some of the division regattas, have helped to encourage the lowering rig, and it is able to hold its own to-day in the races with the other. Only last week a racer who has used both through the season, and on a canoe best adapted for the standing rig, made the remark that all the races that he had won this season had been with a lowering rig. This being the state of affairs at present, it would seem that the lowering sail is not in need of any special protection, but is able to take care of itself unaided by any prohibition of its rival, a conclusion of the long dispute that must be far more satisfactory than the recent legislation. That the modern canoes are dangerous for any but experts, and not adapted for the ordinary purposes of canoeing, is a fact beyond dispute; but if it is to be remedied, it must be by far more sweeping measures than the prohibition of standing sails, and the executive committee will have a very heavy task on hand.

In considering any possible legislation which shall encourage the cruisable canoe, one important fact must be recognized—that the present racing class is too large in numbers and represents too many influential canoeists to be summarily legislated out of existence or even to be shorn of some of its most exaggerated features. If any work of this kind was to be done it should have been begun years ago, before the evil had assumed such great proportions; to-day it is too late for any interference with the racing fleet. One course, however, is left to the Association, a course that is perfectly practicable and that can provoke no opposition from the races. In the first place, the racing fleet must be left as free as it is to-day, no restrictions on standing rigs, sliding seats or big boards, and it must have a large share of the regular A. C. A races, including the trophy. Leaving it as it stands, the Association may lay down such regulations as may seem suitable for the encouragement of canoes fitted for other work than racing; canoes such as Snark, Vesper, Dolphin, Sea Bee, and scores of others, in which men can and will canoe. The details of the necessary restrictions we need not discuss now, they would perhaps include the prohibition of standing sails, a limit of length to the sliding seat, certain provisions for bulkheads, sleeping room and housing of centerboards, with requirements in the way of a practicable paddle and other efficient equipments. The mere presence of such a rule in the A. C. A. book would of itself do much good, and one or two races for this class of boat could certainly be arranged at each meet. There are now many canoeists who cannot or will not keep a special racing machine, and who at the same time are desirous of racing in such canoes as they keep for ordinary use, and with a little recognition and encouragement from the Association their numbers will increase.

So far as sailing canoes are concerned, Rule I. has outlived its period of usefulness, and even from a racing standpoint it might as well be thrown out of the book entirely. Of course, the extreme limits of length and breadth are observed—16ft.×30; but outside of them there is not a clause that either is not or cannot be easily evaded. Of what use is it to limit the drop of the centerboard to 18in. below garboard, when the length and breadth are absolutely free? Thus far the limits of depth—16in. below deck and 14in. keel, etc.—have not been exceeded, it is true; but why? Because with all former rigs there was nothing to be gained by it. Now, however, with the new sail plans that are coming in, there is a strong inducement to dodge the rule in another direction, and next season is likely to see some odd craft in canoe races. It would surprise some of the staunch believers in the present rules to see what a pretty little cutter yacht of 16×30 could be built to-day under Rule I. of the A. C. A., a craft drawing say 1ft. 8in. with board housed and 2ft. 6in. with it lowered. Just what such a mimature Minerva would do with Canuck, Fly or Wasp, is an open question; there would be greatly increased immersed surface on the one hand, but with the aid of some shot bags in the deep hull, a greatly enlarged sail plan. Such a boat, or one much like her, is not only a possibility but a probability for next season; should she come and prove successful, there would be no canoes to come to a meet, the "pot-bellied" cruisers have already disappeared, the racers would have to follow them to make room for the "yacht-canoe."

If such a boat is possible, which can be easily proved, what do the present rules amount to, they have done nothing for the all-around canoe, can they do any more for the racer? Another season will prove that a radical revision is necessary, and when it is made the basis of the rules must be a recognition of two classes, racing canoes and the all-round cruiser, sailing and cruising craft that has unfortunately been left behind of late by the march of improvement, if it may be called so. As far as the racers go we are in favor of removing all restrictions, save those of 30in. sharp ends, 16ft length, 30in. beam, with the present sliding scale, and to be sailed by one man. Standing or hoisting sails of any size, unlimited sliding seats, unlimited drop to centerboard, unlimited keel if any one wants to try it; if we are to have racing machines, and we certainly have them to-day, let us remove all arbitrary bars to improvement, preserving only the necessary limits of size, and learn how great speed can be had on 16ft. by 30in. sailed by one man.

When it comes to rules for the cruisers they cannot be too strictly drawn; lowering sails, a sliding seat, if any be allowed, no wider when closed than the beam of the canoe, a limit to the size of board, a clear space in the well and a proper working equipment of paddles, etc. It must be expected that in time racing features will encroach on the new class, and attempts will be made to evade the rules and to enter machines in disguise in the cruising races, but this can be guarded against by a careful study of the boats each year and a revision of the rules to meet evasions as they arise. The racing class will aid this work greatly, as all new experiments, such as the standing rig and sliding seat once were, can be tested for a season or two on the racers before being allowed, perhaps in some modified form, in the cruising class.

If the committee is thoroughly in earnest in the new crusade against unsafe appliances which it has just inaugurated, it may find here a wide field of work. The racing canoe, if properly used, cannot fairly be termed dangerous; in the hands of a skilful sailor and when out for racing or a practice sail, it is safe enough. The evil arises when a less skillful sailor undertakes to use it, or when even in skillful hands, it is used on long runs, where bad weather or a breakdown may be very serious, as some have found this year in making passages from one club house to another. The great fault is that this canoe is the only one which attains any prominence at the meets, the one which is practically put forward by the Association as the ideal of what a canoe should be. The remedy is not to destroy or cripple the racing canoe, but to recognize it as for racing and racing only; at the same time placing beside it a canoe in which the novice, the cruiser and the all-around canoeist may find safety, comfort and pleasure.

In order to avoid any error we wrote on Sept. 5 to Secretary Dunnell, asking him for the full text of the motion, the names of members present, and the vote for and against it. The reply to the last question was: "Motion carried, no ayes or nays taken." It now appears that this reply was incorrect, or at least misleading, as a formal vote was taken by raising hands, Messrs. Haviland, Schuyler and Knappe voting in the negative, Messrs. Putnam, Brazer, Jaques, Brokaw, Edwards, Dorland, French and Dunnell in the affirmative, Vice-Com. Gage declining to vote. We now learn that Mr. French was present only as an officer of the Central Division, and not as chairman of the regatta committee, and that, far from recommending the change, as Rule XXII. calls for, the regatta committee was not consulted in the matter, made no recommendation, and so far as the private opinions of its members are concerned, they do not favor the change, believing that the matter is one that is rapidly adjusting itself. This opens up an entirely new question as to the right of the executive committee to amend the sailing rules, save on a recommendation of the regatta committee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the general sentiment among the members of the A. C. A., in regard to the recent actions of the executive committee in abolishing standing rigs, seems to be opposed to their action and as much unfavorable comment has been made upon it, it seems to me only just that the position taken by each individual member of the committee present at that time should be made public.

This is only right in view of the publicity already given the matter and because I believe the subject has really only commenced to be discussed.

When the question was put at the meeting referred to (after a lengthy discussion in which almost every one present took part) Messrs. Kuappe, Schuyler and myself cast negative votes, the others voting in the affirmative, with the exception of Dr. Gage, who I believe cast no vote at all. I would be obliged if you would note this fact in your next issue.

WM. H. HAVILAND, Purser Atlantic Division.

YONKERS, N. Y., Sept. 13.

POINTE CLAIRE CANOE CREW.

THE special fall skiff and open canoe sailing races of the Pointe Claire Canoe Crew were sailed on the afternoon of Sept. 6. The wind was very light from S.E., and the boats had hard work to complete the course before the time limit expired.

The open canoe race, three miles on a mile and a half triangle, was started at 4 P. M., the starters being H. Routh, of Lachine; Larkin, of Darval, and A. Reford, of Pointe Claire. Larkin got a slight lead on the first round, but Reford passed him at the home buoy and held his lead until his canoe, which was leaking badly, became almost unmanageable. Routh's rig was much too small for the light air and Larkin finished with a good lead.

The skiffs were started at 4:10 P. M. in the following order: Vagabond, B. Linton; Jean A., C. Montserat; Tara, E. Chadwick; Gallagher, C. Saunderson. The course was three miles to windward and return, and for a time the fleet was very close together, but Jean gradually drew away and won with ease. The time of the race was as follows:

Jean A.	5 43 00	1 33 00
Tara	5 50 00	1 40 00
Gallagher	5 51 30	1 41 30

In last week's report of the third race the corrected times were wrongly given; they should be:

Valda	2 02 18	Chaperon	2 11 50
Minnie A	2 05 25		

Valda was therefore beaten by 15s. elapsed time and won the race by 3m. 7s. on corrected time.

THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.—Our English exchanges are bare of any news concerning the recent meet of the British Canoe Association, but we learn from a very interesting article in the current number of the *Sail and Paddle* that it really took place. The writer is Mr. Poultney Bigelow, of the New York C. C., to whom A. C. A. men owe a debt of gratitude as the discoverer of Pecomic Bay and Jessup's Neck.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

MILICETE AND GOSSOON, SEPT. 9.

ON Tuesday of last week a match was sailed off Marblehead between the centerboard 40-footer Milicete, owned by Mr. A. B. Turner, and the keel 40 Gossoon, owned by Messrs. Adams, the stakes being $200. The course was from Half-Way Rock 10 miles S.W. by S. ½ S., to windward and return. Milicete allowed Gossoon 4min. 23sec. The race was far from satisfactory, the wind being fluky all the way out, making a close comparison impossible. On the return it shifted ahead, making another fluke, and as crowds all Gossoon broke down when the race was in her grasp. On the whole, however, she showed that she was well able to take care of herself in large company. Milicete had on board Mr. Gordon Dexter and his crew, from Hawk, in addition to her skipper, Captain Frisbie, while Gossoon was sailed by her owners.

The tug Camilla, with the judges, Messrs. George A. Stewart and Arthur D. Foss, gave the starting whistle at 11:20, the wind being then light, both carrying club and jibtopsails. The start was timed: Gossoon, 11:22:57; Milicete, 11:23:28, the former being a trifle to leeward.

Both crossed on starboard tack, but Milicete soon swung about and headed inshore, Gossoon following. Milicete opened out a lead when in toward the shore, so Gossoon left her, but found no more wind, in fact less, and when they came together Milicete crossed Gossoon's bows.

Both now made a long tack off shore to Pig Rocks and then in toward Nahant and out to the Graves, the two getting slightly different winds at times and Milicete holding the lead. They now parted company, Gossoon holding off on starboard tack, while Milicete stood in on port. Gossoon caught a fluke and came out ahead when they next met, crossing Milicete's bows. One more tack brought her to the turn, and she jibed around with a lead of 1m. 54s., the times being: Gossoon, 2:09:49; Milicete 2:11:43.

Gossoon soon had her spinaker full, but Milicete was slow in setting hers and then had it foul, so that it was lowered and reset. The run home had barely begun, when the wind shifted to northeast, breezing up considerably, the two being caught with spinakers aback. They were soon under working headsails, though still carrying jackyarders, and beating in to stronger wind and more sea. Gossoon showed the best at this work and opened up a good lead, being nearly 5m. ahead at Pig Rocks. Not long after, however, the bolt in her gammon iron broke, setting the forestay adrift and allowing the sides of the gammon iron to spring, so that the bowsprit lifted and broke. A temporary stay was rigged and the mast saved, but the race was over and Gossoon towed home astern of a steam yacht. Milicete took matters very easily for the rest of the course, taking in her jackyarder as the wind increased. The full times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Milicete	12 23 28	2 11 43	4 23 08	4 59 40
Gossoon	11 22 57	2 09 49	Disabled.	

HULL Y. C. SAIL-OFF, SEPT. 13.

THE Hull Y. C., in common with other Boston and New York clubs, came in for some hard weather last week, the result being one of the most exciting races in the club's history. The occasion was the championship sail-off in the first class, and the competitors were Albatross and Nimbus, the former a Mumm and the latter a Herreshoff sloop. The wind blew a gale from the southwest, so that the outer float, which is 80ft. long and 25ft. wide, was under water most of the time. The preparatory gun was fired at 2:30 and the starting gun at 2:45. Albatross was in fighting trim, topmast on deck, two reefs in mainsail, and staysail set. Owing to negligence Nimbus's topmast was left on end, and when her owner and skipper, Rear-Com. Souther, got on board there was no time to mend matters. She had three reefs in mainsail and storm jib.

Albatross waited for Nimbus to come up before leaving her mooring, and both boats were handicapped, Nimbus got away at 3:05:25, Albatross 20sec. later. After passing the "Gut" both boats jibed, Albatross just to leeward of Nimbus. Albatross then set her jib, and Nimbus changed her storm jib for her large one. From here to Harding's was a reach of 5 miles, and every inch was fought for. About one-eighth of a mile from the buoy Albatross passed Nimbus to weather and jibed around the buoy at 3:40, about 15sec. ahead.

From here to Riley's Ledge it was dead before the wind, and Albatross's crew started to set a small spinaker, but the squalls were so fierce as to compel them to give up the attempt. With the sea rolling after the boats, it was impossible at times to keep them from luffing. From Riley's Ledge to the Graves Whistler the course allowed the sheets to come in a bit. Albatross stowed staysail just before rounding the Whistler, made a sharp luff to get sheets flattened in, and started for her five-mile thrash to windward. She had gained only about 15sec. in her run from Harding's. Upon rounding the Whistler, Nimbus began to suffer from her topmast. The big jib had to be stowed and storm jib set, and she lost several minutes doing it. Her topmast on end was equal to a reef. If she had started with two reefs in mainsail, reef in jib and topmast housed, she would have carried her sail as well and done much better work.

Albatross gained rapidly in the beat home, and by the time Martin's Ledge was rounded was fully 12min. ahead. Just after passing the buoy the jackstay in her gaff broke in the middle, and though it held during two short tacks, when off the outer Brewster the rest of it went and with it the gaff upright in the middle. It was principally an amateur crew on the Albatross, with the famous amateur Fred Brown at the wheel, and their ability was shown by the way the head of the sail was lashed to the hoops and the reefs shaken out, making a big leg-of-mutton of the mainsail. The staysail was hoisted, and although about five minutes had been lost by the accident, the boat ranged about as fast as before, and Nimbus made no appreciable gain during the remaining three miles of the windward work.

On the last of the beat the wind lightened a trifle, but there was little diminution in the size of the seas. Albatross crossed the line a handsome winner in the hardest race sailed in these waters this summer. Capt. Souther sailed his boat in splendid shape, and it was no fault of his that she did not make a better showing. A closer race for ten miles in a gale of wind will never be seen. The Hull Y. C. showed the character of its yachtsmen in sailing such a race, as many would have refused to start under such circumstances. This practically winds up the season, there remaining only the sail-off in the sixth class, which was set for Saturday, but the boats could not have lived in the sea.

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS 30FT. AND UNDER 35FT. (COURSE 15 MILES).

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Albatross, Vice-Com. Henry	34 02	3 01 45	6 02 53	3 01 22	2 25 56
Nimbus, Rear-Com. Souther	34.02	3 01 25	6 09 34	3 08 09	2 32 25

Judges, Jas. B. Forsyth, Dr. Fred K. Brown, Ed L. Burwell.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB, FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 13.

THE Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, not satisfied with its successful growth ashore, has lately set out for new worlds to conquer, and has established a yachting department under the able direction of Mr. J. C. Summers, the compiler of the indispensable "Who Won," which is now the standard American yacht list. Mr. Summers has been working for some time past to arrange an open regatta for the leading racers, which race was very successfully sailed on Saturday. The starters were few, the smaller entries not liking the weather, but some fine racing was seen between Clara, Jessica, Liris and Mariquita. The Larchmont Y. C. very kindly lent its aid, the race being sailed over the club's regular Captain's Island course, and under Larchmont rules, while Mr. Scott, of the regatta committee, assisted Capt. Summers in the management from the tug Dalzell. There was a good lower sail breeze from S.W. which lasted all day, though varying some in direction and force. All started under lower canvas, but with jibheaders set in stops. Jessica, though classed with Liris and Mariquita, went into Clara's class to make a race for her, leaving Liris and Mariquita to sail for the club prize and a private stake, a match having been made between the two some time since. Of the smaller boats only Lakshim and Alene started, the latter dropping out. The start was timed:

Mariquita	12 19 44	Liris	12 20 28
Jessica	12 19 31	Alene	12 20 35
Clara	12 20 06	Lakshmi	12 21 38

On the reach across to Hempstead mark Clara and Jessica had a hard fight, both breaking out jibheaders, Clara being the first to do so. She passed Mariquita and was on Jessica's weather quarter as they reached the mark, rounding with a small lead. The times were:

Clara	12 44 40	Mariquita	12 45 26
Jessica	12 45 05	Liris	12 46 52

They ran to Captain's Island with spinakers to starboard, Clara taking hers in handily at the mark and making a neat jibe, while Jessica slammed her boom over with a shock that parted the mainsheet and cost her three or four minutes' delay. The times were:

Clara	1 26 01	Mariquita	1 29 26
Jessica	1 28 21	Liris	1 33 06

All stood to the north on port tack after rounding, Clara being well ahead with Mariquita second and Liris, who had tacked around the mark, on Jessica's weather quarter. There was still plenty of wind, and a heavy rain began; Liris taking in her jibheader, the others carrying theirs. The next long tack brought them in under the Long Island shore, where Liris set her topsail. Jessica had regained the second place, and Mariquita had gained a little on her. The times at Hempstead were:

Clara	2 49 22	Mariquita	2 58 35
Jessica	2 55 56	Liris	3 03 02

The last leg was made with small jibtopsails set. The full times were:

60FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara	12 20 06	3 10 11	2 50 05	2 50 05
Jessica	12 19 31	3 18 40	2 59 09	2 54 01

50FT. CLASS.

Mariquita	12 19 44	3 22 13	3 02 29	3 01 38
Liris	12 20 28	3 23 31	3 06 03	3 05 03

30FT. CLASS.

Lakshmi	12 21 38	4 11 00	3 49 22	3 49 22
Alene	12 20 35	Did not finish.		

No yachts started for the Cherry Diamond Pennant, offered by Capt. Summers for the best elapsed time in the smaller classes.

BEVERLY Y. C.

168TH REGATTA, 5TH OPEN SWEEPSTAKES, MONUMENT BEACH, SEPT. 13.

THE race was sailed in a severe gale from S.W. by S.; the water being feather white, sea running very high, and the wind being harder than at the start of any race ever sailed here, except the Surprise, Mattie, Atalanta match some years ago.

Thirteen boats entered, and all but Daisy appeared at the starting line, each boat having in every reef possible, and many of them carrying small sails. Starling led off in first class followed by Mattie, but for some unknown reason came back and started again. In second class Mollie broke her tiller just before start. Gymnote led off, going very well, then Anonyma, with Widgeon close behind, and Mist with a ten-second handicap. These classes sailed the usual 11-mile course, which took them into very rough water. Third class was sent twice to the Pines Buoy and return, 5 miles. Fourth class went once round. Eina led off in third class followed by Puzzle, Cayuse smashing gooseneck just before start and running off under bare poles. Kitten and Rip started in fourth class; Kitten going very well, outpointing Rip and beating her in the tack against the head sea, but on the other tack Rip gained and passed her. About this time Mattie was seen lying to, with her sheet off; she was heavily loaded with ballast, and the sea washed over her filling her up with water, as her cockpit is not water tight. After pumping it out she withdrew and ran home, accompanied by Gymnote with her boom broken short off in the middle.

The third class appeared next, Eina rounding at 1:59:25, Puzzle 2:00:37, Eina having gained 27sec. She seemed to outpoint Puzzle.

Next came fourth class, with Rip 47sec. in the lead; the wind had moderated a trifle, which suited Rip, and Kitten shook out a reef. Then the wind increased and Kitten had too much sail to steer well. Next boat to appear was Widgeon, running home under bare poles. She had cracked her boom and been forced to give up the race.

On second round Eina beat Puzzle badly, and came home with a very respectable lead.

After quite a time had elapsed the other boats appeared, Anonyma leading, but Mist, with her boom broken off just outside leach of sail, was pressing her hard, while Starling had dropped astern.

The finish was very close. Mist was beaten 8sec. on allowance by official time, but was handicapped 10sec. at start. Taking actual time of start and dropping allowance Anonyma beat her 1sec.

Mist's boom broke in the jibe round Bird Island Buoy. Anonyma and Starling noted this, and tacked in place of jibing, losing some time but saving their spars. Altogether the race was very exciting and a great success. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Starling, J. Cobb	25.09	1 10 30	3 20 03	2 09 38	1 58 32
Mattie, H. Stockton	28.10	1 12 25	Disabled.		

SECOND CLASS.

Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	26.10	1 18 32	3 17 18	1 58 46	1 47 49
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.	26.08	1 20 00	3 19 05	1 59 05	1 47 54
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.	26.10	1 18 58	Broke boom.		
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	26.10	1 17 50	Broke boom.		
Mollie, S. O. Phinney	27.00	Broke tiller.			

THIRD CLASS.

Eina, J. Parkinson	22.10	1 22 50	2 38 05	1 15 15	1 08 02
Puzzle, Wm. Amory 2d	22.09	1 23 55	2 41 22	1 17 28	1 10 12
Cayuse, F. W. Sargent	22.09	Broke gooseneck.			
Daisy, H. Stockton	21.01	Did not start.			

FOURTH CLASS.

Rip, C. B. Jefferson	19.01	1 28 07	2 11 04	42 35	37 38
Kitten, G. H. Richards et al.	20.00	1 28 29	2 11 51	43 44	39 10

Starling, Anonyma, Eina and Rip take firsts, Mist second.

Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

LOSS OF THE STEAM YACHT MIGNON.—On Sept. 9, at 8 P. M., the steam yacht Mignon, with Capt. D. H. Pugh in command, stranded on the point of Cape Fear, near Wilmington, N. C., and was lost, her crew of five being saved. She was a wooden vessel 85ft. over all, 81ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 5ft. draft, built in 1880 on the Delaware. Her late owner, Mr. C. E. Hill, of New York, had just sold her to some Southern parties, who had sent her South. She was insured in New York for $4,000.

EASTERN Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 10.

FROM the experience of the Eastern Y. C. last week it seems that racing yachtsmen have not progressed much during the season in the direction of a one gun start, as the last race of the year, or nearly so, was as bad a bungle as the first. In both cases, the present Eastern Y. C. regatta and the special race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in June, the committees were men of their word, who meant what they said and stood by it, which fact the racers did not realize until it was too late. Although the fleet was a small one, three forty-sixes, one forty and two thirties, it was very select, and in such weather there might have been a grand race had the boats started anywhere near the same time. As it was they did some fine sailing, but to little purpose so far as any interest to crews or spectators was concerned.

Wednesday was cold and rainy, with a strong E.N.E. wind and a heavy sea; the course was the smaller triangle of the E. Y. C., 24 miles, the sea leg, from Marblehead Rock to a mark boat, a reach, being sailed first, then before the wind to the Whistling Buoy off the Graves, and home to windward over the inshore leg past Pig Rocks and Tinker's Ledge. Gossoon was entered, but the loss of her bowsprit on Tuesday threw her out, leaving Ventura alone in the 40ft. class, so she joined the forty-sixes. In the 30ft. class were only Shark, and Mignon, Almira, the new Cape Cat coming down too late for even this race. Though the weather was far from pleasant, the regatta committee, Messrs. W. S. Eaton Jr., Chas. H. Joy, T. Dennie Boardman and R. S. Sears, hardened their hearts, donned their oilers and wound their little watch, steaming off in good season for Marblehead Rock, where they anchored, and in due course of time blew the proper signals, the starting whistle being at 10:45, as advertised.

With the exception of Ventura, there was nothing in sight, and no evidence of any starters for a good ten minutes. Mr. Foster was only a minute late, going off under lower sails only. By and by Alga, Milicete and Thelma came along at their leisure, and when they found that the race was well under way made haste to catch the rapidly vanishing Ventura. Mignon also, though her start was set for ten minutes after the larger yachts, managed to be comfortably late, while Shark, after towing down from Boston, only came into harbor at Marblehead after the preparatory whistle with sails down and her racing crew scattered on shore. Captain Waterhouse is not a man to be stopped by trifles, but gathered his men, towed out to the line, and began a successful stern chase with a most discouraging handicap of ten minutes, actual time. The starting signals were given at 10:45 and 10:55 respectfully, the actual times of crossing being:

Ventura	10 46 06	Milicete	10 57 24
Alga	10 57 47	Mignon	11 05 23
Thelma	10 58 01	Shark	11 15 21

The larger boats carried jibheaders and jibtopsails, Milicete wisely setting a baby, the others their intermediate. Shark had full lower sails and jibheader set, while Mignon had no topsail and a reefed mainsail, trying a small jibtopsail at first. Alga and Thelma first shifted to baby jibtopsails and then took these in. The order was not changed on the first leg, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.
Ventura	11 45 16	0 59 10
Milicete	11 51 26	0 54 02
Alga	11 52 01	0 54 14
Thelma	11 54 16	0 56 15
Mignon	12 12 46	1 07 23
Shark	12 20 16	1 04 55

The elapsed times show the real work of each boat correctly.

Alga was the only one that cared to risk a spinaker at first, setting hers immediately after the jibe and sending up an intermediate jibtopsail. Ventura kept on under lower canvas, but Thelma and Milicete followed Alga's example, though the work was done very badly, both having to lose time in breaking the stops and clearing the sails. Shark had borrowed a silk spinaker from Saladin, which she set at once on turning, Mignon also sending up hers and a topsail as well. With no spinaker set, Ventura lost ground to the bigger boats, and was passed by Alga and Milicete on this leg. The times at the Graves were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.
Alga	12 53 37	1 01 36
Milicete	12 54 02	1 02 36
Ventura	12 55 00	1 10 34
Thelma	12 57 13	1 02 57
Mignon	1 24 49	1 12 03
Shark	1 28 45	1 08 29

Going home there was plenty of wind and a heavy sea, Shark housing her topmast and Mignon keeping one reef in her mainsail, though with topmast set. When doing well on the first part of the beat, Milicete came to grief through some trouble with her topsail, the hooks getting loose, so that the sail had to be taken in, costing her much time. Alga and Thelma passed Pig Rocks Buoy on one tack, and Thelma also made Tinker's Ledge, Alga tacking. Ventura managed to win by virtue of her long lead and her time allowance, though the following elapsed times from the actual start give a truer idea of the merits of the race. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
40FT. CLASS.				
Ventura	10 45 00	2 13 59	3 28 59	3 23 44
Alga	10 45 00	2 10 48	3 25 48	3 25 15
Thelma	10 45 00	2 12 52	3 27 52	3 25 52
Milicete	10 45 00	2 14 25	3 29 26	3 29 26
30FT. CLASS.				
Shark	10 55 00	3 15 03	4 20 03	4 20 03
Mignon	10 55 00	3 19 07	4 21 07	4 22 17

The actual times are:

Alga	3 13 01	Ventura	3 27 53
Thelma	3 14 51	Shark	3 59 42
Milicete	3 17 02	Mignon	4 13 44

VOLUNTEER AND CONSTELLATION.—Two rather sensational rumors have been flying about this week, both concerning the large singlestickers. The more astounding of the two is that Piepgrass is now preparing to convert the new Morgan schooner Constellation, of 106ft. l.w.l., into a single-ticker, making the largest yacht of that rig ever built since Maria's day. The other report is that Gen. Paine has sold Volunteer to Mr. Camille Weidenfeld, a member of the New York Y. C., who will send her across after the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups.

MINERVA AND LIRIS, SEPT. 9, 10, 11.

THE series of matches made last spring between Minerva and Liris were sailed on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week on the Sound, the result being a victory for Minerva, as she won one race in hard weather by an easy margin, in another Liris broke her tiller and gave up, while a third was a drift that was not finished. On both of the latter occasions Minerva was ahead during the day. The first race was started from Captain's Island, the course being to a stakeboat off Hempstead Harbor, 6 miles, and back, two rounds or 24 miles, the first and third legs to windward. Minerva went over the line in a light S.W. breeze at 12:05:13, with Liris at 12:05:30. After some fluking Minerva turned the first mark at 2:14:10, with Liris becalmed a long way astern. Minerva finished the first round at 6:24:00, the pair drifting for several hours in the dark and then giving up.

The second race was sailed on Wednesday, in a strong lower-sail breeze from N.E., over the regular Captain's Island course of the Larchmont Y. C. Both were reefed, Liris having one and Minerva two tucks in. The start was timed: Minerva 11:56:45, Liris 11:57:07, the two reaching across very evenly to the Hempstead mark. On the beat to Captain's Island there was little to choose between them, but as Liris jibed around the mark her tiller snapped off. Head sheets were cast off and she luffed up, being taken by the tug into Larchmont. Minerva sailed the course out, her times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 56 35	2 45 00	2 48 25	2 45 28
Liris	11 57 07	Disabled.		

The final race was one of the events of the season, though few were present to enjoy it. The wind and sea had increased greatly by Thursday morning, but a course of 10 miles dead to windward, from off Larchmont to a mark near Shippan's Point, was laid out, and at 11:45 the start was given from the tug Dalzell, which carried Messrs. Frank Scott, T. C. Zerega, and Thornton B. Smith, the judges. Minerva, with three reefs in her mainsail, one in the foresail, No. 3 jib, went over promptly, but Liris, with two reefs in the main, a whole foresail and No. 2 jib, was over a minute astern, the times being: Minerva 11:45:44, Liris 11:46:58.

The first long tack across the Sound occupied over half an hour, but after they reached somewhat smoother water they did not stay there; Liris started off again for the other shore, through seas that were really formidable, and Minerva kept close to her. Minerva had gained from the start and when the mark was finally reached she had a lead of 7m., the times being: Minerva 1:46:00, Liris 1:53:00. Minerva jibed, shook out one reef and set her spinaker, Liris set a jibtopsail on her housed topmast and a jury spinaker. The seas were very heavy as the little craft ran in, nothing but a portion of the sails being visible at times. Liris gained a little on the run, but was beaten on elapsed and corrected time, as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva	11 45 44	3 08 23	4 22 39	4 19 42
Liris	11 46 58	3 13 34	4 26 36	4 26 36

Liris allows Minerva 2m. 57s., so the latter wins by 6m. 54s., corrected time.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—Long Island Sound Squadron.—Greenwich, Sept. 13.—Course, triangular, round Captain's Islands; distance, 6 knots; weather, stormy; wind, S.W., very heavy; tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merope, W. S. Gilmore		1 18 31	
Argo, Chas. Bouch		Did not finish.	
Swan, Henry Colledge		Did not finish.	
FIRST CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.			
Gertrude, W. J. Selleck	21.10	1 26 30	1 25 37
Zelda, F. Williams	20.01	1 42 33	1 40 13
SECOND CLASS—OPEN CATBOATS.			
Jubilee, E. D. Hurlbut, Jr.	18.04	1 38 01	1 34 02
*Kittiwake, R. B. Pott	17.06	1 38 23	1 33 37

*Ruled out for fouling mark. The race was in charge of F. B. Jones, Fleet Captain Corinthian Navy. Out of twenty-one entries only seven braved the storm and crossed the line. The open cats showed their seaworthiness and able handling in finishing the race without being swamped. Regatta Committee: F. W. Lawton, T. T. Tabor, E. B. Hart, Jr. Judges: G. G. Tyson, J. E. Peck and Frank Lockwood, Riverside Y. C.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C., SEPT. 6.—The race of the R. C. Y. C. for the Prince of Wales cup was sailed on Sept. 6 over a course from between the Exhibition wharf and a flag buoy to the south, to the bell buoy; thence to a buoy moored 6 miles to windward; thence back to bell buoy, the circuit to be covered twice and finish at the flag buoy south of the Exhibition wharf, 30 miles. The wind was light, but with some sea on the Lake. Oriole and Vreda soon had such leads that the others gave up, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriole	6 32 00	7 32 00	7 32 00
Vreda	6 48 20	7 48 20	7 35 18

Verve No. 1, Verve No. 2, Condor, Merle and Psyche did not finish.

A skiff class race, over the usual triangular course in the bay, distance about 10 miles, was also sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Uneasy	3 00 00	4 44 40	1 44 40
Ægeria	3 00 00	4 47 10	1 47 10
Ripple	3 00 00	4 49 15	1 49 15
Chute	3 00 00	Did not finish.	
Nouna	3 00 00	Did not finish.	

The judges were Vice-Com. McGaw and Mr. J. E. Robertson.

JESSICA AND LIRIS, SEPT. 12.—On Friday last a private match was sailed between the new Fife 20-rater Jessica, 46ft. l.w.l., and the Gardner 40-footer, the course being from Larchmont Harbor around the Hempstead mark, and then around Stamford Light mark, 27 miles. There was a fresh S.W. wind and much less sea than on the previous day. The start was made at 11:50, the two going over together. The course, mainly reaching and running, with a good breeze, favored Jessica, her extra length of 6ft., with a small sail plan, being both at a premium for this work. At the turn she led by 8min., increasing this on the return until she had a lead of 14min. 36sec. at the finish, winning by 13min. 33sec.

DEATH OF MR. R. T. BUSH.—On Monday morning Mr. Rufus T. Bush, the original owner of the Coronet, died at his residence in Brooklyn from a dose of aconite, taken by mistake. Mr. Bush had just returned from a trip to Europe, and being unwell, took the medicine from a small medicine chest, mistaking the aconite for paregoric. As the dose was disguised in whisky the mistake was not discovered until the symptoms of aconite poison became apparent, by which time medical aid was unavailing. Mr. Bush, who was fifty years of age, was a successful manufacturer of illuminating oils. He at one time owned the steam yacht Falcon, afterward building Coronet, owning her at the time of her race with Dauntless. He was a member of the New York Y. C.

NAVY BOATS.—The current number of the Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute has a valuable and interesting article on "Navy Boats," by Ensign Albert A. Ackerman, U. S. N. Several excellent illustrations of surf boats accompany the article.

NEW YORK C. C.—The postponed regatta of the New York C. C. will be sailed on Oct. 4, off the club house, Stapleton, Staten Island, starting at 2 P. M. A new feature will be a race over the regular course with crews standing on deck.

NO MORE RACING.—Liris is now at City Island, where she will ship her winter rig. Minerva leaves this week for Beverly, where she will winter. Both she and Mariquita are for sale.

CORONET.—On Sept. 11 the schooner Coronet, Mr. A. E. Bateman, sailed from Havre for Cowes. She has been cruising in European waters during the season.

CORINTHIAN SAIL OFF, MARBLEHEAD.—The race set for Sept. 13 was not sailed, owing to the heavy weather.

VENTURA AND TOMAHAWK.—A match is talked of between these two forties, to be sailed on Sept. 25

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. F. H., Lancaster.—Opinions are divided as to the comparative effects on the barrels. Its use is not advised in rifles.

H. T., Seattle, Washington.—Would you be kind enough to inform me if there is a publication on game fishing in Puget Sound. Ans. We know of none.

C. C. B., West Newton, Pa.—To clean your brass shells "by wholesale" put them into a dish of vinegar. It is better, however, to rub the outside of the shell with a cloth dipped in vinegar and to leave the inside dirty.

J. H. D., Poughkeepsie.—Please state the meaning of the —— that almost always accompanies the illustrations of fishes, *vide*, the Black Bass number of FOREST AND STREAM, Fish Commissioners reports, etc.? Please give addresses of Chas. Hallock and F. Mather. Ans. 1. The line is the inch scale. 2. Mr. Hallock's address is No. 7 Warren street, New York. Mr. Mather lives at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

J. W. R., Troy, N. Y.—1. Is Indian River in Jefferson county a good river for bass? 2 What kinds of fish are found in it? 3. Can good board be had on the river, and at what rates? 4. Give dimensions of a mascalonge rod, length and size of ferrules. 5. Give size of ferrules for an 18ft. salmon rod. 6. Give address of dealer in Bethabara wood. Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Black bass, pickerel, pike, mascalonge, etc. 3. At Theresa (Utica & Black River Railroad) Hotel, $2 per day; numerous good lakes near. 4 Short and stout; three joints, 9ft.; two joints, 8ft.; ferrules $^{13}/_{16}$ and $^{16}/_{32}$in. 5. This will depend on material, bamboo or wood; write to some reliable rod maker. 6. A. B. Shipley & Co., 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. H., Boston.—A pond intended for bass is about ¾ mile long, varying in width from ⅛ mile to 200yds. The depth is from 4 or 5 to 20ft. It is full of frogs and minnows. There are a great many pickerel in the pond. We have thought of putting in white perch and black bass. How does the small-mouth bass differ from the large-mouth? Which is the largest and gamiest fish? Ans. In our opinion the black bass will prove entirely satisfactory in your pond and the food supply is suitable. This, however, may need renewing from time to time. The white perch is known to harmonize with the black bass in some New England waters and can not do harm in your enclosure. In stocking the pond use bass of moderately large size, if you can get them, and they will hold their own against the pickerel. In our issue of July 24 you will find a pretty full discussion of the relative game qualities of the small-mouthed and large-mouthed bass; there will probably never be entire agreement among anglers on this subject. Our choice for your preserve, however, would be the small-mouthed species, because of its successful introduction into many New England localities. The small-mouthed species can be most readily distinguished from its relative by its smaller mouth, the upper jaw bone not reaching beyond the eye. In the large-mouthed bass this bone extends behind the eye. The small-mouthed species also has about 11 series of scales above the lateral line, while the large-mouth has only 8. These differences are well brought out in the FOREST AND STREAM of the date mentioned. We shall be glad to have an account of your club at your convenience.

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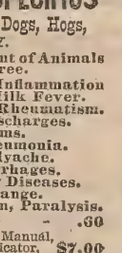
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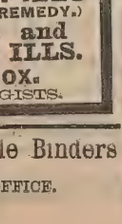
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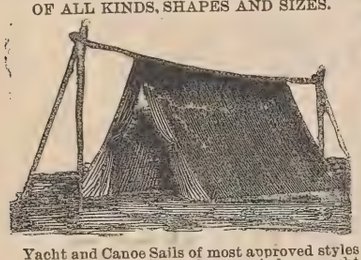
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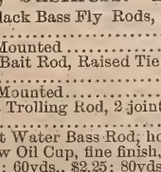
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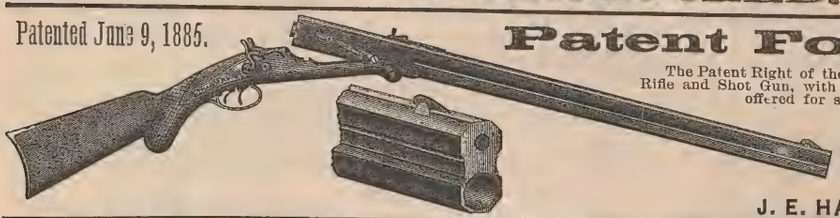
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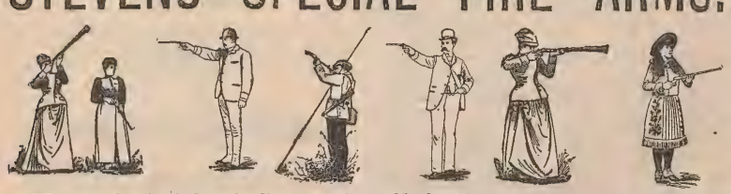


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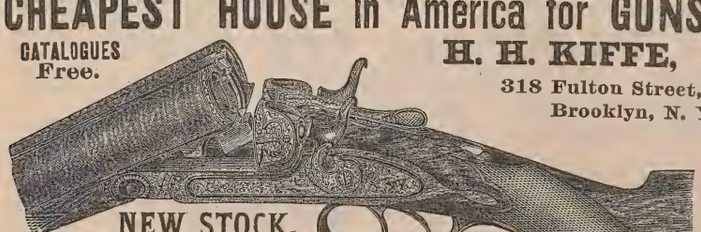
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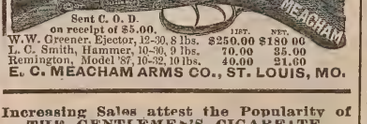
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VOL. XXXV.—No. 10. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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A MAINE ENTERPRISE.

THERE is an organization of sportsmen, anglers, guides and other persons interested, with headquarters at Rangeley, Me., under the title of the Franklin County Fish and Game Association. The members are banded together to promote the fishing and hunting interests of that region; and they have gone at it in an eminently sensible and business-like way, by restocking the waters with game fish. Last season, the first, they were successful in raising some 40,000 landlocked salmon. This year they propose working on a larger scale, and are planning for putting out a million landlocked salmon and trout.

The Association is in need of funds, and has issued a call, which we take pleasure in giving mention here, asking for the support of residents and visitors. There is hard common sense in the considerations which the Franklin county people present. Plantings of fish fry, say they, will mean better fishing, which will insure greater satisfaction among summer tourists, whose numbers will be increased thereby. This will mean more employment for guides, more business for all who have to do with summer travel; increased demand for garden and farm products; and as the visiting sportsmen, charmed by the attractions of Rangeley, Andover and Phillips, become in time permanent summer residents, the values of land will increase, and all local industries will share in the growing prosperity. This is precisely what has happened in other regions, and such a course of development and prosperity may safely be predicted for any favored fishing locality, whose residents have the business acumen to recognize their advantages and opportunities.

The Franklin County Association has made an excellent beginning. Thus to present and insist upon the economic profit of wise game and fish conservation is sure to tell in the end. It is a plan of campaign that will succeed. The great trouble with most game and fish protective associations is that too great dependence is placed upon the skill of the members in trap shooting. Such societies would do well to note and follow the business-like methods of the Franklin County Society.

The president of the Association is Capt. F. C. Barker, and the secretary is Mr. H. A. Furbish, Rangeley, Me. Membership costs $2 per year, and all funds are devoted to fish propagation and fish and game protection. There should be a large list of non resident members.

THE FISH COMMISSION INVESTIGATION.

THE Senate investigation of the United States Fish Commission, which began several months ago, has been closed after taking 600 printed pages of testimony, mainly from persons who were expected to sustain the charges of nepotism and use of public property for private advantage. While it is probable that the pressure of important bills and the near approach of adjournment will prevent the investigating committee from making a report during the present session, it is well understood that the unseemly attack upon this useful branch of the Government service will simply result in establishing the efficiency of the Commission and the animus of its enemies. The investigation has disclosed just the opposite of what the attacking parties hoped to show. Instead of fraud and incompetence, there is abundant evidence of integrity and increased skill. The Fish Commission can stand such scrutiny without flinching; but the amount of valuable time lost thereby is a very serious matter, and the expense involved in this malicious persecution is an item of no less serious moment. It would strike the average person of intelligence rather forcibly at this juncture that somebody should be made to suffer for this wanton exhibition of petty spite, with all the deplorable consequences involved in its gratification.

TAKE THE BOY.

IT is a hopeful indication for the future of field sports that in several recent papers by sportsmen the boy accompanies the father in his recreations, to the pleasure and advantage of both.

The gray-beard thrills with the delight of long-ago youth if his boy shows a quick eye and wit and a hand prompt to obey both. He is as pleased and proud as the youngster himself, if the son gets bird, beast or fish skillfully and honorably. With this quick imitator by his side, he grows punctilious in observing every law laid down by man or by nature concerning the game he seeks, that he may teach by his practice a reverence for such laws and an obedience to them. The "pocket pistol," too, is left behind, if it ever before was thought an essential part of the refreshments.

From too great familiarity, or from the oppressing cares that added years often lay upon the elder (and that will not stay behind), if unaccompanied by this quick observer, he would pass unnoticed many objects of interest and beauty—here a wood duck preened her plumage and left a many-hued feather on the log for token; a water lily, late blooming, gleams under an overhanging water maple; a hawk circles the far-off hilltop; or on a yellow birch a vireo has swung her birch bark basket; a fox has left a chicken's bone or turkey feather on the gray rock where he feasted the night before; a woodcock has twice bored the black mud by the wood road bridge.

To the boy such companionship brings numberless benefits. One of the best is the surprised feeling swelling his breast and beaming in his face of the comradeship implied.

He learns so pleasantly safe and legitimate methods of sportsmanship, that he will not forget to practice them in coming years. For him there will be no careless handling of the gun, no foolhardy feat attempted on the water, no fingerlings in his creel nor unlawful game in his bag.

He learns to love the woods, as by his father's side he steals silently over their sunny slopes to surprise a partridge; or as he stands by him, with finger on trigger and heart in throat, under birch or hemlock in October sunshine, listening to the nearing bugles of the hounds. So, in like manner, he loves the grass-bordered brook, from whose pools the trout leaps to his father's skillful cast, and the broader streams, where bass and salmon play. And mingled with this love of nature and her healthful recreations, there grows a stronger filial affection, not likely to grow less as the years increase.

FISH FOOD FOR THE PEOPLE.

A NUMBER of public-spirited gentlemen, among whom are ex-Judge Geo. F. Danforth, Justices Wm. Rumsey and W. H. Adams, Wm. Purcell, editor of the Rochester *Union and Advertiser*, ex-Senator George Raines, H. H. Warner, president of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, and Chas. Babcock, president of the Caledonia Fishing Club, have issued a circular appeal, urging a public movement for the increasing and cheapening of the food fish supply of the State of New York. These gentlemen urge that with proper care the fisheries of Lake Ontario might be so vastly increased as to furnish a supply of food which would materially affect the cost of living to the people of the State. They point out that New York is far behind Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and the Dominion in the work of keeping up a supply of whitefish; and it is urged that the results attained by these other States and by Canada have not only demonstrated the wisdom of their course in systematic food fish culture on a large scale in the waters of the Great Lakes, but have shown with equal emphasis New York's want of wisdom in not giving due attention to similar work. The specific demands to be made for the future in this field are thus detailed:

First—Regular and liberal yearly appropriations for the special purpose of propagating food fish, and especially of whitefish, in Lake Ontario and other suitable bodies of water of the State.

Second—Stringent laws against netting or fishing during spawning season, and on spawning beds.

Third—Forbidding the use of any net with a smaller mesh than 3½ inches; and the catching and marketing of whitefish of less than two pounds weight; and other fish in proportion.

Fourth—The appointment of a first-class fish warden, with enough deputies thoroughly to patrol and protect all the stocked waters of the State, according to law.

Fifth—Co-operation with the National and Dominion governments. If we show that we will give the money and enforce the laws, we know our own government will co-operate with us in this great and beneficent movement.

THE HEATH HEN.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. William Brewster's interesting notes on the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, published in our Natural History columns, may have the careful reading merited by them. Here is a valuable game bird, which as the remnant of an abundant supply once scattered over a wide territory of the Eastern States, has persisted on a single island of Massachusetts. When one considers the restricted area of the Vineyard cover, and all the agencies which are working to destroy it, the survival of the heath hen here is a matter of wonder. It speaks well for the hardiness of the bird and gives abundant assurance that if properly protected and by transplanting given a wider territory, the species might once more be reckoned among the game birds of the East. Mr. Brewster's suggestion that the subject might well be given attention by the enterprising sportsmen of Boston is well worth consideration. The Massachusetts Association would render a service certain to be appreciated, if they would use their influence and their means to protect and increase the stock of heath hens.

THAT ADIRONDACK FAWN OUTRAGE.—We have received full confirmation of the report given in our issue of Sept. 4, of the fawn killing case on the upper Chateaugay Lake in the Adirondacks. The so-styled sportsman was one J. J. White, of Philadelphia. The testimony given on the trial before Judge C. Richardson, of Lyon Mountain, was that when the fawn, driven by the hounds into the lake, its mother having just been killed on the shore, was rescued by two ladies, these fellows White and Barraby rowed up, and White threatened that unless the fawn were given up to him he would shoot it where it was. Having thus terrified the ladies, White seized the fawn by the hindlegs, dragged it out of the boat into his own, and killed it. The paltry fine of $50 paid by White for this proceeding was an inadequate penalty; the flagrancy of his offense deserved a more fitting punishment.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN has recently imported a number of wild boars from the Black Forest, and put them out on his extended game preserve in New Hampshire. Other boars have previously been introduced into New York and New Jersey.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"ABEO PISCATUM."

HAVE you forgotten Sodus, Sweet, and all that pleasant day,
And how our little dainty boat went dancing down the bay?
It somehow seems, as summers pass, that clouds were whiter then;
And ah! that skies can never be so deeply blue again.

How dewy cool the soft breeze crept adown that dim old grove,
To touch your fair cheek tenderly as with a velvet glove;
And how we gathered golden-rod to wreath your wide-rimmed hat,
And how you caught the fish, Mignonne, you must remember that.

He was a monster, I admit, nor marvel at your fear,
Who darted off with a wicked rush when you had drawn him near.
He pulled, and plunged, and leapt, and lunged, all frantic to be free;
Life may have seemed as sweet to him as it was then to me.

You begged for me to land him, but a sudden fancy swayed,
To leave it all to you, Mignonne, and watch the fight he made.
That fish should be an augury, his fate mine own fortell:
Should he break loose—but 'twas no use, you had him hooked too well.

Ah! still I see that dreamy, tender blue of bay and sky,
And far beyond the harbor piers the sun-bright sails go by.
It haunts me, too, when twilight blue hath turned to violet.
Have you forgotten all, so soon? and shall I not forget?

M. M. Cass, Jr.

IN BRUIN'S STRONGHOLD.

MIDWAY of the river's murky tide our guide, with a dextrous dip of his paddle, turns the prow of our "dugout" diagonally abreast the stiff current, and we drift, broadside on, toward the eastern bank.

No suitable place for landing presents itself. The bank of yellow clay, precipitous and overhanging in places, is fringed along its base with a ragged barrier of bared tree-roots and half-submerged drift, such as usually gathers along the outer circle of a river bend. One would have need of a scaling ladder to surmount this natural rampart, even if the half-drooping, half-erect growth of blue cane above had not sufficed to discourage the attempt.

"Great Harrison! Did you ever see such fishing rods?" exclaimed Smith, accustomed to view everything with the eye of an angler. "Some of 'em are twenty feet long, if an inch!"

"Thah's longah ones in thah brake, yondah," remarked the guide.

"I don't care to see 'em; those in sight are eighteen inches longer than my wildest anticipations."

"I kin show ye longah an' bettah ones," persisted the guide, "back in thah brake whah thah watah don't ride 'em down."

"But here, even at this high stage of the waters, the shore overlooks the river by a dozen feet. Surely this bank is never submerged?"

"I've seed watah ten foot up on that hackberry," responded the guide, indicating a tree on the highest point. "Don't you see how all that cane p'ints down stream?"

"I can see scattering drift lodged in the branches of yonder bush," observed the Doctor. "It must be a grand sight when this winter's overflow is at its height, and the whole country on either side is submerged. Guide, how wide is this little stream when at full flood?"

The swamp dweller shut one heavy-browed optic, and meditated a moment before replying. "How wide is it right heah? Let me see. It's foah miles tew Hamilton Hill, an' foah moah 'cross tew Raft Creek highland at thah ol' mill seat—that's eight. T'other way it's somethin' like ten mile moah."

"Eighteen miles of water! Just think of that, Smith."

"Sounds fishy," responded Smith abruptly.

"You'd think fishy," said the guide, failing to catch the implied doubt of his veracity. "When thah ovahflow stahts down I kin load this ol' dugout in no time."

"With fish?"

"Fish an' shovel-bill cat," making the distinction as though it were a matter of course. "Duck yer heads an' mind that bresh, boys. I'm goin' ter run her ashoah heah." We had floated down the stream, reaching the point where the bluff bank had given way to a weed-grown mud bar, wet and sticky from a light rain that had just passed over, and shaded by overhanging cotton-woods and willows. The Doctor lost his footing in springing ashore, leaving the imprint of his corpulent person in the soft slime, but was comforted by Smith's assurance that the bears would scratch the mud from his clothing before it would have time to dry.

As this was to be merely a reconnoiter with a view to discovering desirable hunting grounds, a scrutiny of the river bank for signs was the first thing in order. Two of the party were the rankest of greenhorns in business of this kind, having only left twelve hours before the Pullman car that had borne them, via the Iron Mountain route, from St. Louis. The guide, however, was fully qualified to do the "inspecting" for the entire party. In a few minutes Smith and the Doctor were examining the deeply-imprinted hoof marks of a little buck that had evidently wandered aimlessly along the water's verge not many hours previously, though certainly before the rain-fall.

"Thar's lots of tracks, but some of 'em are powerful dim," announced the guide. "I reckon that watah holes in thah bottom is done filled up by thah rains. Otherways all thah game 'ud be watahin' heah at thah rivah."

We climbed the shelving shore and followed the guide, though not without some misgivings, as he plunged into the almost solid walk of cane. Penetrating a brake of blue cane is a hard task to even the most experienced "swamp ranger." It is a perpetual "crawl" under the most trying of surroundings. Imagine a scope of country cut up with narrow deep gullies, strewn with fallen timber wrapped up in a growth of briers. Then, over all impediments of log, brier and ravine towers the rank, springing cane, standing like blades of grass in a meadow with enough of the dead and fallen, but still stubbornly tough canes, to intermat the whole into a barrier not easily passed.

Hardly 20yds. into the brake the party halted at the Doctor's pleading,

"I don't kick at anything reasonable," he grumbled, "but there is no use wedging ourselves into that confounded thicket. There is no bear in there; they couldn't get in there!"

The guide explained that he had not entered the brake to find bear, though there was a possibility of meeting one at any time. The hunting ground proper lay beyond the brake.

"And my interest in the great 'beyond' is just now very faint," persisted the Doctor, wiping his perspiring brow. "You fellows go on and find your bear, and I will go back to the boat and watch for that deer."

"But it's a heap furdah tew thah boat than it is tew thah open, yandah," unexpectedly replied our guide. "It's good goin' when we strike that slew."

In fact the "slough," a long, narrow depression, bare of cane, was then 30ft. away, though to the inexperienced eye there was nothing to indicate the proximity of open ground. Once in the slough, our progress was comparatively easy, though at every sharp bend in its course we encountered drifts of logs that sometimes forced us to make detours through the tangled cane. Here during the high waters existed a swift and deep current; every indication pointed to the fact, and our guide, when interrogated, sustained our supposition.

"Cut-off running from that upper river," said he. "That hull bottom's full of 'em."

Occasionally at some angle a branch slough would lead off, only, in a few yards, to end in a wall of cane, and a mass of logs and driftwood.

In the damp earth of the slough bed we were shown the track of a cub bear. Smith's excitement became suddenly immense and even the Doctor began to take a renewed interest in the matter. A hundred yards further on we found the trail of a big fellow who had merely crossed over without stopping. Both tracks were old—a week old at least. Gradually, as we proceeded, the cane became smaller and more scattered, and the slough, divided into several prongs, finally became indistinctly defined. We were now among a wilderness of low ridges sprinkled over with switch cane, while the principal growth of timber consisted of pawpaw sapling, with an occasional persimmon and oak. The fruit of the persimmon was delicious, and although something new to two of our party it was pleasing to see how quickly they acquired a taste for the luscious "possum apples." No pawpaws were found, as the season for that fruit was already over.

Bear tracks were everywhere, but bruin himself was not in sight. This was not a disappointment to us, for we knew that the hour was too late to expect to encounter a bear in the open ground. At early dawn or late in the evening are the only times when bruin can be still-hunted successfully. During the middle of the day he lies hidden in the most impenetrable coverts and can only be routed by the use of dogs. As I have said, we were simply out looking for "sign," and we found enough to more than satisfy us.

Bears had been crushing the acorns beneath the cow oak trees. "A fat ol' b'ar," insisted the guide; "pore b'ar allus swaller thah hulls—this'n didn't." Great claws had turned over the fallen leaves in search of persimmons, and the swamp nettles were rooted up as though by a drove of hogs. Bears are very fond of the nettle roots, it would seem.

Tracks of deer, big and little, were mingled with those of the bear. Apparently we had reached a region singularly blessed with wild life; but of human visitation in the past there was not a sign. On the west side of the river settlements were quite numerous; but here—not five miles from a habitation in a direct line—we were as much in the wilds as though the past two hundred years of Arkansas history had been only a dream. Leaving the pawpaw ridges, we swung still further from the river, entering a wide expanse of grass-grown bottom, covered with a growth of elm, hackberry and ash, but quite free from cane and underbrush. Here we flushed a covey of turkeys from the grass, and the Doctor distinguishing himself by killing a diminutive young hen on the wing. It was a snap-shot of course, for a .45-90 Winchester is hardly the arm for wing-shooting, but the Doctor was reasonably exultant at his success, since it was the first game killed by the party and the only game killed that day, although three deer were sighted at a distance.

After an extended circuit through the open bottom we struck the edge of the cane brake again, in the vicinity of a little water hole, where bear sign was again successfully sought for. Here, guided by land-marks known to himself alone, the guide pushed boldly into the brake, and after a very short crawl we emerged upon the bank of White River, within a very short distance of our dugout.

It is not my intention to speak of the numerous opportunities for bear killing that we afterward enjoyed on this range. As the guide carried off the laurels as a bear slayer he should be the man to chronicle the hunt. Of course, the rest of us might have killed more game than we did, but each had his own reasons for refraining. The Doctor advanced the somewhat doubtful statement that his mission on earth was to save life, not to take it; while Mr. Smith's tender heart forbade the infliction of unnecessary suffering, while bloodshed was a thing that he abhorred. I wasn't aware that he possessed those characteristics until he informed me of them after the hunt was over. Next time I penetrate the White River swamps I desire the companionship of a veritable butcher, a "man of blood," as the novelists would say; one of those remorseless pot-hunters whom we often read about but never see; in fact, I want a companion who will look for bear on the second day of the hunt as earnestly as for "sign" on the first.

S. D. Barnes.

Houston, Texas.

Hudsonian Curlew in Connecticut.—On Sept. 9 I had the good fortune to shoot a Hudsonian curlew (*Numenius hudsonicus*), on the meadows at Westbrook on the Sound, while plover shooting. This is the only living specimen I have seen for ten years, and is a rather rare Connecticut visitant. He has been nicely mounted for me by Mr. John Clark, the Saybrook taxidermist, who has hundreds of birds in his collection, including the sickle-bill (*Numenius longirostris*), and Esquimaux (*Numenius borealis*), but not *hudsonicus*. I have not seen a golden plover on the Connecticut coast for about ten years, and these are also getting to be rare migrants.—A. W. Jones (Center Brook, Conn.).

TRAPPING DAYS.

V.—AMONG THE SIOUX.

BUT a very few years passed after the great massacre of 1862 until the tide of civilization, checked for a time by the red hand of war, again rolled on over the fertile lands of the great Northwest; and as much of the very best of the trapping ground passed gradually into the hands of individual citizens, the trapper, like the Indian before him, had to go. Some indeed, in whom the love of the wilderness was a ruling passion, faced resolutely westward and may to-day be found in out-of-the-way places among the Rockies or Cascades, clinging still to the freedom of the wild life, which they long ago had learned to love so well upon the great water-shed of the continent. The old ground was harried to comparative barrenness by the ever-increasing swarm of trappers, and as still a little good ground remained in the country occupied by the Santee Sioux, my brother consulted the Sioux Indian agent, Col. McPhail, in regard to the question of his own safety should he go alone among them; and being assured by the agent that little or no danger need be apprehended from them, he determined in the summer of 1868 to "carry the war into Africa," first securing, if possible, an Indian partner.

For this purpose he visited the first Indian settlement on the shores of Lake Ootopaheeda to find an Indian known to the whites as John Moore, who had been recommended to him as a representative man among the Sioux, and one who spoke English well. He consulted with him in regard to obtaining a guide and partner, who should be reliable and thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the best trapping grounds, offering at the same time terms of partnership more favorable than any Sioux had probably ever heard of before; when the Indian turned and after a short consultation with a fine-looking young Indian standing near, replied: "My brother, she go with you if you want." (John's English was not perfect, and he invariably spoke of a man as "she" and of a woman as "he.") "But," added the Indian, "my brother want to take she's wife with she."

This part of the contract was something unexpected, and seeing the hesitation and disappointment pictured in the white man's face, the Sioux hastened to add, "You not be 'fraid of he; he do you good; he pitch your tent, he cook you grub; he pay he's way, you bet!"

Hoping still for some way out of the dilemma, Isaac asked: "What if the woman refuses to go with him?"

"Oh," replied the Indian, "my brother tell he to go, he go, you bet!"

As there was no help for it, and as he did not feel at liberty to go further into the Sioux country without an Indian partner and guide, my brother at length with many misgivings agreed, although fearful of the success of so strange a partnership. Not one word could the Indian or his wife speak, while my brother had yet to master the first word of the Sioux language. They proved to be perfectly honest, skillful and industrious—in short, a lady and a gentleman in the very truest sense; and although their conversation proved a difficult art to acquire, still, as each was put upon his mettle, the result was that each learned of the language of the other vastly more than would have been possible under the tuition of any other master than stern necessity. A very successful trip was the result, and my brother's half of the fur amounted to a trifle over 1,000 rats, with other furs in proportion. He was taken far out into the entirely new ground in Dakota, which had not before been visited by white trappers, and his success was the natural result of the skillful and industrious use of the splendid outfit of 150 traps which he carried.

Returning home with his load of fur he was immediately beset by a swarm of his old trapping cronies, eager to learn where so fine a load of furs had been obtained. Without any hesitation he replied: "If you wish to go where I have been, go first to Lake Oo-top-a-hee'-dah, then to Kah-ka-dah'-ko, then to Shian-kŏt'-ton, then to Kah-ka-hah'-ko-soo-kah'-ko, then to Shoog-o-wah'-kee-hoop-ah-itch-itch-ah'-kah, then to —" "Oh, the devil!" interjected a listener; "we don't know as much now as when you began;" and when my brother offered to make it all plain in English to any one who, after five minutes' trial, would pronounce correctly the name of the last mentioned lake, they were obliged to acknowlede themselves beaten and allow him to keep his secret unmolested. These jaw-breaking words are the veritable Indian names for a string of lakes of which we never heard any other designation.

The year following, having concluded to trap the new-found grounds together, we started in August in order to be early on the ground, and first driving to Oo-top-a-hee-dah, I there made the acquaintance of the Indian friends of my brother, and found John Moore to be quite a character. He hailed our coming with joyful demonstrations, and invited us to the dinner of elk meat, boiled with an edible root found on all those northern prairies, which was just spread out before a group of a dozen Sioux at the moment of our arrival; and while I cared for the team and pitched the teepee, my brother accepted the hospitable invitation, and, returning to the wagon, pronounced the dinner perfect.

John and his wife having in return been invited to take supper with us, my brother added: "Now, John, we have both tea and coffee; which does your wife like best?" "My wife he like all the time the best coffee; he's the devil for coffee!" replied John.

Quite a crowd gathered to take supper with the white visitors, and with plenty of sugar in their coffee and a plug of the white man's tobacco to fill their pipes afterward, all were put in the best of humor, and a pleasant evening followed, while John acted as interpreter for all.

The next morning, when ready to move on, we asked John to tell us what to say when we wished to learn the Indian name of anything from the wandering Sioux we were likely to meet. In other words, how to say "what do you call it?" in Sioux.

"You must say, '*tah-qua-deah-che'apa?*' replied John. And we found this little question of great value many times afterward.

For the sake of any possible lady readers, of the "woman's rights" persuasion, I must not omit John's opinion of women in general, which he kindly favored us with during the camp-fire chat of the evening before. "Injun woman he the best woman," said John; "he pitch you tent, he skin you rat, he cook you grub, he dress you fur; he the best woman of all. Dutch woman he the next best." John had visited a German settlement and had

seen the women at work in the hay field. "He work pretty good. 'Merican woman he no good; he want to put on he's fine clothes and set round."

Bidding good-bye to this red-skinned philosopher and his friends, next morning found us early on the trail which led nearly due north over an almost level country, high and dry, dotted with lakes and plentifully sprinkled with buffalo chips, but the buffalo, alas! were gone forever. Occasional settlements of Indians were found, commonly of two or three teepees each, and invariably located on the south or southeast shores of the lovely little lakes which dotted the wide and fertile plain. The reason for this is plain when it is remembered that the autumn gales, which drove the prairie fires over all the great Northwest, moved invariably from northwest to southeast, and while all the young timber growing on the exposed ground was annually burned down to the roots, a little grove of growing timber was often found on the southeast shore of a lake where the lake itself had proved a fire-break, and here the little cornfield of the Sioux women was located, at the edge of the timber where the gophers and ground squirrels had loosened the earth enough to make cultivation with a hoe possible; and near by the teepee was located in order that a never-ceasing watch might be kept of the growing crop.

With the very first indication of morning light, all the little children and the very old people repaired to the cornfield and climbed up on scaffolds, where little bowers were erected on poles above the tops of the corn stalks, and placed at short distances apart through the corn, and here for the whole of the long summer day watch was kept to protect the precious corn from marauding blackbirds; and the weird monotonous cry of the watchers, in the cracked voice of age or the shrill note of childhood, formed one of the most peculiar and striking phases of the wild life of the red man of the plains.

The study of wild life among the Sioux was, to the writer, one of ceaseless interest. One could not be long indifferent to the spectacle of a people struggling against adverse circumstances with the most dogged persistence, when the terrible loss of the buffalo was only just beginning to be felt, and when every pound of meat of whatever kind not needed for immediate use was carefully husbanded for the coming of rigorous winter, with an industry tiresome to contemplate; and all this with the most pitiable ignorance of the superior methods of the white people, together with a childish inability to adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

On our return we stopped for a day at Ootopaheeda, and were invited to dine with a Sioux woman and her daughter—who, by the way, was the best looking woman we found among the Sioux people—and were feasted on green corn, beans and potatoes, all boiled together; and served up in the tidy teepee just as neatly and cleanly as by the best white cook in America. After dinner the good woman, whose husband was absent on the Big Sioux Rivet, after first vainly trying to trade a span of ponies for the yoke of oxen which formed our team, led the way back a few rods from the teepee to show us the cause of her present trouble, and to ask our advice and help. Her husband had bought a new wagon of the most utterly worthless type that ever met my eye; and on almost the first trial of the new vehicle the "dish" in one of the hind wheels had gone the wrong way; and the poor woman had laid the wheel across two logs, and had piled logs and chunks upon the hub to force it back into place again. It was hard to meet the sorrowfully inquiring look with the humiliating explanation that they had been cheated; that the wretched wagon was utterly worthless. But had the wretch who palmed off the "Cheap John" affair upon the ignorant creatures been present, I question very much if he would afterward have reached civilization with a whole skin.

The practice of the most rigid economy was everywhere apparent among the Indians. The teepees, made of cloth—and indispensably necessary in their fall journeyings from the summer grounds to the place selected for winter quarters, and again during the spring migration back to the corn-raising ground, which as in the present instance formed their summer home—were entirely too precious and too difficult to replace to be exposed to the weather and allowed to flap against the lodge poles, while the summer winds wore them to rags; but they were, instead, most carefully housed for coming need, while the bark teepee which formed their summer home was the most ingeniously constructed affair I have ever found among the Indians. In my boyhood I had examined with admiration the winter teepees of wandering bands of Omaha and Pawnee hunters, formed of bent poles curiously thatched with bundles of slender wild cane which grew in the sloughs on the prairies of western Iowa; yet here was a house still more roomy, comfortable, and perfectly formed for a cosy summer house. A row of posts, each the size of a man's thigh, set deeply in the ground, in a circle about 18 or 20ft. in diameter, and about 6ft. high, and from these posts short rafters ran up to a circular opening in the center of the roof, which was steep enough to shed rain perfectly; and this opening, as in that of the cloth teepee, was the chimney for the escape of the smoke of the fire beneath. Small poles were now bent around the row of posts and the rafters above at short distances apart, and the whole was neatly covered with bark, stripped with wonderful dexterity and patience from the short trunks of the stunted trees which grew along the lake shores, and lashed fast to the structure in the same manner as were the rafters and poles, by means of withes; and as the inside of the bark was invariably turned toward the inside of the lodge, the walls of the strange structure were clean, and the whole edifice was neat and tidy enough to form a summer home for the most fastidous company bent upon a pleasant summer outing. Of course this house could be built only during the spring when the sap loosened the bark of the growing trees, and one could easily tell whether Indians were camped within a radius of miles by noticing the tree trunks in the small groves as he passed along.

Here, too, we found a degree of skill in the pursuit of wildfowl exceeding anything we had ever before observed. This, too, was born of the stern parent necessity. As ammunition carried far into the wilderness, becomes very valuable, and as in their case, both capital and transportation were exceedingly limited, not a charge of powder or load of shot were to be thrown away.

They preferred shotguns with long barrels and about 16-gauge as giving the best results with the small loads they used, while they themselves endeavored to make up for the loss of power in the small load used by the most consummate skill and cunning in their approach to the game, which had been rendered strangely wary by the daily murderous hunting of those who proved their ability to support their families by the chase of the waterfowl alone.

A lake or slough was approached at the time of day when the waterfowl sought their food along the shore, and selecting a bunch of grass or clump of weeds growing near the edge of the bank, while yet the hunter was too far distant to see the water near the most distant shore, he dropped upon hands and knees and crawled toward the lake, using the bunch of grass as a shield, and reaching it peeped through, and without showing any part of his person to a duck or goose at any point on the lake, scanned carefully the water near his own shore as far as the shore was visible, then marked with his eye the point where a curve in the shore hid the edge of the lake beyond from view, and crawling back in his trail to the starting point of his crawling, rose up, and keeping out of sight of all the lake water, walked around until opposite the point he had selected while creeping, and again choosing some point of cover, repeated the process, and continued this mode of operations until game was observed at some point which could be approached closely enough to make their slaughter with a carefully planned pot-shot an absolute certainty. No amount of toil discouraged, and no degree of exposure to the cold dews, which hung from every grass blade and saturated his clothing as he crept along, was sufficient to deter this patient and persevering hunter; and the result of his day's toil was solely and simply a question of whether there were any ducks in the country or not. Assure him of this fact and their death followed inevitably.

I marveled much at the extreme wildness of the waterfowl when first we reached the lake region inhabited by the Sioux, yet when on our return we stopped at Oo-topa-hee-da and the young Indian who had been my brother's partner the year previous offered to go with us on an elk hunt near the great pipe stone quarry, provided we would stop over a day and give him time to hunt game sufficient to last his family during his absence, and we had agreed to do so, right there in the country daily harried and shot over, where I would not have contracted to kill a dozen ducks in the given time, the lynx-eyed little fellow secured forty-two ducks that very day. Continuing on past the long string of lakes with the unpronouncable names already given, we reached the shore of a lake named Cha Nopa (or Two Wood). Here my brother had trapped the year before, and this, indeed, was the most northern limit of his wanderings during the previous year.

This was the goal of our hopes, toward which the wagon tongue had pointed for many days.

An immense amount of fur had been gathered here during the previous fall by the single white trapper and many Indian comrades, and the supply of furred animals at that time seemed so great that we anticipated a rich harvest. But—

"The best laid schemes 'o mice an' men
Gang aft agley!"

For a number of reasons, which would take long to explain and which would scarcely be of interest to the general reader, a trapping ground may be very productive of fur one year and the very next year prove comparatively barren, and the following season be again productive.

At any rate, after having carefully examined all the ground, we sat down in the teepee to hold a very sober council, in the study of the very important question embodied in the quaint phraseology of Uncle Remus, "what us gwine to do?" ORIN BELKNAP.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN'S OUTINGS.

THE game bird season opened in Massachusetts on the 15th, but so far no good bags are reported. The quail, the results of the restocking, are hard to find, the dense foliage still being on the trees and shrubs. Indeed this foliage is more dense than usual, the result of the extremely rainy weather. In short, there have really been but a couple of sunny days since open season began. E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, was out at Arlington Heights with dog and gun on Saturday, but succeeded in finding no quail. Shore birds have not yet put in a favorable appearance at any of the best gunning resorts along the Massachusetts shore. The Plummer Brothers, of the leather trade, were down at Nantucket for a week, beginning with the open season. They had very little success. The day they started for home they packed up all their shells in disgust. Their guns they also packed. While waiting for the steamer the air was suddenly alive with birds. Their guns they could easily have unpacked, but not a single shell had either of them, their whole lot being stowed away in their baggage and that baggage in the hands of the baggage-master. The result was the loss of the finest flight of plover they had seen for years. Moral: Always keep both gun and shells handy until well out of the brush.

Lewis W. De Pass, assistant secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, is spending his vacation with dog and gun. N. G. Manson, Jr., of Bellows & Manson, with his friend Ned Binner, of Cambridge, has returned from his three weeks' outing at Richardson Lake, Me. They had remarkably fine fishing. All were taken with the fly. The string weighed 32lbs., and not a trout of less than ½lb. was kept. After this time they scarcely saved one of less weight than 1lb. They tell the full story of how Mr. Bayard Thayer got the young bear in the vicinity of that lake, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. It seems that Mr. Thayer, with one of his guides, was partridge hunting in the neighborhood of the Cranberry Bog. Mr. Thayer's gun was loaded, both barrels, with fine shot. Suddenly the little bear appeared in a tree. This was too great a temptation for the hunters, and one barrel badly wounded the youngster in the paw. He came down out of the tree with a yell, and as the guide was putting him out of his misery with the axe, the old bear suddenly appeared. She was up on her hind feet in a moment, and was going for the hunters in a manner that badly frightened them. The guide was cautioning Mr. Thayer to make the most of his remaining cartridge, and if possible to get another into the gun, when Thayer's foot tripped over a limb and he fell backward, and off went the gun into the air. But with the noise of the discharge and the smell of the powder the enraged old bear was alarmed, and she made off into the woods. To say that both the guide and Mr. Thayer were badly frightened would be to tell a truth that either of them would not care to deny.

Fly-fishing has been remarkably good thus far in many of the celebrated Maine trout waters. The trout have not generally been remarkable for size, and yet Mr. Osgood, of Lowell, Mass., has taken a very fine trout at the Upper Dam. This fish weighed 9lbs. 2oz. Mr. N. G. Manson, of Boston, saw the trout and has a drawing of it. He says that the fish was taken fairly with the fly. This is remarkable from the fact that such trout are hard to lure to the fly. The fish was taken Sept. 3. About the same time Dr. and Mrs. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, caught in one day at Camp Bemis forty-two trout, the whole weighing 20lbs. Some forty more were taken near the same place the next day.

Large game is plenty in Maine, and considerable of it is being killed out of season, too. The other day a friend of the FOREST AND STREAM was coming into Boston on the steam train, when he saw only a seat or two away a gentleman exhibiting a slug that had been fired in a rifle, and he overheard the remark that the bullet came from the body of a caribou that the gentleman had just killed in Maine. The first-mentioned gentleman could not catch the name of the locality where the hunter had put in his illegal work. A hunter who kills game out of season in Maine and escapes the law is regarded by the unthinking as a hero when he tells his story in Massachusetts.

A gentleman who has been on a fishing trip in the Rangeley region stopped on his way in at Andover, and from thence went fishing in Roxbury Pond. He was quietly fishing for bass, when, hearing a splashing in the direction of the shore, he turned his head and saw, as he thinks, a large moose. He did not appear to be alarmed, but browsed around for a while and then disappeared in the woods. But the opinion of hunters and guides of that vicinity is that it was not a moose after all, but a caribou instead. Several large ones of that species of game have sometimes been seen in that vicinity, but moose have not been seen for years. The gentleman had never seen a live moose, and though he was quite confident, yet tracks examined later were like the tracks of the caribou. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.

Natural History.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 28 you invite information for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in relation to California quail, with a view of their introduction into Massachusetts, and while regretting that my views will not be altogether favorable to the enterprise, I hope they will not be entirely useless. My observations of both varieties of California quail, during a residence of twelve years in that State, lead me to think that neither variety like perpetual snow even during the winter months, and that the blue or valley quail will avoid snow entirely if possible, and even the mountain quail will seek the bare spots under the hemlocks and other evergreen trees when the more exposed ground about them is covered by snow. I have noticed also that when the Nevada Mountains began being loaded with snow in the early winter at an altitude of five or six thousand feet, then the mountain quail would be more plenty lower down at altitudes of two and three thousand feet above the sea level; even in sections lying two thousand feet above sea level in California snow seldom falls more than a few inches in depth, and then remains but a few days, and the temperature is seldom lower than 20° or 30°. I found that when the mountain quail were driven down the mountain to the foothills to an altitude of about two thousand feet by the cold and snow, that then the same causes would send most of the blue quail still further down in the valleys entirely beyond the snow line.

In view of the subject of changing the location of these birds, one must remember that while in Massachusetts the entire width of the State from north to south will show but a slight difference in temperature, while in California a distance of two or three miles will often show a difference of a thousand feet in altitude, and a corresponding change in temperature; hence while in California the birds can easily procure a change, in Massachusetts they would be obliged to endure the constant rigors of an Eastern winter. While in California these birds may change their locality partly to escape the cold and snow, and partly the more readily to obtain food; the first could not be well obviated in Massachusetts while the latter could be well overcome by constant and judicious feeding.

The facts I have named in regard to the inclination of these birds to escape the snow and excessive cold does not conclusively prove that they can not be acclimated to endure both, for they are exceedingly vigorous and very tenacious of life, especially the blue or valley quail. The mountain quail would be most likely to flourish among hemlock or spruce groves, with an occasional opening of underbrush for cover, while the blue quail would require the open country with an abundance of close, brushy cover and patches of tall grass, which the bent grass of the Eastern States would amply supply. I brought a pair of the blue quail from California nearly twenty five years ago, intending to release them in my native town in Connecticut, but when I got home my mother insisted on keeping them as pets, which she did for several years in an ordinary wire cage, and they continued healthy and cheerful until by accident the cage fell from an open window and the shock seemed to prostrate them, for they soon after died. They never laid while in captivity. I earnestly hope the Massachusetts Association may make the trial of acclimating these birds and succeed, for if they do they will add a rare pleasure to their sport, for both varieties are beautiful birds in every way, and the mountain quail is the finest bird I ever had the pleasure of bagging. A.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 13.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE HEATH HEN.

NOTES ON THE HEATH HEN (TYMPANUCHUS CUPIDO) OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IT is probably more or less well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that a grouse, closely allied to the pinnated grouse or prairie hen of the West, still exists on the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Until recently the Eastern and Western species were supposed to be identical, but some apparently good distinguishing characters have been found;* so that they are now regarded by most ornithologists as distinct. In early colonial days pinnated grouse, all presumably of the Eastern species, were found at various points along the New England coast from Boston to Connecticut, as well as on Long Island and in portions of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In some of these localities they lingered until a little less than fifty years ago; but the gun and the snare did their work so thoroughly that the birds were at length wholly destroyed excepting on Martha's Vineyard, where, thanks partly to an enlightened public sentiment, partly to protection by law, but chiefly perhaps to the fact that the interior of the island is comparatively inaccessible and remote from market, the stock has never quite died out and at the present time is by no means at a hopelessly low ebb.

Of this I obtained good evidence during some two weeks spent on the Vineyard in July, 1890. Having no dog with me, and being obliged to devote most of my time to other things, I did not succeed in finding any of these birds; but by driving around and across the region which they inhabit and questioning such farmers and native sportsmen as were supposed to know the most about them, I acquired some knowledge of their haunts and a good many facts relating to their numbers, habits and distribution. Information had in this way is not always entirely satisfactory, but in the present case my informants appeared to be intelligent and trustworthy, while their independent statements agreed in the main so well as to inspire me with considerable confidence in the general truth of what they told me. I have accordingly thought it worth while to present this evidence, which is in substance as follows.

Throughout Martha's Vineyard the heath hen (locally pronounced hèth'n, as this grouse is universally called, is well known to almost every one. Even in such seaport towns as Cottage City and Edgartown most of the people have at least heard of it, and in the thinly-settled interior it is frequently seen in the roads or along the edges of the cover by the farmers, or started in the depths of the woods by the hounds of the rabbit and fox hunters.

Its range extends over practically the entire wooded portion of the island, but the bird is not found regularly or at all numerously outside an area of about forty square miles. This area comprises most of the elevated central portions of the island, although it also touches the sea at not a few points on the north and south shores. In places it rolls into great rounded hills and long irregular ridges, over which are scattered stretches of second-growth woods, often miles in extent, and composed chiefly of scarlet, black, white, and post oaks from 15 to 40ft. in height. Here and there, where the valleys spread out broad and level, are fields which were cleared by the early settlers more than a hundred years ago, and which still retain sufficient fertility to yield very good crops of English hay, corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Again this undulating surface gives way to wide, level, sandy plains, covered with a growth of bear, chincapin and post oak scrub from knee to waist high, so stiff and matted as to be almost impenetrable; or to rocky pastures, dotted with thickets of sweet fern, bayberry, huckleberry, dwarf sumac and other low-growing shrubs. Clear, rapid trout brooks wind their way to the sea through open meadows or long narrow swamps wooded with red maples, black alders, high huckleberry bushes, andromeda and poison dogwood, and overrun with tangled skeins of green briers.

At all seasons the heath hens live almost exclusively in the oak woods, where the acorns furnish them abundant food, although, like our ruffed grouse, they occasionally at early morning and just after sunset venture out a little way in the open to pick up scattered grains of corn or to pluck a few clover leaves, of which they are extremely fond. They also wander to some extent over the scrub oak plains, especially when blueberries are ripe and abundant. In winter, during long-continued snows, they sometimes approach buildings, to feed upon the grain which the farmers throw out to them. A man living near West Tisbury told me that last winter a flock visited his barn at about the same hour each day. One cold, snowy morning he counted sixteen perched in a row on the top rail of a fence near the barnyard. It is unusual to see so many together now, the number in a covey rarely exceeding six or eight, but in former times packs containing from one to two hundred birds each were occasionally met with late in autumn.

Only one person of the many whom I questioned on the subject had ever seen a heath hen's nest. It was in oak woods among sprouts at the base of a large stump, and contained either twelve or thirteen eggs. The date, he thought, was about June 10. This seemed late, but I have a set of six eggs taken on the Vineyard July 24, 1885, and on July 19, 1890. I met a blueberry picker who only the day before had started a brood of six young less than half grown. These facts prove that this bird is habitually a late breeder.

The farmers about Tisbury say that in spring the male heath hen makes a booming or tooting noise. This, according to their descriptions, must resemble the love notes of the Western pinnated grouse. About sunrise on warm still mornings in May, several birds may be sometimes heard at once, apparently answering one another.

There is a belief, current on the Vineyard as well as elsewhere in Massachusetts, that at one time many years ago the primitive stock of heath hens ran so low that Western grouse were imported and liberated to bring it up again. At both Cottage City and West Tisbury I was assured of the truth of this report, and some of my informants went so far as to declare that the native birds were utterly destroyed by the severe winter of 1858–59, and that the present stock is wholly of Western origin. One Dr. Ezra Fisher, of Edgartown, was generally credited with having obtained the fresh birds—from Illinois, it was said. Upon visiting Edgartown I found that Dr. Fisher was no longer living; but one of his sons, Mr. David Fisher, assured me that the only foundation for the story was the fact that his father, in the spring of 1859, imported and liberated a number of quail and ruffed grouse. The native quail had been practically exterminated by the rigor of the preceding winter. The ruffed grouse, so far as he knew, had never before existed on the island. The heath hens had always been there—as far back as memory or tradition went—and to the best of his knowledge and belief the native stock had never received any infusion whatever of foreign blood.

Another report which has been rather widely circulated and generally believed, is that foxes and raccoons, which were brought to the Vineyard not long since, have multiplied to an alarming extent, and are rapidly exterminating the heath hens. This story, like the first, has some foundation of fact, but, according to the best evidence I could obtain, it is largely untrue. Foxes and raccoons were introduced—for purpose of sport—about eight years ago. The former quickly spread over the entire island and become abundant everywhere, killing many young black ducks and carrying dismay among the farmers by their destructive raids on poultry. But neither they nor the raccoons—which are not as yet very numerous or widely dispersed—seem to have had any direct effect in reducing the numbers of the heath hens. There was indeed a marked diminution of the birds for three or four years after the foxes came, but during the last three or four years they have steadily increased, despite a still greater increase in the foxes.

Nearly every one agreed that they had been unusually abundant during the past winter and spring. Mr. Fisher had seen more than in any previous season for five or six years. He believes that if they were protected from the gunners they would continue to increase in spite of the foxes and raccoons. Indeed, he doubts if many of them have been killed at any time by either foxes or raccoons; for long before these were introduced the number of heath hens fluctuated widely in different seasons. Once, many years ago, they became so scarce that none were seen or heard of during an entire winter, and it was supposed that the race had completely perished. At the time it was believed that for some unknown reason they had not bred, or at least had not succeeded in rearing any young for several successive summers; but this theory, however probable, appears to have been pure speculation.

During my stay on Martha's Vineyard I obtained as many estimates as possible of the number of heath hens which are believed to exist there at the present time. My most trustworthy informants were creditably averse to what was apparently mere idle guessing; but when I questioned them, first as to the extent of the region over which the birds ranged, and next as to how many on the average could be found in a square mile within this region, they answered readily enough and even with some positiveness. As already stated, the total present range of the heath hen covers about forty square miles. The estimates of the average number of birds per mile varied from three to five, thus giving from 120 to 200 birds for the total number. These estimates, it should be stated, relate to the number of birds believed to have been left over from last winter. If these breed freely and at all successfully there should be a total of fully 500 young and old together at the beginning of the present autumn. When one considers the limited area to which these birds are confined, it is evident that within this area they must be reasonably abundant. I was assured that with the aid of a good dog it was not at all difficult to start twenty-five or thirty in a day, and on one occasion eight were killed by two guns. This, however, can be done only by those familiar with the country and the habits of the birds.

To sportsmen who in the West have bagged their fifty or one hundred pinnated grouse in a single day's shooting, such figures must seem insignificant. They are indeed sufficiently small to warrant grave solicitude for the continuance of this interesting remnant of a once widespread race, as well as the most strenuous efforts for its protection and encouragement. There is no need of further legislation, for the present law prohibits killing the birds at any season; but while it is enforced against non-residents—or would be if any such ventured openly to disregard it—the resident sportsmen, shielded and to some extent encouraged by public opinion, shoot a good many birds each year with perfect impunity. To some extent they hunt them openly and systematically with trained setters, of which several are owned on the island, but the greater number are shot more or less incidentally by fox or rabbit hunters. These men often pick up a bird or two while driving to and from their hunting grounds, for the heath hens resort much to the wood roads to dust or bask in the sun, and become so accustomed to passing carriages that as the horse nears them they merely run out to one side for a few yards, and either stand motionless or squat among the leaves. The foxhounds also frequently flush a covey of birds, which are almost sure to be shot at if any pass within reach of the guns. The total number killed in any one year is probably not large, but it is said often to equal the total annual increase.

The farmers and even some of the sportsmen of the better class expressed themselves to me as thoroughly opposed to this illicit slaughter and in favor of an impartial execution of the law. It is doubtful if they could be relied upon to furnish evidence against offenders among their own people, but they would certainly throw no obstacles in the way of an officer who with the requisite amount of energy combined sufficient tact and prudence to deal his blows where they would do the most good and cause the least local resentment. Doubtless much could be done, also, by feeding the birds during severe winters, a task which many of the farmers would gladly undertake for a trifling remuneration. When, by this and similar means, the heath hens had become sufficiently increased, a brief open season might be permitted. In time, moreover, the birds might be trapped to serve for stocking the extensive oak forests of Cape Cod, which are so nearly identical with those of Martha's Vineyard that they could scarcely fail to supply all the conditions which the heath hens require.

Such a plan is so simple, so obviously practicable, and so certain to result in lasting benefit to a large number of people, that one cannot help wondering why it has not been long since adopted. Of course its execution would entail some expense. But if the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, within whose province it clearly lies, would but devote to it some of the money which they obtain so easily for the introduction of exotic game, it could be speedily accomplished. Surely these heath hens, indigenous to the oak woods of Martha's Vineyard and once found along much of the Massachusetts coast as far north as Boston, afford more promising subjects for experiment than do the sharp-tailed grouse or any of the plumed quail of our Western States.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

* See the *Auk*, Vol. II., No. 1, January, 1885, pp. 80-84.

COLLECTING ON THE SEAL ISLANDS.

MR. HENRY W. ELLIOTT, United States Treasury Agent at the Fur Seal Islands in Behring Sea, has just returned to his home in the East after an absence of several months at his post of duty. Mr. Elliott will immediately begin the preparation of his report on the condition and prospects of the fur seal fishery. Mr. William Palmer, of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., has also returned from a summer's collecting with Mr. Elliott, and he is very enthusiastic about the strange sights of the far away Territory and the splendid opportunity for making natural history observations and collections. Mr. Palmer has secured a very valuable series of skins of birds and mammals living on the island of St. Paul. Among the birds there is one that has never before been recorded from American territory; it is a species of cuckoo native to the Asiatic continent, and will prove a treasure in the national collection, as it was a great source of gratification to Mr. Palmer and a fine reward for his arduous toil in securing it. To begin with, the bird was found near a seal rookery, and shooting with an ordinary gun was strictly forbidden. This rookery was at the extreme northeast point of the island, and the collector's cane gun was at the other end, about 15 miles away. Those of our readers who have visted southern Alaska can form an idea of the toil involved in a walk of 30 miles over the rough and yielding surface of St. Paul Island; but Mr. Palmer was determined to have the new bird if persistent effort could win it, and he actually made the journey, returned to the locality frequented by the cuckoo and after a great many tantilizing failures secured the prize and was happy.

Foxes were so tame at the time of his visit that they often circled about him out of sheer curiosity, barking defiance at a distance of only a few feet. One very fine example, quite unlike anything seen by the natives before, and probably a cross between the blue and the white fox, is among the rarities of his collection. This fox was killed after a most exciting experience. Mr. Palmer began firing at him, with his cane gun, at a distance of 50yds.; but could not bring the bullet and the animal into the desired conjunction, and the fox was very much interested in the whizz of the ball. Whenever a bullet came near enough he would bark furiously and run around in a circle seeking to discover the cause of the strange noise, the gunner being entirely concealed behind some tall grass on one of the sand dunes. Gradually the fox drew nearer to the unseen hunter, and everything seemed to point to a speedy and successful termination of the hunt, but unluckily in trying to remove a tight shell Mr. Palmer pulled off the head, leaving the cylinder in the breech; then began a lively struggle to extract the shell in a hurry. The excitement was so intense, however, that the fox approached almost within arm's length before the obstruction was gotten rid of and a new cartridge inserted; then while the fox was chattering away most earnestly, Mr. Palmer, not wishing to spoil the skull, took aim behind the foreleg; but the bullet, ranging a little too far ahead, crashed through the legs without killing the animal, which struggled off behind a sand dune and was apparently lost beyond recovery. The collector, however, circled around in a direction opposite to that taken by the fox, and unexpectedly came upon him at very short range, and this time sent a bullet squarely into one of his eyes and ended the singular chase. Young foxes were frequently seen, but were difficult to kill before escaping into their burrows.

Mr. Palmer's method of collecting cormorants was somewhat unique. The peculiarities of their nesting are such that he found no difficulty in creeping unseen near enough to the nest to reach over with his hand and catch young birds fully grown, and in some cases old birds, with the hands alone. Fresh eggs of these birds were found as late as Aug. 7.

About a dozen kinds of fishes were obtained on the island, mostly marine, but a few of them in the fresh waters.

With a small camera several hundred photographs of fur seal, foxes, flying birds, and various other objects of interest were made. Altogether Mr. Palmer regards this as one of the most interesting and fruitful of his experiences in the field.

Game Bag and Gun.

A SOUTHERN TEXAS GAME COUNTRY

[*Concluded from Page 183.*]

NEXT morning Pedro's endearing epithets to his quadrupeds, delivered with Parisian volubility, roused us from our slumbers, and after a hearty breakfast we made an early start. A sharp drive of two hours brought us to Rio Havanna, a small settlement of about twenty huts, with one white inhabitant, who officiated as postmaster and school teacher. We strolled through the place while our driver took his team to a well to be watered. I asked the teacher's permission to take a look at his scholars; he smilingly assented. I counted in the schoolroom twenty-two pupils, both sexes, from ten to about fifteen years old, clean and in neat light attire, very respectful to their teacher, who told me that, although they were half savages, it was a pleasure to teach them. From what I heard, the Mexican language was used in school. Our conveyance being brought around, we were off again, and after a drive of about three hours, passing two more smaller settlements, we left the main road and turned to our right, bringing up at a large lagoon surrounded by heavy live oak timber, where we went into camp.

While unharnessing, Pedro gave me a knowing wink, and pointing to a fine stretch of open live oak, told me confidentially that I would find turkeys and chachalackas in great numbers there; the timber in question grew on an island formed by the Rio Grande River, the lagoon and some flooded fields. After our routine work about camp we made for the island. As a precaution we had gotten into our waders and taken an ample quantity of ammunition, both duck and buckshot. The lagoon opposite the camp was about 100yds. wide, and about 6ft.

deep, with a very miry bottom. We followed the bank nearly half a mile, came to a strong fence, and crossed without difficulty. Moving down the other bank, we soon found an old trail leading into the woods and followed it. The woods were open and we decided to move through them down to the river, said to be about four miles distant. I branched off and had not traveled far when my dog began trailing, and I saw him tree a bird about the size and shape of a pheasant. I approached the tree carefully, and for some time could not make out my quarry entirely hidden in a clump of thick moss. A motion of its head called my attention, and a charge of No. 6 shot sealed its doom. Only for the jet black plumage I would have pronounced it a pheasant, and I still think it belongs to the species; it proved to be my first chachalacka.

Before I had duly examined the bird four shots rang out in quick succession and the fusilade continued for about 5 minutes. I could not imagine what my companions had run afoul of until the quick stroke of strong pinions above the treetops told the story of their finding a feeding ground for ducks, and thinking that they might need the assistance of my dog to retrieve their birds I hastened in the direction of the firing. More running than walking, fifteen minutes brought me to a clearing, apparently a flooded meadow, and stumbling out in the open, without a thought of my chances to come to shot myself, I scared a flock of teal, which got away before I could come in range, only to be reached by the murderous fire of my companions, who were on the other side of the lagoon and 800yds. away. I followed the lagoon down in the edge of the timber, and coming on a line with my companions shouted to them and proposed to follow the lagoon to its end. We fired no potshots and killed eight teel and two redheads before we got to the end of the open water, which terminated in a canebrake. I crossed with some difficulty and joining my companions ascertained that they had a small tree hanging full of ducks, some twenty odd they said. It was now near sundown and we agreed to return to camp. Arrived at the tree we divided the ducks; there were eleven for each to carry, mostly teal. We took the old wood trail to camp and managed to get in at sundown. Pedro showed me two dozen eggs and a bucket of milk, brought to camp by the children from a ranch near by, where he was well acquainted. I gave him a dozen ducks for his friends, added two dollars for the purchase of some corn and hay for his animals, and notified him that we should remain in camp for several days, news which appeared highly to please him

We had enjoyed supper and were planning the destruction of the turkeys said to be about, when we were startled by the ear-splitting noise, "Chachalacka, chachalacka, cha-cha," so plain that we concluded the source could not be over a quarter of a mile distant. We grasped our guns and were about to leave camp when Pedro, returning from his message, called to us, and awaiting his arrival I saw that he was leading two dogs, which in the blaze of the fire developed into two fair looking half-hounds. I told him that we were about to interview the chachalackas. He counseled to postpone the matter until the following evening and proposed a run after wildcat and coon in lieu. Neither of us old chaps had run coon for ten years or more—it had since become a matter below M.'s dignity—the youngster never had, and the latter declaring his eagerness to see the fun, I rummaged our traps in search of the Ferguson, and after unearthing and getting it in working order, was ready for the opening. Our Mexican here explained that there was hardly any call for our leaving camp, that he would cross with the dogs, make a circuit of about two miles and cast them off; he felt positive that they would try to drive toward camp, and once treed, would hold the game until we could walk up at our leisure. This plan suited me admirably; not so the youngster, who wanted to be in the chase from beginning to end, and consequently set off with Pedro, after I promised that I would try to get in at the death provided I would not have to travel too far.

They started, and after the lapse of about an hour my ears caught the first bay of a hound, then after a few minutes a long drawn howl, the signal of the lead dog, and I knew the chase had commenced, but was not aware of my being in it, until I made a false step in crossing the fence, and found the water rather chilly. Called thus disagreeably to my senses, I became aware that the hounds, whose music I heard about a mile away, were not more eager for that pelt than I was; and feeling chilly, I moved off to meet them at a gait I would not have considered myself capable of. I had barely gotten to the edge of the woods when the short and ferocious yelps told me that the pursued, no matter what it was, had either treed or holed; and taking things more leisurely, I got to the tree almost the same time the youngster and Pedro reached it. Lighting the Ferguson and holding it aloft, we made out an animal lying flat on a large branch about 30ft. from the ground. The youngster, who had brought a .32cal. target pistol, undertook to wing the game, so as to give the dogs at the same time a reward for their labor and an easy victory. He managed to shoot the animal, whose head was in full view, through the lower jaw, it jumped, and the dogs grabbed it before it could reach another tree, and made short work of killing it, notwithstanding the most valorous resistance. The youngster voted for another run. Pedro also appeared to like the fun, I had to wend my way to camp alone, volunteering to carry their quarry, a fine leopard cat, not quite as large as a bobtail, but beautifully marked.

M. had gone to bed and his sonorous snore guided me over the last quarter mile. The fire, burned down low, gave me no light. I replenished it and then upset things in general, trying to find some dry clothing. This and the chattering of my teeth nearly aroused M., who for my special benefit lectured in his dream as follows: "Old idiot. Cast iron constitution all bosh. Drenched to the skin and cold night air. Neuralgia, rheumatism question of time only. Brandy, claret, quail on toast, chronic dyspepsia, gout—" I escaped to the camp-fire and no doctor being available I examined my case carefully and prescribed. Then I enveloped myself in a blanket, Indian fashion, and reclining against a tree with my feet to the fire my thoughts lost themselves in the dim distance, and gradually the curtain rose as it sometimes will on a sportsman's past. At first the scenes, although rapidly changing, were distinct, every actor known, the dogs could have been called by name by the sound of their voice. Gradually the panorama became more and more indistinct, until finally the curtain fell just as the advance of the German poet's mythical "Wild Huntsman" swept on the boards.

When I awoke I found myself stretched full length longside the embers of the camp-fire, and opposite to me in the same position was the Junior. I got on my legs, found them well rested, limber and serviceable, and after an ablution I hunted Pedro, who informed me that they had killed one more cat and two coons and did not get to camp until near sunrise. They had found me asleep, and the other gentleman busily engaged devouring a breakfast of eggs and milk. The Junior had left word that he was not to be disturbed until dinner was ready; the other gentleman, after finishing his breakfast, had shouldered his gun and left without mentioning his intentions. Pedro also told me, that he had passed under a turkey roost, but had not fired at the turkeys because they already had a load, and the dogs were running such a hot trail at the time that the game was likely to tree at any moment. He volunteered to find the roost for me during the afternoon, but I did not like the idea and turned the conversation to chachalackas, ascertaining that they have very much the same habits as the turkey, are, if possible, shyer and harder to approach, that their flesh, if in prime condition, is considered more juicy and of finer flavor than any other fowl, and that the best time to hunt them with a fair show of success is either at daybreak or at sundown.

I passed the forenoon cleaning and oiling the guns in camp, stretched the skins of the cats and coons, and in the afternoon busied myself preparing a gala dinner, of broiled teal and Saratoga chips (sweet potatoes), baked redhead properly stuffed, and stewed fruit, hot rolls and coffee. While thus occupied M. returned to camp with two young turkey hens; he had heard them call, and had stalked them, getting within 50yds. of quite a number feeding; had killed the two he carried first and second shot, and had not bothered about following up the others. On his way to camp he had seen where several deer had crossed from the island. He felt called upon to make some non-complimentary remarks about our night hunt. This fully aroused the youngster, who was on the point of favoring us with his view of the matter, when I gave them to understand that they had just three minutes to get ready for dinner. They reported promptly, and we seated ourselves to what I knew from experience would prosper a reconciliation had there been, instead of most perfect harmony, serious differences of opinion.

About an hour before sundown we left camp, crossed over to the island and followed the old wood trail to the canebrake with the intention to shoot chachalackas. We heard the birds call in all directions. They were apparently feeding in the direction of the open woods, and now and then a call sounded within easy range. We had separated, but although I advanced with utmost care, and kept my dog to heel, I did not see a feather. After several efforts to approach the calling birds and get a sight, I gave up and sent my dog into the thicket. He was hardly out of sight when one of my companions fired not over 50yds. from me. I heard him send his dog in to retrieve, when my own dog appeard carrying a dead bird. I heard more firing, and nothing showing my way I returned to camp disgusted, and vowed that I would not hunt chachalackas any more. M. and the Junior did not return until after dark, they had seven birds between them, and asserted that they winged several more but could not get them. The birds were very fat, and properly prepared, are as fine and juicy as capon served in Parisian restaurants. M. fell so in love with them at breakfast next morning that he declared he would make them the sole object of his pursuit for the rest of the trip.

I had to promise the Junior to accompany him on a deer hunt next morning, and to be out at the dawn of day we retired early. I awoke about 4 o'clock and set to work cooking breakfast and putting up a substantial lunch. The Junior also was about early and we had breakfast and were ready to start an hour before daylight. Pedro had given me minute directions about the lay of the land, the intersection of different trails, and the most likely place to find deer. We left camp and followed a dim wood trail through thick chapparal for about three miles, when we came to an opening, which looked like a large meadow, but proved to be a shallow lagoon, overgrown with fine grass. We had sufficient daylight now to draw a bead, and I proposed to the Junior to hunt separately, each following one side of the lagoon, and to meet at its end to discuss our lunch, which was carefully stowed in the capacious pockets of my shooting coat. We further agreed that should either of us shoot and kill, the other was to join him upon hearing three shots in quick succession, to assist in bringing the game to camp. I found a stock trail following the lagoon and had fairly easy traveling, and advancing carefully, never took my eyes from the marsh, which was in places over a mile wide.

When I came to a branch swinging in the direction of our camp I intended to cross, but my rubber boots being too short, I followed the branch down with a view of hunting around it. There was no path, and I had just turned a chapparal thicket when I saw two eyes staring at me over some low brush about thirty yards distant. My old Sharps spoke, and when the smoke cleared I saw a young buck cross the clearing and leap out of sight before I could reload. When I stepped up to where the deer I had fired at had stood, I found a full-grown doe; she had dropped dead in her tracks; my bullet had entered above the right eye and ranged out on a line with the left ear. I fired three pistol shots to call the Junior, and, after dressing my deer, patiently awaited his coming for over an hour. Not hearing from him, I came to the conclusion that I would have to shoulder my deer alone if I wished to take it to camp, and, although I had repeatedly made up my mind never to lug a deer on my back for miles any more, I went to work and cut off its head, tied its legs together, and after shouldering it wended my way toward camp. I am convinced that the doe did not dress more than 100lbs., but after carrying her about a mile she felt like a log, and I had to rest several times before I reached the old wood trail, where I intended to hang my game up and send the wagon after it.

Upon emerging in the open trail I noticed a horseman, who proved to be Pedro's friend, the owner of the ranch in the vicinity of our camp. I inquired whether he had seen another hunter, and was told that he had met the Junior and had cautioned him not to penetrate too far in the "monte" (as near as I can make out the Mexican appellation for the chapparal wilderness), where a man not thoroughly acquainted with the country is almost sure to get lost. He also offered to take my deer to camp, a kindness I gladly availed myself of. I assisted in fastening the deer to the saddle, selected a nice shady spot and settled down to my lunch and a siesta, concluding not to start for camp until the Junior should join me. Whether it was the heat, the lunch, the claret or the soothing fumes of my perique mixture or all combined, I could not tell, and it does not matter, since the fact of my falling asleep remains the same. The report of a shot in close vicinity awoke me to see the Junior and hear him clamor for lunch. His face lengthened visibly when I told him *non est*, and I imagined that I heard him grumble some compliment, when I had to make the further statement that I only brought one bottle of claret. He said that he had not heard me fire the signal, and that he had killed a spike buck, fired a signal himself, and not hearing from me had carried the little fellow to within about half a mile from the road to an opening where he could get the wagon. It was now about 2 o'clock P. M., and the Junior pretending to be ravenously hungry, we made all haste for camp, where we found dinner awaiting us.

Pedro, after a long preamble, asked me to let him have my Ferguson jack that night, stating that he also would like to have a hunt, and after receiving it he and the Junior left camp in the wagon to bring in the latter's spikehorn. Had I known what slaughter I would be the innocent cause of I would rather have demolished the jack than have loaned it out. The wagon did not return to camp until 8 o'clock next forenoon, and there were besides the Junior's spikehorn, one buck, two does and one fawn in it, all killed with buckshot fire-hunting in the lagoon I had hunted the previous morning. When I expostulated against the wanton wholesale slaughter, because we could not possibly use the meat, Pedro hastened to explain that we might jerk a portion, give the rest to those who could use it, or exchange it for eggs, vegetables, or anything we might be able to obtain. The Junior only remarked, that sportsmanlike or not sportsmanlike, slaughter or no slaughter, he had wanted to see and participate in a night hunt, that he had done so and was satisfied, he would not indulge in any more unless driven to it by short rations. We remained in camp that day and prepared to leave for pastures new the following morning, deciding to camp somewhere in the vicinity of R. Granjeno, said to be the best turkey ground on our route.

MUX.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 19.—The posting of land has not been extended a great deal the past summer and seems to be slowly going out of favor among the better class of land owners. In fact the farmers and "sportsmen" are coming to a better understanding of each other, which can only result in benefit to both. The Sunday depredations of hoodlums are the cause of much of the posting, and the sooner sportsmen use their influence to frown down the raids made on fruit and vegetables by roughs who have no idea of sport, beyond hunting rabbits with a ferret and drinking rum, the sooner the farmers will learn to distinguish between the man who fishes or hunts for pleasure and those who make these sports a pretext for Sunday carousing, which would not be tolerated in the city.

Birds were reported plenty, as they invariably are previous to the open season, but the bags so far brought in show that the usual amount of hard work is necessary to make a fair bag.

The Sportsmen's Club did more effective work in stopping shooting before the law was off than ever before. They offered a reward of $25 for evidence that would convict of illegal shooting; and appointed as club game warden one of the best bird hunters in the State, Charles Cowee, of Milford. Now, Charlie is one of the best fellows that ever lived, in the brush or on the street, but when he says a thing you can bank on it every time. Instead of sneaking around the covers to catch some unwary lawbreaker, he went directly to the parties who have a reputation far illegal shooting (and he knew pretty well where to go) and told them of his appointment, adding that he proposed to carry out the wishes of the club in regard to illegal shooting. He secured the promise of all he approached that they would respect the law, which promises he has taken pains to see have been lived up to.

This policy has reduced the amount of illegal shooting to a minimum. A few cases have been reported to the club, but when followed up the reports have proved to be falsehoods manufactured out of whole cloth. Not a single report has stood the light of investigation.

Great preparation had been made for opening the season last Monday, and as early as 3 A. M. the more enthusiastic were on the road. Daylight, however, found most of them on the road home wet and disgusted.

Tuesday the weather was about the same, and Wednesday worse yet. These three days of grace were a perfect godsend to the birds. Nearly every cover was invaded during the time by some one who could not wait for a fair day, and who did just shooting enough to set the little "biddies" to thinking, and not enough to do any harm. They educate pretty rapidly about this time of the year, and the contemplated opening day slaughter will not take place this season. A few hunted through the rain Monday, and quite a number got in a half day's hunt Tuesday. By Thursday nearly every one had lost confidence in the weather, and but few started out though the day was perfect.

So little hunting has been done that an estimate of the abundance or scarcity of birds cannot be made. There is probably about the usual supply. While some hunters report the broods as being small, there certainly were some good sized bunches raised. I have been there and kept tab on a few of them myself.

HAL.

INDIANA GAME.—Lebanon, Ind., Sept. 13.—I was superintending the cutting of some timber about seven miles west of this city to-day, when we flushed a quail and it fluttered off very slow. I told my son she probably had young ones that she wished to protect by getting us to follow her, as she flew very slowly. Sure enough, on keeping still a little while, we soon heard the young ones peeping, and on looking we found several that could not have been more than three days old. Is not this brood unusually late? Quail are plenty here, also rabbits by the thousand. Squirrels scarce. No chickens. Farmers nearly all posted, but the owners do not hesitate to trap quail by the dozen.—W. H.

SOME NEWFOUNDLAND RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

These notes of sport in Newfoundland may be of value to some of your readers who are contemplating a trip thither. They were sent to me by a sportsman residing there, and may be relied upon as trustworthy.

The shooting seasons are: For snipe, Aug. 20 to Jan. 12; curlew, Aug. 20 to Jan. 12; plover, Sept. 15 to Jan. 12; partridge (willow grouse), Sept. 15 to Jan. 12; caribou and deer, Sept. 1 to March 1. There are plenty of wild geese and Arctic hares, with open season all the year.

Snipe.—Good snipe shooting can be had within two hours' drive of St. Johns, actual expenses being $3 for team. Guide, $2 per day. A fair average would be twenty birds a day. Very little attention is paid to snipe by resident sportsmen.

Partridges.—Shooting good in most parts of the island, principal places as follows:

Pouch Cove and Banline.—About three hours from St. Johns. Leave by cab early in the morning and return at night, though there are fair accommodations there. Cab $5. Guide $2 per day.

Witless Bay and Holyroad.—Cab to Witless Bay $5. Walk with guide 18 miles to Holyroad—camp half-way one night or more—and return by train to Holyroad, fare $1.50. This is an excellent ground.

Placentia Bay.—This is the best ground visited by St. Johns sportsmen, where they generally stay a week or more. From 40 to 100 birds a day can be killed here. Good hotel and comfortable boarding houses. No need of camping. Train to Placentia Bay leaves 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., fare $3. Cab to Bauch and St. Bridges $4 per day. Guide $2 per day.

St. Mary's Bay.—Carew's Hotel Salmonier. This is also a great resort for sportsmen. The famous Salmonier River runs back twenty-five miles into the country and empties into Salmonier Harbor; it has an abundance of very large salmon. This river is protected by law, and has a keeper during the close season. Splendid partridge shooting within half an hour's walk from the hotel. Excellent for deer and caribou, in fact the best within the Peninsula of Avalon for all kinds of game. Beaver are still found here, and plenty of wild fowl—a beautiful and healthy locality.

To the north of the hotel we come to Colinet River, Rocky River and North Harbor River. Excellent trout fishing in these rivers and excellent deer shooting on Harricot Barrens and about Colinet. By following the Colinet River to the eastward four miles excellent deer shooting can be had. Good boarding house at Colinet, and the best Newfoundland guides live here. Average cost of guides, provisions, board, etc., $5 per day.

Exploits, etc.—If the sportsman desires a wild trip to where caribou, deer and all feathered game are plenty let him take a steamer at St. Johns, with guides, canoe, provisions, etc., to Exploits, proceed up the Exploits River to the interior. The party can leave their canoes daily and find all kinds of game along the river. Red Indian Lake can be reached this way, one of the wildest and best game resorts on the island. The total cost of an excursion through this part of the island, say for a party of three sportsmen and four men, would be about $12 per day, including all expenses. W. HOLBERTON.

PIKE COUNTY GAME.—Delaware, Pike County, Pa.—I am told that black squirrels are occasionally met with, while grays and chick-a-rees are plentiful. Rabbits are excessively common. Woodchucks are abundant. Foxes in winter furnish great sport. Deer are rare and bears scarce. A few wild pigeons were here two years ago, but none were reported last fall. Ruffed grouse and quail are very plentiful; the call of Bob White was heard in the summer everywhere in the valley of the Delaware. I have seen the fresh-water mussel shells heaped up on rocks in great quantities here by muskrats. Yesterday a big muskrat came out of his hole and swam in the river near us. The species is extremely common, dividing honors in that respect with the watersnake this season.—T. H. B.

POISON OAK AND IVY.—Garrettsville, O.—The simplest and best remedy known to me is prepared by cutting up the stalk and leaves of the "ragged milk weed" (not the ordinary milk weed), and steeping in water, and bathing the affected parts with the decoction. Two applications have been known to cure, and the worst cases are at once relieved and speedily yield to the treatment.—E. S. W.

WILD PIGEONS IN VIRGINIA.—Warrenton, Va., Sept. 18.—Wild pigeons are here now in moderate numbers. It is not uncommon to see them in larger or smaller flocks every year.—D.

TEXAS GAME.—Beeville, Tex., Sept. 11.—As the pleasant fall months glide along the old fever creeps over us again, and the .32cal. rifle and 12-gauge Parker are brought forth from the corner, and other traps and accoutrements cleaned up; an inventory is taken of the munitions of war preparatory to making an onslaught on the old buck, turkey, quail and other game of which there is a good supply this season. Already deer have been brought in which were found to be in splendid condition. The number of turkeys this season far exceeds that of several years previous, and they are fat. It may be truthfully said southwest Texas is a paradise for hunters this year. A large influx of waterfowl is expected, as the oak mast is good. Any brother sportsman or angler of other and less favored localities seeking new fields can obtain further information of this section by addressing me.—T. J. SKAGGS (Box 20.)

SUNDAY SHOOTERS IN HARD LUCK.—On Sunday, Sept. 14, Game Warden A. C. Collins visited Suffield, Conn., and found Thomas Russell and James A. Russell shooting. He promptly marched them out of the woods, and the next morning they were arraigned before Justice of the Peace Horace K. Ford, of Suffield, and both entered a plea of guilty and were each fined $7 and costs, and making their fun cost $31.92.

WAITING FOR THE FIRST.—I have been up at Haddam, Conn., for a few weeks, where in fact I spend about half my time, and did not get your ever welcome numbers till my return; but I don't skip any, but walk straight through them all when I get back. Quail and partridge are unusually plenty in our section this fall, and I have been longing, boy-like, for the first to come.—A.

MARYLAND GAME.—Elkton, Sept. 18.—The rail and reed bird season opened in Cecil county Sept. 5. Rail are reported scarce, reed birds plentiful. C. F. Rudulph was high boat the first day, with 43 rail; other shooters reported from 3 to 25 rail. Saturday, Sept. 13, was the best tide since the season opened. One young Philadelphia sportsman counted out 48 rail on his return from the marsh, but there is a suspicion that some other metal besides lead was used to bring them to bag. I saw one fine bunch of reed birds said to contain 100 birds. I did not count them. The prospect for quail and rabbit shooting is fair, several coveys of birds having been seen near town. Woodcock were quite plentiful early in the season, but none can be found now. Squirrels are numerous enough to give good sport to those who know how to hunt them.—E. S. G.

BIG GAME.—If any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM contemplates a hunt for big game this fall, but does not know exactly where to go or of a guide he can depend upon, by addressing me I will gladly give him information that will lead to his having a successful hunt.—J. WHYARD, P. O. Box 1798, New York city.



WINNINISH (*Salmo salar*), VAR. SEBAGO.

Drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by A. H. Baldwin, from specimen furnished by Mr. C. Clarence Maxson.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE METABETCHOUAN WINNINISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased to learn from your editorial notice and also from the letter of acknowledgment from Washington that the winninish were received in a condition suitable for examination. I now very much regret that I did not also send a specimen from the Discharge. As had I known there existed any such difference in general appearance I would most certainly have done so. I am, however, able to send you a carefully taken outline of a 3¼lbs. fish from the Discharge.

So far as I was able to observe the larger fish taken during my stay there, this was a fair sample of the type. The invariable exception to the rule occurred, however, as I took one or two medium weight fish, 1½ to 2lbs which were of a deeper and more rounded form, but all had the silvery lustre, similar to our common alewife and which is lacking in the Metabetchouan fish. Of course I do not think that there is any difference in species, but I am inclined to think that the fish keep as distant and apart from each other as the salmon of different rivers, and might it not be that the Discharge fish, spending so much of the time as they do in the boiling, surging water of the rapids, have developed a type peculiarly adapted to the conditions under which they exist, and somewhat different from the ordinary landlocked salmon of the lakes and stiller waters. The opinion of the guides at the Discharge seemed to be that these fish remained there through the summer and early fall, and then went up to the lake to spawn.

At the Metabetchouan they told me that they remained in the lake until about Aug. 15 and then went into the river preparatory to spawning. This has some showing of fact, as if reports are correct, no fish of any account are taken until after about Aug. 15.

I was also told that instances of taking them through the ice had been known. At the Discharge, however, the best fishing seems to be in June, July and early August. Had there been any "habitans" on the Peribonca or Mistassini quite likely they would have told me the fish lived mostly in the water, but spawned in the air.

My most taking fly at the Discharge was a drab or mouse color, tied on No. 10 hook. This was quite a good imitation of the fly then upon the waters in countless numbers, and no other pattern seemed to suit. At the Metabetchouan I very naturally commenced with the same cast, but was soon convinced that it was useless on that water, for the time at least. So after some experiments settled down to a silver-doctor and queen-of-waters, on No. 6 hooks, the preference being for the first mentioned. With these I had good success.

My conclusions are of course drawn from limited observations, this being my first experience with the fish, and perhaps may be changed upon a further knowledge and more certain source of information.

WESTERLY, R. I. C. CLARENCE MAXSON.

RIVER JEANNOTTE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Appended below is the record of twelve trout, all taken with fly in the River Jeannotte, the outlet of Lake Edward, early this month. From an examination of the club register it was found that in point of numbers this was not nearly up to the average catches, so far as recorded this season, but it will serve to show the possibilities of the stream.

This stream (as it would be called in the "States" instead of river, is under lease to the Orleans Club, of Quebec. Through the courtesy of the club the writer was allowed a day's fishing, and with the advice and direction of the gentlemanly guardian, Achille St. Laurent, was well satisfied with the result. Weight of twelve largest fish, 30¾lbs.; average, 2lbs. 9oz. The five largest fish weighed as follows: 4½lbs., 4lbs., 3¾lbs., 3¼lbs., 3¼lbs.

The catch of Lieut.-Gov. Angers, mentioned in your issue of Sept. 18 as noted in the register, was between 40 and 50 fish with an average weight of 3lbs. Mr Croteau, the club president, equalled or slightly exceeded this a day or two later.

These fish have undoubtedly run down from the lake, and at this time of year the pools seem to refill about as fast as they are depleted. Up to this time the fishing has been done exclusively in the two upper miles of the stream. The club controls fifty miles of the river and all its tributaries, as yet untried and unexplored, except as to these upper pools. What its probabilities are, of course no one can say; but it would seem as if its possibilities are such as to justify the gentlemen of the Orleans Club in believing they are possessed of an "Eldorado" of trouting water. RHODE ISLAND.

WORCESTER'S GREAT SEASON.—Worcester, Mass., Sept. 19.—The first day of September saw the close of one of the greatest fishing seasons Worcester sportsmen have had for years. The catches made on opening day gave promise of a good supply of trout, which has been more than realized. The fishing continued good the entire season, and the fish averaged better than usual. Several exceptional catches were made, your correspondent being fortunate enough to take the finest basket of trout ever taken in the county (so say the old fishermen) in a single day. The trip would bear a detailed account, would modesty permit. Suffice it to say that I left the city by team on the morning of the 4th of June, returning the same evening with 28 trout weighing 21lbs., the largest tipping the scales at 2lbs. 6 oz. the following morning, and fourteen of them going a pound or better apiece.—HAL.

I THINK THAT BLACK BASS NUMBER of July 24 the greatest success FOREST AND STREAM has made for a long time; and that means a great deal. The articles were excellent and the whole admirable. You know I am a little of a crank on black bass fishing, and I enjoyed it very much.—H. J. T.

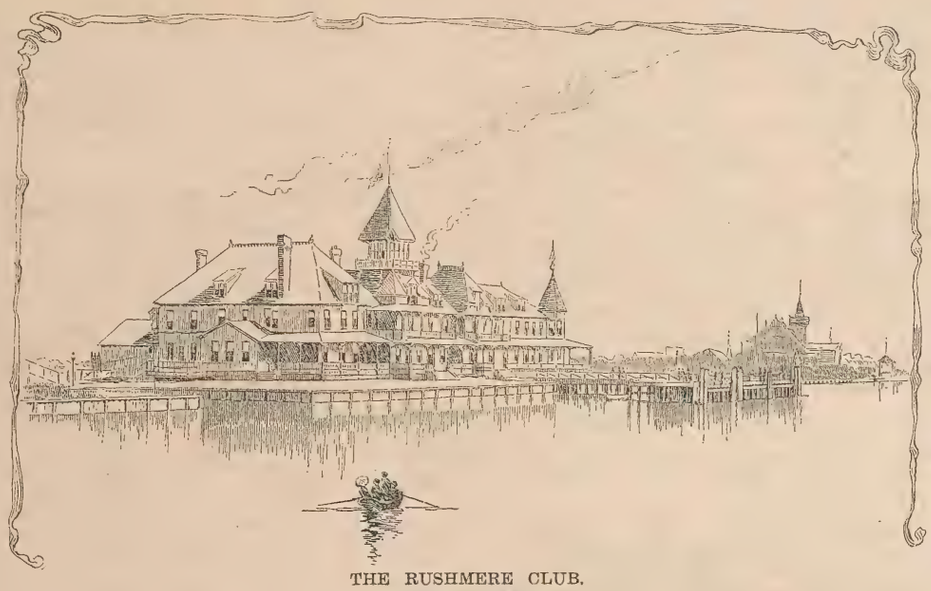
RAINBOW TROUT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Delaware, Pike County,—Mill Creek, near us, is now well stocked with rainbow trout, and the species is multiplying there naturally. Brook trout are abundant in the same stream.—B

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

V.—THE RUSHMERE CLUB.

CROSSING the deep cut off above Mervue Club, one comes to a fresh and pretty cottage, with a good little lawn and generally self-respectful look. This is "Sunnyside," the summer abode of Mr. A. C. Varney, a noted Detroit architect, who designed the great building of the Rushmere Club, which stands so close by as nearly to over-shadow his modest dwelling. Mr. Varney was out on the roof of his barn doing some shingling. At least, it would have been the barn if there were any such thing as a barn on the St. Clair Flats, only that instead of pulling the carriage up by the barn you row the boat up there. The Flats are strictly aquatic. There is not such a thing as a horse or a vehicle throughout the club region. The summer resorters here have no long moonlight drives, it is true, but then they have no livery bills. Everything goes by water. When Mr. Varney first began to come up into this country he was broken down in health through hard work at his profession, but some years of outdoor summer life at the Flats had changed him from all that, and made him an apparently hearty and certainly very good-natured man. Mr. Varney rolled down his shirt sleeves and volunteered to go over to Rushmere club house with the thirster after facts. Accordingly we crossed the little arched bridge, whose single truss is a long oak plank, and crossing an expanse of ground whose filling in is not yet complete, soon stood on the wide expanse of green velvet lawn of the Rushmere Club.

The engraving will do well which gives any adequate idea of this noble building, which is in many ways the superior of anything of the kind I have ever seen. I remember when the opening of this club was reported in the papers, a few years ago, it was generally said that no club house in the country came near this one in the ornate, elaborate and expensive character of its structure. It is indeed a noble building, and no temple of sportsmanship and pleasure in all the country round about shall we find to overtop it in our scale of comparisons. Shades of the muzzleloading days, look down upon us! What is modern sportsmanship coming to? Thirty-four thousand dollars here, expended for a playhouse, with no one knows what additional outlay for the boats, yachts and personal paraphernalia belonging thereto. Organized sportsmanship shows how commanding of respect the sportsmanship of to-day really is. No sneer at sportsmen to-day. They are a class. Their trade is worth money. Forty thousand dollars, let us say, was here paid by one body of sportsmen. It went to a good many people. The tradesmen dare not argue against that. The business man dare not scoff longer at the fellow with the gun. After a while the politician will bend a willing ear to hear what the sportsman has to say.



THE RUSHMERE CLUB.

The baptismal name of "Rushmere Club," as it is generally called, after the local name of the club building, is "The Detroit Fishing and Hunting Association." It is, of course, duly incorporated, the charter members being Mr. W. R Clark, president; Mr. F. B. Dickerson, treasurer; Mr. Charles Beck, secretary; Mr. L. Burt, Dr. Phil Porter, Dr. Moore and Mr. A. C. Varney. The organization was made in the fall of 1884. The club house was built the second season, and occupied the next thereafter.

The price paid for the Rushmere realty was $400 per 50ft. lot. The present grounds, as far as completed, are now 340ft. front and 100ft. deep. The club owns the tract between the cut-off and Mr. Varney's cottage, 300ft. more, and this will soon be filled up thoroughly and put down in grass. The plot thus formed will be given over to the children for a playground. I understand that Mr. McQueen, the Canadian gentleman who is bent upon plunging into the depths and bringing up drowned title by the locks, would fain have it understood that he owns this ground as part of his indefinite "Hersen's Island." He will probably see warm places freeze before he gets any hush money from the Rushmere men.

Rushmere is put up upon a large scale in every way. The lawn is both long and wide, the dock is long and solid; even the boat houses present quite an array. The latter lie across a narrow cut, between the proposed playground and the club house. The club boat house is 75ft. x28ft., and besides the big boat house of Messrs. Burt and Hurlbut, there are 150ft. of private boat houses all in line along the cut or boat canal, making a total string of over 240ft. of boat houses. The number and quality of the boats may be judged from these figures. There are several of them, if not more.

The main building of Rushmere club house, if the reader likes figures, is 325ft. front by 38ft. in depth, with two large wings additional. There is also another building, a bit further back, 35x50ft. in size, for laundry and servant domicile purposes. A big club is necessarily much like a big hotel. For instance, there are seventy-five bed rooms in Rushmere, and sometimes Mr. Moore and his genial wife, who have the household reins in hand, are called upon to dispose of 200 guests. When the summer months come, the interesting fact becomes evident that every Detroiter has web feet. Along in June, July and August, all Detroit lives on perch and bass, and goes up to the Flats to catch and eat them. The Saturday traffic on the boats of the Star Line is something immense. These great clubs are the lungs of Detroit, and a very hearty, pleasant, city they help to make her.

There is a great veranda on three sides of Rushmere, and built with Providence alone knows how many soulful nooks, juts and unexpected corners. The architect who designed this veranda will be responsible for a great many flirtations or even marriages, no doubt, for which may the fates have mercy upon him.

Off the veranda opens a big hall, upon the opposite side of which is a most excellent big grate, over whose mantel rests a goodish oil painting. The main stairway is to the right of that, and to the right, close by the entrance door, is the office, beyond which is the smoking room, and beyond that again, down at the end of the long cross hall, is the ladies' parlor, a bright and cheerful nook 14x14ft. in size. To the left of the entrance hall is the main parlor, 18x34ft., white curtained, tasteful and quiet, supplied among other attractions with a pretty little piano which I certainly should have stolen if there hadn't been so much other stuff in the duck boat. Back of this parlor is the dining room, 26x45ft. in extent, and all as it ought to be, of course. Traversing the building for the greater portion of its length is a cross hall, 8ft.x145. Rushmere is a club of magnificent distances. You couldn't kill a duck across the veranda, and you could hardly cast a frog the length of this long hall.

The entrance hall, or reception room, is finished in natural pine, worked down in hard oil. This will improve with age, but the effect is mellow and pleasant today. The floor is polished hardwood, the hat racks are heavy oak, the pictures that adorn the walls are largely by the facile hand of the "Detroit boy," Hopkins, whose field studies are well and widely known. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. L. C. Earle, of Chicago, and Mr. Tracy, of New York, would form a great triumvirate. They have done the best work of the century in depicting, in a truthful, consistent and intelligent manner, the sports and the spirit of the field. I wish it were possible that these three men might meet.

The Moslem says there are grades in Heaven, and perhaps he knows. There are grades in Rushmere, and when you get upstairs you are simply in the second heaven. There is a big reading and writing room up there, finished in the same manner as the reception room, and commanding a fine view out over the channel. There are two fine balconies up there, too, where one can sit and write poetry, and think of new words to call the Canada club, whose wild rice flaunts itself exasperatingly just across the river.

But details of the architectural excellence and elegance of the house or description of the charms of the Rushmere cuisine, will hardly be what most greatly interests the sportsmen who read about the Flats. What do the members do, how and where do they shoot and fish, what sorts of boats do they use, and what are the special features of the sport enjoyed—those are questions which will be asked imperiously. To answer them must bring out the unique character of the sportsmanship of this locality. In no other spot is the element of dilletanteism so strongly impressed upon the sportsmanship without weakening or injuring the latter. Let us say rather that the dilletante idea mingles with or flows about the cult of the hardy professional sportsmanship, which holds its own unaffected, sturdy and unadorned. We have no right to scoff at the sportsmanship of these big clubs, and call it the summer day or kid glove sort. The very gentleman who glides correctly through a Rushmere waltz at a Saturday evening assembly, may be able to stop a bluebill or cast a minnow as well as our friend who is not noiseless with his coffee. Sportsmanship is not hurt by the graces of good society, nor is the latter hurt by the graces of good society, nor is the latter hurt by the hardy virtues of the field. To see the two blend, as here they certainly do, is very pleasant and very instructive, too. The fellow with the gun is coming up in the world.

Rushmere has no preserve. It owns the sky, the lake, and all out doors, as all the other clubs. No wail can here be raised about the wealthy sportsmen who have taken up all the best grounds, so that a poor man has no chance to shoot, etc. All that Rushmere claims is her little island, and she made that herself, mauger Mr. McQueen. The grinding monopoly of the Flats is the Canadian Club.

Rushmere men fish for bass after the fashion of St. Clair bass fishing, which will be touched upon a little later on, in the course of speaking of some of the other clubs. They shoot ducks as has been already mentioned. We may, however, go a little further in one regard, and assign to Rushmere a boat that may be called typical, though it follows the description already given of the craft in most general use. Mr. Varney showed the writer a boat of his own device which is worth comment. This little ship was 18ft. over all and 5ft. 5in. beam, with a skin entirely smooth. She was decked forward about 4ft., and had steps for two different positions of the mast, according to the amount of wind. She had a good stiff centerboard drop, and was provided with rowlocks for two sets of oars. Handsomely furnished and finished, in and out, this made a most comfortable craft for a long fishing journey. Mr. Varney showed me on this boat a little appliance invented by himself, which has lately been largely copied by the seamen of the Flats. This is simply a light little fender rail, covered with sheet brass, and running along the swell of the sides from stem to stern. The nicely painted skin is thus protected from injury or chafing against the dock when making a landing or lying alongside. This "Rushmere" model is of very safe but graceful lines, and is said to be a good stiff sailor, which is something highly desirable on the touchy-tempered seas of this region. Riette and Day Dream, property of Mr. Brubo and Capt. Miller, are large enough to satisfy the ambitions of the boldest sailors.

The system of conducting the household at Rushmere is that general among the clubs. The steward furnishes everything by way of food, and charges a rate per diem. The annual dues of the club are only $25. The membership fee was originally $100, but has been raised to $225. The lists will always be full, and will always represent a body of men of the very best class, whether in society, in business, or more than all, in sportsmanship.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—Mr. Alex. T. Hodge, of the Butler Paper Co., has just received from the embalmer the corpse of the 33lbs. mascallonge he caught at Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, Wis., on Aug. 15. It is a very bad piece of mounting that he got done, and fails to show the symmetry of a mascallonge, but it shows the bigness of this one. Mr. L. W. Yaggy was his companion in the boat that day, and he also took a good fish, which weighed 22lbs., and fought like a demon, nearly filling the canoe with water. On that day also they killed a large lynx, whose skin is preserved in good shape. Mr. Hodge naively remarks that they were rowing along and trying to get a shot at a deer when they got a mascallonge. That is about a sample of the morals of the average tourist to these woods. A deer is a deer, they think, whether the date be August or October. Mr. Hodge relates an incident which befel a man in the country they visited. He had a mascallonge hooked and close to the boat, where the fish lay glaring at him. He put his hand out toward the fish, and sprang at and caught it in its mouth, tearing the hand badly. There are a few things any madder looking than a hooked mascallonge, and if they don't always jump at a fellow they look as though they would like to.

At the Jenney & Graham Gun Co.'s there is now displayed the mounted head of a mascallonge caught in Black Lake, Mich., this summer by Mr. Lamos. This head shows the cold and cruel eye of the old water wolf very well. The fish weighed 35½lbs., and was 4ft. 7in. long.

The Twin Lakes fish, mentioned earlier as taken by Mr. Harry Goodall, of the *Drovers' Journal*, has been very nicely mounted and is now a fixed proof that newspaper men do not always tell fish stories without foundation.

Dr. Madder and several others have tried the little Abalone shell spoons, which I was probably the first man to use in this country, having brought on a few from the San Francisco firm mentioned earlier. They are a great go out there, and while I have not yet had time to test them thoroughly, they bid fair to be great killers here. Dr. Madder and his brother John fished from the same boat on the Kankakee, at the Mak-saw-ba Club, and the Abalone spoon killed twenty bass in less than three hours' fishing, and also a 14lbs. pickerel, over 3ft. long. Comparisons are odious, and I should not like to say anything against the standard spoon which was used at the same time, but really the metal spoon was not in it. Five bass were taken out of one hole on the abalone spoon after the metal spoon had been tried without success. That sounds fishy, but it is what Billy Mussey told me. And then he asked me if I had ever seen one of those spoons. The fact is our enterprising friend Mr. Hirth, with whom I left a dozen or so of spoons for inspection, had given them all away as samples, so when I wanted one to try for myself this week, there wasn't a good one left in the box, all the boys are using my spoons and asking me if I ever saw one. I like that. Not having had a chance to borrow one, I cannot yet say so much for them. They were used by casting from the boat. The gang on these spoons should not be feathered. If some fellow will advertise these spoons now, he can sell about a barrel of them here before the snow flies.

The Kankakee down Mak-saw-ba way is alive with bass this fall. That club has employed two retired Irish prize fighters, who terrorize the country and have thus just about stopped illegal shooting. The netting and spearing of fish has been stopped on these grounds for some time back, and the result is apparent. These two Irish policemen are spoiling for a fight, and are complaining of the "dool toimes" they are having lately. They have built a sort of shanty on the marsh up toward the Two Trees, and this, in apt allusion to the late Clan-na-Gael affairs, has come to be universally known as "Camp 20." Woe be to the lawless shooter who disturbs "Camp 20," for he is apt to be suddenly "removed." English Lake Club also has two big special policemen on its marsh in the same way.

Another fact to back what is now an old story. One evening last week, at 8:15, as Billy Mussey was coming down the Kankakee to the club house, paddling his duck boat, he was startled by a sudden splash and the flash of something before his face. It was a big bass, and it sprang diagonally clear across the boat, went over his left shoulder and struck him on the ear as it passed. It scared Billy pretty near silly. The fish was seen by Billy's friends in the boat just following, and cannot, therefore, be considered a sudden hallucination.

There was a late report in the daily papers to the effect that the refuse of a glucose mill had killed 32,000 of fish in the Fox River, but I cannot learn where that was or how accurate the story may be.

Fishing will grow better from now on, for the next thirty days. The fall fishing season would have more importance here if the shooting season did not overshadow it to some extent. E. HOUGH.

MAINE BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Four years ago from force of circumstances I spent my first vacation with the black bass of Kennebec county rather than with the marvelously beautiful trout of the Dead River region. But now give me the lordly and gamy dusky inhabitants of the clear waters of Great Belgrade Pond, Long Pond and the whole chain of sparkling waters from Oakland to South Monmouth in preference to ponds depleted of their speckled denizens. There is more sport with a 2¼ to a 3½lbs. fighting bass than with many ½lb. crimson-flecked swimmers.

The frequent rains in the Pine Tree State had given the verdure of the hills and mountains, the valleys and the shores of lakelets and streams its fullest glory. And autumn wild flowers were never more abundant and gorgeous.

Long Pond, between Mt. Vernon and Belgrade, has been my favorite fishing ground; but alas! the "fish hog" has been there; yes, many hundreds of them, so popular has the place become; and the fish are not so plenty as two years ago. A string of thirty bass was shown me with great gusto and pride, when I am sure I could have selected fifteen of the number that would not have weighed more than 3lbs. Shame, I say, on such sportsmen, if they can be called by such a name. And these anglers were from the large cities of Maine and Massachusetts. The string I speak of was but a sample; others could have been seen any day when the boats were out.

But with gratitude I say Long Pond is but one among the constellation of this grand cluster of ponds. Some near by were not stocked so early, but now are just becoming good rivals. Cobbosseecontee was stocked earlier and has many worthy patrons. Its waters are clear, decked with a large number of islands, and its bass large, toothsome and gamy. Its banks have excellent accommodations for the sportsmen, as has been told me by a large number of Boston friends, who enjoyed them in July and August. Maranacook, too, was well stocked years ago and has good feeding ground; and now its waters has a grand army of the stalwart fighters. The boarding house have great fame, and next year, as I am told, is to be much enlarged and improved. The location has no superior. Other ponds in Winthrop have their admirers. A few miles to the southwest of Winthrop village is Annabessacook, which has recently been brought into notice by some very large strings caught by zealous fishermen.

Black bass are rapidly growing in favor with the natives, though they do not give up yet the white perch they have so many years fed upon, and which still in great numbers populate this congregation of ponds. Nature has been very lavish of her bounty to this region.

At times I have spoken to you of methods of keeping minnows alive for bait. I improved my methods some by adopting the Calcutta water cooler plan. My minnow can is about 20in. high and about a foot in diamter. I put upon it a jacket of four thicknesses of cloth. When starting out for a day's fishing I completely wet the jacket with water. (Was told that salt water would be more effectual, but did not try it.) If the air was dry and the sun bright, care was needed, or the water would become too cold and the minnows suffer. If the sun did not shine and the air was sultry, the water in the jacket did not rapidly evaporate, and a little ice between the jacket and the can was of service, though, as I have said, or intimated, if the evaporation is rapid, a little of the water taken from the can and pond water put in regulates the temperature of the water to the comfort of the little fish, and they would remain active and live as long as wanted. Nothing new about this. The Calcutta plan, or that of our farmer fathers', putting a wet cloth about their earthenware pitcher of drink as they took it into their hayfields, are models for us. This method was of great service to me this year, as I took my bait nearly three miles in a carriage to Long Pond.

My vacation is finished and so is my angling for this season. My hair is white with many years. I never had a more pleasant vacation. Shall I have another as good?

J. W. T.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.

FISHES AT CAPE CHARLES, VIRGINIA.—From Mr. B. A. Bean, who has just visited Cape Charles, we learn that fishing is poor in that locality. Eighteen or twenty kinds of fish were taken in three hauls of a seine. Anchovies and young pompano were found, also young bluefish and sea bass. Pipefish, usually among the commonest of the shore fishes, are scarce. Half beaks (*Hemirhamphus*) were abundant and spawning. The silver gar (*Tylosurus*) were not common. As for the birds, a few plover were seen and many ospreys; ducks were absent.

CARP AND COWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago the Superintendent of the Census addressed to me some inquiries concerning the German carp, which I received when our Government made its distribution of those fish. I replied in good faith to the best of my poor ability, but no acknowledgment has been made of my answer, wherefore I conclude that they have been thrown out by the official at whose request they were made. I am confident that they contain information which should not be lost, and therefore inclose them with the blank which called them forth, hoping they may see the light in the columns of your valuable paper, to whose readers I trust I am not altogether a stranger:

PROF. SMILEY—*Dear Sir;* In 1878 I placed four carp in a pond one-eighth of an acre in extent, which I had prepared especially for their reception, at an expense which I cannot now estimate.

They grew so rapidly that in five years the pond was too small for them. They were unable to turn around in it; their backs were out of water and they could get no food, but such as I fed them. This consisted principally of cabbage, fed them in summer in its natural state, in colder weather in the form of sauerkraut. This food was suggested by the Teutonic origin of the fish and they throve finely upon it.

The parts in the ice and those exposed above it were frozen perfectly solid, but the fish did not appear to have suffered at all from this, for when they thawed out in the spring they were as lively as ever.

Having attained such a size that it was impossible to keep them longer in the pond, and knowing that the species subsist almost entirely on vegetable food, I turned them out in a pasture with my cows as soon as the grass was started well. It is an interesting fact regarding their readiness to adapt their habits to their situation, that they easily learned, by observing their companions, to keep the flies off by a dextrous switching of the tail.

They throve almost as well as when in the pond, but becoming unruly and frequently breaking bounds into meadows, grain fields and neighbors' lands, I was obliged to kill them. The greater portion of the carcasses was sold at a fair price in the nearest market, while I kept a little for my own use.

As "an article of food," I consider the carp quite valuable. For a little goes a great way, indeed quite around a long table, as one mouthful suffices each person, unless he be to the manner of German carp eating born.

As to the query concerning "carp fry," I can only answer that I never attempted to fry any but once. The result was so unsatisfactory that the experiment was not repeated. I did not attend any special "Fry of 1889," and cannot estimate the ages of the guests present, but believe them "All over three years."

An exact "estimate of the cost" of the food eaten by the carp would be difficult, but I should say each fish ate one hundred cabbages worth 10 cents a head, which would amount to $10. I cannot give the amount of pasturage consumed, as they were in the same field with my cows when not astray. What they ate of my neighbors' fields cost me nothing, and so far they were quite profitable. They cost me much time and labor in driving them and repairing fences, and on account of an unusual expenditure of strong language I felt constrained to give my pastor $5 more than has been my custom.

I do not consider the experiment as having proved profitable on the whole. The Government need not be at the trouble of sending me more carp. Very respectfully,

J. VERITY, U. S. H. M.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE weakfish season is nearly over, a few scattering fish are still taken here and there, but the bulk of the schools have left our waters for this year. The gamy striped bass, however, are taking their place, and right welcome are these royal fish to the angler.

From Barnegat Bay to Broad Channel, and up the Hudson and Long Island Sound these fish are now to be found. If the angler fishes for sport, he should use a flexible bait-rod about 10 or 11ft. long, a multiplying reel holding 300ft. of 9 thread Cuttyhunk line, to which should be fastened a good double-gut leader by means of a swivel, and to the leader should be looped a 3-0 or 4 0 sproat hook. This is all that is necessary, excepting the bait, which should vary according to the locality. The best baits are shedder crab, shrimp, lobster and red and white sand worms. Little if any sinker need be used.

An angler writing to a friend recently relates that while trout fishing one day this summer he passed a place that looked very "woodcocky," as he expressed it. It was a little cove made by the backwater, the mud well shaded by ferns and trees, very cool and inviting looking. He often passed the place when fishing and always expected to see a woodcock fly up. This time, as he stopped for a moment to take a look at it, he was agreably surprised by seeing three noble birds flutter down, one after the other. He watched them several minutes boring and feeding, when an accidental movement startled them and they went twittering off in the woods.

Mr. Geo. Ricado, one of the fish wardens of New Jersey, while fishing in the waters of the upper Hackensack River, caught a good-sized black bass that had a 1-0 hook, baited with a crawfish, in its stomach. This would be about equal to a human being with a shark hook inside of him, but fish do not seem to mind a little thing like this. Unless the hook injures the gills and causes red blood to flow, it seems to do them no permanent injury. It is a well-known fact that perch have been taken with their own eyes for bait.

A gentleman who has lately been the guest of the Inglewood Club up in New Brunswick gives us a very glowing account of this hospitable club and its good fishing. He says they have upward of twenty lakes in their territory, all full of trout, and in several of them very fine landlocked salmon are caught. Most of them are easily reached from their comfortable club house. The Mushquash River runs through their property and a few sea salmon are still caught in it. They are going to restock this river with salmon and will soon have fine fishing again. The trout fishing he describes as simply grand, with no end to speckled trout from ¼ to 2lbs. in weight. There is one lake in which the trout do not take the fly and not many are taken with bait. They are large dark-colored fish with the under jaw more developed than usual. They call them "cannibal" trout up there, and say they live on young trout only. These fish are often found in trout waters and easily known by their peculiar shape and color. The heads are large in proportion to their bodies, and they are ugly looking specimens, resembling the savage pickerel more than the quiet trout. The writer caught one not long ago while fly-fishing, a small trout had taken the tail fly. While reeling it in one of these cannibal trout made a dash at it and swallowed it. A sharp strike secured the rascal and we considered the stream well rid of him.

ONEONTA ASSOCIATION RECORDS.—Oneonta, N. Y.—The open season for legal trout fishing closed in Otsego county Sept. 1, but remained open until the 15th in Delaware county, as that county is embraced in the forest preserve. The members of the Oneonta Fish and Game Protective Association and other anglers have been very successful this year, and many more trout were caught than in 1889. My statistics show a catch of 6,100, not including what have been caught by fishermen living along the streams, which would no doubt increase the number to over 8,000, which is 3,000 more than caught in 1889—a fact which shows the benefit we are deriving from constant stocking of our streams. Otsego county furnished about 4,500 and Delaware county about 3,500 of the number taken. There have been caught about 50 trout that would average from 1 to 1½lbs., and one that weighed 1lb. and 10oz. The average size also was good. Several brown trout have been caught 7 to 9 inches in length, which indicates that they are doing well in our streams. The Oneonta Fish and Game Association now has 120 members, and is doing all it can to improve fishing and hunting in this vicinity. There was placed in our streams last year about 50,000 fry of brook and brown trout, the aggregate plant of the three years of 1888, 1889 and 1890 being 210,000. The association intends to continue planting all the fry it can obtain from the State. The association put out 10 dozen West Virginia quail last winter and from all reports they are doing well, as numbers of their young have been seen. The association will import more of these birds the coming winter. The game laws have been well enforced in this vicinity. Only one case has been prosecuted by our association, and that was against an old offender for netting trout. The proof in this case is so strong that there is no chance for the offender to escape punishment.—C. W. LEWIS, Ex-President.

BASS AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.—Mr. David Stevenson, of this city, who has a summer residence at Narragansett Pier, R. I., tells us that he has had excellent fishing this season. Casting from the rocks, near his home, he caught four striped bass, weighing 42lbs., 23½lbs., 22½lbs., and 20lbs.; and among the bluefish landed were four of about 8lbs. each. His largest bass gave him a hard struggle for three-quarters of an hour; and another bass was hooked which was so large and so powerful that he could not handle it at all. The bait used was lobster; menhaden would have been more successful, but could not be obtained. Bass fishing has been excellent all along the coast. The Cuttyhunk Club records show an aggregate catch of about 2,000lbs.; and anybody who knows anything about striped bass will appreciate the fact that there is enough solid fun in a ton of striped bass to go a long way around, and to make things very lively for the men at the big end of the rod.

COAL DIRT AND BASS.—Trenton, N. J., Sept. 18.—I have just returned from our annual bass trip on the Delaware, at Frenchtown, N. J., and regret to report that (with the exception of a few strings secured by that persistent fisherman Mr. Johnson Walford, of that pretty village before our arrival) no luck came to our boat. I can only account for our poor success by the coal dirt laden water, which has come from the Lehigh lately. This has driven the bass to other parts. I had hopes of giving my fishing brothers some encouraging reports from this section, so easily reached, but am disappointed, although among the lot that fell to Warford's rod three reached the 4lbs. mark on the scales. Taking the pools, riffs and bottom of the river at this point, no better ground can be found for the king of fish, the small-mouth bass.—W. H. S.

POTOMAC RIVER FISHING.—Swan Point Cove, in the lower Potamac River, is unsurpassed at present as a fishing ground. I have been taking sea trout (weakfish), tailors (bluefish) and rock (striped bass) until my arms ached from pulling in the weight. The fishing never was better. Besides the three kinds mentioned there are spots and white perch. We use handlines with heavy sinkers and frequently two or three hooks. It is not uncommon to catch two fish at a haul. The best fishing is found in the mouth of Cockwell's Creek on the flood tide; it is during the strength of the flood and ebb that the weight is needed in the sinker. This is a famous ground for ducks and swans in cool weather and ordinary winters. Quail are more plentiful than ever before.—H. T.

CARP IN THE HUDSON.—About thirty-six years ago I accompanied John J. Ferris, of Highland, N. Y., an enthusiastic disciple of Walton, in a fishing excursion to the Bennewater, at which time I found him very communicative regarding all matters pertaining to fish and fishing. Said he: "There are carp in the Hudson and but few know it, but they will find them before long. I'll tell you how they got into the river. A gentleman near Newburg had a pond in which he kept carp, there came a big freshet which broke the dam and let the fish into the river." Sure enough, some years after that the brooks along the Hudson presented the novel sight of the beautiful fish of golden hue.—N. D. ELTING.

BLUEFISH GROWING SCARCE.—Reports from Wellfleet, Mass., dated Sept. 12, indicate a steady diminution of bluefish and it is believed they are about to move southward. The fishing for all the common food fishes has been greatly injured presumably by the presence of the voracious bluefish.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

SHAD IN ALASKA.

THE extensive migration of the introduced shad in the Pacific has excited the wonder of fishculturists everywhere. Originally planted in the Sacramento the fish soon traversed the coast of California, and from the Columbia it has now journeyed northward, according to the testimony of Mr. Woodcock, to south-eastern Alaska. Where its migrations will end is an interesting problem. Mr. Woodcock wrote to the Commissioner of Fisheries last year that several shad were taken in a trap near the mouth of the Stikeen river. Again on Sept. 5, 1890, he sent from Fort Wrangel the following communication: "This season I procured several specimens, and have one in a tank belonging to the Albatross, which will be forwarded to the Department. Four shad were taken during the month of August in the trap. There is no doubt the fish have 'come to stay' and I think you will find the specimen compare favorably with the eastern fish of the same age."

The changed environment in the case of the shad has soon caused remarkable changes in habits, the migratory instinct apparently being strengthened in the northern areas of introduction and the disposition to remain in certain bays throughout the winter increasing in some portions of California. In Sacramento Bay shad are frequently caught from December to February in salmon gill nets, and we have been told that they can be taken every month in the year. Here the seagoing habit is dropped and the species greatly exceeds its eastern representatives in size, the spawning season remaining practically unchanged.

"DOMESTICATED TROUT."—Under this title Mr. Livingston Stone, in 1872, had published a manual of trout culture which was indorsed by leading fishculturists and influential journals of America and Europe, and will always be invaluable for reference. The book sold freely and immediately took a place among the classics of fishculture. Several editions have been sold and now the author offers a fourth edition which seems to be a reprint of the third. It is unfortunate that Mr. Stone did not bring the manual up to date, inasmuch as the thirteen years which have elapsed since the last edition was printed have witnessed many radical and important changes in fishcultural methods and several notable books on the subject have made their appearance. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Central Canada Exhibition Association, at Ottawa. Alfred Geddes, Chairman Committee.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Third Dog Show of the London Kennel Club, at London, Ont. S. F. Glass, Secretary.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1058.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York. Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

TORONTO BENCH SHOW.

THE most successful dog show Canada has ever known was brought to a close Friday, Sept. 19. Favored by delightful weather throughout, with the exception of an hour or so late in the afternoon of Friday, the last day, the people simply flocked to the fair in thousands, and as the dogs were benched in an enticing manner and in a pretentious building, most of them naturally had to take it in along with the other sights so generously provided. As an instance of the capacity of the building and the continuous stream of people that passed through the aisles, I might mention that on Wednesday 16,281 people clicked the turnstiles, the admission fee being 10 cents, and a very wise precaution on the part of the management, or the building and everything else would have been completely swamped. The judging was not concluded until Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Mason hardly getting to work with his accustomed celerity. I have already given you particulars of the first two days' proceedings On Wednesday, owing to the absence of the officials of the show, Mr. Geddes, of Ottawa, the Clumber spaniel man, jumped into the breach and made an efficient steward of the ring, while Mr. Mason judged his remaining classes. On that day two or three important decisions had to be made, notably the specials for best greyhound, which laid between Balkis and the Canadian dog Scavenger, the decision, after careful scrutiny, going to Balkis, who excels in neck, ribs, loin and shoulders, both being shown very fit. Then the special for the best Irish terrier laid between Breda Tyne and the new dog Breda Bill, the ribbon, or rather card, going to the former in recognition of her better head and front. The battle between Blemton Volunteer and the new bitch Eva Nettle was also very close, the former eventually winning by the aid of his condition, coat and front. The judging may be said to have given satisfation, though several dogs which had been high up in the list at Detroit had to be content with inferior honors. Difference of opinion creates a charm of uncertainty in dog show judging, and the more judges employed the better chance have all dogs of being recognized one time or another. I can hardly speak in terms of praise of the way the aisles were kept clean, and there was considerable grumbling about the scarcity of clean straw, and the proper conduct of these two important branches of show management is very important both for the health of the dogs and the comfort of the visitors. Owing to the height of the building the atmosphere was kept reasonably sweet, considering the lack of disinfectant. The feeding was on Spratts biscuit, but did not give the usual satisfaction, a great many dogs being seriously affected by the purging. In justice to Spratts Co. I may say that the food was not prepared by them, as is usually the case, even the biscuits, I am told, coming from and being manufactured by their factory in Montreal. Before passing on to the criticisms I may say that it was the intention of the management to get out a marked catalogue by Wednesday morning, but owing to the delay in judging it was Thursday morning before they made their appearance. I will now pass on to review of the dogs present, taking them in the order of the catalogue.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

These classes I cannot say were of a very high order, in fact they were quite ordinary, the only challenge entry, Menglada, being absent. In the open dog class the first to catch the judge's eye was J. Massey's Minting Minor, which is short enough in muzzle and excels in skull, but is deficient in bone. Hugh Falconer's Mode was out of shape or would have won; he is, though, a bit slack in back, light in eye, has a weak pastern but a fairly good head. Grimsby Caution, third, is shelly in body yet, small, light in eye but shows his breeding. Lord Caution, vhc., lacks substance and is faulty in head. Major, c., lacks quality and other points too numerous to mention. In the bitch class Battram's Bessie B. must thank her good body and bone for her position; though she has a good skull, her muzzle is wofully small. Bess, second, shows much more quality, but is a bit straight faced, though an Ilford Caution bitch; she is gray in muzzle and light in eye. Forbes's Ilford Bess is wanting in quality and many mastiff attributes, and the same may be said of Raymond's Lady Bell, vhc. In puppies Grimsby Caution received the only prize, second being withheld and rightly so. In novice dogs, the class being divided, Grimsby Caution again scored, Lord Caution coming second, and Falconer's Faust, long in head and straight behind, was given third. Two bitches were shown, first being withheld, second went to Ilford Bess mentioned in the open class. The special for the best mastiff was given to John Massey's Minting Minor, he also winning the special for the best mastiff in Canada and one for the best in Toronto.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

There being no challenge entries, the open class was first to claim attention, Laidlaw and McBean's Benmore, after considerable examination, scoring a win; he does not show the quality one expects to see in a good one, still he excels the second prize winner, Williams's Monk, in head, bone, and movement, though he loses in coat, being quite curly, and in markings. Arahell's Lord Dalhousie is long-faced, high ear, straight in stifles, but has a good skull and excellent bone. Williams's Monarch, res., has a nice coat, but long and sharp in face; Charlesworth's Garibaldi is light in body yet, is faulty in muzzle, but well off for bone; Bruce also, very high com., who won at Chicago, is very plain-faced, poor markings, but has an excellent straight coat; in the high com. division Baker's Leo lacks type, and Crooks's Duke has a fair body but poor head; Magaun's Chump loses in body and condition. Coming to the bitches we find Pottersburg Kennels' Phyllis, the new importation, very much off in head properties, being long and snipy, but has a rattling good body, though now she is all out of shape in coat, she was head and shoulders over Williams's Nora, who lacks substance, is out of coat and long in head. Trimble's Berna, third, has only her good bone to be proud of, not sufficient stop and lacks depth of body. Cora, transferred from novice class, though a winner under the same judge at Buffalo, was not noticed, she lacks type and markings, but might have had something for body. In puppies Pottersburg Kennels' Ben Maida has good size, but is wanting in substance, his kennel mate, Kildnoan, second, has excellent bone, but Williams's Senator is narrow-chested, stilty and shelly throughout. In smooth challenge class the well-known dog now Lewis's Victor Joseph was alone, he is not looking in such good flesh as we have seen him. Open dogs saw Brady's Baronet the only entry, has a fairly good body but a mean head, and is straight behind. In bitches the well-known Alpine Queen, though far from a good one, won comfortably over Wilson's Nellie, who is also off in head, narrow, long and flat, has good legs but open feet; this bitch beat Baronet in the novice class by her better quality and bone. The special for best kennel of four went to John S. Williams, as also that for best in Canada, J. B. Lewis's Victor winning that for best St. Bernard in show.

There were no bloodhounds entered, though I think the $25 offered by the Association might have tempted Mr. Winchell to enter his kennels.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MASON).

These dogs I expected to be better represented here. Old Leo, one of Dan O'Shea's dogs, shown under the name of Watson, lost to Langton's Major in coat, though the former is better in head. Third went to Hemetson's Toby, who is too long in head and big in ear, but nicely coated. Salter's Duke, a rather weedy one, came in for an hc. card.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MASON).

There was a fairly good show of these dogs considering the distance from the great Dane centers. Nothing appeared in the challenge class, but in the open we were introduced to one of the best great Danes it has been my good fortune to see. Though a little heavy in head and lippy, his excellent formation of body, limbs and action simply smothered his competitors, and in size he was a very Triton among the minnows; in fact, I never saw such a well-built dog as he is throughout; not a sign of weakness throughout, with legs as straight as gun barrels. Of course he won. Roedler's Lord, second, has a better shaped head than the winner, but is small, throaty and not so good in front. Howard's Bismark, third, is a bit stilty, straight behind, and has an indifferent head. Wilson's Pollux, hc., has only a fair body to recommend him, his head being faulty and he is not good behind. In bitches first went to Irene, very much improved since Wilmington; in fact, but for her bag I would scarcely recognize her. Howard's Dudley Flora is too wide in front, knuckles over a bit, is also light in bone and wanting in muzzle, besides being shown heavy in whelp. Wilson's Freda, third, is flat-faced, but has a nice body. Same owner's May, hc., was shown too fat and is small. The only deerhound shown was Deering's Nora, which has not developed much on her puppy form, though well off for coat. The special for best kennel of great Danes was given to F. W. Wilson's team, the medal for best in show going, of course, to H. G. Nichols's Melac.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

These were very strong classes, and show that there is no lack of good material in this breed in Canada, Toronto especially, old Memnon being responsible for many of them. In the challenge dogs, Huntington's Balkis easily defeated his kennel mate Higland Chief, who did not look so well as we have seen him, but Balkis on the contrary I never saw looking more fit and well. Cassandra had a walk over for the bitch challenge, and luckily for her, as she did not look herself at all, maternal duties no doubt having something to do with it. In the open class quite a large number appeared, but Taylor's Scavenger had little difficulty in scoring, though a well developed youngster in Ireson's Jolly Ranger is a pretty good one; he is a bit straight behind yet and his feet might be better, but in neck, ribs and loin he wins well over Huntington's Sir Lancelot, who is deficient in chest, is plain in head, but has good legs and feet. Dickison's Apparition and Turk were given vhc.; the former ha hardly bone enough and is straight in shoulder, the latter is coarse, has good bone, but is faulty in feet. In the hc. division, Kennedy's McGrath is too long cast, is weak in hocks, but fairly well fronted. Taylor's Milo is also faulty behind, and Miss Douglas's Sport was lucky to get hc., though the judge got out of it very gracefully I must say; Sport was entirely too coarse and fat. Taylor's Second Sight won fairly well in bitches, though she is not a good one, is light in loin and flat ribbed among other faults. Ramdall's Grimsby Jess was shown fat and is too flat in back. Huntington's Halloween has bad feet and is weak in hocks, though she is young yet. No puppies entered. The special for best kennel was given to H. W. Huntington's team; Geo. C. Taylor the one for best four in Canada. The medal for best in show went to H. W. Huntington's Balkis, and Geo. C. Taylor's Scavenger took the silver cup for best owned in Canada.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Quite a nice lot of pointers faced the judge, though there were really no cracks among them. Challenge classes did not fill. In the open the class was divided according to weight, which let in Daniels's Lord Graphic for first place in heavy weights, he is well known on the bench and in the field; a promising youngster in Davey's Westminster Drake winning second; he has excellent legs and feet, but is a bit long in coat, heavy in ear and might be better in shoulders. Danay's Shot is a bit faulty in head, but a fairly-made dog. In bitches over 50lbs. Devon Nell, first, is faulty in muzzle, and could be improved in hind parts. Minnie-ha-ha might be deeper in muzzle and was shown a bit fleshy. Iler's Sporte, third, is too straight in stop, snipy-muzzled, knuckles over and carries a bad tail. In dogs under 55lbs. Mackle's Shot is out in front, is snipy in muzzle, but there is little to find fault with elsewhere. Cassel's Snipe is throaty and houndy-headed, lacks quality and depth of chest. Robertson's Hector is coarse-headed and faulty in stifles. Lord Graphic's Lad is weedy, has a bad head, is straight behind and open in feet, still he was given an hc. card. In light-weight bitches Fan N. scored; there is little fault in her except a weakness in pasterns. Trinket S. was shown a bit above herself and is faulty in stop, but is a good mover. Galena, third, is not quite the thing in front and is a little open in feet, and Thornton's Duchess would be improved by more bone. Galena was the only entry in novice class In puppies Lord Graphic's Jem was the winner, though his head is poor, he beats his kennel mate Lord Graphic's Jean in body and bone. The special for best kennel went to John R. Daniels's team. Medal for best pointer to Davey's Fan N. and $5 for best puppy to J. R. Daniels's Lord Graphic's Jem.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

These classes were well filled, and with some pretty good specimens. In challenge dogs Dad Wilson, not looking quite tip-top in coat, was the only entry, and so was old Leddersdale in her class; she carries her eleven years very well. In open dogs the red card went to a good-looking setter in Kent II., whose excellent coat stood way out from the rest; a very promising youngster in Tony Gladstone coming next, he is out of coat, but little fault can be found with his make up, his light eyes being noticeable. Chickasaw, third, loses in muzzle, shoulders and feet. Royal Kent, reserve, is houndy-headed and straight in shoulders, but has a good coat. Locksley, vhc., well known, is out of coat. Forest Fred, hc., is big in ear, and only fair in head. Dad Wilson's Boy, hc., is a bit long cast, skull too domy and is light in bone. Roger Boy is also long cast, and has a bad carriage of stern. Open bitches had Bohemian Girl for the winner; she is a nicely-modeled bitch, not quite straight in muzzle, and tail carried faulty, she was shown in excellent shape. Second went to Genevieve, shown too fat, though a bit straight behind; she has many good points. Delle Gladstone is plain and coarse in head and light boned. Scottish Belle is out at elbows and a bit weak in pasterns. Forest Gladys, hc., loses in expression, eyes not right and is off in coat. Forest Topsy, hc., is small and weedy. Nellie Dale and Forest Nettie were given a c.; the former is long in head and snipy, and little more than a weed; the latter is too short in muzzle and does not stand well in front. These were all far away from the winner in class. Puppies had Forest Heather for the winner, a very promising youngster, will let down a bit yet behind. George III., second, is a bit too thick in skull, and Roger loses in ears and head, bone good. In novice class Forest Heather won again, with Chickasaw and Forest Fred in the order named. The special for best kennel went to J. Shelley Hudson. Best kennel in Canada, T. G. Davey. Best English setter in show Cohannet Kennels' Kent II. Best bred in America, J. Shelley Hudson's Bohemian Girl.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The display in these classes could hardly be surpassed, either in numbers or quality. In fact, Mr. Davidson told me the open dog class was about the best he ever handled and competition was very keen. In challenge dogs Dick Swiveller was placed over Blarney, a decision some people did not agree with, but as the judge knows more about this breed than I do, I won't quibble over the decision. Blarney is better in head, quarters and color to my thinking. Ruby Glenmore was given a challenge class to herself. In open dogs Armour's Max, though faulty in muzzle, beats Kildare in loin, pasterns and head. Glendyne Kennels' O'Donovan Rossa is too long and light in body, pasterns also faulty. There were several vhc., but there was no reserve marked in judges book. Maughan's Paddy Sarsfield is too light in quarters and straight in stifles; his Larry is too coarse headed and wrong in hocks, but has good bone and color. Pearsall's Jack Malone, first here last year, is throaty and thick in skull. Covert's Red River Glencho is too strong in head and falls away too much in quarters. In the hc. lot Kildare Kennels' Sarsfield is faulty in muzzle, and straight and light behind. Ryan's Red Kern has a poor head, and Maughan's Phil Sheridan wants more rib and was shown light in flesh. Pearsall's Redstone, though faulty in skull, might have been a bit higher up, though shown a little above himself. Maughan's Bang, c., is dish-faced, has good color; his Jerry is also plain-faced and loses in quarters to the others. In bitches Pearsall's Belle Ida is loaded in shoulders, but has a good body, legs and feet. Hilsendegen's Biddy Clare I did not see, but she was second at Detroit. Oriole Kennels' Jeannette is faulty in eye and ear. Four vhc. cards were given. Maughan's Florrie is throaty and weak in muzzle; his Kerry Gow stands well on her limbs, but is light and shelly in body. Covert's Ghdelia is a trifle out in front, and Molly Glendyne is only of moderate merit, too long cast. In hc. division Pearsall's Lillie Ban has a nice head, but is a bit out in front. Glendyne Kennels' Sedan is weak in back and out of coat, fair color. Covert's Kildare Ruby, c., is small-sized and weak in muzzle. Puppy dogs saw Maughan's Elector the winner, he is too stilty and shelly in body; his Parnell came second and his Sport third, they are both well off for bone, but faulty in other respects; his Dan is too full and light in eye, knuckling over a little, too; Glendyne Kennels' Lismore was too small to say much about. Bitch puppies were poor. In novice class Kildare won, with Florrie second and Larry third, all mentioned in other classes. The specials were distributed as follows: Best kennel, Kildare. Best kennel owned in Canada, H. J. Maughan. The special for best dog or bitch was divided between Dick Swiveller and Ruby Glenmore. Best pup bred and owned in Canada, H. J. Maughan's Elector. Best pair of pups, under 8 months, in the show, H. J. Maughan's Parnell and Nellie D. Best Irish setter puppy, born in Canada, H. J. Maughan's Elector. Best bitch in challenge class, Kildare

Kennels' Ruby Glenmore. Best bitch, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore. Best brace owned by one exhibitor, Ruby Glenmore and Kildare. Best dog in open class, A. V. Armour's Max.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Though small in number of entries, the quality was all there. In challenge dogs Dixon's Leo B. won over his Field Marshall (late Dixon), and Hammett's Rose was given a class to herself. They were looking in excellent shape. In open dogs Dixon's Ivanhoe, well known, won over Gibbs's Clyde in head. Open bitches found the winner in Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda, who has a poor expression, but promises a well made body, Flett's Bloom coming second. No puppy or novice class entries. The special for best kennel went to S. G. Dixon. Best kennel owned in Canada did not fill. Best Gordon in show, S. G. Dixon's Leo B.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

These classes were lacking rather in quality and good type. Gibbs's Genius won in dogs, as he excels the second winner, Nicol's Bingo, in body, bone and size, but loses in head to the latter. Bitches—A fairish stamp in Gibbs's Vanity, first, a bit out in front and plain in head. His Vexation I liked better all around, but his Nancy loses considerably in head and was shown heavy in whelp. Mr. Gibbs won the kennel prize.

SPANIELS—(MR. OLDHAM).

It was acknowledged on all sides that a better and larger show of cockers has never greeted any judge than that of the black bitches, no less than twenty-five being shown in that class, and though two or three were hardly dealt with, the judge, on the whole, was said to have placed the winners about right. In water spaniels, challenge class, the only Patsey O'Connor was the star. In the open class a rather ragged bit faced the judge, the best being Countess Bendigo. Handy Andy, second, is too thick in head and not close enough in curl. Ross's Ootwan Biddy, third, is also bad in coat; the other Biddy failed to score. In Clumber challenge class Brownie was alone; shown in whelp, she did not look as well as I have seen her. In open dogs, Darby, domy in skull and fine in muzzle, but nice in body, was the only entry, and won. Belle of Ottawa (a pretentious name enough), a bit full in brow and looks a little out in front, was also alone in her class. Field spaniel challenge class had the winner in Newton Abbot Laddie, not looking at all well, and Bridford Ruby, second, looked even more ragged in coat. The winner in open dogs turned up in Beau, who is too thick and short-headed. Samson, whom I saw at Buffalo, who was next, has gone off; he is too houndy-headed and flat-sided. Black Diamond, third, is faulty in head and is out of coat. Faust, vhc, is wavy-coated and crooked in front. Napoleon, hc., has a nice body, but is wrong in front. Black Knight, in the same division, loses in muzzle and also has the prevailing fault in these spaniels. Friday and Sweep were in the c. lot; the latter is too long-faced, but stands on good legs, the former is too short in muzzle and a little high on legs. In bitches Lady, well known, won over Miss Ben d'Or, also a familiar face, but shown too fat. Gipsy Queen, third, is a bit pinched in muzzle, but I liked her body, legs and feet. In challenge cocker dogs, any color, the well-known Brantford Red Jacket scored over Robbi, a decision some did not agree with, but in Robbi's present shape it was about right. In bitches Juno W beat the much-lauded but very much over rated Sensation, who was not in her old-time condition. Open dogs saw Black Duke the winner; he might be improved in muzzle. King of Obos' dished face spoils him somewhat, but he is getting some good stock all the same. Dono, third, is light in body, stands a little out in front and muzzle is a bit faulty. Brock, reserve, is also light in body, and Pedro, vhc., has the same fault. Bob Obo, a so vhc., drops behind shoulders and has too much stop. Rosedale Dandy, hc., stands wide in front, and Fine Fur's, c, best points are legs and feet. Then came that good class of bitches, and after weeding out the judge found himself with a good row of very typical spaniels according to the present fashion. After much pondering the red card went to Novel, who was looking her best. Idea, a good one, a little off in muzzle and boxed in front, though she is young yet and will straighten out, came next, and Bessy W., well known, followed; she is rather light in flesh at present. Rosedale Busy got the reserve; she is a bit wide in front and weak in muzzle, though a nice stamp. Nina, vhc., is faulty in muzzle and front. Floss W. also loses there, and Busy's long muzzle could get her no higher. Topsy and Woodland Sally were c.; the one is wrong in skull and the other too long faced. Any other color dogs saw Bambo placed first; he is a bit domy in skull, and not straight enough in front, and should hardly have beaten Nugget. Crosby, third, is thick skulled, stands a bit out and is light in body. Roy, hc., is bad in front and long faced, nice body and coat. King Pharoah's Sister (will some one not stop this long-winded nomenclature?) is a nice one and deserved her first in bitches over Zetta, who is too long in head. Little Red Riding Hood (there's another) is a bit fine in muzzle, though she stands well. In puppies, dogs, Bambo scored over Rosedale Rover, though this is hardly right as the latter's only very apparent fault is a light eye. Nugget was third, and Rosedale Boodles, vhc., is long faced and not straight in legs. Snob is a bit on the big side. Bitches had for the winner Idea, and rightly too, second going to Woodstock Minnie, who stands a bit high and has not filled out yet. Rosedale Belle securing third will make a field spaniel some day. Fatmia, vhc., has nice legs and feet; bit too long in face though. I forgot to mention Sunol as reserve; she is quite a nice stamp. In novice class the winners have about all been mentioned and their positions given last week. The special for best kennel went to Rosedale Kennel (J. F. Kirk), and I am glad to see him to the front again. Mr. Laidlaw won for the best kennel of cockers. Best kennel of cockers owned in Canada, Rosedale Kennels. Best field spaniel, champion Newton Abbott Laddie. Best cocker, Brantford Red Jacket. Best Clumber, Bates & Geddes's Bromine. Best Sussex, Rosedale Kennels' Beau.

COLLIES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

With Scotilla and The Squire on hand there was some quality present, but the entries as a rule were not anywhere near their class. Champion Scotilla, in ragged coat, was alone in challenge class. In open dogs The Squire stood away above the others, his fine head and expression, nicely formed body and good legs discounting his lack of coat, though there was still enough of that to beat Scotilla for the special in his present shape. Colonel Scot, second, has lost his look of quality and was closely pushed by McEwen's Bute. Rutherford's Mess, thick in skull, was given vhc, and a weedy-looking pup, Sir John, hc. Roslyn Dandy, though out of coat, showed lots more quality and was better in head than many in the class; I liked him for second place, but he was left in the cold altogether; and such a thing as Collie given a c. card. In bitches I hardly agree with McEwen & Gibson's Manilla beating Cora II. in her present shape. Manilla is a bit plain faced and very light-eyed, but has better symmetry of body than Cora, still the latter's better coat and bone should have turned the tables this time, whatever they can do when both are in A1 shape. Nancy is too big in eye and lacks expression. Duncan's Floss, vhc., faulty in ears and expression, has also a soft coat. Sanderson's Flo is a poor one. In puppies Chestnut Hill's Roslyn Trefoil is hardly developed yet, but is big in ear, not straight in forelegs and of course short of coat. Drury, a fairish one, second. Laddie, third, and Lassie, vhc., I failed to find. In novices Roslyn Trefoil, Drury and Lady Florence were placed as named; the latter was lucky. The kennel special went to Chestnut Hill Kennels, and the best kennel owned in Canada did not fill.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MASON).

Champion Harper, looking fairly well, was alone in the challenge class. The well known Carisbrook was the only entry in open dogs, and the same must be said of the bitch Dolly Tester, who was shown in poor flesh. She is a bit flat in skull and lacks depth of jowl, but is nicely broken up. R. B. Sawyer won the kennel special, though the special called for four dogs or more.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Starlight, looking well, won another challenge prize. In open dogs, owing to the sickness of Prince Bendigo, Mr. Dole had to depend on White Prince, who beat Symond's King of Hearts in head and front, the latter is a bit full in eye and lippy; Harris's Vic III. and Dickison's Gip are hardly class enough. In bitches, Frank Dole scored again, with Grove Duchess shown in bad shape; open feet is about her worst fault. Same owner's Miss Gladstone followed. She has a patch on eye, muzzle faulty before eye, stands a bit wide in front. Two well known dachshunde were shown, Lewis's Gill first in dogs and Joe Lewis's Feldman K. in bitches. The special for best kennel of bull-terriers went to Frank F. Dole, and his Starlight won the special for best in show. Gill won the medal for best dachshunde in show.

BEAGLES—(MR DAVIDSON).

A nice show of these merry little hunters turned up, thanks to the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, which captured most of the "siller." Royal Krueger, looking in fine shape, scored in challenge dogs over Little Duke, who is aging, and Una was alone in her class. In open dogs Simpkins's Witch Hazel Prince (there is another) won over Cull's Drummer. The former is faulty in legs and feet, and body is light throughout. Drummer is too long in head, a bit coarse too, has a good bound coat, legs and feet. Hornell-Harmony's Whisker's (third) most prominent defect is in carriage of stern; he is young yet and looks light in body, has a good coat. Mabac's Stormer, vhc., is a poor one and oversized. Tuckett's Sinbad, hc., is thick in skull and too wide in front. The well-known Elf, whose only fault is that she is a little pinched in muzzle, is now an inmate of Harmony Kennels, and scored easily over Lewis's June M., who is a bit long cast and out at elbow. Tuckett's Stella, third, is a bit coarse and out in front. Glenrose Kennels' Lila, vhc., is light in bone and snipy-muzzled. Maybee's Beauty, hc., is pinched in muzzle and coat too soft. A class for under 12 inches was made for the sweet-headed Ava W. The special for best kennel went to Hornell-Harmony. Best in show, Hornell-Harmony's Royal Krueger. National Beagle Club's special for members only, for best beagle in show, Royal Krueger.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Though none of what we may term the principal kennels were represented, with the exception of the Oriole of Ohio, the large entry and the good show of quality proved that Canada and some of the smaller owners will soon give the cracks a close push. The time is past when one kennel can monopolize the prizes, for if one may not be able to buy the best, if he gets the right blood, he may have the luck to breed a clinker; the race is not always to the swift. In challenge class old Bacchanal (Oriole Kennels) was alone, and looked fairly well. Thirteen showed up in the open, the prize going to the well-known Oriole Kennels' Blemton Rubicon, looking as fit as a fiddle, he was followed by Blemton Tru up, also an oft time winner at our shows, third going to Dole's new dog Starden's Jack, whose good body, legs, feet and coat are offset by a somewhat plain head, too straight in stop; Oriole Trap was reserve, his feet might be better, and is somewhat bitch-faced; Thomson's Zig-Zag weak in muzzle and cheeks, and his Pickle soft in coat, a bit light in body and not close enough in feet, were the vhc division; hc., Oriole Kennels Richmond Crack is a bit cloddy, throaty, too straight in face, and stands a bit wide; Wilson's Rant, c., loses in muzzle and front. Open bitches brought out the English winner Wheeler and Davey's Eva Nettle, a trifle weak in muzzle, feet not compact enough, and is now a bit soft in coat and condition, owing to maternal duties; she won somewhat easily from Oriole Kennels' Blemton Vice, who is light in bone and faulty in feet; I preferred Macpherson's Speck, third, though she's a bit too prominent in brow, and coat could be better; the same owner's Ebor Speedy headed the vhc. lot, she is faulty in neck and skull; Miss Morris's Belle is too fine in muzzle; Douglas's Mischief is round in skull and soft in coat; Oriole Belle is light in bone and body, and not right texture of coat; hc., Steward's Brooklyn Vernon is big in ear, has open feet, but is otherwise fair. Wilson's Spot is too long cast and a bit coarse in ear. The c division had Saunders's Rose, Prescott's Dot and Judy, neither of them very bad, but too faulty in legs, feet and head to get any higher up. Blemton Brilliant not mentioned. The number of cards will show the quality of the class for a provincial show. In puppies Pickle took first, followed by Hendrie's Charity, too round in skull. Punch, vhc., mentioned before. Dot here gained a vhc. card. In novices the class was divided; Wilson's Moody scored, quite a nice puppy, with Punch a good second. Mitchener Scallops, third, is a bit big and coarse in head, good legs and feet. Bickle's Clip, reserve, is too short in muzzle. In the bitch class Blemton Vice won over Speck; third not marked, vhc. going to Judy; Dot and Oriole Belle, all mentioned in other classes. In Wires Hendrie's Eskdale Broom, with a nice promising head and good expression and coat, scored over his Wentworth Wonder, a little too short-headed and faulty in feet. Macpherson's Adswood Jim II. is too straight-faced and faulty in front; his Patch, vhc, is too thick in skull and stands too wide in front. Novices saw Macpherson's Stanley returned the winner, with Hendrie's Wirey second, short-faced and badly carried ears; his Twig, third, needs a little touching up to show off his head and neck. Altogether this was one of the best shows of wires we have yet had. The special for best kennel went to Oriole Kennels. Best kennel owned in Canada, F. W. Wilson. Best fox-terrier, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer won over Eva Nettle by the aid of his better condition, legs and feet, though beaten in skull and ears.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

The new dog, Symond's Breda Bill, was to the front in open dogs, the class being divided. He is not good in front, knuckling over, and is bowed in forelegs, feet too large and spreading, head a bit short, coat and body good. Evictor is better in legs, feet and head than the winner, but loses in other points. Old Burnside, of the Lewis and Jarrett combination, had, much to his surprise, to go without his accustomed challenge blue ribbon and to content himself with third this time. You must place him better than this in the future, Mr. Jarrett. Special for best in show went to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Fancy over Breda Bill, who loses in forelegs, feet and head to the bitch. Prizes withheld in Scotch terrier classes.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. MASON).

Butterfield's Mena, too straight in front, better in length and coat than Daniels's Fan, who is better in type and forelegs. Butterfield Goyon, third, is poor, in fact the whole class was.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Baldwin's Pica, not a good one, but as a youngster shows more type than Watson's Sentinel, won in open dogs over the other, and in open bitches Watson's Zulu, better in size, topknot, coat and bone than Morris's Jerry, won.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Outside of Sir Stafford, who is well known, the others were hardly worth mentioning. Harrison's Donald, second, is ragged in coat but has good length of body, though shelly. Wells's Prince II. third, is small, and Heenly's Rigg, hc., is short-faced and inclined to be woolly in coat.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

There was quite a gathering of these smart little dogs, and I am glad to see the increased interest the judging of these classes created. Smith's Buffalo General had things to himself in challenge dogs; he was looking well, too. Open dogs saw the competition lay between Campbell's Kaiser and Dr. Foote's new dog, The Senator (late Broomfield Como). The former wins in head, front and condition, The Senator having a little the best in markings, but loses again in bone, the result being as I have written them down. Rochelle Scot, third, has a fineish head, but is leggy and could be better in body without upsetting anything. Campbell's Donovan is a bit round in skull and a trifle out at elbows; shown in nice shape. Watson's Jack is big and coarse. In bitches we were introduced to Dr. Foote's Broomfield Madge, but cannot say I was much impressed, considering her English reputation. She won, but she is faulty in skull and very snipy muzzled, throaty, loaded in shoulders, thick and short-necked and wide in chest; body I cannot speak of, as she is in whelp; color of tan good, but legs and feet could be improved. It is a pity such an enthusiast as Dr. Foote cannot spare the time to go over the water and get just the right thing for himself. Campbell's Desdemona, barring her pinched muzzle, I like better than the winner, take her all round as she stands to day. Rochelle Madge, third, is improving. Dickison's Jenny, vhc., is faulty in legs and markings and a bit snipy muzzled. The kennel special, owing to the absence of Dr. Foote's Dick, did not fill, and that for best in show was won by Campbell's Kaiser.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

With Toons Royal looking better than I have ever seen him, Fishpool Gem had to be content with another second; Royal has a wonderful coat just now. Campbell's Petro, third, Toby, vhc., and Pinch, hc., were not in the same class with the winners, and the same may be said of the bitch class, for with Symond's Daisy and Venus placed in the order named, the former winning in color and coat, the others were plainly outclassed. Best kennel, C. S. Symond.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

Bob Ivy was alone in challenge dogs, and Bessie held undivided sway in her class. Open dogs saw Cryer's Climax an easy winner, though not good in markings, too dark, and ears could be improved, still he showed more quality than Chequasset Tzar or Kizer, both too large and fat. Dr. Cryer's black-headed Cassina had an easy win in bitches, second being withheld, and third going to a poor one in Reed's Sissy. The special for best kennel went to Dr. Cryer. Best pug in show, Dr. Cryer's Bessie.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

Some nice spaniels were shown, Toronto Charlie, scoring again, being alone in the dog class. In bitches Forshaw's Ruby wins in skull and coat. Topsy, second, has also a nice head and good markings. These were the only entries.

The miscellaneous class, judged by Mr. Mason, was divided by weight and then by sex. In over 30lbs. Purbeck's Dexter, a finely corded poodle, had no difficulty in winning, followed by his other poodle Nell, third going to a pretty fair Dalmatian, not clear enough in spots. In dogs under 30lbs. the schipperke Othello got the card and the poodle Kava II. was given second over a fairish toy terrier, Boozer, a rough terrier, hc. In the bitch class Jos. Lewis's Italian greyhound Sprite rightly won over the poodle Cora, followed by another toy, Miller's Daisy Diehl, third, and a toy poodle, Frost by name, was given hc. Mr. A. W. Purbeck won the special for the best kennel of poodles.

NOTES.

On Friday evening the following testimonial was addressed to the superintendent Toronto show, Mr. C. A. Stone. Mr. Powers read it to the assembled doggy men in the committee room, and in answer Mr. Stone expressed his thanks in a neat speech, which was received with three times three.

"To Mr. C. A. Stone, Supt. Toronto Bench Show:

"DEAR SIR—The undersigned having been present at the Toronto bench show during the past week, as exhibitors and visitors, and noting your unflagging intent in everything pertaining to the welfare of the dogs, their owners and the general public, your pleasant and courteous treatment and manner under trying circumstances, we take the opportunity to thank you for your uniform kindness, and trust you may occupy your present position for another term, that we may have the opportunity to similarly express our highest appreciation of your valued services. Signed—W. N. Powers, J. B. Lewis, Carl Heimerle, W. B. Harrison, G. Smith, C. S. Wixom, A. Teshavs, B. F. Lewis, John Ridge, Geo. H. Covert, Herbert E. Nichols, Arthur Wilgrew, F. W. Wilson, G. T. Bickle, W. Morris, Geo. H. Thomas, C. C. Bennett, Frank F. Dole, Henry Jarrett, H. W. Lacy, W. F. Peck."

To prove the interest the general public took in the dog show part of the fair at Toronto we give the amount taken in during the five days of the show, which was kindly furnished us at the treasurer's office: Monday (half day), $883.30; Tuesday, $662.60; Wednesday, $1,006.90; Thursday, $797.30; Friday about $500, making a total of $3,350.10, thus admitting 33,501 people.

This is a substantial proof indeed that this is a dog show town, and will go far to induce the fair people to open their purse strings very wide next year.

We cannot quite understand the rule at Toronto show that if dogs were entered in the novice and open classes the novice was to be judged first. This leads to confusion and serves no good end that we can see. Then the Canadian Kennel Club at their meeting during the show, an account of which will be found in this issue, adopted a rule that when no challenge class is provided dogs eligible for that class must not compete in the open as is usual. This still further handicaps the already much-abused challenge dogs. There is little inducement except honor to gain that much-sought-after title. To our minds the best dogs are entitled to the spoils. It is all right and proper to encourage the showing of new dogs, but still we all want the dogs whose merit should be standard to breed by.

It is always a pleasant duty to speak of the courtesy and kindness of railroad officials, because of the very few who are entitled to it. The boys at Toronto were loud in praise of Mr. W. Robertson, General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk, at Detroit, who passed the dogs, over 60 in number, that had been at that show, and delivered them at the Toronto grounds free. Exhibitors will bear this in mind in future and favor this line again.

An interesting feature of the fair was the trotting dogs to sulky, a black and tan setter being particularly good, going round the track in great shape, with hardly a break. It was quite funny to see how the drivers pulled the dogs down to a trot after getting in the air, as it were. The noted Irish setter trotter Doc did not put in an appearance, as his terms are in proportion to his acknowledged ability.

One of the jokes of the show was the ride of several doggy men in the Deadwood coach in the Wild West show at the fair. Those who were fortunate enough to see the fun said J. H. Naylor, the Scotch terrier man, "died hard," giving the Indians who looked into the window the full benefit of the red light.

Several dogs were sold at the show at Toronto, but the sales were kept very quiet, on account of the customary bondid nuisance. H. W. L.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS.

FOX-TERRIERS—WIRE-HAIRED.—1st, Eskdale Broom; 2d, Wentworth Wonder; 3d, Adswood Jim II. Very high com., Patch. —NOVICE—1st, Stanley; 2d, Wentworth Wirey; 3d, Wentworth Twig. *Puppies:* 1st, Stanley; 2d, Wentworth Wasp; 3d, Baby.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Breda Bill; 2d, Evictor; 3d, Burnside *Bitches:* 1st, Breda Tiney.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Mena; 2d, Fan; 3d, Goyon.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Pica; 2d, Sentinel. *Bitches:* 1st, Zulu; 2d, Jersey.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Sir Stafford; 2d, Donald; 3d, Prince. High com., Ittig.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Toons Royal; 2d, Fishpool Gem; 3d, Petro. Very high com., Toby. High com., Pinch. *Bitches:* 1st, Daisy; 2d, Venus; 3d, Daisy (Campbell's). High com., Dolly and Tiney.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Bob Ivy. *Bitches:* 1st, Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Climax; 2d, Chequasset Czar; 3d, Tizer. *Bitches:* 1st, Cassina; 3d, Sissy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—1st, Dexter; 2d, Nell; 3d, Spot.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, O hello; 2d, Vava II.; 3d, Tiny. High com., Boozer and Frost. *Bitches:* 1st, Sprite; 2d, Cora; 3d, Dasiy Diehl.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary in extending an invitation to Mr. Geo. R. Krehl to visit America next spring promises that I will show him all the cock fights he wants. I am not thinskinned by any means, but this is dropping me a bit lower than I care to go. I have never been to but one small affair, and then solely as a matter of business. That was several years ago. The homeward journey was taken in company with a gentleman in blue uniform. The judge, after doling out ten days or $10 to a score of the "attached," called upon my brother scribe and myself to tell what brought us there, which done, he decided, much to the disgust of the halffine minion of the S. P. C. A., that we were exempt. As a wind-up he called us into his private room, whence we adjourned to drink his good health in a small bottle. No, Messrs. "Espan," I am not in that line of business; but I suppose the idea arose from my stating about a year ago that the S. P. C. A. was a humbug in many respects, and that dog fights and cock fights could be located without trouble in New York if the society agents did their business.

It would be a treat to have Mr. Krehl come here if only to read his story of the journey. His trip to Norway, now running in the *Stock-Keeper*, is one of his happiest efforts. Get it, my friends, and see if you don't agree with me. A good many have tried to poison me against him, but I know George Krehl, and it is labor lost to try to set me against one of the best fellows that ever lived, a gentleman in every thought, word and deed. Ask Ashmont, ask Frank Dole about him, and hear what they say of the man I am proud to say is my friend.

Archduke, the winning St. Bernard at Wilmington, is likely to shine as a sire if his only litter is taken as a criterion. I have seen two dogs and a bitch by him, all remarkably good for their age. One dog is, I think, the biggest in bone and largest in skull of any puppy I have seen. The dog ought to get good-headed ones, for he is by a son of Hermit (litter brother to Otho) out of a bitch by Otho.

Mr. Frank Smyth of Germantown has recently sold the following St. Bernards: To Mr. Mortimer of Pottsville, a bitch by Bonivard Jr., dam Madame Barry; to Mr. J. H. Byrne, Carbondale, Pa., a bitch by Marquis of Stafford (by champion Sayo), dam Lovedine; to Mrs. Quigley, Newport, Del., a dog by Neumond, dam Cassandra II.

Mr. Wm. H. Child, of this city, ex president of the A. K. C., has been under the doctor's care for some time, but I learn he is about again in much improved health.

A special "whip" has been issued for the A. K. C. meeting of this week, and I hope there will be a large attendance and that matters be discussed. The reader will please lay emphasis on discussed. Look at the reports of recent A. K. C. meetings and it will be seen that it is only occasionally any other name than Mr. Anthony, Mr. Belmont and my own appears. I do not know how Mr. Anthony feels about it, but this is my case. I see a dozen men in the room, each with a vote and each as silent as a juryman listening to the arguments of counsel. I accept it that some may be with my views, others opposed, with the balance open to conviction. Sometimes after occupying the time of the club for half an hour in discussing back and forth with Mr. Anthony a proposition before the meeting, I have been beaten voteless. At other times the result has been the other way. Now I have no desire to take up time in that way, nor waste energy in such a hopeless case, and I take it that neither does Mr. Anthony, and when we oppose each other, either will stop when he sees a one-sided vote for the opposition. As long, however, as delegates will continue to sit on their chairs "like knots on a log," just so long will there be a waste of time.

An important engagement which I cannot cancel will prevent my being present at the meeting, but in order to have the Spaniel Club represented I have resigned my position as to delegate. I won't blame any one for saying, "Thank goodness that long-winded fellow won't tire us out this time." To which I can only say, that I was elected a delegate with the full knowledge that I was not a clam, but a kicker from Kickersville.

Exhibitors in this district will have received a premium list of a South Jersey Kennel Club show, to be held at Woodbury, N. J., on Friday and Saturday of this week. What I want to say is that shows of this kind are wanted everywhere. They are educational and pave the way for the development of fanciers. Mr. Fred Kirby started the idea about two months ago, got a few others interested enough to get together and form a club, hire a building and announce the show. The classification is graded so as to bring together the various breeds without splitting them up too much, and $5 and a medal are the prizes offered for first and second. There is room for many a hundred of such educational shows as this two days' affair at Woodbury.

If dog men want a treat in the way of dog pictures by all means let them get "Teufel the Terrier," published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London. A friend has just sent it to me from the other side and I have not had the time to do more than look through it at the illustrations, but if the letter press is in anything like keeping with them every dog man in the country should have it, while even if it is not the pictures for the scrap book are worth the shilling over and over again.

Mr. E. W. Abbott, of Concord Junction, Mass., says that his mastiff Presto (what a name for a mastiff—change it) measures 33⅝in. under the standard, and weighs 191lbs. He is willing to wager $100 that no mastiff ever appeared on exhibition that was of equal height or as large as his dog. Mr. Abbott further claims that the editor of the American *Stock Keeper* took the measurement of the dog, and as his letter is published in that journal, it is a verification of the measurement. Such being the case, I don't think any one will dispute his being the tallest mastiff ever shown on this side of the Atlantic. As for our friends across the water they give stud "ad." measurements.

I said last week that I doubted the correctness of the announcement that Mr. Crowell was bringing the St. Bernard Donna Silva. I have just learned from the Swiss Mountain Kennel, of Germantown, that a letter has been received from the gentleman who is making some purchases in England for the kennel, and under date of Sept. 10 he wrote that he was just starting for London to complete the purchase of Donna Silver and attend to shipping her in company with Dart on the steamship Montana, which left London on the 12th. This certainly looks as if the Swiss Mountain Kennel would have Donna Silva, who from all accounts is a very good one indeed. She was bred on Aug. 20 to Scout. Mr. Gosling's dog, which won first and cup at the Kennel Club show, first and cup at Brighton, first and cup at Brussels, second and cup at St. Bernard Club show, a record which stamps him as a dog of the best class. Dart as I stated last week was bred to Lord Bute.

Both bitches, by the way, are by Duke of Wellington, a dog that has always been pedigreed as by Barry, owned by Mr. Sidney Smith. All I can say is that Formosa when she won at Leeds must have had a long look at Bonivard, for Duke of Wellington is simply Bonivard over again—of a larger size. When I saw him in England in '84 I liked him so well that I cabled Mr. Rodney Benson to let me bring him over for him, but getting no reply I could not bring him. Mr. Benson says he always regretted not having got him. When I said to Mr. Smith at the St. Bernard show, "He is by Bonivard," he said, "I would say so myself if I did not know that Formosa was bred to Barry." But I only shook my head and said, "Barry never got one like that."

I see by the *Stock-Keeper* that there was a rumor at the Cardiff show that Mr. Chapman had refused £3.000 for the St. Bernard Princess Florence. If such is the case, what chance is there for Americans to buy world-beating St. Bernards?

Mr. A. H. Megson, after offering £60 to Mr. T. H. Stretch for the young collie Ormskirk Leofric, without tempting the latter to sell, at the Birkenhead show, has finally secured the dog for an even £100. He is a son of Christopher.

What a touching little story that was about the three-year-old child that strayed away from Hudson, N. Y., and was not found until the fourth day with no companion but the dog. His weight in gold ought not to tempt the parents of the little boy to part with the dog, for it undoubtedly saved the child's life. In such inclement weather as we had at that time it was the warmth of the dog that saved the child's life. And on the approach of the searchers the faithful dog protected him against what he thought was the intention of strangers to do the child harm.

A Santa Cruz, Cal., paper tells of a couple of terriers that found a rattlesnake, and during the fight that ensued the bitch was bitten by the snake, which, as soon as she had killed the snake, made for a bunch of snakeweed and ate freely of it, and then to a muddy pool into which she jumped and rolled herself until she was completely covered with mud. The next morning she was all right. I suppose the story is correct, because the name of the owner, Mr. J. F. Coope, Ben Lomand Vineyard, is given.

Mr. L. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, gets in a fair hit at Dr. Foote when he says that Meersbrook Maiden, the one with the white spot, was making a clean sweep under certain judges, and Doctor was finding no fault with the black and tan judges, nor was he at all anxious to form the club for reform judging which he particularly wishes to do since the Detroit show.

Mr. E. H. Morris published a letter in the contempory: "In the spaniel world all is serene, and if in the future there is less of the happy family tendency of the officeholders, so much the better." What does he mean? Does he want the executive committee to be fighting between themselves, or what? Does he seek to imply that the officeholders elected themselves? If so, he is very wide of the mark. At least two of the present committee stated their desire not to serve again, but at the annual meeting of the club, which was the largest attended of members of any annual meeting yet held, their desire was completely overlooked, and the election, if my memory serves me, was practically unanimous. Mr. Morris's views on some subjects are very like those of Mr. Millay. Mr. Millay wants judges who never make a mistake; he wants dog show reporters to never earn their criticism, and he means by these wishes that he, Mr. Millay and his particular friends, must be judges, and that only the reports in his papers can be strictly correct and devoid of prejudice. Mr. Morris practically means the same thing, and that he should be both interested in the ring and writing manifold reports for all the papers.

Only a line from Frank Dole, but lots of news in it. "Have bought all of Sawyer's bulldogs." As I believe Mr. Sawyer had his dogs at the New Haven Kennels for some time, this is simply a change in ownership. Harper is, of course, the premier of the kennel, and he is a hard one to beat beyond a question. Then there are quite a good lot of bitches, but they are hard things to rear even after you have got a litter.

A few days ago I saw as pretty a litter of spaniels, by Jersey, as I have ever set eyes on. Mr. Willey told me six months ago that Jersey was the best sire he had ever had, and I don't doubt it after seeing the lot I speak of. J. W.

SPANIEL IMPORTATION.—Newark, N. J., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received, per S. S. Spain, the black field spaniel Beverley Negus, purchased from Alfred Wild, of Bury, England. Although over two weeks on the water he arrived in fine condition, and I am well pleased with him. I expect soon to breed him to my two bitches, Lady and Miss Ben D'Or, and will also place him in the stud. His winnings are: First Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool and Darlington. Second Bangor, Edinburgh and Manchester.—ROWLAND P. KEASBEY.

DOGS EATING DIRT.—Somerville, N. J., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you give me the cause and explain the reason why my Irish setter dog will eat dirt? He will scratch the sod back and eat two or three mouthfuls at a time. Please give me a remedy for this, and oblige.—J. V. H. [Dogs, as well as horses and other animals, often eat dirt. Probably this is nature's remedy for some ailment or derangement of the system that is not understood.]

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.—Headquarters American Coursing Club, Great Bend, Kans., Sept. 16. Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the club, held at these headquarters on the evening of Oct. 20, 1890, for the purpose of nominating and balloting for membership, as prescribed by the by-laws. All applications should be presented to the secretary as soon as possible.—IRA D. BROUGHER, Sec'y.

DOG TALK FROM ENGLAND.

MR. GOSLING'S grand St. Bernard brood bitch champion La Mascotte, dam of champion Plevna, Pleiad, Onyx and other good ones, died this week of internal hemorrhage.

Mr. J. F. Smith's well known puppy Troubadour contracted distemper at Gloucester show and died in two days.

At the time of Hesper's sale to America his get had not made much mark, but it is quite a different thing this year. Andromeda is without question one of the best bitches in England. Donnybrook Fair, a 10 months puppy out of Winnie, promises to make a "clinker." Lady Livingston you have seen already, and I have several young ones that promise to rival the best, among them a bitch with a very similar head to her sire and with bone nearly if not quite as heavy, the property of Mr. Evans, Hesper's former owner.

We have some Japanese pugs in the States that we think are about right, but what would their owners think of one three years old, perfect in formation and only 3lbs. weight. Mr. Fellows has just returned from Japan with one of that weight and size.

I have told the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of Scottish Prince, of a brother of Sir Bedivere, of Donnybrook Fair and a few other good ones coming up. But I hear Mr. J. F. Smith has one by Lord Bute that will rub Scottish Prince very closely, and many that have seen him expect to see him beat Sir Bedivere in the near future.

While speaking of the coming dogs I think Mr. Evans's puppy by champion Guide out of Sans Peur is well worth mentioning. He is 7 months old and weighs 120lbs. He has a bit too much length of ear, but his body and limbs are grandly proportioned. His muscular development reminds one very much of Watch when at his best.

In addition to the string before mentioned I am taking out Mr. Gosling's St. Bernard dog Republican, a promising 18-months. NAMQUOIT.

PEDIGREE OF DU VERNAT'S LION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a year or two I have been on the chase of the tangled up pedigree of the above dog. It is stated "Lion was sired by Captain out of Psyche; out of Gwendoline by Cardinal Wolsey; out of Juno by Colonel; out of Linden I. by Granby; out of Duchess by Turk; out of Venus by Farrier." A student of mastiff pedigrees is immediately snagged by the fact that Psyche was out of a Juno by Nichols's Captain, that "Linda" (Linden I.) was bred to Granby and that she was by Fabius (Farrier), and that Gwendoline was bred several times to Cardinal, the result being that one feels convinced that the pedigree is an honest one, wretchedly bungled in setting down. This has been the view I held from the first, and Mr. Wynn was so impressed with the same view that he thought the pedigree could be easily traced. However, after blundering round for a long time, I was, by the kindness of Wm. Robinson, Esq., brought in touch with a prominent mastiff man of Liverpool (the city the dog was said to be exported from), who by odd good fortune met the breeder of Lion and obtained the startling information that the pedigree was a complete fraud, that the dog had no pedigree whatever beyond the names of sire and dam, and that this breeder so stated to the party who brought the dog over to Mr. Du Vernat, who replied that it didn't matter, he could soon make up one! There seems to have been some further crookedness about this pedigree, and on this side of the water, as a gentleman owning mastiffs with Lion's blood told me that he had been informed that the dog was exported by a party named so and so, the agent of the Cunard Line in Birmingham, England. This opened up a new phase of the question, and I investigated as to this Mr. So and So in Birmingham. A prominent mastiff man in that city writes me that he can find no trace whatever of there ever having been any such Mr. So and So in Birmingham, and the agent of the Cunard Line adds that they never had an agent in Birmingham with such a name. I have hesitated about exposing this fraud until every crack and cranny was explored, that there might be no possibility of mistake; and now the chain is complete, as the gentleman to whom Mr. Robinson referred me has a character beyond question and is exceedingly careful and painstaking. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Sept. 20.

THE BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of those who have not as yet received copies of our constitution and by-laws, also our running rules (some 300 of which have already been sent to different parties in the United States, Canada, and England), I will say that there will be a regular meeting of the National Beagle Club on Oct. 3, 1890, at which time the numerous applications for membership already received will be considered, as well as any new applications which may be received on or before that date. Parties who are intending to enter their dogs in our trials and those who have already entered, but who are not as yet members, will find it to their advantage to join this organization at the October meeting, as it will give them free admission to over $100 worth of special prizes for which they could not otherwise compete. As compared with the benefits to be derived therefrom, the cost of joining us is ridiculously small—only $3 admission fee and $2 per year, dues payable semi-annually. All present indications point to a most successful and satisfactory trial. We have secured the services of two thoroughly competent and trustworthy judges in Messrs. H. W. Lacy of New York, and Joe Lewis of Cannonsburg, Pa. Both are men who know a beagle's field work perfectly, and who are able and willing to keep the dogs within sight and hearing from beginning to end, thus having the dogs under judgment all the time. Again in offering our prizes, we have tried to be as liberal as possible to all, and yet not promise that which we could not fulfill. Arrangements have been made with the proprietor of the hotel at Hyannis, and during our trials special rates will prevail to our patrons which will satisfy all, especially as the house is not far from the grounds. Competent attendants will be on hand and dogs will be benched during the trials in clean, commodious and comfortable quarters. It would be well for those who are unable to attend the trials in person to have their dogs in the hands of some competent and trustworthy handler at least a fortnight before the trials occur. As fast as new specials are added to our list they will be published and it is confidently expected that by Oct. 10, the date of closing of entries, we shall have some $200 worth. Application and entry blanks, constitution and running rules can be had of the secretary.

F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y and Treas.

364 WASHINGTON ST., Boston, Mass.

LOSS OF SCENTING POWER.—Camden, N. J., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have an imported collie dog that has apparently lost his scent through distemper. Do you know of any remedy or of a similar case?—M. H. YORK. [Such cases are not uncommon. The dog will probably improve in this respect and perhaps entirely recover.]

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

THE annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club were run at Morris, Sept. 9, 10 and 11. There were two stakes, the Derby and the All-Aged stakes, with twelve starters for each stake. The trials were run under the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club—the "spotting system"—the result being highly satisfactory. The judges were Mr. S. Beckett and Rev. W. H. Spence, of Grand Fork. Following is a list of the starters:

DERBY.

BUNTY (T. A. Montgomery), liver and white pointer bitch (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peachem).

CORA (W. F. Ellis), lemon and white English setter bitch (Bruce M.—Fowler).

FROST III. (T. A. Montgomery), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Van R.—Qu'Appelle Belle).

MANITOBA FRISK (Thos. Johnson), black and white English setter dog (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle).

NOVELIST (F. Dorsey), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Woodhill Bruce—Novelty).

POWDER (A. Halloway), black, white and tan English setter dog (Van R.—Qu'Appelle Belle).

POYNTZ (J. Wootton), liver and white pointer bitch (Bob —Fraulein).

PRAIRIE A. (E. D. Adams), orange and white English setter bitch (Prairie—Jannie).

PRINCE NOBLE (D. Smith), black and white English setter dog (Prairie—Fannie M.).

RUSH (J. H. Brown), black and white English setter dog (Cable—Dell).

UPTON (J. Johnson), liver and white pointer dog (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peachem).

VESTA (C. W. Young), black and white English setter bitch (Cable—Dell).

The winners were: First, Manitoba Frisk; second, Novelist; third, Prairie A.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

BOB (J. Baird), liver and white pointer dog.

DASH B. (W. H. Hogg), orange and white English setter dog.

FANNIE (E. D. Adams), lemon and white English setter bitch.

JENNY DEANS (H. Galt), white and lemon English setter bitch.

MAC (E. D. Adams), liver and white pointer dog.

MANITOBA BELLE (Thos. Johnson), orange and white English setter bitch.

NOVELIST (F. Dorsey), white, black and tan English setter bitch.

PRAIRIE (D. Smith), orange and white English setter dog.

PRINCE (D. Hope), black and tan Gordon setter dog.

PRINCE NOBLE (D. Smith), black, white and tan English setter dog.

ROYAL (H. M. McCulloch), liver and white pointer dog.

TOM JOHNSON (M. Putnam), orange and white English setter dog.

The winners were: First, Manitoba Belle; second, Prairie, third, Prince.

OTTAWA SHOW.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 23.—The Ottawa show opened on Tuesday with an entry of 230 dogs. The good and the bad are about equal. Spaniels are especially strong, with twenty Clumbers alone. H. W. Lacy judged all classes, and got to work by 2 P. M. Many dogs arrived late.

Tuesday's awards are:

MASTIFFS.—1st, Connelly's Wyoming Count; 2d, Lord Caution.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Benmore; others withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Berim; 2d, Mona. *Puppies:* 1st, Lord Caution.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Royal Kent; 2d, Kent II.; 3d, Grouse. Very high com., Polo. *Bitches:* 1st, Zona III.; 2d, Flo II.; 3d, Nellie Dale.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jack Malone; 2d, O'Donovan Rossa; 2d, St. Lawrence. *Bitches:* 1st, Lillie Ban; 2d, Jeannette; 3d, Belle Ida. Reserve, Elpeda. Very high com., Ledan and Molly Gendyne.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Domo. *Bitches:* 1st, Hilda.

POINTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Devon Nell; 2d, Ada.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Harmony.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hazelhurst; 2d, Elcho; 3d, Sir Launcelot. Very high com., Justinian. *Bitches:* 1st, Hallowe'en; 2d, Fannie M.; 3d, Betsy. Very high com., Galatea. *Puppies:* 1st, Sir Launcelot; 2d, Galatea.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Dan T.; 2d, Jack. Com., Brandy, Ranger and Mungo.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Robin.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Una.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Whisker. *Bitches:* 1st, Elf; 2d, Doll.—UNDER 12IN.—1st, Ava W.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Sport; 2d withheld; 3d, Dick.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Boss III.; 2d, Bromine.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Shell; 2d, Rake; 3d, Fop. Reserve, Johnny, Jr. Very high com., Lagrippe. High com., Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, Lucy II.; 2d, Joan II.; 3d, Vic. Very high com., Belle of Ottawa. *Puppies:* 1st, Darby; 2d, Belle of Ottawa. Reserve, Lagrippe. Very high com., Rake.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Samson; 2d, Prince; 3d, Napoleon. Very high com., Trot. *Bitches:* 1st, Topsy; 2d, Fanny.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Doc; 2d, Rabbi.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, King of Obos; 2d, Bob Obo; 3d, Brock. *Bitches:* 1st, Ida; 2d, Dot Smirle; 3d, Dutchy. Reserve Minnie. Very high com., Rideau Rollie and Trumps.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Rufus; 2d, Brush; 3d, Jeremy. High com., Bambo. *Bitches:* 1st, Blushing Rose; 2d, Blondie G. *Puppies:* 1st, Bounce; 2d, Blushing Rose. Very high com., Bambo.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Lagrippe; 2d, Johnny, Jr.; 3d, Rideau Rollie. *Bitches:* 1st, Ida; 2d, Rideau Flossie; 3d, Joan II. Reserve, Cleo. Very high com., Blushing Rose and Minnie. Com., Colonel and Rip. *Bitches:* 1st, Manilla; 2d, Floss; 3d, Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, Reality; 2d, Norman. Very high com., Nellie Bly.

BULLDOGS.—3d, Nettle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, King of Hearts; 2d, Count Dick.

CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held on the evening of Sept. 17, in the superintendent's office in the bench show building at Toronto, Ont. Dr. J. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, one of the vice-presidents, occupied the chair. The members present were Messrs. A. Geddes, Ottawa; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; S. F. Glass, London; H. B. Donovan, Toronto; P. G. Keyes, Ottawa; H. P. Harrison, Toronto; Geo. C. Taylor, Toronto; G. J. Mitchener, Toronto; and secretary C. A. Stone.

Mr. Glass presented the treasurer's report, showing receipts amounting to $174.75, and a balance on hand of $95.17. The club is now in a prosperous condition, and the number of dogs now registered reaches over 1,700, though the registration fee has been doubled.

The working amendments to the rules made by the executive committee since the last meeting were indorsed by the club.

Mr. Geddes proposed an amendment to the rules to the effect that no dog qualified for the challenge class shall be allowed to compete in the open class, where no challenge class is provided. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Keyes and adopted.

On motion of Mr. Glass it was decided that the list of gentlemen recommended as judges should be decided by the annual meeting, and that the list be selected by ballot.

The *Kennel Gazette* of Toronto was decided on as the official organ of the club.

In future a mail vote of the executive committee can be taken when members at a distance cannot attend the place of meeting.

Officers were elected as follows: Honorary president, Richard Gibson, Delaware. President, J. Lorne Campbell, Simcoe. Vice-presidents, Dr. J. Wesley Mills, Montreal; John Massey, Toronto; T. G. Davey, London; Geo. C. Taylor, Toronto; Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg. Secretary-treasurer, S. F. Glass, London. Executive committee, Dr. J. S. Niven, London; C. A. Stone, Toronto; H. B. Donovan, Toronto; A. W. Palmer, Woodstock; H. Bedlington, Hamilton; C. H. Corbett, Kingston; P. F. Keyes, Ottawa; J. G. Mitchener, Toronto.

LONDON SHOW.

LONDON, Ont., Sept. 23.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*] The London Kennel Club's bench show opened Monday at noon with 300 entries. All classes fairly well filled, quality excellent. America well represented by Dr. Cryer, Blemton Kennels, Chestnut Hill Kennels, B. F. Lewis, Joe Lewis and J. H. Naylor. Judging began at 2 o'clock Tuesday and was all over, with the exception of a few spaniels, by 6 o'clock; quite an improvement on Toronto. Mr. Davidson took the sporting classes and Mr. Mortimer the non-sporting, giving general satisfaction. The attendance has been good. If weather continues fine the show will be financially successful.

THE ENGLISH SETTER CLUB.—New York, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first regular annual meeting of the English Setter Club will be held at 50 Broadway, New York, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 11 A. M.—PERCY C. OUL, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Forest King and Forest Queen. By F. A. Hayes, Dexter, Me., for foxhound dog and bitch, whelped March 21, 1890, by Hayes's Brave out of Gipsey.

Brier Rose Lightning and Brier Rose Lady. By Jos. W. Kerr, Philadelphia, Pa., for white, black and white head, fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 10, 1890, by Reckoner (Regent—Nita) out of Olive Branch (Hillside Dandy—Richmond Olive).

Brier Rose Thunder. By Jos. W. Kerr, Philadelphia, Pa., for white, black head, fox-terrier dog, whelped Aug. 10, 1890, by Reckoner (Regent—Nita) out of Olive Branch (Hillside Dandy—Richmond Olive).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Kizma—Scotch Bonivard. H. H. Kent's (Wollaston Heights, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Kizma (Merchant Prince—Rensol) to C. J. Wheelock's Scotch Bonivard (champion Bonivard—Mirza), Aug. 17.

Donna Juanita—Count Howard. J. W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (champion Rockingham—Donna) to F. Windholz's champion Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena), July 24.

Lady Learnerd—Charlie W. Learnerd Kennels' (Hudson, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Lady Learnerd (Wolf's Ned—Estella) to H. C. Williams's Charlie W. (champion Elcho—Roxey), Aug. 31.

Learnerd Dair—Major Vox. Learnerd Kennels' (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Learnerd Dair (Knapp—Nora) to W. D. Holsapple's Major Vox (Regent Vox—Media), Sept. 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Olive Branch. Jos. W. Kerr's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Olive Branch (Hillside Dandy—Richmond Olive), Aug. 10, three (two dogs), by J. E. Thaver's Reckoner (Regent—Nita).

Rose. Learnerd Kennels' (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Rose, Sept. 18, five (three dogs), by W. D. Holsapple's Major Vox (Regent Vox—Media).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Club. Fawn pug dog, whelped June 3, 1889, by Santa Claus out of Victoria, by Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill., to John Powers, same place.

Smuggler. Fawn pug dog, age not given, by Lord Clover out of Midget Belle, by L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., to Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill.

Lord Clover. Fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1886, by champion Loris out of Goulding's Nellie, by L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., to Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill.

Midget Lord. Fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 24, 1889, by Lord Clover out of Lady Flossie, by L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., to Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill.

Lulu. Fawn pug bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Little Duke out of Lady Cloudy, by L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., to Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill.

Lady Flossie. Fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Max out of Pet, by L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich., to Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill.

Sir Satin. Fawn pug dog, age not given, by champion Kash out of Fair Inez, by Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill., to Geo. Isold, Red Oak, Ia.

Quintrin. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B., by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to Thos. Davis, Lansing, Mich.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. D. B., Mt. Morris, N. Y.—Please tell me what I can do to cure my pointer dog of canker in the ear. Shakes his head continually. Ans. Wash the ears with borax and warm water, teaspoon of borax to teacup of water. After drying use the following by dropping a little in the ear twice daily:

℞ Ti. opii	3 ii
Bromo-chloral	3 ii
Aq	3 iii

Mix. Sig. Ear wash.

J. R. H., Bridgeton, N. J.—I have an English setter dog 3 years old. He has always been in good health, but within two or three days has been troubled with a sort of hollow cough. He acts as though he had something in his throat. When he is on chain it does not trouble him as much as when he is loose. When he runs it seems to choke him and he is disposed to vomit. He acts very like a person who has something in his throat, and by coughing tries to dislodge it. I have examined his throat, but I cannot see that anything is the matter with it or that it is inflamed. Can you give me some advice in regard to him in your Answers to Correspondents? Ans. Chronic laryngitis. Give 5-grain quinine pill night and morning concealed in a morsel of meat. Get the following:

℞ Ammonia muriat	3 ii
Potass iodid	3 ii
Aq. camph	3 iv

Mix. Sig. Teaspoon in a little water three times daily.

You can also give chlorate of potash lozenges hidden in a bit of meat three or four times daily.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Mr. Editor:

Having read Mr. Moorehead's experience plating with gold, silver and nickel, I feel it my duty to inform others of my success. I sent for a plater and have more work than I can do. It is surprising the spoons, castors and jewelry that people want plated. The first week I cleared $37.10, and in three weeks $119.85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs $3.00. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large or small articles, and can make money anywhere. I now have a nice home and bank account, all the product of $3.00 invested in a Plater.—S. S. NORTON.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

DAYTON SHARPSHOOTERS.

DAYTON, Ohio, Sept. 23.—The big events among the shooters the past week were the two days devoted to the targets by the riflemen. The Sharpshooters' annual king shoot on the Kennel Club range was largely attended, and the sport was maintained at high tension through the annual medal contest of the Hibernian Rifles, one of the crack military companies of the State.

The Dayton Sharpshooters' Society was organized in the summer of 1863, when the only arm in use was the squirrel rifle, and the society has as regalia a squirrel-tail plume and the old powder horn. And every year since the society has held a prize shoot in the spring and king shoot in the fall. The gray-haired veterans of the society to-day were the organizers of this sport twenty-eight years ago. The original targets were life-sized figures of kings, and the heart the center shot. Now the society uses six square targets with white or black bullseyes, the center the size of a silver quarter, and counts 24, then around that are 24 half-inch rings. Col. Wm. F. Sanders won the crown at that first shoot in 1863, and Julius Webner first prize, with a clean score of 100 rings.

Timber was cut away for a 200yd. range in the woods adjoining the kennels, and there this 28th annual shoot was held Wednesday. The firing sheds are on a knoll and the targets 200yds. to the east.

Conditions of these contests are any rifle, muzzle rest, 5 shots each, possible 120 rings, no restrictions as to sights or gauge:

C Whealen	22 21 18 23 22—105	W Schwind	15 20 18 18 19—88
A Schwind	23 19 17 21 24—104	H Bergk	16 21 18 11 20—86
B W Early	20 21 19 20 20—100	J Weinstein	17 20 17 19 12—85
L Schwind	20 20 20 20 19—99	J D Turner	20 18 17 21 7—83
J Wehner	17 22 14 22 24—99	W Brown	16 18 20 15 14—83
E Schwind	17 20 24 18 18—97	D Bergk	22 21 13 13 13—83
C Sander	20 14 20 20 22—96	J Henn	19 15 21 13 14—82
Col W F Sander	22 21 19 15 19—96	C Lang	21 13 18 9 15—81
G Sander	19 19 19 21 19—94	A L Bauman	22 16 18 19 5—80
G Schwind	18 18 22 19 14—91	A W Kumler	19 15 20 16 8—78
P Kern	15 19 16 21 19—90	F Huber	10 3 22 12 16—63

The contest being decided in favor of Chas. Whealen by a score of 105, Mr. A. W. Kumler, president of the society, with a very neat brief speech presented the regalia to Mr. Whealen and crowned him King of the Sharpshooters. Fred Hubor, who had won the honor the year before by a score of 103, only scored 63 this time. About 80 other members of the society participated in the match, but the scores scaled down to single figures. This is the fourth time that Mr. Whealen has been the king shot, and this last victory was won on his forty-sixth birthday anniversary.

Following the convivial scene at the refreshment stand after the ceremony of installation, came the free for all match, in which there were over a hundred participants. 24 prizes, same conditions as the king shoot, except 3 rings, possible 72:

A Schwind	23 23 23—69	Chas Long	21 22 21—64
John Henn	23 21 24—68	Wm Sander	23 22 18—63
Chas Whealen	22 23 22—67	Ed Schwind	22 18 23—63
D Bergk	23 22 22—67	Louis Schwind	22 23 18—63
Gus Sander	21 22 22—65	Henry Bergk	21 20 22—63

Adolph Schwind was the winner of first prize. He had been king of the sharpshooters, and the contest between him and Henn of Tippecanoe, and Wheeler and Daniel Bergk was close and exciting, and he had three other ex-kings chasing him close. With first prize Schwind also won a silver cup and a fine split-bamboo rod and reel for the best aggregate score in the membership and free for all shoots, 173 rings in a possible 192. Wheeler next with 172. Most of the sharpshooters use Sharps rifles, .40cal.

The next day the Hibernian riflemen held their annual medal shoot on the same range, 200yds., 3 shots at rest, 2 off-hand, 24 rings, possible score 120, open sights, Springfield rifles, .45cal. In 5 practice shots Corporal Dennis J. Madden scored 16, 16, 16, 17, 19; total 84. Joseph F. Sloan 18, 19, 15, 11, 9; total 75. James Murphy 7, 4, 23, 14, 12; total 60. When the medal shoot opened the scores were not so good: Corporal Madden 18. Timothy McIntee 14, J. F. Sloan 24, C. P. Sweetman 24, J. M. Sweetman 0, Corporal Thomas Shelly 8, Captain Pat J. Madden 0, Thomas Sherlock 0, Ed. J. McKinney 0, J. P. O'Connell 7. Sloan and Sweetman shot off their tie and Sloan won in 3 shots, score 56 to 25, and took the medal. O'Connell, Sloan and Sherlock tried a Creedmoor match, 3 shots each, possible 62, each man to advance to the firing point, kneel and shoot. Sloan was again winner by score of 40, O'Connell 17, Sherlock 0. Chris Swectman challenged Sloan for a 5 shot match and beat Sloan 48 to 34. Then they tried it over again and Chris got left, Sloan finishing up the day with 5 shots, 58 rings.

The trap-shooters wound up the week's sport with an afternoon at Lang's Road House. Four matches were shot, two at standard targets and two at live birds, American Association rules.

After some little practice a match at 10 standard was arranged, 3 traps, 10 entries, Thos. B. Hannah referee:

S McDonald	0011011011—6	C Miller	0011111001—6
R Heikes	1110111111—9	J Achey	1011110101—7
E Rike	1101111101—8	W Kneisley	1110111111—9
W Pratchett	1010101011—6	E Taylor	1010011111—7
W Brown	0101011101—6	J Stuck	0111110101—7
A Sander	0111011000—5		

Moneys were all divided.

Ten singles:

McDonald	0110010110—6	Miller	1110110111—8
Pratchett	0111011011—7	Kneisley	1101010111—7
Heikes	1011111101—9	Achey	1011111001—8
Sander	1101000011—5	Stuck	1010111011—7
Brown	0111110100—6	Rike	1111111110—9

Moneys all divided.

Five ground traps, 20yds., $1.50 entrance, Ed Taylor, of Cincinnati, referee:

Heikes	20101—3	D G Porter	10212—4
Rike	22111—5	Brown	00100—1
Pratchett	00021—3	Kneisly	21112—5
Hannah	02111—4	McDonald	11111—5

First and second div., Heikes third.

The day wound up with an 8 live pigeon match, 5 ground traps, $2.50 entrance, 11 entries, Taylor referee:

Heikes	11211220—7	Kneisley	11011210—6
Pratchett	12011102—6	Brown	10120101—5
Porter	02111211—7	J R King	00001211—4
Rike	02121111—7	Ed Cain	00010211—4
Miller	20211100—5		BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18.—The Philadelphia Rifle Club held their annual prize shoot to-day, at their beautiful shooting park on Queen's Lane. The day was one of the finest that could be desired, which was shown by the large number of ladies present. Also the creditable scores made both on the honor and the ring targets. These targets are what are called the German ring target, composed of ½in. circles from 1 to 25, 3 shots to each score, making it possible to get 75. The following, which speak for themselves, are the official scores:

Honor target, 3 shots, possible 75:

Dr M Price	66	Gus Soedling	53
J Weatherly	61	Chas Molter	51
E Travis	60	Wm Gelzer	47
C W Schwieckardt	57	J Riest	46
Wm Stein, Jr.	53	E F Kolb	46
E Stieber	42
J Weatherly	40
J S Loeffler	40
J Yarrick	40
J M Green	40

Ring target, 12 prizes only on this target, 3 shots, possible 75:

E Travis	62	Chas H Beeler	52
Wm Stein, Jr.	55	Peter Bernhard	51
Charles Molter	55	Dr M Price	49
E F Kolb	54	G F Kolb	47
J Weatherly	46
J T Oliver	45
Wm Wurfflein	43
Wm Gelzer	43

Bullseye target, 4in. centers, each member's best cartoon measured from center of bullet-hole to center of cartoon, 24 prizes:

1. G T Kolb	.07½	9. W Stein Jr.	.40½
2. E Travis	.11	10. G Brehm	.43½
3. W Gelzer	.25½	11. G Soedling	.49
4. C Molter	.28½	12. W Wurfflein	.50½
5. E Stieber	.29½	13. J M Green	.52½
6. E F Kolb	.33	14. M Dubbs	.67½
7. J Yarrick	.34	15. Dr M Price	.74½
8. P Bernhardt	.34½	16. M Brierly	.80½
17. Sch'kardt	.91½
18. J T Oliver	1.13
19. F Holtz van	1.07
20. J L Loeffler	1.15
21. J Zirnkelt	1.28
22. J Weath'rly	1.28½
23. C F Loeffler	1.42½
24. L Thomas	1.45

EPHRATA, Pa., Sept. 19.—The members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range for practice this afternoon and made the following score, distance 200yds., off-hand:

C S Wenger	5	8	7	9	4	7	6	8	6	10—70
W Carpenter	7	5	7	4	10	8	6	8	6	7—88
L M Wiest	5	9	4	7	6	6	7	3	9	8—64
W D Winters	5	5	4	5	9	7	3	4	7	3—52
C Konigmacher	8	6	7	4	4	3	0	9	3	3—47
R W Bickley	8	10	7	8	0	3	4	9	0	3—61

The day was fair with a strong breeze across the target most of the time. The club meets again next Friday afternoon. The club propose to choose a number of its best shooters and challenge any club in eastern Pennsylvania to furnish the same number to shoot for an expensive medal, or several medals. This will be decided finally at the next meeting.—D. B. LEEVER, Sec'y.

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. The attendance of riflemen was large, among them several members of the Press Rifle Club, who were out practicing for their fall shoot that is to be held at this range Thursday, Oct. 16. W. M. Foster won the silver membership badge, and below are the other best scores made to-day in the all-comers' matches, 200yds., standard American target:

(R.) ALL-COMERS' REST MATCH.

J Francis	115	F C Paine	101
S Wilder	106	J B Hobbs	101
J N Eames	104	H B Clark	100
F W Chester	103	E I Blount	98
M T Day	102	J W French	95
A S Hunt	93		
M R Barter	89		
D Martin	86		
A N Mann	85		

(R.) ALL-COMERS' OFF-HAND MATCH.

E F Richardson	88	T Oliver	73
O M Jewell	88	R Lawrence	72
S O Merville	81	A N Mann	72
M T Day	76	S C Sydney	71
H B Clark	75	J B Hobbs	70
J Ryan	65		
D Bailey	65		
A Keen	63		
M R Barter	61		

(R.) PISTOL PRACTICE MATCH—50YDS.

H Severance	90	W Gill	85
A D Stevens	88	M T Day	82
A S Hunt	82		

(R.) Only re-entries allowed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—The steamer St. John and a wet but merry company of New York marksmen returned late this evening from the Navesink Highlands, where the New York Schuetzen Corps, under the leadership of its popular captain, G. H. Wehrenberg, had held its annual fall shoot. The winners of prizes in the different events were as follows: Eagle shoot—M. von Dwingelow, center crown; C. Mahnken, right crown; F. W. Mertens, Jr., left crown; I. G. G. Thoelke, right wing; M. Barthmann, left wing; C. C. Cramer, right head; F. Schmidt, left head; H. Buthfer, German flag; C. Grosch, American flag; I. E. Berkman, right neck; W. Leuicken, left neck; Cord Meyer I., sceptre; H. G. Buescher, orb; J. Kretzner, right wing; G. Landwehr, left wing; J. Gobber, right leg; D. Basse, left leg; F. Rahe, right claw; H. Decker, left claw; W. Lackmann, tail, and W. Rohring the body with the coat of arms. Mr. Rohring was crowned shooting king and took first prize. The target was 20in. in diameter and had a bullseye of 4in. Each man was entitled to three shots, which were measured from the center, the shortest total measurement entitling the marksman to first prize, and so on. H. Evers first, with 2⅛in.; B. Zettler second, with 4in.; F. Hoops third, with 4½in, and H. Buthfer, C. Meyer, D. Koster, P. Feige and C. N. Brunie in the order named. The extra premium for the best bullseye went to J. Bunz, who made a nearly perfect center shot.

VIENNA, Sept. 17.—The further large use of smokeless powder on the field of battle, which has been made one of the chief features of the recent military maneuvers in Hungary has resulted in confirming the view which has already been arrived at by the authorities on army matters, that the adoption of the new explosive would compel the institution of extensive changes in the tactics of war. There were 77 battalions of infantry, 36 squadrons of cavalry and 128 pieces of artillery engaged in heavy firing for four hours during the maneuvers. The commanding officers were unable to judge of the position and strength of the opposing forces by the density of the smoke as they can when the old powder is used, and it took a very long time to fix the positions of the firing batteries. While the infantry was under cover it could scarcely be discovered at all, and no estimate could be made of its force or movements. The new powder emits an unpleasant odor. Altogether it is very unpopular with the army.

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—An election of officers and the gallery shoot were held by the members of the Empire Rifle Club at their headquarters in the Deutsch-Amerikanische Schuetzen Halle, 12 St. Marks place, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 17. The election resulted as follows: President, E. Smith; Vice-President, J. Grimm; Treasurer, C. Zettler, Jr.; Secretary, A. Stahl, Jr.; Shooting Master, Wm. Rosenbaum. The following were the scores on the Massachusetts 12-ring target, possible 120 points, 100ft. distance; C. Zettler, Jr., 108, J. Grimm 108, W. Maisenholder 100, J. Zettler 99, H. Stahl, Jr., 97, F. Schneider 91, E. Smith 89, A. Krueger 85. The shoot will be continued weekly.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 17.—The best scores of the Cuyahoga Rifle Club at their regular shoot on Cedar Bluff range was as follows, 200yds., offhand, 10 shots:

Furlong	73	Phare	72
Bosworth	53		
Brush	64		

200yds., rest:

Phare	100	Furlong	90
Bosworth	86		

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Sept. 24-26.—South Side Gun Club Tournament, Watertown, N. Y. L. H. Prentice, Secretary.

Sept. 25-27.—Harrisburg, Pa., Annual Fall Tournament, Harrisburg Shooting Association. Two days Keystones one day live birds. Programmes now ready. A. M. F. Worden, Sec'y, Box 468.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-3.—Sixth Annual Tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, at Plainfield, N. J. Two days targets, two days live birds. $1,000 guaranteed. Programmes ready for distribution Sept. 1.

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona (Pa.) Trap-Shooter's Tournament, at the Driving Park. Live and inanimate targets. Sweepstakes and guaranteed purses. G. G. Zeth, Secretary.

Oct. 14-16.—First Annual Tournament of the Boiling Spring Fishing and Gunning Club, at Rutherford, N. J. Sweepstake purses. Address P. A. Jeanneret.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—A meeting will be held this week to determine the members of the team for the great return match of the Chicago-Kansas City race, which will be shot at Elliott's tournament at Kansas City, probably beginning Tuesday, Nov. 11. The team will be probably fifteen men, and the race at 100 birds, $100 a man. This will be a great shoot. Chicago will win it this time, so the boys aver.

A number of private matches are up for early dates here. Messrs. Ben Dicks and R. C. "Stevens" will probably get together this week for 100 birds, $100 a man. This will be shot at Mak-saw-ba grounds. Mr. Dicks will shoot Mr. Geo. T. Farmer a 50 birds race, $50, at Watson's Park, this week probably.

A good deal of fun has been had here to-day by the boys over the Montgomery Ward tin pigeon medal, which was won by George Kleinman at the Mak-saw-ba shoot. The terms of the competition state that the shoots must be held in Chicago, and, therefore, when a recent call was issued for the winner to defend the medal at the out-of-the-way village of Morgan Park, where it seems there is a tin pigeon club, there was a rebellion, and the upshot is that the call had to be reconsidered, and issued more at the convenience of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, to which, it should be remembered, this medal belongs unreservedly. "Did you hear that?"

There is a story connected with this change of base in the medal shoot. They were shooting tin pigeons out at Watson's Park, and when the shot would strike the bird and fail to open it, some one would say, "Did you hear that?" This never failed to irritate the inventor of the bird, Mr. Best, who invariably explained that it "was only a glancing shot." etc. Then Roll Organ, who is perhaps the most inveterate "kidder" on earth, grasped the situation, and soon everybody was saying, "Did you hear that?" They gave Mr. Best the worst of it so bad that he swore he would never allow one of his birds to be shot on those grounds again. Hence the Morgan Park call, and the rebellion, and hence also a new phrase among the Chicago shooters. Everybody now says, "Did you hear that?"

E. HOUGH.

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

FANWOOD, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. Heritage, President of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, desires to give notice through your valuable journal that a meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association of New Jersey will be held at Achmuttey Hotel, 812 Broad street, Newark, on Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 8 P. M. It is to be hoped that all the clubs belonging to the association will send delegates to the meeting, notice of which is given above.

JACOB PENTZ, Cor. Sec'y, N. J. S. A.

ARTIFICIAL BIRD.—It is likely that a pool, trust or understanding on the part of the makers of inanimate targets will be reached before another outdoor shooting season opens.

CATSKILL TOURNAMENT.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Tolley's eighth kingbird tournament took place on the grounds in West Catskill, with a good attendance of crack shooters from Albany, Troy, Cohoes, Tannersville, Cairo and Saugerties. Besides the usual events, of which there were 15 shot out, there was the medal of the Eastern League to be shot for, Mattice, of Catskill, Paul, of Cohoes, and Levengston, of Saratoga, having tied for it at the last Troy tournament. Mr. Levengston not being on the ground, was ruled out. Paul, of Cohoes, and Mattice, of Catskill, shot at 25 birds, Mattice capturing 23 and Paul 21. This medal must be won three times to become the property of the shooter. Mr. Buesser, of Troy, and Mr. Mattice have each won it once. The next shoot for this trophy will take place at Catskill next month, and already there are a dozen entries; any member of the Eastern League may contest for it. The ladies on the grounds undoubtedly spurred Mr. Mattice on to his excellnet score by their continuous applause, and when he completed his score the hearty cheers could be heard echoing from the surrounding hills for some time. The next shoot promises to be of unusual interest, as the medal and other events will be sharply contested. Following are the scores:

Contest No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Patten	1111111111—10	Shufelt	1101111011—8
Taylor	1110111111— 9	Mattice	1110111011—8
Bemis	1101101111— 8	Paul	1001101111—7
Beach	1111100111— 8	Schutt	0101110111—6
Leon	1011111101— 8	Eloc	0100101011—5
Mardo	0111011111— 8		

*Forfeited shot.

Ties on 8: Bemis 5, Leon [5, Mardo 3, Shufelt 3, Mattice w, Beach w.

Contest No. 2, same as No. 1:

Bemis	10	Beach	8	Paul	6
Leon	10	Patten	8	Shufelt	5
Mattice	10	Schutt	7	Eloc	4
Taylor	9	Mardo	7		

No. 3, same as before:

Bemis	9	Patten	8	Schufelt	6
Taylor	9	Paul	8	Eloc	5
Leon	9	Mardo	7	Shutt	3
Mattice	9	Beach	6		

No. 4:

Beach	10	Paul	8	Leon	6
Mardo	9	Mattice	8	Eloc	5
Bemis	8	Taylor	6	Patten	4
Schutt	8				

No. 5:

Beach	9	Leon	8	Mardo	6
Taylor	9	Schutt	8	Goggin	5
Mattice	9	Paul	8	Eloc	4
Bemis	8	Patten	6		

No. 6, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Bemis	15	Patten	12	Leon	10
Beach	14	Mardo	12	Schutt	9
Mattice	13	Taylor	12	Eloc	9
Goggin	12	Paul	12		

No. 7.—In this and all succeeding 10 bird events the entrance fee was $1, the purses divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Bemis	10	Taylor	9	Leon	6
Goggin	10	Paul	9	Mattice	6
Beach	9	Schutt	8	Valk	6
Mardo	9	Patten	6	Eloc	5

Mo. 8:

Bemis	10	Paul	8	Mardo	7
Mattice	9	Goggin	8	Schutt	6
Taylor	8	Beach	7	Valk	5
Leon	8	Patten	7		

No. 9:

Mardo	10	Taylor	9	Mattice	8
Goggin	10	Paul	9	Schutt	7
Bemis	9	Beach	8	Valk	5

No 10:

Paul	10	Taylor	9	Mardo	7
Bemis	9	Mattice	9	Goggin	7
Beach	9	Schutt	8	Valk	6

Prizes for aggregates—A purse of $10 was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. as rewards for best aggregates made in regular contests two to ten inclusive. A contestant shooting through the nine events had to shoot at 95 kingbirds. Out of the number Bemis (Albany) scored 88 and won first; Taylor (Albany), Beach and Mattice (Catskill) came out of the race with scores of 80 and div. second; Paul (Cohoes) won third with a total score of 78; Mardo (Albany) captured fourth with a total of 74 dead birds.

Sweep No. 1:

Bemis	10	Taylor	9	Mardo	7
Paul	10	Schutt	8	Valk	5
Mattice	9	Beach	8		

Sweep No. 2:

Bemis	15	Taylor	12	Schutt	11
Paul	14	Valk	12	Mardo	10
Beach	13	Goggin	12	Mattice	10

Sweep No. 3:

Mattice	10	Schutt	9	Goggin	8
Taylor	9	Beach	9	Bemis	7
Mardo	9	Valk	8	Paul	6

Sweep No. 4:

Mattice	10	Taylor	8	Schutt	7
Bemis	10	Paul	8	Mardo	6
Goggin	9				

Sweep No. 5:

Paul	10	Goggin	9	Taylor	6
Mattice	9	Beach	8	Mardo	6
Bemis	9				

Following are the scores for medal:

Mattice	1111111111111111101011111—23
Paul	0110111111111111110111101—21

Ever since the Catskill Club began shooting, an effort has been made to make 50 straight, and for a couple of years G. F. Tolley had a standing prize for the one making a clean score of 50. On the 4th inst. T. B. Beach shot with a new L. C. Smith 12-bore, 7¾ gun, received from the Hunter Arms Co. that day. In shooting at the 50 birds, as above, he "got the hang" of the gun, and said he would undertake to break 50 straight. This he did, making the longest string of hits (55) ever made on the Catskill grounds, which not only speaks well for Beach, but also for the gun.

DE TOLL.

ISLAND GUN CLUB.

WHEELING, W. Va., Sept. 10.—I inclose the scores of the first annual tournament given by the Island Gun Club, of this city. Trap-shooting is something quite new to Wheeling and proved quite interesting to a large number of spectators. Among the shooters from a distance were W. S. King, Geo. Cochran, H. J. Levis and J. Huffman, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; I. N. Crable, of East Liverpool, O.; Mr. Sigfield, of Steubenville, O.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O.; I. S. Bibbee, Zanesville, O.; Mr. Mayberry, Parkersburgh, W. Va., and T. Tully, Youngstown, O. Wheeling was represented by J. A. Penn, R. B. Burt, Dr. Myers, Jack Wright and others. J. A. Penn made the highest average of the day with 141 out of 149 breaks to his credit. It was a hot crowd, and a glance at the scores will show how the boys hustled each other. Bluerocks were used, American Association rules, rapid-firing system, purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent, except seventh event. Ties divided:

First event, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

Burt	1111111101— 9	Tanner	1011111101—8
Penn	1111111101— 9	Cochran	1011100111—7
Huffman	1111111101— 9	Sigfield	1100111001—6
Tully	1101111111— 9	Mayberry	0101100110—5
Wright	1111111101— 9	Crable	0100100101—4

Second event, 10 singles, $1:

Penn	1111111111—10	Wright	1110001111—7
Cochran	1011111111— 9	Mayberry	1010101111—7
Burt	1111110111— 9	Bell	1100110111—7
Tanner	0111101111— 8	Myers	0110101101—6
Huffman	1111111001— 8	Sigfield	1010011001—5
Tully	1110011111— 8	Crable	1010011100—5

Third event, at 20 singles, $2 entrance, $20 guaranteed:

Penn	11111111111111111111—20	Tanner	11101101111011101110—15
Cochran	11111101111111111111—19	Levis	00110111011111111111—15
Burt	11111111111111011111—19	Myers	11100011010101111111—14
King	11111111111111100111—18	Wright	11110001010111101111—13
Tulley	01111111111101101111—17	Crable	01011111111000010100—11
Huffman	11110111010101111116	White	10001110000101010110—9

Fourth event, at 10 singles, $1:

Cochran	1111111111—10	Bibbee	1011101111— 8
T Tulley	1111111111—10	Burt	0110111101— 7
Wright	1111110111— 9	Tanner	1011001011— 6
King	1111111101— 9	Huffman	1011110011— 6
Levis	0111111111— 9	Sigfield	1010110011— 6
Penn	1011111011— 8	Waite	1010001001— 4
Myers	1011111011— 8	Crale	1010101000— 4

Fifth event, at 15 singles, $2:

Penn	111101111111111—14	Myers	010111101111111—12
King	111101111111111—14	Cochran	101111111111100—12
Huffman	111111101111111—14	Tanner	010111111111100—11
Dr Caddle	111111111110110—13	Wright	101111001111101—11
Tulley	111111011101111—13	Bibbee	101010100111101— 9
Burt	111101111011111—13	Crale	110011010100110— 9
Levis	011111111111011—13	White	110001100010100— 6

Sixth event, 10 singles, $1:

Penn	1111111111—10	Crable	0111111011— 8
Cochran	1111111110— 9	Tully	1111101011— 8
Bibbee	0111111111— 9	King	1110111110— 8
Levis	1011111111— 9	Tanner	1100111111— 7
Burt	1110011111— 8	Wright	1101111100— 7
Myers	1101110111— 8	White	1100111001— 6
Caddle	1110111011— 8	Huffman	1101011010— 6

Seventh event, 20 singles, $2.50, $25 guaranteed, 4 equal moneys:

Burt	11111111111111111111—20	Levis	11111110111111001111—17
Cochran	11111111111111111111—20	Huffman	11101110111110011011—15
King	11101111111111111111—19	Wright	01111011111111001011—17
Penn	11110111111111111011—18	Bibbee	00111111101110110011—14
Tully	11111111111111111100—18	Tanner	10111000110111001101—12
Myers	11111111111110001111—17		

Eighth event, 10 singles, $1:

Penn	1111111111—10	Cochran	1111111001— 8
King	1110111111—10	Tanner	0111101111— 7
Bibbee	1111111111—10	Crable	1011110010— 7
Huffman	1111111111—10	Myers	0110101111— 7
Burt	1111111011— 9	Sigfried	1101111000— 6
Tully	1111111011— 9	Wright	0011000111— 5
Levis	1111111110— 9		

Ninth event, 10 singles, $1.50:

Penn	1111111111—10	Levis	1011111110— 8
Tully	1111111111—10	Bibbee	1101111001— 7
Burt	0111111111— 9	Myers	1100101011— 6
Huffman	1101111111— 9	Tanner	1101101101— 7
Cochran	1111110111— 9	Wright	1011010110— 6
King	1111111101— 9		

Tenth event, 12 singles, $2:

Penn	111111111111—12	Wright	111110011111—10
Levis	111111111111—12	Tully	011111111011—10
King	111111101111—11	Huffman	010111101111— 9
Cochran	111111111101—11	Bibbee	110011010001— 7
Burt	111101111101—10	Myers	001010111115— 7
Tanner	111011110111—10		

Eleventh event, 12 singles, $1:

Tanner	111111111111—12	Penn	111101101111—10
Burt	111111111111—12	Huffman	111111101011—10
King	111111111111—12	Tully	111111111010—10
Wright	111111111101—11	Myers	011001111101— 8
Levis	111111111111—11		

Twelfth event, 10 singles, $1:

Penn	1111111111—10	Myers	0111111011— 8
King	1111111111—10	Levis	1110011111— 8
Tully	1110111111— 9	Tanner	1110011111— 8
Burt	1111111100— 8	Wright	1011110010— 7

BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 17.—The entire landscape at Woodlawn to-day presented one scene of gray in gray and the rain came down with hardly any intermission during the entire afternoon, while the invitation cup shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took its course at the Woodlawn Park grounds. The following organizations were represented: Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, Parkway Gun Club, of East New York, and Central Gun Club, of Long Branch. The race between the Parkways, the Centrals and the donors of the prize was very close during the entire shoot, the scores not showing any greater divergence than two in the total of birds killed. The Parkways had a good chance of winning the trophy until the last round, when H. W. Bookman met with misfortune. The Centrals and the Coney Islanders ended with a tie, and the latter, as hosts, presented their plucky adversaries with the prize instead of shooting off the tie. The marksmen went to the score in squads of five, one from each team. The following were the results:

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club invitation shoot, open to teams of ten from the Central, Fountain and Parkway gun clubs, and the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, 7 birds each man at 25yds. rise, no handicap on bore of the gun, 80yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules:

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.—F. Pfaender 7, C. Dettlefsen 6, C. Plate 7, R. Dwyer 7, Dr. T. Northridge 6, D. Monsees 7, F. Sanger 6, A. Eppig 5, J. Schliemann 7, J. O'Brien 6, total 64.

Fountain Gun Club.—Dr. Shiels 5, L. Davenport 7, J. Fisher 7, Dr. Schwarz 5, E. Allen 7, Callos 7, J. Lake 6, J. W. Stuart 6, C. W. Jones 7, B. W. West 6, total 63.

Central Gun Club.—C. W. Reed 6, C. Wooley 7, J. Van Dyke 7, W. C. Price 6, E. E. Taber 7, F. Beale 6, E. W. Price 7, J. Price 6, Wm. D. Campbell 5, E. Wooley 7, total 64.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.—Dr. Powell 6, W. R. Selover 5, G. U. Forbell 5, W. Levens 5, E. H. Madison 6 J. Vreeland 5, P. Sulter 5, J. V. Van Wicklen 5, J. E. Edgarton 7, Dr. Bachin 7, total 56.

Parkway Gun Club.—J. Bennett 6, R. Phister, Jr., 7, Van Wyvekoff 7, H. Steinheuser 7, J. Blake 6, L. Lehmann 7, E. Helgans 7, H. Bookman 3, total 63.

Scores at the end of each round:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Coney Island	7	13	20	27	33	40	46	51	58	64
Fountain	5	12	19	24	31	38	44	50	57	63
Central	6	13	20	26	33	39	46	52	57	64
Glenmore	6	11	16	21	27	32	37	42	49	56
Parkway	6	13	20	26	33	40	46	53	60	63

KEYSTONE RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received so many inquiries regarding the new Keystone rule No. 4 that I am unable to reply to them all personally, and take this means of answering.

There shall be five traps set in a straight line, 5yds. apart, and three traps 60yds., measured from No. 3 trap. In measuring from there that will bring the outside traps in a circle. Traps to be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 for inside and 6, 7 and 8 for outside traps. Outside traps to throw a straight incomer, a right quartering incomer and a left quartering incomer. Inside traps, No. 1 a right quarterer, No 2 a left quarterer, No. 3 a straightaway, No. 4 a right quarterer, No. 5 a left quarterer. With our new switch board outside traps can be pulled as well as inside. Traps must be pulled by indicator. If gun fails to go off unless caused by a defective primer, it is a lost bird. If bird breaks in trap or gun fails to go on account of bad primer, the indicator must be turned in such cases each time. H. A. PENROSE, Keystone Mfg. Co.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 16.—The last regular shoot of the South Side Gun Club for the season was held this afternoon at National Park. For some reason or other the shooting did not come up to the usual average mark, some of the old experts even shooting worse than their young friends. A. W. Friese carried off the honors of the day. The live-bird shoot resulted as follows at 7 birds:

Brand	5	Marlett	6
Wood	4		
Broich	4	Rock	4
Strassburger	2		
Hanson	6	Greike	6
Chapman	3		
Manegold	4	Thomas	3
Story	3		
Lewis	5	Bentan	5
Gropper	4		
Pickard	7	Friese	4
Warner	5		
Carmichael	4	Van Ells	7
Seefeld	4		

In the evening a banquet was enjoyed at the Park Hotel, at which the prizes and medals for the season just ended were distributed. They were as follows: First in Class A, F. P. Stannard; second, Frank Van Ells; third, Steve Meunier. First in Class B, Chas. John; second, John Meunier; third, John Strassburger. First in Class C, Walter Bantam; second, J. E. Warner; third, Dr. Carmichael. The prizes consisted of charms and medals. The club has now a membership of 100, to which it is limited by the constitution. The election of officers will be held on the first Tuesday of next February. Besides a considerable sum in the treasury, the club owns 400 acres of land in Forest county, which it is intended to make the starting point for a large deer park. Several thousands of acres are to be bought in the near future.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 16.—Monthly shoot of the Kings County Sporting Club for gold badge at Dexter Park. The rain kept the majority of the members home, and those that did shoot had a large head on them from the larger excursion of the Conrad Thiel Association the day before. That accounts for the poor scores of some of the members; 20 bluerocks, 2 traps, right and left quarterer, 18yds. rise:

T Shoet	01101101111111111111—17	Lindstedt	01111111111011111111—18
J Link	11111110110111101111—17	F Stoll	10010111100011111101—18
F Greiner	11110011010111111101—15	F Keller	10011111011011100011—14
C Thiel	11110000110111101111—14		

Lindstedt wins badge.—SNAP SHOT.

BEEVILLE, TEXAS.

BEEVILLE, Sept. 5.—At the Beeville Gun Club's two days' shoot here the boys had a general good time. One of the features of the occasion was a big barbecue each day on the grounds, provided by the home club. Ties divided unless noted.

Event No. 1, 12 single bluerocks, 5 traps:

St Hubert	111111110111—11	Dr Stephens	000000000010—1
Skoggs	011111000110— 7	***	010001000000—2
Critzer	011111111011—10	Guessaz	110101101010—7
Holtzapfel	110101111011— 9	Miret	001001000000—2
Vansickel	001111100000— 5	Thiele	111001100 0—6
Mushaway	011100001010— 5	Cook	011101101000—6
Beasley	011010100010— 5	Nutt	001000010000—3
Westervelt	011101101010— 7	Parr	001110100101—6
McCormack	000100001011— 4	Licht	111111001000—7
Klipstein	011010100010— 5	Blanco	100100110010—5

Match at 5 live birds, 26 entries, prize and 3 moneys, 80 yds., American rules:

St Hubert	00011—2	Parr	11010—3
Skaggs	00000—0	Mushaway	11011—4
McCormack	01011—3	Fore	00060—0
Smith	10110—3	Klippstein	01111—4
Critzer	11102—4	Holtzapfle	01111—4
Stephens	10 11—3	Shiele	10110—3
Beasley	00000—0	Miret	11011—4
Nutt	10101—3	***	00000—0
Vansickley	00100—1	Scott	00000—0
Westervelt	11111—5	Blanco	11111—5
Cock	10000—1	Leicht	01110—3
Guessaz	00101—2	McChurdy	00000 0
Armstrong	00110—2	Barr	01011—3

Most of the birds fell dead out of bonds.

Match at 9 bluerocks:

Armstrong	4	Shiele	7
Parr	3	McChurdy	4
Critzer	8	Cook	5
Westervelt	8	Skaggs	5
Beaslep	5	Barr	6
Vansickle	2	Guessaz	7
Holtzapple	8	St Hubert	8
McCormick	9	Mushaway	9
Miret	5	Klipstein	7
Stephens	2	Blanco	7

Second Day.—Weather fair and good attendance. Nine single bluerocks, 5 bluerock traps, American Association rules, one prize and three moneys:

Holzapel	010111101—6	St Hubert	111010100—5
Leicht	010011010—4	Westervelt	010031100—3
Barr	010030110—3	Miret	000010100—2
McCormack	000111010—4	Cook	010010000—2
Thiele	011011111—7	Nutt	000000010—1
Skaggs	010010000 2	Fowler	000000110—2
Beasley	010011110—5	Parr	011110010—5
Stephens	000010000—1	Law	000030000—0
Scott	110100000—3	Armstrong	110010110—5
Gussaz	001100011—4	Critzer	011110110—6
Blanco	030000100—1	Klipstein	011010000—3
Mushaway	101111001—6	Smith	110110000—4

Ten singles and 5 pairs bluerocks, 5 traps, American Association rule, one prize and three moneys:

St Huoert	11	McCormick	11
Thiele	13	Critzer	12
Beastey	6	Mushaway	10
Westervelt	10	Miret	8
Guessaz	7	Bond	7
Cook	7	Halzapel	13
Blanco	4	Skaggs	8
Stephens	6	Stepuens	6
Armstrong	4	Leicht	6
Smith	8		

Fifteen singles:

Cook	6	Mushaway	7
St Hubert	13	Armstrong	5
Critzer	13	Scott	1
Holtzapel	13	Barr	7
Beasley	4	Texas Field	10
Klipstein	9	McCormack	3
Fowler	4	Gugenheim	1
Parr	0	Thiele	12
Westervelt	8		

Fifteen single bluerocks:

Holtzapel	11	Thiele	11
Beasley	9	Mushaway	14
Critzer	11	McCormack	10
Barr	8	Texas Field	7
Stephens	3	Klipstein	1

Ten single bluerocks:

St Hubert	7	Barr	5
Fowler	2	Westervelt	2
Beasley	7	Mushaway	7
Cook	3	Thiele	8
Nutt	2	Miret	8
Scott	2	McCormack	2
Critzer	5		
Texas Field	6		
Texas Jack	8		
Stephens	3		
Armstrong	4		
Smith	5		
Davidson	2		

Three single live pigeons, teams of two:

San Antonio.		Cuero.	
Thiele	011—2	Holtzapfel	111—3
Guessaz	110—2—4	Harmon	0 0—1—4
Beeville.		**Corpus Christi.**	
Beasley	011—2	Westervelt	101—2
Cook	001—1—3	White	001—1—3
San Diego.			
St Hubert	110—3	Miret	001—1—3

Five single bluerocks:

McCormack	4	Critzer	3
Mushaway	5	Davidson	1
Beasley	3	Barr	1
Thiele	2	Holtzapfel	4
Parr	2	Tex Field	4

Five single bluerocks:

Critzer	3	Mushaway	4
Beasley	5	Holtzapfel	2
McCormack	1	Barr	0
		Tex Field	4

T. J. SKAGGS.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Sept. 20.—10 blue rocks, 50yds. entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Collins	7	9	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Quimby	7	5	5	9	7	7	..	..	..	..
Stler	9	10	7	10	10	10	8	7	8	
Lindsley	7	7	7	7	7	8	8	7	7	
Hathaway	5	7	8	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Simpson	6	4	8	7	8	8	7	4	5	
Money	7	9	8	8	9	7	9	8	9	
Johnston	10	3	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hunt	5	8	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rose	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	9	6	7	8	7	5	7	9	8	
Englewood	9	5	10	8	6	7	..	8	..	
Craft	7	6	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Evans	5	6	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moffatt	6	5	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nicols	4	6	4	5	3	2	..	..	..	..
King	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lawrence	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wanda	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Sweep 10, 5 pairs:

Simpson	00 10 10 11 10— 5	Thompson	00 00 00 11 00— 6
Money	00 01 00 00 11— 3	Lindsley	10 01 00 00 01— 3

Sweep 11, 10 singles, 25yds. rise, both barrels:

Simpson	11100010 5	Thompson	0000001100— 2
Money	00111111—8	Lindsley	1100000001— 3

Conditions, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Quimby	1121—4	Potter	0100—1
Johnston	2121—4	Hathaway	1122—4
Collins	1121—4	Lindsley	2110—3
Wanda	0211—3	Money	1212—4
Englewood	0111—2	Thompson	0000—0
Sigler	1122—4	Simpson	1111—4

Sweep No. 2, same:

Quimby	1111—4	Potter	1000—1
Lindsley	2000 2	Simpson	1112—4
Collins	1211—4	Thompson	1031—3
Johnston	1211—4	Englewood	2021 3
Wanda	1020—2	Evans	1100—2
Money	1221—4	Sigler	1101—3
Hathaway	1100—2		

RED BANK, N. J., Sept. 22.—Inclosed find score of the Riverside Gun Club's shoot of Sept. 19. The weather was fine and some good scores were made. The shooting was from 5 traps, pulled by indicitory. Match at 10 bluerocks, A. S. A. rules:

E M Cooper	1110111101— 8	A Ivins	1111111111—10
D Belshaw	1000011010— 4	W Conover	1001111110— 7
John Cooper	1111111111—10	A Whaymer	1111011111— 9

Shoot No. 2, 10 bluerocks:

E M Cooper	1111111011—9	A Ivins	1011011101—7
D Belshaw	1111100010—6	W Conover	1100110011—6
John Cooper	1011111111—9	A Whaymer	1101111001—7

Shoot No. 2, 5 pairs bluerocks:

Ed Cooper	11 11 00 11 11— 8	A Ivins	11 10 01 11 11—8
D Belshaw	01 10 10 11 11— 7	W Conover	11 10 00 01 10—5
John Cooper	11 11 11 11 11—10	A Whaymer	11 11 11 00 11—8

Shoot No. 4, 10 bluerocks:

Ed Cooper	1111011111—9	W Conover	1110110110—7
John Cooper	1111111110—9	A Whaymer	1010101110—6
A Ivins	0111100100—5		

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside, Ill., Sept. 18.—The following is the score made here to-day by Fort Dearborn Gun Club at 15 live pigeons for club medal:

Geo Kleinman	211012011121111—13	F O Griffin	0301010000220310— 5
H Ehlers	212112220002122—12	C Netschke	2221020202122102—11
Abe Kleinman	112110112121111—14	C McCammon	2012200002220110— 7
C B Dicks	2222222110201222—12	C D Gammon	1111020011112611—11
W N Low	2221200201210 2—11	*B Hoffman	1221022121212010—13
Geo Airey	1112012122221 2—12	*J A Ruble	1212122112000000—10
H W Loveday	0112101111212010—12	*J E Toney	0001022102000300— 5
M Hutchinson	12 2102100120201— 9	*A W Reeves	2121111212100000—10
W P Mussey	1022221121122 2—14	*G Hoffman	2112111212000000—10
C E Willard	2110111121101—13		

*Withdrew. The tie for the medal was postponed, and the next was at 20 Pennsylvania blackbirds for club medal:

Airey	11111111101111101111—18	Abe Kleinman	0000111111111111101—15
Geo Kleinman	0111111111101111111—18	C B Dicks	1110111101101110010—13

W. P. Mussey, H. W. Loveday, C. E. Willard, J. M Hutchinson, C. Netschke, C. D Gammon, T. O. Griffin, W. N. Lowe, B. Hoffman, A. W. Reese and G. Hoffman withdrew.

Ties on 18 for medal:

Geo Kleinman	11111—5 11110—4	Geo Airey	11111—5 11111—5

RAVELRIGG.

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.—Newark, N. J., Sept. 18.—The new management of the East Side Gun Club is doing well, and no doubt will soon have the club at its old standing again. The shooting to-day at Standards and American clays, 3 standard traps, club rules, resulted as follows:

Club shoot:

F Hilters	6001111101111—10	Chip	1001110010011 1—9
J Fischer	1110111010111 0—11	P Schork	1111011111101—12
A Water	1111111000011—11	A Bitz	0000010000001—4

Schork first, Water and Fischer second.

Sweep for 50 cents entry:

Fischer	1001001011—5	Schork	0100101001— 4
Chip	0111101100—7	Hilfers	1101111111— 9
Water	0101111101—7	Koegel	1111111110—10

Sweep for 50 cents entry:

Fischer	1111111011— 9	Schork	1101101111— 8
Chip	1110111111— 9	Hilfers	1001111011— 7
Water	1111111110—10	Koegel	1111111111—10

Sweep for 50 cents entry:

Fischer	1101000011—5	Helfers	0111111011—8
Chip	1111011111—9	Bitz	0100 0
Water	1101111110—8	Koegel	1001111111—8
Schork	1101111010—7		

Sweep for 50 cents entry:

Fischer	10 11 10 11 10—7	Hilfers	11 11 11 11 11—10
Chip	01 11 10 11 01—7	Koegel	10 01 11 11 11—8
Schork	11 11 11 11 10—9	Hague	10 10 11 10 11— 7

WALNUT HILL, Sept. 14.—A more disagreeable day could not well be imagined than was experienced by the small party of trap shots who met at the range to-day. There was no heavy rainfall at any time, but a constant drizzle, accompanied by a northeast wind and heavy fog, which kept everything in a half dissolved condition. The main interest of the occasion centered in the tenth competition in the diamond pin match, in which Mr. Bennet took the lead with the creditable score of 27 out of a possible 30. He also won the champion gold medal.

Diamond pin match, 20 single Keystone targets, Keystone system, and 5 pair standard targets:

Bennett	11111111111011111111—19	11 10 11 11 10—8	27
Bowker	11111111111111101111—19	10 10 10 11 10—6	—25
White	11111111111011110101—17	11 11 10 10 10—7	—24
Black	11101111111011101111—17	11 10 00 10 11—6	—23
Parkham	11111211000100101—13	10 11 10 10 10—6	—19
Gale	00111010101101111010—13	11 01 10 00 11—6	—19
Nichols	11100111110010101001—13	00 10 00 10 00—2	—15

The next meeting for shotgun shooting at Walnut Hill will be held Wednesday, Oct. 1, when in addition to the current matches a new match will be opened for an elegant gold trophy of rare design and much intrinsic worth, presented by the Keystone Target Co. to the trap-shooters of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, and intended to be worn as an ornament on a gentleman's watch chain.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 19.—An interesting live-bird match took place at Compton Avenue Park, this city, last Wednesday afternoon, between J. E. Hagerty and J. E. Latsham, both of this place. Hagerty's work was certainly a very grand exhibition of shooting, and with just a hint of luck he would haved scored a clean score. The three birds that he lost were hard hit and fell dead just a few yards over the boundary. The weather was cool, which made the birds quite frisky, making them what might be called a good lot, in fact the best that have been trapped in this city for a long time. The conditions were 100 live birds each, Hurlingham rules, $100 a side:

Hagerty	1112111121111112111111111111111221c2111211o11112 1111111121221111212112c1o111121112221222111—97
Latsham	1111111102112202 1111112121212c2112102112111111o 2-11212210 01111112211111111011111111111111—93

UNSER FRITZ.

MIDDLESEX ANNUAL.—The sixth annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, that will open at Dunellen, N. J., Tuesday, Sept. 30, promises, from present indications, to eclipse all previous efforts of the club. The grounds have been put in splendid condition, and will present a very pretty appearance. Every comfort of the shooters will be looked after, and the system of making entry and the prompt payment of prize moneys will be a feature. The first two days will be entirely devoted to inanimates. The last two to live birds. The $500-sweepstake at 25 live birds on Friday, Oct. 3, will draw together a large entry list, and as all surplus is added, it will surely fill to over $500. The programme presents a long list of events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, and in addition, if it is desired by the shooter, some events at unknown angles will be introduced.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 18.—The members of the East End Gun Club held their regular shoot this afternoon with following result:

A B Jones	21	Sweetman	22
Wherry	17	Bloom	14
Brockway	23	Baker	17
Mago	22	Night	22
King	23	North	27
J Turner	12	W Tamblyn	12

North won the class A badge and Brockway the class B on the shoot-off with King.

ALTOONA (PA.) TOURNAMENT.—The trap-shooters of Altoona, Pa., are to have a two-days' tournament, Oct. 7 and 8, and a neat little programme is now ready for distribution. A spirit of liberality seems to pervade the managers, for in their circulars they announce that "the price of birds (inanimates) is fixed at 2 cents above the cost of entrance. This charge will be made in each event, except where stated otherwise, till we have realized enough to pay the expense of trappers, etc. After this all targets will be furnished free. We intend this tournament for the benefit of the shooters and not to benefit ourselves financially." This is somewhat unusual and seems to point to preparations for a "good time," rather than a desire to make all the money possible out of the visitors. There is a diversity of style in the matches arranged and several live bird sweeps are to be shot on the second day. Mr. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y, will furnish programmes and information.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 19.—Score of the Lehigh Gun Club, Game and Fish Protective Association:

John Benning	0011111101111100—10	M Leisering	1010101000101 0—7
Jul Benning	1010111000100101—9	R Fink	0010011111010 —8
H L Erdman	0100101001010101—6	K George	1000101111010 —8
H Benning	0101111010101000—8	A B Shontz	0110011010011 —8
P C Blank	0110011100010 0—8	A P Shontz	1000001011010 —7

MADISON COUNTY.—Cazenovia, N.Y.—During the latter part of this month the Madison County Sportsmen's Association will hold their sixth meet at Cazenovia, N. Y., in Athletic Park under the auspices of the Cazenovia Gun Club. A goodly number of prizes have been donated by the citizens and outsiders, for which the club return their thanks, and will try to make this meeting a pleasant one.—HAMMERLESS.

METHUEN, Mass., Sept. 22.—The Methuen Gun Club has been recently organized with fifteen members and elected the following officers: President, C. W. Douglas; Vice-President, F. A. Wardwell; Secretary, Treasurer and Captain, John Ostler; Directors, G. B. Bradbury, F. J. Barrett and E. M. Buttle.—JOHN OSTLER, Sec'y.

GOLDEN CITY, Mo.—The sportsmen of this city have formed a gun club, to be known as the Golden City Gun Club. It is limited to 12 members and has for its officers W. L. Ganett, Pres.; Dr. O. C Hankins, Vice-Pres.; and Roy W. Aldrich, Sec'y. Regular club shoots will be held and shooting interests generally will be pushed.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

The list of officers and directions for joining the A. C. A. and W. C. A. will be found in the first issue of each month.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

RACING RULES AND STANDING SAILS.

AS the time has now come when men begin to talk of something faster for next year, and to dust off their drawing boards and pull out piles of old designs, we submit the accompanying preliminary design to those in search of a new "bull downer" or trophy winner, with no guarantee that she will beyond question distance the fleet, but merely as a suggestion that may be worked up to advantage, and also to show some of the possibilities of the present A. C. A. rules. It will be seen that every requirement of the rules is complied with, 16×30, not over 16in. depth from under side of deck at fore end of well to garboard strake beside keel; outside keel not over 3in., being a keel boat. We have been content with a moderate draft, taking but 2ft.; at the same time it would easily be possible to take another foot if desirable, but we do not believe in extremes, even for racing. Being a keel boat, the regular 3in. keel has been taken; but by carrying the rabbet line down so as to leave but ¼in. of keel below it, which would merely be a detail of construction and would not alter the form, a centerboard of 60lbs., dropping 18in. below the rabbet, could be added.

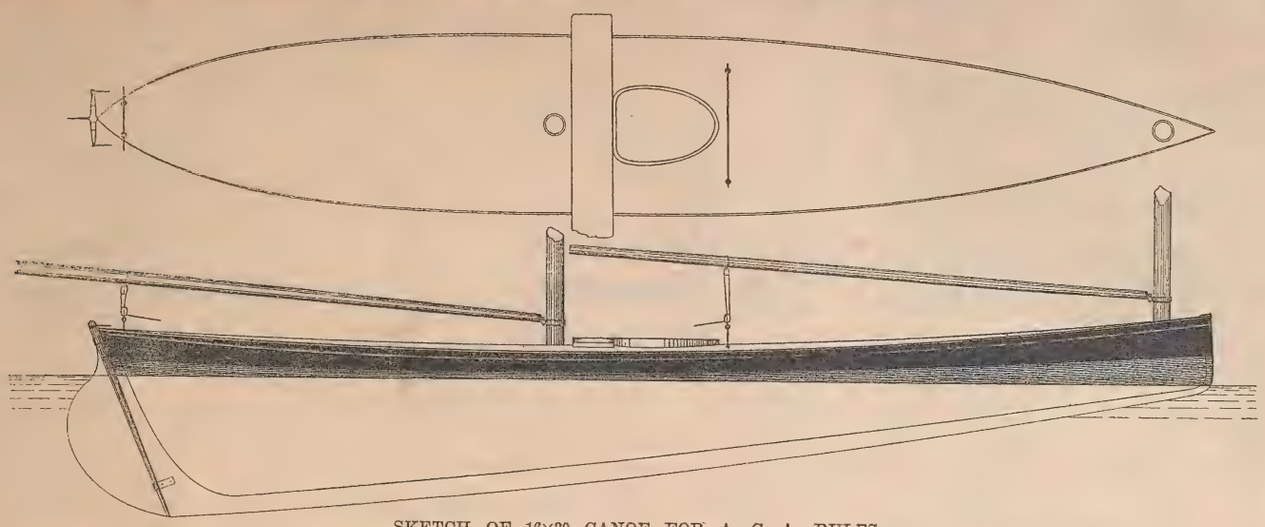
The drawings are sufficiently correct to show the general form of such a canoe, but there are a number of important details to be considered before the boat could be built with a fair show of success. The form of midship section, rake of sternpost, displacement, weight of ballast, area and disposition of canvas, and above all the proportionate increase of sail and frictional surface, would have to be very carefully considered. At the same time, if any good racer is really desirous of giving the model a fair trial, we will see that he has no trouble in securing a design. In ballasting it would probably prove best to use shot in bags, stowed as low inside as possible, but another plan would be to make a long and narrow centerboard of lead, 60lbs. being allowed, which should house in a sham trunk in the keel, the board never to be lowered but nominally fitted to do so in order to evade the rule; which, while allowing a 60lbs. centerboard, limits the total weight of keel in a keel canoe to 36lbs. As a metal keel band not exceeding ¼in. is allowed on a centerboard canoe, this band could be of lead an inch wide in the middle and running the entire length. In this way about 75lbs. of lead could be placed in the keel without coming much above the rabbet. Sufficient inside ballast could be added to make the canoe stand up in a calm with her sails hoisted, some 200ft. square or more, leaving to the canoeist only the work of holding up this canvas against the wind pressure by the aid of his sliding seat.

The planning of this canoe has arisen from the evident desire of many to carry the larger sail aft, from the addition of a scag to a number of existing boats, and for the most practical demonstrations which Mr. Fife has given in the cutter Minerva of the value of such a lateral plane. At the same time the idea is not a new one, in 1879 Mr. W. Baden-Powell designed and built a similar canoe, in which he won the R. C. C. challenge cup that year. His canoe was different in dimensions, rig and details from this proposed craft, but with the same leading feature of a deep keel aft, by which the limit of depth was evaded. So far as can be foretold, from the success of similar features in yachts, from the old Nautilus of 1879 in her races with canoes of the conventional type, and from a comparison of the elements of this design with those of the present racers, there is a very fair prospect of the success of such a canoe in good hands, and in weather not distinctly unfavorable to her type. This being the case, she is just as much a product of the A. C. A. rules, and just as directly encouraged by them as Sea Bee, Vesper, Guenn, Notus and Thetis were in their day. Given such a craft, it matters little whether she be rigged with a standing sail or not; for racing purposes, and she will be used for nothing else, she would be as safe with one as the other.

The racing men to-day constitute a very large and important contingent; the sixty canoes that entered in the late races, with many others of their class that were not present, represent a considerable investment of money, no small part of it in the form of standing rigs. The development of racing has been left unrestricted for years by the Association in spite of strong efforts at times to prohibit certain features, until, by virtue of this long immunity the racers have come to look at certain privileges as rights which may not be idly infringed upon. That the Association has the power, through certain recognized channels, to deprive them of these rights, is true; but the justice or policy of such action may be fairly questioned. This applies especially to the case of the standing rig; in the spring of 1889 the prohibition of this rig was recommended by the regatta committee of the year, the measure being widely discussed; a vote by mail of the executive committee was taken, and the motion was killed by the votes of men who were opposed to the standing sail, but did not favor its summary abolition. Probably as the result of this discussion at the time when men were fitting out, but few standing rigs were seen at the meet of 1889; but with the encouragement of the virtual indorsement of the rig by the executive committee, and the entire abandonment of the movement against it, the rig has come to the front in full force this year, though not with such uniform success as to show that it is at all faster than the lowering and hoisting rig.

The racing canoe has long passed a point where it could do any good to canoeing at large or to cruising craft, the rigs, the appliances and the entire fitting of the boats are now of little use to the cruiser, and the model promises soon to be something that the cruiser will in place of imitating avoid as far as possible. While this condition of affairs demands the immediate recognition of the Association, it cannot be remedied by merely retracing lost ground, it is too late now to do what might have been done in 1887 or 1888, but which the Association positively declined to do at those times. To-day a different course is necessary, the racers must be left in the enjoyment of all the privileges so long accorded them, and if anything is to be done for the cruisers—and all will agree that some action of the kind is necessary—it must be by turning to a new and clean page, and not by erasures and corrections on the old one. Ten years ago the American Canoe Association started out with no rules at all, and with a most heterogeneous collection of primitive canoes to work on. Looking over the history of the past it must be admitted that the Association has done very well, that while some errors are to be seen in looking backward, the men who made the rules have succeeded much better than might have been expected. At the same time there is much to be learnt from the course of events in the past, and the Association is in a better position to-day than it ever has been, to make a thorough reconstruction of its rules of measurement.

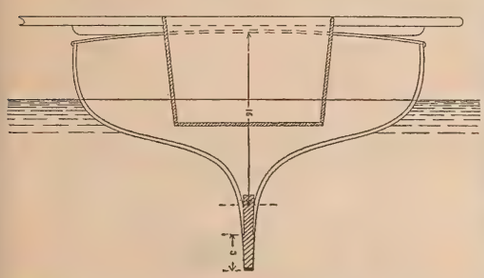
It has, to begin with, one strong, vigorous and flourishing class, the racers, to whom it owes much of the interest and attractiveness of its general meets, and the best thing it can do with the class is to let it alone to go as fast as it can and have as much sport as possible. This, however, is not enough unless the Association is prepared to abandon entirely the various ends set forth in its constitution and become simply a racing body with a week of racing every summer. If it is to encourage and promote cruising, and to assist canoeists to cruise, it must recognize in some way a canoe which may be used for cruising, and this it may do without any regard to its racing class. The way to do it we have pointed to a number of times, to place among its racing rules a definition of a cruising canoe, a boat with which we are all familiar and which most of us have once used with a great deal of pleasure, whose general features are recognized by all, whatever difference may exist over the minor details. She should be a canoe in which a man can sleep, cook, sail, paddle, carry a friend or a load of duffle, run a rapid, or can beach easily and launch from a boat house unaided. Given such requisitions as these, it does not matter how fast she may prove or how many prizes one may win in her; she must be a cruiser first, however much of a racer afterward. After recognizing and defining such a canoe, the next step is to offer a little more positive encouragement by establishing some regular races for her, or perhaps giving a prize for the most perfect and complete cruising canoe at each meet. We know that these things have in a measure been tried at times with but small success, but it would at least look well for an Association which nominally offers so much to cruising canoeists if it officially recognized a certain type of canoe as suitable for cruising, if it established races for this craft, and a yearly competition which should encourage men to improve their cruising boats. It might be that little would result in a year or two, or



SKETCH OF 16×30 CANOE FOR A. C. A. RULES.

even in time, but the cost would be very little and no possible harm could follow.

In the second season of the Atlantic Division a movement in this direction was inaugurated, though on too small a scale to offer a fair test, a cup being given by the flag officers under the following conditions: "Each canoe must come within the limits laid down by the A. C. A. rules, and in addition must have a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 4ft.; there must be a permanent bulkhead forward and one aft, not less than 3ft. from the stem and stern respectively, and at least 6ft. between them; and there must be room in the well for the crew to sleep, with at least 5ft. between the after end of the well and the centerboard trunk; all centerboards must house without projecting below the keel or above the surrounding deck or coamings; no part of the hull or fittings shall project beyond the beam allowed by the A. C. A. rules. Sails shall be lowered on deck and hoisted again at least once during the race, and the start may be ordered with sails down. The donors of the prize reserve the right to refuse the entry of any canoe which shall violate the spirit of these rules." These conditions contain the main features of the idea, though they would not, as they stand, fit the case to-day. We hope later on to publish the lines of a canoe designed two years since practically to comply with them, the boat having proved fairly fast as a racer while a complete success as a cruiser, thus proving



the practicability of the scheme. As our drawing this week shows, some new limitation of extreme depth is now necessary, and other points could be improved. The provision concerning sails seems an excellent one, a sail which can be taken in and set again once or more in a race without a serious loss of time cannot be so terribly dangerous.

The history of the development of the rules and the boats in the past ten years shows one point very clearly; that while a constant tinkering with the sailing rules is very undesirable, at the same time no rules can be made which may not be evaded, or perhaps merely outgrown in time; and that a constant scrutiny of the working of the rules is necessary in order to secure the best results to all. It is not enough that, after some feature has been carried to an extreme which is fully apparent, some means should be taken to cure the evil, but the rules should be studied each year, side by side with the canoes which they have produced, and any tendencies to extremes, or any palpable evasion of the spirit of the rules should be acted on immediately. Such a course would work well in making men cautious in bringing machines and extreme features to a meet, with a possibility that they may be barred out. The recognition of a separate racing class would make this work easier than in the past, as any new devices, such as the sliding seat once was, might be tested for a season on the racing craft before being admitted in the cruising races, thus offering no bar to improvement. A case in point that proves the necessity of acting in advance on any promised evil is the present limit of depth, which we have shown may prove at any time a dead letter. A change at once would harm no one and awake no opposition, but if the matter be left until the keel of such a cutter canoe is laid, further legislation will be unjust.

This task of guarding and correcting the racing rules is too important to be left to volunteers from the membership of the Association, but should devolve on some competent and responsible body; and there is none better fitted for it than the regatta committee, to whom this work has been intrusted for the past nine years. The only change necessary is to make the list of their duties in Chapter IX. a little more specific, stating that the report there called for from them shall take cognizance of the good and bad points which have been developed in the course of the racing, and shall recommend such measures as they may deem fit; this report being the basis on which the changes, if any, must be made by the executive committee. Any member desiring to propose a change of rule may suggest it to the regatta committee, who should be competent to pass on it and thus save some idle discussion at the few and busy meetings of the executive committee. It never has been and need not be compulsory in the executive committee to make the changes suggested by the regatta committee; the power of the former is limited only in such a way as to secure careful and deliberate action on such important matters and to secure a desirable amount of publicity for all changes of the rules; a method whose wisdom is no less proven by the harmony which has prevailed under such methods in the past than by the discussion recently awakened by a contrary method of procedure.

THE AMENDMENT OF THE A. C. A. RULES.

IT will be a surprise to many A. C. A. men, as it was to us, to learn at this late date that the much discussed resolution of the executive committee abolishing standing sails was by no means the most important work of the meeting of Aug. 18, but that it was followed by the far more general and sweeping change. This change, which has only come to our knowledge during the past week, adds a third issue to the two now under discussion, and makes the action of the executive committee at the meeting in question of far greater importance than at first appeared. The discussion thus far has been confined to the questions, whether it was desirable that the standing sail should be dealt with at all; and whether, if this question was answered in the affirmative, the recent hasty and unexpected action was either politic or just. Both of these may well be set aside for the present until it is fully decided that the executive committee had the right to act on the matter at all in the way which it has done, and that it has not greatly exceeded its authority at the meeting in question.

The second resolution, passed immediately after the one relating to standing sails, reads as follows: Resolved, That Rule XXII. of the Sailing Rules be amended by striking out "On the recommendation of the regatta committee." In order to realize the full force of this resolution it is necessary to consider the discussion which accompanied the two motions. This discussion of course does not appear in full on the minutes and we can only give such a report of it as we could derive from conversations with several who were present, if we are wrong in any vital points we shall be glad to be corrected. As we have been informed, in the course of the discussion over the standing sail, the question was raised whether the executive committee had the power to make the desired change in the Sailing Rules under Rule XXII., which reads as follows: "These rules may be amended by the executive committee on recommodation of the regatta committee." This new question was fully discussed, the decision of the chair being in substance that as the regatta committee was the creation of the executive committee, it was absurd that the creating body should be limited or restricted by a subordinate body created by it. This ruling being acquiesced in, the standing sail resolution was put to vote and carried, after which it was moved by Rear-Com. Dorland and seconded by Vice-Com. Brokaw, "That Rule XXII. of the Sailing Rules be amended by striking out 'on the recommendation of the regatta committee;' which motion was also carried by a unanimous vote.

The first sailing rules of the A. C. A. were drawn up in 1881, and in the ten seasons of use that have followed they have been materially altered to meet many changes in the canoes and in the racing. Throughout all these changes Rule XXII. has remained untouched and respected, it has stood the test of ten years' trial and no fault has been found with it. The letter of the rule reads plainly enough, "These rules may be amended by the executive committee." How? "On recommendation of the regatta committee." No other interpretation has ever been put upon it, and its inherent force has been strengthened by a long observance of it which has built up the strongest kind of precedent. Many of the changes in the rules have been made directly on the recommendations contained in written reports from the regatta committee, but it has frequently been the case that the regatta committee was present at the general meeting in the fall, where most of such changes are made, and has worked in harmony with the executive committee in arranging the amendments.

While the power of the regatta committee is limited by a chapter of the By-Laws which forbids any change in the classification, measurement or sailing regulations without the sanction of the executive committee, the rights and duties of the regatta committee as proper medium for the consideration of all proposed changes, and the presentation of such as they approve to the commodore for action upon by the executive committee have never been questioned. The regatta committee is appointed by the commodore without regard to the executive committee; it reports to him and is answerable only to him, the executive committee having no power over it. We do not wish to put any false construction on the actions of the executive committee, but from all that we have been able to learn by diligent inquiry it has in the first place displayed an extraordinary lack of courtesy in taking up any proposed change without recognizing the regatta committee; in the second place it has deliberately disregarded a perfectly plain rule whose meaning has never before been questioned; and in the third place, after disregarding the rule it has completed the work by wiping it off the statute book. If this be a correct statement of the case, we submit that no more proof is required of necessity for the instant restoration of the expunged clause in a still stronger form, positively prohibiting any change of the racing rules save after publication for several weeks of the proposed change.

If this last act of the committee is to stand as legal, there is a direct premium on party legislation of a sort never seen before in the A. C. A. But seven members or deputies are necessary to a quorum of the executive committee, and if at any time the friends of the standing sail should find themselves in the majority they can take up the obnoxious motion. "The regular sailing races of the A. C. A. shall be confined to canoes whose sails can be readily lowered while afloat," and amend it by substituting after the word sails, "which are permanently laced to the masts." This would be turning the tables with a vengeance, and it would then be in order for the other side to capture a meeting as soon as possible and make a new change. Undignified and positively bad as such legislation would be, it has been made possible by this action of the executive committee.

If racing is to continue and sport afloat is not to be replaced by unseemly squabbles over rules, some stringent provisions must be made to govern all changes of the Sailing Regulations. Not only must the last portion of Rule XXII. be replaced, but it must be accompanied by a positive statement that all proposals for future changes must come through the regatta committee, and that even then none may be acted on until they have been publicly announced for at least three weeks. Popular representation is one of the strong principles of the Association, every member should have the right to know what changes are proposed in any of the laws; and there are very few changes in the Sailing Regulations or other rules that require to be made so quickly that public notice cannot be given. In a matter of this kind the custom of the larger yacht clubs offers a very safe precedent, and in all of these the alteration of the racing rules is most jealously guarded. Not only must the proposed amendment be printed in full and sent to each member ten days or more before a meeting, but in some cases it is required that the amendment must be submitted to a second meeting for a final ratification, and as a rule all changes are specially prohibited after the approach of the racing season. If such safeguards against hasty and ill considered actions are necessary in clubs where frequent meetings are held, and where matters of news are not only noised about from mouth to mouth, but where members meet constantly for the private discussion of such matters, they are much more essential in a body such as the A. C. A., where the power must of necessity be deputed to a few, and where no general meeting of a majority or even of a fair fraction of the members is possible.

Since the above was written we have been informed by two members that the amendment to Rule XXII. was the first passed, but the minutes state to the contrary.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $2.00. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price $3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price $3.50. Steam Machinery. By Donaldson. Price $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA C. C., SEPT. 17.

THE annual regatta of the Philahelphia C. C. was held Wednesday of last week at Riverton, N. J. Through the courtesy of the Riverton Y. C. its commodious and beautiful house was used for the occasion, and the verandahs were filled with well known people from Riverton and Philadelphia.

The first event was the single paddling race, with the following contestants, who finished in the order named:

Trio, Norman Ellison	1
Juanita, J. Etter Small	2
Chandos, Frank E. Bennett	3
Regina, H. R. Wray	4
Norka, W. S. Runk	5
Noname, Wm. R. Ellison	6

The first prize was a handsome Bavarian tankard and the second was a silk flag.

A half gale from the northwest reduced the number of starters in the sailing race and twice capsized Osceola, but she was righted and won easily as follows:

Osceola, Wm. S. Grant, Jr.	1
Aglaia, S. H. Kirkpatrick	2
Echo, F. D. Brown	3
Enid, J. A. Inglis	Did not finish.
Valkyr, Francis Thibault	Did not start.
Muriel, W. S. Runk	Did not start.
D. B., C. S. Kates	Did not start.
Hottentot, C. F. Marlow	Did not start.

The first prize was the sailing trophy, a silver cup, and was reawarded to the holder, Wm. S. Grant, Jr., who won it in 1889. Second prize, a silk flag.

The tandem paddling race was very close and exciting, the canoes being bunched at the finish, and the winning crew being well lapped by the second. The order at the finish was:

Juanita, J. Etten Small and H. R. Wray	1
Trio, Norman Ellison and W. S. Runk	2
Chandos, Wm. R. Ellison and Frank E. Bennett	3
Aglaia, S. A. Kirkpatrick and Wm. S. Grant, Jr.	4
Regina, Wm. R. King and J. A. Inglis	5

First prizes, two German tankards; second prizes, two silk flags.

The last event was the paddling upset race, and showed that the Delaware River canoeists are well prepared for capsize, the men all regaining their canoes with remarkable agility and quickness. This race was finished as follows:

Aglaia, S. H. Kirkpatrick	1
Nautilus, C. S. Kates	2
Valkyr, J. A. Inglis	3
Juanita, J. Etter Small	4
Chandos, Wm. R. Ellison	5

First prize, silver flask; second and third prizes, two silk flags.

In the evening a reception was given by the Riverton Canoe Club to the Philadelphia Canoe Club and its guests, in the handsomely decorated reception rooms of the Lawn House, when the prizes were awarded, and excellent music tempted the feet of the dancers until a late hour.

ROCHESTER C. C., WILSON CUP.—The third annual race for the Wilson Cup was sailed on Sept. 13, the first gun being fired at 11 A. M. The wind was very light and variable, and the time slow:

	1st round.	2d round.	Time.	Points.
Massawippa, W. H. Martin	39 15	41 15	1 20 30	9
Marie, H. M. Stewart	30 30	52 15	1 22 45	8
Polly Wiggie, F. S. Smith	39 45	46 45	1 26 30	7
Prudence, H. J. Wilson	44 15	48 15	1 32 30	6
Surprise, H. D. McVeac	44 00	49 15	1 33 15	5
Hero, Geo. Ruggles	41 30	52 30	1 35 00	4
Louise, C. H. Moody	1 29 30			
Toodles, A. B. Dodge	Withdrew.			
Midget, E. L. French	Broke down.			

The fourth race of the series was called at 1:35 P. M., a strong and steady wind from the north having sprung up. The race from start to finish was very close and interesting. Hero secured the best start and a long lead, but was overhauled and passed by Marie and Surprise after a hard fight. Surprise parted her main halliard just before the last gun was fired, and was very late in starting. Both races were sailed over the regular club course, twice around the mile and a half triangle. The wind freshened on the second round and made the work very lively; especially for Massawippa, who was over-canvassed. Marie carried 150 sq. ft. and Surprise 130 sq. ft. easily, Massawippa 130 sq. ft., Midget 110 sq. ft. and Polly Wiggle 100 sq. ft. The rest carried smaller sails, from 90 to 70 sq. ft.:

	1st round.	2d round.	Time.	Points.
Marie, H. M. Stewart	26 30	21 30	0 48 00	9
Surprise, H. D. McVeac	27 00	24 30	0 51 30	8
Hero, Geo. Ruggles	26 00	26 30	0 52 30	7
Massawippa, H. W. Martin	30 00	27 00	0 57 00	6
Midget, E. L. French	30 45	26 45	0 57 30	5
Polly Wiggie, F. L. Smith	30 45	28 45	0 59 00	4
Prudence, H. J. Wilson	29 45	30 15	1 00 00	3
Louise, C. H. Moody	34 45	Withdrew.		2
Toodles, A. B. Dodge	33 00	40 00	1 13 00	1

BROOKLYN C. C.—On Sept. 20 a race was sailed for the Brooklyn cup, there being but three starters: Guenn, Wm. Whitlock; Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell, and Nomad, Wm. Wintringham. Toltec, W. W. Howard, of the New York C. C., was present, having sailed across the bay in a strong N.W. wind, and started with the others to receive a special prize in case of a win, club members only being allowed to enter for the cup. There was a heavy canoe sea and so much wind that Eclipse and Nomad started with too much sail, Guenn and Toltec carrying each about 70ft. The course was triangular, off Bay Ridge, two rounds. Toltec was over the line with a good start, but the position of the line made it necessary to luff around the flag, and as she turned Nomad struck her about 4ft. from the stern. The consequent delay made the four on nearly even terms at the start, Guenn soon taking the lead, the course being to windward. Before the first buoy Toltec passed her, while the others had too little sail to buck the tide and were far astern. Toltec led by half a minute at the end of first round, holding this advantage until the second mark of second round was passed, when a flaw struck her, and in trying to right her Mr. Howard caught his foot between the trunk and the side of the boat, his centerboard extending the whole length of the small well. The canoe lay with her sails afloat for some little time, and when Mr. Howard had freed his foot and righted her his opponent was just on his weather, Toltec started off, the course being reached, but with water aboard she could not keep her course, luffing up in the frequent puffs, and Guenn won by several length. Eclipse finished third, but Nomad withdrew. Another race will be sailed on Saturday.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

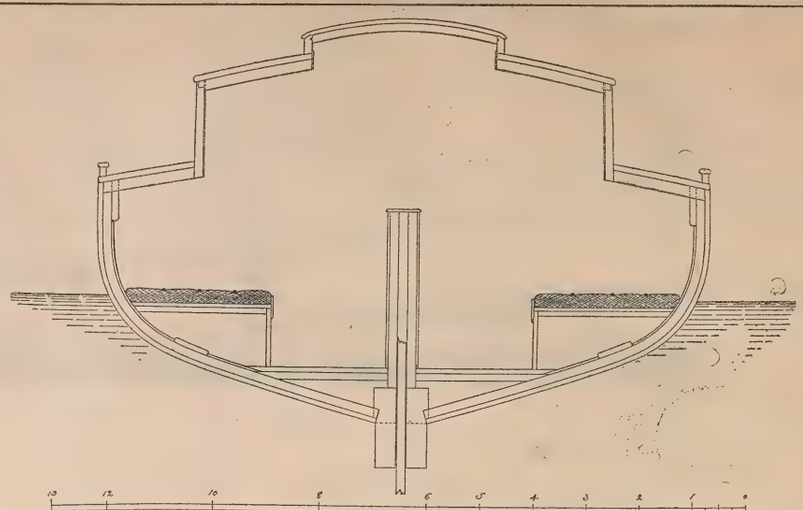
THE "CAT-SLOOP" RAHNEE.

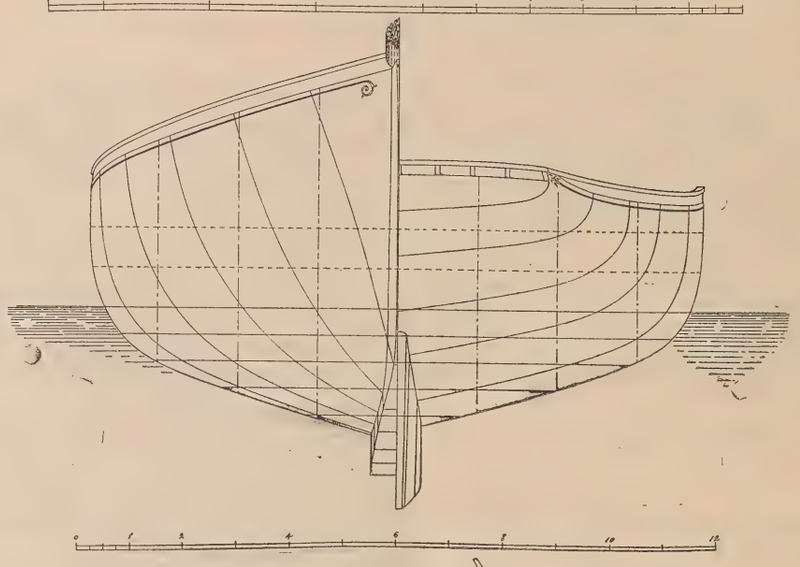
THE yacht whose lines are here given is of special interest just now in connection with the gradual evolution of the sloop from the cat rig about Cape Cod, as shown last year in Harbinger and some other craft.

The present boat is a step nearer to the sloop, but at the same time has some of the distinguishing features of the catboat. She was designed and built last winter by Messrs. Read, of Fall River, builders of the sloop Mabel F. Swift and other yachts, being intended for a somewhat similar purpose as the Newport catboats, for day sailing and taking out pleasure parties. The dimensions and elements are:

Length, over all	34ft.
L.W.L.	27ft. 9¾in.
Beam extreme	11ft. 6¼in.
Draft without board	3ft. 9in.
Least freeboard	2ft.
Displacement, long tons	7.85
Ballast, iron, keel, long tons	.80
inside	2.00
total	2.80
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.35
Mainsail, luff	23ft. 6in.
head	23ft.
foot	36ft.
area	873.5sq. ft.
Jib, luff	27ft.
leech	26ft. 6in.
foot	13ft.
area	161sq. ft.
Total area	1,034sq. ft.

The frames are of steamed oak, 2×1¾in., and the yellow pine planking is 1¼in. thick. The companion and cockpit are finished in mahogany. The 10in. mast is stayed to steel channel plates, 1ft. wide. The head room in cabin is 5ft. 11in. The name Rahneé signifies an Eastern queen, being the feminine form of Rajah. A step has been provided for a mizen mast, so that the yawl rig may be tried. The yacht is enrolled in the new Fall River Y. C. We are indebted for the drawings to Mr. Frank T. Wood, of Fall River.







COLUMBIA Y. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 18.

THE Columbia Y. C. finished the season with a stirring race on Thursday last, in a squally N.W. wind, the course being to Yonkers and back for all but Class K, these boats turning a mark off Spuyten Duyvil. The times were:

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mergus	11 19 08	2 53 10	2 05 52	2 05 52
Emma and Alice	11 17 03	2 17 58	3 00 55	2 10 47
Hazel	11 13 00	2 19 20	3 06 20	2 18 10
Gracie T	11 11 30	Did not finish.		

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 28 AND UNDER 30FT.

Vixen	11 13 40	2 22 40	3 09 00	2 08 06
Bertha	11 14 00	2 23 59	3 09 59	2 08 11
Forsythe	11 14 13	2 22 30	3 08 17	2 13 23
Brunhilde	11 14 47	2 33 53	3 19 06	2 22 18
Soutter Johnnie	11 14 11	2 36 58	3 22 47	2 22 27
Annie R	11 15 40	2 39 49	3 24 05	2 25 01

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 26FT.

Lurline	11 16 32	2 33 18	3 16 46	2 13 10
Christine	11 15 05	Did not finish.		

CLASS E—CABIN CATBOATS.

Nina	11 16 30	2 19 45	3 03 11	2 09 33
Guile	11 11 25	3 00 06	3 48 41	2 43 54

CLASS F—OPEN SLOOPS.

Thorn	11 22 15	2 19 25	2 57 10	1 52 18
J. A. Cameron	11 21 41	2 22 20	3 00 39	1 59 05

CLASS I.

Pauline B.	11 23 25	2 22 21	2 58 56	1 49 04

CLASS K—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 21FT.

Sisters	11 21 50	1 25 45	2 03 55	1 15 31
Dolphin	11 23 00	1 26 35	2 03 35	1 16 35
C. T. Wills	11 25 05	1 28 39	2 05 34	1 18 16
Gauntlet	11 23 35	Did not finish.		

In Class B Mergus wins, with Emma and Alice second. In Class C Vixen wins, with Bertha second. In Class D Lurline wins. In Class E Nina wins, with Guile second. In Class F Thorn wins, with John A. Cameron second. In Class I Pauline B. has a walk-over and a prize. In Class K Sisters wins, with Dolphin second.

BEVERLY Y. C., 169TH REGATTA, Third Buzzards Bay Championship, Monument Beach.—Courses, first and second classes, No. 2, 11 miles; third class, No. 7, 8 miles; fourth class, No. 9, 5 miles. Strong S.W. double reef breeze. Summary:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mattie, Howard Stockton	28.10	2 01 40	1 52 36

SECOND CLASS.

Mist, G. W. Lyman, Jr.	26. 8	1 55 54	1 44 43
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.	26.10	1 56 18	1 45 18
Anonyma, F. L. Dubney	26.10	1 58 05	1 47 05

THIRD CLASS.

Puzzle, Wm. Anory, Jr.	22.09	1 46 39	1 35 01
Parole, W. H. Davis	22.08	1 48 20	1 36 38
Caysue, F. W. Sargent	22.09	1 48 37	1 36 59
Eina, John Parkinson	22.10	1 49 40	1 38 08

FOURTH CLASS.

Rip, C. B. Jefferson	19.01	1 16 17	1 06 28
Kitten, G. H. Richards	20.00	Disabled.	
Edith, Irving Chapman	19.04	Withdrew.	

First class, Mattie won; second class, Mist; third class, Puzzle and Parole; fourth class, Rip. Mist and Rip win and hold pennants. Judge, F. Elliot Cabot.

DORCHESTER Y. C., SEPT. 20.—The third championship race was sailed on Saturday in a reefing breeze from northwest, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mudjekeewis, W. P. Whitmarsh	25.07	1 32 52	1 03 00
Montezuma, G. E. Curry	22.01	1 46 07	1 12 22
Rival, W. S. Nickerson	26.05	1 44 56	1 15 53
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore		1 44 31	

SECOND CLASS.

Viento, C. B. Pear	15.07	1 39 35	1 07 19
Jackdaw, George Lewis	18.02	Withdrawn.	

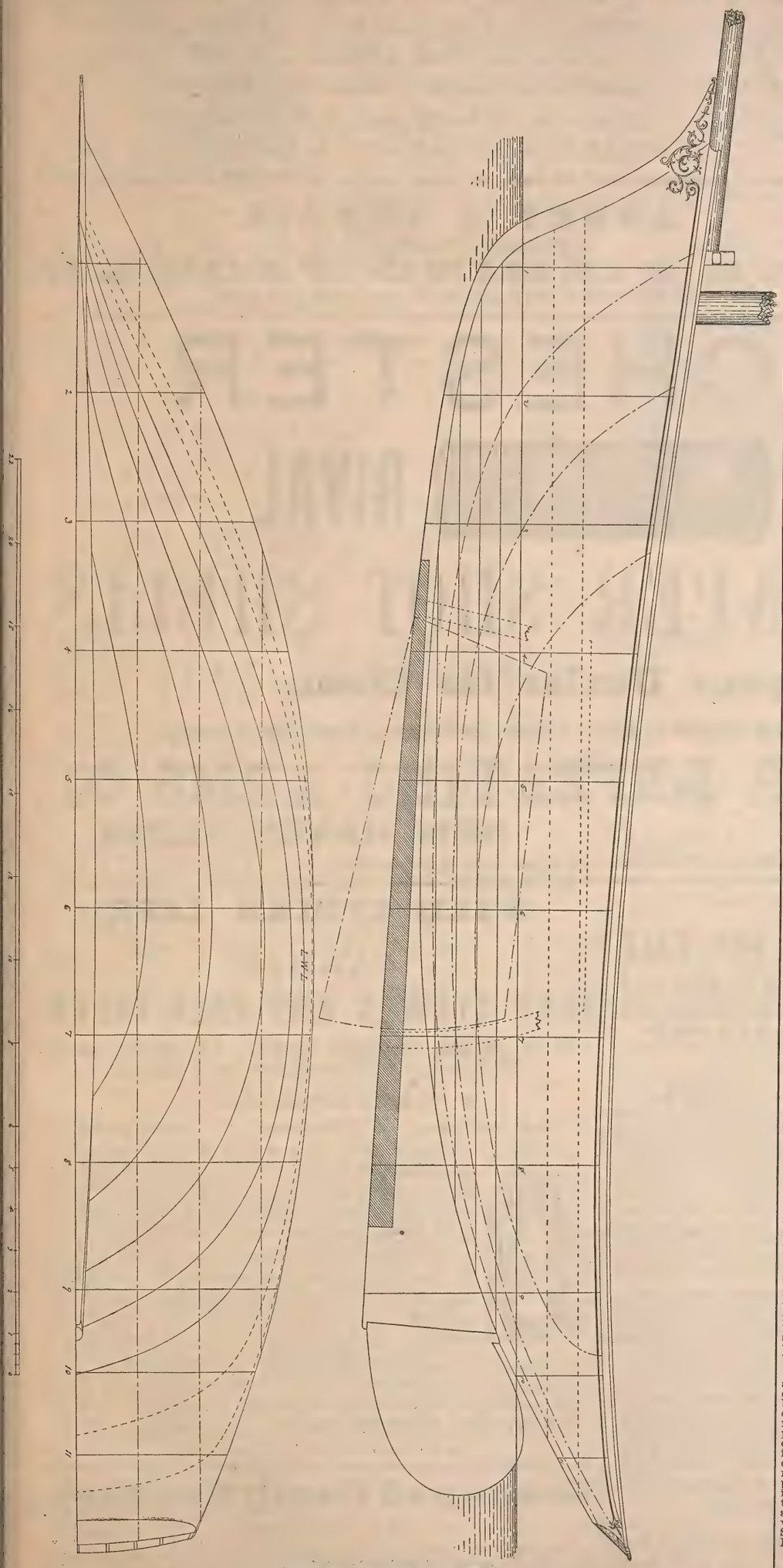
SPECIAL CLASS.

Scamp, Jr., H. N. Nute	1 51 53
Beatrice, J. F. Preston	1 53 11
Cowslip, J. W. Longstreet	1 53 25
Rose, F. W. Porter	Disabled.

Mudjekeewis lost her bowsprit, but won. Rose carried away her mast. Viento takes second prize in the second class, Rocket having previously won the cup. Beatrice, Rose and Scamp, Jr., having each won a leg in the special cass, will sail-off for the cup. The judges were Hartfort Davenport, H. W. Smith, Walter S. Fox. Regatta Committee: C. Edwin Bockus, Chairman; H. W Burr, Sec'y; H. W. Smith, F. C. Blanchard, D. H. Mason.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The Atlantic Y. C. is the first club to begin the fall work of improving the racing rules, the following steps being taken at a meeting on Sept. 15: To provide for establishing a 25ft. racing class of cabin yachts; to appoint a committee to submit desirable amendments to the constitution, by-laws and racing rules; to take action with respect to extension of time for filing lines of winners of prizes in the annual regatta; to consider matter of arranging the present classification, and racing rules and regulations, so as to divide cruising and racing yachts, or to reduce the number of classes; and to consider the matter of providing for actual measurements of sails, instead of the present method for measuring sail area, for calculation of time allowance. All of these are in the line of work begun by the club this spring, and which it evidently intends to carry out most fully. The creation of the new racing class of 25ft. corrected length is one of the most important steps that has been taken for some years by any American club.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—Only Florrie and Elsie started in the third class championship race on Saturday, Elsie parting her allhard and giving up. One more race will be sailed.



"THE CAT-SLOOP RAHNEE."

RIVERSIDE Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA, Sept. 20.—The pennant regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wayward, F. Beltz	3 04 50	3 04 50
Alcedo, W. A. Hamilton	3 07 49	3 06 15

SECOND CLASS.

Vorant, G. G. Tyson	3 30 36	3 30 36
Doctor, M. Young	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Nahma, W. Luke, Jr.	1 51 27	1 51 04
Lassie, H. O. Aston	1 55 31	1 53 11
Gertrude, W. J. Selluk	1 54 36	1 54 36

FOURTH CLASS.

Dot, C. T. Pierce	1 45 40	1 45 40
Pearl, G. Smith	1 49 07	1 47 59
Unique	Did not finish.	

Nahma was disqualified and Wayward will be remeasured.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C., 126TH REGATTA, SEPT. 20.—The final race of the season was sailed on Saturday in a strong N.W. wind, resulting as follows:

SIXTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen Mab, W. O. Gray	23.01	1 20 28	1 14 39
Posy, F. T. Hunt	27.04	1 17 42	1 16 33

SEVENTH CLASS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis	20.07	1 22 01	1 19 33
Peri, F. Driscoll	19.01	disabled.	

EIGHTH CLASS.

Psyche, F. Gray	19.01	1 26 15	1 21 15
Paradox, L. M. Clark	19.04	1 28 48	1 24 13
Mirage, J. Dearborn	19.00	1 29 58	1 24 50

Queen Mab carried away her throat halliards, but won in first class. The judges were W. T. Mann, A. J. Clark, H. Davenport, A. T. Shepard.

MANCHESTER REGATTA.—On Sept. 20 a regatta was sailed off Manchester, Mass., resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jester, G. P. Crooker	1 01 10	0 45 55
Bess, Mahoney & Baker	1 08 07	0 52 53

SECOND CLASS.

Undine, J. R. Shaughnessy	1 07 12	0 47 18
Helen, A. F. O'Brien	1 12 20	0 52 30

THIRD CLASS.

May R., J. L. Bremer	1 09 27	0 48 16
Samaria, Geo. P. Eustis	1 12 00	0 51 00
Surprise, E. P. Crooker	1 04 18	0 44 43

FOURTH CLASS.

Blanche, E. P. Crooker	0 56 44	0 44 43
Mary Alice, E. P. Stanley	1 04 03	0 49 18
Trout, A. W. Maslin	1 18 28	1 03 31
Toledo, J. H. P. Dodge	1 20 56	1 04 29

ESSEX Y. C.—The annual regatta of this club was sailed at Essex, Mass., on Sept. 20, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idle Hour, Dr. Woodman	17.05	1 29 39	0 55 37
Eruymone, E. B. James	19.03	1 29 15	0 57 25
Daisy, W. H. H Burnham	22.06	1 26 10	0 58 10
Voma, J. W. Norwood	14.10	1 38 51	1 00 42
Gossoon, L. B. Norton	16.09½	1 38 25	1 03 22

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—A regular meeting of this association will be held at the Hotel Marlborough, Thirty-sixth street and Broadway, on Sept. 30, at 8 P. M., when important changes in the by-laws and constitution will be proposed, and the regatta committee will award the prizes won at the association regatta on June 28. Proposed for membership: Thomas B. Willson, Daniel F. Day, H. C. Hauser.

CLARA AND CINDERELLA.—These two old rivals have not met since the August regatta at Marblehead in 1887, when Clara lost her bowsprit and withdrew. Some time since a match was arranged which was sailed on Saturday over the Captain's Island course of the Larchmont Y. C. Clara's bobstay parted near the end of the race, Cinderella being in the lead at the time and winning.

HULL Y. C.—The sail-off in sixth class on Saturday was a sail-over for Rocket, as Wildfire was not present. This race ended the season.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SPORTSMAN, New York.—Either one of the makes of guns you name will be serviceable, and you cannot mistake. There is an advantage in having two barrels. Select not larger than a 12ga. with a 28in. barrel, and if you choose the rifle attachment get a caliber from .25 to .38.

W. R. P., Cologne, Germany.—Please inform me per your correspondence column where to apply for Chinese ring pheasants, as we would like to try and introduce them here in Germany. Ans. We presume your best plan would be to enlist the services of your consuls in China and Japan.

F. C. W., New York.—I have a pair of gun barrels that became rusty. I used emory paper to remove and now the barrels are too bright and shiny to suit me. What can I put on to bring back the dull natural color? Ans. "Old Timer" in last week's paper recommended a coat of shellac for this.

BLACKFISH, New York.—1. What is the best way to kill a wounded bird? 2. Can a man kill game birds out of season on his own property? 3. What is the best way to clean a gun after a day's shoot? Ans. 1. Break its neck; many gunners bite the neck. 2. Not in this State, nor, as a rule, in other States. 3. Swab with warm soap suds and dry thoroughly; then rub with flannel soaked in benzine or kerosene, and rub thoroughly with dry chamois skin.

T. A. R., Zanesville, O.—1. What gun will do better work in the field, 10 or 12-gauge? 2. What is the lightest gun, 10-gauge, you recommend, 32in., to shoot 4½dr. black powder and 1¼oz. shot, with safety and comfort to the shooter? 3. Would an 8lb. 10-gauge 32in. gun be comfortable to shoot 100 shots at the trap, using 4½dr. black powder and 1¼oz. shot? Ans. 1. We would recommend a 12-gauge except for ducks. 2. Of 8lbs. 3. It depends on your build and strength.

G. E. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.—The writer has been considerably annoyed by the appearance of rust in a 10-bore hammerless gun. Lately we have been keeping the barrels corked at the muzzle very tightly and filled with sperm oil and then with corks in the breech and a cloth cover on the barrels we would keep them muzzle down in a dry place. A few minutes' work will empty the barrels, wipe them out and put the gun together, using the same oil repeatedly. Is there any objection to this plan other than the trouble? Ans. The best sperm oil is an excellent thing to use, and the treatment should be efficient.

M. H. B., Passaic, N. J.—I wish to inquire whether it is not almost universally the rule with the regularly organized gun clubs, where three or five traps are used, shooting at inanimate birds, to throw all but the last bird from an unknown trap, excepting where they shoot under Keystone rules or tournament rapid shooting. Also please give your opinion whether it is wise policy or not for a club, after shooting two and a half years, to change their rules so as to shoot at all known birds, in order to improve their scores and enable them to shoot against other clubs. Ans. The club should shoot under American Association rules, with the three traps throwing at fixed angles; but the particular trap to be pulled at each shot to be determined by the indicator. It is mere child's play for a club to shoot at known traps throwing known angles, and it's doughnuts to dollars that such a club in a match where American Association rules prevailed, would come out at the bottom at the tail end of the race. Send to Major Taylor, American Shooting Association, Stewart Building, N. Y., for a copy of the rules.

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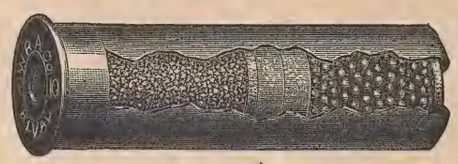
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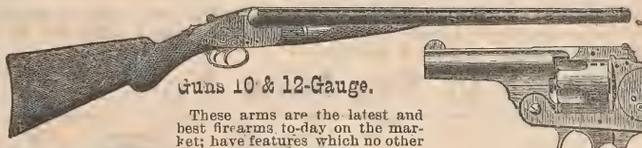
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do do	do do do do	16 28 6½	60 00	50 00
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do	do do do do	10 30 9¼	35 00	30 00
do	do do do do	12 30 8¼	35 00	30 00
do	do do do do	12 30 8½	35 00	30 00
do	do do do do	12 30 7½	35 00	30 00
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do do	do do do do	12 30 8½	55 00	40 00
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do	do do do do	12 30 7½	45 00	30 00
do	do do do do	12 32 8¼	45 00	30 00
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do	B Quality, do do do	12 30 8¼	35 00	25 00
do	do do do	10 30 8¼	35 00	25 00
do	do do do	10 30 8¾	35 00	25 00
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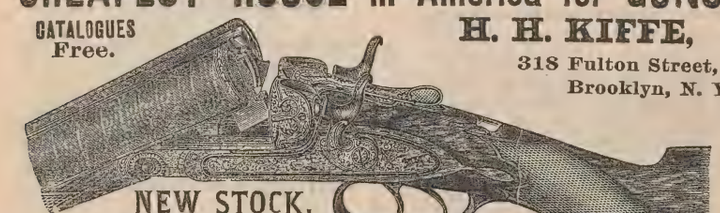
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is the sportsman's month, and in this latitude its opening is most auspicious. Shooting conditions are not yet in their prime. The foliage is very dense, not so heavy as that of last year, but heavier than usual. There have been no frosts, and until the cold nights come and the leaves begin to fall shooting in cover will be difficult. To bag his birds in early October this year, to use an old and hackneyed but expressive phrase, one must "cut loose with the eye of faith and the finger of instinct." The successful shot is made with the gun pointed "where the bird ought to be," not where it can be seen to be.

Owing to recent rains the woodcock grounds are moist and the scent would be good were the birds confined to their accustomed haunts, but the same wet weather has dispersed the birds; they are scattered widely, and while this is fortunate for them it is equally unfortunate for the gunner. In the north, over the line in Canada, woodcock have been noted in great supply; they bred abundantly there and knowing shooters are looking out for a woodcock flight this fall which shall give better returns than the flights of recent years.

From all parts of the country come reports of an abundant supply of quail. It has been a favorable year indeed for them, with the mild winter of 1889-90 and the propitious weather conditions during the breeding season. The open time in Massachusetts began the middle of last month, but September quail shooting is not what the sport will be in the last of October and in November. There are shooting conditions which cannot be changed by whims of legislatures. No legal enactments to encourage July woodcock shooting can give to the mid-summer pursuit of that bird the bracing and exhilarating nature of autumnal flight shooting, and it is beyond the power of the lawmakers to prescribe rules and regulations to be observed by "Bob White" for the convenience and delectation of his human enthusiasts who love and preserve him that they may pursue and slay him. The feeding habits of the birds in September differ so much from their habits later in the season that the conditions of shooting are not at all the same. So long as food is abundant everywhere, as it is in September, a flushed covey taking wing will be likely to fly far and not return; while in November, as the supply diminishes, the birds frequent the stubble fields and the valleys, and flushed here to-day will in all probability return on the morrow.

GAME FISHES OF IDAHO.

THE article contributed to this number of FOREST AND STREAM, by "G. H. W." on the salmon and trout of Idaho will be read with much profit and pleasure by all of our readers who delight in this noble family of fishes. The account of the habits of the redfish corresponds exactly with our own observations on the red salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) of California and the region northward to the Yukon River in Alaska. Even the month (August) in which dead salmon line the river banks is the same in Alaska as in Idaho. In short it is an accepted fact that the redfish and red salmon, or blueback are identical. There are, however, landlocked fish of this species, and we have seen examples from Washington which were sexually mature at a length of 10in, This is the only one of the Pacific salmon known to have a landlocked form. The colors described by "G. H. W." —a sharply contrasting green head with a reddish body—agree perfectly with those of the red salmon on Kadiak Island as we saw them last fall, but Alaskan salmon are somewhat larger than the 20in. fish of Idaho. What is the bull trout here mentioned? A dark-colored thickset fish with a large head and the habit of lying in deep pools and taking bait near the bottom, while all the other trout of this communication take the artificial fly—this is the description of a trout which we have long supposed to be the dolly varden (*Salvelinus malma*), which is the only red-spotted trout recorded from the Western region. The other three kinds, we assume, are all black-spotted and represent varieties of the red-throated or Clark's trout (*Salmo purpuratus*). There is in Henry Lake, Idaho, and doubtless other lakes as well, a trout which we fail to recognize among those described by our correspondent; it is the lake trout or *namaycush*, which is so widely distributed in North America, from Labrador to Alaska, and from Idaho to the Arctic Ocean. This will be easily accessible and always desirable for the great work of stocking the Yellowstone Park now in progress. Living in deep lakes, growing to the greatest size of all the trout and possessed of admirable qualities as food and game, it must always command the attention of anglers and fishculturists.

CALLIOPES IN THE FIELD.

WE have all encountered him in the field, the man who howls like a maniac at his dog. It is not because the dog is deaf, for even if he were there would be no need of the howling and shrieking; but it is that the howler knows not a bit better. He has the notion that a hunting dog must be worked like a sledge dog amid Arctic ice fields, and so he makes an Eskimo of himself every time he goes shooting. And none of us ever yet saw a dog that worked any better for the racket than he might work, or might at least have been trained to work, without it.

As a safe rule, the man who howls at his dog in the field may be put down as a poor sportsman, and the dog that is howled at as a poor dog. For the matter of that, the dog which finds game for a noisy master usually does about what his dog sense tells him to. The very fact of the man's noisy demonstrations imply that he cannot make his dog obey. With dogs as with horses, the master who handles them best is not he whose voice can be heard in the next county. The quiet control of horse or dog is the only true mastery.

There is nothing to be said for noise in the field. Properly trained, a dog will obey as readily, and as intelligently, and as effectively a motion of hand, or gun, or head, as the bawling and roaring of a Boanerges. It is true that the dog-exhorter may thereby secure a needed and beneficial degree of lung exercise; but he is not at all likely to secure so large a count of game. Of all sounds that startle the birds, that of the human voice is most certain to alarm them. Every expert gunner knows this, and keeps still. The shouter is a tyro; or if he shouts year after year, he is certainly a poor sportsman; and when in company with others who do not share his noisy proclivities, he is voted a general nuisance. Many a grouse has been lost for no other reason than because it was startled and flushed by ill-timed speech.

Roscoe Conkling once pointed out that it would not do to hunt ducks with a brass band. He meant the remark to apply to politics. There are some men who never have learned, and never will learn, that it applies to shooting too.

BLUEFISH IN LONG ISLAND WATERS.

FISHERMEN around Great South Bay have not for many years seen such great numbers of large bluefish as are present this season. One man caught 450 in a single day recently, and 250 at another time. Capt. Daniel Thurber, of Patchogue, states that during August they drove up on the beach near the Blue Point Cove Life Saving Station immense schools of small fish that resembled herring. On Sept. 24 we were on this beach and saw on a stretch of about one-half mile west of Capt. Thurber's house fifty-one round herring (*Etrumeus teres*) which had been driven ashore very recently and were still fresh. When Capt. Thurber's attention was called to the fish he said these were the herring on which bluefish had been feeding during the summer, and whenever they were seen on the beach the men were sure to find bluefish close at hand. Sometimes they chased the round herring up to the water's edge, and many bluefish were captured with gaffs and by throwing and hauling a jig or drail from shore. At Fire Island, pleasure boats of various types are now engaged in chumming in the inlet, and, although the large fish are not often taken, individuals of 3 to 5lbs. are not uncommon. A catboat, with a fish painted on its pennant as a sign of its business, plies about to furnish the parties with chumming bait. The bit of bottom known as "The Cinders" is a favorite locality. Here the water is comparatively deep and the tide runs with great force. In shallower water near the north shore the young bluefish, here called "snappers," are freely taken with rod and line.

SNAP SHOTS.

THAT is an old and familiar story, of the man in jail whose counsel said to him, "My dear sir, they cannot put you into jail for that." To which the client retorted, "But I'm here." When told that the American Kennel Club had convened in secret session, considered Mr. C. J. Peshall's case without giving him a hearing—in fact while he was detained elsewhere in the custody of a sheriff—and had pronounced him guilty, and disqualified him permanently, some one remarked, "But they could not do that." To which it was replied, "But they did." This is probably the impression that the proceedings at the American Kennel Club office last Thursday will have on most people who are interested. Assuming that Mr. Peshall was guilty of all the charges on which he has been disqualified, and that his sentence is a righteous one, the manner of his trial in secret session of the club last Thursday was not only in violation of precedent, in any other country than Russia, but it is repugnant to accepted notions of fair play.

For several years the farmers of both the Big and Little Miami valleys of the Ohio have been trying to effect a State organization for the protection of streams and farms from reckless hunters, trespassers, campers and marauders, and for detective work to aid in ferreting out and prosecuting cases in the courts. The Ohio Farmers' Law and Order League has been incorporated, with headquarters at Dayton, and expects to be in complete working order before the quail season opens. Gentlemanly hunters will have no more annoyance under this league than heretofore; but indiscriminate shooting and abuse of farmers and their property will be effectually checked.

Readers of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps" will be gratified to know that Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, who has been threatened with loss of sight has just successfully come through a surgical operation for the restoration of his vision. Among those who happened to be in the city to congratulate "Awahsoose" was our contributor, Maj. F. G. Dabney ("Coahoma"), of Mississippi, who assured Mr. Robinson that the philosophical tenets of the Vermont Canuck, Antoine Bissette, are making steady progress in the cane-brakes of the South, a fact to which Mr. H. P. Ufford had previously testified, as noted by him in the Acadian country of Louisiana.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SLIDE ROCK FROM MANY MOUNTAINS.

ON A GLACIER IN SUMMER.

THE lodge was pitched at the foot of the Upper Glacial Lake. To the northeast ran the narrow trough through which Glacier Creek flows to join the main swift current, but on every other side rose mountains, steep, ragged, snow-patched; the homes of the white goat, the bighorn and the white-tailed ptarmigan.

The little brown conical lodge, standing half hidden among the spruces, would hardly have been noticed by the eye of any stranger who might have penetrated this narrow valley, but eight or ten horses scattered about over the grassy meadow near the lake shore told that quite a numerous company were camped here. If you had counted noses at supper that night you would have found six; the Chief, the Rhymer, Jack, Appekunny, Yo and Tail-feathers coming-in-sight-over-the-hill, whose every-day name is Brocky.

It had been for more than one of the party a day to be marked with a white stone—a day actually marked with white goats. Two of the men on that day had risked their lives on the precipitous ledges of the west side of Cataract Creek, and the outcome of the clambering for each had been his first white goat. Two "billies" of large size had been killed, and had taken those fearful plunges down over slide rock, snow bank and precipice which, when seen, fairly appal the man who, for his own pleasure and in the excitement of the chase, has put himself in a position where a little carelessness might result in his falling as his prey does.

Cataract Creek is a modest stream, and five or six miles long, which flows into Glacier Creek from the south. It heads in snow banks and ice fields which lie in part on Monroe's Peak and Gould Mountain, and also on a high divide which probably separates the waters of Swift Current from those of the Upper St. Mary. Many of the rivulets which gurgle out from beneath these ice fields flow a milky current, which indicates that, though small, they have the motion which is characteristic of true glaciers. The vertical rockfalls above these snow and ice fields, and the deep narrow clefts in the rock, which shelter the winter's accumulation from the rays of the sun, are favorite feeding grounds for the white goat. Here, up a steep long slide, the Rhymer had stalked a great male that, unconscious of his approach, continued to graze on the tender plants until he felt the bullet's fatal sting, and then sturdily making his way up the rocks, exposing himself to other shots which finally brought him rolling down the steep incline.

The Chief to-day saw his first goat. It was browsing on a cliff far above the valley, and to get within shot of it required careful work and hard climbing. At length, having crept along the narrow ledges until he was within range, the Chief shot it, wounding it so severely that it was unable to climb. It had strength enough, however, to walk along a ledge and on behind a point of rocks where it lay down. The hunter followed it, but when he reached a point where he could see it, only the top of its back was visible above rocks. He fired a shot hoping to make it move to a point where he could kill it. At the report it rose to its feet, walked around another point of rocks and again lay down. The Chief then climbed up to within 50ft. of where it lay, but on the opposite side of a narrow and deep water course. The goat lay there looking at him, but neither his shouts nor the stones which he threw at it had the effect of making it get up. It was impossible to approach it where it lay, and the Chief, in the hope that in its death struggle it might fall to a place where it could be got at, shot it through the heart. As the ball struck it, it gave a convulsive spring, fell forward into the ravine, rolled down that to a snow bank, over which it slid until it reached some slide rock, where it again began to roll over and over. As it went on, becoming to the eye each moment smaller and smaller, it moved more slowly, and at the foot of the slide rock it had almost stopped, when it rolled on to a long snow slope down which it slipped, gathering each instant more momentum, and at last shot out over a waterfall and disappeared, not to be seen until some time later, when it was found on a ledge behind the waterfall several hundred feet below. The Chief declared that it made him quite weak to watch the animal's fall and to think that his course, if he should slip, would probably be over the same ground.

When both the men had got in with their meat they found that one section of the party had gone off in a new direction.

The year before, when a part of the men had visited this same little valley, Jack, Appekunny and Yo had with infinite labor scaled the cliffs which barred the way to the huge mass of ice which lies in its basin, far up toward the mountain's summit. They had found it covered with new-fallen snow, and only in a few places near its edge had the fact that the mass was really ice snow covered been evident to the eye. Now it was much earlier in the season; there were no indications that as yet any considerable amount of snow had fallen since the preceding spring, and it was thought that if the glacier could be examined now, it might show quite different characters. For this and other reasons Yo was anxious to make the ascent of the mountain; yet to clamber to the glacier and back to camp the same day would leave no time for work on the ice, and it was determined to carry up a little food and some blankets and to camp at the highest point where wood for cooking could be had.

Yo and Appekunny had started early in the day, carrying rifle and camera, and were to be followed somewhat later by Jack and Brocky, who should bring up food and bedding. Instead of proceeding over the rocks to the head of the Upper Glacial Lake and climbing up the precipice there, as they had done on the occasion of their previous visit, Yo and Appekunny began the ascent of the mountain on the north side of the valley, climbing laboriously up the steep slope until they reached the ledges, which, like the steps of some giant stairway, rose one above the other until the last were hidden beneath the slide rock which fell from the gray barren crags that formed the mountain's crest. The way, though steep and arduous, had in it nothing of danger nor of excitement. When the ledges were reached the climbers made their way from one to another through narrow crevices torn out from the rock by the torrents which in spring rush down from the melting snows. Sometimes a long search would have to be made at the foot of a vertical precipice before a practicable path could be found to the step next above; at others a crevice would be found cutting through two or three of the ledges in succession. Progress was slow, and they had been gone five hours before they reached the lateral moraine on the north side of the glacier. Here they sat down to look over the ice while they eat their lunch.

At the time of their previous visit to this spot the glacier had appeared much more extensive than it did now. The bitter cold had checked its melting and many a heavy fall of snow had covered its borders, so that it seemed to be of wider extent than at present. It was now melting rapidly, broken by crevasses and scored with streams of swift-flowing clear water. The torrents which poured forth from beneath the blue ice were white as milk, for they carried with them a fine powder, the ground up rock of which the mountain is composed. Along the lateral moriane, on the north side of the ice, were freshly turned up rocks and earth, which showed that the glacier was now moving. This moraine is about 125ft. high and is formed of great smoothed rocks, cemented together by a hard clay. In one place a glacial stream has broken its way through it and flows down on the outside of the wall.

Descending from their perch upon the moraine the men moved on to the ice. Its surface showed no new snow, and it was soft and everywhere melting. Down the steep slope of the ice hurried a dozen swift torrents, which had worn for themselves deep channels in which they whirled, and eddied and rushed, until at last they plunged into some deep crevasse and with hollow roarings disappeared from view. The blue icefield was dotted far and near with fragments of rock, great and small, with mud heaps and with great quantities of other debris, which had fallen down on the ice from the cliffs above. The ice was slippery beneath the feet of the men who now ventured on it, and as its surface was sharply inclined they were obliged to move very carefully. The deep crevasses with which it was everywhere seamed were alarming, for they seemed bottomless, and if a man should fall into one of them he would never be seen again. They had with them a coil of light rope taken from one of the pack saddles, and with this they tied themselves together, only one man approaching the crevasses at a time, the other standing at some little distance, so as to hold his companion in case the latter should slip.

The glacier was vocal with the sound of running water. The musical tinkle of the tiny rivulet, the deep bass roar of the dashing torrent, the hiss of rushing water, confined as in a flume, fell upon the ear, and up through the holes and crevasses in the ice came strange hollow murmurs, growlings and roarings, while the whole ice mass seems to shake and quiver from the concussion of the masses of water that are rushing along beneath it. Many of the crevasses were too deep to be measured by the 100ft. fishing line which Yo carried in his pocket; others seemed to be not real crevasses, but mere fissures in the ice 25 or 30ft. deep, and partially filled with clear water, through which the blue ice of the bottom could be plainly seen. Besides the crevasses there were many circular holes or wells of unknown depths, in some of which the black water rose nearly to the surface of the ice, while in others no water could be seen. In one of these a slender spire of blue ice, seemingly not more than 1ft. in diameter at its lowest visible point, rose perhaps 50ft., and tapering to a needle point at its upper extremity, reached almost the surface of the ice.

The sloping face of the ice was not easy to walk on, and if it had not been for the occasional stones which now and then gave a secure foothold, it would have been impossible to move about on it at all. Notwithstanding this fact, Yo, who was very anxious to reach the crest of the mountain, started to climb up the west arm, which showed a gradual slope from the Moraine up almost to the high saddle from which the west arm of the glacier starts. It seemed to him that the ice, although it sloped sharply, might be climbed, and that walking over its smooth surface would be less arduous than clambering among the rough rocks which formed the side of the trough down which it ran. He started up the slope, walking carefully, and supporting himself by means of the stock of his rifle, which at every step he dug into the soft ice. Appekunny followed, but in a short time concluded that the rocks were "good enough for him," and made his way to the edge of the ice and sprang to the ground. It was not long before Yo wished that he had done the same thing. The ice grew more and more steep and more and more slippery, and the footing less secure. The fragments of rock lying on the ice became less frequent, and it was each moment more difficult to plant his feet in the ice. He tried to make his way to the rocks at the side of the glacier, but a wide chasm yawned between the ice and *terra firma*—a chasm too wide to be jumped. Below him was the steep ice slope a mile in length and ending in a series of crevasses, above was the steep, smooth face of the glacier. A slip of the foot might result in a fall, and the man if he fell would go sliding down the ice with no hope of stopping before the crevasses were reached, and if engulfed in one of these his case would be hopeless. Yet this particular mode of going out of the world did not seem especially alarming, for it was certain that if he started to slide down this slope he would be dead before he reached the crevasses, since the rock fragments that dotted the ice would have stripped all the flesh from his bones before he had reached the end of the slope, and only his skeleton would fall into the crevasse.

At all events there was but one thing to do. To go back down the ice was impossible; he must continue to climb. It was a slow, toilsome and very delicate journey, the last half mile of this climb, but at its end Yo found himself within 75yds. of the end of the west arm. Here further progress was barred by a wide crevasse, beyond which the ice sloped so sharply that no living thing could have climbed it. Making his way to the edge of the ice, he at length found a place where a shoulder of rock projected out from the cliffs to within 3 or 4ft. of the ice, and by a careful spring he crossed the gap and kept on his way up toward the saddle. When he at last found the firm rocks beneath his feet he breathed a little easier, and looking back saw Appekunny, who had been watching him for an hour or more, turn away and sit down on a rock as if a load were off his mind too. It took but a few moments to reach the saddle, from which point Yo could see far to the west. At his feet the mountain sloped off sharply in a smooth grassy slope, dotted here and there with low-growing pines and junipers; at the foot of the slope was a beautiful park country of open grassy meadows with here and there a little lake and clumps of pine timber—a real paradise. He had come from surroundings of snow and ice and cold gray rocks, and now he looked down on a scene which held only freshness, verdure and beauty, which was picturesque, but not stern; charming, but not majestic. Further away and half hidden by the haze that hung over the scene could be seen a deep cañon running to the southwest and another running to the northwest. Far to the south stood a tremendous mountain, and in a great basin to the west of it lay a mighty mass of ice and snow—no doubt a glacier. Yo believed that in this saddle he stood on the Continental Divide, and that the little lakes and streams at his feet poured their waters into the Pacific Ocean.

At length, turning his face from this pleasant scene, he took his way with hasty steps down over the rocks toward the glacier's foot, and before very long joined his companion. The sun had set and it was growing dark when they climbed the great moraine near the glacier's foot, and hurried down toward the timber. Among the low gnarled evergreens which here make a fierce struggle against the bitter cold, the unceasing winds and the barren soil, they could see the flicker of the firelight where Jack and Brocky had evidently made camp, and before long they were warming themselves by the grateful blaze.

Though their food was scanty that night, and though their resting place was but a few paces from everlasting ice and snow, they slept well and rose refreshed. After breakfast Appekunny and Brocky started down to camp with the beds, while Jack and Yo crossed the moraine at the foot of the glacier and clambered to the saddle between Monroe's Peak and Gould Mountain. The clouds were flying over the mountain and the wind was blowing hard, presaging a storm. In the moraine at the glacier's foot was a line of enormous blocks of white feldspar and of dark syenite, which had been brought down by the ice from above, and at the south side of the glacier is a lateral moraine less in size than the one near the west arm. From the side of Monroe's Peak can be seen the whole valley of Cataract Creek, and from their lofty perch they looked down on the spot where a day or two before they had seen the white goats then so far above them. To have pushed on further over these heights would have been pleasant, but the fast falling rain forced them to hurry toward camp. They did so, but the rain continued, and when that afternoon they reached the lodge they were thoroughly soaked. Yo.

TRAPPING DAYS.

VI.—RUN TO EARTH.

AT the lake where we were now camped, which was called Cha-Nopa Tonka, or Big Two Wood, to distinguish it from Cha-Nopa Cheestun, or Little Two Wood, we remained for nearly a fortnight examining all the ground within a distance of several miles, as we were loth to give up the search for fur, and yet the more thoroughly we examined the country the more fully were we satisfied that the glory of Cha Nopa had (for the present year, at least) departed.

In one of my expeditions of exploration on foot I had the good luck to crawl within shot of three white cranes, and, although my only weapon was a carbine, I managed with a lucky shot to clip the tip joint of the wing of a stately bird, and after a most furious chase to capture it.

I have hunted for many years and this was the only white crane I was ever lucky enough to bag; and among all my hunting acquaintances I do not remember one ever blessed with similar good luck.

Here we were visited by several small parties of Sioux, who lived in the vicinity of Ootopaheeda, and were journeying to the northward to visit friends living in that direction; and as we made it a point to entertain liberally in return for the privilege of trapping without molestation, our little teepee at times resembled a frontier hotel.

Every party going north carried presents for their people, often of dried elk meat, and invariably of blocks of pipe stone from the great and only quarry of this singular rock; and on one occasion I bought a large pipe, made of this material and highly ornamented, for a common milk pan full of flour. We found these poor people very grateful for favors however small, and withal as prompt and ready to entertain us as to receive favors at our hands.

While a party, including three women, were one evening visiting us, one of the women observing my own awkward efforts to sew a patch on the sole of a damaged moccasin, with a smile at my awkwardness, drew the moccasin from my hand, and with a few deft stitches secured the obstreperous patch in half the time and far more neatly than was possible to my own clumsy fingers. "Isaac, what is 'Thank you' in the Sioux language?" I asked. "Pe-dom-i-i," he replied, and a pleasant smile circled round the dignified group as I repeated the courteous word.

Finally, after having become entirely satisfied that the trapping ground would not do at all, at the close of a long and very earnest council on the shore of the lonely lake far remote from civilization, when it was fully apparent to us that not only would the present ground prove entirely inadequate to keep us employed during the trapping season, but also that there was no other locality known to us but what was either overrun by swarms of green recruits eager to pass muster as trappers, or was included in the cowyards and pigpens of encroaching settlers—in short, that the great lake region was at last played out as a trapping ground; we then and there decided forever to abandon the occupation which had at times been a source of profit and pleasure, and again of loss and disappointment, and the memory of which with its mingled recollections of painful struggles with exposure and bitter cold, of vigils and watchings against the crafty savage, and of the many pleasant camps in the wilderness, where friendly faces both white and red reflected the cheerful light of the cosy camp-fire, was withal a source of pleasure rather than of pain.

The final decision was not reached without a mental struggle, deeper on my own part than on that of my more philosophic brother; and it would not have been reached at all had we known where in all the yet remaining wilderness of North America another such a trapping country could have been found.

If, in the rehearsal of this long story of the old days on the frontier, I have unduly taxed the patience of the

readers of FOREST AND STREAM, let them congratulate themselves upon the fact that I have spared them very much which I was tempted to inflict upon them. The story of the unsuccessful elk hunt during our return to civilization; of my trip to Lake Talcot, during which, near the outlet of Graham Lake, a band of 110 startled elk, drawn up in one glorious group, stood in the sunset of an autumn day waiting to be photographed upon the never-fading tablet of memory; of their panic-stricken retreat, when for miles and miles apparently, over the almost level plain, their line of precipitate flight was outlined by the thin cloud of dust raised from the earth by the hammering of many hoofs, which, floating away on the evening breeze, completed a picture never to be forgotten, and strongly suggestive of Gordon Cumming and the plains of the Kalihari desert.

As a final illustration of the freaks of fortune in the trapper's experience, the story of a single day's success of an old trapper named Clark at the Great Oasis, a few miles west of Lake Shetek, is hereby given:

It was just at the beginning of winter, and with a light snow upon the ground the old man started out to visit his traps, accompanied by a couple of dogs, and in passing a small lake, whose waters had receded far from their former level, while walking along the sandy beach the dogs began snuffing at a hole in the turf above the sandy beach, and as a stroke or two of the hatchet showed that the hole was but shallow and ran up the bank only just below the turf, the trapper continued to break in the turf and to follow the hole up the bank, until at the end he found and captured three fine otters, which were evidently wandering in search of winter quarters and had stopped for the night in this odd retreat.

Removing the skins, the old man continued on his way around the lake, and before he completed its circuit two other similar holes were found, out of each of which another otter was taken. On his return toward camp in the afternoon he ran across the trail of three more in the snow, and following it to the crest of a hill, saw the otters playing on the ice of a small lake a short distance away. His dogs charging down the hill in pursuit, all the otters disappeared in a hole through the ice near the center of the lake, and as the trapper ran down on the ice he saw at a glance that the low swampy shores of the lake offered no chance for a hole in the bank, and that the animals would be obliged to return to the hole for air. Kneeling down hatchet in hand at the edge of the hole, he was scarcely in position when the head of an otter appeared and was met with a killing blow from the hatchet, and being grabbed by the neck and withdrawn from the water the head of the second appeared and in like manner all three were secured within thirty minutes.

What the old trapper's catch of fur in his traps was for that day I have forgotten, but here were eight otters, secured by an amazing and unparalleled streak of pure "luck," which, at $12 each, swelled the sum total of his lucky catch for this red-letter day of his trapping life to considerably more than $100. These red-letter days were, however,

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

Commonly the life was one of toil and hardship, with scanty enough pay, and with occasional tragedies, when life and limb were the sport of the cruel cold, or at the mercy of the unsparing savage, who left no trace of his fiendish work save the bleaching bones of his helpless victim.

Scattered far and wide are the remaining members of the old fraternity. A letter from a friend tells of a hunting expedition in the Rockies by a party of gentlemen from the East, and adds: "Old Dan Bellows goes along as master of ceremonies."

Should this meet the eye of old Dan, will he accept a word of friendly greeting from one of his old comrades in the life and death struggle with the blizzard on that never to be forgotten night of Dec. 10, 1864?

ORIN BELKNAP.

Natural History.

HEATH HEN OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having spent ten years of my life upon this beautiful isle of the sea, and during that entire period devoting a great deal of my recreations to that best of all sports, shooting, I certainly should be a very poor follower of our honored "Frank Forrester" if I was not somewhat familiar with these birds. Mr. William Brewster, in his article on the heath hen in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 25, makes a number of statements which, with all due respect, I wish to take exceptions to.

Mr. Brewster says the reason of our having the remnant of the grouse family now found there with us is due "partly to an enlightened public sentiment, partly to protection by law, but chiefly to the fact that the interior of the island is comparatively inaccessible and remote from market." My observations have shown the birds not inclined to dwell in the thickest of the cover over which they are found, and I doubt if any one has ever seen a "he'th'n" light in any thicket to which one could well apply the word inaccessible. As to the location being remote from market, compare the distance between the Vineyard and Boston or New York with the distance these birds are now brought from the far Western States. I am very sorry Mr. Brewster gratified his desire for possessing a collection of eggs by taking the six which he says he did in 1885; those alone, if success had followed their progeny, would have now numbered among the hundreds. A great many of the farmers of the island are friends of mine, and I would not for a moment doubt the sincerity of their statements; yet might not the booming which they have heard have been that of the ruffed grouse? We all know that they are noted for this kind of music.

Again he says the foxes were placed there for sport. I am informed upon good authority that they were released by a party of individuals—I will not call them sportsmen—who had arranged to hold a fox hunt. Their first run was defeated by the farmers, who found the dogs were making havoc among their sheep. They then decided to kill a fox and follow a drag trail. At this point the S. P. C. A. rightly claimed this to be an act which they had power to suppress, thus ending the hunt. These individuals sought revenge by liberating the remainder of the foxes to stock and overrun the island. May that portion of tribulation, which should ever be meted out to persons of this character, be not wanting in this case.

Now, as to the number of birds on the island. In the fall of 1882 there were a good many birds. By a good many I mean that a person knowing the ground with a good dog could start fifteen or twenty some days. Since 1882 I have never seen over a dozen in any one season—note I say season, not day. What caused this sudden decrease I cannot imagine. During the past four years there have been two heath hens shot ahead of my dogs, which have been preserved as specimens. The past season, during several days' hunting on the Vineyard, I failed to see a single chicken, but I did hear that more birds were seen last year than for several years back.

Now as to the assertion Mr. Brewster makes, that the resident sportsmen are the cause of the depleted covers. Here again I disagree from him. I am sure the non-resident sportsmen, who in times past have visited the island, have killed more of these noble birds than ever the local gunners have done. Mr. David Tilton, now deceased, a native of the island and an ardent lover of the rod and gun, who was ever a welcome visitor among the farmers in the interior of the island, once told me that the non-resident sportsmen came down for the grouse-shooting in such numbers that he deemed it necessary to cause the arrest of two of these parties. Search being made at the place where they were stopping revealed a number of grouse concealed in a barrel of grain. They were each fined quite a sum and compelled to give up their unlawful shooting. As to the birds being frequently started in running foxes or rabbits, in all my shooting of this kind I never saw but one bunch flushed while hunting with hounds.

The plan Mr. Brewster proposes, regarding stocking Cape Cod, may be feasible in the distant future. There is a game club now organized on the Vineyard known as the Hookumpake Shooting Club, several of whose members are also members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The idea has been advanced, though not original with me, that from the limited area over which the birds range and the great number of years they have been confined within this space, interbreeding successively year after year has resulted in a degeneration in their powers of reproductiveness. Realizing the reasonableness of this, the Hookumpake Club is at this time trying to secure some Western pinnated grouse to place on the island. This same club is ready at any time upon reliable information to bring suit against any parties violating the game laws of Massachusetts on Martha's Vineyard.

J. E. HOWLAND.

NESTING BIRDS AND SCENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I have discovered something new in the natural history of the grouse, and I wish to lay the matter before your readers, hoping that some one has made the same discovery.

In a former communication I stated that a ruffed grouse had nested several years within sight of my cabin. It was this grouse that attracted my attention to the new feature in natural history.

My cabin is in the woods, situated on an old highway, deserted for a hundred years or more. South of the cabin is a small brook, and just across it a path turns off into the woods, and it was near this path that the grouse nested. Several hundred people passed and repassed the nest while the bird was hatching out her first brood. Many bird dogs accompanied their masters, and I thought it singular that they did not scent the bird. The second year I tried an experiment. The grouse nested near the old spot, and I borrowed a bird dog of a friend, and while an easterly wind blew directly from the bird across the path, led the dog to and fro. Strange as it may appear, the dog did not take the scent. Afterward I went to a boulder, the drumming resort of the male grouse, and the dog pointed the spot every time he passed the rock. Thinking that while his sense of scent was aroused he might notice the nesting bird, I tried him once more but with the old result.

The path near which this grouse nests is a common highway for skunks in their nightly visits to my cabin door yard. Raccoons also use it when frog-hunting in the little brook. The old tumble-down wall along the deserted highway affords weasels, minks and stoats a road through the woods, and what seems passing strange is that some one of these keen-scented animals has not ferreted out and destroyed the grouse before this.

I have noticed since I have lived in the woods (six years) that often ruffed grouse nest near paths that are in constant use, and usually rear or at least hatch out the young. I can recall three nests so situated this last season which were undisturbed.

After due and careful consideration of the subject I have come to this conclusion: That it is a change of scent that protects the grouse while nesting, and that it is an admirable provision of nature to enable the bird to rear its young and propagate its kind.

We all know that domestic fowls have a breeding fever, and who can say that the grouse does not have some such fever, and this fever does not change the scent? What say you?

HERMIT.

NATIONAL MUSEUM PUBLICATIONS.

WITH the twelfth volume of the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum a new and greatly improved form of extra copies of the separate articles composing the volume has been devised. For each article of four or more pages is furnished a neat cover containing the title of the paper and a statement of the volume in which it is printed. There is a very decided improvement in the quality of paper used in this publication, making it possible to provide much more satisfactory illustrations both in the text and plates.

The subjects discussed in the numbers before us cover a very wide range. We cannot give more than a brief list of the articles.

Dr. George Marx furnishes a catalogue of the spiders of temperate North America; this is the first attempt to prepare a complete catalogue of these sometimes dreaded, but very interesting insects. Mr. George P. Merrill contributes notes on the serpentinous rocks of Essex county, N. Y., from aqueduct shaft No. 6, New York city, and from near Easton, Pa. Mr. F. H. Knowlton publishes a revision of a genus of fossil woods. Mr. Walter Faxon gives notes on American crayfishes, describing two new species, one of them found in Florida and the other in Missouri. Dr. Harrison Allen describes two new species of bats, one of them Brazilian and the other from Jamaica.

Dr. D. S. Jordan furnishes a catalogue of 87 species of fishes collected at St. Lucia, in the West Indies, by the steamer Albatross. One of these is regarded as new. A new darter from Indiana is described by Dr. Jordan and B. W. Evermann, and a figure of the species is given in the text. Dr. Bean has a paper on new fishes from Alaska and vicinity. These fishes were obtained by the Fish Commission steamer Albatross in 1888, and are chiefly from deep water. Seventeen new species and four new genera are described.

Mr. Robert Ridgway furnishes further notes on the genus *Xiphocolaptes*, birds of the family of wood-hewers. Prof. C. H. Gilbert contributes a report on fishes collected by the steamer Albatross in the Pacific, with descriptions of twelve new genera and ninety-two new species; this is one of the most extensive additions to ichthyology made in recent years. The majority of the new forms are from moderate depths; but there are also numerous species from the deep sea. Mr. Frederick A. Lucas publishes a catalogue of skeletons of birds collected by the steamer Albatross on her voyage to the Pacific. Dr. Gill has three papers devoted to the skeletons of several families of eels. Dr. A. K. Fisher notes the occurrence of a young crab-eater (*Elecate canada*), in the lower Hudson Valley, New York. Dr. Fisher obtained the cobia or crab-eater in June, near the village of Sing Sing, the most northern locality recorded for the young of this fish. His specimen is not quite 4in. long, and was caught by a fisherman with a minnow seine in a broad, shallow cove forming the mouth of the Croton River. Mr. F. W. True gives the results of some observations on the life-history of the bottle-nose porpoise. Mr. True's notes relate to the habits and structure of the species, its distribution, the size of individuals, ratio of the sexes, migrations, breeding habits, peculiarities and habits of the young, colors of the recently caught specimens, structure of the eye, deformities and parasites

Game Bag and Gun.

OUR ONLY VICTIM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That deer hounding in the Adirondacks is not always a sure thing my own experience shows.

If I remember correctly, it was about 3 o'clock one Saturday afternoon in early September of 1885 when we reached Grampus Lake. The day was uncomfortably warm, making our walk over the muddy four-mile carry from Long Lake quite fatiguing. After waiting about twenty minutes the sled arrived bearing our belongings, which were immediately transferred to the boats, and after bidding our teamster good-bye we got in ourselves and shoved off.

Our party consisted of three sportsmen and an equal number of guides, together with three fine, sleek deer-hounds. As each guide had a boat, the party could be divided up very equally, each guide taking one of us, a hound, and his portion of the baggage and provisions. By rowing steadily we reached camp at about half-past 3.

The afternoon was devoted to putting our bark shanty in order, and in making preparation for a hunt on the morrow. After supper it was decided that I should start early next morning and go to Handsome Pond, which is about a mile and a half from camp, with one of our guides, and there watch for and shoot at any deer that might be driven there by the hounds.

By half-past six the next morning breakfast was over and my guide, John Keller, and I started for our post. On arriving at the pond we rowed to a point of land upon which we could command a view of the greater part of the land about the pond. I sat on the bank while John climbed a spruce tree in which a seat had been erected. We had hardly got into position when we heard one of the hounds baying in the distance, and by listening attentively, I found that the baying was becoming more distinct, showing that the hound was running toward us. I now straightened up and scanned the shore in the hopes of seeing something appear, when suddenly John came tumbling down from the tree and said that a deer was swimming across the lake. I jumped into the boat and John shoved off, and we started up the pond as fast as possible, and soon drew up alongside of a deer, which proved to be a beautiful little spotted fawn. We drove the little creature to the opposite side of the pond from which it had appeared, and then went back to our stand. Although the dogs were baying fiercely in our neighborhood, nothing more hove in sight, and according to orders, we started for camp about twelve o'clock. One of the party had gone to Mohegan Pond, which was half a mile from camp, while the third stayed on Grampus. I was the only one who had seen any game, though on Mohegan some animal was heard running through the woods, but kept out of sight. The afternoon was spent in buoy fishing, and at sunset we hooked a few brook trout with the fly.

The following day I was shifted to Mohegan, where I spent an unsuccessful time, as nothing appeared. The third day I was put in command of Grampus Lake. The first part of the morning we spent at the upper end of the lake, later changing to a large rock situated at the extremity of a shoal. Toward noon the guide (Farand Austin) appeared on the shore and hooted to us, whereupon Rowley Keller and I rowed over and took him in. He said if we kept on talking and laughing the way we had been for the last half hour that no deer would come near us, so we decided to be silent.

On reaching the rock again, Rowley climbed up on to it, while Farand and I stayed in the boat. The sun was pretty hot; and as I sat there I began to doze, and just as I was about to go to sleep in good earnest, Rowley said, "There's a deer." I believe Farand was asleep, but those words made him wide awake in an instant. He caught up the oars and started for a little bay to the left of us, while I grabbed the shotgun (my rifle having been borrowed) and shoved a couple of buckshot cartridges into the barrels. The deer on seeing us "pulled for the shore," while we tried to cut it off; but as we had a greater distance to go, the deer reached there first, and climbing up the bank started on a run along the shore as if afraid to enter the woods. When Farand saw that we could not cut the game off, he turned the boat's direction a little, so that I could see the deer over the port side, and told me to blaze away. During the chase I had become quite excited, and when I aimed I could hardly see what it was that I was to shoot, but I pulled the trigger and waited for the smoke to clear away. When it did I saw my deer kicking in the water where it had fallen, with a broken neck. We took the animal to camp, and an *entree* in the shape of venison steak was added to our scanty bill of fare.

During the time we stayed in camp, which was about a week, that was all the game that we could bring in sight, although one of our dogs lost two nails on one of its forefeet and another dislocated its shoulder in the attempts made to show us the deer.

I have been to the Adirondacks three times since then, but have never used hounds to hunt with, as I think the only way to keep the deer in those mountains is to put a stop to hounding them. A good example of what the result of prohibiting the use of hounds in hunting these animals has done is clearly seen in the wood of northern Maine.

F. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IN THE WILDS OF PIKE.

WE met at the Erie Railroad Depot, in Jersey City, to start out for a few days' shooting up in Pike county, Pa. We took the 9:20 A. M. train, and arrived at Port Jervis at 12:15. From there we took Jake Schorr's Milford stage and drove to Milford, 8 miles south of Port Jervis, arriving there in about an hour. We kept the congenial and jolly Jake busy telling us of his numerous expeditions and adventures in the wilds of Pike county, and the ride was very pleasant. At Milford we were met by Mr. Lou Chattlion, who drove us out to his farm, about five miles back of Milford. He also is a good all-round "settler," and just the man to make it pleasant during one's stay. The road seemed to be all up-hill; and although he told us that it was but five miles from Milford to his place, it seemed like twenty to us. On the way out we started three pheasants that were feeding close by the roadside, and this put us in high spirits, anticipating the good sport to be had back in the woods.

The next day was Sunday. When Monday morning dawned, old Sol found us all ready to start out. Climbing up a steep hill, right back of the house, we came to a small clearing about half-way up, and while crossing this we started a flock of pheasants. We were wholly unprepared to find game so near to civilization, and although we both fired away at them, the partridges kept on their wild flight and did not stop a single shot. We then broke into the woods, and such woods—no man can imagine what it is to break through a mountain of scrub-oak unless he has tried it. Every few yards the birds would rise and fly madly on, but as we were yet "green" and hardly capable of shooting through this maze of bushes, the birds generally flew off unharmed.

At noon we returned to the farm hungry, tired and discouraged, and were met at the door by Lou, who gave us a grand laugh and said he thought it looked pretty bad, when two sportsmen arrayed in the latest hunting suits and armed with nice breechloaders could not hit a "flying barn," as he expressed it. At dinner he told us he would take us back a few miles further and leave us in the tender mercies of his brother-in-law, a noted hunter and fisherman in that locality, named Lou Gavaille.

The next morning we were up early and started out for Gavaille's place, and as we arrived at his clearing we could see evidences of the products of his trusty gun, for there were skins and birds in profusion, on the walls and wherever the eye reached. As we entered his house a very striking picture presented itself to our gaze. Gavaille, whom we dubbed "Soak-'em," in recognition of his unerring aim, was seated at a table, and at his feet were his hounds. The man was tall, gaunt and angular, but at the same time there looked in that frame the strength of a Hercules. He was loading his weapon, a muzzleloader. The left barrel was rifled, and the arm weighed 15lbs.; but when that gun belched forth Soak-'em was always sure to have something to add to his game score. His hounds were tall and skinny, but when they strike a trail they stick to it till the end. They went by the name of Drive and Puppy. It was truly a sight to see this tall backwoodsman, his gun and his dogs grouped together, and with this man as guide, any aspiring sportsman might hope to find the best hunting and fishing in Pike county. We started out, and with the hounds running the cottontails, and Lou's setter Nell standing the partridges, we were kept busy. We made many clean misses, but old Soak-'em never failed to score.

We hunted back till we got to Log Tavern Pond, a beautiful lake in a deep valley, surrounded by immense forests, unbroken for many miles. At this lake there is good wildfowl shooting and fishing; on this particular day we failed to see any ducks, but proposed to pay it another visit at some future time. After eating our lunch we hunted back again and arrived at Soak-'em's clearing pretty well tired out, but with quite a load of game, consisting of 11 rabbits, 18 pheasants and 4 squirrels. We left Soak-'em at his door and proceeded on our way home. We hunted ever day and always secured good bags, but nothing out of the general run was shot until the following week. For our last hunt we rose early, and again started out for Soak-'em's clearing to get the aid of himself and dogs to have one good day before our departure for home. Arriving at his place we were greeted by the joyful barking of the hounds, and Soak-'em being all ready we broke right into the woods and again the music commenced. I will not dwell on the shooting we had, but we got to the lake with all we could carry. We had just reached the lake when friend Fat, who was a little in advance, shouted, "There's a flock of black duck." And true enough, out on the lake we could see them diving and feeding, utterly unconscious of the terrible danger that threatened them. Then we planned a siege. Soak-'em went around the lake in one direction and Lou in the other, while Fat and I jumped into a dug-out, which was moored close by, and started out, and between us we intended to get the whole flock. But the ducks saw right through our little scheme and rose out of the water, and circled up and up, and flew to the south, to be seen no more by us.

We rowed across the lake to a point where we all decided to meet; and when we got there wefound Soak-'em waiting for us, and he said that Drive had struck a trail, which he was following at the time, and he thought it was a fox. He stationed us each at a runway and told us to wait, and if the fox was around he would run down our way. So we waited. After standing there with all nerves at the highest tension, and seeing nothing of the fox, I concluded it would be a good time to eat my lunch, and began to do so, when all of a sudden I heard something coming through the brush. I quickly had my gun in position. On it came, nearer and nearer, and I thought I had the prize surely, when all of a sudden the *it* sprang into view, and instead of being the desired fox proved to be the setter Nell. She came up to me wagging her tail, and stood looking at me demolishing my lunch. Well, to smooth things over I gave her the rest of my lunch, and then Soak-'em appeared and said we had better follow old Drive and see what he was after. We started off and followed the baying of the hounds, and came to a very dense swamp. Soak-'em said he thought that Drive was after big rabbits. He stationed us on the outside, while he and Lou went around the swamp. We waited for a while, and suddenly heard a loud yell from the hound. Fat said, "I think that they have a bear; let's go in and see." So in we started, and kept pushing on through the swamp, which was the worst place we had ever struck. A man could pass within 6ft. of one here and you could not see him; but we knew that there was something in there, so we kept on floundering through the cold water and bog.

As we came near to the hounds we could hear a growling and spitting, as if made by a cat; and we came to the conclusion that it was no bear, but a wildcat. All of a sudden we broke into a little glen, and there sure enough was a big catamount keeping the dogs at bay. When he saw us he grew fiercer still, and leaped right toward us. At the same time he spied us we spied him, and were ready for him and gave him two charges of shot. He was coming with such force that the shot did not stop him, but he struck me right on the stomach and knocked me into the swamp. Fat thought that he was still alive and gave him a rap over the head with his excellent gun and broke the fore end off. The cat then stretched out, and we saw what a big ugly animal he was. He was as tall as the hound and measured 4ft. 2in. from tip of ears to tail. When weighed he tipped the beam at 62lbs.

By the time we got out of the swamp it was growing late, and we concluded we had enough, so we tramped home, lugging the big brute with us. The skin has been converted into a rug by Wallace, the taxidermist of North William street.

Thus ended the very successful and pleasant trip to Pike county; and the next morning we started for home with a new lease of life and tender recollections of Soak-'em, the dogs and our kind host and hostess. DRIVE.

NEW YORK CITY.

BOB WHITE SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.

TO leave home, about which Bob White is fairly numerous, for the purpose of shooting, seems like "carrying coals to Newcastle," but close application to professional work had tried both mind and body, and rendered a short vacation absolutely necessary. An old friend and whilom companion in the field had just returned from a four-years' residence in Texas, and sent a cordial invitation for me to come to see him. He reported birds plentiful, time was auspicious, the close season passed; what, therefore, so natural as that dog and gun should be my companions, and the trip in search of mind rest should have a two-fold object? So we started, Blaze and I. Early the week before I had shipped a case of ammunition by freight and a Winchester repeating shotgun by express to my friend, which, with the abnormal speed apparently inseparable from the V. M. R. R., had arrived the same day I did, so with valise, gun and dog, the boxes were tucked neatly under the seats of the carriage, and with a small "colored brother" astride of a big horse to carry the lantern, which only made the darkness conspicuous, we drove out over the old familiar road with its wealth of holes and corduroy patches. A half-hour of jolting brought us to St. Stephen's, where before an open fire all discomforts were forgotten, while we talked over the past, enjoyed the present and planned for the future until we sought repose in the small hours of the morning.

Rain pouring upon the shingles greeted our waking sense of hearing, and the wind blowing most uncompromisingly from the east showed little signs of fair weather, and little hopes of sport that day, but toward noon it broke away, and being desirous of trying the new repeater, we took the dogs over into the orchard where, as in years of old, there was a fine covey of birds. Just as we opened the gate leading into the field, startled by something, the entire covey flushed and sailed across the road, dropping in posted ground. They were very tame, and by judicious handling of the dogs we got them back into the orchard and scattered along the old fence with its famous cover of briers and weeds. How the quick whir-r-r! whir-r-r! of a covey of full-grown Bob White thrills one, sending the warm blood rushing through the veins; it is always the same, every year, every day; and for the time everything is forgotten but the mad fury of the chase. Tasso, Carl's dog, pinned the first bird in a tuft of long grass, Blaze backing steadily, and as it darted out the queer-looking gun flew to my friend's shoulder, the report followed, the bird dropping dead; following it out flew another, which I missed with both barrels; rattle-clack-bang! went the repeater, and, as tho' struck by lightning, the bird fell. "Something like a case of wiped eye, Picus," suggested Carl, with a quizzical smile. "So it was, and neatly done, too, old fellow," quoth I, "mind your eye though." By the time we had hunted out nearly every bird, the noisy repeater and the more modest Greener were tied on five birds each.

Leaving the orchard we climbed the fence of a nearby cornfield, in which we found another covey, accounting for five of its number. The tall grass hanging heavy with its weight of water had now saturated our lower extremities, despite high boots, so we returned to the house.

As the next day broke the sun shone over the eastern horizon and mounted up into a sky without a cloud, its early rays kissing the tops of the already gorgeously tinted trees of the forests, clothing the mountains, undulating up, up, until merged into the far away Blue Ridge. A heavy hoar-frost coated the leafy carpet of the grand old park of oaks surrounding the house and the smoke from our pipes hung for a moment in the air before disappearing, as we strode off down the broad gravelled road bed, toward a wood-cutting, where we knew there was a large covey to be found. The dogs raced over the frosted leaves, fairly wild with enthusiasm, and it was no wonder that the hot-headed Blaze raced into a clump of green briers and came out the other side in close pursuit of a long-eared cottontail, which scudded away on nimble legs with the dog yelping at his heels, despite our yells. When he did return he found a strong arm and a fine hickory all ready for his benefit, and when the painful scene was over the dog was in first-class shape for the day's sport.

From Blaze's overcaution Tasso found the birds first, yet in the fence corner where they had roosted. Coolly we took our positions and flushing the birds as coolly delivered our fire, each dropping a pair, as with a roar of wings the startled birds whirred off into the woods near by.

Then followed royal sport. For full two hours we quartered back and forth, the dogs working like machines, and when we left what we could not find, our pockets held thirteen fine large birds. Moving the dogs out into a broad stubble field, they struck the trail of a covey, and roading full 500yds. each froze to a point on separate birds, and both men killed upon the rise. Almost instantly two more rose, only to drop at the reports. Then up went the rest of the covey, Carl getting a bird as they rose; I missed from too much haste in reloading. As I stood with empty gun, watching the birds as they sailed over the stubble with noiseless wings like feathered ghosts, up rose two barred owls, which Carl dropped with the last two shots in the magazine.

"Well, by Jove!" said Carl, "that came pretty near being what our English friends would call a 'hot corner'; we interrupted one of nature's tragedies, Picus. Sorry you weren't loaded, but I would not have missed those owls for ten dollars cash."

"That's all right, old fellow," I replied. "You must have those gentlemen mounted, Carl, for I have never seen a pair in such magnificent plumage."

"Verily, thus shall it be done as a memento of our reunion."

While we were examining the beautiful plumage of the owls, the dogs had retrieved the five dead birds and were patiently awaiting our commands. We decided not to pursue the demoralized remnants of the covey, and made the best of our way toward a locality famous for its woodcock. Neither of our dogs were proficient upon this variety of game bird, and the few we found were wild; so little wonder that of the six birds we killed not one was killed over a simon-pure point. What grand birds they were, too; entirely different from the same birds when found in July; full-plumaged, with well-rounded plump bodies, is it any wonder that we stowed them away most carefully in our game pockets, that with unruffled feathers we might display them in their full beauty on our return?

We now came to our usual noon rendezvous, where we found Ulysses, Carl's colored factotum, thoroughly equipped with material to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Nothing loth, we spread ourselves comfortably, while the colored adept covered the big flat stone which served as a table with our dinner. How one can eat when the craving for food has been stimulated by an half day of sport, especially when one has been successful. We threw dull care to the winds, took full credit for good shots, found excuses for poor ones, as is the custom of the sportsman, and were truly comfortable. Ulysses repacked the dishes, fed the dogs and carefully tied up our game, which with the big basket was placed in the buggy, then once more we started the dogs out over a broad stretch of meadow, famous snipe ground in the spring, with now and then a small whisp to be found in the early fall. We found none, nor any sign, but on the edge among a grove of dwarf willow trees killed a pair of woodcock, and by a long shot Carl dropped a little hawk which was hovering just within range. Crossing the run we met two men hauling wood, who told us they had just flushed a covey upon the edge of a cornfield, which they pointed out to us, and wished us luck. The cornfield was well furnished with cover, and the birds were scattered and lay well, most every shot being at single birds, so that for a few minutes we had good sport, bagging eleven birds with thirteen shots. The owner, attracted by the firing, rode up to us upon a horse intent on driving us off, but upon recognizing us not only told us to go ahead, but clapped heels to his horse and set off to the house at a gallop to get his gun and join us. Under his piloting we found several other coveys, of which we took no less than forty birds to the three guns, not one of which our host would accept when we reached the fence which marked the boundaries of his extensive farm, and where, as the sun was now fast going down, we decided to take the road home. So we bade our genial host good night, and well satisfied with our day's sport, left the woods and fields for the road, where we were fortunate enough to meet a carriage with an empty seat going our way, the gentleman driving very kindly taking us up, and saved us the long walk home. PICUS.

MALLARDS IN THE TIMBER.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill.—In a former letter I promised to write you something about duck shooting in this part of the West. A few years ago we were favored with an "open winter." It consisted of a little of all kinds of weather, a little cold, some sunshine, considerable rain, much mud, warm days and foggy ones, but principally mud. These winters we have occasionally, and when we do it is an assured fact that we are to have good duck shooting all winter, for the creeks and rivers overflow their banks, and low lands, covered with smart-weed and water oaks, are soon inundated. Mallards feed upon the tiny acorns and the seed of the smart-weed, grow fat and lazy, and are hard to drive away.

Three of us were camped on the banks of a small lake situated in the western part of Jersey county, and one mile from the the Illinois River. We had had fair success, rare fun and ravenous appetites, with a fair prospect for the continuance of the same blessings. One morning I told my companions that I would go back of the lake in the timber on a prospecting tour. Taking my boat, gun, ammunition, and twenty flat-bottomed mallard decoys, I started diagonally across the lake until I reached the timber. Here I turned north, then west, then south, and finally east toward the lake, my object being to find a place where the ducks were bedded, then quietly to rout them out, put out my decoys, and secrete myself in some convenient fallen treetop, or by the side of an old stump, knowing full well that the ducks, if not shot at, would soon return, a few at a time, and afford fine sport for several hours. But I was unable to find such a spot. I could find the ducks singly, in pairs, and in small bunches, but not in such numbers as I wished, although there were plenty of "signs," such as muddy water and feathers where they had been feeding.

As I neared the lake I stopped to view an opening in the timber. Here grew willows, maples, water-oak and smart-weed; and here, too, the ducks had been. It occurred to me that this was about as fine a place both for ducks and shooter as I had ever seen. I was standing up in my boat, as I always do when in shallow water, to propel the boat with a push pole. I had probably stood and gazed on this place for at least ten minutes, without seeing a duck, when some one to the south of me fired; and a wing-tipped mallard struck the water about thirty yards from me. I reached for my gun, that lay in the bottom of the boat, when some one about two hundred yards to the west of me called out, "Shoot that duck," which I did. He started to pick it up. Then overhead came a single one. This I dropped toward where the stranger was. After this one he went. When I asked him if he

shot at it, "No," he said, "but my partner shot at the cripple you killed, and I'll bring you yours," which he did, and went splashing back, no doubt happy to think that he and his "pard" had meat. In less than fifteen minutes I had killed nine mallards, while I stood in the boat. Then I got out, the water being about eighteen inches deep, and began putting out my decoys.

Then the fun began in earnest, for the ducks came, and came to stay. Those I killed I placed on their breasts, heads down, among my decoys, until I soon had quite a respectable flock. The place I had selected proved to be exactly the right spot, for the ducks did not want to light on either side, but just where my decoys were, giving me quite easy shooting. But (ah! there's a "but" in this case too) these two shooters, of whom I have spoken, concluded that they would be a little more sociable and come nearer, one on the south and one on the north of me, both in the flight; and such a racket as they kept up was only surpassed during "the late unpleasantness" by the boys in blue and gray. Well, they had their fun and the ducks, too, I guess; at least I didn't hear any fall. But they about ruined the sport, for the only shots I had after they came were at those they did not see. I did not "want the earth," but I did want that particular spot that day, and for them to stay where they were. My practice has always been, when shooting ducks, to get as far as possible from other shooters, so as not to spoil their sport, nor have mine spoiled. All things have an end; so had my day's shoot. Gathering up my decoys and placing them in the bottom of the boat, I then gathered and counted my ducks, and found I had seventy-nine mallards. KIZER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—There are few portions of the United States where the pinnated grouse was ever more abundant or more naturally at home than was once the case in the State of Illinois. The prairie chicken was for a long time so numerous on the grass lands of this State that it was fairly held in contempt. Under any kind of decent treatment the bird would still be here in all the plenty any sportsman could ask. It was and is, in its maturity, a glorious game bird, and all the world does not hold a finer one. The shooters of this generation are not yet recovered from the old view of the bird, based on its former plenty. The shooters of the next generation will look upon it differently, and to bag one of these grand grouse will in that time be held a feat to be recounted with pride in after years. Personally having killed so many of these birds in younger days, usually when they were only about two-thirds grown and hardly more difficult of approach than barnyard fowl, I for one had until lately cared little to go out after prairie chickens; but a few fall days after these birds in the corn, when they were full grown, strong and wary, have changed me in this, as I doubt not they would change any other, and I confess that now I stroke and view admiringly each of these big brown fellows, which a few months earlier in the season, or ten years earlier in the race of civilization, would have been thrown carelessly into the game pockets.

Of course the question has been, Where to go after prairie chickens this year. Most of our city men who want big shooting when they go out have tried Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota or Dakota. Many of them are already back disappointed. Since it is impossible for one to be away more than a day or so at a time, and since it has of late been a pleasure to try and discover as much as possible of the game resources of the country lying close about this city, I resolved to make my "opening day" hunt somewhere in Illinois, and to see whether any of the birds, enough to amount to anything, were really left in the country which was once so admirable for them. The journey made was further from the city than last fall's chicken hunt. We went then only eighty miles; this time we went south of the city nearly twice that distance and into the heart of central Illinois. The sequel proves that the ground was well chosen, and if the shooters who came back disappointed from their long Western trips were satisfied with bags of a dozen or so good big birds a day they certainly need never have gone so far as they did. It is within my power to say that there are prairie chickens in Illinois, and not only a few, but a plenty of them—that is, for the locality we visited. If the Sept. 15 law is retained and even half way observed, there will be more chickens yet next year, for in this State the birds now take to the corn very generally by that date, and they are big enough to take care of themselves. They are not "floppers," it is sport to shoot them, and it takes shooting to get them.

My companion on this trip was C. F. S., of Pekin, Ill. We took the Santa Fé to that point, and drove eighteen miles south, stopping at the farm of George Singley. We found the stubbles about all plowed under, and as the country is very closely cultivated, it was necessary to go into the corn after them. The corn had not yet been touched by frost, and stood rank and green, high above our heads in most of the fields. We drove six miles further down from Singley's place, and did not begin to hunt until about 2:30 P. M. We went into numbers of cornfields, and we found chickens in every one, usually in twos and threes. The dog we had was of no earthly use, and Singley told us that with a good dog we should have found a great many more, as the birds often stick pretty close in the green corn. We killed eleven chickens, but lost three of them. We saw in all about 175 birds, most of them in one big pack we struck late in the evening. The early plowing under of the stubbles in this locality, taken with the Sept. 15 date, makes a good enough protection of the chickens here. Shooting before the season opened had been very general all over this region. Singley had been shooting, as he openly confessed, and around Manito, a little station a few miles distant, on the J. & S. E. R. R. No regard whatever had been shown for the law. I heard of a good many quail also that had been killed. The man who shoots out of season is not usually averse to potting a flock of quail.

We left this place and drove to Manito after S.'s dog, which he proclaimed in advance was everything that a dog should be. He turned out to be about as worthless a dog as I ever saw. During this entire hunt I did not see him make one point or pay the least attention to game, and he lost three winged birds for me alone, though taken directly to where they fell. We heard one bird fluttering in the corn, but the dog could not find it. With a good dog we should have had far better sport.

From Manito we drove about 20 miles southwest, toward what is known as the old marsh, a great strip of country which was lately drained off thoroughly. This marsh emptied into the Sangamon River, and geologists say it was once the bottom of the outlet of Lake Michigan into the Mississippi River. Where four years ago were thousands of ducks and geese disporting on the wild marsh, there are now flourishing farms and luxuriant crops of grain. This is the richest land anywhere near and the renters who have settled there are growing rich. The corn grows extravagantly here. There remains also hereabout some of the natural wild grass. We were now upon what we might logically have known to be the natural home of the prairie chickens—grass to breed in, and plenty of food and cover. We were not so very far from the great "Delavan prairie," which was once the hunting ground of Bogardus. The shooters of Elkhart, which is still the rugged old Captain's home, often come down into this country still to hunt. They, and their kindred from other towns, have been so careless and unscrupulous that in the locality we struck many of the farmers had combined and refused to allow any shooting on their land. It is a pity that not all men who handle a gun are gentlemen, and no one can blame a farmer for closing his farm after having endured the visitations of some of these fellows. We stopped by chance and took dinner with Mr. J. H. Harvey, a shooting farmer who had joined the others in this little league. We explained to Mr. Harvey who we were and that we cared for only a few birds. The result was that after some deliberation he told we might put up with him over night and shoot on his farm that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey treated us kindly, and we had a most pleasant stay here. It was due only to their kindness that we enjoyed one of the nicest little shoots I have had for a long while, and I wish to thank one good-hearted farmer who befriended one of the craft.

During that afternoon we found chickens about everywhere we went. Mr. Harvey could not stand the popping of the guns, and early in the evening left his plow and came out to join us. He reached us just in time, for we were just having a talk with an irate on whose land we had blundered by mistake. We left the latter gentleman a good deal dazed, for he expected us to "talk back" a little, or raise some objection to his putting us off the farm. When we agreed to everything he said, apologized and started at once for the fence which he said was his line, he looked as though he didn't know what to make of it.

We found birds in every field here, and in large coveys. They seemed to be all over the country. I should think we started 200 or 300 birds that afternoon, great big splendid fellows. The corn was so dense and high that we could not often get a shot as they burst up through the stalks, but when we did knock down one of these old thumpers, we felt pretty proud. Most of the birds were killed at 45yds. A chicken tops the corn as he rises, and if he happens to go straight down in a row the shooter has something of a chance at him. It is hard shooting, but a little practice at it helps, so that a shooter soon comes to enjoy it. It is infinitely more sportsmanlike than kicking the young birds out of the grass or stubble.

The chickens on the country we hunted, stuck to the corn till dark. Then a straggling shot or two near the edge of a field would set a great body of them up off the corn, and with great cackling and a tremendous whirring and beating of their wings they would make off for their roosting grounds on the plowed fields, the mowed ground, or such narrow bits of stubble as remained unturned. After dark we started a number from a stubble right near the house.

In all we bagged thirteen birds here to the two guns in the afternoon. We killed eighteen. It was a very good afternoon's sport, good enough for anybody. We got as many birds as a man ought to want, and we did it in a way by no means easy, and we had the further pleasure of knowing plenty of birds were left for the following season. If the law is observed here, or if the little league of farmers will persist, as I hope they will, in keeping the public out of this strip of country, there will be as good shooting there next year as I should want. So much for the prairie chicken. It is by no means extinct in Illinois. Under any kind of fair treatment it never will be extinct here.

This ended my chicken hunt, and I was very well satisfied with it. I now should have started back for home, but I heard so much about the Spring Lake country, and such stories of bass fishing and duck shooting, that I concluded to go over there and see what there was to it, for I had never heard any one in Chicago say a word about it. The result may be the publishing of another locality where a Chicago shooter can go and have a good time, and I certainly cannot regret the visit made.

We drove now a dozen miles or so to Forest City, on the J. & S. E. R. R. Here we sent off our game to our friends, and then drove about twelve miles more the cross roads known as Radville, on the banks of the lake. The best way to get to Spring Lake is to buy a ticket direct to Manito, on the J. & S. E. R. R., and then get a team to drive over the few miles across.

Spring Lake is about sixteen miles below Pekin. It is a parallel of the Illinois River, with which it is connected by a Government canal. The Government dyke at the end of the lake separates it from Clear Lake. Spring Lake is eight or ten miles long, and hardly more than 100yds. wide for much of its length. It is spring-fed, but along it lie miles of marsh and bog, which make excellent duck and snipe grounds. It is one of the best waters in the State for large-mouthed black bass, and since the illegal nets have been taken out that fish has multiplied wonderfully. Catches of fifty, sixty and seventy-five bass a day had been made right along all the week we were there. The fish ran small, and their taste was so muddy I did not care to fish for them. By fishing a minnow through the green scum of moss and slime which lay about the snags in the shallow water, one could jerk out about as many bass as he wanted; but I couldn't see any fun in that and did not try it. Lawrence Hagny, on whose floating hotel or cabin boat we stopped, caught thirteen bass that way the morning we got there, and another man got eight. The bass had been taking the spoon very freely. In the early summer an angler could go down there and load a boat by frog-casting, I have no doubt. Casting with the free reel was something apparently unheard of there.

We took a skiff from Radville Landing down to Hagny's cabin boat. Life on that cabin boat was an experience one is fortunate to have. Blue-wing teal, jacksnipe, yellowleg plover, black bass and frogs—what a table for an epicure. The frogs were simply immense and immensely good to eat; as white, sweet and delicious as any meat could be. Hagny has a light boat with a headlight, and makes a business of spearing frogs every night. He often runs from twelve to seventeen dozen of these big bullfrogs a night. They go mighty good on the table. The cook on this cabin boat is a good one. The beds are neat and clean. Everything is neat and clean. The boat is open to the public at $1.50 a day, and the man who goes to Spring Lake and does not stop with Lawrence Hagny is missing all the fun. Lawrence himself is a quiet, gentlemanly man, a hard worker, one of these fellows who know all about where to find the birds and the fish. He is a good shot, a good companion, a good guide and a white man generally.

On Sept. 15 over five dozen teal and woodducks had been killed on the marsh known as the "Mowing-Ground Slough." We went up there but found the birds were not working in there. We shot a couple of dozen yellowlegs and snipe, went back to the boat and ate a most outrageous supper. In the morning we knew we ought to go home, but we didn't. We wanted to take some teal with us, and besides we couldn't catch any train to the city. S. and I crossed the dead water lying between the boat and a timbered flat with marshy shores. S. wandered off after woodcock but only saw one, fell to shooting yellowlegs and at length ran out of shells, just as he blundered across a fine bunch of jacksnipe. We went back there, but the jacks lay so close we could not get very many of them up. I killed over sixty yellowlegs and snipe in all.

When we reported on board for dinner we found a startling state of affairs. Lawrence was in with nine ducks. He had been prospecting down below the dyke, and had put out a body of about 3,000 teal and woodduck from a slough where they were feeding, and had soon shot away the few shells he had in his pocket. We all knew what that meant, and as soon as possible we three started down, and by 3 o'clock we were on stands and shooting. We had no decoys, but the birds came in well, and a prettier little duck shoot never was. Lawrence was rather out of luck, and the two strange guns got most of the birds. We laid forty-seven fine bluewings and woodducks out on the deck that night. Fortune favored us from the start on this trip, but this was the best of it all.

We shot till sundown, rowed a mile up to the dyke, portaged over that and rowed another mile to the cabin boat. Here we tried again to kill ourselves eating teal and frogs, and at 9 o'clock began to bethink us of how we were going to get home. We packed our traps into two skiffs, pulled up in the dark a mile to Radville landing, harnessed up our team, and after a starlight drive of two hours were in Pekin, whence by rail we came to Chicago in the morning.

The trip that we took may have been an exceptionally fortunate one. I am inclined to think it was, for we heard at Pekin that nearly everybody else was coming in without much game; but as it was, it certainly leaves a very encouraging feeling about the possibilities of shooting in this State to-day. We shipped all our chickens to friends and left a number of ducks at Pekin, yet when we got off the train we had all the game we could carry, and the trip had certainly been very largely one of travel and experiment. Perhaps not every shooter would have so good a time, but I should not be much afraid to send a friend down to Spring Lake for a few days. There is pretty good mallard shooting there later on, but that depends on the weather and a lot of other things. There are a great many quail in the chicken country we hunted. A week or two ran thus. I should think the jacksnipe shooting at the lake would be prime. The bass fishing will last through October. To repeat, Manito, on the J. & S. E. branch line from Pekin, is the point to make for.

On this trip I noticed a peculiarity of the bluewing teal which never bothered me so much before. If winged, they would dive at once, and in six inches of water I often had to give up birds after the most diligent search. I marked one fellow dive at the edge of a lily pad, and after a while went after him. I put my foot directly upon his body in the water. He popped up, saw me, dived again, and I never did get him. I think they sometimes come up directly beneath the lily pads, and stick out their bills in the bit of air at the center of the leaf. I lost six teal in this shallow water, and where they got to I could not tell. They are pretty smooth birds.

Sept. 25.—The indication that Illinois is one of the best of the chicken States this year, is further supported by the success Dick Turtle has just had on his late hunt near Saybrook, not far from Bloomington, Ill. He was accompanied by A. T. Hatfield, a trainer of that town, and the two guns ran about 50 birds a day for three or four days. They had a magnificent bag of birds. I understand it was stubble shooting, however.

Ed. Howard was low from his palace on Fox Lake today. He reports a few ringbills in, but not much of a northern flight yet. A good many snipe are in, but they are using mostly out on the mud flats and are hard to get at.

"Slick" Sharp got 33 snipe the other day on Mak-saw-ba marsh, and Billy Mussey and Hardy Richardson bagged 20 odd the same day. Jo Card, at the same club, has been dividing his time between shooting and fishing, leaning to the latter. He caught 32 magnificent bass in one day last week, the largest 5¼lbs., and all small-mouths. He has also taken 6 wall-eyes, each averaging over 7lbs. The Kankakee is not only a shooting, but a fishing stream. What with the Chicago & Atlantic, Cedar Lake, the Tippecanoe, the Kankakee, the lower Fox and the Spring Lake country, all of which have received original mention in these columns, it seems fair to believe that the southern country is entitled to at least half the sporting patronage, and far more notice than it has been receiving.

Western sportsmen will note the fact that Mr. F. C. Donald has resigned the position of general passenger agent of the Chicago & Atlantic, the resignation not to take effect until Oct. 1. Chicago shooters will insist on Mr. Donald's staying right in Chicago, a fact which his singularly able work on the C. & A. makes a foregone conclusion.

Mr. C. E. Rollins, president of the Wausaukee Club, is lately back from a visit to the club house. He reports that Mr. Hodson had taken a 2½lbs. trout in the Eagle, near his ranch, and that Miss Nina Baker, little daughter of his ranch foreman, had taken one 20in. long. Mr.

Rollins and a prospector have found a new lake in the forest, about two miles from his ranch, and they took seven big-mouth bass here in about that many minutes. But best of all and most thrilling is the fact that Charles Munger, one of the Wausaukee guides, had a few days ago treed a bear and two cubs, only a short distance from the club house. Munger had no gun, but being on horseback, rode rapidly to the house to get one. On his return the bears were gone. A bear has been eating at the slop barrel of the club house, and the black cook, with native negro horror of "bah," is afraid to stick his head outside the door. He would leave the place, but he is afraid to take the ride through the woods.

The Grand Calumet Heights Club holds its quarterly meeting at the Grand Pacific this evening, and I regret I cannot attend, as matters of general interest in the club management are to be brought up. In his call, the secretary plaintively begs everybody to pay up the club dues, as he has not had a vacation this summer. That is a yarn, for George Marshall went woodcock shooting, to my certain knowledge; but maybe he didn't pay for the trip out of the club dues. E. HOUGH.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THERE is probably not in North America a bird that has made a deeper impression on the minds of sportsmen than the ruffed grouse. This is due, in part, to his great beauty, his wisdom, the difficulty of obtaining him and his intrinsic worth, as well likewise as to the wild and attractive scenery of his home. The grouse does not rely for safety entirely upon his phenomenal flight or his flashlike movements on the ground, or the awful roar, the intensity of which he can gauge at pleasure to bewilder his pursuer. These alone would not suffice to accomplish that purpose, and the bird would ere long become exterminated. He has many other ways and devices, some of which exhibit an intelligence equal to that of man in a state of nature, and far excel, by native wit, in the science of woodcraft the highest efforts of the ordinary civilized human being.

Among many other characteristics there are two in his disposition which I have often observed, his curious inquisitiveness and his love of music. These seem to fasten him to a place and rivet his attention.

One day while strolling through the woods a ruffed grouse rose up from the leaves where he had lain among the witch hazels, and running swiftly across my path and down a little hillside, secreted himself behind a tree but a short distance away. I stood motionless. In a little while his head appeared. After looking long and anxiously, he finally walked out, and keeping his eyes fixed on me waltzed off into cover.

On the other occasion I was lunching in the woods in company with a friend. We had been there about an hour, when I discovered a grouse on a large hemlock about 40yds. off. He was standing four or five feet from the body of the tree. We purposely engaged in more talking, laughing and hilarity to observe the effect. It was interesting to see him turn his head to get a better view and to hear more distinctly.

Once I was walking carelessly along in the woods whistling a lively tune; on looking ahead I was surprised to see a grouse on a limb 10ft. from the body of a tree and about 15ft. from the ground, and hardly 20yds. away. I stopped walking, but continued to whistle for several minutes, the bird remaining to hear, when becoming alarmed at the barking of my dog he spread his wings and sailed away.

On another accasion I stopped in a grove of chestnut trees to pick up a few nuts, and afterwards sat down near by, and began to sing to relieve the monotony. I soon found I had an audience, from sundry movements in the dry leaves. After looking sharply for some time I saw a grouse standing among some dead branches, his neck, head and body were stretched up, giving the appearance of a dark-colored stick about a foot and a half in length. I continued singing for some time, the bird continuing to look at me. Finally I moved toward him, when he flew, and others also which I had not seen, to the number of seven or eight.

I think I could have kept that bird there for several hours, had I wished to do so. DORP.

SCHENECTADY, New York.

A NORRISTOWN EXPEDITION.—Norristown, Pa.—The Norristown Hunting Club, organized Jan. 1 and composed of 15 of the representative business men of the town, propose this year to make a two-weeks' hunting tour somewhere within a radius of 300 or 400 miles. They will charter a car and use the same for their accommodation at whatever point or points may be decided on to visit. The idea is to visit several shooting grounds upon a line of railway. Should game be not found in sufficient quantities at one, principally small game, such as quail, pheasant, turkey, etc., combined with pleasure and recreation, new fields will be sought. They would be only too well pleased to hear from any fellow sportsman or friends who could offer points as to the most desirable localities, abundance of game, pleasure, etc., such a trip as proposed would receive in their vicinity. We are not pot-hunters in any sense of the word, but men who handle the gun for pleasure and sport, and would sincerely thank any member of the fraternity who would lend his assistance to our pleasure. They may address H. E. ELSTON.

IOWA GAME.—Elm Lake, Ia., Sept. 22.—I left home (Forest county) last Friday morning on my annual fishing and hunting trip, and dropped in here, thinking I would do a few days' hunting on chicken, snipe, etc., as I wanted to limber up and get used to handling my new hammerless. But my Saturday afternoon hunt resulted in bagging two Wilson longbills, and this in a country where six or seven years ago I have got fifteen good shots on chickens in walking around a five-acre piece of stubble. The prospect for fall shooting here is very poor; no snipe, chicken nor plover; and there is not water enough to entice ducks to linger long on their southern flight. I start from here Tuesday morning for Nebraska, and will try upland shooting for a while, and try the Platte for some wildfowl shooting.—WM. H. STEELE.

NEBRASKA'S ABUNDANT GAME.—South Omaha, Neb., Sept. 24.—Last night, while eating supper, I looked out of the window and saw a covey of quail near my barn at the rear of the store. I got my gun out and gave them a shot just as they were flushed by some boys, who had been chasing them up with slingshots. I never knew quail to be so plentiful as they are this fall. Last Saturday I saw several coveys of from twenty to forty birds. I cannot account for this, for no one pays any attention to the game laws. A month and more ago I met several parties on Sundays with quail and chickens among their bags of upland plover. The birds then were very small and hardly able to fly. Duck shooting has already begun; teal and mallards are here in large numbers. Some good bags were made last week at Honey Creek Lake and Stillwater. I expect to start Saturday on a ducking trip, and may have something to write about when I get back.—C. M. S.

MAINE.—Heron Island, Sept. 21.—Since the storm a few coots and black ducks have come in. Partridges, ruffed grouse, on mainland not too plentiful, and brush and walking both of the worst kind imaginable. I shot two on 2d inst. after half a day's tramp around an old stone quarry near South Bristol, a small town within sight of my cottage door. The heavy rains for the past two weeks have put a quietus on early shooting.—E. H. F.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE GAME FISHES OF IDAHO.

SINCE my last to FOREST AND STREAM I have been continuously in the high ranges of that part of the Rocky Mountains in Idaho which form the natural division between that State and Montana. It has furnished me a pleasant relief from the heat of summer and extended my acquaintance with the different varieties of trout found in this region. The mountains themselves are well worth a visit from their rare beauty. The higher ranges are formed from thousands of cone-shaped hills, mostly with surfaces smooth and free from cliffs and covered with evergreen trees. Huge pines and tall fir trees abound. And now that frost has come in these high altitudes and painted autumn on the herbage of the hillsides, it is useless to attempt a description. Several large rivers have their sources near the summit of the range, and find their way to the sea through the Snake and Columbia. These mountain streams are well stocked with fish. The common mountain trout is abundant. A kind known as whitefish, abundant in the Snake River, is often found in the branches of that river almost up to their beginnings. The salmon force their way up every stream as far as depth of water will permit. About the first of June they have ended their journey about a thousand miles from sea. When first arrived they are considered fit food, and are killed by shooting mostly; but when they first appear in streams high up in the hills many of them show contusions, generally thought to be the result of their long journey and the perils of navigating waters where there are great falls and many sharp rocks to encounter. Two months later they exhibit disease and signs of dissolution. The skin begins to slough and the body and gills are covered with parasites. About this time they are found dead along the bends of the streams or sunk in deep pools of still water. When the salmon appear near the surface of the rivers where the water is shallow bears come down from the hills to catch and eat them. These fishers find a favorable rock in the stream, where they watch for a salmon to pass and snatch him from the water. The white or "bald-face" bear is oftenest found in this employment. And prospectors have told me that in the morning they have seen as many as five of these bears returning to the hills in single file after a night's fishing. There are lakes at the heads of the Boise, Payette and Salmon rivers, and in the lakes of the two last named rivers are found the species of fish known as redfish. The fish give name to the lakes, and the Redfish Lakes are now much frequented by visitors, though they are reached by a score of miles of horseback travel. A full grown redfish is about 20in. in length. The color about the head is of a greenish cast, and the body flesh color and showing the red much stronger when in the water. The shape of the fish is not very different from that of salmon trout of the same weight. The upper jaw and snout of the male fish turns up slightly and protrudes half an inch or more beyond the lower, and is armed with very strong hooked teeth. I am indebted to Philip Thomas, of Rocky Bar, for a pair of this variety of fish, brought fresh from the lakes. The body was covered with a thick slime. The flesh is red, like that of salmon, and in all the year, except at spawning time, the redfish is regarded equal with trout for table use. In July the redfish begins to leave the lakes for the inlets and creeks, where they go to deposit their spawn. At that time the flesh becomes soft, parasites appear, and after they have deposited their eggs they die and go to pieces, never returning to the lake. When they first start on their journey up the inlets of the lake a boy, with a hook fastened on a stick, can secure as many as he wishes, for the stream is overcrowded with redfish. Like the salmon they get as high up the stream as they can, spawn and die. In August the banks of the creeks running into the lake already showed quantities of dead fish. It has been claimed that the redfish run up from the sea. In my judgemnt it is an error. It seems more probable that they mature in the depths of the Redfish Lakes. One of these lakes has been sounded to the depth of 1,500ft. without bottom. Hard in the wake of the salmon as he makes his annual appearance come several species of trout and evidently for the purpose of devouring the salmon spawn. Of these may be mentioned a dark-colored thick-set fish with large head, commonly called bull trout, the brown trout, the silver, and a slim trout, marked like the speckled trout of the East, with bright red spots. The spots on some specimens have an orange colored spot on the sides along with the red. The "bull trout" lies in the deep pools and is caught with bait sunk to near the bottom. The other three varieties, together with the common mountain trout, take the fly freely during the summer months. The common way of fishing here among the boys who are not up to fly-casting is to go to the creek and with a rock kill a salmon. Then taking the roe dry a few hours with some sugar sprinkled over it. The eggs are about the size of No. 1 shot when ready for use. One or more eggs on a hook make the best known bait for these trout. G. H. W

BOISE CITY, Idaho.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE question is often asked, "Will black bass take the fly in the fall?" Now and then we hear of an angler or two who have tried fall fly-fishing for bass, but they are so few and far between that their experience is not sufficient to settle the question. Black bass, like trout, seek deep water in warm weather, but the question is, do they return to shallow waters when the cool nights of September and October reduce the temperature of the surface of the lakes. As we all know, trout spawn in the fall, and perhaps that has much to do with their return to shallow water as soon as it is cool enough. Bass do not spawn until spring; they therefore would not have the same desire or instinct to seek the shallows. We hope that some of our bass fishermen will try the artificial fly thoroughly in October, and we believe they will be well repaid. The trouble is that many of our best fly-fishermen have their attention taken up now by the deer and the grouse and the October cock shooting, so they do not care to devote much time to fishing unless for striped bass.

Last year, while rowing over Raquette Lake early one September morning, we noticed a number of large black bass rolling over like miniature porpoises and it seemed then as if they must take a fly. Unfortunately we were trying to catch the Blue Mountain boat and could not stop to make the experiment.

Mr. Geo. Bird, of this city, killed a fine pound-and-three-quarters hybrid trout in the waters of the Kildare Club recently. It was a cross between a salmon trout and speckled trout. Mr. Bird states that it fought very much like a landlocked salmon, and jumped repeatedly out of the water.

Heavy rains are reported in the Adirodack region for the month of September, raising the lakes and streams so high that fishing was practically stopped. This is very unfortunate for the anglers who looked forward to the last two weeks of the open season for some good fly-fishing; but it will save the lives of many trout, full of ripe spawn, and enable them to reach their beds in safety.

The report comes from Moosehead Lake that a number of deer have been shot in pure wantonness and left to rot where they fell. These undoubtedly have been killed by the cockney sportsmen (?), who seem to think that when in the woods they must shoot every living thing they see. It is a pity that the carrying of guns and rifles during the close season is not forbidden by law. It was only last July, we think, that a young man was killed at or near Moosehead Lake by the discharge of his rifle as he moved it from one corner of the room to another. Now, what business has any one with a rifle at that time of year? To see the way some visitors go about the woods in summer with knives and pistols stuck all over them, and carrying guns or rifles, people would think that the country was full of Indians and bears. All they ever do is to shoot themselves or some of their friends, unless to kill game out of season.

THE GREEK CATFISH OR GLANIS.

THE common catfish of the United States is a representative of an order of fishes generally called *Nematognathi*, which embraces over 800 species scattered through the fresh as well as salt waters of the globe. About twenty species are known from the fresh waters of North America (exclusive of Mexico), but only one species has been generally recognized as an inhabitant of the fresh waters of Europe. A number of species have been observed, so far as the care of the eggs is concerned, in different parts of the world, and it is thought that all assume more or less charge of their young, although in different ways. We have a description by Aristotle, over 2,000 years old, of the care-taking by the European catfish, known to the Grecian naturalists then as the *Glanis*, which is especially interesting and noteworthy, and is reproduced in the following translation, which has already appeared in an article on the "Glanis of Aristotle," published by Prof. Louis Agassiz, in 1856, in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Vol. III., pp. 325–333). It will be observed that this description of Aristotle is quite specific, and that he assigns to the male the office of care-taker of the nest. In this knowledge he preceded all other naturalists, and not only preceded them, but even the knowledge that there was such care taken had disappeared; so that Prof. Agassiz appears to have been constrained to believe that the *Glanis* of Aristotle was a different species, and even of a different generic type from the *Silurus* that he knew in his youth about the lake of Neufchâtel. The verity of the history was also doubted by Cuvier and Valenciennes, who said in their great work, "What Aristotle relates in detail and in two passages, of the care which the male *Silourus* takes of the eggs of the female, borders on the marvelous. According to him, the large *Silouri* deposit them in deep waters; the smaller among the roots of willows and other trees, among the reeds or even the mosses. The female having laid them leaves them, but the male guards and defends them; and as the eggs are long in developing, he continues the care forty or fifty days."

Nevertheless, as we now well know, the care-taking of a siluroid, far from bordering on the marvelous, is strictly in accordance with analogy and the results of observation of the American catfishes. It is remarkable that no details or mention of the paternal care of the young is to be found in the standard works on the fishes of Germany, such as Heckel and Kner's, Benecke's and Siebold's. It was this want of any recorded observations or personal observation on this point that partly influenced Prof. Agassiz to differentiate the *Glanis* as a distinct species from the common Wels or catfish of middle and northern Europe. But Agassiz also thought that there were discrepancies between scattered observations of Aristotle on the *Glanis* and the facts relating to the Wels. He has not, however, specified the contrasts, and we still remain in as absolute ignorance of the difference (if any) between the *Glanis* and the *Silurus* as our forefathers were. In all the ten pages of the paper in the Proceedings of the American Academy on the *Glanis* no specified or contrasted differences are recorded. Yet for over a third of a century specimens have been in the collections of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy of Cambridge.

It is to be hoped that eventually we may learn what the

long-named but never described *Glanis aristotelis* is. Writers generally have considered the Grecian fish to be identical with the common *Silurus*, notwithstanding Prof. Agassiz's expressed views, but there is grave doubt notwithstanding. Indeed, years before Agassiz (in 1839) the illustrious Johannes Müller had called attention to discrepancies between the notices of Aristotle. It should be added that Aristotle has given no consecutive account of the *Glanis*, but simply noticed some of its characters in comparison with other fishes.

Aristotle in one place (I., 5, 3) compared with its tail that of the *Cordylus;* in another (II., 9, 4) he states that there were two rows of filaments to each of the gills except the last; and in another (II., 11, 7) that the gall bladder is on the liver. A curious observation is made in still another place (VIII., 20, 12). The *Glanis*, "about the time of the dog star, by reason of swimming on the surface, becomes sunstruck, and is stupefied by loud thunder; and many *Glanides* in shallow water perish by the bite of snakes."

The longest notice given by Aristotle relates to the habits of the *Glanis*, and is to be found in the ninth book of his "History of Animals" (VI., chap. 13, § 2 6 and IX., chap. 25, § 6). It will doubtless interest most of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to see how a naturalist over 2,200 years ago treated of a common fish of his own country:

"The fresh-water fishes spawn in the still waters of rivers and lakes among the reeds, the *Phoxinos* [*Phoxinus*] and the *Perke* [perch]. The *Glanis* and the *Perke* give out their spawn in a continuous string, like the frogs; and indeed the spawn is so wound up that the fishermen reel it off, at least that of the *Perke*, from the reeds in lakes.

"The larger *Glanis* spawns in deep waters, some at the depth of a fathom; the smaller in shallower places, especially among the roots of willows or some other tree, and also among the reeds, or the mosses. * * * All the eggs that are mingled with the sperma become generally on the first day white and larger, and a little later the eyes of the fishes become visible. These at first, in all fishes, as also in all animals, are early conspicuous on account of their size. And those of the eggs that the sperm does not touch, as in the case of the sea-fishes, are useless and sterile. But in these fertile eggs, as the fishes grow larger, a kind of husk separates, and this is the envelope that encloses the egg and the young fish. When the sperm has mingled with the egg, the spawn becomes more viscous among the roots, or wherever it may have been deposited. And where the greatest quantity is deposited, the male guards the eggs, and the female, having spawned, departs. The growth of the *Glanis* from the egg is very slow, wherefore the male keeps watch for forty or fifty days, that the young may not be devoured by the fishes that happen to be in their neighborhood.

"Of the river fishes, the male *Glanis* takes great care of its young. For the female, having brought forth, departs; but the male, where the greatest deposit of eggs has been formed, remains by them watching, rendering no other service except keeping other fishes from destroying the young. He does this for forty or fifty days until the young are sufficiently grown to escape from the other fishes. And he is known to the fishermen, wherever he may chance to be watching his eggs, for he keeps off the fishes by rushing movements, and by making a noise and moaning. And he remains by the eggs with so much of natural affection that the fishermen, when the eggs adhere to deep roots, bring them up to the shallowest place they can; but he does not even then leave his offspring; but if he chances to be a young fish, he is easily taken by the hook, because he snaps at all the fishes that approach him; but if he is already accustomed to this and has swallowed hooks before, he does not even then desert his young, but breaks the hook by a very strong bite."

THEO. GILL.

THE BRANCH ALEWIFE.

WE have received from a correspondent at Eaton, Madison county, N. Y., a specimen of the branch alewife, which is found in a pond near the village, but makes its appearance near the shore only at the spawning season in early spring. The accompanying letter, herewith quoted, will explain the circumstances attending the capture and give some insight into the habits of the fish. Our correspondent writes under date of Sept. 12:

"I send you a peculiar fish, and my object is to learn just what species of fish it is. Near this village of Eaton is a pond called Woodman's Pond. In days gone by it has been used as a feeder for the old Chenango canal. This pond it is that contains this, to us, unknown fish. Never seen except in early spring or frozen in the ice, it has been a difficult task to secure one for your inspection, which I determined to do two or three years ago. Yesterday one of our local fishermen, who was fishing in this pond, observed this fish and secured it for me. It jumped a foot or more from the water and where it is 40ft. deep. You can see from the marks upon its body that it only came to the surface because badly wounded; and in fact it lived but a short time after being found, although kept in the water. This pond contains, besides pickerel, large-mouth black bass, some of them growing to the immense size of 7¼lbs. But few are ever caught on hook and line, and we think it is owing to the abundance of the fish I send you, which are from 2 to 8in. long. Could we only secure this small fish for use as bait we all believe we could catch some of these large bass. Will you kindly drop me a line telling me the kind of fish this is, and also the best way of securing them for bait?—C. L. H."

The branch alewife (*Clupea vernalis*) lives in Lake Ontario, and in many inland lakes of western New York, wherein it is land-locked. This is one of the fishes, like the shad, that ascends rivers early in the spring from the sea for the purpose of spawning. Unless prevented by obstructions, it will push on to the headwaters of streams and into tributaries. Under ordinary circumstances the alewife would return to salt water in the middle of summer or early in the fall accompanied or followed by its young, which have attained to a length of several inches. Many of the fish die after spawning, and this is true of the shad also. When land-locked, instead of returning to the sea, the fish moves toward deeper parts of the lake, and is supposed to undergo a sort of hibernation in winter. In the St. Lawrence this alewife, under the name of gaspereau, has a record of taking artificial flies with avidity, as set forth in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago. The example received from Eaton is 7¼in. long, and a very plump male, with the spermaries far from maturity. The thickness of the body is noticeable, and indicates an abundance of invertebrate life in Woodman's Pond suitable as food for small-mouthed fishes like this little herring. The alewife, on the other hand, is a choice morsel for the big black bass, for which the pond is famous. For a full account of the alewife in lakes of western New York, consult the "Fishery Industries of the United States," Section I.

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

VI.—THE PENINSULA CLUB.

AFTER leaving Rushmere Club there is no other club building for some distance up the river. The right hand bank of the river presents the same expanse of rice and reeds, but that on the left—the strip of made land—is pretty well built up with structures large and small, public or private. The first building beyond the cut-off is the tasty twelve-rooms cottage of Mr. Wm. A. Butler and sons, of Detroit, which was planned by Mr. Varney and built before Rushmere club. Then there comes the long water front known as "Keweena Island Dock." There is no building here yet, unless one except the bath houses at the back of the "island." Our yacht lay anchored just back of this spot, and in passing to and fro here in the duckboat we could not help observing what a good bathing beach there was here, the water being shallow for a long way out, and bottom for the most part good.

Beyond "Keweena Island" is another deep cut-off, which serves as the boat canal for the boat houses of the well-known Star Island House, the largest, neatest and most desirable socially of all the public resorts in this portion of the Flats. The Star Island grounds embrace 29 acres, well shaded and with an admirable turf. The house is 158×150, built in cross-shape. Its dining-room is 158ft. long and a fine room. It often sees 200 guests at table. Jim Slocum—or may be, as he seems to be pretty well fixed financially, I ought to call him Mr. James Slocum—bought this property about 9 years ago. The house is 12 years old. Much of the popularity of the place is due to Mr. Slocum's tact and ability as a manager. This is a great stopping place for the pleasure vessels, which pass up and down the channel from all parts of the waters hereabout. Some of the notables and would-be notables drift in here occasionally to eat fish and put on airs. It was our fortune to see here a certain American tenor, with an Italian tenor's stomach, who has lately achieved success by marrying a rich and weighty wife who paid an opera company to let her new husband sing in the cast for a while. One could not soon forget the large and princely air with which this celebrity waved adieu to Star Island from the deck of the receding steamer. After the custom of "resorters," from Horicon west, the populace had gathered to see the boat off. The tenor thought they came to see him off, and smiled graciously as he stood spraddled out at the rail and waved his gloved hands. That made me laugh, which did my dyspepsia good. So it seems that tenors can be of some use after all.

Mr. Slocum sometimes uses 1,300lbs. of fish in one day on his tables and has had 625 guests at one meal. He sometimes uses bass, illegally speared. I know this, because I saw a French fisher boy sell such bass there, during our stay, which was in May. There is much complaint along the Flats that such and such an individual buys speared bass, and so offers a market to the Indian and French law-breakers. It is probable that one complainer is about as deep in it as another and all of them a great deal deeper than they ought to be. Old Joe Bedore isn't the only man along the channel who buys illegal bass and there don't anybody need think so. In an article last spring I described a string of speared bass that I saw sold at the Peninsula Club. At that time the bass were beginning to spawn in the shallows back of the marsh which lies up toward the latter club house and the French fishers were spearing them there, if the lights out at night were any sign. And every market fisher of them knows that he don't have to go an hour's pull to sell every bass he gets, no matter by what means he gets them. The market is there. Later on some statements will be made comparing the bass fishing of to-day with that of a few years ago. It has already been stated that the falling off of the fishing, or the growth of illegal methods, had caused certain gentlemen of the St. Clair and Rushmere clubs to invite John Parker and Frank Wherry, the game wardens, to make this very trip upon which we had now come up. Let these gentlemen make no mistake about how matters appear to an outsider who spent only one day along the Channel.

If the bass of the Flats don't go, it will be because there is a change in affairs up there. No steward of a club ought to be guilty of buying a bass. I wish Mr. Slocum, pleasant as he is, and apparently alive to interests wider than those of to-day, would kindly resolve never again to buy at least an illegal bass, and ceasing to turn his head when the native fishers are unloading their boats, would tell them plainly that he would make them trouble, instead of giving them money, if they brought in any more such bass. The same to the Peninsula Club—to which, by devious paths, we are now progressing, not with any ill nature in our minds, let us hope, but with nothing stronger than regret that this club, even in each small respect, is not as strictly admirable as it might be in all matters of sportsmanship. It has few steps to go until it is thus admirable. Why not take them? Why not join with Mr. Slocum, and cut off that much more of the market for bass speared on the spawning beds? It might be thought more friendly, or more discreet, not to say anything about such things here. For the first part, I do not think so; for the latter, I do not care. A newspaper can be too kind, and too discreet. The main thing is the truth.

But it is a long way yet to the Peninsula Club by way of the water, as any one may find who paddles a duck boat against the rapid flood of the blue St. Clair. After the cut-off next above the Star Island house there is 1000 of vacant land, its water front all nicely piled and planked. Then there comes another cut-off, with a current like the tide at sea. Just across this is the summer cottage of Mr. Hiram Stansell, of Detroit. There is a big horseshoe of water clear about the place. Over the next cut is the cottage of John and Wm. Boydell, of Detroit, said to be the first private house ever built on the Flats. I tied up here a few moments and talked with Mr. Boydell, who, with his two manly young boys, was just fixing up his little steam yacht for a run. He kindly offered to pick me up, further on up the river, and take me over to the Canada Club, whose housetop we could just see from this portion of the bend, but which I was doubtful about reaching that night in the duck boat. This seemed a very clever offer to a perfect stranger, and I gladly accepted it. He overtook me about an hour later, up the channel, saved me a lot of time and gave me a very pleasant ride, too.

Above the Boydell place is a cut, then comes 450 of vacant land, owned by the Boydells, and then another cut, and then what is called the Mayberry cottage, built by Mr. W. C. Mayberry, but now owned by Mr. Mayberry and Mr. J. F. Webber. Then there is another cut for a change. We will get to the Peninsula Club after a while and the man who thinks this is a tough way ought to paddle up there once. Then there is another cut. We are now getting up toward where these cuts run back into a marshier looking sort of country, with channels or runs through it. Then there comes the Sam Craig cottage and the Gies cottage, and then another cut, and then the two small cottages of the Holland brothers, and then a cut. Beyond this is the solid and spacious dock of the "Peninsula Fishing, Shooting and Yachting Club."

Here the reader may pause in the exciting sport of naming cottages and indulge in the dissipation of a few mild statistics.

The "Peninsula Club," so called by the public, was organized in October of 1884 and duly incorporated, the incorporators being Messrs. Geo. W. Larkins, John C. Brandon, Emmet Streeter, Ald. C. Lanyon, Thomas A. Woods, Alfred C. Hempel, Henry Koester, Levi A. Wilcox, Hobart H. Gray, Frank Bowring, Andrew W. Hackett and Alex S. Gray. Stock is held at $50 a share. The membership is limited to 200. There are about 80 members now. The annual dues are $10.

The club house is about 40×60ft., two stories, very comfortable and provided with good boat houses, which harbor about thirty small boats. Mr. W. R. Cole, one of the members, owns a good little steam yacht, the J. I. C. There are about a dozen bedrooms in the house, and these are not enough to hold everybody sometimes, for now we have fallen upon a club of strictly practical hunters and fishers, who come out when the season is on and work hard for results.

There has been a good deal of change since the beginning in the membership of the Peninsula Club, and also in its character. It is said that there used to be a few men in the club who didn't care very much for either game or fish laws. They would net, spear, shoot out of season, or do anything else they felt like doing, at least so say their neighbors. And these same neighbors say that all that is now changed, and that no such carryings-on now occur. The membership of the Peninsula Club is now certainly of a high order, and is drawn mostly from the ranks of solid business men or those in official capacity. Mr. C. P. Collins, the president, is the able Auditor of Wayne county, and a Detroit man of large business interests. He is a sportsman, and has a big heart for sportsmen, as witness the expensive medal he offered the Peoria Club at their tournament last spring. "Jim" Battle is chief of the Fire Department of Detroit, Mr. Jas. Nagle, I understand, is a State Senator of Michigan, and there are a good many others of the members who live in the court house in working hours. All of the gentlemen I met were courteous and helpful to the last degree. A very whole-souled set of hard-working, practical sportsmen, I should take the body of this club to be. Their club house is chiefly for business. The ladies of the club are welcome, but when the flight is on, the decks must be cleared for action. There is considerable summer-day pleasure, sailing, boating, etc., here; but this is no summer resort, but a lodge of fieldsmen. Celestine is absent here, but there is some one in the kitchen who can fry perch to the queen's taste, as I found when the steward, Mr. Hodgson, asked me in to supper as I was coming back down the channel later in the day. Mr. Hodgson has been steward for about a year. The basis here is about the same usual elsewhere—the steward has a salary and charges a rate for board, providing his own materials. Mr. Hodgson is a quiet, pleasant young man, and will make the club popular and pleasant. In a talk with him he expressed a knowledge of the lawless depredations being carried on upon the Flats and of the necessity for a proper game warden for that locality if any respect was to be had for the law.

On the day following my first visit I returned with Messrs. Parker and Wherry, who, as has already been stated, were up purposely to try to find a suitable person to recommend for the position of warden on the Flats. They had a long talk with Mr. Hodgson and I inferred that the latter would be very likely to get the appointment. This would be very well, and I feel sure that if Mr. Hodgson were backed by the clubs of the Flats, as he should be, he could stop a great deal of lawless destruction of fish and game. The previous warden resigned his commission, or stopped work, simply because he could not afford to do the work for nothing. He was a better warden than he is spoken of as being, but he could not work at this unpleasant business for pleasure, nor could any reasonable man expect it. There seems to be a notion that a game warden should be diligent and active, out in all sorts of weather, after all sorts of characters and should live on the glory of supporting the law. There is no good sense displayed in game law matters. The great and wealthy clubs of the St. Clair Flats don't need to get so very proud of themselves. They have not done their part, but have failed just where they should not have failed. They should certainly be ashamed of themselves if they can not now between them raise enough money to keep at least one warden in the opinion that he is not alone in the work. They would better cut a little ginger bread off from their boathouses and put a little ginger into a place where it is sadly needed. For Mr. Hodgson in this capacity there is this to be said, that his work as steward would not interfere with his work as warden, but help it. Let us hope that he will hold this place and begin a work which has been delayed too long.

In the next paper or so some description will be given of a few methods of taking bass in these waters, any one of which may be called an unsportsmanlike device, although extremely deadly in its way. This will be touched upon in the talk about the Delta Club. To the Peninsula Club, with regret that the necessities of space make the mention so scant and dry, we must bid a hurried farewell, for we are not yet up to the Southeast Bend and have still some traveling to do. Following is the membership of Peninsula Club: C. P. Collins (president), Harry Hol-

land (secretary), J. C. Brandon, Jas. Battle, Geo. Bradbeer, Jacob Eastendorf, M. H. Chamberlin, Eugene Diemel, John East, Hobart Gray, A. S. Gray, Geo. Gregory, J. M. Gies, Louis B. Grau, Thos. Jocker, A. C. Hempel, A. G. Holland, Harry Holland, W. H. Holland, A. T. Henderson, J. H. Mason, Jas. T. Brady, S. B. Grummond, Frank R. Reeves, Ferd Kuhn, W. H. Gilman, Chas. Galgier, Peter Ahlberg, Jas. A. Marshall, Chas. F. Zielke, A. C. Melchers, Edward G. Gies, W. P. Radigan, John C. Spindler, Antoine Michenfelder, Jas. Dwyer, Jas. C. Higgins, Peter Rush, F. G. Meimer, Wm. G. Springer, Henry Wunch, Richard Rice, Albert Schaub, Hiram Jackson, H. Koester, Thos. Kennedy, Geo. Mortz, W. J. Mason, Jos. Nagle, Mathew Oliver, D. S. Revell, W. A. Allen, J. S. Schmittdiel, A. Smith, C. Schweikart, A. H. Raynor, Theo. Ruhl, Jos. Ulrich, Peter Uberoth, L. A. Wilcox, Jos. Winters, J. W. Daly, Geo. V. Candler, W. R. Candler, Darvis Cole, John Olfs, Peter J. Becker, Simon C. Karrer, Henry Dunnebach, J. H. Black, A. Wiessenberg, Wm. Look, Geo. Erb, Fred Katus, H. Brossard, Fred Zimmer, W. F. Hodgson (steward of the club). E. HOUGH.

No. 175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

CONNECTIUTT RIVER POUND NETS.—On June 30 Fish Warden A. C. Collins arrested a number of Saybrook fishermen for maintaining illegal pound nets on Sunday. They were convicted, but appealed. The Hartford *Times* of Sept. 19 reports: The case of The State vs. George W. Denison, D. C. Spencer, John F. Bushnell, Frank M. Chalker and Fred Kirtland, the Saybrook pound fishermen convicted of illegal fishing last May, and which was to have been tried in the Superior Court of Middlesex county, at Haddam, the 25th of this month, has been settled by the defendants with the State's attorney, W. T. Elmer. The defendants paid the fines and costs. It is said the amount was less than $300. The defendants evidently did not care to stand trial in the higher court and be found guily a second time. It would also necessarily have reopened the case in the public mind, while the defendants don't care to have anything more said about it, lest the Legislature might abolish the "pounds" altogether. It would be a benefit to the shad fishery and the public if the Legislature were to do that very thing. The *Times* has so thoroughly exposed the tricks and subterfuges of the "pounds," and their selfish course in destroying the shad without giving them any chance to get to the river, that the public has awakened to the fact that these few "pound" owners have already nearly ruined a once valuable industry, in which the people living along the Connecticut River had an ancient and never-forfeited interest. The public can be deceived no longer, and the next Legislature will probably take steps to save this valuable food fish. It is a monstrous thing that a half dozen men can monopolize and nearly ruin the whole Connecticut River shad fishery, and even defy the explicit law of the State and keep their all-capturing "pounds" fishing all the time, Sundays included.

STRIPED BASS AT HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.—Mr. John G. Watmough, of Philadelphia, took about 600lbs. of striped bass with rod and line in one week in this vicinity. This was one of the very large catches of the season, but agrees with reports from many parts of the coast. On the Rhode Island shores, for example, striped bass are as plentiful as ever known, and are being caught by the ton.

MAINE TROUT.—Springvale, Maine, Sept. 23.—Brad. Wilson, of Acton, sent to Mr. J. B. Stiles, of this place, six brook trout, said to have been captured in Long Pond, three or four miles from here, which weighed 11¼lbs. twelve hours after capture. The largest weighed 3¼lbs. —CHAS. HARTFORD.

Fisheulture.

SALT AND CLAY FOR TROUT DISEASE.

THE diseases of trout for the most part are insidious, obscure and deadly. Losses from unknown maladies frequently discourage trout culturists to the point of giving up the effort to rear the species in preserves. Who can tell the cause of blindness or its remedy? Although not considered contagious, it is widespread, unexplained and, so far, not amenable to treatment. Recently a new disease attacked the rainbow trout at the Wytheville station of the U. S. Fish Commission and, as it was successfully overcome, we give herewith full details, which we owe to the courtesy of the Commissioner, Col. Marshall McDonald:

WYTHEVILLE, Va., Sept. 4, 1890.—Hon. M. McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to inform you that the yearling trout, reserved here last fall for breeders, are doing so badly. About a week ago they stopped eating and they have not eaten a bite since and are now dying rapidly. They seem to be affected with some contagious disease. The fish turn a pale yellowish green, with dark spots over the body and a dark yellow spot over the brain. We have done everything we can for them. We have tried the clay and salt remedy, but nothing seems to do them any good. Their pond is clean and they have plenty of fresh water and have had all the season, running into the pond from two directions, giving good circulation, etc. We have never had fish to act this way before, and if you can suggest anything for a remedy we shall be more than pleased to hear from you. Very truly yours, Geo. A. SEAGLE, Superintendent, Wytheville Station.

In response to this appeal, the Commissioner was considering the advisability of liberating the trout in Tate's Run and recovering them as far as possible later in the fall. A few days later, however, he was relieved of further anxiety about the matter by the following welcome letter from Mr. Seagle, and this may be of great service to trout culturists in a similar emergency:

WYTHEVILLE, Va., Sept. 9, 1890.—Hon. M. McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries.—Dear Sir: I wrote you several days ago that our yearling California trout were in bad condition and dying rapidly. I am happy now to inform you that they are about well again. Nothing seemed to do them any good until we drew the water out of their pond, leaving only about 1200 or 1500 gallons on the fish; to this we added one bushel of salt and two bushels of clay, mixed thoroughly with the water in the race way and allowed to flow into the pond. The water was then cut off the pond and the fish left in the muddy, briny water as long as they could live without a change of water. This bath was given them twice (two days in succession). Of course we made some experiments on individuals before trying so much salt on the whole lot. Ten hours after the first application, the fish showed decided improvement, and began to eat—the first food taken in over a week. We had tried salt and clay before, but not near such a large quantity, and without drawing off the water.—Very truly yours, GEO. A. SEAGLE.

TROUT CULTURAL CONTROVERSIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I presume that but few of your readers care for or even trouble themselves to read these controversies, and particularly that side which refuses all semblance of argument and whose stock in trade is mainly invective, which an old-time author very truthfully defined as "a predatory course of life, and indeed but a privateering upon reputation." The truthfulness of this saying was never more forcibly illustrated, than in the communications of Wm. N. Byers which taint your columns. His fulminations contain very little but matter which is grossly personal and intentionally false in spirit. He is indeed a beautiful specimen to charge others with Billingsgate and cuttlefish tactics. He reminds one of the disturbed shop-lifter who, as he flees through the streets and alleys shouts at the top of his voice "stop thief." Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, who take the trouble to wade through his last roily emanation, will look in vain for anything simulating an argument, until they reach his reference to my views concerning shad and whitefish culture, where he asks "how do these utterances sound in view of our present knowledge of the results in these branches of fishcultural effort?" Of course he does not attempt to tell what these results have been, and one reason is that he does not know. If he did know he would fight as shy of the facts as he does of all facts connected with so-called trout culture. The cold facts in connection with shad and whitefish culture are, that up to the present time there has been no perceptible result whatever. As for forty or more years past, there continue to be seasons of plenty and seasons of partial or total failure, precisely the same and no different, as when artificial hatching and planting were unknown here. I refer now to the Atlantic slope. Plants made on the Pacific slope have been a fair success, and I have earnestly hoped that whenever my plans for shad stocking were given a fair trial, there would be some tangible returns. The matter is now being tested and in a year or two we may know how the plan works.

Regarding shad, I think I stated years ago in FOREST AND STREAM, that I was personally familiar with the three principal shad streams of the country, namely: the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Delaware. Every old fish dealer as well as old residents in the vicinity of these streams will agree with me in the assertion, that there has not averaged more than three good shad seasons in every ten, and that the other seven have been partial or total failures, and these results have been in no wise changed since artificial work has been in vogue in connection with these streams.

Our oldest whitefish men here on Lake Erie (the headquarters of the business) testify that there are intervals of plenty and of failure in their business, precisely as in shad business, only these intervals in the case of whitefish are of longer duration, both as to plenteousness and failure; and they further testify that artificial propagation has not made the slightest change in the situation. The more experienced fishermen argue that the artificial operations can do them no possible harm and that there is a chance of some benefit accruing, and they therefore encourage these operations by word of mouth, but no man of experience will either spend time or money in this encouragement. They even refuse to distribute the young whitefish unless paid for it.

The only other points in the blackguard communication requiring the least notice, are the references to my newspaper work and a request for information as to the papers for which I have written, etc., and also the assertion that I have endeavored to impeach the honor and integrity of Prof. Baird and others named. And right here I wish to call the attention of readers to the fact that each of those named have conducted their operations with public funds, which they have expended as honorably, honestly and intelligently as public funds are generally expended in experimental work, such as theirs has largely been. I never did and do not expect to have a more courteous and gentlemanly friend than Prof. Baird always was. An active correspondence commenced between us soon after the establishment of the U. S. Fish Commission and continued as long as his health permitted him to correspond with any one. I have an ordinary spice (shipping) box full of his letters, and have recently found another large package in addition. These letters are personal, official and semi-official, mostly the latter. As poor as I am, it would take "big money" to buy them. After he began to be prostrated from over-work and it became necessary to intrust his office work to others, I had failed to receive certain promised publications and so wrote him, not knowing of his physical disability. Not hearing from the matter I addressed Congressman Ferrell, in whose district I then resided. I received a prompt reply from him saying that he had called upon Prof. Baird, who expressed mortification because the publications had not been sent, as he had directed. They were then promptly forthcoming. The Professor informed Congressman Ferrell that I was an indefatigable worker in the cause of fishculture and that he aimed to aid me in every practicable manner, as I was one of the most reliable and prized correspondents of the Commission. I make this statement in brief, almost verbatim, as imparted to me by Mr. Ferrell, whom I have not been authorized to quote, and should not now, but for persistent attempts of a disreputable ring (with whom Byers appears to be in communication) to make it appear that Prof. Baird did not recognize me as an authority. The ring have evidently found in Byers a tool that they can work, as they have attempted to others, until he like them goes to the wall, the place which he is very near to now.

Another gentleman who was then and still is in public service, often called upon Prof. Baird during the last year of his life particularly, and on one of these occasions the Professor had been reading one of my articles concerning the failure of artificial trout culture. In the conversation which ensued, the Professor spoke of me in the same vein as he did to Congressman Ferrell, and in addition said that I was undoubtedly right in the main, regarding the (then) status of trout culture. I would give this gentleman's name but for the fact that he is in public service.

Byers appears to be very anxious to know something of the papers to which I have contributed. It is of no material interest to the mass of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for thousands of them know considerable of the matter already; however, I will give him a partial list to ponder over. Commencing on the East; the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, Boston; the *Union*, the *Homestead*, the *Farm and Home*, Springfield, Mass.; the *Berkshire County Eagle*, Pittsfield, Mass., (I have written for this paper nearly forty-five years); *Tribune*, *Sun*, FOREST AND STREAM, *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York city, and nearly all the leading papers published in Philadelphia, also quite a number of papers published in the smaller cities of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and some other States; also two syndicates of newspapers, embracing nearly one hundred country papers, and of which I was chief editor; also for two of the English Quarterlies. The bulk of my writings for these papers has been on the subject of fishculture. As is well known to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, the leading papers named make a specialty of answering questions. Several of the papers named still continue to send to me all questions relating to fishculture, and I return the answers, which are duly published by them. It would seem that they think me more of an authority upon the subject than the great fishculturist Byers does. It will be noticed that I have not mentioned the publications issued by the Rural Publishing Company, and which seem to be sufficiently valuable to be kept on file, years after their suspension. I hear from them every week, and (except from Byers) in commendatory terms. They were suspended in consequence of my being stricken with paralysis, resulting from an old army injury. Since November 1887, I have been able to write but a few pages of manuscript, and my little newspaper work and correspondence is only executed by the aid of a type writer. I will send herewith to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM copies of documents sent out to patrons of the publications (which Byers attempts to libel) to show the honorable treatment of them by the publishers. Of course they are only of interest to those to whom they were sent.

Readers will remember perhaps that Byers in his first attack upon me stated in effect that there was a large number of persons now engaged in trout culture in Colorado, particularly in the vicinity of Denver. In past years I have had numerous correspondents in Colorado, some of whom noted the steady decline of trout culture there as elsewhere. After Byers's gauzy statement, I re-opened correspondence with Coloradoans, and chanced to find a reliable party in Denver who was thoroughly posted upon the subject. Up to date, I can only learn of four parties in all Colorado who continue in the business, and they in a small way, and two of the parties run the business as a side attraction to summer resorts, the same as is done by a few parties in the East, but most of the trout served at their tables are from the wild streams which have never been artificially stocked.

While prosecuting investigations concerning fishculture in foreign countries, I naturally expected valuable information from France, where trout culture was first practiced in modern times, and where it was fostered by various scientific societies, and by the Government. I was somewhat surprised to learn that after a few years' experiments conducted with a degree of intelligence and thoroughness unknown outside of France, trout culture has been adjudged a total failure there, and the business had been abandoned, as it practically is in this country except where kept alive by public money. There are hundreds of trout culturists in this county who have tested the matter with more or less thoroughness, and, beyond the "fry" stage have found it a pronounced failure, and have given it up, generally in disgust and often in sorrow. They are old men now, those yet living, and the next generation are upon the stage. Very few of them will repeat the trout-cultural experiments of the previous generation, but they ought to be induced to try the plan explained in my article in your issue of Sept. 4, (page 134) as it is comparatively inexpensive and will certainly aid very materially in perpetuating a supply of this peerless fish, both for the angler and the epicure.

As I am about closing, I glance at the last paragraph of Byers's last effort, particularly the closing threat. It is really fearful to contemplate. He now wishes readers to believe that the "burning question" is whether or not I am an authority on fishculture. I suspect that readers will recall the fact that Wm. N. Byers simply made an attack upon my assertion that artificial trout culture is a failure, and in order to fortify his line of attack made the offer to furnish me a list of from fifty to one hundred streams (presumably in Colorado), which readers were led to believe were barren but had been rendered fruitful by artificial stocking. I very properly asked him to furnish the proffered list, but has any reader seen it? Certainly not, and they never will, because such streams do not exist. The statement, like several others made by him, has no foundation in fact. Tourists are led to believe that some such conditions exist. Railroad and hotel men understand this business to perfection and work it for all it is worth. And I happen to know of parties who will not go to Colorado the second time on a trout-fishing excursion, but have already gone further north where streams have never been artificially stocked. Byers has been prolific in building imaginary structures and asking me to knock them down. If he carries out the awful threat contained in the last clause of his latest effusion, readers will hope to hear something concerning the question at issue. Let him point out some of the places where trout culture has been a success. I do not make it a practice to "dodge the question" in the remotest degree, but I would like to know if Byers has yet found a sucker to lease that wonderful trout stream which in his first article was alluded to in a manner "so child-like and bland?" MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury, Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer Superintendent.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

THIS pleasant little show, held in the capital city of Canada, opened Sept. 23, continuing till Thursday evening, the 25th. Mr. James Watson was to have judged all classes, but at the last moment before entries closed, he was compelled by other business engagements to forego that pleasure, and H. W. Lacy was engaged in his stead. The building set apart for the dogs by the Fair Association is a poor one, just an oblong inclosed shed with room for about 150 dogs comfortably benched. At Toronto show there was such a rush of entries made with Mr. Geddes that the committee had to put up another row of stalls on top of those already fixed, and this brought the total up to about 230, leading to considerable A B C business in the catalogue. I must say, however, it did not lead to the confusion I had anticipated. The quality of the show on the whole was good, and I am told a vast improvement on last year. There is but little doubt but that Ottawa will fall into line as a regular dog show fixture, for the attendance was very good, especially on the second day, when over 10,000 people were registered

at the turnstile. It is the intention of the Fair Association to enlarge the building, putting in offices and other conveniences for the exhibitors. The members of the dog show committee were untiring in their efforts to make a success, and the following gentlemen were always to be found ready to help the show along: H. B. Bruce, Alfred Geddes, F. H. D. Vieth, W. G. Young, P. G. Keyes, Dr. Wesley Mills, C. E. Living, T. Cameron Bate and F. H. F. Mercer.

Mr. C. C. Rogers, though more of a horseman than a dog man, made a first-class superintendent, though a little too much of the clerical work was left to him, which took up time that might have been devoted to the show itself. The building was kept clean and sweet, and for once in my life I saw a dog show without puppies.

This act of the Ottawa bench show committee has not received the notice it deserves, and if the writers we know of are sincere in their wish that puppy classes should be done away with a little more praise ought to be meted out to the Ottawa people for their pluck, for pluck it was, when we remember that 25 per cent. of the entries last year were puppies under six months old. Now let some big show follow suit and they will not lose by it. Of course this city is the stronghold for spaniels and Clumbers especially, the entries in these classes numbering 73. Fox-terriers, Irish setters, greyhounds, beagles, Yorkshires and poodles were the most noticeable of the other classes. The judging did not proceed as quickly as it might have done, owing to the late arrival of some of the dogs, and the stormy weather interfered considerably on Tuesday afternoon, still all was over by 2:30 on Wednesday.

MASTIFFS.

Only two dogs showed up in this breed, and the judge was not long in giving the ribbon to F. W. Connolly's Wyoming Count, a fairly good dog, a bit small but brimful of quality, Mount Royal Kennels' Lord Caution, described in Toronto report, coming second. This decision of course carried with it the special for best mastiff in the show.

ST. BERNARDS.

There was nothing with the exception of Laidlaw & McBean's Benmore Kent's Bernie that showed much pretension to type. Benmore won in the dog class, not improved in coat at all by his journeyings, the other one present, Saint, may have been a beloved dog to his mistress, and doubtless he was, as she came later on and finding no award over her stall forthwith insisted on removing her dog from the show, and from a feeling of mistaken leniency she was allowed to have her way. This is not fair to the judge, as the visitors to a dog show are only too apt to listen to the plaints of the disappointed exhibitor, but if the dogs are there they can compare them with the type of dogs which won the prizes, and see for themselves why such and such an one was turned out of the ring. In bitches a nice quality bitch in H. E. Kent's Bernie won; she is hardly deep and massive enough in head, but her excellent bone and front and good coat put her before Benmore for the special afterward for best in show. Hill & Almon's Mona, though showing some signs of St. Bernard type, might be considered lucky in getting second, there being nothing to put ahead of her. Mastiff and St. Bernard puppies were classed together, Lord Caution being the only entry, won. He is 13 months old.

There were no Newfoundlands shown.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

With the exception of the Cohannet dogs and Zona, there was little quality to be seen. In open dogs first went to Cohannet Kennels' Royal Kent. To many this decision might appear wrong, but I like his action and hindparts infinitely better than Kent II., who was given second. Kent II. has a little the best in head and depth of body and ribs, but seemed altogether tied behind, not having the free action of his kennel mate. C. H. Corbett's Grouse loses in head, coat and legs; Mrs. L. Smith's Polo is only a moderate one. In bitches J. Lewis's Zona, almost coatless, was shown in bad skin condition; but as it was a case of this bitch first and the rest nowhere, the judge gave her the ribbon, Mount Royal Kennels' Flo II., second, being long and narrow-faced and shelly in body, and the same may be said of their Nellie Dale, third. The special for best in show went to Cohannet Kennels' Royal Kent. Best puppy, B. H. Humphrey's Don.

IRISH SETTERS.

Several well-known dogs were shown. A. W. Pearsall's Jack Malone was a somewhat easy winner, his better head, legs and feet and good color placing him ahead of Glendyne Kennels' O'Donovan Rossa, mentioned at Toronto. C. S. Parrett's St. Lawrence is faulty in head and lacks substance. A. W. Pearsall's Redstone was shown too fat and is faulty in head. In bitches. A. W. Pearsall's Lillie Ban won nicely by her better head and body over Oriole Kennels' Jeanette, faulty in head and ears. A. W. Pearsall's Belle Ida was here placed third, her loaded shoulders and plain head keeping her back. Reserve went to Mount Royal Kennels' Elfreda, a bitch with nice expression, but not enough of the Irish setter type; nice color and a promising puppy. The Glendyne Kennels' Sedan and Molly Glendyne, vhc.; were at Toronto. The special for best in show went to Jack Malone. Best puppy, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfreda.

GORDON SETTERS.

E. S. Skead's Domo is cloddy and curly in coat in places, poor coloring. He was the only entry in the dog class. In bitches Mount Royal Kennels' Hilda was the only entry and deserved her win, she also winning the special. In the puppy class, which was for under 18 months and all breeds of setters together, the prize went to Elfreda, her compactness of build excelling very much the good-headed, but long-waisted, English setter pup Don. Glendyne Kennels' Irish setter pup Lismore showed some breeding and was pleased with a vhc.

POINTERS.

No dogs turned up and inthe ladies' division the prize fell to Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell, well known, her stronger head and better ribbed body beating R. H. Maveety's Ada rather easily. The latter is pinched in muzzle and hardly well-ribbed enough. Pretty dogs are not always the prize winners; prettiness and correct form and type are often wide apart. Mount Royal Kennels' Devon Nell won the special for best pointer. No puppies.

GREYHOUNDS.

In challenge class ch. Harmony (Hornell-Harmony Kennels), looking, I think, better than I ever saw her, had things to herself. In open dogs Hornell-Harmony's Hazlehurst had a somewhat easy win over Mount Royal Kennels' Elcho, who, though small, is of good type and make, a bit bitch-headed, with ears too large and carried straight up at times. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Sir Lancelot was put back for being pig-jawed, he was third at Toronto, and should have been pegged back in that class for that fault. D. B. Gordon's Justina is too coarse and big, though nicely formed in body, bad front. In bitches Hallowe'en, though faulty in feet, excelled the others in body, shoulders, legs and quarters. W. L. Young's Fannie M. is better in front than L. N. Bates's Galatea, who is also long-cast and not ribbed up enough; the Clumber Kennels' Betsy, third, is better class than either, and would have pushed Hallowe'en but for the loss of one eye. Sir Lancelot won in puppies over Galatea, as he is so much better in body and quarters.

FOXHOUNDS.

There were only two dogs in this class that showed any pretension to good form. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Dan T., though not first-class, was far ahead of the others. He beats the second prize winner, Wm. Pownall's Jack, in head, body and general carriage; his Brandy, A. Stewart's Ranger and his Mingo are all either bad in front or wrong in head, and received their cards simply because they were foxhounds in a poor class. This decision also carried with it the special for best in the show.

DEERHOUNDS.

Only one turned up out of two entries, Hon. J. A. Chapleau winning the red ribbon with his Robin, a good-headed dog, but a bit flat-sided and light in body and out of coat. He won the two specials for best in the show.

BEAGLES.

There was, thanks to the Hornell-Harmony Kennels, a nice show of quality in these classes, with their Royal Krueger and Una W. in the challenge classes, the original class being divided, what could be wished for more? In open dogs their Whisker was alone. He is not a crack and was described at Toronto. In bitches Hornell-Harmony's Elf had an easy win over F. P. Robson's Dot, who is a bit weedy. Best dog or bitch laid between Royal Krueger and Elf, the former winning in muzzle, bone and feet. Hornell Harmony Kennels' Ava W. had a class made for under 12in., in which she won.

SPANIELS.

Irish water spaniels were poor. First went to Sport, none too good in coat, but a fair front, head and topknot. Second was withheld and third given to D. Ponwall's Dick, whose only pretensions to form were that he thought he was a water spaniel.

Clumbers turned out well, and it is not too much to say that such a show of this breed has certainly not been seen in America, and I doubt if England at present shows a larger number. The entries for these alone numbered just 20. In the challenge class the judge was compelled, owing to Bate & Geddes' Bromine being shown very heavy in whelp and poor in flesh, to put her kennel companion, Boss III., over her. It was not a question of merit, but a question of showing bitches so far gone in whelp. In open dogs H. B. D. Bruce's Shell is a nice-headed dog, with excellent legs and feet, and though his body is not quite so "Clumbersome" as some, he looks like a good working dog. Second went to McMahon's Rake, who loses a little in head. F. H. D. Vieth's Top must thank his rough coat for the position, though he is not straight in front, and his muzzle though deep has not the correct cut before the eyes. C. H. Wallace's Mack, reserve, loses in front and head, and his Johnny, Jr., though possessed of a deep, fat body and good skull, is not straight enough in front and is faulty in muzzle. W. G. Young's La Grippe is a very promising pup, and may be in a year will beat the lot for bone, front and head he can hardly be beaten, but of course is not furnished yet. G. V. Smart's Darby loses in muzzle and quarters. In bitches H. B. D. Bruce's Lucy II. won nicely over C. H. Wallace's Joan II., who loses in head, front and body. Bruce's Vic, though deep in body is faulty in face and light in bone. W. G. Young's Belle of Ottawa, faulty in front and full in skull, was vhc. Mr. Mercer's Snow and Maude were absent. In puppies first went to Darby, second to Belle of Ottawa, reserve to La Grippe, and vhc. to Vieth's Rake.

Field spaniels, open dogs, saw A. Laidlaw's Samson the winner; though out of shape he showed more field type than the others. Kelly & Kirby's Prince, second, is cloddy and short-headed. Laidlaw's Napoleon, third, was at Toronto. F. W. Smith's Trot, vhc., is faulty in front and head. In bitches Mr. Laidlaw had it to himself, his Topsy and Fancy getting first and second respectively.

In cockers, challenge class, we were introduced to Wilmerding's Doc and Laidlaw's Rabbi. Never has Doc looked so well, and barring a waviness of coat it was hard to find a better. In head, front and ribs he beats Rabbi. In open black dogs the decision lay between Geo. Bell's King of Obos and P. G. Keyes's Bob Obo; the latter loses in head and body. Laidlaw's Brock, third, is light throughout. In bitches quite a class faced the judge, the six taking some examination before two could be placed satisfactorily—to the judge. Geo. Bell's Idea proved the winner, being better in head, front and body than P. G. Keyes's Rideau Flossie, who, by the way, was not noticed at Toronto, got her deserts here; she pushes the winner considerably. A. Laidlaw's Nina, third, loses in muzzle and front. Corktown Cocker Kennels' Cleo, reserve, is a nice young one, loses in head and front a trifle, good coat. P. G. Keyes's Tiney Obo is a bit long in body, nice head, bit narrow, and Corktown Kennels' Dot Smirle, also vhc., loses in body, head and front. Black puppies, field or cocker, had Geo. Bell's Idea the winner, with Dot Smirle second, Samuel Shorty's Dutchy third, who beats A. Laidlaw's Minnie, reserve, in head and front. P. G. Keyes' Rideau Rollie and Corktown Kennels' Trumps, vhc., both fail in muzzle and front, Rollie being also a bit domy in skull. This was quite a good class.

In cocker dogs other than black, Skead's Ben was overweight. F. J. Leigh's Rufus, a red one, as his name implies, first, has a splendid front, excellent body and fair head; looks like work, but is a trifle on the big side, though under the 28lbs. when shown. E. A. Black's Brush loses in muzzle and legs. H. Burbidge's Jeremy is faulty in head, forelegs and ribs. Laidlaw's Bambo could hardly walk, and a fair look at him made the judge wonder how he could win at Toronto; very bad in front and poor head; he was given c. for body. In bitches Geo. Bell's Blushing Rose, mean in head and horrid disposition, is so much better in body and front than Mount Royal Kennels' Blondie G. that they were placed as named. In field or cocker puppies other than black the winner turned up in W. H. Morgan's Bounce, who leads Blushing Rose in head. Bambo, as a puppy, received vhc. In novice dogs, all breeds, W. G. Young's La Grippe, the Clumber pup, beat C. H. Wallace's Johnny, Jr., in head and front, with Rideau Rollie third. Bitches saw the winner in Geo. Bell's nice little bitch Idea, with Rideau Flossie second, Joan II. third, Blushing Rose and Minnie vhc., and F. H. Cunningham's Rose c. These have all been mentioned in other classes. The specials for these were numerous. For the best four, any variety, Geo. Bell. Best novice spaniel, Geo. Bell's Idea. Best other than black, F. J. Leigh's Rufus. Best Irish water spaniel (two), F. W. Fee's Sport. Best Clumber, Bates & Geddes' Boss III. Best pair in open classes, H. B. D. Bruce's Shell and Lucy II. Best owned outside Ottawa, G. B. Smart's Darby. Best American-bred, H. B. D. Bruce's Shell. Best puppy, G. B. Smart's Darby. Field—Best in show, Audrew Laidlaw's Topsy. Cockers—Best in show, A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc. Best puppy, Geo. Bell's Idea.

COLLIES.

No challenge entries turned up. In the open class, outside of the winners, there was nothing very commendable. McEwen & Gibson's Carmen, in better coat and slightly better in front than his kennel mate Bute, were placed as named, and W. Rutherford's Mess, third, is thick in head, bit out in front, fair coat. John Duncan's Young Squire, though short-headed, had a nice coat. H. F. Brading's Colonel and Robert Ness's Rip, c., were hardly class enough. There were only three in bitches that deserved mention. The Toronto winner, Manilla, was again placed first, second going to Floss, a niceish bitch with good coat, his Flora, deficient in quality and length of head and hardly right in front, secured third. The others in this class failed to secure even a mention. In puppies, the contest lay between Duncan's Reality and McEwen & Gibson's Norman, the latter being a little out in front and bad in ear, was put behind the former, Duncan's Nellie Bly, only a moderate one, scoring vhc. The special for best dog went to McEwen & Gibson's Carmen. Best bitch (2) their Manilla. Best puppy, John Duncan's Reality.

BULLDOGS.

All the prize money was saved in this class, first and second prizes being withheld. There is evidently a field here for some bulldog stock; it would really be a kindness for some one to either present one to the town or exhibit a team at the next show. Here is a hint for our new bulldog man. Mr. Dole we bow to you. Those that were shown would grace a pit better than the show ring - J. P. Lawler's Nettle had some little resemblance to a bulldog and was given third, *pour encourager les autres*. This also carried with it the special for best in show.

BULL-TERRIERS.

A good many of them should have been with their brothers in the bulldog class, for they were a motley crew. Northfield Kennels' King of Hearts had an easy win over Wm. Cooch's Count Dick, who, besides having a patch on hindquarters, is a bit thick and short in head, but well-fronted. The others were sent back to their stalls and the judge made three more enemies. Northfield Kennels, of course, won the special with King of Hearts.

FOX-TERRIERS.

These classes were well filled, though there were several absentees. A challenge class was made for Blemton Volunteer, and, in the absence of ch. Bacchanal, G. W. Prescott's Punch was an easy winner, though he is a bit coarse: second withheld; and third going to W. G. Hurdman's Brit, thick in head and not quite the thing in front. A. W. Garrett's Stanley and A. Colter's Dan were honored by c. cards. As will be surmised, the quality in this class was conspicuous by its absence. Open bitches had a new one, just over from the other side, at the head of affairs Her quality and varminty look was at once apparent in this rather moderate class. This was G.S. Oldreive's Dudley Slave, by champion The Belgravian. She is a bit weak in face, ears not carried close enough though well shaped, coat good, legs straight but feet might be better, just off the ship she did not show up in very good shape; second went to P. G. Keyes's Clytie, the winner at Kingston, she has a nice head and fair front, but loses in coat; and McPherson's Speck, though short in face, has a wonderfully good set of legs and feet, and a well-made body, but for her head she could have won. Reserve went to Oriole Kennels' Blemton Vice, second at Toronto, a weedy one all round, light in bone, sharp-faced, open feet, and none too straight in legs, she also lacks size. A. T. Stewart's Brooklyn Venom, vhc., is large and a bit coarse throughout, but a good stamp of working terrier; Oriole Kennels' Oriole Belle was also vhc., is light in bone and body, mentioned at Toronto. In puppies first went to H. P. Thompson's Pickle, first at Toronto; and C. A. E. Clendennin's Rose, a nicish bitch, bit faulty in head and front, second; reserve going to H. S. Perley's Buckshot, a bit big all round; and vhc. to G. W. Prescott's Punch and Dot, they are too coarse; his Judy getting hc., ears all wrong. The specials for best in show (3) went to Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer. Best bitch, G. S. Oldreive's Dudley Slave. Best puppy, H. P. Thompson's Pickle.

IRISH, BEDLINGTON AND AIREDALE TERRIERS.

To avoid giving equal firsts, separate classes were made for each breed, with one entry in each. In Irish terriers, North Field Kennels' Breda Bill, showing himself infinitely better in front than he did at Toronto, was the recipient of one first. The Bedlington Kelly & Kirby's Sting is a fairish sort, with nice feel of coat, hardly just right in formation of head, took another. The Clumber Kennels' Airedale Weaver is a nice sort, a little weak in muzzle and stands a trifle out in front at times, still a fair one, also gained his ribbon. These awards also carried with them a special for best of each breed in show.

SCOTCH, SKYE AND DANDIE DINMONT.

There was only one out of the four entries that the judge could make out as of any distinct breed. George M. Kerr's Moss being something like a Skye, was given the prize, and all other mention withheld. This also entailed a special for best of this breed.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

Two dogs came before the judge in the first lot, and Rochelle Kennels had a pretty easy win over A. Geddes's Vortex, one of the old-time winners. He is too dark in tan and not distinctly marked enough in pencilings and thumbmarks; slightly breeched and is a bit coarse throughout. Rochelle Kennels' The Senator, looking a gentleman beside the other, won by his quality, markings, better shaped head and more symmetrical body; his tail is also ahead of Vortex. In bitches, Rochelle Nadjy was practically alone, her only opponent being one of those thick-headed, bulgy-eyed, pudgy bitches we often used to meet with at our shows, but now, I am happy to say, getting rather rare in the show ring. The judge made another enemy by gracefully handing her out of the ring.

TOY TERRIERS.

These were not real toys, but two rough-haired little customers given first and second; they were Miss May Daniels's Pollie and John Mason's Hoochey Coochey; a much larger name than dog.

PUGS.

I cannot say much for these classes, for with the exception of Miss Bell Forbes's Jim, second in puppy class at New York last spring, they all partook of the provincial style, big, heavy and coarse. Jim of course won in dogs; he is making up quite nicely, good size, fair head and wrinkle, nice ear and good curl and trace. Miss Maud Hurdman's Trixie, second, is not so good in ear or skull and is a bit large. Kelly & Kirby's Punch is also gross, flat in skull and long in muzzle. A. Pepler's Toby, wrong in color, but nice size and fair head, vhc. In bitches only one turned up, Kelly & Kirby's Judy, fair in head, ears carried badly and tail did not show well in the ring. The special for best pug went to Miss Belle Forbes's Jim.

TOY SPANIELS.

All breeds were put together, and for a show like this made quite a display, not a real bad one among them. In dogs, Edward Bradford's Prince, a King Charles better in skull and shorter faced than his Romeo, won, Romeo second, a Prince Charles, and his Sport, also a "Charlie," was given third, not so good in skull or coat. In bitches, Edward Bradford's Fannie, quite a nice one, though in open air she shows a rusty coat, won well over R. P. Forshaw's Ruby, winner at Toronto. She is not quite so good in face nor so high in skull as the winner. Equal thirds were given to J. York's King Charles and Edward Bradford's Nora; both lack volume of skull and are light in body. The special for best toy spaniel in show was won by Edward Bradford's Fannie, a bit better in head than the dog.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

The now well known Symonds Kennels being on hand, there was quality galore, though the four from this kennel were the only entries. Toons Royal, in excellent shape, again beat his kennel mate, Fishpool Gem, in open dogs, and now will walk into the challenge class at New York next spring. In bitches Venus had things to herself, as a challenge class was made for Daisy, whose condition was simply superb; in fact, all these dogs looked well, and when we consider what it is to take a team of Yorkshires round to three shows without seeing home, one can appreciate Mr. Thomas's care of them; but there it is, only here and there will you find a man that can handle Yorkshires.

A very moderate spitz or Pomeranian was shown and considerately given second; not right in coat and too short in head. This one unfortunately had to take the special, too.

POODLES.

The four winners from the A. W. Purbeck Kennels, that

were at Toronto, came on here and were placed in the same way. Dodor, who seems to delight in the muddiest place he can find to the detriment of his long cords, won over Keva II. In bitches Nell beat Cora, as before. As these were at Toronto, it is no use going over them again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In dogs a fine Russian wolfhound puppy, with an abnormally long head, excellent legs and feet, and nice coat, was alone. One can hardly believe this puppy to be only about 7 months old. He is Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Valdimar, one of the Elsie—Kilnet litter. In bitches Princess Irma, a litter sister to the above and same owner, was alone. She is not so large as the other, but still of good size and fair length of head. They are a handsome couple.

The special for best conditioned dog in the show gave the judge some trouble, the contest finally narrowing down to Dr. Wesley Mills's greyhound Elcho, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' greyhound Hazelhurst and Northfield Kennels' Yorkshire terrier Daisy. All three were in splendid trim and as it was not a question of individual merit the prize was eventually divided equally between them. The special for largest dog in show was won by Laidlaw & McBean's St. Bernard Benmore. H. W. L.

LONDON DOG SHOW.

THE show of dogs in this city commenced Sept. 23 and was brought to a close Sept. 26. With Ottawa show on at the same time, London felt the competition to some extent. The catalogue called for 303 entries, though the actual entries were 256. We have seen many catalogues at many shows of more or less pretensions, but never have we seen such a muddle as this one, numbers jumped ahead in the most exasperating manner, and as many of the dogs were benched in their wrong places, it made it almost impossible to follow the awards; for a collie pup would be found among the spaniels, a dachshund among the fox-terriers and so on. When men give their time and labor without recompense to make a show a success it is hard to criticise matters in this way, but when a show of the importance to dogmen such as London is, does this we should not be doing our duty not to call attention to it; it is a natural consequence of taking entries almost up to the time of the show opening and nothing else could be expected. As a guide to the public the catalogue was almost useless, for knowing most of the dogs as we do we found it a difficult matter to spot the right ones, and if any of our criticisms are a bit "mixed" our readers will know the reason. The officials were kindness itself and did all in their power to make everything go to the satisfaction of the exhibitors. The feeding was excellent, this part being in charge of Dan O'Shea, who fed the dogs on stale bread, soup and meat. The rings were well served, and a great improvement was seen in this respect over last year, two nice long rings being provided at the side of the building. This had been moved forward from its old place.

The benching of the dogs was excellent, if we except those supplied to the pet dogs, which, as before, were benched one on top of the other in one corner, making it awkward for the public to get a good view of them. As these dogs, as a rule, command more attention from the general public than any others, it behooves the management to see that they are better placed another year. The judging was all completed, excepting a few specials, by six o'clock of the first day, reflecting credit both on the management and the judges. Setters, spaniels, fox-terriers and collies were particularly good. There was little grumbling at the awards and everything passed off very nicely Messrs. Davey and Glass were untiring in their efforts to please every one. We were glad to see that one improvement had been made in the flooring, that fine dust of last year giving place to more solid tan bark, which added materially to the comfort of the animals. With these few remarks we may pass on to the criticism of the dogs present, but as we stated before, if, though we think we got them all down correctly, any mistake should arise we claim the indulgence of the owners and will gladly rectify any injustice. It may be said that at this show the blue ribbon occupied its accustomed place at the head of the prize list, red going to second, as usual, in contradistinction to Toronto and Ottawa, where red was the premium color and led to a little confusion at first. Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer were the judges and gave every satisfaction.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were no challenge entries. In open dogs, H. Falconer's Mode, looking a little more like himself, won easily over W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution, occupying the same relation to each other as they did at Toronto. Third went to S. F. Glass's Leo, who loses in type, expression and ears; a poor one. Bitches had John B. Battram's Bessie B. the winner, described at Toronto, followed by H. Falconer's Bess, who is a bit long in head, gray muzzle, faulty in eyes, but possessing good bone and substance. In puppies the before-mentioned Grimsby Caution took the ribbon over W. Hauld's Lord Stanton, only a moderate one, followed by Leo, third in open class. These classes, as may be surmised, were wanting in quality.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

No challenge entries. By the way, how is it none of our cracks in these breeds, with the exception of Victor Joseph, put in an appearance at any of our fall shows? Pottersburg Kennels' Bruce, vhc. at Toronto, had here a somewhat easy win over their Bacnie, who is long-faced, lacks massiveness of head, is weak in pasterns, but has a nice coat. H. Gorman's Brian, benched 14, catalogue number 20, has only his good bone and front to recommend him, as his long head and faulty muzzle will always place him back. Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis and Kildonan, puppies, were sent home before we saw them, though Kildonan was described last week. In bitches, Pottersburg Kennels' Phyllis had another easy win, second going to H. Gorman's Blasz, who, like the winner, lacks type in head, but is well off in other respects, such as bone, coat and body. Pottersburg Kennels' Luna, third, has a too settery head, but is good in bone and body; she was nursing a litter. Pottersburg Kennels' Glenisla and their Lady Cerise are both deficient in head properties, but have promising bodies; they are by Pout out of Phyllis. In rough puppy dogs first went to Pottersburg Kennels' Ben Maida, the Toronto winner. John Auld's Jeff, second, is faulty in head and quarters. P. Smith's Nexo, third, no markings, is a large dog, but too long-faced. Pottersburg Kennels' Don Phyllis and Kildonan were again vhc. In bitches Pottersburg Kennels' Glenisla scored over their Lady Cerise. W. H. Auld's Lady Cordelia, coming third, is a nice size, but faulty in head. G. A. McGillivray's May Maida loses in muzzle, but is a nice stamp. Smooth-coated dogs or bitches saw the winner in H. Gorman's Lola, who is a fairly good youngster; a bit faulty in muzzle, but has good bone and body. H Gorman's Brundle, second, is too plain in face; lacks depth of body. F. W. Wilson's Nellie is a plain-headed one; good size. In puppies, H. Gorman's Lola was the only entry and won.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

We expected to see a better show of these dogs in Canada, but they evidently take no better than in the States, and more the pity. W. J. Watson's Leo was the only entry. He won second at Toronto.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MORTIMER).

These dogs showed up fairly well and were redeemed in quality by the presence of Melac and Irene. In dogs, Herbert S. Nichols's Melac, the giant, was, of course, first. Second withheld and third going to F. W. Wilson's Pollux, mentioned at Toronto. These were the only entries. In bitches Teutonia Kennels' Irene, looking fairly well, scored again over F. W. Wilson's Freda, who was at Toronto, with her pups. This is what we call getting the last ounce out of a dog. Surely a bitch when busy with her maternal duties is entitled to a comfortable corner at home. A dog show is not a maternity hospital. F. W. Wilson's Crazy Spot is bad in ear, faulty in head and straight behind. His May also loses in head and is throaty.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Only four entries turned up in this breed. In open dogs, Geo. C. Taylor's well known Scavenger won easily over T. Dickinson's Apparition, both described last week. In bitches Geo. C. Taylor's Second Sight had little difficulty in downing W. J. Randall's Grimsby Jess, who is fairly fronted but too light in eye, giving her a bad expression. Only one deerhound turned out the winner at Toronto, B. S. Deering's Nora. These dogs have not shown up at all well this fall.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Both weights were classed together in dogs and bitches. In the former class T. G. Davey's new purchase, Westminster Drake, won nicely from Hez Milkens's Count Graphic, who is nicely ribbed but loses in muzzle, eyes, legs and feet. Dr. Taylor's King Bow's Brother is houndy-headed and throaty, but boasts good bone. J. E. McGloughlan's Jem was away when we called. T. G. Davey's Toronto winner Fan N. scored again, with something to spare in the bitch class, followed by J. E Gill's Galena, described before. Hez Milkens's Dutch Graphic is a poor one, not depth of chest enough, ears set on badly, light stary eye, but is good in quarters. His Nellie stands a little wide in front and is pinched in muzzle. In puppies, Hez Milkens had both first and second, Judge Lansdown and Sport, the former beats in head, bone and front, and the latter is too round and domy in skull.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

T. G. Davey's Leddersdale was entered N. F. C., which left the honors equally divided between J. S. Hudson's well-known Dad Wilson and his Bohemian Girl. Open dogs saw the winner in Joe Lewis's promising youngster Tony Gladstone, second going to W. B. Wells's Cambrian, who is a bit straight behind and weak in muzzle, J. S. Hudson's well-known Chickasaw coming third. T. G. Davey's Locksey, vhc. J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson's Boy, well known, and T. G. Davey's Canadian Jester, whose good forelegs and feet are counterbalanced by his thick skull, full eye and straightness of stifles, getting hc. cards. W. S. Smith's Lonoke, only a moderate one, was c. In bitches first was given to W. B. Wells's Matinee, and second to T. G. Davey's Forest Heather, described before, and his Canadian Lillie claiming third; she is too straight in stop, and ears are set on too high. E. J. Walsh's Scottish Belle was vhc., and J. S. Hudson's Sunshine, hc., has a wall eye and is faulty in muzzle and round in skull. Puppy dogs had one entry, T. G. Davey's Locke, only a fairish one. In bitches, his Forest Heather beat his Lordy, followed by W. S. Smith's Maud, a bit long in body, fair front.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Two challenge entries appeared, and of course George H. Covert again beat his Toronto opponent Blarney in dogs, and in the ladies' division W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore had matters her own way. In open dogs W. L. Washington's Kildare had to give place again to A. V. Armour's Max, Geo. H. Covert's Red River Gleucho getting third, with A. W. Stephenson's Chief S not for competition. These were the only entries, and all were described last week. L. N. Hilsendegen's Biddy Clare was placed for premier honors in bitches, second going to Geo H. Covert's Kildare Ruby, who last week at Toronto could do no better than c., was here placed over the same owner's Glidelia, third, but vhc. at Toronto; his Kate IX., only a moderate one, vhc. In puppies the only entry was absent.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The entries though small were choice and consisted of the team Ben Lewis had at Toronto. With Little Boy N. F. C., the competition lay in challenge dogs between Leo B. and Field Marshall, the former winning again, both owned by Dr. Dixon. In challenge bitches S. Hammett's Rose was blooming alone. Open dogs had two entries, these being Dr. Dixon's Ivanhoe, well known, and Gibbs's Clyde again a second to him. No bitches were entered in open class.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

These were all belonging to the London Hunt, but as the numbers and names were not in the catalogue we cannot particularize them except that the winner, Weasel, beats the second, Genius, in head.

COLLIES—(MR. DAVIDSON.)

Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla was alone in his glory and want of coat. This dog still has a head that puzzles the best of them. Chestnut Hill Kennels' Colonel Scot, though none too good himself in head, beats McEwen & Gibson's Langham, who has also the same faults and is a bit shorter in head, but nicely off for coat and bone. Their Montrose, third, is small, shelly in body and out of coat. H. T. Little's Postern, reserve, is a bit plain-faced, nice ears, moves bad behind. Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy, vhc., is a bit too fine in muzzle, and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn II. might have been further up, as he has a nice long head, bit big in ear, good bone, good in coat, though a trifle sott. In bitches the well-known Cora II. won somewhat easily over McEwen & Gibson's Ailsa, who is a bit thick in head, big in ear, but has a fairly good coat; they were alone in this class. Puppy dogs had W. H. Beattie's Watch the winner; he is too high in skull and was out of coat Roslyn II. is a better one in head and condition. McEwen & Gibson's Drury, third, was spoken of last week. Bitch puppies had W. H. Beattie's Topsy a winner, though a bit soft in coat she has a very nice head and expression. She was followed by McEwen & Gibson's Clover, who is small. If we had an E. K. C here it would surely be down on this entry. It is stated in the catalogue as by "Mamy Wifoil," which by a stretch of imagination can be turned into "Maney Trefoil." This catalogue needs editing badly.

SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

These clases were a feature of the show, but as many of them were at Toronto the week before, it is useless to state their merits or demerits over again.

Field Spaniels—R. P. Keasbey's Lady won over Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Laddie, who though hardly square enough in muzzle and faulty in front, still was in splendid condition and coat. R. P. Keasby's Miss Ben D'Or, bad in front and muzzle, third. No Clumber spaniels were entered, pretty near all the Clumbers in the country being at Ottawa that week. In Irish water spaniels the well-known pair, Ben Lewis's Patsy O'Connor and Joe Lewis's Countess Bendigo, divided the honors in the order named. In challenge cockers, any color, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket shows more cocker type than the others and won over their Brant and J. W. Buntry's Sensation. Open black dogs saw Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke the winner, the same as at Boston. J. A. Spracklin's Dude, second, we could not find. Brant Cocker Kennels' Nap, third, is wrong in front, nice in body. J. W. Bunting's Pedro, vhc., lacks depth of body, and J. G. Mitchener's Dono, also vhc., we spoke of last week. H. B. Nicol's Kildare only received a c. card here; is faulty in head and front. A nice class of bitches was present, Geo. H. Bush's Novel repeating her Toronto victory. Luckwell & Douglas's Martha Washington, a bit out in front, lacking in depth of body and faulty in muzzle, came in second. J. G. Mitchener's Lady Obo, described last week; Brant Cocker Kennels' Busy could do no better than vhc.; and G. H. Bush's Bessy W. was put still further back than at Toronto; her condition is against her. J. A. Spracklin's Frisky II. did not deserve more than her hc., as she is out in front, high in leg and faulty in head and muzzle. Luckwell & Douglas's Marguerite, c., has a field spaniel head. In the any other color division Luckwell & Douglas's King Pharoah's Sister scored another win, Geo. Bell's Little Red Riding Hood being here placed over Brant Kennels' Zetta, all well known. Geo. Bell's Crosby was here given hc. only. In puppies, any variety, Brant Kennels' Nap took the blue ribbon, the red going to Fred Downing's Lady Aberdeen, too domy in skull and not straight in front. Brant Kennels' Fatima came third, and L. A. Webb's Vice, vhc., is a weed.

BEAGLES—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were few entries in the one class. H. Bennett's champion Little Duke won easily over Middleton Kennels' Jane M., long cast and out at elbow. Bowman's Ruby, third, is plain-faced, wide in front and not right in coat. F. A. Simpkins's Witch Hazel Prince, vhc., was at Toronto.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

With the Blemton and Oxford Kennels on hand there was some quality. The challenge class had that well-known bitch New Forest Ethel (Blemton Kennels) a winner over their Blemton Rubicon, with Oriole Kennels' Blemton Brilliant third. Blemton Kennels furnished the winner in open dogs with Blemton Racket, who is faulty in feet, though good otherwise. Wooddale Kennels' Starden's Jack (late Frank Dole's) scored second this time, we have described his faults before, and Blemton Kennels' Blemton Rattler came in for third; he does not carry his ears well, but is fairly well fronted. The well known Blemton Trump had here to content himself with vhc., and R. Gibson's Belvoir Bacchanal is bad in feet, but deserved his three letters. Oriole Kennels' Oriole Trap, second, took an hc. card; he was reserve at Toronto. In bitches first went to T.G Davey's taking bitch Ebor Nettle, whose merits we commented on before; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Enid securing the red ribbon, she loses to a good one in feet, ribs and skull. Geo. Douglas's Mischief is round in skull and soft in coat. R. Gibson's Belvoir Tricksey is a bit coarse, and Munro & Cleghorn's Nip C. is a poor one. The puppy dog prizes were withheld, though there were five entries, and Wilson's Moody, first in novice at Toronto, deserved something as well as McPherson's wire-haired Stanley. In bitches Oxford Kennels' Oxford Beauty was given first over John J. Briggs's Nellie Bly. J. A. Burden's Ravel, third, R. Gibson's Witch hc. These had gone home when we reached their benches. Wire hairs were quite a good show, reminding us of Toronto. McPherson's Addswood Jim II., though too short-faced, won over his Patch, who is also faulty in head. T. G. Davey's Nettle Topper, third, is not flat enough in skull, but is nicely fronted. Oxford Kennels' Miss Taylor loses in muzzle, ears and expression.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Only one entry, and a poorish one at that, W. Higman's Watch, he received a blue ribbon.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

These were poor. W. J. Watson's Royal IV. scored, he is thick and coarse in head, and had a bad sore on muzzle, lacks quality throughout. All five were entered by Dan—W. J. Watson. Lillie II. is something of the same type as the winner. Danger, a big coarse brute, with ears like a fox-terrier, did not deserve a mention.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the dog class Blake & Herbertson's Prince, first, is a fairish little dog, too wrinkled in skull, lacks thumb marks, nicely-shaped body and good tail, stands a bit out in front and has something the matter with his eyes. Second went to the well-known Sir Wallace, same owner, and third to W. J. Watson's Jack, whose markings are too dark, ears faulty and head coarse. In bitches Blake & Herbertson showed the winner in Nanon, she is a little wide in front, heavy in shoulders and faulty in muzzle, though a fairly well-marked bitch; W. J. Watson's Merry, second, has poor markings and is too coarse; T. Dickison's Jeannie is bad in muzzle, pig-jawed; Blake & Herbertson's Buttercup is a bit coarse in skull, and faulty in markings; a lot of black and tans but not a real good one among them.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. MORTIMER).

First went to J. Butterfield's Milton, a pretty fair one, with hardly length enough, but nice coat; C. J. Daniels's Fan came second, she is nothing very extra.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

W. J. Watson furnished the winners in his Zulu and Sting III., the former won at Toronto. Ed. Bissett's Clansman II. is too flat-faced and too straight in back.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford, a well known winner, had things pretty well to himself. P. & H. Smith's Toodles, only a moderate one, lacks strength of head and coat, and is too short in body.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Breda Tiney made short work of the Lewis & Jarrett combination's Burnside, both are too well known to speak about. W. H. Smith's Young Pedlar is too large, lacks coat, and is too full in eye. The dachshunde Feldmann K. and H. Jenny's dog might have changed places, as the latter is better in bone, crook, chest and length. Ben Lewis's Gilt, third, is well known. The hc. dog is too fine in head. Two of this class were not in the catalogue.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The catalogue says no entries, but we found the names of the winners to be W. H Smith's Dolly first, nice coat and color, and the only one we have seen likely to give the Symonds Kennels a rub; Minnie, second, is a bit too light in tan, and Sandy has a nice long coat, not so good in tan, bit smutty, but body color is quite good.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The winners in these classes were all old faces from Dr. Cryer's kennels. Bob Ivey first, Climax second, W. H. Smith's Joe coming third, too flat in skull and a bit large sized. In bitches, with Dr. Cryer's Bessie and Cassina first and second, Mrs. Grange's Fly had little chance. She was either in whelp or very fat. She has a fair head, though ears are badly carried. The pug puppies were poor. Though not in catalogue, they were W. Belton's Bee, Boy and Babe; Bee was given third and other awards withheld.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

A fair little toy in Miss Dickison's Tiny scored over W. Bennett's Pete II., though neither will be heard from again.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

A. Trebilcock's well known King Charles won with something to spare, being better in skull, muzzle and coat than Mrs. R. U. Nicholson's Dandy, second. Only two entries.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.

Nearly every dog got a taste of the $25 put up by the show in $5 portions. Joe Lewis's nice little Italian greyhound took one, Chestnut Hill Kennels' schipperke Othello another, Thos. Blake's whippets Beadow, Maggie and Nellie Gray also $5 each, but T. Dickison's light-weight bull-terrier Tip was left out in the cold with a vhc. card.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Prizes for best kennels, to consist of five or more of the following breeds: St. Bernards, Pottersburg Kennels; spaniels owned in Canada, Woodland Kennels; English setters, J. Shelley Hudson; Irish setters, Geo. H. Covert; Gordon setters, Dr. Dixon; fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; bull-terriers, W. J. Watson; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; pointers, H. Milkens. Largest number of entries, T. G. Davey. Best kennel of English setters, T. G. Davey. Best collie dog or bitch, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. Best mastiff dog or bitch, H. Falconer's Mode. Largest number of entries made by London exhibitor (members of London Kennel Club excluded), W. J. Watson. Best pointer dog, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake. Best cocker spaniel with four of his or her get, Brant Cocker Kennels (C. M. Nelles). Best brace fox-terriers owned in London (members L. K. C. excluded), John J. Biggs's Vixen II. and Nellie Bly. Best Irish setter dog or bitch, Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller. Best brace of English setters owned in London (members L. K. C. excluded), W. S. Smith's Lonoke and Maude. Best dog of any breed exhibited by a lady, Mrs. Nicholson's Dandy. Best fox-terrier bitch, Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel. Best black and tan terrier, Blake & Herbertson's Prince. Largest number of St. Bernards entered by one exhibitor, Pottersburg Kennels. Best pair Great Danes, F. W. Wilson's Freda and Pollux. Best pair spaniels, any variety, Woodland Kennels. Best pug, Dr. Cryer's Bessie. Largest number of entries made by one exhibitor, B. F. Lewis. Best English setter bitch puppy, T. G. Davey's Forest Heather. Best pointer, T. G. Davey's Fan N. Best fox-terrier bitch owned in Canada, T. G. Davey's Ebor Nettle. Best pair foxhounds owned in Canada, London Hunt. Best greyhound, dog or bitch, G. C. Taylor's Scavenger. Best St. Bernard owned in London (members L. K. C. excluded) P. Smith's Nexo. Best kennel of St. Bernards, four or more, Pottersburg Kennels. Best pair Irish setters, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore and Kildare. Best pair of pointers, T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake and Fan N. Best pair Gordon setters, Dr. Dixon's Ch. Leo B. and Field Marshall. Best Irish setter, Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller. Best wire-haired fox-terrier bitch, T. G. Davey's Nettle Topper. Best rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Pottersburg Kennels' Phyllis.

WOODBURY SHOW.

A DOG SHOW was held at Woodbury, N. J., under the management of the South Jersey Kennel Club, on Sept. 26 and 27. The Rink Building in which it was held was amply large enough to accommodate 200 dogs and there was plenty of room there for the number benched, which was a little short of half that number. The club was most unfortunate in the matter of weather, the rain falling in torrents all day on Friday and again on Saturday until noon, which very naturally had a most material effect on the attendance.

The judges announced were Mr. H. F. Smith for setters, pointers and spaniels, Mr. George D. Woodell for bulldogs, bull-terriers and black and tan terriers, and Mr. Jas. Watson for the remainder. Unfortunately Mr. Smith was prevented by sickness from being present, and Mr. Howard Ireland consented to take Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. Woodell taking the spaniels, and the English setters and pointers being added to Mr. Watson's list.

Quite a number of the dogs were well known, and of the new comers the best were the English setter Dashing Kent, a full brother of Sir Tatton, a very good dog indeed, and Mr. Gaus's Gordon's Duke of Kent and Ruby Royal, both of which are nice specimens and are litter brother and sister, sired by Royal Duke.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, H. H. Clark's Captain.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Arch Duke; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Celtic Rector. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Betsy Bobbett and Madame Barry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and 2d, W. & T. Morris's Prince Henry and Folly's Rose.

POINTERS.—LARGE—1st and 2d, W. H. Weiss's Molly R. and Jess.—SMALL—1st, J. S. Summers's Bing of Kippen.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. H. Weiss's Dashing Kent and Carlton Pero. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Weiss's Lady Maud.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. H. Weiss's Molly Bawn. *Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Kemble's Major. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 3d and very high com., W. W. Kendall's Madge, Leda Glencho, Lucille and Stella Glencho.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Gaus's Duke of Kent. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Gaus's Ruby Royal and Daisy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Toddy Obo; 2d, Barnes Bros.' Red Doc *Bitches:* 1st, E. M. Hall's Smutt II.; Barnes Bros.' Hazel Obo.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Maud's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Quasimodo; 2d, F. Hope's Madge.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Jocrisse.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Child's Tony Weller. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Wolf's Lady.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. W. Taylor's General Grant; 2d, F. W. Harris's Reckless. *Bitches:* J. G. Thompson's Positive; 2d, M. W. Taylor's Oxford Nora.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, H. W. Bloomfield's Lady Irex.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. H. York's Prince Victor. *Bitches:* 2d, M. H. York's Lady Countess. *Puppies:* 1st, M. H. York's Pedro.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Cummins's Dandie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, M. H. York's Music and Floss.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Diamond Kennels' Bradford Rowdy and Prince Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Diamond Kennels' Lady Victoria; 2d, R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly.

TOY-TERRIERS.—1st, Miss H. Kirby's Tiny; 2d, Miss T. A. Thomson's Miss Topsy. Very high com., S. W. Garregas's Topsy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Woodbury Kennels' smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch. J. W.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Great Island, Maine, on Nov. 10, and will continue for one week, or until the various classes have been run off. The meet will be at the Gurnet House, where arrangements have been made to accommodate a hundred guests, and as many hounds as may be brought. Tickets should be bought to Brunswick, Maine, and there teams will take visitors to the Gurnet House, four miles distant. Gentlemen who may be desirous of attending the trials will please send their names to the secretary, Mr. J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass. Persons going from Boston should take the 9 A. M. or 12:30 P. M. trains from the East End Station, Boston & Maine R. R. Foxes are reported abundant on the island, and as foxhounds from Tennessee and Illinois are promised, to compete with the Eastern dogs, and the American field cup and a special medal are to be awarded to the best all-round foxhound, the trials promise to be of exceeding interest and brilliancy. Lovers of the chase, and those desirous of seeing everything possible done for the improvement of the foxhound, are cordially invited to attend the trials.—A. C. HEFFENGER, Vice-President B. F. C. (Portsmouth, N. H.).

BRAKE IS NOT THE SIRE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your edition of Aug. 21 a certain individual residing at Red Bank, N. J., claimed the name of Cartaret for a pointer puppy said to be by Brake out of Marguerite II. I have also since learned that there were six of the puppies, and that three or four of them have been sold. Now, I have had considerable correspondence with the owner of the above named bitch, and who claimed the name for the puppy in question, and have conclusive evidence in my possession that these puppies are not by my pointer dog Brake (A.K.C.S.B. 7035) as represented, and in justice to any one who has bought or may think of buying them, I think it my duty to advise them of the above facts.—STANTON W. PENTZ ("The Pines," Fanwood, N. J., Sept. 24).

THE A. K. C. MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at 44 Broadway, New York city, Thursday, Sept. 25, President August Belmont, Jr., in the chair. Present: American Pet Dog Club, Dr. M. H. Cryer; American Fox-Terrier Club, W. Rutherfurd; American Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; American Mastiff Club, F. T. Underbill; American Spaniel Club, R. P. Keasbey; Associate Members, Dr. J. Frank Perry, J. L. Anthony, A. P. Vredenburgh; California Kennel Club, Max Wenzel; Collie Club of America, J. D. Shotwell; Duquesne Kennel Club, W. E. Littell; German Mastiff or Great Dane Club, G. Mussarnult; Long Island Live Stock Fair Association, J. Van Schaick; Michigan Kennel Club, H. E. Cook; Massachusetts Kennel Club, Robert Leslie; Mascoutah Kennel Club, Jas. Mortimer; National Greyhound Club, L. C. Whiton; New Jersey Kennel Club, A. C. Wilmerding; Philadelphia Kennel Club, J. H. Winslow; Pointer Club of America, G. W. LaRue; South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, H. Clay Glover; St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, A. D. Lewis; Westminster Kennel Club, T. H. Terry.

Secretary Vredenburgh read the credentials of Rolin P. Keasbey, representing the American Spaniel Club; Mr. Max Wenzel, representing the California Kennel Club; Mr. J. D. Snotwell, representing the Collie Club of America; Mr. L. C. Whiton, representing the National Greyhound Club; Dr. H. Clay Glover, representing the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association; Mr. W. Rutherfurd, representing the American Fox-Terrier Club, and Mr. W. E. Littell, representing the Duquesne Kennel Club, all of which credentials were on motion accepted.

The secretary stated that President Logan, of the Youngstown Kennel Club, was present as a delegate, but that his credentials had not yet been received.

Mr. Logan stated that the absence of his credentials was undoubtedly caused by an oversight.

The rules requiring the credentials to be signed by the secretary of his club before Mr. Logan could be recognized as a delegate, Mr. Anthony moved that he be granted the privilege of the floor, but without the right to vote until his credentials arrived. Seconded and carried.

The minutes of the last meeting read and adopted. The secretary then read his report as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1890.—*The Executive Committee American Kennel Club:* GENTLEMEN—I beg to submit for your action the applications for admission to membership from the English Setter Club, New York; National Beagle Club, Boston, Mass.; South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Greenville, S. C. According to the constitutions of above clubs, they are eligible to membership. In the case of the National Beagle Club, the application specifies that the principal object of said club is for the purpose of holding field trials for beagles; but the constitution also specifies as one of its objects "to promote the improvement on the bench" of its special breed. The American Beagle Club has been a member of this club since Feb. 23, 1888, and was organized for the purpose of the improvement of the beagle, the adoption of a standard to breed to and to be judged by on the bench. It is now for you to decide as to the justice or expediency of the admission of another club confined to the beagle. In the case of the application of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, I would call your attention to the fact that we already have a member under the same title, with its headquarters at Charleston, S. C. Said club was elected Feb. 1, 1889. The application from the Peoria Kennel Club, advertised in June, July and August *Gazettes*, was withdrawn Sept. 3, 1890.

I hereby report that I filed with the Michigan Kennel Club a protest against the award to entry 312, class 148, wire-haired fox-terriers, at its show held Sept. 2-5, 1890, said dog being shown under name of Wentworth Wonder. My reason for said protest was to protect the prefix "Wentworth," which was duly registered June 23, 1888, by another party. I have been instructed by the owner of the dog shown at Detroit, to change the name of his dog to "Wonder," and have corrected it accordingly in the certified prize list, to be published in the *Gazette* for September.

I submit herewith a complaint from Mrs. F. Smyth against the Cincinnati Kennel Club for a violation of its own rules at its show held in June of this year, in that said club reopened a class that had been already judged, to admit two other dogs that had been received on the second day of the show. I also submit an appeal from Dr. M. H. Cryer against the awarding of the special prize "for best kennel of four pugs" at the Cincinnati Kennel Club show, June, 1890. Dr. Cryer protested the said award, and said protest was not allowed by the show committee of the Cincinnati Kennel Club, he now appeals against this decision. The necessary deposits of five dollars with the appeal have been made, as required by the rules.

I herewith submit a complaint from Mr. T. Jacobs, of Newton Abbot, England, against Mr. E. M. Oldham, New York, stating that in connection with the sale of some of his dogs to said Oldham, a balance of £90 or $450 was due; that he accepted a draft on New York for said amount, said draft was not honored by the bank when due for payment, and up to Aug. 13, 1890, had never been redeemed by said Oldham. Mr. Jacobs asks for some action by this club in order to prevent said Oldham exhibiting the dogs not paid for, and advises that his attorney in this city will produce such evidence and proof in his behalf as may be required.

Under date of May 5, 1889, Mr. James Watson filed with this club an appeal from the decision of the Rochester Kennel Club in the matter of his protest against Metchley Surprise, wrongly entered in the challenge class at the show of 1889. At the meeting of this club held May 23, 1889, this appeal was heard and the decision and action of the Rochester Club was reversed and Mr. Watson's protest sustained. In Mr. Watson's protest he requested the Rochester Kennel Club to have reserve numbers taken on account of his dog Clipper competing against Metchley Surprise, for a special prize. As said Watson has never been able to learn from the Rochester Kennel Club whether or not his request for reserve numbers had been complied with, he submitted the matter to this club and asked that some action might be taken to ascertain why his request had not been granted. This matter was referred to the advisory committee, and at its meeting Dec. 19, 1889, the matter was laid over until such time as Mr. Watson would produce evidence to sustain his appeal. And again at the meeting of said committee held April 7, both parties were requested to furnish further particulars as to time and date of protest, and request for reserve numbers. Mr. Watson has complied with all of the requests of the committee, but the committee finds it impossible to obtain any information from the Rochester Kennel Club. Its secretary writes under date of July 26 that he prefers to say nothing regarding the matter and refers me to Dr. J. P. Gray, the president of the club. I addressed a communication to said Gray on April 8, requesting him to reply to five questions, as directed by the advisory committee, to which no reply has yet been received, neither has the letter been returned to this office. I again wrote Gray on July 30 and registered the letter, which was returned to me from the post office as unclaimed. I respectfully submit that the Rochester Club should be compelled to reply to the questions put to it to enable this club to transact the business before it or said club should be disciplined for such neglect.

Owing to an impression that the Danbury, Conn., wins would count this year, probably gained by the recognition of the awards won at that show in 1889, I thought it my duty to publish in the sporting papers the following card:

"In reply to the many inquiries received from intending exhibitors, and for the general information of the public, I desire to give notice through your columns, that the wins at the forthcoming bench show to be held at Danbury, Conn., will not be recognized, the Connecticut State Kennel Club, under whose auspices the Danbury show was held last year, having in the mean time ceased to be a member of the American Kennel Club."

This action has been rather severely criticised, and I desire an expression of the sense of this meeting regarding my action, by which I may be guided in the future.

Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

On motion received and adopted. The treasurer's report was read as follows:

SEPTEMBER 24, 1890.—*The Executive Committee American Kennel Club:* GENTLEMEN—I beg to submit the following report of moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1890:

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 1 to date	$7,246.88
Expenses for same period	5,055.69
Balance on hand	$2,191.19

I also beg to report, that since the last meeting I have received the dues for 1890 from the German Mastiff or Great Dane Club, which was reported at that time in arrears. Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer. Adopted.

President Belmont stated that he had been criticised by some of the sporting papers and others on his action in leaving the chair and taking part in certain proceedings from the fact that he was not a delegate. He proceeded: "I never for a moment questioned my right to do so, although there is nothing in the constitution about it, for the reason that the president is not simply and purely chairman of the executive committee or association. The president, under the constitution, is required to act on questions of disqualification. He is obliged to be *ex-officio* of the advisory committee, and to transact all sorts of routine business between the meetings, and I supposed it was my privilege to speak on any important matter that came up, but as the question has been raised I desire to ask the delegates what their views are upon the subject." After some little discussion on the subject, Mr. Anthony offered a resolution that it is the sense of this meeting that the presiding officer on any occasion if he has any remarks to make, be permitted to leave the chair for that purpose. Mr. Cook offered an amendment "That it is the sense of this meeting that we unanimously sanction the action of the president heretofore, according to the spirit of the constitution of the American Kennel Club. That it is also the sense of this meeting that such privilege hereafter be granted to him." Unanimously carried.

The report of the stud book committee was read and adopted.

Mr. Anthony then moved that the club go into committee of the whole to hear the report of the advisory committee, and to take such action upon it as it deemed best. Motion seconded and carried. The meeting then went into committee of the whole. Upon the executive meeting re-convening, Mr. Winslow reported that the committee recommended the disqualification of Mr. C. J. Peshall by the American Kennel Club. Mr. Cook moved that the action of the committee of the whole in reference to Mr. Peshall be accepted and approved by this meeting, and that Mr. C. J. Peshall be permanently disqualified. Motion seconded and carried. Mr. Robert Leslie then called for the ayes and nays. The roll was called and resulted in the following vote: Ayes: Messrs. Rutherfurd, Keasbey, Anthony, Wenzel, Shotwell, Letell, Arnolt, Van Schaick, Cook, Wilmerding, La Rue, Lewis, Terry, Winslow, Mortimer and Glover. Nays: Mr. Leslie. Messrs. Cryer and Schellhass declined to vote. Mr. Vredenburgh asked to be excused from voting. Dr. Perry was absent, and Mr. Schellhass said he did not think it would be policy for the club to accept his vote because he was called out during the meeting of the committee of the whole, and for that reason he declined to vote. Dr. Cryer moved that the appeals, protests and other business reported by the secretary be referred to the advisory committee with power. Motion seconded and carried.

The application of the English Setter Club was read, and on motion of the club was elected a member of the American Kennel Club.

The application of the National Beagle Club, of Boston, was read, and Mr. Anthony moved that it be rejected, as its acceptance would tend to antagonize the American Beagle Club, whose standard had been acquiesced in by this club. Motion seconded and carried.

The secretary also read the application of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, and stated that there was a club of the same State of exactly the same name now a member of the American Kennel Club. Mr. Cook offered a resolution that, as there already exists in this club from South Carolina an association now a member in good standing of the American Kennel Club of the same name, their application be rejected, and that they be notified that their rejection is owing to that fact. Resolution adopted.

The application of the Cleveland Bench Show Association to have its name changed on the records to "The Cleveland Kennel Club," was, on motion, granted.

Mr. Vredenburgh—I desire to give notice that at the next meeting in December I shall propose certain amendments to the constitution of this club, so they may be in force at the annual meeting in February, and I should like to ask the permission of this meeting to publish the proposed amendments in the *Gazette*, that to be the legal notice to the delegates.

Dr. Glover moved that the proposed amendments be published in the *Gazette*, and that the secretary be instructed to send a marked copy of the publication to each delegate. Motion carried. Adjourned.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to state for the information of all who may have at any time read any or all of the charges Mr. Chas. J. Peshall promulgated against me through the sporting papers and every other available source, that, after I had taken every proper step consistent with dignity and an honest desire to disabuse Mr. Peshall's mind of what might have been considered a mistake on his part, by having an auditing committee investigate my accounts, securing besides for all doubters the statements of reputable officers of the American Kennel Club that my accounts after thorough investigation were perfectly in order, I concluded to seek protection from the law, as neither Mr. Peshall, nor some of the sporting papers, nor some of his friends would accept the indubitable proofs furnished of the rectitude of my accounts as final. I will not rest under even a suspicion of my integrity from any quarter, however insignificant. The Grand Jury of New York has upon my complaint indicted Mr. Peshall for criminal libel. He was arrested to answer the charge. Mr. Leslie Bruce, who has aided and abetted him in his libelous attacks, very properly went bail for him. Mr. Peshall has for eighteen months threatened both myself and half a dozen prominent officers and delegates of the American Kennel Club with suit, spreading this threat both far and wide, with a view, he claimed, to get my books into court. I am happy to say that this will now be done in the proper way, and I regret for the honor of our sporting press and some of our breeders, who seem to be too willing to think ill of their fellow dogmen, that this course should have been made indispensable for my protection.—A. P. VREDENBURGH.

GORDON SETTER FIELD TRIAL SPECIAL.—New York, Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Field Trials Club has just offered a special stake of $100 for Gordon setters, providing there are ten entries and eight starters at Lexington, N. C., in December. It is desired to procure $150 more by private subscription. I will give $25. Mr. James B. Blossom has given $25, and it is hoped that friends of the Gordon setter will promptly recognize this opportunity to bring our dog to the front and give him the position he deserves. Subscriptions sent to me will be acknowledged, and further details furnished very soon. Now let the Gordon setter men everywhere join hands and prove their favorite to be as good in the field as he is beautiful on the bench. We cannot do everything this year, but the same efforts made annually will put the Gordon where he should be—at the top.—JOHN H. MEYER, 159 West Thirty-fourth street, New York).

MR. PESHALL AND THE A. K. C.

THE charges preferred by Secretary Vredenburgh against Mr. C. J. Peshall at the meeting of the advisory committee of the A. K. C. last July were these:

CHARGE I. That Charles J. Peshall did circulate and continue to circulate false, malicious and libelous letters calculated to impair the authority and usefulness of the American Kennel Club and its publications, and to injure my reputation and standing as an officer of said club.

CHARGE II. That Charles J. Peshall wilfully violated Rule 32 of the rules governing bench shows as adopted May, 1887. *Specification:* In that he exhibited a dog at a show held under A. K. C. rules in his own name as owner, at which time said dog was not his property.

CHARGE III. That Charles J. Peshall wilfully violated Rule 25 of the rules governing bench shows, as adopted Dec. 6, 1888. *Specification:* In that he misrepresented the value of a dog at the time of making a sale. *Specification:* In that he conspired with one John N. Lewis to give a fictitious value to the dog for the purpose of enabling said Lewis to offer the dog for sale at a price beyond its real value.

The Advisory Committee referred the case to the club, and it came up at the meeting last Thursday. At the suggestion of Messrs. Anthony and Belmont, that the delegates should be free to talk without their remarks being made public, the club went into executive (secret) session to discuss the Peshall case. The evidence presented at the Advisory Committee meeting was again given. As reported in our issue of July 10, it was substantially this, as to the third charge:

Mr. Vredenburgh stated that after the alleged sale of the dog Nick of Naso, Mr. Peshall had come into the office of the A. K. C. and exhibited to him a note for $1,000, which he asserted he had received from Mr. John N. Lewis in payment for the dog. Upon Mr. Vredenburgh's saying to him that he had understood that Lewis had previously owned an interest in the dog, Mr. Peshall declared that he had been sole owner of Nick of Naso and had sold the dog for $1 000 as shown in the note he exhibited. Mr. A. D. Lewis was present when this conversation took place and he corroborated Mr. Vredenburgh's account of it. Mr. Vredenburgh further stated that in proceedings instituted by one Ralph to recover the sum of $1,000 from Mr. Peshall, Mr. Peshall had stated in a deposition that Messrs. Lively and Lewis and himself had owned the dog Nick of Naso conjointly, each having a third interest; but that Messrs. Lively and Lewis had never paid their share of the purchase, and therefore Mr. Peshall had taken the dog back and had subsequently sold it to Mr. Lewis and at Mr. Lewis's request had taken from him a note for $1,000, in order that the dog might have this fictitious price put upon it, but that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lewis had never intended to pay the $1,000, and that Mr. Peshall had never expected to receive the $1,000; and that the agreement between the two was that the note was never to be given into the hands of a third party, but was to be held by Mr. Peshall. Mr. James H. Elliott, the attorney who was engaged in the action to recover the $1,000 from Mr. Peshall in behalf of Ralph, was present at the meeting and corroborated Mr. Vredenburgh's statement, saying further that it had been his intention to attach the Lewis $1,000 note, and that Mr. Peshall's representation as to its worthlessness had been made by Mr. Peshall to prevent such an attachment. He further stated that the so-called deposition by Mr. Peshall quoted by Mr. Vredenburgh had never been signed by Mr. Peshall; that it was a statement drawn up from Mr. Peshall's conversation, and Mr. Peshall after looking it over had assented to its correctness, and had agreed to sign it before the referee, but when the time came to sign it he had given Mr. Elliott the slip and had not signed it.

When the club came out from its star chamber it voted to disqualify Mr. Peshall permanently.

While his case was being considered in secret session, Mr. Peshall himself was arrested on a charge of criminal libel, preferred against him by Secretary Vredenburgh, based on Mr. Peshall's charges that the A. K. C. accounts had been juggled and falsified. Mr. Peshall professes satisfaction at this turn of affairs; and both sides declare themselves eager for an early trial When the case gets into court the procedure will be slightly different from that of last Thursday, for though the A. K. C. may try and convict a man for conspiracy to swindle without giving him a chance to defend himself and may sentence him without saying on what charges he has been found guilty, they don't do things that way in the law courts.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

THE most important news for this week is the criminal libel suit brought against Mr. Peshall by Mr. Vredenburgh. In my last communication on the subject of the A. K. C. management I concluded by saying that Mr. Peshall would never bring his long-promised suit against the A. K. C., a statement which the lapse of time has proved to be correct. Failing in this action on the part of Mr. Peshall, and knowing as I do the untenable nature of the statements made by him, I am fully of the opinion that Mr. Vredenburgh was perfectly justified in forcing Mr. Peshall to become a defendant. The only way to do so was in an action such as has been instituted. Mr. Peshall had ample opportunity offered him to make the *amende honorable*, but in place of so doing he kept up the ferment and sought to hold together his few retainers by threats of a suit which he knew as well as any man could would but end in disaster to himself. He can now no longer evade the point at issue, and must take the consequences of his published statements. Much as I regret the necessity for Mr. Vredenburgh's taking this course, I do not see how he could consistently decline forcing the issue. The case, as I am informed, was presented to the Grand Jury and a true bill was found against Mr. Peshall, which resulted in his arrest.

Collie breeders would do well to remember that on Nov. 1 entries close for several of the stakes to be decided at the Westminster Club show of February next. Those who have not had a list of the club stakes would do well to communicate with the secretary, Mr. J. D. Shotwell, 82 Hillside avenue, Orange, N. J.

By the way, what has become of the talk of the New Jersey Kennel Club about holding a show at Orange?

What a game 'un Uncle Dick is, to be sure. My little squib about the recent flood at Hornellsville and fear that he might have suffered in the washout extracted the following characteristic reply: "Just got home from Erie county, and found a telegram on my return from Kingston telling me that my wife was sick. I don't need any help after the flood only to get about a hundred tons of sand out of my cellar. I have sand to spare for any of the judges that are afraid to peg back the long and low cocker (?). Half of my lot is somewhere down the Susquehanna River, and if any one finds it he can either give me credit for it or get a working spaniel for its return." Then he gives this reply to my query about interbreeding the red cockers: "About the red and buff cockers, I once had an idea that I could found a strain to be called 'Hornells,' but when I bred red to red I got all solid black or liver. Silk now gets more reds than his own son Dick, a buff, does." Go a little further Dick, and breed the produce back to some of the reds. The color is there, and must come out somewhere if persistently followed up.

Mr. E. B. Sears has added to his kennel the recently imported St. Bernard Lothario, by champion Valentine out of Saffron. He has quite a good record at leading English shows.

Several journals that devote space to the dog have poultry departments, and one of the leading questions of the day with chicken men is that of comparative versus point judging. The custom for years has been to make up score cards, than which a more tedius operation can hardly be imagined. A score card show usually gets through with the judging an hour or two before the doors are closed on the last night. Perhaps part of the reason for this spinning out process is to be found in the fact that poultry judges are usually paid by the day. Just fancy what a kick there would be nowadays if the dog show awards were not all completed, at even the largest shows, on the first or at the very latest the second day of the show.

I understand that "Merlin" Huscroft, having had his services dispensed with by the English Kennel Club, is now connected with the *Canine World*. As usual he has rounded on his late employers, and the attacks on the Kennel Club may be traced to this fact.

Mr. Mayhew has devoted a good deal of space in a contemporary to criticising my recently expressed opinion that it would be well for the A. K. C. to recognize shows held under its rules. But the trouble with Mr. Mayhew's argument is that he does not accept my proposition as his text, but gives one of his own, and seeks to make me father it. He says, "He first advocates all shows adoping A. K. C. rules being recognized by that body. I avoid the word 'under,' as that would imply that the show was recognized by the head body. Now, if the A. K. C. were to accept wins secured at shows adopting their rules without said shows being members, the whole foundation of the A. K. C. would be shattered." Then having placed me in a position I never recommended, he proceeds to demolish his own proposition under the belief that it is mine.

If Mr. Mayhew will take the trouble to look at the propositions for amending the A. K. C. constitution, drafted by Mr. W. H. Child and myself some four years ago, he will, if I mistake not, find one to the effect, that for a show to be recognized it must offer something like $500 in cash prizes. I would advocate some such rule for even A. K. C. shows, so as to keep that up to a decent standard. Outside shows would have to be governed by that, also, and further I would suggest a registration fee of $10, making them pay the same as A. K. C. members. There are lots of clubs and societies that don't care a snap of the finger about being a member of the A. K. C., but they must become so to gain recognition, and as members they are so much deadwood dropping out at the end of the year or being expelled for non-payment of dues. It avoids all such complications as those of the Los Angeles or Elmira shows.

A club say about the middle of last month decides to give a dog show in November, and sends application for membership to the A. K. C. The application arrives a day or two within the limit of notice called for prior to an A.K.C. meeting, and what is the result? It cannot be acted upon until the December meeting, and meanwhile the show has been held and has not had the support it anticipated. That is another point in favor of recognizing shows of non-members. As for suggesting that simply by stating in the premium list that the show would be held under A. K. C. rules I never thought of such a thing. The premium list would first have to be approved as being in accordance with the requirements of the A. K. C. in such cases made and provided. J. W.

DOG CHAT.

IN an experience ranging over many years in our shows, we never remember seeing such an interesting and exciting sight as was seen at Toronto when Mr. Oldham, the judge, ranged eleven of the best cockers we have, on the double judging bench in the ring to decide the winner in the black cocker bitch class, which numbered twenty-five entries. Friend Wilmerding with his camera should have been there and fixed the anxious faces of such well-known spaniel men and handlers as Nelles, Kirk, Mitchener, Luckwell, Laidlaw, Bell, Bush, Dole, Lewis, etc., all striving to do their best to win, and when the ribbon at last went to that neat little bitch Novel, owned by Geo. H. Bush, the sigh of relief that the strain was over could have been heard across the building. It was a crucial test for Mr. Oldham, but notwithstanding this was his début in the judging ring, he acquitted himself like a veteran.

We are sorry to hear that about the best field spaniel we have had, Glencairn, is dead. He died from kidney trouble and a paralysis of the hind parts. He was imported a year or two since by Mr. Oldham, and afterward formed one of the strong team sent out by the partners Oldham & Willey. The former gentleman told us that fortunately Glencairn has left two or three youngsters that are very promising, one, a black and tan, being especially so.

Though the Toronto show was given under the rules of the Canadian Kennel Club, the gentlemen who have done so much for shows in that city are members of the Old Dominion Kennel Club committee which comprised the following names: J. F. Kirk, John Massey, C. H. Nelson, J. Henderson, J. Wilson, W. S. Jackson and the secretary, Capt. C. Greville Harston, so well known in days gone by in connection with collies, etc. To this list the fair people added Robert Junior, J. G. Mitchener and H. B. Donovan, and it was due to their efforts, supplemented by proddings of Donald C. Ridout, chairman of special attractions at the fair, that the permanent building has been erected. We never saw a building better adapted for a dog show than the one in which this show was held. Everything is solidly constructed, and the wide gallery running round it relieves the ground floor from any crush, and will allow of 200 dogs being benched there comfortably.

We were surprised to see that the London committee were so ill-advised as to have that big drum at the entrance to the show again this year. The excuse is that the noise attracts the people. This we failed to see it do, for we are certain it has a contrary effect, if one may judge by the painful expression of those inside. It savors too much of the "fun of the fair" style and especially when the lad shouted, "Come and see the long-coated dogs and the short-coated dogs," etc., people put the affair down at once in the same category as the woolly horse and two-headed calf shows. Dog shows have had to work against public prejudice for some time back and though this false opinion is fast wearing away any resort to such practices as these will only tend to strengthen the public in this unfortunately prejudiced opinion. Try it another year without the drum, it annoys the people, it annoys the dogs and serves no good end, but only the reverse.

Mr. T. G. Davey entertained the boys very hospitably the Sunday before the London show opened. After viewing all the dogs an adjournment was made to the house, where all his treasures of the chase were viewed with interest, guns were examined and tales of shooting days gone by and anticipations of those to come were indulged in. Mrs. Davey is almost as much a "shootist" as her husband.

We hear that Mr. Haywood Lonsdale's team of dogs for the field trials this fall, set sail from England on the 19th, in charge of Mr. Brailford, the noted field trial handler, who was also accompanied by Mr. Cameron Lewellyn. He is bringing over five old and five young dogs and will compete, in the first instance, at the International field trials held at Chatham, Ont., on Nov. 3. Mr. W. B Wells told us that he had secured quarters for the visitors and their dogs near the club home at Big Point, where the club owns about 3,000 acres of swamp, and has the privilege of as many more acres from surrounding farms. They will be lodged at a farmhouse, and thus have a splendid opportunity of getting their dogs into shape and becoming acquainted with the country, so that by the time they have worked through the Canadian trials they will be in good fettle for those further south. We extend them a cordial welcome, and trust their plucky venture will be as successful as could be wished.

The whippet dog racing at London was one of the most interesting features of the show. Mr. Tom Blake, having been engaged to bring his whippets on from Detroit, he gave exhibition races every afternoon on the track in front of the grand stand, where a good 200yds. straight could be obtained. On Thursday they were sent for a record and Benbow did the 100yds, in 6½ seconds, and the 200yds. in 12¾ seconds. They claim a world's record for this, but we believe the 200 has been done in 12½ seconds. A few minutes afterward Benbow ran 206yds. in 13 seconds, which is excellent time, for the track was quite heavy. Mr. Blake's Nellie is a faster bitch than Benbow, but was out of shape, having been shut up for two or three weeks. Any one who could have seen the interest taken by visitors in the grand stand during these races would know that this sport only needs a little fostering to become a very popular feature in any fair's programme. Mr. Blake tells us he has two engagements ahead now.

A small dog show was held at Port Jervis last week, in connection with the Orange county fair, at which Mr. E. P. Cloud, of Kenneth's Square, Pa., judged. Mr. J. Cleeves, Washingtonville, N. Y., was superintendent.

Dr. Foote's black and tan Meersbrook Maiden arrived home again on the steamer Majestic, Sept. 24. She was served by T. Ellis's Broomfield Dick Sept. 2. She arrived in good shape and none the worse for her long trip, but just too late to scoop in those fall prizes, eh, Doctor! By-the-way, his terrier Dick, well known on the bench, has been sold to Mr. J. H. Hawley, of Detroit, who owns Rochelle Grit. Dick's winnings are: Second New York, second Syracuse, 1888; third New York, first and special Danbury, 1889; third New York, third Chicago, first Rochester, second Buffalo, first Wilmington, 1890.

We hear that Mr. Winchell, the mastiff and bloodhound breeder, has instituted proceedings against the National Express Co. for damages sustained by his mastiff bitch Boss Minnie. The trial comes off sometime this week. The nick of Beaufort and Gerda seems to be the right thing, for we hear astonishing accounts of two puppies from this union, one we have seen and he is a good 'un, the other, a bitch, is said to be wonderful in head, they will be seen at New York show and are now owned by Mr. Hayes, the bull-terrier man. It seems that in taking the crate with Boss Minnie to the station, the expressman let it fall and allowed the bitch to get away, she not being found for two days. She was hurt internally, and has never been in whelp since. Mr. Winchell is suing the company for $1000.

We have received a bundle of premium lists of the coming great show at Crystal Palace, London, Eng., Oct. 28 to 30. Any one wishing a copy of the same can have one on application, for whether they are needed for entering or not, though it is now rather late, as entries close Oct. 11, still as a guide for novelties in the way of classification and so on, a copy ought to be in the hands of every important show committee in the country. The classification is enormous. There are over 300 classes and 176 specials, principally cash. Mr. Taunton, the well-known mastiff man, who, it will be remembered, judged at New York two or three years since, is the secretary and the prime mover in the whole affair.

Here is something to further back up the "nature method." As it is a matter of argument what the Schipperke is, how bred and so forth, perhaps a clue can be found in the following from the *Canine World:* "That bitches will often steal away to some secret place to give birth to their puppies is well known, but previous to this week I had never heard of one burrowing into the ground and fulfilling her maternal duties beyond all reach. Such, however, is the case with a Sch'pperke, and I have no doubt the little family will really do well in its earth kennel. This little bitch, whether a terrier or no (is a Schipperke a terrier?), can lay claim to being an earth dog at any rate."

It is a pleasure to meet a true fancier of man's best friend, and such we may say are friends W. S Jackson, of Toronto, and F. H. F. Mercer, of Ottawa. To both we are deeply indebted for their kind courtesy and hospitality during the shows held in those cities during the past weeks. Our only hope and wish is that they will attend our "little" show in February next, when it will be our turn then.

In speaking of Mr. Keasby's new field spaniel purchase, Beverley Negus, the *Fanciers' Gazette* says he is one of the best bred spaniels we have, going back to Mr. Royle's Solus, Beverley Bess, Rap II., etc. Mr. Keasby is to be congratulated.

In writing the criticisms of the great show at Edinburgh, Scotland, recently, the correspondent of the *Field* (Eng.) says: "With few exceptions, the dogs did not look workers; soft and nice in coat they were, handsome enough, too, and bright in color; but we are sorry to say that attractions such as these are usurping the pride of place of sensibly-formed heads, strong backs and loins, close, thick feet and other working properties they should occupy." This, in a country so strong in these dogs as Scotland is or should be, gives another knock at fancy. He also says of Mr. Megson's new purchase, the young dog Leofric, that "he is a far too fully furnished dog to make a good old one," and sticks to his first opinion that "he is more of a bitch."

Mr. Dana, proprietor of the New York *Sun*, who has been in England for some time past, has, we hear, purchased several pugs. One is Charlie, a very small one, very much like Royal Mite, that created such a sensation some time back at one of the big London shows. We wish Mr. Dana could be persuaded to enter the fancy, Dr. Cryer has had a long innings now and a little competition would be healthy. In connection with this we see that Mrs. Proctor, an English exhibitor of pugs, had a cablegram at the Edinburgh show from an American, offering her $500 for the noted pug Confidence, which took second in challenge class at that show. The offer was declined, but who was the would-be purchaser?

THE ENGLISH SETTER CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An adjourned meeting of the English Setter Club will be held on Oct. 23 at the office of the secretary, Mr. P. C. Ohl, 50 Broadway, "for the consideration and adoption of a standard, and the transaction of any other business that may come before it." The postponement of action to this date is taken at the suggestion of the standard committee, and is intended to afford every one interested an opportunity to present his views on the matter. Therefore all breeders and owners of English setters, and all persons interested in the breed are now again earnestly invited to join the club, and give the benefit of their opinions and experience, to the end that the standard as finally accepted may be as nearly as possible in accordance with the true weight of opinion among English setter men in this country. A copy of the standard as reported by the standard committee will be forwarded to each member for criticism, on which subject all communications from members will have full consideration: and as provided by the constitution any member not able to attend the meeting in person will have a right to vote by proxy.—PERCY C. OHL, Sec'y.

SALE OF NOTED BULLDOGS.—Birmingham, Conn., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a long time Mr. Frank F. Dole, of New Haven, Conn, has been making me very tempting offers for my bulldogs, and to day we came to terms and made the sale. It includes champion Harper (British Monarch—Judy), winner of 35 first and special prizes in England, first and special New York, first and special Chicago, first Rochester, first and special Baltimore, first and special Boston, challenge Buffalo, challenge and special Detroit, and challenge and special Toronto, 1890. A good showing I assure you. Carisbrooke (Lion—Thespian), winning vhc. Chicago, Baltimore, Boston and Rochester (in very poor condition), and in the hottest classes of bulldogs ever seen in America; first Detroit and first and special Toronto, 1890. He has improved greatly in the last six months, and in another year can hold his own in any company, and should make a grand stud dog. Dolly Tester (Black Prince—Dunny), winner of first and special Detroit, and first and special Toronto, 1890. Dolly is a good bitch, a breeder and a good mother, and should breed winners, as she is in whelp to champion Harper. Mr. Dole also takes the five bitches I have in England, they are waiting to be bred to the most noted dogs in that country, and when they arrive he can claim the title of owning the best kennel of bulldogs in America, barring none. His kennel contains the best and largest assortment of bull-terriers in this country, as he is constantly buying the best in England; and can please any one looking for the above breed of dogs, or, in fact, any breed the person may desire. Any one looking for dogs will do well by writing to him. Hoping he will have overwhelming success with my favorite breed of dogs, and that I may have the pleasure of seeing them again on the bench, I remain, R. B. SAWYER.

BEAGLE JUDGING AT OTTAWA.—Ottawa, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your edition of the 25th inst. you mention Ava W. as winning first in beagle bitches under 12 inches. May I ask how this occurs? When I entered my bitch Dot (I see you call her Doll) I mentioned to Mr. Geddes, chairman of bench show committee, that Dot was under 12 inches, and he said there was only one open class for bitches, which was class No. 22, and showed me the prize list; so I entered her in that class, Mr. Geddes assuring me that it was the right one. Again, when the catalogues appeared there was no such class mentioned as 22½ for bitches under 12 inches. I was not personally present when the open bitch class was judged, but am assured by persons who were that Ava W. appeared in the ring along with Elf and Dot. Elf getting first and Dot second, left Ava W. out. This evidently not suiting some parties, the class 22½ was added for Ava W. alone, giving her a first. Now I ask, was this fair or honorable? If the committee (after consideration) wished to form another class for bitches under 12 inches, why did not they inform me, so that I could change my entry, as I certainly would prefer entering my bitch in the class where she properly belonged, she being only 10½in. high at shoulder.—F. P. ROBSON.

RED COCKER SPANIELS.—Worcester, Mass., Sept. 29 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 21 your regular correspondent, "J. W.," concludes his very interesting quotations and remarks regarding color of cocker spaniels by asking Mr. Fellows: "What happens when the creams or reds are interbred?" Not having seen any reply, I beg to offer my experience in that direction. I have a red dog, from black sire and liver dam, to whom Mr. H. B. Tallman bred a buff or cream-colored bitch, she from black sire and liver and white dam, resulting in a litter of 6, all red or buff (as noted in "Namquoit's" notes in your issue of June 12). Mr. Whitehead, Trenton, N. J., bred also a red or buff-colored bitch, but unfortunately she whelped a little prematurely and I did not learn the color of pups. Again, Mr. Wm West, Philadelphia, Pa., bred a black bitch (from straight black stock) and got a litter of 5, all red or buff. While this goes to show that the reds can reproduce their color, yet on the other hand I have also seen litters by this same dog with but one or two reds, and in one case bred to a black bitch, he produced 5 solid black pups, scarcely a hair in the whole litter but black.—C. G. BROWNING.

THE ST. BERNARD CLUB MEDAL.—We had the pleasure this week of examining the medal of the St. Bernard Club of America. Cuts of this medal were published in our issue of May 8. The design has been artistically reproduced in the medal, and members of the club who are fortunate enough to win it may well take pride in its possession, both as a work of art and as a memento that records the worth of a good dog.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Montrose. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, age not given, by champion Kash (champion Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Lavinia Belle (champion Treasure—Viola).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Victoria—Homer. J. H. Pritchard's (West New Brighton, S. I.) mastiff bitch Victoria (Bismark—Nana) to Somerset Kennels' champion Homer (Cato—Queen II.), Sept. 7.

Belle—Bradford Ruby II. Mrs. S. E. Davis's (St. Paul, Minn.) pug bitch Belle (Colonel II.—Queenie) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Sept. 11.

Lady Flossie—Lord Clover. Thos. I. Ballantine's pug bitch Lady Flossie to his Lord Clover, Sept. 22.

Flirt—Master Obo. W. F. Murphy's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt (champion Black Pete—Doris) to R. Stovy's Master Obo (champion Obo II.—Critic), Aug 7.

High Rock Jet—Doc. Wilmerding & Kitchel's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch High Rock Jet to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc, Sept. 7

Boulette—Black Prince. J. P. Carson's spaniel bitch Boulette to A. C Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, Sept. 4.

Lassie—Doc. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Lassie (Young Obo—Newton Abbot Lady) to his champion Doc, Aug. 15.

My Lady Betty—Doc. Dr. F. W. Kitchel's (New York) spaniel bitch My Lady Betty to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc, Aug. 11.

Beauty—Black Prince. H. Chapman's spaniel bitch Beauty to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, June 12.

Meersbrook Maiden—Broomfield Dick. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress) to T. Ellis's Broomfield Dick (Halifax General—Pearl), Sept. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Juno. F. S. Foster's (Beloit, Wis.) St. Bernard bitch Juno, Sept. 17, nine (six dogs), by Rajah (Sir Charles—Clio).

Donna Juanita. J. W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna), Sept. 23, seven (six dogs), to F. Windholz's champion Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Don III. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 28, 1886, by Elcho, Jr., out of Pequot Jess, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to M. E. Doyle, Shenandoah, Pa.

Masher. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Chas. F. Borden, Winchester, Tenn.

Banjo G. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped April 18, 1890, by Sir Loris out of Phyllis II., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Falls City Kennels, Louisville, Ky.

Montrose. Silver fawn pug dog, age not given, by champion Kash out of Lavinia Belle, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Judge A. Thornton, Shelbyville, Ill.

Newcastle and Tyne. Orange and white Clumber spaniel dog and bitch, whelped June 11, 1884, by Ben out of Joan, by Wilmerding & Kitchel, New York, to Jacob Morelein, Cincinnati, O.

Doc—Gypsey whelp. Liver spaniel dog, whelped April 29, 1890, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to J. G. Falls, Memphis, Tenn.

Dick. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped June 6 1886, by Prince out of ——, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to J. G. Hawley, Detroit, Mich.

Rochelle Laddie. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Jan. 27, 1890 by Dick out of Rochelle Lass, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Albert Hess, Broad Brook, Conn.

Buffalo Bucks. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1890, by champion Buffalo General out of Buffalo Lass, by A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., to F. C. Fuller, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

NOVICE, Philadelphia.—I have a fox-terrier. He is fed on wholesome food, has a roomy and airy kennel, the run of a large clean yard, does not go on the street, except when taken, washed at least once a week. But ever since I got him, last June, when 6 months old, has had a strong odor and as it's coming toward cold weather want to have him in the house, but he is too offensive; and with the care he receives I can't understand it. What can I do to counteract it? Ans. Use carbolic soap and wash twice a week.

T. K. J., Indiana —I have a setter puppy 7 months old that has a trouble in the ear; it is very red and inflamed, and he keeps constantly shaking his head. Ans. Wash the eyes with borax and warm water, teaspoon to teacup. After washing and drying let a few drops of the following fall in the ears:

R Tr. opii	ʒ ii
Bromo-chloral	ʒ ii
Aq.	ʒ ii

Mix. Sig. External.

HOUSE AND PET DOGS.*

IF it is worth while to have a dog at all, it is surely worth while having a good one. And a good dog means a well-kept dog. To have an intelligent, obedient, well behaved, accomplished, healthy dog costs no more than to be plagued with a mongrel nuisance about the house; and one affords satisfaction while the other is a constant source of annoyance. The pages of "House and Pet Dogs" have been written to encourage the selection of good dogs for the home, and to teach how to care for a good dog when you have one. The purpose of the book is to supply hints and instruction concerning the care and management of house and pet dogs. What is here written is all the fruit of practical and extended experience with these classes of dogs. Several of the chapters have been written by a feminine pen, and will be especially valued by ladies. It is hoped that the diligent study of these pages will lighten the lot of man's best friend by securing for him sensible treatment. If the reader who is so fortunate as to possess a fine dog shall follow the instructions here given he will not fail of finding increased satisfaction and joy in that possession. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent portraits of prize-winning specimens of all breeds of dogs, including the mastiff, smooth-coated St. Bernard, rough coated St. Bernard, deerhound, greyhound, great Dane, pointer, English setter, Irish setter, field spaniel, cocker spaniel, Clumber spaniel, King Charles spaniel, beagle, dachshund, collie, poodle, bulldog, bull-terrier, fox-terrier, Scotch terrier, Dandie Dinmont terrier, black and tan terrier, Skye terrier, Yorkshire terrier, pug, and bloodhound. The scope of the work may be understood from the following list of contents: Choice of a House Dog. Care and Feeding: Feeding Puppies, To Rid of Fleas, Exercise, Treatment for Worms, A Portable Kennel, Exercise for a Chained Dog, Treatment of Sick Pet Dogs, Care of Dogs in Spring, Treatment of Poisoning, Training Pet Dogs: Teaching to Come, Teaching to Charge, Following at Heel, Sitting Up, Going to Bed, Teaching to Fetch, Other Accomplishments, Whipping, A Woman's Experience, Teaching Tricks, Useful Hints, Teaching Canine Manners: Obedience, Dogs and Flower Beds, Bad Habits, Food and Feeding, Good Behavior and Happiness, Training Collies.

*HOUSE AND PET DOGS: Their Selection, Care and Training. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway. Paper, price 50 cents.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

TARGETS.

DOLORES, Colo.—It is the present style of target that is worrying me. The standard, or Hinman target, although it is almost universally used, I have proved to our satisfaction, is very inaccurate. I never took kindly to it from the first. The Massachusetts target is my idea of what a target should be, except for the fraction of inches between circles, to combine it with the old Creedmoor target.

A few weeks ago I conceived the idea of trying an experiment to ascertain if the standard gave correct count. A friend and I very carefully drew, with compass and lead pencil, the inch rings on a 100yd. standard target, then put it up at 100yds. (giving the rings the Massachusetts count), fired 5 shots with the .40 cartridge, then very carefully counted the score, found I had made 34 by standard and 48 by the inch rings; fired 5 more shots, making 31 by standard and 48 again by the inch rings. The next trial of 5 shots counted 34 by standard and 50 by the inch rings. I think string measure the only correct way, but life is too short to use it. If we have a little time for target shooting, we don't want to spend half of it measuring shots, and I think any one will acknowledge that regular-width circles, if not too large, come next for accuracy. Now I wish that any and all doubting the result of my experiment would try it for themselves.

I should like to see two targets adopted in the United States. For 100yds., one with inch rings and counting from 2 to 10, and one with half-inch rings counting from 2 to 20. For 200yds., the target double size, or one with inch circles, the other with two-inch circles. I don't think the 4in. bullseye for 100yds. could be improved on. I should very strongly object to shooting a match on a standard target. One or the other is sure to be cheated in the count. The standard has had its day, and has done mischief enough. I believe many a person has been beaten that should have come out ahead, with correct count. I think it would be a slight improvement also to score by the center of the bullet hole instead of the inside edge.

We have no regular organized club. Through the fall and winter we have a number of matches for turkeys. Our rule is for the lot of shooters each to pay his share for the lot of turkeys, and put them up one at a time. Each fire five shots at the inch-ring target at 100yds. The one making the most points takes the turkey, and so on until the turkeys give out. DOLORES.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Springfield Rifle Association will give a two days' shoot, open to all comers, any rifle, on Oct. 9 and 10, and offering $175 in cash prizes, three best scores to win, 50 cents a ticket, three shots. Horse cars pass the range. Hotel within 400yds. of shooting house. No postponement on account of the weather.—GEO. H. STEBBS.

MERIDEN, Conn., Sept. 24.—At a prize shoot given by the Citizens Rifle Club to-day, at their new range north of the State fair grounds, Mr. Lyon, of Collinsville, Conn., made the very fine score of 74 out of 75 possible, on a 25-ring target. According to Mr. A. H. Merriman, president and father of the Citizens Rifle Club, and an enthusiastic sportsman, it is the first time this score has ever been made in a public prize shoot in America.—NEMO.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Oct. 7-8.—Altoona (Pa.) Trap-Shooter's Tournament, at the Driving Park. Live and inanimate targets. Sweepstakes and guaranteed purses. G. G Zeth, Secretary.

Oct. 14-16.—First Annual Tournament of the Boiling Spring Fishing and Gunning Club, at Rutherford, N. J. Sweepstake purses. Address P. A. Jeanneret.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 24.—In the private match between Mr. C. B. Dicks and Mr. R. C. "Stevens," shot at Mak-saw-ba Club grounds last Saturday, Mr. Dicks came out winner, his competitor withdrawing at the 77th bird. Terms, 100 live birds, $100 a side. Score.

C B Dicks	1010120112221122222122121—22	
	1121121011121200212202221—21	
	2122121212111011201222011112—24—	67
R C Stevens	0200012120221210202221 10—16	
	2122222002222212012201 00—17	
	0100122220102010102122201 12—18—	51

Sept. 26.—A very spirited little live bird shoot, $100 a side, 100 birds, came off this afternoon at John Watson's comfortable new shooting grounds at Burnside between Mr. C. B. Dicks and Mr. Geo. T. Farmer. The weather was cool and the birds about as good as can be got at this season of the year. Much interest had been manifested in this race, and the attendance of local shooters was large. Mr. Dicks added another to his string of recent achievements, and his record of 95 out of the 100 is one not often passed at such birds. Mr. Dicks shot an old Parker 10-gauge, and it is a phenomenal shooting gun to-day, but it gave him much trouble from misfires, a new tumbler not working well. It so often happened that Ben snapped at a hard tailer and then drew a soft incomer at the next roll, that the boys guyed him and said he did it purposely. Dicks has a wicked second. Farmer shot a very nervy and creditable race, and his score of 87 at the birds is by no means one to be held lightly. His string of four straight misses is due to the fact that he drew four screaming tailers right on end. He shot a 10-gauge Daly. The left barrel of this gun makes a good clean target, but the right barrel is open and poor. Mr. Farmer shot his left barrel first, although he is a right-handed shooter. His second was therefore often needed where it couldn't come, and this fact did much toward losing him the race. Mr. Dicks shot 4drs. of Schultze and No. 7 New York soft in both barrels. Mr. Farmer shot Schultze and No. 8 soft in his left. Score:

Geo T Farmer	1101111121212111211112220221220120100001222021 12	
	1112111102211211211111211011032122111111211111—87	
C B Dicks	2111212121112221222230222122012111011122222222	
	1121211122111210220222222111212122121112121121—95	

Mr. Dicks won.

Sweep same day at 10 live pigeons, $5 entrance:

G Kleinman	1111211121—10	R B Wadsworth	2112112111—10
A W Reeves	2211111111—10	J Watson	1211111111—10
C B Dicks	1112112211—10	L M Hamline	1012011220— 7
J E Price	1111112211—10	McFarland	2211111112—10
F A Place	1222210120— 8	W L Shepard	2212121220— 9

Ties on 10, miss and out: Kleinman and Wadsworth 10 each and div., Reeves 7, Price 8, Watson 9, Dicks and McFarland 0.

Sept. 27.—The Gun Club of Chicago, at 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

R B Wadsworth	1111112102—9	W D Price	2201011211—8
L C Willard	1001111111—8	E Steck	1*21100111—8
B Rock	2201120220—7	J Watson	1011112121—9
F Willard	1102222111—9		

Ties on 9: F. Willard won with 11 out of 12, to Wadsworth's 10.

At 20 Peoria blackbirds, same day, for medal:

Wadsw'th	10001101101101100w.	L Willard	11111011011110111011—16
B Rock	..03011111111111111111—17	F Willard	11111101111111111111—19
W D Price	11111101101101100001—13	E Steck	..01111111111111111110—18

F. Willard won medal.

The preliminary preparations for the selection of a Chicago team to shoot in the great return match at Kansas City next November, were made this evening. A call for this purpose was issued, signed by the following gentlemen: H. D. Nicholls, C. B. Dicks, W. P. Mussey, Henry Ehlers, Chas. S. Wilcox, George Hofmann, R. A. Turile, L. M. Hamline, P. C. Bradley, H. C. Buchner, C. R. Babeuf, T. W. Wilmarth, C. E. Felton, R. B. Organ, Geo. T. Farmer, L. K. Waldren, Jno. B. Wiggins, C. D. Gammon, Geo. W. Andrews, P. F. Stone, W. G. Payson, J. M. Hutchinson, E. M. Steck, W. D. Price, C. E. Willard, M. J. Eich. The attendance was good. The meeting was held at the Sherman House.

Mr. H. D. Nicholls was called to the temporary chair, Mr. W. P. Mussey being elected secretary *pro tem.* Mr. Nicholls stated that his sole wish was that we might see all the shooters of Chicago united with the one purpose of selecting a winning team, all personal, club or other reasons being forgotten. Mr. Organ's motion for permanent organization was carried, and the following officers were elected thereunder: President, Wolfred N. Low; vice-president, H. D. Nicholls; secretary, W. P. Mussey. Discussion on Messrs. Organ and Farmer's motions resulted in favor of appointment of a board of management, the chair appointing Messrs. R. B. Organ and M. J. Eich members of such board, with the three officers above members ex-officio.

On motion of Mr. Organ the chair appointed as finance committee Messrs. R. B. Organ, Al. Hoffman, W. W. McFarland, C. E. Felton, Ab. Price, John Gillespie and C. D. Gammon. On further motion the chair appointed as committee on transportation Messrs. R. B. Organ, C. S. Burton and Fred Lord. After some rambling and unparliamentary discussion of the generally premature features of some parts of the evening's work, Mr. John Gillespie's motion was finally carried in amended form, and the secretary was instructed to open correspondence with Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, representing the shooters of Kansas, and to state it as the demand of Chicago that the match be shot 20 men a side, the preference being for 50 birds and $50 a man.

It was moved by Mr. Organ that a preliminary team of 30 men be chosen, these 20 to choose from among themselves the 20 who should make the shooting team. This prevailed and then followed long discussion as to how the 30 should be chosen. Mr. Organ's motion to ballot on the team members, man for man, was carried and ballot began. The 30 men were chosen in the following order, the highest ballot and not the majority of all cast, determining: R. B. Organ, M. J. Eich, Henry Kleinman, Geo. Kleinman, C. B. Dicks, John Watson, W. P. Mussey, W. G. Payson, W. McFarland, Geo. Airey, Geo. T. Farmer, Abe Kleinman, John Kleinman, Harry Loveday, Ab. Prince, C. E. Felton, C. D. Gammon, C. E. Willard, Geo. Hoffman, Lem Willard, Henry Ehlers, J. E. Price, W. L. Shepard, W. F. Phillips, Wolfred N. Low, R. A. Turtle, John Orvis, C. S. Burton, P. F. Stone, F. W. Wilmarth.

At 11:25 the meeting adjoined on call. E. HOUGH.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Sept. 27.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry, ties divided:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Johnson	8	8	9	8	9	8	10	..	..	
Collins	9	7	9	10	8	8	6	8	4	
Simpson	8	9	6	5	7	4	5	..	..	
Thompson	4	8	6	5	5	7	6	2	10	
Hathaway	5	7	6	..	10	8	6	..	..	
Rowley	9	8	9	7	8	7	9	8	6	
Hunt	..	6	2	9	..	6	9	6	..	

Four live birds, $2 entrance, ties shot off miss and out:

Johnson	1012—3	Simpson	0111—3
Collins	2121—4	Hathaway	1011—3
Thompson	0222—3	Mead	1120—3

Ties for second: Thompson 5, Simpson 4, Johnson 1. Collins first, Thompson second.

Sweep No. 2, same conditions:

Johnson	2111—4	Rowley	2210—3
Collins	1122—4	Mead	1121—4
Thompson	2121—4	Vincent	0201—2
Simpson	2111—4	Hunt	1222—4
Hathaway	0220—2		

Ties for first: Thompson 1, Hunt 3, others 4.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

EXCELSIOR GUN CLUB SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—The Excelsior Gun Club, a young trap organization of Morgan Park, a suburb of this city, closed its first tournament, a very pleasant little affair, this evening. The shoot lasted three days, Sept 25, 26 and 27, but very little was done to-day, most of the visitors having gone home. The shoot was very successful, about 40 shooters being on hand, thus showing the truth of the recent saying that little shoots are better than big ones. But small as this shoot was, it attracted from afar such shooters as Budd, Cahoon, Ruble, Latshaw, O'Neill, Skinner and others of that grade, and these had it much their own way. Messrs. Price, Farmer, Eich, Shepard, Reeves, Steck and others of this city ran out and shot a while. The shoot was held at live birds, bluerocks and tin pigeons. The weather was not very good, rains and high winds making shooting very disagreeable. Scores are appended:

Shoot No. 1, 10 single tin pigeons, entrance $1.50, five moneys:

Cop	0001111111—7	Atwater	1111111111—10
Ashley	0011111111—8	McAllister	1101010001— 5
Lewis	1111101111—9	Cahoon	1110111111— 9
W H Skinner	1111111110—9	A W Reeves	1101111010— 7

Atwater first, other ties div.

Shoot No. 2, 10 tin pigeons, entrance $2.50: Atwater 10, Lewis 8, Ashley 10, Skinner 10, Cop 7, Gardner 8, McAllister 4, Roll, 7, Cahoon 9.

Shoot No. 3, 7 live birds, entrance $5, five moneys:

Geo T Farmer	2112211—7	Cahoon	1011111—6
Ashley	2212112—7	Cairncross	1121101—5
Skinner	2121211—7	Budd	2111211—7
Atwater	2021051—4	Cop	0012130—4
Tokington	1112211—7	Reeves	0102211—5
Gardner	0121121—6	Latshaw	1121121—7
Lewis	0022121—5	Eich	1112211—7
Price	0112212—6	Ruble	2122120—6
Merrill	1111010—5		

Farmer, Skinner, Budd and Latshaw first; Gardner, Price and Ruble second; Lewis and Cairncross third; Atwater and Cop fourth.

Shoot No. 4, 20 tin pigeons: Atwater 18, Lewis 12, Roll 17, Cop 18, Gardner 17, McAllister 14, Hart 17, Ashley 19, Skinner 19, Marble 13, Ames 10, Cahoon 18. All ties except for third money, which was won by Gardner in the shoot-off, were div.

Shoot No. 5, 7 live birds, entrance $3.50: G. T. Farmer 6, J. H. Asbley 6, Reeves 7, J. E. Price 7, Atwater 6, Skinner 7, Lewis 6, McElligott 7, Hamilton 4, Gardner 5, Shepard 7, Green 4, Merrill 6, Torkington 5, Chas. Budd 7, Cairncross 7, Latshaw 6, S. Wright 5, T. Iglehart 5, Geo. Airey 5, A. Baker 5, Cop 7, Cahoon 6, Eich 6, Steck 2, Creiger 5. Ties for first and second div. Gardner and Baker won third in shoot-off. Hamilton and Green fourth, Steck fifth.

Shoot No. 6, 20 tin pigeons, entrance $3:

Ashley	11111111111111111001—18	Lewis	01001100000001010010— 6
Cahoon	11111111111111111111—20	Roll	11001011011111010110—14
Atwater	01011111111111111111—18	Ames	11110011111010111111—16
Skinner	01111111111111111111—19	Marble	01110011111010101111—14
M'Allister	01011011111000101111—14	Hart	11111111101101111011—17
Cop	11111111101111111111—19	Gardner	01111110110110101111—16

Cahoon first, Cop second; other ties div.

Shoot No. 7, 10 tin pigeons, entrance $1.50: Skinner 9, Roll 8, Cop 8, Price 6, Hart 9, Ashley 7, Atwater 9, Sharon 2, Marble 10, Cairncross 9, Gardner 10, Cahoon 9, Eich 9, Campbell 4, Ames 7, Reeves 9. Marble and Gardner first, Skinner and Atwater second. Other ties div.

Extra No. 1, 10 single bluerocks: Hart 6, McAllister 0, Ames 6, Roll 8, Marble 7, Airey 8, Iglehart 4.

Extra No. 2, 10 single bluerocks: Hart 6, McAllister 7, Ames 7, Roll 9, Airey 9, Iglehart 9, Steck 9.

Extra No. 3, 10 bluerocks: Hart 4, Steck 7, Roll 7, Krueger 5, Marble 7, Lauterbach 4, Green 4, McAllister 5, McElligot 3, Ames 6, Iglehart 5, Airey 8, Ruble 10, E. C. H. 7.

Extra No. 4, 15 bluerocks: Park 6, Cahoon 12, Eich 13, Steck 11.

Extra No. 5, 15 bluerocks: Airey 14, Budd 13, Merrill 10, McAllister 10, Marble 8, Ruble 13.

Extra No. 6, 10 tin pigeons: Latshaw 10, Steck 4, Hart 9, McAllister 7, Ruble 9.

Second Day.

Shoot No. 1, at 10 single bluerocks, entrance $1.50, 5 moneys:

Budd	1111110111— 9	Skinner	1011100101—6
Park	1110110111— 8	Davis	1110001001—4
Cahoon	1111111111—10	Schorling	1010011001—5
Cairncross	1111110111— 9	Morgan	1101010101—6
Merrill	0001010001— 4	Palmer	1000010010—4
Glover	1001101001— 5	Airey	1111111101—9
Cop	1010111111— 8	Torkington	1011111111—9
Ruble	1111111101— 9	Gardner	1111111101—9

Cahoon first, Budd and Cairncross second, other ties div.

Shoot No. 2, at 5 live birds, entrance $3, 4 moneys:

Wilcox	11111—5	Airey	10100—2
Richards	10101—4	Lauterbach	11100—3
Hicks	00111—3	Cop	11110—4
Merrill	11111—5	Palmer	11011—4
Skinner	11111—5	Cairncross	01110—3
Gardner	11111—5	Mulford	00111—3
Budd	11110—4	Cahoon	11111—5

Cahoon and Merrill first, Budd second, Cairncross third, Airey fourth.

Shoot No. 3, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2.50: Budd 13, Cairncross 14, Park 15, Lewis 12, Merrill 9, Airey 10, Gardner 13, Cop 14, Schorling 9, Glover 10, Skinner 9, Cahoon 12, Ruble 12.

Extra No. 1, 10 bluerocks: Budd 9, Park 8, Cairncross 9, Cop 9, Campbell 3, Gardner 7, Ruble 8, Lewis 9, Airey 7, T. W. Taylor 1, Cahoon 7.

Extra No. 2, 10 bluerocks: Park 3, Merrill 6, Cairncross 8, Budd 9, Ruble 9, Skinner 7, Cop 10.

Extra No. 3, 10 bluerocks: McAllister 9, Sporling 3, Glover 5, Davis 6, Cahoon 9, Morgan 6.

Extra No. 4, 10 bluerocks:

Budd	1111111111—10	Davis	1110000101—5
Cairncross	1111111111—10	Morgan	1100000010—2
Park	1111010111— 9	Airey	0001111111—7
Skinner	0100101111— 6	Schorling	0101011110—6
Cop	1111101101— 8	Lewis	1011011110—7
Glover	1010011101— 6	Gardiner	1111101111—9
McAllister	0001001100— 3	Merrill	1110001110—6
Nortolk	0011100000— 3	Ruole	1111111111—10
Cahoon	1101101111— 8	Torkington	1000111000—4

Extra No. 5, 10 bluerocks: Cop 8, Morgan 8, Schorling 5, Glover 4, Palmer 3, Taylor 3, Davis 3, Gardner 10, Campbell 6, McAllister 9, Park 10, Price 7, O'Neill 7.

Extra No. 6, 10 tin pigeons: Campbell 5, O'Neill 10, Morgan 7, Glover 4, Schorling 3, McAllister 5, Park 7, Price 5, Waters 6, Steck 8, Ruble 8.

Extra No. 7, 10 tin pigeons: Cahoon 9, Budd 10, Skinner 7, Merrill 5, Gardner 9, Cop 8, Lewis 8, Cairncross 9 Ruble 8, O'Neill 8. Budd first, ties on 9 second, Ruble third.

Extra No. 8, 10 tin pigeons: Campbell 6, Steck 9, Cahoon 9, Ruble 7, Skinner 7, O'Neill 10, Schorling 4, Budd 10, Cairncross 10, Merrill 8, Palmer 8, Park 8, Wilcox 6, Cop 9, Meeks 9, Richards 8, Lauterbach 6, Mulford 5, Hecks 7.

Extra No. 9, 15 tin pigeons: Cop 13, Palmer 10, Richards 11, Cairncross 14, Meeks 10, Budd 15, Hicks 12, Cahoon 12, Ruble 13. Budd first, Cairncross second, Ruble third.

Extra No. 10, 5 live birds, three moneys:

Merrill	11011—4	Torkington	10111—3
Wilcox	11110—4	Airey	11111—5
Hicks	11111—5	Mulford	10000—1
Park	10111—4	Lewis	11111—5
Gardner	11110—4	Campbell	11111—5
Lucktemyer	10101—3	O'Neil	11111—5
Steck	11011—4	McAllister	10111—4

O'Neil first, Steck second, ties for third div.

Extra No. 11, 5 tin pigeons: Steck 4, Cop 5, Richards 4, Ruble 5, Cop and Ruble first, Richards second.

Extra No. 12, 5 tin pigeons: Steck 3, Cop 3, Richards 5, Ruble 4, Cahoon 4. Richards first, other ties div.

Extra No. 13, same as preceding: Steck 3, Cahoon 2, Richards 5, Cop 4, Ruble 4. Richards first, Cop and Ruble second, Steck third.

Extra No. 14, 5 tin pigeons: Ruble 4, Cahoon 5, Merrill 4, Richards 4, Cop 5, Hicks 3, Palmer 5, Campbell 1, Steck 5, Davis 2.

Extra No. 15, 5 tin pigeons: Richards 4, Cahoon 3, Hicks 3, Ruble 3, Cop 5, Palmer 3. Cop first, Richards second. Ties for third shot off on doubles, miss and out, Hicks and Palmer winning.

Extra No. 16, same as above: Ruble 4, Cop 5, Hicks 4, Richards 4, Cahoon 5. Merrill 4, Palmer 3, Campbell 4. Cop and Cahoon first, Ruble, Richards and Merrill second, Palmer third.

Extra No. 17, 10 single tin pigeons:

Budd	1110101111—8	Richards	1110111101—7
Wilcox	1011011111—7	Skinner	1110101010—5
Cairncross	1111011111—9	Cop	1111111110—9
Cahoon	1111111100—8	O'Neill	1101011110—7
Waters	0000000001—1	Dr Meek	1101111110—8
Merrill	1101111111—9	Mulford	1111111110—9
Ruble	1111111011—9	Steck	0111110100—6
Hicks	0110111101—7		

Extra No. 18, 10 tin pigeons: Ruble 10, Campbell 3, Steck 7, McAllister 6, Park 7, Waters 3, Pride 4, O'Neill 9.

Extra No. 19, 10 tin pigeons: Pride 4, Park 9, Steck 9, Ruble 8, O'Neill 7, Schorling 6, Campbell 3.

Extra No. 20, 10 tin pigeons: Gardner 8, Palmer 4, Park 7.

E. HOUGH.

HARRISBURG.

A full report of the Harrisburg tournament will be given next week.

TOURNAMENTS OF THE EASTERN NEW YORK TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE for the month of October.—Albany Gun Club at Elm Grove Shooting Park Oct. 7; special prizes for highest aggregates. Catskill, Oct. 14, contest for the E. N. Y. League medal; George F. Tolley, manager. Trojan Gun Club at Young's Grove, Lansingburgh, Oct. 21; A. Paul, secretary, Cohoes. Saratoga Gun Club, Oct. 28; H. M. Levengston, Jr., manager, Saratoga Springs.—HORACE B. DERBY, Secretary Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, 448 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

THE BUILDING SEASON.

THE prospective owners of two of next season's racers have shown their wisdom by placing their orders early, with a certainty of having their boats in good time for the opening of the season. The spars for the new Belmont and Thayer 46-footers are now being roughed out with the whole winter to dry, a big handicap in itself from the boats which are likely to be ordered for the class next February, and whose sticks will at that time probably be part of a raft of spars yet afloat. In cases where men have made up their minds to build there can be few reasons for delay, nearly all questions of type and dimensions can be settled now as well as in midwinter, the advantage of knowing what others are doing is very slight, and more than balanced by the inevitable delay over later orders. The man who has his yacht ready for launching in March, with the sails and gear waiting in the lofts, not only has a better built boat than those whose decks and planking are being rushed on at that time, but he has a fair show to win the early races from which the late boats will be absent, and all the same time to enter the summer races in far better shape. Now is the time to get the best work from the designer, the builder and from all the mechanics whose labor goes to make the complete yacht. Before the short days and the cold weather, before the designer is busy with other work and the builder has his sheds full, is the time for the yachtsman to decide on what he wants and to go to work immediately to get it in time

WINTER WORK.

COMPARED with last season, the present one has ended very quietly and peaceably, and with little prospect of a renewal of the measurement discussion which occupied last fall and winter. That this is so is not due to the fact that the question of corrected length classification has been abandoned, or that any less interest is taken in it now than last year, but to the conviction on the part of many that though such a classification must come in time, there is no pressing necessity for it as matters stand, and every reason why careful and deliberate action should be taken. So far from being dead, corrected length has made quiet but steady progress throughout the year; many who were opposed to it at first because it was new and strange to them have, as the result of last winter's discussion, given serious thought to it this year, and either favor it or admit that though they do not yet approve of it, the change must come in a short time. While it is still probable that under the present rules power may be made to pay, and that in good hands a "brute" may be built that will win from the present boats, there is no immediate danger of such an attempt being made in any class save the smallest, and for the next year or two the influence of Minerva and her fellows well predominate.

Such being the case, there is no need of pressing for any change, but at the same time there is work to be done in every club in the country in the way of improving and strengthening the racing rules, especially in the direction of uniformity. The old, old question of the organization of some general body on the coast, similar to that which has been in successful operation on Lake Ontario for the past 7 seasons, is heard of late in the clubs, and it is evident that the time is nearly ripe for such a movement, though it is impossible to predict just what form it will take; a union of such clubs as the New York, Larchmont Eastern, Seawanhaka and Atlantic, or, as in Great Britain, an organization of individuals only, regardless of clubs. The obstacles which have always existed in the past are slowly disappearing, and before many seasons the way will be opened for an association of some sort.

There is already an opening for work in this direction in the elimination of the minor differences that exist in the various rules, and the publication by these clubs in concert of one book of rules, which shall contain all the information which a man needs to sail a race at Marblehead, Newport, Larchmont or New York. With the exception of the classification of the Larchmont Y. C. the rules of these clubs show no important point of difference, and it is probable that more good will be done in the end by all working together with such rules as suit the majority than by any one pushing ahead alone, however real the advance may be. The need of one system of sailing rules, of starting signals, one allowance table and one classification is more evident each year, and now that the great drawback in the past, the difference in the rule of measurement, has disappeared, the minor differences should be eliminated with small difficulty. This work might be done as well this winter as at any time, and once accomplished the united efforts of all the clubs concerned could be turned to the further perfection of the minor details of sail measurement, etc.

As for the classification, the question with it now is not whether it shall come at all, nor when it shall come, but in what form, under what measurement rule, what allowance table, and what the class limits shall be. The great point is not to do it quickly, but to do it well, so well that when once adopted by a majority of the clubs, it shall be adopted by all with the agreement that it shall be tested without change for a period of at least three years. No partial trial by one or two clubs or for a single year can prove anything, but the measure must be taken up by all together for a sufficient period to give some opportunity for building and racing.

That the time for such concerted action has not yet come will be apparent to all who have given any thought to the matter. In one way this is a matter for regret, there is now a fair promise of building for next season and in some practically new classes. As each new keel laid makes any change of rule more difficult, it is unfortunate that the change, if it is to come at all, has not been made before any further building begins, but the new fleet is likely to be confined to such types as will accommodate themselves fairly well to the proposed corrected length classes.

Hindsight is a great thing, or would be if it came sooner; the proposition was made two or three years since, first by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, if we recollect, that the new 40ft. class, then with only two or three boats, should be made a trial class under a corrected length measurement, say of 43ft. It is easy to see now that if this had been done in 1888 we should have been several years ahead of where we are now in a knowledge of the practical working of the rule. Minerva was then built, and Liris, Mariquita and Gorilla would probably have been built and raced, but with them we should have had a dozen others of various proportions of length and sail. The result in any case could have been no worse than the actual state of the 40ft. class to-day, with only three or four boats left to race, the rest for sale or in use as cruisers.

The Atlantic Y. C. has lately shown an unwonted spirit of enterprise that speaks well for the foresight of its officers in establishing a similar trial class with a limit of 25ft. corrected length. This will include yachts of about 20ft. l.w.l., boats within the means of the younger men in the club. There is little doubt that the class will take, and that in addition to some exciting racing next year there will be a substantial addition to the data now at hand on the subject of corrected length. A class of this kind in the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, a club that numbers more young amateurs than any other in the country, should be a success from a racing standpoint, and also as a practical experiment in corrected length. The present 20ft. l.w.l. class of the club is, we believe, in a rather poor condition just now. Mr. John B. Paine having topped the class with his new Hornet just as he did the 25ft. class two years ago with Swordfish. Such a change as this would be likely to give a new life to the class, especially as Boston has so many amateur designers among her yachtsmen. The Larchmont Y. C. has already such a class on its books, but no yachts in it. Such boats, however, would be admirably fitted for a Saturday afternoon class, to race every Saturday in summer, and a little encouragement from the club in the way of an early promise of suitable prizes might be enough to induce building during the winter. It is not to be expected that the results of trials in so small a class will show beyond question the winning types in all sizes, but a great deal may be learned from the racing of half a dozen boats of the same corrected length but of different proportions of sail, length and beam.

Another change that is coming nearer each year is the separation of the racers and cruisers; a very difficult matter, but one which will have to be dealt with some day if racing is to continue in any but the classes under 6ift., and especially in the large schooners. Such a measure will not be a complete panacea for the lassitude and lack of spirit which has characterized the past year, but it may be made to increase materially the entries and the interest in the large regattas and to restore some of their lost importance. At the same time the tendency is toward the substitution of match races between the smaller racing craft such as have been so numerous this year, for the once popular spectacle of a big regatta with twenty to fifty yachts, many of large size. Such spectacles, with a big fleet scattered over miles of water and only partly visible from any one point, are losing favor with yachtsmen who have been able to follow every maneuver of such boats as Minerva, Gossoon, Mariquita and Liris over the Larchmont and Marblehead courses; and however important they may be in their way as appealing to the public and keeping up the general interest in yachting, they are likely to be few in number each year. The details of a definition which shall admit the cruisers to certain races, while barring the recognized racing cracks, will be difficult to decide on; but no harm can come from a trial in this direction this winter, to be put into use next season.

THE CHESAPEAKE FLATTIE.

MUCH of the sailing that will be done in the next six months will be in the Chesapeake and south of it, and mainly in localities where the depth is limited. The accompanying cuts show a boat of cheap and simple construction that may be built by the amateur or any good mechanic, and which will prove a very serviceable craft for camping and hunting in Florida waters or on the sounds of the Atlantic coast. The boat is properly a native of Chesapeake Bay, where it is known as the "Flattie."

In general she may be described as a beamy sharpie. The bottom has but little camber fore and aft, and the run is helped out by some rise to the floors. With the aid of the accompanying plans, any one handy with simple tools can put a keelless flattie together in the following manner:

On the building stocks the keel plank, *A*, is sprung to shape by blocks underneath and shores from overhead. This plank may be 10 to 12in. wide in wake of centerboard and taper a little toward the ends, although an even width may be preserved fore and aft. The frames 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are got out by sawing scantling to the requisite lengths obtained from the body plan and uniting their heels to the floors, giving the frames their respective flare, stay-lathing them as necessary. Each frame is then set up in its place across the keel plank and then nailed down. In the run, floors 9 and 10 can be cut out of plank deep enough to allow for the rise on each side. Frame 11 will have the floor in two pieces, the heels nailed to the keel plank and connected by a deep floor plank, *F*, as shown in the diagram. The clamp, *C*, is run round near the heads of the frames, and a piece of scantling, *D*, along the corners of frames and floors to which the sides are then planked up, after putting in enough beams to secure rigidity to the frame. If not too large, the boat can be turned bottom up and the bottom plank nailed on in fore and aft lengths, the inner plank being brought up to the edge of the keel plank to permit tight caulking. The counter has also in the meantime been shut in with cross plank. The rest of the deck framing is then finished, the hatches, house and cockpit built and the deck laid, all of which will be understood from the diagrams. Beams are notched down into the clamp and spiked to it, also nailed through the plank from outside. No fore and aft carlins are needed for house and cockpit, the thick coaming being itself sufficient to support the inner ends of the half beams, *H*, in nailing. The house can be built up upon the coaming in one or more depths nailed down, or vertical staving can be nailed outside the coaming. The dead-wood aft is composed of a filling piece, *M*, nailed up to the keel plank and a shoe piece, *S*, underneath, with a post aft, the rudder being hung to the latter. For additional stiffness a flooring is laid fore and aft inside. Around the gunwale a chafing batten, *Z*, is nailed, and a low waist, *W*, along the sheer. The deck is laid fore and aft, the outer plank or planksheer being, however, sprung to the shape of the side.

A stout piece of plank crossing two floors, and a block of wood make the mast step. The partners, *P*, consist of a block let up between the beams. Forward a solid triangular piece of wood, *T*, fills the eyes of the boat abaft the stem. It serves as a breast hook, and has the bitts or sampson posts down through it. A knee ties the heel of the stem to the bottom plank. This stem is, of course, rabbeted to receive the hood ends of the side plank, as shown in the half-breadth plan. The hatch coamings are simply nailed down to the beams. The covers are held in their place by their own cross framing. The companion slide travels in a groove taken out of the coamings as at *G* in the cross section. A lip under forward end of the slide brings up against a ledge *N*, nailed down to the cabin top between the slide coamings, when the slide is closed. A clasp from side over the door and padlock secure the entrance, the door being first bolted on the inside by reaching over. The rudder can be nailed up of three thicknesses to avoid bolting according to diagram *X*, or else spiked together out of narrow pieces and strapped by an iron band. To protect the bottom upon grounding, a chafing plank should be nailed on underneath the bottom plank, as *Y*. If carried up to the counter as a strengthening to the keel plank, it must be put on before the dead wood is added.

The centerboard trunk is built as follows: A stout plank, *E*, is nailed to the bottom inside over the slot previously cut. This plank reaches between frames 3 and 8, on top of this fit two fore and aft logs, *K*, jogging the ends over floors 3 and 8 upon which they should also rest. Bolt down through the bottom plank with ¾ or ⅞ iron to ties all together. These logs are intended to transfer the weight and thrust of the trunk to the whole cross floors of frames 3 and 8, otherwise the weight would fall upon the bisected floors of frames 4, 5, 6 and 7, which are without support in the wake of the slot, other than that derived from the bottom plank. Insert the headposts of the trunk between the logs *K* and plank up the sides. The split floors will be supported if jogged over the stout plank and may also have a knee up the sides of the trunk. It is important that the trunk and boat's bottom be rigid to avoid troublesome leaking.

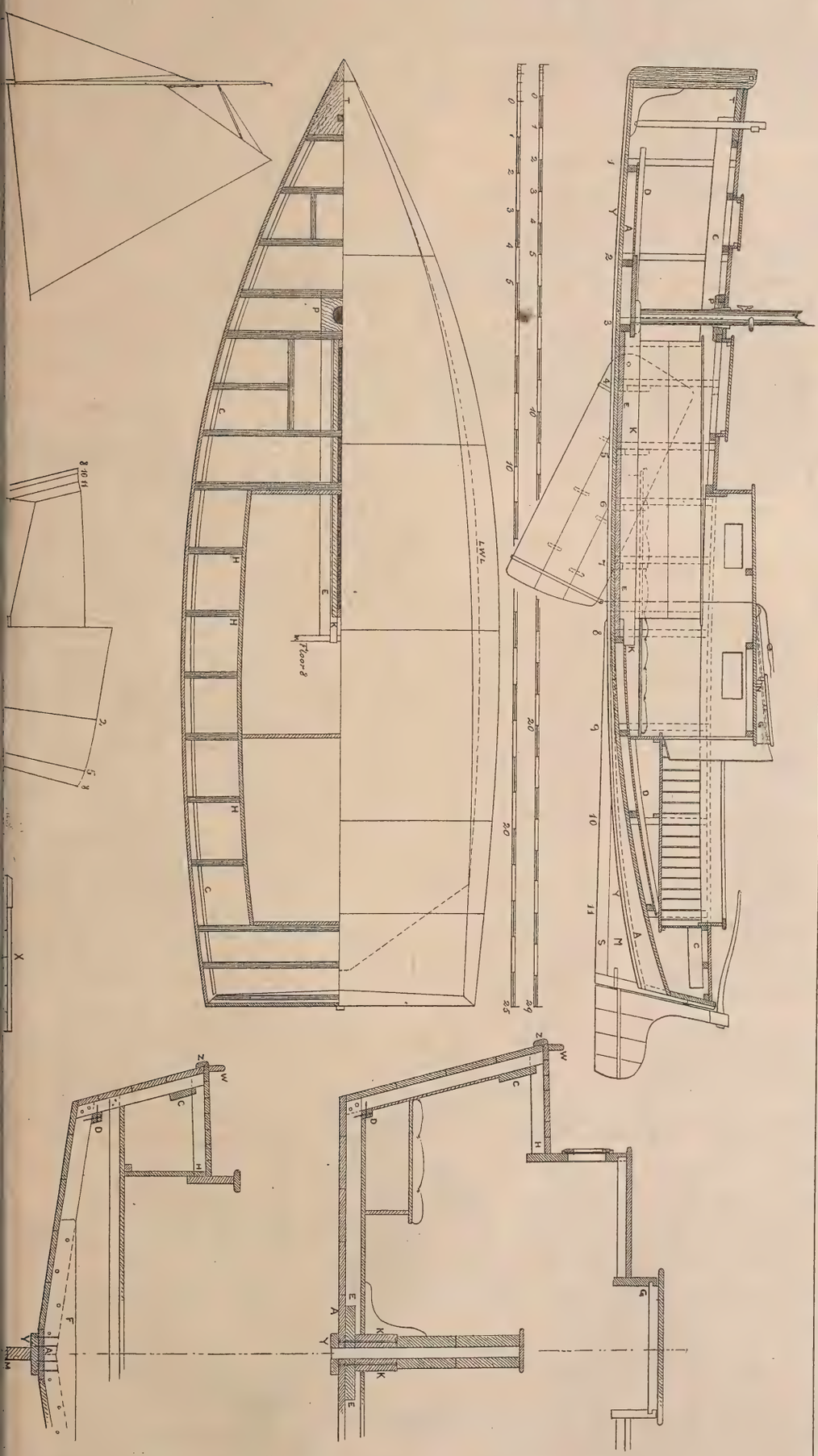
The centerboard is dowelled together and strapped with light iron at each end. The pin is an ordinary bolt, which should be driven a tight fit to prevent leaking. The pennant for hoisting passes up through the cabin roof, over a half round block of wood, and has a single sheave strapped in the end. A whip is rove through this sheave, one end being fast to the cabin top and the hauling part belaying to a cleat on the after end of the cabin within handy reach. The interior of the cabin can be lightly ceiled over and supplied with transoms and lockers to suit. A drawer under the cockpit will serve as ice chest, and water may be carried in a breaker or small barrel on deck.

The diagrams have scales for 30 and 26ft. boats over all length. The cross sections are on double scale. Scantling for a 30ft. flattie about as follows: Stem, 6in. sided; keelplank, 10×1½in.; frames, 2¼×2½; floors 3×2¾; clamps, 6×1¼in.; corner tie 2in. square; deck frame, 2¼×1½; bottom plank, 1¼; side plank, 1¼; deck stuff, 3 or 4×1in.; inside flooring, ¾in. thick; centerboard bed plank, 8×1¾in. each side of slot; truuk logs, 8×2½in.; siding of trunk, 2in.; head posts, 3ft.×2in.; chafing plank on bottom, 8×1½in.; deadwood, 2 to 3in. thick; coaming of house, 1½in. thick; mast, 5in. at partners; sails, 10oz. duck. Caulk with cotton and putty or pitch the seams. Ballast with stone as required.

It is customary in working boats to bring the tack of the jib to the stem head, but a short bowsprit can be spiked down to the deck, affording more headsail for cruising purposes. By the exercise of some taste, it is possible to model quite a handsome and fairly smart boat on the foregoing ideas. A slight bollow may be introduced in the bow frames and a round to the quarters without resorting to other than straight grained stuff. The chief point is to give the model good clearance, as dragging water aft is very detrimental to speed. The body plan can be got by squaring across the block model at frame stations, and deducting thickness of plank for getting out the frames. The cost of a flattie should be less than half that of a round-bottom yacht, according to finish of detail.

TITANIA.—On Sept. 23 as Mr. Iselin's yacht Titania was cruising on the Sound, bound from Newport to New York, she carried away her mast when off Fisher's Island. She was towed back to Newport, and later was towed to City Island, where she will lie up.

MINEOLA.—Mr. Belmont has selected this name for the successor to Mariquita; the design is about ready and Lawleys will begin work at once. It is reported that a match has already been made between the new yacht and Jessica.



CHESAPEAKE FLATTIE.

A MISADVENTURE.

IT is a curious thing that with a foreign-built yacht at the head of the class for five years, and with the many advantages which a modern 53-footer offer to yachtsmen at a moderate cost, so little should have been done to develop and build up the class. Of the three yachts built since Clara came from England, two—Cinderella and Anaconda—are well known; the third deserves at least a notice before she passes to that unknown realm that has charitably enshrouded so many of the wild ventures that flourish so well in the latitude of New York. It is not a pleasant task to pass judgment on any *bona fide* amateur work, but the yacht in question has already received sufficient notice in the daily papers to warrant us in speaking of her, even though there be nothing to say save in condemnation.

Though but lately launched, the boat was begun early last spring, and when we first saw her was partly planked and ceiled. In looking her over very carefully it was hard to say which was the worst, the dimensions, model or construction. For a keel craft of 53ft. waterline, with a beam of 12ft. 6in., an extreme draft of but 6ft. was taken; and with these dimensions a midship section with a hollow garboard and general S form that gave a very small displacement. The peculiarities of the model are hard to describe in words; the bow was a wedge, with its butt abreast the mast, where a strong hump was visible; the bilge ran along the waterline for the whole length of the boat, the hull just below water being cut sharply away; the keel was straight for the whole length; the sternpost was upright and the forefoot little cut away, running up into a curious clipper stem above water; while the stern was of a sort that harmonized with the rest of the boat. The construction was that of a working schooner or barge: stem and sternpost sided 12in.; keel, 18×18in.; frames double sawn hackmatac, sided 3½in.; deck beams sided 6in., moulded 5in.; clamps of 4×7in. pitch pine; bilge clamps, 4×9in.; planking, 2 and 2¼in. white oak; ceiling, 1½in. pitch pine. The deck beams were kneed off with twenty 4in. hackmatac knees on each side; while the hull was fastened with galvanized bolts through planking and ceiling, headed over washers. The deadwoods, especially at the bow, were enormous, there being some 3ft. of stem outside of the rabbet, and there was literally wood enough wasted to build two yachts of modern construction. Looking at the light displacement and the great weight of construction, added to which was a lead keel of 11 tons and an iron shoe under it of perhaps a ton, it was very evident that the yacht would go far below her lines, while even if properly constructed and ballasted there was nothing in the model to warrant that it would ever carry sail or that it could be forced through the water at a reasonable speed.

This may seem a pretty hard estimate of a new boat, but when the yacht was launched last month she fully justified it by going down to a waterline of 57 in place of 55ft., while she heeled over under the weight of spars and canvas in a light breeze and refused to mind her helm. Her rig was no less remarkable than the hull, the mast very far aft with two enormous headsails, her boom being 56ft., mast 47ft. 6in. deck to hounds, with 48ft. from jibstay to mast. The *ensemble* was completed by a coat of white paint from keel to rail, a blue stripe marking the intended waterline.

As nothing could be done with her on trial, she was taken to a neighboring railway where we lately had the pleasure of seeing her. The forefoot has been liberally cut away, the great amount of deadwood outside the rabbet making this possible. Her deadwood aft has been cut out to receive more lead, while the keel will be deepened in addition. Presumably to increase her stability, the planking has been stripped from her quarters and the frames have been padded out 4in., but as this increase is greatest about 2ft. above the waterline, it is not apparent how it will help her, unless she is to be ballasted until she has practically no freeboard aft. Her bowsprit has been reduced 6ft. Even these alterations cannot make of her a fairly manageable cruising yacht, and what her ultimate end will be it is hard to conjecture, as she could hardly be converted into any serviceable sort of working craft. For the money she has cost, some $12,000, a very superior cruising yacht of greater size could be had, or even a racer in the same class, but taken as she is the outlay must be considered a dead loss to her owner and to yachting.

HAMILTON Y. C., MONCK CUP., SEPT. 13.

WHEN Mr. J. F. Monck retired from the position of commodore of the Hamilton Y. C. last spring he presented the club with a magnificent silver cup for annual competion by the yachts of the 35 and 40ft. classes. The deed of gift provided that the race should be sailed in the lake five miles to windward or leeward by Hamilton piers and return. The first race for the cup took place on Saturday afternoon, and if Mr. Monck's idea in stipulation for a lake course was to give the boats a better chance of testing their weather qualities his utmost hopes must have been fulfilled. The club boats eligible to compete for the cup are Deerhound, Psyche, Coquette, Alert, Cyprus, Laurel, Lotus and Samoa. The latter is properly a 30-footer, but by a slight alteration in her rig her racing length was increased from 29.92ft. to 30.08ft., thus bringing her in the 35ft. class. It had been arranged to start the race at 3 o'clock, and at 2 when the steam tug F. G. Beckett—which had been engaged to lay down the buoys—arrived at the piers the wind was blowing very hard from the west and northwest, so much so that after waiting round some time Capt. Beckett declined to go down the lake with the buoy. Psyche, Coquette, Alert and Samoa were then in the piers but Psyche and Samoa were the only boats which proposed to start, the centerboarders evidently being of the opinion that the day was not suited to them. When the difficulty as to laying the lake buoy arose, Capt. Jarvis generously offered to go down the lake and heave Samoa to and Psyche could follow down and round her and thus win the cup on a walk-over. This Skipper Greening, of Psyche declined to take advantage of, but suggested that the race should be sailed in the bay, where buoys were already laid down, and with the consent of Mr. Monck who was one of the crew of Samoa, this was arranged. The course was to be from a line between the south pier end and the Government buoy moored off it, to and around No. 1 buoy at the Desjardins Canal, then returning and crossing the starting line at the finish. By this time the wind had increased to a moderate gale, and both boats, while in the piers, had housed their topmasts and taken a reef in their mainsails. The Beckett's whistle sounded for the start at 3.34.25, and about a minute later Samoa crossed the line, followed closely by Psyche. Both boats immediately stood over for the north shore, were smoother water was to be obtained. It at once became apparent that Samoa's reputation in heavy water was not a fictitious one. While footing as fast as Psyche, she seemed to be outpointing her all the time, and before Oaklands was passed she had assumed a comfortable lead. Here Samoa got in slight trouble by carrying away her jib sheets, but the delay was brief and she gradually increased her lead all the way to the buoy, which she rounded about 6m. ahead. On the run down both boats shook out their reefs and set masthead spinnakers. Samoa also sending up a small topsail; but, although Psyche made a slight gain before the wind Samoa came in an easy winner by 5m. 13s., and as Psyche allows her 3m. 59s., she actually won by 8m. 52s. The following are the times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Samoa	3 34 25	5 11 25	1 37 00	1 33 21
Psyche	3 34 25	5 16 38	1 42 13	1 42 13

"WHO WON?"—The need of a good yacht list as a permanent and reliable institution is felt more and more each year, and to meet it the energetic compiler of "Who Won?" is constantly working his little book up to a greater degree of perfection. The great points in such a book are that it shall be complete and accurate, and by diligent work each year Capt. Summers has brought his list of yachts up to a point where it will compare favorably with any that has preceded it, while the small size of the volume and the wide range of general information which it contains in addition to the yacht list proper, the plates of flags and the list of winners, add greatly to its value. This year's edition contains handsome portraits of the late Mr. George L. Schuyler, of his son Mr. Philip Schuyler and of ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane and Jas. D. Smith, of the New York Y. C. While the book is small enough to slip easily into a pocket, it is large enough to contain most of the facts that a yachtsman is likely to want in a hurry at times when club libraries and chart lockers are not accessible. The late date at which it has thus far appeared has been an objection, but yachtsmen can in a measure remedy this themselves by sending in at the end of the season a record of their races and of their yachts, thus lessening the labor and delay of hunting up much of the needed information.

AILEEN.—On Sept. 13 in the cruising race of the R. C. Y. C. from Toronto to Port Dalhousie, the cutter Aileen carried away her chainplates and the mast went about 12ft. below the masthead, the topmast and bowsprit being broken as well. The schooner Oriole was within sight and returned, sending a line on board after some difficulty as a heavy sea was running, after which Aileen was towed to her moorings. She was fortunately but a couple of miles out when the accident happened.

BAY VIEW Y. C.—On Sept. 27 a race of the Bay View Y. C. was sailed in Boston Harbor, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Annie, Brunnings & Donovan	24.08	2 28 25
Saguna, L. Worth	34.00	Withdrew.
Naiad, E. Gallagher	25.05	Withdrew.

CENTERBOARDS.

Julia, B. Johnson	21.03	1 14 45
Sike, J. Leveridge	20.01	1 27 17

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Lottie, H. G. Hazlett	14.00	1 34 40
Pink, G. Corbett	15.02	1 48 50
Vida, J. Wilson	18.03	2 03 25
Eva, J. Bertram	16.06	Withdrew.
Huron, S. Boysen	17.05	Withdrew.

Judges, E. C. Pence, J. B. Smith and B. Johnson.

THE NEW SHOAL DRAFT STEAM YACHT.—At Wintringham's yard the new Gardner steam yacht for Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant is now planked. The twin screws will each work in a separate tunnel or depression in the run of the boat, the planking of these requiring some skillful work. In order to secure strength and lightness the vessel has a double skin of white cedar on steamed frames. She will have two 3in. cylinder compound trunk engines.

MAGIC.—The lines of this little catboat, which were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 16, brought an order to the builder from a Western yachtsman for a duplicate boat, which was shipped on a freight car early in June, since which time she has done some very successful racing.

PIEPGRASS'S YARD.—Mr. Piepgrass has lately added further improvements to his already complete plant in the shape of a steam outfit for his two smaller railways, with new chains and hauling gear. He also intends to apply steam to the large ways.

SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—The fall term of the Hawes fund school will begin on Oct. 6, Prof. J. L. Frisbee being still in charge. Why cannot New York show an institution of this kind when Boston has two?

VASHTI, cutter, has been sold to Mr. John Stetson, of Boston. Mr. Chas. A. Welsh, for whom the boat was originally built, will have a 34ft. cruiser of modern type, but with iron keel, to be built by Lawley & Son from their own designs.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—On Sept. 23 the formal opening of the new club house of the Atlantic Y. C., at Fifty-fifth street, was celebrated by a reception and dinner, with dancing in the evening.

LARCHMONT Y. C. REGATTA—PHYLLIS AND RIVAL.—We learn that Phyllis and not Rival was the winner in the Larchmont Y. C. regatta on Sept. 6.

MAGNET, sloop, which was sunk by a tug on Aug. 31, was raised last week by the Chapman Wrecking Co.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Commodore: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
Secretary-Treasurer: F. L. DUNNELL, New York.

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	Geo. A. Warder	E. L. French, 110 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa.	J. K. Bakewell,
Eastern Div.	Dr. J. A. Gage	A. S. Putnam	Ralph F. Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div.	W. J. White	C. M. Whitlaw, Montreal, Can.	
Atlantic Div.	M. V. Brokaw	I. V. Dorland	W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A RIVER CRUISE IN A FOLDING BOAT.

ON the morning of June 7, 1888, Messrs. S. and W.—the first in need of a few weeks' recreation from his turmoil of business, and the second in pursuit of exercise and open-air restoratives for an over-taxed brain—started from Garrettsville (near Cleveland, O.) upon an expedition of several weeks' duration, upon new and untried waters. A new three-section Stranahan folding canvas boat, built by Frank Holmes, at Chagrin Falls, O., and named Wanderer, had been equipped with a set of Allen's bow-facing oars and supplemented with a brace of light paddles, as the means of conveyance, while a pack-basket, that had seen service in the Adirondacks, contained clothing, cooking utensils, hatchet and supplies; and a rubber-blanket package, strapped a-la-shawl-strap-style, contained blankets, pillow cases, and canvas tent, snugly stowed away. A 38-calibre Winchester rifle, with the highly-prized Lyman sights, a Smith & Wesson revolver, and a Wheeler split-bamboo 7oz. rod completed the outfit.

The waters of Silver Creek were at low tide, and notwithstanding the fact that the trim little craft, with crew and baggage, drew but three inches, numerous riffles were found where the crew, in rubber boots, stepped out and practiced lightering, and occasional flood jams required a portage of boat and duffle, by way of variety.

During the first three days the narrowness of the stream brought the paddles into almost constant use, and with W. in the bow and S. in the stern, the rapids were run with safety, and considerable progress made, considering the windings of the stream and the fact that it had never been opened for navigation. An occasional mill pond gave S. an opportunity to stretch himself and get familiar with the bow facers, and at such times the little 12ft. fairy fairly bounded along; much to the amazement of spectators who failed to understand the *modus operandi*, with an oarsman near the stern, facing the way he was going. The scenery was delightful, and the overhanging branches of trees broke the force of the sun's rays refreshingly. When the weather was fair a halt was made and dinner cooked by a camp fire in primitive style, and at night the little A tent pitched in some favorable spot, with bough beds; but in unfavorable weather accommodations were had at convenient farmhouses or hotels.

On the first day out S. had his clothing, but not his ardor, dampened. He had stepped into the stream to remove some brush that barred the way, and, while pulling with might and main, a limb broke and he suddenly dropped backward into the water, W. dryly asking, "Did you get anything wet?" However, the sun and the exertions of the baptized at sundry portages generated sufficient heat to quickly dry the wet portion of his garments; and he even smiled when W., prompted thereto by observing a group of country people watching the boat's progress, lapsed into poetry thusly:

"Ye natives on ye river bank
Do cast a wishful eye
Upon ye graceful Wanderer
As she goes floating by!"

On the afternoon of the third day, just as the tortuous windings of Silver and Eagle creeks had been nearly accomplished, and Mahoning River was in sight, an approaching storm whose coming had been portended by ominous mutterings of thunder, forced the pilgrims to tote their duffle and seek shelter in a convenient sugar camp. S. asked poetically, "Shall we now pitch our moving tent, a day's march nearer the Mahone?" But night coming on, and the rain still pouring in torrents, they were induced to seek quarters at a neighboring farmhouse where the most genial hospitality was extended, and the evening merrily passed with cards and music, W. producing from the depths of the pack basket his diminutive Distin cornet, that had been his companion during thousands of miles of Adirondack touring. The next morning the family accompanied the tourists to inspect their wonderful boat and bid them God speed on their journey, and in half an hour the broad waters of the more symmetrical Mahoning River were reached and the route thenceforward presented less difficulties.

A laughable incident occurred just prior to embarkment that morning. A six-year-old son of the host had taken quite a liking to the visitors and was particular in his attentions to S., who wore a pair of knickerbockers (a relic of his bicycling days). He had eyed them with much curiosity and finally broke forth with, "Mr. S. are those the only pantys you've got; did you have them when you was a little boy?" He evidently was burdened with the idea that S. had outgrown his nether garment. The laugh was on S., who immediately wrote home to have a pair of "man's size" sent him at a prospective stopping place.

With the exception of portaging around two dams—one at Leavittsburg and one at Warren—and running a series of rapids of nearly a mile in extent between the two, the trip of the fourth day was smooth sailing and through a delightful portion of country. A few squirrels were discovered as the route passed wooded sections, and W. added to the supplies by bringing some to bag with the Winchester. S. grew poetical en route, and launched forth to the air of "Sweet Belle Mahone" the following:

Soon beyond the Eagle's bar
Will our craft be floating far,
Through the world we'll wander lone,
On the old Mahone.
Chorus—On the old Mahone! On the old Mahone!
Thus we sing as we float by,
On the old Mahone!

The scenery as we approached Warren became very fine. Shale rock lines the river on either side, while the bed of the stream is also solid rock. The banks are high, being in some localities from 40 to 60ft. above the water, and extremely picturesque and interesting to the student of nature. Camp-fire for dinner was made on the left bank at a very romantic spot, and a cigar enjoyed while lounging under the shade of grand old trees and watching the wild antics of a lot of boys bathing a short distance below our bivouac.

Warren was reached at 3 P. M., and the novel craft attracted considerable attention. A storm threatening, we concluded to go into port. Among those whom we met on landing was the Mayor, who greeted and gave us the freedom of the city. S. began to prepare himself in suitable rig to go up town, when he discovered that he had left his light shoes at the last halt safely deposited under an oak for some one in need of foot gear. It being Sunday he said nothing desperate, but thought a few hard things, besides remarking that it would be pleasant to walk around the city in rubber boots to hunt up a dealer in lighter articles more suited for hot weather. At last "the rains descended and the floods came" to such an extent that it was deemed wisdom to remain another day at Warren and accept hospitalities tendered by new and old acquaintances.

We were provided, to establish our identity in case of shipwreck, with a card which read as follows:

E. S. W. L. V. S.
"PILGRIMS TRAVELING FROM AFAR."
BOAT "WANDERER." JUNE, 1888.

The pilgrims attending the opera that evening in working costume were recognized and became the cynosure of many eyes and the lions of the hour as it were.

A friend presented them with a neat "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*" flag to float from the stern of their boat, and on Tuesday morning it was flung to the breeze and a start made for Niles, which was reached in due time and a start made for refreshments, then a delightful run to Girard, through charming bits of landscape and on splendid waters for boating. Our fame had preceded us, and we were met en route by the enterprising Lotze brothers, who have placed a number of boats on the river at Girard and control of the commodious picnic grounds near there, and given the privileges of both their boat house and boarding house and introduced scout town and made to feel at home. A gentleman from Youngstown appreciating the fine opportunity afforded for five miles of excellent boating from Girard up, has placed in the river at Girard a commodious private steam launch and built a boat house for storage of cedar canoes and general supplies, and being within a few minutes' run by rail from Youngstown, spends the greater portion of his leisure upon this fine stretch of water.

The next morning with cheery "good byes" and "bon voyage" ringing in our ears, we swung out into the stream and were soon en route, portaged a dam, and then ran a succession of rapids in good shape, reaching Youngstown at noon, where lunch was taken, mail received and new supplies secured, and were presently below the dam and working through the riffles that stretch for a mile below, and are especially dangerous for light craft owing to the fact that much of the refuse or cinder from the numerous iron mills has found a lodgment in the river, and has corners sharp as glass. We succeeded in passing the rapids without accident, and were congratulating ourselves thereupon as we shot into the deep water, and in fact were a bit careless supposing all danger over, when a slight grating indicated that we had run upon a cinder reef, and water pouring into the boat from an inch hole neatly cut in the canvas near the stern, demonstrated the fact that "in the midst of life we are in death," unless different arrangements are made, and impelled us to "paul, rothers, paul, pull for the shore," which we did and saved ourselves and baggage from a wetting. This was the first and last accident of the kind during a trip of 700 miles, and might have been avoided had W. in the bow been attending strictly to business. A bit of canvas, some waterproof cement and needle and thread soon repaired the damage, and we were again under way, passing Hazelton and numerous foundries and rolling mills, shooting the various rapids in a creditable manner, and at about five o'clock P.M. arrived at a beautiful site for a camp on a high bluff facing the south, and in sight of Struthers. Here we pitch our tent, swing hammock, prepare beds and supper, and as the sun slowly sets enjoy the outlook, which is a charming panorama of hill and valley, dotted with mills. As darkness settles down the camp-fire is replenished, and the melody of voice and cornet fills the air with pleasing sounds until the hour of 10 arrives, and warns us to rest and refresh ourselves.

Next morning we broke camp after an early breakfast, and pursued our winding way. Suddenly W. makes a discovery, turns and requests S. to keep quiet and hold the boat where it was, saying: "See the head of that big turtle near shore?" and at the same reaching for the rifle. S. looked in the direction indicated and soon announced: "Old man, that's not a turtle, but part of a big straw hat!" It was sad, but nevertheless true. If W. thereafter mentioned "pants," S. evened up by responding "turtles." Passing Struthers, we soon reached Lowellville, where necessary supplies were laid in and the dam portaged. From this point for four or five miles is a constant succession of rapids, in which, we had been told, our boat could not live, and advice had been given to portage by team. A survey of the first series decided us to at least make the attempt to run them, which we did successfully, although at times it looked more hazardous than was realized. We crossed from Ohio into Pennsylvania at high noon, and stopped for rest and dinner at one o'clock.

This portion of the Mahoning River is well stocked with black bass, and the enthusiastic angler would be repaid for a short sojourn in the vicinity of Lowellville or Edinburg, easily reached by railroad, and fair accommodations at moderate rates. A few casts were made and enough secured for a meal. As our pennant with its red cross floated in the breeze just above the surface of the water, it was a source of attraction to hungry bass, and many a one leaped from the water toward it. In particular one large fellow struck the slight staff with such force as to nearly demolish it. In fact, they were so plentiful about us that S. thus recorded in his journal: "The bass are so thick in these waters that we are obliged to lie (this might be underscored) down in the boat out of sight while baiting our hooks!"

The excitement of swift waters, lovely views and balmy air made the day quickly pass. As we drew near to Edinburg a storm that had been gathering gave warning that it would soon be upon us, so we pulled the oars and worked the paddle as though making a race, and the Wanderer fairly skimmed through the water. Ten minutes more would have sufficed, but the rain was not a respecter of oarsmen, and we were forced to run ashore and as quickly as possible place the baggage under a wide-spreading oak, and invert the boat over it, then investing ourselves in our waterproofs we waited an hour ere the clouds passed, and then ran into port at Edinburg, and put up at the little hotel, and had a good supper, and held a levee as it were, explaining to the crowd that were attracted, the mysteries of canvas boat, bow-facing oars, and pleasing old hunters with a peep through the famous Lyman sights, until a late hour, when we retired and enjoyed the night's rest.

In the morning, having restocked our larder, we made an early start and ran a mile in good water, when, arriving at a rapids with excellent outlook for good bass fishing, we came to a halt, and W. got out tackle and was adjusting it when he sudden y remembered that he had left his coat at the hotel. Having uttered a benediction, he resigned the rod to S. and walked back across lots, ostensibly for the coat, but on his return produced a couple of bottles of ginger ale, and after refreshments took a fresh start, S. manipulating the boat and W. fishing for bass, and in a very short time enough were secured for immediate wants, and not wishing to sacrifice fish for mere sport, the rod was put up and we ran on down to Cross Cut, and thence passing Mahoningtown a short distance, stopped for dinner in a wild and romantic gorge near a cool spring brook. We broiled our fish on forked sticks over the coals, made coffee, boiled eggs, and adding some relishes from our regular supplies, had a meal that was thoroughly enjoyable. As the weather was very warm, we took a two hours' rest, enjoying the grandeur of the scenery.

For miles along the river we had encountered numerous native fishermen, but the greater number were angling for bass with shotgun or rifle, either from some favorable place on the ground or perched in a convenient tree where a watch could be maintained over favorite feeding grounds; and from the number of reports which we heard during the day opportunities for shots must have been frequent. No one, however, would acknowledge success, or admit that they were shooting at fish, there being a law upon the statute book of Pennsylvania intended to prevent such practices.

At Mahoningtown the Shenango River joins the Mahoning, and from thence the united waters flow under the name of the Beaver River, and for some miles there were rapids in profusion, and we had some exciting runs. We passed Moravia at four P. M., and east of town found the swiftest rapids we had yet been in, fully a half mile long, and with a drop of nearly 50ft. The striking of a single stone, and numbers were everywhere visible, would have swamped our frail craft. The experience of the last ten days had been of service, and the Wanderer rocks so slightly and obeys the paddle so quickly, that we went through without a scratch. The excitement wrought S. to that pitch that we found that he had in that short time completely chewed up a fresh cigar that he had placed unlighted between his lips but a few moments before.

We found a handsome spot for camping at the foot of Moravia Rapids, on a triangular platau at the mouth of a wooded ravine, and adjacent to a fine spring of sweet, cold water, and with a most charming outlook, where we proceeded to pitch our tent. As we were thus engaged the owner of the premises, who resided within 80 rods, put in an appearance, evidently to ascertain what a couple of tramps might be about. We introduced ourselves, and after he had found out who and what we were, not only gave assent but remarked that as there were signs of rain he thought we had better strike our tent and bring our baggage to the farmhouse and camp with him for the night. We did not waste words in arguing the matter, but at once accepted Mr. Morrow's kind invitation, found an interesting family, had a bounteous supper, and in the evening, at their request, treated them to quite a concert of vocal and cornet music, with organ accompaniment.

Next morning arose at 5:30 and breakfasted, and as we bade them adieu were invited to come again if ever in their vicinity. We were soon afloat, and presently reached what we have been led to dread, the famous Hard Scrabble Rapids, and Irish Ripple. There being a fair stage of water we went through them flying, and without accident, and soon passed Newport and Wampum, and found a long stretch of deep water with high wooded banks, and the wind being at our backs, we floated for miles without exertion, and gave ourselves up to a full enjoyment of the panorama. After passing Clinton we found more rapids, the swiftest of which is near Homewood, which we went through in rapid style, much to the interest and admiration of a number of sportsmen who were casting for bass in that vicinity. At noon we went into camp at a lovely spot on a high wooded bank four miles above Beaver Falls; which, from remains of tent stakes and hammock ropes about the beautiful grove, seemed to have had previous occupants.

After two hours of rest and refreshment we swung out for Beaver Falls, which we reached at 4:30 P. M. almost without pulling a stroke, as we were running before the wind. On our way we went around the famous horseshoe bend of the P. & L. E. R. R. and passed multitudes of stone quarries in the high banks on either side, and the "Coast of Joppa" was forcibly brought to mind. We portaged our boat and baggage to the freight depot, it being the only available place near the river, and the courtesy having been duly extended by the officer in charge. It being our intention to remain over the Sabbath, we found comfortable quarters at the Grand Hotel, and in the evening took a carriage and drove about the city. On Sunday we started over to New Brigaton, found a cosy nook on the bank of the river and perused the papers; and again in the afternoon took the bluffs west of town that rise fully 500ft. above the valley, and obtained a view that well repaid the effort, and the exercise gave us a good appetite for supper, and for sleep.

On Monday, June 18, we launched our craft, ran to the mill dam, portaged into a raceway on the New Brigaton side, through which we passed for a mile, and then carried into the river and had good water until we reached the Fallston dam, and there a picnic seemed to await us. We ran first to the left, but found it impossible to get around without a portage of nearly one-third of a mile, and then went over to the west bank and found we could carry over a steep bank with an abrupt descent into a mill race. As the Wanderer, without baggage, could be carried almost anywhere, we unloaded our packs, which S., feeling in good vigor, at once tackled, and soon demonstrated the fact that he was in Fallston by taking a fall therewith down the hill some 8ft. in close proximity to the raceway, snaking him up seriously and with slight damage to man and apparel, besides causing him to give utterance to something that rhymed well with mill dam, or at least it so sounded to W., who was then ascending the bank with the oars, paddles, gun, etc.

After S. had rubbed his knee and gathered up the scattered baggage, the boat was taken over and we were again under way, and soon found an easy portage into the river and good running, and ere long passed West Rochester and Bridgewater, where we found the last dam on the Beaver River, made an easy portage, shot the rapids below, and passed under the C. & P. R. R. bridge into the waters of the Ohio River. We ran across to Phillipsburg and found a splendid beach, with good shade and conveniences for a camp dinner, and while W. went up into the town to procure supplies, S. started the necessary fire and got the coffee in readiness. After dining and resting a short time, we again embarked and were soon in a swift current running down the grand old Ohio on the afternoon of one of the finest of June days.

Our course was now decidedly easy in comparison with the prior experiences, and we had more leisure to enjoy the ever-changing and picturesque views that abound along the shores of the upper Ohio. Passing Beaver, Vanport, Shippingport, Bellevue and Industry, we sought for and found what seemed a good place to camp for the night, with a stream trickling down the bank on the southerly side of the river, and ran ashore for that purpose. The boat was unloaded and taken up on the bank, a spot selected for the tent, but before setting up it was suggested that it would be a good idea to try the spring water. Holes were dug out and the water permitted to settle while the crew took a rest. S. was the first to test the quality, and sang out, "I've struck it rich! Shall start a factory at once! There is millions in it!"

W. tasted, too, and his mouth began to pucker up as in younger days when he had been induced to partake of green persimmons, and the face dawned upon him that a superabundance of ammonia must exist in that particular bluff and something in the nature had assumed the responsibility of "reducing the surplus." We concluded to move on to the next favorable locality, which was discovered in less than a mile, and on stepping ashore the first word spoken was in favor of trying the water before unpacking. After one trial and strict examination the waters of the second spring were pronounced of a copperas tendency, and unfit for use. As night was coming on and Smith's Ferry, with a comfortable country hotel, was in easy distance, we decided to make it our camp for that night and were in port at 6:30. From the porch of our hostelry we could look into three States only a mile away, viz.: Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio. Georgetown is opposite and Glasgow a short walk below, and were duly inspected. A fine grove on the river bank in front of the hotel was utilized for concert purposes by particular request of the proprietor—a queer genius of 72 years—who insisted upon W.'s playing for him his especial favorite which he called "the Blackbird." S. was much amused at W.'s perplexity and finally whistling a strain of the "Mockingbird," relieved W. and aided to the old gent's gratification. "A rose by any other name," etc., and why not so a tune?

GANETSVILLE, Ohio. E. S. W.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PADDLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The proposed race between Messrs. MacKendrick and Jonnson, in answer to the former's challenge, has as yet progressed no further than a dispute over the date.

MEET AND REGATTA.

THE OTTAWA C. C. AND AYLMER BOATING CLUB.

A MOST successful camp was held under the joint auspices of the Ottawa C. C. and the Aylmer Boating Club on Deschenes Lake near the village of Aylmer, Canada, from Sept. 4 to 8. Lake Deschenes, it may be explained, is an enlargement of the Ottawa River, the lower end of which (where the camp was situated) is about nine miles above the city of Ottawa. The present was the first attempt of the two clubs to hold a canoe meet on a large scale, and their efforts were crowned with such signal success that it has been decided to make the meet a regular annual affair. Owing largely to the late date when the decision to organize the camp was arrived at and the consequent short time at the disposal of the committee, the attendance of outside canoeists was not as large as was hoped, but those who did come were so thoroughly pleased with the affair that next year's meet is likely to be attended by members of most of the Canadian canoe clubs. The camp site chosen by the committee was all that could be desired. A grassy sward, shaded here and there by maples and cedars, sloping down to the lake, where it ended in a shelving pebbly beach. As a substitute for a restaurant the committee had made arrangements with a summer hotel, about five minutes walk from the camp, where the hungry canoeists were fed at the very reasonable charge of twenty-five cents per meal; while the more industrious who did their own cooking had whatever supplies they required delivered at their tent doors by huxter's carts from Aylmer. There were altogether over two hundred in camp during the meet, including a large contingent of ladies at "Squaw Point," and the result was some of the jolliest camp fires that it has been the writer's good fortune to attend.

The racing took place on the 5th and 6th, and, as a rule, the entries were fairly numerous and the events well contested. The sailing course was a triangle, one-half mile to each leg, laid out directly opposite the camp. The lake presents exceptional facilities for sailing. It is a large sheet of water, with low shores, and so the winds are steady, squalls being comparatively rare. There is, moreover, practically no current, and the lake is free from the sawdust and mill refuse which have given the river below Ottawa such an unenviable reputation. The feature of the meet was the race for the Lansdowne cup, which was called on the afternoon of the 6th, and sailed in a light wind. The Lansdowne cup is a handsome silver challenge trophy presented to the Ottawa C. C. by the Marquis of Lansdowne when Governor-General of Canada. By the deed of gift the race for the cup is open to all members of recognized Canadian canoe clubs sailing Canadian-built canoes, and by a further restriction imposed by the Ottawa C. C. decked canoes must be so constructed that their owner can sleep on board, and all canoes must be able to carry a proper outfit for a week's cruise. In other respects the A. C. A. regulations govern. The cup was presented in 1888, and in that year, as also in 1889, it was won by Mr. R. W. Baldwin, of Ottawa, in Irene. This year it was won by Mr. Chas. E. Archibald, of the Point Claire (Montreal) Canoe Crew, the winner of the Ottilia cup at the meet of the Northern Division of the A. C. A. The distance was three miles, or twice around the course.

The canoes started well together, but on the first leg Archibald took the lead and turned the buoy a few seconds ahead of the others. On the second leg he was passed by Gisborne, but on the third leg, which was a beat to wind'ard, he again took the lead and retained it for the balance of the race, passing the finish 4m. 20s. ahead of R. W. Baldwin in Irene, who was the second man. Archibald's time was 1:38:30. Other canoes finished in the following order: White Wings, W. McL. Mainguy; Banshee, A. Adamson; Eira F. H. Gisborne; Nixie, P. B. Symes; Musette, Henry Roy. P. A. Mainguy's Myrabel did not finish. W. McL. Mainguy, sailing White Wings, was very late in getting out, the race having been started before he had time to return from acting as starter for another race. Frank Day of Ottawa also sailed over the course in a canoe of his own build, and finished ahead of the second canoe, but being a professional he was not allowed to enter the race.

Among the paddling races the Morris Cup race (double blades, open canoes) and the tandem single blades were particularly well contested, the competitors in each race finishing well together.

Two attempts were made to get the St. Lawrence skiff sailing race off, but on both occasions the time limit was exceeded and the race declared off. One heat has since been sailed and won by Mr. R. H. Haycock, of the Aylmer Boating Club; E. H. Hubbell being second and Geo. Burn third, but the other heats are still to be sailed.

A feature of the regatta was a rivermen's race in the large and heavy driving boats used in rafting timber down the river. Several boats entered, manned by French Canadian voyageurs, four oars and a steering paddle to each, and the race, which was a very close one, was the signal for the wildest excitement among the friends of the contestants, a large number of whom had come out in their boats. The following is a list of the events with the winners of each:

Friday.

1. Bark canoe race, single blade, one-half mile straightaway: H. P. Ross first, W. McL. Mainguy second.
2. Open canoe sailing race, one and a half miles: F. Merret first, R. D'Arcy Scott second.
3. Maneuvering race, one and a half miles, canoes to start with sail down, during race at a signal paddle to be thrown overboard clear astern and recovered under sail: Chas. E. Archibald first, F. H. Gisborne second, R. W. Baldwin third.
4. St. Lawrence skiff sailing race, three miles: Time limit of one hour exceeded.
5. Steam yacht race, three miles with turn: Jas. Bourgeau first, A. Driscoll second.
6. Gunwale race, 100yds. with turn (no keels or ballast or projecting centerboard): Chas. E. Archibald first, Henri Roy second.

Saturday.

7. Double scull (pleasure skiffs), one mile and turn: L. Coste and G. L. Bourchier first, Archie McDonald and J. Watt second, C. Morse and W. H. Norton-Taylor third.
8. St. Lawrence skiff sailing race: Time limit again exceeded.
9. Single blade paddling (open canoe), half mile straighaway: W. Johnston first, R. D'Arcy Scott second, E. W. Gilbert third.
10. Landsowne cup race, three miles; Chas. E. Archibald first, R. W. Baldwin second (other names above).
11. River men's race, one mile with turn: Joseph Le Clair's crew first, Ed Madare's crew second, Pierre Dion's crew third.
12. Tandem paddling (single blades), half mile straightaway: W. Johnston and A. May first, W. H. Oronk and N. Lett second, W. H. Norton-Taylor and J. Jackson third, J. W. Hanning and — Lister fourth, G. L. Bourchier and C. M. Wiggins fifth.
13. Morris cup race (double blades), half mile straightaway: Le Sueur first, F. H. Gisborne second, E. A. Black third, R. D'Arcy Scott fourth, E. W. Gilbert fifth.
14. Log-rolling competition (for river men): — O'Donnell first, — Elliott second.
15. Upset race (paddling), 100yds.: R. D'Arcy Scott first, R. W. Baldwin second.
16. Greased pole and pig race: W. H. Norton-Taylor first (among a large number of contestants).

The weather, that all important factor to the success of a meet, was all that could be desired, not a drop of rain falling during the five days of the camp. Altogether the affair was such a success that, as has been said, it is henceforth to become a regular annual event. Next year it is proposed to extend the time to ten days. The date will, of course, not be fixed until the spring, and will largely depend on A. C. A. and other fixtures, but it will most probably be arranged for the latter part of August.

AMATEURS VS. PROFESSIONALS.

THE following circular, which we copy from the *Field*, is interesting, from the fact that the amatuer question comes up at times in American canoeing, the conditions being practically the same in rowing, swimming and canoeing. It will be seen that the present English rule would not be applicable here. The circular, which was sent out by the Trent Rowing Club, reads as follows:

DEAR SIR—We desire to draw your attention to Rule 22 of the Amateur Rowing Association:

No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler or coxswain:

1. Who has ever taken part in any open competition for a stake, money or entrance fee.
2. Who has ever knowingly competed with or against a professional for any prize.
3. Who has ever taught, pursued or assisted in the practice of athletic exercise of any kind for profit.
4. Who has ever been employed in or about boats, or manual labor for money or wages.
5. Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty.

Thinking this to be most arbitrary, rendering a very large number of members of rowing clubs unable to compete at any regatta held under its rules, we ask the opinion of your club as to the desirability of a conference of delegates, one from each club, to discuss the formation of another amateur rowing association.

The definition of an amateur oarsman we think should be on the same lines as Rule 1 of the Amateur Swimming Association, which reads:

All amateur races held under the Amateur Swimming Association rules must be confined to amateurs, according to the definition of the Amateur Swimming Association, which is as follows: An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize, declared wager or staked bet; who has never taught, pursued or assisted in the practice of swimming, or any other athletic exercise, as a means of pecuniary gain; and who has not, knowingly or without protest, taken part in any competition or exhibition with any one who is not an amateur. Rule 2. A swimmer ceases to be an amateur, and becomes a professional, by—engaging in swimming or any other athletic exercise—or personally teaching, training or coaching any other person therein—for pecuniary gain. Selling, realizing upon, or otherwise turning into cash, any prize won by him. Accepting remuneration for swimming in public, or by being employed for money or wages in a swimming bath or elsewhere as an attendant on swimmers.

Should you not see your way clear to send a delegate to the proposed conference, we should be glad of an expression of opinion from your members on this matter.

Trusting that you will be able to favor us with an early reply, we are, dear sir, yours etc.,

PERCY EVERSHED, Pres.
CHAS. FLEMING, } Hon. Sec's.
BURTON-ON-TRENT, June 9. HY. JOHNSON, }

THE POINTE CLAIRE C. C.—The annual general meeting of this club was held at Pointe Claire on Sept. 13, the captain, Mr. David A. Poe, in the chair. The log book as submitted showed that during its first active season the crew had held three decked canoe races for the Pointe Claire canoe trophy, two open canoe races, four races for the skiff trophy and an extra skiff race. There are 31 members in the organization, and its fleet consists of 8 sailing canoes, 6 St. Lawrence skiffs and 20 open Canadian canoes. Mr. W. J. Wallace, on behalf of the subscribers, presented to the crew the Pointe Claire canoe trophy, a handsome silver bowl with the totem of the club, the great bear, upon it in blue enamel; and the trophy was formally presented to Mr. Chas. Archibald, of the canoe Mab, who won two out of the three races sailed for it. This trophy is a perpetual one, and must be sailed for yearly by the members of the crew. The skiff trophy, an engraved and enameled pewter mug, given by the captain, was then formally presented to Mr. C. Montserrat, of the skiff Jean A., who had won two out of the four races sailed for it. The election of officers, which brought the meeting to a close, resulted as follows: Captain, W. I. Wallace; Mate, A. C. Thomas; Purser, Chas. Archibald.

THE JESSUP'S NECK, SAG HARBOR & GREENPORT NAPETHA TRANSPORTATION CO. (LIMITED).—The publication of the annual report of the treasurer of this company has been delayed on account of our having not yet obtained a settlement from the A. C. A. in regard to the mail contract. If our claim against the Association is allowed the stock of the Transportation Company will be redeemed at par. As soon as the matter is adjusted a statement will be sent to the stockholders.—EDWARD W. BROWN, Pres.

MASSASOIT C. C.—The Massasoit C. C. held its annual races on Sept. 21, the course being a triangle of three miles, commencing at the Dolphin, opposite the club house in Boston harbor, thence proceeding on a southerly course toward Squantum and thence returning on a northeasterly course to the point of commencement. Canoes to the number of 14 sailed off, but some of these were only friendly escorts. After fifty minutes from the time of starting Vincent B. Johnson, in his self-designed and self-built Vee-Bee, crossed the line and heard the whistle which announced that he held the club trophy for the ensuing year. Some four minutes elapsed before Emile Johnson, in Allie A., came in, and he was followed three minutes later by Sappho, with her captain Allan, third. The paddling race, from the Cow Pasture to the Dolphin, was won by C. F. Perry, in the Moondyne; Allan Hurd and John Lannon, in Sappho and Winonah, respectively, taking second and third place. This race was a well-fought one, only a few seconds dividing the first and second men. Reverting to the past year, the Massasoits can contemplate their record with satisfaction. The membership of the club has been nearly doubled, the club house has been finished and greatly improved, and much good sport has been had by the members. Not a Saturday has come round but its quota of members has started off on an over-Sunday camp-out on one of the many adjacent islands. Our summer programme is now almost a record of the past, the only two outstanding events being the dedication of the newly finished club house and the annual supper, which events will shortly be celebrated.—JAMES J. BROOKS, Sec'y Massasoit C. C.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—It is early for stories, as winter has not yet set in, but as this is a true bill (Wellerian) it should be told. We were sitting in a stuffy room on a ranch this summer having a quiet game of "draw." There were four of us; one tenderfoot and three who knew the ropes. A jack pot happened, as it sometimes does, and it became interesting until the tenderfoot won the pot, which was sufficient to cover promises as well as cash. "Now it is time for one of us to cross the river," said one of the bold rancheroes. "What river?" said another. "The River Larrats, of course." "There's no such river; it's Sticks." "Sticks, your grandmother. If I had to invent a name I would get a better one than that to a—" "Stop," said the tenderfoot, "don't draw until I get my reeling gear in order and the hull of my canoe sandpapered." "What! Are you a canoe man that sits in the water and tries to keep his feet dry? Boys, save your powder; it would be spoilt before the lead reached him."

NEW YORK C. C.—The fall regatta will be held on Oct. 4 off the club house, at Stapleton, starting at 2 P. M.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. H.—See answer to "J. M. B."

PINNATED.—For Minnesota chickens try Ashby, in Grant county, or Glenwood, in Pope county.

C. H., Maine.—The trout season in Maine runs from May 1 to Oct. 1, with local exceptions.

DOC.—For bear and deer in Michigan go to Metropolitan and thence to the lumber camps in the vicinity.

H. B., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—It is forbidden to shoot "highholes" in New York State at any season of the year.

A. T., San Francisco.—Choose a .45cal. There is little, if any choice between the two makes; both are perfectly trustworthy.

L. T., San Francisco, Cal.—A bitch if well matured should throw as good puppies the first litter as subsequently. If she is not well developed the puppies are apt to be weakly.

J. R. P., Philadelphia.—We advise you to try the Pocono Mountains. Go to Canadensis; stop at D. M. Crane's. This region is highly recommended by our correspondent "Jacobstaff."

J. M. B., Atlantic City, N. J.—For grouse go to the Pike county, Pa., resort described in our shot columns to-day. Then for quail in North Carolina, go to Greensboro, in Guilford county, writing to Mr. McAdoo, hotel proprietor there. Quail season in that State will open Oct. 15.

R. J., Boston.—Will you kindly inform me whereabouts within about fifty miles of Boston I can find good Thanksgiving shooting of small game, including ruffed grouse and rabbits? Ans. Your best plan will be to go up into New Hampshire, or else try along the Fitchburg railroad, anywhere from ten miles out of Boston to Fitchburg.

J. L. B., Little Boar's Head, N. H.—Do gun barrels of 28in. shoot as hard as those of 30 or 32in.? Would a set of 28in. barrels be as effective in duck shooting as 32in. ones, other conditions as to caliber of shells being equal? Ans. As a rule the longer barrels will shoot harder because they will burn more powder, and the 28in. would not equal the 32in. "Contents of shell being equal," a shell load adapted to a 32in. would not do its full work in a 24in. barrel.

H. F. R., Fulton, Kas.—1. What is the proper charge of powder and shot for a 16-gauge full-choke gun, 10lbs.? 2. What per cent. of the pellets should it put into a 30in. circle at 40yds., shot ranging from 1 to 8 in size? 3. What per cent. of buckshot, size from 2 to 8 (according to what size chambers), would you consider a first-class pattern at 40yds., same sized target? 4. What would you consider a good pattern for buckshot at 75yds.? Ans. 1. Dars. powder, 1¼oz shot. 2. An average of 66 per cent. 3. The same. 4. From 6 to 9 shot.

L., Louisa county, Va.—I have a fish pond of several acres, in which I placed six years ago 80 adult silver perch (croppie). I have continued to add to that number every year since, until I have put in the pond over 700. Only about one-half dozen have been taken out, but they will not bite at all, except in April, May and June and July, and are very uncertain even then. This is the report of many others who have perch ponds. I am thinking of placing large-mouth black bass in the same pond. The deepest water is 6ft.; average, 4½ft. Which will exterminate the young of the other, the perch or the bass? The pond is well stocked with minnows. Ans. We have in mind several ponds in which crappies and black bass harmonize without injury to either. If one should have occasion to prey upon the other the bass would unquestionably hold the fort against crappies, pickerel and most other fishes. The depth of water in your pond will be sufficient for the large-mouthed bass, but scarcely for the small-mouthed kind unless the water is cool. It would be advisable to keep up the supply of minnows.

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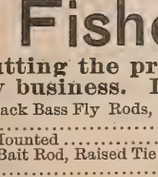
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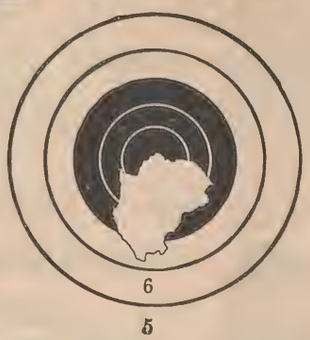
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A DIFFICULT SHOT.

WRITING of the ways of the ruffed grouse, a correspondent whose notes are printed in our shot columns, alludes to the difficulty of "getting on to" the bird when it makes a pitch downward from the top of a tall tree. It is indeed a shot which may well be classed as one of the most difficult feats to accomplish in all our American upland shooting; and he who can perform it successfully, if but rarely, may justly feel proud of his skill.

There are many conditions which combine to make the shot a hard one. The bird in pitching down adds vastly to its momentum by quick strokes of its pinions; and by the time it is near the ground the velocity of its flight is comparable only with that of a cannon ball. Then there is always a most decided uncertainty as to the limit of that downward plunge. Not even the most experienced of partridge shooters can tell beforehand whether the bird will fall only a few feet or whether it will drop down almost to the ground before sheering off; the problem cannot be solved until the turn is made; and that is, of course, just too late. Should the bird shoot off at a tangent, when only a short distance from the perch just left, as it often does, the chances are ten to one that the shooter has prematurely calculated the exact distance to aim below the falling meteor; and sends his hurtling lead anywhere from ten to twenty feet astray from the hurtling grouse. It is twenty to one, too, that even if the bird does not swerve off, but his plunge is continued, and the shooter holds to the best of his calculation, the shot is about as wide of the mark as before.

In these cases it is rarely of any use to wait fire until the bird shall have attained its desired depression of flight and go skimming off on a level; for before leaving its elevated perch the grouse has carefully and completely studied the situation; its downward plunge is calculated to an inch; and when the turn is made there is sure to be between the shooter and the game a tree or a bush that effectually conceals and protects the grouse.

No argument can induce the man who has had repeated experiences of the sort to believe that such strategems are not carefully planned and executed with intelligence by this provoking bird. And the opinion is held with general unanimity that such trickery by a bird that has already been counted as bagged, is reprehensible in the extreme. More than one grouse hunter, who may perhaps lay claim to being a true sportsman, on an occasion like this, when nettled by this exasperating proceeding, will simply grit his teeth, and "cut loose" with both barrels, and then perhaps not entirely overcome an impulse to kill his dog.

The best ruffed grouse shooter we know claims only the skill to shoot a down-plunging bird once to a score of clean misses. An old hand takes the hard fortune of such experience with equanimity, but the novice is rattled by his want of success. On one occasion, after a new hand had missed half a dozen of these droppers in succession, his comrade, an old shooter, rallied him on his want of skill; and himself letting go at a plunging grouse, by sheer accident killed it. The bird fell with such force as to be impaled upon a sharp stub. "There was no necessity of shooting that bird," said the younger man, "if you had let it fly it would have killed itself."

THE QUESTION OF NUMBER.

A QUESTION often arises as to how far it is allowable to make the most of one's opportunity of bringing to bag when game is plentiful; and he who would rush in to lay down the law *ex cathedra*, would do well to follow the example of the Catholic bishop who invariably prefaced his reply to all questions with the qualifying remark, "I make a distinction," and who adhered to the usual formula even when his cardinal host, with a sly side twinkle, propounded the question: "Is it lawful to baptize in soup or not?" In this case the bishop risked his distinction on the quality of the soup, and the laugh was not wholly against him when he gave his reasons for the conclusion, that it would be lawful to baptize in His Excellency's soup, for His Excellency was renowned for niggardly fare.

It is by no means easy to lay down hard and fast rules as to the conditions under which it is justifiable to add to one's bag.

Some general propositions are easily arrived at with regard to a sportsman's action in respect of certain classes of game. For example, in respect of game shot only for the pot, it is perfectly legitimate to shoot as much as can be utilized in camp and advantageously disposed of on the return home. If a gunner destroys more game than he knows how to utilize, and allows it to go to decay, or if he shoots out of season, he is deserving of the most severe censure. But there is no accepted canon of ethics to debar the gunner from bagging as much game as he can utilize. We may feel a certain kindly regard for the man who shoots a few birds and then stops for fear of ruining the chances of later arrivals; but we should regard the act rather as a virtue of supererrogation than as of ethical obligation. We must not set the ethics of sport on an unattainable pinnacle.

As regards the shooting of bears, panthers, wolves, wildcats and all that class, the sportsman is generally conceded to be justified in availing himself of his opportunities to the utmost. The object here is to annihilate, and no sportsman is called upon by the ethics of sport to throw down his gun and run up a tree that he might give the next comer the pleasurable excitement of killing the game, even if it is a "silver tip."

But when we turn to the consideration of the mountain sheep and other big game pursued primarily for their horns as a trophy, and only in a secondary degree for their flesh, the ethics of sport become slightly tangled. Shall the man who has just bagged a noble pair of antlers withhold his fire in presence of an opportunity to add as fine or even finer pair to his bag? In deciding on this case it would perhaps be well to adopt the tactics of the wary old bishop and "make a distinction," and here the distinction would be between the ethical obligation of the sportsman to other sportsmen and the ethical obligation of the State to all sportsmen. As regards the individual, it is too much to ask that he should withold his fire from ethical considerations; as the Bengal officer remarked when he angered the Prince of Wales by taking first shot at a bear which rushed out between them, "By heavens, sir, I couldn't have helped firing if it had been the Angel Gabriel in place of Your Roya Highness!"

LONG ISLAND DEER.

THE New York deer law is construed as giving an open season during the first ten days of October on Long Island; and as is usual each year the hunters have been out in force, vastly outnumbering the deer. Possibly there was little if any exaggeration in the story told us the other day of one party of fifty hunters wrangling over the ownership of one doe, a doe which our informant describes as standing about as high as a pig.

Dogs are used to do the driving; guns are loaded with buckshot, and it is almost beyond reason that some of the participants do not shoot each other in the fusilade. Many deer have been killed, among them was one buck which weighed dressed 257lbs.; this was captured by a Patchogue party; and another party from the same town secured a buck tipping the beam at 285lbs. dressed. A New York company, among whom was Mr. Gustave Boysen, also returned with one buck.

It is worthy of note that there should be such a supply of big game here at the very threshold of the great city of New York. The conditions now prevailing in that district of Long Island are peculiarly favorable for maintaining the deer. There are several large tracts of land, including those of the South Side Club, the Vanderbilt and Cutting estates and others, adjoining one another and comprising many thousands of acres, all of which are strictly protected. Here the game finds safe refuge; and it is only the surplus or overflow that can be reached by the hunters. As decided interest is shown in securing protection for the deer, and as the conditions now prevailing will probably continue for a long time to come, the promise is that the Long Island deer supply will be maintained without serious diminution. We trust that when the commission on codification of the New York game law shall make its report, it will recommend for these deer no less of legal protection than they now have.

THE NEW CORRECTED LENGTH CLASS.

IT is not likely that any general change of classification, such as was proposed last fall, will be carried through this season; but discussion, which has been alive all summer, has been going on in a quiet but satisfactory way, and it is only a time before the classification of all the clubs will be remodeled on the basis of corrected instead of waterline. The subject was by no means dropped with the close of the hot campaign of last year, but yachtsmen have thought and talked over it a great deal this summer, the result being that many have changed their views and at least recognize that the movement is bound to succeed ultimately.

In order that when the change is made it shall be in the most perfect manner possible, it is highly desirable that the rule should be tested by actual building and racing under, and the Atlantic Y. C. has taken steps to this end by the recent creation of a class limited to 25ft. corrected length. One handsome 20ft. waterline racer has already been designed to race under the rule, and others are likely to follow, as the cost of such boats is within the means of many young and enthusiastic yachtsmen.

The designer being at liberty to chose his proportions of sail and length can try such a type as he considers fastest, and the question of beam that has come up so prominently in the discussions of last season can be settled by practical trial, which will be better than tons of theory. The results obtained by a season's racing of half a dozen yachts of various types in this class should be of the greatest value in settling the proper basis for a corrected length classification for all yachts.

OUR WELL KNOWN CORRESPONDENT "Stanstead," Mr. N. P. Leach, has severed his connection with the Dominion Cartridge Co., and will take the management of a new cartridge concern with works at Akron, Ohio.

THE Massachusetts Association is bent on making an experiment with the California quail. One lot of mountain quail has already been received, and will be put out where they will have protection.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

I.

IN the great wilderness which covers the northern part of the State of Maine, and extends across the line into Canada, is a lake whose area is larger than that of any other body of fresh water in New England. It is surrounded by the forest, and on its four hundred miles of shore line there is only one village, and the clearings are few. It is guarded on all sides by rugged mountains, some rising directly from its waters, while others are dim and blue in the distance. By the Indians it is called Sebamook, but it is better known as Moosehead.

The lake is thirty-eight miles in length, and its width varies from fourteen miles, which is the distance from the east outlet to the head of Spencer Bay, to a mile and a half, the distance from the mouth of Moose River to Kineo Mountain. The shores are very irregular and are indented by many bays and coves, of which Spencer Bay, almost another lake by itself, is the largest, being five miles from the narrows to the head. Its surface is dotted with islands, ranging in size from the little sandbar with its few bushes to those whose extent is reckoned by acres.

The basin of Moosehead is a vast reservoir, from which the noble river Kennebec flows to the Atlantic; and only two miles from its northern end are the waters of that other great artery of Maine, the Penobscot. The Kennebec flows over the great dam at the outlet, and for twenty-five miles, or as far as the Forks, is known as the East Branch. The Forks are the junction of the East Branch and the Dead River, which forms the true Kennebec. Moosehead's principal inflowing stream is Moose River, which comes in from the west, about midway of the lake, after flowing through a chain of smaller lakes and ponds.

Directly opposite the mouth of Moose River is Kineo Mountain, the most prominent landmark of the Moosehead region. Kineo juts into the lake from the eastern shore, and there are but few points from which it cannot be seen. An arm of the lake sets in behind it, forming Kineo Bay, from whose water rises the great precipice, 763ft. in height, which forms the eastern face of the mountain. Kineo is a solid mass of flint or hornstone, and was a great rendezvous for the aborigines of New England, who resorted to it in quest of material for arrow heads and other implements. It is the largest mass of this substance known. Many other noble mountains tower above the Moosehead water, the two Spencer peaks, Kokadjo and Sabotawan, east of Kinco, the City Bay group, Old Squaw, near the foot of the lake, the Blue Ridge, parallel to whose base flows Moose River, and Bald Mountain to the northwest, are among the most prominent, and from several parts of the lake, notably the North Bay, fine, though distant views may be had of Mt. Ktaadn, which rears its lofty summit far away beyond the Chesuncook forest.

II.

There is an old saying in the State, that Maine was made for the lumber business, and surely with this end in view there seems to be nothing wanting. The country is crossed and recrossed by a net work of lakes and streams, which afford the lumberman a means of transporting his logs to the settlements and the mills. Millions and millions of feet of lumber go over the East Outlet dam and down the Kennebec every season, while other millions are borne by the Penobscot and its branches.

In the fall the crews go to the localities which are to be operated on during the winter, and live till spring in a little world of their own. They are divided under three heads—the swampers, the choppers and the teamsters. The swampers build the roads and dams, the choppers fell the trees, and the teamsters haul the logs to the banks of the streams, where they are piled in readiness to be sent down in the spring.

After the ice goes out comes the great spring drive. The logs, each one of which has the owner's private mark cut into it, are rolled into the stream, now swollen by the melting of the winter's snow, and their long journey is begun. Down the stream go the logs, floating slowly along the dead water, plunging over falls and hurrying through the rapids. The drivers follow them, giving those which become stranded on the shore a new start, and breaking, often at the risk of their lives, the jams which are sure to form. On the lakes which have to be crossed the logs are rafted, towed across to the outlet, and again turned loose, to continue on their impetuous voyage. An apparatus called a "headworks" is used in the process of rafting the logs. It consists of a raft, on which is a rude but strong log capstan, and usually a shanty in which the men eat and sleep. The "headworks" is anchored in any desired place, and after the drive has passed it is left till the next year. On Moosehead the rafts are towed across by steamers.

The river driver's insignia of office is the cant-dog and his ruler is the boss driver, whose authority is analogous to that of the captain of a ship. Logs belonging to many different owners go charging down many little streams to the main rivers, down which they journey in company. As they approach civilization and the mills they are collected in booms and assorted. Each owner here takes his own and those for miles further down stream are again sent on their way.

During the summer prospectors go to the forest, timber suitable for commercial purposes is located and the tracts surveyed. In the autumn batteaux of provisions, the greater bulk consisting of pork, beans, flour and molasses, are sent to the logging camps and another campaign against the forest is begun. Lumbering is hard, continuous work—from sunrise till dark, day after day—but a hardy, manly life, withal; and the men enjoy it and return to their free life in the woods gladly.

The roads made by the swampers serve their purpose in the winter, when the snow lies deep and level under the evergreen trees, but in summer they become simply trails through the forest, almost impassable and used only by the deer and moose. So too, many of the streams which are raging torrents when the logs are rolled into them degenerate into laughing brooks, which would hardly float a stick of cordwood.

Moosehead Lake is now touched by a railroad, which lands passengers at its foot, but it is still a lake of the woods, and retains its charm as a bit of primeval nature. At no place is its beauty marred by so called camps, which are really modern houses with modern conveniences, whose owners make a pretense of "roughing it." At Kineo is a hotel which provides every comfort, but it is in the midst of a wilderness. From time immemorial a route from Canada to the coast has gone by way of Sebamook, and it is now the gateway to the great forest region in which are the headwaters of the Kennebec, the Penobscot and the St. John. The Indian, the hunter and the lumberman, the lover of nature, the angler and the sportsman, all cross the broad expanse of Moosehead Lake en route to their labor or their pleasure.

The West Branch of the Penobscot is only two miles distant from the head of the lake, and may be reached either by the North West or the North East Carry. From Umbazookskus Lake to Mud Pond another two mile carry leads from Penobscot to Allagash waters, which flow to the St. John. And so, although the country is a wilderness in which savage, uncompromising nature holds full sway, the intricate tangle of water courses furnishes highways by which any point may be reached.

The Indians and others familiar with the woods know the routes as we who dwell in the cities know the streets. If we wish to go to a cersain place in the town, we go, perhaps down a street, around a corner, across a square and up another street, and so on till we arrive at our destination.

In like manner the voyageur in the forest paddles his light canoe down a stream, across a lake, makes a carry to another lake, from which he descends or ascends another stream, and finally he steps ashore at his journey's end.

As we may know which are the best hotels and the places of amusement, he knows where are the best camping sites and good localities for game.

"Many men of many minds" go to the woods, but the true lover of nature goes with a feeling almost of reverence, for he is leaving everything hollow and artificial behind him and is to enter in among the beautiful and wonderful works of nature as they came from the hand of the Creator.

III.

We read much about the wild Indians of the West, but it is seldom that the journals of the day contain anything pertaining to the more civilized red men of the East. Yet in New England the remnants of once powerful tribes still exist. On the islands in the Penobscot River dwells a tribe of the Etchinnis nation, known as the Penobscot tribe. They own the islands and have their principal settlement on a large one, known as the Indian Island, near the village of Oldtown, which is itself on an island which was sold to the whites many years ago.

Here the Penobscots had a peaceful existence, electing their own governor and sending a representative to the Maine State Legislature. The men spend much of their time in the woods of the great northern wilderness, at the threshold of which they live, finding employment in the lumber camps and on the drives. They also act as guides for sportsmen, and go hunting and trapping on their own account. The cultivation of a few vegetables is the extent of their farming.

The women manufacture quantities of fancy baskets, which are sold at various seaside resorts during the summer, and the men build birch canoes for sale as well as for their own use.

One summer afternoon I stood on the bank of the Penobscot and raised the white flag, which is the ferryman's signal. A few moments later I was crossing to the Indian Island in a batteau which was propelled by a dark-skinned Penobscot. I was in quest of an Indian to accompany me on a trip to the woods, and I wanted to get Francis Soccalexis, a trusty man and a good guide.

I found Francis on the island, and as I shook his hand I asked, "Well, Francis, do you want to go on a trip with me?"

"Yes, I like to go; don't like to stay in village so well; like to live in woods better," and his eyes glistened as the instincts of his race found expression in his words. "You comin' this way; go right to Moosehead from here?"

"No," I explained, "I want you to meet me at Moose River Bridge. There are three of us going; and I have guides coming for the other two. Dennis is going to cook for us."

"That's good; Dennis is a nice fellow, good cook," for Francis and Dennis are the best of friends.

After we had arranged the preliminaries and fixed the date we strolled over the island From the place where the batteau grates against the shore runs a road which is the only street in the Indian village. On either side are the houses, most of them gray and weather beaten, but here and there is one smart with paint. On the right of the road and a few steps from the landing is the Catholic chapel, and beside it a shrine, for the Penobscots still follow the faith taught to their fathers by the Jesuit missionaries, who were the first white men to penetrate these northern wilds. On the left and almost opposite the chapel is the house of the present governor, Sol Neptune. A few rods further is the graveyard, beyond which the road gradually degenerates into a footpath, which straggles along a devious course and is finally lost in a swampy meadow. In the graveyard one reads the names of men who have been leaders of the tribe, and one inscription I copied, that of Francis's father:

GOVERNOR
THOMAS SOCCALEXIS.
DIED
SEPTEMBER 30, 1870.
ÆT. 68 YEARS.

He was governor of the Penobscot tribe at Oldtown thirty-five years. He was an honest upright man, loved and respected by all his people. That is an epitaph which any man might be proud to have. Near the gate is the grave of Joseph Polis, whom Thoreau has immortalized. Polis guided the Concord naturalist on his last journey to the Maine woods, and died five years ago. His widow still lives on the island, an aged woman; and on his house is still seen a small sign with the legend,

JOSEPH POLIS,
DEALER IN BASKETS AND CANOES.

"I suppose you knew Polis, did you not, Francis?" "Oh! yes, he was fine man; great hunter when he was young man," was the reply in a tone which indicated that this praise of his qualities as a hunter was the greatest which Francis could bestow. In front of some of the houses were camp-fires, over which water was boiling in kettles, and preparations were in progress for the evening meal, for though these people dwell in houses they retain many of their primitive methods.

Canoes were seen turned bottom up at many of the houses, ready for use, as one has one's horse at the gate. In the doorways and at windows sat squaws busily engaged in weaving sweet grass and colored splints into baskets of various shapes, and they glanced curiously to see whom Francis had for a companion and at the camera which I carried. Two of them, whom I knew, I requested to sit for their photographs; one consented without urging, and I secured her picture with the unfinished basket in her lap and a pile of material at her feet. Then I said to the other: "You see, Mary, the operation is not dangerous; you had better let me take yours too," and she went into the house, to reappear in a few moments with the announcement that she was ready. But she had changed the gray dress which she had worn and which draped itself in graceful folds for a new calico of striking design, which did not add to the picturesqueness of her appearance. However, I took another picture, and before I had the apparatus packed her change of dress was again made.

On our return to the landing we stopped to chat with an old man, Louis Pielsaux, who was building one of those craft peculiar to his people, a birch canoe. He had just cut the bark into the required shape and had it on a raised platform, where it was held in position by large stones, placed inside. On the ground was another canoe nearly ready for use, and several more were drawn up on the shore. "Birch is gettin' putty scurce now," said the old man. "Have to go good ways back in woods now for get bark big enough for canoe. Used to go one day and back the next and find tree, but can't do so no more. Spruce and cedar too, used to grow all round here, most all gone now, cut off, burnt off, all goin' putty fast."

In making a canoe the birch bark is stretched over a frame of cedar, and spruce roots are used to sew the seams and bind the parts together. The seams, cracks and holes are made water-tight with pitch and the forest furnishes all the material for this boat of tradition and romance. The paddles are of rock maple and the setting poles of spruce.

Francis had a good birch, but it was rather heavy, and he said he should take a canvas-covered canoe on our trip. The Indians always speak of a canoe as a "birch," and this appellation clings also to those of canvas, which are built on the same model as the boat of bark. The canvas canoes are somewhat lighter and are cleanlier, the use of pitch not being required.

When the waning sunlight warned me that I must return I stepped into the batteau, and as I floated across the dark water of the river I felt that I was on a stream which separates the dim past from the present practical age. For there, on the shore which I was leaving, was old Louis Pielsaux building his birch canoe as his fathers built them long before the white man ever saw the river; and ahead, looming darkly against the sky, were the brick walls and tall chimneys of a great mill. On one side of the current the Indian Island, on the other the railroad and the factory.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

CAMP ON BLUE RIVER.

SOUTHERN INDIANA has many beautiful camping grounds. Along the banks of the Blue River and other streams, shady groves, gravelly beaches, swift currents and deep pools, springs of pure cold water, welling from out the base of rocky wall, go gurgling into the stream. Giant plane trees grow by the side of the spreading elm, the odorous Balm of Gilead has for a neighbor the stately ash, near by is the sugar maple, with a sturdy oak interlocking branches with the sweet sap giver. From this point to the mouth of the river, nine miles by road and thirty odd by water, more varieties of trees can be found than exist in a state of nature on almost any other territory of equal scope. It is a field for botanists. The alternate hills and little sequestered valleys afford a variety of verdure seldom equalled. The geologist would also find much to attract attention. Here is the cavernous limestone formation. Within a mile of our camp is the famous Wyandotte Cave, with its 26 miles of subteraneous passages, its underground mountains, great halls and pillared domes, a grand study of itself. It is still in the family, Rothrocks, who have owned it from the earliest settlement of the country, about the beginning of the present century. What a grand time the Wyandotte chief and his tribe must have had about here before the white men came to disturb him. And just think what happiness there would have been in this country if Colombo had never come here. By the way, what a great old humbug he was. He went over to Iceland, listened to recitals of Sagas, gathered up manuscripts and maps, which with the help of his friend, the priest Marchena, in translating, told the way to the new country. Miscalculations, or bad seamanship, took him to South instead of North America, but all the same, the hordes of Europeans followed him and the fun of the Indians was spoiled. This thing called civilization is not what it is cracked up to be. However, a few spots have escaped the hands of the spoiler and Island Camp is one of them.

I have no big fish stories to tell of our party, but just before we came another set of campers a half mile below caught five large pike (Dr. Jordan says they are the maskalonge of the North), the smallest weighing 7lbs. and the largest 21lbs. We caught bass, sunfish and channel cat, and the latter are very toothsome. I have eaten whitefish on Lake Michigan, trout from the Big Sioux, cooked by Mother Hochdanner, near the south shore of Lake Superior, and I won't say that Blue River channel cat quite equal either of them; but they are very good. And turtle! I wonder how many readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever tasted snapping-turtle soup. Here is the boss recipe for preparing the delectable dish: First cut off the head and leave two hours or longer to bleed. Douse it in boiling hot water. All the outward scales are easily removed. Cut the claws, unjoint the legs from the under shell, split the belly and remove entrails, take off upper shell, cut up the meat, with the shell, and stew. If all the meat is not needed for soup take out a portion after stewing, fry or boil to taste, and it will almost equal frogs' legs. Then brown some flour and stir in slowly if desired use tomatoes, corn, potatoes, an onion or other vegetables, salt, pepper and other condiments to taste It is good, especially in camp.

There is canoeing, with oars or paddle, on the Blue Rapids for those who like such sport and quiet, long pools for the more sedate. Boats are not kept here for hire, although they can generally be had at some points on the river. We have two in our outfit, one built for a man, Dr. Cannon, who weighs over 300lbs. and has a heart in proportion, is a good fisherman and loves a camp in the woods. A camping party some distance below visited us in a boat propelled by a paddle-wheel with human muscle for power, invented by one of the campers, Mr. Mitchell. It might be used in harbors or bays to good advantage.

Our tents are pitched on an island; in front is a pool some hundred feet in diameter, fifteen to twenty feet deep in the center, with a gravelly beach on one side affording fine bathing. Looking out from our dining room (the fly off a wall tent), we can see down the river a third of a mile, over two grassy islands and with bold Wyandotte Mountain forming one side and the background of the view. It is a beautiful picture, a charming place.

In addition to the provisions of nature for our pleasure and comfort, and the "provisions" we brought along, we have only to cross the river to Mr. James Sibert's, where fresh milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, etc., etc., can be procured at reasonable rates, and where help at wood cutting, rowing, and any other assistance needed, can be had on call.

Of coure, the northern streams afford their trout—and mosquitoes; the lakes yield lordly bass and maskalonge—and no-see-ums; the seashore gives surf bathing, big fish and other enjoyments, also flies, gnats, etc., in additin to storms. Here we have no pests. Not a gnat or mosquito, no hogs, cattle or other camp nuisances; and for "plain people," who must count the expenses of their outings, along the Blue, within striking distance of Wyandotte Cave, can be recommended.

Persons desiring further information should correspond with Mr. James Sibert, White Cloud, Ind., or H. A. Rothrock, Wyandotte, Ind. JAP.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Sept. 25.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

SEATTLE, Washington, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game outlook along the Pacific coast promises unusually fine this fall. Reports at hand from California, Oregon and this State all tend to confirm this belief. A trip made last week to various parts along Puget Sound brought out the information that large game had not been so plentiful for years as at present. Several parties are now outfitting here for the fall campaign; two in particular going into a comparatively unexplored portion of the Olympic Mountains, where they anticipate finding a veritable sportsman's paradise. Surveying parties who have lately returned from this region relate stories that are simply marvelous, but which, later on, have been verified by an exploring expedition sent out under the auspices of the *Daily Press.* Small game has been considerably thinned out this season, owing to the severe drouth and local causes, but a good day's sport can still be obtained in the eastern part of this State or northern California.

Fishing is up to the usual standard, and large numbers of trout and salmon are being taken from the neighboring streams, while Puget Sound fairly teems with its salt-water fishes. The U. S. Fish Commission car No. 3, under charge of R. S. Johnston, arrived here Sept. 24, bringing a quantity of fish to be planted in the lakes. There were altogether about 3,000, chiefly black bass and croppies, with a sprinkling of catfish, pike and perch. They were immediately liberated in Lake Union and Lake Washington. Anglers feel elated at the prospect of black bass fishing in Lake Washington in the near future. This lake is a lovely sheet of water set in the most picturesque surroundings it has ever been my lot to see. At the head of the lake silver-tipped Mt. Baker rears its head above the clouds; at the foot of the lake, majestic old Mt. Rainier rises 14,444ft. above the sea level, while to the north and east can be seen respectively the Olympic and Cascade ranges. A sportsman who could not enjoy a day's outing here, even with proverbial "fisherman's luck," surely has no eye for the truly beautiful. JO.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

THE VOYAGE OF THE MIRA FROM FERNANDINA TO KEY WEST. BY CAPTAIN CLARENCE ANDREWS AND CHIEF ENGINEER ELWOOD "BILLY" HOFER.

THE Mira is 30ft. long by 8ft beam, with a draft of 16in. She is fitted with a sail placed in the bow to be used in case of emergency, and an engine of 7-horse power. There is a standing roof with canvas storm curtains, extra wide lockers running the whole length of the boat, with subdivisions for guns and fishing rods, clothing, stores, etc., having ample sleeping accommodations on top for four people; behind the engine is an oil cooking stove and water tank. A 10ft. cedar tender, oars, boat hooks, etc., complete our equipment.

Our plan was to travel from the Atlantic to the Gulf Coast of Florida by river or lake, and to return by the Atlantic coast. Owing to lack of time, however, only the first half of the trip trip was accomplished, but that the most unusual and interesting part.

The Mira was shipped to Fernandina on Feb. 28. Arrived there by the Mallory Company's steamer City of Texas on March 4, in charge of "Billy" Hofer, of National Yellowstone Park fame, and Timothy Mullins, engineer from the Gas Engine and Power Co., who accompanied us until we learned to run the engine ourselves. Detained in Fernandina until March 7 waiting for naphtha, a pilot was taken on board and the trip begun on the afternoon of that day; anchored for the night off Shell Island.

March 8.—Arrived at Jacksonville by inland route, the Sisters and Amelia rivers, at noon, when Captain Andrews took command. An addition to the crew was made in the person of William Scott, colored cook, who proved himself a veritable *Cordon noir*, the pilot leaving us here. We stopped at the Standard Oil Co.'s wharf to fill our naphtha tank, which contains 60 gallons. We cannot procure naphtha, however, as it is not sold in Florida, but we were given No. 74 gasoline and assured that it is practically the same. Then we follow the St. John's River for 10 miles and anchor for the night off Buckly's Bluff. There are very good charts of the river and the channel is marked out by beacons, so that there is no difficulty in navigating without a pilot.

March 9.—We are off early, the river is wide and forms really a "chain of lakes," which is the meaning of its Indian name "Welaka."

In the widest part in a strong wind and choppy sea, while hoisting sail, we break our tiller rope and are obliged to heave to for repairs. Notwithstanding this delay we make Palatka in eight hours, a distance of 60 miles. Here we remain two days, Captain Andrews visiting his land at Blue Springs, near Ocala, in the center of the newly-discovered phosphate district.

March 12.—In the afternoon we fire up and continue our journey up the river, taking on board 50 gallons of gasoline: what we cannot put in the tank we carry in cases, each case containing two tin cans and holding 10 gallons. This is an expensive way to carry it, costing $2.50 a case instead of 17 cents a gallon by barrel, but is worth the difference, as it is safer and more convenient. An iron drum holding 100 gallons or a barrel of 50 gallons would be difficult to handle, besides taking up too much room. The river to Sanford is so crooked that the distance is twice as long as by rail, 110 miles from Palatka. We anchor for the night off Welaka, opposite the Ocklawaha, where Captain Andrews had passed a night a year ago after a most exciting trip down that river, getting lost several times in "dead" rivers, in a pelting rain storm in the middle of the night.

March 13.—We cross Lake George, 16 miles in two hours being the best speed we can make and anchor off Volusia; in the night we are awakened from our gentle slumbers by the waves from a passing steamer coming over into our bunks; but as the water is warm and the weather also we are not much disturbed.

March 14.—The river narrows and becomes more attractive. We see plenty of heron and cranes, and have an enjoyable sail; anchoring toward evening on a beautiful inlet called Blue Springs from the transparent blue of its water. Reminds one of its namesake near Ocala, but with less picturesque surroundings.

March 15.—Find contents of tank very low, but as we have less than thirty miles to make to Sanford, decide to push on. Weigh anchor at 9 A. M. in a heavy rain storm, but well protected from it by our lowered storm curtains. Unfortunately the curtains prevent the engine from drawing well, and suddenly it is enveloped in a bluze. We extinguish the fire easily, and decide to return to Blue Springs rather than risk having our fuel give out midway. Take train to Sanford and succeed in shipping fifty gallons by a night freight boat, and the following morning, March 16, Mira is safely anchored off Dr. Barry's wharf at Sanford, 200 miles from Jacksonville. We have burnt 100 gallons gasoline, and although we learn to economize later on and keep the consumption down, we do not get it much lower than this.

From Sanford the launch has to be shipped by rail to Kissimmee about sixty miles distant on the South Florida Railroad. Although the company have a dock here, they have no derrick or other means of hoisting a boat weighing from two to three tons; so we have to haul her on the beach. By means of an extemporized windlass, much difficulty and swearing, Mira is placed on a cradle and left high and dry for the night. It takes a whole day to do this, another to get her on the flat car, a third to transport her to Kissimmee, where she arrives comfortably lying in her cradle on March 20. Col. Kraemer, the chief engineer of the Disston Land Improvement and Drainage Co., is familiar with the route we are to take, viz.: Down the Kissimmee River to Lake Okeechobee, then through the channels to the Caloosahatchee and so on to Fort Meyers and the Gulf. The Colonel who has recently made the trip, tells us that owing to unusual drought the water is so low in the first canal between Lake Tohopokaliga and Lake Cypress, that no boat drawing more than 10in. of water can push through, but that afterward we will have no further difficulty. It was too late now to turn back. We could not give Mira such another railway jarring again, so we charter a barge and a sturdy little sternwheel steamer of twenty-five horse power to push us through the shallow canal. Mira is placed on the barge, cradle and all (after a hard day's work), surrounded by freight of various sorts to be left at settlements along the lake.

March 22.—We are off at 9:40. Our crew is increased by the addition of Captain King of Kissimmee, who is to pilot us through the winding channels and across the uncertain lakes. Besides, there are Captain Johnson, owner of the steamer Cincinnati and barge, with his own crew of three men. Mira propped high in her cradle, 10ft. above the water, looks queer as she is pushed slowly out into the lake. We stopped three times to allow Captain Johnson to dispose of his freight. Have a fine view of St. Cloud, where are the sugar mills, which we hear working day and night, grinding the cane brought from the plantations of the Disston Land Co. Lake Tohopokaliga is very pretty, islands of high hickory woods dot it here and there. Among them Paradise Island may deserve its name, covered with trees, containing 100 acres of rich loamy soil; we are told it can be purchased for $7,000. Sixteen miles bring us to the entrance of the Southport Canal, 4 miles long, our course, due south, wind ahead, weather warm, with occasional showers. Here we find our first obstacle, a sand bar.

We go for it stern on and the wheel soon digs a channel in the soft bed. A half mile further we stick in hard bottom, and we wriggle, pole, push and sweat our way through, the crew stripped to their waists in the water most of the time and Captain Johnson, when not in also, directing their movements from the upper deck in airy attire and shirt-tails flapping in the breeze. As we pass through the canal we see the "Arbuckle," a small flat river steamboat, with double deck (like a house-boat), entering. Chartered for the trip by an English gentleman, he wisely allowed us to go first and prepare a channel for him.

The banks are flat and swampy; when the drainage is complete the land will be valuable for the cultivation of sugar cane, bananas, oranges, lemons and pineapples, all of which are already grown in the neighborhood. At 6 P. M. we reached Lake Cypress, 2 miles across the lake take us to the Hatchineha Canal, 2¾ miles long. This brings us into the lake of the same name, and 3 miles across it to the Gardiner River (really the upper Kissimmee) where we anchor, at Fort Gardiner, for the night. This is a roundabout course, but the canal connecting Cypress Lake directly with Lake Kissimmee is not yet finished. The sail in the bright starlight was full of charm; perched high upon her cradle Mira glides smoothly along, swamps, hammocks or cane forests on either side, alligators grunting along the banks or splashing into the water at our approach. Fish jumping out, fireflys and croaking bullfrogs animating the scene, while the new moon silvers all.

March 23.—At 5:30 A. M. we are off through the Gardiner (Kissimmee) River; heard the wild turkeys cackling, and would like to remain for a shot at them but Captain Johnson is anxious to hurry on, as his time is limited and he must be back at Kissimmee in time to carry the mail. We arrive at Lake Kissimmee at 8 A. M. Then all hands begin to knock the Mira's supports from under. She glides gracefully over the rollers, stern first, cradle and all into the water. We load our skiff with our spare cases of gasoline, and she sinks down nearly to the gunwales. In all we carry 170 gallons. The crew of the "Cincinnati" gave us a cheer and we are off, flags flying. Our course is straight across the lake, 20 miles long, but the water is rough and we are obliged to unload the skiff, which has gradually filled, and take her load on board. Then we hug the shore (which increases the distance ten miles) in order to avoid the heavy seas, passing Bird and Plummers Islands, and several smaller ones, on which we are told deer abound. We pass Floradelphia, plotted out in avenues and streets, but containing only one house, as yet. We pass "Grape" hammock, where the live oaks are covered with wild grape vines. In the vicinity are cattle ranches of two or three thousand head of cattle, and the few houses we see belong to the cowboys. At 1:15 we enter the Kissimmee River. The banks are alive with curlew, duck, water turkeys, heron, limpkins, cranes, etc. A flight of white heron flash like silver against the sky. We shoot a few duck and other birds as specimens, when they are in our course, and pick them up as we sail along without stopping. At 3:40 we tie up against a low bank for the night, having made 50 miles.

The current is with us all through our trip, and we can economize fuel. Our camp is called Alligator Bluff. The ranchmen who live twenty miles back come here for their supplies and to ship their crops to market by steamer, which runs regularly to Fort Bassinger. The river is a favorite resort near by where thousands of different kinds of birds make their nests. It is surrounded by swamp, and even with my high waterproof boots I fail to get within gunshot of them.

March 24.—After a general haul over and clearing up we are off at 9:30. About five miles down the river we stop at Orange Hammock, where a Mr. Griggs lives and occupies himself with plumage hunting and orange growing. We buy some lemons fresh from the trees and eggs more or less fresh from the hen. We shoot a couple of ducks, which the natives say are "Blue Petes." We pass Fort K., where there is only a fence, and enter Guy's Cut at 11:15, pass through it at 11:25; plenty of duck, but wind and current too strong to allow of our picking them up. Past Prairie Bluff, taking short cuts in narrow streams where there is just room for Mira to pass; yellow and white water lilies, occasional clumps of oak trees seen in the distance. Sometimes a peculiar water grass called "bonnet" entangles our propeller, but we untwist it by reversing. The larger alligators have been killed off by the professional hunters, and those remaining are comparatively small. The land on either side for miles back is held by the Government for the Disston Co. for the drainage improvements the company proposes to make.

Some settlers squatted here before the company received its concession, and we see their herds of fair but thin cattle. We come to Mikos Bluff, named after an old Indian, now belonging to Mr. Alderman, a ranchman, owning some fine buildings. At 4 P. M. Istokpoga Creek, which drains the large lake of that name, is passed, and at 4:30 we stop for the night. Our engine catches fire; cause, stopping the wheel and not turning off the injector! We learn only by experience, and no harm is done. Distance traveled, about forty miles.

March 25.—The pleasantest part of the day for me is after breakfast, while cook is cleaning up and Billy oiling the engine, I being *de trop* start off in the skiff provided with my Parker, a pipe and a book. I have a good hour's start and float lazily down the stream, watching the "gaters" and the innumerable birds disporting along the banks unmindful of my silent passage, until a shot brings one or the other to his doom.

We are now 125 miles from K. by water, and 90 by land; that is also the nearest railway point. We are off at 9:15; a heavy rain overtakes us, but we were snug with our storm curtains down. We pass Dougherty's Hammock and cornfield 7 miles above Fort Bassinger; banks higher here and country more attractive. At noon arrive at Fort Bassinger, where, as usual, there is no fort, but a store. We buy a few stale provisions and depart; pass the Hamilton Disston, a big flat-bottomed steamboat laboriously poled up stream, with an official of the company on board. At 2:30 stop for the day at Platt's Landing, 20 miles below Fort Bassinger, having made 35 miles and burnt 30 gallons. We catch five bass with a spinner averaging three pounds a piece in weight. At night the rain pours down in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightening. We sleep as calmly as ever.

March 26.—Take a day off. Therm. 100 in the sun. Billy finds a few quail in the afternoon and we tramp through the pine wood after deer, but unsuccessfully.

March 27.—The grunting 'gators in a swamp awaken us by their noise. We leave them in peace, though they will not leave it to us, and are off at 8:30. The river grows narrower as we near the great inland lake, 50 miles distant. The land is marshy on either side, with occasional clumps of palmetto or cypress trees. At 12:30 we enter Lake Okeechobee, and are greeted by the ever-welcome "Bon nets." Around the lake are swamps and marshes extending many miles back; no dry land in sight. We take a southwesterly course for 20 miles, but the wind has risen, our roof begins to rack from side to side, and we roll considerably; so we decide to anchor behind some beds of saw grass, which act as a breakwater, and heave to at 4 P. M. What a desolate and dreary picture! No sign of animal life except the ever-present water turkey. The mournful cypress rises here and there out of the water; 60 miles of dark and dreary waste stretch before us; behind, another sea of swamp and morass (soon to be reclaimed by drainage); 15 miles of saw grass. We made 40 miles to-day and burnt 25 gallons.

March 28.—At 9 A. M. we warp our way out of the grass by means of the small anchor, which we carry 50ft. ahead in the skiff, then cast over and haul ourselves up to it by the line, thus saving our screw from dredging. The fastenings of our roof are very weak; we steady them with boathooks and guy ropes, take our course along the western shore and thus have the seas head on. At 12:20 we sight a landmark at the entrance of the Hickpochee canal, consisting of a tin can attached to a tree. Without some sign the canal would be imperceptible. It is about 30ft. wide and runs southeast. We feel a great relief in leaving the gloomy and treacherous lake.

The water is of normal depth here, about 8ft. We expected to find it much shallower; in fact except in the first canal leading into Lake Cypress we have had plenty of water. Again birds of all kinds scream and flee at our approach.

As the wind is favorable, we hoist sail and stop the engine, getting along nicely for about 2 miles, when we reach Lake Hickpochee; at its approach we are bothered by mud flats and grass, but we drag along slowly through them; 3 miles across the lake and we enter the Drainage Canal again. We see low, flat meadow lands and poor looking cattle grazing about. In the distance forests of palmetto, backed by pine; cypress and water oaks dot the land here and there. We anchor early in the afternoon at "Coffee Mill Hammock," and stroll through the forest with our guns, but see no game, save a few hogs left by a former settler and since grown more or less wild. Sauntering about here is delightful. In the summer the ground is flooded, so now there is no underbrush, save the saw palmetto. The foot treads a pliant velvet carpet of moss; we find good bass fishing near our boat.

March 29.—We take another tramp through the forest to visit the "Ancient Indian Mounds" about 2 miles to N. E. We traverse first the palmetto, then further on the pine forest; crossing a gully we reach a hill upon which grows a solitary pine; around this hill, about 30yds. long and 10 wide, is a circular mound about 3ft. high. Billy climbs a tree to see if he can distinguish any intended shape to the mound, but time, the winds and the spade have destroyed any symbolical form it may have had. In older times the Seminoles had a canal by which they reached their burial grounds in canoes from the river. Army buttons and accoutrements, as well as Indian arms and implements, have been found, showing that as late as the Seminole war the Indians buried their dead here, together with trophies of war.

On our return to the boat we passed a forsaken Indian camp; a few poles stuck in the ground, an old embroidered and tattered shirt—perhaps left as an offering to the gods—a broken oven, and a pair of discarded moccasins, attest the presence of "redskins" and suggest that they came here on a pious pilgrimage to the necropolis of their ancesters. As we see no traces of game on this journey, we decide to leave our camp the same afternoon.

At 2 P. M. we weigh anchor, and soon came to mud banks, weeds and floating islands; we push slowly through all obstacles, we enter the Lake Flirt canal, at the entrance to which is an old wrecked steamboat, and the worst part of our journey begins. As the screw becomes entangled continually, we stop the engine, and pole, row, and sail through the blockade of weeds; the floating islands of grass, bonnets, lettuce, etc., reach entirely across the stream. Finally we reach the ill-defined and so-called Lake Flirt (which is no lake at all), and run aground, but kedge our way into deep water. On either side of us are swamps, which, being flooded in summer, give the appearance of a lake. Beyond, to the right, a beautiful dark thicket of forest oaks and cypress. In front a fence seems to cross our path, but we find a sudden turn to the right and we are in the Caloosahatchee again. The cattle we have seen belong to Captain Henry, of Fort Myers; these fences are his land marks, and a wagon and team stopping on the bank are also the Captain's.

At a quarter to five we reach Fort Thompson, see a horse and some men, but do not stop. Henceforth the river is beautiful; the banks 4 to 6ft. high are covered with attractive trees and dark foliage. We wind picturesquely in and out, avoiding the snags and rocks projecting out into the stream. We are loath to stop at our usual hour, the sail down the swift flowing river is so pleasant. A strong current helps us along with a favorable wind until six o'clock, when we tie up on the north bank, 50 miles above Myers. Time, 3½ hours for 20 miles.

March 30.—We were without our usual midnight concert. The forest surrounding us is unusually quiet. No noise disturbed our slumbers save a wandering coon who knocked up against our bows, and whose tracks were discernible in the sand. We catch a "strawberry" bass for breakfast and are on our journey betimes. We see shark and varieties of small fish. The water is so transparent that they are difficult to catch.

The morning sun shines brightly through the forests which line both banks. We pass a large sternwheel steamboat engaged in removing snags. The river is navigable as far up as Fort Thompson for good-sized steamboats; many excursions are made by tourists from Fort Myers. We see beds of coral for miles along the banks. Marks on the trees show signs of high water, many of them 10 and 15ft. above the present water level. Air plants, with their red and blue flowers and other parasites, cling gracefully to the branches. Wild grape vines festoon the saw and cabbage palmetto, giving a tropical aspect to the scenery.

We pass a herd of cattle quietly browsing on the banks. An unfortunate cow is bogged up to his body in the mud at the water's edge unable to rise; the poor animal gazes at us calmly, apparently as unconscious as his fellows of the death that awaits him from starvation. The buzzards will pluck at his eyes and begin their meal before he is dead.

At 11:30 we come to the town of Alva, twenty-five miles from Myers; we pass the first clump of mangroves we have seen. The river banks are flatter here and resemble those of the St. John's. The tide reaches nearly up to Alva and the water soon grows brackish, so we fill our water tank for the first time. We sight Myers at 2:30, the river here being a mile wide. Arrived at 3:15, making 50 miles in six hours and a quarter.

We sup at the Caloosie Hotel for a change. Wild turkey and guava jelly make a pleasing variety to our diet. A small town, but rapidly growing, charmingly situated at the mouth of the river; wide, shady, grass-grown streets, old-fashioned Southern houses and new brick stores.

March 31.—Slept on board in the gorgeous moonlight. Took a pilot, as Captain King leaves us here, to steer us between the oyster beds, the channel not being marked, as far as Punta Rassa. Started at 11:30 for St. James City, 23 miles distant; passed Edison's winter home, a pretty place where the inventor has a laboratory and dwelling, but seldom uses either. A 'gator 10ft. long glides curiously within 10ft. of us, as if attracted by the peculiar sound of our engine. See porpoise disporting. At 2:30 arrive off Punta Rassa, where is a telegraph and cable station for Cuba. Putting our pilot off on a returning steamboat, we were left for the first time to our own skill in navigating. At Punta Rassa is a small, cosy hotel, run by the operator more especially for fishermen, as it is near the best tarpon grounds. We go on by ourselves through the channel, staked out plainly, to St. James City, on Pine Island, where we arrive in less than one hour, 4 miles, without mishap; until we run aground alongside the dock, and have to kedge off rather a la-bed, as we are watched by curious eyes from the shore. Here we engage the services of a blacksmith to strengthen our roof. This is accomplished satisfactorily by placing iron around each stauchion, and an arrangement of iron straps and rods running from the roof and crossing each other down to the sides of the boat, making all perfectly secure. Did our best while here to engage a pilot to take us through the Keys,

but these men make so much money from the tarpon fishermen, who come down to St. James City bent on the capture of at least one of these monsters, that they refuse to go for less than three dollars a day. They make as much as that going out with the sportsmen, who, when successful, reward their fishermen highly.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

FISHES FOR THE NATIONAL AQUARIA.

OWING to the high temperature of the water in the U. S. Fish Commission aquaria during the past summer, it was impossible to save the salt-water fishes, and on the first of September there were but a few variegated mummichogs, horseshoe crabs, and a small number of other marine species to be seen in the tanks. To replenish the display of interesting and instructive animals, Mr. Seal planned a trip to the Chesapeake Bay and left Washington on the 15th of September for Cape Charles, Va. He was accompanied by Messrs. L. G. Harron and D. W. Kenley of the commission, both of whom, like Mr. Seal himself, have had much experience in the handling of live fishes and seining. The party camped out on the beach right off the docks of the town. Here fairly good seining was found, the first three hauls of a 30-fathom fine meshed seine brought up twenty-five species of fishes, besides shrimp, squid, crabs, etc. Young spots, croakers and mullets were found here in large numbers. Young sea bass are common, as are young bluefish. Half-beaks were also very common. This most interesting fish will not live in captivity, and we fear that Mr. Seal has been unable to get them alive to Washington.

The party arrived in Washington on the morning of Oct. 5, and brought with them the following species, for the most part alive and lively: Soles (*Achirus* and *Aphoristia*); several species of flounders; a hake-like fish (*Ophidium*); blennies, several species, one 5in. long. Some of these were found with mature eggs. Toadfish, a plenty; young tautog; angelfish or porgy; pompano; banded rudder fish; channel bass; trout or weakfish; spots; croakers; yellowtail; scup; Holbrook's scup, interesting; sea bass, one with telescopic eyes, very curious; grunts or hogfish, several kinds; mullets or fatbacks, very lively; lizard fish, curious; eels, sting rays, etc. This list is by no means complete, your correspondent only saw the fish as they were emptied from the cans into the receiving pool at the Central Station. Among the blennies several genera are represented, as is the case, also, with the grunters, flounders, etc.

Cape Charles is on the bay, about five miles from the ocean inlet, and twenty-four miles from Old Point Comfort, from which point and Norfolk it is reached twice daily by steamer. The New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad transfers passengers for the south from the railroad to the boats at this point.

The water of the bay along the eastern shore of Virginia is very salt, there being no fresh-water streams of any consequence falling into the bay here, and, as would be expected, many species of fish, which are strictly marine forms, are found here in considerable numbers. The water right in front of the town is too shallow for seining purposes at low tide, but is good when the tide is up.

Mr. Seal's party visited the pound nets and found in them much of interest. We shall have more to say about this region in a subsequent number.

FISHES OF ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

OWING to the abundance of seal life, fish are not abundant about the Prybilov Islands, in Behring Sea. This year after seal-killing ceased, on July 20, many of the natives went fishing on favorable days, as many as ten boats leaving St. Paul's at one time. They usually returned early in the evening, but their catch was rarely an equivalent for the time and trouble expended, at least an average catch would never pay a white fisherman. On Aug. 4 one of the boats with two men caught seven halibut, one of them weighing 150lbs., but the others averaging not over 25lbs., and three cod-fish averaging not over 5lbs. The halibut were very good, and compared well with Eastern fish, but the cod presented a very unsightly appearance. Instead of the cleanness and lightness of color characteristic of the Eastern fish they appeared diseased, being dull in color and very slimy. They improve greatly when taken further from shore; but fish taken within a few miles of land are considered by the white people as being unfit for food. With these are also taken large specimens of a sculpin, some of them being over 2ft. long. Another species is taken among the rocks at low water by the natives, and it is an interesting sight to see a party of natives, men and women, catching "kahlogs" (sculpins) with a short line a few inches long attached to a pole about 3ft. long. A cod hook, baited with a piece of meat, is used, and the hook and line are inserted between the rocks and left in motion until a fish is hooked. I rarely saw more than six caught by one man, and they seemed to have greatly decreased in numbers of late years.

About ten other species of fish are found about the islands. Salmon are sometimes washed up during storms, but never in any abundance. The attu or atka mackerel (*Pleurogrammus monopterygius*) has been taken but rarely. I found several small flounders after a storm, but all the other species collected are either young or belong to small forms. A species of stickleback is abundant in the great lake on St. Paul and is the only fresh-water fish.

WILLIAM PALMER.

A BIG HAWK ON THE BRIDGE.—People who take for their morning or evening "constitutional" the walk across Brooklyn Bridge often see strange and interesting sights, but never a stranger one than was seen yesterday morning. A hawk, of such size that some of the beholders insisted it was an eagle, having made capture of a pigeon, fluttered for a time over the New York tower and presently settled upon the south side cable and proceeded leisurely to devour its victim. A large crowd gathered on the promenade and craned their necks, but the big bird, caring nothing, plied beak and talons until nought save bones and feathers was left of the poor pigeon. After arranging his sailing apparatus the bird winged his way out over the bay toward Staten Island. It was the first time that a large bird of prey was known to have perched on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Game Bag and Gun.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

CAMP PARKER, Moose Pond, Essex County, Adirondacks, N. Y., Sept. 25.—"Gentlemen, don't leave your watch-ground until the hunt is up or you are no true sportsmen." Our first hunts proved very unsuccessful, and the hunters had all returned; yet the dogs were still out, a sure proof that should in general direct the sportsman to keep his watch.

The Court from Glens Falls, Mr. Fissy, a merchant from Philadelphia; Punky, a broker from New York, the inventor of that destructive Holland ball, and the subscriber were assembled at the camp table talking all at once, trying to reconcile the transactions of the day. The Court was just getting off some of his fun, when a handsome three-pronged buck in the full blue coat came bounding down the mountain side within 50yds. of the camp-fire and stood for a moment gaping at the strange group. In a second there was a rush for the guns. One left his hot flapjacks. The cook upset his frying pan. Another spilt his coffee. A third cried out, "To the lake!" The Judge was the first on the trail, as bare-headed he took the track with a shout, following the beautiful creature down to the water about 100yds. off. The Inventor had left his gun at the landing and started at a 2.40 gait to secure it. The heaviest weight in camp opened the valves and soon reached the shore. Mr. Fissy never having killed a deer had been promised the first to supply venison. He also reached the lake a little out of breath, though quite cool. When the subscriber arrived among the excited hunters the fated beauty was hopefully sailing on the placid waters simply thinking over the table scene he had just witnessed, congratulating himself on his narrow escape. Little did the creature think that a dozen eager eyes were then watching and waiting for him to reach the middle of the lake, when his fate would be sealed by a ball from Fissy's rifle. This part of the play I will not describe, as I have never indorsed this kind of hunting, except when in need of food. The venison proved excellent, and all enjoyed it except the gentleman who secured it, who said he could not touch it, feeling as if he had committed murder.

On this same day several of the party returned from a hunt, and one had scarcely passed along the lakeside when a deer followed right on his track; and several had the mortification of seeing the creature wave his flag in their faces and disappear in the woods.

Of all the years it has been my privilege to enjoy an outing in these grand old woods, this one has proved the most trying from the constant rains and unsettled weather, with high waters everywhere, conditions which throw a damper over everything. Our party felt it, and the Court decided to return to civilization, the Inventor and Philadelphia merchant concluded to accompany the Judge. Consequently last Saturday they took their departure for the waters of the Horicon, much to our sorrow. To make matters still more unfortunate for the subscriber, a telegram called the Broker to New York on Monday, leaving your humble servant alone to fight out another miserable, rainy, cold and unsuccessful week. Again, Mr. Editor, have I witnessed the destructive effects of the hollow ball.

H. C.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE ruffed grouse is universally pronounced by sportsmen to be the wildest, the wariest and the wiliest bird in this or any other country. Shooters from the old world make a meager showing in his pursuit, being utterly baffled by him. His natural wildness is greatly intensified by his being chased by dogs and fired at by men. I regard hunting the "partridge" as the most manly and noble recreation that a gentleman can engage in. It brings strength of body, elasticity of mind and gladness of heart among the pleasantest scenes of nature.

The ruffed grouse knows the color of his feathers; he also knows the color and size of surrounding objects. He takes in the situation with great readiness, and utilizes it like a flash of light. While standing in the woods one day admiring the beauty of a silver maple decked in all the gorgeous coloring of autumn, a grouse suddenly dropped in the fork where the two principal grand branches met. He came down silently, softly, and without ruffling a feather. Immediately after he placed his back against one limb, while his breast looked strikingly like the other in color. He had no sooner got himself in position than he detected me, and reasoning that I must have seen him come down, he flew.

Soon after on this same occasion a grouse sailing in whirled and dropped on the ground in between two small trees that stood, as I afterward measured it, 5in. apart. No sooner had he settled down than he realized that danger was near, and turning his head looked back at me over his shoulder. One glance was enough, for like a flash he was up and away.

The ruffed grouse knows also intuitively when he is seen by the person in pursuit of him. One day a grouse, started in the low grounds, flew up on a well-wooded hillside. Following him I got on a path, and walked back and forward several times near the spot where I supposed he had lit. Finally I went over the ground again for the fourth time and had just passed under a bough that projected over the path about 5ft. above my head, when the bird flew from it. He knew I had not seen him, and took his own time about getting away. On another occasion I was coming out of a woods intending to go to another one, when on suddenly looking up I saw a grouse on a limb about 20yds. off. The moment I saw him he knew it, and flew.

The grouse is always difficult to distinguish when on the ground, as the following incident will prove. Once I was out with an old grouse shooter, and in the woods we met the owner of the land. He expressed surprise that any one could shoot partridges or even see them before they flew. My companion said he could shoot them easily, and could make them out on the ground or in a tree every time. "Now," said he to the farmer, "do you see that object down there? [pointing to something about 40yds. away.] Well, you would suppose that was a grouse, would you not?" The farmer said he would, that it looked something like one. "Well," said the old hunter, "it is not one, and you would be sold on it." While we stood talking the object rose and flew away. It was a grouse. At this occurrence the look on the face of the old hunter was worth going some distance to see.

The most difficult shot at the grouse (in my opinion) is when he darts down from the top of an immense pine, which is a favorite spot for them to take refuge in. The tree usually stands on the brink of a gorge, and the bird is in sight for some distance, yet I have never seen the man who could successfully accomplish this shot.

DORP.

OHIO GAME.

DAYTON, Ohio, Sept. 30.—The New York *Sun*, of Sept. 21, began a paragraph of (mis) information about the Ohio game laws in this way: "For monumental imbecility, probably the game laws of Ohio are in the lead. The open season for woodcock has been changed from July 4 to July 15. Why a period of only eleven days? The use of sneakboats, batteries, etc., has been forbidden in Lake Erie, its bays and estuaries, where ducks cannot be killed except through the use of these devices. The law which protected ducks while breeding has been repealed entirely. The open season for quail in Ohio is only one of thirty-five days from Nov. 10 to Dec. 15." The facts are that the law is eminently satisfactory to all concerned in this State, and to all others who are in any way posted as to Ohio seasons, except the clause pertaining to wild duck shooting, and which is exactly the reverse of what the *Sun* man publishes.

The law reads: "No person shall upon any bog, estuary, marsh, mudflat, river, or any cover to which wildfowl resort, by the aid of any swivel or punt gun, or any other gun than a common shoulder gun, or with or by the aid of any artificial light, or with the aid of or from any sink boat or battery, steam or naphtha launch, or with any trap or net, catch, kill or wound, or pursue with such intent, any wild goose, or brant, or wild duck or any other waterfowl, or destroy or disturb the eggs or nests of any birds named in this section, excepting in the waters of Lake Erie, estuaries and bays thereof; and no person shall in any place catch, kill or injure, or pursue with such intent, any wild duck on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week, between the first day of September and the tenth day of April of any year."

Thus it will be seen that these devices for trapping, luring and killing wild geese and ducks may be used freely and to the utmost extent four days each week during the open season in Lake Erie, and in the marshes, estuaries and bays thereof, while in the other nineteen-twentieths of the State restrictions are ironclad. The only waterfowl breeding grounds in Ohio are in these marshes and bays along the lake, except to some extent around the reservoirs in Central Ohio. Occasionally a woodduck nest is found along the rivers of southern Ohio, but very seldom. The pot or market-hunters along the lake, through the representative from Erie county, influenced insertion of the exception that gives them the exclusive privilege of slaughtering ducks on their nests, and all the rest of the State is suffering from it.

The woodcock open season begins later because it was found that usually the young birds are not large enough to take care of themselves before the 15th of July. Open season for pheasant, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; gray, fox or black squirrel, July 1 to Dec. 15. Hunters and farmers agree that Nov. 10 to Dec. 15 gives all the time desired for quail shooting. We usually have heavy snow by the middle of December, and shooting after that means extermination of quail. Under the present law quail have increased wonderfully, and the people are willing to let well enough alone. The open season for wild turkeys begins to-morrow, Oct. 1. All kinds of game are sufficiently protected by law except wild geese, brant and ducks, and it is fair to presume that the law will be amended to take away from northern Ohio pot-hunters their murdering privileges. Rabbits, snipe and doves are outlaws in Ohio, and may be shot at any time.

Oct. 6.—The northern portion of Darke and Shelby counties, and all through Mercer and Anglaize counties, Ohio, and Jay and Adams counties, Ind., lie the best pheasant regions of the two States, and the birds also abound, though not to such extent, north to the Michigan line. The hatching season was early and favorable, cover has been superb and feed abundant, and the law protecting pheasant until Sept. 1 was effective.

Broods run evenly this year, from 12 to 15 birds, the largest number, 15 chicks, being reported by William Lowry on a farm not far from Fort Recovery, near the headwaters of Wabash River, in the reservoir region. The young pheasants are too small for the table, therefore the market hunters have not disturbed them and they are not wild. Farmers are about the only ones who have been doing any pheasant shooting, and they finding the birds not full grown, and that the hunters were not out, have put up their guns, only desiring to be in the field in advance of the skirmish line of town shooters.

BROWN.

DEER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, N. H., Oct. 1.—In regard to Amasa Ward's camp as a desirable resort for still-hunting deer, I consider it the most satisfactory place for that sport of any in northern New Hampshire. In fact, I could almost warrant one a deer every day after the first fall of snow in the fall. Dogging deer is allowed in Coos county, in this State, and is practiced to some extent both at Diamond Ponds and Connecticut Lakes; but Amasa has a law of his own, which reads like this: "Any dog found running deer on his territory will be shot at sight." And as it is pretty well understood that the "law" will be enforced by Amasa, it is seldom violated; and as a result the deer are not all driven from the vicinity of his camps and it is not necessary to make a day's journey to some locality where the game may be found. That, together with the fact that his camps offer good accommodations in the way of comfortable beds and a good table, make it to my mind the best place for fall and early winter deer hunting of any in this vicinity. —ROB.

DEER AND MOOSE IN MAINE.—Eustis, Me., Oct. 6.—Mr. F. E. Butterfield and myself have been in camp at Big King and Bartlett Pond for the past two weeks. From Sept. 20 to 30 fly-fishing was excellent, fish ranging from 1¼ to 2¼lbs. Oct. 1 being open season for large game, we commenced hunting. On Saturday, the 4th, we killed one moose and two deer, which we have ready to take out with us to-day. Game is very plenty here. Deer and moose are undoubtedly increasing in this part of the State, and any sportsman can get game here during the open season without much difficulty. I write these few lines thinking it might interest you and your readers.—L. ATWOOD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—The ducks are agin us and not wid us, so far this fall. Fox Lake is no good, so the boys say, and thus far no bags of consequence have been made on the Kankakee. The best shooting has been on the famous Horicon Marsh of Wisconsin. Percy Stone went up there again yesterday. Messrs. Fred C. Donald and Ben Dicks go up to-night. Mr. Donald had his plans laid yesterday to go with Mr. Fred Lord and Mr. Charles Levings down to the Spring Lake country, of which mention was made last week. Mr. Levings was the engineer in charge of the Government works on Copperas Creek dam, and is thoroughly acquainted with Spring Lake, Clear Lake, Beebe Lake and all that country in there. He goes on down and will put in a week or two fishing. He says the bass fishing below the Government dam is the finest he ever knew, when at its best.

Mr. C. W. Lee and Mr. J. W. Keogh are back from their bicycle tour through England. Mr. Lee says they could not see much popular interest or general participation in field sports, the main things seeming to be horse racing and cricket, which everybody was ready to talk about. In Devonshire they saw some beautiful streams, and here Mr. Lee thought the angling was good, most of the waters, of course, being closed to the public. At the Lakes of Killarney some good catches were being made. Mr. Lee heard nothing of shooting during his trip, and thinks that a poor country for the shooter of average means. Even boating and canoeing seemed to be dull in England.

Mr. J. O. Blake, of Spaldings', is back from his grand western tour in company with Mr. Geo. J. Charlton. At Denver they joined the excursion of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, and went to all the great scenic localities of the Rockies and the West, from the Grand Cañon to the Park. That this is a country alike beautiful and stupendous Mr. Blake is ready now to attest to any extent.

Mr. W. C. Wire, of the same house, enjoyed himself during a sick spell of six weeks on his vacation, near Oshkosh and Lake Winnebago, this fall. He reports some fishing, and shooting just beginning.

Messrs. H. M. Levy, Jos. A. Fuschlander, Albert Heidelbach, J. L. Workman and S. Kuhn, all of Cincinnati, have just passed north for a fishing and shooting trip in the woods of Wisconsin, where they should have a pleasant time at this season.

Mr. W. L. Shepard and Mr. J. T. Cowler have left for a deer hunt on the Upper Peninsula. They go about 40 miles northwest of Branscombe, and will start from the station as soon as they get off the cars, their team and camp outfit being in waiting for them. They are almost certain to get deer. Mr. Cowles has often hunted the country. They will have good local guides also.

Messrs. Alex. T. Loyd, R. R. Donnelley and Wallace De Wolf returned lately from a three weeks' chicken trip in Minnesota. They shot near Tyler, north of Pipestone, and seem to have had fair luck at snipe, ducks and curlew until the water dried up in the sloughs, after which these birds left. It is very dry in Minnesota this season, according to all reports. Mr. Donnelley thought that the chicken shooting they had, while fair, was not so good as that they had in Iowa last year. Nobody seems uproariously enthusiastic this fall about the chicken shooting in any of the States west of here.

Dick Turtle has gone back to Saybrook, Ill., this week, to get some more chickens.

Oct. 3.—It might be well for FOREST AND STREAM to send its natural history man out here to inoculate the daily press of this city with a little common sense. Nearly every paper in the city has published the news of a child here, whose death, it is officially announced, was caused by a cat that "sucked its breath." This is good matter to class with the hoopsnake story. The paper which first printed this cat yarn, the *Journal*, had in the same issue about half a column cut from FOREST AND STREAM without any credit. Superstition and loose morals go together.

But of late the city papers here, with a charming unanimity and a display of intelligence that is remarkable, have been giving our friend Mr. Brusewitz, the Chicago game warden, a good warming up. FOREST AND STREAM is a little ahead of them on that, but it is all in the family. Brusewitz is quoted as having publicly admitted that he didn't know what the game law was, had never read it, didn't know a chicken from a duck and didn't know what all this fuss was about anyhow. He is about the most modest game warden ever was. He don't know anything and he don't think he knows anything, and he don't care who knows that he don't know anything. But Gov. Fifer keeps him right where he is. He'll do, Gov. Fifer thinks, because he stands in with the boys. At the next meeting of the Legislature a determined effort will be made to have Brusewitz removed and a tin man put in his place.

Evidence has been collected of late by one Bortree, which in case of prosecution by the legal warden, would convict two prominent South Water street game dealers of illegal handling of game. But Brusewitz didn't see it, so the prosecution can't go. Great country. Great law. Great Brusewitz. Stonewall Brusewitz.

The *Herald* of this city this morning prints an astute article on "Law-Breaking Game Eaters," in which it proves to its own satisfaction that about the only breakers of the law are sportsmen. Their bad example, it thinks, demoralizes the public. It says: "If people knew the law was going to be enforced, and they were in danger of arrest if they violated it, they would not run the risk of getting into trouble by purchasing game. The hotels and restaurants would not buy it, and the dealers, having no market for it, would cease to purchase it from the so-called market-hunters, and the latter's occupation, consequently, would be gone. Thus, if the sportsmen only keep the law themselves, game preservation will be perfect." That is an easy way of figuring. The *Herald* writer forgets that the legal season of selling game would afford the market-hunters an occupation. In short, the *Herald* forgets a good deal, and don't know a good deal more, about this game law business. For instance, it says: "Another breaker of the law is the man who shoots grouse and quail in Illinois and brings them home by railway. There is a law prohibiting the transportation of Illinois game by rail, and if it is illegal for the railway company to carry them, it is equally illegal for the man who has shot the birds to bring them with him on the cars." A statement like that is misleading and ought to be corrected. The best correction is to call it plain nonsense. No such law exists. The railroads cannot carry illegal game to market, but they can carry legal game, with or without the owner's presence, to his home or to his friends. Any lawyer will tell you that. The article in question is miscolored and hurtful. The *Herald* knows more about the Cronin case than it does about the Effingham county case.

In talking over some of these things to-day with Mr. Wolfred N. Low, legal counsel of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, that gentleman said:

"As a matter of fact, we have now got very fair game laws on the statute books of Illinois. At next winter's meeting of the Legislature, I shall be at Springfield with the sportsmen's committee, and we shall ask for only one change, and that is to make the prairie chicken date Sept. 1 instead of Sept. 15, as the late accidental law has made it. As a compromise with the southern part of the State, we should make the date Sept. 1. Their harvest is earlier than ours, and by Sept. 15 it is impossible for them to get any chicken shooting over dogs at all, as the birds all pack up and will not lie to the dogs."

In this I do not agree with Mr. Low. I do not think we ought to ask how many, but how few, prairie chickens we can kill now. Don't kill the birds when they are young and easily approached, so that the whole covey can be bagged. Wait until they are big and strong, even if you do have to inaugurate another style of shooting them. We have got a few chickens in Illinois now, thanks to the three years close law, and let us keep them now we have them, and make it harder, not easier, to kill them. Let us establish the bird firmly all over the State again, and this time take care of it. Every one knows how babyish and how exterminative is the "sport" of kicking young prairie chickens out of the grass or stubble and killing them at a few yards distance. Shoot them out of the corn, the birds can then take care of themselves. But Mr. Low further remarked:

"What we need now is not more laws, but better enforcement, and our next move will be toward getting better executive machinery. At the next session we shall try to secure the passage of an act authorizing the appointment of two or more wardens for each county in the State; no warden, however, to be appointed except upon the petition of twenty-five or more residents of that county. This will do away with the political features of that work, and should secure the right men. We shall also ask that these wardens have police powers to arrest without warrant on detection of an offense against the game laws. I believe that in this way we can really do much to break up illegal shooting.

"I attended the meeting of the Central Illinois Association, at Jerseyville, and am pleased to state that we shall have the coöperation of that body. They have promised to get the pledge of every candidate for the Legislature from their districts in favor of the measures I have just mentioned.

"There is unquestionably a great deal of illegal shooting done in that lower country. While I was at Jerseyville a fellow by the name of Bauer declared that his neighbor had been shooting chickens all summer, that he had eaten some of them and that upon invitation he had gone over on his neighbor's farm and shot chickens before the season opened. Dr. Henry, of Jacksonville, heard him say this and said, 'Bauer, I am going to see that you are expelled from this association and not allowed to shoot here next year. A man who will do what you have done is not fit to belong to a sportsmen's association!' There is absolute truth in that last and I hope Bauer will be expelled. He certainly is a disgrace to the association.

"The Central Illinois men appointed as their committee Mr. I. Taylor, of New Berlin, Mr. J. Brown, of Havana, and Mr. C. W. Parent, of Jerseyville. These are good men and we hope for some good work to show results next winter. It is not probable that the man Brusewitz will last longer than that session."

It is to be hoped not, and hoped further, that out of the plans above outlined there may come success, and such an agitation of the matter as shall amount to an education of the people who are now so ignorant and careless. Even such articles as the inaccurate one of the paper above quoted do good, for they keep the matter before the public.

E. HOUGH.

BEAR TRAPPING.—The result of Mr. Bayard Thayer's bear hunt has at last come out in full. It will be remembered by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that, with his guide, he ran on to a cub, which little fellow took up a tree. He was treated to a charge of bird shot, which brought him down from the tree, wounded, and that in dispatching him with an axe the guide kicked up so much of a yell and a rumpus that the old lady herself suddenly appeared on the scene and made for the men in a manner that caused some uneasiness. The guide shouted to Mr. Thayer to reserve his fire—only bird shot in the cartridges—and if possible to get another cartridge into his gun. In trying to obey these admonitions and at the same time not to let the old lady get too near, Mr. Thayer tripped on a stick and fell backward, discharging his gun into the air. Fortunately the old lady took fright at the smoke and discharge and ran one way about as fast as the men did the other. The men do not confess to this latter feat, however. They came back that day with more help and more powder and lead. They carried the cub to camp and set a trap for the old bear. They visited the trap only once, a few days afterward. But on the last day of September, some 20 days later, they went to take in the trap. It was gone. They followed the marks of the clog a mile or two, and finally came to the decayed carcass of the old bear, where she had died in the trap, doubtless of starvation. Oh, the cruelty of this trapping, even of savage bears! When will men with souls learn to have pity for animals and birds? The agony of that poor old bear in the trap, waiting for death from starvation! My guide tells me that he heard dismal howlings on calm nights, that made him think that the old bear must be in the trap. The least that those who set steel traps for bears can do is to visit them daily.—SPECIAL (Boston.)

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 4.—Ruffed grouse season in this State opened Oct. 1. A number of sportsmen from this place took the opportunity to go out the first day. Very small bags were made, owing, they claim, to the dense cover the birds frequent. Some report finding many grouse, others say they are scarce.—W. F. D.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER.—Colebrook, N. H., Oct. 4.—Sporting matters have been nearly at a standstill in this vicinity for the past month, owing to the continued rains. The opening of the season for deer afforded us about five days of fine weather, and a number of parties were already on the ground ready to participate in the first deer hunt of the season, and several deer were brought in here as a result. Harry Huston, of Concord, N. H., brought in the first deer to the Diamond Pond Camps; and he it was who brought in the first one at the same place last year. Otto Haufbaur, of Holyoke, Mass., brought in the second deer at Camp Diamond; and a fine one it was, too, a five-year-old buck, with as handsome a pair of antlers as are often seen. Mr. Haufbaur left the head with Albert Wallace, of this place, to be mounted. Two gentlemen from Massachusetts, with Charles Kelly and "Spoff" Flint as guides, left here for Connecticut Lakes Sept. 3, returning the 6th with two deer, a buck and doe, and several more are reported from Errol, Greenough Ponds and Ward's Hell Gate Camps. But for only a short time were these things possible, for with the beginning of the second week the rain descended and the floods came, and both hunting and fishing were hung up to dry.—BOB.

A HAWK RETRIEVES A DUCK.—Winona, Maine, Oct. 2.—A party of young men from Winona, at Marshall, were out duck hunting a few days since. As they were watching the flying of the ducks over the lake, one came within gun shot of them. It was shot by Harry E. Melvin, and came down into the water a few rods from the shore. It lay floundering there, the hunters having no way of getting it. The dog was lame, and no boat was at hand. While pondering and trying to devise some means to reach the game, a large hawk came flying over head. The hawk spied the duck and soon commenced circling around, and in a few moments shot down out of the air, seizing it, commenced flying over the young hunter's head. Thereupon Mr. Melvin blazed away at the hawk, which came down with a thud a few feet away with the duck, thereby saving all trouble of wading or swimming after the game. Who will say that Winona hunters are not ahead this year? By the by, this was the first duck ever shot by Mr. Melvin. He will probably shoot thousands more before he has another one retrieved in that fashion.—X.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

A LATE number of the Springfield *Republican* mentions the fact of the great improvement noticed this season in the size and number of trout caught in the White Mountain streams. These waters have been well restocked, and this encouraging result is a proof that restocking pays. Because a few people have made a failure of their attempts to raise trout for the market, it does not follow that all artificial trout breeding is a failure, as some cranks would like us to believe.

There have been a number of instances where restocking of old and fished-out trout waters have been followed with excellent results. There is hardly an angler who has not noticed this fact.

The Castalia Club waters in Ohio, for instance, is a remarkable proof; for there were absolutely no trout in these waters originally, and now their streams contain any quantity of fine, well-fed fish running up to 4lbs. in weight. The return of the salmon in the Penobscot and Hudson rivers is a well-established fact, and dozens of other cases could be mentioned.

Of course, it is necessary to do something besides restocking. Proper protection and food must be provided, and means taken to prevent the trout hog from killing off the fingerlings. If this is done, success is found to follow.

Last season we had occasion unfortunately to call the attention of our readers to the condition of affairs in the Adirondacks, showing a state of lawlessness that in former years was unknown. We refer to the robbery of Gen. Brandreth's baggage on his way into the woods; and that was followed by the stealing of trunks from the Prospect House. Senator Livingston, who has just returned from the Adirondack Club, relates the following incident. He went to Andrews' pond one rainy afternoon intending to fish there for a day or two. The club have a camp there and always keep a few simple cooking utensils and an axe. When he and his guide arrived just before dark they found everything had been stolen. They were in a very disagreeable predicament—wet through, no axe to cut wood and nothing to cook in. Fortunately the guide, while hunting about for dead wood, found the axe where it had been left by the thieves, so they were enabled to get firewood. The next day the Senator caught some forty-five speckled trout, which he cleaned and covered up with moss. The next morning they were there all right and he added a few more to the pile. The guide and the Senator then crossed the lake to a spring for some water, and though away only twenty minutes, they found on their return that their trout were all stolen. So they had to go back to the club house empty handed.

The footprints were quite distinct, showing what had become of the fish, and the thieves had evidently come a long distance intending to poach; but seeing some one there, had kept in hiding until the Senator and his guide crossed the lake. Then they stole what they could and left in a hurry. Hereafter the club will keep a man there.

In old times such occurrences were unheard of, and no one ever dreamed of taking precautions against thieves in the woods.

MR. OSGOOD'S TROUT.—Colebrook, N. H., Oct. 6.—The weather effectually stopped fishing here during September, and none was attempted; but as a rule in some localities here the fly-fishing in September is better than at any other time during the season, especially in point of size. In "Special's" letter in last issue he mentions a trout caught at Middle Dam, Me., by Mr. Osgood, which weighed 9lbs. 2oz. I have a letter before me, written by a gentleman who was present at the time. He says: "Mr. Osgood caught with fly on a 5½oz. rod a trout that weighed 9lbs. 2oz., which beat anything that I had ever seen. It was a male fish, and a perfect beauty. I was close by at the time." The gentleman also mentions two of 6¼lbs. and one of 8¼lbs. taken at the same place.—ROB.

MEMORIES OF MELISSA.

IN your issue of Sept. 4, Mr. A. E. Goshorn talks entertainingly of "The Pike (perch) of Lake Melissa," or, to be more accurate, the pike (perch) of Buck's mill pond. The subject possesses peculiar interest to me, as these pike are old friends of mine, and many a gallant fight have I had with them in which it would have been impossible, I think, for any one to have told whether a pike or a bass was the other party to the difficulty, until the test of the landing-net was applied.

In the summer of '83, I think it was, some half-dozen of us, lovers of the rod, formed the "Casselton Fishing Club," purchased an acre of land from good old Father Corbett on the shores of Melissa, and erected a simple shanty, which we dubbed "Camp Comfort." We flattered ourselves that we had secured a retreat, "far from the madding crowd," where we could "loaf and refresh our souls" undisturbed by the stream of summer idlers that were already beginning to flow into Detroit city. We were six miles from the latter place, and our friends there wondered at our queer taste in going so far into what many of them seemed to think a howling wilderness. Whether we set the fashion or not, I don't know, but now (I haven't been there since '88) I am told cottages have sprung up to right and left of "Camp Comfort," dams have been built, and outlets deepened between Lakes Detroit, Sally and Melissa, and the whistle of the steam-tug, and the laugh and chatter of the summer tourist, have taken the place of the "loon's low laugh" and the wood-duck's note. The charm of the place has gone, and I am glad I left before it had all vanished. Ah, well! one consolation we have—though 'tis but a selfish one—we had the cream of the fishing.

Never again, I think, can two anglers, as did Langdon and I in that halcyon first summer, anchor their boat on the bar just at the inlet into Melissa, and catch small-mouth bass so fast that it soon impelled Doc to exclaim: "This is sheer slaughter!" And by mutual consent we reeled up and quit, though we had been at it less than half an hour. Ah, what days those were! Days when Langdon, McLeod, Rutledge and myself had Lakes Sallie, Melissa, Fox, Meadow, Witch and the mill ponds practically to ourselves, and when we were as sure to catch a fine string of bass when we wanted them, as to find a match in a smoker's pocket. Once in a while, indeed, some adventurous spirit from Detroit would boldly penetrate as far as Melissa, but such visitors were rare. We were often for weeks at a time without seeing a boat on the lake save our own.

As I look over my old "Angler's Score Book" (for after the first summer, Langdon and I at least, never were found without that in one pocket and a pair of standard scales in another), what memories it recalls! Take, for instance, this entry: "Date, 6, 26, '86, Buck's Mill Ponds: Fish caught, pike-perch 9, largest 4½lbs., total weight 22lbs. Black bass (large-mouth) 5, largest 3½lbs., total 14lbs. *Mem.:* Day of the storm." That was the day when I initiated Kemp into the mysteries of "planked pike," close rival to planked shad, cooked under the big tree which overhangs the race just below the old mill, the day we climbed the hill after dinner for a drink of cold water from the 80ft. well on the summit, and were met by the lady of the house with two brimming bowls of wild red raspberries smothered in sugar and cream, and perfect strangers though we were to her, were fairly forced to take a big bucketful back to the boat with us—the day we got entangled in the floating islands on our return home and spent weary hours therein, unable to get either forward or back, until they opened as mysteriously as they had closed and gave us an outlet, reaching the lake just as darkness and the "big blow" of '86 closed in on us—the day, or night rather, when we foolhardily attempted the passage in the teeth of the gale, and were caught up and whirled away into the darkness by the mighty wind, only able, by the most violent exertion, barely to keep our boat out of the trough of the seas, one bailing for dear life, while the other felt every sinew crack as he tugged at the oars, the night when a higher power than man's drove that frail and staggering skiff straight through that welter of yeasty foam, till in the blackness of the darkness of that awful night its keel grated on the shingle almost in front of our tent, and we, with just strength enough left for the effort, staggered up the bank and fell exhausted on our camp bed, there to lie till morning in our sodden clothes, and never a whit the worse for it next day.

Or take another entry, almost at random. "Date, 7, 4, '85. Lake Melissa. 'Toiled all the day and caught nothing.'" That was the day when McLeod, slipping away from the hurly-burly of architectural work and building contracts, joined me for a "quite, good old Fourth of July fish." As I met him at the train the night before I was able to tell him, "Bass biting splendidly, lots of fine minnows for bait, we'll have glorious sport to-morrow." In the gray of the dawn we started for the "reef," about three-quarters of a mile away, diagonally down the lake. We had hardly got quarter of the way when a wool-white fog settled down on us, so dense that Mac swore it choked the rowlocks so that he couldn't move his oar. In two minutes all sense of direction was lost. We rested on our oars for the fog to lift, but it only settled down the thicker. Then we started off, hoping to strike the shore somewhere soon, for the lake is only a small one, only two or three miles across, and we thought we could surely row the boat straight enough to hit the shore somewhere. But for what seemed interminable hours we rowed and rowed, but came to no shore.

"The witches have us," quoth Mac. "Hark! there's the Banshee now."

"Ha! that's Father Corbett's old Drive. He's chained him up to keep him from following the boys to town, and he's howling to get loose. If he'll only keep it up we'll strike the shore near the cabin, and we can make a fresh start."

Keep it up he did, and we rowed, guided by the sound, till we ran plump into a bed of rushes.

"Hullo!" cried I, "what does this mean? There are no rush beds on this side of the lake!"

Pushing the boat to the shore, but a few yards distant, we found ourselves at the head of the lake, three miles above the cabin—by the shore that is. Following up the howling, we found old Drive, sure enough. He had been tied up, had broken the chain, had started off to make some friendly visit, had tangled the chain in a clump of bushes and was calling for help. Having released him, we returned to the boat.

"Well," said Mac, "we can follow the shore anyway and get back to the cabin."

So along the shore we crept, losing it now and then in the fog, until we ran into another bed of rushes, and found ourselves *at the foot of the lake*, having passed the cabin in one of our momentary obscurations. While we were objurgating our luck the fog suddenly cleared away, and we again started for the "reef." But before we had gone half way that dam-p fog settled down on us again, and, warned by experience, we turned and rowed for the shore. But luck was still against us, for again the shore was non-findable. After rowing a while in wrathful silence, Mac dropped the oars, vowing that he wouldn't row another stroke till that——fog lifted, if it took till Christmas. As I felt the same way, I did not say him nay, and we both curled down in the bottom of the boat to take a nap. When we woke, which seemed to be at the same moment, the fog was gone, the sun was shining brightly, the boat was rocking idly on the water within bowshot of the dock, and—it was 3 P. M. As Mac had to take the 6 o'clock train, and the depot was eight miles away, we made no further attempt to reach that elusive "reef."

Another record—"Meadow Lake, June 28, '87. Black bass (large-mouth) 18, weight of largest 5½lbs., total weight 56; pickerel 7, largest 8½, total weight 41. *Mem.:* Langdon caught 15 bass and 5 pickerel; High-hook on bass, 6¾lbs." It rained all the morning, and the harder it rained the more furiously bit the fish. The bass which I have recorded as being caught by Langdon—a large-mouth—(the fish I mean, not Langdon) was the largest of which I have any positive knowledge as having been caught in those waters, except one caught by Ike Wood, which weighed 8¾lbs; but as this latter showed up a double handful of shot on being dressed, there is room for suspicion.

Here is the record of what I believe, on mature consideration, taking into view the state of the weather, my "personal equation," the gaminess and size of the fish, and in short, all attendant circumstances, to have been the most satisfying and idealistic day's fishing I ever had, nor do I ever hope to have such another. Lightning strikes but once in the same place: "July 18, '87, Fox Lake. Black bass (small-mouth) 21, largest 5¼lbs., total weight 59lbs.; bait, live minnow; weather, hazy; wind, S.S.W.; rowed by Dennis; time, 5:40 A. M. to 9:15 A. M. High-hook on *M. dolomieu.*"

Here is a score, remarkable not so much for the number as for the size and uniformity of the fish caught: "Aug. 21, '88. Pelican Lake, bar at mouth of inlet. Black bass (small-mouth) 7: weights, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5, 4¾, 5, 4¾. *Mem.:* Brackett fished with live minnow on bar itself, 6ft. water; caught 18, average weight 2¼. H. P. U. cast McHarg spinner, just on edge of bar. Big fish all came from deep water."

Finally, to "return to our mutton," of Buck's mill ponds, I give the score of my last day's fishing there. "Sept. 23, 1888, black bass (small-mouth) 8; largest 2¾, total weight, 15¾lbs.; bass (large-mouth), 13; largest, 4½lbs.; total, 42½lbs.; pike-perch, 23; largest 9½lbs.; total, 71lbs. Total of all, 129½lbs. *Mem.:* Pike perch all bronze-backers—all fierce fighters—many broke water like bass, one three times. The 9½-pounder, only one I've ever known caught in these waters over 6lbs. All pike-perch caught in open channel free from weeds; small-mouth bass in inlet and below dam; large-mouth at edge of floating islands. All on frogs."

Eh! What? "That's the score of a fish hog?" Well, it does look that way, but let me plead:

First, I had been laid up for over a month, unable to touch a rod while every one else was having glorious sport.

Secondly, the fish were hungry and would not be denied.

Third, I had paid a cent apiece for frogs, and couldn't afford to waste 'em.

Fourth, I knew it was the last day's fishing I would have there, "it might be for years, and it might be for ever," and

Fifth, I had rashly promised too many Fargo friends to send them "a mess of fish," and wanted to keep my word—and save my pocket book.

If my action was a sin, I have faith to believe that it met with the same treatment as Uncle Toby's oath:

"The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with it, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon it, and blotted it out for ever."

H. P. UFFORD.

LAKE CHARLES, Louisiana.

BASS ON THE FLY IN THE FALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Will black bass take the fly in the fall?" the question referred to in FOREST AND STREAM of the 2d inst. is one that interests a good many anglers. I cannot answer for October, but am able to throw some light on the September branch of the inquiry. On the 25th and 26th ult. I was at the Woodmont Club house (on the Potomac River, a little more than a hundred miles above Washington), largely for the purpose of testing this very question, and respectfully report results. Though the water was too cloudy to be regarded as in good condition for fly fishing, I succeeded in taking nineteen of the small-mouth variety, on the first named date, between 3 and 6 o'clock P. M., and ten more on the succeeding day, between the same hours. I may add that the thirty fish constituting the catch were notably even in size, averaging about a half pound each, that they were all taken in rather shallow water, near the rocky or gravely banks of the river, and that nearly all were taken with a large orange-colored hackle. It may be added, also, for the comfort of fly-fishermen, that my success both days considerably exceeded that of those who used bait, though one gentleman took with a minnow a much larger one than any I caught. It weighed something over 4lbs., while none of mine exceeded a pound.

K.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.

PENNSYLVANIA BASS.—Towanda, Pa., Oct. 4.—So far this season bass fishing in this neighborhood has been very poor, owing to frequent rains and high water. Last week, however, a change took place, and fishermen are having rare good luck catching from twenty-five to one hundred in a day from one boat, two fishermen generally fishing together. Minnows seem to be the most killing bait. Fish mostly medium size, with an occasional large one.—W. F. D.

THE GILLAROO TROUT.

I HAVE read with great interest the "Notes and Queries" respecting the species and varieties of the great family of the *Salmonidæ* which have from time to time appeared in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, and as I may claim some acquaintance with those of the north of England and south of Scotland, having been an assiduous angler in those waters for over twenty years, besides having assisted in several of the annual experiments instituted by the Berwick Shipping Company relating to the breeding and growth of the *Salmonidæ* of the Tweed, I feel as if I might add a small modicum to the vast fund of valuable information on this family to which FOREST AND STREAM has given such an extensive circulation. I shall, on the present occasion, confine my remarks to the relation of my personal acquaintance with the fish whose name stands at the head of this paper.

During my earlier piscatorial and ichthyological studies I had read notices of this variety in which it was described as having a gizzard like a fowl, and some disquisitions as to whether it should be ranked as a species or as a mere variety, and this excited in me a strong desire to examine into this matter for myself. The first opportunity which offered for this purpose was in 1832, when paying a visit to a friend in the Perthshire Highlands of Scotland. In the course of conversation my friend informed me that a small lake or tarn up among the hills contained a particular sort of trout which grew to a large size, and would not take any kind of bait, and could only be captured in September when they drew up to a shallow bay for the purpose of spawning. He had occasionally at that season taken up a small boat and seine, with which he assured me he had taken fish up to 12lbs. weight, and had seen others leaping which he estimated at fully one-half more. I got one of the gamekeepers to conduct me to the spot, where I found an expanse of dark-brown water apparently some forty or fifty acres in extent, lying in a "corrie" or hollow on the side of a hill some 800 to 1000ft. above the level of the sea, and having no visible inlet or outlet. It being midday in July and the sun shining brightly, there was nothing to indicate that any living thing inhabited the dark and sluggish water; but my guide assured me that if I waited till sundown I would see plenty of fish leaping.

Next day I returned to the Dhu Lochan (black pond) about seven oclock P. M., when large numbers of small moths, resembling our tent caterpillar moth, were flying over the pool and occasionally dipping on the surface, and the fish, many of which appeared of large size, were taking them freely. I selected from my tackle-book a pair of flies as closely resembling the moth as I could find, and by casting from a prominent of the shore succeeded in capturing two specimens, one of 8oz. and the other 3oz. weight, the larger fish keeping toward the middle of the pond, far out of the reach of my cast. On examination I found that they answered in most particulars the description I have read of the gillaroo, resembling outwardly the trout of the stream which ran at the hill some 300ft. below, only heavier for their length and richer in color, while on dissection I found its stomach dilated and its membranous walls thickened and corrugated, its contents consisting of the comminuted shells of fresh-water mollusks mixed with fragments of moths.

My next opportunity of examining fish of this description was some ten years later, while residing at Berwick, on Tweed. In discussing with a few brethren of the angle the different species of fish we had severally taken, I related my Highland experience, when Mr. A. N. Steele, a prominent dry goods merchant of the town, stated that on his brother's farm, at Branxton, there was a small lough which contained fish similar to those I had described, individuals of which weighing from 4 to 5lbs. he had occasionally captured, and invited me to accompany him on a visit to the locality. As that did not suit my convenience Mr. Steele went alone, and brought down two specimens of the fish in question, one slightly over 2lbs. in weight, and the other fully 1¼lbs.

With the assistance of my friend, Dr. John Manners, a clever operating surgeon, and an ardent and accomplished angler, I made an exhaustive *post mortem* examination of those fish, comparing them at the same time with fresh specimens of the common trout (*Salmo fario*) of the river. We compared them closely from point to point, noticing the scales, spots, gill-covers, lines and features of the head, the disposition of the teeth on the jaw, tongue and vomer and the number of the rays of the several fins. In all these particulars they exactly agreed, and the only external differences we could find were the greater richness and intensity of the colors of the Branxton fish and the greater depth and thickness of their bodies, and consequently greater weight in proportion to length over the river trout. On dissection we found the internal organs alike in both varieties with the exception of the stomach, which in the Branxton trout resembled that of my Highland specimens, only from their greater age and size, more fully developed. The containing membrane was thickened and corrugated until it resembled nothing so much as a piece of wet untanned buckskin, and the contents, like those of the Highland fish, consisted of broken and comminuted fragments of mollusk shells, mingled with a few remains of insects. The stomachs of the river trout, on the other hand, were inclosed by a soft and delicate tissue, as having had to act upon the tender and succulent food and not having been exercised upon such "hard tack" as constituted the nutriment of the gillaroo.

Taken in connection with the peculiar features of its habitat, the Branxton trout afford a remarkable instance of what Herbert Spencer calls "modification by environment." A small spring creek, which runs down a steep and narrow cleft in the side of a hill, and which is inhabited by numerous trout, which seldom exceed 7in. in length or 4oz. in weight, has at some remote period in the prehistoric ages been dammed up at this point of its course so as to fill up a portion of the valley and convert it into one of those fluviatile lakes so common in mountain streams. In the course of time the pond became filled up, partly by the silt brought down from the upper part of the channel and partly with the remains of the numerous generations of mollusks which lived and died in its waters, until it became shallow enough for the aquatic plants to take possession and convert into a bog or marsh. In the meantime the stream, cutting its way through the obstacle which confined it, gradually drained off the surface water until it became something like an old beaver meadow, and offered a

bed of shell marl two or three acres in extent. A former tenant of the farm had discovered the existence of this valuable manurial deposit, and used it to its full extent to increase the fertility of his fields. When the supply was exhausted the dam which was raised to exclude the water of the creek was removed, and the water of the next and successive floods filled the excavation, carrying with it a number of its finny inhabitants. The fish finding themselves in a more favorable position, in deep still water with plenty of nutritious food accessible, rapidly increased in size and massiveness of proportion, while the necessity for crushing the shells of the mollusks, in order to make their flesh available for digestion, caused the modification of their stomachs, from which they derive their name: though the expression, "a gizzard like a fowl," is a manifest, though perhaps a not unnatural exaggeration.

I should like to be informed by some of your numerous angling correspondents, whether the American speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) is subject to a similar modification under similar conditions. I. T. BELL, Sc. D.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Can.

MAINE TROUT, ANGLERS AND GUIDES.

THE Maine trouting season has closed, and the record has been a truly brilliant one. The number of trout taken at most of the better-known resorts has been larger than on previous seasons, while concerning the new-found resorts the sportsmen are loud in praises. The size of the trout taken has averaged well with other seasons, though not quite as large specimens as the largest on record have been taken. One trout of over 10lbs. was taken at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, in May, and a trout of over 9lbs. was taken at the upper dam in September. It is claimed that this trout rose to the fly and was handsomely hooked and landed. He is reported to have taken the brown-hackle, though the cast contained the silver-doctor and Parmacheene-belle besides. The record of smaller trout is very good. But the very late fishing was generally a failure. The weather was very fine on the last days of September, but only a few trout were taken, though previous to the fine weather and during the cold days of about the 20th to the 22d, the fishing was excellent. Early in September the fishing was also all that could be desired. It is suggested by experienced guides that the trout went to the spawning beds early. On the first day of October, the beginning of the close season, rods and lines were cheerfully put away, and the camps and fishing resorts were quickly deserted. Even the guides gave up the contest. It is gratifying to be able to say that the trout law in Maine is very cheerfully obeyed, at least so far as ceasing to fish on the end of September is concerned. Guides are generally on the watch for poachers, and they, many of them, especially about the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes, refuse to work for people who desire to fish after the beginning of October. A single case is reported from Richardson Lake, where a 6lb. trout was seen on the evening of Sept. 30, on the spawning bed. The guide of the gentleman who saw it tried hard to induce the fish to rise to the fly on that day, but the next day he would take no hint that the big trout would be acceptable, and finally declined point blank to try to get the fish.

At the Rangeley Dam there is a sight to behold. The water is swarming with great trout, and a landlocked salmon that will weigh 8 to 10lbs. is seen among the trout. These trout are on the spawning beds or on the way there. In their course up the stream they are stopped by the dam. The Union Water Power Co. is obliged by law to provide a fishway for this fish to ascend into Rangeley Lake above. But this they have never done. The people owning cabins and hotels on the lake above complain bitterly of this neglect, alleging that they are deprived of good fishing in their lake, for the reason that the great trout cannot get up there, though their course down in the high waters of spring is unobstructed. Complaint has been made to the Fish and Game Commissioners, and these officers have suggested that the Union Water Power Co. must put in fishways, not only at this dam, but also at the Upper Dam below. That company declares that if they are forced to build these fishways they will open the gates of the Rangeley Dam altogether, since they care nothing for the flowage of Rangeley Lake. They threaten to open the gates, thus complying with the law concerning a fishway. But this threat has alarmed the residents about the lake. The shores will be ruined by drawing off 8ft. of its waters. Dr. Dickerson, of Philadelphia, who is the owner of Ram Island, in the middle of the lake, where he has cottages and buildings to the amount of some $30,000, is greatly alarmed, and is reported as trying to buy the right of flowage of the lake, together with the dam. If he buys this right he will doubtless open the gates during the spawning season of the trout and close them during the summer season.

The coming of the railroad to Rangeley—promised for another season—has caused a boom in real estate on the borders of the lake of the same name, and on these shores are to be seen sign boards advertising "cottage lots for sale."

The Franklin County Fish and Game Association is prospering, as it richly deserves to prosper, and it is trying to do a good work, that of restocking the Rangeley waters in a manner that the State is too penurious to do. Uncle Jerry Ellis is employed to watch the dam and Rangeley stream below to prevent poachers from stealing the noble trout that are there. This stream is perpetually closed, as one of the trout breeding places of these waters. His modest cabin stands by the dam. He is very polite and kind to people who desire to see the great trout, but woe be to the poacher who attempts to steal one, either by night or by day. Uncle Jerry is armed, and they say he is a good shot. On the walls of his cabin is the modest collection box of the Franklin County Fish and Game Association, and all moneys dropped in are for the purpose of fish propagation. One of the best features of this work is the fact that all the guides are members of the Association, and they are all of them interested in the protection and propagation of fish. They have come to understand that a big trout is worth far more to them when taken by one of their patrons than when stolen off the spawning beds by a worthless poacher. I know that this sentiment prevails, for one of these guides, Mr. Martin L. Fuller, gave me the facts. He asked me in a very nice manner to become a member of the association, which I gladly did, and was in other ways very polite to me. He explained how glad his brethren were at the change in affairs, and how they hoped for better fishing and better patronage at their end of the lakes. This is just as it should be. The guides are generally sensible fellows; in fact full of plain common sense. Would that the sentiment in regard to the game laws was half as good. But, alas! it is not. The State has treated these same guides, as well as the sportsmen they work for, shabbily, and they feel it. What has been the result? I will answer in another letter to FOREST AND STREAM, and I shall tell a story that is a shame. SPECIAL.

OHIO ANGLING.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 1.—Fish are almost without protection. There is a State law requiring fishways constructed over the dams, yet the State dams are not even provided with means for fish to ascend the streams to spawn. The streams may be fished at any time of the year with rod and line, and seines, nets and traps are again coming into use. Parties at Miamisburg, ten miles down the Miami River, have an 80yds. seine that they use at pleasure, after night of course. This seine is long enough to reach across the river and recently in one sweep two tubs of bass were caught below Carrollton Dam. Another night the party caught three barrels of carp and left their seine hidden in the center of a field for two weeks before taking it home.

Though fall fishing has begun the waters are not in desired condition and minnows have been scarce. A number of trot lines have been set, but not many channel catfish or bass taken. All the streams are full of carp, and fears are expressed that feeding like suckers, as they do, the carp will eat all the spawn of bass and other game fish. BROWN.

LAKE MAHOPAC BASS.—Mr. Daniel Bradley, of this city, caught a 5¾lbs. small-mouth black bass in Lake Mahopac, Putnam county, N. Y., last week. This fish is said to be high-hook for those waters this year.

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

VII.—THE DELTA CLUB—THE CANADIAN CLUB.

THE constant passage of the big lake boats up and down the narrow ship channel keeps up more or less wash along the planked face of the "made land," and when one of the great steamers plows by there is a cross sea that has swamped many and many a careless rowboat on the channel. Even a small steam yacht sends quite a spiteful series of waves along the docks, as I noticed when Mr. Boydell came to pick me up in his little steamer. We tied the duckboat up behind the yacht, and there it stood, half out of water on the surge thrown up by the screw. These little yachts steam along very rapidly, and make the best craft for a cruise around the Flats. They are not the safest thing in the world. One went over and I believe drowned one or two persons lately on the Flats. These shallow waters have their fatalities and are not devoid of a certain romantic interest of their own.

Above the Peninsula Club is the little green cottage of Mr. C. P. Collins, and then the Gibson cottage, and then the Hoff cottage, and then the Riverside Hotel, 60×70ft., two stories and comfortable. Then there is the Duggan cottage, and the Jas. Wilkie cottage, of Detroit, and the Jas. Higgins cottage, of Detroit, and the cottage of Geo. Smith, of New York, and then another cottage and two cabins belonging to Capt. Freeman, and then the cottage of M. Louis Benaur. I give these names and their order chiefly from memory, but they are substantially correct. Next is the Bishop cottage, and then the Fred. Opper, Peter King, A. Kate and Kulp cottages strung along, and just beyond is the old cottage of M. Jules Soulier, and then you have the modest structure of

THE DELTA CLUB.

There was nobody at home but the hired girl when I called at the Delta Club, but I had a very pleasant visit with her, and had time to cast a glance over the rather compact little premises. The Delta Club is a "thirteen club," having just 13 members. The house is small, with only six bedrooms, but everything is neat and handy. There are only six or eight boats. The only yacht, the Dream, belongs to Mr. H. H. Taylor, of the Detroit Screw Works. "You want to see Mr. Taylor, if you're after fish stories," said the handmaiden naively, "He's a great one to talk."

I did see Mr. Taylor later, and a very cheerful and obliging gentleman he proved himself. From him it was learned that the Delta Club was organized five years ago, for the purposes of a quiet fishing and boating lodge. It is made up of people who are all friends and intimates, and who delight in a pleasant summer day among the channels. The membership will probably not increase much, as the club is well satisfied now. The members are all conscientious sportsmen, but anglers rather than shooters, but observers of the law in every case. There were three men in this club formerly who used to spear bass. These men are now out. The dates of the Delta Club are, opening day June 1, closing day Oct. 1. This is a sort of nice little family club. It was named from its location on the "delta" of the St. Clair River. The Rushmere Club fancied this name before it chose its present name, and tried to buy the copyright from the Delta folks, but the little 'un said it got there first and must have the name.

In common with everybody else, the Delta people were invited by Mr. McQueen, the modest Canadian who thinks he has the Flats by the tail, so to speak, to contribute to his Herse Island fund. He has been cheerfully referred to Pluto. Mr. Taylor says McQueen originally bought a strip along a fence of the island, in width forty feet, "more or less." Mr. McQueen interprets that to mean "more." He quit claims for anything you will give him. Mr. Muir, keeper of the Canada Club, paid him $30 for 400ft., and he promised to pay that back if he could not show title. He struck Joe Bedore, the old fisher and hunter, one of the quaintest characters of the Flats, and as quick as Joe learned what McQueen wanted, there was music in the air. McQueen couldn't get away quick enough.

Mr. Taylor is an ardent and successful angler, and from him were gathered some interesting details about the fish and fishing of the Flats.

"I don't think the bass fishing is what it once was," said he, "although big runs are still made. On the 4th and 5th days of October, 1889, I caught 70 black bass, running 3 or 4lbs. in weight for the most part. So far as I heard, this was about the best catch of 1889 made among my friends. One day in August, 1888, I caught 105 white bass. We don't care much for the big-mouths, or mud bass. By casting with a frog among the rushes, I suppose a man could catch two bushels a day of them in the summer time. When the perch are running, there is no limit to the fun, such as that is. I have known a man to fill a bushel basket to the brim in a couple of hours.

"We fish bass by casting with the minnow chiefly, the fishing being done usually in from 4 or 5 to 11 or 12ft. of water. We don't favor the spoon much, and the man who would use a "deep spoon" or "bottom troller" would be tabooed, in our club at least.

"A 'bottom troller' is made in this way: A heavy sinker of lead, about 2lbs. in weight, is the foundation of it. The current is often very swift and it takes a heavy sinker. This chunk of lead bobs and thumps along, right on the bottom all the time. Above this sinker is a heavy wire, a couple of feet long, with a sort of hinge in its top, to which is joined a second length of wire, at whose top the line is made fast. At each of these hinges there is made fast, by a swivel joint, or rather a looped hinge, the leg of a long triangle of heavy wire. This triangle is thus forced to play in any direction, and it can be spun around and around the wire that connects the sinker to the line. The legs of the triangle are of stiff wire, and its apex is bent into a loop, into which is tied what may be called the trolling line proper. This trolling line is only about 10ft., and at the end of it is a spoon. Of course you can see that the spoon plays along behind the bumper, only a little way above the bottom, and right along where the bass lie. It works very smoothly and freely as the boat is pulled along, and it has been found to be an exceedingly deadly lure for small-mouthed bass. Sportsmen will not use it. Market fishers and fish hogs do.

"I suppose you know what a 'chug' is? That is a French fisherman device, and although very rough it is very killing. A 'chug' is, roughly speaking, a sort of block of wood, weighted with lead and bristling with hooks. It has a long handle, and is jerked forward and upward along near the bottom. It is thought that the fish follow it in its movements; at any rate, a great many of them are struck by the hooks and thus yanked into the boat. I do not know that this is especially destructive to bass, but it is one of the methods of the French fishers. When they bring in fish you will always hear them asked whether they got them with the 'chug' or the spear.

"Another contrivance akin to the 'chug' is the 'lead minnow.' This is made of an alloy of tin and lead, and is always kept very bright. It is shaped roughly like a fish and has two or three hooks projecting from it. It is so hung on the line that when jerked up sharply it darts a little at an angle. It being bright the fish dart at it, and when one is felt to touch it a sharp jerk on the line usually snags him.

"Another form of the 'lead minnow' is a sort of bright lead squid, with two or three hooks triangled at the bottom of it. It is bobbed up and down in the deep water, and snags the fish that run over it to watch it in fish curiosity. These last two devices are especially killing on the wall-eyed pike. The Frenchmen know how to use them. I need not say that the members of the Delta Club do not. We just do good, plain fishing, mostly with the short rod and the minnow. You may say that the Delta Club is perfectly happy and comfortable, that it has lots of fun, and that it don't want any fun that isn't gentlemanly and sportsmanlike, beyond a question."

This is a nice little club, and if there were a thousand like it, and a million men like Mr. Taylor, the world would be a bit better off. Following is the membership of Delta Club: Pres., Mr. H. G. Smith; Sec'y-Treas., Mr. W. S. Ostler. Members: Messrs. Andrew Cooley, H. H. Taylor, Clarence M. Burton, John C. Goodrich, John Kay, Chas. H. Burton, R. A. Parker, Geo. Thrall, H. M. Utley, Dr. J. A. Post. All these are all solid business men. Mr. Utley is city librarian of Detroit, Dr. Post is secretary of the Detroit Association of Charities, Mr. Thrall is Mr. Taylor's associate in the Detroit screw works, etc.

But meantime our narrow tongue of land is still curving on up along the ship channel, and we have still a few more choice cottages and one or two celebrities to mention. Reference has been made to Joe Bedore. Joe runs the best and most practical duck shooting box on the Flats in all probability, and gets a great deal of the "fish supper trade" of the Detroit boats. He is a popular old character, pretty well understood, but pretty well liked. In sheer oddity he is one of the most delightful features of the Flats; and he who leaves that region without seeing Joe Bedore has missed half his trip. Joe is a man of fifty or sixty years of age. He is about as broad as he is long and good-natured clear through. His dress consists of a hat, a shirt, a pair of overalls and a pair of boots. His speech is hard for an American to understand, being a mixture of French patois and broken English. Joe is an outgrowth of the Flats. Did we say he was sixty years old. He is older. He has been there ever since the Flats were, and what he does not know about them never began to happen. Doubtless he is as good a guide as any that can be had in the region. He has quite a good little sportsmen's hotel, well supplied with boats, decoys, etc. His dock is just across the waterway from the Delta Club. Just across the channel from his house Joe will point out to you a green tree or two on the other bank, and tell you that he lived there for years and had built him up a home there with his wife and children, when the Canada Club came along and evicted him. For that act he hates the Canada Club with all the hatred of a natural-born squatter. He says they have no regard for game laws and shoot with perfect disregard of everything, but selfish pleasure.

Joe's reputation on the Flats is hardly that which Cæsar desired for his wife, but I vow I couldn't talk with the good-natured old fellow and believe him as bad as they try to make him out. Joe admits that he has bought speared bass of the Indians, at one time eight barrels speared in one day, which he sent to Detroit market; but he says he did no more than the rich club men do right along, and he deprecates all such work, for he knows the fish supply is decreasing. This he ascribes to spearing and netting. He says there are no pound-nets near the St. Clair River now, but that these nets have cleaned out the fish very much. Once he could catch quantities of mascallonge, but now that fish is rarely seen, except now and then a small one taken in a net.

The end of the "Little Bassett" Channel, one of the winding, wandering, deep creeks or channels that go meandering through the wilderness of rice across the river, through the alleged preserves of the Canada Club, lies not far from Joe's house, across the channel. As we talked of this, I asked Joe where and at what time the best bass fishing was to be found on the Flats. He replied that the earliest fishing was usually on the Horseshoe Bay, about four miles distant from the "made land" where we were. Next came the "East Ground," about three miles distant, east of the piers, in Canada; then Johnson's Channel—or "The Johnson," as it is commonly called—about ten miles; the "Any Carty,"* distant about ten miles; Mitchell's Bay, twelve miles; the Big Bassett, two to four miles; the South Channels and Little Bassett, one to two miles; the last fishing of the season he was prone to expect on the lower end of the pier, and here some big bass were taken.

Back of Joe's house and the Delta Club is a stretch of marsh, over which it is a wide look to Hersen's island. In the shallow water back of this marsh the bass were spawning at that date (May 31). Soon they would begin to "run" and would commence biting.

Joe showed me the nests of two dusky ducks (black mallards), in the marsh just back of his boat house, not 100yds. away. He insists on an observance of the game laws among his guests, and has kept these ducks safe all the spring. This back marsh is good shooting ground.

The finest redhead decoys I ever saw in my live were here at Joe Bedore's. He explained to me that there was only one man in the country who could shape these decoys right. This man boards with Joe during the winter, and they put in the evenings working at the decoys, Joe doing the rough work and the artist furnishing the higher skill. The decoys were beauties. Joe explained to me that a redhead decoy, to be lifelike, must have the top of the head just about on a line with the top of the back, not higher. The back is humped up very high and sharp, and the curve of the back runs right down behind into the water, not showing any tail at all. I guess he's right about that. These decoys were nicely painted, the head being treated with a bronze powder which is simply a stroke of genius. The eyes are glass. All these decoys are hollow and flat-bottomed. Joe told me that no man could make wages by working at these decoys, and that the only way he got them was by the night work in winter time. There was an individuality about these birds which made me want one for a specimen, and Joe promised to finish one up and send it to me; but he never did. I could not buy any from him.

I would rather sit and talk to a man like old Joe Bedore than do anything else; but he, too, had to be left behind. I can't believe all the hard things they say about Joe's being in league with the half-breeds and the Indian fish-stealers, or about his shooting ducks before the season opens. It may be because everybody along the Flats tries to jump on Joe that I don't feel disposed to jump on him myself. I believe he is as good as the average up there. I would rather jump on the Canada Club, and I am due to do that pretty soon now. It reads English, and can take care of itself.

For a little distance above Joe Bedore's there is a crude beginning at land-making, and then the marsh sweeps up, with about the nearest approach to a natural river bank to be seen for a long way down. Beyond the marsh is the little cottage of Louis Gorman, and then the goodish small cottage of Dr. Woodward. Then there is some more marsh, and then the cabin of John Witmer. Right on the point is a neat cottage belonging to Mr. Cromharn. We have now come about to the end of our journey. We are directly at the great sweep of the ship channel known as the "Southeast Bend." Here, roughly speaking, ends the tongue of land to which our main interest is confined, and we shall not go any further up the river. To the left, above us, we can see the green of Hersen's island; to the right the timber of Walpole Island. There are hotels up there still further, and at Grande Pointe there are cottages up and perhaps a club or so going in. They are making a summer resort there. But we shall have to draw the line somewhere this side of Lake Superior. Across from the point where we now stand is the long pier and somber-colored house of the last club we shall visit up this way. The course of the noted Big Bassett Channel is visible from where we stand, and so we know that we have come to the

CANADIAN CLUB.

It may have been gathered by remarks made in earlier articles, that the "Canadian Club" is not popular on the Flats. There may, or may not, be a reason for that. I confess that I have no business in "writing up" the Canadian Club on such information as I secured personally, for that was very little. It is not journalistic fairness to hear only one side of the case, and although the best effort was made to secure both sides of the evidence, this at the time could not be done. There exists the danger of hurting the feelings, or the *amour propre*, of some member of the Canadian Club who may, for all we know, be the very best of fellows, and fully disposed to do only what is right and sportsmanlike. We shall go far wrong, however, if we confine the story to what was actually seen, and credit assertions simply as assertions and not as facts.

It was growing late when Mr. Boydell's steam yacht dropped me at the dock of the Canadian Club, and as he must soon go back down the river, my stay at this club was necessarily short. I hurried over the long walk from the pier to the house, which I could see was a big frame house, dark-colored, roomy, but plain and unpretentious. Even the dogs here were inhospitable, and it was only due to the aid of a small boy that my legs were preserved from contact with a big retriever that ought to have known a great deal better. At the house I learned that Mr. Muir, the steward, or "caretaker," as he is there called, had just left on the boat. At the house there were two or three women, among them Mr. Muir's daughter and his wife, a typical Scotch woman if I know what that is. I tried to engage Mrs. Muir in conversation, seeking to get a few little points about the club which would help me in the work, but found myself altogether unable to get along at it. Mrs. Muir may have been unable to understand my language, or she may have been startled by the hurry I was evidently in—a hurry which will be understood by any visitor who makes the journey of the whole channel in one day, stopping at all these points of interest the necessary length of time. Or, upon the other hand, as seems more probable, the good lady may have understood more than she seemed to, and have remained discreetly mute on points whereon she could not consult the gudeman of the place. Be that as it may, and be the right to knock uninvited at the door of a sportsman's club as it may, all the answers I could obtain were "I dinna unnerstand," "I canna tell," and "Mr. Muir is awa'." I must compliment the gentlemen of the Canada Club upon the discretion of those left in charge. Mrs. Muir, poor lady, was obviously suspicious of the newspaper man, and perhaps thought she was receiving a visit from an insurance man, tax collector, excise man, Government detective or something of the sort; but after all, I must confess that since I tried my best to explain the object of the visit, and since the reception here was so very different from what it had been at all the other clubs, the feeling carried away was one of a rebuff, and so, with very little reason for it, I began to wonder if there was not a disposition in this select organization to keep quite to itself and to repel questions whose answers might bring out facts that it didn't care to have known. This conclusion, like most others merely jumped at, is probably wrong, but it was at that time so strong within me that I made no further effort to get any information about the Canada Club. I do not know who are the gentlemen composing it—I hope this will offend none of them—and I do not know the officers. There are only 24 members, and they must represent a good deal of wealth or influence. Mr. James Muir is the resident, or "caretaker." His address is Port Lambton, Ont.

Of all the clubs on the Flats the Canada Club is by far the best situated and most fortunate. It is right upon the Big Bassett Channel, and directly accessible therefrom are the best fishing and shooting grounds of the region. As I understand it, this is chiefly a shooting club. The preserves are the best anywhere in that country. From the looks of the club house I should think this was the sporting ground of a few hard shooters, who come out not so much for summer pleasuring as for duck hunting, and care more for comfort than for style. The Canada Club house is out of the world of the other clubs, its situation being very remote, away up on the point of the big bend.

There must be a good many thousand acres of marsh in the Canada Club preserves. No one knows just how much they claim, or rather have a right to claim, for they are alleged to claim all out-doors, like our friend Mr. McQueen. Their lease is from the Walpole Indians. Whether these Indians owned this marsh in their reservation, or whether the Canada Club took the comfortable ground that the marsh was all a part of the island which they did own, is more than the writer knows or more than any one on the Flats seems to know. You will hear plenty of denials of the validity of the lease, but as to that it is impossible to say anything here. I will ask Queen Victoria about this the next time I see her and then report, unless she happens to be as taciturn as Mrs. Muir, good lady.

It has been stated earlier that much of the best bass fishing is found over on the Canada side, and on these same preserves. These channels being navigable, cannot be preserved, and the complaints of the Canada Club against the anglers cannot be sustained. It is an open question at law whether the Canada Club could convict or get damages against any one who should shoot ducks in season on this "preserve." The club would have to prove its legal and definite boundaries before it could sue in trespass. But no such thought as this obtains among the better sentiment of the flats. Perfect comity exists, and by club courtesy the limits of this "preserve," which hedge in the best shooting and some of the fishing, are respected perfectly. Unless memory is at fault, there has been something said in these columns about this same controversy. My own facts are so limited that it would be a pleasure to see others take the question up and get at the full actual facts in the case.

E. HOUGH.

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago.

*By some mysterious twist of comparative philology abbreviated from "Chenel Ecarté."

THE CANADA CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the articles upon the clubs of the St. Clair Flats which have appeared in the last five numbers of your valuable paper, there have been interlarded with much that is of interest to sportsmen in general many statements which are entirely misleading to your readers, and very unfair to the Canada Club with its "alleged preserves."

Perhaps your writer is not aware that the "alleged preserves" are held by the Canada Club (a corporation organized and existing under the laws or Canada, and representing an investment of some $40,000) directly from the Indian Department of the Canadian Government, for which it pays a large annual rental. The means used by the club to preserve the game are mostly those employed by similar organizations: First, the Canada Club does not open until the 15th of October, thereby putting a closer restriction on the shooting season than the law provides. Second, during the season no member is allowed to shoot before 8 A. M., nor after sundown, thereby giving the ducks ample time to rest and feed in the marsh. Third, much food which tends to make the marsh a natural feeding ground for ducks is put in at no little expense to the club.

No doubt your writer represents the feelings of the hotel keepers and those who hunt for the market, but we do not believe that he represents the feelings of any true sportsman, any one of whom must realize that if it were not for the means which the club has used there would not only not be fair shooting in all parts of the Flats, as there is now, but no shooting on any part of the Flats.

JAS. H. MCMILLAN,
GEO. M. HENDRIE,
DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 2. Members of Canada Club.

I am in receipt of the following letter, relative to the club articles that have been running:

"DETROIT, Oct. 2.—Your articles on Clubs of St. Clair Flats that have appeared in the last five numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, show a marked dislike to the Canada Club. Now your information has either been gathered from some very prejudiced party or else you have never gone into the matter, and just written down the common talk of the market-hunters and others that reside along the river. In the Canada Club marsh, more has been done to preserve ducks on the great St. Clair Flats than all other clubs put together. As regards our 'supposed' lease, the same is held from the Indian Department of the Canadian Government, for which we pay a large annual rental, and at present the club stands as an investment of some $40,000. You call the Canada Club jealous of its fishing rights. Now, this is not so; it is true we protect the best shooting on the marsh against American shooters, and mean to do so to the end of the chapter. If the American marsh was not drummed to death with shooting, in and out of season, daylight and dark, there would be lots of ducks there also, but under the present circumstances I am afraid that our friends across the river must forever 'look upon the flaunting rice of the grinding monopoly.' Every sportsman loves fair play, and this you have not accorded the Canadian Club. Yours truly, GEO. M. HENDRIE, Member of the Canada Club."

I am very much obliged indeed to Mr. Hendrie for the above, for it carries additional data for a work where the widest possible information was the one thing wanted. It was one of the regrets of the trip to the Flats that so little could be definitely learned of the Canada Club. To the newsgatherer it was simply one of the clubs of the Flats, nothing more, nothing less, and its news was wanted just as much, not any more. It is of course not the case at all that I have shown a "marked dislike" for the Canada Club. It is the case that what information I got was necessarily obtained almost altogether outside of the Canada Club, but it hardly seems to me that the gentlemanly reserve of the American Club members, and their courteous treatment of the boundary lines of the Canada Club, imply any undue prejudice on their part. It certainly is not the case that all the "common talk" I heard, of market-hunters and others—principally others; I believe I did not talk with any market-hunter at all—was just written down, although I beg Mr. Hendrie's attention to the fact that what it common talk is painfully liable to be common truth. I am sure FOREST AND STREAM will be very glad to publish the fact that the Canada Club is of more worth in game protection than all the other clubs. The information about the lease is also welcome, though not conclusive as to the validity of the lease. As to the "large annual rental," Mr. Hendrie will oblige the writer and hundreds of club members who read this paper, if he will state accurately just what that rental is. The American club men say it is too insignificantly small. How much is it, really?

I must confess I do not see how the Canada Club can be so very jealous of its fishing rights, because the best fishing as I understand it, is in navigable channels; but in the statement that the Canada Club means to protect its shooting against American shooters "to the end of the chapter," we get directly at what is my estimate of the Canada Club, and which now seems to me just, although it may not be just, for I have not all the facts. I think the Canada Club has got a good thing and wants every bit of it. I think the Canada Club is pretty fond of the Canada Club. No one blames it for this. The big American clubs respect its lines and its lease perfectly, although the one and the other are not, so far as I could learn, definite or proved. In view of all this feeling that exists on the Flats, I should think it would be well for the Canada Club to define its lines and publish them, and to define its lease and publish that, too. That is just the sort of news that this paper would like to have, I feel sure. It is something that no paper, so far as I know, has ever been able to get. Such publication would stop much "common talk" and much ill-feeling. Let us have it. We can then see whether or not there is any "pull," any "ring," and "standing in," any consideration which practically amounts only to hiring of some Indians for pushers, yet smuggles in for a select few some very valuable privileges. These are said to be facts. I do not know them to be facts. If they are not, it would be a pleasure to show that they are not. I cannot do this without the assistance of the Canada Club. Let us have that assistance, and let us get to the bottom of the matter.

At the hands of the servants of the Canada Club, as is said later in the course of remarks, which I fear will yet more displease Mr. Hendrie—the writer received treatment which any unreasonable man would in America have called inhospitable in the extreme, if he did not call it worse. This was not the case among the other clubs. There I got help in the hunt for news. From the Canada Club I have had no help, but this one "kick"—as newspaper men euphoniously term that article—from Mr. Hendrie. I am thankful for what news the letter holds, and any future letters on this topic, if gentlemanly in their nature, shall have as early publication as I can secure for them. If there is anything on earth that FOREST AND STREAM wants I am sure it is both sides of any case, for no fairer-minded paper is published. After this I do not think the Canada Club should complain of unfair treatment. The articles constituting this series were all written long before the receipt of the above letter. I do not see any reason for changing any of those papers which have not yet been published. I certainly should not be moved thereto by the assertion that fair play has not been shown to the Canada Club. It is not less than misfortune when one wishes to show absolute fair play and is accused of not doing so. But the cry of unfair play too often arises when our neighbor's estimate of us is not that which we put upon ourselves. Will the Canada Club, seriously, quietly, with no hard words, but only an earnest desire to get at the full facts, please tell us more about itself and so enable one to spread a better estimate?

E. HOUGH.

Fisheulture.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK.—Dr. Hessel, superintendent of the U. S. Fish Commission carp ponds, Washington, D. C., estimates the number of carp now in the pond to be upward of 400,000. Owing to the cold weather of last May the season is at least a month backward, and the ponds are not to be drawn off until about Nov. 1, instead of early October, the usual time. The month of May, the Doctor says, is the most important one of the year to warm-water fishes, and a low temperature of the water then makes a very late season. Besides the carp there will be about 6,000 tench and 30,000 gold fish for distribution. The ponds are in good condition, and have a good supply of stock fish for breeders in them. Since the flood of 1889 there has been little trouble from snakes. In one year, previous to 1889, 1,900 snakes were killed at the ponds with a 22-cal. parlor rifle.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 6 to 11.—Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, at Danbury Conn. B. C. Lynes, Secretary.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club, W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York. Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

A RUN TO NORTHVALE, N. J.

"DR. GLOVER in?" I inquire of the suave clerk in the pleasant outer office at 1293 Broadway.

"Did you wish to consult him professionally, sir?" is the reply, as he bars ingress to the Doctor's private sanctum against the dreaded intrusion of the possible book agent or drummer.

"No, personally. Take in my card," and in a moment I am shaking hands with the big "American Sewell."

"There's a friend of yours in there," says the Doctor presently.

"Indeed," I reply, "and who may that be?" Another pleasure is in store, for "Billy" Tallman comes out from the window recess, and greetings passed we sit down and dog, dog, dog is immediately the burden of our song.

Every one in dogdom knows of "Doc" Glover and "Billy" Tallman, even if he has not the pleasure of their personal acquaintance.

To give the professional the precedence, Dr. H. Clay Glover is a self-made man, and one of those successful self-made men whose success is worthy of exciting envy. His practice is by far the largest of any of the kind in America, dogs being his specialty, and the esteem he is held in is evidenced by the fact that I saw in his basket the cards of several medical men who had consulted him professionally. The sale of his remedies is even more lucrative, I fancy, than the other branch of business. I think it is the duty of every one to give his brethren of the fancy any "straight tips" that may possibly alleviate the sufferings of some poor, sick dog, therefore I say use Glover's remedies if you need them. I have tried them all and they are good with a big G. The Doctor told me that when he went up for his V. S. degree the faculty thought him very "unprofessional" and mean, because he would not disclose his formulas. But, as he remarked in justification, "I don't pose as a benefactor of the race. My object in life is to benefit myself, and dollars fix that better than anything else I know. So I didn't give every chump student a chance to cut my throat."

For the benefit of those who do not know him Dr. Glover is a man of about forty-five, above 6ft. in height and a very large man altogether. He is very bald with a heavy moustache and a decided inclination in the direction of "dress." Sitting in his pleasant and handsomely furnished office, the blankness of the walls relieved by portraits of many a canine celebrity, he wears an extremely natty velvet and silk lounging coat, while an immaculate top hat and frock coat can be seen in a recess. Yes, "Doc" Glover is decidedly a "dandy."

"Billy" Tallman is the Doctor's autithesis; short, small, dark and wiry, he carries the weight of thirty-five years lightly. He is a native of "little Rhody," and there first learnt the rudiments of dog handling and training, which have since stood him in such good stead. I don't think there can be much doubt but that "Billy" is the most successful field trial handler in America. True, Avent has won more stakes, but they were taken with dogs that he had handled and trained from puppyhood, while Tallman's successes were generally made with aged dogs, often ones that had never been broken. As an evidence of his ability he took hold of Mr. Mason's pointer, the great and only champion Beaufort, when the dog was, I think, about six years old and had never really been trained, but hacked around from one bench show to another or penned in a city yard. Yet in a few months he landed him into third place at the Eastern field trials. He tells me that Beaufort had more natural ability than any pointer he ever handled. Tallman won the first All-aged Eastern Field Trials Club stake with his old Jenny, a native bitch; and the *Turf, Field and Farm's* cup, won on that occasion, is naturally one of his most treasured relics.

The great setter Grousedale's career is closely identified with Billy Tallman's name, for he handled him in all his victories and defeats. This grand old dog he considers the best he ever handled. Foreman beat him in range and style, but old "Grouse" was fast enough and stylish enough to suit most men, while his "bird sense" and reliability were phenomenal. The great $1,000 Lit-Grousedale race is still a sore spot with Billy. The dog outclassed the bitch in his opinion pretty well all around, but on the day of the race was so weak from dysentery that he could scarcely run. Lit won, but Grouse fit and well it would have been the other way.

Old Foreman was Tallman's particular pet, and well worthy was he of esteem. Where can we find such another, in sawdust ring and field alike? In '86 he took the field with probably the most valuable string ever handled by one man. There were the English setters champion Foreman and champion Plantagenet, the great and only Red, champion Elcho, Jr., and the pointers champion Beaufort and Bradford, his brother.

But to leave biographies and reminiscences.

"I have some pups I'd like you to see," quoth Billy, after some hour's conversation; "they're waggle-tails, and though some of the boys will laugh at them, they just fill me chock full with pleasure. They are descended from old Jenny, and, though they look mighty funny, can everlastingly go, and don't you make any mistake about that."

"I'd like to see them awfully. Where do you keep them?"

"Down at Spratts Kennels. What have you to do tomorrow?"

"Nothing. Have got to kill time for about two months, and I'd like nothing better than a run down with you."

"Well, my setter bitch Galatea is down there with a litter of Roger puppies, and Mr. Gardner wants to have a look at them. I'll wire him now, to see if he can go to-morrow. Anyway, what do you say to our meeting at the Central Depot at 9:30 in the morning and taking a run down?"

"Agreed."

In due course I met Mr. Tallman. He was accompanied by Mr. L. Gardner, owner of the English setter celebrity, Roger, and the heavy-weight pointer Duke of Vernon, who is just about the best of his breed in the country now. Mr. Gardner was anxious to see Galatea's Roger puppies and select one of them to keep, Taking the ferry we soon arrived at Jersey City, just in time to catch a train for Northvale, N. J., where are situated the Spratts Patent (America) Limited Kennels.

No dog man need be told that time did not hang heavily on the train in company with two such staunch doggy men as Billy Tallman and the owner of Roger. As we passed the Jersey meadows a longing came upon me for a few days' snipe shooting over them behind the Clumbers; but no such bliss was in store. What an ideal snipe ground they make though.

Field trials, pointers and setters were the all engrossing topic of conversation, spaniels being deemed beneath the notice of these ranging magnets. "Billy" is about as poor a hand at writing as I know of, but start him on field trials and reminiscences and he'll talk for ever, and interestingly, too! I think one can get more downright information on his hobby from Tallman in a given time than from any man I know. Every man and dog ever known in connection with trials he has at his fingers' ends, and his sharp, crisp sentences dispense the information without circumlocution, while he at the same time, by pantomime, shows how Grousedale collared this bird or Roderigo nailed that.

Northvale station does not impress one with the importance of the place, and, indeed, about all of Northvale I could see was the station. Turning up a pretty country road to the left, Tallman points out Spratts' Kennels. He selected the location, and displayed pardonable pride at his happy choice.

The dwelling house is situated at the brow of a hill, well sheltered from winter's winds by a fine clump of cedars. It is a large, comfortable and commodious residence, just the sort of a place one likes to spend the summer months in. Behind, on the slope of the hill, are the kennel buildings and yards, the former good-sized, comfortable and dry, though scarcely light enough for my fancy. Another thing that I thought could be improved was the fence around the yards. This is made of 3in. scantling only about an inch apart, and seriously obstructs a view of the dogs. Wire netting would have been cheaper, neater and altogether better. The yards stand in a nice orchard, and behind it all is a paddock for the cows, with the inevitable railway in the rear. Altogether it is just about as nice a situation as could be wished for.

Brett, the kennelman, comes to the gate to greet us, surrounded by a motley and varied group of privileged dogs.

Merlin, a very large and nice mastiff, was the giant of the party. While not quite up to the present fancy in heads, his great size, type and common sense head took my fancy greatly. He would please Mr. Wade. I might mention here that I took no notes of my trip or the dogs, for the very good reason that I couldn't see to write, and consequently am obliged to draw entirely upon memory for this account.

A great Dane, blue and white, came next in size. This is a breed I do not fancy, consequently I did not observe the dog closely, except to notice that he was about the stiffest-legged customer I ever came upon. His legs moved like stilts and he didn't appear to have any joints. Brett told me that both he and Merlin were in a dreadful state when he took charge, each being one mass of putrid, running sores. Merlin has some terrible scars to show how he suffered, poor fellow.

Dr. Glover's field trial winning Llewellyn setter, Sam C., by King Noble, was in Brett's following. A fine upstanding dog and one that can everlastingly go. Another was a little lemon and white pointer dog, one year old, named Grouse. This dog was the biggest sort of a surprise. With head hunched below his shoulders, nearly on the ground, and tail between his legs he could put rings around the crack Sam C. and Tallman's by no means slow setter bitch Galatea. We could hardly believe our eyes. None of us, not even Brett, knew to whom he belonged, but "Billy" at once broke out that in two months he could come pleasantly near winning the Eastern Derby with the little runt, and after this evidence of his speed no one felt inclined to contradict him. Had his owner been present then that little pointer would have sold for more money than, judging by looks, he was worth. He was an express train for speed.

Galatea came barking and bounding from her puppies in the orchard to the whistle of her master. Though not a show bitch, she is a mighty nice sort and well bred, too. Just the sort of dog to shoot over, steady, fast and kind. We at once adjourned to the orchard to inspect the puppies that claim Roger for their sire. Mighty nice little beggars these, and as usual, when I see nice pups I at once announce my intention of having one, but changed my mind on reflecting on the score of dogs I already paid feed bills for. They were quartered in a kennel in the orchard and looked healthy as clams, despite a noticeable dampness in their bed.

While their two proprietors were debating on the momentous question as to which to keep, Brett and I began talking Clumber. I found that his first experience with dogs was in the Duke of Portland's kennels at Welbeck Abbey, where he had charge of his Grace's celebrated kennel of Clumbers. The ducal breed holds a warm spot in his heart, and needless to say, such a lover of "the breed of breeds" as I am, did not require much encouragement to launch into the ever-interesting topic. Brett did a lot of field trial handling in England, and is the only man in this country who has won the English K. C.'s Derby cup. From the photo he showed me of it, the trophy is a mighty handsome piece of plate.

He also showed me a photo of a group of his old Clumber charges, and I forthwith broke that commandment (I forget the number) which talks about one's neighbor's goods, their mis-appropriation, etc. The two setter cranks now turned up and we crossed the road together to see the dogs move, Sam C., Galatea and Grouse, the little pointer aforementioned. We tried them on, but Merlin, thinking Sam was putting on a little too much "side," undertook to bring him to a proper estimation of his physical standing in the community. As the wizard's namesake would have made four Sams, the blue-blooded scion of Llewellyn had to play second fiddle until rescued, when he sat and grinned a comprehensive, soul-satisfying grin as the John L. Sullivan in dog flesh yowled and writhed under Brett's well-plied lash.

The dogs—Grouse I think it was—soon pinned a quail by the fence; so we let them stand to cool off and commune with Nature on their points, while we proceeded to inspect the kennels and their inmates, especially the "waggle-tails."

The main building is of good size, with stalls for about thirty dogs. As boarders come in additional kenneling will be built. In the main yard there were about a dozen dogs, and among them I noticed champion Madge and Countess Flo, Dr. Myer's Gordon bitches. This pair, though, are a long way off comparing with the Doctor's other brace, champions Beaumont and Bellmont. Madge is hardly one's idea of a champion Gordon setter, being very small and light all through. Countess Flo is a much better bitch, and, though light, is built on racing lines.

It was now nearly train time, so, as the "waggle-tails" had still to be inspected, I did not have an opportunity to more than glance at the other inmates of the yard. Among them I noticed a Scotch and a bull-terrier, a bulldog and a couple or two of pointer and setters, all living at peace with one another.

We now adjourned to the barn where the puppies were housed, and on the way Tallman learned, to his great regret, that the most treasured of all the "waggles" had gone where the good little dogs go. Why should it always be thusly in dogs?

Well, they were funny-looking dogs, and if they filled Billy full of pleasure, they certainly filled Mr. Gardner and I chock full of laughter. "Laugh away," quoth Billy; "these aren't setters, they're just waggle-tails, and the living picture of old Jenny, too."

Such bent hindquarters you never saw. Reminded one of a kangaroo; but on hearing this their owner said they were just kangaroos to go, and we restrained our killing fund of wit for some other more auspicious occasion when we weren't quite so much at Billy's mercy.

Outside their hindlegs they were mighty likely-looking pups; nice intelligent heads, good bodies and forelegs, black, tan and white in color. Just the sort of dogs that look as if you could go right out and shoot birds over them without any training whatever. This was what Tallman said they would do. DOGWHIP.

GORDON SETTER SPECIAL STAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the request of several Gordon setter men, the Central Field Trial Club will run a special stake for the Gordon or black and tan setter. The club gives $100. Dr. J. H. Meyer and some other gentlemen are endeavoring to raise $250 additional. Mr. Blossom informs us that they have about half of this amount already subscribed. Entries close Nov. 1, 1890. All entries and communications should be addressed to Dr. J. H. Meyer, 159 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB,
C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Central Field Trial Club has extended the date for closing the entries for their $100 special stakes for Gordon setters to Nov. 1; $10 to forfeit, $20 more to fill; races to take place at Lexington, N. C., in December; open to any Gordon in the land. Mr. H. F. Smith, of Philadelphia, the owner of the well-known Gordon setters champion Roxie, King Item and Countess Roxie, has subscribed $25 toward the private fund of $150, by which it is intended to raise the stakes to $250, leaving only $75 to complete the sum wanted. This total stake of $250 will be awarded as follows: $125 to winner of first, $75 to second and $50 to third. Five entries have been made already, and more will doubtless come in when the terms are generally known. This should certainly stimulate owners of Gorden setters to make the trials a success. There must be in this country many Gordon setters fit to run in any company, and it is hoped that Gordon owners will embrace this fine opportunity to prove it. We can't do everything this year; but continued efforts to bring out into public notice the many good field Gordons known to exist, will soon furnish a list of Gordons at field trials worthy to compete with any breed. Enter a dog, if you cannot subscribe; but do both if possible. Subscriptions and entries will be acknowledged promptly, and entry blanks furnished by me. JOHN H. MEYER.

159 WEST 34TH STREET, New York, Oct. 6.

DOG TALK.

AN enthusiastic meeting of the National Beagle Club was held at the Quincy House, Boston, Saturday evening, Oct. 4. The president, Mr. O. W. Brooking, opened the meeting. After the regular course of formalities were gone through with, and new members were elected; the coming field trial was discussed pro and con. Some twenty odd entries are already assured, and between now and the 10th I certainly expect to see every class filled. Every detail has been attended to, and it certainly looks to the writer that the trial will be a perfect success. Any one that cannot attend personally desiring to send a dog, may secure a handler by addressing Mr. A. Russell Crowell, Box 13, Lynn, Mass., steward of the trial. Entries close positively on the 10th, all entries mailed before 12 P. M. of that date will be accepted. The question of framing a standard was laid on the table. The nomination of officers for the ensuing year then followed. The nomination will be mailed to every member. Mr. H. H. Brown was expelled from the club by an unaminous vote.

I was very much astonished to hear that the National Beagle Club were refused admission to the A. K. C. at their last meeting. The only reason given by Mr. Vredenburgh in his letter was that it was antagonistic to the American Beagle Club. Where on earth were Messrs. Watson, Malcolm, Leslie and others that are well aware of the standing of the two clubs? The National is numerically and financially the stronger club of the two; they have done more to advance the interests of beagle breeders in 6 months than the American has in four years. They are already giving cash specials at the leading shows, and have every prospect of holding a successful field trial. On the same ground the A. K. C. can expel the Mass. K. C. because it is in the same State as the New England, or for that matter the Westminster K. C. is just as antagonistic to the New England K. C. as the National Beagle Club is to the American. At each meeting new members are elected from all over the country, and I fail to see what excuse the A. K. C. have for "sitting upon" them and damaging the interests of the beagle.

NAMQUOIT.

THE SPRING CIRCUIT.—Ottawa, Canada, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the autumn shows are practically over, it is time to turn our thoughts to the spring circuit. My object in writing is to suggest to show managers the advisability of running their dates close together, that is if there are eight shows, to run them into two months, instead of leaving several weeks without a fixture of any kind. The benefit to both exhibitors and clubs will be obvious. The former, instead of having to keep their dogs in show condition from February to June, can have the whole circuit completed and the dogs at home again in two months' time if the dates are conveniently set. There will be no board bills to pay between shows. This is quite a consideration to those of us who exhibit from a distance and, mayhap, do not see our dogs from when they leave home to go to New York in February until summer is pretty well under way. The shows would get better entries, as once "on the go," owners would think it as well to send dogs the round, when shows continue week after week. Only Lynn, Baltimore and New York have claimed dates so far, and there is plenty of time for other committees to fit in their dates.—F. H. F. MERCER.

SPANIEL JUDGING AT TORONTO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Toronto dog show has come and gone, and proved even a greater success than last year's show, the receipts up to Thursday amounting to $3,350.10 at the door. The building could hardly be improved upon either for benching, ring or comfort to the spectators. The show of cocker spaniels was immense, there being seventy-six, and not a bad one among the lot. But I must say that I was greatly puzzled as to the awards in the different classes. The judge followed no type, but gave the awards to every style and type. Had all the dogs' numbers been taken and shuffled in a hat and their handlers taken a draw for the prizes and cards, the winners could hardly have turned out of more different types than they did. One first prize winner had a defective muzzle, it being pointed and lacking in depth, flat head, with small, vine-shaped ears, set on high and almost devoid of feather. Another first prize winner, which having a good muzzle, head and ears, had crooked forelegs, very little feather on legs, with a tail quite devoid of feather, and carried way up over the back, on breast it had a very large patch of white, altogether too much. Another first prize winner had a small head and dished face, pointed muzzle, inclining to the greyhound type. Another prize winner had a coarse skull, large heavy head, underhung muzzle, lower incisors projecting nearly half an inch. Another prize winner had a wretched wooly coat, and was quite devoid of feather. The winner in the novice class was a large cocker, well up to weight, and being a young dog will some day find himself in the field spaniel class. He is as good a cocker as there was in the show with one exception, that his rather long tail is devoid of feather, a big fault in a field or cocker spaniel. While all the prize winners, and I might say all the cockers in the show, were low set, some of the prize winners were long in length, while others were short. One first prize black dog has a bitch's head, and appeared to be an extremely timid animal. Another prize winner has a cataract in one eye and is quite blind in that eye. The cocker taking special for best cocker in show is not of correct cocker type. The judge favored the small type; in fact it is hard to believe that three of the prize winners are over 18lbs., useless little things for any purpose but ladies' pets.

With few exceptions I found among the rejected or unnoticed ones, dogs with square muzzles, good heads, well-set lobular ears, good coats, with lots of feather on their legs, well-feathered tails and straight legs, with lots of bone. These dogs were also the healthiest, without any suspicion of skin disease, as was the case with some of the winners. The following is very hard to understand; it has puzzled me and possibly others. In the year 1889 at Toronto we find, first, Obo, Jr.; second, Black Graf; third, Black Duke; vhc., Pedro; Bob Obo not noticed. In 1890 at Kingston we find, first, King of Obos; second, Obo, Jr.; equal third, Bob Obo and Dono. At Toronto in 1890, open class blacks, we find first, Black Duke; second, King of Obos; third, Dono; vhc., Pedro; hc., Bob Obo, with Obo, Jr., and Black Graf not noticed. Also in same class Brock and Kildare, first and third this year at Detroit, not noticed.

In the year 1887 at Detroit, Obo Jr. was first, beating Master Shina and Dixie, the second and third prize winners at New York that year. What is one to think of dog shows after such work? Perhaps "Mephisto" can cast some light on the matter, I wonder if he was at the Toronto show? If he was he must still be growing fatter.

Field spaniels, open class for dogs were a curious lot. Beau, first, I would like to weigh, his weight must be 60 or 70lbs., that alone ought to have kept him out of the blue ribbon. Black Knight, hc., had a white front foot, Napoleon had all the hair and feather completely off one ear, Black Diamond, the best of the lot, had not a symptom of feather on legs or tail, and was bad with skin disease. In looks he was the worker all over, and would be my choice if I wanted a spaniel for the field, of course supposing him to be trained. The judge's decisions in the open class for black cocker dogs gave the greatest dissatisfaction, I was informed that some of the handlers used pretty strong language to his lordship. There are numbers of dog lovers that look upon Mr. Chas. H. Mason as one of the best judges of dogs we have in America. What do we learn from his criticism of the cocker spaniel in his work "Our Prize Dogs"? That skull should be well formed, with clean cheeks, and median line well defined. Muzzle should be square and deep, with no projection of the lower incisors. Eyes corresponding as to color with coat (no blind eyes). Ears lobular, set on low, and well clothed with long hair. Neck, chest, back, loins and hindquarters very strong and compact. Forelegs straight, and heavy in bone. Feet thick through the pads, neither turning in or out. Coat flat and smooth. Stern well set, with a downward carriage. Chest, legs and tail well feathered. Hocks well bent, and straight. (There was one prize winner at Toronto that if used much in the field, would cap her hocks from their coming together when in motion.) How many of the prize winners at Toronto resemble Obo II., the dog selected by Mr. Mason for illustration in "Our Prize Dogs"? The dogs most resembling this dog were Obo Jr. and Kildare, not noticed.

I wonder why so many of the bench show committees insist upon only making one class for English and American foxhounds; they might just as well make one class for bull-dogs and bull-terriers, for there is just as much resemblance in the one as the other. I only had but a short time to spend at the show as I was unable to get there until Thursday. I spent a most amusing hour listening to the comments of the different people in the audience, as they stopped a few minutes before the foxhounds. Had the decision of the awards been left to them the American foxhound would have won first by long odds. One elderly lady, accompanied by a very portly old gentleman, waxed quite wrathy in her indignation, and I heard her say to the old gentleman, "The idea! Such lovely ears, and such a beautiful head, and such soft eyes, my! I would just like to give that judge a piece of my mind." Just as I was leaving three young men came up to see the foxhounds, and I heard one say that he did not care what any one said, that that hound, pointing to the American one, was the best hound in the show. Of course he was wrong, as the English hound that got first was a good one, as was also the bitches, although one of the bitches had no brush. The American hound is a good one, with good coat and brush, splendid head and ears, good bone and straight legs, but having the usual fault of all American foxhounds, being too much bent in the pastern joints. The English hound dog had immense bone and muscle. The English foxhound may be good to hunt in a pack, in open ground and open coveys, but is nowhere in this country with our foxhound after a deer or hare.

The owner of the cocker Kildare had a challenge up for a field trial with dead birds, retrieving from water to count. I felt sorry that out of 75 cockers there was not one that took the challenge up. One young man spoke to me and said that there ought to be a class for working cockers, as his dog was present at the show and was great on woodcock and snipe. I mentioned to him that a gentleman had a challenge tacked up over his dog, and I thought he meant business, as he also had birds (a brace of woodcock) hung up in his dog's stall. He went over where I directed him and read the challenge, with points for contest, and remarked that the woodcock were a fine pair of birds, marched off and I saw him no more. I quite agree with the young man, that every bench show ought to have a class for working cockers. A field trial for these little dogs in covert for live birds would be useless and a farce, as in most coverts they cannot be seen 10yds., and it would be quite impossible to judge of their merits. The right place for such a trial is the show grounds. After trials in the open as to retrieving dead birds and trailing by scent, a covert could be improvised with a few dozen stick with straw tied about them, and stuck perpendicular in the ground. The pond at the fountain in Toronto would be just the thing for the water trial. One would suppose that a trial such as the above would draw well, and be very interesting and attractive to all lovers of the little cocker.

AMATEUR.

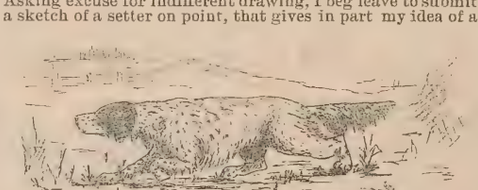
STYLE AND OTHER FIELD POINTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your consent I here ask the opinions of your readers upon certain matters concerning field dogs, pointers and setters, and I am quite sure that I am not alone in feeling an interest in the telling, discussing, or questioning of ideas thereupon. In the first place, what is style? I am not acquainted with field trials nor the winners of such, but yet I have a sort of a notion that I have an idea concerning style. I have seen many of Mr. Tracy's paintings, a number of Mr. Swords', a great many fine engravings and drawings also, of dogs in the field, and I have seen quite a number of finely bred and finely trained dogs at work, and have owned a few myself. As I generally carry a gun I may be permitted to say that with extremely few exceptions none of these seem to me to come up to the standard. Style is lots. A lover of the beautiful he must be to appreciate it, and the more ardent the lover the keener the appreciation. No dog of mine should be devoid of a certain style of motion and position when on point; I value it more highly than perfect staunchness; yet I believe that a really stylish dog is a rare dog.

As far as pictures go, as much as I have seen, Mr. Tracy's painting of the famous Roderigo (with Paul Gladstone) comes the nearest to a fine position on point. Now, my idea of what style should be comes from the fact that I once owned a dog. And now I hear the gentle reader commence to climb on to me in the usual way. "Oh, yes, he had a dog that was stylish; perfection! grand! went ahead of anything he ever saw, and all that." Well then the gentle reader has hit it. I won't disclaim. That's the very wording to suit the case, and if he will know still more he will open your book, Mr. Editor, "Training vs. Breaking" and turn to the sketch of old dog Trim and then to the description of that noble animal when on point, and the reader may know just what my dog was as to style, in better wording than I could put it. My dog was a Laverack setter, son of the famous Thunder, a fine nosed, fine ranging, intelligent fellow, staunch to a fault, unutterably handsome in coat and figure, clear black and white and belton, and so wonderfully graceful in the field, so perfect in motion and the power to get himself in shape when on point, that—well I never have nor never expect to see his equal. But he was spoiled on dead birds; he wouldn't retrieve nor point dead, nor notice aught but life and activity, so he lacked perfection after all, poor fellow. But had I the touch of the fabled Midas, I would have his memory perpetuated in solid gold, carved as he stood on point, though even then I could not see the breezy wave of his long coat, nor the glance of his deep brown eyes.

But I have roaded long enough and must locate, and come to the point in saying that I do not like the position given a dog by his simply poking out his head, stiffening his tail and perhaps raising one foot. A handsome dog looks gamy even then, even at backing with head held high, yet the transition between that and the real gamy point is a broad one, though seemingly slight in wording. I cannot say that my idea of a stylish point or stylish roading is merely a crench, yet it partakes of that, and is something more, that appeals to the eye alone and charms beyond expression. Asking excuse for indifferent drawing, I beg leave to submit a sketch of a setter on point, that gives in part my idea of a



stylish dog. A twist of the body, turn of the head, a position a little more forward, or one in which both hind legs are stretched back near together or both forward under the body, as if the animal was afraid of being shoved forward on the birds, these often give more beauty to the position, the latter one arguing well for staunchness. In roading, or working out a scent-covered ground, a gamy dog should get himself into all these positions, and do the sneak act to perfection when closing on the birds. Moreover, he should drop to a gamy point when striking scent suddenly, and as this generally means a turn it is often the most handsome.

Well, nobody else may agree with me, but just that is what I would like to know, and if the highly gamy point is really the most desirable, will our breeders, those who have the future of the field dog most in hand, not breed to this end in a measure, try to produce a dog that goes at the birds as if he well knew that his beauty was a joy to his master and tried the more to please him?

Concerning the breeding of handsome setters, irrespective of style when hunting, let me ask why the regulation dog of the day is less feathered and more slimly built than formerly. I can understand the advantage of the small setter. I would be about as well pleased if my dog stood not much higher or heavier than a spaniel, but why he should be shorn, so to speak, of the feather under neck and thorax and on the flanks I am at a loss to know. Is it because it is less hot in woodcock season, less a burr-gatherer, or that breeders think it more handsome than the longer coat? I like the type of dog that Emperor Fred represented, the deep-shouldered, heavy-head sort. Such a dog cares nothing for brier patches, be they the nasty tangled green variety or the dense sharp-stickered blackberry bushes, and neither scrub-oak nor laurel is more to him than meadow grass to the close-haired setter or the pointer. There is a ruggedness about the setter that is very taking to the mountain forest gunner, and the long-coated dog possesses most of this. He will go wherever his master will, and where he won't, too, and ever seems glad to show his tough-skinned, everlasting powers. Where hillside dashing brooks of clear cold water, and valley swamps and ponds abound the long-coated dog finds no discomfort from the heat in shooting season. Moreover, there is far more beauty in the long silken hair, reaching nearly to the ground when roading, and waving in the breeze, an elegance that seems wanting in the currish-looking short coat. All this to my thinking; what say my brother sportsmen upon the question?

Another matter—that oft-mooted question, pointer vs. setter—may not more light be shed upon it by a *résumé* of the field trials held for several years back, and most interestingly and carefully reported in FOREST AND STREAM? Both breeds have shown some wonderful examples of dog sense and training, prominent among these, from what I read, the grand Roderigo and last year's winner, the pointer Ossian. What a pity there is not a more earnest greed for glory among the owners of such dogs, so that the best everywhere could be matched against each other, and under all sorts of conditions as to country, weather, ground and different game. But, as it now stands, it seems to me that much valuable summing up might be done by one very familiar with the ins and outs of the trials, taking into consideration all the relative conditions such as the majority of dogs run, the number of winnings of each breed, the handling, the training, the weather, the character of the country, the number of birds, the work on its several merits, the judging, etc., etc., and making careful comparisons.

Furthermore, it seems to me that the opinions of this or that shooter (who may have owned a dozen dogs, and one or two of exceptional worth belonging to one breed) are nearly worthless unless his comparisons are drawn from a very thorough knowledge of the working of a great number of dogs under much the same conditions.

S. FRANK AARON.

PHILADELPHIA, September.

THE A. K. C. TROUBLES.

NO further progress is reported in the Vredenburgh-Peshall libel case, though we are advised that efforts are making for an early trial. The indictment is here given, showing the precise passages in the FOREST AND STREAM publication on which Mr. Vredenburgh based his complaint:

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

The People of the State of New York against Charles J. Peshall:

The Grand Jury of the City and County of New York, by this indictment accuse Charles J. Peshall of the crime of publishing a libel committed as follows:

The said Charles J. Peshall, late of the city of New York, in the county of New York, aforesaid, on the nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, at the city and county aforesaid, unlawfully and maliciously contriving and intending to vilify and defame one A. P. Vredenburgh, who was then and for a long time prior thereto, to wit: from and since the month of May, 1886, had been, the secretary-treasurer of the American Kennel Club, and as such had charge of and kept the books and accounts of the said club, and had the charge and control of its financial affairs, and to bring him, the said A. P. Vredenburgh, into public scandal and disgrace, and to injure and aggrieve him and to cause it to be believed that he, the said A. P. Vredenburgh, had been guilty of gross and fraudulent irregularities in his accounts as such secretary-treasurer, and had fraudulently falsified the books and accounts, and maliciously did publish and cause and procure to be published in a certain newspaper and publication known as the FOREST AND STREAM, published in the said city and county, a certain false, scandalous, malicious and defamatory libel, of and concerning the said A. P. Vredenburgh, in a certain part of which said libel there were contained certain false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory and libelous words and matters of and concerning the said A. P. Vredenburgh, according to the tenor and effect following, that is to say:

I have also opposed the financial management of this Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] and for fear that I may have been misunderstood, permit me now to say that the financial management as evinced by the reports made, are not only false and fraudulent, false, because they are not true, and fraudulent because they have been made with the intention to deceive.

And in certain part of which said libel, there were contained other false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory and libelous words and matters of and concerning the said A. P. Vredenburgh, according to the tenor and effect following, that is to say:

A few days after this meeting, while the writer of this was in the American Kennel Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] office, Mr. Vredenburgh [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] stated to me out of his own mouth, substantially that I had made no mistake in nominating Mr. Belmont, as he had come into the office mourning over the smallness of the bank account and replenished it with a large sum of money. At the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club], which was held Feb. 21, 1889, Mr. Vredenburgh [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] as treasurer made two reports, commencing from Dec. 5, 1888, and showing the balance as reported at the previous meeting $539, and on Jan. 11, $1,228.28. If any book-keeper will now take these two amounts and examine them, there is only one conclusion that he can come to, and that is this, that they are false. The item of $1,228.28 was not earned by the Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club], there was no possible resource from which the club could earn this item, and the club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] did not earn it, it was either borrowed, book-keeped or juggled into the accounts.

And in a certain other part of which said libel there were contained certain other false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory and libelous words and matters of and concerning the said A. P. Vredenburgh, according to the tenor and effect following, that is to say:

May 8, 1888, the American Kennel Club treasurer's [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh's] report shows $128.01 on hand. Secretary goes to Europe, returns Dec. 3, 1888. Dec. 6, 1888, makes a report dated Dec. 5; balance on hand $5.59. At the same meeting asked to have registration fee increased 100 per cent., because stud book was always published at a loss. On same month states to the writer, received a large amount of money from the president, Feb. 21, 1889, makes two reports on one day, which shows upon their face fully as much jugglery as could have been gotten into one report in two days.

And in a certain other part of which said libel there were contained certain other false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory and libelous words and matters of and concerning the said A. P. Vredenburgh, according to the tenor and effect following, that is to say:

January, 1890 secretary and treasurer [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] published an annual statement showing that from and during the year 1889 he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] had received from the dog men and breeders of this country $8,312.26, and that he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] and a few others had expended $7,027 66, and yet he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburgh] fails to show in any of his reports where the dog men and breeders have received any benefit from the expenditure of this money; for no stud book was published during the year and for some two months thereafter.

To the great damage, scandal, disgrace and infamy to the said A. P. Vredenburgh, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the people and their dignity.

JOHN R. FELLOWS, District Attorney.

A KENNEL CLUB FOR HAMILTON.—Hamilton, Canada, October.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A very largely attended meeting was held here last night in the Board of Trade rooms, when it was decided to form a local organization to be known as the Hamilton Kennel Club. The object of formation is to encourage the breeding of good dogs and to hold a first-class annual bench show. This is such a doggy town and the situation so convenient and central that American and Canadian exhibitors will learn of the new club with delight. A capital working committee was appointed, and Mr. A. D. Stewart, the founder of Canadian bench shows, was unanimously elected president. Affiliation will be asked for with the American and Canadian kennel clubs, and the prospects for success are as rosy as could be desired. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, A. D. Stewart; Vice-President, Andrew Murdoch; Secretary, C. W. Mulligan; Treasurer, Geo. T. Tuckett. Committee, E. Tinsley, J. M. Harris, Frank Close, H. S. Case, Wm. McDonald. Veterinary Surgeon, Dr. Moler.—ONT.

BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.—Baltimore, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Maryland Kennel Club claim the dates of March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1891, for their second annual dog show at Baltimore, Md.—H. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Sec'y.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

MR. E. H. MORRIS, in correcting a statement of Mr. Peshall's that the pointer is a creation of the present century, quotes some obituary poetry which appeared in the *Dublin Magazine* of December, 1787, regarding a dog which had, singularly enough, been owned by Mr. Peshall's great-grandfather, Sir John Peshall. When I read this I thought I would turn to the "Treatise on Field Diversions," from which I have drawn before, and find out what the "staunch sportsman" who hailed from Suffolk had to say regarding pointers. For the benefit of those who did not read the extracts previously given I will say that this work was originally published in 1776, and was "the result of many years' experience with the dog, the net and the gun." With regard to the pointer this little little book takes us back to 1750 in the matter of personal knowledge of the author, as will be seen by his opening statement, which is as follows: "This kind of dog was introduced here in the beginning of the present century, and is acknowledged to be a native of Spain or Portugal, as many *were* and yet *are* brought to us from both kingdoms. The first I remember to have seen was about forty years back. Black and white, heavy, slow, without any regularity in beating, under no command, but a NATURAL POINTER." The old fellow had a most thorough contempt for the pointer. Perhaps, however, it was only a bit of the Englishman's usual way of speaking of anything foreign. Any way he gives the pointer this black eye to start with: "The most general import [importation] was in the liver and white, especially mottled. They all fall under a parity of description as to shape and performance; nor can nature be much improved or assisted by art, as they have a ferocity of temper which will not submit to correction or discipline, unless taken in hand very young. The activity of our modern race of pointers we are indebted for, I presume, to the cross between the foreigner and our setter. The mixture in this case was successful: as thereby we are furnished with a strain that will act in a greater variety of capacities than any other." It would be well to say here that the English setter of that day was either a spaniel, high on the leg, or a cross between the English spaniel and the foxhound or pointer. The name was given him because he set—down—charged—when he found game and allowed the men to draw the net over him until the birds were covered by it and thus caught. The crosses with the foxhound in the composition of the setter is spoken as probably arising from whim, but such a cross is not mentioned in regard to the improvement of the pointer. But listen to this, ye members of the Pointer Club: "The setter cannot be degraded into a pointer; but a pointer may be elevated to a setter, though but of the second class. * * * He answers the purpose in one sense, it is certain; but by way of humble imitation at best. He insults the finished fine setter by invading his province; and admitting game enough may be taken at him it is the same as challenging a delicate greyhound with a cream lurcher, because he can kill as many hares." The pointer he ranks ahead of the cocker (the author calls him the springing spaniel, the cocking or gun spaniel), and says he once had a remarkable one, "as many gentlemen in the vicinity well remember, who would stand for a gun at one bird, drop for a net at another, and so on, as I thought fit. In covert he would do the work of a brace of spaniels. Take him into field directly, he was as clean and regular in his hunting as if he had never acted in a lower character. This supports my assertion of general utility. * * * There are many pointers, which, by use, will stand woodcock very well. And I knew of one of a very eminent physician (Dr. Begsbye), that, if she found in covert, unperceived, would give tongue for discovery; and that, repeatedly, till she was relieved from her point."

In glancing over this old book again to get the foregoing extracts, a thought occurred to me in connection to red spaniels. Those interested in this will remember that I resurrected the dormant subject by quoting a reference to a breed of red cocker spaniels referred to by the author as having been known in Suffolk early in the eighteenth century. Now, when we take into consideration that we get these reds from the Obo strain, and that Mr. Farrow who brought what we may call the original Obos to the front does not reside so very far from Suffolk, is it not within the bounds of probability that he has a dash of that old strain, and that our reds are but a reversion thereto? Such a theory is at least plausible.

The difficulty in researches of this kind is that English fanciers with but few exceptions take the slightest interest in back pedigrees, and any attempt to get them to trace back a pedigree is but love's labor lost. The one exception to this rule that I know of is Mr. M. B. Wynn.

Mr. Wade has sent me a copy of a communication respecting a tall young mastiff we measured at New York dog show in the spring of 1884. He is right as usual, and it had quite slipped my memory. I do not recall the measurement, but I remember he was very tall and Mr. Wade is sure to be right. If I had any doubt upon the subject I would have made an effort to get my marked catalogue for that year, which is locked up with my household effects. The dog was named Senator and was owned by Mr. Geo. L. Thomas, of Albany. He was bred by Mr. John Ogden, of New York, and was by Buff out of Nina. I fancy Mr. Wade is wrong regarding the other "Jim," for Mr. Ogden and I were old Atalanta Boat Club friends, and I would use his Christian name, or rather the name his friends used, "Johnny," and it was probably he that was taking so much interest in the dog he bred. I did think when I first read Mr. Wade's letter that the third party might be the late W. R. Hill, of Albany, known to all old boating men as Billy Hill, but I now believe it must have been Mr. Ogden. That of course is aside from the question of the height of Senator. I further remember that I was particularly anxious to have Senator at the National Breeders' Show at Philadelphia in October of that year, and Mr. Thomas sent the dog, but unfortunately Senator arrived the day after the judging. I have no distinct recollection of the dog as he was then, I had so many other things to attend to at the time, but I have an impression that he had not improved much if at all, but was still somewhat light in frame.

The St. Bernard bitches Dart and Donna Silva arrived from England last week by the Montana, direct to Philadelphia from London. I saw them on arrival and have since been to the Swiss Mountain Kennels, at Germantown, to take a second and a better look over them. Dart is the taller of the two and is a very good colored bitch. Donna Silva it would be hardly fair to criticise, as she arrived in very low flesh and entirely out of coat. On a second inspection she showed much improvment in condition, while in the matter of coat there was also a change for the better. She is not quite so tall as Dart, and is lighter in color and is well-marked.

I learn from a friend of Mr. Mitchell Harrison that some of the Chestnut Hill Kennels collies are going over to England, which they are I have not had time to find out as yet. Considering that it will be dull times here for nearly five months, it is by no means a bad idea to let some of them take a turn at the English shows. Mr. Harrison has become very much interested in the breeding and development of hunters, and has made a miniature steeplechase course on the Roslyn Heights Farm. Indeed, so much is he taken up with this, as well as his large and extensive business, that I should not be surprised to learn that there will be more of a chance for other collie owners than has fallen to their lot at the dog shows since the advent of Dublin Scot, Scotilla and their successful kennel companions.

Gen. Henry R. McIvor has been paying a visit to the Quaker City, and tells me he has sold his collie Brankie (Metchley Wonder—Miss Charlemagne) to Mr. Smith, of the Consolidated Gas Works, of New York. Gen. McIvor is very favorably impressed with the appearance of our "drab" town, and from his world-wide experience he is in a better position to give an opinion as is an opinion than those who make Philadelphia an object for the perpetration of jokes upon the rather quiet habits of its residents. Anyhow the General thinks Philadelphia ladies are extremely charming, and unless a war breaks out somewhere shortly I will not be responsible for anything that may occur should he remain much longer.

The London *Stock-Keeper* again throws down the gauntlet to American beagle owners, and challenges any one to send over some specimens to compete against the pick of the English division, to be shown under a hound judge. If any one cares to accept this defi I would suggest that they ask for Mr. Harding Cox to act as judge. Such a suggestion will be in every way satisfactory to the English division, and Mr. Cox is not only a hound man, but a dog man as well and has frequently officiated at leading shows. Such a test would be very interesting and would assist materially in straightening out the question of type in beagles. If we have been going wrong it is time our breeders were advised of their error and set about correcting their mistakes. In case such a match is likely to be made it would be well to place the matter in the hands of a committee with power to select say two couple of the best we have and send them to the care of some person in England to put in competition. There would be some expense attached to all this, but there are surely sufficient fanciers willing to chip in toward a fund of say $100, which would cover all cost of the trip, I think. The dogs could be sent over for $10 each or $80 the round trip, perhaps less if sent and returned by the same line. Count me as a subscriber to the fund if the match is made.

The match between the Pittsburgh owned Russian-what-is-its, generally called wolfhounds, and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley's Krilutt is in a fair way for decision now. The Pittsburgh dogs have arrived in London from Russia, according to the latest advices.

All dog men know how jealous dogs are, but I was told the other day of a case of a horse showing singular jealousy of a dog. The narrator of the story occasionally indulges in horse-back exercise, and naturally takes with him at such time an Irish setter. The setter, as is the manner of dogs, would run on ahead, and my friend noticed that when it did so the horse began pulling and showing evident desire for a race, so one day, his horse being more demonstrative than usual, he let him go. The dog was then some thirty yards ahead on a straight road, and when the horse started on the run, off went the dog, too. For a time their relative positions were kept, and then the horse gradually began gaining. At last he got past the dog, and as soon as he did so he turned slightly and let fly his heels in the direction of the dog, as much as to say, "There, I beat you," and resumed his usual canter. J. W.

DOG CHAT.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER tells us that he has made up his mind to sell all his fox-terriers, as he finds his time so completely taken up with his duties as superintendent of the W. K. C. that he cannot give the attention and exhibiting at shows they ought to have. There are eighteen altogether, nearly all of which are fit for the bench. Included in this lot are such well known cracks as the smooths Suffolk Risk, Suffolk Rarity, and Suffolks Toby, Settler, and Vixen, wire hairs, altogether such a collection of this breed as has never been offered before in this country.

Here is a pretty little yarn from *Longman's*: "The Newfoundland dog is a particular favorite of mine. He is the most magnanimous fellow in the world, and small dogs may insult him with impunity unless a river happens to be near, when one too venturesome and impudent will sometimes experience an involuntary bath. On one occasion, lately, a particularly fine one was sitting on a wooden bridge discussing a bone, when a predatory mastiff came along, and being unable or unwilling to distinguish between *meum et tuum*, a smart altercation arose. So violent became the debate that both suddenly overbalanced and fell into the stream beneath. The nearest landing place was a hundred yards down, and to it the Newfoundland betook himself without much difficulty, and after a good shake was preparing to depart, when he suddenly became aware that the other dog who was more of a soldier than a sailor, was wildly beating the water, and drowning as fast as he could drown. One look was enough. In went he of the shaggy coat, and seizing the other by the collar, brought his late enemy safe to land. The two dogs then eyed each other with a perfectly indescribable expression for some seconds, then silently and solemnly wagged their caudal appendages, and with dignity departed. Some will, no doubt, say that this was but instinct; and they may be right, but I prefer to give my four-footed friend the benefit of the doubt."

Last week we spoke of the receipt of several Crystal Palace catalogues, and as it is the finest production of the kind we have seen, we have forwarded a copy to each of our principal kennel clubs as a guide for future efforts in this direction. Judging from several letters we have received from well known exhibitors and breeders, they are very much interested in the "Breeders' Competition" and asking us for further particulars, and whether such competitions could not be inaugurated here by our principal clubs. For the benefit of our readers, we give the conditions under which this competition is held:

"The prizes in these classes are awarded to the breeders obtaining the largest number of points with dogs bred by themselves, irrespective of whether the exhibits are their own property or not. The dogs must be entered in their proper classes, and points are awarded as under to those winning prizes or receiving commendation in such classes. In the event of a dog entered in two classes, winning prizes or receiving commendations in both, the highest award only counts toward this competition. Breeders are not required to nominate the dogs bred by them, as this will be ascertained from the catalogue, but it will be to their interest to induce any of their friends owning such dogs to enter them, so that their chance of winning the prize may be increased. Prizes in stud dog and novice classes do not count.

CHALLENGE CLASSES.

First prize	64 points.
Second prize, if there be one, otherwise the reserve	32 points.
Third prize, if there be one, otherwise the reserve	16 points.
Reserve if there be second and third prizes	8 points.

OPEN AND JUNIOR CLASSES.

First prize	64 points.
Second prize	32 points.
Third prize	16 points.
Fourth prize	12 points.
Reserve	8 points.
Vhc	4 points.
Hc	2 points.
Commended	1 point."

The junior classes mentioned above are for dogs not over eighteen months old up to the time the show opens. This is a move in the right direction toward stopping the showing of very young dogs, as there are not many men who will show anything eight or ten months old against practically fully developed dogs, as most breeds are at this limit of age. We sincerely wish our W. K. C. would adopt this measure, for we are pretty well sure any financial loss by a falling off of entries would be compensated by the general health and safety of the other dogs exhibited, they earning at the same time the thanks of the kennel community. Speaking of this reminds us of the letter in another part of this issue calling the attention of the Collie Club to the fact of their having the club stakes held at public shows after the sad experience of some of the members after last year's show at New York. If we are ever to take rank as breeders of winning stock, and of such as we ought to breed with the material our breeders now have in most important breeds, something must be done in this direction. Ottawa got along very well without puppies, and why cannot the larger shows do the same? We did not hear of any distemper after the pleasant little reunion at Rahway last year.

While we are on the subject of this Crystal Palace catalogue we might mention the "team" classes. These consist of three exhibits of any one breed or variety, the property of the same exhibitor; the exhibitor furnishing at the time he makes his entry particulars of the exhibits of which his team is to consist, for which separate forms are supplied. The team, of course, must be composed of dogs already entered in the regular classes. The prizes given are three in number—first, second and third—for teams in sporting dogs and bitches; non-sporting dogs and bitches; terriers, dogs and bitches (Yorkshire and other toy terriers excepted); pugs, Yorkshire and other toy terriers, dogs and bitches. These suggestions are made for the benefit of our three principal shows—W. K. C., Boston and Chicago.

We received a pleasant visit from Mr. Geo. H. Bush, president of the Buffalo Kennel Club, on Tuesday last. He talks mysteriously of two cocker puppies, one especially, by Jersey out of Novel, he calculates upon to lay some of them very "low" next year.

In view of the splendid record made at London by Mr. Blake's whippet Benbow, and the claim for a world's record of 12¾ seconds for 200yds., we have been looking up past records made by these dogs and find on referring to *Canine World* of June 20, that at the monthly whippet spring handicap for stakes of $125, held at Manchester, England, June 14, a dog called Fred, owned by a Mr. A. Fletcher and weighing 11¾lbs., ran the 200yds. in 12¾ seconds, beating 279 opponents. This time was then claimed as a best on record. This shows what a meritorious performance Benbow made. At the same time, before this can be accepted as a record, we would like to have the weight and height of Benbow, as that may have something to do with it according to the rules. A race with 279 entries shows the vast proportions to which this sport has attained in some parts of England. Mr. Mercer, of Ottawa, owns a very fast small greyhound bitch, and although a special prize was put up at the Ottawa show for a race, the presence of this bitch seemed to frighten the others and the race was declared off. Dr. Mill's Elcho being the only other entry. There is talk of getting some jack rabbits up there and having a little coursing. If they wish some hares we believe they can be had from Mr. Allison, of the National Coursing Club, Hutchinson, Kan., at a reasonable figure.

We hear that the two Russian wolfhounds which were purchased by Mr. Rousseau for Mr. Hencke, of Pittsburgh, have at last arrived in England, the bitch being quite heavy in whelp. They are to meet the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley's crack, champion Krilutt, at Crystal Palace on the 28th of this month. At the same time it is reported that Krilutt has skin disease, but it is to be hoped that he will be got in shape for this competition, which has excited the interest of dog men on both continents; for upon this rests a good deal of the question as to what constitutes the proper type of a "Barzoi."

It is stated in one of the English papers that there is a gentleman from Detroit purchasing some dogs for this country. Detroit is becoming quite a doggy town, and among the new fanciers is young Mr. Hendrie, whose fancy seems to turn to terriers of the "wire" persuasion.

In our "Answers to Correspondents" column will be found a query as to the best time for the new Hamilton Kennel Club to hold a show. We appreciate the anxiety of a new club to burn its fingers by holding a show *cote que cote*, but perhaps we can offer a little advice which may enable them to round the point of their first show in safety. During the exhibitions recently held in Canada there were several opinions expressed that Hamilton would be a good *locale* for a show, and the suggestion was made that Canada should have a fall circuit which should include Toronto, London, Hamilton, Ottawa and Montreal. In September the weather in Canada is more agreeable for dog shows than it is as a rule in the States, and for that reason it was suggested that the States' shows should, most of them, be held in the spring, and then with a circuit in Canada in the fall the difficulty of showing dogs in very hot weather would be overcome, for we are sure the weather experienced in Canada during the past month could not have been improved upon. In Ottawa during show week it was positively cold, therefore owners of the big dogs need not have any fear of exhibiting at these places during that month. We say to Hamilton, wait by all means till next fall, and running in your show say after London, you can expect a good entry and a rousing welcome to the fraternity.

In a letter from England we are informed of an important importation of black and tan terriers, which will shortly start for this country. Mr. Comstock, of Providence, R. I., either the Irish terrier owner or his brother, has purchased from Mr. Lacy, Middleton, Eng., his Salisbury, Jasper, Louie and Queen III. Salisbury and Jasper are both good winners, and Queen III., we are told, was bred and raised by the man who bred Queen II., who won for Mr. Lacy $3,000 in money and 33 cups, and this man says she can beat Rosabel, so we shall expect to see something pretty smart, if she only turns out half as good as "old Queen." We are pressed for space this week, but will have more to say about these dogs in our next issue. There is one thing about it, judging from press notices, Mr. Comstock will not be disappointed in the dogs at any rate. Who says black and tan terriers are not the coming breed? "Cheerful Horn" tells us that the King Charles Royal Duke is on his way to this country, having been purchased by a gentleman in Milwaukee, whom he puts down as a Mr. Niemann. The sum paid for this spaniel was $250.

The noted bull bitch Kitty Cole is dead. She died giving birth to a litter of pups, by His Lordship. Kitty Cole was by Don Pedro out of Pansy Lass, and when we say that she had won the Bulldog Club challenge cup four times, it will be inferred that there were not many her superior.

In our report of the London show we made two or three mistakes, but as we took our awards from the secretary's catalogue and judges' books we are hardly to blame. Mr. W. B. Wells's Matane was second in English setters, open dogs, and his Cambriana first in bitches. Blemton Rattler in fox-terriers should read Blemton Brawler, and Mr. Wash-

ington's Irish setter Ruby Gleumore won equal for the special for best Irish setter with Mr. Covert's Dick Swiveler, and as the prize was a pair of slippers each takes one.

Coursing in England opened a fortnight since with the Haydock Park meeting, and it is said the smartest lot of youngsters probably ever seen turned out.

As an outcome of the recent exposures of English Kennel Club rulings, disqualifications, and so on, a meeting of exhibitors was held at Edinburgh show to discuss the advisability of some action on the part of exhibitors at large whereby they can have a say in matters that concern themselves. The sense of the meeting was that the club was too autocratic, too exclusive and not a representative body; and that the subscription should be such as would enable every one in the fancy to become a member. This is a good move and will no doubt bring about some necessary reforms.

We learn that Mr. Geo. E. Peer, of Rochester, N. Y., who is almost as enthusiastic a pug man as he is a buff Cochin breeder, has imported a very good son of champion Loris and champion Stingo Sniffles. As there is no better pug blood than this in the country Mr. Peer is to be congratulated.

We remind our readers who intend entering their dogs in the Central Field Trials All-Aged Stake that it closes Oct. 15, with Mr. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, N. Y.

We hear that Mr. Wilmerding's champion cocker spaniel Doc, who has been in the hands of Mr. Mercer since Ottawa show, will stay there two weeks longer, to give Canadian breeders a chance to avail themselves of his services.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To handlers and trainers I would say, the Old Dominion S. S. Co. have arranged a very liberal rate from New York city to Amelia Court House, Va., for the benefit of those that wish to avail themselves of this pleasant route to the Eastern F. T. Club's meeting. They will issue tickets for $11.65, including meals and stateroom and railroad fare to Amelia Court House, from New York, over their S. S. line, which is good via West Point or Richmond, Va. They will also pass 3 dogs free, when accompanied by owner or attendant, and 50c. for each additional dog over this number. I am also in communication with Mr. Slaughter, Asst. Comm. of the Southern Pass. Asso., who promises to do all he can in regard to obtaining reduced rates from all points over which they have jurisdiction, issuing certificates entitling the holder to a rebate by paying a first-class fare from starting point to Amelia C. H., Va., on their return. The certificate, if the concessions are granted, can be purchased of the ticket agents at the starting point. Mr. Slaughter has formerly acted most liberally toward our club, and I am satisfied from the kindly expressions in his letter to me that he has lost none of the old-time interest formerly shown. In conclusion I will say that John Bolus, of the Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, Ohio, has most generously donated as special prizes two of his shipping dog crates, value $25 each. He writes: "I will try and send something that will surprise the boys. One is given to each of the absolute winners of the Derby and the All-Aged Stakes." These crates, the creation of John's master hand and experience, form a most valuable addition to the already rich prizes in each stake. I am also in receipt, holding in trust, two checks from Mr. B. L. Clements, one of one hundred and twenty-five dollars and one of seventy-five dollars. "These are," quoting from his letter, "two special prizes given by the Irish Setter Club for the best two Irish setters run in either the Derby or All-Aged Stakes of the E. F. T. Club this year." I would also add to this communication in regard to carrying a number of dogs over the railroad, that the best way and most economical is to crate them well and check them as extra baggage, paying the regular tariff of railways for same. Cut this out of the paper and keep it in your pocket for reference; it may come handy and materially reduce expenses.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec. and Treas.

A REMEDY FOR HYDRDPHOBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From a work on British India, "Wild Life in Canora and Ganjam," by Gordon S. Forbes, London, 1885, I extract the following:

"In the neighborhood of Berkampur jackals were extremely numerous, and instances of death from hydrophobia occasioned by the bite of a mad jackal sometimes occurred. I was therefore much alarmed when my head servant awoke me one night and announced that three of the stablemen and a valuable dog had been bitten by a mad jackal; he said he had heard of a Brahmin living in Ganjam who had treated many such cases successfully, and a messenger was sent in hot haste to summon him. Excision or cautery of the bites seemed to me impossible from the position of the wounds. I shot the dog in the morning to avoid further risks; but when the Brahmin arrived with his remedy he assured me that he could have saved the dog, as he would surely save the men from hydrophobia. The remedy, which he administered internally, proved to consist of the leaves of the datura or stramonium plants made into a pulp. The patients were warned to expect an attack of delirium and stupor and must eat nothing for twenty-four hours, when the effects of the medicine would pass away.

"These symptoms appeared and passed off in due course, and none of the three men bitten had an attack of hydrophobia, and I have no doubt that the jackal was mad, for these creatures never make such attacks under any other circumstances. I sent an account of the episode of the jackal and the remedy used to *The Times*, but it was not inserted. I also wrote to an eminent London surgeon, detailing the facts of the case, but he replied that was no proof the jackal was mad! The Brahmin who treated my servants assured me that his remedy is efficacious even after hydrophobia has set in."

I have heard and read of many remedies for this mysterious and fatal disease, but never before of this plant used for it—the stramonium, or jimson weed, which is found from Maine to Georgia, and is known as a powerful narcotic internally, and as a healing application when externally used.

Canine madness is fortunately a rare disease, and its existence is doubted by many; no doubt seven-eighths of the dogs killed on suspicion of madness are innocent of the disease, but there seems to be evidence that it exists, and, therefore, all remedies of a plausible character should be tried; and stramonium, from its powerful action on the nervous system, might prove efficacious. S. C. CLARKE.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 8.—This show opened this morning with 217 entries, among which are some of the best dogs in the country. Messrs. Lewis and Thomas are here with big strings. Irish setters, St. Bernards, collies, pointers, beagles and Irish terriers are particularly strong. Several of the new St. Bernards Mr. Crowell brought over are entered. The show is held in a nicely decorated building, and is well arranged. Judging commenced at 10:30 and will most likely be finished to-day. In the absence of Mr. Watson, Mr. H. W. Lacy takes all classes. Weather fine and everything points to a success. H. W. L.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

RUNNING RULES.

MANAGEMENT.—RULE 1. The management of the meeting shall be under the control of the Field Trial Committee. They shall decide all matters pertaining to the trials not provided for in these rules. The interpretation of these rules lies with them.

Entries.—RULE 2. For all stakes, the names, pedigrees (as far as known), ages, colors and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the secretary of the club at the time of making the entry. Any dog who shall be proven not to correspond with the entry shall be disqualified, and all stake winnings and entry money shall be forfeited to the club. The entrance fee and forfeit money must accompany every nomination. Any objection to an entry must be made in writing and addressed to the Field Trial Committee, whose action shall be final. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, shall not be permitted on the grounds.

Field Trial Committee.—RULE 3. The Field Trial Committee may refuse any entry they may think proper to exclude; shall have power to suspend or debar from handling or entering dogs in any field trials of this club any person who uses abusive language to the judge or officers of the club; and no person who has been found, to the satisfaction of the Field Trial Committee, to have conducted himself improperly in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials, or who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with either thereof, or for money due under an arrangement for divisions of winnings, or for penalties for infraction of rules, or for any payment required by a decision of the club, shall be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the auspices of the National Beagle Club.

Drawing and Order of Running.—RULE 4. Dogs shall be drawn by lot and numbered in the order drawn. Each dog shall run in the first series as a brace with the next available dog in that order. After the first series has been run through, the judges shall announce which dogs they wish to see run again and order of running them. Discretion is given the judges to run the dogs as often and in what order they think best, until they are satisfied which are the best dogs; but they may announce the winners any time after the second series, provided the first, second and third prize winners shall have run together. Any dog absent during the first series for more than twenty minutes after his number has been called, shall be disqualified from further competition

RULE 5, Sec. 1. Each brace shall be run thirty (30) minutes, and at the expiration of that time a decision shall be rendered if the judges are satisfied. If not satisfied, they shall be run fifteen (15) minutes and decision made, and so on in intervals of fifteen (15) minutes.

Sec. 2. Dogs can be taken up only at end of periods as above, except as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 3. Immediately after the dogs are drawn, the name of the first brace, together with the place and time of starting, shall be posted by the secretary of the club in a prominent place.

Sec. 4. The secretary shall announce the order of running in the first series, but each subsequent series shall be arranged and announced by the judges before its beginning.

RULE 6. If two (2) dogs owned or handled by the same person should come together in the first or subsequent series, the second dog so owned shall change place with the first dog not so owned or handled. This change shall be made in the order of running if possible. If not possible, then in the reverse order of running. The running together of two such dogs may be permitted when a separation is impossible, but in no other case.

RULE 7. No person shall be allowed to accompany the judges except owners of dogs running in charge of handlers, guides, marshal, and reporters of recognized journals. In case where the reporters or owners expect to handle a dog in the series, they will not be allowed to accompany the judges.

Sec. 2. Gentlemen authorized to accompany the judges under these rules, will not be allowed to converse with the judges on any subject while the dogs are under judgment. The spectators will not be allowed nearer the judges than fifty (50) yards to the rear. The marshal and judges shall strictly enforce this rule.

Sec. 3. The judges shall appoint a spokesman from their number, and all orders or information upon any point concerning the heat shall be given by him in a clear and impartial manner, so that each handler may have full benefit thereof.

RULE 8. No dog can be withdrawn except with the unanimous consent of the judges. Should a dog be withdrawn without such consent, the owner or handler shall be barred from further trials, and all prizes won by such owner or handler in the stake shall be forfeited to the club. If a dog be withdrawn with the consent of the judges from a stake on the field, or at any time during the holding of the trial, its owner or deputy having authority shall notify in writing the secretary or one of the field trial committee. If the dog belongs to either or any of those officials, the notice must be handed to one of the others. When a winner of one or more heats is withdrawn, for other cause other than defeat, the dog or dogs previously beaten by him shall not be deprived of competing for second or third prize if, in the opinion of the judges, they have a chance to win.

RULE 9. No person shall make any remarks within hearing of the judges or handlers, concerning location of game, or give any information whatever calculated to affect the action of the handlers or result of the heat. Any person so offending shall be expelled from the grounds, and points of merit shall not be allowed any dog whose handler acts upon any information imparted by such person, or uses any unfair means whatever. A protest on this point must be made to the judges before the close of the heat, and their decision shall be final.

Sec. 2. If any handler or owner of dogs annoys the judges after having been ordered to desist, the judges may order such dogs as he owns or is handling up and out of the stake, or may impose a fine not exceeding ten (10) dollars.

RULE 10. Owners and handlers are allowed the privilege of asking the judges for information, or for an explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue. Pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment.

RULE 11. At the commencement of a heat the handlers in the next heat shall be notified, and be required to keep together until ordered down, and any dog absent more than twenty (20) minutes when called shall be barred at the discretion of the judges, and his competitor subject to Rule 6.

RULE 12. The bye dog in any series shall run with a dog selected by the judges or alone as they may direct.

RULE 13. An owner, his handler or his deputy may hunt a dog, but it must be one or the other; and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has deputed another person to handle and hunt him.

RULE 14, Sec. 1. Handlers of dogs running shall go together and keep within sight of the judges and each other when possible.

Sec. 2. The dogs shall be handled in all respects as nearly as possible as in an ordinary day's hunting.

Sec. 3. Each dog shall be required to hunt throughout a heat, except only when ordered up by the judges. When so ordered up each dog shall be kept under restraint.

Sec. 4. The handler of a dog shall discharge one barrel of his gun over his dog when hunting when directed by the judges.

Sec. 5. No shooting shall be allowed at any time by any person unless directed by the judges. When so done it shall be considered as irregular, and a dog shall not be penalized in case of irregular shooting. If a dog exhibits signs of gunshyness or unsteady to shot, the fact shall be proven by requiring his handler to discharge both barrels when on the trail.

Sec. 6. Handlers will be required to use blank cartridges. Guns must be carried empty.

Sec. 7. The person handling a dog may speak or whistle to him, or work him in any way that he may deem proper, if not contrary to the rule of this club; but he shall be called to order by the judges for making any unnecessary noise, or for any disorderly conduct calculated to interfere in any way with an opponent's dog. In such cases an appeal should be made to the judges, but, should the handler of the dog interfered with not ask for protection, it shall be the duty of the judges to call the offending party to order, and see that this rule is at all times strictly adhered to.

RULE 15. All protests, when practicable, except as hereinbefore provided, must be made to the secretary of the club, or in case of his absence, to one of the field trial committee, at or before midnight of the date of running the final heat.

Instruction to Judges.—Sec. 1. Should there arrise at any time during the running of the trials, questions not provided for in these rules, the judges are instructed to use their discretion, and so decide the matter as to give to each dog equal opportunities.

Sec. 2. Each heat will be conducted in a manner calculated to give the competitors an opportunity to display the several qualities under judgment.

Sec. 3. The judges shall give each brace in first series at least thirty (30) minutes, and shall order up the dogs as soon thereafter as they have determined which is the better.

Sec. 4. Trailing game other than announced, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a demerit.

Sec. 5. The judges shall give a dog ample opportunity to discover whether he is on a true trail.

Sec. 6. The number of times a dog finds shall not necessarily give him the preference, but the judges shall consider the quality of the performance rather than the frequency of the occurrence.

Sec. 7. In order to prevent the handlers rushing or unduly exciting the dogs, discretion is given the judges to try each dog of a brace separately on game, the competing dog being kept under restraint.

Sec. 8. The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that maintains the most effective range throughout.

Sec. 9. The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that shows the greatest hunting sense. Hunting sense is shown in a dog by his desire to hunt for game, his selection of likely places to hunt in, his method of hunting the places, his industry in staying out at his work, and his skill in handling and trailing the game after he finds it.

Sec. 10. The judges are instructed not to place undue credit on speed, it being the desire of the club that accuracy in trailing, voice, gun-shyness, endurance, and style, together with a moderate speed maintained throughout the trial, be the principal points of merit, but that nothing in the foregoing shall excuse a dog when pottering.

To Owners and Handlers.—The club has these principles which it wishes to express, namely:

Sec. 1. That each and every trial is simply a trial in the true sense of the word, and not a competition in which the number of points made by either dog will necessarily count in his favor. The club desires handlers competing at their trials to show their dogs to the best advantage, assuring them that each dog will be given a thorough test, both as to finding and hunting qualities.

Sec. 2. That the judges will give greater credit to the dogs showing the best natural qualities, it being the desire of the club to have the best dogs placed to the front, irrespective of the luck which is supposed to attend competitions of this nature. The judges will be requested to give more attention to a dog's natural qualities, and the time saved by weeding out the poorer dogs in the first series will enable them to thoroughly test the best dogs in each stake.

Order of Running.—Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1890.—First.—Race for dogs 13in. and under. Entrance fee and forfeit $5. Each heat run $1 additional. Second.—Race for bitches 13in. and under. Entrance fee and forfeit $5. Each heat run $1 additional. Third.—Race for dogs 15in. and under. Entrance fee and forfeit $5. Each heat run $1 additional. Fourth.—Race for bitches 15in. or under. Entrance fee and forfeit $5. Each heat run $1 additional. Fifth.—Race for puppies under 15 months (dogs or bitches) at time of closing of entries. Entrance fee and forfeit $5. Each heat run $1 additional. Prizes in all classes.—First $25, second $15, third $10. No class to be run unless at least six entries are secured

Field Trial Committee.—O. W. Brooking, Pres.; W. F. Rutter, Jr., 1st Vice-Pres.; W. A. Power, 2d Vice-Pres.; W. S. Clark, 3d Vice-Pres.; F. W. Chapman, Sec'y and Treas.; Geo. P. Berry, E. C. Barrett, H. V. Jamieson, A. Parry, C. F. Wixom, W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Wm. Ledyard.

TALL MASTIFFS.—Hulton, Pa., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must ask J. W. to qualify his remark that Presto is the largest mastiff he ever heard of in this country, and suggest to him recalling the New York show of 1884, where he and I measured a puppy, entered by Mr. G. L. Thomas of Albany, New York, and found him 33¼in. high at the shoulder, in a vertical line, good, honest measurement. It may help his memory to recall that there was another "Jim" present (whose name I cannot recall) who drew our attention to the puppy, and as I find I have this puppy noted as 8 months old, which does not appear on the catalogue, it is my impression that this "Jim" knew of the dog. I remember that I wrote Mr. Watson about buying this puppy just as "a big dog", and Mr. Watson wrote about getting "Jim" after him. For all the puppy's great length of legs, he had plenty of bone, good body, and not a very, very bad head, certainly better than the winner in the dog class, Harry Hill's Dan, when Ilford Cromwell was nowhere. In spite of fifteen editorial measurements, Mr. Watson will agree with me, that measuring a mastiff to the one-eighth part of an inch is drawing it a bit fine, as I made this puppy nearly a half-inch more than Mr. Watson did. Does anybody know of Mr. Thomas, this puppy, and its after history? —W. WADE. P. S.—At Mr. Watson's suggestion, I have looked up the catalogue of the National Breeders' show (Oct. 1884) and find that Mr. G. L. Thomas entered a mastiff "Senator, fawn, date of birth 1883, by Buff out of Nina; breeder Mr. Ogden." This is doubtless the puppy noted above and there is now an indistinct recollection in my mind that I saw some notice of a mastiff of this name, distinguished for great size.—W.

BENDIGO'S PEDIGREE.—New Haven, Conn., Sept. 30. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Several parties to whom I have sold Bendigo puppies claimed that the pedigree which I gave, did not correspond with the one given in the English Kennel Club stud book. Inclosed find Mr. Hinks's letter on the subject, which will explain itself.—FRANK F. DOLE. "Birmingham, Eng., Sept. 17. Dear Mr. Dole: Respecting your remarks about the dog Bendigo you purchased from me, I beg to say that the pedigree you have is quite correct, as the Kennel Club here is wrong in putting the dog registered as Bendigo (15,637) as sire of the dogs winning by the Bendigo you have. The Bendigo (15,637) is not the father of any prize winners, and no doubt the way the English Kennel Club have fallen into the error, is that the Bendigo you have has not been registered, and was simply kept by me as a stud dog, in which capacity he has no rival since the demise of my old dog Dutch (13,813). The Bendigo you have is the dog mentioned in all the catalogues, and is sire of many winners, among which are Jubilee, Queen Bendigo, Oakhill, Rose, Miss Bendigo, King Patrick, Goldsecker, King Bendigo, Moseley, Topper, Principo, Visnomy, Vesper Bell, and many others too numerous to mention. I wrote last year to our kennel club here and they promised to put the matter right, but they must have overlooked it. You are at liberty to publish this letter. Yours respectfully, FREDERICK HINKS."

THE COLLIE CLUB STAKES, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Collie Club has issued a list of stakes for puppies, to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, 1891. Why does the Collie Club thus encourage the showing of the best puppies that have been raised during the past year? Has the lesson taught at the last New York show been forgotten? What was wrong with Rahway '89? In regard to the stud dog stakes, why limit the number and pedigree of progeny, and why bar the winning pair from further competition for this prize of honor? If it is the wish of the club for the best sire to win, these restrictions are unnecessary.—THE SQUIRE.

PUG IMPORTATION.—We learn that Mr. George E. Peer of Rochester, N. Y., has recently brought out a grandly bred pug. The dog was selected and brought over for Mr. Peer, by Mr. George Eldridge of Boston. He is a son of champion Loris and out of a daughter of champion Stingo Sniffles. Mr Eldridge it is said offered a big sum for another crack on the other side for Mr. Peer, but the owner refused to part with her pet.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING.—There will be a meeting of the board of governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, New York, on Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 3 P. M. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will come up before the meeting.

ENGLISH DOGS FOR AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS.—We learn that Mr. Brailsford, the well-known English trainer, has arrived with the string of dogs entered for the field trials here by Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Salop, Eng. The dogs are reported to be a very fine-looking lot.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Walmgate Bar. By R. H. McLusky, East Orange, N. J., for fawn greyhound dog, whelped April 7, 1890, by champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose) out of Van Hoesen's imported blue bitch.

Falco and Nautilus. By F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., for liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 2, 1890, by Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway) out of Lassie Bang (Bang Bang—Tellie Doe).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Barneby Nell—Premier IV. C. H. Kobicke's (San Francisco, Cal.) bloodhound bitch Barneby Nell (champion Barneby—Ripple Buxom) to his Premier IV. (Premier III.—Duchess of Rippie), Sept. 28.

Vic—Rajah. G. H. Gill's (New Haven, Conn.) St. Bernard bitch Vic (Bruno—Juliet) to F. L. Morse's Rajah (Valentine—Venus), July 30.

Corrinne—Cherry Boy. S. W. Margerum's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Corrinne (champion Doc—Hebe) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Sept. 16.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Flora. C. F. Hathaway's (Chelsea, Mich.) beagle bitch Flora (Percival's Dandy—Beauty), June 15, six (three dogs), by John Bross's Prince (Dodge's Ringwood—Dodge's Roxy).

Aurore. St. Cloud Kennels' (Tremont, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Aurore (Royal Ruby—Zylla), Sept. 27, ten (four dogs), by their Minstrel (Elcho, Jr.—Bessie Glencho).

Rhoda. H. B. Tallman's (Oak Lawn, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Rhoda (Nick—Carlotta), Oct. 3, seven (four dogs), by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy.

Molly McGinty. J. M. O'Brien's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Molly McGinty (Black Duck—High Rock Jet), Sept. 22, five (three dogs), by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon).

Flossie T. G. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossie T., Sept. 10, four (three dogs), by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Prince—Flora whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June 15, 1890, by C. F. Hathaway, Chelsea, Mich., to L. W. Howe, Dearborn, Mich.

Rob Roy. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 2, 1890, by Robert le Diable out of Lassie Bang, by F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., to Dr. E. K. Goldsborough, same place.

Bella Donna. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1890, by Rockingham out of Douna, by Rosecroft Kennels, Birmingham, Conn., to W. H. Case, Lockport, N. Y.

Kelso II.—Julia whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 29, 1890, by St. Cloud Kennels, Tremont, N. Y., to Michael Mallon, High Bridge, N. Y.

Julia. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1888, by Duke II. out of Peg II., by St. Cloud Kennels, Tremont, N. Y., to G. G. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cherry Boy—Duck's Baby whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped June 30, 1890, by J. M. O'Brien, Worcester, Mass., a dog to Wm. Orrell, Glendale, R. I., and a bitch to Walter Johnson, Providence, R. I.

Cherry Boy, Jr. Red cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 30, 1890, by Cherry Boy out of Duck's Baby, by C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass., to H. S. Green, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. C., Point au Pic, Murray Bay, P. Q.—Please inform me the proper age to cut a cocker's tail. Is the Handsome Brook Kennel a good place to get a pure-bred cocker? I want a dog for work, not for show. Ans. Any time after they are a fortnight old, the earlier the better. Better take too little than too much off. We assume that they are reliable.

C. L. B., Denver, Colo.—My St. Bernard bitch, 18 months old, is cowardly about the house. Also when out with her and another dog comes up, manifesting hostile intent, she slinks to me for protection. What can I do to correct this fault? I do not want her quarrelsome, but to take her own part at least, and guard well the premises. She is well bred, healthy, and obedient; has never been in a fight. Ans. Natural timidity is hard to overcome. All that you can do is to take her out as much as possible and accustom her to the sight of other dogs. Kindly treatment will go a long way in overcoming her shyness.

M. F. T., Troy, N. Y.—My St. Bernard puppy is 8mos. old and weighs 21lbs., but does not gain in weight as would be expected of him, because of his poor and dainty appetite. Though he has never known the taste of meat, he refuses to take such food as potatoes, bread and milk, meal and other vegetables and cereals, such as are given to dogs. He is apparently healthy and playful, and has not had worms. Ans. You had better put your puppy on a meat diet at once; feed good soups, in which soak stale bread, mixing the meat in if as well, also feed chopped raw meat two or three times a week. A little bone meal, say a dessertspoonful every other day mixed in his food, will be found to be beneficial. Give plenty of exercise.

H. D. B., Vicksburg, Mich.—This summer there has been raging among dogs in this section the most severe cases of distemper I ever saw. I have lost two. I have a young foxhound one year old that has partly recovered, but the disease has left his nerves in a condition that I have not found any help for. His body and all the muscles seem to jerk and twitch continually, and he does not gain flesh. Ans. Your dog has chorea, a very obstinate complaint to cure. Take one ounce Fowler's solution of arsenic and one-half an ounce of the ferri et ammonia citratis, mix, and give three drops twice daily, increasing the dose gradually to ten drops. Then discontinue for say a couple of weeks, and begin again if the dog is not cured. Feed nourishing food and exercise gently every day.

J. F. E., Williamsport, Pa.—I have a litter of five English beagle pups, whelped July 13, that are in bad shape and I am at a loss to know what ails them. They are strong and hearty, but have what I first supposed was the eczema or mange. Have treated them for both but they get no better. Their skin resembles a hog's skin more than anything I can compare them to, covered with something like dandruff, which will appear in two or three days after washing and scale off in scabs half the size of a pea. They don't seem to be sore, and eat well, but scratch continually. Have given them 2 to 4 drops Fowler's solution daily for ten days, then increased to twice daily for two weeks, and applied zinc oxide ointment, arnica oil, and lard and sulphur to the skin. Gave also one teaspoonful syrup of buckthorn (German) daily for two weeks. The mother was in the country all summer, and I have learned that she escaped several times and ran rabbits all night—about two or three weeks before she whelped—and was taken on the mountain the evening she had her pups and had to be carried into the kennel. I have concluded that she became overheated and that that is the cause of the condition of the puppies. They have very little hair on their back and sides. If I am right in my conclusions can you advise me what to do for them? Ans. Wash the dogs with warm water and castile soap, dry thoroughly and then rub the affected parts with balsam of Peru. In two days repeat the treatment. Another good mixture is to take 1 quart of lard oil, ¼lb. of antimony and ¼lb. of sulphur lac. Rub well all over with the mixture, muzzling the dogs after treatment, as licking it off will most likely make them nauseous, though a little of it will do them no harm. Wash off after three or four days. We have found this last mixture efficacious when everything else had failed. Let us know how they get on.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 3.—The last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club was favored with the largest crowd of members that has been present during the tourney. Summerfield and Dorman tied on 89, but on the shoot-off the former made the top score and won. All shooting is at a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

M Summerfield	8	9	10	10	10	10	7	7	8	10—89
Sam Dorman	8	9	9	8	10	9	9	8	8	10—89
W Bauer	6	9	10	6	6	10	10	9	10	10—86
G W Alexander	10	8	9	10	7	10	4	10	6	8—85
M Billmeyer	5	9	9	10	9	10	7	8	9	8—84
D Barker	8	9	8	8	9	8	8	10	8	7—83
E Y Bast	9	6	7	10	9	8	10	6	8	6—79
Jay J Schaefer	6	7	7	8	8	10	10	8	7	6—77
E Mohrstadt	6	7	7	7	8	10	7	7	10	8—77
A E Bengel	7	7	6	7	9	10	6	9	10	7—76
A McBean	10	9	5	6	8	6	10	9	7	6—76
J A Lee	4	9	6	5	6	10	9	9	9	7—74
W C Mackwitz	7	8	6	7	7	10	8	7	7	6—73
J S Chase	8	9	6	7	7	7	7	4	7	6	6—67

UNSER FRITZ.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a good attendance of riflemen, including a large delegation of the Boston Press Rifle Association. The shooting conditions were not very good, and the scores ran rather low. Following are the best scores made to-day, 200yds., standard American target:

(R) All-Comers' Rest Match.

W P Thompson	111	F W Chester	104	I B Thomas	97
F Daniels	110	A Montgomery	101	F S Hamlin	83
S Wilder	107	M T Day	100	J French	92
M R Barter	106	A S Hunt	97	W Gill	88

(R) All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

J J Lindsay	75	A S Hunt	69	J B Hobbs	63
S C Sydney	74	I B Thomas	67	M Underwood	61
D Bayley	72	A King	66	S D Martin	60
M T Day	71	M R Barter	65		

(R) Pistol Practice Match, 50yds.

W C Johnston, Jr.	88	A G Stevens	80	A S Hunt	79
W G Hussey	88	S C Sydney	79	M R Barter	75
M T Day	87				

(R) Re-entries allowed.

THE RING TARGET RECORD.—Jersey City, Oct. 3.—In your issue of Oct. 2 I notice an account of Mr. Lyon's making a score of 74 out of a possible of 75 points on the 25-ring target, I suppose at 200yds., and that Mr. Merriman states that it is the first time it was ever made at a public prize shoot. Mr. L. P. Hansen, captain of the Excelsior Club, of this city, states that Mr. Zettler, of New York, made the same record at Schutzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., two years ago. I personally saw Mr. John Coppersmith, of the Lakeside Club, Newark, N. J., perform the same feat on Labor Day in a prize shoot given by the Marion Rifle Club, at Marion, N. J.—F. G. KITTREDGE.

NEW MILFORD, Conn.—The fourth annual prize shoot of the New Milford Rifle Club will take place on Oct. 15 and 16. Two matches will run through the two days. Each match is 5 shots to a score and open to all. The off-hand match will be decided by the best three scores and the rest match by the best four scores.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Oct. 14.—Catskill, N. Y. Tolley's Tournament. Kingbirds, Keystone system. A. S. A. rules. Address Geo. F. Tolley.

Oct. 14-16.—First Annual Tournament of the Boiling Spring Fishing and Gunning Club, at Rutherford, N. J. Sweepstake purses. Address P. A. Jeanneret.

Oct. 23.—Second Annual Tournament of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J. Open to all. Bluerocks, three sets of traps. C. W. Brown, President, Maplewood, N. J.

HARRISBURG.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 27.—The annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association closed to-night, and was quite as successful as any of the previous ones. Even the bad weather of Friday failed to stop the shooting, and the programme was shot out with several extra events added. The attendance was better than the management had looked for, considering the complaints of slim attendance at recent tournaments; but a good many shooters from other States besides our own are beginning to find out they can always depend on having a good shoot here; and this place is rapidly taking front rank as a shooting point, and there is no reason why it should not. The grounds are virtually in the city, but a few minutes' ride in street cars from the depots. The hotel accommodations are good, and, what is better, within a stone's throw of the score; and mine host Grove has made lots of friends by his attention to the shooters from other cities. The visitors, without exception, declared themselves well pleased with the shoot; such a thing as a kick or growl is never heard here.

The rapid-firing system was used in all target matches, and we hardly think it will be done away with very soon, for shooters want to be shooting all the time, and not waiting ten minutes to half an hour between each shot. To be sure, the cracks were here in force, but that did not debar the local shooters from participating. We had as visitors the Wolstencroft brothers and Enoch Miller, of course; you can't keep them away from here. Jersey also sent Mahlon Rupell, of Milford, whom we all want to come again; and I guess he will. Genial Courtney, of the Lefevre Arms Company, added dignity and solidity to the shoot, but unfortunately he had not quite recovered his breath from the Williamsport walking match, where he had so distinguished himself early in the week, and was not quite up to his usual form. W. Fred Quimby struck here in the rain and shot bravely through it; but I think he should be ruled off the "course" at all respectable matches, for he was the only disturbing element here. His wild assaults on poor Courtney and Jim Elliott made the onlookers think it was a political meeting or a prize fight they had come to see, and the police only refrained from rushing in and "pulling" the whole crowd out of the respect they had for his manifest display of muscle. And then he would insist on singing a song about a girl of his called "Annie Rooney" whom no one else had ever heard of.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, came in the tent Saturday and asked if it was too late for him to go in the sweep, and as "Doc Gains" he stepped to the score, but before he had a chance to shoot he was seized and introduced to the crowd by Quimby under his proper name. It was a shame to give him away so badly, and I think Quimby had to soothe his injured feelings by presenting him with one of Thurman's shooting jerseys, which, by the way, are becoming quite a feature at tournaments, and are certainly very comfortable and convenient. Dr. Christy and Mr. Clark, of Altoona, were inviting all the boys to come there Oct. 7 and 8, "Franklin," Buckley, Heflin and Malone came from Baltimore, Milt. Lindsley and Captain Money from New York, Krueger from York county; and shooters from near-by towns made up a good crowd of good-natured good shots. A 50-target race on Friday, between a half-dozen who thought they could "do" each other, was won by Will Wolstencroft with 48; and the feature on Friday was the tie shooting between Quimby and Elliott, which was carried through three matches and finally won by Elliott in the fourth, Quimby hitting his bird, a hard driver, which fell dead just out of bounds; but he took his hard luck good-naturedly, as he also did when he undertook to match quarters with Jack Rabbit and couldn't understand why he invariably lost.

Taken altogether the shoot was a success without a drawback, except the weather, which prevents about a dozen shooters from near-by towns coming in; and the managers hope to repeat it in the spring, and take this method of thanking the Hunter Arms Co., American Wood Powder Co., and Standard Cartridge Co. for their kindness.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 75 cents entry:

Nutt	8	Hatfield	0	Cassel	4
E D Miller	5	Rupell	8	Fuller	7
Thurman	7	Courtney	7	W H W	8
Duston	6	Krueger	9	Brelsford	6

No. 2, 10 singles, $1:

Nutt	8	Rupell	6	W H W	9
Miller	6	Courtney	9	Brelsford	7
Thurman	5	Krueger	8	Shearer	7
Duston	6	Cassel	2	Anderson	8
Hatfield	2	Fuller	4		

No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50:

Nutt	12	Rupell	9	W H W	14
Miller	12	Courtney	13	Brelsford	9
Thurman	12	Krueger	12	Shearer	11
Duston	12	Fuller	11	Anderson	11

No. 4, 10 singles, 75 cents:

Nutt	9	Courtney	6	Shearer	7
Miller	10	Krueger	9	Anderson	4
Thurman	7	W H W	9	Fuller	9
Duston	4	Brelsford	8	Felsinger	6
Rupell	8				

No. 5, at 15 singles, $2, $25 guaranteed:

Miller	12	Courtney	9	Fuller	12
Duston	11	Nutt	12	Anderson	9
Krueger	15	Rupell	11	Hatfield	7
Thurman	12	Brelsford	13	Felsinger	9
W H W	14	Shearer	9		

No. 6, at 10 singles, $1:

Miller	10	W H W	10	Fry	5
Felsinger	9	Courtney	8	Kinzer	7
Krueger	9	Nutt	7	Fuller	5
Thurman	8	Rupell	5	Brelsford	7

No. 7, at 10 singles, $1:

Miller	8	W H W	10	Duston	7
Felsinger	9	Courtney	7	Kinzer	8
Krueger	8	Nutt	8	Fuller	8
Thurman	6	Rupell	9	Brelsford	8

No. 8, at 15 singles, $1.50:

Miller	12	Thurman	12	Rupell	12
W H W	14	Courtney	12	Smith	11
Krueger	14	Kinzer	12	Miller	10
Duston	11	Nutt	10	Brelsford	11

No. 9, 10 singles, $1:

Miller	9	Felsinger	7	Nutt	8
W H W	8	Thurman	8	Rupell	7
Krueger	8	Courtney	8	Smith	5
Duston	6	Kinzer	8	Fuller	10
Seilers	4				

No. 10, 20 singles, $2 50, $50 guaranteed:

Miller	20	Felsinger	15	Kinzer	17
Courtney	16	Thurman	11	Fuller	17
Krueger	17	Duston	14	Nutt	16
W H W	18	Rupell	13	Brelsford	12

No. 11, 10 singles, $1:

Miller	10	Courtney	7	Smith	5
W H W	8	Krueger	6	Fuller	9
Krueger	9	Nutt	6	Brelsford	8
Felsinger	7	Rupell	8	Duston	8
Thurman	8				

No. 12, 15 singles, $2.50, $25 guaranteed:

Nutt	5	Kinzer	10	Rupell	11
Brelsford	9	Fuller	13	Duston	11
W H W	13	Krueger	14	Courtney	11
Miller	12	Thurman	13	Diel	9
Felsinger	8				

No. 13, 2-men team race, 20 singles, $2:

Nutt	13	Kinzer	17	Thurman	9
Brelsford	17—30	Fuller	11—28	Rupell	14—23
W H W	17	Krueger	17		
Miller	19—36	Courtney	12—29		

No. 14, 15 singles, $1.50:

Courtney	14	Krueger	13	Kinzer	9
Brelsford	13	Nutt	8	Fuller	14
W H W	13	Thurman	10	Worden	9
Miller	14	Rupell	13	Etter	10

No. 15, 10 singles, $1:

Nutt	8	Felsinger	5	Thurmar	10
Brelsford	5	Kinzer	4	Rupell	9
W H W	8	Fuller	10	Duston	4
Courtney	9	Krueger	9	Etter	5
Miller	9				

No. 15, 15 singles, $1.50:

Courtney	11	Krueger	13	Kinzer	10
Brelsford	11	Worden	10	Fuller	13
W H W	14	Thurman	12	Nutt	12
Miller	13	Rupell	10	Etter	7

Second Day.

No. 13, 10 singles, $1:

Quimby	8	Krueger	8	Franklin	5
W H W	7	Miller	9	Buch	9
Rupell	6	A W Money	8	Brelsford	8
J C Nutt	5	Dill	6	Wooden	5
Courtney	6	Thurman	6		

No. 14, 10 singles, $1:

Quimby	7	Miller	10	Buch	9
Rupell	10	W H W	8	Brelsford	7
Nutt	9	Money	8	Worden	8
Courtney	3	Thurman	10	Doc	5
Krueger	9	Franklin	7	Clark	4

No. 15, 15 singles, $1 50:

Quimby	12	W H W	12	Courtney	15
Rupell	14	Money	10	Brelsford	10
Nutt	12	Thurmar	13	Franklin	9
Buch	10	Clark	5	J White	13
Krueger	13	Doc	9	Worden	13
Miller	14				

No. 16, 10 singles, $1:

Quimby	8	Money	7	Doc	7
Rupell	8	Thurma	7	Clark	3
Nutt	8	Buch	9	Courtney	6
Krueger	7	Brelsford	6	J White	10
Miller	9	Worden	9	Lindsley	9
W H W	10				

No. 27, 15 singles, $1.50, $25 guaranteed:

Clash	13	Money	14	Worden	13
J White	14	W H W	15	Nutt	12
Doc	11	Thurman	11	Buck	11
Quimby	14	Ruple	14	Franklin	6
Krueger	15	Brelsford	11	Lindsley	10
Miller	15	Courtney	11		

No. 18, 10 singles, 75cts.:

Quimby	6	Nutt	5	Doc	7
Ruple	7	Mekle	6	Duston	7
Lindsley	8	Clark	7	Buck	6
Muller	9	Franklin	8	Worden	9
Krueger	8	Thurman	7	Money	6
W H W	9	J White	8	Brelsford	8
Courtney	10				

No. 19, 10 singles, $1:

Quimby	9	Clark	5	McKee	9
Ruple	10	Thurman	10	Nutt	6
Money	7	W H W	10	Krueger	9
Miller	10	Doc	7	Duston	6
Lindsey	10	Brelsford	9	Worden	9
Courtney	8	White	8		

No. 20, the L. C. Smith, 25 singles, $50 guarantee:

Clark	16	Money	22	Brelsford	17
Ruple	21	Doc	17	Worden	20
Lindsey	21	Nutt	17	White	23
Miller	21	Krueger	20	Thurman	18
W H W	24	Duston	17	Courtney	21
Quimby	20	McKee	16	Franklin	20

No. 21, two-men team, 20 singles, $3 entrance:

White	19			Money	18
Krueger	19—38			Lindsey	17—35
Miller	18			McKee	11
W H W	18—36			Clark	14—25
Courtney	19			Brelsford	14
Worden	16—35			Ruple	20—34

No. 22, 15 singles, $25 guaranteed, $2 entrance:

Ruple	13	Lindsey	8	Clark	10
Duston	11	Miller	14	Doc	12
Quimby	15	White	13	Worden	13
W H W	14	Krueger	15	McKee	12
Thurman	13	Brelsford	12	Root	5
Money	15	Courtney	12		

No. 23, 25 singles, $2.50 entrance:

Ruple	21	White	22	Thurman	21
W H W	23	Clark	9	Worden	24
Krueger	22	Courtney	15	Bach	15
Quimby	23	Miller	23	Lindsey	15
Doc	19	Money	15		

No. 24, 50 birds, $5 entrance:

Money, quit on 46 birds	29	W H W			48
Krueger	45	Miller			46
White	44				

Third Day.

All matches at live birds. No. 25, at 5 live birds, $3.25 entrance, 30yds., A. S. A. rules, strong wind:

Quimby.....11110—4
Lindsley.....01111—4
Duston.....11000—2
Ruple.....11111—5
W H W.....01111—4
Miller.....11011—4
No. 26, at 7 birds, $5:
Quimby.....1111111—7
Lindsley.....1111110—6
Duston.....1001011—4
Ruple.....1111000—5
W H W.....1111111—7
Miller.....1111111—7
White.....0111111—7
No. 27, at 10 birds, $10:
Quimby.....1111111111—10
Lindsley.....1101111111 — 9
Duston.....11110c1110— 7
Ruple.....1c111111110— 9
W H W.....1111111111—10
Miller.....1c111c111— 8
White.....0111111111— 9
No. 28, 5 birds, entrance $4:
Quimby.....11010—3
Hefline.....11100—3
Elliott.....11011—5
Thurman.....11011—5
W H W.....11111—5
White.....11111—5
No. 29, 7 live birds, entrance $5:
Quimby.....1110111—6
Lindsey.....1011111—6
Money.....11111—5
Elliott.....11111—5
Beech.....11100—3
Ties on 5 shot out in next.
No. 31, 7 birds, entrance $5:
Quimby.....1111111—7
Lindsey.....11010l0—4
Money.....1111111—7
White.....00110—2
Money.....11101—4
Hefline.....10011—3
Franklin.....11011—4
Malone.....10110—3
Krueger.....11100—3
White.....00000111—3
Money.....1011111—6
Hefline.....1111111—7
Franklin.....1100101—4
Malone.....0011111—5
Krueger.....0011110—4
Money.....11111111110— 9
Hefline.....11111111111—10
Krueger.....1111111110— 9
Sullivan.....1000100101— 4
Elliot .....1111011111— 9
Money.....11111111110— 9
Hefline.....11111111111—10
Krueger.....1111111110— 9
Sullivan.....1111111111—10
Brewster.....11111111— 8
Sullivan.....11111—5
Money.....11111—5
Lindsey .....11011—4
Duston.....11111 5
Ruple.....10110—3
Brewster.....11111—5
Sullivan.....11111—5
Beech.....1100011— 4
Hefline.....1101101—5
Felsinger.....01100—2
Duston.....11001—3
Sullivan.....01101—3
Elliot.....1111111—7
Hefline.....1111110—6
Elliot.....1111111—7
Hefline.....1111111—7
Krueger.....0011110—4
Sullivan.....11111—5
Money.....11111—5
Elliot.....1111111—7
Hefline.....1111111—7
Krueger.....1111111—7

Cooper.....1101222221— 9 Lindsley.....1110002211—7
Class.....1112120221— 9 Wallace.....2200111202—7
Kleinz.....1221011111— 9

Event No. 20, 7 live birds, Association rules, $75 guaranteed purse, all surplus added, entrance $5:

Kleinz.....1121122—7 Whitney.....1221021—6
Elliot.....2122111—7 Rowley.....1011211—6
Welch.....2211211—7 Peacock.....1121011—6
Hedden.....1121221—7 Marsh.....1022222—6
Sigler.....1112111—7 Ziglio.....2122110—6
Wild.....1122211—7 Harrison.....1021112—6
Money.....1122212—7 Cooper.....2022120—5
Class.....1221112—7 Williams.....1021102—5
Crosby.....1112121—7 Dayton.....1010012—4
W H Green.....2212111—7 "Diley".....2010011—4
Quimby.....1021222—6 "Purdy".....1020210—4
Fox.....2222021—6 Van Brackle.....0111001—4
"Fred".....1102211—6

Fourth Day, Friday, Oct. 3.

At 9 o'clock, the hour announced for the calling of the big event, the outlook was a gloomy one. There were but few shooters on the grounds, and the storm of the night before had literally drenched the birds that were confined in the large coop on the grounds. At 10 o'clock the clouds broke and the event was started by mutual consent, the entry list was held open until the 13th round; at that time 21 had entered, the storm undoubtedly keeping at least a dozen entries away. The birds for the first five rounds were a poor lot of flyers, out of the first 175 fired at not a bird being missed. As the sun dried them off they began to improve and the balance proved to be good strong flyers. The ties for fourth money on scores of 22 was decided by a pretty shoot off between Canon, the brilliant one-armed shot, and the veteran Billy Sigler, and resulted in Canon's winning the money by killing 11 birds. But for a singular and lucky gather of Sigler's ninth bird Canon would have won in that round. As Sigler pulled on the bird, a fast incomer, he found his safety was not up. Without taking the gun from the shoulder he shoved it forward and fired, just wringing the bird, which careened and struck him as he stood on the score. As the 30yds. mark was the dead line the referee was of course compelled to score him the bird. The tie for fifth money was shot off at strings of 3 birds, and was finally won by Peacock.

A sweepstake at 50 birds, $100 entrance, had been partially arranged to take place on Saturday. Elliott, Kleinz and Class had posted their entry, but as there was every probability of the day being stormy and as no more entries could be obtained, the event was called off. If it could have been brought about, it would have been a great race, as the committee were reserving a grand lot of birds. Elliott came on for the express purpose of arranging some matches with Eastern shots. Class and Kleinz expressed a willingness to shoot for $100 or $200, but Elliott was looking for bigger money. Word was sent here that Edgar Murphy would shoot him for $1,000, and the articles are to be signed and the match take place at an early date.

Event No. 21, grand $300, guaranteed by W. F. Quimby & Co., sweepstakes, 25 live birds, open to the world, all surplus added, entrance $25, money divided 40, 27½, 17½, 10 and 5 per cent., if less than 20 entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:

Quimby.....111112211211102211211111—24
W H Green.....211112211202112011222112—23
Kleinz.....112211111112112111012112—24
Crosby.....121112221212111112112—25
Elliott.....221111111111112202222222—24
Lindsley.....112012111200022120120112—19
Wild.....2212220220.212121212222—23
Hedden.....221211222112222212202312—23
Welch.....1121122111212112c2122—23
Manley.....211122211110202111212122—23
Wolstencroft.....122121121111112212212—25
Whitney.....111112232111o1122011211—23
Peacock.....121212120fc0111212221210—21
Canon.....112110c122111211221011122—22
Sigler.....122111110211c0121121121122—22
Class.....11122122c0021211122221122—22
Riggott.....221111222122211212111220—24
Marsh.....122121212222222002122.012—22
Williams.....212102226c2122211111202220—21
Collins.....211110000c021121101111011—18
Van Brackle.....212122222212201212211111—24

Ties for fourth money, miss and out: Canon, 1122112111; Sigler, 2211111110; Class, 01 Marsh withdrew pro rata. Ties for fifth money: Peacock, 121012212212; Williams, 22111021201.

Extra No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $5:

Kleinz.....12222—5 9 W I Leake.....12120—4 2
Crosby.....11222—5 9 Manley.....11201—4 2
Welsh.....11121—5 9 Cannon.....22210—4 2
Marsh.....21211—5 8 Dutchy.....21101—4 0
Rowley.....11121—5 9 Ziglio.....20212—4w
Williams.....21222—5 7 Dayton.....01110—3
Hunt.....12111—5w C M Hedden.....11100—3
Diley.....11112—5w Dan Terry.....20110—3
Collins.....10212—4 6 Lindsley.....20002—2 3
A Hedden.....02112—4 5 W H Green.....01001—2 2
I D Voorhees.....10222—4 3 T Peacock.....00110—2 0

The last column is of the tie scores.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27.—The tenth annual tournament of the Southern Illinois Sportsmen's Association took place at Winkleman's Park, Belleville, Sept. 26 and 27. The weather during the two days was cloudy and quite chilly, which was undoubtedly responsible for the small crowd of shooters. The Spencer family, which has become a terror in the land at inanimate targets, attended the shoot, but as the scores will show did not prove a dangerous element by any means. Mr. Joseph Victor, of Belleville, managed the shoot to the entire satisfaction of all. Standard targets, A. S. A. rules:

No. 1, 10 singles: Wheeler 5, C. Spencer 9, R. McMillan 3, J. A. Gray 4, H. Wagoner 5, Dr. Spencer 10; Craig 5, D. Smith 4, W. Wilson 3, T. McFarland 4, W. Spencer 7, A. Harris 9;

No. 2, 15 singles: G. Crosby 11, McMillan 6, Gray 10, Wagoner 9, Roy 13, W. Spencer 11, Dr. Spencer 10, Harris 12, Wheeler 8, C. Spencer 12, Craig 8, Smith 7, Wilson 7.

No. 3, 10 singles: Wheeler 5, Wilson 4, Wagoner 5, Gray 6, Roy 10, Dr. Spencer 8, C. Spencer 9, Craig 6, Crosby 6, Harris 9, Smith 8, McFarland 8.

No. 4, 20 singles; Harris 14, C. Spencer 18, Craig 11, Gray 11, Smith 9, Wilson 7, Crosby 14, Wheeler 12, Westfield 15, Roy 12, Dr. Spencer 16.

No. 5, 10 singles: Westfield 9, Wheeler 4, Wilson 5, Harris 6, Roy 9, Scott 4, G. Crosby 8, McMillan 4, Dr. Spencer 9, C. Spencer 9, Craig 4, Smith 8, McFarland 5, Wagner 6.

No. 6, 10 singles: Gray 4, Wilson 5, Dr. Spencer 7, Crosby 5, Roy 10, Scott 5, Wheeler 6, Smith 6, Craig 4, C. Spencer 7, Westfield 7, Harris 6.

No. 7, 15 singles: Craig 8, Roy 12, Westfield 14, Crosby 11, Dr. Spencer 10, S. Kuhn 10, Gray 7, C. Spencer 14, Smith 11, Harris 7, Wheeler 11, McFarland 11.

No. 8, 15 singles: McMilian 10, Crosby 10, Wagner 9, Wheeler 9, Gray 8, Smith 10, Roy 10, Harris 8, Kuhn 8, Dr. Spencer 13, C. Spencer 15, Westfield 14, Craig 4.

Second Day.—No. 1, 20 singles: McMilla 14, D. Smith 12, Wheeler 6, Roy 14, Wagner 10, Geo. Crosby 17, Wilson 11, C. Spencer 19, Westfield 13, Harris 15, Craig 6, Dr. Spencer 15.

No. 2, 10 singles: Mead 10, C. Spencer 9, Smith 9, Craig 5, Ross 6, Gray 5, Dr. Spencer 7, Scotty 5, Winters 5.

No. 3, 10 singles: Mead 9, Craig 4, C. Kuhn 7, W. Spencer 7, C. Spencer 10, D. Smith 8, Dr. Spencer 8, Wagner 5.

No. 5, 10 singles: Mead 9, C. Spencer 9, Westfield 5, J. Hagerty 9, Dr. Spencer 5, Kuhn 8, Ross 7, Roy 8, Gray 7, Smith 7, Winters 4, W. Spencer 6, Craig 2, Wheeler 7.

No. 5, 10 singles: Mead 9, Roy 9, Kuhn 5, Dick Hut 7, Smith 9, Hagerty 7, Westfield 7, C. Spencer 9, Dr. Spencer 7, Crosby 9, Victor 7.

No. 6, 10 singles: Westfield 9, Roy 9, Craig 4, Wheeler 3, Ross 4, Smith 7, Hut 8, C. Spencer 8, Mead 10, Winters 8, Kuhn 8, Crosby 7, Dr. Spencer 8.

No. 7, 15 singles: Mead 15, Roy 11, C. Spencer 13, Hunt 10, Westfield 11, Crosby 13, Winters 10, Kuhn 6, Smith 13, Dr. Spencer 10.

Unser Fritz.

CALIFORNIA SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The ninth annual meeting of the California State Sportsmen's Association is now in progress at Sacramento.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch, Sept. 30.—There was a great shoot here to-day and fine shooting marked the event. It is admitted to have been the biggest live-pigeon shoot ever known in the sporting history of New Jersey. It was the invitation tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, held in a meadow on a bank of the south branch of the Shrewsbury River, at Pleasure Bay. The teams of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club, the Parkway Gun Club, the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, the Fountain Gun Club and the home club contested for a massive solid silver loving cup offered by the members of the Central Gun Club.

Three tents, including a large one for ladies, had been erected by the home club on the grounds. A special train over the Central Railroad brought down a large number of the members of the Fountain Gun Club and their friends. This merry delegation included: President and Mrs. Abel Crook, Samuel Crook, Isaac Mason, H. W. Blattmacher, Miss Blattmacher, T. Van Name, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Curriar, Lewis T. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Chas. S. Carlos, W. R. Selover, Jas. D. Van Riper, H. McLaughlin, Chas. B. Fisher, Chas. E. Siddon, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kelly, Captain and Mrs. Benj. W. West, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Carney, Miss West, John C. Blauvelt, Miss McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wingart, Miss Wingart, Edward Wingart, Miss Compt, Dr. Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Blankley, Mr. and Mrs. Seibert, Miss Seibert, Samuel Giglio, Miss Giglio, A. W. Phelps, Mr. and Miss Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Goodwin, Miss Goodwin, and Mr. and Mrs. Berchman.

Among the others present were Arthur L. Sewell, Ferdinand G. Loeb, John S. Hoey, William G. Brokaw, Jacob Pentz, J. L. Bright, Henry B. Wallack, Colonel E. Shade Green, ex-Sheriff Geo. W. Brown, Edward Throckmorton, Coroner Fred M. Vanderveer, Miss Price, Mrs. Wm. C. Price and James P. Thompson.

Hugh Goodwin, of Brooklyn, who is an active member of both the Coney Island and the Fountain clubs, was selected for referee. John A. Carney, of the Fountain club, was made the scorer and Henry P. Donnelly, of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, took charge of the traps. The conditions under which the cup was shot for were as follows:

Each team to consist of 10 men, each man to shoot at 10 birds, at 25yds. rise and 80yds. boundary; use of both barrels allowed, 5 traps.

The shoot was called promptly at 11 o'clock, when nearly every available foot of standing ground on the outside of the ropes was filled with spectators. The cup was won by the Fountain Club, killing 93 out of a possible 100 birds. The scores follow:

Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn.

Louis T Davenport..0111212121— 9 J B Blauvelt....2121111111—10
Chas S Kendall....2001112111— 8 B W West.....1121201221— 9
E H Madeson.....1220121211— 9 A Eddy.....1222212111—10
J D Van Reeper....2121112111—10 C W Jones.....1011221111— 9
Chas B Fisher.....1112221201— 9 Dr Shields.....1111221211—10—93

Central Gun Club of Long Branch.

E W Price.....1020122112— 8 E B Tabor.....2111111122—10
Wm D Campbell..1122212211—10 E W Reid.....0212212020— 7
Wm C Price.....2222202122— 9 Fred Beale.....1110112112— 9
Chas Morris.....1202020212— 8 Chas Woolley..2211222222— 9
Japia Vandyke..1122121112—10 Geo Cuoberly..2221021111— 9—90

Parkway Gun Club of East New York.

John Blake.....1111121122—10 E Steinbeckser.1201112010— 7
J Fench.....0210012221— 7 J Savage.....1102122111— 9
H Selover.....0221102100— 6 J Bennett.....0110112111— 8
R P Chester.....1111111211—10 E Helgaus.....2020112102— 7
A Andrews.....2112221122—10 H W Bookman..2111012111— 9—83

Coney Island Gun Club.

John Schleman....1111111010— 8 F Langar.....0111101000— 5
Charles Platt.....0112011112— 8 R Dwyer.....2011111112— 9
C Detlefson.....2221121211—10 A Eppig.....0311022121— 7
S Northbridge....1211111122—10 C A Sedden....1112111001— 8
F H Faender.....2121110022— 8 D Monges.....2212212211—10—83

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

J K Powell.....1112121111—10 Howard Reed...0211111121—9
Peter Sutter.....1102202001— 5 R Lamerts.....0100010100—3
G Pullman.....1110120010— 6 T T Egerton.....1111101210—8
William Levens....2020111012— 7 J Y Van Wickle.1120001 11—7
H Schlectner.....2001000001— 3 W R Selover....0112121011—8—66

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 3.—The event in trap-shooting circles here this season was the second annual shoot for the Rawling Bros.' championship trophy which took place last Monday on the grounds of the Compton Hill Gun Club. Last year's trophy was a gold medal and was won by Jule Siemiuskie with a score of 84. The trophy is patterned after a bluerock target, with a solitaire diamond in the center, is intended for a watch charm and cost $50. Although the day was bright, a strong wind directly from the shooter gave the targets an extra impetus and was largely responsible for the low scores. Only residents of this city and county were permitted to compete. Fifty singles and 25 pairs bluerock targets per man, all persons taking part to use shells loaded by the donors. A. S. A. rules governed:

J L Meade....1111110110101101111111111111111111101101011111111—43
11 11 10 10 01 11 10 10 11 11 10 01 10
11 10 10 10 11 11 10 00 11 11 00 01 —33—76

E Prenderg't 1111111111111111111111111111101110111111111111—46
11 00 11 11 11 11 10 00 10 11 10 10
10 10 11 00 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 —34—80

N Predock....1111111110010001111100111101010100111111111110111—38
01 10 10 10 11 00 11 11 11 01 10 10 00
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 00 10 10 00 —26—64

G B Read....0111011110101010001111111101111111101101111001l—38
10 10 10 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 00 00
10 10 01 10 10 11 10 10 10 10 10 10 —26—64

P Kling.....1111111111111111111101110011111111111110011111111—45
11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11
10 10 11 11 10 11 11 00 10 11 11 10 —38—83

J H Hagerty.1111110111111111101110101011111101111111111111—45
11 00 10 11 00 00 11 10 11 11 10 11 10
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 11 01 10 10 10 —26—65

J Prenderg'st1110111100100111111111101101111111111110010011l—39
10 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11
10 00 10 11 11 00 00 11 11 11 11 —38—77

J Latshaw....1111111111101111111101101010111111111111101101—43
11 00 00 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 10 11
10 11 10 10 10 11 11 00 11 11 10 00 —32—75

E Predock...1111110100101111111111111111101110011101011111—41
10 10 10 01 10 10 11 10 10 10 10 00
11 10 11 10 00 11 10 11 00 01 00 10 —26—67

J Schomberg 60, J. Seltzer 60, E. Lafaivre 62, P. Weber 52, B. Weaver 60, H. Nelson 45, Geo. Prendergast 54, G. Rawlings 50, Hal Greenwood 45, Dr. W. Pfister 60, Al. Rawlings 59. Sam Hill, J. Schaefer and E. Mohrstadt withdrew.—Unser Fritz.

WALNUT HILL.—The small but jolly party of shotgun men, who journeyed out to the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association on Oct. 1, found awaiting them weather conditions which were absolutely perfect. In consequence, the day's sport was of the finest, and at the close of the shooting the scorers exhibited some very high aggregates. The interest of the meeting centered upon the two prize contests, but the minor contests were hotly fought. Diamond pin match. Eleventh competition, 20 keystone targets, squad system, and 5 pairs of standard targets.

Bowker.....1101110111111111111—18 11 11 10 11 10—8—26
Bennet.....1111011101111111110—16 10 11 11 11 10—8—24
Hosmer.....0110011111011111111—16 10 10 10 10 10—5—21
Bill.....1111010101111001101l—14 00 11 10 11 10—6—20
Stanton.....1010101111111111011—17 10 10 00 01 00—3—20
Curtis.....0100111010111001011—12 11 10 11 00 10—6—18
Perham.....0110001000011111111—12 11 10 10 00 11—6—18
Nichols.....1010111011111101010—14 10 00 10 10 00—3—17
Burch.....0110011000101000001— 8 10 00 10 10 00—3—11

Keystone trophy match. Twenty keystone targets, squad system, competitors handicapped on aggregate of five scores.

Nichols.....19 Stanton.....14 Webster.....9
Bill.....18 Hosmer.....13 Burch.....8
Perham.....17 Bennet.....10
Bowker.....16 Curtis.....9

On alternate Wednesdays, viz.: Oct. 15 and 29; Nov. 12 and 26; Dec. 10 and 24, the Massachusetts Rifle Association will in addition to the current matches, offer for competition of all trap shots, an elegant gold watch chain ornament, unique in design and of intrinsic worth, donated by the Keystone Target Co. Conditions: 100 Keystone targets, Keystone system to be shot in scores of 20 each day, on any five of the seven days named above; 100 being the possible. Competitors will be handicapped by the Association trap shooting committee. Contestants making equal scores, including their handicap, will tie. Ties will be shot off at 100 birds, on the basis of the match; 10-gauge guns, 18yds; 12-gauge, 16yds, National Association rules. Shooting to begin at 10:30 A. M. The match will be shot at 1:30 P. M. Birds, 2½ cents each to non-members. Dinner served, and loaded shells for sale at the range. Yourself and friends are cordially invited to attend.—H. S. Harris, (Equitable Building, Boston).

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., Oct. 2.—Following are the scores made here to-day by the Fort Dearborn Gun Club for club medal at 15 live pigeons, 20yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

G Rivey.....1212111211111111—15 P Miller.....2201121220011l—12
A Kleinman....2112211122110—14 A W Reeves...0111110111112120—12
C Gammon....1121111111110224—14 G T Farmer...1011120011110l1—11
G Kleinman....1201121122211111—14 H Smith.....1101012120011l2—11
G E Willard...1111211021111l—14 H Ehlers.....11011100'001111—11
C Burton.....0021121211221l2—14 C Mitschke, J.0101121211100l0—10
H Loveday....2012212220221—13

Same day, 20 Peoria blackbirds, for medal:

GKleinm'n1111111111111111111—20 C Willard.1001001111110101101111—14
G Airey...0111111111111101111—18 C Mitschke 0011110011011011010—11
C Burton..1111101011011111111—17 P Miller...0010110111000100101l—10
AKleinm'n1110111111110111001l—15 H Loveday.00w.
H Smith..0111110101011111110—15

Oct. 4.—Forester Gun Club shoot for club badge, 15 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

A Price.....1111121232110l0—13 J J Gillespie...02012121222221—13
E Price.....1111112222212112—15 Cunningham..2121012111122l—14
W Price.....2211001120l121—12 M J Eich.....1211111111111—15

Ed Price won. Sweep at 5 live pigeons:

A Price.....11111—5 J J Gillespie.....20122—4
E Price.....11111—5 D G Cunningham.....11111—5
W Price.....1112l—5 M J Eich.....21211—5

M. J. Eich is not a member of the club.—Ravelridge.

TOWANDA, Pa., Oct. 4.—Friday, Oct. 3, found the shooting members of Our Own Gun Club on hand to commence the monthly shoot for county and club badges. The scores, except those made by the winners, were not very good. Snider with a Lefever gun won the county trophy, while Rittenbury with a Colt hammer gun won the club trophy, the handsomest of the two badges. All enjoyed the sport, however, as it was a glorious October afternoon. First event, 25 single targets, for club badge, Keystone rules:

Dittrich.....,1101111000101000010101—13
Snider.....1011011011111111111101—21
Montanye.....1011011101110010111011—17
Rittenbury.....1111011111101100111l—21
Tyrrell.....0001101100111011001111—14
Laplant.....0111010'1101100101100111—14
Turner.....0000100010010000100— 6
Curren.....0600000010000100000010— 4

Snider and Rittenbury tied for club badge. In shoot off Rittenbury won.

Second event, 25 single targets, for county badge, American Shooting Association rules:

Dittrich.....0101101111111000110110—16
Snider.....1110111111111001111111—22
Montanye.....0010110101001'0010111—13
Rittenbury.....1101010001101100111010—14
Tyrrell.....1111111101111010111l—21
Laplant.....0100110011010011110—12
Turner.....0000110001100111111010110—12

Snider won county badge.—W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

ROXBOROUGH VS. LANDSDALE.—Roxborough, Pa., Oct. 4.—Match at bluerocks, A. S. A. rules:

Roxborough Club.		Landsdale Club.	
F Hogland	1010'0001010000111001— 8	R Clemmer	1101001001110110l000—10
W French	0110101011101010010—11	J Henry	0010111110011010000—10
F Willard	1101110111101101010l—16	W Quintall	0010010001001101011— 9
A Weir	1010101010101111010l—12	C Dewees	0000100011000101000— 7
G Laager	1111111111100110111—17	H Schwartz	1001010100100110100— 9
H Ozias	0001110111000100l001—10	W Zearfoos	0100101000110111011—11
H Blunden	1010101100l0010111—10	Capt J White	0100010000001000000— 3
F Ozias	0111010100000010010— 9	D Smith	0110010101010010101— 9
R Gilmore	0000110010100101011 - 10	S Swartz	0301110'01011l0.001l0—10
O N Van Fosten	0100111100101001—13	J M Borse	0010300001100101110— 6
Capt G Heft	1101039911111000001—10—126	F Henry	1001011100101100l0—92

The Roxboroughs are open to challenge.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Oct. 4.—Conditions, 10 bluerocks, 50cts. entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hathaway	9	8	6	7	...	...
Lyons	7	8	5	9	5	4
Simpson	7	5	4	4	8	6
Tatham	9	7	6	6	6	6
Collins	7	8	...	...	...	...
Hurlbut	...	3	4	3	4	3
Osherirout	...	...	...	...	6	6

Four live birds, $2 entrance:

Hathaway.....1112—4 Collins.....2121—4
Lyons.....2202—3 Mead.....2201—3
Simpson.....1202—3 Maesel.....2021—3

Sweep 2, same:

Hathaway.....2201—3 Tatham.....1120—3
Lyons.....2010—2 Collins.....1211—4
Simpson.....2111—4 Mead.....0220—2

Sweep 3, same:

Hathaway.....2212—4 Mead.....0112—3
Simpson.....1011—3 Maesel.....1011—3
Collins.....1111—4

Yachting.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price $1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

UNDER WAY.

ROCKING gently on the bosom of an undulating sea,
With the ozone-laden breezes coyly dancing over me;
Blue above and blue beneath me, peace and stillness all around—
Grateful is my wearied spirit for the rest and comfort found.

Stretched at length within the cockpit, a soft cushion under head,
Lazily I watch the topmast with its fluttering bit of red,
As it sways with easy motion, tracing pictures on the sky—
Many a time that bit of bunting led the fleet in days gone by.

And I listen to the slatting of the halliards 'gainst the mast,
To the creaking of the rudder as the water eddies past;
To the breeze's merry piping as it twangs the cordage taut,
And the laughter of the waters as along the sides they sport.

O'er my head the stout oak tiller wags a promise of rare sport—
And the ensign struggles bravely to retain the breezes caught
E'en the sails press hard the gaskets, striving vainly to be free,
And the pennant flaps defiance—all's in readiness but me.

Loath to break the peaceful quiet, still I lie and gaze aloft—
O'er my senses steals a rapture that to no man cometh oft;
Visions come and visions vanish—many a glorious sail of yore
Memory yields up from her treasures, till my soul can bear no mor e

Up I spring and loose the gaskets, cast them from the snowy cloth,
Soon 'tis spread to summer breezes—to the tune the blocks creak forth;
Jib is hoisted, anchor catted, and with easy list to port
Trips she o'er, in merry measure, waves that spray her decks in sport.

Prancing, dancing o'er the wave crests, merrily we romp along,
While upon the cool sea breezes floats my joyous sailor song:
"Heave, oh heave the halliard, comrade, we will sail the open sea
You shall see God's wonders, comrade, if you'll come and sail with me."

A. H. Tompkins.

New York.

NEW YACHTS.

"NINETY-FOOTER" is in the air just now, and a number of the leading yachtsmen of Boston have been accused of an intention to lower the colors of the Volunteer.

Ex-Com. J. Malcom Forbes is the most likely builder of a 90-foot sloop, though he has not decided upon building as yet. One great trouble in a boat of this length is to get a suitable skipper. The really first-class racing skippers of 90-foot sloops in the country can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Dr. Bryant has a hold on Capt. Crocker, and Gen. Paine still keeps Capt. Haff in his employ. If Capt. Haff were obtainable, it might have some influence in determining Com. Forbes to build.

Henry Bryant, the clever amateur designer of the Thetis and Alert, has also been mentioned as a builder of a 90-footer. If Mr. Bryant should build it goes without saying that he would draw the lines himself. Mr. Bryant has just returned from a shooting trip to British Columbia, and says that he has no intention of building anything big this winter. He says that the cost of building and running a big yacht is so great that they "are not worth their keep."

Some of the younger Boston yachtsmen are talking of a syndicate to build a Burgess 70-foot sloop. It seems to be accepted in Boston at least that the Carroll Brothers will build the 70-footer, the lines of which are now in the office of William Gardner of New York. The Burgess boat is talked of to head off the New Yorker, and if she is built, a couple of Boston's leading young amateurs will be given sole charge of her management.

It is to be hoped that New York will build some boats from lines by its own designers this winter. Much of the interest in the racing in Great Britain comes from the fact that the yachts are the work of rival designers. In this country there is no doubt that the fact that most of the racing boats come from the hands of the same designer tends to cool the interest in the sport.

Boston has held the supremacy in yachting over her sister city too long without a struggle. In Cary Smith the metropolis has a designer who has turned out some very creditable vessels, and William Gardner, with the aid of practical experience to help out his theoretical training, should be able to turn out some very fast craft. With a healthy rivalry between New York and Boston, both in yachts and their designers, it is probable that the interest in yacht racing would be revived.

Mr. Burgess would naturally like to build a new 70-footer, but it is a question whether he could beat the Titania. A boat that is worked up to such a fine edge as Mr. Iselin's sloop would be a tough customer to handle, and Mr. Iselin would not relinquish the championship of his class without a hard struggle.

While many new 46-footers are "talked about," the fact remains that those for Mr. Belmont and Mr. Thayer, and the one talked of for Cornelious Vanderbilt, are the only ones which have assumed prominence in the calculations of Mr. Burgess. The midship section and profile of the Belmont 46 are drawn, and thus the first step in the building of the racing fleet of 1891 is begun.

The section of the Belmont cutter, Mineola, for she is so named, shows a harder bilge than the Gossoon, and more curve at the garboards. In this respect she is a concession to the Mariquita model, but in point of beam she is a wide departure from Mr. Belmont's present boat. With the same draft as the Jessica, 10ft. 6in., and about 6in. more beam than the Gossoon, it is evident that while a powerful boat, the Mineola is no "brute." The defeat of the Jessica will probably be a much easier task than that of the Minerva.

It is not likely that any movement toward a change of classification by corrected length will be made this winter. A remark made by Designer Burgess a day or two since, shows that there is no present danger of the building of brutes. He said that he was convinced that the Gossoon could be beaten by a boat of less power, and that if he were to build a 40-footer for next year he would give her less power than the Adams cutter possesses.—*Boston Globe.*

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—On Sept. 30 a meeting was held at the Hotel Marlborough. Sixty-two members were present, and Com. Connolly laid his scheme for the consolidation of the squadrons about New York before the meeting. The navy has been so successful that demands have been made on the administration to start squadrons at Boston, Philadelphia and other distant points. The navy is not inclined to spread, and will adhere to the old constitution and by-laws except so far as the squadrons are concerned. The probable changes will be slight, and will include a new set of officers, the rearrangement of territory and probably raising the limit to 25ft. l.w.l. instead of 23ft. as now. The commodore's report showed that 234 members were on the roll, eighteen port stations established and running in good order, and that seven regattas had been given. All the prizes won during the past season have been awarded, and the treasury still has a good-sized balance on hand. This is not bad for an organization run on $2 a member. Lectures on seamanship and navigation will be given this year, and a school established where members will study, and upon passing the necessary examination will be awarded certificates. Com. Center, of the S. C. Y. C., will deliver the opening lecture late in November. Proposed for membership: W. S. Gilmore, E. D. Hurlburt, Jr., Augustus Gardiner, L. S. Hardin, Frederick Dickens, Wilmore Worthley. Com. Connolly has appointed the following committee to revise the constitution and by-laws: Vice-Com. Thos. Clapham, Vice-Com. T. F. Day, Capt. Frank B. Jones, Thos. T. Taber and Capt. J. C. Summers. The committee will meet on Oct. 9 and will report at a special meeting to be held this month.

LAUNCH OF THE ST. GEORGE.—On Aug. 30, Messrs Ramage & Ferguson launched at Leith a very large composite auxiliary steam yacht, named The St. George, built to the order of Mr. Ernest J. Wythes, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, designed by Mr. W. C. Storey. The inner skin and framework are of iron much above Lloyd's requirements, sheathed outside entirely with teak, and coppered to above the water-line. The extreme length of the yacht is nearly 200ft., breadth outside of planking 32ft., and depth moulded 18ft. 9in., while her tonnage is about 830 Y.M. She has triple expansion engines, having cylinders 20in., 30½in., and 51in. diameter, 30in. stroke, with two steel boilers working up to 160lbs. The propeller is two-bladed of gunmetal. She is three masted, with yards and studding sails on the foremast. A beautiful figurehead, representing St. George with sword in hand flanked by carved dragons on the trail boards, gives the bow of the yacht a characteristic appearance. The sleeping accommodation is aft, and connected by a passage with the dining saloon; and other apartments forward. A large deck saloon and chartroom are handsomely furnished on deck, and built entirely of teak. Electric lighting is everywhere fitted, and a powerful search light is fitted.—*London Field.*

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—The Miramichi yachting season was closed on Sept. 25 by a race for the McLimont flag. There was a bowling sou'wester blowing, with frequent squalls out of the hollow and off the hills, and all reefed before the start from Chatham except the cabin cutter Kittoch. She got a terrific knockdown the first time she tacked, and did not recover until Com. Miller's Kilbride had a good lead. A half-decker would have filled and sunk in the same situation. Kilbride couldn't stand the puffs, and had to haul up for the purpose of tying down another reef. The cutter got a long lead and increased it to the finish. Off Bushville, three miles from the start, Vice-Com. Stewart's Fedora broke her rudder and had to run back under her jib. This is Kittoch's third club victory this season, and her owner, Mr. James Miller, is greatly pleased with her improved sailing powers. The official time is as follows:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kittoch	2 17 03	3 38 35	4 17 38	2 00 35
Kilbride	2 17 07	4 01 15	4 39 01	2 21 54
Fedora	2 18 29	Disabled.		

The course was 10 miles, half of it windward work.

ATALANTA.—Belleville, Ont., Oct. 3.—The well-known sloop yacht Atalanta was yesterday purchased by Mr. D. R. Leavens, of this city, on behalf of a local syndicate, who will have her put in thorough repair during the winter and will race her next year. One of the first efforts of her new owners will be to recover the Fisher champion cup, which her then proprietors forfeited to the Norah in 1885. It will be no easy task, however, to beat Norah, which in 1886 defeated Atalanta by nearly 20 minutes, exclusive of time allowance, and since then was rebuilt and lengthened under the superintendence of the late Capt. Cuthbert. She is now faster than ever, and an effort will be made to further improve her by putting four tons of lead on her keel. In Atalanta and Norah the R. Q. Y. C. has once more the two largest centerboard sloops on fresh water, and they are as well the fastest craft of any rig on the lakes in any wind short of a very heavy gale. The rivalry between them will revive the yachting spirit here, which had almost died out.—PORT TACK.

A NEW CAPE CAT.—Mr. Hanley, of Monument Beach, Cape Cod, the builder of Harbinger and Almira, has an order from Mr. T. J. Young, owner of Almira, for a new boat for the 30ft. class. Though a racer, she will have 6ft. headroom in a cabin in which will be four berths besides a stateroom.

CHIQUITA.—This cutter, the first of the deep centerboard 40-footers, built in 1888, will be converted into a keel boat, the work being done by Lawley. She now draws about 7ft. 6in. as a centerboard boat. She will be used only for cruising.

YACHT RACING IN EARNEST.—The achievement of the owner of the Velzie, competing in forty-eight matches out of the fifty sailed by the 20-raters, beats the performance of the 10-tonner Florence in 1878, when Mr. Henry Little sailed her himself in forty matches out of a possible forty-four. In 1876 he sailed thirty-two matches on the Iona, and eleven in other yachts, making a total of forty-three. Last year Mr. Hodgens sailed forty-one matches in the Vreda whilst in 1888 the Marjorie competed in forty-one matches, and in 1887 Mr. Nottage sailed forty-one matches in the Foxhound. We do not think anything of the "historical" yachtman—Mr. Weld for instance—sailed as many as fifty matches thoroughout the whole of their career, and here we have one gentleman performing such a feat in a single year. Sailing forty-eight matches in a 20-rater is by no means an enterprise which can be accomplished without trouble and a great deal of devotion, not to say industry, in pursuit of the end. For instance, Velzie, to sail her in forty-eight matches had 105 days, excluding Sundays; so she had fifty-seven days for making passages and enjoying the luxury of rest from the bustle and racket of match sailing. The passages extended from the Isle of Wight to the Thames, then to Dover, back to the Thames, to Harwich, Isle of Wight, round to the Menai Straits, Liverpool, the Clyde, Belfast, Kingston, Falmouth, Isle of Wight, Plymouth, and back to the Isle of Wight, about 2150 miles in all. It can be gathered from this alone, that sailing a 20-rater in the way Velzie, Chiquita, and Dragon were this year is anything but the sleepy operation yacht sailing is sometimes supposed to be; and to win twenty-three first prizes, as Dragon has done in the teeth of such opposition as she met with from the other two prize winners, is evidence of the excellence of the craft and the skill of her skipper, Ben Parker.—*Field.*

CLARA AND MINERVA.—Clara is now laid up at the Corinthian Basin, at Staten Island. Minerva was out at Wintringham's last week, where her lines were taken by Mr. Hyslop for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. She then sailed for Beverly, where she will be laid up. Captain John Barr, of Clara, with his brother, Captain Charles Barr, of Minerva, is now living at Marblehead. The two will buy a small schooner and spend the winter herring fishing.

WILD DUCK.—This name has been chosen for the new 125ft. steel steamer for Mr. J. M. Forbes.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Commodore: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
Secretary-Treasurer: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	Geo. A. Warder	E. L. French	J. K. Bakewell, 110 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Eastern Div.	Dr. J. A. Gage	A. S. Putnam	Ralph F. Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div.	W. J. White	W. J. Read	C. M. Whitlaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div.	M. V. Brokaw	I. V. Dorland	W. R. Rowland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A RIVER CRUISE IN A FOLDING BOAT.

[*Concluded from Page 220.*]

THE next morning, after exhibiting our novelties to a number who desired to inspect our outfit, we launched for new adventures, and having run down a mile anchored our craft at the exact point in the river where the States of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio join, so that the Wanderer's 12ft. of length then actually rested in three States at once, an experience which so small a boat seldom has. S., from the stern, asked, "W., how goes the time in West Virginia and Ohio?" W., with right hand dipped in the waters of Ohio and his left in those of West Virginia, responded, "Oh, quite good, how is it in Pennsylvania?" S. rejoined, "It's confounded hot here, but think it will be cooler when I get over there."

We then meandered on, and finding a pleasant, cool-looking spot, a mile or two down the river on the West Virginia shore, near the base of a mountain range, where the primeval forest was unbroken and no habitation near, we decided to inspect and if desirable go into camp for a few days, until the weather became somewhat more enjoyable. A delicious spring was found, also wood convenient, and the tent pitched on a level shady plateau, fully 100ft. back from the river and 40ft. above it, with the bluff rising abruptly within 50ft. at the rear, covered with dense forest growth and an island of some extent in the middle of the river shut out a view of civilization in that direction. This reminds W. of Adirondack scenes and he begins to fell quite at home. Wood is gathered, a rude table constructed, beds, etc., arranged, ere enjoying a late dinner. Then the hammocks are swung and the afternoon whiled away ere we are aware. Then a neat campfire arranged at a locality favorable for cheer and light, without too much heat, and after supper, music and "seven-up" fill in the hours until time to turn in.

An amusing incident, at least to W., occurred as the duffle was being transferred from the boat to the camp ground. S., a strong vigorous bicyclist, slung the pack-basket on his back, and taking the tent grip in one hand and the Winchester in the other started up the bank; but as the river had been at a high stage and the water was receding the ground was somewhat uncertain in that immediate vicinity and his feet slipped backward, resulting in a header into the sand with the pack on top, which W. was obliged to remove ere his companion could arise.

We remained in camp here for three days, and were only cognizant of the extreme heat when obliged to take the boat and go out for supplies. S. took one trip up the river, and found the current near the head of the island very strong at the then low stage of water, and he was uncertain at one period whether he would make it or not. He succeeded, however, and on his return trip fairly came back flying. At this point several steamers that were on up trips were obliged to turn back. Squirrels were plentiful, and W. bagged a number with the rifle. Perch and bass could be easily obtained when wanted. On the evening of the third day, as we were having a game of "seven-up" near the camp fire, the silence was broken by the crunching of bones some twenty-five feet below the plateau, where the refuse of the camp had been thrown. W. said "There is a fox or a hedgehog, get the camp lantern and shine his eyes, and I'll get the rifle and drop him." It was quickly done, but the "ki yi" that followed the shot announced the fact that the intruder was a canine instead of a beast of the forest, and W. regretted the act, as he believes others as attached to their pet dogs as is he to his. The next day prior to breaking camp, a card was tacked up on a tree, and a request made that should the owner of a wounded dog find such card he could communicate with the address given. Just as we were packing up a native put in an appearance, and asked if we had heard a shot fired the night before; that some one had shot his dog, and he didn't know whether it would live or not. W. manfully said that he was the fellow, and explained the circumstances and offered to pay him a fair remuneration. The owner said that under like conditions he would have done the same, and refused compensation, but W. insisted on his taking a fiver, that his conscience might be easier, and everybody was made happier.

The run to Wellsville was a charming one, and soon made, and as it was part of the programme to stop over here for a day and visit friends who had extended a warm invitation, and were expecting us, we portaged boat and baggage up to the express office, and became quite famous, judging from the numbers of sportsmen, and others interested, who called to examine our outfit.

The term of S.'s vacation being limited, it was decided to ship camp equipage and thereafter occupy the full day in getting over the proposed route, and make a hotel or farmhouse our quarters when night came on.

The next afternoon we bade our kind friends adieu and started down the river, passing Yellow Creek, McCoys and Elliottville, through an interesting section of the country, and the views presented were fascinating. When between New Cumberland and Toronto, nearly opposite Garlick's extensive pottery works, we passed the greatest natural (or unnatural) curiosity of the trip, which at a distance seemed to be the river on fire. A natural gas main crosses the river, and had either burst or in other way been injured, so that a large volume of gas escaped in mid river, and some one with an eye to the phenomenal had applied the match, and an immense column of fire 15 to 20ft. in height arose from the surface of the water which was hissing and apparently boiling up to the extent of 3 or 4ft., and falling in jets of spray with the pillar of fire rising from the midst. It was a sight worth going miles to see, strange and weird, and would have been adored by the ancient fireworshippers as a god. We reached Toronto on the Ohio side at 6 P. M., having made fourteen miles in three and one-half hours, and with great ease. One can pull the Allen boy-facers with but little exertion, and an occasional change off from oars to paddle or vice versa was more by way of variety than necessity. At Toronto we found good accommodations at the Hotel Brady, with storage for boat and baggage in a convenient livery barn adjacent to the high bank, up which we were obliged to make a carry in order to get within city limits. After supper we strolled about the town, which is a thriving one with extensive pottery works, and bears evidence of prosperity.

We did not get away until 9 o'clock the next morning, but ran to Steubenville in two hours, reaching the wharf just in time to avoid a heavy thunder storm that broke within a few minutes after we had sheltered boat and baggage. After a thirty minutes pouring rain the clouds pass away and we go up town and register for dinner at the excellent United States Hotel, and then go out for a look at the town, which is new to S. and which W. has not seen for 25 years. We noticed that the town was posted for an exhibition by Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show during the afternoon. A dodger, announcing the fact of a slight delay on account of missing railroad connection, had been profusely scattered over the streets, and the city was full of people on the *qui vive* of expectancy. As we promenaded the principal streets in our tourist costume of flannel shirts, and faces browned in the sun and reflection from the water to something near that of baked missionaries, we were taken for the advance guard of the show, and commanded considerable attention. In fact, one fellow was so well assured that, pointing to W. in his wide-brimmed felt Stetson, announced to his companions, "that's Pawnee Bill himself."

After an excellent dinner we start away at 1 o'clock The usual crowd of admirers and curious from hotel and vicinity came down to the wharf to see the "Walk-up-the-Creek" start off, and we pulled out against a strong head wind, and in due time passed Yorkville, Caruthers, Warrensville and numerous small towns on either bank. The wind blew strong and gave us a harder day's work than any yet experienced in good water, but we were in excellent condition and spirits, and made fair headway. At 6 o'clock we stopped at Wellsburg for refreshments. We learned that the next favorable stopping place would be Martin's Ferry, opposite Wheeling, and 14 miles distant, and as the wind had somewhat abated, we concluded to make the run, and did so without incident worthy of mention, reaching the wharf boat at 8 P. M., having made 35 miles in 8½ hours. Darkness had set in, but we were fortunate in meeting Mr. Terrell of the ferry boat, who kindly permitted us to use his boat for storage purposes, and directed us to a hostelry. At the Hotel May we found good accommodations.

The next morning the landlord introduced us to a number of gentlemen, among them the redoubtable Col. Sharon, brother of the bonanza king, and quite a character himself, being genial and entertaining. As usual we were escorted to the river, and there exhibited the peculiarities of our craft before taking our departure over veritable bounding billows in the face of a strong wind that seemed blowing up the river, no matter what direction the channel turned. We passed the city of Wheeling, then Bridgeport, Benton, Bellaire and McGee without a halt, except in mid-river for a few moments at the latter named place to permit examinations of our oars by a curious riverman, who said he had "been rowing a boat on the Ohio for twenty-five years and never had seen a rigging like that before," and for that reason had pulled out to see it. After inspection he pronounced it "about the checker," and having ascertained where procurable, he thanked us and returned to shore. We reached Moundsville, W.Va., at 1:30 P. M., having accomplished but 14 miles in four and a half hours, owing to the heavy sea. On our way we passed numerous gangs of coal wreckers in various stages of nakedness, working about the rapids and bars, in the vicinity of which quite a number of coal barges had been stove to pieces.

We carried boat and baggage up to the B. & O. railroad depot, bidding good-bye to the old Ohio, who had been our bosom friend for just one week. It is a notable fact that the scenery thus far has been grand, and none can fully appreciate it until passing over the route by boat. At the depot we took Wanderer apart and packed her for transportation as sportsman's extra baggage, then went up to the Mountain City Hotel, and after supper visited the noted Indian mound in an inclosure in the heart of the town. It is about 75ft. in height, 200ft. in diameter at the base and 50ft. across at the top. A shaft goes in from the base on the north to the center, meeting a perpendicular shaft sunk from the top that is about 10ft. in diameter. It is a great curiosity, and the outlook from the top being very fine, it is visited by many. Numerous skeletons, battle axes, spears, pottery, etc., apparently belonging to the pre-historic race, have been taken from the mound.

At 6 P. M. we board the train for Fairmont, W. Va., on the headwaters of the Monongahela, and our route on the B. & O. R. R. is a winding one, through a mountainous region and full of charming views, but dissolving ones, owing to the rapidity with which the train is whirled over the sinuous road. There are numerous tunnels, and beside the road we noticed the famous Roseby Rock, where the laying of track was completed in 1853. It is a large boulder nearly 30ft. in diameter, bearing the inscription: "Roseby Rock, track closed Christmas, 1853."

We reached Fairmont at 7:30 P. M., and found excellent quarters at the Hough House, near the suspension bridge. Next morning we sauntered about the town and were well pleased. It was our good fortune to be recognized as "men and brothers" by some of the leading citizens, who introduced us to others, and our sojourn made quite pleasant. We here saw quite a curiosity that had just been discovered and attracted a large number. Some workmen in making an excavation for a new business block exhumed the petrified body of an old colored woman that had been buried in that locality forty-two years before, and was so well preserved as to be recognized. At noon we continued by rail to Rowlesburg, on the Cheat River. It was our intention to launch our boat and run down the Cheat to its confluence with the Monongahela, as the scenery has the reputation of being remarkably fine. We found the water at a low stage, and the rapids (that extend nearly fourteen miles) swift, rocky and dangerous, especially in low water, and running through the Cheat Mountain range that loomed up from 500 to 1,000ft. in that vicinity; and further, that for a large stretch there was no human habitation in the vicinity of the river, and we should have to rough it were we successful in getting through. We also found many old heads who advised us not to make the attempt, and cited the fact that no less than eight persons who had started out to run the Cheat River rapids had lost their lives in the attempt. Under the circumstances we decided to take the back track to Fairmont and then go down the Monongahela.

At Rowlesburg we met a number of old hunters, and got into their good graces by giving them an opportunity to use the Lyman sights, and learned much of the locality. It appeared to be quite a sportsman's paradise. Deer are quite plenty in the near vicinity, speckled trout abundant and partridges without number. We were told of a covey of almost perfectly white partridges (or ruffed grouse) that an old hunter had frequently seen and knew their haunts. This might have been a white lie, but was given with apparent sincerity. Thus we whiled away a few hours until arrival of train, which we boarded and reached Fairmont in the evening.

Next morning we start down the Monongahela. The water being at a low stage we were obliged to lighter over some of the rifts, but in the main had good running, and through interesting scenery, and reached Morgantown that day, and called a halt until morning. We did not leave Morgantown until 11 o'clock A. M., and then were soon in fine water. After a two-mile run we were overtaken by a passing shower and pulled up under a projecting tree, where we rested until the storm was over, and then bent to the oars and made up lost time. We soon reach U. S. No. 9, nine miles from Morgantown, which we portage around and then run the Cowles riffle on the State line, and find ourselves once more in Pennsylvania territory.

We passed Point Marion, at the mouth of the Cheat, and then pulled up the Cheat River for a short distance on a tour of observation. The waters of the Cheat are of a peculiar dark color, and it is asserted that the color makes it quite deceptive in estimating the depth, and that it was from this fact that the name was given to the river. On returning and reaching the junction with the Monongala we passed quite a rapids, in which and for a long distance below the distinctive color of the two rivers was plainly seen, and after a final blending the water was quite changed in appearance. It is presumed that the color is taken from the roots of the mountain laurel, as well as from mineral through which it

passes, but as we made no chemical analysis, we give no professional opinion and leave it for the experts to determine.

At an inviting spot under a rocky ledge we cook our late dinner, S., going to a convenient farmhouse to procure milk, is astonished to find the entire family barefoot, although surrounded with indications of wealth. The pedal extremities of three young ladies especially attracted his attention.

We were again soon on our way, and passed U. S. lock No. 8, in process of erection, three miles above Greensborough. The river scenery of the Monongahela proved attractive throughout, but the prettiest gem of all we found at sundown that evening as we came in sight of Geneva. The river passing through high romantic bluffs, and the town high on the sloping bank at a bend directly ahead, and bathed in glowing sunlight, while we were in the cooling shade, formed a picture ever to be remembered, and a study such as would delight an artist. Opposite Geneva, but around the abrupt bend, we found the quiet town of Greensborough, where we expected mail, and found accommodations for ourselves and storage for our boat, and took quarters at the Monongahela House and were well taken care of.

On Wednesday morning, June 27, we bade adieu to Greensborough, and arrived at U. S. Lock No. 7 in just thirty-five minutes, passing through a fine farming country, and each bend of the river presenting a new and beautiful scene. We made the portage around the dam with but little difficulty, and soon after met the steam packet Adam Jacobs, which makes regular trips between Pittsburgh and Greensborough. She had a large party of campers on board, who disembarked within a mile of the lock and commenced to take their supplies up the bank to the camp site. We inventoried 20 kegs of beer and several demijohns, but the traditional loaf of bread failed to come within range of our observation. We had bread but no beer, but as no desire for barter was manifested, we reluctantly passed on. On our way down the river we noticed within the next 15 miles a number of handsome locations where tents had been pitched, showing that the beauty of the river had attracted many from the heat and dust of the city. We had some pleasant gossip with a few whom we found either rowing or fishing, and had a most enjoyable morning's run, until at 11:30 it began to sprinkle, just as we were in the vicinity of a deserted camping spot, as indicated by tent stakes, and a pole and board camp table, near a wide-spreading honey locust tree.

Here we concluded to pull up until after dinner and the expected shower. The boat was turned over the baggage, a fire soon built and dinner prepared, when it commenced to rain in downright earnest. The thick foliage of the locust afforded shelter, however, until the dinner was disposed of; but the constant deluge pouring upon it soon found its way through and began to trickle down upon us, and with choice signs of letting up. We then donned our waterproofs, chaffed each other, sang, danced, made rhymes and stump speeches, and finally inaugurated an Indian war dance about the remains of the camp fire then nearly extinguished, being determined to keep our spirits up despite the rain, which soon poured down in torrents and necessitated sticking closer to the trunk of our protecting tree, fast failing to protect us.

Both agreed that it was raining, and might continue thus for some time. So in order to pass away the time it was determined to bring up the Wanderer and place her bottom up across the camp table, put the baggage and ourselves beneath its sheltering roof and then play "seven up," which was a cordingly done. It was a study for an artist, but no artist or any one else came along and the game was uninterrupted until 6 P. M., when it ceased raining, and we started down the river in search of a boarding house, being fully 20 miles from any town with a comfortable hotel.

We had our usual good luck, and just before darkness came we found a fine brick mansion on the left bank, at what is known as Jacob's Ferry, and W. went ashore to make inquiries and succeeded in obtaining accommodations with Mr. Jacobs, who proves to be the son of Adam Jacobs, one of the wealthiest and best known individuals of that region, and from whom the river packet took its name. We had an excellent supper and a pleasant chat before retiring at 9 P. M., thanking our lucky stars that we were not compelled to lie out on such a rainy night as it proved to be.

The next morning we get an early start, and having fair weather pull out in good earnest to make up for lost time, and found splendid boating, fine scenery, and make excellent time, passing Brownsville twenty miles below at 11 A. M., where we stop for supplies, and then run on a few miles before dining, and then push on through a succession of mining hamlets, with here and there a fine town, such as Belle Vernon, McKeesport and Monongahela City, at which latter place we pull up for the night.

It would but be a waste of time and space to record the numerous towns that line the river between Brownsville and Pittsburg. Suffice it to say that it is almost a continuous city for miles, and the scenery consequently not so interesting to the tourist. It is the center of the soft coal district, and mining shafts and coal barges are seen on every side. When we consider that in each of the barges we see coal sufficient to load a train of from forty to sixty cars, we realize the vast amount shipped from these mines. The Monongahela is controlled by a system of dams and locks in order to make navigation sure at all stages of water. Between Morgantown and Pittsburg are nine locks and dams, through which steamers with their tows are locked in their passage up or down. This is a historical section of country. The iron bridge over a small tributary at Brownsville is the first iron bridge in the U. S. Near the center of this town a cousin of Washington was buried. Braddock's mound is near, and on the bank of a small stream just below is where Washington camped prior to Braddock's defeat. On our way down we passed the confluence of the Youghiogheny River, and are told that between that point and Connellsville there are no less than 4,400 coke ovens, with a mine in operation for every set of ovens. Natural gas we found burning in every direction. The vast iron interests of Pittsburg line the river banks for miles above, and excited wonder at their numbers and magnitude.

We reached Pittsburgh at 11 A. M., and after a ramble and late dinner concluded to make the run to Beaver. Soon after starting, and while yet in Monongahela water, we entered a narrow channel left for the passage of steamboats between immense fleets of coal barges anchored on each side. The passage way was not over 60ft. wide, and when we had gone nearly through it we noticed a steamer with barges coming down and to our dismay soon after saw another swing into the channel just below and making up the river. We were just at the point where they would pass, and only about 15ft. of space remained for our frail vessel between the up-bound steamer and the fleet of coal barges, and it looked as though in the lively churning up of the water from two stern wheelers and the swells breaking against the barges, that a picnic was in store for us. The situation was taken in at a glance, and W. directed S. to drop the oars, and take a paddle and keep off from the barges, while he with paddle in hand at the bow would endeavor to keep the craft in the best position to ride the waves. For a few moments it was exciting, but we managed our craft expertly and she danced over the choppy seas without any more serious damage than having shipped about a bucket of water, and we passed the ordeal with flying colors, amid the cheers of passengers and crew, who witnessed our efforts, but evidently anticipated seeing us swamped.

We ran on for half a mile and then went ashore and emptied out the surplus of water and then resumed our journey. We pass the dam at Davis Island by an easy portage, and then strike into a swift current that, combined with our exertions and the easy running characteristic of the Wanderer, quickly takes us past pretty villages and handsome scenery on either hard. We had the misfortune to lose our flag on this, the last afternoon of our trip and regretted it exceedingly. It had floated from the stern of our little craft over different waters for nearly four weeks, and S. had devoted leisure time in carving upon the unique staff names, dates, etc., intending to retain it as a souvenir of the trip. We discovered its loss soon after having run quite a stretch of rapids, and time was too precious to permit retracing our course and undertake what would probably have proved a fruitless search. We reached Beaver in six hours after leaving Pittsburgh, and landed near the identical spot where we ate our camp dinner three weeks prior. Since then we had made a grand circuit by boat of nearly 600 miles, with but 65 miles of transfer by railroad. It was with reluctance that we took the Wanderer from the water and packed her and our baggage for transportation by rail to the place whence we came. She served us well through 700 miles of river navigation and proved her capability. It was truly a memorable trip, and hardened our muscles like iron, and browned our cheeks. E. S. W.

GARRETTSVILLE, O.

RED DRAGON C. C.—The fall regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. will be held on Oct. 11. All members of the A. C. A. are invited to enter and compete. The events will be: I. Unlimited sailing, 3 miles. II. Class IV. paddling, ½ mile. III. Tandem paddling, ½ mile. There will also be a race between a canoe and one of the local catboats over the triangular course.

NEW OFFICERS.—On the first of the present month the new commodore of the A. C. A., Mr. Walter U. Lawson, of Boston, entered upon his duties, assisted by Mr. R. E. Brazer, the retiring purser of the Eastern Division, who is now Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A. His address is 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.

CANOE YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sketch of a "canoe" in your issue of Sept. 25 very naturally suggests that members of the A. C. A. should exchange opinions concerning such a radical departure from the heretofore accepted idea as to what a canoe is, and for what uses she is intended.

Some time since I excited the animosity of several racing canoeists by hinting that an addition of say 6in. to the beam of a 30in. canoe would render her a safer, speedier and more useful boat. And forthwith these gentlemen attempted to squash me utterly. But while they repudiated with indignation the call for a slight increase of beam, they practically admitted its necessity by adopting the sliding seat, which every one knows has the same effect as making the boat wider, so far as carrying more sail is concerned, without in any way adding to comfort, handiness or safety, but rather lessening these valuable items. And now the proposition is made in your columns to change the canoe into what would really be a small yacht with a comparatively deep keel. So far as could be seen the objections offered to making the A. C. A. recognize canoes of 36in. beam were that such craft could not easily be paddled and carried overland. These objections were proved to have no foundation in fact. What have the combined paddlers and sailers to say now about the proposed new craft, which needs but a cabin to become a complete toy yacht? Can such a boat be "effectively paddled?" Could she shoot a rapid and dodge the rocks, or be hauled ashore for sleeping purposes? In short, does she bear any resemblance at all to a canoe?

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

[If Mr. Clapham has followed our argument for several weeks past he must understand that we do not favor any such perversion of the canoe from its original purpose as the "cutter canoe" would be; our end is merely to point out the possibilities of further evasions and abuses of existing rules. We at one time shared Mr. Clapham's opinion of the deck seat, but experience has shown very clearly that a sliding seat of moderate size makes canoe sailing easier, drier and safer work than it was a few years since. At the same time there is no doubt that the length of the sliding seat can be, and is, carried to an extreme.

ROCHESTER C. C. FALL REGATTA, SEPT. 24.

THE fifth and last race for the Wilson cup was called in a fresh breeze from the north and promised to be a fast and exciting contest, as there were three canoes very close for second place and a possibility for one of them to win first, but the wind fell gradually from the start, and the last mile was gone over in almost a dead calm. Marie held the wind to the last and won by a long lead in time and a quarter of a mile in distance.

The second race called was the tandem hand paddling, which was won by the Moodys with ease.

There being no wind the sailing maneuvering race was declared off, and a tandem paddling race substituted. There were four entries and the race was the most closely contested of the day. Oneonto secured a long lead, and on nearing the line her crew slackened speed. Tom spurted and rapidly overhauled her, and would have won at the line had she not fouled.

The upset paddling race called out two entries and was won by Marie in good style.

First event, sailing, Wilson cup race, 3 miles:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.	Time.	Points
Marie, Stewart	3 25 00	27 00	38 00	1 05 00	6
Surprise, McVean	3 35 00	31 00	49 30	1 20 30	5
Massawippi, Martin	3 25 00	34 30	49 30	1 24 40	4
Polly Wiggle, Smith	3 25 00	35 00	49 30	1 25 00	3
Midget, H. S. Moody	3 25 00	41 00	Withdrew.		
Louise, C. H. Moody	3 25 00	Withdrew.			

Second event, tandem hand paddling, 100yds:

Louise, Moody and Moody	0 00 30
Dalinda, Stewart and W. S. Smith	0 00 45
Tom, F. L. Smith and Seward	0 01 00
Oneonto, McVean and Dodge	Withdrew.

Third event, tandem paddling, one-third mile:

Oneonto, Dodge and McVean	02 02
Tom, F. L. Smith and Seward	02 00
Dalinda, French and W. S. Smith	02 10
The Ark, Moody and Moody	02 15

Oneonto won on Tom's foul.

Fourth event, upset paddling 100yds.:

Marie, Stewart	0 01 00
Midget, H. S. Moody	1 00 05

Result of the series for the Wilson Cup:

Marie, H. M. Stewart	4	6	8	9	6—33
Massawippa, W. H. Martin	5	0	9	6	4—24
Surprise, H. D. McVean	0	4	5	8	5—22
Polly Wiggle, F. L. Smith	2	5	7	4	3—21
Hero, G. W. Ruggles	.	.	4	7	.—11
Prudence, H. J. Wilson	.	.	6	3	.—9
Midget, H. S. Moody	3	3	.	0	—6
Toodles, A. B. Dodge	0	0	2	.	—2
Louise, C. H. Moody	.	0	0	0	—0

Marie wins the cup, and Massawippa the trophy for second place.

After the races a large clam pit was opened, and about two hundred guests of the club enjoyed the clams, lobsters and chicken prepared for them. The last order was, all up stairs for a dance. The club house was closed at 10:30, when every one took special steamers and train for home.

CHANGES IN THE SAILING RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When Providence turned up about fifteen inches of my anatomy for feet, I was not quite sure whether I was intended for a walker or a kicker, but the annual re-occurrence of a desire to waste ink about this season of the year, leads me to think they were intended for the latter purpose.

In the fall of '87 I was among those who started the crusade against standing sails, and the general tendency of the powers that were and had been to let the canoe degenerate into a fleet of machines good for nothing but match sailing, without in any way trying to change things to try to bring about a different result. I was promptly walked upon by quite a number of my friends, including yourself, who on Jan. 7, '88, wrote the following: "Mr. Mackendrick condemns all sails that cannot be lowered by a halliard, and would rule them out, but what reason has he for so doing? Mr. Barney claims that he can carry his outfit of five sails within his canoe, shifting them at will so as to set some thirty or forty feet in two sails for a snug cruising rig, or one hundred feet in three sails for racing. If this can be done, is not Pecowsic, so far as rig is concerned, the best fitted all-round canoe yet devised?" I then maintained that the standing sail was bad for general-purpose canoes, and that in practice the changing while under way was never done; and I was right. I gave that same rig a mighty hot time of it that winter, and the justice of my case was such that ninety-five per cent of A. C. A. men thought it would be ruled out, and consequently nearly all procured lowering rigs. For some reason a small majority of the executive did not then see fit to legislate against it, and possibly have had time now to see where they failed to do the A. C. A. a good turn; then was the time when such a step could have been taken without doing injustice to any one, while the same cannot be maintained for the hasty and, what I consider, ill-advised action of the executive committee at Jessup's Neck.

This is an age of rapid advancement, and what two years ago was an unsafe sail is now, when used on our present racing articles, by no means so conspicuously dangerous. The average racing canoe that now carries standing sails has only a few feet of cockpit, and an upset or forty upsets can do no harm. Wherein, then, does the danger consist? The most the sail can do is to upset the user, for which they are all prepared. Standing sails were not ruled out when they should have been, and canoes have since been built to suit standing sails.

To say that I am surprised at the action of the executive committee in summarily wiping Rule XXII. off the books without the recommendation of the regatta committee or without in any way giving notice, is to put it mildly. I think it was acting with great discourtesy to that committee, who, like all previous regatta committees, were appointed on account of their special fitness and knowledge of regatta work. I have always looked upon that expunged clause as the one safeguard against hasty changing of rules by the executive committee, who are not elected for their special knowledge of the sailing regulations, and who, in my opinion, should not tinker with them unless they are advised by the regatta committee or give notice through the official organs of their intention to make certain changes.

I was always of the opinion that the regatta committee had to advise changes in the sailing regulations, but if the executive committee at present have power to bowl out any of our regulations on five minutes' notice, I beg to suggest the advisability of having a clause inserted at our next meeting limiting that arbitrary power by compelling them to give a few weeks' notice of such proposed change in the official organ, as there are others besides the executive committee who take a little interest in these matters. With the number, and their name is legion, of standing sails now in use, and the style of lifeboat that has been built to suit them, I do not think that it would be such a wise step to disqualify them, certainly not without discussion of the question under its altered circumstances.

I am glad to see you, Mr. Editor, facing the fact that we must do something to encourage a better class of canoe; that is, a more useful class than our modern racers. I lean to the opinion that the canoe of the future for open water is a well-designed 16x30 with a cockpit unincumbered with centerboard trunks, leaving room for two to sail or paddle comfortably, with bulkheads at either end and along the sides, held up to windward by those ideal bilge boards and fitted with a single suit of lowering sails. Did you say what pattern? Well, a leg-of-mutton with about 18in. of the new patent draft in them would be the best—for the other fellow—to get.

Such a canoe would do well in our races and would be well suited for all kinds of legitimate canoeing, and if she was not a complete success as a racer she could still be sold for a fair figure, whereas the average racer who wants to get a new canoe has to almost give the old one away as they are hardly good for anything.

The above class of craft or something similar restricted to the use of one suit of sails and a hiker not extending past the sides of canoe when closed, should in my opinion have the most of our races at the meet given to them, while the machine men, like myself, should be limited to the A. C. A. Trophy and Pecowsic cups.

If a "combined" trophy were added to the list of A. C. A. mugs, and entries restricted to a certain length of clear cockpit, etc., I think inside of two years nine-tenths of the racers would be sailing what could be properly called cruisable canoes, and the machine class would be so small as to die a natural death as class A did.

I hope this matter of encouraging a reasonably roomy class of craft, suitable for something besides match sailing, will receive the attention that it should from all well-wishers of the canoe.

WILL G. MACKENDRICK.

TORONTO, Oct. 2.

NEW YORK C. C.—The twice postponed regatta of the New York C. C. was held on Saturday off the club house, a number of guests being present. There was a strong N.W. breeze during the afternoon, but it fell toward the latter part of the programme. The first event was the unlimited sailing, with six starters: Lieda, Schuyler Schieffelin; Guenn, Wm. Whitlock; Pterodactyl, Com. Nadal; Bat, L. B. Palmer; Toltec, W. W. Howard; Vagabond, C. J. Stevens. Vagabond broke down shortly after the start and withdrew. At the end of the first round Guenn was ahead, and Lieda and Toltec came to the buoy together, Toltec was inside and fouled the buoy, withdrawing from the race. Bat had a small suit of sails, and could not keep up with the fleet. After a close finish Lieda beat Guenn. The maneuvering race was won by Lieda, and the standing race, sailed with the men standing on their deck seats, as well as the upset sailing race, was won by Gueen. The unclassified race had two entries—Polly, Walter Taylor, and Wraith, W. J. Stewart. The latter part of the race was very slow, the wind having fallen. Wraith finally won. There was no attempt at any paddling races. The most interesting event was the bailing out of a large kettle of clam chowder, which concluded the day's sport.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Edward T. Brigham, Stillman Shaw, Edward F. Wyer, Woburn, Mass. Central Division: H. W. Bailey, Buffalo, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. L. B., Phœnixville, Pa.—The open season for quail in your State runs from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.

J. H. H., Schuyler's Lake.—The eye has probably received an injury, consult an oculist or your family physician.

ENGLISH SETTER, Homer, Ohio.—I have a fine puppy 11 months old that is gunshy. Will you please inform me how I can break him? Ans. Read "Training vs. Breaking", for sale at this office price $1.

S. T., Philadelphia.—A resident of Pennsylvania needs no license to shoot on Long Island nor in New Jersey except in the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland, Cape May, which are controlled by the West Jersey Game Protective Society, whose office is at No. 416 Royden street, Camden. Secretary, Chas. H. Barnard. Fee for license, $5.

MUZZLE-LOADER.—1. What is the proper charge for a 15-bore muzzle-loading shotgun? 2. What is the best powder to use—should it be fine or coarse grained? 3. Is it correct to ram the wads over the powder till ramrod jumps out of the gun? 4. What wads and of what kind should be used over powder and shot? 5. Which is the best way to clean a muzzle-loader? 6. Do you sell a book called "American Pistol and Revolver?" Ans. 1. Load with 2½drs. powder, 1oz. shot, No. 8 for grouse, No. 9 for squirrels and rabbits. 2. Use fine powder. 3. Such was the custom in our muzzle-loading days. 4. Put two wads over powder and one over shot. 5. With a flannel cloth and cleaning rod, saturating the cloth with hot soap suds, and drying thoroughly, then apply benzine or kerosene. 6. Yes.

L. L., Denison, Texas.—Would you prefer a greenheart or split bamboo rod for Colorado trout, the prices being about the same? What sizes of hooks or flies should be used? Ans. 1. Bamboo is considered the best material for fly rods. 2. Sizes of hooks will depend upon the size of the trout and range all the way from No. 7 to No. 3 Sproat. The Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park recommends nothing smaller than No. 6 nor larger than No. 4. Successful flies include; brown and gray hackles, Alexandra, black prince, coachman, dark-coachman, royal-coachman, professor, brown-palmer, yellow, cinnamon-al, alder, Lord's, Imbrie, brown-hen and grizzy-king. The size of flies must vary also according to the high and low stage of the water, its clearness or muddiness, as well as with the time of day.

C. L. R., Providence, R. I.—Mr. Thos. McGough imported an English bull bitch, by Baron out of Hesper, he by champion Gamester out of Favorite; Hesper by Grabber out of Ida. The pedigree I received runs back no further, and as I wish to get her registered in the stud book would like to know the sire and dam of the last four dogs mentioned. Can you give it to me? Ans. Gamester(10,770), by Crib out of Berrie's Rose, by V. Shaw's Sepoy out of Berrie's Nell; Sepoy by Crib. Favorite is not registered, but was owned by Mr. F. W. Frank, Udney Park, Teddington, Eng., from whom you can no doubt get the information you want. Grabber (13030), by Reeves's Crib out of Zulu, by Ogden's Cure out of Allen's Gipsy Queen; Crib by Raper's Tiger out of Reeves's Queen Mab. Ida (10,795), by Faust out of Dorrit.

A. D. S., Hamilton, Ont.—1. Where will the next dog shows be held in the following cities: Buffalo, Syracuse and Rochester? 2. Should our dogs show be held in the spring or in the fall? the idea being of course to get as many American exhibitors as possible. 3. Is there any book on dogs by Charles H. Mason? If so, where can it be had and at what price? Ans. 1. It is uncertain whether a dog show will be held next year in Buffalo or not. If the Agricultural Fair is held there next fall it is the intention of the club to try and give a show in connection therewith. Syracuse is out of the line altogether. Rochester may hold a show next spring, but owing to their loss this year we are told it is very unlikely. 2. See our paragraph in "Dog Chat" this week. 3. Yes, "Our Prize Dogs," published at this office, price $5.

H. J. A., Montana.—When I located my ranch here, five years ago, all the timber surrounding this lake was alive (excepting a few scattering trees, such as are found dead in all bodies of timber), adding by its greenness much beauty to the scenery. Since then a large part of it has died. This is more noticeable in those locations that were most exposed to the prevailing winds, which are severe during the first months of winter and late fall. A year ago last summer there appeared, suddenly and apparently without cause, a strip about 200yds. wide, half-way up the mountain side, where all the timber turned brown and seemed to be dying, although a portion of the trees have come to life again. This strip extended parallel with the mountain range, jumping across cañons and striking the next mountain at the same elevation, being about 1,000ft. above the surface of the lake and about 7,000ft. above sea level. The timber is mostly pine, but there is considerable fir. Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the probable cause for so much of the timber dying? The winter of 1886-87 was unusually severe, and of longer duration than is usual with us, which may account in part for the dead and dying timber. I suppose, of course, there can be no remedy where there is such a large area; but we must let it take its course. The brown strip attracted the attention of many visitors, not any of whom were able to account for it. Ans. The damage may be due to any one of many causes. Trees, like animals, are liable to disease, properly so-called, engendered by climatic influences; but more commonly the malady is due to the attack of insects or of vegetable spores. If the whole forest becomes diseased, and you cannot utilize the timber, your best course will be to fire it to give the young growth a chance.

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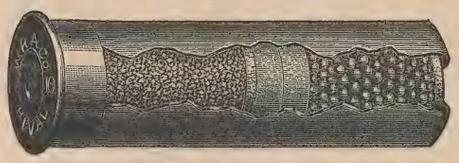
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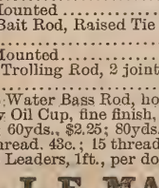
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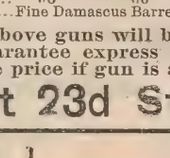
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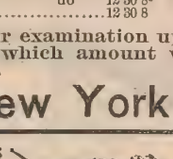
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THE COON HUNTERS.

HAVE the coon hunters been idle or unsuccessful, that they make no report of their adventures during the season of the sport, which is now drawing toward a close?

It is a distinctively American sport, concerning whose method of pursuit there can be no dispute. Concerning fox hunting there may be endless wrangling between those who hold that it is only sportsmanlike when the hunter rides to the hounds in good old English fashion, and those who as stoutly maintain that hunting on foot with the gun is made as sportsmanlike by the conditions which render the other method impracticable.

But there is but one way of hunting the coon. Hunted only at night, to follow him, the boldest rider must dismount, yet he who risks neck and limbs, or melts or freezes for sport's sake, and deems no sport manly that has not a spice of danger or discomfort in it, must not despise this humble pastime for such reason.

On leaving the highway that leads nearest to the hunting ground, the way of the coon hunters takes them, in darkness or feeble lantern light, over rough and uncertain footing, till the cornfield's edge is reached and the dogs cast off. Away go the hounds, their course only indicated by the rustling of the corn leaves, as they range through the field, until one old truth-teller gives tongue on the trail of Br'er Coon, who perhaps has brought his whole family out on a nocturnal picnic. The hounds sweep straight away, in full cry, on the hot scent to hill or swamp, where their steadfast baying proclaims that the game is treed.

Then follows a pell-mell scramble toward the musical uproar. Stones, cradle knolls, logs, stumps, mud holes, brambles and all the inanimate enemies that lie in wait for man when he hastens in the dark, combine to trap, bump, bruise, sprain, scratch and bemire the hurrying hunters.

Then when all have gathered at the center of attraction, where the excited hounds are raving about the boll of some great tree, the best and boldest climber volunteers to go aloft into the upper darkness and shake the quarry down or shoot him if may be. If he succeeds in accomplishing the difficult task, what a melee ensues when the coon crashes through the branches to the ground and becomes the erratic center of the wild huddle of dogs and men.

Fewer voices never broke the stillness of night with sounds more unearthly than the medley of raging, yelping and growling, cheering and vociferous orders given forth by dogs, coon and hunters, while hillside and woodland toss to and fro a more discordant badinage of echo.

The coon is not a great beast, but a tough and sharp-toothed one, who carries beneath his gray coat and fat ribs a stout heart and wonderful vitality; and a tussle with a veteran of the tribe of cornfield robbers tests the pluck of dogs and the coolness of men.

If the coon takes refuge in a tree too tall and limbless for his pursuers to climb, there is nothing for them but to keep watch and ward till daylight discovers him crouched in his lofty perch.

A huge fire enlivens the long hours of guard-keeping. A foraging party repairs to the nearest cornfield for roasting ears, and the hunters shorten the slow night tide with munching scorched corn, sauced by joke and song and tales of the coon hunts of by-gone years.

The waning moon throbs into view above a serrated hill-crest, then climbs the sky, while the shadows draw eastward, then pales in the dawn, and when it is a blotch of white cloud in the zenith, a sunrise gun welcomes day and brings the coon tumbling to earth. Or, perhaps, not a coon, but some vagrant house cat is the poor reward of the long watch. Then the weary hunters plod homeward to breakfast and the nailing of their trophies to the barn door.

When the sweet acorns, dropping in the frosty night, tempt the coon to a later feast, there is as good sport and primer peltry. In any of the nights wherein this sport may be pursued, the man of lazy mold and contemplative mind loves best the hunt deemed unsuccessful by the more ardent hunters, when the hounds strike the trail of a wandering fox and carry a tide of wild music, flooding and ebbing over valley and hill-top, while the indolent hunter reclines at ease, smoking his pipe and listening, content to let more ambitious hunters stumble over ledges and wallow through swamps in pursuit of the elusive coon.

Send in reports of nights with coons, nights when this little brother of the bear blended his querulous call with the crickets and August pipers, nights of frost, when the cricket's note was stilled and voices of coons and owls alone thrilled the autumnal gloom till the hounds' portentous music awed both to silence.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN repeated instances which might be named, enterprises designed to advance the fishing interests of poorly stocked or depleted waters have been set in operation and continued in the face of stubborn local indifference or opposition. And in repeated instances, too, the sequel has been that by the successful results of the enterprise this narrow and mistaken disfavor has at last been overcome and converted to active cooperation. When the Lake George (N. Y.) Association began, six years ago, the work of restocking that magnificent body of water, their greatest obstacle was the contrariness of the residents, who, of all persons under the sun, were the most to be benefited by the association's liberality and public spirit. Notwithstanding this untoward attitude of the lake-dwellers, the work has been carried on, yearly plantings of fish have been made, laws were secured to provide needed protection, and to-day, as Gen. Robert Lenox Banks reports, not only is the fishing in Lake George yielding goodly returns for the effort expended, but local sentiment has undergone a decided change and now favors the enforcement of the laws.

Is there not a profitable field for telling work in just this one direction—to show the public that protective game and fish laws are founded on common sense and are in their operation effective for the good of the entire people?

Hudson River salmon fishing appears to be assured. At the annual meeting of the New York Commissioners last Tuesday it was reported that there are now more and larger salmon in the Hudson than ever before, one 35lbs. specimen having been taken this year. A stock of 25,000 yearlings will be put into this river. The Legislature will be asked to compel owners of dams to provide suitable fishways. When considered from the standpoint of common sense, it does appear foolish for the people of this State to spend money on stocking streams when the mill dams shut out the fish from what would be their spawning grounds. The mill dam nuisance is tremendously expensive to the people, but it is a difficult one to remedy. The system of damming streams for mills and tanneries was in full force long before people thought much about the fish supply. It is only within a recent period that the dams have begun to be popularly recognized in their true light as obstructive nuisances. There is a great work of education to be wrought in this country before our rivers and creeks and brooks are restored to a condition when they can have their highest usefulness and greatest value as productive sources of food supply.

The ardor of the hunter and angler is rivalled by that of the amateur photographer; and when one individual is possessed of enthusiasm in all these three branches, it is astonishing what an amount of exertion and fatigue he will undergo. Mr. W. A. Brooks, whose account of a Moose River, Me., expedition is now appearing in our columns, writes of a climb to the summit of Ktaadn with a camera, thought to be the first one ever taken to the top. The Indian guide, Soclexis, who figures in the Moose River trip, accompanied him; and they had a tremendous pull, six miles up hill and down, over a blazed trail, and then the ascent up the track of a great avalanch, through loose sand, slide rock and a chaotic mass of boulders, at an average angle of 40°.

The Boston *Transcript* "supposes a case," and suggests that under the new tariff sportsmen may be required to pay a duty on the game they have bagged in Canada. "A club has its camp in the United States, roams and shoots at random over its broad acres, some of which lie in Victoria's realm. A member, on crossing the line with a well filled bag, is stopped by an official and his luggage examined. The game is pronounced dutiable. 'But this is not going off our land, only to camp.' 'Yet it is coming into the United States,' the officer replies, and a bond or cash is required and given." This is jocular. But does the *Transcript* know that by the laws of Canada the exportation of game is absolutely forbidden?

The law protecting Vermont deer—the deer were imported by the Rutland Club—will expire Nov. 1; but Fish and Game Commissioner Brainerd, in his report to the Legislature now in session, has advised that the protection be extended for five years more; and it is more than probable that a law to that effect will be enacted before November shall come around. The Vermont hunters who have been loading for deer must defer their projected campaigns.

By the way, can any of our New Jersey readers report as to the deer supply in that State after the years of protection?

Under the old tariff the uniform duty on shotguns was 35 per cent. ad valorem. The new schedule is as follows On all doublebarreled sporting breechloading shotguns, valued at not more than $6 each, a duty of $1.50 each; the same, valued at more than $6 and not more than $12 each, $4 each; valued at more than $12 each, $6 each; and in addition thereto on all the above 35 per cent. ad valorem. On singlebarreled breechloading shotguns, $1 and 35 per cent. ad valorem.

Mr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Illinois, tells us that he proposes to import some live partridges from India to put out in that State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SLIDE ROCK FROM MANY MOUNTAINS.

XI.—AT LAST.

FEW long lanes are without some turning, and our long lane of scanty or evil fortune took a sudden bend. The autumn of our discontent was changed to an Indian summer of late but grateful glory.

The chief sheep grounds of the Smilkameen lie up a small river called the Ashnola, fed by numerous tributary creeks. Facing the creeks and the river the mountains are steep, often precipitous. Further up lie miles of "bull pines" and other miles of down timber, with now and then a grassy slope, while the sheep, except in winter, live still above among the bare peaks and jagged ravines of the summit. To reach this highest country, one must either know the old trails or discover new ones, for unless the greatest care be exercised one will soon get into ground that is utterly impassable, and the road is hard at best.

Certain natives named Ashnola John, Ashnola Pierre and Ashnola Tom (whom I hereby consign to infamy), relying upon their knowledge of the geography, and sure that any foreign hunters must come to them for aid, had not only tried to extort absurdly large sums from us for guidance, but had done this evil with a manner so insolent as to excite indignation.

Ashnola Tom is said indeed to be a good Indian, but as he promised to join us and deceived us, influenced by fear of the superior villain, Ashnola John, I class him with the others on account of his weak mendacity. We were therefore guideless, but (with the exception of one man who wailed a little now and then) all the party were determined to find the way alone.

Dick, an unrivaled woodsman, had, along with my friend, discovered the secret of one cherished and hidden resort, and blazed a trail to it for the good of posterity.

Dick and I had also penetrated another nook where black-tails were too numerous to be exciting. One incident that happened at that place is worthy of note. As we were riding near some scattering timber we startled a band of deer and amused ourselves by seeing how many of them offered good shots. I was just looking at one half-tame creature about a hundred yards off when Dick called my attention to a doe sleeping not thirty paces distant from me. Her head, turned back on her flank, pointed the other way. I dismounted and walked carefully forward. When I was fifteen feet away from her (I stepped the distance afterward) some subtle aroma or faint rustling aroused her. She raised her great ears and looked in the opposite direction. Then, slowly turning her head, she stared at me for fully a quarter of a minute before she jumped up. Never had I seen a deer so gentle.

Up to the last moment, however, we had seen no rams and the only ewe we had got had been bagged by my friend, who, to the sorrow of us all, was now kept in camp by illness.

One day Johnny, Batiste and I started, with horses lightly packed, to look for the "Twin Buttes," the last resource of the despairing ram-hunter. At first we tried to go up the creek near its channel, but that path was soon blocked. Then we started up a trail unspeakably steep and got into timber at once. For a distance of perhaps three miles we found blazed trees to go by. Then the blazes occasionally ran out. We would make a voyage of discovery, and in several instances we found new lines of spots and followed them until they vanished.

Whoever it was that had marked the path he had a singular method. Where the trail was plain the spots were frequent. Where the route was doubtful the blazes were rare. When the ground became very bad they stopped. Either the trail was laid out by somebody who had lost his way or it was meant for a snare.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves in a mass of down timber from which there seemed no issue. We cast about for a way out with no success. We were without water and without grass, and had only too much wood. I decided to turn back and try to reach our main camp by night. Johnny, who was full of cheerful pluck, was ready for any effort, but thought my plan wisest; and by rapid work we managed to get through.

A few days later, Dick, Batiste and I renewed the search for the Twin Buttes; and it is of this trip that I write the history.

We saved a good deal of time by starting on the right road. We followed the old blazes first, and then traced out the connecting links that Johnny had marked in our previous endeavor; so that by 11 o'clock we had already reached our former sticking point. Here a long and careful scout was made, and we succeeded in finding evidences of chopping through the down timber made by earlier hands. A little further on we came to a path cut through the bull pines, and, blazing as we went, at times striking the tracks of our predecessors, at times catching glimpses of the surrounding mountains, and at times feeling our way by a general sense of the direction as shown by the position of the sun and the slope of the country, we came, about 3 o'clock, into view of the Twin Buttes and the promised land. One more wide and intricate patch of windfalls was conquered, and the traveling became easy. We had been told that there was water at but one place. This turned out to be a mistake. At all events, we found a level spot with the prime necessities of wood, water and grass, and we went into camp with the first difficulties handsomely overcome.

The next morning we breakfasted with the earliest birds, though on more savory diet, and Dick and I set out on foot.

We saw deer. We saw antique foot-prints of sheep, but nothing fresh.

A gale, of happy omen to hunters, was blowing in our faces when we skirted a bold ravine with rocky sides, heading in the neighboring peaks. In the bottom was timber and swampy land with little ponds at intervals. Above stretched the stony, grassy slopes of the highest ridge—an ideal spot for big-horn. We scanned every little hollow before and after we passed, that no sheep might lurk unobserved in any hidden cranny, and at last, after a rest and a smoke, ascending a little "swale," Dick caught sight of the back of a ram. For a moment I thought the beast a deer and refused to fire, but an imperative whisper and a second glance righted my error. I fired. The shot broke a hind leg and ranged forward, stopping the ram and inflicting a mortal wound; and in a few moments the prey was ours. Beautiful unscarred horns swept around in almost a perfect spiral. My joy was great. Some of us bear misfortune with an equal mind when the bad luck is well past; but in my belief the sternest philosopher loves victory; and in that I am as one with the sternest philosopher.

The morning was yet young. We wandered on. Far up on a snow bank that crowned the opposing wall of the gorge Dick made out with the glass an object that he took to be another ram.

It was an appalling climb up there, but we decided to try it. Only, as "good medicine" in the Indian sense, we first rested again and smoked. The medicine worked. We had hardly risen and passed over a little swell when Dick called my attention to a ram lying down within shot. I did not see that one clearly, but I did see one standing near him and hit my ram. Three or four sheep (we are not yet certain of the number, they twinkled past each other so fast among the trees), including the disabled one, sprang down the bluff. Dick broke two hind feet of one creature, while I finished both the wounded. Two more perfect heads! with all the pleasing kitchen supplies that go with them—ribs and hams, livers and tid-bits, from the fattest and choicest of mountain game. A day to be marked with a white stone!

The night before, I confess, I had been inclined to compromise with fate and take one ram as my share of booty. But I had hardened my heart and insisted inwardly on at least four victims, and clearly my determined attitude had effected a reasonably good settlement with a frowning destiny. I will say, too, in passing that the next day I added the fourth pair of horns to my list.

And now, tired and content, we made our way back to camp in the mellow glow of sunset, in the cool dim purple of early starlight, while breeze, stream and tree soothed us with inarticulate murmurs.

And, above the churning rush of the waters, shriller and more brassy than the rustling drone of the wind in the treetops was a certain Æolian music, coming sometimes in single notes, sometimes in phrases like the playing of some far, far off orchestra, whose faint strains are caught now and then from down the wind when the gale half lulls. Perhaps the elusive tones came from fading revelries of the mystic worship of gods, unthroned indeed, but sadly, patiently waiting the restoring of their ancient honors in the fullness of the revenge of time—the neglected spirits of the three great powers of unfettered nature.

Three is the number of the Graces and of the Fates. A triad also is that dreadful company moulded by a master-hand from the poppy's dream-fumes, the Mother of Tears, the Mother of Sighs and the Mother of Despair.

Three other spirits are there, born at one birth, fast knit by bonds closer than those of kindred, ruling over federated dominions with united sway, young with the freshness of perpetual change, old as the secrets of forgotten mysteries—Powers of wonder that gloomed through the fogs, shrouding the dawn of humanity; Powers of wonder that will reign over the untenanted globe, when the last offspring of our withered races shall have been sunk to his lonely grave.

Spirits of Rivers and Forests and Mountains! worshipped by the skin-clad savage; Spirits whose realms, studied by the brain of science ever open further vistas of interminable territory as each new advance is gained; Spirits, tamed for the moment to the daily uses of our toil, yet breaking out in swift, short spasms of revolt by flood and fire and earthquake, as foretaste of final triumph over your sometime lords: Spirits more lasting than the ever-turning cycle of life! you I approach, not as a fearful worshipper shuddering at your blind, your resistless force, not as a suppliant seeking unmerited favor, not as a student prying into the recesses of your life, but as a humble, a loving friend, thankful for the kind sympathy and consolation you have so often given; thankful even for the harsh and tonic medicine dispensed in your fiercer moods.

Spirit of Rivers! though you feed the sea by a thousand historic channels; though by Nile and Ganges you roll fertilizing waters, enriching fields that have nurtured nations, though by petty Thames or shrunken Tiber you have floated navies to the capitals of the old and modern worlds, not there is found your refreshing power, your breathing grace.

Among the scents of the infinite wilderness, trickling from immemorial ice banks, spreading prismatic arches over the dark walls that break your currents' rapid flow, there where you dwell hand in hand with your sisters, there I seek you; there I ask to be sprinkled with your spray; to catch the wild or joyous music of your voice; to watch the rush of your tumultuous march, and know your beauty at its fountain head.

Spirit of Forests! your temples are falling on plain and lowland, razed by eager hands intent on gain. The pioneers of destruction have advanced even to your loftier levels, and the ring of axe and the hum of sawmill are invading your more sacred retreats.

Driven from the sunny groves which tell of winter by their fallen leaves, you have fled indignant to the eternal green of the upper ridges and more Alpine slopes. There I seek you, not to mar the living columns of your shrines, but to hear those messages that speak without words in the wind-swayed branches, to see you darkening the currents of your sister of the rivers with quivering gloom, to be stunned by the crash of the dead pines felled by the tempest.

Spirit of Mountains! last and greatest, your domain rises even above your sisters' kingdoms.

On those more aspiring heights all is stern and strong on nearer view. But grant me power to toil up those rough shoulders, to see encircling me the glittering snow-clad summits that rise above the dark green of the swelling range, to mark the birth place of infant glacier, the spring head of infant stream, to feel my face buffeted by winds whose might is not broken by any barrier and my heart warmed by rays filtered only through purest air, to wind down through the bouldered mass of old moraines, through bushy swamp, through juniper and tamarack, down to the pines and the streamlet, where, in the kind embrace of the inseparable sisters, I find my rest.

H. G. Dulog.

WET MATCHES.—When you are in camp, wet and cold, and the damp match won't light, rub it gently in your hair and it will go all right.—Good Luck.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

IV.

SOME weeks after the time of my visit to Francis my two companions and myself set out from Boston for the rendezvous at Moose River Bridge, 300 miles distant. Two-thirds of the journey was by rail to the pretty village of Skowhegan, situated at the falls of the Kennebec and the terminus of the railway.

We left Boston in the morning and early in the afternoon had our first view of the Kennebec, whose banks we skirted for several hours till our arrival at our destination. All along the river were indications of activity in two great industries of Maine, the ice business and the lumber interest. Huge ice houses stand on the banks, at which vessels were taking in their crystal cargo, while other vessels rode at anchor in the stream; some light and with decks high out of water as they awaited their turn to load; others heavily laden and ready for the bustling and unfortunate little tug which would tow them to the open sea.

At Gardiner are the first piers and booms of the lumbermen and the last ice houses. Men were busily at work rafting the logs, and moored beside the booms were several flatboats on which were houses for them to live in. Above Gardiner the river was full of logs, and they were coming over the dam at Augusta. In one place, where a boom held them back, they had collected in immense numbers till they formed a solid mass between the two banks for a mile. These logs had come from the far headwaters of the river, the Dead River and Moosehead regions, to which we were going.

Just beyond the confluence of the Sebasticook River and the Kennebec we saw the ancient log block house, Fort Halifax, which is a relic of the old Indian wars, erected in 1754. The banks of the Kennebec are for the most part abrupt and steep, and the current is broken by numerous falls and rapids. Below the falls, at Skowhegan, the channel is through a rocky gorge with precipitous walls, between which the river rushes, swift and foaming, for half a mile.

V.

The next morning, after a good breakfast at the hotel, where we spent the night, we started on the second stage of our journey.

A double-seated wagon drawn by a pair of fine-looking horses was brought to the door, and after stowing our luggage under the seats we rolled merrily on our way.

We each had a pair of gray blankets, a rubber blanket, rubber coat and boots and a change of underclothing, with a few small articles of toilet and emergency use. Our rods and fishing tackle and three cameras, with a supply of dry-plates, completed the list of our impedimenta. The bulkier portion of the luggage—the tents, provisions and camp utensils—the guides were to bring with the canoes to the bridge at Moose River.

An important rule to be observed in preparing for a trip to the backwoods is to reduce the luggage to a minimum. It does not add to the enjoyment to have a lot of useless or superfluous articles about, for such things have a tormenting way of increasing in weight the more they are lifted and the further they are transported. Except in the fall shooting season a gun is a useless incumbrance. Therefore we traveled as light as possible. Our cameras were a 5×8, a 6½×8½ and a "detective." The last named was a small affair with a round tin case something like a canteen, and it gave us much amusement independently of its legitimate use, for more than one thirsty citizen of the Prohibition State thought it was a receptacle for liquid enthusiasm.

Once out of Skowhegan we rode through a beautiful rolling country with a charmingly diversified landscape of green fields, sunny slopes and wooded hills, with glimpses of distant mountains. We were on the Canada road, which stretches away through the wilderness to Quebec, and follows pretty nearly the course taken by Arnold's expedition of 1775.

Between us and the Canada line, one hundred miles distant, were only two villages, the first fifteen miles from our starting point, and the second eight miles further on. Beyond that a few isolated farms and two or three small settlements were all we should see of civilization. Yet the Canada road is well traveled, a stage carries the mails between the settlements and the railroad; the lumbermen use it to reach the scenes of their operations, and at certain seasons of the year it is alive with French Canadians.

As the season for the hay harvest in the States draws nigh, the French laborer, with an eye for earning a few dollars which are a scarce article with him at home, makes his preparations for a journey across the line. He may go alone and on foot, with his staff in one hand and his bundle in the other, or he may travel with several companions. If he is a man of family he will likely transport his whole household to the land of promise, and many a ramshackle, antique vehicle, drawn by some poor old rack of a horse, goes rattling along the Canada road loaded down with a whole family, even to the infant in arms. They camp by the road side in true gypsy fashion, wherever night overtakes them, and appear to enjoy this nomadic mode of living. When the haying is over the procession returns whence it came.

The morning was hot when we started, but a fresh cool breeze came up which made riding a pleasure and brought to our nostrils the scent of the wild roses which were blossoming by the fences. From the summit of a hill five miles on our way we saw in the valley below the placid surface of Hayden Lake, and a rugged range of mountains began to show on the northern horizon, which, as we drew toward them, became more and more defined, Mount Bigelow being the most prominent, with its rocky sides scarred and torn. After a while we saw again the water of the Kennebec and the road then followed its banks all the way to the Forks, fifty miles from Skowhegan. We walked a mile down an old road to the falls of Carratunk, where we exposed a number of plates.

We dined at the tavern in the little village of Bingham, a quiet, sleepy place, where the only excitement is the arrival at noon of the two stage coaches which stop for dinner. In the afternoon, as the shadows of the trees began to lengthen across the road, we drew rein at the door of a wayside inn, where "accommodations for man and beast" were to be had. We had traveled leisurely, halting now and again to use the cameras. In the morning we continued on the river road for a few miles, and then turned to the right into another road which leads to Pleasant Pond. We had a steady up hill pull for three

miles, but the great forest trees arched overhead, and a foaming, noisy brook kept us company by the road side. The bed of this mountain stream was filled with stones and boulders of all shapes and sizes, and occasionally the fallen trunk of a tree bridged it over. It was a genuine mountain trout brook, and its gurgling and splashing as it rushed and tumbled down the rocky channel in its haste to reach the river, was nature's welcome to us on our entrance to her domain. What music it was to ears which for a year had listened only to the sounds of the stream of humanity flowing in a city's streets. How cool and shady and pleasant under the great trees, as the rustling branches added their voice to the song of the brook.

On the northern shore of Pleasant Pond, half hidden by the trees under which it is built, is a log camp, and here we found a resting place. The limpid water laves the shore a few steps from the door, and stretches away in long blue reaches around wooded points and into quiet coves, toward the range of high, rugged mountains which guard it on the east.

The water of this pond is remarkably translucent, and the eye can penetrate its depths to a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet and plainly distinguish objects on the bottom. On this day, as the sun's rays were reflected from the calm surface, it was like a huge plate mirror, and as we rowed over its shimmering expanse and gazed down into the pure clear element, it seemed almost like floating through space.

The trout which swim in Pleasant Pond are as beautiful as its waters, and I have never seen their like elsewhere. Like its water they are silver, and shine and glisten, rivaling the white metal, as if they caught and retained some of the sunlight which penetrates their haunts. In shape they are like other trout, but the spots, which sparkle and add beauty to other trout, are nearly invisible. The spots as well as the lateral line show but faintly on their silver sides. They are invariably of a length of ten or twelve inches, none being caught much larger or smaller. Their flesh is of a reddish-golden color, of a deeper shade than that of other trout.

We had fished this pond before but with indifferent success, and we did no better this time. The beauty of the place, however, was compensation, and the sky and the water, the woods and the mountains, were a continual pleasure.

VI.

One fine morning we drove back down the road to the river. In the valley the fog was lifting as the sunlight shot through it, and as we turned into the river road, wraiths of gray mist were curling from the surface of the water, and the hills on the other side were dim and hazy. Not far from the junction of the roads is the Great Carrying Place, where, in the olden time, the red men made the portage from the Kennebec across to Dead River. Arnold's expedition crossed at the same place.

The road followed the windings of the river and wound around the curves, now through the woods where only the sound of the rushing water told of its proximity, and again through "dugways" in the steep banks, where in places we hung over the flood, and the only course was straight ahead.

The hills flanked the river on both sides, and rose abruptly from the current which flowed at their feet. At last we saw the forks of the river, where waters of Dead River mingle with those of the East Branch, a forest-covered point thrusting itself between them, as if to indicate the direction in which they should henceforth flow together. A quarter of a mile beyond the "meeting of the waters" is the Forks Hotel, and after a night at this hostelry, whose excellence is a surprise to the traveler who visits this out of the way place for the first time, we set out on foot to walk four miles through the woods to Moxie Stream and the fall of the same name. We had been over the road, which is nothing but a logging path, before, and so went alone, carrying our rods and one camera and having no doubt of our ability to find the way; but we came to a field where there was a number of diverging paths none of which were well defined. We took one which seemed to be the right one, and kept on for a mile or more, till it disappeared entirely in the forest. We had thought before we came to the end of it that we were wrong; it bore away too much to the right, and too far up the side of the mountain, and we had missed several landmarks which we expected to see. The day was very hot and we sat down on a log to rest and consult as to the best way out of our difficulty. A team had been engaged to convey us to Moose River that afternoon and our time was limited; we wanted to go to Moxie and we did *not* want to return to the hotel and confess our inability to find the way. It would consume too much time and require too much extra exertion to return to the place where paths diverged; so we had two alternatives—to return to the Forks and not go to Moxie, or take a short cut through the woods to the right road. After cooling off in a measure and consulting our compass, we laid our course and plunged into the bushes and down the hill for the other path.

The sun by this time was beating fiercely down. The underbrush was so thick we could hardly force our way through, and we could only see a short distance in advance.

We pushed along as rapidly as we could, clambering over fallen timber and thrusting aside the branches which impeded our progress, all the while descending toward the valley of the East Branch. But the woods seemed to grow more dense and there was no sign of the path we sought.

It did not seem possible that we had gotten so far up the mountain side, and several times we stopped to examine the compass and make sure that we were going on the right course toward where the trail ought to be. We were not lost, for there, far below us, was the East Branch, and we could see the hills rising from the other side of the valley, across the green foliage which surrounded us; but there was no sign of a trail, and the forest was as unbroken as if man had never been there before. Down again we plunged still further, and came suddenly upon an old corduroy wood road, almost obliterated by the vegetation which had sprung up among the decaying logs. It was not the path, but anything in the shape of a road was a welcome sight to us just then, and we stepped gingerly along the rickety and slippery way till we saw what appeared to be a break in the forest ahead of us.

In a moment more we stepped through the bushes into a well-defined tote road, which we recognized at once as the one that leads to Moxie Fall. We had become pretty well fatigued, but the fact that we were now on the right road gave us new life, and we resumed our walk with renewed vigor.

It was a rough winter road, but was much better than no road at all, and at last we were rewarded by the sound of the water and soon afterward saw the rapids of Moxie Stream flashing in the sun. Moxie is a wild, rocky stream which flows over innumerable rapids and falls, which churn its dark wine-colored water into a foaming, seething mass, over which the forest trees cast their shadows.

On our previous visit in the autumn the water had been so low that we waded across where there was now a boiling torrent. We adjusted our tackle and fished down, stopping to expose a few plates, till we came to the fall, over which the stream drops 95ft. into an amphitheatre of great granite cliffs and then struggles on three miles to the East Branch. Below the fall the banks are over 100ft. high and almost perpendicular. We took a picture of the fall from the top of the cliff directly over the chasm and then climbed down over the bank a few rods below.

We had to slide part of the way, and secure a grasp and foothold wherever we could, but presently we found ourselves at the bottom looking up at the fall, which had the appearance of dropping directly from the sky. The water falls into a basin of rock, from which it flows over another fall of some 20ft.

We were below this second fall. The great stone walls towered above us and everything was wet with spray. Delicate ferns and grasses nodded from crevices where a little soil had collected, and the place was deliciously cool and inviting after our tramp through the woods. We reclined luxuriously on a mossy bank, the great precipice above us with its fringe of pines and birches, and the swift water at our feet, and appreciated in full "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

We caught a few fish and exposed two more plates, and then looked up at the steep bank and sighed, as we thought that the only way out was up the same path by which we had descended.

The ascent was much more difficult, but by passing the rods and camera from one to another, and lending one another a helping hand, we arrived safely at the top and struck into an almost imperceptible trail, which led us to the road and back to the hotel.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

Natural History.

DOWN THE CREEK.

WHATEVER the season, it is a place of delight. The creek itself is no sluggish stream crawling betwixt muddy banks. In winter it is a bold blue torrent, brawling rarely over pebbles and around boulders. Spring makes of it almost a river, swirling and boiling from hill to hill. Heats of August shrink it to a bare thread of bright water, stealing in long runnels through the water-worn grooves in its limestone bed. Sometimes they take most curious shapes. Here is a capital W written in limpid wavelets upon a stretch of solid stone. Where the channel falls it is no trouble to step across it. About every half mile comes a "lake," where gravel beds, fallen timber and dead leaves have built an alluvial dam and spread a long bright pool, wherein frogs and fish and muskrats disport themselves the summer through.

Oddly enough, when the woodbirds go bathing, they prefer the dancing ripples to the still shining of the pools. Instinct, perhaps, tells them of the greedy fish and big hungry turtles that lie in wait in the depths. See that pair of woodducks wheedling and chattering about the half-dead sycamore that bends over the stream. Mrs. Duck made her nest in the soft rotten wood at top of it. She has just hatched out a dozen balls of yellow down and is setting about getting them down to the water. Once there, they will swim like ducks indeed. But flying is as yet beyond them, and the nest is 20ft. in air. Look close and you will see the mother bird poised with half-spread wings just outside the nest. Slowly, cautiously, with low cautious cries her mate pushes one of the ducklings quite upon the middle of her back, gives a sharp satisfied quack; and at once she sails down, settles herself in mid-stream, dives gently and leaves her baby sitting on the water without in the least knowing how he got there. With a shake of the wings and a quack that says "Take care!" she is off to the nest, and keeps it up till all her little ones are launched. As she brings the last a cruel thing happens. Right below her flock there is a swift up-swirling of water. Something brown and unwieldy comes almost to the surface, then sinks like lead and takes with it the plumpest, downiest of all the yellow darlings. Inside a minute another is dragged down, and another, and still another. The snapping turtle, which, once he has taken hold, "never lets go until it thunders," is greedy to day. Anyway he has a weakness for ducklings. He would eat the whole dozen of them if the distracted parents did not hurry them ashore.

There they will not be in very much better case. Foxes live in the caves all along the bluffs. Minks, too, and weasels and coons. Any night you may hear them splashing about in the water for mussels, crayfish and such small deer. Master Fox is no fisherman, but in many ways an antic fellow. It delights him no little to find a safe sunny rock overhanging a glassy pool, where he can bask in broad daylight or stand on tiptoe and play with his tail, nod his head, and seem to laugh outright when his image in the water repeats each motion. He is dainty in his drinking, will cross the creek a dozen times to lap and lave him in its coolest spring. As each lake has its bluff, each bluff has its spring. If its waters gather in plow-land they are apt to be warm and still. If they drain grass or woodland and come out under 50ft. of rock they will be cool and sweet as moonlight over snow. Here is the Fox Spring *par excellence*. It gathers in the big South wood, whose edge you see fringing the top of the bluff.

The bluff faces north—a sheer wall of blue limestone, seamed and broken into huge ledges. In the cleft of one a young hickory has got root, and springs straight and tall six feet beyond the top. All manner of wild vines grow in other clefts; grape vines, wild ivy, poison oak, trail down almost into the water. The glory of it, though, is its ferns. The trailing rock-fern runs all over the face of it; each seam and cleft is a thick fringe of maiden hair, knee high wherever it gets good root. At the foot it springs into a veritable fairy forest, gemmed here and there with the coral of Indian turnip and Solomon's seal.

All the rocks about the spring that sunshine never touches are beset with lichens and liverworts, green and gray. Twenty feet away, in a mass of mould that was once a fallen tree, is a blackberry clump, bent to earth with rich fruit. Eat your fill of it, and carry home a good few. What if you have no basket? Berries like these grow only where dew and fairies are plenty; and here are sycamore leaves as wide as your two hands. Pin a mat of them together with their own leaf stalks, bend a willow twig about the edge, and heap it with berries half as long as your finger and meltingly sweet. Then wreath the basket about with yellow love vine and feathery grasses, set it out in the dew to-night, and morning will show you that the day of miracles is not wholly past.

Drink of the Fox Spring before you leave it. There is no such water in three counties. You may use the ancient gourd that hangs on the root above it. If you are wise, though, you will lie all along the cool brink of it, and let the living water lave your lips; or else kneel, gather it in your scooped palms, and drink and drink the nectar of the wood sprites.

The stream is delightfully vagrant. It bends, turns and doubles upon itself in each half mile. The bluffs alternate with curious regularity. The next one faces south-by-east. There you find always the first hepaticas. All winter its big red-brown leaves curl and cling to each clefted rock to break in late January or by St. Valentine's at latest, into wreathy stars, white, paly pink or blue or purple.

The bluff itself is low, a bare ten feet with big rocks standing out all over the sheer face of it. A big hill crowns it and goes up to the level of the plateau behind. There the water-nymphs have their flower garden. Anemones grow there, daisies, violets, the wild cowslips, with flower like the hot-house cyclamen, sweet williams, blue-flag, columbine purple and scarlet, sweet brier and bramble rose, and white August lilies. Beside them a great multitude of nameless delicately beautiful things. There is one trailer whose leaf recalls the mimosa and whose white blossom seems a cluster of sweet peas made for fairy wearing. Another hangs out a fringe of white cups shaped like the lily of the valley, and still another shakes long yellow, gold-dusty tassels in each sweet spring wind. The chiefest of them though is a vine, a woody climber, with handsome dark green leaves and flowers of true wall-flower yellow, but in shape and size like a nasturtium. The root of it loves water, and the richness of crumbling rock. It grows at the water side, and clambers up the rocky face to fling down torrents of trailing bloom. The native purple wistaria has much the same habit. Its pale, pendulous clusters make the creekside throughout April a long dream of bloom. In May there is the flash of scarlet Virginia creeper, beloved alike of butterfly and humming bird. Master ruby-throat often builds his wee nest in its shelter, and always draws from its deep cup his choicest sweets.

In the pebbly reaches that spring floods cover yearly you find pink and purple larkspur, the curious root known locally as "Adam and Eve," Jack in the pulpit, yellow celandine and yellow wild mimosa. Wherever there is a bit of fine earth, blue grass springs spontaneously, starred with a million dandelions. Countless May apples burst up through it, too—there is apt to be a paw paw thicket—and if the earthy bank abuts upon the water a fringe of green stiff rushes.

After the first frost go down the creek for chestnuts and scaly-barks. You will walk through a glory of yellow leaves, with the smell of new-fallen ones coming sweet from under foot. Grassland is green as in May. Only weeds and stubble lie sere in the low sun rays. The winds breathe, rather than blow, yet the ripe nuts patter, patter, at each sigh of them. Gather good store, but leave plenty for the squirrels. Winter is at hand and they are rightful heirs to nature's bounty.

When it does come, the few days of bitter cold about the winter solstice, there is fairyland all down the creek. The lakes skim over with clear commonplace ice. In the swift runs there is ice only along the edges. But ice of such clear shining, such wonderful shapes, as freezes nowhere else. Each leaf is armored in lace of diamond, each twig and grass-spear has its pendant pearl moss, and lichen is transfigured stone and pebble made harmonies of frost.

All the shelving bluffs, whence waters drip so cool through summer days, are hung with huge icicles, points of fluted pearl. They grow upward as well as downward. If the frost holds a week they meet in hour-glass fashion and stand white ghosts of fair water, that only the south wind can make again alive.

He is not slow in rescue. He comes at night with a roar and rush of rain. In a day the ice is broken up, and a turbid torrent full of drift and silt goes racing to the river valley, to rest at last in the sea. M. A. W.

THE LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE.—Mr. Robert Ridgway, Curator, Department of Birds, U. S. National Museum at Washington, has called our attention to a highly interesting group of loggerhead shrikes or butcher birds (*Lanius ludovicianus*), representing a pair of old birds with their nest, full of young, in osage orange hedge. The female is shown in the act of feeding her young, which are about half grown, while the male sits on a tree near by reconnoitering. Impaled on thorns are a black-throated bunting, a field mouse, grasshopper, etc. The reason for the birds impaling their victims on thorns is not known with certainty, since they very often make no further use of them. When this is the case it is probable that the birds find food to their liking abundant and so leave the impaled prey untouched. Some persons say that the birds have this habit from the fact, that unlike the hawks, owls, and other true birds of prey, they do not have talons to hold flesh while in the act of feeding, and that the thorns take the place of talons. The group was prepared by Mr. C. F. Adams, of Champaign, Illinois, who studied the habits of the birds and obtained the materials near that place.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND interested in natural history, send his address for a copy of FOREST AND STREAM.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCKING IN IOWA.

THE members of our club met to discuss the subject of going to Goose Lake for a few days' outing. Bright and early Thursday morning our boat and sporting equipments were loaded into a lumber wagon and we were off at half-past seven, the most jovial party in existence. We enjoyed a cool drive in the frosty October morning air, but nevertheless all were so filled with a spirit of the occasion that none could complain.

The first incident of the trip was a bit of discouraging sport with a very wild and timid flock of golden plover. While proceeding on the highway a flock of these fine birds was sighted feeding in a pasture near by. Three of us made an attempt to secure some of them for dinner, but after firing a few shots at long range and not getting any of the birds we returned to the wagon and drove on. No sooner were the bluffs of Coon River reached than our two dogs, Dash and Nick (two good retrievers), started three rabbits. Again three of us dashed forward to secure meat for dinner. We succeeded in getting a few poor shots in among the dense hazel brush, but to no avail. Somewhat disgusted we went back to the wagon and drove on.

Driving on a mile or so we sighted a large bevy of prairie chickens in a cornfield near by. Soon four of us were treading lightly through the corn. The birds flushed at a good 60yds., but at the report of my gun one of them set its wings and sailed into a large patch of rushes fully 200yds. distant. After making a thorough search it was given up as lost, and we returned to the wagon again much disgusted at our morning work. A mile further on another large bevy of chickens were sighted in a stubble field near the road. The boys made what is called a sneak on them and secured three of them. Greatly elated with our success at the chickens this time, and feeling that we were to have fried chicken for dinner, we went on our way rejoicing. We arrived at Hardin Creek at half-past nine, and three of us crossed a field to the creek to a point opposite the road, while the others drove out to a field further down where we were to meet them. The first thing sighted as we neared the creek were a lot of crows, which flushed so close to us that George (not stopping to think that there might be some ducks in the creek) fired and killed the nearest crow; but imagine if you can our anguish when at the report of the gun a nice flock of bluewing teal rose from behind a straight bank of the creek at 100yds. from us. The worthless crow was picked up, but the ducks were gone.

Nothing worth noting occurred until we reached the lake, about half past eleven, and many were the enthusiastic expressions as we sighted great flocks of mallards, redheads and blue and green-winged teal flying to and fro on the lake. A place for putting up our tent was located and soon all hands were at work unloading camping goods. George, Will and Bert put the tent up and proceeded to make everything ready for a three days' camp, while Warren and myself went to a neighboring farmer to secure a stall for our horses. After talking a while with a good-natured man by the name of Heller we were fortunate enough to get possession of a stall and plenty of hay for feed. Much pleased at this turn of affairs we returned to camp. We found them with the tents set up and ready for dinner. After dinner was over all hands made ready for a duck hunt on the lake. There being several boats on the lake besides our own, all could hunt as they pleased. As it was a very fine afternoon we all took to the water, and a pretty good afternoon's sport was had, as several bags of mallards and redheads attested. As the twilight began to fall the boys gathered into camp. While the cook was preparing supper we sat around the camp fire relating incidents of the afternoon. Soon the cook called supper, and we, equal to the occasion, responded to the fried prairie chicken. One thing greatly regretted was that we did not go prepared to fish. Mr. Heller (the genial farmer who had made room in his barn for our team) and his son Frank came into our camp just at dusk. They informed us that they were going on the lake to fish. They took with them a big light, and said that with this they could blind the fish and row up to it and take it with a four-pronged spear. They returned from the lake at half-past ten o'clock, and great was our indignation while we stood looking into Mr. Heller's boat upon the mass of beautiful black bass and pickerel. Some of the black bass weighed as much as 4lbs. and some of the pickerel 8lbs. Only after seeing Mr. Heller load his fish upon a wagon (for he had too many to transfer otherwise) and drive away in the darkness did we return to our bunks. We then and there vowed we would never again come to Goose Lake without a fisherman's outfit.

We were all astir at 4 o'clock in the morning, and to our disgust found it was raining, with a cold northeast wind blowing; but being determined to make the best of it we all set forth to take the ducks before breakfast. Hunting was of course very disagreeable, but we succeeded in making some good bags and returned to camp at 9 o'clock for breakfast. We had a cold lunch, and the rain continuing to fall we remained in camp. Wrapped in the blankets to keep warm and telling stories of the good sporting days gone by, we whiled the forenoon away. Again eating a cold lunch for dinner (for it was too wet to start a fire), and the rain having ceased, we went out for a few shots at jack-snipe; but as these prize birds were very scarce and wild we did not get many. The afternoon was very wet and foggy; we did not do much until toward evening, when George, Warren and myself went north about two miles to Bush Lake, where we found very good duck shooting. We kept up a lively fire among them until it got dark and secured heavy bags of mallards. We returned to camp at about 8 o'clock.

Again numerous fishing parties were on the lake, and the lights could be seen floating to and fro. About 9 we pulled the canvas door of our tents to and rolled into our blankets. At midnight we were awaked by a terrible racket that our dogs were making over a party of fishermen who were landing near our camp. Next morning we were astir early, and after a hasty lunch Warren, George and myself retired to Rush Lake, where we again had splendid sport with the mallards for an hour or so, when we returned to camp loaded with the spoils of our morning's work. When we got to camp we found that Will and Bert had gone on the lake and were shooting fish. We were not long in following their example and were soon on the lake popping the pickerel at every sight. We succeeded in getting a fine lot of pickerel and a few more ducks. At noon we returned to camp and began preparations for our return home. We stopped at Hardin Creek and made some successful shots at the ducks there, securing some fine mallard and bluewing teal. We reached home at 7 o'clock in the evening, the last hour of our ride being in the rain. We retired feeling that we had made a success of our tour and will make more such trips in the future. E. E. F.

Scranton, Iowa.

RIFLE TWIST AND CALIBER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several years ago I did some experimenting on rifling, and sent East to the different gun factories to have barrels cut with fast twist, but it seemed that they had experimented, and found that a rifle barrel should be cut with one turn in 18in. It did not matter whether you ordered a .22cal. or a .50cal. rifle, or what length of projectile you wished to shoot, it was all the same. But I thought differently, and finally got some cut with one turn in 12in. and one turn in 16in. This was the fastest turn in rifling that they had ever cut up to that time. I commenced from one in 12in., and cut barrels down to one turn in 4in; for I believed that the projectiles of any two calibers (when their lengths are the same in proportion to their diameter) should have the same travel around their axis, in their rotary motion, to keep them right end to and make them steady in their flight.

Take the circumference of the projectile and multiply by the number of turns in a certain distance, the result will give the travel around its axis.

The distance traveled by both calibers should be the same.

I will explain this in another way: .44cal. one turn in rifling in 18in., projectile three diameters of bore in length, 1.32in.; .22cal. one turn in rifling in 9in., length of projectile, three diameters of bore, .66in.

The lengths of projectiles are just alike, in proportion to the diameter of the gun they are to be shot from, the one turn in 9in. for the .22cal. will turn the projectile around on its axis twice in 18in., so that twice around the .22cal. will go once around the .44cal., and the distance that the surface of each projectile travels around its axis is the same; and it did not take me long so find that it was true that the distance a projectile travels around on its axis to keep it right end to, would be the same in any other caliber under the same conditions.

The next thing to find out was what length of turn in rifling would keep any length of projectile right end to. After finding that the rotary motion of a projectile increased in proportion to the distance it was shot, it revolved on its axis more times in the second hundred yards than it did in the first hundred, and so on each hundred yards it turns more during its entire flight. This may seem strange at first, so I will have to explain.

The resistance of the atmosphere on a projectile lessens its flight about one-fourth the first second and one-fourth of the remainder of its speed the next second, and so on; at the end of the third second more than one-half of its speed through the atmosphere is lost.

The friction of the atmosphere does not lessen the rotary motion as fast in proportion to the distance it is shot as it does its flight through the atmosphere.

A projectile shot from a .45cal. long-range rifle, 550grs. of lead and shot at 1,000yds., will have about one turn in 11in. It takes more than twice as long for the projectile to travel 18in. at 1,000yds. as it did at the muzzle of the rifle, and the rotary motion has not lessened in proportion to the loss of speed. I experimented on four different guns in 1883 84, but did not finish the tests, as I left for the Arctic at this time and was gone for two years, and upon my return did not finish my experiments; but I have some projectiles that I have shot at different distances. A .45cal. 1½in. long, one turn in 12in. and one turn in 18in., shot at 1,000yds., and shot through soft boards and dry, loose sand, the marks of the boards on the projectiles are a much sharper angle than the rifling.

A .38cal. projectile 1¼in. in length, turn in rifling 1 in 9, shot at 2,000yds., 90grs. of powder, marks of boards on projectile about twice the angle of marks of rifling. A .10cal., length of projectile 2 diameters $\frac{20}{100}$, turn in rifling 1 in 4in., charge of powder, 1gr., shot through bars of white castile soap. In this it was easy to measure the turn of ball, as it would rifle the hole in the soap just as perfect as the barrel was rifled, and by cutting the soap in thin strips with hole in center of strip, then holding it to the light, it was easy to measure the turn of rifling. In this the turn in ball increased as I increased the distance. The accuracy of this little gun was something that would surprise the oldest rifleman.

I also made a .22cal., one turn in 12in., and chambered for .22 short, and shot it with a telescope at 50, 100 and 200yds., and then chambered it for .22 long, .22 extra long and then for 10grs. of powder. I then made three lengths of projectiles, 48, 60 and 80grs.; then increasing the charge of powder 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30grs., found that with 25grs. of Hazard FFG powder and 48grs. of hardened lead with one-tenth tin, that fifty 8in. bullseyes could be made at 200yds. with rest. The rise of this projectile at 109yds. (shooting at 200yds.) was about 6¾in.

After trying a number of different twists in different calibers, I found that the rule I was working on gave good results for getting the length of projectile, for it gave me the best results after experimenting with longer and shorter projectiles.

I would end at about the length of projectile that this rule will give: Take the caliber (or diameter) of the bore of your rifle in hundredths of inches and multiply by 3, then multiply the result by itself; then take the length of one turn in rifling in inches in your rifle and multiply that by 7, divide the first sum by the result of this and it will give the length of projectile in hundredths of inches that can be shot from that rifle.

If you have a certain length of projectile and you wish to know the length of turn in rifling to shoot this projectile and keep it right end to, take the length of projectile in hundredths of inches and multiply by 7, then take the caliber (or diameter) of barrel of rifle it is to be shot from, multiply by 3 and the result by itself, and divide by the result of the projectile; this will give the turn in number of inches (cut off the fractions and leave it even inches). In small calibers with shallow grooves a little longer projectile can be used, for the weight has not been cut away on the surface.

Hollow bases must be cut down flat before measuring.

In measuring length of shells for larger guns the weight of metal cut out for charge must be added to their length except weight of explosive.

Example—Caliber .32: .32×3=.96×.96=.9216.

Rifling .16in.—.16×7=.112.

.9216 + .112=.8328, or discarding the extended decimals .82, the length of projectile. Howard H. Carr.

BAY SNIPE AT CURRITUCK.

ON Sunday morning, Sept. 21, as the Carolina steamed up to the Bay Line wharf in Norfolk, we beheld on her upper deck the happy faces of our genial friends, whom we will call Tommie, Ned and Pike. They stepped ashore and were given a welcome handshake by Worthey, Theodorick and the writer, who on all future trips of this kind (for reasons we are too modest to mention) will be known as Duck. This comprised the party, and a happier six fellows than were we a few hours later you never saw.

The Comfort, with all her bright colors fluttering in the breeze, and shining brass ornaments glittering in the morning sun, lay on the other side of the wharf waiting to convey us to our happy hunting grounds beyond the Great Dismal Swamp.

At 9:15 we cast off and steamed down the southern branch of the beautiful Elizabeth River. A mile on our way we came to the Navy Yard. On our left looms up the receiving ship Franklin, which had the honor of transporting Boss Tweed from flowery beds of English rose to Ludlow street jail. On our right may be seen the skeletons of cruiser No. 8 and the war ship that is to be some day. Then came the Ossipee, Brooklyn, Richmond and others.

Leaving the Navy Yard there is little to be seen until we reach the mouth of the old Dismal Swamp Canal. The canal is about 22 miles in length and was planned by George Washington; it is a navigable stream for wild ducks and leads into the lakes of the Dismal Swamp.

We are soon in sight of the locks of the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal. At length we enter the canal, and what scenery we beheld. No words of mine can describe it. There had been a heavy dew the night before and now all nature was at its fairest. The junipers wore their most beautiful green.

Leaving the canal we enter the North Landing River, and pass Starvation Plantation. A few miles more of winding rivers and we enter Currituck Sound. It is truly a beautiful sheet of water, and certainly the greatest place for wildfowl on the American coast. What you shoot at Currituck you may depend upon as good to eat.

At 4 P. M. we drop anchor half-way between Knott's Island and Church's Island. We were soon boarded by our keeper, who showed us a fine pair of curlew which he had shot from the porch of our club an hour before. He told us game was abundant and "easy to shoot." The last three words made every soul of us happy. At 6 P. M. we had dinner, and three hours later were sleeping too soundly even to dream.

Monday morning, the 22d, at 4 A. M., we are aroused from our slumbers by Capt. Dorney, who always sleeps with one eye open. Although we have spent many happy days yachting with different friends on different yachts, we have never seen his equal. 4:15 finds us seated in the comfortable dining room.

Breakfast over, we step into our small boats. We have refrigerator baskets in each blind, and the birds can be kept in perfect condition until we all return to the house or on shipboard, when they are repacked in large freezers, which will keep them two weeks certainly. The teams to drive us to our blinds are soon ready when we land, and off we go with hearts as light as cork. Ned reaches his blind first, and while Leon is placing out his decoys, two or three bunches of winter yellowlegs swoop down and are bagged in full view of the whole party.

The next blind reached is Worthey's. I had the pleasure of staking out his decoys for him; they were a handsome stool of golden plover. We were not 50yds. from him, when a golden plover came down to his decoys. There was a great noise and three of his decoys were knocked into splithereens, but so was the bird. By this time Ned was popping away as fast as he could load and shoot, and soon after every blind was heard from.

Some sportsmen (generally those who haven't tried it) say they are not fond of bay snipe shooting. But we think if any one could have one day of just such sport as we have had this season and many past seasons here, their conversion would be sure and quick.

When a sportsman can leave his club house just at dawn on a pleasant spring or autumn morning, drive one mile to his blind, and return to a 9 o'clock breakfast with a bag of 75 to 100 birds or perhaps more—golden plover, yellowlegs, graybacks (dowitches), grass plover, deo birds and perhaps a dozen English snipe—he would have to be made of peculiar stuff if he were not happy.

We are aware that the graybacks, curlew, willets and yellowlegs, in fact all kinds of bay birds shot at Cobb's Island, Fisherman's Inlet, Long Island and Cape God are very fishy and poor eating. Not so with our birds at Currituck. One cannot tell our grayback, grass plover or yellowlegs from an English snipe, when properly prepared. But what makes our hunts more enjoyable, we save every bird shot, freeze, and take them home to our friends. It all depends on the food, of course, whether any game is good or not, and there is no fish for our bay birds at Currituck.

Well, this 22d day of September was not a bad day for snipe, and the score was as follows: Worthey 115, Ned 126, Tommie 136, Duck 124, Theodorick 114, Captain D. 135, Picus 118; total 868.

The next morning at 7 A. M. we were on our shooting grounds. The day was a little warm, and at 10 o'clock we met by appointment neath the shade of a live oak tree on the banks of a stream where our boats were moored. We counted up our bag for the morning and it was 592. Among them, shot by Theodorick, was a nice little bunch of English snipe, which had just begun to come in. This made a bag of 1,460 bay snipe in less than one day and a half's shooting to seven guns.

We returned to the Comfort at noon. Our trip back through the canal was a very pleasant one, indeed.

Duck.

Gentlemen who desire to join a club located thirty miles from New York and owning several thousand acres of good quail, grouse and woodcock grounds and five miles of excellent trout streams, can learn particulars by addressing Wm. C. Harris, P. O. Box 25, New York City.—*Adv.*

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE ruffed grouse is essentially a ground bird. When he flies into a tree it is almost solely for the purpose of escaping from a persistent pursuer, or for the purpose of feeding on buds or grapes, whose vines depend from its branches. When the occasion has passed he returns immediately to the earth.

He sleeps on the ground, as is well known by every observant sportsman, and can be easily proved. When the grouse is feeding among the grape vines he instantly drops to the ground on the approach of footsteps.

He has also a trick to escape from his enemy; when two are together, as they frequently are late in the fall, one will fly and the other will lie flat on the bare ground till the person has passed, when they will again join each other.

The gait of the grouse is curious. Ordinarily he walks, turning himself to the right and left, in a sort of waltzing manner, so as to take in every point of the compass. If at the time he is startled by danger, the exact character and location of which he has not made out, he frequently utters a low clucking noise, walking slowly and looking around. This is entirely distinct from the cluck of the female with young. One other noise also he makes, and I believe one only (the whirring soar always excepted), a sort of faint shrill peeping. He does this when much alarmed, just before and when taking wing.

When the grouse wishes to go a little faster than a walk he runs and sometimes swiftly, too; but his best pace is made by jumps. I do not think he uses his wings (as the ostrich does) to aid him in his locomotion, although of this I will not be positive. Once, while I was hunting in the gorges among the Glewill Hills, a grouse started and flew up ahead of me and lit near the top of a hill. I followed after, but not caring to walk up the hill, kept along the base. After I had passed the bird he started on a keen jump back along the ridge. I had a fair view of him for 40 or 50yds. I have observed the same gait several times since.

The grouse in full flight cannot alight on the ground without first circling or sweeping around unless he chucks down into a pile of leaves or some other soft material. On one occasion in the month of December I saw a grouse attempt to do so on the bare frozen ground while in full flight. I was walking in the woods, when the bird, started by another hunter, passed me from behind at a tremendous speed. When about 35yds. from me he struck the hard bare ground, but not being able to stop himself went over it for about 20ft. on his toes, as it looked to me; he then left the ground and flew a half mile and lit on an open meadow. I followed this bird after I had marked him down and shot him. He allowed me to get up to about 25ft. of him before he flew.

DORP.

IN MILL BAYOU.

IT was some time in the month of October, 1878, that I received a note from John Belk stating that he and his brother Jim would be at my house to go on a camp hunt, and that I must be ready to go with them. I was always willing for a hunt, so I had enough provisions prepared to last us several days. The day after receiving the note I concluded to go down Mill Bayou to some licks that the deer visited every fall in great numbers, to see if they had commenced using there. In the afternoon I took Jake, a negro boy, and started. The first lick was just below the crossing on the bayou, but as the deer did not use there so much I did not get off my horse to look, but rode on; and as I was about half-way across the bayou Jake called my attention, and said he thought he saw a deer at the lick. I slipped from my horse and waded to the opposite side of the bayou, then took advantage of some willows and got within 75yds. of the lick, and on looking saw two deer. I fired at one, which fell; the other still standing there. I threw another cartridge into my rifle and fired. At the crack of the gun the deer jumped up the bank of the bayou. I saw that it was hit. Jake brought my horse to me and we went to where the dead deer was, and found that the bullet had broken its neck. I also saw blood where the other one had gone off, and told Jake to dress the one I had killed and I would follow the trail of the wounded one. The trail was easily followed, as the deer was bleeding very freely. I had followed it about 200yds., keeping a sharp lookout, when I saw a small bear feeding under a persimmon tree, about 50yds. from me. As the bear had not seen me, and was walking about picking up persimmons, to make it stop I gave a sharp whistle. The bear stood upon its hindlegs with its back to me, looking for the noise it had heard. I drew a full bead between the shoulders and fired. Down Cuffy went, and on examining I found I had broken its neck. I returned to the deer's trail, and did not go far before I found it dead. I had hit it behind the shoulder. I went back to Jake and helped him to get the first deer up the bank of the bayou and hung it up. Then we dressed the other deer and bear, hung them up and started on down the bayou to the other licks. I told Jake to go to the middle ones and I would go to the lower or last one and we would meet, he hunting down and I up the bayou. Before I got to my lick I heard Jake's rifle. I knew he had found deer, and probably had killed one, as he was a good shot. I was then about half a mile from the lick to which I was going. When near I got off, hitched my horse, stole up to the bank of the bayou and looked into the lick, but saw no deer.

I knew that the deer used that lick more than any of the others, so I concluded to remain and let Jake hunt the other. I cut some palmettoes and made a screen. I had not long to wait before I saw a deer coming around a bend in the bayou toward the lick. It must have winded me, as it stopped when it got within 100yds. of me, threw up its head and began to stamp its foot and whistle. I was afraid to wait longer, as the sun was getting low and the deer might run off, so I concluded to try a shot. The deer was standing with its breast to me, which is not a very desirable mark, distant 100yds. and shooting from a high bank down at it. I drew a careful bead and fired. At the crack of the gun the deer started off up the bank and I saw it was badly shot.

Just as I got up to go after the deer, some turkeys began flying up into the trees all around me. I dropped two, when Jake opened fire, and between us we got six. After gathering our turkeys we went after the deer, and soon found it dead. I had hit it in the hock joint and I suppose the shock had killed it, as that was the only place I could see that had been struck. Jake had killed his deer and left it up the bayou. We got the one I had just killed across the bayou on to my horse, with part of the turkeys, and started to where Jake had left his horse and deer. Got that on his horse, and then went on to where we had left the first dear and bear. When we reached them it was so dark that we concluded to stay there until morning. The night was quite cold, but we soon had a roaring fire and spent the night very pleasantly. We were not hungry, as we had eaten our dinners before leaving home, but Jake broiled some of the liver, though as we had no salt it did not taste very good. By the time it was light enough to see next morning we saddled our horses, loaded them with the two deer and the turkeys and started for home, arriving there about 10 o'clock. Jake took two boys and went back after the other two deer and the bear. The deer were all does, but in fine condition. The bear was not fat, but the turkeys were just prime. I sent two of the young gobblers to my sweetheart. She is now Mrs. M. (M. stands for my name), with three little Ms.

John and Jim came that evening. I will tell you about the camp hunt next time. HUNTER.

POINT PLEASANT, Louisiana.

SPORTING TRIPS FROM THE HUB.

STILL the gunners go, and still they have more or less of success. But oh, the glory of those autumn days! The foliage is simply wonderful. The weather has been fine, or a good deal of it. Who can speak the charms of an October day in the woods, when not a leaf is stirring, when the sun is bright? Such has been the weather for one or two days since October came in, and these days, some of the more fortunate sportsmen have enjoyed. No very heavy bags of game are reported, but the outing has more than paid. Partridge are not plenty in the back woods of Maine, or at least they have not been found as plentiful as last year. One guide suggests that they have not yet left the thick woods. His theory is that when the mountain ash and other berries native to the old woods are plenty, as they are plenty this year, that the grouse are slow about coming to the lumber roads and other open places, and that the best bags are not made till after the early snows. In Massachusetts the gunners report the partridges fairly plenty, but very hard to get. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, went over to Reading gunning on Saturday, and scared up nearly a dozen grouse, but though accompanied by a good dog, he secured but one. He describes the birds as unusually wild.

J. H. Jones, salesman with J. M. Emery, in the fresh fish market, starts on his gunning and vacation trip on Tuesday. He is a native of Buckfield, Me., and is a great lover of the rod and gun. This time he has put off his vacation till late, in order to secure "a deer and a bear." He will go to Byron in that State, going up Swift River from Mexico, and visit the new gold diggings, as well as hunt. He will not be satisfied without a bear this time, and bears are plenty in that section. His fellows in the store declare that he will be afraid of a bear, and they suggest that he learn to say his prayers before he gets into the woods, as did an old Mr. Record, a bear hunter of former years, in the same town where Jones was born. Record was a brave hunter, in his own ideas, though many knew him to be a great coward. His bears were all taken in steel traps or deadfalls, the latter of which he was very skillful in setting. But it was seldom that he ever visited his traps alone. He always wanted a neighbor or a neighbor's boy to go with him; not that he was afraid of bears. Oh, no! Then if a bear should happen to kill him, it would be pleasant to have some one to tell the story. On one occasion a bear began to come into a neighbor's clearing at night to destroy the green corn, just in the milk. The tracks showed that he was a big one, and Record was self-appointed to set a trap for him. He concluded that a big deadfall, just at the edge of the corn, would be the thing. This he proceeded to construct, with the help of his neighbors. It was duly set, so that the old bear in crossing a certain line, which he would be sure to cross in approaching the corn from the woods, would spring the deadfall and be buried under a flood of logs and stones. The trap was to be visited the next morning. Record loaded his old flintlock, and, taking a neighbor's boy with him, he started for the trap. They came pretty near. The deadfall was down. Record stepped back, suggesting that they would not go up too fast, for possibly the bear might not be secured. He crawled with his gun cocked and at his shoulder. There was a rustling among the corn leaves. There was a crunching sound and more rustling. Record's hair stood on end. He cautioned the boy to be ready to run in case his shot should not stop the bear. Another rustling followed, and the glimpse of a black animal appeared in the corn. Record rose from his crawling position to his knees. He was not a man of many prayers, but now he was thoroughly frightened. The corn rustled again. "Gad'l mighty!" he began, "save my soul, before I shoot this charge." The corn rustled again, and nearer. A big black animal hove in sight. "Gad'l mighty!" and Record up and ran like a scared colt, dropping his gun and leaving the boy to his fate. Almost cleared from the cornfield, he turned to see the boy torn and eaten; when behold the boy and a big Newfoundland dog coming toward him. Record was known as "Gad'l mighty" ever after. The bear was not under the deadfall; it had fallen of its own weight.

The gunners are having some good sport with the shore birds in the vicinity of Boston, though it is as yet too early for the flight of coot and other ducks. The heavy storms of late in October and in November are expected to bring the birds into Essex River and off Anisquam. At Brant Rock is another favorite shooting station. Frank S. Raybold is something of a gunner for a boy, and he likes it, following his grandfather. On Saturday, with a companion, they went gunning off the Point of Pines and secured a bag of a handsome dozen birds. They took a dinner with them and made camp in good style.

There is something peculiar about the flight of "doughbirds," as the local gunners term them. It is said that they bring $1 apiece in the Boston market. Messrs. Gordon and Albert Plummer, already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, seem to have run into strange luck in seeing these birds on their way from their recent shooting excursion to Nantucket. They explain to a Boston *Record* reporter that they saw the birds after their shells were all boxed and on the team for Boston. Three splendid flocks lit in the very roadway before them. Their guns were empty. They drove on a little further, when another fine flock came circling around them and settled not far away. In sheer desperation they left the team standing and rushed to a house in the distance for shells, starting another flock of these splendid birds. Their inquiry for shells brought out a lot of 14 gauge; the hunters' guns were both 10 gauge. The keeper of the cabin told them that the doughbirds had been flying nearly all day; he had never seen a flight so heavy before. The hunters had to take the next boat for Boston. SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to think that the sentiment against hounding deer in the Adirondacks is becoming more prevalent among sportsmen. It is hard to imagine that any sportsman in the true sense of the word can take any pleasure in thus killing a deer, struggling for its life in the water, deprived of all means of escape.

We brand with the stigma of disgrace the pot hunter who, after a long tramp on snowshoes, murders the floundering deer in the snow crust. But how much worse to employ the hound to drive the deer into the water, where it is reduced to the same condition as the deer in the snow crust. Wherein, then, is the difference? One (be it to the shame of the State of New York) has the sanction of the law, the other has not. The abominations committed at Chateaugay Lake and those cited by your correspondent "J. W. B.," of Southboro, are being committed all over the Adirondacks during the hounding season, and will continue to be perpetrated so long as the law makes it possible for the self-styled sportsman and pot-hunter to gratify their brutish instincts. An employé of the Smith Lake Hotel told me that he saw a fawn butchered in the water a few days ago by the same magnate that sank a dozen or more deer in Bog Lake a few years since. Yet no dissenting voice is raised for fear of losing guests at the hotel. It makes me sick at heart to go through the Adirondacks now and see the slaughter of deer that it going on to-day. You will find at every lake and pond a pack of hounds and hunters, and the ground strewn with the débris of slaughtered deer. Loads of mutilated deer pass here almost every day. Seventy-five is a small estimate of the number of deer that are being killed each day now, and the number will increase as it gets later, as deer take to water sooner when pursued by dogs. At least twenty-five deer daily are fed to dogs during the hounding season.

Reformation is needed, and if the present state of affairs continues, a few years will witness the extinction of all the big game of the Adirondacks. MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is all well enough for your correspondents who don't believe in deer hounding to argue against it, if they want to, but would it not be as well for them to stick to facts and reason. There was a writer in your paper, the other day, who talked about being kept awake at night by the baying of the hounds. But they don't hound deer in the night time in any part of the Adirondacks I know anything about. What did "J. W. B." mean?

Again it was foretold a few years ago that if hounding were to be permitted there would be no deer left in five years. From my own observation, and from what I am told, I judge that deer are more plenty in the North Woods to-day than they have been for twenty-five years before. What have the anti-hounders to say to that?

HUBERT.

UTICA, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two days ago a man sat on the shore of Beaver Lake, waiting for the hound to drive a deer into the water. He had not long to wait, for soon a deer with panting breath pounced into the water and with a sense of security struck out for the middle of the lake. The hunter waited until the deer got well out into the lake, and then rowed his boat up to it. He had his gun with him, but in this case he thought the club the most sure weapon, and attempted to strike the deer on the head; but in the act he upset his boat, dumping himself, gun and club all into the lake. He clung to the boat and drifted about the lake for over half an hour; and when he was nearly exhausted and chilled to death, another man by pure accident came on to the lake and towed him ashore more dead than alive. A few hours after he expressed a desire to join an anti-hounding club. The deer escaped, and the gun is still on the bottom of the lake, where it will doubtless forever remain. SOSO.

ADIRONDACKS, Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of our party at Middle Branch, North Lake, in the Adirondacks, killed on Oct. 1 a buck which dressed 320lbs. He looked like an ordinary deer, but had remarkable antlers, which arched in the form of a heart, the tips nearly touching. At the tips the horns were flat and measured 7¾in. straight across the flat part. One side had eight prongs, the other six. C. T. S.

WHITESBORO, N. Y.

GEORGIA GAME.—Augusta, Ga., Oct. 8.—Last week we had very fine snipe and woodcock shooting. A cold spell from the northwest brought the snipe, and the high waters ran the woodcock from the swamps, which made good highland shooting on these birds. Parties have made bags of nearly a hundred birds. The past season has been an unusually good one for breeding quail (Bob White). Within a radius of two miles of the outskirts of this city, I have spotted nine coveys, and there are perhaps more. The majority of birds are half grown, but some are full grown. We anticipate good sport, as birds are reported plentiful everywhere.—J. M. W.

ADIRONDACK BEARS.—Number Four, Oct. 8.—Two large bears have been caught at Number Four during the past week. They were both caught within less than eighty rods of the Fenton House. Twenty-six ladies, guests of the house, joined in following the trail until the bear was found about one-fourth of a mile from where the trap was set.—MUSSET.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Nothing very stirring has been happening among the wildfowl in this vicinity as yet this fall. Some few marsh ducks are reported in at Fox Lake the last few days, but not many have been killed there so far. No very big reports come in from the Illinois River as yet, though the northern birds are scarcely due there yet. A party including Messrs. McFarland, Gammon, Davis, Walser and others go down to Hennepin club grounds this week and we may hear something from them.

On the Kankakee a singular state of affairs has prevailed all fall. None of the club marshes have any water to amount to anything except the Mak saw-ba, where the marsh is now and has been in very good shape. Messrs. Sharp, Watson, Mussey, Dicks, Cox, Kinney, Organ, Brown, Crane, Holden, Buechner, and others have been down at Mak saw-ba lately and have had very fair average luck at snipe, and have killed a good many woodducks and teal. The first ducks that seemed to be travelers, however, are reported on this marsh for last week.

The Little Calumet is not high this fall, and Tolleston marsh is reported too dry for shooting. The weather has been too warm and fair to expect any shooting on the Grand Calumet, which only looms up during cold and windy weather.

The little party mentioned earlier is back from Horicon marsh, Wisconsin. Ben Dicks reports 34 snipe, Percy Stone 12 snipe and 15 ducks, Fred Donald 23 ducks and W. W. McFarland 14 snipe and 8 ducks. It seems that the ducks are not even at Horicon.

Snipe shooting has been generally good this fall. Duck shooting will probably not be very good. Upland shooting, at prairie chickens and quail, has been exceptionally good all over the State of Illinois this season. Quail have never been more abundant of late years. For instance, Dick Turtle and Hetfield killed 100 quail in two days last week around Saybrook and Harpster, of this State. They also killed about a dozen chickens. These two have killed about 150 chickens this fall, but they made their first hunt shortly after Sept. 1, and a week or more before the legal season opened. A great many shooters availed themselves of the flimsy excuse that the clerical error which made the date Sept. 15 was not the will of the people, who intended it to be Sept. 1. I do not quite understand a reasoning like this. I said a good many shooters availed themselves of it. I should qualify that by saying I heard a good deal of talk of that sort down in the central part of the State, where the law was openly violated; but this is the only case in which I know of a Chicago sportsman who shot before the 15th. It was unquestionably a wrong thing to do, altogether wrong. In case of doubt, the only thing to do is to give the birds and the law the benefit of the doubt, and this I believe the Chicago boys have very generally done. It is the country shooters who most generally violate the law, although they do not shoot so steadily as the market shooters. The men of this city can not afford to fall in with such practices, or to condone them, or to lend their own example to them. No one man's wish ought to make the law, or does make it. If there is doubt in that one man's mind, he should consider it the more sportsmanlike to give the birds, and not himself, the benefit of the doubt.

There is on foot here a plan to make up a shooting party to take a cabin-boat trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans, starting in the latter part of this month, and stopping as the shooting suggests. The party is not yet made up.

Indiana quail season opens Wednesday, a week from yesterday. The birds are unusually abundant along the Kankakee and the Tippecanoe, and, in fact all over the northern part of the State. Upland shooting is having a great vogue out here now.

Oct. 10.—The following, from the Whatcom *Reveille* (Wash.), is reprinted to-day in a city paper here: "Frank Denehie says that in the Olympic Mountains are a hundred hunters waiting for the snow to drive the elk down from the high peaks. They are working for a Denver firm, which pays $60 for every elk head with antlers. One hunter has 800 bullets ready for the noble game. The elk are gone from the creek bottoms of Dakota. There are but a few places in Montana and Idaho where they can be found, so that the hunters have come from all over the West to be in at the extermination on the Olympic peninsula. The carcasses will be left to rot on the ground. This ought to be stopped. Common carriers should be prevented from receiving elk heads for transportation under a heavy penalty. Doubtless the late Legislature would have attended to the matter had it been apprised of the meditated slaughter. With proper game laws this peninsula will be the Adirondack region of the West."

Let the next Legislature attend to it. It will have a hard enough time to prevent that region from becoming like the Adirondacks.

Oct. 11.—Things are running along smoothly here, but with no very startling news in the way of game this week. Next Wednesday the quail season opens in Indiana. A great many quail have been killed along the Kankakee, out of season, for the past couple of weeks. The birds are plentiful in northern Indiana, as has been stated earlier. One farmer near Mak-saw-ba Club says he has ten bevies located.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer does not find wild geese numerous on Cumberland marsh this fall, and will go with a party of friends to North Dakota after the honkers. Mr. Farmer will do well to take his flock of tamed wild geese and half-breeds along with him. With these for decoys he might have considerable sport.

Dr. J. W. Hutchinson, familiarly known as "Doc Hutch," will also be among the fowl shooters who try Dakota this fall. There will be a wave of high pressure barometer strike Dakota about when Doc Hutch gets there.

Mr. "Slick" Sharp is working for a position as star in the snipe-shooting act. Last Saturday he bagged forty-eight jack snipe at Mak saw-ba marsh. This is beside the bag of thirty three credited to him earlier. Dr. Buechner got twenty-three jacks last Saturday, and I believe I have mentioned the twenty-one that Billy Mussey got one day the week before. The birds are in fine condition.

It's all Mak-saw-ba news now, for they've got all the water. But while near Mak saw-ba it would not do not to mention Dr. Buechner's big wall-eyed pike, which he caught on a spoon and handline while floating down the river in his duck boat. The fish was a large one, over seven pounds. Billy Mussey was on the river that day, and when he saw the Doctor's fish he said, "He must have made an awful fight for you, didn't he, Doc?"

"Oh, no," replied the worthy Doctor, "he didn't fight none. He choost come ow-et."

"When I looked at that spoon and line," says Billy, "I didn't doubt a minute that he did 'choost come ow-et.'"

Ed. Howard was down from Fox Lake yesterday. He said thousands of bluebills were in, but nobody could work them. They were out in shallow water, over a bog where one could neither wade, walk nor push. Plenty of snipe also, but in equally bad country. The water is too low, the lowest for years.

It is surmised that the dryness on Cumberland marsh is caused by the ditching operations below there during the past year. E. HOUGH.

GAME LICENSE.—The Wyalusing, Pa., *Rocket* comes out with this proposition: "Farmers who have suffered greatly from the invasion of an army of hunters upon their premises each and every season have long been looking for some certain remedy to diminish their number. All day long during the season and often out of it the crack of the shotgun is heard, until it has become a positive nuisance; all large game has become extinct and small game will soon follow suit unless speedy relief is furnished. By the time a farmer has his fall work finished the fellow who does no work has killed and marketed what little game was on his land, and should the farmer fancy a game dinner the chances of his getting it are very slim. The *Rocket* wishes to propose a remedy which we believe would be certain in its effects. It is to license the hunter and in this manner: Let a special law be made for this county requiring the authorities of each township to charge each person hunting in its limits a certain sum (say $5 or $10 per year) for the privilege, and let the proceeds go to the school fund of the township, making the proviso that owners could hunt upon their own premises. Upon the payment of such license give the party a permit to hunt for the year, which he would be required to exhibit to any of a certain number of persons, to be called game wardens, appointed to look after the license system in different parts of the township. If any person was caught hunting without a license certificate, let the fine double the license fee—one-half to go to the warden for making the arrest and one-half to the school fund. Daily or weekly permits might also be issued at a figure that would pay the school district to strangers coming in for a short hunt or to others. It is our purpose to endeavor to get a law to this effect introduced and passed at the next session of the State Legislature for a trial in this county. Under such a law our game birds would multiply, once more become plentiful, and those who hunted would be willing to pay for the privilege, and the school treasuries of the different townships would receive a very substantial benefit. Of course it would bear down on the chap who is too lazy to work and wishes to make his living off his neighbors—and as for the ones who hunt for fun, let them pay for it.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION held its regular monthly meeting and dinner at the American House, Boston, Tuesday evening, Oct. 9, 125 members being present. The Committee on Game Importation reported favorable progress in their work of stocking the State with game. They have ordered 300 sharptail grouse, 30 dozen California mountain quail, and 30 dozen valley quail as the first consignment of birds to be let loose. Large numbers of birds are to be planted on Naushon and Great islands, also in the public park in the city of Lynn, which promises to make special legislation to protect them. It was voted to hold the next annual dinner of the Association on Thursday evening, Dec. 11, thereby giving an opportunity to have a regular game dinner, before the close season begins in this State. Mr. John M. Forbes was elected an honorary member and the following gentlemen members of the Association: Myron J. Ferren, Henry W Clarke, Robert Woodman and C. A. Coolidge. Fourteen were proposed for membership, to be acted on at the next meeting.—RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec'y.

NEBRASKA QUAIL.—I am now in Adams county, Neb., and I am happy to say that I find quail shooting here much better than the chicken shooting in Iowa. This has been a great year here for quail. The season has been long, dry and free from storms, and as a consequence they have bred well, many pairs bringing forth two broods. My brother and I were out this morning looking over the ground, and got up two bevies of fifteen to twenty each. On our way home we could hear them calling in all directions. They say chickens used to be quite plenty here; now, one could not be found, I believe, in a half day's hunt with a good dog. Why is it? In my opinion the market slaughterer and the chicken hog had something to do with it; and still you talk with some of these same men and they will deny it. I may get time to write up a day's shoot, which may be of interest to your readers.—WM. H. STEELE.

CONNECTICUT SNARING.—"Coll" Richardson, of Square Pond, in Ellington, was brought before Justice of the Peace R. J. Leonard recently, at Ellington, charged with violating the game laws. The case was worked up by one of W. C. Fielding's detectives for the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, of Hartford. The detective captured Richardson setting snares and taking partridges from his snares the day before the game law was off. Attorney Charter defended Richardson, while President A. C. Collins, of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish, appeared for the State. Justice Leonard found Richardson guilty and imposed fines on three counts, making the "circus" cost Richardson about $40.

A CHICAGO LION.—Chicago, Oct. 8.—The male lion of the pair presented to Lincoln Park last year, by a Chicago street car magnate, died to-day. The lion was popularly supposed to be a job lot, and died from sheer old age. He had been in a stupor for days, only rousing himself at meal times, and no one knows just when his sleep became death. The lioness, which was his mate, shows signs of great grief and uneasiness.—H.

BIRCH BARK FOR CAMP-FIRES.—Chicago, Ill.—Let me, through your paper, say a word to the fraternity of sportsmen in connection with the subject of camp-fires. Nothing in the whole range of camp vexations is so vexatious as the oft-repeated failure to start a fire with damp wood or leaves, or in a rain. We have tried it and speak feelingly. During the past summer our camp was in a locality where birch bark is to be found, and this solved the problem. No more "blue air" ejaculations are necessary in the early dewy mornings, when the stock of matches is decreasing daily by the score. Birch bark, whether old and water-soaked or new and fresh from a standing tree, if torn into shreds and used as kindling will start a cheerful fire in high wind and heavy rain, provided the match is kept dry till the flame touches the birch bark. Our experience with birch bark last summer was most happy, and we desire to give our fellow sportsmen the benefit of the discovery, but do not claim it as original. It is an Indian practice, but never before the summer of 1890 did we see it in use; and we think it deserves wider application.—H. H., JR.

SNIPE AND BAY BIRDS.—Norfolk, Va., Oct. 12.—A telegram from our club at Currituck on Saturday tells us that golden plover and yellowlegs are still plentiful there, a large bag having been made on Friday last. An old gunner from the sound yesterday told me that he had never seen more ducks and geese at Currituck in his life than he saw Saturday at this season of the year. We expect good shooting this fall, as the food is very plentiful. Our bags of bay birds have been truly wonderful this season. Six of our members went down yesterday for bay birds and English snipe. Will let you know what they do. Our duck season opens Nov. 10. Quail are abundant this season almost everywhere in Virginia and Carolina.—J. B. WHITE.

ST. LOUIS COON DOGS.—St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 10.—During the full of the moon, the latter part of this month, a grand coon hunt will be given by the King's Lake Club, in the vicinity of its preserve in Lincoln county. Major Dave Caruth, president of the club, is now busily engaged making preparations for the affair; and all who know him know that nothing will be left undone. The night-prowlers are said to be plentiful around about King's Lake, and there is every prospect that the hunt will result satisfactorily.—UNSER FRITZ.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Nashua, N. H.—Let your Boston correspondent who wants Thanksgiving shooting go to Needham, where he will find fair supply of quail, grouse and rabbits. Let him leave the cars at Newton Upper Falls, then follow the track over the river, then strike in to the left. There is poor shooting about Nashua.—J.S.J.

Sea and River Fishing.

WHEN THE BASS BITE BEST.

WHEN the north is breezy and cool and clear,
Lifting the low blue hills in sight;
When the waters are dimpled beyond the pier
And clouds sail idly over the mere,
Oh, that is the time for the bass to bite.

When boughs grow bare and apples fall
With every flaw from the windy west,
When the frost is white on the orchard wall
And the lake frowns blue at the passing squall,
Oh, that is the time when the bass bite best.

When paths are blind with a drift of leaves
And nuts lie thick in the yellow grass,
When barns are bursting with garnered sheaves
"*Ruperunt horrea*"—full to the eaves,
Oh, that is the time for the wary bass.

With a silver shiner far below
Tugging away at a silken thread,
In a cove where quiet currents flow
And purple shadows come and go,
And a bit of a blue sky overhead,

Too soon the western hills grow black
With lone pines looming above their crest
In silhouette—too soon alack!
Do far lights glimmer to guide us back,
For that is the time when the bass bite best.

WATKINS, N. Y., Sept. 20. M. M. CASS, JR.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

I.—A TUSSLE IN THE DARK.

THE locality of the incidents noted in these jottings is in the vicinity of the summit, where the old Washoe grade crosses the Sierra. The road crosses at an elevation of 8,000ft. above sea level. Directly west of the pass, and about one and a half miles distant, lies Echo Lake, three and a half miles long and one mile wide. West of this again, about 200yds., and connected with Echo by a small stream, lies Upper Echo. This little gem of a lake is about one-half the size of its neighbor, and is studded with small islands, covered with more or less timber. On one of these islands the scribe has in half-ownership with a friend a log cabin with a complete housekeeping outfit for three men, and two good boats.

Here for a few happy weeks each summer, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," my friend and I turn ourselves loose and become boys again; and the old youthful zest for innocent outdoor pleasure permeates every fibre of our beings. Here little things, unnoted in the daily walks of life, acquire an air of interest to our rejuvenated minds. Some few of these little things I intend to recall in these papers, and hope to enlist the reader's sympathy with my love of nature and her ways.

This California Alpine basin lies over 200ft. higher than Lake Tahoe and about six or seven miles south of that body of water. It was scooped out of the mountain's brow by the irresistible force of the glacier's mighty flow in the silent ages of the past. And to-day its granite sides glisten with the polish left by the impact of that mighty instrument. The terminal moraine of this dead giant lies at the outlet of the lower lake, and the greater portion of it has been carried into Lake Valley, 1,500ft. below. Huge boulders can there be seen, smooth as

marbles, and still showing the scratches where they were ground along between the upper millstone of the glacier and the nether of the mountain's breast.

One and a half miles northwest, and about 500ft. higher, lies another small lake, nearly circular in shape and three-fourths of a mile in diameter. This little sheet of water was unnamed until the year 1886, when my friend B. and myself agreed to call it Lake Nanon, in remembrance of B.'s little seven-year-old daughter. Nanon it is, therefore, and B. and I congratulate ourselves that it was still left to us to name one lake in this world of ours before they were all used up—even if ours is a little one.

The scenery is wild and awe-inspiring, and were it not for the deep blue waters of the lake, that lend a softness to the view, would be stern and forbidding in the extreme.

The waters of the two lower lakes are filled with as fine trout as were ever caught by fishermen. Animal life is not plentiful. Of small birds there are a few chippies and two or three others of the sparrow tribe, which I never identified; some few robins and chickadees, blue grouse and mountain quail. Among the four-footed animals there are chipmunks, pine squirrels, marmots, woodchucks, porcupines, and now and then a fisher and mink. There are also large numbers of the little chief hare (*Lagomys princeps*), colonized in an extensive talus at the foot of some great cliffs, 800ft. above the lake. But of these, anon.

No deer or bear are ever seen, so that the hunter for large game must choose other grounds. Neither are there any rattlesnakes, which pleaseth well the scribe. Among birds I forgot to mention in my list Clarke's crow (*Corvus columbiana*), two or three species of woodpecker, nighthawks and bank swallows. I believe the foregoing constitute the fauna of the region.

The fishing is very uncertain. Now and then a glorious day's sport repays the angler who possesses his soul in patience. And again, days may elapse when not a fish can be caught. This is owing to the situation of the basin in which the lakes lie. Almost upon the summit of the range, and with an east and west direction, the winds have tremendous power, and for days at a time the water is too rough for fishing. For this reason the spot will never be a favorite to the man who goes solely for fish. But to the lover of nature it is a feast of fat things. I have seen the fishing so good that nearly every cast brought a return of a trout to every fly on the leader; and again, the most persistent casting would not raise a fish for days together. For be it known to the reader, that both B. and myself are almost cranks on the fly question, and it is only when starvation stares us in the face that we resort to other methods.

On a lovely July evening in the summer of '89, B. and I were just debating the question of a return to camp. We had been fishing for a couple of hours with fair success, and, as the sun had just dipped behind the summit, we thought it late enough for supper. The trout had not been rising for the last half hour, and I had reeled up my line and given the boatman orders for a return, when B. had a splendid rise and hooked a 3 pounder. I watched the fight, which was a sharp one, and as the struggle ended and the net encompassed the exhausted fish, I let out my line for another cast. In two or three efforts I had it out, and in another instant was fast to a fine trout. He broke water once, but it was getting too dark to see his size fairly; but I did not think him at all extraordinary. At this same instant there was a tremendous tug at my line, so sudden and so fierce that I was satisfied another trout had hooked himself—and a fine one, too. I announced the fact to B., but both he and the boatman said it was but one trout, but a large one. It has always been the invariable custom of B. and me to fish out of the same boat, he occupying the bow and I the stern, and when one is fast to a large trout the other reels up until the circus is over. Well, my trout started, and the weight upon the rod was irresistible. The reel screamed like a mad thing, and I viewed with dismay the rapidly diminishing bulk of the line upon the spindle. I gave him the butt, but to no purpose, and I yelled to the boatman to row for dear life. As he swung the boat around to obey me, the last turns of the line seemed going, and I could see the metal showing through the coils on the spindle. At last he got headway upon the boat and the strain lessened, so that I had a chance to reel up. By this time it was getting dark, and I was in a "concatenation of circumstances," so to speak. There were no more mad rushes, but with all my efforts I could not bring the fish out of the depths of the lake. He would bore down to the bottom, which fortunately was free of brush at that part; and strain as I would, I could not raise him. It became pitch dark at last and I could not see the line, and could only tell by the feeling the situation of the fish. I dreaded his getting under the boat and smashing the tip, and told B. to cut the line if he could reach it and let the brute go. He flatly refused, and I was glad of it, as I suggested it more because he was getting cold and hungry than from fear of my rod. Time passed, and still I had never succeeded in reeling up the obstinate creature to within 30ft. of the boat. Then B. began to burn matches to help me out, and as the night was perfectly calm it helped me in the fight. I hooked the fish about 7:30 P. M. and at 9 succeeded for the first time in getting a glance at the trout. I had a fair view by matchlight, and saw that it was a good trout and thoroughly exhausted, but still there was that terrible tug and strain at the line. Then I knew there was another fish on my tail fly, and a monster. The fight went on in this manner for another half hour, and my arms were almost paralyzed with the strain. At last a gleam of two white bellies showed at the boatside, and B., with one dexterous scoop, netted both fish and landed them safely in the boat. Then didn't the mountains ring with our united shout of triumph? I sank back upon the seat thoroughly exhausted after the long and anxious strain, and B. began to examine the catch. "Why, great Scott, Arefar!" said he, "these are not such very large trout. There must have been another, and you lost him."

"Well," I replied, "I am glad he's gone, and good luck go with him; for he hast left me hungry and tired."

Again did B. utter an exclamation, and the cat was out of the bag. In searching for the flies to unhook them, he found the tail fly embedded in the larger fish, just behind the adipose fin. No wonder the brute pulled; and I have a strong feeling of pride to this day to think I saved these trout under such adverse circumstances. On our arrival at camp B. weighed the trout. The smaller one weighed 2¼lbs. and the larger one 3¾lbs.—so he said—but I declared they weighed a ton—while in the water.

If any of my readers have ever hooked a large trout by the tail, he will understand the task that my little rod accomplished that evening; and if they never did, let me give them a word of advice. Never do it just at dusk, and with your favorite rod. If you do, you will have an anxious quarter of an hour. Had it not been for the efforts of the smaller fish, partially counteracting those of the larger, I would have lost my leader or smashed the rod. AREFAR.

AUBURN, California.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NIGHT AT THE HERRING FISHERY.

BERWICK BAY is an irregular indentation on the east coast of Great Britain. Its general form is that of an elliptical segment having a cord extending from Holy Island Head in England to St. Abb's Head in Scotland, a distance of about twenty miles, by a width of nine miles at the central part where it receives the River Tweed. Lying for the most part on a shallow bottom, it is much frequented by herring and other fish for the purpose of depositing their spawn. This fact, joined to the advantages of regular communication with the markets of the world by water carriage, and free access to the interior of the country by the railways, which run west, north and south, and the rapid diffusion of intelligence by the telegraph, renders Berwick harbor a place of rendezvous during the herring season, *i. e.*, from July till September, not only for the fishermen of the vicinity, but even of others from such remote points as Cuthness in the extreme south of Scotland, and from Penzance near the southwest extremity of England, and intermediate ports.

The local boats used in this fishery are open yawls, from 20 to 35 tons, lugger rigged and carrying two masts, manned generally by four men and a boy. The nets used are gill-nets, made of light but strong twine, and as well as the sails are tanned in a decoction of oak bark. A single net is 60yds. long and about 10yds. deep when extended; from twenty to thirty of these nets fastened together longitudinally used then to make a "fleet," the extent of which would be from 1,200yds. to 1,800yds., say a mile in length, but the size of the boats and the number of nets have nearly doubled since the time of which I write (45 years ago), a fleet of nets now reaching a length of over two miles. The nets are suspended in the water by buoys composed of inflated bladders, tarred and painted black, attached to the top rope by "tows," strong cords of some 12ft. long, tied so as to be easily removed or re-attached. The buoys are placed some 6yds. apart, and in the intervals the top rope has corks attached to prevent it sagging with the weight of the net. The bottom is kept down by several strands of stout cordage, which is much more pliable and easily handled than a solid rope of the same weight. The nets are generally set so as to have from 6 to 9ft. of water above the top rope, and the bottom about 40ft. from the surface.

In the month of August, 1843, I accepted the kind invitation of Mr. James Watson, fisherman and pilot, to accompany him to the herring fishing. So one fine evening I boarded the Jenny, about 8 o'clock, and sailed for the fishing ground, which we reached after an hour and a half's pleasant sail before a light westerly breeze. By 9:30 we arrived at our destination, when the yard was lowered to within six feet from the gunwale, and at 9:45 the first buoy was thrown over the stern. By 10:30 the last buoy went overboard, the hawser was made fast to the stem and to the top rope of the net, for the boat to ride by, and the lantern lighted and hoisted to the masthead, when we sat down to smoke and to discuss the probabilities of the "catch," the outlook for prices, etc. About 10:30 our skipper, in order to ascertain whether the fish were there or not, took a stone from the ballast and threw it overboard; as it splashed in the water numerous flashes and streaks of light shot out, radiating from the spot where it fell, showing both that we were among the herring and that they were swimming near the surface. On this Watson remarked that he wished that they had shortened "tows" to thirty inches or two feet, and predicted that the main part of the catch would be in the upper half of the net. The watch was then set, and the rest of the crew turned in for a snooze. I found a snug berth in the lee of the sail, between two of its folds, where I lay, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," until the fresh sea air and the gentle rhythmical motion of the boat lulled me to sleep.

At 3 o'clock in the morning the word was passed for all hands to take in the net. The boat was put about, the hawser cast off from the stem and brought round to the stern, the top rope was then hauled in, and the net began to come in over the port quarter, the crew meanwhile disposing themselves in line so as to carry the net forward and lay it down in regular folds, while the skipper took his place in the sternsheet to lay the buoys and their "tows" in order, so as not to tangle in shaking the nets. Not more than a couple of fathoms had been drawn in when the herring began to show themselves, and soon came aboard pretty fast, and mostly at the top of the net as our skipper had predicted. At the same time other fish came to claim their share of the spoils of the ocean. Dogfish (a small species of shark), cod, hake and pollock hurried to plunder the nets. The dogfish swam quietly up and bit off the herring close behind the gills, leaving the heads sticking in the meshes, while the cod and other sorts either tore the fish out entirely or stripped off the flesh, leaving the head and back-bone in the net.

As soon as the morning twilight rendered objects dimly visible the gulls made their appearance, floating along on noiseless wing, gray and ghostly, like the spirits of the birds of a former world, now soaring aloft and now circling down to the water to pick up a fish or fragment of a fish which had dropped from the net or had escaped from the mouths of the fish of prey. I took up my gun and knocked down two of the largest, but as we were hauling up to windward they floated off to sea and could not be retrieved, so that I desisted from such unprofitable slaughter. As soon as the upward rays of the rising sun began to fringe the clouds with gold the solan geese began to come along in companies of five or six, generally two old ones in their white plumage and black wing-tips and three or four young ones in their gray coats, sweeping along in vigorous flight, with their long necks and massive heads stretched out straight in front (whence their local name of "poker-necks"), and keeping at an altitude of some twenty feet. Suddenly one of them makes a wheel, and, checking his flight for a second, plunges head foremost, throwing up a shower of spray as he disappears beneath the surface, whence he shortly emerges with a fish across his bill, which he throws up in the air and receives head foremost, when a single gulp puts it out of sight.

While I, the only idler on board, was making these observations, the work of hauling in the nets went merrily on, and at half-past 5 o'clock the last of the buoys came on board. The foresail was hoisted, the sheet brought aft and made fast, the skipper took the helm, and after a pleasant sail with a five knot breeze about two points abaft the beam, during which the crew pushed on the work of shaking the nets clear of the fish and passing them over the main boom, which was laid in the crotch for that purpose, we made the river mouth, and gliding along by the face of the pier we reached the dock just as the last of the nets was cleared of its fish. The fruit of the night's labor was seventeen barrels of herrings, worth at the morning's price of 18 shillings per barrel, £15.6 sterling, or $75.

Bidding adieu to the kind skipper and his crew, and taking with me a dozen of the sparkling and luscious fish with which he presented me, I went home to breakfast after passing through one of the most interesting and instructive adventures it has been my lot to enjoy.

J. T. B.

ANGLING NOTES.

SOME of the papers are urging the authorities to add to our supply of food fish by increased artificial hatching and restocking. This of course is an excellent plan in its way, but why not do something toward getting the immense supply of fish we have into the markets at a lower price? This season fish have gone a begging along the coast, even within a few miles of the city, at 2 cents per lb., while in the markets the retail consumer had to pay from 10 to 15 cents. And rather than break the price agreed upon thousands of pounds of fish have been wasted. It is awfully provoking to see fish selling so cheap when one happens to be down on the beach, and a few days after have to listen to the long rigmarole of the fish dealer in market, who is trying to excuse the advance of six to eight hundred per cent.

As to the streams and ponds that the State stocks so liberally, increased protection is needed rather than increased stocking. The wise law respecting fingerlings under 6in. should be enforced, and a reasonable limit put on the day's catch. Though the better way to regulate that would be to limit the size of trout to 7in. instead of 6.

A law should also be passed forbidding people to fish with more than one rod or line at a time. Not long ago we went down to a noted Long Island trout stream to indulge in a little trout fishing; to our disgust we found the banks of the stream lined with rods planted in the ground, while the owners sat on the grass playing cards and drinking beer. When one of the rods showed that a fish was on the owner would rush for it, land the fish, rebait it, and return to his game.

Then there is the set-line nuisance so generally indulged in. After dark, when the streams and ponds are deserted by the patient angler, the innocent countryman sallies forth with his long set-line equipped with a few hundred hooks and well baited. This is put out where it will do the most good and either left until early dawn or overhauled every few hours while the party, well supplied with applejack, make a night of it before a blazing fire on the shore. The patient angler wonders next day why he has such poor luck when he knows the waters have been so thoroughly stocked.

If it is not the set line it is the spear or net or giant powder cartridge. Once in a while we hear of an arrest, but owing to the difficulty of getting evidence it is comparatively rare, though we are glad to hear the Oneida Lake netters have again come to grief. Last week they had some $2,000 worth of nets destroyed.

Mr. Geo. B. Taylor, of the New York *Times*, has devised a rig for striped bass which he uses in trolling around Hell Gate, and which he says works splendidly. It is composed of the usual worm gang with a bit of scarlet-ibis feather above the hook. A few inches above that a mottled pearl spoon revolves. SCARLET-IBIS.

CHANNEL BASS OF ANGLESEA.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 13.—In response to the invitation of your paper inviting communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted, I send you a brief account of an outing enjoyed by myself and two friends, angling for channel bass or red drum. We left Philadelphia for Anglesea, Cape May county, N. J., on Saturday, Oct. 4, in the 4 P. M. train, arriving about 6:30 o'clock. We went direct to the Blakemore Cottage, where we were received and entertained in the usual royal manner by our hostess, Mrs. Blakemore. We fished on Monday and Tuesday, each day on the last half of the ebb and first half of the flood tide. On Monday we had the wind from the east and on Tuesday from the northwest. Sailing out of Hereford Inlet we fished on the outer edge of the bar, and 1½ miles from the shore. Bait, menhaden.

Our party consisted of Cyrus S. Detre, of Philadelphia, William Brumaker, of Trenton, N. J., and the writer. The following is our score:

H. W. Quick, 3 channel bass, weight 32lbs., 27¾lbs. and 33¼lbs.; total 93lbs.

C. S. Detre, 2 channel bass, weight 31lbs. and 39¼lbs.: total 60¼lbs.

Wm. Brumaker, 1 channel bass, weight 37lbs.

Grand total, 6 channel bass, weight 200¼lbs.

While fishing for the above we also caught a number of bluefish, aggregating in weight 96lbs., and running from 3 to 8lbs. each, also a number of fluke, aggregating in weight 127lbs., running from 2 to 7 lbs. each.

All the above were caught with rod and reel. Mr. Detre used a plain bamboo 10oz. rod, Mr. Brumaker same kind of rod, while the writer, who is partial to a more flexible rod, used on this occasion a snakewood rod. We had an enjoyable and succesful trip. HARRY W. QUICK.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Escanaba, Mich.—I had excellent trout fishing at Lake Superior. Caught only one trout of less than 1½lbs., the others running from that up to 3¾lbs. weight.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—In an earlier letter mention was made of great loss of fish life in the Fox River through pollution of the stream by the refuse of a glucose mill. To-day I saw Mr. Longworthy, of this city, who was just starting for Aurora on a little fishing trip, and he told me the facts. The mill is located at Geneva, Ill., on the Fox River, and the destruction of fish was so fearful and outrageous that the mill owners are now under prosecution for the offense. Mr. Loeb, of this city, is informed by friends that five wagon loads of fish were taken out dead below the mill. How many more were killed and not taken out no one knows. A wagon load of eels was taken out and buried, and among the fish was one pickerel that weighed 22lbs. Such slaughter of public property deserves indictment by the grand jury.

A great many pickerel have been taken in the Fox lately, and one Aurora gentleman caught ten one day last week whose weight was 47lbs.

City postmaster Jas. G Sexton and Dr. Matter are down on the Kankakee this week after bass and things.

Mr. J. M. Clark and Mr. Charles Porter tried the Deep River, at Liverpool, Indiana, last week. The river was rising and was literally swarming with dogfish, which had the other fish just about terrorized. Besides their dogfish, the anglers got half a dozen pickerel and bass. Mr. Porter avers that he was for a few brief moments entangled with a St. Bernard dogfish as large as a yearling heifer.

Mr. E. W. Brooks last week caught in Green Lake, Wis., a splendid specimen of the genuine red-eyed smallmouth black bass, as clean and shapely a specimen as ever was seen. The fish measured over 20in. and will be mounted. I am promised by the taxidermist who does this job a list of all the large specimens he has put up this summer.

Mr. Geo. W. S.—perhaps I would better not give his full name, for he is a journalistic laborer of this city—is absent in Montana after trout, large trout. Mr. S. is known to fame as the originator and publisher of the tack-hammer method of killing mascallonge. In an article describing the pursuit and capture of that fish, Mr. S. advised every mascallonge fisher to have in his outfit a tack-hammer, neat and portable, with which to knock the mascallonge in the head after he was brought alongside the boat. The tack-hammer system of gaffing a mascallonge has never attained popularity in this region, but perhaps its apostle can introduce it successfully among the trout fishers of Montana. E. HOUGH.

A LIVE ASSOCIATION.

THE following review of the work accomplished by the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River is taken from the forthcoming report to the members by Vice-President Chandler:

To the Members of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River:

The annual meeting of your Association was held at Clayton on the 6th of August, 1890, and was one of the largest and most enthusiastic annual meetings the Association has ever held. Mr. W. H. Thompson, secretary of the Association, read his annual report, which was of necessity very long, but of great interest. As many of the members of the Association were unable from force of circumstances to attend the annual meeting, the undersigned was requested to prepare for their instruction the following facts, taken mainly from the report of the secretary:

During the year the membership of the Association was increased by the addition of twenty-four new members, making the total membership 280. This membership is composed, first, of anglers who resort to the river for fishing almost exclusively; second, of summer residents, some of whom fish and some who do not, and, third, of persons who are interested in the protection of fish and game and who visit the river at intervals.

During the year ending Aug. 6, 1890, the officers of the Association have not been idle; in fact, I do not recall any year during the life of the Association when so much practical work has been done in raiding netters as during the years 1889-1890. The total result of the raids made under the officers of the Association, aided by State Game Protector Daniel Starring, have been that 845 rods of gillnets have been captured, 94 hoop nets, 11 trap nets, 1 pound net and 1 seine. The total value of these nets, as near as could be estimated, was not less than $3,000. These nets, when captured, contained a large amount of game fish, consisting of muscalonge, black bass, pike and wall-eyed pike. In one case the owners of a net valued at $1,500 (a hoop net four rods square, 22ft. deep, with a leader one-half mile long) proposed to resist its capture by use of firearms, but the arms and the owners were captured without great difficulty.

The suit of Laughton vs. Steele, in which the decisions of the lower courts were confirmed by the Court of Appeals last winter, was carried to the United States Court by the appellants. Funds have been contributed by some of the game associations of the State for prosecuting this suit to the end. There is no question in the minds of many of the ablest attorneys in the State that the result will be, as it has been in the past, in favor of the Association.

The committee on the codification of the game laws of the State of New York visited the river in the early summer, and were met by a committee of the Association, who, through the courtesy of President H. H. Warner, who loaned his steam yacht Siesta for the occasion, took them to different points on the river and explained to them fully the situation. The committee were thus enabled to see for themselves the state of affairs as they actually exist, and it is confidently hoped that they were impressed with the necessity of prohibiting netting in the St. Lawrence River.

Suits have been brought during the year against persons for netting in the St. Lawrence River and adjoining waters, and fines have been collected. On the 20th of May, 1890, Wm. M. Steele, for many years State Game Protector, located at Clayton, was arrested for illegal netting, and tried and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 or fifty days in jail. The same vigilance will be maintained during the present year by the officers of the Association as during the past, and every effort will be made to rid the river of unlawful netting.

The universal testimony of the members present at the annual meeting was that the fishing in the St. Lawrence was continually improving, and that the present year it was better than it had been in many years preceding. A committee was appointed to confer with the Canadian authorities to secure, if possible, their co-operation in protecting the river.

President H. H. Warner made a proposition to the Association that he would contribute $500 whenever the Association felt able to contribute a similar sum for the purpose of stocking the river with black bass, and he would continue to contribute $500 as often as the Association would contribute a like amount.

The treasurer reported that the receipts during the year were $1,061.38 and the disbursements $448.10, leaving cash on hand $613.28.

The annual excursion of the Association was given on Aug. 19, and was as usual one of very great pleasure to the participants and benefit to the Association. Two hundred and thirty-six persons availed themselves of the opportunity offered and joined in the excursion.

The members of the Association are earnestly urged to personally see that the membership of the Association is at least doubled during the coming year. This can be easily accomplished by every individual member sending in to the secretary the name of a new member. It is believed that every present member of the Association can do this, and the result will be that the funds of the Association will be so largely increased that very much more and better work can be done not only in protecting the river, but in stocking the same. It is requested that every individual member of the Association will take this as a personal request to himself and act upon it promptly.

THE IDAHO REDFISH.—In reference to "G. H. W.'s" communication upon the fishes of Idaho I might say, that so far as my observation has gone the female redfish or salmon of the rivers of Idaho takes on a very deep coloring of red as the time for spawning approaches, and when she is about to deposit her eggs very little of the blue back is to be seen. This is one of the best fishes found in the State when prime, but there is no angling for it. I doubt whether any one has ever seen the redfish bite at anything else but one another. Their formidable jaws seem only to be used to tear and mutilate each other. In the narrow streams they can be driven like sheep; unlike the trout, which can be seen darting in and out among and under the salmon in their naturally wild manner, and waiting for the feast of redfish eggs. The fishing is done by means of gaff hooks, the fisherman brings the hook up suddenly under the belly of a fish and jerks it out upon the bank.—NEMO.

VERMONT TROUT BROOKS.—A Boston gentleman is authority for the statement that most excellent fishing for brook trout was found at Northfield, Vt., during the past season. He had an abundance of fine fish and enjoyed rare sport. Northfield is reached from Boston by the Lowell Railroad, Fare for the round trip, ticket good for the season, is $9.25. Board and lodging about $6 per week. Sandusky and Waterbury are also good places, reached by the same road. Moretown and Watesfield (Lowell R. R. to Middlesex and thence by stage) are other starting points for other excellent trout streams. The killing bait was the common earth worm. Artificial flies were not tried because the ruling passion was so plainly expressed.

A FISHLESS STREAM.—Lost River, Alturas county, Idaho, has no fish of any account except the common little whitefish, resembling a herring in shape and size. There is no angling in the river. Lost River Valley people are upward of fifty miles from any fishing, and a rod or line is not to be found in any house or cabin in this region. Little Lost River seems to have nothing in it but a little tadpole-like fish. The people living on and near these streams are very anxious to have them stocked with good fishes. The larger river is about fifty miles long and the little river nearly forty miles. They are both natural trout streams. Lost River runs into the lava beds, and, as the name implies, is lost underground. —NEMO.

MR. BECRAFT, of the firm of Devine & Becraft, fishing rod manufacturers of Utica, N. Y., has been advised by his physician to seek another climate for his health, and the firm has been dissolved; Mr. Divine continuing the business in his own name. Mr. Divine writes expressing much regret at being thus compelled to separate from his partner. The many friends of Mr. Becraft will hope that in his new home he may find hoped for benefit.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE FALL.—Mr. Cass, whose verses are presented in another column, tells us that they are true of bass fishing in Seneca Lake, however it may be in other waters.

Fisheulture.

WORK OF THE FISH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONER MCDONALD has returned to Washington after an absence of several weeks, during which time he visited the Maine stations of the Commission. The work of rearing salmon for distribution has been considerably extended during the past year, and additional facilities for the prosecution of the work are being provided. The output of the present year will be about 100,000 Penobscot salmon and 30,000 landlocked salmon, and 20,000 Loch Leven trout; 25,000 of the yearling Penobscot salmon will be sent to the headwaters of the Hudson River, and the rest will be placed in the tributaries of the Penobscot. 5,000 of the yearling landlocked salmon will be sent to Vermont waters, and the balance will be placed in Green Lake. In this lake also and in other lakes in the vicinity the Loch Leven trout will be planted.

Commissioner McDonald made a careful examination of the grounds of the new station at Green Lake. Preliminary arrangements have been made to acquire title, which will give the Commission absolute control over the waters of the Great Brook. This being the principal spawning ground of the landlocked salmon of Green Lake, it makes the entire run of the fish there available for the purpose of obtaining eggs, the take of which will be very much greater this year than last. It is expected that the Green Lake station will furnish all the landlocked salmon needed for the purposes of the Commission. The racks for intercepting the salmon had all been put into position and five fine fish were already within the inclosure at the time of the Commissioner's visit. These were of the advance guard, of course, the regular run not having commenced. Congress having made an appropriation for the purchase of land and buildings as soon as the title to the ground is perfect, the work of construction will be pushed and provision made the coming season so that the work of rearing the salmon on the ground can be accomplished instead of transferring them to Bucksport as heretofore.

The work at Northville is now confined to the rearing of trout, the following species of which are handled: Loch Leven, lake, Von Behr and Eastern brook trout. Congress has appropriated $25,000 for the purchase and extension of this station, which will make possible the erection of additional buildings and the laying out of ponds suitable for the increased work here.

The whitefish station at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, is completed and equipped, arrangements have been made to cover the whole field of the whitefish fisheries in Lake Erie and the output should be very large. Of course the number of eggs taken will depend on the condition of the weather during the spawning period, and this cannot be forecast. A tug is hired for the purpose of collecting the eggs, but Congress has appropriated $10,000 for the purchase of a steam launch, which will be used as a tender to the station during the whitefish work, and at other seasons will be used for the collection of statistics and other work connected with the fisheries.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

ONE of the most enjoyable fall shows we have attended for some time was brought to a close Friday, Oct. 10, at the pretty town of Danbury, Conn. Commencing on Wednesday morning, this only required a three days' attendance at the show on the part of the dog men. The dogs were benched in rows, one on top of the other, in a well-lighted and ventilated frame building, and the stalls and ceiling being gaily decorated made quite a pleasing effect. Admission to the dog department was free, unfortunately, and consequently the crush at times was unbearable and impeded the judging to some extent, as it was almost impossible to get the dogs into the judging ring, which was fenced off in an adjoining large tent; an arrangement that could not have been improved upon for light and convenience.

It has never been my good fortune to attend a Danbury show before, and I was certainly much astonished at the quality of the animals I met with. When one comes to think of it, why should not such a show meet with liberal patronage? Charging no entry fee and giving $5 and $3 in every class, with a positively reckless disposition to provide challenge classes for everything or anything that could boast of the necessary qualifications, and being only a three-days' show, allowing plenty of time to get there and to return, I see no reason why such gatherings should not rank among our second-class $10 shows. With a properly arranged premium list and catalogue there is no reason why the Danbury people should not be accorded a bumping entry.

The want of a catalogue and judge's book was much felt, for it is not quite the thing for a judge to get his numbers from the secretary's entry book. A little more careful arranging of the benches and numbers would lessen considerably the difficulty of finding the dogs when wanted in the ring. The feeding was "homemade," boiled milk and stale bread, and not many dogs will refuse such fare. Among the dog men we noticed on hand were Messrs. Hyland, owner of Pomeroy Sec, Ossining, etc., Maxfield; B. F. Sawyer, of bulldog fame; A. R. Kyle, the collie man, and his rival, he of the Lothian Kennels, Dr. Hair, one of Connecticut's doggy enthusiasts; and lastly the smiling faces of Ben Lewis and George Thomas, lending additional interest to the occasion, making one feel at once that he was at a dog show. Mr. Ritter was also on hand with his camera. The able superintendent, Mr. Seers, was all attention to the wants of the visitors and dogs, and ever ready to do all in his power to make the show a success and make the boys feel they were among friends. Dr. Knox, a host in himself, made an efficient steward of the ring and it was under his protecting wing the judge was placed by Mr. Lynes, the hard-working secretary of the association, whose numerous duties precluded his giving the attention to the dog show he would doubtless wish to do. I am averse to "taffy" as a rule, but there are some occasions when you cannot help it, and this is one of them. Mr. H. W. Lacy judged all classes, and as he experienced no kicking—either way—the presumption is that the awards were satisfactory. The judging opened with mastiffs.

MASTIFFS.

Three mastiffs turned up in the open dog class, but the winner was not far to seek in Leo, who, though far from good class, beat his opponent, Royal Max, in body, head, ears and bone. In bitches an old face, in Mead's Aydah, scored easily over Ethel, who is beaten in head—long and narrow—and far away in depth of body and mastiff quality. Ruby, hc., has little to recommend her, faulty in ear, front and muzzle; Torfrida is also a very moderate one. In puppies, Jack's Monarch was given a blue ribbon, the judge being in a generous mood, and the same may be said of his

sister in the bitch class, they will, I am afraid, never be heard of away from their native heath. The special for best in show went easily to Mr. Mead's Aydah, her only opponent being Leo.

ST. BERNARDS—(ROUGHS).

At first glance at the entries I expected a nice show, as about six of those Mr. Crowell brought over were entered, but failed to put in an appearance. In open dogs Roland had little difficulty in scoring another ribbon. He is looking very well just now, and has filled out in head considerably lately. The others in this class were not deemed worthy of a mention. Bitches saw two quite nice ones in the ring, the verdict eventually going in favor of the smaller bitch, Wagner's Luie, whose better-shaped head, good legs and feet, and straight coat, just pulled her through; Lady Stella coming in second, she is too straight in face. In smooth dogs Alpine Guide was the only entry, he is too light and shelly-looking, and Wagner's Thisbe, well known, was almost alone in her class. Puppies saw Colonel, too light in color and snipy-muzzled, but possessing good bone, the winner. Roland took the special for best in show.

Deerhounds had no entries.

GREYHOUNDS.

There was a very fair show of this breed, though of course champion Balkis was head and shoulers over his opponents, he winning in the open class, with Ten Broeck, too long and flat in back and hardly good enough in front, second. In bitches, Rialto Spice, quite a nicely made one, though a trifle small, was the winner over Flash, who was shown too fat; also loses a bit in front; the Lady Belle, securing vhc., losing in head and front.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Reed's Carlo, a very moderate one—in fact, only a big black dog, with a massive enough head, but too long—secured the prize; only entry.

POINTERS.

Some very nice pointers turned up in the several classes, an old friend in Ossining taking the prize in dogs over Dr. Hair's General Mead, who loses in head, ribs and style to the winner. In bitches the stylish-looking and nice-bodied Galena won with something to spare over Laverack Elsa, faulty in head, legs and feet. Juno A., third, a puppy, looks quite promising; plenty of bone, and has a well-shaped head and body. Juno, reserve, is a coarse bitch; too big. Queen Bang, vhc., another puppy of Dr. Hair's, loses in body and head to its sister, Juno A. In puppy dogs, Littleton, a nicely grown one, won over McGinty through the latter's lack of condition. Bitches—Juno A. and Queen Bang, mentioned in the open class, were placed first and second. Special for best in show was given to W. H. Hyland's Ossining.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Quite a nice setter, Locksley, rather on the Kent II. order, won somewhat easily over Tip Gladstone, too bitch-headed and small, but a nicely made one. Spot, vhc., is coarse. In bitches, Nell secured the ribbon by her better head, ribs and legs than Lady Romp, second. Topsey, hc., has not much quality. Denna was the only entry in puppies.

IRISH SETTERS.

In challenge class, the well-known Blarney, looking pretty fit, had things to himself. In open dogs, the well-known Chief S. was an easy winner over Bravo, thick in head and coarse throughout; also too light in color. The St. Cloud entries were absent. In bitches, the well-known and handsome Leda Glencho was alone and looking in splendid form. Puppies had one entry—Sport—only a fair one.

GORDON SETTERS.

Challenge classes were made for Dr. Dixon's Leo B. and W. Hammett's Rose, both looking well. In open dogs only two poor ones faced the judge, the winner with a little grooming would make a passable Gordon, and was given the prize, but the other is a bad one, no markings on legs and little on muzzle, bad coat as well, therefore could not expect any mention. There were no bitches entered, and in puppies two lathy-looking specimens in Victoria Woodhall and Lady Fenwick were given the prizes. Their markings were fairly good and showed a pretty fair quantity of the necessary percentage. The special for best setter in show, all breeds, was given to Blarney.

FIELD SPANIELS.

In dogs Black Diamond won easily over a black and white dog, Dash, transferred from cocker class, too long on leg, but fairly good in head and body, one of the working sort no doubt. No entries in bitch class, but in puppies quite a nice liver was shown in Miss Lynes's Fidele, very good body, legs and feet, and fair head. Cocker dogs had the winner in Dick, good in body, but loses in front and head to a good one. Second was withheld from a too bad one. In bitches Jip was alone; she is only moderate, coat curly; three other entries absent. In the puppy class three unnamed small ones were given the prizes, the first prize black one being quite promising.

FOXHOUNDS.

In dogs, Frank proved an easy winner over his kennel mate Johnnie, being much straighter in front and better in head. A very fair bitch was shown in the next class, good bone and head, beating a slim one, Dinah Robeldo, of the ultra American type, far too light in bone and body, but still a very pretty hound. Some nice puppies were shown, but were too young and even, to make distinction possible.

BEAGLES.

Some nice beagles were on hand. Challenge classes were made for Little Duke, Racer, Jr. and Twinkle. Little Duke and Racer, Jr., had a good struggle for honors in the dog division, the former winning in coat, ribs and legs, while Racer, Jr. beats him in head, muzzle especially. Quite a nice beagle, Don, was the only one left in the open dogs, a little coarse in head though. The others were over 15in. and were sent out. In bitches Whimsey and Betty, of the same kennel, were the money winners, and were quite nice type. Some promising puppies were shown, a bit snipy muzzled, but otherwise good. Rockland King in dogs, and Belle of Rockland and Blue Bess in bitches were placed as named, the latter bitch losing to the former in front, ribs and head. Special for best beagle went to Little Duke.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Only three very ordinary dogs of this persuasion appeared in the open class. One was nearly as big as a pointer, but boasting good legs and feet was given a c. The other two having more pretensions to type were given the money, Reynolds's Jip beating Hubner's Tim in almost every point. I sincerely hope they will now retire on their laurels, and not flaunt their records too much or they may get the judge into trouble. There were no bitches entered, and the only puppy, Racket, will never make a flyer.

COLLIES.

These were the best-filled classes in the show, and though there was nothing calculated to fill the breast of a Harrison with envy, still they were a very fair class of dogs. Clipper, an old stager, was entered not for competition; but as the judge under whom he was originally entered was not officiating, a challenge class was made for him. In open dogs, Royal Monarch, a bit short and thick in face, won over his kennel mate, Metchley Wonder, by the aid of his better condition and coat. The second winner boasts a nice long head, but is a bit light in body yet, being only a pup. Ladlie, third, must also thank his condition and coat for the ace, being a bit faulty in head, but he neither moves well hind nor carries his ears as he should do; too much *à la* fox-terrier. In the vhc. division, Son of the Rock has a good coat, but is short and thick in head, and Lothian Guard is a bit out in front; Lord Fauntleroy also lacks quality and fineness of head, but wears a fairly good coat, though pretty open. Victor Hugo, given c., has only his coat to boast of. In bitches, quite a nice one turned up in Ch. Kelly's Adela's Wonder, nice clean head, and though small-sized, beats Lothian Maid in skull and front. Hebe of Nesseldown, third, was in bad shape and is blind in one eye. Fannie Brown, c., is a poor one. In dog puppies, the second in the open dog class was the winner, beating Pride of Lee as before, and Carlyle Wonder, third, a fairly well made one in body, is very faulty in brow and might be better in front. Roxie, the winner in bitches, only beats Mavis Wonder in ears, the latter carrying them straight up.

BULLDOGS.

With Harper in challenge class, Carisbrooke was alone in open dogs. This dog is coming on wonderfully, his head filling out very much the last six months. He would make a good bid for the Woodiweiss-Ellis cup. In bitches Dolly Tester won easily over her kennel mate Jessica, in head and body. This was the first appearance of these dogs under Mr. Dole's ownership. Harper won the special for best in show.

BULL-TERRIERS.

Mr. Dole showed a nice even team in these classes. His Prince Bendigo, though showing the effects of his recent sickness, easily beat his Spotless Duke in head and tail. Though several were entered in the bitch class, only Frank Dole's two, White Gipsy and Miss Gladstone, turned up to claim the prizes. The former beats the latter in head and front, Miss Gladstone also having a small patch on one eye. This was a nice show of quality.

SKYE TERRIERS.

The old campaigner, Sir Stafford, looking none the worse for his travels lately, was the only entry that was judged, the other being transferred to the Yorkshire class.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

The only entry in dogs was the now well-known Dr. Foote's The Senator, looking a little too light in flesh. This little dog will stand a little extra doing and show better. In bitches Rochelle Nadjy easily disposed of her opponent Rats, rather a suggestive name for one of this breed. She is too thick and short in head and light in tan. The other entry was not worth a mention.

TOY TERRIERS.

Only two bitches faced the judge in this breed. Bessie, though a little larger than the other, Cosette, was better in shape of head and in forelegs, Cosette having had one leg broken at one time or other.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

With the Symouds dogs on hand there was little show for the others. Challenge classes were made for Toon's Royal and Daisy, which left Fishpool Gem the winner in the open dogs, followed by Trot, transferred from Skyes; he is one of the sort we used to have at our shows a year or two since. In bitches Venus was easily ahead of Lady R., too dark in coat and faulty in head. The special for best in show was taken by Daisy.

PUGS.

The plums were captured by Dr. Cryer's dogs. Bob Ivy and Bessie in the challenge classes, and in open dogs Climax had everything his own way. In the bitch class there was some little competition between Cassina and Lothia, though the latter loses in squareness of muzzle and skull, though better in body, she did not show her curl as well as Cassina. The other entries were absent. The very boisterous rainy weather in which the fair opened no doubt kept many of the pet dogs from coming. Three little puppies were shown and were placed according to promise, but were not numbered. The special went to Bob Ivy, who never looked in better shape, Bessie being all out and hardly recognizable, just off the circuit and puppies accounting for it, I suppose.

IRISH TERRIERS.

One of the best classes in the show. Burnside retired to the challenge class, left Breda Bill a clever winner in open dogs over Barney's Brother, who is a bit too sharp in face, though standing a trifle better in front than the winner, he loses in spring of ribs and coat; he is a nice one, however. Breda Bill is improving. In bitches Sissy just beats Biddy Malone in coat and ribs, both faulty in head; Erin, too shelly and short of coat and long in body, third.

DANDIE DINMONTS.

A class was made for Maxfield's Punch, who, though wrong in ear, was more of a Dandie in every respect than a Scotch terrier, as he was entered.

TOY SPANIELS.

In the dog class there was only a Ruby for the money, Bobbie by name, who needs docking. In bitches a King Charles and a Blenheim competed, the former, Pansy, better in coat, muzzle and skull, secured the blue over Pearl; the special for best in both classes falling to Pansy.

POODLES.

Though entered in the miscellaneous class, in fact, all the last three mentioned breeds were taken from that division; these dogs had somehow four classes made for the four dogs, Purbeck's Dexter and Nell being the winners in Russian poodles, and Kava and Cora in the French style of dog; rather generous treatment on the part of the association. With all these dogs out of the miscellaneous lot the class was divided by weight, 30lbs., over and under. In the heavy brigade the immortal Patsey O'Conner scored, followed by a very fair Pomeranian, though shown too fat; and a rough and tumble sort of a drop-eared Skye, yclept a Russian terrier, was given third. In the light-weights Gill, the dachshund, and a fairish Mexican hairless, divided the honors equally, thus bringing to a close a not very arduous judging task.

H. W. L.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, George E. Seers's Leo; 2d, George C. Maxfield's Royal Max. *Bitches:* 1st, Herbert Mead's Aydah; 2d, B. F. Lewis's (agt.) Ethel. High com., H. W. Vanseiner's Ruby and Herbert Mead's Torfrida. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, John B. Heyter's Jack's Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, John B. Heyter's Queen Salva.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Emker's Roland; other prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Wagner's Luie; 2d, John B. Hyam's Lady Stella (Nun Nicer, La Pucelle, Prudence and Republican Belle absent). SMOOTHS—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Wagner's Alpine Guide (only entry). *Bitches:* 1st, C. Wagner's Wagner's Thisbe. *Puppies:* 1st, M. Hyam's Colonel (others absent).

DEERHOUNDS.—No entries.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's ch. Balkis; 2d, George Henderson's Ten Broeck. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Middleton's Rialto Spice; 2d, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Flash. Very high com., W. J. Middleton's The Lady Belle.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Lewis Reed's Carlo (only entry).

BLOODHOUNDS.—No entries.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Hyland's Ossining; 2d, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's General Meade. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's (agt.) Galena; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Laverack Elsa; 3d, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Juno A. Reserve, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Juno. Very high com., Dr. J. E. Hair's Queen Bang.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair's Littleton; 2d, W. H. Hyland's McGinty. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair's Juno A.; 2d, Dr. Hair's Queen Bang. Special for best in show, W. H. Hyland's Ossining.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Wild Crow Kennels' Locksley; 2d, B. F. Lewis's (agt.) Miss Gladstone. Very high com., Allison Fue's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Jas. E. Hair's Nell; 2d, Wild Crow Kennels' Lady Romp. High com., Allison Fue's Topsey. *Puppies:* 1st, G. W. Hallock's Denna I. (Others absent.)

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark Jr.'s Blarney.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Stevenson's Chief S.; 2d, River View Kennels' Bravo. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Kendall's Leda Glencho. (Others absent.) *Puppies:* 1st, G. W. Mead, Jr.'s Sport.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Hammett's Rose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. H. Bradley's Dan; others withheld. *Bitches:* All entries absent. *Puppies:* 1st, C. C. Morris's Victoria Woodhall; 2d, Smith Bros.' Lady Fenwick.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond; 2d, C. M. Kemp's Dash. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st, Miss Lizzie Lyne's Fideles.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. G. Brooks's Dick S.; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Lancaster's Jip. *Puppies:* Prizes awarded to three small ones, unnamed.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. H. Bradley's Frank and Johnnie. *Bitches:* 1st, T. H. Bradley's Slim; 2d, C. E. Morris's Dinah Robeldo.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. F. Judson's Little Duke; H. L. Krender's Racer, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Judson's Twinkle. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. M. Cate, Jr.'s Don.—OVER 15IN. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. L. Krender's Whimsey and Betty.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. L. Krender's Rockland King. *Bitches:* 1st, H. L. Krender's Belle of Rockland; 2d, M. A. Goodell's Blue Bess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mills Reynolds's Jip; 2d, C. H Hechners's Tim. Com., C. E. Hubner's Tom. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st, A. H. Norton's Racket.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. G. Hinckley's Clipper.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chas. Kelly's Royal Monarch and Metchley Wonder; 3d, H. M. Clark's Laddie. Reserve, C. G. Hinckley's Pride of Lee. Very high com., Thos. G. Halkett's Son of the Rock and Lothian Kennels' Lothian Guard. High com., C. G. Hinckley's Lord Fauntleroy. Com., J. C. Warner's Victor Hugo. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Chas. Kelly's Adela's Wonder and Hebe of Nesseldown; 2d, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Maid. Com., C. G. Hinckley's Fannie Brown.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Chas. Kelly's Metchley Wonder and Carlyle Wonder; 2d, C. G. Hinckley's Pride of Lee. *Bitches:* 1st, C. G. Hinckley's Roxie; 3d, Chas. Kelly's Mavis Wonder.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Harper.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Carisbrooke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Dolly Tester and Jessica.

BULL-TERRIERS—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Prince Bendigo and Spotless Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's White Gypsy and Miss Gladstone.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' The Senator. *Bitches:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Madge; 2d, J. C. Ellsworth's Rats.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, River View Kennels' Bessie; 2d, Mrs. B. C. Lynes's Cosette.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Toon's Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Daisy. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Fishpool Gem; 2d, Mrs. C. B. Mason's Trot. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Venus; 2d, Central Kennels' Lady R.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *Bitches* 1st, Dr. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Cryer's Climax. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Cryer's Cassina; 2d, Lothian Kennels' Lothia. (Several other entries absent.) *Puppies:* J. E. Smith awarded the prizes (not numbered). Best in show, Dr. Cryer's Bob Ivy.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Lewis & Jarrett's Burnside.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Breda Bill; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Barney's Brother. *Bitches:* 1st, Northfield Kennels' Sissy; 2d, Frank Dole's Biddy Mahone; 3d, Capt. Clifford's Erin.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—1st, Geo. C. Maxfield's Punch.

TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Central Kennels' Bobbie. *Bitches:* 1st, Central Kennels' Pansy; 2d, C. Knott's Pearl.

POODLES.—RUSSIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Dexter. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Nell.—FRENCH—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Kava; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Cora.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 30LBS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Patsy O'Connor; 2d, J. Charter's Jack (Pomeranian); 3d, same owner's Russian terrier Si.—UNDER 30LBS.—Equal 1st, B. F. Lewis's Gill (Dachshund) and Mrs. —— (Mexican hairless).

GORDON SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Continued interest is shown in the Gordon Setter Special Stakes to be run for at the Central Field Trials Club meeting at Lexington, N. C., in December. I have applications for entry blanks from various quarters, and owners of Gordons appear to be awakening to the advantages of this opportunity to show the field qualities of their dogs. A member of the Gordon Setter Club has just added a silver cup, valued at $25, to the list of prizes already offered. It is much to be desired that those intending to enter dogs and contribute to the prize fund, send in their applications for entry blanks and subscriptions as soon as possible. The more the entries and subscriptions, the larger the stakes.

JOHN H. MEYER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Central Field Trials, having announced through the press that they have made a special stake to be run for by Gordon or black and tan setters, should spur all the owners of this breed of dogs to do everything in their power to make this, their first trial, a success, especially in the matter of entries.

The public as well as the owners of other breeds engaged in this sport will not be unreasonable in their expectations for the first few years. That the Gordon setter is a good field dog has been often asserted and often denied. The Field Trials Association has now offered the owners an opportunity to demonstrate the matter and the opportunity should not be disregarded.

I can recall partially a discussion that took place last year in reference to this matter through the press, in which the attempted trial then proved a failure. Thus far no attempt has been made this year by officers of the Gordon Setter Club to make this meeting a success, which leads an outsider to believe that the officers are mere ornaments or figureheads. For practical benefit to the breed of dogs and the club which they represent they are useless. Therefore it seems that a complete change should be made. It is to be earnestly hoped that the efforts now being made by those immediately interested should be heartily seconded by every lover and owner of the Gordon setter.

ENGLISH SETTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.

SOUTH CAROLINA KENNEL ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The South Carolina Kennel Association has just been formed, with headquarters at Greenville. The object of the association is to hold dog shows and to further the improvement of and interest in the breeding of dogs. The officers of the association are: President, Dr. S T. Lea; First Vice-President, Dr. G. L. Connor; Second Vice-President, Benj. F. Perry; Secretary and Treasurer, F. F. Capers.

We have forwarded our letter of application to the A. K. C. for active membership, and will probably hold our inaugural show in January next, 27th to 31st, inclusive. At this show we will unite with the S. C. Poultry and Pet Stock Association and have the best display of thoroughbred poultry and dogs, that an attractive premium list, the best of judges, prizes paid promptly in cash, and the earnest invitation of a hospitable people can give. We want everybody to come and bring their dogs. Our premium list will be published next month, and any information as to the poultry show will be cheerfully furnished by the secretary, Mr. A. H. Holm, Prosperity, S. C. For information as to the dog show, address the undersigned at Greenville, S. C.

F. F. CAPERS.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Oct. 10.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PAUL BO (T. M. Brumby), black, white and tan dog, June, 1889 (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl).

ORLANDO (Jno. Simpkins), black, white and tan dog, June, 1887 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

MISS MONARCH (Chas. C. Gray), black and white bitch, 3yrs. (Roy Monarch—Flossie).

GENE (Chas. C. Gray), black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Druid—Ruby).

KING'S MARK (B. Ridgeway), black, white and tan dog, April, 1887 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

DAISY HUNTER (Jno. A. & Jos. H. Hunter), orange and white bitch, April, 1887 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

ROD'S BELLE (P. Henry O'Bannon), black, white and tan bitch, May, 1889 (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont).

MISS NELLIE Y. (P. Henry O'Bannon), black, white and tan bitch, July, 1887 (Gath's Hope—Lady May).

REVERDY (P. Henry O'Bannon), orange and white dog, Aug., 1888 (Gath's Mark—Rosa).

PRINCE LUCIFER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

LADY RAPIER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch, 2½yrs. (Count Rapier—Donna J.).

CLAUD (C. P. Fox), black, white and tan dog, May, 1886 (Roderigo—Lillian).

ANNIE F. (Francis R. Hitchcock), black and white bitch, Jan., 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

TORY LIEUTENANT (Francis R. Hitchcock), black and white dog, Jan., 1889 (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).

BETTY S. (Highland Kennels), black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

FORWARD (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, August, 1888 (Count Noble—Lavalette).

DILL (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, April, 1889 (Toledo Blade—Dashing Lady).

HARRY C. (Elmwood Kennels), black, white and tan dog, 3yrs. (Roderigo—Countess House).

KING'S DAN (Elmwood Kennels), black ticked dog, July, 1885 (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

EDITH (Elmwood Kennels), black, white and tan bitch, April, 1889 (Roderigo—Sue Gladstone).

WHITEY (Herbert Merriam), lemon and white dog, 4yrs. (Gus Bondhu—Royal Myrtle).

SAM WELLER (W. T. Hunter), black, white and tan dog, 21mos. (Roderigo—Dixie).

LILLY BURGESS (Frank T. Richards), orange and white bitch, June, 1888 (Gath's Mark—Esther).

BANDANNA (Will Wilson), black, white and tan dog, January, 1888 (May Dawn—Doc).

JIM PHELAN (D. A. Goodwin, Jr.), orange and white dog, June, 1888 (Bob Gates—Nannie Gladstone).

ROI D'OR (O.W. Donner), black, white and tan dog, June, 1887 (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

EDGE MARK (Francis S. Brown), black, white and tan dog, February, 1888 (Skidmore—Flo Maclin).

DONOVAN (W. R. Holliday) black, white and tan dog, 27mos. (Bob Gates—Nannie Gladstone).

FANNIE M. (H. Hulman, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch, March, 1888 (Gladstone's Boy—Flame).

IGHTFIELD RANGER (R. P. Lonsdale), black, white and tan dog, February, 1888 (Dick Wind 'em—Peep Bo).

IGHTFIELD ROSA (R. P. Lonsdale), white and liver bitch, February, 1888 (Ross—Pitti Sing).

IGHTFIELD PHOENESS (R. P. Lonsdale), black and white dog, 18 months (Woodhull Bruce—Lucy).

FRA TUMER DOM (Emporia Kennels), black, white and tan dog, 3 years (Gath's Mark—Lufra).

BABE GLADSTONE (Emporia Kennels), lemon and white bitch, 4 years (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

ORANGE DON (Meares & Strudwick), black, white and tan dog, 2 years (Decatur—Juliet).

DAISY'S HOPE (W. W. Titus), orange and white bitch, 3 years (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

SAM R. (W. W. Titus), black and white dog, 1½ years (Dash Bryson—Daisy's Hope).

NATALIE II. (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch, August, 1888 (King Noble—Natalie).

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane), black, white and tan bitch, May, 1886 (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

U. S. DAN (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog, January, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

ANTOINE (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog, December, 1886 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

HATTIE (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan bitch, August, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

CASSIO (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog, 5 years (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

EL RIO REY (R. M. Hutchings), black, white and tan dog, August, 1888 (Gath's Mark—Blue Chiqua). Forty-four entries.

POINTERS.

BARKER'S GROUSE (Stephen T. Barker), liver and white dog, February, 1888 (Mainspring—Swain's Fly).

DUKE OF HESSEN (Hempstead Kennels), liver and white dog, May, 1885 (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

DEVONSHIRE DON (Dr. H. J. Thomas), liver and white dog, 2yrs. 8mos. (Molton Barron—Village Star).

MOONSHINE (Field Trial Kennels), liver and white bitch, May, 1888 (King of Kent—Hops).

TAPSTER (Field Trials Kennels), liver and white dog, May, 1889 (King of Kent—Hops).

MAID OF KENT (Field Trial Kennels), liver and white ticked bitch, May, 1889 (King of Kent—Hops).

SHOT (Meares and Brown), lemon and white dog, July, 1889 (Heno—Vic).

FRED (Bayard Thayer), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Robert le Diable—Tuck).

IGHTFIELD DICK (R. P. Lonsdale), liver and white ticked dog, May, 1887 (Dick III.—Belle of Bow).

IGHTFIELD GUELPH (R. P. Lonsdale), liver and white bitch, March, 1887 (Bang's Boy—Linda).

IGHTFIELD DEUCE (R. P. Lonsdale), liver and white bitch, April, 1886 (Wynnstay—Dainty). Eleven entries.

IRISH SETTERS.

TILLIE BORU (Geo. E. Gray), red bitch, 2yrs. (Brian Boru, Jr.—Biddy).

ROCKWOOD (Chas. T. Thompson), red dog, October, 1888 (Desmond II.—Luray III.).

SARSFIELD (W. L. Washington), red dog, 6¾yrs. (Garryowen—Currier Belle II.)

SEDAN (Glendyne Kennels), red bitch, 2yrs. (Chester D. Hearald—Maney).

VIDA (St. Cloud Kennels), red bitch, 26mos. (Jack—Della).

INCHIQUIRM (Jno. J. Scanlan), red dog, 20mos. (Shandon II.—Iona).

DARRAH PAT (Hudson River Kennels), red dog, 3yrs. (Chief—Lassie). Seven entries.

CHAMPION STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

GATH'S MARK (H. Hulman, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, May, 1884 (Gath—Gem)

ROWDY ROD (Elmwood Kennels), black and white dog, January, 1888 (Roderigo—Juno A.).

PITTI SING (Thos. Johnson), white and liver bitch, 1886 (Baron Devoridge—Nora).

CHANCE (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog, 1885 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

POINTERS.

RIP RAP (Field Trial Kennels), black and white ticked dog, May, 1888 (King of Kent—Hops).

SPRING (R. M. Hutchings), liver and white dog, June, 1885 (Mainspring—Curfew).

DEXTER (Bayard Thayer), liver and white ticked dog, 4½yrs. (Nip—Tuck). Seven entries.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y and Treas.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

WHIPPET RACING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Whippet racing came to the front again in connection with the shows recently held at Detroit and London, and the record of Mr. Blake's Benbow, 12¾ seconds for 200yds., is mentioned as a best on record. The kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM very pertinently asks for the weight of Benbow, so as to compare it with the English crack Fred, who recently made a similar record. That is a good point to make and another would be to know who were the timers and how Benbow's race was timed, whether from the report or flash of the pistol. I have had some experience as a watch holder, and I speak with authority when I say that unless the Benbow race was timed by experts accustomed to holding a watch on dogs or men, the record is very questionable.

Persons who occasionally time trotting races are not quick enough in starting their watches to be considered experts in timing sprints or dog races. To show to what a nicety the work is required to be done in dog racing, a watch is used in England which beats twelfths of a second, and there is even one which marks twentieths. In the former there is a large hand which travels the circuit of the dial in one minute, and has a sunk dial for the twelfths, the circuit of this dial being marked for two seconds from top to bottom, being numbered 1 to 12, and the same on the other half of the dial. The still faster beating watch has a long hand which travels so quickly that it hardly shows the beats.

I have one of the watches which beats twelfths, made by the patentee, William Williams, of Bury, Lancashire, and I occasionally have it split between the twelfths, thus making a twenty-fourth of a second. I formerly had an eighth of a second timer, and that I could start and stop on each beat, but with my present watch I find it runs too fast for that, and only once have I ever succeeded in starting and stopping it on the one beat, two beats being necessary for that. They are not independents or fly-backs, so every time they have to be used they must be set at zero, and in doing this it is necessary to push the stop while the hand is on the move, between 10 and 11, when it will be caught at the even second. Now, when we have such watches held by men such as use them in England, we have a much higher standard of training there than is to be found here outside of the experts of the athletic world. I fancy that if such a timer as Mr. Geo. D. Avery, of New York, had held his watch on Benbow's race at London, it would have shown considerably slower time than was there recorded.

It may be interesting to know that cycling races in England are required to be timed with a watch which has obtained a Kew certificate, so as to guarantee its being a reliable one. This is obtained by leaving it for a certain time, several months I believe, with the officials of Kew observatory, where it is tested in every position and differences of temperature and its variations carefully noted. At the termination of the test a certificate is issued classifying the watch in accordance with its approach to perfect accuracy.

Further than this, there is the question of personal equation, for all men are not equally quick in the hand or finger movement which starts and stops the watch. This variation is guarded against in making astronomical observations, which necessitate the greatest accuracy, by testing the observer. How this is done I do not know, but the result is, that after a thorough test the observer is found to be in the average so far wrong, and this is his "personal equation." Then when he makes an observation involving time calculation, his personal equation is brought into play and a correction made in accordance therewith, and upon that corrected time the calculation is made. When we take into consideration that a dog traveling 200yds. in 12¾ seconds covers within a fraction of 15 7-10yds. per second, it will be at once seen how necessary are a fast-beating watch and a good man to hold it in a trial; for each beat of the watch means 1½yds., and a race can be lost and won by a few inches. Whippet racing is a great sport in the Manchester district, and I have seen handicap cards with over sixty heats of four dogs each for decision on a Saturday afternoon. The most peculiar thing of all in connection with the sport is, that every man who owns a whippet is seemingly bound to bring it to the grounds, whether it is entered or not in the handicap. When the racing is in progress, the men line the fences which inclose the straight 200yds. course with their dogs under their arms, and the moment the pistol is fired every dog in the place starts yelping its loudest—then there is bedlam, if you like. It is not a high-toned sport by any means, and I do not see how it ever can be made so, on account of it surroundings; for the training of the dogs must still be left in the hands of the class of men who train them from puppyhood. The *Stock-Keeper* has tried to boom it and get decent people to take hold of it; but no one with any self-respect could go into it very far without being disgusted with the necessary associations.

Instead of seeking any such venue as whippet racing it would be much better for fanciers to keep in the beaten path where their surroundings have at least the recognition of polite society. Philadelphia was the head center of whippet racing in this country till the present administration came into power, aided and abetted by the Brooks High License law. Licenses were refused for every place that might be called a public resort, and of course such places as Pasture Park, Echo Park and the Lamb Tavern had to join the vast majority of the refused. Soft drinks were too wishy-washy for patrons of the sports held at these places, and without the bar privileges there was but small hope of getting anything like a return of the prize money offered for dog handicaps. There are still a few kept about here and there. No doubt Mr. Parker could be accommodated with a match on the usual handicap terms if he desires to make one.

I noticed in a report of the Detroit show, written by Mr. Mortimer, that he stated he made his awards on whippets at that show in accordance with his views regarding the conformation necessary for speed and endurance. I may not have hit the exact phraseology, but it was, I believe, to that effect. I do not see what endurance has got to do with it at all, for they are never raced over 200yds. I except those used for rabbit coursing, for their number are few. As regards conformation. Whippet breeders prefer hare feet, and they prefer to have the dogs cut in from the hock, holding that such have greater reach in their stride. In the matter of tails it is considered better to have them feathered than smooth like the greyhound, it being held that the dogs can guide themselves better, though I could never understand what good that was in straightaway running.

Whippets are trained from their puppyhood, the first steps being to get them to pull at a cloth, or as it is called, "bait." Almost any puppy will do this, but whippets are encouraged to play in this manner and then to run across the room to catch at the bait. When they have learned this, the distance is gradually increased till all they know is to run to the bait. After which it is simply a question of speed. J. W.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TARIFF AND IMPORTED DOGS.

THERE are parts of the new Tariff Bill which will affect importers to some extent, and for their information we give those sections in which they will be interested:

SEC. 482. Any animal imported specially for breeding purposes shall be admitted free, provided that no such animal shall be admitted free except it be pure-bred of a recognized breed and has been duly registered in the book of record established for that breed; and provided further, that certificate of such record and of the pedigree of such animal shall be produced and submitted to the customs officer, duly authenticated by the proper custodian of such book of record, together with the affidavit of the owner, agent or importer that such animal is the identical animal described in said certificate of record and pedigree. The Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe such additional regulations as may be required for the strict enforcement of this provision.

SEC. 483. Animals brought into the United States temporarily for a period not exceeding six months for the purpose of exhibition or competition for prizes offered by any agricultural or racing association; but a bond shall be given in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury; also teams of animals, including their harness and tackle and the wagons or other vehicles actually owned by persons emigrating from foreign countries to the United States with their families, and in actual use for the purpose of such emigration, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe.

AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

THE following are the new classifications as announced by the Spaniel Club after consultation with the leading exhibitors of the States and Canada:

Classification No. 1.—Field spaniels, black, over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs; challenge class, bitches. Field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs and bitches. Field spaniels, black, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Field spaniels, liver, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs and bitches. Field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs and bitches. Cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs; challenge class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs; challenge class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Clumber spaniels and Irish water spaniels; challenge class, dogs and bitches. Clumber spaniels; open class, dogs and bitches. Irish water spaniels; open class, dogs and bitches.

Classification No. 2.—Spaniels, all breeds, over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs; challenge class, bitches. Field spaniels, black, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs: open class, bitches. Field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs; challenge class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs and bitches. Cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs: open class, bitches. Clumber spaniels and Irish water spaniels; open class, dogs and bitches.

Classification No. 3.—Spaniels, all breeds, over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs and bitches. Field spaniels, black, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs.; open class, dogs and bitches. Cocker spaniels, any color, not over 28lbs.; challenge class, dogs and bitches. Cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs; open class, bitches. Cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 28lbs.; open class, dogs and bitches. Clumber spaniels; open class, dogs and bitches. Irish water spaniels; open class, dogs and bitches.

WINCHELL VS. NATIONAL EXPRESS CO.

IN a late issue we gave the news exclusively that Mr. Winchell was suing the National Express Co. for damages on account of the accident to his mastiff bitch Boss Minnie. We now give an interesting account of the trial, which appeared in the *Vermont Record*:

Rutland County, Vt. J. L. Winchell vs. National Express Co. An action brought to recover damages for injuries to a valuable English mastiff bitch, Boss Minnie.

On Oct. 26, 1889, Mr. J. L. Winchell, proprietor of the Green Mountain Kennels, notified the agent of the National Express company to call at the kennels for a cage containing the valuable dog referred to, which was to be expressed to Huntington, L. I., where it was intended to breed her to Dr. Derby's Pharoah. The express van called at the kennels and the cage containing the animal was loaded into it. In the course of transportation to the railroad station the cage was thrown from the wagon and broken, the dog severely injured in the side and liberated. She was abroad 24 hours and when found she was suffering from her wounds, and also from the exposure. Since that time the animal has never recovered from her injuries; and though up to that time productive, is now barren, although twice having been bred to good dogs.

Notice was at once served on the express company that Mr. Winchell would hold them responsible for the injuries to the bitch, and suit was instituted by Mr. Winchell's attorneys, Messrs. Joyce, Kendall and Preston, and trial was had at the September term of the Rutland county court.

The plaintiff showed that the barrenness of the bitch was a great pecuniary loss to him, it being set up in evidence that from three litters from her, Mr. Winchell had realized over $2,000.

The defendant company plead irresponsibility for the acts or omissions of its local agent; and further that at the time of the accident there had been no delivery of the animal to defendant. It was pleaded that the delivery and collection of express in the village was done by a private arrangement with the local agent, who owned the horse and wagon used for the purpose; and that the defendant company was not responsible for accidents in delivery of collections, claiming not to be responsible as common carriers until the articles were delivered to their agent at the station. The case was ably conducted on both sides, and much evidence of an expert character introduced to establish the nature of the injuries the animal had received. The arguments were exhaustive and citations of decisions which overthrow the defense were quoted by plaintiff's counsel.

Col. Joyce of plaintiff's counsel, made an eloquent and able plea. He defended those dumb creatures which throughout the ages had aided and comforted mankind, and which counsel for defense had referred to as worthless and better dead than living. Col. Joyce argued that the worth or value of an article or animal was based on what it would bring in market, and that these very dogs which defendant represented as worthless were worth many hundreds of dollars. This very animal has produced over $2,000 worth of dogs in two years. Since the accident, aside from the care and medical expense involved by Mr. Winchell, he has suffered great loss otherwise, as the dog was fit neither for show or breeding purposes—the two sources from which her value arose. In regard to the delivery to the company, he argued it was complete when made to the driver of the express wagon, generally known to be in the employ of the company. He further showed the excessive rates Mr. Winchell was compelled to pay the defendant company for transportation of his animals, and that since the accident he has been compelled to sign a release to the company when shipping dogs.

The judge charged the jury at length, advising them as to

the points of law involved. The jury retired and after a short deliberation returned with a verdict for plaintiff in $1,000 damages.

Expert veterinary testimony introduced by both parties to the action agreed as to the fact that the barrenness from which the animal suffers was caused solely by injuries received at the time of the accident; and that the animal might again become productive, though the time which might elapse before productiveness returned was a matter of great uncertainty.

DOG TALK.

"J. W." in a recent note, made the remark that Lord Bute was the best St. Bernard in England, and that the fact was not disputed by the press. Whew! I hope that was a slip of the pen. If not I am afraid my friend will have to acknowledge his mistake. Until the advent of Scottish Prince he was acknowledged to be the tallest; but a glance at the catalogues and show reports and another at the dogs that have beaten him will convince the most skeptical of the mistake in that assertion. I have no desire to injure the dog's reputation, but such reports are misleading, and should some wealthy American purchase him he will find that Donald is a taller dog, and I can name no less than six dogs now in America that can beat him hands down if quality counts for anything. Some of them have already done so. At Windsor, Alton was first, Prince Regent second, Lord Bute third. At Darlington, Scottish Prince first, Aristocrat second, Lord Bute third. Angelo, Sir Bedivere, Prince Battenberg, Hesper and several others will beat him under any judge.

I want to say a word in praise of the National steamship Canada and its genial master, Capt. Robinson. Any one intending crossing the pond with dogs will make a great mistake in taking one of the fast lines. The Canada is a cattle boat, and returning she carries no deck load, thus giving ample exercise ground for the largest dogs. The captain and officers are all dog lovers, and afford the passengers every facility for caring for their stock. Should any of your readers desire to ship a dog across, I can cheerfully recommend Mr. Cottrell, the cook, as a most painstaking man to take charge of same. He is a breeder of terriers, and well known to "Thames Tattler" and others in the fancy in England. The splendid form in which my dogs arrived is sufficient proof of the assertion I have made. NAMQUOIT.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

"NAMQUOIT" asks where on earth I was when the question of admitting the National Beagle Club to the A. K. C. was brought up at the late meeting. To be perfectly accurate I will reply that I was at Gloucester race course. With regard to the merits of the case there are two ways to view it. The National Beagle Club may be looked upon in the same light as a field trial club, and the A. K. C. has such on its roll of members. I can see no more grounds for alleging antagonism between the National Beagle Club and the American Beagle Club than between the Southern Field Trials Club and the setter or pointer clubs. I am not aware that the National Beagle Club has set up any standard, and I further take issue with Mr. Anthony when he made his motion to read that the A. K. C. has acquiesced in the standard of the American Beagle Club. Mr. Anthony will remember the long discussion which took place over the adoption by the A. K. C. of the Chesapeake Bay dog standard, and that the resolution was very carefully worded to avoid adopting a standard. It was simply a recommendation that in the absence of any specialty club for that breed the standard as drawn up be taken for what it was worth. At the next meeting of the A. K. C. the Great Dane Club (I think that was the one) asked the A. K. C. to adopt the standard it had drawn up. I objected, calling attention to the peculiar and definite wording of the Chesapeake Bay dog resolution, and the motion was at once voted down, Mr. Anthony acquiescing in the view expressed.

It has always been my opinion that field trial clubs are out of place in the A. K. C., and I can see no reason to distinguish between them and the National Beagle Club. It is no loss to the club to be debarred from membership, for their wins are not of any importance on the show bench, where appearance takes precedence and is alone recognized. If I had been present at the A. K. C. I should have voted against Mr. Anthony's motion, because of the manner in which it was worded, but if it had been amended to read that it was not advisable to elect a club having only its object in view, I would have voted against its admission.

There was another case which immediately followed that of the Beagle Club, which was properly decided. It was upon the application of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Dog men may not be aware, perhaps, of the prolonged fight which has been going on in the poultry world over these rival associations, but it has been a subject for discussion and the display of much angry feeling for some time. Mr. Cook's motion of rejection was based upon the fact of there being already a member of the same name, and it was perfectly proper to decline electing the applicant on that ground. We already have a precedent for the election of rival clubs in the same city, in the acceptance of the California Kennel Club when the Pacific Kennel Club, also of San Francisco, was a member of the A. K. C. An election which does not harmonize at all with the resolution on the National Beagle Club application.

I see that Mr. H. H. Briggs, of San Francisco, has relinquished the kennel editorship of the *Breeder and Sportsman*. I shall always look back on the brief association with Mr. Briggs and his fellow members of the Pacific Kennel Club with the most pleasant feeling, and I trust, that in whatever field he may turn his attention to, he may be preeminently successful. A whole-souled fellow is that same H. H. Briggs.

Mr. Mayhew has had a little fling at Uncle Dick anent his judging and reception at the Kingston dog show. But the sage of Hornellsville has got square with the "brash Britisher." His comment to me is, "Mr. Mayhew forgets to blow the froth off his beer and it gets into his writing." Dick, that is very cruel, but Mayhew will forgive you, for the joke is too good.

Mr. Vredenburgh is going to propose some amendments to the A. K. C. constitution to be acted upon at the December meeting. I hope he will announce them in the November *Gazette*, so that we may have time to examine them carefully. I have not the slightest idea what these amendments are, but I am very anxious to see them. Another thing we all want to see is a speedy hearing in the case of Vredenburgh versus Peshall. I am certain that there will be no delay encouraged by the first named. Of course I need not say how the case will terminate, at least in my opinion, for I have already expressed my views on the subject of the A. K. C. accounts for 1888. It is much to be regretted that the occasion was ever made which called for the taking of such decisive steps.

Americans have succeeded in putting a heavy handicap on the Louisiana lottery, and it is ticklish work getting up anything in that line nowadays. What then is to be thought of the following in the last issue to hand of the *Stock-Keeper*: "Ormskirk Christopher.—To be drawn for, rough-coated collie pup presented by the celebrated exhibitor, Mr. T. H. Stretch, to the Ormskirk Parish Church Bazaar, to be held Oct. 22 next, age five months; sire Ormskirk Amazement, grandsire the renowned Christopher; tickets 1s. each from Mr. S. Brighouse, 9 Derby street, Ormskirk." A lottery for a collie pup and for the benefit of a church. Playing it pretty low down on the collie, isn't it? J. W.

[Rough on the church as well.]

DOG CHAT.

THE Gordon setter men are evidently waking up to a sense of their duty to the breed. The special stake, which is to be brought off at the Central trials in December, is creating wide interest among lovers of the breed, which will surely redound to its future benefit. We understand that already $175 has been secured toward the prize money, and more is certainly expected. The winner of the stake will also come in for valuable special prizes, which in after days will incite the lucky owner to further efforts. Mr. Fitzgerald, the sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Item*, shows his love for the Gordon by donating a piece of plate, valued at $100, to go to the winner of the stake. Mr. Van Zandt, though an Irish setter man and one of the owners of the Hudson River Kennels, sets up a $25 silver cup for the same lucky dog. Is this not inducement enough for the Gordon men to come out with their best, and even if they have not got a "best" enter a Gordon to swell the list and show those bloated aristocrats, the English setter and pointer men, that the boasted powers of the Gordon do not lay altogether on paper. Seven entries are already secured from some of our best known Gordon men, but we fail to find the names of such men as Doctors Whitaker and Dixon and Mr. Malcolm. Friends of the Gordon, as they are, they will surely not let this opportunity pass. Let it once be known among men that the Gordon men are running their dogs, the breed will take on a boom, just as coursing has given the necessary fillip to the greyhounds.

The Irish setter men are quieting down a little and attending more to business, as will be seen by the returns of the entries for the Eastern Field Trials. The Irish Setter Club have taken care of the money inducement for owners to run their dogs, and it is to be hoped the members will rally to the call.

Mr. Washington called upon us, while in the city this week, and told us that he had just sold champion Laura B., the well-known Irish setter, to Mr. C. G. Dickson, Sparta, Ga., for the sum of $2,000. Judging from his letter, Mr. Dickson is so pleased with her that, had Mr. Washington asked it he would have paid double that amount. Would that this gentleman lived in the North, we want a few more enthusiasts like this in the breed. Speaking of Mr. Washington, we hear that he was so disgusted with his new importation, Tore, that he has given him away to a farmer, not deeming him worth keeping. This is rather severe on a third-prize winner at Manchester, England.

We understand that the Duquesne Kennel Club of Pittsburg has claimed dates for their long expected show. The show will be held early in March next, and will no doubt be well supported by the fraternity, for Pittsburg has always been a good dog show town when well managed. We hear there is good, active young blood in the new club, men willing to back their venture with solid cash, so hereafter we hope to find Pittsburg numbered among the regular fixtures.

Mr. Mercer, of Ottawa, tells us that he has presented the Airedale terrier Weaver to Mr. W. P. Pugsley, of that city. Weaver scored a blue ribbon at their show last month, securing a favorable comment in our report. This is the last of Mr. Mercer's team of six Airedales; some of them were poisoned and others died a natural death. This gentleman evidently thinks Clumbers are the dogs after all, for he writes us he has just purchased from Messrs. Bate and Geddes the noted spaniels Boss III. and Bromine, which with Snow, if she pulls through, and Quester, will make a team hard to beat. By the way, it is said that Bromine and Snow would never have been allowed to leave England or be sold if it was known they could breed. Bromine has just whelped eleven pups to Boss III., and as Snow had a litter just lately in England, though they did not live, it looks as if the Ottawa men had the pull of it in this case.

Here is a joke of Uncle Dick's while judging cockers at Kingston. A noted dog was brought before him for inspection, when it is said he turned to a bystander, saying in his inimitable style: "Ottawa and London both on same week, eh!—ugh!—cut him in two and send half to each show, he'll win sure!" Those who know Uncle's dread of being "long" on cockers will understand the joke.

Mr. Bush, of Buffalo, writes us that he has purchased that good young cocker bitch Idea, from Geo. Bell, of Toronto. It will be remembered that she won second to Novel in the open class of 25 bitches and first in novice and puppy classes at Toronto, and three firsts and a special at Ottawa last month. With those he already has, Mr. Bush will make a strong showing for any team prizes that may be put up at New York.

There is no more enthusiastic pug man than Mr. Eberhart, of Cincinnati. He has just built a kennel especially suitable for pugs, at a cost of $500. He has already 23 in his kennel and has room for 50 more. Pugs evidently take well out West.

A correspondent from Hamilton, Ont., writes us deploring the fact that in their dealings with American breeders many Canadians have, in the language of the street, "been badly left," in spite of very fair letter writing and apparent good faith. He asks: "Is there no remedy?" The only one we can suggest is for the buyer to come down and choose for himself, if he has not a trustworthy friend on the spot to do it for him. Our large breeders of dogs are most of them reputable men, men whom our Canadian friend will find to be entirely reliable in their dealings. All that we can advise in the matter is, for intending purchasers to write us for references before making their bargains. More than this it would be invidious for us to do.

The *Stock-Keeper* (England) calls attention in its current issue to several pictures in the book "House and Pet Dogs," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, which originally appeared in our English contemporary. We are sorry they should have occasion to find fault, but it was an oversight entirely that due acknowledgment was not made, but the mistake will be corrected in the next edition. The pictures were taken at random from a collection of the sketches which have appeared from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM or *American Kennel Register*, and in every case bear the signature of the English artist who drew them, and acknowledgment was then made of the source from which they were drawn. The FOREST AND STREAM is always willing to give credit to whom credit is due.

The importation of dogs to this country from England has in the past few years assumed such proportions that the extract from the new Tariff Bill, which we publish in another column, will be read with interest on both sides of the pond. It will now be necessary for the importer to prove that the dog is of pure breed by a certificate, stating its registered number and pedigree, signed by the secretary of the stud book of whatever country the dog is imported from. This is a protection for American dog men and is a move in the right direction, as the law also requires an affidavit from the owner or agent that the dog is truly the one so registered.

The warnings repeatedly given our breeders, to leave the dogs alone for awhile and devote more attention to the importation of bitches of known merit, is evidently bearing fruit. Mr. John A. Long, of St. Louis, has just purchased from Mr. W. Houldsworth, of Bradford, England, the collie bitch Airedale Duchess, by champion Charlemagne—Patience. She is the dam of Clifton Crack, who won first and cup at Cambridge, and comes over in whelp to Roderick of Ruthven, who is by Christopher out of Princess Shiela. She was to arrive on the steamship Nevada.

The English doggy papers are much exercised over the aspersions of a writer, in the medical journal *Hospital*, on the bulldog. This nincompoop of a writer is scored unmercifully, and rightly, too, for his misleading statements. This noodle has the effrontery to state that "It is as plain as possible that certain animals which are destitute of what we call intellect have a love of fighting—a savage and determined taste for blood and murder. The bulldog, for example, is not a mere beast of prey, who catches wild creatures because he is hungry; he is a typical example of unmitigated savagery and blood-lust" with a deal more in the same vein. "Vero Shaw" rises in his wrath and writes to the *Stock-Keeper* in the bulldog's defense, stating that "the whole article is a gross calumny, doubtless begotten by Ignorance out of Mortal Funk of the breed." It is well known that no milder-mannerd dog lives than the bulldog, though to people unacquainted with the breed, his ugly mug (?) would lead them to just such conclusions this ignoramus has come to. We are not without men of that ilk in this country, who rush into print about dogs, of which they know nothing whatever; doing more harm in ten lines than a practical man can remedy in a whole page.

The advertised meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held on Oct. 14, in Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's office, at 44 Broadway, New York. Those present were Messrs. O. W. Donner, F. R. Hitchcock, J. L. Breeze, W. A. Coster, the secretary, and others. Messrs. A. D. Lewis and H. Hullman, Jr., were elected members. A motion was carried to ask Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to be one of the judges at the coming trials.

ST. BERNARDS AT LONDON.—Sarnia, Ont., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to the query, "What is fame?" somebody is reported to have replied, "To have one's name misspelled in the daily papers." Fame at a bench show consists in having dogs' names misspelled and their form misrepresented in kennel journal reports. At least that is the sort of fame my dogs at London achieved in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. My St. Bernard dog Barnie, winner of second, is credited in your report to the Pottersburg Kennels. My dog Brian, awarded third, is said to have "his good bone and front to recommend him;" whereas Brian lacks in bone and front, though a fairly good dog in other respects. The possessor of the "good bone and front" is Barnie, who, if equally strong in other respects, would be a hard dog to beat except in the best of company. My smooth-coat bitch puppy Iola is entered in your report as Lola. She is more than "a fairly good youngster," as any competent judge will say who has seen her. The smooth-coat bitch called Brundle in your report, should be Brunelle, and her description is as faulty as the name you imposed upon her. I am aware that your reporter, owing to an engagement at Ottawa, had only a limited opportunity of seeing the dogs, and could not, therefore, be expected to be able to criticise their points intelligently. His chief source of information and inspiration was a marked catalogue, supplied him by the manager-secretary, with perhaps a few pointers on the merits of the dogs from the same obliging and not entirely uninterested official. Reports compiled under such circumstances are valueless as a guide or for reference, and an injustice to those whose dogs were left to the criticisms of their competitors.—H. GORMAN.

[At the first glance the above letter seemed a fit occupant for the waste basket, but as we find that an error was made in crediting the dog Barnie to Pottersburg Kennels we print the letter. We do not know Mr. Gorman or of him in St. Bernard ranks, but for his information and others who may be prejudiced by his statements, we may remark that we spent two days at London, and further, examined the St. Bernards carefully. To St. Bernard men we will only say that the fact of Bruce, vhc. at Toronto, being first here carries out our criticism as to the quality of the dogs under him. In speaking of Brian we said, "has only his good bone and front to recommend him; his long head and faulty muzzle will always place him back." This puts a different light on it. The St. Bernards were so mixed in their numbers that we had to appeal to Mr. Glass as to which dog was which, and may possibly have got the criticism on to the wrong dog, but we don't think so. Perhaps Mr. Gorman has not seen a catalogue of this show, if not we advise him to, where he will find Barnie spelt Burnie, and catalogue number was 25, but tag number was 13; then his Brian was numbered 26, but tag number 14. Brunelle and Iola were spelt in the report as they are in the catalogue. Before rushing into print Mr. Gorman had better acquaint himself with the facts of his case and see a few more good St. Bernards. Let him come down to the New York show next spring, and we shall take pleasure in showing him where and how we derive an "intelligent" knowledge of St. Bernard points.]

COLLIE CLUB STAKES.—Orange, N. J., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the communication signed "The Squire" in FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 9, the Collie Club has not issued a list of stakes for puppies. On the contrary, it has extended the date of birth so as to include collies from 9 to 18mos. old, and therefore no man with common sense would think of entering a young puppy for competition. As to the stud dog stakes, I fail to see the objection. There is nothing said as to pedigree, place of birth or age; the stud dog is to be judged by two of his get out of different bitches. The prize being confined to collie dogs at public stud in the United States and Canada, the winning progeny to be barred from future competion. The object of these stakes is to incite competition; they are not arranged for the benefit of any breeder; therefore we have made them virtually novice stakes, as winners are barred in all of them. —J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y Collie Club.

DANBURY SHOW.—Danbury, Ct., Oct 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We, the undersigned exhibitors at the twenty-second annual Danbury Agricultural Society's Fair and Bench Show, desire to express our thanks to Messrs. H. W. Lacy, Seers, Reed, Lynes, Knox, Barnum and Lewis, for the kind and courteous treatment we received at their hands. Signed: B. F. Lewis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Dole, New Haven, Ct.; Thos. Fenton, New Haven, Ct.; John B. Hefter, N. Y. city; N. H. Thiman, N. Y. city; H. W. Van Scriver, Rahway, Ct.; Central Kennels, Jersey City, N. J.; Ravenswood Kennels, L. I. City; Riverview Kennels, N. Y. city; Warwick Kennels, Conn.; R. Thurman, Mass.

MR. PENTZ'S MISTAKE.—Red Bank, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing an article in the FOREST AND STREAM where Mr. Stanton W. Pentz asserts that I claim that his pointer dog served my pointer bitch Marguerite II., I claim that he asserts what is not true, for I never have claimed that I ever used his dog nor do I wish to use him. But I do claim my puppies are by the very same dog that they were advertised to be. The dog that my puppies are by is owned by a gentleman living near Red Bank by the name of Mr. C. W. Chapen, and if Mr. Pentz will take the trouble to look and see when I bred my bitch, he will find that she was bred to Mr. C. W. Chapen's pointer dog, which he calls Brake, and a very fine one too. There was a mistake in the number, and Mr. Pentz and myself had some correspondence over it, and I thought that it was settled until I saw his letter in the paper. I wish it understood that I don't claim my puppies are by Pentz's dog, but I do claim they are by Chapen's Brake, by which name he is known, and I cannot understand Mr. Pentz publishing such an assertion when he knows it is not so.—JOHN H. DEY.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Silver Queen. By A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 7, 1890, by champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Rustic Queen (Rustic—What's That).

Rex G. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Lady Verne (Joe II.—Maudie).

Rockaway Joe and Crusoe: By Robt. A. A. Johnson, Ottawa, Can., for black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped July 10, by Kildare (champion Brant—Bonita) out of Jill (Doctor—Lucy).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Cromar's Vic—Portswood Tiger. J. H. Matthews's (New York) bull bitch Cromar's Vic (Guillermo—champion Carmen) to his champion Portswood Tiger, Sept. 29.

Juno—Portswood Tiger. Dr. S. H. Blodgett's (Cambridge, Mass.) bull bitch champion Juno to J. H. Matthews's champion Portswood Tiger, Sept. 16.

Beatrice—Portswood Tiger. J. H. Matthews's (New York) bull bitch Beatrice (Rustic King—Soudan) to his champion Portswood Tiger, Sept. 9.

Rose—Portswood Tiger. Wm. Hickey's (New York) bull bitch Rose to J. H. Matthews' champion Portswood Tiger, Sept. 3.

Grit—Portswood Tiger. J. H. Matthews' (New York) bull bitch Grit (Morgan's Crib—Morgan's Kittie) to his champion Portswood Tiger, Aug. 23.

Loue—Tammany Boy. Charles Grather's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Loue (Springbock—Composition) to H. Wooster's Tammany Boy (Tammany—Juno), June 15.

Erminie—Lord Clover. M. E. Bradley's (Columbus, Ind.) pug bitch Erminie (Kash—Daisy) to Thos. I. Ballantine's Lord Clover (champion Loris—Goulding's Nellie).

Queen Anna—Kash. M. M. Murphy's (Ripley, O.) pug bitch Queen Anna to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Oct. 8.

Trixy—Kash. Adam Flaitz's (Shelbyville, Ind.) pug bitch Trixy to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Oct. 7.

Daisy—Kash. Seminole Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) pug bitch Daisy to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Oct. 6.

Vixen—Kash. M. M. Murphy's (Ripley, O.) pug bitch Vixen to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Oct. 3.

Teresa—Kash. Adam Flaitz's (Shelbyville, Ind.) pug bitch Teresa to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Sept. 9.

Topsy—Bradford Ruby II. H. J. Bramlage's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Topsy to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 7.

Flossie II.—Eberhart's Cashier. C. V. Griffith's (Anderson, Ind.) pug bitch Flossie II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Daisy) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Oct. 2.

Dill—Colonel. Geo. C. Jones's (Emporia, Kan.) cocker spaniel bitch Dilly (Prince Oho III.—Black Beauty) to his Colonel (Capt. Stubbs—Maud S. II.), Aug. 10.

Bell—Bradford Harry. F. E. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bell (champion Bradford Harry—Old Bell) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Aug. 15.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Emma L. Wm. H. Wild's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Emma L. (Sachem—Daisy of Naso), Oct. 6, nine (three dogs), by Hemnstead Farm Kennels' Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway).

Lucil H. Tell Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Lucil H. (Harris's Grafton—Ethel Beaufort), Sept. 2, ten (six dogs), by their Daregq (Harris's Mikado—Gypsy K.).

Maygo. Tell Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Maygo (Mikado—Gypsy K.), Sept. 28, ten (six dogs), by Currier's Prince (Waters's Max—Currier's Bell III.).

Vera Bang. R. L. Hooper's (Athens, O.) pointer bitch Vera Bang (Bang Bang—Christmas Vic), Oct. 2, eight (five dogs), by Field Trial Kennels' King of Kent.

Ballymony. North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Irish terrier bitch Ballymony (Benedict—Jameson's Argus), Oct. 12, seven (three dogs), by J. W. Taylor's champion Breadenhill.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Golden. Silver fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped Jan. 22, 1890, by champion Kash out of Peggie II., by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to Fred E. Hookway, Wooster, O.

Hustler. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Wm. Smith, same place.

Rex G. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Wm. J. Gerly, New Orleans, La.

Duke. Silver fawn pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Mrs. J. J. Farrell, Rochester, N. Y.

Smuggler. Pug dog, whelped April 2, 1890, by Lord Clover out of Midget Bell, by Thos. I. Ballantine, Peoria, Ill., to J. H. Jackson, St. Paul, Minn.

Buffalo Bob. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1890, by champion Buffalo General out of Buffalo Lass, by A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., to Geo. Hermann, Jr., Davenport, Ia.

O'Donovan Rossa—Sedan whelps Red Irish setters, by Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., bitch Winnie Davis to J. O. Le Gendre, Charleston, S. C. Dogs—Leddie Rossa to C. F. Herreshoff, Bristol, R. I.; Pat Rossa to Wm. Willie, Fort Niobara, Neb.; Grip W. to F. E. Nose, Duncannon, Pa.; Thurman to M. L. Oppenheimer, New York; Lismore to A. B. Watson, Batesburg, S. C.; Frank Hurd to John Porter, Bristol, R. I.; Clonmel to Allan Dodge, Washington, D. C.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have a King Charles spaniel, 8 years old, had two litters of pups. Has continual itching, mostly on the back and neck. I do not feed very heavy, mostly meat and, as she has very few teeth, cut it fine. She is confined most of time. Would like you to advise me in next issue what to do for her. Ans. Rub affected parts with balsam of Peru; after a few days wash off with warm water and castile soap. Give more exercise.

A. M., New York.—I have a small pug, six weeks old, who has been constipated since it has been taken from its mother, which is about a week ago. From constant straining she has a small lump protruding from the anus, which looks as though it might be falling of the rectum. Will you please tell what to do for her in your next issue? Ans. Press the lump gently back in its place. Then roll a piece of paper to a point, whenever the puppy is constipated, and dipping the paper in olive oil insert it a short distance into the rectum, when a passage will shortly follow. It would be well to put a little powdered charcoal, say as much as will lay on a dime, in its food once a day. Feed soups, with stale bread, avoiding rice, boiled milk and such foods.

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States and showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. Playing cards for 15 cents in postage. You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards on application to the undersigned.—P. S. Eustis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

RENSSELAERWYCK.

ALBANY, Oct. 3.—The fall meeting of the Third Brigade Rifle Association at Rensselaerwyck, concluded to-day. The conditions were favorable, and some excellent scores were made. Stephen Schreiber distinguished himself by taking first place in two matches, in one of which he made a clean score. The full scores follow:

Match No 1, short range continuous military match of 5 shots, all comers, 200yds., two scores to count, any military rifle.

J G Boden-tein	24	24—48	A H Rennie	21	21—42
Col W E Fitch	24	24—48	C H Hitchcock	21	21—42
S Schreiber	24	23—47	J E Roach	22	20—42
Wm Turner	23	23—46	C M Underwood	22	20—42
W C Gomph	23	21—44	A L Bevier	21	20—41
E S Hoag	22	22—44	J L'Amoreaux	21	20—41
G H Charles	22	22—44	C S Byington	22	19—41
T M Congden	22	22—44	W W Stowe	20	20—40
A Donner	22	21—43	C Chinman	20	19—39
J Murphy	22	21—43			

Match No. 2, standard American target re-entry match, all comers, 200yds., any rifle, best three scores to count:

W C Gomph	45	43	42—130	J B Taylor	43	41	40—124
Dr Mayberry	45	43	41—129	J G Newberry	43	40	40—123
B C Andrews	43	41	41—125	A Sidney	41	36	33—110

Match No. 3, mid-range continuous military match, all comers, 500yds., unlimited re-entries allowed, the aggregate of the best three scores to count:

S Schreiber	25	25	25—75	W C Gomph	24	22—46
Col W E Fitch	25	25	24—74	G Rommel	23	23—46
A H Rennie	24	24	25—72	C Hinman	22	21—43
E S Hoag	25	24—49		J L'Amoreaux	22	20—42
Wm Turner	24	24—48		Lieut C H Hitchcock	21	21—46
G H Charles	24	23—47		J Murphy	21	20—41
C M Underwood	24	22—46		T M Congden	20	20—40
W W Stowe	25	21—46		J E Roach	20	20—40

Match No. 4, rest match, all comers, standard American targets, aggregate of best three scores of 5 shots to count:

S Schreiber	57	56	56—169	J G Newberry	50	47—97
G H Charles	57	57	54—168	W C Gomph	50	46—96
Wm Turner	54	54	54—162	A H Rennie	49	44—93
A Sidney	53	52—105		E Allen	47	43—90
A Donner	54	50—104				

Match No. 5, Colt's target revolver match, all comers, and to revolvers only, 30yds. on the standard American target reduced, number of shots five, unlimited re-entries allowed, aggregate of the best three shots to count:

H G Charles	130	J G Newberry	125	James H Price	124
Buel C Andrews	129	E L Strong	125	E L Hinman	124
H A Parsons	127				

Match No. 6, Third Brigade team match, open to teams of six commissioned officers or regularly enlisted soldiers from any battalion or separate company of infantry in the Third Brigade, 200 and 500yds.:

Binghamton Team.	20th Sep. Co. 200yds.	500yds.	Tenth Battalion Team.	200yds.	500yds.
C W Hinman	19	20—39	C Underwood	20	18—38
C W Hitchcock	19	21—40	J E Roach	11	21—32
F W L'Amoreaux	17	18—35	C S Byington	12	14—26
John Murphy	16	17—33	A H Rennie	21	20—41
T M Congdon	21	18—39	W E Fitch	22	19—41
E S Hoag	21	19—49	G Rommel	14	21—35
	113	113 226		100	113 213

EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 10.—It having rained on several of our practice days the members of the North End Rifle Club were forced to forego their pleasure of target shooting. To-day was a beautiful day, with little wind, and nine of our boys were on the range near Ephrata, at an early hour, prepared with abundant ammunition to make up for lost time. The following scores resulted as the best out of several scores of 10 shots each to each man. Distance 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

W M Carpenter	8	7	6	7	10	6	6	7	7	6	—70
C S Wenger	6	6	8	10	6	10	8	10	10	6	—80
L M Weist	9	7	10	8	6	4	5	6	5	4	—64
J A Stober	6	6	5	5	6	10	3	9	5	5	—60
J M Sheaffer	7	5	5	8	7	6	3	3	8	7	—59
M Kafroth	3	0	8	4	8	5	3	5	7	5	—48
D B Lefever	3	6	4	3	0	7	3	7	9	3	—45
W D Winters	4	0	0	7	3	8	9	4	4	4	—43
C Konigmacher	4	0	3	4	5	6	3	3	4	8	—40

The team meets on Friday afternoon, Oct. 17, for practice.—D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 10.—But nine members of the St. Louis Pistol Club attended the shoot held last Wednesday; 12½yds. target. The score:

Sam Dorman	9	8	8	8	10	9	10	10	10	—92
W Bauer	8	10	10	10	10	8	8	10	7	—90
G Alexander	9	6	7	8	10	9	10	10	10	—88
M Summerfield	9	9	10	10	9	10	6	8	10	—88
J H Chase	8	9	10	10	6	8	7	8	7	—81
A McBean	9	7	9	6	5	10	9	10	9	—80
M Billmeyer	5	7	7	6	10	9	10	8	8	—80
H Stussell	8	7	8	7	7	8	8	7	8	—78
W C Mackwitz	10	8	9	6	7	9	7	8	3	—72

A YANKEE GIFFARD.—Norwich, Conn., Oct. 12.—William T. Chamberlain, the inventor of this city, has thought out a great many new things, for some of which the Government has sent him patents. Lately he put his mind on the trail of a possible gun that should out-shoot anything in firearms in the world, and walked the streets every night for hours dreaming about his purpose. The ice he thought he had holed the possible gun in his imagination. He invented an air gun that would shoot projectiles ten miles, and a powder gun that would throw dynamite safely. Then he wheeled about in his thinking and made a loaded projectile that would fire itself out of any gun two or three miles; but none of the inventions quite satisfied him. So he has thought out a new gun that is to darken, as calls it the "electric hydrogen gun." It may be fired in three ways. First, Mr. Chamberlain says he sends the projectile out of the gun with 37,000 "atmospheres" chasing it; second, he says he puts 148,000 atmospheres behind the shot; third, he easily and quickly transforms the weapon into an air gun, with a pressure behind the projectile of 1,500 or 2,000 pounds. The gun is very simple and very powerful, and it costs almost nothing to fire it. It sends a shot traveling faster and further, Mr. Chamberlain says, than any other weapon. He thinks he sees $200,000 in it.

ZETTLER CLUB, Oct. 12.—The light to-day was anything but favorable for rifle practice, but nevertheless those members of the Zettler Rifle Club who assembled at the Cypress Hill Park range managed to put up some good scores, especially J. A. Boyken, who as usual had the highest average, 215.41, on 100 shots. During the contest B. Zettler and V. Steinbach shot a good old-fashioned 100-shot match, such as in former times contributed so much to the interest taken in rifle shooting, and which has fallen in abeyance for some time. As the match was not for blood, Dr. Beyken was allowed to enter, but had to give his two opponents 125 points each. Nevertheless the man from Harlem came out on top, while Zettler held the middle and Steinbach had to pay for the fun. The score 100-shot match, no restriction to rifle, but no holder allowed, 200yds., German 25-ring target: J. A. Boyken 2,181, B. Zettler 2,113, V. Steinbach 2,035. Regular club shoot, strings of 10, possible 250 points: V. Steinbach 2,934, average 195.50; J. A. Boyken 2,181, average 218.10; B. Zettler 1,938, average 193.80 Dressler 1,066, average 167.67; Kohlmetz 174.

THE GIFFARD GUN.—London, Oct. 11.—Mr. Giffard, the inventor of the wonderful gun in which liquefied gas serves as a substitute for powder, is now in London. Speaking of his invention the other day he said: "I won't tell you of the experiments I have been making at the Paris Gas Company for nearly twenty years for the compression of steam and air and the liquefaction of gas, but the Giffard gun is the outcome. The French government has bought the rights for the rifle as a weapon of war, and the Colts have bought the American rights in the patents for £200,000."

TOURNAMENT AT NEWARK.—Thanksgiving week the Newark Gun Club of Newark proposes to hold at its grounds, Erb's Park, Newark, N. J., a four days' shooting tournament, Tuesday and Wednesday to be devoted to target breaking, Thursday, Thanksgiving day and Friday to be given up to live bird shooting. An attractive programme is being arranged. As soon as the printer is through with it, it will be sent out. In all probability the cracks at inanimates, those who have acquired a national reputation both in the East and the West will be debarred from the target contests. This will give the amateurs a better chance in the various events of this character.—JACOB PENTZ.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Oct. 23.—Second Annual Tournament of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J. Open to all. Bluerocks, three sets of traps. C. W. Brown, President, Maplewood, N. J.

Nov. 18-19.—Open-to-All Tournament of the Woodside Gun Club, Woodside, N. J. Carl Von Lengerke, Sec'y, 843 Broad street, Newark.

ELLIOT VS. MURPHY.

ONE of the greatest pigeon matches that I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing was that which took place on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Bergen Point, N. J., on the afternoon of Oct. 8. The principals, J. A. R. Elliot, of Kansas City, and Edgar G. Murphy, of Long Branch, are both well known in the shooting world. Mr. Murphy for years has been regarded as one of the best of our amateurs, and with the exception probably of Mr. Macalister, has no superior to-day. Mr. Elliot, or plain every day Jim Elliot, has been recorded so often of late in these columns as a winner that he is known to all. This, he declared, was one of the hardest matches he had ever shot, and he fully sustained his reputation as a game and nervy single-handed shot. The conditions of the match were 100 birds each for $1,000 a side, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary, gun below the armpit. These were the rules of the Carteret Club, and as the grounds and surroundings were strangers to Elliot, his victory is all the more creditable, and his score of 94 should go on record. The afternoon of the contest was a delightful one, a brisk northwest wind favoring the birds. The audience, among which were several ladies, was a select one, being composed of well-known club men and lovers of the sport. Among those present were Chas. Willard and J. N. Robbins, of Chicago; E. W. Dayton, Cincinnati; Mr. Henry and Capt. Money, of England; C. W. Dimick and Geo. Pushee, of Boston; Irving Schulize and M. F. Lindsley, W. Fred Quimby, W. S. Cannon, Justus Von Lengerke, Chas. Parker, W. L. Colville, H. Folsom, Frank Rogers, Peter Morris, Geo. de Forrest Grant, W. and C. Floyd-Jones, J. Heber Brientnall, Fred Hoey, Dr. Knapp, Fred K. Sands, James Bryer, C. Smith, J. Pentz, C. M. Hedden, H. White, Miles Johnson, W. L. Force, Geo. Wallace McGrath and E. Collins. The match was refereed by James Bryer, of Brooklyn, C. Floyd-Jones advising and handling Mr. Murphy, Elliot "going it alone." At 2:25 P. M. Elliot flipped up a coin in the air, and winning the toss, he decided to go first to the score, or to use his own expression, "to open the german." His first bird, a rattling left quartering towerer, was hit hard by both barrels and fell dead inside the 50yds. mark, but of course was scored lost. Mr. Murphy followed suit, his bird being exactly similar in flight, but if anything a trifle faster. He feathered him with his first barrel, but he sailed on and out. After losing his first, Elliot did not miss again until his 15th bird, when a right quarterer got away with a clean skin. He followed with another goose egg on his 16th, and then settled down to work and made the magnificent run of 34, losing his 51st dead out of bounds, another one dead out of bounds on his 59th, and again a cipher on his 70th. He then started in and finished strong with a run of 30. A total of 94 scored; only 6 lost out of 100, 2 of which were killed within the 50yds. mark and 3 within 30yds. boundary. Mr. Murphy, after his first miss, killed 12 straight, the 13th being an unlucky number, for he lost, dead out of bounds, a right quartering incomer, that he should have saved. He then killed 15 straight and lost his 30th, a right quarterer that was a "screamer." Hit with both loads, the bird went out and fell stone dead 40yds. away. His next, another of the same flight, was stopped in great style. This was one of the neatest of the many pretty kills made by both contestants. Mr. Murphy then made a run of 14 straight, losing his 45th, a right quarterer. He then killed 2, and lost the 48th, a right quartering driver, dead out of bounds; scored another lost in his 63d, a rattling strightaway, and then made his longest run of the match, 22, stopping up on his 86th bird. From this out he killed straight, not shooting at his last bird. Both men shot in magnificent form, and at any stage of the match it was anybody's race. This state of affairs kept the spectators in breathless suspense, and the winner, upon killing his last bird, was greeted with a hearty round of applause. Mr. Murphy's birds were gathered by the liver pointer Phil, Billy Mills, of Dexter Park, gathering for Mr. Elliot. The birds, every one of which was dark in color, were an excellent lot, and only five of them could be classed as duffers, and these were called. The different style of the shooters was marked. Elliot, very deliberate, depending most on the first barrel, but getting the second in when necessary, in quick time. Murphy snapping the first, the second invariably following as one shot. Score:

Elliot..... ○2222222212121001212122122122211112122
○22212122222122122012222122122111221221222122—94

Murphy..... 022222222222202222222222222222222222202222
22222222222022222222211222212222102222220222222 —92

○ Dead out of bounds.

Recapitulation.

Elliott had 19 straight drivers, 19 right-quartering drivers, 11 left quartering drivers, 15 right-quarterers, 8 left-quarterers, 15 straight incomers, 6 right-quartering incomers and 7 left-quartering incomers. He shot a Greener gun 7½lbs., shells for both barrels loaded with 45grs. of E. C. powder, 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled shot; same load for both barrels.

Murphy had 18 straight drivers, 21 right-quartering drivers, 14 left-quartering drivers, 12 right-quarterers, 13 left-quarterers, 11 straight incomers, 4 right-quartering incomers and 6 left-quartering incomers. His gun was a Stephen Grant, 7¼lbs., shells for both barrels loaded with 45grs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. No. 7½ shot.

The second match between Elliot and Murphy, if match it can be called, was arranged late Wednesday evening, following the grand contest of that afternoon, and took place on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Bergen Point, on Friday afternoon following. The conditions, to say the least, were unique, and if the affair had been known to the public, a large gathering of sportsmen would have been on hand to witness it, for never in the history of pigeon shooting had such novel conditions governed a shooting contest. The friends of Mr. Murphy were desirous of arranging another match under the same conditions as the first. Upon the broad shoulders of Elliot is all responsibility shifted for the novel conditions of this match. It was his match, with the exception of the 5yds. boundary clause; this was inserted by Murphy. If the match had been shot at 21yds. boundary it would, notwithstanding the other outlandish conditions, have born some resemblance to a shooting contest, and not the game of chance it really was. The conditions were as follows: The stake $1,000 a side, each to shoot at 100 birds from 5 ground traps, use of one barrel, 30yds. rise—15ds. to the left and the same distance to the right of the original 30yds. score—small stakes had been driven at intervals of 1rd., these being numbered 1 to 30. Starting at the command of the referee from stake No. 1 at the left and walking parallel with the traps, the shooter was expected to pace exactly 1rd., no more nor less, the gun being carried squarely upon the shoulder. Upon reaching the mark designated by a numbered ball drawn from the pocket of the referee the trap was instantly pulled. The bird, to be scored, had then to be gathered within 5yds. of the trap sprung from. If more difficult or really idiotic rules were ever known to govern a pigeon contest I have failed to hear of them. What was gained outside of the stake money and the settlement of side bets was nought. It was not a test of skill, for a majority of the birds were out of bounds with a flap of the wing long before the gun could be brought from the shoulder.

The match was a monotonous one to witness, and if it had not been for the grotesque positions of the contestants at the score and the comical expressions of countenance, the affair would have been unbearable. Elliot, much shorter of stature than his opponent, labored at a great disadvantage in length of arm and stride, and was set back a number of times for not stepping the requisite yard. His position, carrying the gun upon his left shoulder, the left arm crossing just beneath his eyes and the hand grasping the barrel at the foreend, was a comical one. Murphy's position was not near so strained; over 6ft. tall and long of reach, he had no difficulty in pacing the yard or of grasping the gun with the left hand. For the first 17 birds he walked jauntily along, like a soldier on guard, the left arm carried at the side, but soon seeing the advantages he assumed Elliot's position of grasping the barrel of the gun with the left hand. The birds were fairly strong flyers, few of them lingering at the trap; but even when the trap was known a kill seldom followed, a dead out of bounds or clean miss, in the anxiety to get on them quickly, invariably following. Captain Money, of England, was the referee, assisted by Mr. J. Von Lengerke as pace judge. Wally Murphy gathered the birds for his brother, John Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J., gathering for Mr. Elliot. The scores below, giving the number of bird and trap, dis-

tance walked, direction of flight and distance at which each bird was killed, tell the story.

L.D, left-quartering driver. R.D., right-quartering driver. L., left-quarterer. R., right-quarterer. L.I., left-quartering incomer. R.I., right-quartering incomer. oDead out of bounds. Score:

Edgar Murphy.

	Yds.	Trap.	Dist. Yds.	Direction.	Score.	Yds.	Traps.	Dist. Yds.	Direction.	Score.
1	21	2	...	L.D.	0	51	9	2	5½	L.	o
2	2	5	...	R.D.	o	52	12	4	...	R.D.	o
3	25	1	13	L.	o	53	22	3	7½	L.	o
4	8	2	...	L.	o	54	2	2	8	R.	o
5	9	2	...	R.D.	o	55	3	4	...	L.	o
6	20	4	...	R.D.	o	56	19	3	6	I.	o
7	6	4	...	I.	o	57	19	2	8	L.D.	o
8	24	1	5½	L.	o	58	12	4	...	L.I.	o
9	7	4	10	S.	o	59	29	4	...	L.	o
10	29	2	5⅞	L.	o	60	14	2	...	L.D.	o
11	5	5	...	L.	o	61	14	3	...	L.D.	o
12	5	1	11	R.	o	62	7	4	...	R.	o
13	14	3	...	S.	o	63	1	4	...	I.	o
14	14	2	4½	L.	1	64	3	1	...	L.I.	o
15	13	3	...	S.	o	65	10	4	...	L.I.	o
16	27	1	...	R.D.	o	66	22	3	5⅛	L.D.	o
17	21	2	3½	S.	1	67	9	4	7	L.	o
18	23	4	...	R.	o	68	2	3	...	R.D.	o
19	14	1	8	R.D.	o	69	14	3	...	L.	o
20	17	4	...	R.D.	o	70	11	3	...	L.	o
21	26	2	...	L.D.	o	71	9	4	...	R.D.	o
22	10	2	...	R.	o	72	11	2	5½	L.I.	o
23	17	3	4	R.D.	1	73	17	3	3	S.	1
24	3	4	6	L.D.	o	74	23	4	...	L.D.	o
25	2	2	...	R.D.	o	75	8	4	...	R.D.	o
26	4	3	...	R.I.	o	76	1	1	8	I.	o
27	18	2	...	S.	o	77	22	1	...	L.D.	o
28	28	5	...	L.D.	o	78	2	3	...	R.D.	o
29	17	5	...	R.I.	o	79	11	4	...	R.	o
30	9	2	4½	L.	1	80	1	1	8	S.	o
31	17	3	...	L.	o	81	22	3	4½	R.	1
32	16	4	...	R.D.	o	82	16	1	...	L.	o
33	30	4	8	R.D.	o	83	2	1	10	R.D.	o
34	3	5	...	S.	o	84	9	4	18	R.I.	o
35	29	4	4	L.	1	85	3	1	4	I.	1
36	25	1	...	L.I.	o	86	10	5	6½	L.I.	o
37	18	2	...	L.I.	o	87	22	1	...	R.I.	o
38	7	5	...	R.D.	o	88	8	4	...	I.	o
39	5	1	...	R.D.	o	89	30	2	19	R.	o
40	27	3	...	R.D.	o	90	14	3	9	R.	o
41	11	1	...	L.	o	91	20	4	...	L.D.	o
42	21	7	...	L.D.	o	92	1	2	3	S.	1
43	12	4	...	R.D.	o	93	12	5	...	L.I.	o
44	11	2	6½	R.	o	94	21	2	...	R.D.	o
45	27	3	8½	R.	o	95	25	4	7	L.I.	o
46	29	2	8⅔	I.	1	96	12	3	...	L.D.	o
47	23	1	...	R.I.	o	97	25	5	...	I.	o
48	20	2	...	S.	o	98	8	4	...	R.D.	o
49	7	3	...	R.D.	o	99	11	5	...	I.	o
50	27	2	3	L.	1	100	14	2	...	R.	o

J. A. R. Elliott.

	Yds.	Trap.	Dist. Yds.	Direction.	Score.	Yds.	Traps.	Dist. Yds.	Direction.	Score.
1	15	2	4½	R.	1	51	7	1	...	S.	o
2	25	2	...	L.	o	52	7	2	4½	R.I.	1
3	12	1	...	S.	o	53	7	2	7	R.	o
4	15	4	...	S.	o	54	1	5	...	L.I	o
5	2	1	4½	L.	1	55	1	2	...	L.D.	o
6	6	3	48	R.D.	o	56	6	4	...	R.D.	o
7	26	3	...	L.I.	o	57	6	4	9	L.I.	o
8	9	3	10	R.D	o	58	22	2	...	L.I	o
9	20	5	...	R.	o	59	9	1	70	R.	o
10	2	4	...	S.	o	60	5	5	...	L.I.	o
11	1	2	...	R.D.	o	61	26	4	...	S.	o
12	20	1	...	R.D.	o	62	17	1	...	L.I.	o
13	23	4	...	R.	o	63	25	3	10	R.D.	o
14	13	4	...	L.D.	o	64	14	3	3	L.D.	1
15	15	5	...	S.	o	65	28	4	...	S.	o
16	11	1	...	L.D.	o	66	9	3	80	L.D.	o
17	22	1	...	L.	o	67	7	5	...	R.	o
18	24	1	...	R.D.	o	68	13	5	10	R.D.	o
19	24	2	...	R.D.	o	69	5	5	...	R.	o
20	19	3	...	R.	o	70	5	2	...	L.D.	o
21	5	4	...	R.D.	o	71	7	3	5⅔	R.	o
22	7	1	...	S.	o	72	12	3	...	L.	o
23	2	1	...	S.	o	73	14	4	10	I.	o
24	16	2	5⅔	R.I.	o	74	2	5	...	L.I.	o
25	30	3	7	R.	o	75	4	2	7	R.	o
26	8	3	...	S.	o	76	15	5	...	R.	o
27	4	5	...	S.	o	77	25	3	...	R.D.	o
28	21	2	7	L.D.	o	78	16	3	12	L.D.	o
29	14	3	...	R.I.	o	79	23	2	...	S.	o
30	18	5	...	R.D.	o	80	24	5	...	L.D.	o
31	9	5	...	R.D.	o	81	30	5	...	L.	o
32	15	5	...	R.D.	o	82	4	3	...	L.	o
33	7	4	4⅘	L.	1	83	11	4	11	S.	o
34	20	5	7	S.	o	84	9	1	5½	L.D.	o
35	25	3	18	S.	o	85	23	4	...	S.	o
36	14	5	9	L.D.	o	86	22	2	...	L.D.	o
37	15	1	8	R.I.	o	87	25	5	...	S.	o
38	15	2	7	L.	o	88	3	4	...	L.I.	o
39	14	2	10	L.D.	o	89	4	3	9	L.D.	o
40	18	1	12	R.	o	90	6	5	4	L.I.	1
41	6	1	...	L.D.	o	91	5	2	20	R.D.	o
42	17	2	5½	L.	o	92	12	1	7	L.D.	o
43	21	1	...	L.	o	93	10	5	...	R.D.	o
44	15	3	6	R.	o	94	14	4	...	S.	o
45	30	4	...	L.D.	o	95	22	3	...	S.	o
46	10	1	7	I.	o	96	26	1	...	L.D.	o
47	27	1	...	R.I.	o	97	8	3	...	R.D.	o
48	18	4	...	L.I.	o	98	22	5	...	L.D.	o
49	11	2	...	L.	o	99	29	2	...	R.I.	o
50	7	4	7	L.	o	100	5	2	...	L.D.	o

On Monday afternoon the private shooting ground of Mr. John Hoey, at Hollywood, N. J., was the scene of action of the third, and by far the most interesting match of the series of three, that has been concluded between Murphy and Elliot. The party leaving New York on the 11:15 A. M. train of the Central Railroad consisted of the following gentlemen: Dr. G. Knapp, Frank Rogers, E. Schultze, Capt. Money, Nat Sinkins, Dave Johnson, W. S. Cannon, M. W. Mulford, T. Murphy, Jacob Pentz and Assemblyman Wm. D. Campbell, of New Jersey. The party was met on the arrival of the train at Hollywood by Fred Hoey, Walter Murphy, John S. Hoey, Edgar Murphy, Arthur Sewell, Phil Daly, Jr., and other equally as well known sportsmen. Upon invitation of Manager Fred Hoey, all hands proceeded to the Hollywood Hotel), where lunch was served. After appetites had been appeased the party were shown through the lovely little hotel, and then proceeded to the shooting grounds. These shooting grounds are of capital order. Owing to the lay of the land the boundary allowed is but 21yds. The Westminster Club grounds for years have been recognized as the fastest grounds for the flight of the birds in the vicinity of New York. They must, however, in the matter of speed, yield the palm to the new grounds at Hollywood. The arrangements are perfect for trap-shooting. The traps are pulled automatically, the trapper not knowing which trap he pulls. The birds for this occasion were a grand lot of flyers. Of all the 200 shot at, but six refused a flight when the traps were pulled, and there were but two birds called during the race. At 2 P. M., the hour named for the calling of the match, a large party had assembled. Among the lady visitors were Mrs. John Hoey, Mrs. John S. Hoey, Miss Murphy, Miss Dougherty and Miss Wallack. In addition to the gentlemen previously mentioned were noticed Col. E. Shade Green, Harry Cooper, C. Linwood Shepard, Wm. C. Peterson, the yacht builder; Gus Wood, J. H. Robbins, Charles Parker, Wm. Hughes, Al Heritage, R. V. Disbrow, E. C. Jones, C. Parks, Len Huggins and J. Moore.

At 2:05 the referee, Mr. John S. Hoey, called the men to the score, Elliot leading off. The first 50 were shot in 23m.; the second 50 in 27m., the third 50 in 26m. and the last 50 in just half an hour, the whole match lasting but one hour and forty-six minutes. Never has been seen a more gentlemanly race, not a jar occurring to mar the harmony of the proceedings. Elliot shot in most magnificent form, and centered his birds, whether easy or hard, with seemingly the greatest of ease. In the use of his first barrel he was much quicker than his opponent, and to this fact, without doubt, does he owe his victory. His form in this match was a great surprise to the friends of Mr. Murphy. At the first match at Bergen Point he gave those that witnessed the contest the impression that he was slow in the use of the second barrel. The way he cut down his birds to the right and left was a perfect revelation. Murphy was not in his usual form, owing, no doubt, as he stated, to a slight indisposition, which had kept him awake almost all of the night previous. Nevertheless, his score was a good one, more especially as he had a number of birds scored lost that were but a few feet over the boundary line. In the form that Elliot was shooting there was no man living that had any license to beat him. At the conclusion of the match Mr. Elliot thanked the sportsmen of New York for their kind treatment during his visit, and promised, if any matches could be arranged, to come East in the spring. As an instance of the confidence with which Elliot shot, it may be mentioned that just before the match he made a side bet of $250 that he would kill 90 or over, which, of course, he won handily.

Match at 100 birds, Hurlingham rules. 21yds. boundary, $1,000 a side. Capt. Money, scorer; Assemblyman W. D. Campbell, trap puller:

J A R Elliott	....2222222222222111122212223—25	
	12121111222222 222 o211—24	
	2101212221212122222212212—24	
	212222222102o2o1211 1oo222—20—93	
Edgar B Murphy	....o22222222222o222212222—23	
	02o1222122222222222202—21	
	2o1222222o1220222222212—22	
	2222022122122222112022222—22—88	

Recapitulation.

Of 100 birds shot at by Elliot, 16 were right quartering drivers, 28 right quarterers, 15 left quartering drivers. 12 left quarterers. 13 straight drivers. 7 right quartering incomers. 6 left quartering incomers, 4 straight incomers, and 1 hoverer. His birds scored lost were the 47th, a towering right quarterer; 53d, a twisting right quartering driver; 86th, a right quartering driver; 88th, another of the same flight; 90th, a left quarterer; 96th, an easy right quartering incomer, and 97th, a fast straightaway. His gun was a 7½lb. Greener, shells loaded with 45gr. of E C powder and 1⅛oz. chilled 7½ shot.

The flights of Murphy's birds were 23 right quartering drivers, 20 right quarterers, 18 left quartering drivers. 7 left quarterers, 13 straight drivers, 10 right quartering incomers, 4 left quartering incomers, and 5 straight incomers. His birds lost were the 1st, a left quartering towerer; 18th, a fast straightaway; 26th, a left quartering driver; 28th, a twisting straightaway; 47th, a driver to the right; 49th, a right quarterer; 52d, a driving right quarterer; 60th, a right quarterer; 64th, another right quarterer; 80th, a fast driver toward the right; 83d, a straightaway, and 95th, a fast straight driver. He shot a 7½lb. gun made by Stephen Grant, using 45gr. of Schultze powder and 1⅛oz. of chilled 7 shot in both barrels.

TEE KAY.

ALTOONA SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

MONDAY morning Oct. 6 gave us the first "dampener" in all our preparations for our tournament. We had advertised to shoot rain or shine and the rain was pouring down in torrents. Noon came and plenty of rain with it. Would anybody come? Well, we will go to the depot and see. In rolls "day express" and the first man we meet is Mr. F. F. Davison, of Allegheny, with a good delegation from his city, and the next we meet is our jolly friend A. C. Courtney of Lefever Arms Co. fame. After dinner we took our guests out to the grounds and received their praise for the beautiful surroundings. We indulged in a little practice and enjoyed seeing the cloud-break and a beautiful rainbow span the autumnal mountains. On the evening trains came several squads of new arrivals, noted among whom were J. A. Penn, of Wheeling, W. Va., Geo. Cochran, Gill Hall, Pa., I. N. Crable, East Liverpool, Ohio, Tim Mack, Larimer, Pa., Crosby of Braddock, Pa., N. A. Hughes and S. C. Steuber of Williamsport, Pa.

Tuesday morning the bright sunshine cheers every one. Even the hills and valleys seem to rejoice with us. A host of new arrivals greet us. W. H. Wolstencroft and James Wolstencroft of Philadelphia, Harry Thurman of Germantown, A. C. Krueger of Wrightsville, Pa., E. D. Miller of Springfield, N. J., and others too numerous to mention are here with guns and all other paraphernalia for a big day's shooting. By half-past 9 the ball began to roll, and continued till night without a jar. All moneys were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All ties were divided. Targets were charged extra in each event. The scores follow:

Event 1, 10 singles, entrance 75 cents:

W Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
E D Miller	1111111111—10
A C Courtney	1011111111— 9
A C Krueger	1011110110— 7
J White	1111101111— 9
Cochran	1111111111—10
Penn	1111100111— 8
Mack	1011110110— 7
Crosby	1101011011— 8

Event 2, 15 singles, entrance $1:

Wickles	100011010101001— 8
J White	011111111111011—13
Cochran	111111111110110—13
Courtney	111111111110101—13
Hughes	111111011011110—12
Steuber	100011101111111—11
Christy	011010101100101— 8
E D Miller	111111111111115—15
Krueger	111101111011113—13
Thurman	010111111011113—12
Clark	001111110011010—10
Mack	111111111011110—13

Event 3, 10 singles and 3 pairs, entrance $1.25:

P. Miller	0111111101 00 00 01— 9
Clark	1101001011 10 00 00— 7
E D Miller	1111111111 10 10 10—13
Wickel	1000100011 10 10 01— 7
J White	1111101111 10 00 10—11
Hughes	1010111110 00 00 00— 7
Mack	1110111101 10 10 10—11
Krueger	1111101111 11 11 10—14
Cochran	1111111111 10 11 10—14
Courtney	1111111111 11 10 10—14
Wolstencroft	1111111111 11 11 11—15

Event 4, 15 singles, entrance $1.25:

Wolstencroft	1111111111111102—12
Courtney	1010111111111113—13
Krueger	1111011111111114—14
Penn	1111101101111112—12
Mack	0111011011010110—10
Crosby	1001111111001111—11
Nichols	1010111000111101— 9
Crabel	1011111010131111—12
Christy	1110111010010110—10
Clark	1010100111110110— 9
Levengood	1100000011100001— 8
Lowther	1111000000011011— 8

Event 5, 10 singles, entrance 75 cents:

W H Wolstencroft	1111100111— 8
Crosby	1111100011— 7
Krueger	1010111010— 7
Cochran	1111111110—10
Courtney	1111011111— 9
Bumgardner	1111110111— 9
Mack	1110111101— 9
Young	1110011101— 7
Clark	0010001001— 3
Holsinger	0110111001— 6
P Miller	1010101010— 6

Event 6, 15 singles, entrance $1:

Wolstencroft	1111111111111115—15
Christy	0110111111111011—11
Holsinger	1111111111111115—15
Bumgardner	1001100011100111— 8
Levengood	0011001111001011— 8
Lowther	0110010101101101— 8
Crosby	1110101101001011—10
P Miller	0101111111110000— 9
Clark	0011100011100001— 8
Crabel	1101111011110000— 9
Cochran	1111111111111113—15
Penn	1111101111111111—15
Young	0110101011011001— 9

Event 7, 15 singles, entrance $1:

Penn	1110111111110111—13
J White	1111111101111013—13
Clark	1110001010101011— 9
Crosby	0111101111110000— 9
Young	1101010101011100— 8
Courtney	1111101111101111—13
Thurman	1111101111101012—12
Balsinger	1101010100000011— 7
Christy	1111110101011101—12
Mack	1001100111111111—13
Cochran	0111111111111111—15
Courtney	0111111111111111—15
Krueger	1111111111111111—15
Wolstencroft	1111111111111111—15

Event 8, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Clark	01101111101001011002—12
Cochran	11111111011111111119—19
Courtney	01111101111111111111—18
Penn	11111011101101111116—16
Steuber	10110101111111111116—16
J White	11111011111011111118—18
Thurman	11101111111111011117—18
Wolstencroft	11111111111111111120
Christy	11101101010100101—12
Nichols	0100101110—10
Hughes	1011011110—10
Stueber	1110011010—6
Crabel	0011011000—4
Christy	1101111111—9
Clark	1011100111—7
Levengood	1000000001—2
Lowther	0010000010—2
Thurman	0101111101—7

Crosby 1010111111111111—13
Wolstencroft 1011101111111102—12
Penn 1111110111111110—13
Crabel 0000101010110001— 6
Holsinger 1001100111011110—13
Bumgardner 1011100100011001— 8
Seifert 0011001000001101— 5
Hollar 1111010111111111—13
Balsinger 1110111000011001— 8
Moller 0101101111101101—10
P Miller 1001011111101110—10
Bishop 0100101110011000— 7

Event 9, 10 singles, 75 cents:

Bishop	0011010001— 4
P Miller	1001103100— 4
Bumgardner	0110001111— 6
Seifert	0111111110— 8
E D Miller	1111111111—10
O'Donnell	0000110111— 5
Haller	1001100010— 4
Grant	1000111101— 6
Wolstencroft	1111111110— 9
Werner	0100101000— 3
Holsinger	0100 001 0— 4
Walker	0111111010— 7
Young	1000001010— 3
Penn	1110011111— 8
Cochran	1101111010— 7
J White	1101101111— 8

Event 10, 10 singles:

Clark	0010111101— 6
Bishop	1101110100— 6
O'Donnell	0010111010— 5
Krueger	0111100111— 7
Cochran	1011111111— 8
Wolstencroft	0110110000— 3
Rickabaugh	0110100000— 3
P Miller	1111111110— 9
Grant	1000111100— 5
Seifert	0010101001— 4
Sunday	0011011010— 5
E D Miller	1111111111—10
Courtney	1111101111— 9
Penn	1111111110— 9

Event 11, 15 singles, $1 entrance:

J White	111111111101111—14
E D Miller	111111111111114—14
Penn	111111111111111—15
Christy	110011100111010— 9
Clark	111101111011100—11
Cochrane	101111111111111—14
Courtney	111101111111110—13
Bishop	110111000001110— 8
Knebel	101110000111101—10
Crabel	011111111000110—11

Event 12, 10 singles, entrance 75 cents:

Hughes	0111111101— 8
Thurman	1101010110— 6
Wolstencroft	1101111111— 9
Steuber	1010101101—6
Courtney	0011111111— 9
Krueger	1111111111—10
S White	1111111110—10
Clark	1100110001— 5
Penn	0111011111— 8
Evans	1011010101— 6

Event 13, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Wolstencroft	1111111111—10
Courtney	1111111011— 9
Krueger	1111101111— 9
J White	1111101110— 8
Cochran	1111111111—10
Thurman	1100111111— 8

P Miller 1110100011— 6
Grant 1000111101— 7
Cochran 0111110100— 6
Davison 1011110001— 5
Crosby 1010111111— 8
Knoble 1011110011— 7
Christy 1111111110—10
Young 0010101001— 4
O'Donnell 0000011000— 2

Event 14, 10 singles, entrance $1.25:

Cochran	1111010111— 8
Crabel	1110111001— 7
Steuber	1110111001— 5
Clark	1001111011— 7
Crosby	0110111111— 8
Penn	0111110110— 7
Thurman	0011001111— 6
Courtney	1110111111— 9
Hughes	1001111001— 7

Holsinger 1100001010— 4
Walker 1111110001— 6
Seifert 0110011111— 7
Bumgardner 0010101100— 5
Haller 1101010100— 5
White 1011111111— 9
E D Miller 1111011111— 9
Wolstencroft 1111111111—10

Event 15, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Penn	111111111111111—15
Clark	011111101001011—10
Bolsinger	0011000011110001— 7
J White	111111111111111—15
Wolstencroft	111111101111111—14
Crosby	111111111111111—15
Thurman	111111111111110—14

Courtney 111111111111011—13
Seifert, 0010011111100001— 8
Crabel 0110110111110—10
Cochran 1101101111011111—12
Hughes 1110011010101100—10
E D Miller 111111111111115—15
Christy 1111011010110100—10

Event 16, 20 singles, entrance $2:

Penn	11111111111111011101—18
White	10111110111111111111—18
Clark	11111000110101010111—14
Crabel	10011001101111111014—14
Christy	11110000101111111010 12
Crosby	11111111111111111119

Thurman 11111011011111111113—16
Courtney 11111101111111111118—18
Cochran 11010100111011111116—15
E D Miller 11111111111111111119
Wolstencroft 11111111111111111120

Event 17, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

Levengood	1010111110101111—12
Balsinger	1001000 0101111— 8
Clark	1101111100111—12
White	1111111001111—13
Penn	1111111111110—14
Crosby	1111111010111—13
Thurman	1011111011001—12
Courtney	1011111101101—13

Crabel 1111111101001—12
Cochran 1010100111101111—10
E D Miller 1111111111111—14
Wolstencroft 1111111101101—10
Hughes 1010111111111—13
Steuber 1111111101001—12

Event 18, 15 singles, $2 entrance:

J White	1111111010101—12
Penn	1111111011011—12
Balsinger	1010100111100011— 8
Clark	1100101011111111—14
E D Miller	1111111111111111—15
Crabel	1111010111010111—12
Thurman	1010101111001110—10

Courtney 0111111111111—14
Cochran 1111111111101—14
Levengood 1111101111011—13
Wolstencroft 1111111111111—15
Crosby 1111111111110—13
Christy 0110110111111—10

Event 19, 10 singles, entrance $1:

J White	1111101101— 8
Penn	1111111111— 9
E D Miller	1101011111— 8
Clark	0111011110— 7
Crabel	1010011111— 7
Balsinger	0100011100— 4
Thurman	1110110011— 7
Courtney	1111011111— 9

Bumgardner 1101101010— 6
Holsinger 1011110110— 7
Levengood 1100111010— 5
Crosby 1110101011— 7
Seifert 1101111011— 8
Haller 1100010100— 4
Cochran 1111110110— 8
Wolstencroft 1111111111—10

Event 20, 15 singles, entrance $1.50:

E D Miller	111101011111111—13
Penn	111101111011011 -12
Crabel	111111111101011—13
Clark	111111001111110—12

White 1101111101111—13
Wolstencroft 1011111011111—13
Thurman 1111111001011—11
Courtney 1111101101111—13

Event 21, 4 live birds, entrance $2:

Wolstencroft	111—4	Hughes	1111—4
Thurman	1221—4	Holsinger	1212—4
Clark	2100—2	Walker	2011—3
J White	1111—4	E D Miller	1110—3
Christy	2121—4	Sprankle	0111—3
Steuber	2100—2	Bumgardner	2102—3

Event 22, 10 singles, entrance $1.25:

Clark	1101111011—8
J White	1111010w.
Christy	1010101101—6
E D Miller	1111111110—9

Wolstencroft 1111111111—10
Haller 1100101010—5
Thurman 1111111111—10
Courtney 1111111110—9

Event 23, 10 singles, entrance $1.50:

Clark	1011111111—9
E D Miller	1111111110—9
Christy	1110100110—6

Thurman 1111110111—9
J White 1010111111—8
Wolstencroft 1111111111—10

Event No. 24, 10 singles, unknown angles and traps, entrance $1:

J White	1011100110—6
Thurman	0111101111—8
Clark	1100110011—6

E D Miller 1111111111—10
Anderson 1100101100—5
Christy 0100011101—5

Our programme called for more live bird events, but owing to the warm sultry day the birds were too slow to make the sport interesting.

A number of our guests desired to go grouse shooting on Thursday and although some of the party, for whom all arrangements

had been made, suddenly disappeared, we had an exceedingly pleasant time among these wary residents of the forest.

NOTES.

Harry Thurman is a good wing-shot, but he cannot hit a bird when it is perching.

Mr. F. F. Davison helped us in the management and a more cool-headed and efficient gentleman for this purpose cannot be found anywhere.

Harry Thurman's shooting blouses were very numerous. The boys all like them.

Brother Courtney is not only a good shot but a hustler as well. If the Lefever Arms Company don't sell guns on his route it is not his fault.

Harrisburg's delegation was conspicuous by their absence.

We won't use live birds at our next tournament.

Shoot the rapid-firing system. President Clark braced himself over his dog's point Thursday and hollowed "pull." What do you think of this? He then apologizes by saying he was "in fun." Don't believe him.

The number of entries compares very favorably with tournaments all over the country. Next year we will have more.

ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 11. G. G. ZETH, Sec'y.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—Mr. Lew Harrison of Minneapolis passed through here a day or so ago on his way home from the Dunellen shoot. He was with the Kansas City double-geared phenomenon, Jimmy G. A. R. Elliott.

If the Chicago—Kansas City return match is shot at Kansas City early in November as is expected here, Mr. Elliott and Mr. R. B. "Wadsworth" of this city will probably have a 100 birds go on the side for the Championship Cup on that occasion. Mr. "Wadsworth" will probably shoot 100 birds with Mr. Macalester, the noted Eastern amateur, if that gentleman is present as a guest of the Washington Park Club at a date this winter, as it is anticipated he will be.

The gossip here now is that Kansas City will demur to a team of 20 men, and will ask for a team of 10. This, it is thought by the leaders of the team movement here, they can not under the terms of their former written agreement request, and there are whispers of 20 men or nothing. If Kansas City has not so many as 20 pigeon shooters, she ought, as a matter of courtesy and concession, which well become her now, to select at the very lowest number 15 men to meet the Chicago visitors, while it would be unwise to state anything as settled which is not yet so, it is not a risky guess to make that the race, if shot at all, will be with not less than 15 men a side, and perhaps not less than 20.

At the meeting of last week it was thought that some shooters were omitted from the preliminary team who should have been included. At a meeting held at the Sherman House last night, the following were added to the preliminary team: Messrs. J. M. Hutchinson, E. M. Steck, S. M. Booth, V. Hoffman, D. G. Cunningham, W. W. Foss, A. M. Hoffman, A. W. Reeves, J. A. Saxton, F. A. Place, Tony Dominico, Gib Harris, F. Willard, Ed. Price, John Heiland, Joe Card, W. H. Haskell, J. C. Donald, Chas. Kern, F. H. Lord, A. T. Loyd, C. S. Wilcox, W. T. Johnson, Chas. Marriz, J. A. Gardner, W. L. Wells. The board of management was also instructed to add to the list any further names of shooters who may have got away, and it is hoped that after a little everybody will be satisfied, or at least everybody elected. The sifting out of the final team, however, who are to defend the Thermopylæ of Chicago and come back victorious or on a shutter, will be left to the wisdom of the 30 men first elected. A practice shoot at 15 birds is ordered for next Wednesday at which 50 or 60 or so of the team are expected to be present. Kansas City may not have over 10 shooters, but Chicago has, so to speak, shooters to throw at the birds. There are plenty of men here who are panting to get a back at the wicked and lightninglike "Kansas City driver." E. HOUGH

WATSON'S PARK.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Oct. 7.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Chicago Gun Club, at 12 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, for their handicap medal:

G Kleinman	112111211111 12	E Steck	212212012122—11
R B Wadsworth	101121222121—11	A W Reeves	121122110110—10
M J Eich	121212112111—12	J Watson	101211112221—11
H Kleinman	112211011121—11	C H Smith	101021212011— 9
H Ehlers	001121212211—10	W H Skinner	111112121111—12

Tie won by Eich. Mr. Skinner is not a club member.

Same day, at 25 Peoria blackbirds, for medal:

Henry Kleinman	1111111110000101111111—19
R B Wadsworth	1101111111011011111100l—20
M J Eich	000100010w.
Geo Kleinman	1011101001111111011111011—19
Ed Steck	1111011111111111111111111—24
C H Smith	0000100001000100010010000— 7
W H Skinner	1100011011010111011101101—18

Oct. 10.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Gun Club of Chicago, 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

R B Wadsworth	1221211110—9	J E Phillips	1212121111—10
F Willard	0121110220—7	E Steck	2122211222—10
L Willard	1222001212—8	B Rock	1111001221— 8

On tie Phillips won.

At 20 Peoria blackbirds, same day, for medal:

F Willard	01011111111111111111—18
Wadsw'th	01111101111111111111—18
L Willard	11101111111111101111—18
E Steck	11111111111111111101—19
B Rock	11111111111101010110—17
J Phillips	11010111010101011111 15

Oct. 11.—The following is the score made here to-day by the Pullman Gun Club, of Pullman, at 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

C Sleet	2202221220—8	A Schuttler	0201010101—5
C Williams	0221221112—9	McConnell	2011211111—9
Joe Flinn	1002001212—6	F Teeple	0121210021— 7
Jas Flinn	0120220001—5	L Pickett	1201010222—7
J Cull	2021100100—5	W Dallyn	0110111122—8
R Runsten	2212110220—8	Van Delow	2222212001—8
G Fieldhouse	0121121200—7	J Ward	1001021221—7
G Gardner	0112220221—8	W Walpole	2211221101—9

Miss and out on 9: Williams 1, Conuch 0, Walpole 3, and won. On 8: Delow and Runsten 0, Dallyn 4, Sleet 10, Gardner 11, and won. On 7: Pickett and Fieldhouse 0, Ward 2, Teeple 3, and won.

RAVELRIGG.

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last convention of the State Sportsmen's Association, held at Lyons, a committee was appointed to arrange a programme and make rules under which the next meeting will be held. The committee will meet for that purpose in Rome, on Oct. 27, and as one of the members of that committee I shall be only too glad to receive suggestions from sportsmen in regard to the matter. Now brother sportsmen, don't wait until you get to Rome next year and then "kick" on the arrangements, but put your ideas on paper as to how the next shoot should be conducted and send either to the chairman of the committee or to the undersigned, who will see to it that every communication or suggestion is laid before the committee and acted upon. Now brothers Richmond, Hadley and all other "big talkers," come to the front with your ideas and assist the committee. HENRY L. GATES.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 10.—A live bird match for $100 a side took place to-day between Ed. Spencer, of Carrollton, Ill., and Jas. E. Hagerty. About 50 enthusiasts were present to witness the battle for supremacy and enjoyed the affair throughout. Spencer was strong in the beginning, but weakened toward the end. Hagerty was just the reverse. He lost his first two birds, and it was generally remarked that Spencer would have a walk-over, but Hagerty pulled himself together in the latter part of the match and shot strong. 100 live birds. Hurlingham rules:

Hagerty	2121112211111011202121212122121212122121210121
	2121112022221222211212121112122121121211211211211211211122—93
Spencer	1111212211112121111022201001111121211010121111211
	1102121221121012112112211221102012201222111111—90

UNSER FRITZ.

FREEPORT, Ill., Oct. 8.—There will be a shooting tournament at Freeport, Ill., Nov. 5 and 6, at live birds and inanimate targets. Programmes all ready. The shoot for the diamond badge is open to all. For programmes send to C. E. Cahoon, Freeport, Ill.

MONEY—DALY.—A match has been arranged between Capt. Money, of England, and Phil Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, to take place at Hollywood, on Tuesday, Oct. 21. The conditions will be Hurlingham rules, 21yds. boundary, 50 birds a man, for $250 a side.

CLASS—KLEINZ.—Frank Class, of Pine Brook, N. J., and J. Frank Kleinz, the well known wing-shot of Philadelphia, Pa., are to shoot a 100 bird race at White Plains, N. Y., Thursday afternoon, Oct. 23. The rules governing will be Hurlingham, and is for $250 a side.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, OCT. 11.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Sigler	6	8	10	8	9	9
Johnson	8	10	10	9	6	10
Hathaway	6	9	8	5	9	..
Hunt	8	8	8	..	..	..
Englewood	6	9	8	7	8	6
Collins	6	8	8	8	7	..
Tatham	6	6	6	5	5	5
Sunderman	8	7	7	..	..	..
Osterhout	7	8	6	5	6	2
Livingston	8	9	8	7	10	..
Nichols	3	2	6	7	7	..

Sweep 1, 4 live birds, $2 entry:

Sigler	1121—4	Englewood	0222—3
Johnson	1111—4	Collins	2101—3
Mead	1111—4	Tatham	021—3
Hathaway	1010—2	Livingston	1112—4
Hunt	0022—2		

Sweep 2, same:

Sigler	1011—3	Englewood	1122—4
Johson	1101—3	Livingston	1101—3
Mead	1212—4	Hunt	1201—3
Hathaway	1211—4		

Sweep 3, same:

Sigler	0101—2	Livingston	1122—4
Johnson	0111—3	Mead	2101—3
Hathaway	2100—2	Hunt	1222—4
Englewood	2111—4	Collins	1202—3

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 11.—One of the best live bird matches ever seen in Newark took place at John Erb's t. is afternoon between Charles M. Hedden and Robert Schrafft; the conditions being fifty live birds each, under Hurlingham rules, for $50 a side and the birds. The day was good, the wind and crisp air causing the birds to fly lively enough to please the most exacting shooter. Hedden, who belongs to the Newark Gun Club, is one of the most expert as well as one of the oldest trap shots in the State, while Schrafft, who belongs to the Mutual Gun Club, is wholly inexperienced in match shooting, and had never shot a fifty-bird race. He is a cool shot, however, and excels at single-barrel work. The match was called at 3:20, Schrafft leading off with a splendid first-barrel kill, Hedden doing likewise. At the end of the twenty-fifth round Schrafft was two birds behind, and he was unable from that time on to improve his position, though he did some very brilliant shooting. The race was the hottest ever fought by Mr. Hedden. Chris. Reichart officiated as referee and his decisions were not questioned. The full score of the match follows:

Hedden, 30yds	1 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1
	2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2—47
Schrafft, 28yds	1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 0 1
	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 0 1—44

Hedden used his second barrel twenty-two times, Schrafft used his second barrel nine times. Each man lost one bird dead out of bounds.

TORONTO, Oct. 8.—The fifth annual shoot of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club was held yesterday at Blea's grounds. The weather was very disagreeable, but the shooting was good, as the score will show. The following is the score at 15 live pigeons each, 26yds. rise, use of both barrels:

First Class.

P Wakefield	15	E Brown	14
C Charles	15	W McDowall	14
W Dodge	15	R Black	13
G H Briggs	14		
J Douglas	13		
J Townson	13		
D Blea	12		

Second Class.

C Hinton	15	W Smith	12
C Kemp	13	E Dollery	11
D C Walton	13		
S Rice	10		
T Boswell	10		

Third Class.

W Blea	14	E Gabel	11
G Oakley	10		

The shoot was continued to-day. The weather was fine and the birds went like rockets. The shoot-off in the first class was one of the finest displays ever seen in the Dominion, Briggs killing 13 straight birds at 32yds. rise In shooting off the ties of 15 in the first class Charles won; ties of 14, Briggs; ties of 13, Douglas. In the second class the results were: C. Hinton first, D. C. Walton second, C. Kemp third. In third class W. Blea, Jr., took first.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 11.—Nicetown Kennel and Gun Club. Weekly club shoot. Shoot at bluerocks, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, shot under the American Shooting Association rules:

Walker	1111010010101010 — 9	David	0101111101101 —12
Pratt	0100001000 — 2	E David	1010011101110010 — 9
Fell	0000000100 — 1	Cummins	1001011010000111 — 8
S Reeves	1100011101101111—10	W Ulary	11110111110 — 9
E David	0101111111010111—12	Sherwood	01101 — 3
Cummings	1111001101010100 — 9	Brey	11111110110 — 9
W Ulary	1101100111111112	Mohr	01110 — 3
Sherwood	0110110011101111—10	Cummins	1011001 — 4
Brey	0010001001111000— 6	Reeves	1110011111 — 8
Mohr	1100100011110110— 8	Sherwood	0111011111111101 —11

Match at 3 single bluerocks: Brey 2, Cummins 2, David 3, Ulary 3. Ulary won tie for first, Brey for second.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 9.—With a mild afternoon, a clear sky, and no breeze, the members of the Cleveland Gun yesterday made one of the worst average scores on record. The clay-birds flew nicely, the traps worked well, and the guns seemed to be all right, but the eyes of the shooters were out of focus. A border of goose eggs encircled the club house and still there were a few left over for another day. The first twenty-five birds was the regular club shoot and W. H. Tamblyn and Fritz tied on 22, the latter winning on the shoot-off. This gave first badge to Fritz and L. O. Jones won the second badge. The score of the gun and club shoot follows, the handicap being added in each instance:

Sweetman	46	W A Tamblyn	41
L O Jones	41	A B Jones	37
Night	40	Baker	37
Fritz	47	Bloom	43
Wherry	53		
Rudolph	43		
Carhan	withdrew		
Martin	withdrew		

PINE IRON WORKS, Pa., Oct. 13.—The long talked of match between Jacksonwal Club and the Pine Gun Club was shot at Erb's on the 4th for a supper. The match was at 10 Keystones. Jacksonwal Club: F. Wentzel 5, J. Gechter 5, A. Adams 5; total 15. Pine Gun Club: J. F. Dierolf 5, S. H. Schaefer 2, T. J. Dierolf 3; total 13. The return match will be shot at Jacksonwal on the 25th of this month, 4 men on a side. Then they shot sweepstake matches, 50 cents entrance, 3 moneys in all matches. Totals for the four matches:

J Dierolf	1 8 7 5	T J Dierolf	4 6 5 5
A Adams	2 3 2 2	W Heister	3 4 4 5
F Wentzel	6 5 7 6	S H Schaeffer	0 4 2
J Gechter	6 4 6 7		

In third match ties of 7, J. Dierolf won. In fourth match ties of 5, T. J. Dierolf won.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 9.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island, to-day. Fifteen members were present, each shooting at seven birds. I. Hyde and R. Brown were tied for first prize, and in the shoot-off Hyde won. Second prize was divided between Plate and Vaghts. The condition of the shoot was that the bird must be killed with the first barrel. The second barrel is used to count a lost bird. The score: Regular shoot at 7 birds each man: Liemering 5, Rankin 3, Van Staden 2, Boyle 3, Vrooma 4, Knebel, Sr., 3, Vaghts 6, Brown 7, Howard 4, Hyde 7, Schumacher 4, Gilman 4, Bierman 2, Plate 6

RED BANK, N. J., Oct. 10.—The fine weather attracted a large attendance to the weekly shoot of the Riverside Gun Club this afternoon. The summary follows: First event, 10 singles: Ed. Throckmorton and David Belshaw 8, Ed. Cooper, Dr. W. Whitmore and Fred Beale 7, Ivins 6, A. Whymer and John B. Bergen 5, James Cooper 4, D. Slocum 3, Geo. Longstreet and John Cooper 2. Second event, 10 singles: Ed. Throckmorton and Ivins 9, Ed. Cooper 8, Whymer and John Cooper 6, Beale 5, James Cooper and Bergen 4, Longstreet and Whitmore 3. Third event, 10 singles: John Cooper 10, Throckmorton 8, Ivins 7, James and Ed. Cooper and Beale 6, Whymer 5. Final event, 5 pairs: Ed. James and John Cooper 8, Throckmorton 5, Whymer 4.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 8.—Yesterday there was a meet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at Coal Mine Brook range. This was the first meet during the open season. The principal event was the continuation of the contest in the merchandise race. Each man had a possible 25 clay-pigeons, the work of each follows: Gilbert J. Rugg 22, E. T. Smith 19, M. D. and A. S. Gilman each 18, W. R. Dean 17, Wm. L. Davis, Geo. Adams, H. D. Jourdan and A. R. Bowdish each 16, Henry W. Webber 15, Chas. Compton 14, E. T. Whittaker 12. E. F. Swan 11, E. S. Knowles 8, C. H. Howe and H. W. Brown each 6.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leflingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Yachting.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

THE VOYAGE OF THE MIRA FROM FERNANDINA TO KEY WEST, BY CAPTAIN CLARENCE ANDREWS AND CHIEF ENGINEER ELWOOD "BILLY" HOFER.

[Concluded from Page 238.]

APRIL 3.—All is ready. Supplies and gasoline enough for two weeks on board. We carry 185 gallons of the latter with us, which we hope will take us to Miami, a distance of 350 miles. We engage a man named Phelps, who lives at Marco, to pilot us as far as that point. Are off at 11:30; day fair, wind high from S.W. Opposite Sanibel Lighthouse we run into a heavy sea, and find it necessary to stop under the lea of the shore until the wind moderates or changes its direction. At 4 P. M. we try again to gain the opposite shore, and make Matanzas Inlet in one hour, though we had a dangerous crossing and narrow escape from being swamped. We anchor in this quiet pass for the night, praying for an easterly wind. We are much discouraged to find that an open boat is so much at the mercy of the elements. The direction of the wind is a most important factor that we now have to deal with; without a favorable one (from the land) we can do nothing. By much patience and perseverance we made Key West, but it took us two weeks to do what could be done in three or four days were our boat decked over. The soft moonlight would have charmed our distressed spirits, had not the mosquitoes and sand-flies made havoc with our rest in spite of cheese-cloth bars, which bar nothing, although called "Florida lite preservers."

April 4.—The wind seems favorable from where we are anchored and at 7 A. M. we make for the Gulf, but the waves are too high for us, and we have to turn about and scamper back. There is an inside route, however, through Estero Bay and we take that; pass mangrove islands and schools of porpoises, picking our way carefully between sharp oyster beds and sandbars. At 10 A. M. we reach an outlet to the Gulf and try to anchor here, row over to a narrow strip of sand, which forms a breakwater from the heavy sea and breakers, gather some pretty shells and shoot a few shore birds, which the natives dignify by the name of "plover;" small as they are they prove very good and a welcome addition to our larder. The wind is increasing and we decide to remain in this quiet harbor. If we had some millet or fiddlers for bait we might fish. We sail back a little distance and anchor opposite a cabin, pay a visit to the Portugese owner to ask for some; but this devout fisherman informs us that it being Good Friday he would not dare to catch any. He says that some time ago a terrible calamity occurred on this day, that the heavenly laws are unchangeable although here we have different presidents and rulers, "up there" it is always the same. So we are bound to follow his example and drowse away the day in idleness. We catch a marine catfish, however, for supper. A handsome fish and not bad eating.

April 5.—The wind has not shifted and we are here for another day, still within sight of Sanibel light. Our Portugese friend "Agoust" brings some mullet and we row over to a group of mangroves, through which runs a channel. The tide is half flood and the "Silver King" ought to be seeking his customary meal. I cast my bait and retire into the shade about 30yds. off; do not wait long before I have a bite; the reel spins round rapidly, then suddenly ceases, and on rewinding I find bait, hook and snood are gone, probably seized by a jew fish. These fish have a habit of sinking into holes as soon as they feel the hook and remaining there wedged in by rocks on the edges of which the line is cut. The damage repaired, in less than a half hour the reel clicks again, and this time the line tightens out horizontally. I play my fish, until the entire line is exhausted, and myself nearly so. The skiff is being towed against the tide; when my antagonist loosens his grip I wind in as rapidly as possible, but as soon as I can see the silver gleam of the tarpon scales, the line breaks and he is off! Although unsuccessful in my fishing, I can well understand the excitement of the sport, once you have your fish secure at the end of the line, and are being towed out to sea, speculating upon the nature of the monster towing. It may be a shark, a dolphin or a tarpon; if it is the latter you have the additional pleasure of returning home and bragging about your success.

In the afternoon we amuse ourselves picking oysters off the trees. They are very palatable and cluster around the banging branches of the mangrove. They are called "coon" oysters because the coons are supposed to delight in them and keep a stone hidden near the beds in place of an oyster knife.

April 6.—We wake early to find the wind off shore, and hurry through breakfast in order to take advantage of it. Sail through the inlet which is near San Carlos Pass, but not on the map, at 7:45; weather equally, but sea calmer; make for Hickory Pass, due south. At 12 pass Naples, where there is a hotel for winter tourists, a long dock and a sandy beach, but no harbor. Along the coast until 2:45, when we enter the beautiful harbor of Marco, about 35 miles from Estero Bay, and tie up alongside the wharf and store of W. D Collier. Although Sunday, the store is open.

A fine harbor, with many inlets and smaller bays; a good but winding channel, affording an inland passage, staked out as far as Cape Sable. It is now being thoroughly surveyed by Mr. J. Hergesheimer, the author of most of the Florida coast charts, who is here with the U. S. Survey ship Flirt. Captain Collins takes us to visit his large cocoanut grove, one of the handsomest in the State. It extends around the bay to the Gulf along a sand beach. An ideal lovers' walk, and we notice it is properly appreciated by several couples in the moonlight. We also call on Mr. Collins's father, although the Captain will not accompany us; there is a feud between them, and for years they have not spoken nor crossed each other's land. As both have their docks and schooners, they do not seem inconvenienced by their family quarrel. The old gentleman's house is back of his son's, about 200yds. away, and surrounded by an astonishing variety of trees, an incomplete list of which I give: Sapodilla, alligator pear (in great quantities), sugar apple (sweet sop), sour sop, banana, date, mulberry and cocoanut trees, papau, lime, orange, "mammee," oleander, fig, royal punciana, guava. Also many trees familiar to the North.

Mr. Collins *père*, a stalwart man of 70, meets us in his house, a one-story wooden structure with a hall in the center, and four passages radiating from it at right angles, each end open and covered with mosquito bars. He takes great pride in showing us his garden, from which we have a beautiful view of the bay, including his private dock and harbor. Key West is the point to which the settlers send their vegetables, fruit, fish and 'gator skins. They make periodical trips there, many in their own vessels. In the evening Mr. Hergesheimer kindly sends his boat manned by six well-trained negro sailors; they row us swiftly and with graceful precision to the Flirt, which our host calls "the best hotel in Florida," two roomy cabins 20ft. square, a large bathroom, a first rate cook and well-stocked larder make very comfortable bachelor quarters; and as the present occupant has lived there 16 years, surveying these coasts and sounding their waters, they have a most homelike appearance.

April 7.—We hire a boy named Green to show us a good fishing ground; we sail gaily along in a little sloop down Marco bay provided with our luncheon. We anchor about 3 miles from Marco, and having caught some good sized mullet with our cast-net, we take up our position with the skiff at the point of a narrow channel. The tide is at half flood and we expect the tarpon to bite. The inevitable shark and ugly jewfish worry us in succession. My third bite reels off 50yds. of line and a piece of my finger. We have fun for ten minutes. Then the line breaks, and we see a big shark waltzing in the water as if suffering from an attack of indigestion. The loss of a couple of more hooks convince us that the sharks have the best of it, and we return to the Mira. Green professes to know a better fishing place further on; also a good shooting country, and we decide to try him for another day or two. We return to Collins's wharf, make a few purchases, a lot of alligator skins among them, as this is a great market for those shot in the Everglades (Mr. Collins has over a thousand in stock).

At 5 P. M. we take a S.E. course through a narrow inlet of the bay past innumerable mangrove islands, and anchor at sundown about a mile from "Hell's Hole," where we intend to try our luck once more.

April 8.—We row to our fishing ponds. We are going to try grabbing or spearing the fish, for a change. The grains are two barbed prongs fixed to a socket fitting loosely in the end of a pole 12 to 15ft. long; a cord is tied to the grains and held in the right hand together with the pole. The other end of the cord is coiled in the bottom of the boat. Green stands in the bow, his pole poised in both hands, we paddle slowly along the shore in shallow water, where the jew fish abound. The boy's practiced eye soon sees a fish whose muddy color renders it imperceptible to us. He makes a lunge, letting go of the pole and holding on to the cord. The pole falls into the water and the grains are imbedded into the back of the fish near the head. In catching tarpon in this manner you have the excitement and skill of graining, and in addition the pleasure of playing your fish afterward, exactly as do the line fishermen, so that the sport is continuous and more varied. Also, you get the fish you want, and not any that chooses to bite. We catch in this way, besides the jewfish, an ugly animal of a dirty

brown color with protruding eyes and weighing 40 to 50lbs., a couple of good-sized groupers.

At 1:30 we start off in the skiff for a hunt, taking only a few such necessaries as a toothbrush, mosquito bar, hard-boiled eggs and our guns. We take turns rowing up the inlet until the course narrows into a small stream of shallow water with over-hanging trees and foliage. An occasional 'gator or white heron are all that remain of the quantities that were here before the plumage and skin hunters appeared to despoil the land and water of their countless inhabitants. We see a deserted cabin occasionally with patches of once cultivated land; the settlers found it too lonely to remain. Then we pass a natural clearing of meadow-land, on which are three gigantic "royal palms," very rare in Florida.

After rowing 5 miles we land about 12 miles east by south from Marco, tie up our boat and tramp through the cypress wood. We soon, much to our chagrin, come upon a party of hunters who have forestalled us. Mr. Dimmock and friends left Marco two days before, traveling by land with a horse and cart to carry their provisions and game. They have killed three deer, and tell us there are plenty more about, but no turkeys. A 5-mile walk brings us to our camp. We find four poles stuck in the ground about 8ft. apart, on which is spread a roof of dried palmetto boughs, one end of which rests upon the ground, affording ample shelter beneath for three people. Within 30yds. is a beautiful but malarious pond, swarming with 'gators; a short while ago sixty were shot. We see several, but cannot linger here nor elsewhere without continual motion, as the mosquitoes and sandflies sting us into activity. Billy and the captain walk about the surrounding country and see plenty of deer tracks; on our return we build a fire to cheer us and eat our supper standing or rather jumping about, the insects being too voracious to permit of any permanent posture. When we cannot stand them any longer we retire behind our bars. The ground is hard and uneven, but the mosquitoes outside the bars sooth our slumbers. An animated conversation among the owls overhead rudely interrupts the 'gator concert in the swamp.

April 9.—Green said we must be off before "sun up" in order to hunt, but he oversleeps himself and wakes at 5. Not so sanguine this morning about turkey, but thinks well of deer.

We breakfast off a slice of water-melon, walk about for a couple of hours, see tracks but no game, and it is becoming too hot for further tramping, we return to our boat, only to find it gone; borrowed, as we learn from a note left on the bank, by the Dimmock party for the purpose of taking a photo of the royal palms. They return before long, however, and offer us a haunch of venison in return for the loan of the boat. We are appeased, and accepted it with pleasure. Rowing with the tide by noon we are back to our cozy launch; William, the cook, equally delighted to have us back. "It was awful lonesome last night," he says, and his appreciation is shown in the preparation of a sumptuous meal, in which roast venison fills a prominent place. We take a well-earned *siesta* on our comfortable lockers, and the fresh breeze cools our sun-burnt faces. Book and pipe aid our idleness until the skeeters come with the night, and drive us behind the bars.

April 10.—We are off early, bound through the ship channel by Coon Key into the Gulf south of Cape Romano. At the entrance to the Gulf a small boy with a small boat begs to be taken in tow, as he is afraid to venture alone. The wind is high, but favorable from the N.W., and blows us on our course until we come to Horse Key, where a shoal reaching far out into the Gulf causes us to change our course, and we get into the trough of the sea. We ship a couple of barrels of water, turn tail and anchor behind a protecting reef at 12 M. The wind has changed into a regular "norther," so we philosophically go a-fishing, or rather graining, and catch some stingrays.

April 11.—Wind moderated N.E., so we are off early to take advantage of it. Four hours and a half bring us to the entrance of Chokaleski River (where there is a small settlement), and here we meet a Corsican fisherman who has been thirty-five years on this coast. He gives us valuable information, besides two gallons of water, for which he refuses payment. Try to engage him as pilot; wants $3 a day "and doesn't care to go at that; can make more money turtling." We ship some water, but wind gradually shifts to S.E. Pass many islands of pine and cedar trees, and shallow bays with 2 to 3ft. of water. Plenty of good harbors; a fine country to own an island in; many birds, chiefly pelicans. At 1 P. M. pass Seminole Point, sailing entirely by chart. Lost flag overboard during wind. At 3:15 P. M. pass Highland Point, wind is now east and progress slow. Have lost time by hugging shore inside bays to avoid seas. At 5:50 anchor in a little inlet on the north side of White Water Bay (in the railway maps called Ponce de Leon), about 50 miles from Marco in a straight line, but with our winding in and out 60 miles distant.

April 12.—At 7:30, with a northeast wind, we sail across White Water Bay, making for North East Cape. Wind now blowing a gale and veering to southeast, sea heavy. Anchor at 10:30 in open sea off a sand beach and wait for wind to go down. Visit shore and walk about three miles to North East Cape, around a point where the wind and seas appear formidable. Discover raccoon track and then see raccoon. He sees me and we stare at each other, both equally surprised at the unusual sight. I think first it might be a cat, then I decide differently and fire. Raccoon jumps two feet in the air, turns a somersault as he descends and makes off on three legs, before my astonishment at such acrobatics allows me to fire again. We kill some bay birds and catch half a dozen delicious blue crabs for supper. Wind dies out.

April 13.—We start at 5 A. M. before the wind rises. As we round North East Cape we see well-appointed dwellings and out-houses, neatly painted white, a dock, some century plants, and palmettos and thousands of cocoanut palms. At 7:30 in a heavy sea, wind east, we round Cape Sable. Here also are houses and cocoanut groves, close by the surveyor's tripod. Four miles south lies Sand Key, which we should make, but the sea is too heavy and we sail straight on due east for the Oyster Keys, opposite the first of which we anchor in 2ft. of water, about eight miles beyond Cape Sable; average speed six miles an hour, owing to strong winds. We burn nearly a gallon of naphtha per mile in head winds and the Mira's freeboard is so great that she makes but little headway against them. There is a tripod on shore which Billy attempts to climb for an observation, but the structure is too rickety to do so with safety. On the main shore to the west and northeast are several houses, but too distant to visit. There is no chart of these waters yet and we can only guess at our whereabouts. All we have to go by is the more or less correct map of the Okeechobee Land Co. and a few stakes in the ship channel.

April 14.—Day fair and wind moderate E. by N.E. The low tide left us aground in one foot of water, so are not off until the tide rises. At 8 o'clock we try to reach Sand Key to starboard, but soon come to shallow water and shoals. We return and make for Point Sable, whence runs the only southerly channel; near Sand Key we strike into it and pass that island on our port. We steer S.E., wind having shifted in that direction, blowing half a gale; Key West lies in the southwest. We pass Sand Key in the teeth of the wind at 10:30 A.M. and travel ahead slowly. At noon we are out of sight of land, but soon make out islands to the east, which we take to be Center Keys; then we see many keys to the south and southeast (one of which we take to be Long Key) forming a chain running southwest to Key West with a channel on either side: we steer southeast to get help from the wind; water becomes transparent, of a sage green color. Off grassy key we see a house and cocoanut palms.

Then we sail south along a succession of islands, mostly cultivated with groves and vegetable patches, surrounded by small mangroves. We see some sailboats at anchor in a harbor near which is a house on a small bare island, which we afterward learn is "Bamboo Key." We anchor here at 5 P. M., about 30 miles due south of Sand Key; we are welcomed on shore by Anthony Plaut, who is staying here temporarily with his family, engaged in sponging. The island contains about 6 acres, surrounded by coral reefs. The owner is Mr. Crane, who owns also the adjacent larger island to the southwest, Key Vaca. Mr. Plaut is the only "old inhabitant" we have met, the others all hailing from other States. His father was from Miami (on the Atlantic coast) where he owned 900 acres of land, partly a grant from the Government to the soldiers of the Seminole war, the rest a Spanish grant which he bought.

Miami is a growing place with splendid soil and situation. Now it can only be reached by sail boat from Key West, but a railway from Titusville is being talked of, and when that is completed Mr. Plaut will be a wealthy man. Now, however, his wealth is in sponges, and he shows us piles of them bleaching in the sun. They are strung together in spans of four or five sponges each, of various sizes, bringing three or four dollars a span. They can only be caught when the water is clear, so that the bottom can be seen. For this purpose a pail with a glass bottom is used.

In the evening we call at the "shanty" for a chat with Mrs. P. and her pretty daughter. We meet some conch fishermen and enjoy their peculiar accent which might be called 'Cracker Cockney." The ladies complain of the loneliness of their island home when the men are away all day long, and bewail the lack of "society," longing for the gayeties of Key West life. We retire to our couches on board, and are soon fast asleep, dreaming of the fascinations of Key West we have heard so highly praised, when we are awakened by a loud thump against the side of the boat, and the curtains shaking, followed by a loud splash in the water. We jump up thinking a boat had run into us, but peering out we see the disturbance was caused by a large shark who is making away with about 2ft. of heavy sash cord, 4ft. of twisted clothes line wire, to which was attached a tarpon hook and a catfish! We prefer losing all this to having such a bed fellow. In a few hours we are awakened again by yells and the blowing of conch shells. Our friends, the spongers, are starting off on an expedition, and they are calling to their captain on shore to join them.

April 15.—Row ashore in order to get a photograph of the surroundings. Mr. P.'s Couch wife, who with a patch over one eye, reminds us of Wotan, his pretty daughter, and the children consent to pose. I get a few good shots at them, then, adieux being made and hopes expressed of meeting again in Key West, we hoist our square sail, light the engine and are off for that port. At 8:15 we are forced, much to our regret, to abandon the trip to Miami, as so much time has already been taken up. We have sixty miles to make. We sail for the eastern point of Key Vaca (called Waca by the Conch), three miles distant, wind N. veering to E.; turn the point in a rolling sea and sail W.S.W. keeping on the east or inside of the Keys. We pass in succession on our port Knight, Pigeon and Molasses Keys, small and insignificant. On our starboard 3 to 4 miles distant respectively East Bahia Hunda and Cocoanut Keys. We see Sombrero Lighthouse, a fixed white light 188ft. high, visible for 18 miles. At 11:30 we are off Baya Hunda, and, making due S.W. we pass out into the open Gulf. Now the islands are on our starboard.

We pass Pine Key; tide strong and speed slow. Large billows, some 8ft. high, rolling toward the land. In succession come Sunderland, behind which is "Knockemdown" Key, Newfound Harbor, opposite Love Key Beacon, Sugarloaf Key, on which is a cocoanut grove and houses. On our port is American Shoal lighthouse. The water continues beautifully transparent; small fish float on the surface in rainbow colors; peculiar little star-shaped fish skim like disks across the waves. The chart warns us of many rocks opposite Pelican Point; we narrowly miss running into one, are with in five yards of it before it is visible. We put out further from shore to give these sunken rocks a wider berth.

At last we sight the lighthouse behind Key West, and hope to reach it before dark. Fort Taylor, a brick building flanked by earthen works and batteries, draws near. It grows darker, and our side lights are lighted for the first time, as we never before traveled at night. We round the fort and boldly demand its surrender, but get no reply from the hundred 12in. guns looking calmly upon us, nor from the single soldier who acts as guardian within.

At 8 P. M. we steam slowly into the harbor, pass several men-of-war anchored by and heave to near what in the dark appears to be a hotel (later we are told it is the U. S. Marine Hospital). Soon a negro rows by and asks if we "want the doctor," but we answer that we have no use for his services at present. We go ashore and walk for several blocks through a Cuban town; low wooden house open into the streets, and dusky ladies with cigar-box coiffures, clad in old-time fashions, rock within. We ask our way and are answered "*no entiende*." We stop at the Russell House, looking forward to a fresh-water bath as the greatest of luxuries, and it proves one of the rarest, for owing to long drouth we are only spared a bucketful; the cisterns are nearly empty.

April 16.—The Fort Doctor visits us, and we learn that we are liable to a fine for going ashore without being examined, as quarantine is declared. We light our fires for the last time, and steam around into a slip, next to Mr. Philbuck's wharf and near the dock of the Mallory Line, by which Mira is conveyed home a few days later.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH YACHTING.

"AMERICAN yachtsmen have stood by and watched the rapid decline of boats of purely American design; and, excepting the Cape boat, no yacht has been built during the past five years that did not have less American than British in her design, rig and equipment. The shoal boat of the Fanny type has not been built, neither has the duplicate, or an improved Shadow been produced. All that was left of American design seems to have gone, and the British ideas have been substituted. Boats of the Marjorie and Bayadere type, with their egg-shape midsection, originated in Britain. In the rig, sail plan and blocking of the boats there is now no great difference, and there will be more similarity next season than ever before.

"In comparing the hulls of the American and British yachts, except in the centreboard, there is now not much difference, the latest products of both sides being much alike. The double head rig, short mainmast, and the present style of stern, also the rigging and blocks, originated on the other side. The shape of the stern found to-day on nearly all of the latest built boats originated in England, and years ago John Harvey adopted the double head rig and short foremast on the schooner Miranda.

"The two boats which have been before the public the most during the past season are the Minerva and the Gossoon, and on these two boats especially can the question of originality be discussed.

"Taking the Minerva first—is there anything American about her? The boat answers for herself; for she is wholly British, and has not an American element in her. She is original in design and make-up.

"On the other hand, take the Gossoon and examine her from an American standpoint. The old American yachtsmen can find nothing of the old type in her, and she is nothing more or less than a 'whitewashed cutter' in their eyes. The rig, sail plan, blocks, iron work and running gear are British in all their elements, and in the design of foremast hull she is certainly not an American idea.

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"The truth is, and all designers must admit it, that we have taken the original ideas from the other side and improved on them, and thus far we have beaten them on their own inventions. In the future the contests between the yachts of both nations promise to be more fierce than ever, because the fight is growing narrower, coming down, as it has, almost to a question of detail and handling.

"Nobody seems to want to try the American type of boat in its entirety, and this being so, an improved Fanny cannot be looked for next season. Messrs. Burgess and Gardner have orders for new boats, but they have but little in them of the American boat of ten years ago, and it is a fair statement to make under the circumstances that the Fanny type of boat has no great charms for them, and the present outlook is that for some years to come the principal elements of rig and construction of to-day will hold forth on both sides of the water."

We copy the above from the Boston *Herald*, a paper that, so far from any tendency toward Anglo-mania, has always been strongly American in the tone of its yachting department. In the fight which the FOREST AND STREAM has made for over ten years for better principles in design and higher ideals in racing, we have had to contend principally with the charge of a lack of patriotism in condemning much that was distinctively American and commending much that was of foreign origin. That we have been correct in the position taken in 1879 and since successfully held, is conceded by all well informed yachtsmen who recognize the vast superiority of the new fleet over the old: if there are any who still hold a contrary opinion, we commend to them the above statements from an authority whose pro-American leanings cannot be questioned.

It has been a misfortune to American yachting that when the question of the defects of the national type and improvements in yacht designing were first agitated the defenders of the old boats at once based their defense on political rather than technical grounds, obscuring for a long time the actual scientific issues by loud shouting of abusive epithets, and appeals to national prejudices and dislikes. On the other hand, the most promising feature of modern yachting is the liberality which prevails among designers and yachtsmen in regard to all technical matters, the old standard of American or British has passed away, and is replaced by one which recognizes the truths of science as cosmopolitan in the widest sense of the word, the chosen property of no one nation.

Yacht designing in America has touched three successive stages in the past ten years; in the first every feature of American origin was lauded in the highest, and all of foreign birth were condemned; in the second a large number of the latter, such as the lead keel, the deeper hull and the cutter rig, were engrafted on the American craft, and claimed as original inventions; in the third stage, on which we have just entered, all national barriers have disappeared, the details of design are accepted solely on their merits, and with due recognition of their origin. The first course was foolish, the second dishonest, the third is wise, fair and liberal, and should meet a fit reward in the shape of great improvements in the future.

There is nothing for an American to be ashamed of in the fact that American designers are working with British tools to-day in the effort to beat the fastest boats that can be turned out on the other side; on the contrary there is every reason to expect that, starting fairly to-day with the same problems before them, and the same means of solving them, the next five years will show the American designers as far ahead of the British as their fellow-craftsmen are in other branches of industrial progress.

CHART CORRECTIONS.—Notice is given of the discovery of a small ledge off Parsonage Point, in Long Island Sound, 900yds. S. W. ¾W. from Forbes Rock, with 8ft. of water over it and deep water on all sides. The 7ft. spot shown on the chart between Forbes Rock and Transport Rock has been changed to a 3ft. spot.

NEW YORK Y. R. A.

THE first meeting since the regatta of Sept. 1 was held by the New York Y. R. A. on Friday evening last at O'Neill's, Sixth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York. When the meeting was called to order by the president, Com. A. J. Prime, at 8 o'clock, delegates from twelve yacht clubs were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The secretary reported the receipt of various communications, including one from the Cedar Point Y. C. relative to their resignation, and a proposition for membership from the Essex Y. C., of Newark. The treasurer's report showed that the association had a balance a shade less than $500. The executive committee reported the election to membership of the Oceanic Y. C., of Jersey City, N. J.

The regatta committee reported at length on the recent regatta of the association and named the following as winners in their respective classes:

Class C, Dolphin, walkover; Class D, Avalon over Gertrude by 1m. 12^{1}_{2}s.; Class E, Mergus over Nimrod by 22^{2}_{10}s.; Class F, Fotsyth over Pavonia by 3m. 30^{3}_{10}s.; Class G, Christine No. 1 over Theresa by 1m. 20^{1}_{2}s.; Class I, Eagle Wing, Helen not finishing; Class 2, J. A. Cameron over Carrie B. by 27m. 55^{5}_{10}s.; Class 3, H. C. Miner over Leader by 8m. 5^{8}_{10}s.; Class 4, Edna over Lona by 2m. 35s.; Class 5, Ripple over May Bee by 47m. 17^{2}_{10}s.; Class 6, Norah L., Squall not finishing; Class 7, Nadeya over May F. by 38m. 4^{2}_{10}s.; Class 8, Undine over Onéita by 7m. 40^{2}_{10}s.; Class 9, BonTon over Rival by 11m. 50^{1}_{2}s.; Class 10, Gala Water, walkover.

The above were the winners as stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, with the exception of class G. Millie was named as a winner, but was disqualified on protest that she was an open boat. In class 2 the Our Own was named as a winner, but was disqualified for keeping to the westward of the Lower Hospital Island in returning. In class 3 Just Woke Up was named as a winner, but was disqualified because of not carrying a number.

In class 4 Henry Gray was named as a winner, but was disqualified for keeping to the westward of Bank Buoy 15 in going down, and the race was awarded to the Gardner design, Edna. This seems somewhat of a hardship, as Edna was beaten 1h. 1m. and 24s. elapsed and 59m. 39s. corrected time. The committee also reported a net profit of $56, with all expenses paid and 7 clubs yet to be heard from.

Mr. Chas. E. Cameron, the vice-president of the Association and a member of the Newark Y. C., made a long argument in favor of awarding the race prize to Just Woke Up, claiming that it was not within the province of the committee to reverse the decision of the judges, who, he said, instructed her captain to sail over the course without a number and her time would be taken. Mr. Cameron argued that if the rule regarding the carrying of numbers was enforced, why not enforce the rule relating to size, which requires that they shall be 18in. high. Mr. Cameron had a number that was used by a boat in the race, that he claimed was but 12in. high, which he offered as an exhibit.

It has been said that the Just Woke Up could not obtain her numbers from the stakeboat. As a matter of fact, the numbers were at the house of the Pavonia Y. C. from Saturday until early Monday morning, when they were put on board Com. Prime's schooner Edith that acted as stakeboat, and was anchored close to the starting line, where she remained until after the race. The signal to start for the class in which Just Woke Up sailed was not given until 12:22, the handicap time expiring at 12:32, and notwithstanding this late hour she was handicapped. Of seventy-two vessels that started she was the only one without a number. It was claimed that owing to her not carrying a number her class competitors did not know that she was in the race and took no account of her. The matter was referred to the executive committee by the regatta committee, we think, for final decision, after a vote of the sense of the meeting had upheld the committee's decision. The regatta committee's decision disqualifying the yacht under the circumstances was just, inasmuch as an association of the magnitude of this could not afford to establish such a precedent, as its success among yachtsmen will depend on the rules relating to racing being strictly enforced.

Richard V. Freeman, of the Hudson River Y. C., was elected a member of the executive committee in place of D. W. Kolm, Pavonia Y. C., resigned.

Rule 24 of the racing rules was amended by inserting 24 hours in place of 1 hour as the time after a race in which a protest can be made.

The resignation of the Cedar Point Y. C. was taken from the table and accepted.

The sum of $300 was appropriated for the purchase of prizes for the winners in the recent regatta; $50 was also appropriated to purchase medals for the winners of the 1889 race.

A vote of thanks was also tendered to Gov. Leon Abbett of New Jersey for his kindness in placing his steam yacht at the disposal of the president and judges.

A committee of three was appointed by the chair to consider the advisability of having an association banquet. The meeting then adjourned subject to call of the president.

THE NAUTICAL FAIR AT HALIFAX.

THE visit of the British squadron and of Prince George to Halifax has been celebrated by a nautical fair on quite a grand scale, the arrangements of the various booths being especially attractive. The principal ones were the cabin of the captain of the Canada, over the entrance to which were three trophies of sword bayonets, one large and two smaller. Everything was in ship-shape style. The roof had a slight slant to either side and the beams were supported by gold and crimson dragons. The mast, around which was a stack of arms, wheel and binnacle, faced the counter. On one side was the sideboard, and above, the ship's lights. The department was supplied with marble counters, over which the thirsty might purchase refreshing beverages of all kinds—temperate of course; adjoining was the admiral's cabin in H.M.S. Bellerophon. A gangway led to the upper deck, where were to be seen ship's lights and bell, binnacle and wheel, with a Gardiner gun mounted for action. The upper deck was built and furnished under the supervision of Quartermaster Bishop; the gentleman's Japanese ferry boat was a huge craft with a black, gold-striped hull and towering bow. Her cargo consisted of Japanese fans, parasols and other articles from the land of the Jap. At the north end of the building was the ship's saloon, extending across the floor. A refreshment table faced the opening, but entering the visitor found a perfect counterpart of the saloon of a large steamer. There were two large dining tables temptingly spread, and imitation windows, on which were painted marine views, as if seen from the distance. Lunch was served here, while in an apartment to the left were ice cream tables. To the right of the main entrance was a counterpart of "Mammy Tucker's" cottage, a rather famous hostelry at Bermuda. The design was very happily done. The cottage was white in color and cool and inviting looking. The adjacent grounds were covered with mosses and plants, inclosed by pretty lattice fences. One booth represented an old warehouse. The pier was built out in substantial-looking spiles, with green baize representing water beneath; the mooring posts with lines attached standing out prominently. In the rear were the warehouses—a fine representation of a granite building with arches. One section represented the bonded warehouse, in which was stored a choice stock of fancy and useful articles, which were removed to the pier as occasion required. Adjoining the piers was the "fish sale," with the circular stone lighthouse beyond, standing out boldly, and the lantern lighted by electricity. Inside, a young lady industriously attended to the patrons of the "post-office."

Other booths represented a brigantine iced up in the Arctic seas, a gondola, a chart room, the "Anchorage," a building constructed in imitation of white stone, with white shingled roof, with anchors and chains affixed to the front; the stern of the good ship Victoria, whose deck reached across the building, with portholes, masts, rail and real rigging, her name painted on the bow. In the rear was a marine view; on the deck minstrel and other performances were given by man-of-war sailors.

At the big ship's bow was a part of the ship Prince George, showing the rounded stern of the vessel, with wheel and binnacle.

The fair was opened on Oct. 1, in the presence of Admiral Watson and Prince George. The opening march was by a large party of young ladies in nautical costume, marching four abreast and executing many maneuvers.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The following gentlemen have been proposed for membership: J. H. Sterling, F. M. Scott, J. N. Winslow, Chas. A. Stevenson, O. Adams. The fall regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was sailed on Oct. 11 off Larchmont. The open race was won by Caro. The open boat race, sailed without rudders, was won by Fidget, sailed by Com. Thornton H. Smith.

A NEW BUILDING FIRM.—Mr. Arthur E. Payne, designer and builder of Decima, Lollypop, Hummiug Bird and many other fast yachts, has lately formed a partnership with Mr. Wm. Summers, of Day, Summers & Co., Northam, under the name of Summers & Payne. The old Payne yards at Belvidere and Millstone Point, will be improved, the buildings destroyed by fire last spring being rebuilt.

HAMILTON Y. C.—At the meeting of the Hamilton Y. C. on Oct. 7 with Vice-Com. Greening in the chair, the prizes won during the season were presented to the successful sailors as follows: White Wings' cup and flag—White Wings, Capt. Brierly. Monck cup and flag—Samoa, Capt. Jarvis. Marguerite cup and flag (for 30-footers)—Maud "B," Capt. Burnside. Dufferin medal and flag (for 25 footers)—Nadjy, Capt. Malcolmson. Championship flag for 35 and 40-footers)—Alert, Capt. Vallance. Championship flag (for 21-footers)—Eclipse, Capt. Dillon. Trotman anchor (for 30-footers)—Echo, Capt. Smith. Sweepstake prize and marine painting, presented by Mr. Wm. Bruce—Samoa—Capt. Jarvis. Messrs. Jarvis, J. F. Monck and Lee were appointed delegates to the annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association which is to be held in Toronto next month. On Oct. 4, the final race of the season was sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Samoa	2 30	4 51 20	2 21 20	2 16 39
Echo	2 30	4 53 00	2 23 00	2 18 05
Psyche	2 30	4 50 00	2 23 00	2 20 00
Coquette	2 30	not timed.		

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The committee having the amendments to the constitution and by-laws in hand will report at a special meeting, which Com. Connolly has called for Nov. 7. Mr. Geo. D. Gideon, 17 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, has been authorized to organize the Delaware River Squadron. The Philadelphia small boat owners are coming in, and Mr. Gideon reports that 1891 will see a goodly-sized squadron in this vicinity. It is pretty positive that the navy will extend their limits to 25ft., and will make strong inducements to the owners of the racing twenties to come in and encourage them in their efforts. Proposed for membership, Geo. D. Gideon.

NEW YACHTS.—The only *bona fide* orders yet placed are those of Messrs. Belmont and Thayer for 46-footers, with the Lawley Co., and one for a keel cruiser, designed by Mr. H. J. Gielow for Mr. F. P. Ketchum, to be built by Wintringham. She will be 45ft. 6in. over all, 33ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. The contract is ready for a new Gardner cutter for the 25ft. corrected length class, and more of these boats are sure to be built; but there are no signs yet of a 90 or even a 70-footer about New York or Boston.

YACHT BUILDING IN BOSTON.—In a very short time the new corporation of Geo. Lawley & Son, which will succeed the firm of that name, will have in operation a complete plant for steel and composite construction, the present yard at South Boston being enlarged and remodelled. The new concern will have the best of modern appliances for ship building in wood or metal.

HAWES FUND SCHOOL OF DESIGNING.—The sixth season of the Hawes Fund School of Designing was opened on Oct. 6 in the Lincoln school house, Charleston. Prof. Frisbee is in charge, as usual, and there were many new applicants for admission.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—On Oct. 1 the summer quarters of this club at Rowe's Wharf were closed, and the winter quarters, No. 90 Boyleston street, were opened for the winter season.

NORNA, schooner, has been sold by L. H. Smith to Mr. Coleman, who will fit her out at once for a cruise to the West Indies. Capt. Wm. Dennis will be in command.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

CANUCK.

THE accompanying drawings show the arrangement and fittings of the canoe Canuck, whose lines appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 18, together with the dimensions, table of offsets, and enlarged body plan. The canoe is built with a smooth lap, the edges of each strake being tapered, the material being white cedar slightly over ¼in. thick; 6 strakes to a side. The ribs are of oak, ¾×⅝in., spaced 3½in. The keel is of hard pine, of the shape shown in the section, with a $^{5}/_{16}$in. oak shoe under it. It will be noticed that the rabbet is cut a little above the bottom of the keel, the outer line in the half breadth plan representing the half breadth of the bottom of keel, the inner line being the half breadth of the oak shoe. The rabbet is shown in the sheer plan as touching the bottom of keel in the middle of the boat, but it really is a trifle higher, as the large section shows. There is an inwale of pine, ¾×⅝in., and on each side of the well are 3 light pine knees. The canoe was not built for a deck seat, but this year Mr. Jones has used one in all his sailing. The centerboard trunk is very strong and heavy, being built of ⅞in. pine, the fore end carried up to the deck. The slot is ⅜in. wide, the board being ⅛in. thick, but a score is cut on the inside of the trunk to admit the iron handle of the board. The decks are of mahogany. The well has the ordinary pointed oak coaming.

The mast tubes are circular at the deck, 2¾ and 2⅜in. in diameter; but below deck they are square. Everything about the canoe is strong, though unnecessarily heavy in places, but in all her races at the meet and about New York she never broke down in hull, fittings or rig, a point of great advantage in racing. The centerboard is a steel saw-blade, cut to the peculiar dipper-shape shown and hung on a bolt, not being removed when the canoe is housed. On the after end of the trunk is a spring of flat steel, with a loop handle, the end of which engages in the notches shown in the board. When fully lowered the lifting handle drops into the trunk, leaving a loop on the end, by which it may be seized in raising.

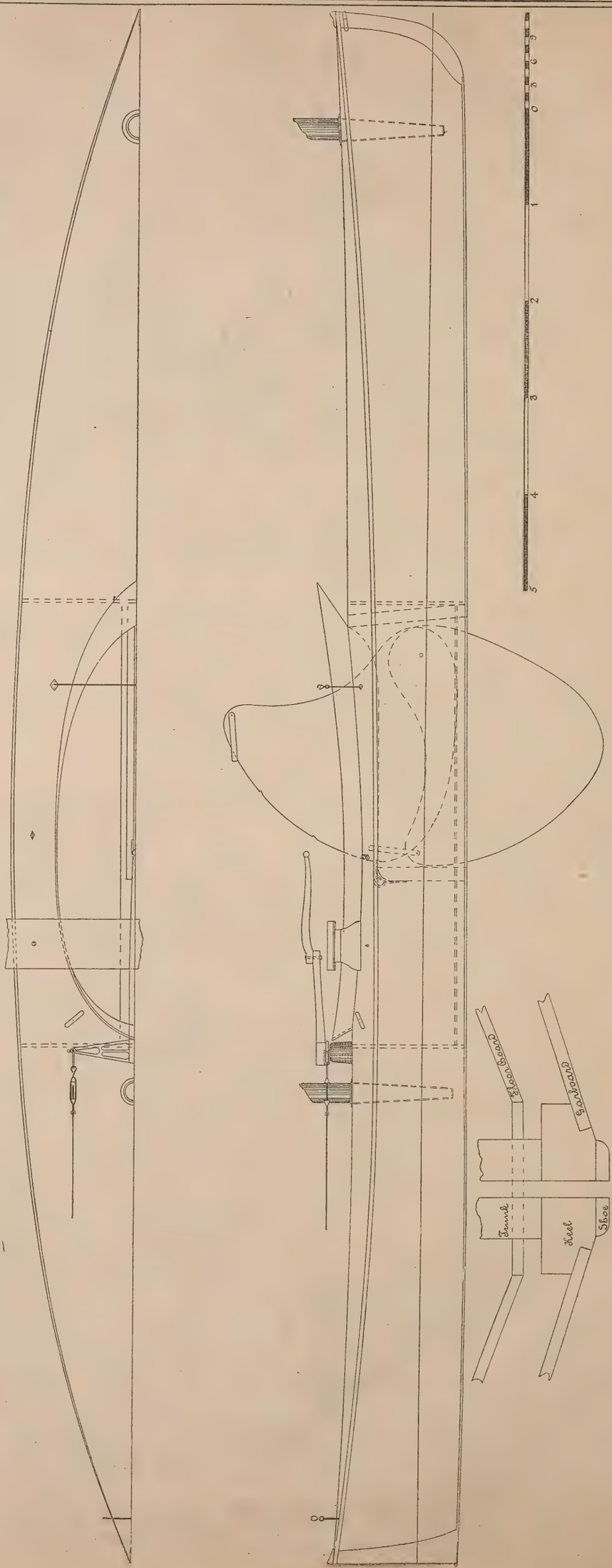
Canuck is a very good example of the modern racing canoe, in which the portion of the boat originally used by the canoeist is given up entirely to the board, the well at the same time being greatly shortened. She has, it is true, a rather longer well than many of the racers, but when the deck seat is once bolted fast, as it must be for sailing, the well is made shorter by a foot, and for all purposes for which the boat is used the coaming might better stop at the foreside of the seat. The equipment of the canoe in racing includes a stout pair of paddles, stowed in the well, but they can only be reached by unshipping the deck seat, a matter of some difficulty.

The following calculations were made to the 5in. level line, parallel with the 4 and 6in. lines shown on the sheer and body plans; those marked *, however, were calculated from the actual loadline as measured afloat with crew on board, with a draft of 4¼in. forward and 5¾in. aft, above the base line shown in the sheer plan. The displacement to the 5in. level line, 327lbs., is hardly enough, but the increased immersion aft, as shown by the actual trim, would make up the difference.

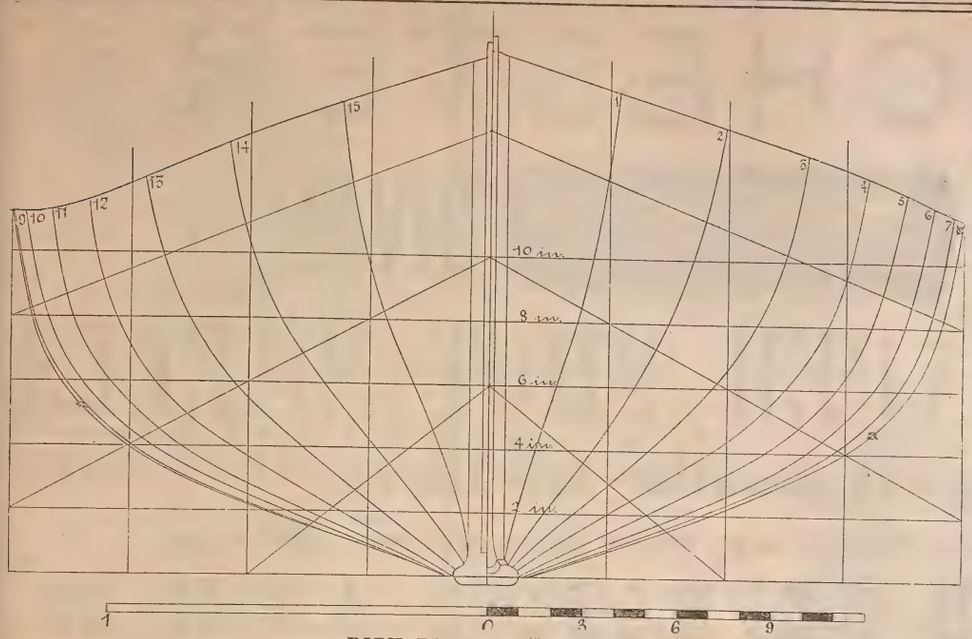
This matter, of the actual draft of racing canoes, is one that in spite of its importance has received but little attention, and though the lines of all the leading canoes have been published at one time or another, but little data is available regarding the actual draft, displacement, and center of lateral resistance. Every canoe before she is taken from the stocks should have at least one distinct mark on stem and sternpost by which her draft at any time may be ascertained. In nearly all canoes for many years the rabbet line amidships has been practically parallel to the load line, and it is usually taken as the base line in the design, so that all measurements may for the sake of uniformity be made from the rabbet line. Permanent marks should be placed on stem and sternpost at 3, 4 and 5in. above this base line, then when the canoe is in racing trim her actual draft may be quickly read off. In connection with this the spirit level used a few years since is a good thing, only it should now be placed in a more convenient place than the bottom of the canoe, as on deck or on the side of the trunk. When the canoe is completed this level should be adjusted to show the designed trim, then when the proper trim is found after some sailing a mark can be made on the level for a permanent guide. It very frequently happens that a canoe goes off her trim in a race, from leakage forward or aft or some similar cause, without the crew being aware of the trouble for some time, but a glance at the level now and again will serve not only to call attention to the trim but as a means of keeping it right.

It would be very interesting if the owners of some of the fast canoes would make a few experiments with their boats by measuring the exact draft at each end when in the best sailing trim, and then measuring the exposed area of board and rudder, from which the center of lateral resistance can be calculated, and also the exact sail plan, so as to obtain the center of effort. Of course every canoe undergoes constant changes of canvas and trim in racing one day or another, but the measurements should be taken as she does her best sailing in a good working breeze.

Some years since, when canoes ranged in length from 14 to 16ft., with comparatively few of the longer, we adopted a plan of making all designs to a uniform length of 15ft., the length of the majority, and we have since published a number of designs of this size, in



CANOE "CANUCK."—OWNED BY MR. FORD JONES.



BODY PLAN OF "CANUCK."

most cases giving the full offsets for building to 16ft. as well as 15. The canoes of to-day, however, are all of one length, 16ft., and it is highly improbable that this length will be departed from, as there is no reason for building a racing canoe shorter than the rule, and no prospect of the rule being changed to admit a longer canoe. Such being the case we have made the accompanying drawings of the actual length of the boat, 16ft. The breadth shown in the drawings, 30in., is a little greater than the actual width, the canoe measuring at midships 29⅝in. The sail plan and details of seat and rudder will appear shortly.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations.	Deck Heights	Half-Breadths.							
		Deck	10in.	8in.	6in.	4in.	2in.	Dia.1	Dia.2	Dia.3
0..	1 4⁴	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1 3³	4¹	3²	2⁶	2¹	1⁴	0⁷	4	3²	2¹
2..	1 2²	7³	6³	5⁵	4⁴	3²	1⁸	7³	5⁷	3⁸
3..	1 1³	10	9²	8³	6⁷	5⁵	2⁸	10¹	8¹	4⁷
4..	1 0⁶	1	11³	10⁶	9⁴	7	3⁸	1 0¹	9⁷	5⁶
5..	1 0²	1 1²	1 0⁶	1	10⁷	8⁶	5	1 1⁸	11¹	6²
6..	11⁷	1 2	1 1⁵	1 1¹	1 0¹	10	6¹	1 2³	11⁷	6⁷
7..	11⁵	1 2⁵	1 2³	1 1⁷	1 0⁷	10⁶	6⁸	1 3¹	1 0⁴	7
⊠	11⁴	1 3	1 2⁶	1 1²	1 1³	11²	7	1 3⁴	1 0⁸	7²
9..	11²	1 2⁷	1 2⁶	1 2²	1 1²	11²	7	1 3⁴	1 0⁵	7²
10..	11²	1 2⁵	1 2³	1 1⁷	1 0⁶	10⁴	6³	1 3	1 0³	7
11..	11³	1 1⁶	1 1⁵	1 1¹	11⁷	9⁵	5⁶	1 2²	11⁶	6⁶
12..	11⁵	1 0⁴	1 0³	11⁶	10⁴	8	4⁵	1 1	10⁸	6²
13..	1 0³	10⁷	10²	9³	8	5⁷	3²	11	8⁷	5³
14..	1 1⁴	8¹	7³	6⁴	5¹	3⁴	2	8²	6⁵	4
15..	1 2⁸	4⁵	3⁷	3²	2³	1⁴	0⁷	4⁵	3⁸	2²
16..	1 4³	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....

CANOE CANUCK—DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS.

	Ft.	In.
Length over all	16	00
Beam, extreme	2	06
l.w.l.	2	00⁷
Draft	0	05⁴
Least freeboard	0	06³
Sheer, bow	0	05¹
stern	0	05
Displacement, 5in. waterline, lbs.	327	
Area—Midship section	0.54	sq. ft.
*Lateral plane	6.62	sq. ft.
*Centerboard	2.32	sq. ft.
*Rudder	0.75	sq. ft.
Total	9.69	sq. ft.
*C. L. R. from stem, without board	8	08
with board	8	04³
C. B. from stem	8	01⁴
Midship section from stem	8	00

Fore side of stem to—

Mainmast	1	02⁶
Fore bulkhead	6	01⁴
Fore end of well	6	04⁴
Fore end of slot	6	03²
After end of slot	8	10²
Fore side of deck seat	9	05
After end of well	10	06
After bulkhead	10	08²
Pin of deck yoke	10	09
Mizenmast	11	02

THE PADDLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE proposed race between Messrs. Mackendrick and Johnston has come to an untimely and most unsatisfactory end, as the following correspondence, from the Toronto *Mail*, shows:

Editor Mail:

I do not like to again trouble you about the race which I have tried to arrange with Mr. Johnston, but in justice to myself I will answer his letter. Mr. Johnston says I have never met any fast men. Well! I do not know what that has to do with the case even were it true, though I went to Montreal and New York this year to meet the best men I could run across. Mr. Johnston wants to know why I did not meet him last year at the Thousand Islands if I wanted a race. This is unkind, to say the least, as he is well aware that I purchased a canoe especially for those events when I unfortunately sprained my ankle and was so prevented from taking part in the leading events.

Mr. Johnston says in one of his letters that he expected to be met in a more friendly and fraternal spirit. Well, I'd like to know what he wanted. He at first said the time was too short, and I extended it nine days, i. e., till the 27th. inst., then he said he would like to go into a bicycle race on that date, and would like the race to come off two or three days before the 27th. I then proposed the 24th, and he made no objections to that date, and did not propose any other. I made all arrangements accordingly. Again he wrote saying that he did not think he would go into the bicycle race, and asked to have the canoe race on the 27th, or later, but as I had made all arrangements for the 24th I objected to be made a weather cock of, and refused to paddle on any later date than the 24th, and he refused to paddle on that date.

Mr. Johnston made considerable of the point that I wished to race him in my own town and on my own course, as I did, wishing to let my Galt friends see a good fast contest. If Mr. Johnston really wants to race I will now offer to paddle him over his own course any time within the next two weeks, either half a mile or a mile, with either single or double blades, either for a trophy or for nothing, and will do any other reasonable thing to meet his wishes that he may desire. The only stipulation I will ask is that whatever he wishes to do he must put it in writing, so that I may not be bamboozled as I was at Galt by having a course surveyed, etc.

Hoping to hear from him at an early date, beg to sign myself,
Yours, etc. H. F. MACKENDRICK.

TORONTO, Oct. 1.

Editor Mail:

Mr. Mackendrick has, through your columns, at last made me a very fair and reasonable offer, namely, to paddle on my own course any time within two weeks, but I regret to say that I cannot accept this offer because I am away from Toronto on business, and do not know when I will see Toronto again. I do no expect to be in Toronto for two or three weeks, except perhaps for a day or so. Up to the 1st of October Mr. Mackendrick persistently refused to race on any other date than the 24th, and in consequence of his refusal I stopped training and came to the conclusion our race was off. Mr. Mackendrick says it was unkind of me to ask why he did not race me at Stave Island last year. I understood he had purchased a racing canoe especially for the race. I was told he was "laying for me," and I thought I had a right to refer to the fact that he was at the meet, taking part in other paddling races, and did not compete in the championship race. It is true I heard that he had sprained his ankle, but I thought when he disregarded his sore ankle and competed in other paddling races that he might have forgotten the sprained ankle when the championship race was called. I would not have referred to the matter at all had not Mr. Mackendrick suggested that I wished to shirk the race with him.

Mr. Mackendrick does not see why I should have referred to the fact that he had never competed with any fast men, and thinks it has nothing to do with the matter. Well, I simply referred to it when commenting on the nerve of Mr. Mackendrick issuing his famous challenge to all the world on the strength of his winning one race. There is no doubt, I think, Mr. Mackendrick can drive a canoe along at great speed, especially with a single blade, but he might have issued the challenge earlier in the season and given the boys a chance to compete against him. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mackendrick will change his mind about his retirement and come out next season, as there are several paddlers beside myself who will dispute his right to the championship of the world, and who would like at least to have a chance to compete with him. Yours, etc. M. F. JOHNSTON.

GODERICH, Oct. 6.

CAMPING AT THE MEETS.

THE officers of the Central Division have taken up a subject that is of the greatest importance to every man who attends the meets, and have just sent out the following circular, which explains itself. We hope that the replies will be sufficiently numerous to give evidence of a general interest in the matter, and that they will aid future committees in making better arrangements for meals and supplies:

Dear Sir: For the purpose of investigating how canoeing has progressed for the past five years, we have sent you the following circular letter, which we have addressed to all canoeists known to us to have been present at the 1884, 1885 meets, and which we desire you, in the interest of canoeing and of the American Canoe Association, to answer. The substance of the answers received will be published in the FOREST AND STREAM, or *Sail and Paddle*, unless a request by you is made to the contrary. Very truly yours, EDWIN L. FRENCH, JAMES K. BAKEWELL.

"*My Dear Sir:* Will you please describe the amount of camping outfit you took to the first and last meets which you attended, enumerating the articles, if any, added to or subtracted from your outfit between these times, also stating your reasons for so doing."

224 JERSEY STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 27.

THE BRITISH C. A. MEET.—From a rather brief account of the third annual meet of the British Canoe Association at Falmouth, in the October issue of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, the first "salt water meet," by the way, there seems to have been very little of the true canoe meet such as has proved so successful in America. There were few canoes and little racing, the canoe yawls being of more prominence than the regular canoes. The entertainments included a concert, a four-in-hand excursion, a cricket match, a visit to the training ship Ganges, and expeditions to view the maneuvers of the naval fleet off Falmouth. The distinctive features of an American canoe camp were missing, and the affair appears to have been a remarkably pleasant picnic or camping with little canoeing to it. The officers elected were: Com., John McGregor; Vice-Com., H. Wilmer; Rear-Com., J. D. Hayward; Secty-Treas., Percy Nisbet. Two new divisions were established at Oxford and Cambridge. The report was so carefully worded this year as to give no offense to the most sensitive and delicate canoe owners.

HOLYOKE C. C.—This club held its fall regatta on Oct. 11, the events being as follows: 100yds. paddle, Judd, Towne and Hodgdon starters, won by Hodgdon; 100yds. standing paddle, Selden, Judd and Parsons starters, won by Selden: sailing race, 2 miles, W. Lamb, Metcalf, Schuester and Ladd starters, won by Metcalf: ½ mile tandem, Parsons and Hodgdon, Metcalf and Selden, Louis and W. Lamb starter, won by Hodgdon and Parsons; hurry-scurry race, Morrow, Heywood, Syms and Judd starters, won by Morrow; ½ mile paddle race, for championship of Holyoke, Selden Metcalf and Towne starters, won by Metcalf.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Vice-Com.-elect of the Eastern Division Mr. J. W. Cartwright, Jr., has changed his address to 611 Washington street, Boston.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Frank W. Crane, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. E. C., East Smithfield.—Nitrate of mercury is used in percussion caps and is secured by a gum or shellac.

M. S., Albany.—The report of falconry in the Catskills has decidedly the character of a newspaper "fake."

W. M. H., Newport, R. I.—Will you please furnish me the address of some good, reliable breeder of bloodhounds, one that you know and can recommend? I wish to get one as soon as possible, already trained. Ans. You cannot do better than write to Mr. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., whose advertisement you will find in another column.

F. H. B., Baltimore, Md.—Killarney II., whelped April, 1883, Breeder, R. G. Taylor, Baltimore, Md. Sire Shomberg's Hela, by Echo out of Lady Palmerstone. Dam, Killarney, by Rufus II. (Von Culin's St. Patrick II.—Moll) out of Von Culin's Moll II. by Rufus out of Friend. There is not a Duke or Connaught, of the breeding you give, either in A.K.R. or A.K.C.S.B.

W. J. S., New York.—In two townships in this State a law has been passed prohibiting the shooting of ruffed grouse over dogs for a period of three years. Kindly tell me if the above would apply to a person shooting on his own property in said townships. The law was made to keep the market-shooters away. Ans. While the spirit of this particular law would not prohibit shooting on one's land, it is a rule that game laws apply to game on one's own property as well as to other game; and under the law named you cannot shoot with a dog at all.

AUSTIN, Ill.—1. I am an amateur hunter on a small scale. I wish to purchase a dog that will hunt for chickens or take to water after ducks. I am told a cocker is the best, but they seem too small to me to stand the work. I wish your advice. I would prefer a cocker as they are such nice dogs in the house, but don't want one if he cannot hunt. 2. Also give proper proportions of powder and size of shot with proportion, for No. 12 gun. Ans. 1. You would find a Clumber or field spaniel the best for your purpose. You will obtain just the information you want in "The Spaniel and its Training," published by us. 2. See our book "611 Hints."

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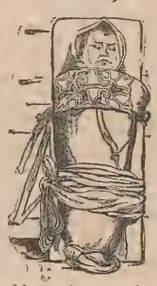
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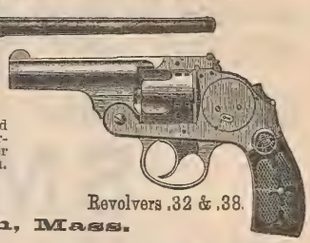
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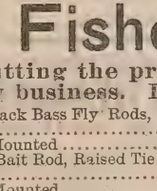
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A NAME ON A POSTAL.

If you have a friend, who might be interested in the FOREST AND STREAM, but does not know the paper, send us his address on a postal card. It will be esteemed a favor by us; and it may be so regarded by him.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER POLLUTION.

UNDER this heading will be found in this issue a brief letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent relative to the scarcity of black bass and wall-eyed pike at Bainbridge, Pa., once a famous locality for both of these introduced game fishes. Mr. Bare attributes the present dearth of fishes to freshets and to pollution by mine water and mill refuse. It seems hardly possible that mine water could affect the Susquehanna at a distance so remote from the coal region, and yet Mr. Bare is a veteran fisherman, celebrated for his skill and acute observation, and his statement must be received with the respect due to one of his experience. The conditions were generally unfavorable for fishing during the past season. Freshets played sad havoc with the fish in many eastern streams, notably the Potomac and the Susquehanna, and unfortunately their injury was most grievous during the spawning season, so that the effect is likely to be felt even more keenly in the near future. The theory of injury from mine water is somewhat of a surprise to us. We were aware that many of the trout streams of northern Pennsylvania have been practically depopulated through this agency, but had never heard the scarcity of black bass in the lower Susquehanna accounted for in this manner, and we cannot tell how far the opinion may be justified by thorough investigation. The harmonizing of conflicting interests in our water courses is becoming a matter of extreme importance, and is attended with serious difficulty. The mill refuse must be disposed of, and can be conveniently floated off in our streams, while its disposition in any other way may involve considerable expense and loss of time. The mill owner will adopt the most expeditious method without regard to any other interests than his own, and he will be kept in check only by a determined public opinion expressed in protective laws. In many portions of our country this struggle between opposing interests is in progress, and the result is not always gratifying to the long-suffering public, but we look forward hopefully to the time when the pollution of streams and the consequent destruction of fish will be finally unknown except as an unpleasant memory.

LAWS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LAWLESS.

THE charge to the jury by Chief Justice Peters in the Maine case of State vs. Darling, published in full in the first number of the *Book of the Game Laws*, is an admirable exposition of some of the relations sustained by the game laws to the public and to the public interests. No portion of the document is more suggestive than that paragraph wherein it is pointed out that if the game laws are broken with impunity they become in effect statutes for the express benefit of those who violate them. "The great majority of persons, all good people," says Justice Peters, "will observe these laws, and if the violators of the laws are not to be punished they would be supported in their violation of the laws and it would be a law really for the benefit of law breakers rather than for law observers; because, while the great majority of the people are obeying the law, the few who are not obeying it, if not punished for their violations, are benefited, as they can more readily capture the game when the great majority are not attempting to capture it. It is the bounden duty of all to obey the laws."

The truth of this observation is abundantly illustrated in actual experience, not only with respect to deer hunting but shooting in general and fishing as well. How many a patient, self-respecting and conscientious sportsman has waited until the opening of the season on trout or quail or woodcock, to go out at last only to discover that long before the opening day the streams and covers had been robbed by the close-time fishermen and gunners.

It is a common experience, particularly in the prairie chicken States, that if a man waits for the season to open he must do so with a full knowledge that others less conscientious—or rather, absolutely without any conscientiousness or squeamishness whatever—are anticipating him and industriously gathering in the birds. He must wait—if wait at all—knowing as an assured fact that when opening day shall come and he goes into the field it will be to barren grounds. To such an extent, indeed, is illegal shooting, before the season opens, carried on in some sections, that many gunners, who would cheerfully obey the law if it did not mean being robbed, join with the rest in premature slaughter and go in for what there is, when they can get it, "now or never." Those who break the law have all the fun and all the birds; he who obeys it is cheated out of everything but the privilege of lugging a gun over barren fields. The law in such cases is altogether for the benefit of those who violate it, and to the serious disadvantage of those who observe it.

Now, if a given law prescribing open and close seasons is based on common sense, and if its enforcement would result in best preserving the game supply for the benefit of all, manifestly this joining in with the lawless shooters in killing game in close season is not the part that a self-respecting sportsman would most cheerfully take. But where the conditions of prevailing disregard for the law are such that there remains no choice save only of illegal shooting or no shooting whatever, human nature will hardly be proof against the temptation. The same principle governs in other fields; the common plea, "if I don't, somebody else will," is potent to justify numberless illegal and even immoral actions and practices. The average every-day American sportsman of this generation is made up of about the same clay as the average every-day man who does not happen to share his tastes, and no matter how high may be the rule of conduct prescribed for him to adopt theoretically, in actual practice he is influenced by the considerations which control human nature in general. We may lay it down as a lofty principle for him to follow, that if he cannot have lawful sport he must go without any; but while the average man may applaud such a sentiment he goes in for the sport.

And yet we are hoping for a time and for conditions—and not only hoping for them but working toward them—when public sentiment will be strong enough to suppress the illegal sport of those who would defy the game and fish laws; and when that time comes, the laws will be, as they are designed to be, for the good of all, and not for the benefit of the lawless at the expense of the decent portion of the community.

THE RELUCTANT CAMP-FIRE.

THE depressing opposite of the fire that is the warm heart of the camp is the pile of green or rain-soaked fuel, that in spite of all coaxing and nursing, refuses to yield a cheerful flame. Shavings from the resin-embalmed heart of a dead pine and scrolls of birch bark fail to enkindle it to more than flicker and smoke, while the wet and hungry campers brood forlornly over the cheerless center of their temporary home, with watery eyes and souls growing sick of camp life.

Night is falling and the shadows of the woods thicken into solid gloom, that teems with mysterious horrors, which stretch their intangible claws through the darkness to chill the backs of the timid with an icy touch, and the silence is terrible with unuttered howlings of imaginary beasts.

Each one is ready to blame the other for the common discomfort, and all the high priest, who so far fails to kindle the altar fire. He is an impostor who should be smothered in the reek of his own failure.

Yet, as the group regard him with unkind glances and mutterings of disapproval, he perseveres, feeding the faint flame with choice morsels of fat wood and nursing it with his breath, his bent face and puffed cheeks now a little lightened, now fading into gloom, till suddenly the sullenness of the reluctant fuel is overcome, wings of flame flutter up the column of smoke, and the black pile leaps into a lurid tower of light, from whose peak a white banner of smoke flaunts upward, saluted by the waving boughs that it streams among.

Tent and shanty, familiar trees and moving figures with their circle of grotesque, dancing shadows, spring into sudden existence out of the blank darkness.

The magic touch of the firelight dispels every sullen look, warms every heart to genial comradeship; jokes flash back and forth as merrily as the sparks fly upward, and the camp pulses again with reawakened cheerful life.

Verily, fire worketh wonders in divers ways.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

VERMONT has made notable advances in respect to her game and fish interests, and the report of Commissioners Brainerd and Allerton, just sent to the Legislature, is full of encouragement. There is a general growth of public respect for the fish and game laws, say the authors of the report, due mainly to a better understanding of their purpose and meaning, and to an appreciation of the good results which follow their working. This is shown by the fact that, although owing to restocking and protection, the fish supply of the State has been largely increased, and temptations to unlawful fishing in a corresponding degree multiplied, the complaints of infractions are steadily growing less. Fishing is better than formerly, and the people of Vermont are beginning to reap appreciable profits from sportsmen-tourists who visit their State.

The Commissioners do well to urge this economic view; it is an appeal to Yankee thrift; and Yankee thrift is a powerful factor when once enlisted in any cause. The sooner Vermont, and for that matter every other New England State and all States which can offer attractions for shooters and anglers, shall appreciate at its true importance the money value of game and fish protection, and do away with the silly notion that it is prudence to exterminate natural sources of profit, the sooner we shall have substantial backing for protective systems.

The Commissioners strongly urge that the State should be provided with a hatchery for trout and other fish. Under present conditions it is not practicable to meet all the growing demands for brook and lake trout and landlocked salmon. By the provision of a suitable hatching establishment the output could readily be made to fill all requirements, and at reduced expenses. The anglers of the State, and others who visit Vermont for the fishing, are organizing a movement to supplement this recommendation of the Commissioners by a further appeal to the Legislature; and there is little doubt that Vermont will shortly be as well equipped as are her sister States in this respect.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BY UTAH LAKE.

THE first article that I sent FOREST AND STREAM was written in Utah and ever since that time I have been partial to the Land of the Saints. So here I am once more, though in another and far more beautiful portion of the Territory. If my preface sounds like the advertisement of a real estate agent it is due simply to the surroundings. I have no land to sell, but wish that I could buy all within the range of vision.

Provo lies almost 50 miles south of Salt Lake City, in the most beautiful valley imaginable. Surrounding it are rich farms, hedged with stately Lombardy poplars, green and purple with the leaf and bloom of the third crop of alfalfa. About the neat farmhouses are orchards, where a wealth of apples, pears and plums is going to waste, and there are vineyards in full bearing. Three miles west of the town is Utah Lake, a body of fresh water 40 miles long by 12 wide, abounding in trout and a fish that is here called herring, which resembles a huge Eastern dace, and there are also carp and shad, which have been introduced and are now abundant. Across the lake are purple mountains, rich in gold, silver and iron, if mining camps are any indication.

Half a mile to the east the Wasatch range rises to a height of 10,000ft., or 5,500ft. above the waters that nestle at its feet. Clear to the top the mountains are a mass of crimson, scarlet, flame and gold, the autumnal foliage forming a glorious contrast to the somber green of the conifers. Through walls of rock crystal streams have channeled their way and rugged cañons lead to the upland wilderness. Among the clouds that rest upon the higher peaks are sheep camps and here, almost in our sight, deer are browsing. Bears, too, are in the immediate neighborhood, though I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing any. Elk are 50 miles away. That is not far for this country.

Provo River is the largest of the streams that bursts through the mountain fastnesses. As a trout creek it is seldom equaled and rarely surpassed. The water is now low and clear. Last Sunday morning I saw a boy with a string of thirty trout that he had caught within two miles of town. They would average more than half a pound each, and he claimed to have caught them with a fly. I doubted his statement at the time and doubt it still. Bridal Veil Falls, eight miles up the river, is one of the most beautiful sheets of spray in the land, and the scenery of this cañon is alone worth a trip half across the continent.

But the crowning sport of this season is the duck shooting. It surpasses even Brother Leffingwell's famous ducking grounds on the Mississippi, or those wondrous club preserves of which Mr. Hough is constantly telling us. Ah, me! I don't know why these vagrants of air and water cross the desolate mountains to seek this lovely spot, but they probably know their own business. Utah Lake is shallow and its borders are vast beds of cattails and rushes. The impetuous mountain torrents as they approach it forget to hurry. They broaden and are filled with algæ, duckweed and the vegetation upon which ducks thrive, and here are also any quantity of succulent little frogs, snails and minnows. What more could they ask? It is too early now for the best shooting. Canvasbacks have not begun to arrive, but every evening and early morning the bends of the lake are black with teal and green-headed mallards, with a sprinkling of redheads. The moon is near its full and our evening programme admits of no change.

About four o'clock we get into our hunting clothes, fill the pockets with shells, incumber ourselves with hip-boots and stride down the main street. A mile walk brings us to the town pasture, with its mud-holes, where killdeer and jacksnipe peep and whistle. At its further side are the rushes, and here we find two float-bottomed scows awaiting us. These boats seem to be public property. First come, first served, is the rule. There are no retrievers in this section, and so the scows are a necessity. Night before last three of us came down and found the boats gone. We dropped four teal, that fell in the water where they could not be reached, and then we gave it up in disgust. But on all ordinary occasions the craft are obtainable, and we paddle out a mile or so to a large sedge island where the scow is soon concealed amid the rushes. The other boat goes a mile to the east and moors at the mouth of Spring Creek, the best feeding ground on the lake. We have time for a solitary smoke before the ducks begin to fly, and here is the place to remark that decoys are absolutely unknown here. There is no need for them and the local sportsmen are not acquainted with their use. It seems to me that if they were used there would be no end of killing. But all good things will come in time.

A peep from the natural blind shows inverted peaks reflected from every side in the blue water. Across the lake the sun is touching the Tuitic hills. Over the watery path by which we came a flock of teal is swiftly circling, and just out of range a great flock of green-headed mallards is enjoying itself.

Bang! The ball has commenced at the mouth of Spring Creek. Lie low. There is but one way for the birds to fly, and experience has taught that they will strike the water close beside us and right in the midst of the patch of lemna and utricularia. Here they come, swifter than the wind. Out a little too far for a sure shot they pass, but they circle in. Now they are only 30yds. away, and dropping. First barrel, second barrel; in with two more shells, and the dose of shot is repeated before they are gone. Two dead teal and one cripple are on the water. A long shot saves the latter, and there are no living ducks within half a mile. Even the distant mallards have gone. The first impulse is to push out the boat, but before the idea is fairly formed there are more shots from Spring Creek, and another pair comes by, but they refuse to drop in answer to our salutation. It is now time to gather in the dead. This done, we are ready for another flight. The wait is not long. As twilight falls and the wind arises there is a constant whistle of wings, and as the moon comes out bright and clear the mallards get in their work. By 7 o'clock we have all we can carry, and we slowly wander back to town to a late supper, making glad the heart of the landlady with the thought that she will not have to provide beef for to-morrow's dinner. Great quantities of ducks are shot every evening for the Salt Lake market, but the supply does not diminish nor do the birds become more shy.

Now, if this little account of Utah Lake and its surroundings is painted in more glowing terms than I am wont to use, I can excuse myself only in the words of a Mormon bishop, a native of England, who, when asked to give some good reason for the youthful marriages that prevail in this Territory, said, "Hit's not the boys, ye know, and hit's not the girls, ye know; hit's the bloomin' hamorous hatmosphere." SHOSHONE.

PROVO, Utah, Sept. 25.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

VII.

THAT afternoon we loaded our dunnage once more in the wagon with the intention of reaching Moose River village, thirty miles distant, that night. "Can we get there before dark?" we asked the driver.

"Wal, that ere road ain't no trottin' park. It comes pretty nigh being up hill both ways, but I reckon we'll git there," was his non-committal answer. We rumbled through the covered bridge over the East Branch, and were soon on the bank of Dead River, which we followed for perhaps a mile before turning to the north. Dead River is not, as might be inferred from the name, a stream of still, "dead" water. On the contrary, it is shallow and quick, and was called the River of the Dead in commemoration of the men of Arnold's expedition who perished by it.

What an indomitable spirit must have been that of a man who would conduct an army through such a howling wilderness as this region was in Arnold's time. There was always a tradition that one of Arnold's officers was buried in a boat at a certain place, and a few years ago an excavation was made. The body of the unknown hero was found reposing in the bow of a batteau, and was left undisturbed.

A log cabin with its rough exterior partially hidden by vines evidently trained by a woman's hand, is the last habitation seen as one goes up Dead River. After photographing it, we commenced the ascent of a high hill, up which we could see the serpentine windings of the road. As we ascended from the valley, peak after peak of the mountain range beyond the Kennebec rose slowly from behind the intervening hills, Mosquito and Moxie mountains standing out prominently, while others, many of them nameless, notched the sky line as far as we could see, till they faded away into the blue suggestions of mountains, almost indistinguishable from the blue sky above them. All were clothed with the endless forest, and across their green slopes drifted the shadows of the clouds. We passed two log houses standing amid fire-blackened stumps, and then for ten miles rode through woods where the only sign of man was the road. The horses were attacked by swarms of moose flies, and their sides were covered with bunches where they had previously been bitten. This fly is a large brown insect, the size of a honey bee, and though it rarely attacks man, its bite is very poisonous to animals. Fifteen miles from the Forks we halted at Parlin Pond, where there is a large clearing and a tavern. The house stands a quarter of a mile from the pond, which may be seen across a hay field, lying under a mountain which rises beyond it. We received a cordial and noisy welcome in rich Irish brogue from an ancient Hibernian gentleman, whose attention was immediately drawn to our corduroys. "The loikes o' thim I haven't set me eyes on since I left the old sod, forty years ago," said he, and we entered in on his good graces at once. We baited the horses and resumed our way.

We passed Parlin Pond Stream and entered on a tract of country miles in extent, where both fire and flood had ravaged the land till it was the scene of the wildest desolation. Down in the valley and far up the mountain sides in every direction was the dead forest. In the valley the white, bleaching skeletons of trees destroyed by water were reflected in black, stagnant pools. On the mountain slopes the charred trunks of trees killed by fire stood out grim against the grayscarred rocks. Many were strewn about in inextricable chaos where they had fallen, while others, still standing, stretched out their gaunt, broken branches as if in supplication. Here and there one, by some miracle, had escaped, and the ledges which had been laid bare by the raging element had their nakedness partly clothed by the weeds which were springing up among the fallen monarchs. It was a ghastly sight to look upon as we saw it in the waning light of the afternoon. At the top of a hill beyond the burnt tract was a house, standing lonely and deserted.

The farm itself was fast going back to a state of nature, and indeed, the majority of the few clearings we passed had been abandoned, and the houses left to decay. We sat on the doorstep of the old house, and, as we gazed at the immense panorama of rolling country, we wondered whose feet had worn the stone, and whose hands had wrested those fields from the wilderness. An immense amount of toil had been expended, for one large field had been cleared of stumps; but the owner had given up the unequal struggle with nature and she was fast taking her own to herself again. What a fight does the pioneer have with the implacable and unyielding forces of nature, and what a price must he pay in the sweat of his brow for all he gains! These people had worked hard to make a home; the house had been a good one in its day, and by the door were traces of an attempt at a flower bed. Did the man who built it bring his young wife there, and did she try to brighten the isolation of her life with a few blossoms? Had there been children born there, whose first sight of the world was the surrounding mountains and forest? Where had they gone; were they dead, or were the fighting the battle of life somewhere where the odds were not so great? Such were the questions that we asked ourselves; but the old house kept its secrets, and the tall grass swayed in the wind, and crickets chirped merrily, as if life were all sunshine, and struggle and hardship things unknown. Whoever chose this site had an eye for the picturesque, for the outlook was grand; but it must have been a terribly bleak and desolate place when the snow covered the ground and the winter winds howled through the mountain gorges. As the sun sunk low on the western horizon we crossed a mountain known as Owl's Head, far below us the island-dotted expanse of Atteau Pond reflecting the glow of the sunset. Beyond it was Wood Pond, and we knew that a few miles more would bring us to our journey's end. It was down hill all the way from Owl's Head, and after the hard up-hill pulls in the heat of the afternoon we enjoyed the descending grade as we hurried on in the cool of the twilight.

In the woods it was already dark, but daylight still lingered in the open. A fox ran across the road and the nighthawks were screaming overhead. Some horses in a pasture gave proof that we were approaching the settlements, and before nine o'clock we drew up at the door of the tavern in the little frontier village of Moose River, almost up to the Canada line. Our journey by road and wagon was ended; now for the river and the canoes.

VIII.

In the morning we looked out on a dismal, bedraggled landscape; rain was falling from the dull, leaden sky, and Moose River village had a most woebegone and forsaken appearance. Its one street, along which the houses are scattered in a haphazard fashion, crosses the bridge a short distance from the hotel, and once out of town is again the Canada road. Moose River itself is here a narrow stream of dark, sluggish water, winding through rude fields and apparently in no more of a hurry than the current of everyday life in the village.

All days are alike in this remote place; there were few people on the street, and on their hands time seemed to hang heavily. Two teams which passed through caused quite a flurry of excitement, and then the town relapsed into its normal state of sleepy quietnes, and one might have thought it Sunday. To be sure, the two stores were open, but that would have been the same on the seventh day of the week. We could see no church, though there may have been a place of worship.

The storekeepers kept open if they had nothing else to do; otherwise the customer hunted them up before he could make his purchase. We bought some artificial flies and then went down to the bridge, where we watched some musquashes swimming about under the alders which drooped over their burrows. The merchant, being of a sociable nature, came down and joined us; and as we commented on the various affairs of life in general and musquashes in particular, a prospective buyer shouted from the store, "Hi! thar; come up here, I want ter buy suthin'." "All right," responded the imperturbable storekeeper, "I'll be up in a little while, and if ye ain't in a rush, ye better come down here and see this musquash." But the customer was in a "rush," so the store was opened and the transaction accomplished, after which the proprietor again locked the door and went to dinner.

Our own canoes had not yet arrived, and as the rain was nearly over by noon, we donned our rubber coats and boots, took the cameras and splashed along the soft, muddy road on our way to Wood Pond. After two miles of sticky pedestrianism we turned into a path which led through a thicket of wet and dripping bushes. Down the length of this green alley we saw the pond, and across the water Sally Mountain, with its summit hidden by great banks of clouds which hung low and heavy over it. Wood Pond is a pretty sheet of water, with wooded shores, and is surrounded by a pebbly curb. When we returned to the house we found that the guides had arrived. There was Cy, tough and wiry; Bill, who is tall and broad-shouldered; Francis, sinewy and muscular, and with swarthy, copper colored skin, and Dennis, strong as an ox and overflowing with rollicking Irish wit. We were glad to see them, for we had camped with them and knew them all as good friends, pleasant companions and experts in all things pertaining to woods life and forest-craft. It was too late to make a start that day, but we all went to bed in good season so as to be ready for an early one on the morrow.

We were up at five o'clock, but on going out to take a look at the weather, found that the day promised to be even more dismal than the preceding one. The wind had howled and whistled all night, and the morning was cold and raw and a drizzling rain was falling; but even these discomforts did not induce us to remain longer in a place where there was nothing more exciting to do than to eat, smoke and sleep. We ate our breakfast and then the canoes were launched, the luggage stowed away and we glided under the bridge and down-stream, at last fairly on our way.

There was no trouble as to selecting partners, we went as in former seasons, William and Cy together, Harry with Bill, while I took the bow paddle in Francis's canoe. Dennis presided over the destinies of the "waugan" boat. Waugan is a word I never heard except in the backwoods of Maine. It is used by Indians and lumbermen, and applies to the commissariat of a camp. The supplies of all kinds are designated by the single word waugan; the cabin or tent in which they are stored is also the waugan, and the canoe or batteau which transports them is the waugan boat.

As we pushed off Francis said, "My grandfather and grandmother came here once through the woods from Canady. They came here to Moose River and camped; built 'em birch and went down to big lake. No village here then; all woods."

We dipped our paddles in the stream and the graceful craft shot forward as if they were glad to go; the trees bent and swayed in the gale; and glancing back we saw the clouds scurrying over the top of Sally Mountain.

The wind was in our favor, and as it blew against our backs helped us on. "Guess we find big sea on when we get to Long Pond," observed Francis as a gust swept by, rippling the water and blowing the rain in our faces; and added, as he glanced at the sky, "I guess he's goin' break away though; seems to lightin' up; guess he aint goin' rain much more."

We paddled on down the winding stream between mountainous banks, mostly wooded but with an occasional open meadow. A log cabin stood in a rough clearing where some one was starting a new farm; a batteau was moored to a tree near by, and a woman and several children watched us curiously. What a place it seemed for children to live in, and we asked ourselves if they could be like other children, shut in as they were by the wilderness and seeing nothing of the great world, except now and then the canoe of some passing voyageur. The passage of four canoes at once was, no doubt, quite an event in their little lives, and they watched us as long as we were in sight; and their dog stood in the water and barked at us. Babes in the wood they were, and we wondered if the dark shadow of the grim forest would not fall on them, and make them grave and old before their time.

Seven miles of dead water brought us to the head of Long Pond. The inlet was marshy, and as we looked over the bending reeds and sedges, we saw that a heavy sea was running and the white caps were dancing to the music of the wind. Out of the river and the shelter of

the trees, and on the open lake, which is ten miles long, we had to give our whole attention to the management of the canoes. It had ceased raining, but the wind did not abate, and the clouds were drifting swiftly across the sky. If the wind, strong as it was, had blown in any direction except the way we were traveling we should have been obliged to go ashore, but as it was we kept on. We paddled steadily and took the waves "quartering," crossing the trough diagonally, having, now and again, to hold back as some large wave went by.

It was not a matter of going too slowly; the danger was in going too fast, and we had to avoid getting ahead of these great waves and thereby taking water over the stern. Sometimes, almost in spite of us, the wind would take the bow or stern about, but there were strong skilful hands on the stern paddles, while we in the bows bent to with energy. And whether we were paddling with all our strength or holding back poised on the crest of some foaming wave, which was sliding under us, there was a glorious exhilaration in it, which sent the blood tingling through our veins, and enough spice of danger to call for whatever coolness of head and steadiness of hand we possessed. We avoided taking in any water except as an occasional wave would dash us with spray, but after two or three miles of this work we landed in the lee of a high, rocky point on the windward shore, to wait till the wind should go down a little.

The woods in the vicinity had been burnt and blueberries were growing thickly where the fire had run. We took two views from the top of the bluff, and after waiting a while and seeing no prospect of a change, resumed our journey across the wind-swept water, and pushed ahead through the white caps and spray to the narrows, half-way the length of the lake. A strip of sandy beach, on which grow a few stunted, weather-beaten bushes, divides Long Pond at the narrows.

This bar puts out from either shore, leaving a passage through, and it broke the wind so that in its lee we had comparatively smooth water. We went through the narrows and a few rods further to an old head works, and there we stopped for dinner and to spend the night if the wind should continue to blow.

There was a good shanty on the raft with a stone and sand fireplace before the door. We lifted the canoes out on to the raft, placed an anchor against the door to shut out the wind, and then sat down on the edge of a bunk to rest a bit before getting dinner. The headworks was anchored several rods from shore and in such a position that we could see up and down the lake on both sides of the narrows. Bill procured some wood and we soon had a good fire going and a kettle boiling, and it was not long before the odor of ham and eggs and the aroma of coffee whetted our already keen appetites. After our meal we sat in the shelter of the shanty and enjoyed a siesta which we considered well earned. The sun was shining and the wind seemed to be decreasing in violence. We puffed away at our pipes and listened to the lapping of the waves against the raft, and watched the geese and fish hawks which were circling over head, thinking, the while, that this was a good comfortable world to live in. William went ashore to photograph the head works, and afterward he and I climbed to the top of the cross beam which supported the capstan, in order to focus on the narrows and the view up the pond.

"Well," exclaimed William, "this is photographing under difficulties, and no one other than a couple of cranks like you and me would be up here." This after a number of fruitless attempts to secure the focus.

"High art!" observed Harry sententiously.

"About ten feet too high," I added as I made a frantic grab at my hat, which a gust of wind was dallying with. I was sitting astride the cross beam holding the camera steady as best I could, while William, with his legs twined around an upright, hung on with one hand and clung to the flapping focus cloth which enveloped his head, with the other. At last he announced that he had the focus and I retained the camera in place, while Harry passed up the plate holder to him. William placed the holder in the camera, drew the slide and flashed the drop shutter; but before he could replace the slide a saucy puff of wind whisked it off into the water. It was rescued with a landing net, but was soaked so that it could not be used. William reversed the holder, and this time the exposure was made, attended by no accident.

"That picture ought to be a good one after our efforts to get it," said he, and so it proved when developed.

After a while we went on down the lake; the paddling was not so hard as in the morning, though the waves still broke with force against the rocky shore. The forest on either hand was unbroken except where a ledge of white rock jutted into the lake far ahead on the left. We plied our paddles steadily, our object being to reach Lower Churchill Stream and camp there for the night.

The selection of a camp ground is a matter of much importance to the traveler in the woods, and unless one knows of a good site which may be reached before sundown, watch must be kept for a suitable place. There is considerable work to be done in the process of pitching a camp, and enough daylight must be reserved to enable the guides to erect the tents, cut wood for the night, build the fire and get the supper before the darkness of night closes in. We arrived at Churchill Stream in ample season, and a more charming location for a woodland camp might be sought for many a day. We turned toward what appeared to be simply a little cove in which reeds and grasses were growing, but as we entered it a winding passage was descried, up which we went into a pool of quiet water. Above this pool a grassy island nearly blocked further progress, but we paddled through another narrow canal of only a few feet in width, into another pool whose peaceful, sylvan loveliness will never be forgotten. Great forest trees drooped over it and were reflected in the deep, still water whose calm bosom was unruffled by the slightest ripple. The only sound was the murmur of Churchill Stream, which came flowing down through the woods and emptied in over a little fall, whose rim of shining foam sparkled in contrast to the dark surface of the pool. In the woods to the left was the deserted cabin of some hunter, and on the right bank a flat rock made a natural landing place, beside which the chaste, sweet blossoms of a wild rose bush perfumed the air with their fragrance.

We landed at the big rock and pitched our tent at the foot of a great pine. Big Pine Camp we called it. A fire was built and supper was shortly under way. Dennis made a loaf of bread, and while it was baking in the Dutch oven before the fire, we whipped the pool with our flies and caught trout enough for supper. They were all small, though the pool had the appearance of promising better things. A fir tree was felled, the top of which furnished material for our beds, and wood was collected for the night.

Francis said he and Dennis would sleep in the hunter's cabin; so we only pitched the largest of the three tents. The balsam boughs were spread on the floor—the ground floor Harry called it; the rubber blankets laid over them to keep out the dampness, and then the woolen blankets—and we were ready for the night. By the time these chores were done our meal was ready, and after discussing it we enjoyed that pleasantest part of the day to the camper, the social hour around the camp-fire. Pipes were lighted, and, as we stretched our feet toward the genial warmth, we talked over our plans and recalled reminiscences of other days spent in the woods and by the streams. But suddenly our quiet chat was interrupted.

What was that? Was it the scream of a loon or the cry of a wild animal? Our ears were on the alert. Hark! There it is again. A shrill scream came over the water, grating harshly on the stillness of the night.

"It's a man," said Francis, who never wasted any words. "Listen!"

It came again from the west, a long distance off, but sounding clearly.

"It must be some one in trouble on the lake," said Cy, and he, and Bill, and Dennis, in less time than it takes to tell it, were in the canoes and flying over the water as fast as their muscular arms could wield the paddles.

They called again and again, but only once was the cry repeated, and after searching in vain for the owner of the voice, they returned to camp. We were not disturbed again, and never knew who or what it was.

William and I had one more duty to perform before we turned in, and that was to remove the exposed plates from our holders, and replace them with fresh ones in readiness for the morrow.

This is a simple operation in a photographer's dark room, but in the woods it is a different matter.

We took the holders and plates and a small red lantern, and sought the seclusion of a dense thicket of spruce and cedar, far enough from camp so that no stray gleam from the fire would penetrate our retreat. Then, kneeling on the ground with our heads so close together that we were in momentary danger of bumping them, we went through the operation, Harry holding the lantern for us. If any person, ignorant of the mysteries of photography, had stumbled upon us crouched there in the darkness of the thicket, and heard us muttering by the dim, red light, which shed a baleful glare upon our faces, his only conclusion would have been that we were plotting nothing short of murder.

I slept that night next the entrance to the tent, and as the flaps were turned back that the heat from the fire might enter, I lay for a long time enjoying the peacefulness of the scene. The lover of nature who would enter into full companionship must woo her by night as well as by day, for in the hours of darkness does she exhibit some of her most charming phases and teach some of her most interesting and instructive lessons.

The evening was cold but clear, and I lay there wrapped in my blankets listening to the voices of the night. I gazed into a land of enchantment. Out of the dusky shadows which lurked under the bushes rose the trunks of the great pines and spruces; and overhead their branches, through which the night whispered its soft monotone as a mother might croon her lullaby over her little ones, were drawn in sharp pencilings across the sky. Far above them, the evening star shone with a pure, sweet light as it floated among the myriads of shining worlds in the jeweled firmament. The pool lay black and still, and in the soft glow of its surface the serrated line of the tree tops was reflected. From far over the lake came the wild laughter of a loon, the strange, unearthly scream being softened by the distance; and then the answering call of its mate, in weird uncanny cadence, came wailing across the water like the despairing cry of a lost soul.

The faint odor of the wild roses tinged the air with the mere suggestion of a perfume, and the gentle murmur of the stream over the stones and its soft, gurgling plash as it entered the pool stole soothing to the tired senses.

The regular breathing of my companions told me that they had preceded me to the land of dreams; and I closed my eyes and slept, with the assurance that here in the wilderness as in town, we were safe with Him who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the exercise of an inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness, I have spent many hours perusing the FOREST AND STREAM, and many days around the forests and along the streams pursuing the gamy woodcock. I am a lover of both, as the former entertains and interests me, and with the latter I am fascinated. I have for many years devoted most of my leisure hours, during the proper season, to this my favorite sport, hunting the woodcock. I have noticed the opinions and arguments, presented from time to time in your columns, on the question whether the woodcock makes the whistle that is music to the sportsman's ear, with his wings or bill. Also as to his habits in securing his food. I wish to give, as briefly as possible, my recent observations on these points.

While hunting yesterday, with neighbors George and Henry, I witnessed an actual and conclusive demonstration of the source and manner of this whistling, about which so much has been written. Henry, by a long shot, brought down a woodcock. I sent my pointer, Nell, to retrieve. As she delivered the bird to hand I found it a very large one, with but one shot mark and that in its head. George, observing its unusual size and plumage, took it by its bill and held it up for a closer examination. The bird began fluttering, making the flying motion of its wings, and surprised us with as perfect whistling as when started from the ground. I was delighted by such a demonstration and said to my companions, "How did he do it?" Both replied, "With his wings." I continued, "There is much question how this noise is produced. Let us test the matter carefully." George placing thumb and finger at base of bill, pressed both mandibles closely together and again held up the bird. It attempted to fly and again the whistling occurred, which we could locate in each wing, beyond a doubt. The movement of wings was not simultaneous, but one following the other quickly; thus giving the whistle its *click, click*, character. We three are now positive that we know how he does it, for besides our certain location of the sound at the wings, the bird was held in such a manner that it was impossible for it to make any sound with its bill.

I learned a while ago that a boy living near me had captured a slightly injured woodcock. Having in mind the feeding controversy, I soon had it in my possession, with the object of seeing how he does it. I placed the bird under a willow crate on the ground, and putting some earth worms on a thin layer of fresh earth in a dish, I set it before him. Several hours after I found the worms undisturbed. At night I covered them in a depth of several inches, but was disappointed in the morning to find that he had not bored for them. I found the bird greatly weakened and stupid from inanition, and feared he would not survive long. Procuring a pitcher of water, I commenced pouring it on the dish of earth containing the worms, and was pleased to see the woodcock move quickly to the dish. He pushed his bill full length into the dirt, and bringing out a worm swallowed it. He eagerly continued until the last worm had made the passage of his long bill. After this there was no trouble about his feeding; but there was great trouble about procuring worms enough. His appetite demanded at least half a pint of solid worms both morning and night. He would often come to the dish and feed as soon as placed where he could see it, and was undisturbed by my watching him. It was amusing when he occasionally brought out a worm seized in the middle, as he would put up his foot and deftly straighten it out, so that it would go down easily. I repeatedly left the worms before him uncovered, and I could not discover that he ever touched one. But cover them with earth, and their fate was sure. They were bored to death. Several weeks of observation and study of this bird afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction, giving me many points, the half of which I have not yet told. D. S. S.

WELLESLEY, Mass.

GAME BIRDS FOR LYNN.

THE public-spirited citizens of Lynn, Mass., having secured title to an area of forest land, and having with commendable forethought set it apart as a permanent public possession, are now turning their attention to enriching it with game birds. The following letters explain themselves; and do credit to all concerned. The first is addressed to Chairman John Tuttle, of the committee on acclimatization, of the Massachusetts Association, and the second is a reply from Mr. Thayer of the same committee:

DEAR SIR—There is in Lynn a public forest of 1,500 acres in area, which has been obtained partly by purchase and partly by gift, a considerable amount of the purchase money having been contributed by subscription, the remainder having been furnished by appropriations of the city. These woodlands are within easy access of the city and around the ponds furnishing the water supply for Lynn. It appears to me that this park affords an opportunity of extending the work of yourself and associates on the committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association relative to the introduction of game birds in this State. Last Monday I had a conference with the Mayor upon the subject, and he agreed with me in regard to the matter, and said that if your Association would furnish a suitable number of such game birds for the public park there was no doubt but that the city of Lynn would pass an ordinance forbidding all shooting or trapping on this tract, and furthermore, in connection with this, action would be taken to enforce the ordinance by means of giving to one or two of the men employed in the forest authority in order that they may act as game wardens. Trusting that this matter may meet the favorable consideration of yourself and associates, I am, yours very truly,

C. J. H. WOODBURY.

DEAR SIR—I have been instructed to notify you that your letters relative to introducing game birds into the Lynn Park have been considered by this committee. In reply, the committee will agree that there shall be an ample number of suitable birds furnished from those imported to amply stock the park with game, in case the city of Lynn shall see fit to pass suitable ordinances prohibiting shooting in the Lynn Park, and shall assure us that the ordinances shall be properly enforced, also that the birds shall be fed whenever it may be necessary, and protected as may be otherwise needed. This committee has decided to expend the present season over $1000 as a preliminary movement; and if the public sentiment supports, and proper protection to the game loosed is forthcoming to encourage the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in its work, the present season's work will be but a beginning of more extended movement and larger expenditure in the immediate future. An early action (if desirable) on this would be agreeable to the committee, as we are expecting within a few weeks at the furthest to receive large consignments of birds, consisting principally (at first) of California mountain and valley quail. Later in the season we shall receive prairie chickens, sharp-tailed grouse, Virginia quail and possibly wild turkeys. Very truly,

HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Three wild boars (*Sus scrofa*), two European badgers (*Meles taxus*), three pine martens (*Mustela martes*), one European barn owl (*Strix flammea*), one European roller (*Coracias garrulus*), one black-bellied weaver bird (*Euplectes afer*), two finches (*Euplectes* ——), two yellow-headed conures (*Conurus jendaya*), two west African love birds (*Agaporius pullaria*), two yellow-winged parrakeets (*Brotogerys virescens*), two golden-headed parrakeets (*Brotogerys tui*), two St. Thomas conures (*Conurus xanthotemus*), one cayenne rail, (*Aramides cayennensis*), one courlan (*Aramus giganteus*), two turkey vultures (*Cathartes aura*), one rough-eyed caiman (*Caiman sclerops*), one emperor boa (*Boa imperator*), one tree boa (*Epicrates angulifer*), one common boa (*Boa constrictor*), one anaconda (*Eurcetes murinus*), two banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), one dusky rat snake (*Spilotes pullatus*), sixteen slow worms (*Anguis fragilis*), two agile lizards (*Lacerta agilis*), twenty European salamanders (*Salamandra maculosa*), five salamanders (*Salamandra* ——), five salamanders (*Triton cristatus*), twenty-six fire-bellied toads (*Bombinator igurus*), and fifty-three newts. Exchanged—One tree boa (*Corallus hortulanus*), two thick-necked tree boas (*Epicrates cenchria*), and one

carinated tree snake (*Herpetodryos carinatus*). Presented—One gray fox (*Canis virginianus*), two red foxes (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), one gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), one woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*), one prairie dog (*Cynomes ludovicianus*), one white-throated capucin (*Cebus capucinus*), one Merian's opossum (*Didelphys dorsigera*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), fifty-four reed birds (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), one nonpareil (*Cyanospiza ciris*), one song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*), one yellow bird (*Chrysomitris tristis*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), four banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), three common hog nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), one copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*), one Marcy's garter snake (*Eutænia marciana*), one alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), four painted terrapins (*Chrysemys picta*), four musk turtles (*Aromochelys odoratus*), and one diamond-backed terrapin (*Malaclemmys palustris*). Born—One Indian antelope (*Antelope cervicapra*), three ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophorus miliarius*), sixteen DeKay's snakes (*Storeria dekayi*), nine garter snakes (*Eutænia sirtalis*), twenty brown water snakes (*Tropidonotus taxispilotus*), ten Cyclop's water snakes (*Tropidonotus cyclopcum*), and thirty slow worms (*Anguis fragilis*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

WHO that has heard the somber shades of the dense pine forest throb beneath the strokes of his hoarse resounding wing, or in the autumn woods has seen him flash for an instant amid the hues of crimson and gold, or seen him pierce like a shaft of light the dark green of the cat-brier swamp, can ever forget the ruffed grouse? What sportsman can forget the feelings with which he has heard his drum-beat echo from the dark mountain side, or through the bursting woods of spring, or in those soft, still autumn days when the leaves are falling through the mellow haze of Indian summer, or, as sometimes heard, in the noon of night in the depths of the forest primeval? Few pictures hang more bright in the inner chamber of the sportsman's soul than the broad, fan-like tail spread along his path as he treads the trail of the deer, or its broad bands shining on the carpet of checkered leaves or sweeping over the mossy carpet of wintergreen, or vanishing in the heavy green of the laurel brake.

Not even the majestic woodcock with his solemn dignity, not even Bob White with his sweet, graceful ways and artless beauty, not even the brilliant, but erratic, little genius of the boggy meadow, not even the noble turkey with his beamy bronze and bearded breast, can raise such tender memories as this grouse. For all these must be sought, and often sought in vain, in their native haunts. But the ruffed grouse is a more familiar spirit, and many a time plays across the sportsman's path when wandering over the sapling-clad slope where the autumn woodcock lies in the full bloom of life and fatness, or when he is following Bob White through the hazel thicket, or when roaming from pond to pond in search of ducks among the vine-clad arbors of the river bottom. And often the hunter of the deer sees him strut before him as he sits resting on a fallen log, and often when on the trail of the deer in winter sees him shake the snow from his lightning wing, as, bursting from its cover, the bird goes whizzing away amid the snow-draped trees.

Versifiers like to rant of the majesty of the eagle. But the majesty of this most majestic of game birds is not like his. It is not the majesty of a great clumsy thief, with no redeeming qualities but size. No Viking he of the bright blue sea above. His nobility is not that of an old Danish sea king, but that of inborn grace, dignity and beauty, an overpowering individuality that impresses itself on the dullest lump of pot-hunting clay.

Few of those who most love this noble bird have ever seen him in the simplicity of youth, before he has left his mother's side and gone forth to roam alone the spangled shades of the rugged mountain side or the sombre shrubbery of the tangled glen. For his hearthstone is too often in the dense mass of summer's wealth, and few are the eyes that can follow him into the deep, dark brake or into the shaggy covering of the mountain's breast until autumn's frosts have tattered their gay banners and trailed their green glory in the dust.

For certainty of finding this grouse at home in his early days with comfort in hunting him few places have ever reached the bluff regions of the Upper Mississippi. Here this grouse lived and loved and stayed until long after the autumn leaves were scattered on a thousand winds; and even after the deep snows of winter fell upon his early playground many a one remained instead of seeking the covers of the bottom lands. Here he may be found while the trees still stand in the full green of summer and before any hue of death has touched their shining heads. Years ago these bluffs were studded from base to crest with large oak trees scattered more or less along the slopes, and more abundant and dense of foliage around the sides and heads of the numerous ravines. Where they happened to fall the rich verdure of the white birch generally filled their places, and in the bottoms of the ravines and along the base of the slopes the crab apple and wild plum and scrub oak formed abundant cover. Everywhere along the hills the ground below the trees was densely carpeted with green, upon which the sunlight filtered in a thousand shades through the openings in the leaves above. And yet the walking was always good and the view was generally free in all directions beneath.

It was on one of the fairest of days in August, 1867, that with a friend and two dogs I first roamed these pleasant shades and found my old friend in a new kind of home. From nearly the foot of the bluffs where the outer guard of soft maple and white oak saplings began to encroach on the black oak of the hills to very near the top, where the birch was flying its bright green flag from its snowy staff, the dogs were soon racing to and fro, while we were strolling along behind them half way up the hillside. We soon came to a shallow ravine where the ferns and the prairie grass that covered the ground where taller and greener, and the shade of the black oak and maple was deeper and cooler than on the rest of the hillside. The elder dog, named Jack, had hunted such ground before and seemed to know all about such places, and at once started up the leeward side of the ravine with slow and cautious trot, while the younger, named Frank, seemed to have an intuition that the other dog knew more than he did and slowed down his pace to about the same. And soon Jack's trot subsided to a walk as his nose caught the faint breeze that played over the shady side of the hollow, and his tail slackened its lashing motion and settled to a slow wavy swing. Quietly he moved along, with nose upraised, just above the deep green of the ferns and prairie grass, and the bright golden hue of the lady-slippers and the carmine of the wild peas, raising it from time to time still higher with inquiring sniff and swinging steadily off to leeward, so as to keep the breeze fairly in his nose all the time. And soon the old dog's tail began to straighten and the joints of his legs to stiffen, and he turned his head slowly from side to side and snuffed the air more cautiously as he moved more and more slowly along. And all the time Frank coming up the other slope, some hundred yards away, with eyes fixed intently upon Jack, imitated all his movements, even more strongly than if he had smelt something himself instead of taking Jack's word for it.

Suddenly Jack stops, and as suddenly Frank does the same, and at the same instant a line of mingled white, black and gray, with roaring wings enveloping the whole in a haze of brown, bursts from the rank ferns some ten yards ahead of the dog and darts like an arrow through the green arcade.

Bang-whang go two barrels of the guns, almost together, a feather parts from the long outspread fan behind the booming wings, and in a second more the brown streak fades among the distant trees.

Bbbbbbbb goes another from almost the same place, almost before the first one is out of sight, and bang goes one barrel of each gun exactly together, and a cloud of feathers floats from the downward whirling bird, while, with boisterous *bbbbbbbb*, seven or eight more birds rise curling, flashing, darting and whizzing from the ferns in all directions.

But Jack seems to have no anxiety about the birds that have fallen, and after going cautiously a few steps forward stops again with slowly waving tail. Carefully he moves along, sniffing daintily at the air on high, and swinging off occasionally to one side so as to catch the full breeze, then, as he advances a few paces beyond where the other birds had risen, his limbs and tail gradually stiffen until he again becomes quite rigid, with Frank on the other side of the ravine imitating all his motions almost as accurately as if the two were connected by an electric wire.

As we come up to him he suddenly relaxes, moves off a few yards to one side again, and then with nose high upraised and body sunk low in the grass he crawls forward a few feet, more in shape like an alligator than a dog, and then comes again to a standstill. As we advance a little in front of the dog, three grouse burst roaring from the ferns some twenty feet ahead of us, and dart away in different directions. One whirls downward out of a cloud of feathers; another changes his course at the report of another gun and mounts skyward through the treetops; the third, dashing the sunshine from his glistening wings, scuds away through an open place, with the guns belching flame and smoke vainly at the place he had just left; while the one that had mounted above the trees, poising for a second aloft, closes his wings and descends with a heavy thump to earth.

The fallen birds retrieved, we went on to find the scattered birds. Some three hundred yards we wandered along, and suddenly Frank began to dawdle in his pace. With gently oscillating tail he sniffed inquisitively at the breeze that swept up the hillside from the long ravine below. To our senses it was laden with the fragrance of ferns and wild buckwheat and wild peas and white clover, with wild rose and mint; but the dog smelt something more, for he suddenly stopped with the quickness of thought, and at the same instant a grouse broke with uproarious wing from the deep, green cover some fifteen feet from his nose. Two charges of shot shivered the blended white and green of the birch behind which he disappeared, the air throbbed no more beneath the beat of his hoarse wings, and a faint nebula of fine feathers drifted into sight on one side of the tree.

Up and down the hill again both dogs were soon beating the ground. In about five minutes Jack, coming down the hill on a gentle canter, dropped into the grass as suddenly as if shot and lay there with only the tip of his nose visible above the ferns. As we came to him a bird rose like a rocket only a yard from the dog and whizzed away upward as if bound for the stars. My friend's first barrel decimated the banded feathers of its broad, outspread tail, and he caught it with his second barrel as it was speeding its bob-tailed career high among the branches of the old oak trees. As it fell another bustled with riotous hubbub almost from the same spot from which the last one rose, and, wheeling with its breast mottled with black and white in full view, cleft the breeze so fast that the shot from my gun was held back by the resistance of the air waves. At least that was my theory then, and it ought to suffice at this lapse of time.

Some ten minutes passed away and we found Frank anchored apparently to a stump in a little ravine far up the hillside, with Jack indorsing his draft on our confidence with his most statuesque attitude, some 30yds. behind him. The birch was waving in the breeze above him, and the ferns were swaying gently below his nose, the raspberries and blackberries were still bright on the bushes in the ravine, and the young oaks were as green as in the spring, but other sign of life there was none. We threw stones in ahead of the dog but nothing moved. We tried to urge the dog to flush them, but he would not budge. At the risk of losing a shot I went in, for the ravine was deep and steep-sided. A few feet ahead of the dog I slipped and fell, and in a twinkling the sky above me seemed alive with roaring wings and meteors of white and black and brown mixed in a whirl that made the air tremble more than even the thunder of my companion's gun which was spouting flame and smoke above my head. When I recovered myself I found that four birds had made all the uproar and that my friend had pacified two of them.

The grouse were now so scattered that it was better to search for a new flock than to try to find the single birds that had flown far up and down the hillsides. So we moved along several hundred yards until we came to a broad-bottomed ravine. Along the hills near its head the oaks stood larger and closer than before, the ferns were brighter, longer and greener, the birches were taller and maples and aspens were jostling them aside A soft fragrance as of wild honey and thyme haunted the dark, cool shades and everything hinted strongly of the favorite home of the ruffed grouse.

Old Jack at once took the hint, and with gingerly tread went marching up the bottom of the ravine with nose aloft and slowly undulating tail. Though he had yet smelt nothing, the spirit of the place whispered "grouse" so strongly that his fancy kept him on a half point from the start, just as many a good old dog's imagination makes him change his pace the instant he enters a dark, damp swamp where everything breathes the magic word, "woodcock." And even Frank seemed enthralled by the cool, green, silent shade and threaded the birchen bowers and the beds of fern with more than usual care.

But Jack went far up the hill several times and came trudging back looking somewhat dispirited, and Frank, after snaking his way as often up and down through the ferns, seemed as badly muddled; yet both seemed to think there must be game there. We passed around the head of the ravine, over ground that seemed specially made for grouse to spend the day in, but they seemed to have that provoking trait that game often exhibit, of ignoring the fine places you pick out for it and preferring to make its own selection. Further down the ravine, below where the scrub-oaks, and maples, and aspens broke into the heavier black oak that robed most of the hills, and where the bottom widened out into a little valley, lay a long thicket of crabapple and wild plum, edged with black haw and hazel, where it broke into the oak and maple of the hills. Knowing that the birds ranged low as well as high along these hills, we went to it. The dogs soon disappeared within the dense, green shrubbery, and naught was heard of them in a minute more but the light rustle of their feet. And but another minute seemed to pass away before that too ceased.

Leaving my friend on the outside where he would be apt to get a shot at anything that came out, I went into the thicket. There stood Jack bent like a bow with tail and jowl nearly parallel, as he had evidently thrown himself with a sudden whirl upon striking the scent from one side. And a few yards behind him, half hidden in the deep green, stood Frank, with the solemnity of a tombstone on a winter night. As I stepped behind Jack there was a bewildering burst of uproarious wings and a dozen or more birds went darkling through the green, some wheeling out of the top, some scudding straightaway, some darting low toward the edges. Quick as a flash I dropped on one knee and sent a charge of shot through the leaves where one's fan-like tail was vanishing on a sharp curve as I raised the gun. But by the time the shot reached there it was gone. And by the time I discovered it was gone the rest were all gone. But dimly through an opening I could see my friend on the hillside with half a dozen grouse swiftly driving toward him. One went past him like an arrow feathered with white and brown, and was gone before he could raise his gun. Another whirling into sight above the brush with its full white breast broadly mottled with black brightly flashing in the sun, just a trifle too late for me to shoot at, went spinning by him with unruffled feather at the report of his gun. And then five or six more went roaring past him and above and behind him, while he, in confusion, shifting his gun first from one side to the other, and hardly knowing what to shoot at, let them all go past and stood as if looking for more to come.

T. S. Van Dyke.

San Diego, California.

SNIPE AT CURRITUCK.

YOUR readers may be interested in an account of two days of sport on the coast of North Carolina at Currituck Inlet, the game sought being of the snipe family, consisting of willet, yellow-shanks and graybacks, or to use a name common to the locality, bay birds.

During the latter part of August on a Saturday evening, about 5:30 o'clock, friend H. and myself took a steamer at the foot of Seventh street, Washington, bound for Norfolk, Virginia. My gun was a 12-gauge Parker, and I carried about 400 rounds of shells loaded with No. 8, a favorite size with me. H. carried two guns, 10 and 16 gauge, 600 rounds of shells, also loaded with No. 8s, and a seven months old setter which had been thoroughly broken, or rather trained, to retrieve. In the morning bright and early, about six o'clock, we found ourselves a few miles this side of Old Point, and greatly to our disappointment, because, had the boat been running on its usual time we should have been within a short distance of Norfolk. This delay defeated our plans and made it impossible to catch the 10 A. M. train at Norfork for Virginia Beach, and thus compelled us to wait over until 3:30 in the afternoon. We were, of course, much worried, as we had previously telegraphed for a conveyance to carry us down the beach to our destination, a distance of 29 miles, and also expected to meet some friends at the Beach Hotel who were to accompany us. However, as luck would have it, our friends had arranged matters for us, evidently unticipating our trouble, and upon arriving at the beach we found a two horse team and driver at our disposal, and got under way at exactly 4:30 o'clock.

The drive along the shore of the Atlantic was one of the most interesting features of the trip, and, had I been unsuccessful in procuring game, I should doubtless have felt compensated for the trouble and expense incident thereto. The weather was delightful. The surf in itself was a magnificent sight, and we found much interest in viewing numerous wrecks which had accumulated on the shore for years, some of recent date. One in particular, a large three-masted schooner, hailing from Boston, I think the name was Mary Pool, we learned had gone ashore last October, and had been thrown so far up that no tide since had been of sufficient height to carry her off. The crew were still on board, and had succeeded in getting her eighty feet nearer the water during a period of ten months. By the way, I saw in a newspaper a few days ago that she was afloat and had been towed to Norfolk.

Nightfall found us within a few miles of our destination. A little rapid driving over sand hills brought us to the coveted spot, a small frame house, containing six rooms, situated about a mile from the ocean and within a few minutes' walk of the inlet.

The hour fixed for getting up in the morning was four o'clock, rather early I must admit, but as we were anxious to be on the hunting grounds by five, we found it none too soon. Being equipped for bringing to bag a goodly number of birds, all jumped into a two seated wagon, the party consisting of four, White, Taylor, Hunter and myself; and after about ten minutes' ride, found ourselves upon the marshes, but not in the humor one would suppose an occasion of this kind would produce.

Although the morning was cool, bright and clear, and our expectations for a good day's sport unbounded, we were worked up to almost fever heat and feeling somewhat sore, and all owing to the detestable mosquito,

Talk about the "Jersey," why he isn't to be mentioned in the same breath as his North Carolina cousin. To say that they were as thick as bees does them an injustice. They actually covered us from head to foot, and would insert their venomous bills into our clothing with as much ease as an ox would his horns into a hay stack; there was no let up with them, and had it not been for a stiff breeze which sprung up after we had been out for perhaps an hour, I don't think there was a man in the party who would have remained on the grounds for a minute longer than was absolutely necessary.

However, upon reaching the grounds previously selected by friend W., who had "been there" before, and was considered an "old timer" in the business, although young in years, good sport was predicted, and W. immediately proceeded to locate us at what he considered good stations about 300yds. apart. After placing out our decoys, as very little snipe shooting is done in that locality without them, each one was ready for the fun, and fun it was too. I had scarcely time to return to the station after giving the finishing touch to the last decoy, before the birds began to make their appearance. There were scores of them, the yellow-shanks being in the majority, and three hours' almost continuous shooting was the result. By this time the birds became wary and somewhat scattered, and consequently we concluded to give them a rest. Upon counting the killed we found we had a total of 415, the smallest number, 65, being bagged by myself. As honest confession is good for the soul, I will not say that it was owing to my poor marksmanship that I came out at the tail end of the list, but must attribute the cause to a severe headache, which began to assert itself by the time I had knocked down fifteen or twenty birds, and the more I shot the worse my head would ache. I must not forget to say that H. got the second best bag, 120, and that the "old timer," W., took the cake, bagging 150.

Having gathered up the birds we started for the house, and upon our arrival there awaited us a tempting breakfast of which we at once partook. This over, my companions amused themselves in various ways, while I, having thrown myself on a couch, endeavored to get rid of the aforesaid headache which still affected me in a mild form. My efforts were not fruitless. I felt entirely relieved when I arose, and so expressed myself, and when asked if I wished to resume the sport, of course replied in the affirmative. Everything being in readiness, it did not take us long to repair to the hunting ground, and, as the decoys had not been disturbed after the first shooting, we were soon banging away again at a rapid rate.

I had hardly seated myself on an old leather cushion left at the station by H., who had previously occupied it, before two large jack-plovers flew past in good shooting distance. I succeeded in bagging one, but the other continued on the wing after a clear miss. The rest of the boys were soon at their posts, and for a short time the shooting was excellent, over 200 birds falling victims, principally gray-backs, which we considered superior to the others in point of flavor and condition. In some instances they were so fat that upon striking *terra firma* in their fall from wing the flesh on their breasts would split wide open. On collecting the spoils the wagon was hailed, and in a few minutes we were again at the house. Thus ended the first morning's sport, and the next question to agitate us was, what to do with the game.

As will be observed, more than 600 birds had been killed, and to dispose of them to good advantage, the weather being warm, was no small matter. However, after some little discussion, all concluded that they should be shipped to Norfolk for distribution among our friends. To accomplish this end, it was necessary to first freeze them in a large chest prepared for the purpose, and then pack in a barrel which was provided with an ice tank, placing myrtle leaves between the layers of birds. This done, the barrel was lifted into a pony cart, and not many minutes elapsed before it was aboard one of the small steamers which ply up and down the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, bound for Norfolk.

In the afternoon my companions again started for the marshes in good spirits, being encouraged by former success. I had concluded to remain at the house, thinking it more than likely that my headache would return should I again resume shooting that day. The time seemed to pass rapidly, and it was not long before I heard the voices of the returning sportsmen. They came back in the same good humor in which they left, notwithstanding a small bag of game, about 150 birds, and at once began to make excuses for their failure to "bring to grass" the usual number of birds. H. displayed a swollen jaw, the result of frequent shocks from his gun, and W. attributed his small score to the wariness and high flight of the birds.

This ended the first day's shooting. At 10 o'clock all retired, and by daylight preparations were under way for another trip to the hunting grounds. In an hour's time we were off, and after shooting for nearly two hours at some scattered birds we concluded that we had had enough, at least for the time being, and returned to headquarters. A half hour later we were all sitting around the breakfast table, making chaos of the good things, especially the ever-favorite dish of snipe. Breakfast over, friends W. and T., who were residents of Norfolk, said they would start for home in the afternoon, and after some little talk H. and myself concluded to do likewise. The results of the two last shootings were soon packed in a box with cracked ice and myrtle branches, and it was not long before we were under way. At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning we landed in Washington, none the worse for the wear.

The grounds over which we hunted was the property of the Currituck Inlet Club, of which H. is a member, and nearly, if not all the land in the vicinity of Currituck, is posted and controlled by various clubs, some of them representing considerable wealth. W. E. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CYLINDER VS. CHOKE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I know it is standing face to the gale, but I stand there all the same. This rage for close choked guns is not in the superlative degree sensible. For cover shooting—not at the trap—give me the old cylinder bore, or pretty close to it. As for trap-shooting, that is another matter. But why should a tolerably fair shot, whose work is confined to brush and stubble, concentrate all his load into what is practically a bullet after it leaves the gun? With my cylinder bore I notice that I get as much game as the chokebores.—FOGY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 15.—To-day I got a note from Col. E. S. Bond, the well-known South Water street commission man, who sells about as much game as anybody on the street, in all probability. In response I called, and we passed the time of day.

"I see by last week's FOREST AND STREAM that you don't like that article on 'Law-breaking Game Eaters' that appeared in the *Herald* lately. Now, my dear sir, do you know what I wanted to see you for? I wanted to ask you how many times this year you have broken the Indiana law by bringing game out of that State?"

"Not once, this year," said I, "but last year"—

"That's it. You maybe didn't know it was unlawful. Now, my friend, do you know who wrote that article in the *Herald?*"

"Well, Colonel," said I, "judging from the South Water street twang it had, and the way it went for the sportsmen, I should think a man about the size of Col. Bond was not far off about the time that article was written."

The Colonel looked a little wise at this.

"Now, here," he said, "is a letter that you may want to read, and here is my answer to it. That will show you just what I think about the game laws of some of our States. Show both sides of the case if you are fair. You say agitation is good."

Following are the letters:

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Oct. 9.—Bond & Whitcomb, 201 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill.—GENTLEMEN: A circular sent to your trade has come into my possession wherein you say that the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court upholds in the original package case a principle which destroys the right of a State to regulate the manner in which game shall be killed and shipments made thereof out of the State. If this is your opinion, will you consent to make a test case of the matter. If so, please advise me without delay, otherwise I shall take steps to enforce our law against you. —Respectfully, WM. ALDEN SMITH.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 14.—Wm. Alden Smith, Esq., Game Warden of the State of Michigan, Grand Rapids, Mich.—DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 9th inst. is at hand. Your proposition to make a test case as to that section of your game law prohibiting shipments out of the State is respectfully declined, as I have no money to waste on such a case. The point in question has been passed upon by courts of two or more States. Kansas had such a section in the game laws of that State, which was held by the Supreme Court of the State as unconstitutional on the ground that the Legislature had no right to interfere with commerce between States. Judge Field, of the Circuit Court of Lake county, Indiana, in the case against F. A. Howe and the late Judge Knickerbocker, charged with transporting game contrary to law out of that State, held that the law was unconstitutional for the same reason.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota in the dressed beef case held that the law prohibiting the sale of beef unless first inspected on hoof was not constitutional, as it prohibited the importation of dressed meats from other States in violation of the inter-State commerce section of the Constitution of the United States. Hence, if unlawful to prohibit imports of food it would be unlawful to prohibit exports of the same. The Supreme Court of your own State, in the case against O'Neil, in recognizing the property right in game, virtually wiped out the non-export clause in the game laws of your State, and held that game acquired in the open season could be held and sold every day in the year. The court decided that a thing once lawful never became unlawful by lapse of time, and adds that this is a well settled principle of law.

Justice McCreary of the U. S. District Court of Iowa in the Granger cases held that transportation from one State to another was inter-State commerce, over which the Legislature had no control, and that this power belonged exclusively to Congress. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the original package case is well known and re-affirms the decision of the lower courts covering the point in question. The only adverse decision covering the point is a late decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois holding that game was not property, and that transportation could be prohibited inside or outside the State. Able lawyers hold that this is mere dictum and not good law.

In the face of all these decisions you will see that it would be a waste of money to make a test case, especially in the face of the decision of the Supreme Court of your own State in the O'Neil case.

In your letter you misquote my circular, as it did not say that I denied the right of a State to regulate the manner in which game shall be killed, as the State Legislature has that right, and it is admitted by me. You will find that I will give my earnest support to all game laws protecting game for food. The Legislatures of nearly all the States wisely prohibit prize fights, cock fighting, dog fighting and other cruel sports. The killing of harmless birds or animals for sport should be prohibited by law, and the whole object of game protection should be to preserve it for food. The killing of birds or animals for sport develops the vicious and brutal instincts in human nature and blunts the finer sensibilities. Our country roads and boulevards afford good opportunities for our sportsmen to take all the exercise they need without the incentive to kill harmless birds or animals.

In conclusion I wish to say that I regard the decision of the Supreme Court of your own State in the O'Neil case as a just and fair one and founded on a sound common sense view of the question before them. I regret I cannot say the same thing of the decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois in the Effingham case above referred to. Yours respectfully,

E. S. BOND, of Bond & Whitcomb.

The latter letter covers two or three well-known points; for instance, it is known generally that no Indiana constable will arrest a shooter for taking game out of the State. The Michigan decision is also known. It is very probable, however, that so far as the Illinois decision is concerned, the Effingham case will be found to be a "dictum" that will stick. It would seem that Col. Bond has offered the gage of war to the Michigan warden. The result is not determined.

Such is the game dealer's side of it. The letter expresses the genuine views of its writer, except the part where Col. Bond says he will support all the laws protecting game for food, and righteously declaims against the naughty sportsman who kills game for sport. That is pretty funny, and Col. Bond knows it is funny. He likes to shoot as well as anybody, but he always takes pleasure in having a whack at the sportsman in game law matters. For instance, he told me that he and his friend John Watson had just got back from a week's trip to Dunning, Nebraska, where the two guns got about 25 prairie chickens a day, just for food, you know; and would have gotten more, if the Colonel's favorite dog which he kept so that he could go out and get a little food with it, once in a while, had not recently died. They also went out after deer, but failed to get any food of that sort, as some hounds had run the deer out of that section. Col. Bond, Col. Bond! estimable and jolly soul as you are, tell us, which of ye twain, the game dealer or the sportsman, is entitled to wear the jewel of consistency?

But here was a good place to get some shooting news. My friend the Colonel told me that the hot dry winds that ruined the crops of western Nebraska also killed many chickens, as there were not even any dew at night during the hot season. The failure of crops would cause a great many settlers to fall to shooting for the market for a living. He had sent out to one party, who would shoot for the market in Nebraska this fall, a bill of ammunition that amounted to $187. Think what that will do. Then ask yourself once more whether it is the sportman or the market shooter who kills off the game. All the shooters of Chicago will hardly shoot $187 worth of ammunition at actual game during the whole season.

"Once the center of the pinnated grouse region was in southern Kansas," said Col. Bond, "but they seem extinct there now. Then it was northwestern Iowa, till that got played out, then it was southwestern Minnesota, then Dakota. Now it is in northwestern Nebraska, west of the North Loup country. We get most of our chickens from there now. From the way the preparations are being made to shoot them systematically there, I think this year and next will clean them pretty much all up there, and that ends it. There won't be any more chicken center then. I've seen the game center move 1,000 miles in my time.

"I believe about the best place for ducks now is at the lakes about forty miles north of Dunning, Nebraska, but there is no road to get there on.

"We are now getting a great many fine mallards from northwestern Nebraska, away out beyond the Loups. Both the Loups have plenty of water this season, though the Platte hasn't. I lately got in 287 fine mallards from Minnesota, south of Crookston, on the Manitoba road, and not far from Ada, in Noreman county. There are lots of mallards in there. Dakota is all dried up. We have also got in this fall enormous shipments of Wilson's snipe, robin snipe, yellowleg plover, etc., from the country around Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, in Minnesota. There is where most of our snipe come from.

"Partridges and venison have been very scarce this fall. We have not sold a dozen saddles all this season. The deer are being cleaned out of Wisconsin. From stations where we used to get a thousand saddles or carcasses in a season, we now will not get over ten or twelve saddles, if we do that.

"Do you know who cleaned out most of the deer in Wisconsin? It was an outfit called W. S. Hale & Bro. They hunted for the market on a grand scale. They had dozens of hounds, and they hired all the Indians they could get and put them on the runways to shoot for them. They made a regular business of killing deer, and in three years, while they were around Crivitz, now Ellis Junction, they shipped out over 3,000 deer from that one station. I have not heard much from this outfit for the past four or five years."

Is there not enough in this to sicken any lover of sport or of humanity? Is there not enough to make even apathetic sportsmen resolve to see to it that better and more sensible laws are enacted and enforced? Is it not plain to be seen how inoperative and worthless are laws and a system under which the game has disappeared from this great country almost in a day?

Oct. 16.—To-day is the day that was set for the trial of the two game law cases, the State vs. Henry A. Sloane and State vs. J. B. Brosseau, the charge being unlawful exposure for sale of pinnated grouse before the date of Oct. 1. The main prosecuting witness is M. B. Bortree, the attorney for prosecution F. S. Baird. Suit was brought Sept. 25. To-day a continuance was had till Friday, tomorrow, 10 A.M., which makes the third continuance. It is a question whether issue will be really joined tomorrow.

The history of these cases is peculiar, and attests once more the manifold beauties of the Illinois game law and the manifold sorts of wisdom of its exponent, the honorable Mr. Brusewitz, by the grace of Gov. Fifer, game warden for the county of Cook. The honorable Mr. Brusewitz has again opened his mouth and put his foot in it. It is a way he has. The honorable Mr. Brusewitz knew that the open season for killing prairie chickens began Sept. 15. He did not know that the legal season for selling them began Oct. 1, and not Sept. 15, he not being posted on our nice law. Accordingly, about Sept. 14, Mr. Brusewitz officially appeared on South Water street—it is about the only time he ever did appear there—and notified every game dealer on the street, and most of the restaurants also, that they could now sell all the prairie chickens they wanted to, as "the season was now open." Naïve Mr. Brusewitz!

The defendants in this case were among other dealers who took advantage of Mr. Brusewitz's indulgence and hung out chickens for sale. Henry Sloan was out of town at the time, but his clerks exposed the birds for sale. Mr. Bortree, it is understood, would just as soon be game warden as not. Mr. Baird was once in the Legislature, and was promoter of what is known as the "old game law." Perhaps Mr. Baird would not be averse to going to the Legislature again. Mr. Baird is one of the Board of Directors of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, whose good work in fish matters has so often been mentioned in these columns. The Fox River Association in the main knows and cares most for fish protection. Game protection is only a wing with it, but the body is earnest and honest, and it took up this game case, intrusting the matter to Mr. Baird. Ostensibly the Fox River Association is behind these suits. Really, however, its connection with them is only nominal.

Mr. Bortree and Mr. Baird passed by a whole street full of offenders, and picked upon Henry Sloan, who is the very man they ought to have left alone. Henry Sloan is a member of the Mak-saw-ba Club, and is more sportsman than he is game dealer, and more gentleman than he is anything else. He does not want to break the game laws, although it is not for me to say that he has or has not done so. I know he was among those dealers who all through late August and September sent out word to their customers in other States that they must desist from sending in prairie chickens until Oct. 1. In this specific case he was selling under specific advice of Brusewitz, and Brusewitz has since the filing of the suit gone to him and offered to pay any fine that might be imposed. Our warden out here is unique, be it observed. He doesn't work to get game dealers fined for violating the law, but promises to pay the damage if anybody else gets them fined!

The probability of a fine in these cases is slight. Brusewitz has refused to put his name on the warrant for prosecution. Under the wording of the law, which by Justice Smith has been construed before now, the game warden is the only witness who can arrest or search in a case involving illicit game. In other words, if the warden don't see it, nobody can. It will be remembered that last year Mr. Donald, acting for the State Sportsman's Association, employed a man to watch South Water street, who laid cases against Henry A. Sloan and G. W. Randall. Both these cases, as was duly reported, were dismissed by Justice Smith on the ground that the game warden was not the complainant. 'Cause why? He isn't complaining. There couldn't anybody get him to complain then, and there can't now. He's all right. He's Brusewitz, by the grace of, etc. He pays fines, not in-

flicts them. He is a bright and living example of the heights of glory that the illustrious game warden system is capable of attaining.

There may be some new crook in the ways of the Illinois law which will make these cases stick, but at present it is hard to distinguish them from the others above cited, which didn't stick. The probability is that they will be dismissed. If that is done, the cause of game protection will again be hurt instead of helped. The result will be duly reported.

It might be supposed that from lack of savage fervor against game dealers who have exposed illegal game for sale, and from the presentation of the game dealers' side of the export question, as *vide* Col. Bond's letter, FOREST AND STREAM correspondence was in league with the game dealers, not with the cause of game protection. Let me gravely assert that such is not the case. But it seems better to offer all the facts about the game laws, and not to accredit it to either the laws or the sportsmen who say they wish to see the laws supported with a virtue that is not possessed. If the laws are worthless and will not hold water, it is time we all knew it, and time we devised a better way to stop the horrible slaughter of our game, which in spite of laws and sportsmen is going on all through the West. It seems folly to suppose that this slaughter cannot at least be modified; it is equal folly to suppose that protection phases of sportsmanship such as we have had in the past ever will do much to modify it. The figure of protective sportsmanship, in the West at least, has long been merely a gigantic effigy stuffed with hay. It is time we knocked the hay out of it. It needs sharp words and appalling facts to startle sportsmen out of their mutual admiration; it needs the display of the resources of those who are interested in game destruction, to show the feebleness of the actual resources of those who claim to be interested in its preservation. It does no good to cover up and to dissemble and to attempt to deceive oneself. It is the locked horns, the issue joined, the fight fought out, that counts in life. For this end, let us hope to see the sportsmen of this region insist on the removal of the man Brusewitz, and insist upon the services of a man who can and will make a case stick against the South Water street men who, most of all, are encouraging and holding up the slaughter of game. Let them insist upon a change in the law which shall make it read like plain common sense to a common-sense man. As for Col. Bond's letter, I hope Wm. Alden Smith will start suit against him. The Illinois case is at least an offset against the Michigan case, and a future Michigan judge may call the Michigan case a mere "dictum," and think the Illinois decision, that game is not property, good law. FOREST AND STREAM editorially disagreed with the Illinois decision, but FOREST AND STREAM would hardly object to seeing another test case in Michigan and one also in Wisconsin, since now the sportsmen have the Illinois case to stand on. It ought to be decided, and if shooters can ship game across a State line no paper ought to say they cannot, or to keep the fact a secret.

Should the Sloan and Brosseau cases stick, it is said that fourteen other arrests will at once be made on South Water street. In another column, perhaps later, attention will be called to the season's work of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, and in the obverse of this picture readers may perhaps find something more cheerful to look upon.

Oct. 17.—Mr. T. F. Rose, of Camden, N. J., and Mr. Frank Toppin, of the Philadelphia *News*, are in town to-day on their way West, and will travel in company as far as St. Paul or perhaps Winnipeg. Mr. Toppin will go West via the Canadian Pacific, and will stop at Vancouver, Seattle and other coast points, making a very fine trip of it, though not stopping to shoot much. Mr. Rose will stop a few days in Dakota or Manitoba, perhaps near Devil's Lake, N. D., shooting ducks and geese and trying for a few chickens. He then goes to Butte, Mont., and strikes south via the Park to Cheyenne, stopping for big game at points not yet determined, and spending a month or more on his trip, which should be a delightful one.

Mr. S. C. Glover, a well-known sportsman of Grand Haven, Mich., and erstwhile contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, is off at Chicago to-day, *en route* to North Dakota after geese.

Mr. S. R. McCormick and his friend Mr. Ryerson, of this city, start this week for northwestern Nebraska after wildfowl and chickens. It is rather late for the latter.

Mr. Samuel Trude and his son, A. S. Trude, go to Nebraska, along the Dismal River and three forks of the Loup, for their hunt, and not to Dakota, as was at first intended.

Devil's Lake, N. D., is the goose-shooting point most valued this fall by Chicago shooters, but I am told there is a station about 30 or 40 miles this side, Larrymore, or some such name they give it, which is the best place to stop off. Messrs. Farmer, Dicks and Hansen are in there now.

Mr. E. C. J. Cleaver and Mr. Alex T. Loyd will start soon on a little duck trip, probably to the Spring Lake country, described in late mention in these columns.

Mr. A. S. Trude, the well known criminal lawyer of this city, accompanied by his father, an enthusiastic sportsman, start from Dakota soon on a trip after big game.

A novel feature in the project of blasting out the rock ledge at Momence and so draining the Kankakee marshes. The drainage trustees of Chicago propose turning a river of their own and a part of Lake Michigan into the Illinois River, and they don't want the Kankakee drained in at about the same time. Indiana Legislature has appointed commissioners to let the contract for blasting out the ledge. There is still some talk that the State of Illinois can interfere with the letting or carrying out of the Indiana contract. Work was to have been begun by this time.

Mr. Roger D. Williams and his kinsman Mr. E. D. Sayre, both of Lexington, Ky., were in town yesterday on their way to Montana and the Coast. They will both stop off at the meet of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, Kas., next week. Mr. Williams is known as a prominent greyhound man and will take his string of winners clear out to the Golden Gate with him and try for the big California stakes. But first there will be some dallying with that deceptive Kansas product, the double-geared jack rabbit of the buffalo grass.

Oct. 18.—Mr. Herbert S. Smith, of the Washburn & Moen offices here, starts to-day for a two weeks hunting trip in Wisconsin. He will try Green Lake and other points in that State, and will also stop off for some squirrel shooting at Barrington, in this State, where he should have some fun. His friend Mr. Cameron has lately had good duck shooting at Green Lake, and if it were not for that Mr. Smith would be disposed to try Spring Lake, in this State.

Mr. E. C. Cook, the well-known sporting goods manufacturer, and his friend Mr. Loughridge were down at their club, the De Golyer, about two weeks ago and had magnificent sport at jack snipe. Mr. Loughridge alone killed over 200 and Mr. Cook says he never saw such a bag of snipe as they had. They shot only two days. Mr. Ward was not along. Mr. Cook says he never had a better time in his life. The weather was too warm then for ducks, but the keeper reports to-day that the water is coming over the marsh in good shape and plenty of ducks are in. Mr. Cook and Mr. Loughridge go down again Monday morning. The De Golyer Club, it will be remembered, lies above Water Valley and has some of the very best marsh on the Kankakee. The club ditches are giving them plenty of water this fall, it seems.

Yesterday the game law suits against Henry A. Sloan and J. B. Brosseau were tried. The Sloan case resulted in an acquittal, as was earlier surmised would be the event. The Brosseau case is under advisement till Oct. 24. Such is life in the Wild West under the ægis of the Illinois warden law.

On last Sunday two young men, Geo. Earl, of 601 North Clark street, and Michael Michaelson, both stenographers, were out hunting ducks in a boat on Fox Lake. A flock of mudhens flew by. Michaelson who, sitting in the rear, and who by any rules of shooting ought by no means to have fired, or to have had a gun with him in that part of the boat, raised his gun to fire. The same old sickening, terrible accident occurred. Earl received the charge in his right shoulder and fell stunned to the bottom of the boat. Michaelson lifted him to his seat. It was a three miles pull to the landing, four or five to to railway station and fifty miles to Chicago. The sufferer was taken to a hospital in the city and his arm was amputated. From the effects of this young Earl died on Thursday. Michaelson is suffering the usual prostration from grief. Doubtless other young gentlemen will go out with guns scattered all over the boat instead of all placed in the bow, where they should be, and doubtless before long another man-slaughterer will be prostrated with grief.

E. HOUGH.

DOG AND GUN IN CAROLINA.

IT has been some time since I wrote to you. Various causes have contributed to my silence, but the most potential has been the state of my health. I am glad to say that it is now somewhat better, and I hope to be able some time in November to go out into the field with my light 14-bore and my dogs Rip and Ned, and have some sport with Bob White, or the Virginia partridge of Audubon. I shall not be strong enough to take long and rapid tramps, for at best when one reaches my age he must have observed the wisdom of the lower order of animals and not attempt the impossible. It was Swift, I think, who, in contrasting the conduct of the human race with the dumb brute, said:

> "A dog by instinct turns aside
> When he sees the ditch too deep and wide;
> A foundered horse will oft debate
> Before he tries a five-barred gate."

Well, I am forced to "turn aside" very often and to "debate" a good deal in both cases. In the one case I search for a cow-ford or family bridge, and in the latter I crawl up very slowly and get down with the most abundant caution. I can get down as rapidly as anybody, but prefer the gentler mode for fear I might disable myself.

My old dog Argo, which in some respects was surpassed by no dog I have ever seen, has gone to "the undiscovered country." He did not have the most acute sense of smell, and was often too eager and rapid for the hunt; but he had an abundance of "bird sense," and a capacity to endure which I have never seen equalled. He did not potter along like a galley slave a few yards only from his master, looking back timidly, but ranged wide and rapidly, and when I was resting on the fence or a log or stone, he would find the birds if any were in the field. I would never have one of those snail dogs, fearing the sportsman to go over nearly as much ground as he. If such a dog is a retriever he would be of some service in that respect. Poor old Argo. He had no ancestry so far as I know. His daddy was simply a plain pointer of no pedigree, and his dam was equally humble, but he could wear out in the course of a hunt several of the blooded stock one after another.

I have long since been the advocate of light guns for small game, and am glad to see that sportsmen are beginning to adopt the idea. A gun which will weigh 6lbs. to 6½lbs. is abundantly heavy, and late in the afternoon, far, far more comfortable than one which will "kick the beam" at 8lbs. to 10lbs. Nor do I want to carry 3½ to 4drs. of gunpowder when a little more than half that quantity is abundant. To me it seems ridiculous to use 5drs. of powder for one little bird. It reminds me of what Dr. Wolcot said of Samuel Johnson's style:

> West gives an inch the importance of a mile,
> Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
> To crush a butterfly or to brain a gnat.

From all I can hear, the bird crop is very abundant all over the State. The nesting season was a favorable one, and young coveys are frequently seen. If the hawks and foxes do not get among them sport will be excellent. There is some nice hunting ground near a place which I own, twelve miles north of this town, where there is a mineral spring, whose waters have proved serviceable in cases of hay fever. On the streams near by there are large fields and plenty of cover, and a man who can walk well and shoot well can easily get in a day from fifteen to thirty birds. Then in Montgomery county, just north, there is good shooting. Indeed the whole of the central part of the State is for such purposes quite attractive. The best of the sport is off from the railroads necessarily; and a man who can do without a daily paper or a carpeted floor can go to some quiet farm house and spend several weeks very enjoyably, and at a small expense.

I have never seen any of those "feather-weight" guns, and do not know that I ever shall. I have so many, and more in fact than I can use, and cannot afford to buy one more just to add to my armory. Nobody will give me one, I feel sure, so I must get along as well as I can.

I have been browning gun barrels by the method set forth in Greener's book. But I am not able to get that shine on them which they had when they came from the shop. Perhaps I do not rub them sufficiently or am in too great a hurry to end the job. I am not sure that it is worth much, any way.

I do wish that Schultze and E C powders were within the limits of my purse. The former I have tried and am much pleased with it. With 2¾ drams, three wads, 1oz. No. 6 shot, I made some remarkably clean kills of sage hens in Idaho last year. I think I must try to get a few canisters of the E C and see how it will do.

I read with much pleasure the account given by "Chasseur" of his experience in the coast section of this State. He writes well, and as a general thing I presume he does not overdraw the picture. But the scuppernong grape is not black, but a delicate brown when ripe, and the depth of the water on the bar at the mouth of Cape Fear is more than 12ft.

And now, having used a *nom de plume* for a long while, I shall for the present throw off the mask, and sign myself WALTER L. STEELE.

ROCKINGHAM, North Carolina.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite true, as your correspondent "Hubert" would have me believe, that the hounding of deer is not a nocturnal sport. The chase is usually begun in the early part of the day, but it is not uncommon for an ambitious and lusty dog to follow his deer in and out of a stream till long after dark, and only take the back track when tired dog nature is on the verge of collapse. I have heard such foolish hounds yelping far into the night, and can readily imagine that the early slumberer might be much disturbed by it.

By the way, why does not some one argue the case against this imitation sport from the hound's standpoint, for, omitting the element of terror, they surely suffer as much as the deer. The morning after a long run a hound is a pitiful sight to see, with his swollen paws, stiff joints, and thin enough to pass for an image of vanity. And if in addition to other incidental misfortunes he has run foul of a fretful porcupine and got well quilled, the dog's misery is complete.

But to return. Your correspondent asks if it be true that the deer are being exterminated in the Adirondacks as the result of hounding. I think those who are familiar with the country will answer no; and in fact it is generally believed that the deer are increasing in numbers. If the practice of hounding was as fatal to deer as it undoubtedly is to the finer feelings of those who follow it, the deer by this time would have dwindled into a tradition. Unfortunately for argument in the matter, the deer in the majority of cases escapes capture when hounded, and each experience aids them in future adventures of the kind. I set out to put your controversialists right regarding night hunting and the destructiveness of hounding, but it is impossible to approach within gunshot of the latter subject (excuse to figure of speech) without trying to persuade others of its iniquity. Yet when it comes to the point I don't see what we Pharisees are going to do about it. Cut and dried logic will lead to but one or two conclusions: Either all deer shooting is unholy, or hounding is a proper occupation, for there is really no probable moral difference between shooting a deer in the woods and cracking his skull with a bullet or club when the animal is in the water.

But dropping logic and viewing the case from the higher lead of humane instinct, there is no more revolting custom in the world of sport. Written words are cold and unpersuading, but the object lesson of a single water butchery, such as I myself have been guilty of, ought to settle the matter beyond doubt for every right-minded man or woman. I don't believe that even Cain, who was the first sportsman we have record of, would have played such a dirty trick upon the Mesopotamian deer, and I am quite sure that Nimrod, Adonis, Diana and the other lights in hunting matters would have wept to think that men could ever sink so low.

D. C. L.

A PLEA FOR BRUIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of you paper "Special" has something to say about the cruel practice of bear trapping, and details a case of unnecessary cruelty by reason of neglect to properly attend to the steel trap after the same had been set. In the same issue of the paper, speaking on the subject of the proper limit as to the quantity of game killed by any one sportsman in a stated time, you say, "as regards the shooting of bears, panthers, wolves, wildcats and all that class, the sportsman is generally conceded to be justified in availing himself of his opportunities to the utmost." "The object here is to annihilate," etc. Now, in regard to the black bear I beg leave to differ from you, and believe that he as one of the grandest game animals on this continent is entitled to proper protection as such, besides that he, and all other fur-bearing animals as well, ought to be protected at certain seasons of the year for economic reasons.

Unlike the other animals aforementioned, the black bear is not a game destroyer, nor can he be to any great extent charged with the destruction of domestic animals, and it is safe to say that where a hundred dollars' worth of sheep have been killed or maimed by dogs, not a dime's worth have been destroyed by black bears. Such being the case, I see no good reason why the black bear, an animal conceded by all who have been successful in his capture by fair means, to be, next to the moose, the noblest game found on the American continent east of the Mississippi River, should not be accorded the same protection as deer or any other game animal. His glossy black hide when prime is a trophy that any sportsman might well be proud of, when he is satisfied that its original owner was killed in a sportsmanlike manner, and not by a lingering death in the cruel jaws of a steel trap, and his flesh is by no means to be despised as an article of food as all who have eaten of it will testify. His capture requires more of those qualities that go to make up a true sportsman than the capture of any animal with which I am acquainted on this portion of the continent, and as I write before me lies a rug made of the glossy covering of an old veteran, which a few years ago led a party of us a merry dance over hill and dale, through thickets and swamps well nigh impenetrable, for the greater part of the day, until finally brought

to bay, he died a true game animal to the last. Talk of sport, one hunt like that was worth an age of deer hunting at its best, and ought not to be named on the same page with deer dogging or jacking.

Bruin's capture requires on the part of the sportsman the hardest of work, the best knowledge of woodcraft, lots of endurance, and to insure success, well trained dogs. If successful and when in at the death he will have no qualms of conscience (as perhaps might be the case when a dying deer cast a last appealing look at him), for his bearship's last act will probably be a vicious cuff that augurs no good to any dog within reach of that powerful limb. Living or dying he is game, and shall he not be protected as such in the proper seasons?

Brother bear hunters, let us hear from you.

URSUS A.

TWO BEARS WITH ONE BALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recently seeing an item in a local paper stating that a bear hunter near Cañon City, about fifty miles west of this place, had performed the marvelous feat of killing two bears at one shot, I wrote to him to get the particulars of this extraordinary affair, and in due course of time received the following letter:

CAÑON CITY, Col., Sept. 20.—I received your note of inquiry on the 18th. The item you refer to is correct, inasmuch as I killed two bears at one shot. One was a black, the other a brown bear. They were standing broadside, one beyond the other, at about 100yds. distance. The ball passed through the shoulders of the first one and broke the back of the second. The black bear was full grown, weighing probably about 300lbs. The brown one was about half grown, likely a yearling. I used a single shot Winchester, .45-70 caliber.

I was out looking for bear and came across four feeding on acorns, two standing as described. I killed two at one shot, and one of the other two, running, at about 150yds. distance, at a second shot.

I may add that I have killed six bears in the last two weeks at seven shots. Yours respectfully, A. S. SAGE.

Mr. Sage says he *killed* the two bears at one shot. Now a bear is rather tenacious of life, and one shot through the shoulder, or one with a broken back is not necessarily killed, though possibly fatally injured. I am sorry Mr. Sage did not state more explicitly whether or not the animals were instantly killed or whether he finished the job with an axe or some other weapon.

However, the feat was a remarkable and an uncommon one, and will take rank with any I have read of for some time. TENDERFOOT.

PUEBLO, Colorado.

OHIO DEER HUNTERS.

DAYTON, Ohio, Oct. 20.—Five parties of deer hunters have already left this city upon their regular annual expeditions into the wilds of the West and Northwest. Philip Kern, Julius Wehner, Edward Schwind and Louis Schwind are in the pine woods near Iron Mountain, Michigan.

Harvey Puterbaugh, Edward Stuck, John Puterbaugh, Louis Groneweg and Jacob Puterbaugh are camping in Forest county, Michigan.

S. S. McKinney, John Franz, Frank Volker, Sabin Statler and Levi Falknor, of Piqua, and John F. Beaver, of Dayton, with Phil Leidigh, Eli Stayrook, Frank Griffin, W. B. Chichestry, William R. Nivin, Charles L. Robb and Ira Brown have gone to Montana to shoot bear, deer, moose and elk, and will not be home until December. There are sixty hunters in the party. They have chartered two cars, and will camp on the banks of Lake St. Marys, Montana.

James Burnett, Joseph Endress, Jr., W. D. Emerick, Jacob Fudge, Samuel Browsman and George Coleman form a Germantown party that has gone for three weeks' deer hunting in the Upper Michigan peninsula.

Xenia sent three large parties to the wilderness west of Floodwood, Michigan. The old Greenville deer hunters have divided into two parties and are in camp near Floodwood, Michigan. Camp No. 1, D. S. Heim, J. H. Schwable, Charles Johns, James Knick, Daniel Snyder and Frank Culbertson. Camp No. 2, Dr. A. J. Marling, Harrod Mills, S. A. Hostetter, J. N. Lowry, Oscar Davidson and S. N. Wilson.

Fred Huber, William Ten Eyck, Levi Gluck, Samuel Harver and John Von Kopf, of Tippecanoe, have gone to Pike county, Wisconsin.

Oct. 20.—If the same conditions prevail in the Scioto valley as here on the Miami, quail will be as scarce when the season opens as they were last year, and farmers will be again unjustly blamed for the slaughter. People, however, are getting their eyes opened to the facts, and a sensation will develop when it becomes generally known that town hunters, men of respectability who go out ostensibly to shoot rabbits and doves are really after quail, and take pot shots wherever they can get them, as being less liable to detection than if they shoot the birds in the air.

This being true, then it is not the protective game law that is to be credited with the remarkable increase in numbers of quail through Ohio and Indiana, but rather the mild weather of last winter. The birds had not been shot at until within the past three or four weeks, but now are being slaughtered without restraint. Less than a month ago the coveys were large, twenty to thirty quail in each, and very tame. Now they are growing wild and coveys are not found with over twelve to sixteen quail. Country papers are cautioning farmers against participating in this illegal shooting, but the danger is that farmers will see no other way of getting a share of the game, and the quail will thus be depleted. We have no efficient game wardens in this vicinity. BROWN.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODCOCK.—A party at Newport, N. H., during the six days ending Oct. 11 killed seventy birds, chiefly woodcock and partridges (ruffed grouse). They stopped at the hotel and drove from one to ten miles to reach the covers.—T. H. B.

MASSACHUSETTS BIRDS.—The October gales have brought some good flights of shore birds, and Boston gunners have been after them. But the report is that they are wilder than ever this year and very hard to approach. In their flights they steer far away from boats or blinds. George T. Freeman, of Harrington & Freeman, has been down to Annisquam after ducks, with fair success. The quail hunters are generally disappointed in this State. The restocking has given more birds, but they have all along been too small to shoot. Whether the broods from the birds put out by the Fish and Game Protective Association have been later than the native birds, it is hard to tell. But it is certain that the open season beginning Sept. 15 is altogether too early for quail, and even the market hunters are not pleased with it. One sportsman, and a true friend of game protection, says that soon after the open season begun he made a trip to the Cape, with a view to quail shooting. He hired a team and drove along one of those well-known sandy roads that run through the woods. A bevy of quail was started, when behold the little chickens were so young and small that one of them actually got tumbled into a wheel rut in the sand and could not get out. Some of these little quail were obtained and the skins were mounted, and they will be presented before the Legislature this winter as conclusive evidence of the faulty condition of a law that allows of the hunting of birds so young.—SPECIAL.

KENTUCKY QUAIL.—Shelby County, Ky., Oct. 9.—The happy results of the efforts of the Kentucky Fish and Game Club are to be seen already in this county in the increase of the number of quail. There is so little forest here that pheasants, turkey, deer and the like are almost unknown, but there is a great abundance of quail; and if the pot-hunters (mostly negroes) are kept from their nefarious work there will be plenty of shooting for the sportsman. Of course there are any quantities of hares, but they are so heavy to carry, and are such dry eating that but few sportsmen will shoot them. There are a vast number of negroes about the towns who don't work in winter and who hunt for "meat," and scour the country and shoot everything they see larger than a sparrow. These create a nuisance, and often cause the true sportsman to be forbidden the privilege of shooting on farms. A man could have fine sport in either of two ways; he could make a good bag of quail, or by having two or three beagles to start and trail hares he could kill a brace of dozen in a few hours, and a hare properly cooked and served is not to be "sneezed at." No fishing or fox hunting here to any amount.—J. S. M.

COLUMBUS SPORTSMEN'S LUCK.—Columbus, O.—"Judge Frank F. Huffman, Dr. Elmer Potter, Capt. Wm. F. Burdell, Maj. J. L. Rodgers, Col. C. D. Hinman and Col. Horace Park started on the 20th ult. for the Rosseau country, near the Lake of the Woods, Minn., where moose, caribou, elk, deer and bear are reported plenty. That country is also the home of ducks, geese, brant and swan. The fishing, too, is reported the very best. The party expect to stay about six weeks. We hope to have the opportunity of publishing a full account of the trip on the return of the party." The above is from a Columbus, O., paper. The parties have just returned from the tiresome trip (being absent but three weeks) much disappointed. They did not see a live moose, caribou, elk, deer or bear while they were away. They had good duck shooting and bass fishing, that's all. There is a vast amount of delusion in this going "away off" for sport when one can often do as well near home. Those remaining here had nearly as much success with ducks and bass within thirty miles of Columbus. I am too much disabled to get out.—M. P. P.

QUAIL IN TOWN.—Zanesville, O., Oct. 18.—I was surprised yesterday, while sitting in my office, to hear quail calling one another in the center of the city. This was about noon. At 4 o'clock I went out for a walk and found that a whole covey was scattered over the city, in flower gardens, trees and on tops of houses. Friday, while driving through McIntire Park, in the city, I saw a covey of quail running around, apparently as tame as chickens. The reason they are so tame is that they are well protected, nearly all the farms are posted, the law being in force up to Nov. 10. We have only thirty-five days shooting in this part of the State. We expect good quail shooting this season, but only those who have privileges to hunt on farms will enjoy the best shooting. I have an invitation for the opening day and I am getting my Irish setter Toby Glencho in trim for this occasion. He has not been in the field for two seasons, but when he sees a gun he nearly goes crazy.—F. V. R.

THE CURIOUS ANTLERS mentioned by a Whitesboro', N. Y., correspondent in our last issue may be seen at a taxidermist's shop on Fayette street, Utica.

OUR readers who enjoy the sport of duck shooting will find an offer of importance to them in our advertising columns to-day. A half interest in a celebrated shore is offered by the owner for sale for the sake of company. The flight at this point is said to be excellent, and it is an opportunity that seldom offers. See advertisement of Geo. H. Wild.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

JIM, Bob, John and the writer were sitting around the camp-fire one night when the subject of snakes came up. Bob asked how many eggs we supposed an old chicken snake could eat at one sitting. John said he thought one setting would hardly make a lunch for a good-sized chicken snake. Says Bob, "Do you know how a chicken snake manages to break the shells after he has swallowed a stomach full of eggs?"

"I suppose the stomach dissolves the shells the same as it digests other things."

"Oh no," says Bob, "he goes to some hard piece of ground—a road is a good place—and raises himself up like a rainbow, just standing on his nose and tail, and then strikes himself down on the ground until the shells are broken."

"Ah," says John, "I didn't know that before. I am glad to learn such an interesting fact in natural history."

The next day was rainy and we were sitting in camp, when we heard some one at a distance pounding heavily.

"What do you suppose is making that noise?" said John.

"Some one splitting rails," said Bob.

"No," said John, "it's a chicken snake breaking a stomach full of eggs." LEW WILLOW.

ARKANSAS.



"THE BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS."

WE take pleasure in announcing that the first number of the *Book of the Game Laws* will be ready for delivery early next week. The work has been long in preparation and publication has been delayed by the unexpected bulk of the material. The contents comprise all the game and fish laws of the States, Territories and British Provinces.

The better to insure accuracy, all important sections are given in their full text, as they appear on the statute books. Errors which might arise from abstracting or paraphrasing are thus avoided. To give the exact letter of the statutes is something that has not before been attempted in any general compilation of the game laws. Certain minor sections and local laws, or parts of them, are abbreviated. Laws of local application are printed in smaller type following the general laws of each State.

The *Book of the Game Laws* will be a regular periodical, published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. The quarterly numbers will be issued on the first days of October, January, April and July. Each quarterly issue will contain all the laws given in No. 1, and a supplement of sixteen pages or more comprising amendments, changes and additions to date, and other material.

Certain classes of laws omitted in the initial number of the *Book of the Game Laws* will be given as special compilations in subsequent numbers. These include the statutes relating to fish commissioners, fishways, game warden systems, modes of procedure in law enforcement, bounties on vermin, laws at to forest fires, dogs, damage to stock, careless use of fire arms, incorporation of clubs and societies, etc., together with special county, town and other local regulations.

From time to time there will also be given reports of law cases, the text of decisions of the courts relating to game and fish laws, and such discussions of game protection interests as, it is hoped, will prove useful in promoting a clearer understanding of the subject, a more general public regard for the statutes, and a more intelligent appreciation of their purpose.

Price of each single part, postpaid, 50 cents. Annual subscription (four complete numbers), $2.00. Upon receipt of $1 will be sent one complete number and three quarterly supplements following on dates of publication. By this mode of subscription the subscriber will receive all the new material contained in the numbers for a year.

Sea and River Fishing.

SUNAPEE LAKE FISHING.

THE fishing, except for salmon, was not so good this year in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, as in some previous years. The number of fishing places is small. As many as twenty-five boats have been anchored in one string. Two large steamers and some smaller ones are churning right over the fishing grounds, making six round trips a day. The fish have undoubtedly moved because of these sources of noise and fright.

Fully 1,000lbs. of landlocked salmon were caught in Sunapee Lake. Three hundred trout and salmon were taken in May on about two acres of fishing ground (Blodgett's Landing), the trout from 1 to 5lbs., the salmon from 5 to 10lbs.

Some of the fishes found in Sunapee Lake are black bass, pike-perch, yellow perch, sunfish, pickerel, suckers, horn chub, dace, roach, catfish, eel, smelt, brook trout, golden trout, Loch Leven trout, rainbow trout and landlocked salmon. All of the *Salmonidæ*, except the brook trout and the golden trout, were introduced, as were also pike-perch, black bass and smelt. The roach was probably introduced as a bait fish. It is known at Sunapee as the "grass fish," and we have seen only a single specimen from that locality. The sunfish or pumpkin seed is called "flatfish" or "flat sides" at Sunapee and in some other portions of New Hampshire. It is believed that the pike-perch has died out.

The smelt, which was introduced more than twenty years ago, occassionally reaches 10in. in length. It is extremely abundant, and is often washed up on the eastern shore of Sunapee by strong winds. The young landlocked salmon here is sometimes styled "tinker salmon," from its resemblance to a small mackerel. The largest landlocked salmon ever taken in Sunapee Lake, as far as our knowledge goes, was caught July 21 by Mr. Walter Aiken. It weighed 14¾lbs, and fought over an hour.

The introduction of smelt into New Hampshire lakes has an important bearing upon the number and size of the trout and salmon reared in them. The fish are usually transported as fish, but Mr. Aiken established them in Webster Lake by the novel method of taking the fertilized eggs after they had been glued to stones in the spawning brook. Stones with the eggs upon them were placed in a little tributary of Webster Lake, and now the waters are teeming with smelt.

AN ALLIGATOR GAR.—Mr. A. Turpe, of Brackettsville, Texas, has sent to the National Museum a six-foot specimen of that interesting fish the alligator gar (*Lepidosteus tristœchus*), which is not a bad rival in size of jaws and teeth of the formidable reptile for which it is named. The gar was "pearl green on the back and sides, the back a shade darker, the belly white, head light green, under jaw white, eyes black, with wide golden circle, two golden shades in star shape."

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

A JULY IN WISCONSIN.

SEVEN men, in varied lines of professional and business life, rationally concluded that it would be good to spend a few weeks in the woods. Our objective point was the Turtle waters of northern Wisconsin. These are best reached by the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railroad, whose genial officers and trainmen must like to go fishing themselves, for they all showed the keenest interest in our welfare and success. Fortunate is the angler who falls into their hands.

We left Chicago at 7:30 P. M. on the 7th of July, and before noon the next day the last clearing was south of us, a straggling little village of rough cabins would start up beside the track now and then, and every few miles a gem of a lake would flash out among the dense timber—a turquoise in an emerald setting. Jim Lawson, a former guide of ours, boarded the train at Lac de Flambeau, and we were soon deep in the question of the best camping and fishing points. At 4 P. M. on Tuesday we left the train at Mercer. This is a flag station just outside and north of the Chippewa Reservation. As we passed through the Reservation we saw some of the Indians, sorry specimens of the noble red man. We were reminded of an experience we had a year before at Mud Lake, on the southern border of this same Reservation. Four of us, with two guides, Lawson and Card, had tramped over from Minocqua, seven miles, taking a couple of boats on a wagon. Putting the boats into the water late in the afternoon we had a half dozen fish by dusk. The best fish had been lost. The boats were approaching each other, creeping along the edge of the weeds with trolls whirling. Now," said I, "Lou, if we could have a strike just here we would show the others how to land a 'lunge." As if in response to the suggestion, a 10lbs. fish, he was that at least, struck my No. 8 skinner as the other boat came within oar's length of us, and going out of the water seemingly 6ft. with the beautiful rainbow leap. But that fish had evidently started out to give my pride a tumble. After a stubborn fight he was at the boat's side, and Lou was ready to rap him over the head, the best method, if properly used, to get a muscalunge ready to be lifted into the boat. But I held his nose too high with the line, the smart blow only releasing him from the hooks, and he went away to meditate upon the folly of trying to eat barbed steel. There was something saddening in the loss under the circumstances. It was not the moment of triumph anticipated.

As night came on we went to our camp. Supper was eaten and we were about to crawl into our tent for a welcome rest. Back of us was the somber forest. Imagination pictured the uncanny things it might contain. Two squaws in a birch canoe had run one of the boats a race for the tent, which stood where an Indian trail ended at the water's edge. The squaws had beaten, and disappeared in the forest, leaving the canoe on the shore. We soon found where they had gone, evidently to meet a half-dozen bucks, who, full of bad whisky and curses, came whooping upon our camp just as we were ready to go into our tent for the night. They were bent on making trouble. The squaws had told them that we were catching their fish. One of them could speak fair English, and spoke for the chief, who was one of the gang. They insisted on our taking our bosts and leaving the Reservation at once. It was ten o'clock at night. The team had gone. The "noble red men" were evidently on the war path, so far as we were concerned. The situation looked squally. We had a fighting chance, but were not looking longingly for any chance of that kind. We invited Lo to supper, as a pacifying measure, and lo he accepted. His appetite is always active. Six of him nearly cleaned out our provisions. Card dickered an hour for the birch-bark canoe, a beauty, which the squaws had used, and got it from the old chief for $8. By the next morning they were at the nearest saloon spending that money. Their consent that we should stay until daylight quite satisfied us. We fished the lake until the next night, as long as we had intended to, and then returned to Minocqua. But some of our party confessed afterward that they did not get much sleep, and that the note of a screech owl toward morning sounded painfully like the yell of a savage.

But to return to Mercer. This town consists of Jim's house, a tent, and a store with $20 worth of goods in it. Within seven miles of it, however, are forty lakes, and that is more to the point. These cluster in what is practically an unbroken wilderness, and around them in every direction are—more lakes. They have not been fished very much as yet, and they would supply splendid sport for years to come if the netter could be kept from getting in his deadly work. But we saw at the mouth of every creek connecting one lake with another the stakes which marked the spots where nets had been placed last spring. A few years will see these superb lakes stripped of all their attractions for fishermen, save those offered by the scenery. When the lakes now accessible in north Wisconsin are fished out, that will be the end for every one but the rich men, who can buy the lakes and restock them as private preserves. There will be no virgin waters for the masses of sportsmen, for beyond those now within reach lies Lake Superior.

We were not long in getting our duffle into boats. We went up a narrow creek a quarter of a mile and found ourselves in a beautiful little lake, on whose shores we pitched our tents where, at a time more or less remote, the timber had been cleared away by the Indians, possibly for a village or a bit of garden.

If when these Indians left the spot they had taken the mosquitoes with them there would have been nothing to mar our happiness. But the pests were there in multitudes. They swarmed out of the brakes, which grew thick and tall all about us. They pounced upon us as though they knew we were fresh from civilization. Doses of evry sort were useless. Even "Nessmuk's" vile decoction smeared on and left on until we were glazed like patent leather and smelled like tar barrels, was no good. The pestiferous mosquitoes never paused in their repast. These creatures have a scent like a sleuth hound, for they will find the smallest crack in a tent front, and worm their way in for a nip at your neck. The Wisconsin variety can bore a well in a man's epidermis and start his pumping works to running full blast with wonderful quickness. He does not go prospecting about for a juicy spot, but stakes out his claim instantly, and at once sinks a shaft. The first few nights were torture. The pack of pests were in full cry all night. Head nets were of no avail. One sufferer vowed to get even with the tireless torments. Dirt was thrown up around the bottom of the tent so that no insect could crawl under, the opening at the front was pinned so closely that nothing could squeeze through there, and then the Parson, with blood in his eye, began a grand hunt which would last some nights for a couple of hours, but when it was over his July *Century* was streaked with red marks where he had slapped the mosquitoes against the tent, and there was peace and quietness for the rest of the night. To build a smudge in the back of a tent does no good. The mosquitoes drop down among the bedding and simply wait for the air to clear. Seal up the tent and then kill all inside. There is no patent on this plan and I commend it most heartily to all campers.

Our first fishing was done on a lake about half a mile from the one on which we were camped. We had to push through a narrow creek just wide and deep enough to float our boats. John N. finally concluded we were going too slowly. After making some decided changes in his toilet he took to the water. After a heroic struggle with the boat and the mosquitoes he got us through into the next lake. It was a beautiful sheet of water, opening out to the right and the left into half hidden coves which looked exceedingly fishy. It was late in the afternoon and not much time for fishing. Skirting the shore opposite the point of our entrance Lawrence had the first strike. It was the first fish of any size he had ever hooked on a light rod, but he played him skillfully, a 3½lb. small-mouth bass, and after a splendid fight the panting fish was lying in the bottom of the boat. To say that Lawrence looked happy would be putting it mildly. He looked ecstatic. There are not many moments in life like that to a man. There is not much sense of triumph in fighting a fish out of the water with a line that would do for a clothes line and a pole that might serve as a flagstaff. The fisherman using such tackle enjoys the pleasure of asquisition when he captures a fish. But he has no feeling of triumph. The fish has had no chance to escape. He has been lifted by superior brute force out of the cool shadows of his native haunts, and flung helpless at his captor's feet. But take a rod that bends double with the fish's weight and a line that would snap if the fish could put the full strain of his marvellous muscles upon it, then the cunning of the angler must be added to the strength of his arm to get the lithe swimmer, and it becomes a battle royal. Under these conditions success brings to the sportsman the joy of conquering, as well as the delight of getting. Well, I saw both these kinds of happiness written on the face of my young friend as he sat with the bronze warrior floundering at his feet. It was a fine picture. We were in a cove of the lake that was unruffled by a breath of breeze. The sun was too far down the west to do more than flood the place with soft radiance on the burnished surface of the lake, lighting but not warming the cool spaces of the quiet woods, penciling the fringe of rushes along the shore in the water below till no one could tell where the green stems ended and the green shadows began, while the whole emerald glory of the woods seemed to reach as far down into the motionless waters as it did up into the motionless air. All this we saw and more as the boat floated quietly on the lake in the few minutes of peaceful content which naturally follows the angler's victory.

In a few minutes more John N. had the first muscalunge, a 4lb. fish, which made a good fight. Two 3lb. big-mouth bass completed the catch, and we returned to camp not overloaded but with enough fish to make us happy. It is not what you get the first day, but what you are going to get the next, which fills your cup of content to overflowing.

Several trips to the same lake resulted each time in about the same catch, four or five fish. This hardly suited our ambition, and we began to talk of moving our camp. Stanley caught his first 'lunge within a hundred yards of the camp, the only fish we caught in that lake, but not Stanley's only 'lunge. Some one had brought a pie from Jim's house, and it had been carefully put away for supper—that is, had been set in the shade of the cook tent. While we were discussing the first course of beans and bacon, lying around the table, which consisted of a little ridge, on the ground, Stanley's foot struck the pie abaft the wheel-house, swept away smoke stacks, masts, all the contents of the hold, everything except the hull. The camp put on crape and mourned for the lost pie.

We struck camp after a week's stay and portaged over into Echo Lake, a distance of half a mile, then went up the creek which connects Echo Lake with Ox Bow, Spider, Fisher, Cedar and Turtle lakes above, in the order named. John L., not Sullivan, but a man as big in heart as the pugilist is in muscle, was compelled to leave our first camp after a single night's stay, being to ill to remain. We were sorry enough to lose so genial a companion and enthusiastic a sportsman. We went as far as Spider Lake, and well named that beautiful sheet of water is, the bays and coves sprawling out from the main body of water in a dozen directions, densely wooded at every point. This is true of all these lakes. The virgin forest crowds down to the very water's edge everywhere. We camped on an ideal spot. A narrow point of land 200yds. long, 15yds. wide and perhaps 20ft. high, along the middle, juts out into the lake. A score of noble pines stand well out on this point and give just shade enough to rob the sun of fierceness at noonday, but are far enough apart so that the breeze was never shut off. The voices of these giants, low and sweet, were never still. All day they whispered, and at night sang the weird lullaby which they have chanted through uncounted summers. Far up among their branches the little red squirrels barked at us for invading their domain. We made a table by nailing cross pieces on two of the pines and then laying side by side a dozen birch saplings. Among the empty tins on this table the little squirrels made a wonderful clatter some mornings, and they grew so tame that twice we got near enough to touch them. But of all the strange sounds to be heard in the northern wilderness, what is more weird than the loon's cry? Who ever can grow used to it? A laugh some people call it. It sounds more like the cry of a lost spirit wailing through some unsunned cavern of the underworld. In almost every lake we found a pair or two of these birds, and often the stillness of the night would be pierced by their strangely beseeching, lonely cry.

There are comparatively few birds in the Northern wilderness. They seem to like open country and to be near the haunts of men. The solemn, silent aisles of the unbroken forests are too lonely for them. We saw a number of porcupines—ungainly, ugly creatures that they are. A few miles south of us Gov. Fifer and his party saw a solitary bear. We were not so fortunate. Two or three deer were sighted in the dim distance. We came upon one spot on a lake margin where the tender grass had been cropped short by them. In the open season that country would be good for deer.

Not only did we have a good camping spot at Spider Lake, but we had a well-made camp; Tom, a royal camper out, gave the directions which the rest of us carried out, and the result was an increase of comfort over our first camp. A cook tent for storing provisions, good side logs for the open fire, well-made beds of hemlock browse and a well-filled ice pit, were among the luxuries. We all appreciated the skill and thoughtfulness of our camp captain.

A favorite fishing place was at the Narrows. The shores draw together until they are not more than 15yds. apart. Here, earlier in the season, many small-mouth bass were caught. We seldom failed to catch from ten to fifteen wall-eyed pike when fishing here in the afternoon. After a stubborn battle Tom got the biggest one into the boat—a thick-set fellow weighing about 5lbs.—not the biggest in the lake, perhaps, but the largest we saw.

Indeed, the fish we caught were not as large as they had been in our dreams before we left home. This will not be surprising to any old fisherman. Undoubtedly we chose the wrong season for successful fishing. May and September are much better months than July and August. There are several ways of accounting for this. I do not think the bloom on the lakes has anything to do with it. But just when the bloom is on the lakes the young tadpoles are to be seen everywhere, dodging away as one's boat runs through the water. They lie near the surface, and the muscalunge have only to open their mouths and gobble all they want. The pollywog's tail disappears about the time the bloom of the lake vegetation does, and the young frog hops up on a log where the fish cannot get him. A glittering spoon looks much more interesting to a hungry fish than when he has a full stomach. Here, I think, is the real reason for the dullness of midsummer as a fishing season in the north lakes.

However, we caught all we needed for our own use and enough to make many of our friends happy. If we fished a while without getting a strike we appreciated one all the more when we got it. Such was Stanley's experience. He was not the last to catch his first muscalunge, but he had been out several times before he hooked one of the little warriors. When he did, the fun was furious for a while. The surface of the lake was like glass. As we skirted the shore there was a green forest beneath us as well as above us. As the spoons swept past an old tree top Stanley's rod dipped with the tug of a fish, and it was a gamy youngster. He made the most of his six pounds. Three or four times he went out of the water. But it was a cool hand at the butt of the rod, and the emerald-mailed fighter was brought safely to gaff. The boys insisted that I got excited; in fact, they said this each time a fish was caught. I denied it, but have a vague suspicion it was true. What's the use of catching fish if you don't get fun out of it? And I never could take my fun in profound silence, like a clam.

Stanley and John N. went home sooner than we hoped, but we were partly consoled by the arrival of Ira, who was inexperienced in roughing it, but who took bravely to the discomforts of camp life.

It was after his arrival that the four of us took the two boats and went up to Fisher Lake. We had to go up a winding creek where sometimes there was scarcely water enough to float the boats. Now and then a deep pool would give us a small-mouth bass weighing 2 or 3lbs. We did not meet with much luck at the lake. The only thing that broke the monotony of the day was Lawrence's good fortune in hooking a fish that would have weighed about 15lbs. We were casting when the fish seized the spoon and at once leaped frantically into the air. Then he went to work as though he knew all about Keeley's motor, and was using it to drive himself about through the water. Several times he was at the boat side, but would dash away at sight of the gaff. At last, with the line wrapped twice about his body, he gave a sudden, unexpected plunge which snapped both line and tip. If he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth he certainly went away with one there that day. On the way back to camp Tom and Ira met with a mishap. In shooting one of the rapids their boat struck a submerged boulder. Tom was standing up. As we swept around the bend we heard him shout "Hello, here!" and looking back, saw him pitching head first into the water. It was ludicrous enough. Ira was caught and drenched by the flood that poured over the side of the boat. We whistled and called, but there was an ominous silence. It was a great relief to us, physically, when the boys came into sight after their ducking, and looking cheerful enough to make it safe for us to laugh as loud as we wanted to. The boys themselves enjoyed the episode—after they got dry. Who can tell why it is that the most uncomfortable experiences of camp life are the very ones you get the most fun out of in "talking matters over?" I suppose it to be according to the law of compensation.

It was a day for regrets when we pulled down our tents and started for the railroad. We talked of the time when we would return. Whoever left a pleasant camping place without laying some such plan? But when we go back it shall be in the spring or fall. Then the fishing in this region is superb. Our hope is that we shall wet our lines in those waters when bass and muscalunge have the vim of cooler days and emptier stomachs. Lawrence and I lingered at Jim's house and fished in the nearby lakes for a few days after the others were gone. The queerest part of our catch during these days was a 'lunge that would ordinarily weigh about 5lbs. He was heavier when we got him, for he had recently swallowed a 2½lbs. bass. I couldn't see how he ever got the bass down his throat or kept him from kicking a hole in his stomach. And who can account for his dashing at the trolling spoon when he already had a whole commissary department inside of him?

We were well cared for by Jim's wife and her pretty daughter Polly, who accounted for her immunity from mosquito bites by saying she "guessed she was too hateful for 'em to bite her." Jim is a queer old woodsman. He has a couple of big black hounds which he hitches to a sled in winter, and drawn by them explores the country for new lakes against the time when outers begin to arrive. When John L. was sick and we were debating where we would better send for a doctor, Jim thought the one at Minocqua was the man because he had a "philosophy."

"What is a philosophy, Jim?"

"Wy, a consurn to run on the railroad."

It dawned on us gradually that a "philosophy" was a railroad velocipede. Having occasion to send him some money, he advised us to send it by express, because if we sent a bank draft "he would have to get some fellar up to Hurley to indemnify him." Jim knows the good fishing places better than he does his grammar. We were reluctant to turn away from his hospitable "hotel."

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

THE CLUBS OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

NO. VIII.—THE NORTH CHANNEL CLUB.

THE whole of the St. Clair Flats is by no means comprised in the narrow section lying along the present ship channel, and although the bulk of the club interests center at that point, there are clubs elsewhere on the Flats. Of these exceptions, we need pause to note only one, the North Channel Club. Of the St. Anne Club, on the Sui Carté, not enough was learned to warrant description in detail, and besides there is a space limit in all papers, as well as a last notch in the patience of all readers. But the North Channel Club we must mention, because it is so old and so able an organization.

This club house is some miles distant from those of which we have been speaking, and in the old ship course through the Flats known as the North Channel. As in all the other clubs, the building is on "made land." In front of this is a good dock and a walk to it. The club house is a good wooden building, with 28 sleeping rooms and a big club room, a fine ladies' parlor, dining room, gun room, etc. The floors are of hard wood and the main stairway is of cherry. All the furniture is very good, and the walls are well embellished with pictures of game birds and fishes. A noteworthy feature is the great fireplace, big enough to take in a small log. This is something that every club house should have for cold days. About the house is a wide veranda, about 150ft. long, which is something that every club house should have for warm weather.

The full name of the club is "The North Channel Shooting Club of Detroit." Unless we mistake, this is the oldest of the clubs we have struck, for it runs back 15 years. The articles of association run back to March 5, 1875. The first officers were Marcus Stevens, president; L. P. Knight, vice-president; James P. Donaldson, secretary; E. H. Butter, treasurer; and the signing members were the above gentlemen with R. W. King, Wm. C. Williams and Deming Jarvis. The capital stock was originally $10,000, consisting of 400 shares That made each share $25. To-day a share is held at $100, but no stock has been sold for five or six years. The annual dues are $15. There are now 100 members of North Channel Club.

This club is a business-like and regular sporting club, devoted to shooting and fishing. Its shooting ground is right at hand, only two or three miles from the house. It has 12,000 acres, or about six miles stretch of good shooting ground, including plenty of rice. Near by here are the white sand spawning grounds of Goose Bay. So many bass were speared here by the natives that the club tried to buy the water from the Government, but this it could not do. The earliest of the perch and pickerel fishing is over in this direction. The bass fishing there no longer amounts to anything, but the duck shooting remains good. Last spring was an exceptionally good season all over the Flats. Mr. McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, bagged 84 in one day, and bags of 30, 40, 50, etc., have not been uncommon. The birds are mostly redheads and bluebills.

In open water shooting the North Channel men use a very low double-ender, decked and coamed. For their marsh work some of them use the Rice Lake canoe, which is a veneer boat with much the lines of a birch, and generally reputed to be teetery and no good on earth for duck shooting. The boat house of North Channel cost $1,900, and is over 100ft. long. Over 200 boats are owned in the club, and there are two steam yachts, the Whistler, coal, owned by the club, and the Rustler, oil, owned by Mr. Brabaw, the steward. The steward is paid a salary and charges a rate per diem for board. The pusher's fee is $2 a day for fishing and $3 a day for shooting.

Some time ago mention was made in these columns of a supposed practice of stealing wild duck eggs by the Indians or half-breeds of Manitoba. This practice, if doubtful there, is certain nearer home. In a talk with the president of this club, Mr. R. D. Robinson, a very well posted and affable gentleman, he informed the writer that the French natives steal the wild duck eggs whenever they get a chance. These French seem to have no respect whatever for the game laws, if indeed they know there are any.

Mr. Robinson has been prominent in the efforts to secure proper legislation in the matter of game and fish laws, especially the latter, and has done all he could to secure their enforcement, the latter including the payment of $55 to a game warden out of his own pocket in one year. He may be supposed to be fairly well posted on what he talks about in the matter of fish supply about North Channel. Mr. Robinson says that the bass fishing is now absolutely worthless there. He does not think there were 10 bass caught all last year. Once they could catch all they wanted. Five years ago he once caught 30 bass in one day, 6 of which weighed 4½lbs. each. This failure of the bass supply he attributes to the seining, netting and spearing which has been so long pursued without let or hindrance. It should be remembered that it was over in this direction that so much of the seining was done that called out the voyage of "No. 11" and the Detroit wardens. Let us repeat here what was said last spring in these columns upon this subject, that no better way to stop these depredations could be found than to abolish the undefined county lines which cross these waters, and put the Flats and the Detroit River in the hands of one warden and an assistant or two. Provided with a good craft, such an officer could swoop down upon the law breakers when he was not expected. He would not be known and watched as a local warden is, and he would not be hampered with the fear that he was overstepping his own jurisdiction. As it is, in that watery country, it is next to impossible to locate, assert or prove county jurisdiction. Under the old system the game fish resources of this naturally magnificent region have, as we may at least see in this once abundant locality, been quite exhausted. By what shall we judge a system if not by its fruits? How long will the old folly of this system in the West continue?

The members of the North Channel Club must go some distance for bass fishing now, but sometimes they go far enough for a little fun. The club holds many baitcasters, and they prefer to a great extent the 8ft. split-bamboo, 8 to 9oz. in weight, and the Kentucky reel. The minnow is largely used in the deep-water fishing, and the crawfish is much liked for the small-mouths.

Following is the list of the North Channel Club as near as obtainable at this date: President, R. D. Robinson; Vice-President, Gilbert Hart; Secretary, J. Lathrop; Treasurer, Adam Wiley. Members of Detroit—W. B. Robinson, L. P. Knight, J. Lathrop, Wm. A. Butler, Jr., Jas. P. Donaldson, Julius Hess, W. H. Wheeler, Henry C. Penny, R. W. King, L. B. King, John Newell, William Kelley, Frank D. Black, Jefferson Wiley, John N. Ford, W. C. Colburn, Geo. B. Remick, James H. Caniff, Fred E. Butler, George Jerome, Benj. B. Campbell, Wm. A. McGraw, F. A. Baker, Geo. W. Bates, Hugh W. Dyar, Chas. O. Barnes, R. D. Robinson, A. C. McGraw, M. K. Cristy, C. G. Cristy, R. P. Toms. A. F. Holmes, Albert S. Austin, Jas. K. P. Norvell, James Beatty, C. E. Newcomb, W. C. Yawkey, Alfred E. Brush, Edwin F. Conely, Fred W. Clark, Chas. B. Lothrop, Geo. H. Lothrop, Geo. M. Savage, Henry Chandler, Edwin D. Sunderland, John B. Nichols, Henry W. Lord; of Cleveland, O.—L. Austin, A. E. Sterling, R. K. Winslow, E. M. Munson; of St. Louis, Mo.—James Richardson, France Chandler; of Niagara Falls, N. Y.—S. T. Murry, D. Isaac; of Rochester, N. Y.—W. F. Huntington, H. H. Morse, C. H. Babcock, S. C. Steele, Charles A. Hayden, A. B. Lambertson, H. H. Warner. W. S. Kimball, James C. Hart, Wm. I. Babcock; J. Hart Welch, Hartford, Conn.; H. C. Hobbs, Bridgeport, Conn.; Albert Stone, Boston, Mass.; T. McGaw, Toronto, Ont.; Henry J. Taylor, St. Catharines, Ont.

The summer life of the Flats is joyous and happy, and no one, whatever be his position in life or his occupation on the spot, is free from the infection of the sweet donothingness or from the democracy of the local genius. Quite this much may be said of the feminine element resident or transient thereabout. As I paddled quietly up to the cabin yacht, at the close of my day's labor along the channel, I heard a sound of laughter and mingling voices, and soon learned that the boat had been boarded by a flock of maidens from the hotels near by. These were entertained by Messrs. Parker and Wherry, who in all gravity showed them the resources of the craft, and explained the why and wherefore of everything aboard, even going so far as to remove all scoffing at the culinary ability of the three navigators of No. 11 by making them a cup of coffee and washing the dishes afterward in their presence. The moon was out in splendor that evening. The level wrinkling sea lay far and wide beyond our sturdy little ship, and across it, dim and ghostly in the rising mist, glided the sails of many boats coming and going like dreams in the night. The scene quieted even the merry party on board our boat. On the rail of the deck sat one young girl, whose head might have served as the model for the painting of the "Neapolitan Fisherboy," so dark was the hair, so dreamy the eyes and so innocent all the features. After the fashion of young girls, this maiden gazed thoughtfully up at the moon, dreaming no one knows what. Kindly the moon spread her spell upon the land and water, mellowing the outlines of the shore, making noble palaces out of the structures near by and softening the distant ones into merely vague suggestiveness. The breeze just barely whispered on the silvered sails. If there were shadows they lay beyond and one could not see them. Quiet, peaceful, beautiful, almost melancholy in the exquisite tenderness of its absolute repose, this scene was one to charm the heart, yet tantalize the mind that would attempt to fix or measure it. We can not measure dreams. And here, certainly, was simply a dream of the elements, delicate, intangible, a figment of the relaxed and resting mind of the Universe. Only the words of a dream, then, would fit it and the drowsy mind may have whispered to the sleeping sails the lines which the half-wizard poet is said to have composed while in a dream—of that land of the mystic East, where once did Kubla Khan:

"A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

175 MONROE STREET, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

III.—A PAIL OF FRY.

IN the summer of '87 we made a trip to Lake Nanon for the purpose of stocking it with trout. None of this system contained trout, or other fish, naturally. They were stocked in '65 or '66, and so suitable did the waters prove to the well-doing of the original fry that in eighteen years the waters were teeming with large trout. Lake Nanon had never been stocked and, like the others, it was impossible for it to become so, naturally. So one windy day B. and I took a covered pail, with eight small trout in it, and started on a weary climb. For a mile our way was comparatively level and little streams were close enough together to renew the water on the fish. The pail was a small one and the water needed frequent renewal, especially so on account of the size of the fish, which were all 9 or 10in. long, the smallest we could procure. The last half-mile gave us a climb of 500ft. This must be accomplished up, or near, the little channel of the stream, which flowed out of the lake, as nowhere else could we procure water. If we could have chosen any route it would have been easy enough. But the road we had to scale was a corker. The rocks were bare of vegetation and slippery with the action of the stream, which, in high water, spread itself all over the face of the cliff. The rocks we were climbing lay exactly under the direct rays of the sun and the heated granite would almost burn one's feet. B. soon played out, so that he could not relieve me in carrying the fish, and I sent him ahead by an easier route. It is said that virtue is its own reward, but I doubted it that day. A hundred times did I wish those fish in Sheol, but pride prevented giving up the job. Once I had a narrow escape from serious accident, and probable death. I had slowly wormed my way up an almost perpendicular ascent of 75ft. and finally reached a point beyond which it was impossible to proceed. By leaping from the point I was on, across a deep cleft in the rock, it was possible to alight on a projection that would hold and give an easier pathway. It was a dangerous attempt, but I was stranded and must take the chance. Balancing carefully for the attempt I leaped and landed short. My feet slipped on the treacherous granite and to save myself I dropped the pail, and away it went, clattering down the cliff, and as I clung desperately to a cleft with my fingers I could see the trout go kicking down in different directions. I am not as active as I was 30 years ago and this was no joke. My whole weight depended on my fingers, as the rock fell away underneath, so that I had no foothold. Something had to be done and that right quick. A larger and deeper cleft existed in the rock, two feet below the one I had my fingers in, and letting go with one hand I clutched at it and let go with the other. Being no acrobat my hold was not sure and away I went, down the cliff after the pail and fish. Nothing but a merciful chance saved my life. Twenty-five feet below a small shrub had gained a foothold in the rock and I fell fairly into it. It sustained my weight, and after a moment I regained my breath, which the fall had knocked out of me, and clambered down to the bottom. I regained the pail, got fresh water in it and "went a fishing." The trout had all landed in a pothole but one and it was gasping its life away on the hot rocks. I had no difficulty in getting them all, and choosing a new route got to the top. Soon afterward I gained the lake shore and had the satisfaction of liberating my captives in its pure waters. All but one swam away into the depths, and that one turned his belly up and feebly worked his gills. Whether he ever recovered or not I do not know, but alive or dead he cost me a hard half hour to get him there. B. wanted to know what kept me so long behind him, but he got no satisfactory reply, and when he sees this he will know for the first time. My arms were sore for a week afterward and one hip was so bruised as to give me much pain for several days. This year, in August probably, I intend to see if our labors were repaid, as I intend giving a half a day to whipping Nanon's placid bosom. The story does not sound much in the telling, but it was mighty interesting to me at the time. AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TROUT AT THE UPPER DAM.

MR. EDWARD A. SAMUELS sends us the following list of large trout taken at the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, Me., this year. The list was furnished by Mr. J. A. French, of French's Hotel:

		Lbs.			Lbs.
Aug.	29.	T. B. Stewart	6½	Sept. 9. Henry Swett	5 5/16
"	29.	T. D. Parker	6¼	" 10. T. B. Stewart	6 9/16
"	30.	W. J. Reynolds	4½	" 11. C. E. Marston	6¾
"	31.	J. A. French	6¾	" 12. T. B. Stewart	5
Sept.	1.	T. B. Stewart	8 8/16, 6 2/16	" 15. W. H. Fullerton	5 3/16
"	1.	C. H. Barber	4	" 15. R. N. Parish	7 5/16
"	3.	T. Parker	6 6/16	" 19. R. N. Parish	6¼
"	5.	O. S. Osgood	9½	" 22. R. N. Parish	7¾
"	7.	W. A. Drake	6½	" 23. F. W. Lond	6½
"	7.	F. Braggnotte	4	" 24. R. N. Parish	6 14/16
"	7.	J. P. Elton	7¾	" 26. W. J. Reynolds	6 6/16
"	8.	J. P. Elton	7 1/16	" 29. J. A. French	4 14/16
"	8.	Miss M. R. Horton	6 1/16	" 30. R. N. Parish	8 14/16

All of these trout were taken on the fly at the Upper Dam. I think there were two or three others that I did not weigh, so did not get them down. J. A. FRENCH.

LAKE MELISSA.—Mr. H. P. Ufford sends us, apropos of Lake Melissa and Buck's Mill Pond, the following extracts from a letter from Dr. Langdon, which may be of interest to many of our readers who are familiar with those Minnesota localities: "GREENWOOD, Minn., Oct. 4.—The place is now overrun with cottages. There are six on the west of Greenwood and four or five east. The beauty of the place is nearly gone, to my mind. We (Mrs. F. and I) went out the other day and caught 19 small-mouth bass in about an hour. She caught 14 and I 5. They were nearly all of them full of spawn. They were caught on the bar at Rocky Point. A few days later Burns, Starling and Mary caught 26, I believe. Our 19 weighed 5¾lbs., which was a big catch of small-mouth bass. They are putting in a new dam at the Mill Ponds, and will raise the water in the lake about a foot when it is finished. I understand they are to put in a fishway, but I'll believe it when I see it, for they have been talking about it for the past three years. They made some money this year running a small steamer down to Melissa twice a day, and as they only charged 50 cents a round trip, they were well sustained. They are to build a dock somewhere on our shore and have a regular landing, and continue running the boats next year. If they succeed in fixing the ponds so they can run through, they will make trips down there when necessary. They have leased the hotel at Detroit to parties who intend keeping it open all the year around, which will be a big improvement over the old way."

BLACK BASS NOTES.—In Pleasant Pond, New London, N. H., black bass have not generally been caught after September 15. On the 4th of October, however, nine of these fish, averaging over 1lb. each, were taken in this pond, and during the same week twenty bass were caught in a day in Webster Lake, N. H. A few years ago October was one of the best months of the year for taking black bass in Sunapee Lake by trolling with the fly. Now they go into deep water in September, and are not taken at all in October. It might be possible to catch them in their winter quarters, if we may judge from the successful fishing at Big Stream (Glenora), Seneca Lake, N. Y., in the early part of October. Here in 40 or 50ft. of water large numbers of bass were taken with live minnows. We have often remarked upon the game qualities of this fish, and in this connection were interested to hear the following account from Mr. Langdon, of Plymouth, N. H.: Last August, in Lake Waukewan, he caught a 3¼lb. black bass on the smallest Montreal fly. The bass left the water a dozen times before he was landed, and twice made two consecutive jumps, leaving the water and instantly leaping again as soon as his tail touched the surface.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER POLLUTION.—Bainbridge, Pa.—This year the fishing in the Susquehanna has been a failure. In the first place the river has been too full of water, keeping the stream muddy nearly all summer; in the second place, the great flood of last summer having washed the grass out of the river, the bass could find no harbor in their old haunts and have gone to deep, rocky

parts of the stream, where they are hard to find; third, our river is too much polluted with the offal of the coal mines. At the present writing the river is nearly as black as ink on the east side. The west side, below the Conewago Falls, is polluted by the York Haven paper mill, as all the refuse matter of that establishment is thrown into the river; fourth, we do not seem to have one-tenth the fish we had here five years ago. Then, at this time of the year, one could see hundreds of young bass from two to four inches long, while now it is rare to see one along the shores. "Salmon" are just as scarce as the bass, one is caught occasionally, and in moments of despondency I sometimes think that fishing in our lovely river is practically played out.—J. T. Bare.

AN INVESTMENT FOR A LIFE-TIME.

The *American Grocer* has this to say about fishermen and a fisherman's book—Mr. Samuel's "With Fly-Rod and Camera": This is a volume calculated to interest, instruct and amuse large numbers with various tastes or hobbies, yet all lovers of nature. It is difficult for one not by nature or acquisition an expert angler to comprehend their enthusiasm for the sport, nor can we share in the pleasure the narration of their experience affords.

A New York millionaire, who rarely finds time for an outing, returned from a fishing excursion in Canadian rivers, where he was successful in landing a thirty-pound salmon, boiling over with good feeling, declaring that he would give $1,000 for the repetition of his experience in landing that salmon. Recently we yielded to the enthusiasm of the parson, whose excitement in landing a 6¾lbs. black bass at Budd's Lake had not subsided, accepting his invitation to spend a day in seeking for another like experience. Eleven hours in the broiling sun landing every now and then a perch, catfish or "tunny," cooled our ardor but did not dampen his. The true angler is never disheartened. One victory with fly-rod, one proof of skill, will keep up his courage for a life-time.

The "true fly-fisher is ever satisfied with a moderate creel, and is content with the scientific and skillful capture of a few good fish. The beauties of nature, as revealed in his surroundings, the sparkling water, the shadow and sunshine, the rustling leaves, the song of the birds, the hum of insects, the health-giving breeze," the wooded lakes, studded with islands, or bordered by rocky palisades, the running, merry, musical brook, or dashing mountain stream, the quiet pools, are all so many passengers of joy and comfort, bringing in their train health and pleasure. Thrice blessed is the angler, who finds delight in a camera or has a love for botany or the sciences generally. Then the flowers talk with him and the rocks tell tales, and he is never solitary when in search of "the gamy denizens of the rivers and lakes."

If you cannot enjoy these pleasures, or having enjoyed them, are debarred from their repetition, then live the experience over and over again, as you turn the pages of the elegant book noted above. It is illustrated with 150 plates, made from photographs taken by the author, whose admirable selections of subjects deserve better treatment at the hands of the engraver. Some of the reproductions are fine; others require the aid of a powerful glass to reveal their charm. They show the wondrous beauty of Canadian rivers, the lakes and streams of Maine, the scenery about Cape Breton, views of camps, Indians, bunches of salmon, sea trout, striped bass; instaneous pictures of "Landing a Salmon;" "Casting a Fly;" "Time for the Landing Net." One of the finest is "The Upper Pool" on the Cascapedia and "Famous Salmon Pool on the Margaree River, Cape Breton."

The text is free from technical statements, containing many descriptions of fish and their habits told in dialogue. The book is of great value to the amateur, for it touches upon almost every detail of fly-fishing, of camp life, of experiences, excursions, catches, exciting struggles, of difficulties encountered, numerous victories won, the hard fight, as when it required half an hour to land a "togue" weighing 16lbs., or the struggle with salmon, one of which weighed 48lbs., the taking of thirty fine salmon by four rods in three days on the Cascapedia. The habits of fish, method of fishing, the tackle, the fly, the blunders of the inexperienced, making the cast, and other important little things connected with the angler's art are noted.

This work is a splendid volume to place in the hands of the youth, particularly such as show an inclination for angling, that are fond of the forest and stream and who have an artistic side to their nature which needs a little stimulus. It will prove an investment that will return an income throughout one's life. A fine book is one of the best of companions, and "Fly-Rod and Camera" is one that will be read and re-read with pleasure.

Fishculture.

A YEARLING LANDLOCKED SALMON.

At the State hatchery at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, small landlocked salmon frequently come from the brook into the tanks in which breeding fish are kept. An example 5½in. long, which made its appearance Oct. 11, 1890, showed the following color in life: Ground color, lemon-yellow on the sides, the back with a faint tinge of olive; 15 to 20 reddish-orange roundish spots both above and below the median line, the largest about ⅓ as big as the pupil; nine parr marks, the deepest of them scarcely longer than the eye; five well defined saddle-shaped dark bands across the top of the back, all of them except the fifth continuing downward into the parr marks; upper half of body and head profusely black spotted, none of the spots much exceeding the pupil in size; two roundish black spots on the gill cover; the dorsal fin with black spots in about three series, those near the base of the fin largest and most distinct; the adipose fin has three large dusky blotches; the tail fin is obliquely marked with long, narrow, dusky blotches and with a dusky margin posteriorly, nearly as wide as the eye; the under surface of the head and belly, as far as the vent, are milky white; the pectoral, ventral and anal fins suffused with pale yellow intermingled with dusky and with a narrow whitish margin in front.

The position of the breast fins at certain times is peculiar, the inner and terminal margins being raised up while the anterior margin is depressed. This is more noticeable when the fish is frightened.

The increase of the landlocked salmon in Sunapee Lake is very gratifying, and the size reached by this beautiful species is a sure indication of the value of the landlocked smelt as food for the larger *Salmonidæ*. A salmon weighing 14½lbs. was taken during the past season by Mr. Walter Aiken, and among the breeding fish are a number of examples exceeding 10lbs. in weight.

MASKINONGE HATCHERY FOR ONTARIO.—A project is on foot, fathered by Mr. H. Calcutt, for the stocking of the rivers and lakes in this district with maskinonge fry. Mr. Calcutt intents circulating a petition asking the Government to establish a hatchery in the Otonabee river or Rice Lake, or any other suitable place, for the propagating of maskinonge. Mr. Calcutt's idea is to inclose a portion of marsh so as to prevent inroads from eels and large fish, and within this inclosure place the spawn for hatching. At present the great drawback to fish breeders is that bass and eels gobble up nearly all the small fry before they are big enough to take care of themselves. It is proposed to keep the fry in the Otonabee hatchery for a year or so under the charge of Mr. Gilchrist, Inspector, until they reach a fair size. Then they may be turned into the river and Rice Lake, and transplanted in Stony Lake and its tributaries. The cost of the thing would be trifling, Inspector Gilchrist says he can easily procure all the spawn required, and the building of the inclosure would be a small matter. The whole cost would be more than defrayed by the fees paid by American sportsmen for the privilege of fishing in these waters. The addition of a million maskinonge fry every year would in the course of a few years sensibly increase the value of our fishing grounds and attract more visitors, while affording our own people better sport. The minnows would not be set at liberty until they were the length of a finger, so that a very small proportion would become prey for the larger fishes. The Government encourages the breeding of whitefish and bass, but as yet no attempt has been made to propagate maskinonge. It is to be hoped Mr. Calcutt will be heartily supported in his efforts toward this end. He has already received considerable encouragement from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Hon. Mr. Tupper, who, during his visit to Peterborough a few weeks ago, promised to give any such scheme his support. As the cost would be small, there is great hope that the Government will establish the hatchery. Mr. Calcutt's petition will be circulated in the town and county of Peterborough. All sportsmen will feel an interest in it, and those devoted to piscatorial pleasures will be doubly interested in the success of the appeal. The petition will, no doubt, be warmly supported.—*Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 2 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COURSING.

Oct. 21 to 25.—Fifth Annual Meet of the American Coursing Club, at Great Bend, Kan. I. D. Brougher, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Rosa Lee (Dr. John A. Hartman), black, white and tan bitch (Berry V.—Ferguson's Ruby).

Rod Gem (E. W. Clark, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, October, 1885 (Roderigo—Gem).

Ben Hur Franklin (W. B. Smith), lemon and white dog (Ike—Leda).

Jack (Samuel Goodman), August, 1886.

Ezra Noble (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan dog, May 5, 1888 (Count Noble—Alphonsine).

Clementine (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch, Oct. 2, 1889 (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.).

Sleepy Noble (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch, Oct. 2, 1889 (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.).

Perseverance (Ezra Comfort), black, white and tan bitch, April 13, 1886 (Chalkley D.—Cassino Gladstone).

Rock (R. Masden Vaughn), lemon and white dog, April 17, 1885 (Duke—Nell).

Edge Mark (Francis S. Brown), black, white and tan dog, February, 1888 (Skidmore—Flo Maclin).

Katie Noble (Francis G. Taylor), black, white and tan bitch, December, 1885 (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

King's Mark (Col. B. Ridgway), blue belton dog, April 12, 1886 (King Noble—Belle Belton).

Sue Noble (Col. B. Ridgway), black and white bitch, November, 1887 (Count Noble—Fannie W.).

Prince (J. A. Stovell), liver and white dog.

Larry Noble (H. Fitzgerald), orange and white dog, Oct. 2, 1889 (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.).

GORDON SETTERS.

King Item (H. F. Smith), dog (Little Boy—champion Roxie), Aug. 27, 1888.

Countess Roxie (H. F. Smith), bitch (Little Boy—champion Roxie), Aug. 27, 1888.

Flash (B. F. Hall), dog.

Shot (B. F. Hall), dog.

IRISH SETTERS.

Larry S. (Fred Maher), dog (champion Chief—Leigh Doane), 1885.

Rockwood Chance (Chas. T. Thompson), bitch (Desmond II.—Leda Glencho), Jan. 3, 1889.

POINTERS.

Rock II. (Connell & Cullen), liver and white dog (Graphic—Lady Belle), July 22, 1887.

Fan Fan (Connell & Cullen), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Lady Belle), July 22, 1887.

Victor the Blue Stocking (John B. Ellison), liver and white bitch (Beaufort—Zuba), May, 1885.

Tempest (J. H. Winslow), liver and white dog (Beppo III. Lass of Bow), July, 1888.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Rosa Lee (Dr. John A. Hartman), black, white and tan bitch (Berry V.—Ferguson's Ruby), March 28, 1888.

Rod Gem (E. W. Clark, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Gem), October, 1885.

Ezra Noble (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Alphonsine), May 6, 1888.

Clementine (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1888.

Sleepy Noble (L. Shuster, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1889.

Hazel (John B. Ellison), black, white and tan bitch (Baron—Hazel).

Perseverance (Ezra Comfort), black, white and tan bitch (Chalkley D.—Cassino Gladstone), April 11, 1886.

Rock (B. Masden Vaughn), lemon and white dog (Duke—Nell), April 17, 1885.

Edgemark (Francis S. Brown), black, white and tan dog (Skidmore—Flo), February, 1888.

Katie Noble (Francis G. Taylor), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Queen Meg), December, 1885.

List Noble (Francis G. Taylor), orange and white bitch (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone).

King's Mark (Col. B. Ridgway), blue belton dog (King Noble—Belle Belton), April 12, 1886.

Sue Noble (Col. B. Ridgway), black and white bitch (Count Noble—Fannie W.), November, 1887.

Prince (J. A. Stovell), liver and white dog.

GORDON SETTERS.

King Item (H. F. Smith), dog (Little Boy—champion Roxie), Aug. 27, 1888.

Countess Roxie (H. F. Smith), bitch (Little Boy—champion Roxie), Aug. 27, 1888.

Flash (B. F. Hall), dog.

Spot (B. F. Hall), dog.

IRISH SETTERS.

Larry S. (Edward Maher), dog (champion Chief—Leigh Doane), 1885.

Spinaway (Dr. G. G. Davis), bitch (Chief—Nellie), Aug. 18, 1888.

Silk (Dr. G. G. Davis), bitch (Chief—Gypsy Maid), Sept. 5, 1888.

Rockwood Chance (Charles T. Thompson), dog (Desmond II.—Leda Glencho), Jan. 3, 1889.

Rockwood (Charles T. Thompson), dog (Desmond II.—Luray II.), October, 1888.

Desmond II. (Wm. H. Weiss), dog (Frisco—Grouse II.), 1886.

POINTERS.

Rock II. (Connell & Cullen), liver and white dog (Graphic—Lady Belle), July 22, 1887.

Fan Fan (Connell & Cullen), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Lady Belle), July 22, 1887.

Victor the Blue Stocking (John B. Ellison), liver and white bitch (Beaufort—Zuba), May, 1885.

Tempest (J. H. Winslow), liver and white dog (Beppo III. —Lass of Bow), July, 1888.

White Fawn (J. H. Winslow), lemon and white bitch (Grafton—Ethel), May, 1887.

Inspiration (Francis G. Taylor), lemon and white dog (Bang Bang—Telie Dock), Aug. 10, 1888.

David of Delphos (J. W. M. Cardeza), liver, white and ticked dog (Dick of Delphos—Westmoreland Bessie), Aug. 26, 1888.

Gambol (Wm. H. Weiss), lemon and white dog (Gough—Larkspur), 1886.

Cronie Wise (P. Henry O'Bannon), lemon and white bitch (Croxteth—Young Butch), Nov. 24, 1887.

DERBY ENTRIES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Albert's Duchess (John A. Hartman), white, black and tan bitch (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton), Feb. 14, 1888.

Reverly (Francis S. Taylor), black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Mildred), February, 1889.

Buster (B. Ridgway), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Cricket), March, 1889.

Clementine (Lawrence Thurston, Jr.); black, white and tan bitch (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1889.

Jean (John B. Ellison), black, white and tan bitch (Eritz—Hazel), Oct. 8, 1889.

Larry Noble (Hil. Fitzgerald), orange and white dog Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1889.

Lucy Noble (W. B. Smith), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Alphonsine), 1889,

Madge (George Fox), bitch (Gun—Victoria), Sept. 12, 1889.

Old Smed (Lawrence Shuster, Jr.), black and white dog (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1889.

Peg Woffington (Francis S. Brown), black, white and tan bitch (Ben Hill—Nora), March 17, 1890.

——— (Gerhard Schreiber), orange and white dog (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), Oct. 2, 1889.

POINTERS.

Beauty Spot (W. M. Cardeza), liver and white bitch (Half-and-Half—Fayette), July 4, 1889.

Bessie Item (Hil. Fitzgerald), orange and white bitch (Gambol—Mollie R.), Jan. 19, 1890.

Bob Toland (John B. Ellison), dog (Victor the Blue Stocking—Charlotte Corday), Oct. 12, 1889.

Duchess of Hessen (J. H. Winslow), liver and white bitch (Duke of Hessen—Duchess of Waterloo), July, 1889.

Jack Ellison (J. H. Winslow), liver and white dog (Victor the Blue Stocking—Charlotte Corday), Oct. 12, 1889.

London (George Fox), dog (Beaumont— ———), October, 1889.

Sparkle (Dr. G. S. Davis) (Desmond II.—Lorraine), died after she was entered in the Derby.

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

The entries for the International Field Trials, commencing Monday, Nov. 3, so far as received, are given below. The date of closing entries has been extended to the 22d inst., and it is expected a few more entries will be received. The farmers in the vicinity of Louisville have very kindly consented to allow the trials to be run on their farms, where birds are very plentiful. The entries number so far 39, 23 in the All-Aged and 16 in the Derby, of which 24 are English setters, 2 Irish setters, 1 Gordon setter, and 12 pointers. Following are the entries:

ALL-AGED STAKES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Mingo II. (John Mercer), black and white dog (Mingo—Lady Thunder).

George (J. B. Field), black and white dog (Mingo—Ban).

Canadian Jester (T. G. Davey), blue belton dog (Knight of Snowdon—Leddersdale).

Belle of Kent (Thos. Guttridge), roan belton bitch (Mark—Dyke).

Ightfield Ranger (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), black, white and tan dog (Dick Windom—Peep Bo).

Ightfield Rosa (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white bitch (Ross—Pitti Sing).

Speculator (Dr. Totten), orange and white dog (Fred W. —Queen of the South).

Carrie T. (Dr. Totten), black, white and tan bitch (Banker—Belle).

Pitti Sing (Thos. Johnson), liver and white bitch (Baron Doveridge—Norah).

Dover (C. A. Davidson), black, white and tan dog (Dashing Berwyn—Romp).

Maggy Bee (F. W. Eddy), black, white and tan bitch (Kink—Lucy Bee).

Dinah C. (W. B. Wells), black and white bitch (Mingo—Fausta II.).

Cambriana (W. B. Wells), black, white and tan bitch (Cambridge—Romp).

Matane (W. B. Wells), black, white and tan dog (Mark J. —Cambria).

Clinker (T. H. Nelson), lemon and white dog (Kink—Fausta II.).

GORDON SETTERS.

Gordo (J. L. Campbell), black and tan dog (Royal Duke—Norah).

POINTERS.

Ightfield Dick (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white dog (Dick III.—Belle of Bow).

Ightfield Guelph (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white bitch (Bang's Boy—Linda).

Ightfield Deuce (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white bitch (Wynnstay—Dainty).

HOPE PACTZEL (Fred W. Shaw), liver and white dog (Fowler—Shultz).
IGHTFIELD BLYTHE (Thomas Johnson), liver and white bitch (Dancer—Ightfield Bloom).
BREEZO (R. G. Hervey), liver dog.
MARCUS (R. G. Hervey), liver dog.

DERBY STAKES.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MINGO II. (John Mercer), black and white dog (Mingo—Lady Thunder).
ION (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), black and white dog (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).
PHŒNESSA (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), black and white dog (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).
DART (Dodds & Mathers), black and white bitch (Fakir—Star).
FOREST SPORT (Forest Kennels), black and white dog (Locksley—Forest Queen).
BELLE (Montague Smith), blue belton bitch (Banker—Belle).
LADY SPOT (Jos. Kime), black, white and liver bitch (Mingo—Lady Thunder).
LADY PATCH (Jos. Kime), black, white and tan bitch (Mingo—Lady Thunder).
MANITOBA FRISK (Amory R. Starr), black and white dog (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle).

IRISH SETTERS.

DAN O'CONNELL (L. Hillsengarden), dog.
EMERALD ISLE (Dr. McLean), bitch.

POINTERS.

IGHTFIELD UPTON (Thos. Johnson), liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peacham).
BEACON (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peacham).
TYKE (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Perdita).
EATON (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), white and liver dog (Ightfield Dick—Duke of Westminster's Bess).
WESTMINSTER DRAKE (T. G. Davey), liver and white dog (Lad of Bow—Kate VIII).

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Indiana Kennel Club's All-Aged Stakes closed Oct. 1 with 26 entries—14 English setters, 2 Irish setters and 11 pointers—as follows:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

QUAIL (Hon. Harry S. New), black, white and tan bitch (Change—Flora).
NANNIE B. (Dr. J. A. McLeod), lemon and white bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
LADY RAPIER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Count Rapier—Donna J.).
PRINCE LUCIFER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).
BENDIGO (T. P. Bissell), orange and white dog (Shot—Fly).
LILLIE BURGESS (Geo. A. Day), orange and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Esther).
SAM WELLER (W. T. Hunter), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Dixie).
JUBILEE (J. M. Freeman), black, white and ticked dog (Gath's Mark—Esther).
JERRY MANDAN (R. B. Morgan), black and white dog (Mandan—Prairie Belle).
STEELE (R. B. Morgan), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Flora M.).
FLORA (Geo. G. Ware), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Clara).
DON'S NELLIE (A. H. Fowler), black and white bitch (McDuff—Fame).
DAN FOREMAN (A. H. Fowler), black, white and tan dog (Foreman—Miss Elsie).
LONE JACK (Royal Robinson) black and white dog (Change (Queen B.).

IRISH SETTERS.

FANNIE M. (Thos. Morse), bitch.
DON ARCH (A. W. Archibald), dog (Dude—Flipper).

POINTERS.

CROXLILL (Harry J. Smith), liver and white bitch (Croxteth—Daisy).
LASS OF BLOOMO (W. T. Hunter), liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo).
BOUNCE (G. W. Amory), liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).
DOLLY C. (Joseph Crugour), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Marguerite).
GYP (Dr. T. S. Hucker), lemon and white dog.
BERTRALDO (Hon. J. E. Guinotte), liver and white dog (Cornerstone—Bessie Buford).
INDEX (R. P. Daggett), liver and white dog (Ossian—Nellie E.).
HOOSIER HARRY (H. A. Comstock), liver and white dog (Devonshire Sam—Gipsey).
THOMASTONE (W. H. Holmes), liver and white dog (Cornerstone—Firenzi).
PICKWICK (Madison & McGuffin), liver and white dog (Graphic—Marguerite).
RODMAN (W. B. Allen), liver and white dog (Rod—Belle).

P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

THE COURSING MEET.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

GREAT BEND, Kansas, Oct. 21.—The meeting has a decided damper in the hard rain which put a stop to everything. There will be no running to-day, but we hope to see things moving to-morrow. There are sixteen entries in the All-Aged Stakes and ten in the Puppy Stakes. The class of dogs on hand is of the highest grade ever yet seen at a meet here, and the winner must do some good work before he comes out on top. E. HOUGH.

COLLIES IN AMERICA.—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the remark of your correspondent J. W., we beg to say that there is no likelihood of any change, either in the management or interest taken in the Chestnut Hill Kennels; but we are of the opinion that in view of the fact that the United States now have as good blood as can be found in the world, and many dogs are coming out at the shows year by year that could compete in the best ranks in England, it is not likely that importations will continue to any great extent. We hope to have plenty of good youngsters to show next winter and spring, but feel that we must be prepared to meet the severest competition. We mention, merely for the interest of breeders, that we have seen more good collie bitches distributed over the country within the last 18 months, than have been called to our attention since we have been interested in the breed. These are most of them American-bred, and we shall expect, from this fact, that next year—even more than the present one—will show such an improvement in the general run of collies upon the show benches, that it will be patent almost to everybody that breeders in this country are now well on the way—already reached by many of those in England—of being comparatively sure, with judicious mating, of securing invariably typical stock. The disadvantage hitherto has not been lack of good stud dogs, but lack of good typical brood bitches.—THE CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS.

DOG CHAT.

THE great coursing event of the year at Great Bend, Kansas, is now in full swing, and news of the results of the different stakes will be looked for anxiously. This year especially, for two of our Eastern greyhounds, Mr. Belmont's Minnie Staton and Mr. J. H. Watson's Drytime, will take part in the fun. "Our only German" and Mr. Watson started on their long journey Oct. 11. We do not know much of Drytime's capabilities, but she is bred to go, for is she not by Britain Still out of Haytime? Minnie Staton we know can hold her own with most of them, as shown in the easy manner in which she mowed down her opponents at the Eastern Coursing Club's meet last New Year's day. We hear that both have been put into good fettle. Mr. Phister, of Cincinnati, writes us that he has already sent to the meeting his three greyhounds, Norwegian, who is a half brother to the great Fullerton, Belle of Eltham, his litter sister, and Nettlefield, the latter by Dick Dog out of Cambarne. Belle of Eltham is particularly fast. They have been put in the hands of Dr. Von Hummell, and having been several weeks out there, they will ere this have become accustomed to the plains. Although these dogs have only just about recovered from their fearful experiences on the voyage over, being three of those Col. North so generously donated to Mr. Phister in the early summer, they will no doubt give a good account of themselves, and the half-way State of Ohio may scoop in some of the ducats. Mr. Phister tells us that he has decided to show these dogs on the circuit next spring, and will put them in charge of Mr. Williams, of the Rookwood-Landseer Kennels.

The great meeting at Merced, Cal., will no doubt be well attended, for there are many good greyhounds owned on the Pacific coast, and the announcement of the goodly sum the International Coursing Association has collected for prizes, has put life into all the greyhound men. After a week's rest from their labors at Great Bend, most of the hounds will journey to the Merced plateau. Among the list of probable entries we notice Midnight, a son of old Mother Demdike, by Friday Night, and also two of his sons out of Peasant Girl.

Speaking of the Great Bend meeting, reminds us of the solid silver cup the National Greyhound Club of this city is giving for the winner of the All-Aged Stake, and a picture of which we set before our readers this week. Though only



THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB CUP.

organized this summer, this specialty club has made rapid strides and now counts some fifty-six members on the roll, among whom are all the prominent greyhound men of the country, and several new members will be balloted for at the coming meeting. We have also received photos of the proposed medal which the club intends to donate at the different shows. On the obverse side will be several scenes in the field, in which deerhounds, greyhounds and the Barzoi take part, on the reverse is a sort of coat of arms, with a greyhound and a deerhound holding up a shield, something after the style of the lion and unicorn in the English coat of arms. The medal is to be 3in. in diameter, and of solid silver. The rough design was made by Mr. Huntington, who has already done so much for the breed in this country. These medals are intended to be the finest of the kind ever offered in this country.

We understand there is to be a bench show of dogs in connection with the Rhode Island Poultry Association, at Providence, this winter. Properly managed a good show of dogs ought to be the result, for it is some time since a show was held there, and being easy of access from New York and Boston, no doubt, with proper judges, the right kind of dogs can be secured. There is this to be said in the matter, if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing right. *Verb sap.*

We are also in receipt of a circular which states that a dog show will be given by the Central City Kennel Club, in connection with the Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Jackson, Mich., Jan. 10 to 14. The show will be held under Kennel Club rules, but as we cannot find their name on the list of recognized shows we think they are wrong in holding forth the assertion that their wins will be counted by the A. K. C. Mr. C. W. Sarvis will be superintendent and Major J. M. Taylor, of New York, will judge all classes. The show will be held in the Assembly Hall and good prizes are promised.

Mr. Mercer's bad luck sticks to him, for we hear that the Clumber, Bromine's pups are all dead. This is a pity, as with Boss's fine body and the bitch's good head, something out of common was expected from the union. "Clumber" also tells us he has sold an interest in his kennel to Mr. W. H. Middleton, a nephew of Gen. Sir Fred Middleton, late Commander in Chief of the Canadian Army. They intend to import the best that can be procured in England. Other news from Ottawa is that Mr. Keyes's good cocker bitch, Rideau Flossie, second in open class at Ottawa, nearly succumbed to distemper after the show, though two years old. Our correspondent asks, "Where would the puppies be?" The Clumber, Snow, if she recovers, will be bred to The Cardinal next time.

We understand that Mr. C. L. Wilton, of New York, has purchased from Mr. Mortimer his smooth fox-terrier Suffolk Risk, by Raffle out of Suffolk Syren. Mr. Wilton is to be congratulated on the purchase, as he is certainly about the best home bred one in the country, as the following winnings will show: First dog puppies, first Fox-Terrier Club's Grand Produce Stakes, first Stud Dog Stakes and special for best puppy of either sex, New York, 1890. The price paid was a long one. This gentleman is also the owner of Brockenhurst Quick, which he imported during the summer. While on the subject of fox-terriers we may mention that the large sum of $3,000 has been sent over to the tight little island, to be the medium of exchange for the best that can be procured of this breed, one dog and two bitches. This ought to secure some of the cracks; in fact, the best of them if the proper man handles the money and knows what he is about.

Our correspondent from Hamilton, Ont., writes us that "The executive committee of the Hamilton Kennel Club met Oct. 16, and after hearing the opinions of the leading dog owners and breeders in Canada and the U. S. A., decided that it would be unwise to hold a bench show until next fall. It was decided that the show was to be given in September, but no positive date was fixed upon, as the other Canadian Kennel Club will be corresponded with, with a view to arranging a complete Canadian circuit with separate and non-conflicting dates. It was decided, however, in the meantime to give a series of members' meetings during the winter, at which the various breeds of dogs will be described by competent judges and club diplomas given to the members producing the best specimens of the breeds under consideration, if bred by themselves. It is thought that this will tend to arouse much interest, and it may induce some dog owners to hang the mongrels upon which they now pride themselves." This is a very good idea for any young kennel club, provided the lecturers are the right men.

A good many lovers of pointers and setters seem to be exercising their brains on the question of what constitutes style in the field. We fail to see what style has to do with filling the game bag, for it is well known there are many clever "bird dogs" whose style is anything but graceful, though their nose is in the right place. Style, in itself, is very aptly described by a writer in the *Breeder and Sportsman*, when he says, "Good style is, we believe, that indefinable blending and subtle voicing of all the better elements of ease, grace and intelligence, which indicate the state of perfection of the animal or person possessing them."

We hear that Dr. H. Clay Glover will be one of the judges at the South Carolina dog show, to be held in Charleston, S. C., next January.

We learn that Messrs C. H. Ruhl and Chas. W. Sarvis have started a kennel at Jackson, Mich., to be known as the Grand River Kennels. They intend to breed great Danes and greyhounds.

We learn that Mr. Lacy shipped, per S.S. Ronans, Oct. 14, the two black and tan terriers Salisbury and Queen III. From what we can make out, Mr. Comstock has struck a bargain in the latter, as reports proclaim her to be something very good. We shall await their advent with some anxiety, as the prevailing rough weather is hardly the thing for this delicate breed. They are consigned to Mr. Stoddard's stables, on Greenwich street. Speaking of rough weather, the steamship France, on which the noted King Charles, Royal Duke, is coming over, is some days overdue. Besides this dog, this vessel also brings four great Danes and the lions that are to perform at Niblo's. [As we go to press we learn that the France has arrived safely in port after encountering fearful weather.]

On the way home from Canada we stopped off at Covert, N. Y., the home of Mr. Wixom and the Hornell-Harmony Kennels. After looking round the kennels, which were so ably described by "Highland" a few weeks since, we were treated to a couple of beagle trials, which we enjoyed immensely. Sly reynard was led over the fields for a mile or so and then the little beauties were let loose. The grass being wet, the scent lay well and was picked up in fine shape; Royal Krueger and a youngster, named Nib, dividing the honors of the chase between them. It has been said that Bannerman stock cannot hunt, but, from what we could see, "Roy" and his children refute this entirely.

We have received from the New York Pasteur Institute a circular giving statistics regarding the number of people treated since its opening in February last. Out of 610 persons bitten by dogs or cats, who have come there for treatment, 480 were needlessly alarmed, as it was proved the animals that bit them were not mad. Still, they were treated, and now have in their blood the virus which they sought to escape. In 130 cases, it is said, the dogs were mad, and of course it is claimed that this anti-hydrophobic was the means of saving them. What folly! Such institutions only add to the fear that many people have of the dog, and rather than do any good, it works considerable harm; and we quite agree with Dr. Bell-Taylor, of Nottingham, Eng., when he says: "The only conclusion I can draw from a careful consideration of the whole facts of the case is, that we are bound, in the interests of both science and humanity, to set our faces like flint not only against this hydrophobia cure craze, but also against the whole system of manufacturing disease, keeping up the supply (when it would otherwise die out) and spreading it broadcast among men and other animals."

We hear that George Bell having sold his last Idea, has now purchased from Mr. H. B. Nicoll, of Cookstown, Ont., the black cocker dog Kildare, a dog which, though left in the cold at Toronto, will doubtless receive due recognition in the future. When he next appears in public he will be known as Obadiah.

We hear that Mr. E. H. Moore's new purchase, the St. Bernard bitch Altona, arrived safely at her new home last week. She is a litter sister to the noted Alta Bella and was purchased from Mr. L. C. Norris Elye. Altona, therefore, is a daughter of Mr. Moore's new dog Alton and out of the noted prize winner Bellegarde, by champion Bayard out of Crevasse II. She has won, besides other prizes, first in novice class at Chelmsford. Being so closely related to Alta Bella, who is considered one of the grandest bitches that has ever been bred, Mr. Moore is to be congratulated on his judicious purchase.

Mr. Washington A. Coster has sent us a circular issued by the Trunk Line Passenger Committee, relating to the issue of tickets to Amelia Court House, Va., on account of the Eastern field trials. The reduced fares are on the certificate plan, one full fare going and one-third of the highest limit fare returning. The reduction is for persons going to the meeting from trunk line territory. Persons attending the meeting from points beyond the Richmond & Danville R. R. should purchase to Danville, Burkeville or Richmond, as most convenient, taking a certificate from agent from whom ticket is purchased, and repurchase to Amelia Court House. This certificate will be honored at either of the above places for the above rates, returning to starting point, if presented on or before Dec. 6. Dogs will be carried free on signing a release and upon presentation of a club card, signed by Mr. Coster, the holder of which is entitled to not more than three dogs. Mr. Slaughter, the assistant commissioner, has taken up the question of rates with all co-operating companies and they promise to agree to the same reduction.

Dr. Foote has purchased the farm of 27 acres he has been so anxiously looking for, so that now his kennel of black and tans and Me Too will literally revel in clover, and we shall expect to see some rattling black and tans in the future.

We take this opportunity to cordially thank our many friends for the kind expressions they have tendered us on

assuming the kennel editorship of this journal. We trust that our pleasant relations with the doggy fraternity may continue in the future. Our aim will constantly be to encourage the improvement of every breed of dog, and though our criticisms may hit hard sometimes, depend upon it, they will be given impartially and from a sense of honest conviction.

THE ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

A GOOD deal of interest has been evinced lately as to what style or type of dog the new English Setter Club would adopt in their new standard. We publish, therefore, the standard in full, which has already received the indorsement of the executive committee, and which will be finally adopted at the meeting of the club on the 23d inst. A copy has already been sent by the secretary, Mr. P. C. Ohl, to every member of the club for suggestions.

ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

The English setter is essentially a field dog, and a proper estimate of his value on the bench can only be made with a due regard to his field merit, as expressed in his formation and blood characteristics. No judge of a setter on the bench can take into account the quality of his nose or the quality of his intelligence. The value of these characteristics can only be determined in the field, when they are brought into use, except, perhaps, as the quality of these important factors may be incidentally suggested by the absence of indications of outside blood and the presence of certain expressions of the motions, with which the judge is familiar. There is, however, so much guess-work in valuing these qualities that no points can be allowed for them. The judge should divest himself of an attempt to measure the probable quality of a dog's nose or intelligence on the bench. He should be concerned chiefly with the quality of the dog's formation for speed, endurance and adaptability for the work required of him, much attention, too, must be paid to those race characteristics which have no relation to the question of locomotion, for a badly bred dog is sometimes well formed, but the presence or absence of characteristics which indicate outside blood, presupposes that the dog, although made to go, and able to go, will be wanting in the instincts peculiar to the breed.

The setter formation which seemed to be the most desirable years ago, is no longer held to represent the best type of the breed, and characteristics that were then thought desirable have proven objectionable. The present ideal compared with the ideal of ten years ago differs in the addition of such particulars as have been proved to be desirable, and the loss of those which trials have demonstrated to be undesirable.

The head of the English setter of to-day differs very little from the head as described by writers ten or even twenty years ago. The present type is for a head a trifle longer and lighter than that described of dogs in the past. This type is desirable since it is in harmony with the general conformation of the dog, the demand being for more length and less weight throughout.

The following description, in which we quote largely from "Stonehenge," we submit:

Head (20).—The skull is of a peculiar character, not so heavy as that of a pointer, and without the furrow and marked prominence of the occipital bone. It is narrow, or of medium width between the ears, and the brows should be raised at a sharp and decided angle from the nose. The nose should be long and with width in harmony with skull, without any fullness under the eyes. In the average dog the length should be four to four and one-half inches from the inner corner of the eyes to the end of the nose. Between the point and root of the nose there should be a slight depression, at all events there should be no fullness, the nostrils must be wide apart and large in the openings, and the end of the nose moist and cool. In all setters the end of the nose should be black or dark liver-colored, except that, in whites or lemon and white, a pink nose may be pardoned. The jaws should be exactly equal in length, a "snipe nose" or "pig jaw," as the receding lower one is called, being seriously faulty. The ears should be hung well back and set low, of moderate length and slightly rounded at the point, and without the slightest tendency to prick. The "leather" should be thin and soft, carried closely to the cheeks, so as not to show the inside, and should be clothed with silky hair about two inches in length. The lips are not so full and pendant as those of the pointer, but at their angles there should be a slight fullness, not reaching quite to the extent of hanging. The eyes must be full of animation, and the width between them should be in proportion to the size of the head and face, so that the eyes should be equally free from a close set, as well as a wide staring expression, and they should be set with their angles straight across. The best color is a rich brown.

Neck (6).—The importance of a long, lean neck has not been fully realized until quite recently, or, at all events, there has not been sufficient stress laid upon the point. Length of neck tends to high-headedness, and permits the dog to feel about for scent over a greater amount of space than he could with a short neck. Besides it adds greatly to his style, and to the ease and freedom of action of the shoulders and forelegs. The setter's neck has not the rounded muscularity of the pointer's. Being considerably thinner, it should gradually deepen as it approaches the shoulders, joining them in a graceful curve. It must not be throaty, though the skin is loose.

Shoulders and Chest (15).—The shoulders should be formed so as to permit of perfect freedom of action to the foreleg moving from the shoulder joint, giving a long, extended stride. The shoulder blades should be deep and wide, and sloping well forward. The upper arm should be of good length from point of shoulder to elbows, and the elbows well let down and at such an angle as will bring the legs fairly under the dog. A leg formation that is straight from point of shoulder to foot is objectionable, and more so one with the excessive angle throwing the leg too far back under body of dog. A medium angle from point of shoulder to elbow is the correct form. Mr. Laverack was said to be fond of a setter with well-sprung ribs back of the shoulder, a feature all right, provided that they had depth also, but he laid so much stress upon this point in his selection of dogs for stock purposes, that his breed was not only round in the barrel, but the width was carried forward between the shoulders, a very objectionable form, as also is the deep, thin chest, with light spring of the ribs behind the shoulder, known as "slab-sided." Public field trials have demonstrated that there should be as much volume of the chest as it is possible to obtain, distributed in such a manner as not to interfere with the shoulder of the dog, or restrict his pace in any way, that is, the chest between the shoulders should be thin enough to allow the shoulders to lie flat and move with freedom. Back of the play of shoulders, the ribs should spring gradually to the middle, and then gradually lessen to the back rib. The greater the length from the shoulder to the last rib, and the greater the depth of the last rib, the better. The drop in chest should be just back of the elbows, the chest sloping from this point upward toward the neck, permitting the dog to carry his neck and head up with more ease. Great depth between the shoulders is objectionable, since it puts too much weight on the shoulders and forelegs. The weight should be distributed as evenly as possible between the forward and hind parts; the tendency is too much forward. By bringing the greater volume of chest back of the shoulders, the fore parts are relieved of weight that should be, in part, supported by the hind parts. A longer dog than the type described in former standards is desirable, but with the additional length and weight in the middle, there will follow a tendency to "sway-back" which is to be met with a slight arch or additional strength in the back.

Back and Loins (10).—It has been the custom of some writers to treat of a dog's loin as his back, we make the distinction between it and the back as extending from the last rib to the hips. These two parts are to be considered separately, since a dog may be good in one and weak in the other. The loin should be strong and of moderate length. There is such a thing, however, as a dog having too much loin. Every ounce more than he needs is so much dead weight. In estimating the quality of a dog's loin, due regard must be paid to his condition, as a fat dog, with naturally a poor loin, appears exceedingly good in this particular, while a dog with naturally a good loin, but in poor condition, will appear deficient. An arched loin is desirable, but not to the extent of being "roached" or "wheel-backed." The back should be strong at its juncture with the loin, a slight arch not objectionable, and should slope upward with a slight rise, to the point of the shoulders. Any "sway" or "drop" back of the shoulders is a sign of weakness.

Quarters and Stifles (8).—The quarters should be broad across the top, the hip bones slightly prominent and wide apart, with good length from them to point of bones, at root of tail; the quarters should be well muscled; the stifles should be well bent—excessive bend, although fashionable for a time, is not desirable. A slight bow at stifles is a point of merit, as the feet in such cases stand squarely under the dog and are moved forward in a straight line, the slight bow serving as well to keep the stifles and legs easily away from the body when the quarters are brought forward.

Legs, Elbows, Hocks (8) *and Feet* (7) (15).—The elbows and toes should have the same direction, and should point straight from front to rear, and if not straight the "pigeon-toe" or in-turned leg is less objectionable than the out-turn, in which the elbow is confined by its close attachment to the ribs.

The upper arm should be flat, muscular, strong and bone fully developed, the muscle should feel hard and should be d void of flabbiness. The forelegs should be flat and taper gradually from elbow to pastern joint; it should feel hard and flinty, with no looseness of skin. The pasterns should be short and strong and nearly round. The slope from pastern joint to foot should deviate but slightly from the perpendicular. The hind legs should be muscular, with wide thighs and wide, flat hocks and plenty of bone. The lower thigh should have fair development of muscle. The feet deserve careful attention, as upon their capability of standing wear and tear depends the utility of the dog. Two types are recognized, the round cat foot and the long hare-foot. Either type is good, but the cat foot is preferred. The feet should be close and strong and well padded, with toes well arched and clothed with hair, but it should be short and thick.

Stern (5).—The stern or tail should be carried straight, or with slight curve upward, either slightly above the middle of the back, or down. There should be no curl, it should taper to a fine end, and reach the hocks. The feather must be composed of straight, silky hairs, falling loosely as a fringe when the tail is raised and tapering to the point of the tail. There must be no "bushiness" whatever.

Coat and Feather (5).—The coat should be flat, with an absence of wave or curl. By this is meant a full coat such as characterizes the true English setter. The feather should be moderate, and that on the back of the legs should be thin and regular.

Color and Markings (4).—Too much stress must not be put upon color, for the color in this breed is largely a matter of fancy. Some prefer black and white, or black, white and tan; others, lemon and white, and others again liver and white. Being so largely a matter of fancy, it should be dealt with gently. The colors now recognized are as follows: Blue belton, black, white and tan, black and white, lemon or orange and white, lemon or orange belton, liver and white, liver belton.

Symmetry.—After examining a dog critically in all his points there yet remains to be estimated the harmony of the whole. The dog may have a good head, shoulders and quarters when looked at simply as single points, but when they are looked at collectively, as a part of one dog, they may be sadly out of harmony with each other. The head may be a good head seen simply as a head, but it may be too large or too small for the dog. The foreparts may be good in themselves, but too heavy or too light for the hindparts or the rest of the dog. It is harmony of all the points which constitutes the symmetry and quality, and these points, in their proper relation to each other, go a long way toward what constitutes the beauty and serviceable qualities of the dog.

SCALE OF POINTS.

	Value.
Head	20
Neck	6
Shoulders	15
Back and loin	10
Quarters and stifles	8
Legs, elbows, hocks and feet	15
Stern	5
Coat and feather	5
Color and markings	4
Symmetry	12
Total	100

THE COLLIE CLUB STAKES 1891.—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the remarks in your issue of Oct. 9, signed "The Squire," I beg to say that it would appear to me also advisable that some change should be made in the proposed terms for the Collie Club Stud Dog Stakes, in regard to the progeny that can compete. What is the objection to conforming to the custom, which seems to be pretty general in England, of allowing any progeny of any age, that are exhibited at the show where the stake is decided, to compete? It is, to my mind, a great mistake to limit the number of the progeny, either by qualifications of age, or otherwise. Provided there are at least two of the get of any stud dog at the show, it seems to me it would be well to allow such dog to compete. If the Collie Club think it best to rule that the progeny must be out of more than one bitch, I see no special objection to this, but am of the opinion that this stipulation would be as far as it is wise to go, in regard to dictating rules, as to the progeny that can make the stud dog eligible. The stud dog should not only be at public stud, but exhibited on the bench at the show where the stake is to be decided. This should be a *sine qua non*.—MITCHELL HARRISON.

POINTING SMALL BIRDS.—Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a very fine young Irish setter who has been following me when I go through the city with buggy, and has by so doing acquired the habit of pointing sparrows by sight, so that it interferes with his proper action in the field. He has a good nose, and if you could advise me what to do to bring his attention to point by scent only, I would be greatly obliged.—OTTO STECHEAN. [We have owned a number of dogs that would point small birds by sight, and have invariably succeeded in breaking them of the habit by simply letting them point and taking no notice of them whatever, letting them point while we continued our course, leaving them to follow us when they pleased. This of course when taking them out shooting. When a point is made to a game bird it should be killed if possible, but whether killed or not the dog must be praised and petted, and given to understand that this is what is wanted. This course, if properly pursued, will soon bring your dog all right.]

TO MY LOST LURAY.

IN a box with his brother,
Each solacing the other,
The puppy left Virginia by express,
A gift to me. He knew my first caress,
And made me love him by his puppy pranks,
His roguish bites and barks and kissing thanks.

The pretty little fellow
Had paws of tawny yellow,
And nose and chops the same; and two tan spots
Above his hazel eyes, that seemed like dots
Of thought upon his forehead; and for the rest,
In sable, shiny black Luray was dressed.

I thought him so much better
Than any puppy setter,
I took him to the dog show; with his eyes—
I know it was his eyes—he won the prize.
(He was the only entry in his class,
Some friends took pains to say—but let that pass).

As soon as he grew older,
His fluffy puppy shoulder
Stood high and gaunt; his loins began receding;
In every line and point he showed his breeding.
The time has come, said I, to test his grain,
And now, if ever, to begin to reign.

I improvised a quarry,
And I made him fetch and carry,
And "charge" and "heel" and "find;" and do all, in short,
To fit a setter for a life of sport.
He did not learn his lesson in a day,
And often sought to shirk his work for play.

I tried not to upbraid him,
Tho' often, when I made him
Do this or that, he taxed my patience much;
For if I held a bone in careless clutch,
Which I would think to hide and make him find,
He'd steal up soft and snap it from behind.

And then to see him scamper
Was something of a damper
On training. How he'd frisk and twist and bound,
And toss the bone and catch it off the ground,
And wait, crouched low before with hips held high
Till I approached him, when away he'd fly!

And then I'd shout: "Charge down, sir!
You'll never win renown, sir,
Behaving so." But by and by he came
To understand me and to find my game
More fun than his; he'd watch my wave of hand,
Or stop and listen to my least command.

So he was wise and sober
Some time before October,
When dogs and hunters take their tramps afield.
The first day he was puzzled, nor revealed
His sense; the next he nosed about; the third
He trailed, he pointed, and he fetched his bird.

He never made a blunder,
But hunted to the wonder
Of all who knew him. When another gun
Than mine had killed, and other dogs were done
With searching for the bird, my side he'd leave,
Go far within the bush and then retrieve.

There never was a cartridge
More sure to find a partridge
Than he. What pride he took to fetch his bird—
The puppy with his partridge! Wilding heard
It all at night, I fancied, when Luray
Crept in his stall, and close beside him lay.

They always slept together
In frosty autumn weather,
They loved each other. Wilding munched his hay,
And breathed warm kisses on the dog; Luray
Coiled in the straw where Wilding put his nose
And gently licked it after every doze.

The next day, when the pony
Was in his cart, his crony
Before we started always rustled to kiss him;
He never failed, but Wilding seemed to miss him
Until he jumped and licked his face; the start
Thus authorized, he ran beneath the cart.

Alas! all that is ended;
An illness came, attended
With pain and poison; I have lost Luray.
'Tis sad that every dog must have his day;
Oh, why did not Luray have his? Two years—
So much for loving; all the rest for tears.

And now I've told my story,
I must tell you how I glory
In having loved Luray. What better than
Such love for such a dog? I loathe the man
Who snarls at dogs; his very soul's agog.
God made the world; God also made the dog.

—*John Eliot Bowen, Century for October.*

DOGS OF THE DAY.

A FEW days ago I took advantage of a spare morning to run out to the Swiss Mountain Kennels at Germantown to see if there was any prospect of puppies out of the recently imported St. Bernards Dart and Donna Silva. When they arrived here I had a very strong suspicion that they were not with whelp, and I regret to say that such is the case. It is of course quite a disappointment, but their owner takes it philosophically, looking for better luck next time. It is always a pleasure to go out to these kennels and see the excellent condition the dogs are in. The motto there seems to be "Eternal vigilance is the price of success." And yet even that safeguard does not prevent accidents. Recently a very nice smooth-coated bitch, Morna (17,089), jumped over a fence while the kennelman was absent for a few moments and hung herself; and the day before I made my visit the black cocker bitch Waggles, while running in the orchard with the St. Bernards, had given offense to one of the St. Bernards and received a nip in return which terminated her earthly career. She was one of the best-bodied cockers I have ever seen, and but for being a little too blocky in head would have taken a tiptopper to beat her.

The bright side of the story consists in noticing two very nice litters of St. Bernards, one by Marquis of Stafford and the other by Arch Duke. Marquis of Stafford is a son of champion Save, an almost entirely white dog, but who gets nicely marked puppies. I also saw two very promising puppies not quite four months old, by Arch Duke out of Madame Barry. I saw them some time ago and then said that I thought Arch Duke was a promising sire. Since then these puppies have come on well, and with good luck will make their mark. When the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM can spare time to run over to Philadelphia I hope he will do so and permit me to take him out to see them.

Mr. J. A. Long, of St. Louis, tells me he has some very promising collies by Archibald. As the dam is fully as well bred as the sire they ought to be good ones, and I hope their owner will at last have the good turn he deserves for his many plucky purchases of stock in England.

On Friday of last week I was very much astonished to receive a letter from Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, criticising some of my remarks which appeared in the last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Of course, I have no objection to criticism, considering that I indulge in it so much myself,

but there are certain styles of criticism which are certainly unpleasant and of such I would characterize Mr. Anthony's. In order that others may judge whether or not I have reason to object to such criticism I herewith give a copy of the letter:

"My attention has been called to your remarks as to the National Beagle Club and my action at the A. K. C. meeting.

"First, I suggest that you get a dictionary and learn to distinguish the difference between the words acquiesce in and adopt. Second, that you post yourself as to the object in the constitution of the aforesaid club, viz.: among other things to adopt a standard at variance with the one adopted by a present member, under which the dogs of the club should be judged on the bench. In fact, the club had for its main object the destroying of the older club.

"You may see no propriety in a field trial club belonging to the A. K. C. I and many others do, for if my dogs were alone good for the bench I would soon end their existence. No one of that class alive for me if you please.

"I write this, not that I object to criticism, but you had better get posted, especially as you are an officer of the club, before criticising the action of another."

The first thing that struck me in reading this letter was the unfortunate reference of Mr. Anthony to the dictionary. Surely Mr. Anthony must remember that once before I had occasion to bring the dictionary into a discussion which we had, but for Mr. Anthony's sake I would fain drop that subject. Mr. Anthony's suggestion to me to procure one to learn the difference betweeen the phrase "acquiesce in" and the word "adopt," is entirely uncalled for. If I had meant to use adopt, I would have done so, but I chose the word acquiesce because it stops a long way short of adopting, and the A. K. C. was just as far short of any idea of adopting a beagle or any other standard.

Regarding the suggestion to post myself as to the object named in the constitution of the National Beagle Club, Mr. Anthony overlooks this very important point. The published minutes of the meeting are intended to afford information to all dog readers. Now there is not one single reference in the official report to the object of the National Beagle Club, neither is there any reference in Mr. Anthony's rosolution. It was Mr. Anthony's duty to so word his resolution as not to allow of any mistakes being made. Though he fails to make this meaning clear, I yet gave him the benefit of the doubt, when I said that I was not aware that the framing of the standard was part of the object of the National Beagle Club, thus qualifying my remarks, and any person who knew that such was the object of that club could therefore draw their own conclusions.

As far as the National Beagle Club having for its object the destruction of the American Beagle Club, that is a matter that concerns the Beagle Club men. The older club, as Mr. Anthony's calls it, has been little better than a laughing stock for years, its efforts to improve the breed of beagles being confined to the offering of half a dozen 50-cent collars during the year. About the last thing I heard of it was a frantic appeal on the part of some official for members to do something in the way of helping it along, or they might as well shut up shop. If the American Beagle Club had been doing anything, it is safe to say that there would have been no opposition. As it is, it is but a stumbling block in the way of improvement.

While the subject of destroying older clubs is on the carpet, how was it that Mr. Anthony did not object to the killing off of the older setter club? Why did he not object, for instance, to the use of the A. K. C. rooms for that purpose? Perhaps he will say that the older club was not a member of the A. K. C., but I think I am correct in saying that the older club had applied for membership in the A. K. C. before the meeting for the purpose of organizing the second setter club was held. It is a bad rule that will not work both ways.

I never said that there was no propriety in field trials clubs belonging to the A. K. C.; I simply implied that I did not see what use they were in the A. K. C., or it to them, and, considering that there is only one such member, it looks very much as if they were of the same opinion. Mr. Anthony's reason for what he calls propriety in field trials clubs being members of the A. K. C., appears to me to be very strained. What has the membership of the field trials club got to do with its holding trials? Here occurs something which Mr. Anthony has overlooked. For instance, the present field trials member has adopted a standard, that is to say, has adopted rules for running of field trials. Now suppose another club comes in, must this club adopt the same rules, or is it to be turned to the door for the same reason that the beagle club was? To Mr. Anthony I give credit for desiring to own pointers that have other merits besides their appearance, but I am under the impression that I should have to look elsewhere than in field trials records to find out that they have any such merit.

Regarding Mr. Anthony's final sentence I do not see that my being an officer of the club has anything to do with my criticising an official report. I am not an official in the sense that I am charged with the direction of the club in any way, for a member of the stud book committee has but little to do with the club at large. Mr. Belmont took up the same line once and I replied to him at the meeting, and subsequently made reference to it in FOREST AND STREAM, that I declined to consider my being a delegate or a member of the stud book committee prevented me on any occasion from criticising any action of the club. If it is improper for me to criticise the club when I think it commits a fault, it is equally improper for me to say anything when I think it is right. Taking that view, it was improper for me to take any part whatever in the discussion of the A. K. C. accounts, but certainly no person with sense would advance the proposition that it was only proper for an officer to write in favor of the club and that he must say nothing when he sees what he believes to be an error. It might perhaps be a little out of place for a person who was not in the habit of writing to the papers to come out boldly and attack something of not any great importance, but that is not my position at all. I am well known as a writer for the press, as a critic upon all subjects in the dog world and as one who has always had his say upon kennel club matters. I was accepted as delegate with that full knowledge; I was appointed on the stud book committee with that full knowledge, and it is quite too late in the day to suggest that because I happen to be on that committee I must refrain from criticising another delegate of the club or any proposition he may make.

If I am not very far out of my reckoning the onus is upon Mr. Anthony for taking such a position and saying to a fellow delegate what he should or should not do, that being within the province of the A. K. C. alone. When that body decides that it is so much above all creation that mortal man must not even criticise it, even if he happens to be one of the elect and entitled to enter the outer courts, then I will get outside and watch the edifice crumble into dust.

Your correspondent "Namquoit" credits me with saying that Lord Bute is the best St. Bernard in England. If he can place his finger on any such statement I will acknowledge it as an error, but I think he will find that I said he was said to be the tallest, a claim that has not been disputed. J. W.

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. Playing cards for 15 cents in postage by applying to the undersigned. P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FUN AT DOG SHOWS.

THE black and tan terrier breeders and owners seem to be in a bad way, for not long since Dr. Foote made a public appeal for competent judges to adjudicate upon the merits of his breed. It is useless, Doctor! You might as well whistle to the moon and expect it to send down a full report of all, our telescopes fail to reveal. Most of the clubs won't pay any heed to your request. Why should they? You are only a gentleman breeder and exhibitor, nothing else. If you don't like their judges you can keep your dogs at home. Yet, were you one of the "mighties" at 44, your prayer would be heard, but being only a pariah, as all of us are who are out of the charmed circle, your appeal is only a feather weight. Just give us one more chance, Doctor, and we will have another Meersbrook Maiden comedy. We never have a tragedy in the fancy. It is a thousand pities we do not once in a while. Dogs would be greatly improved if we did, I think.

The nearest approach to a "Meersbrook Maiden Comedy" I ever knew of in England was recently, when Captain Miller "judged" Irish setters. Here is how he did it: Open class: Yerker, third prize, Drinnagh, hc. Novice: Valentine, second prize; Drinnagh, third; Yerker, vhc. Puppies: Drinnagh, third prize; Yerker, vhc.; Valentine, hc. Cup for best Irish setter in open classes, Cloyne II. Now Cloyne II. only got a c. card in the open class, yet she was awarded the cup. This is quite on a par with the little happy incidents in my late "Fun at Dog Shows." Now, if our toadying dog show committees would only invite Captain Miller over to take the circuit of our coming spring shows, Dr. Foote would be more happy and "Mephisto" would forever lay aside his pen.

Et tu, Brittle! I thought you would be the one to keep the "laugh and grow fat" ball a-rolling and you have gone and done it. Only a month or so ago (Sept. 13), in a Philadelphia paper, you told us that at Wilmington show, Blemton Rubicon's skull had fined down tremendously since you last saw him at Boston, and that he looked more like his dam than ever. Oh, shame on you Brittle! Don't you think "the exact counterpart of his dam" judge can make blunders that are sufficiently stupendous and conspicuous without being still further handicapped with your indorsement? I know you have recently stated that a man who did not know on which side his bread is buttered is a fool. I am also aware that your dogs are being well cared for at Babylon. But, my dear boy, "taffy" is at all times liable to soil one's fingers, and besides, United States coin is good enough for us. Although the leading man in the Meersbrook Maiden comedy is backed and recommended by the A. K. C., "he's all right," Brittle. True, he is a countryman of yours, but for your own sake don't tell us that fox-terriers' skulls "fine down tremendously" with advancing years. Did you ever know a child's skull to grow less as the child grew older? I have known skulls to grow thicker, but "fine down tremendously" oh, never! Do not tell us that Blemton Rubicon "looks more like his dam than ever," or we will think you are making our friend the butt of ridicule. This will never do, as we cannot afford to have his "occupation gone." So, Brittle, in mellow language we softly murmur, "Don't." More anon. MEPHISTO.

WILL RUN SARSFIELD.—Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the publication of the nominations of the entries for the Eastern field trials, in which appears the name of my red Irish setter dog Sarsfield, entered in the All-Aged Stake, I have received four letters asking if it is my intention to start him. I wish to state here that I have entered Sarsfield in good faith, have sent him to Amelia county, Virginia (the county in which these trials are to be held), and he is now in the hands of the man who will handle him in the trials, and to whom I have given instructions to run Sarsfield under any conditions if he is alive and well. It is not my desire nor intention to own a dog that I am afraid to run in field trials or show on the bench, and although Sarsfield is nearly seven years old, which is a year and a half older than the oldest dog of any breed entered, and nearly four years older than the oldest Irish setter entered, he will go if Providence permits it. I don't expect Sarsfield to make so good a showing as some younger dogs, but I certainly expect that he will give as good an account of himself as can be expected of any dog of his age. I will also state that this is the first reasonable opportunity I have had to run Sarsfield since I purchased him about a year ago, and if any one imagines that it is not my honest intention to run him in the Eastern field trials, and is willing to back his opinion, I will allow him odds of two to one for any reasonable amount.—W. L. WASHINGTON.

INTERESTED CRITICISMS.—Buffalo, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received a copy of the *Canadian Kennel Gazette* for October. "Our Special Reporter" gives most of the judges advice as to how they should go to work to get at a dog's merits. He says if Mr. Lacy had handled the greyhounds himself, at Ottawa, he would not have concluded that the black greyhound was equal in condition to the brindle. Then he intimates that the handler of the first prize winner fooled the judge. I will leave to St. Bernard and greyhound breeders his criticisms of the awards of those classes at Toronto: but want to say that the judging of black and tan terrier bitches gave entire satisfaction to every exhibitor, so far as I know. Desdemona has beaten Rochelle Nadjy under Mr. Lacy, and I know her owner, Dr. Foote, did not complain of the awards, and certainly the first prize winner, Broomfield Madge, can beat them both. "Our Special Reporter" shows his personal hostility to Mr. Mason, and any man who is so governed by his prejudices, is totally unfit to write criticisms. We can all respect honest differences of opinion, but we want fair play, not personal abuse and rowdyism.—A. W. SMITH.

DAMAGES FOR A DOG.—Canastota, N. Y., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The case of Reed vs. Zimbeck was tried on the 16th, and resulted in a judgment for the plaintiff, amounting to $59.90. This is as it should be, excepting amount of judgment, which is decidedly small.—OSCEOLA. [This is a case which has excited considerable attention among the sportsmen in the Oneida valley. It seems a man named Milton Zimbeck while working for one Guston Barton, shot a pointer belonging to Mr. Reed, who is a market shooter. Barton had given orders to Zimbeck to shoot any stray dogs that might come round the place while a certain bitch of his was in season. The pointer was valued at $150. Mr. Zimbeck claimed in his defense that he only meant to sting the dog, as he knew who it belonged to, but killed him by accident.]

THE BIG MEET.—Chicago, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The literature of the American Coursing Club is in town, and it deserves notice from every greyhound man. Reports from the country around Great Bend say that the jack-rabbits are just as numerous as ever, and all things point to at least a hopeful meeting. Mr. Ira D. Brougher has done good work as secretary. The business meeting for election of members is on Monday evening, Oct. 20, and the rest of the week will be put in on the field. This is the annual greyhound event of America. There is no spot on earth where the natural advantages for a coursing meet compare with those of these flats on the Uhl and Garney ranch. After all is said, it is W. W. Carney to whom the club owes most of its success. A pleasant and profitable meet is wished for 1890.—E. HOUGH.

WHERE ARE THE GORDON SETTER MEN?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that a special stake has been made for Gordon setters at the Central Field Trials, an opportunity is offered for the owners of Gordons, who have heretofore been so loud in their praise in print, to enter and run their dogs, thereby demonstrating whether or not they possess the superior field qualities claimed. I should be glad to see some of Mr. Malcolm's dogs run, as I believe that gentleman claims his dogs to be a little better than any other strain of Gordons. Dr. Myer from what I learn, will run some from his kennels, Dr. Dixon should also be represented, having quite a kennel of Gordons. As Little Boy and Beaumont have under different judges alternated in winning on the bench, it would be a great satisfaction to lovers of Gordons to have these two dogs meet at the trials and decide which is the better field dog. As they are of about the same age, seven years, neither would have the advantage of youth. The owners of the Item Kennels, I understand, have sufficient confidence in their dogs to make some entries, Dr. Whitaker, and Mr. Collins should run something. Where are Heather Harold and Heather Roy? Why is it that the officers of the Gordon Setter Club are doing nothing, while private subscriptions for a purse are being made by its members and outsiders? Now is the accepted hour. In December next at the Central Field Trials is the time and place for the owners of Gordon setters to show the public if these dogs possess the merit claimed for them, or if it is all blow.—JUDGMENT.

THE INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.—Indianapolis, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Traffic Association has granted special rates in Indiana to parties who will attend the Indiana Kennel Club's trials at Bicknell, beginning Oct. 30. Tickets will be good going, from Oct. 27, and good returning, during and three days after the trials are completed. Tickets should be bought to Vincennes, at which point return tickets can be purchased at one cent per mile. The Louisville & Nashville Railway Co. will sell tickets from any point on their line and will carry dogs free of charge. Parties buying tickets to Vincennes must secure from the agent of whom they purchase their tickets, a certificate showing that they have paid full fare. This certificate when signed by me will enable the holder to purchase his return ticket at the reduced rate. Parties in Indianapolis can secure round trip tickets to Beckwith at $4.70, if bought at the up-town office. The Puppy Stake will start Thursday, Oct. 30, and the Members' Stake the next day.—P. T. MADISON, Sec'y.

WHIPPET RACING.—Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen the letter you mention; would say there were three watches held on my dog at London, Ont., they all gave him 12½sec. for 200yds. and 6¾ for the 100yds. The course was a slow one at that. The same dog has made 12sec. on a cinder track. The height of Ben Bow is 19in., weight 22lbs. In regard to the English dog you have referred to, he could not have started from scratch, being so light a dog he must have had quite a start, under handicap rules, if that was the case his record is no good. I do not see why whippet racing must be a low sport, unless it is made so. We are trying to improve it and also trying to get it recognized by a better class of breeders. I have run my dogs at athletic meetings, before the best society here, and it gave great satisfaction, especially with the ladies. I think with a little care it will be popular. I am sorry not to be able to send you a cut of the dog.—THOMAS BLAKE.

ANOTHER DUKE-RHŒBE GONE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with feelings akin to sadness that I announce the death of the Llewellin Pride of the West. His owner, Mr. W. Alex. Bass, received word last week from Accomack county, Va., of his sudden death, but as yet has not received the particulars. Pride was bred by Dr Stork, of Milwaukee, Wis., and was out of Lola, by Count Noser. His loss will be keenly felt, for he was of a most affectionate disposition, and above all one of the best all around dogs in the field that it has ever been my pleasure to shoot over.—TEE KAY.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Chief's Kate. By H. B. Ledbetter, Farmington, Mo., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 27, 1889, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Jennie P. (Tim—Youbet).

Grand River Kennels. By C. H. Ruhl and C. W. Jarvis, Jackson, Mich., for their kennels of great Danes and greyhounds.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Bedivere—Tristam G. F. E. Lamb's (Baltimore, Md.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Bedivere (champion Sir Bedivere—Princess Louise) to F. H. Greiner's Tristam G. (champion Plinlimmon—Cigarette) Aug. 25.

Rose—Little Boy. S. E. Davis's (Horicon, Wis.) Gordon setter bitch Rose (Moss—Furn) to Dr. S. G. Dixon's champion Little Boy (Dixon's Pilot—Fly), Oct. 5.

Nettie—King of Obos. J. Pipher's (New Market, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Nettie to G. Bell's King of Obos (Obo II.—Darkie), Aug. 28.

——*—King of Obos.* John C. Eccles's (Dunnville, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch —— to G. Bell's King of Obos (Obo II.—Darkie), Sept. 10.

Little Red Ridinghood—King of Obos. G. Bell's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Little Red Ridinghood (Obo II.—Toronto Bell) to his King of Obos (Obo II.—Darkie), Sept. 15.

——*—King of Obos.* G. W. Watts's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch —— to G. Bell's King of Obos (Obo II—Darkie), Sept. 28.

Martha Washington—King of Obos. Dougles & Lockwell's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Martha Washington (Black Duke—Lady Stanley) to G. Bell's King of Obos (Obo II.—Darkie), Oct. 1.

Rochelle Nadjy—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Nadjy (champion Vortigern—champion Meersbrook Maiden) to their The Senator (Patrick—Pink), Oct. 1.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Vin. Rockland Kennels' (Nanuet, N. Y.) beagle bitch Vin, Sept. 25, eight (four dogs), by Racer, Jr.

Clarissa. R. H. Burr's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Clarissa (Bravo—Leonia), Oct. 13, five (two dogs), by his Don III. (Elcho, Jr.—Pequot dogs).

Hillside Jaunty. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Jaunty (Raby Mixer—Jaunty), Sept. 7, six (three dogs), by A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Blemton Brawler (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Bedlam).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

King Lear—Lady Nettie whelps. Orange and white St. Bernard dogs, whelped June 8, 1890, by F. E. Lamb, Baltimore, Md., one each to J. C. O'Donnell, Allegheny City, Pa., and E. H. Greiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

Viola. Black and tan setter bitch, whelped May 25, 1890, by champion Royal Duke out of Carmen K., by H. H. Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa., to Chas. Bedford, same place.

Faustina. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to J. T. Collins, South River, N. J.

Eric. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B., by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to E. H. Morse, Willimantic, Conn.

Keziah. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze

out of Gladys B., by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to John Welch, Choctaw Nation, Easton, I. T.

Bromine. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped October, 1884, by Tower out of Leda, by Bate & Geddes, Ottawa, Can., to F. H. F. Mercer, same place.

Boss III. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel dog, whelped September, 1883, by Damper out of Lotus, by Bate & Geddes, Ottawa, Can., to F. H. F. Mercer, same place.

Idea. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 7, 1889, by King of Oboe out of Snow II., by G. Bell, Toronto, Can., to G. H. Brush, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ensign Tom. White, with black markings, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 13, 1890, by Bones out of Nina, by by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to Roy Johnston, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS.

Actress III. On Oct. 14, 1890; was in whelp to Racer, Jr.; owned by Rockland Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y.

THE SPANIEL AND ITS TRAINING.*

HOW this book came to be written and why, is best told in the author's own explanatory note: "When, several years ago, I stood in need of a work to instruct me in the art of spaniel training," says he, "I found that none existed which was at all suited to my needs. I had, perforce, to study out the subject for myself, without assistance, and to be my own tutor in threading its intricacies. The training system described in this book is the result of my labors, and while I do not proclaim it to be infallible, still I am positive that most, if not all, spaniels may be well and thoroughly taught if the rules laid down herein are strictly followed. In the main it is purely original, for it was not until I had practically completed the system, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that I read a book on general training."

The chapters are practical and sensible. There is no theory in them. Here is a man who trained his dogs; learned by experience how to do it; and now has put down his experience for the benefit of others. We predict for "The Spaniel and Its Training" that wide popularity and favor which of right belong to practical books by practical men for practical men. In addition to the chapters on training there are descriptions of the several varieties of spaniels, with portraits of typical specimens; notes on the spaniel in America, and the standards adopted by the English and American spaniel clubs. The chanters are:

Introductory; Spaniels; Selection; Preliminary Hints; First Lessons; Retrieving; Retrieving from Water; "Heel;" "Hie On"; Dropping to Hand, Command, Shot and Wing; Gunshyness; Ranging; Miscellaneous Hints; A Day Afield; Spaniels in America; Standards of English and American Spaniel Clubs.

The Spaniel and Its Training; By F. H. F. Mercer. To which are added the American and English Spaniel Standards. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway. Cloth. Illustrated. Price $1.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS MARKSMEN.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 17.—The "distinguished marksmen" of the militia—the men who have qualified as sharpshooters, won State prizes, shot in Creedmoor or the English rifle teams—held a special shoot to-day.

The competition is given under the auspices of the State and medals are awarded the two men making the highest scores. The match is a new thing, the competition of to-day being the first one ever held. The conditions call for 10 shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds.

It was about 11:30 o'clock when all the contestants reported at the range. At this time the rain was falling in sheets, and the wind was blowing across the range from 10 o'clock with almost hurricane force. These conditions prevailed during the shooting at 200yds., but upon moving back to 500yds. the water ceased to fall, and the wind, although strong, became steadier. It was indeed a hard day for the "distinguished men."

Yet, despite conditions, some excellent records were made, notably the 47 of Sergt. Merrill at 600yds. The shooting of Lieut. Sterling was wonderfully clever under the circumstances. The match closed a little after 3 o'clock with Lieut. Sterling the winner of the first prize and Sergt. Johnson winner of the second prize.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut. J. A. Sterling, 2d Infantry	42	45	45	132
Sergt. W. C. Johnston, 2d Brigade	41	43	44	128
Lieut. C. P. Hilliker, 8th Infantry	43	40	44	127
Lieut. W. G. Hussey, 8th Infantry	42	45	40	127
Priv. C. E. Horton, 6th Infantry	41	44	41	126
Sergt. M. W. Bull, 1st Brigade	41	43	41	125
Sergt. G. R. Russell, 1st Infantry	43	43	39	125
Sergt. W. M. Merrill, 2d Brigade	37	40	47	124
Lieut. S. S. Bumstead, 2d Brigade	44	37	42	123
Corp. W. D. Huddleson, 1st Infantry	38	39	44	121
Corp. T. D. Barroll, 1st Cadets	37	42	40	119
Qm. Sergt. E. T. Stevens, 2d Infantry	38	42	38	118
Lieut. W. H. Merritt	36	40	40	116
Lieut. R. B. Edes, 5th Infantry	37	41	33	111
Priv. E. F. Bergholtz, 2d Cadets	42	32	7	81

INTERSTATE LEAGUE.—At a meeting held in Jersey City on Wednesday evening, Oct. 15, the organization of the Interstate Gallery League was perfected. The clubs represented were the Lakeside and Our Own, of this city; Excelsior, of Jersey City; Hudson, of Marion, and the Turtle Bays, of New York. The Harlem and the Albig, of New York, have also joined, but their delegates were absent. The officers elected were: D. Mahoney, Lakeside, Pres.; L. P. Hanson, Excelsior, Vice-Pres.; C. H. Townsend, Our Own, Corresponding Sec'y; Henry Hanson, Hudson, Financial Sec'y; C. H. Plate, Turtle Bays, Treas. It was decided to make the organization permanent, the object being to advance rifle shooting by arranging for friendly competitions, and to cultivate sociability among riflemen of the different clubs. The next meeting will be held on Oct. 26, at the Turtle Bay range. The permanent headquarters of the league will be at the Excelsior range, 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City. All clubs wishing to join the league are requested to send delegates to the next meeting. At this meeting details will be arranged for a team tournament, with first, second and third prizes.

EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 17.—The members of the North End Rifle Club met on the range this afternoon for rifle practice, and succeeded in making the following score at 200yds., off-hand, with a gale blowing across the target that almost upset the shooters at times, the weather being clear and cold:

L M Wiest	6	3	9	10	7	8	7	4	5	9	—68
C S Wenger	5	6	8	8	9	10	0	4	5	5	—60
W L Carpenter	10	3	5	4	6	4	7	7	7	7	—60
W D Winters	4	6	7	6	5	6	8	5	3	6	—56
C Konigmaker	6	0	4	4	4	5	3	10	7	0	—43
D B Lefever	6	5	4	10	0	4	0	0	4	0	—33
R W Bickley	6	0	10	0	0	4	6	3	0	0	—29

The club will meet again on Friday afternoon for practice. The shoot for class medals will come off some time during November. A number of our members are going up to Michigan in a few weeks for a month's deer hunt.—D. B. L., Sec'y.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at its range with a good attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were good. Below will be found the best scores made. Distance 200yds., standard American target, re-entry allowed:

All-Comers Off-Hand Match.

G B Warren	84	G L Hosmer	68
S C Sydney	78	S D Hart	66
A S Field	72	M R Smith	61
J B Hobbs	69		

All-Comers Rest Match.

J Francis	113	S D Hart	104
S Wilder	107	T Oliver	102
M R Barter	107	J B Hobbs	102
F Daniels	106	I B Thomas	99
A H Ballard	105	J W French	99
John French	97		
S B Martin	94		
V Hastings	93		
A N. Mann	88		
M T Day	86		

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The weekly shoot of the Empire Rifle Club took place at Zettlers gallery, 12 St. Mark's Place, on Massachusetts 12-ring target, 1¾in. bullseye, 100ft., possible 120:

W Rosenbaum	113	J Zettler	96
J Grimm	101	W Maisenholder	102
W Miller	105	W Overbaugh	107
C Zettler, Jr.	102	G Hillmeyer	90
E Smith	98		

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 17.—Mark C. Billmeyer made the top score at the last shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club. After being 9 points short in four shots, he dropped six shots in the 10-ring and wound up with 91. A 12½yds. standard American target:

M C Billmeyer	7	9	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	10—91
S G Dorman	8	7	9	10	8	10	7	10	9	10—88
A McBean	7	6	10	9	9	9	7	10	9	10—86
G Alexander	8	8	7	8	10	10	6	9	10	9—85
W Buser	7	10	10	9	6	10	7	9	10	7—85
G Bast	7	9	9	8	6	7	10	7	10	9—82
J Chase	9	10	9	7	4	5	9	5	9	5—72

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Oct. 23.—Second Annual Tournament of the Maplewood Gun Club, at Maplewood, N. J. Open to all. Bluerocks, three sets of traps. C. W. Brown, President, Maplewood, N. J.

Nov. 18-19.—Open-to-All Tournament of the Woodside Gun Club, Woodside, N. J. Carl Von Lengerke, Sec'y, 843 Broad street, Newark.

DAYTON, OHIO.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 20.—The Urbana and Plain City Gun Clubs shot three team matches, and Urbana won two out of the three, the conditions for all of the contests being 25 targets to each man, rapid-firing system. First was a 4-men team race, and resulted: Plain City 82, Urbana 81. Second match, 6-men teams, resulted: Urbana 124, Plain City 121. Third match, 9-men teams, resulted: Urbana 149, Plain City 143. Following is the complete score of this last contest:

Urbana.

Hupp	1111101010011111111111111—21
Hovey	1111111000010000100101011—13
Holding	0111111011011011000011011—18
Arrowsmith	1111111011111010010101011—20
Laycock	1001110110101111110111111—19
Taylor	0010110110101000000110000—10
Snell	1110010010111111111111111—19
McLain	1111111111111001101111111—22
DeLaney	0100101110101000000000000— 7—149

Plain City.

Barlow	1111101010101010101001011—15
McCloud	1111010000101110011101111—16
Dutton	0011111011101011010111111—18
Beach	0001000110111010101010100—11
Roby	1100010111000111010101100—13
Timmons	1111111111111001111111111—22
Robinsons	1100010010111111101111000—15
Williams	0011100001111000011111111—15
Balanger	1111001111101011101101111—18—143

In a live-pigeon shoot here, Wm. Kiefer killed 18 out of 20, Chas. Miller 16, Will Kneisly 14, Rolla Heikes 18, Geo. Makley 16.

Second match, 10 pigeons, Heikes used a 16-gauge gun, Kiefer a 10, Makley, Miller and Kneisly 12.

Heikes	2121111110—9	Miller	2102111111—9
Makley	1012111101—8	Kneisly	1121101111—9
Kiefer	0210011100—5		

Two live-bird matches were shot at Troy, 7 birds each, $3.50 entrance, E. F. Davenport referee:

H Prill	1111111—7	Ed Ruck	1000001—2
R Heikes	1101111—6	Chas Young	1111111—7
S McDonald	0101101—4	H Brown	0011111—5
Shorty Bacon	1111110—6	Dr J W Senour	0111000—3

First and second money div.

Prill	1101010—4	Young	1111110—6
Heikes	1111110—6	Bacon	1111011—6
McDonald	1101111—6	Dr P F Eagle	1101111—6
Jas Stith	1110101—5	Brown	0311101—4

All dropped out in the shoot-off for first except Heikes and Bacon, and they killed 11 birds each and were still tie, but there being no money left in the purse they quit. BROWN.

BOILING SPRINGS TOURNAMENT.

THE first of the proposed annual tournaments of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club was held upon the club's grounds on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The grounds are located midway between Carlstadt and Rutherford, N. J. A commodious club house has recently been erected and the grounds are supplied with all the necessary paraphernalia. The management of the tournament was in the hands of Major J. M. Taylor, of the American Shooting Association, and he was ably assisted by the members of the club. All target competitions were run under the rapid-firing system, except those at unknown angles, and both inanimate and live bird events were governed by A. S. A. rules. The first day was anything but pleasant for outdoor sport, but the attendance, notwithstanding, was fair. The second day was much better, both as to weather conditions and attendance. It seems almost impossible to get New Jersey shooters to turn out in any great numbers when inanimates are the targets. This was fully demonstrated upon the last day, when the programme called for live bird events. On that day, by far the largest attendance, both of contestants and spectators, were upon the grounds. The birds were a fair lot of flyers and were made a shade stronger by a stiff breeze that blew from the right-quarter. Taken as a whole the members expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with this, their first attempt, and hope for better patronage next year. All ties were divided, except where otherwise stated. Scores:

First Day, Friday, Oct. 14.

Regular No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry:

Miller	10	Klees	7	Paul	4
Van Riper	9	Lane	7	C Collins	3

Regular No. 2, 10 singles, $1 entry:

Van Riper	9	Lane	7	Klees	6
Miller	7	Paul	6	C Collins	4

Regular No. 3, 10 singles, unknown angles, $2 entry, $25 guaranteed:

Outwater	8	Klees	7	Fayette	6
Lane	8	Virden	7	Van Riper	6
Lindsley	8	Miller	7	Paul	4
Collins	8	Friedman	6	Jeanette	2
Sunderman	7				

Regular No. 4, 12 singles, $1.50 entry:

Miller	11	Sunderman	10	Fayette	8
Lane	10	Klees	9	Outwater	5
Van Riper	10	Jeanette	9	C Collins	3

Regular No. 5, 5 singles and 3 pairs, $2 entry, $25 guaranteed:

Collins	9	Lindsley	7	Freidman	6
Miller	9	Virden	7	Klees	6
Williams	9	Chaffee	7	Fayette	5
Van Riper	9	Sunderman	7	Outwater	3
Lane	8	Post	7	Paul	3

Regular No. 6, 10 singles, unknown angles, $1.50 entry:

Miller	10	Fayette	5	C Collins	2
Outwater	6	Lane	5	Sunderman	2
Klees	6	Van Riper	4	Jeanneret	1

Regular No. 7, 25 singles, $2 entry, $25 guaranteed:

Miller	23	Virden	20	Matzen	14
Sunderman	23	Lindsley	18	Peck	13
Collins	22	Freidman	16	Klees	13
Van Riper	22	Chaffee	15	Fayette	11
Williams	20	Loue	15	Headen	9
Post	20	Outwater	14	Paul	9

Regular No. 8, 10 singles, $1.50 entry:

Miller	10	Sunderman	7	Outwater	6
E Collins	9	Loue	7	Paul	5
Van Riper	9	Fayette	7	Klees	4

Regular No. 9, 10 singles, $2 entry, $25 guaranteed:

Williams	10	Van Riper	7	Paul	5
Post	9	Freidman	7	Outwater	5
Miller	9	Klees	7	Peck	5
Chaffee	9	Loue	7	Hayden	4
E Collins	8	Sunderman	7	Stettler	3
Lindsley	7	Verdan	6	Just	2
Matzen	7				

Regular No. 10, 10 singles, unknown angles, $1 entry:

E Collins	9	Sunderman	7	Van Riper	5
Klees	9	Miller	7	Paul	5
Outwater	8	Fayette	6	Loue	3

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Van Riper 8, Lane 8, Klees 6, Paul 4.

Extra No. 2, same: Miller 10, Lane 8, Van Riper 7, C. Collins 5, Klees 5, Paul 5.

Extra No. 3, same: E. Collins 10, Miller 9, Paul 8, Van Riper 7, Outwater 7, Sunderman 5, Sewant 5, Fayette 5, Freidman 4.

Extra No. 4, 15 singles: Klees 14, Miller 13, Freidman 12, Outwater 11, Matzen 11, Post 11, Lindsley 11, Virden 11, Sunderman 11, Williams 10, Collins 10, Chaffee 9, Lane 8, Hazen 8, Just 4, Zutter 4, Paul 3. First, second and third div.; fourth shot off in next event, and div. by Post and Lindsley.

Extra No. 5, 10 singles: Miller 9, Lindsley 9, Collins 9, Post 9, Freidman 7, Chaffee 6, Lane 6, Matzer 6, Sunderman 6, Klees 5, Peck 5.

Wednesday, Oct. 15.

Regular No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

Seely	5	Paul	3	Muller	3
Coe	6	Van Riper	6	Post	9
E D Miller	8	Taylor	6	Meyer	8
Smith	8	Sickles	6		

Regular No. 2, 10 singles, unknown angles, $1 entrance:

Taylor	3	E D Miller	6	Sickles	6
Van Riper	5	Seely	2	E Collins	5
Paul	3	Post	5	R A Burgess	3
Smith	5	Miller	2		

Second shot off and won by Collins.

Regular No. 3, 10 singles, $25 guaranteed, entrance $2:

Seely	7	E D Miller	10	Sickles	9
Van Riper	8	Smith	10	Post	6
E Collins	9	Burgess	2	Jeanneret	3
Coe	4	Meyer	5	Paul	4
Lindsley	7	Taylor	9	Buckley	2

Regular No. 4, 5 singles and 3 pairs, $1.50 entrance:

E Collins	7	Post	7	Jeanneret	1
Sickles	8	E D Miller	9	Paul	4
Smith	5	Taylor	4	Lindsley	6
Van Riper	9				

Regular No. 5, 15 singles, unknown angles, $40 guaranteed, $2.50 entrance:

E D Miller	12	Smith	11	Stettler	2
Lindsley	7	Van Riper	11	E Collins	11
Klees	7	Post	11	Dukes	5
Sickles	7	Taylor	7		

Regular No. 6, 6 pairs, entrance $1:

Van Riper	7	E Collins	4	Smith	8
Lindsley	7	Sickles	9	Klees	1
E D Miller	8	Taylor	4	Sigler	w.
Post	7				

Regular No. 7, 10 singles, unknown angles, entrance $1:

Smith	6	Miller	9	Stettler	2
Post	5	Lane	5	Klees	6
Van Riper	7	Taylor	10	Sealy	5
Collins	5	James	2	Sickles	6
Lindsley	7	Dukes	4		

Regular No. 8, 15 singles, $40 guaranteed, entrance $2.50:

Miller	14	Coe	7	Meyers	11
Lindsley	9	Sealy	13	James	10
Van Riper	11	Paul	8	George	6
Smith	12	Post	14	Taylor	9
Sickles	11	Lane	5	Dukes	10
Klees	9	Just	4	Jeanneret	5
E Collins	13	Stettler	0	Ely	12
Thurman	13				

Regular No. 9, 10 singles, $25 guaranteed, $2 entrance:

Miller	9	Ely	8	Klees	9
Lindsley	6	Collins'	8	Just	2
Smith	8	Peck	5	Jeanneret	4
Thurman	9	Stettler	1	Dukes	6
Paul	4	George	6	James	6
Van Riper	7	Sickles	9	Sigler	8
Post	10	Taylor	8		

Regular No. 10, 10 singles, unknown angles, $1 entrance:

Van Riper	8	Lane	1	Klees	5
Sealy	5	Ely	8	Thurman	8
E Collins	7	Campbell	7	Post	9
Lindsley	9	Meyer	6	George	7
Miller	8	Peck	6	Dukes	7
Coe	5	Smith	7	Sickles	10
Sigler	8				

Thursday, Oct. 16.

Regular No. 1, at 7 live birds, $40 guaranteed, $5 entrance:

Quimby	1112222—7	Post	1121222—7	Stettler	1122011—6
Lindsley	1221222—7	Wanda	1000010—2	Jeanneret	1101020—4
E Collins	1102202—4	Simpson	1111000—4	Laurenson	1001100—3
Riggot	2212101—6	Niedham	0121110—5	Lane	1110111—6
Van Riper	2211102—6	George	2211111—7	Park	1210101—5

Ties div. except fourth, which was won by Jeanneret on shoot-off.

Regular No. 2, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, $40 guaranteed:

Quimby	1101111—6	Peck	0122002—4	Riggot	1122112—7
Lindsley	0101222—5	E Collins	0122010—4	Niedham	1011101—4
Virden	1110202—5	Cannon	1120110—5	Simson	1121201—6
George	1102121—5	Stettler	1002121—5	Lane	0211010—4
Seely	1110101—4	Van Riper	1111111—7	C Collins	1022012—5
Wanda	2112002—5	Post	1011011—5	James	0211112—6
Laurenson	0010000—1	Du Bois	0100022—3	Just	0100021—3
Hughes	1102212—6				

First and second div., third shot off and div. by George, Stettler and Post, fourth shot off and div. by Seely, Peck and Lane.

Regular No. 3, 9 live birds, $7.50 entry, $60 guaranteed, four moneys:

Quimby	110211111—8	Lindsley	100200222—5
Hughes	122111210—8	Peck	012022002—5
Seely	122101122—8	E Jeaneret	100002112—5
E Collins	111111002—7	C Collins	0012012102—5
George	11110112?—7	Dupuy	021101010—5
Simpson	101121220—7	Riggott	022200202—5
Lane	121111100—7	Dehois	120020020—4
Post	102111220—7	Stettler	110002100—4
James	112120110—7	Larenson	020001120—4
Canon	111210001—6	Van Riper	110120000—4
Just	120101210—6	Virden	1002oo2o0—3
Hazen	101102120—6	P Jeaneret	10o20o020—3
Campbell	101202110—6	Wanda	020002000—2

o Dead out of bounds. All ties div.

Extra No. 1, at 5 live birds, $3 entry, two moneys:

Van Riper	11122—5	Lowe	00221—3
Riggott	11121—5	Stettler	02102—3
Bergen	12121—5	Timpson	11210—4
Post	12102—4	E Jeaneret	00021—2

Ties div. TEE KAY.

NIAGARA.

NIAGARA, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Niagara River Gun Club. Shoot at 5 live birds, entrance $2, 3 moneys, use of both barrels, ground trap, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

George Margetts	02112—4	S M Brooks	12220—4
M A McBean	11111—5	R Sinclair	21112—5
H P Smith	11120—4	Kellogg	11101—4
L A Boore	00010—1	J Koch	20022—3

Shoot No. 2, same conditions:

M A McBean	11110—4	J Koch	12212—5
B Sinclair	10202—3	L A Boore	21200—3
George Margetts	11120—4	S M Brooks	01020—2
Kellogg	22122—5	James Bampfield	10112—4
H P Smith	11010—3	John Bampfield	00102—2

Ties on 4 shot off in next event.

Shoot No. 3, same conditions:

H P Smith	11101—4	J Koch	11122—5
H W Case	12020—3	George Margetts	21222—5
R Sinclair	11020—3	S M Brooks	10002—2
Ed Moody	10112—4	Kellogg	01120—3
M A McBean	11111—5	Patterson	02002—2
John Bampfield	00001—1	L A Boore	02022—3
James Bampfield	00100—1		

Shoot No. 4, same conditions:

Geo Barker	00001—1	H P Smith	11021—4
John Walker	10002—2	E E Pnilpott	01021—3
James Bampfield	12211—5	Kellogg	00001—1
George Margetts	10211—4	Patterson	10102—3
L A Boore	01000—1	M A McBean	12212—5
L Van Cleef	01012—3	J Koch	12202—4
F Deveaux	01120—3	H W Case	11011—4
S M Brooks	00101—3	Ed Moody	01112—4
John Bampfield	12100—3	R Sinclair	10100—2

Shoot No. 5, at 12 kingbirds, $1 entrance:

M A McBean	110011111111—10	S M Brooks	010001000111— 5
H P Smith	110011111111—10	L A Boore	111111101111—11
Kellogg	010000001000— 2	R Sinclair	101010010001— 5
J Koch	111010111110— 9	George Margetts	111011011110— 9

Shoot No. 6, at 10 kingbirds, 2 moneys:

H P Smith	0110111110—7	L A Boore	1111100111—8
M A McBean	0111111111—9	Chas Tinesdale	0111011101—7

All ties div. unless otherwise stated. M. A. McB.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 18.—There was a full attendance of the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, and the weather conditions were favorable for the sport. Following are the scores made in the merchandise match at 20 singles and 5 pair standard: Gale 25, Cowell 24, Gore and Hooper 23, Stanton and Melchor 23, Dill 21, Bond 20.

THE GIFFARD GUN.

THE Giffard Gun and Ordnance Company Limited, is now added to the list of English corporations. It has a capital of £250,000, in shares of £1 each. The directors of the new company are The Right Hon. Lord Camoys, Stonor, Oxfordshire; R. J. Lloyd Price, Esq., D.L., J.P., Carlton Club, and Rhiwlas, Bala, N. Wales; Lieut.-Col. T. Tully, St. Stephen's Club, S.W., and Mill House, Wimbledon; Capt. B. T. L. Thompson, 4 Altenburg Gardens, Chapham Common, London, S.W.; J. Stewart Wallace, Esq., Cliftonville avenue, Belfast, and at 11 Queen Victoria street, London, E.C. (chairman at the Mid Kent Water Company Limited). Consulting and technical advisor, Mons. Paul Giffard, Paris.

In a recent publication issued by those concerned in floating the stock of the company, the promoters say, touching the inventor of the gun and the merits of the arm itself:

"M. Paul Giffard—the inventor (with his brother) of the well-known Giffard Injector—has, after many years study and a great outlay, perfected his system for the use of liquefied gas as a substitute for gunpowder or other explosives, to the satisfaction of some of the leading authorities in Europe. Since perfecting the 6, 8, and 12 millimeter guns as applied to sporting and rifle purposes, and also pistols of varied caliber, M. Paul Giffard has been devoting his entire attention to the perfection of a rifle suitable for military purposes, as also the application of his invention to cannon and other warlike instruments, in which he claims to have already achieved results sufficiently satisfactory to justify his belief that the adaptation of liquefied gas for war materials will be successful. The vendors state that they have already entered into a contract for the sale of the rights for the United States of America, including North and South America, excepting Canada, for a very large sum to the principal firm of gun and ammunition manufacturers in that country, and that they have received substantial offers from the leading manufacturers in the principal European countries to whom the guns have been submitted, and whose approval has been accorded. The completion of the negotiations in regard to these is now pending.

"The liquefied-gas gun appears to be destined to create a new era in the manufacture and use of all classes of sporting guns and rifles, also pistols and saloon arms. By it many of the difficulties which hinder the adoption of magazine rifles are obviated. Guns of 6, 8 and 12 millimeters are capable, according to caliber, of firing from 50 to 300 consecutive shots without recharging."

The following are the claims advanced by M. Paul Giffard in respect of his new liquefied gas gun:

1. Absence of the usual report, fire, smoke, dirt and smell.
2. Great precision, the force used being capable of the most accurate adjustment.
3. No recoil.
4. No heating of the gun, even when fired with the greatest rapidity.
5. The gun is small, light and inexpensive, and can be handled with perfect safety.
6. The projective power does not deteriorate, but is as effective after a lapse of twelve months as when the reservoir or cartridge is first loaded, and is not affected by damp.
7. The reservoir containing the liquefied gass is small and light, and the cost is very small.
8. Spherical or elongated conical bullets and small shot can be used.

In order to realize the practical advantages of this invention it is only necessary to remember that the gun is supplied with a metallic reservoir charged with liquefied gas, fixed under the gun and holding, according to the caliber, from 50 to 300 charges. These may be discharged in rapid succession, as may be desired, without loss of effect. To recharge the weapon it is only necessary to substitute a full reservoir for the empty one; this can be instantly done, the reservoirs being made interchangeable. They are light and cheap, practically indestructible, and can easily be supplied through gunsmiths.

According to news just received from London the Colt Co. has bought the American rights to the Giffard gun patents for £200,000. Experts who have seen the gun in practice are enthusiastic in its praise. The French Government is said to be experimenting on its application to cannon of the largest size.

DAVENPORT, IA.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Oct. 17.—The Forester Gun Club, of Davenport, held their semi-annual tournament Oct. 15 to 17. The attendance was not large, owing to bad weather and because a large number of our sportsmen are out after game; but those who were in attendance received a royal welcome and had three days of pleasure. Owing to sickness a number of the old stand-bys were not in attendance. Mr. Emmerson, of the Foresters, is laid up with a broken limb, but is in good spirits, and is counting the days when he can be out again. Among those present were C. O. Perkins, Des Moines, Ia.; A. Tucker, J. A. Ruble, Chas. Grim, J. R. Stice, Geo. Leffingwell, Mr. Cairncross, Mr. Wooster, Wm. Horbaugh, G. E. Converse, R. O. Heikes and Mr. Davenport, of Dayton, O., and W. H. Skinner. The live birds were an extra good lot, and Jim Stice can tell you how it happened if he will. A number of the boys go to Omaha to attend Parmalee & Nason's tournament, Oct. 22-24. All ties were divided unless otherwise stated.

Shoot No. 1, 7 single live birds, entrance $6.50:

Budd	1111111—7	Perkins	1111111—7
Williams	0101011—4	Grim	1111111—7
Sands	1011111—6	Wooster	1111111—7
Leffingwell	1000111—4	C Reese	0111101—5
Cross	0101110—4	Rubby	1111011—6

Ties on 4: Williams 0, Leffingwell 4, Cross 3.

Shoot No. 2, 10 single targets, $1.50:

Budd	1101111011—8	Leffingwell	1111011111— 9
Grim	1001111011—8	Rubby	1101010111— 7
Williams	1010111100—6	Fredburg	0101001001— 4
Sands	1100110011—6	Cross	1111111111—10
H Kemper	1111101101—8	Wooster	0111111111— 9
Reese	0011111001—6	Perkins	1101101011— 7

Fourth money: Rubby 1, Perkins 0.

Shoot No. 3, 4 pairs live birds, $6:

Grim	10 01 11 10—5	Leffingwell	10 10 00 01—3
Reese	10 01 10 11—5	Sands	00 10 11 00—3
William	00 01 00 10—2	Perkins	00 00 01 10—2
Budd	10 11 11 11—7	Fredburg	00 10 00 00—1
Cross	00 10 00 11—3	Rubby	10 10 01 10—4

Ties: Cross 4, Leffingwell 3, Sands 3.

Shoot No. 4, 15 single targets, $2:

Grim	001101111111111—12	Cross	111111111111111—15
Budd	111111011111111—14	Wooster	101011110111111—12
Williams	111001000011111— 8	Leffingwell	010110111111111—12
Heikes	111111111111111—15	Rubby	111111111110010—13
Kemper	111101100111111—12	Reese	011111100000001— 7
Sands	000111011110011— 9	Davenport	100110111101001— 9

Ties: Grim 3, Kemper 2, Wooster 2, Leffingwell 0.

Shoot No. 5, 6 single live birds, $5:

Grim	111111—6	Perkins	011001—3
Sands	111111—6	Cross	101101—4
Budd	111111—6	Rubby	111101—5
Williams	011100—3	Wooster	110100—3
Leffingwell	111110—5	Frazer	111111—6
Heikes	111111—6	Kemper	011111—5
Reese	111110—5		

Ties for fourth money: Williams 111011, Wooster 111010, Perkins 0.

Shoot No. 6, 10 pairs targets, $2.50:

Grim	10 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11 10—15		
Heikes	11 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 10—16		
Frazer	10 00 11 11 10 10 10 10 01 11—12		
Budd	01 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—17		
Sand	11 10 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 11—16		
Cross	11 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11—16		
Kemper	10 00 00 10 10 00 10 00 10 00— 5		
Skinner	00 10 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 11—12		
W S Tobie	11 10 11 10 10 10 10 11 11 11—15		
Jansis	00 10 11 10 10 01 10 11 10 11—12		

Second money:

Heikes	11 10 10—4	Cross	10 11 10—4
Sand	01 10 10—8		

Fourth money:

Frazer	01 10 10—3	Jansis	10 10 10—3
Skinner	01 11 10—4		

Extra No. 1, 10 single targets, $11:

Budd	10	Perkins	8
Williams	8	Sand	6
Cross	8	Fredburg	3
M Leffingwell	9		

Second, Leffingwell 1, Grim 4, Rubby 5.

Extra No. 2, 10 singles live birds, entrance $7:

Budd	10	Reese	6
Grim	10	Frazer	8
Leffingwell	8	W S Tobie	9
Skinner	10	Heikes	7
Williams	5		

Third, Leffingwell 5, Frazer 7, Cross 0, Wooster 6, Rubby 9.

Shoot No. 7, 10 singles and 3 pair, entrance $1.50:

Stice	0111111011	11 10 11—13	Ferrall	0110001001	10 00 10— 6
Budd	1111111111	11 10 11—15	Cross	1111111111	10 11 11—15
Skinner	1011110111	00 10 11— 9	Ruble	1111111111	11 11 11—16
Grimm	1111111110	11 11 10—14	Wooster	1111111101	00 11 10—12
Leffingw	1110111011	10 10 10—11	Frazer	0001100111	11 10 10— 9
Davis	1101110111	10 10 10—11			

Shoot No. 8 single live birds, entrance $4:

Grimm	111111—6	Cross	111111—6
Frazer	101001—3	Tucker	111111—6
Budd	111111—6	Ruble	011111—5
Leffingwell	100011—3	Stice	111110—5
Borchers	101111—5	Heikes	111111—6
Skinner	111000—3	Reese	111100—4
Davis	011101—4	Hanus	101111—5
Wooster	010111—4	Hicks	011111—5

Shoot No. 9, 15 single targets, entrance $2:

Heikes	010101111111111—12	Skinner	111111111111110—14
Grimm	010111101101111—11	Stice	111111111010000—12
Ruble	111011111111111—14	Reese	000011101110000— 6
Cross	110110111111111—13	Borchers	000011111111011—10
Leffingwell	111111011111111—14	Arp	010100110001111— 8
Budd	111111111111111—15	Wooster	011111011111111 -13
Frazer	011001001110111— 9	Davis	011111111111000—11

Shoot No. 10, at 10 single live birds, entrance $7:

Grimm	1111111111—10	Reese	1101101111—8
Borchers	1111111110— 9	Hicks	1111100010—6
Arp	1110111111— 9	Tucker	1111110111—9
Stice	1111111111—10	Cross	0111111111—9
Budd	1111111111—10	Baker	0011010100—4
Leffingwell	1111100111— 8	Gordon	0010110001—4
Heikes	1111111110— 9	Ruble	1110001111—7
Skinner	1111100111— 8	Davis	1010111110—7
Wooster	1110111110— 8	Harrus	1101101110—7

Shoot No. 11, at 10 single targets, entrance $1.50:

Stice	1110101111— 8	Grimm	1011111001—7
Budd	1111111111—10	Cross	1111111011—9
Heikes	1111111111—10	Frederick	1010110010—5
Leffingwell	1100101111— 7		

Shoot No. 12, at 15 single live birds, entrance $3.25:

Hicks	00111—3	Heikes	10111—4
Budd	11010—3	Wooster	01011—3
Tucker	01111—4	Baker	01111—4
Borchers	11001—3	Cross	01111—4
Arp	11111—5	Reese	01011—3
Frederick	11111—5	Stice	01000—1
Grimm	11110—4	Ruble	11110—4
Leffingwell	11011—4	Gordon	11000—2
Skinner	10111—4		

Shoot No. 13, 7 single live birds:

Grimm	1111101—6	Frederick	0110111—5
Davis	1110011—5	Blackmore	1010100—3
Budd	1111111—7	Booth	1110010—3
Cairncross	1111111—7	Wooster	1111111—7
Rubby	1111011—6		

Shoot No. 15, 4 pairs live birds:

Grimm	00 00 10 11—3	Frederick	10 11 10 11—6
Budd	11 11 10 11—7	Tucker	11 10 11 10—6
Davis	01 11 01 11—6	Cross	01 11 11 10—6
Heikes	11 11 11 10—7	Wilson	11 10 01 11—6

Shoot No. 16, 10 single targets:

Grimm	1011101101—7	Heikes	1111101111—9
Budd	1111111011—9	Wilson	1101101110—7
Cross	1111101001—7		

Shoot No. 17, 8 single live birds:

Grimm	01011110—5	Fish	11110100—5
Frederick	11100101—5	Heikes	11111000—5
Budd	11111110—7	Wilson	01100011—4
Tucker	11111110—7	Wooster	01111111—7
Davis	11010111—6	Rubby	11111110—7
Cross	01011101—5	Booth	11101110—6

Extra Shoot No. 1, 7 single targets: Budd 9, Cross 8, Grimm 8, Wagner 7, Wooster 6, Ferrall 7.

Extra Shoot No. 2, 3 pair live birds: Grimm 5, Howard 2, Tucker 4, Davis 4, Budd 3, Cross 2, Heikes 3.

Extra Shoot No. 3, 5 single live birds: Budd 5, Grimm 4, Ferrall 3, Wagner 2.

C. W. BUDD.

CALIFORNIA STATE SHOOT.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 11.—Interest in the State Association match was well sustained, and the gathering has been a great success. This morning there were a few live birds on hand, and it was decided that the first event of the day should be a field "shoot." This was an innovation on ordinary styles of trap shooting, the idea being to have the contest approach as nearly as practicable to field shooting. The idea was to have the shooter stand at a line 35yds. from the traps, facing the same, with gun cocked and loaded and stock below the point of the elbow, and to call "ready" to the puller. He starts walking toward a line 25yds. from the traps, which under no circumstances must he pass. Immediately upon the shooter crossing a line between the two (the 30yds. line) the trap is opened without further notice, and he is then privileged to shoot, having use of both barrels. The shooter must not advance after the trap is sprung, and should a bird fail to rise the shooter must stop at the point where he was when the trap was sprung and remain there until the bird rises. The referee orders another bird if necessary.

There was some splendid shooting done by Louis Nicolaus, of the Pelican Club of this city, especially distinguishing himself at bluerock shooting. In the 50 bird match he tied out champion Chick and Taber of Los Angeles for first honors, and proved himself a quick and reliable shot. The youngest shooter on the ground was Mr. Cadwalader, over whom none of the older shots have much advantage in skill. Chick, of San Diego—the man who defeated the world-beater, Captain Brewer—always shoots well. He was in very good form throughout the meeting, and when not first in a race he was always in at the division of the spoils. Henry Bassford of Vacaville, Charles Hass of Stockton, and F. Coykendal of San Jose, were also in the front rank of the contestants.

The shoot-off of the Fay badge match was a notable one. The match was at 20 single live birds for the $500 badge, and the highest scores were made by Henry Bassford, Chas. Haas, J. M. Morrison and Mahlon Cubbin, who tied on 19 birds each. They shot off the tie at 4 birds, and all killed but Morrison. Osborn dropped out of the second 4, Bassford and Hass again tieing. They tied also on the third 4 and again on the fourth, and then agreed to decide the temporary ownership of the badge on the following day.

At the conclusion of the 50-bird match four dozen birds had been secured, and the men went to the traps to settle the matter. It was agreed that they should shoot off at 20 birds each. This was another exciting trial of skill. Each shot a 10-gauge gun, standing at 30yds. from the traps. The rules of the Association provide that the badge shall be shot for under Hurlingham rules, which provide for a circular boundary line 80yds. from the central one of the traps. But the grounds had been laid out as prescribed by the American Association's new rules, which provides for a more circumscribed boundary, in the shape of a horseshoe, terminating in a straight line from heel to heel of the shoe at the score (30yds. from the traps), and either by special agreement or common consent the match was commenced and shot out under the latter rules. This change from the original conditions governing the match caused Mr. Bassford to lose the prize.

He missed his 9th, 17th and 20th birds, and Haas his 2d, 13th and 16th, causing another tie on the 20 birds shot at. The birds were all hard hit and died just outside the boundary line. Then the men agreed to decide the match with the 9 birds remaining in the coop, giving each 3. The first 2 were killed. Bassford's 3d bird was a low-flying dusky incomer, and as the shades of evening had already fallen upon the field, it was difficult to see plainly. Bassford waited until the bird was within about 30ft. of him, and slightly overshot, but succeeded in crippling it. Then it rose rapidly, and when almost directly over his head (he standing on the dead-line) gave it the contents of his second barrel, killing it. The force of the charge drove the bird a few feet ahead on its course and it fell squarely on the line between the flags and rolled over, leaving only about an inch of its tail feathers inside the line. The bird was decided a lost one by referee Sperry. Had the Hurlingham rules been followed, as prescribed, it would have been scored for the shooter. As Haas killed the third and last bird, the beautiful and valuable diamond badge went into his possession for at least one year. The scores were:

Haas	10111111110101011111—17	Bassford	11111110111111110110—17

Shoot-off at 3 birds each:

Haas	111—3	Bassford	110—2

MADISON COUNTY LEAGUE.—Cazenovia, N.Y.—The seventh meet of the Madison County Sportsmen's Association, and the last one of the season, takes place at Eaton, N. Y., the latter part of this month. Eaton, although the smallest village represented in the association league, never does anything by halves, and all are looking forward to a jolly time. Every county ought to organize a league the same as this one, for out of it will come some good shooters.—HAMMERLESS.

WHITEHOUSE, N. J.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 15, a team match between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., and the White House Gun Club, was shot off on the grounds of the latter club. The teams were composed of 8 men each, at 25 bluerocks per man. The Union Gun Club won by 155 to 99. Sweepstake shooting was also indulged in, with results as follows:

Union Gun Club.

Drane	0110101011111101111110110—18
Pudney	1111111101101110101111011—20
Bryant	0101011011111101101110011—17
Smith	1111011111111111111111110—23
Manning	0101111011111101111111111—21
Sophet	1000110111011111011101101—16
A Parry	1111100111111111111111111—23
Brantingham	1001111101111111C110000—17—155

White House Gun Club.

Anderson	1100010010010000000101000— 7
Bishop	1000111001000011101111001—15
Large	1000101100001010001101110—11
Eick	0001010010001111111010101—13
Cramer	1011100011111111101101101—18
Cole	0011101111011100011111011—17
Davis	0010110011000100011100000—10
Duyckinck	1110000001010010000000001— 8— 99

Event No. 1, at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance, 4 moneys:

Crammie	6	Eick	7
S Cole	4	Smith	9
Anderson	5	Lightipe	5
Bishop	8	Sigler	6
Manning	6	Brantingham	9
Miller	9	Sickley	8

No. 2, same conditions:

Cole	4	Smith	9
Large	4	Lightipe	9
Davis	5	Sigler	9
Eick	2	Manning	7
Brantingham	6	Miller	8
Sickley	7	Duyckinck	4

No. 3, same conditions:

Brantingham	10	Anderson	7
Manning	7	Sickley	7
Crammie	7	Sigler	9
Smith	7	Cole	2
Eick	5	Bishop	4
Miller	10		

No. 4, same conditions:

Dean	5	Manning	7
Brantingham	7	Lighthipe	8
Perry	8	Large	3
W Smith	6	Sigler	8
Smith	8	Sayre	8
Eich	5	Brant	7
Sophie	8	Roll	7
Miller	10		

No. 5, same conditions:

Smith	9	Yeomans	10
Perry	8	Sickley	6
Sigler	6	Roll	7
Smith	5	Miller	9

No. 6, same conditions:

Roll	9	Manning	5
Perry	10	Sayre	4
Sigler	9	W Smith	5
Dean	8	Briant	7
Miller	8		
Lighthipe	6		
Williams	10		
Smith	9		
Woodruff	4		

HUTCHINSON, KAN.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 14.—The Gun Club, of our city, held a very pleasant two days' tournament Oct. 7 and 8. Although we had not a large attendance the shoot was a very enjoyable affair to everybody. The visitors were Andy Swiggert, Towanda; I. L. Wright and T. A. Bavington, Lyons; A. P. and T. Blackler, C. A. Hegglund and H. E. Bush, McPherson and Messrs. Detar and Davis from La Crosse. Ties divided:

First match, 9 singles—Allen 9, Swiggett 8, Young 7, Rupel 6.

Second match, 12 singles—Young 9, Detar 9, Swiggett 8, Dodds 8, Allen 6, Davis 6, Winters 5, Rupel 5.

Third match, 6 singles, 2 pairs—Detor 7, Davis 7, Swiggett 7, Young 6, Dodds 5, Allen 5, Winters 4.

Fourth match, 7 live pigeons—Swiggett 7, Beach 7, Young 6, Davis 6, Allen 5, Winters 4, Bardett 3, Dodds 3.

Fifth match, miss and out live pigeons—Young 5, Swiggett 4, Beach 3, Dodds 1, Davis 1, Allen 0, Winters 0.

Sixth match—Young 8, Davis 8, Detor 8, Dodds 7, Winters 7, Bartlett 6, Currens 6, Allen 5.

Seventh match, team match, 12 singles per man:

Dodds	11	Young	10
Allen	8—19	Winters	6—16
Davis	9	Currens	5
Detor	9—18	Bartlett	5—10

Eighth match, 10 singles: Young 9, Detor 9, Allen 6, Davis 6, Bartlett 5, Currens 4, Dodds 4, Winters 3.

Ninth match, 9 singles: Young 9, Detor 9, Allen 8, Swiggett 7, Dodds 5, Currens 5, Davis 3, Bartlett 2.

Tenth match, 10 singles: Dodds 9, Allen 8, Detor 8, Swiggett 8, Bartlett 8, Young 7, Currens 7, Davis 6.

Eleventh match, 9 singles: Currens 6, Swiggett 6, Young 5, Bartlett 5, Allen 4, Johnson 4.

Second Day.—First match, 9 singles: Swiggett 8, Young 8, Allen 8, A. Blackler 7, Dodds 7, Bavington 7, Wright 6, T. Blackler 5.

Second match, 6 singles and 2 pair: Bush 10, Swiggett 8, Dodds 8, Young 7, T. Blackler 7, A. Blackler 7, Bavington 7, Allen 7.

Third match, 15 singles: Bush 14, A. Blackler 14, Swiggett 13, Young 13, Dodds 12, Allen 12, Wright 12, Bavington 11, Kiger 10, T. Blackler 13.

Fourth match, 12 singles: Swiggett 10, Young 10, Dodds 10, Bush 9, Allen 8, Rupel 8, T. Blackler 8, A. Blackler 7, Kiger 5.

Fifth match, 10 live pigeons: Bavington 9, Allen 9, A. Blackler 8, Bush 8, Dodds 8, Swiggett 7, Young 7.

Sixth match, 18 singles: Young 16, Bush 16, T. Blackler 15, Dodds 15, Allen 15, Swiggett 14, Hegglund 14, Wright 13, A. Blackler 11, Bavington 15.

Seventh match, 9 singles: Bush 9, Hegglund 9, A. Blackler 8, Wright 8, Young 8, Swiggett 8, Allen 7, Dodds 6, Bavington 6, Currens 6, T. Blackler 3.

Eighth match, 6 singles and 6 pairs: Currens 10, Bush 10, Bavington 10, Swiggett 8, Young 8, Dodds 8, Hegglund 8, Allen 7, T. Blackler 7.

SHADY.

WOODSIDE.—Newark, Oct 7.—Woodside Gun Club badge shoot held at their old grounds Oct. 7. Each man shot at 50 Ligowsky clay pigeons; the scores below will prove that the shooting was far from easy. This is the last shoot that this club will hold on these grounds. They have rented a beautiful large plot of ground right on the edge of the Passaic River, between the bank of the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad and the 50-call Second River in Woodside, three minutes walk from the Bellville station of the Erie Railroad or from the N. Y. & G. L. R. R., Newark Station. Here they will build a very large roomy club house; and on Nov. 18 and 19 hold an open-to-all tournament at artificial targets. The club has never been beaten in any match and stand ready to shoot a ten man friendly team race with any target club in the State. They will give a $30guarantee on the first day (Tuesday) and a $40 guarantee on Weanesday, two sets of traps will be in progress both days and a good time in general is promised to all visitors. Programmes may be had by addressing Carl von Lengerke, 843 Broad st., Newark, N. J., or E. A. Geoffrey, 13 Monclair avenue, Woodside, N. J. Score of last shoot:

Geoffrey	10111011100111110110101111110101111110101111110111—39
Cockfey	11110001111110111011010001010001111000111111111—34
Sickles	11110111001010111010111100111111101100111111011001—34
Walters	11011111110111010011000110111011011111111111111—36
Byram	11111010101100110010101011100101101010111011110111100 - 32
Cottrell	11111110010111111111111111111111111111111111111111—42
Fuerth	01101170111101111101011111101011111100100100000111—33

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Oct. 18.—Six matches at 10 bluerocks each, 50c. entry:

Sigler	9 9 8 10 9 8	Lindsley	7 8 7 8 9 8
Jones	8 7 8 9 8 6	Rose	7 5 9 5 7 8
Collins	5 8 10 3 7 10	Ferris	8 8 8 9 8 9
Johnson	9 6 9 8 8 7	Clark	8 7 7 7 8 6
Hunt	7 7 5 6 8 8		

Inwood 2, Schard 1, Garth 1, in first match. Two matches at 4 live birds, $2 entry:

Sigler	2121—4	2221—4	
Jones	0011—2	1111—3	
Collins	2122—4	2211—4	
Johnson	1101—3	1011—3	
Hunt	1222—4	1100—2	
Lindsley	0021—3	1212—4	
Inwood	0120—2	0221—3	
Schard	2022—3	0210—2	
Garth	0101—2	2022—3	
Pierson	1112—4	0012—2	
Mead	1211—4	1000—1	
Hathaway	0122—3	2211—4	

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 16.—A few of the faithful braved the storm this afternoon and shot at the East End Gun Club. The first badge was won by Held, and on the shoot-off in the tie for second place between Wherry and Brockway the former won. Thirty birds were shot at:

Wherry	27	Brockway	27
Sweetman	26	North	25
Held	29	A B Jones	17
Reynolds	26	Black	21
Elworthy	21		
John Silsby	15		
Tamblyn	16		

At the Chamberlin blue rock shoot at the East End grounds today the score was as follows at 25 birds:

Rodgers	20	Brockway	15
Wherry	21	Reynolds	15
Sweetman	17	Tamblyn	17
Fritz	14	Elworthy	11
J Albert	10	A B Jones	20
North	21		
Joe	15		
Black	18		

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

STANDING SAILS.

[From the Sail and Paddle of October, 1890.]

AS the mover of the resolution adopted by the executive committee to restrict the regular races of the A. C. A. to canoes whose sails may be readily lowered when afloat, I gladly accept the suggestion that I should present to your readers the views that I hold on the subject as I stated them to those who were at the camp. I do not do this with the idea of allowing myself to be drawn into newspaper discussion with those who hold opposite views, but simply to present the case as it appears to me, leaving it to others to do the same.

In the first place, this motion is no new thing. When I was chairman of the regatta committee in 1889 a resolution for the abolition of standing sails, and hiking seats as well, was, on the recommendation of that committee, submitted by the commodore for the written vote of the executive committee. With regard to standing sails the vote was nearly unanimous that they should be abolished, although some members suggested that as some men might already have their sails rigged for the season, it would be better to postpone action until after the races of 1889. On this the commodore and secretary, on my suggestion, cast their votes to postpone action, in order that there might not be the slightest chance of doing injustice to any one. The motion now made is to come into force next year.

The action taken is in accordance with the rule adopted as to paddling canoes. A limit has been fixed, and an arbitrary one it may be called, as to the beam of a canoe. We do not care, as an association, to provide races for canoes of less than 28in. beam, because there is no object to be gained in encouraging a narrow, unsafe style of canoe; nor do we provide races for canoes over 16ft. long, because we do not care to build up the racing machine which would be clumsy to transport. In the same way we have legislated against keels of over 3in. in depth, as they were not considered "shipshape" on a light draft canoe, and so with regard to slip keels, which were abolished long ago. So, too, it is provided that centerboards shall not drop more than 15in. All these rules are more or less arbitrary. The object of all of them is to encourage and develop the best, safest, most serviceable, most shipshape style of canoe, one that we can recommend not only to our own members, but to would-be canoeists throughout the country as well. Is not that one of the objects of the Association, one of the advantages gained by united action? Has any one suffered by any of these arbitrary rules?

One objection to the sail that cannot be lowered when afloat is that it is not a shipshape contrivance, and for this reason it should be treated as the slip keel was treated. It seems ridiculous on the face of it that a large Association should have to confess to the world that its highest development, after ten years of experimenting, is a sail that, in the event of either a violent storm or a dead calm coming on, cannot be lowered without the owner upsetting and going overboard to do it.

Such a sail is a source of danger and for this reason it seems to me that we should not encourage it by providing races for it. I am aware that some of the experts of the Association claim that it is safe, or, at all events, as safe as the lowering rig. Granted that the one is as bad as the other after an upset has occurred, no one surely will deny that where, as in most cases, a storm can be seen coming on, the sail that can be reefed is safer than one that can neither be reefed nor lowered, and the sail that can be lowered in time to avoid the danger is safer than the one that must stand until it is knocked down.

It is claimed that the standing sail is faster. This is at least open to question. But if it be so, what then? There is no more advantage in gaining five seconds with an objectionable sail than with an objectionable paddling canoe.

If the sail had been confined to the modest limits of the Pecowsic sails—which, by the way, could be lowered and stowed when afloat, mast and all—it would have been less objectionable, but it has grown beyond the safe and manageable stage, and the tendency is ever upward.

There need be no difficulty about obliging men to get new sails. It is safe to say that every racer will have new sails for next year any way.

I claim the privilege of an old member to ask the younger members—racing enthusiasts and others—to remember that the Association was not organized and does not exist for the sole purpose of racing, that in taking charge of the development of the canoe on this continent, its object has been to develop both in hull and in rig a useful, ship-shape and safe boat, one that it can safely recommend and hold up as a model to the canoeing world. I ask all, old members and new, to look at this matter as one affecting the general interests of the Association, and not from any personal standpoint.

E. B. EDWARDS.

The reasons why the action of the executive committee in relation to the standing sail question should be indorsed are good and sufficient and may be stated briefly. They need no argument, for if any one who thinks otherwise will retire to his tent for a few moments, and consider the fact calmly and honestly, he must surely come to the same conclusion.

The standing or laced sail is unsafe. This fact alone is enough to decide the matter, and the strongest argument in its support is, that no one does or can deny it.

The continued use of the standing sail would discourage the development of the best all-round and most desirable rig, as well as the invention and manufacture of good fittings, smooth running rigging and neat connections. Every canoeist should take pride in having a knowledge of all sorts of knots, splices, grommets, servings, etc., and it is the duty of the Association to encourage the rigs and races that will make the members expert with the needle, marlin spike and palm.

The standing rig is unseamanlike, and a nuisance in a canoe when not under way. What is there more interesting or what better test of a good canoe handler than to have one make a landing on a lee shore of a windy day? The man with the smooth hoisting rig luffs into the wind, furls sail, stows everything neatly and makes a comfortable landing, while he with the standing rig makes numerous unsuccessful attempts, and finally waits for his companion to come and "stop her" as he lands and "hold her" while he removes the sails, both getting thoroughly drenched from the seas that are washing in—helpless creature.

By retaining the standing sail we would detract entries from one of the best races we have—the cruise. It is not so much the sailing and paddling that make this race so interesting to both contestant and onlooker as it is the changes at each turn. How quickly every defect is noticed, and how pleasing it is and so "ship shape" to see one with a good rig come up to the mark and make the change without a break or jam.

The most of our sailing races are short, and consequently the same wind generally prevails throughout, yet many times have we all seen instances where a race has been lost to the best canoe or man because his standing sails would not admit of the shaking out or turning in of a reef. Might not Lacowsic have won the Trophy in 1887 had she been able to have turned in a reef, and might not Uno have won the first N. Y. C. C. trial race in 1890 had she been able to have shaken out a reef, and might not the same canoe have won the N. Y. C. C. international cup, regardless of fouls, in 1890, had she been able to have turned in a reef in the last race? There have been many such instances.

It has been remarked that a man who can sail a canoe can sail anything. Imagine what a "show" an expert canoeist would make of himself by coming to anchor in a cat or sloop and not know how to furl sail, probably never having seen a halliard.

Presuming that in all races the winds hold steady throughout, and that the standing sail has an advantage in speed over hoisting sails of equal area, there are men who will not use the standing sail for reasons stated or others as satisfactory to themselves. Is it just that they should be thus handicapped?

The action taken this year indorses the action of the executive committee of 1889, when the question was first advanced, since then they permitted the retention of the standing sail only because they considered it too late to legislate against it for that year.

Last year the Association made a single class of all canoes for the purpose of making better and closer races and putting everybody upon the same footing. It is just as reasonable and probably more to the purpose to require everybody to work in the same direction and for the same result in sails.

Permit me to venture the opinion that the best racing will be, and the best men and canoes will win, when the one man, one canoe rule is extended to include the rig.

M. V. BROKAW.

DANGER IN CANOE SAILING.

THAT the great changes of the last three or four years have served to make the American decked canoe a faster and more efficient machine for sailing, and at the same time rob it of various important features, and to limit materially the wide range of usefulness which first brought popularity to the craft, is a point on which canoeists are well agreed. On the no less vital point of safety there is, however, a wide difference of opinion, it being claimed by some that the latest of the bottled up racing craft are far safer than the class of canoe in such general use about 1885.

While to any one who watches the capsizes which occur in almost every race without causing any very serious delay to the canoeist, and often no more inconvenience than the wetting of his feet, it would appear that in the new boats the danger of canoe sailing has been reduced to a minimum; there is another side to the question, which is only apparent on a closer study of the subject. Up to a certain point the new boats are undoubtedly safer than the old; with the whole interior of the canoe given up to sealed compartments, with hardly space to hold a bucket of water in the tight footbath that has replaced the old open well; with a lighter, less complicated and more effective rig, and with the powerful means of controlling and especially of righting the canoe which the sliding seat affords, the chances of a capsize are now not only much fewer, but if one does occur the results are likely to be less serious. As long as boat and gear are intact it is the work of a moment to raise a canoe whose spars lie flat in the water, to trim sheets and resume one's course, bailing out the water when occasion serves should the well hold enough to be troublesome. This is done again and again in every race; and the fact that a man had capsized in any of the races at the late meet failed to awaken any apprehensions as to his safety. Compared with a capsize in the old boats, which involved, as a matter of course, a ducking, a swim and a withdrawal from the race, it would seem that all the advantages on the score of safety were on the side of the newer craft.

As every old canoeist knows, however, there was comparatively little danger in a total capsize of the old boats; they were amply provided with air spaces, the sails could be lowered or the masts pulled out, allowing the boat to be easily righted, and in spite of the big well partly filled with water, it was possible even in moderately rough water to climb aboard and sit on the floor, the water being then bailed out and the boat being under control of the paddle if the sails were disabled. With the new craft, however, when once a capsize has gone beyond a certain point it assumes a far more serious aspect than of old. Just as the power and safety of the canoeist are increased by the sliding seat so long as he remains astride of that useful appliance, so are both diminished as soon as this partnership is rudely dissolved and the crew is by any means dethroned and tumbled into the "drink."

As ballast has been discarded and the weight of the hull fined down, the initial stability of the canoe has been materially decreased, and she is far less capable of standing up under the weight of her racing masts, supposing her to have a good lowering rig, but of racing area. While this rig is probably lighter for a given area than the old, at the same time the actual area of sail and accompanying weight of masts is far greater in proportion to the stability of the hull, and the new boat is proportionately more difficult to right and to board than the old. While the big open well in one case gave lodgment to a considerable weight of water, which is excluded in the other, it at least had the advantage that a man could seat himself so low as to add greatly to the stability, allowing him to bail out or to take a needed rest with safety. With the latest improved bathtub cockpits, or even the less extreme shown in such canoes as Canuck, there is no room for the man to sit in the canoe; he must sit high up on the deck, where his weight alone is enough to capsize the canoe in a sea unless he is under way and with sails adjusted to buffet the sea. The old canoe, with some weight of hull and perhaps a little ballast, and with its coaming, beading, keel and other projections, offered every facility for boarding from the water; but, as some have found lately in practice, the new canoes, light and corky, without keel, beading, laps or any projections, and with a deck and bottom polished so that they offer no better hold than an eel, is a very different sort of steed to mount in a bit of sea. It is not merely a question of throwing one's self into the well, to rest there for a time in comparative safety, if nothing more; but of climbing on to the smooth and slippery deck, regaining the deck seat and keeping the boat on her way under sail.

Even in cases where the canoe does not capsize, but is disabled for the time in rig or deck seat, and such mishaps have increased greatly in numbers in two years, the modern racing canoe is by no means a safe and comfortable craft to weather out a squall or to buck a sea or a tide rip in. Light and buoyant, with little displacement and a high center of gravity of hull, of spars, and especially of crew, who must stick to the deck seat, as there is no lower place for him; even if he has a suitable paddle, and if his sails can be lowered, the crew would find himself in a very unpleasant plight if compelled to lie to for rest, or to ride out a squall, or to paddle for a few miles against wind and sea. While in the old canoes he would be seated low down and in a comparatively safe and comfortable position, protected by hatches or apron, and able to keep the paddle going and to rest at intervals; in the new style of craft he would be constrained to devote all this time to balancing himself in an uncomfortable and strained position, where the weight and windage of his body were doing the least possible to aid him.

We have said nothing thus far about standing sails and equipment, but the bad features of the racing machine are often made worse by the use of standing sails, or even lowering ones, of exaggerated size; while at the same time there is an absence of even such an integral part of the canoe as the paddle. The modern sailing machine has been reduced to the simplest possible elements; a light hull, a large suit of sails, a deck seat, board, rudder and tiller, with a well that is rapidly approaching the same proportion to the hull that the bung hole has to a barrel. In the development and refinement of the purely racing features, the essentials to safety and comfort have been entirely neglected until they have disappeared entirely, save in so far as they are incidental to the racing.

This class of canoe has been called into existence for a specific end, for fast sailing; it is intended only for match racing in company with other craft, over short courses close to the shore, or for practice sailing in the neighborhood of a club house. When used for such purposes by a skillful sailor, and where the shore can easily be reached in case of a mishap or of the crew being tired out by several hours of hard work in holding up a big rig; it cannot be said that the boat is unsafe, or that there is more danger involved than in the case of most vigorous outdoor sports; in fact, it may be said to be as safe as the old canoe.

When, however, the racing canoe is used for long runs, at a distance from the shore, with no other canoes about to give assistance if needed, and with the canoeist dependent solely on himself and his boat in the case of any emergency, the new boats cannot compare with the old. Any of the frequent mishaps to seat or sails that compels a resort to the paddle is likely to prove a serious matter if the canoe be kept out for a length of time in bad weather. The reason for this lies not in the standing sail alone, nor even in its size, but in the whole style and outfit of the canoe. It does not alter the case that some exceptionally expert canoeists have handled their racing craft with most wonderful skill, and performed feats which would be pronounced impossible, as when Mr. Warder capsized in Lake George in 1888; the racing canoe is dangerous in the hands of any but an expert, and if used under conditions where it may be exposed for an indefinite time with no hope of outside assistance.

The causes for this are so many and so complex that we see no hope of any successful attempt to remedy the matter to-day; the mere abolition of the standing sail is too trivial a measure to warrant half of the disturbance it has created. If it is desired to prevent any unnecessary danger from the use of such a craft, and to relieve the Association from responsibility in case of a fatal mishap, both of which points were urged as reasons for the prohibition of the standing sail at the recent meeting in camp, the best course is for the Association to recognize officially the present canoes which enter its sailing races as constituting a racing class, intended for expert sailors and match racing, and unfitted for the cruiser or the novice.

THE CHANGE OF THE RACING RULES.

THE letters which we reprint elsewhere from the *Sail and Paddle* are of especial interest, in that they were written by the two members of the executive committee who were chiefly responsible for the passage of the recent motion relating to standing sails, and it may be reasonably assumed that, coming from such sources, they present the best possible arguments in support of the action of the committee. Save in the second paragraph of Mr. Edwards's letter, there is no attempt to explain or justify the unusual course adopted in passing the motion, but both gentlemen confine themselves to the arguments against the standing sail.

The points which they raise are two: first, that the standing or laced sail is dangerous. Second, that it is the duty of the Association, through its rules, to encourage and promote the safest, best and most serviceable type of canoe, in which would naturally be included all features, and not merely those of the rig. That a standing rig, such as is carried on Canuck, is a dangerous and undesirable feature to encourage is hardly likely to be disputed by any one; but at the same time the assertion that all standing sails are unsafe, as made by Vice-Commodore Brokaw, is entirely too general, and in the absence of the proof is likely to be disputed by many, in fact Mr. Edwards himself, in the latter part of his letter, takes a much less extreme view. While we can indorse the plea for shipshape and serviceable rigs, and while, in accordance with this policy we have long urged the limitation of standing sails of huge size, we recognize fully that for certain uses the standing sail is superior to all others. This is especially the case with the racing, or even cruising, mizen; which sail, being within easy reach of the crew, can be quickly lifted out and laid on deck, and in fact can be handled more effectively and with much less gear than a hoisting and lowering sail. When used in this way the standing sail is unobjectionable on the score of danger, and can in no way be classed with a mainsail of 90ft. stepped a few inches from the bow and entirely out of reach from the well.

Even in the case of the latter sail, though it be admitted that it is dangerous and unshipshape, we cannot perceive that it is worse in either respect that three or four other racing features which are found in company with it, or that there is any justification for the singling out of this one feature as the object of special and extraordinary legislation. To us the huge standing rig has seemed a fitting accompaniment to the bath tub well, the big board in the center of the canoe and the unlimited slide of the deck seat. We have for years urged the necessity of some legislation in these matters, and though we believe that now the time has gone by when such work could be done to the best advantage; if the opponents of the standing sail can make it clear that their main object is to effect by legal means a change of policy on the part of the Association in the direction of the discouragement of extreme and special features, and the active development of better and more serviceable canoes, they can count on our heartiest co-operation.

It has not yet appeared that any such change of policy was contemplated, nor that either of the gentlemen in question had any further end in view than a successful crusade against the standing sail; in fact, in writing on this subject a little over a year ago, Mr. Edwards expressed himself as follows in the FOREST AND STREAM, of Feb. 28, 1889: "The place of a centerboard, whether in the center of the canoe or forward, is to me a matter of comparatively small importance. I don't use one myself and I do not sleep in my canoe. A tent and a soft side of a rock are good enough for me." In this statement, which is certainly inconsistent with what he describes in his present letter as the object of the rules, he offers an argument that may with propriety be turned against him by the friends of the standing sail. It is a serious question now whether it would be possible, or even politic, to prohibit all racing features which tend to destroy the general usefulness and safety of the canoe; and if this is the case but little good can be done by the summary prohibition of one particular feature which has been tacitly recognized and encouraged by the Association for five seasons. One side point of Mr. Brokaw's letter is worth a special notice, he offers an excellent argument in support of the view lately held by many, that the real superiority of the big standing sail was so slight that the evil would soon correct itself and that no legislation was necessary.

On what has proved to be the real issue in the case, the mode in which the subject was recently brought up and acted upon by the executive committee, there is nothing in either letter save the opinion of Mr. Edwards to the vote of 1889. We have, since the meet, been able to discuss this question very fully with a number of members of the Association, men whose opinions on minor points differ widely; but with one or two exceptions we have found a general concurrence in the views we have expressed as to the haste and illegality of the whole proceeding. In contrast to this opinion, which we believe to be quite general, a few have condemned very severely our course in criticising any acts of the executive committee, claiming that the committee has supreme power to govern the Association as it deems proper, and that the members at large have no right to question its acts; and also, even in cases where the committee might make a mistake, the fact that they acted for the good of the Association should screen them from criticism or blame. We have further been accused of impugning the motives and misrepresenting the acts of the committee, and of abusing such influence as we may have to create a feeling against them.

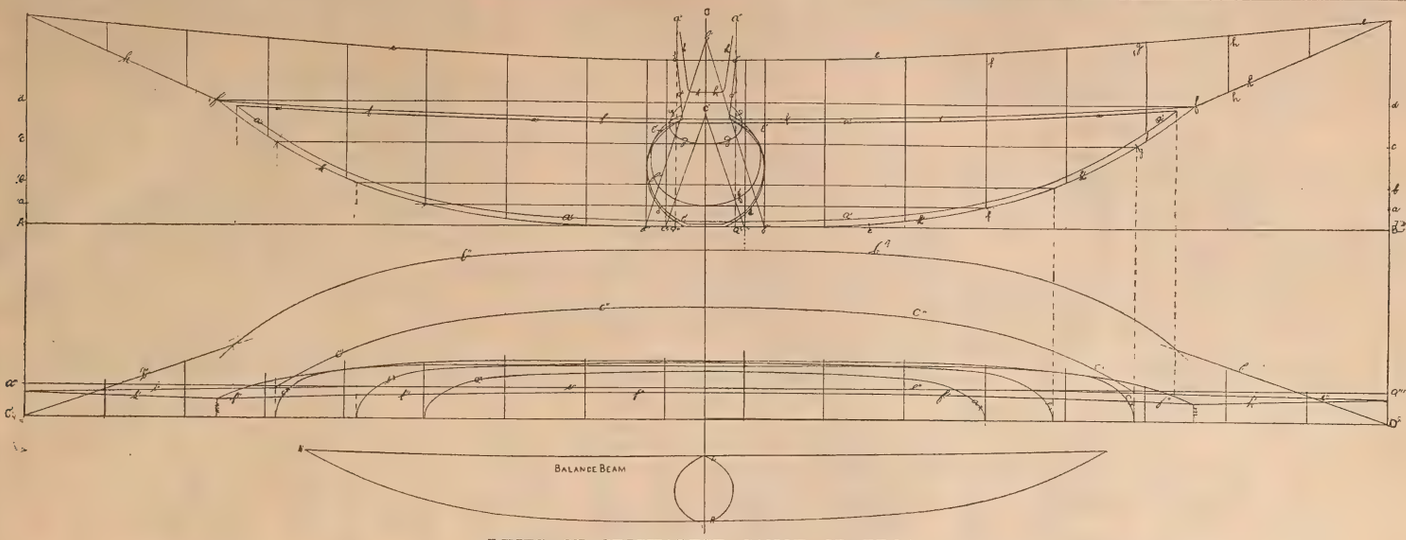
It is our office to collect and publish news, and in particular the news of the business meetings of the A. C. A. for the information of the large number of members who cannot be present. It is also our business to have positive opinions on all that occurs in canoeing, and to express them editorially; whether or no we are always correct does not matter so long as our views are honest and impartial, and this point we leave to the many canoeists among our readers. In the present case a very important step has been taken by the committee, a step in which every member of the Association is interested, and we have endeavored to publish a truthful and accurate account of the business transacted, relying at first entirely on official information. This has been a very difficult matter, from the fact that the official minutes as a matter of course do not contain a full report of the long and complicated discussion; and though we have since sought for information from the members present, there is a difference of opinion on the part of some as to the most important points. To instance only one, the proposer of a very important motion declares that it means what the wording would infer, while the seconder asserts that something totally different was contemplated. It is most important that all the facts of the case shall be fully known, and if, in spite of special diligence, we are in error on any points, we shall be glad of correction.

Concerning the motives of the members of the executive committee we have no means of knowing them, and most certainly do not intend to cast any reflections upon them; we have worked too long and too intimately with these same men to believe that they had anything in view but the welfare of the Association. As to their acts, the case is entirely different, not only are the official acts of the committee a fitting subject for the discussion and even criticism of the members, but in cases where a mistake has been made, no matter from what motive, it is the duty of every member to work for its immediate correction.

In the present case two very serious mistakes have been made; in the first place the executive committee has exceeded the powers granted it by the laws of the Association, and has deliberately set these laws aside in order to accomplish a certain end. In the second place the firmly established custom of open and informal discussion of all changes of the laws has been departed from, and the proposed change was introduced only at the last moment and at a most unexpected and unusual time. The results of these measures are too plain to be mistaken: the rules have been so seriously disturbed as to destroy all the permanence and stability that has thus far characterized the sailing regulations, leaving them to be altered at the mere whim of a minority of the committee; the feeling of confidence on the part of the members at large in the judgment and also good faith of the executive committee has been seriously impaired, and finally, the actual work has been done in such a slipshod manner and the wording of the motion is so loose and ambiguous that it must fail entirely of attaining the end in view.

Looking first at this latter point, we may assume from Mr. Edwards's letter that the intention was only to prohibit standing sails so large that they cannot be practically handled with safety in a canoe. This view is not in accordance with that of Vice-Com. Brokaw, who would prohibit all standing sails; but Mr. Edwards was the proposer of the motion. The actual words are, "After the present season the regular races of the American Canoe Association shall be confined to canoes whose sails can be readily lowered when afloat." The man who reads this in the light of past discussions, and who wishes to be on the safe side beyond doubt, will abandon all standing sails and go to the meet with a full lowering rig. At the same time, there are a number of skillful canoeists who, in the stiffer canoes, can readily lower a standing sail of large size when in still water, and there is nothing in the above rule to prevent a man entering a race with two standing sails, say a mizen of 60ft. and a main of 50, such as are now being used, and on winning, coming up before the regatta committee and laying both of his sails simply on deck. That this would be an evasion of the spirit of the rule there is no doubt, but it would comply with the letter; and, if the action of the committee is not rescinded, we shall see canoes built next year for the purpose of carrying standing sails and yet evading the rule.

In connection with this matter of the wording of the motion is its form; there is no question as to the proper place for such a restriction, it obviously belongs to Rule I of the Sailing Regulations, with other similar limitations of hull and board, but instead of placing it there the committee has preferred to put it in the form of a general edict, something that has never been done before. So much has been said in regard to the action of the committee in changing the sailing rules without even notice to the regatta committee that such a step was in contemplation, that the defense is now made that the motion is not a part of the Sailing Regulations, but was passed by the committee under the powers given them in Act VI. of the constitution for the "general government of the Association." We doubt very much whether this point is technically correct, there being laid down a specific



LINES OF SINGHALESE CANOE OR PROA.

place in the rules and mode of adoption for all such limitations; but in any case it is an explantation that will fail to satisfy intelligent members, and that in itself is a confession of weakness.

We have in a previous issue discussed the legal aspects of the case; the ignoring of the existing regatta committee, though they were within hail of the meeting, and the attempt, while declaring that no indorsement from a regatta committee was necessary, to substitute one made by a previous and now defunct committee; the peculiar tactics in the same line in the attempt to justify a change in one rule by the mutilation of another that is just as valid. In further proof of what has been the past policy of the Association, we quote the following official notices from the FOREST AND STREAM of 1884:

"There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association at the Delavan House, Albany, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 4 at 10 A. M. *All members of the Association* are cordially invited to present, either in person or by letter, any suggestions or ideas for the action of the committee that they may deem of benefit to the Association. The following members will constitute the regatta committee, and they will be obeyed and respected accordingly: R. W. Gibson, of Albany, chairman; R. J. Wilkin, of New York; J. L. Weller, of Peterborough. The committee will meet at the call of the chairman previous to Oct. 4 to prepare such matter *as it may deem advisable to submit for the action of the Executive Committee.* Members are respectfully requested to address all communications relative to matters in the jurisdiction of the regatta committee to the chairman thereof on or before Oct. 1. [Signed] C. A. NEIDE, Sec'y A. C. A."

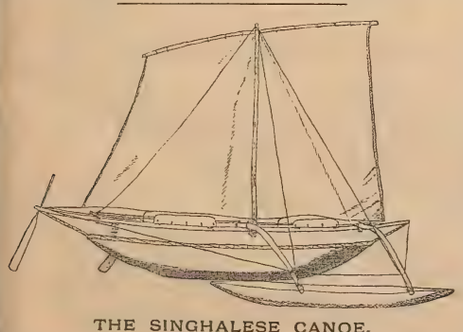
By order of the Committee.

"*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regatta committee will meet at a very early date and will be glad to have the benefit of suggestions from any practical canoeists. These will be much more serviceable than any criticisms at a later date. Therefore, let any canoeist write his ideas immediately for publication in these columns and they shall receive due consideration in making the programme and regulations for 1885. (Signed) REGATTA COMMITTEE."

In 1885 the same notice was again sent out by the secretary.

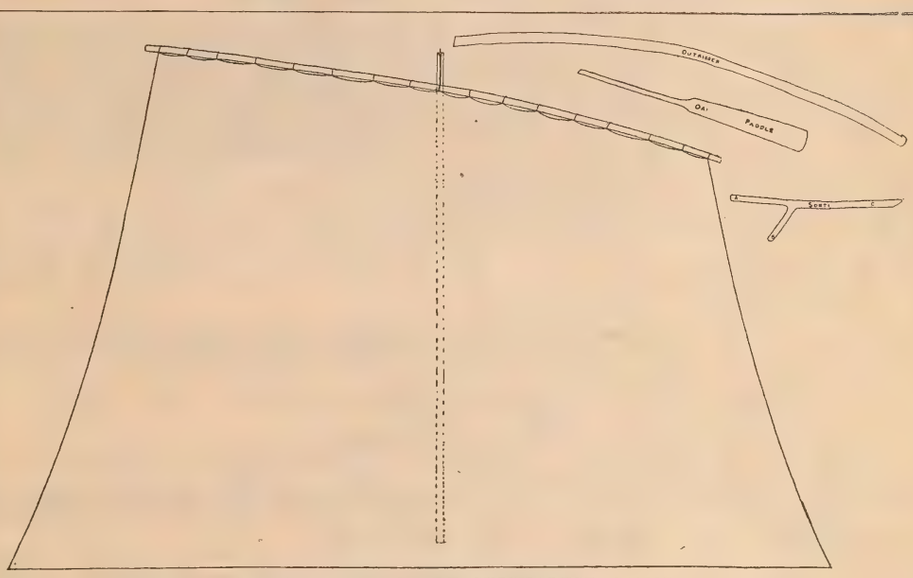
These are only two instances of the close relations existing between the executive committee, the regatta committee and the members of the Association; if a contrast is evident between these notices and the course of the present executive committee it is not our fault. In the present case the issue was one of the most important that has ever come up, it had been brought up in the regular way a year before and failed to pass, dropping at once out of notice; the member who reintroduced the subject was in camp for over a week and yet gave no notice of his intention to do so until the conclusion of the regular business, for which the meeting of Aug. 18 was called; the fact that the executive committee had no power in the matter was fully discussed and an attempt made to give them this power; a number of the committee while favoring the object of the motion urged strongly that all action should be deferred until the regular season for such changes, only two months distant, when the matter could be acted on with care and deliberation; but in spite of all this the question was so urgently pressed that men finally voted for it against their convictions. We have heard from several who voted for the motion that they either considered it unnecessary as the case then stood, or that they would much have preferred to defer all action until it could go through the regular channels at the annual committee meeting in November.

So far as we can judge of the motives for such hasty action, there was no intent of secrecy or precipitation, but an excess of zeal over an evil which is greatly exaggerated led to the sudden reopening of the question as soon as an opportunity presented itself; and, once under way and face to face with a certain amount of opposition, every effort was made to carry through the motion, and in the excitement of the discussion many vital points were entirely overlooked. If the facts are as we have stated them then the question is whether the Association is willing to indorse such hasty, illegal and ineffectual legislation merely out of regard for the standing and high aims of the men behind it, or whether the sanctity and stability of the laws so long recognized are not to be maintained above all other considerations.



THE SINGHALESE CANOE.

THE modern racing canoe is peculiarly a product of civilization, the result of a long course of study and experiment by men of education and intelligence; but, unique as it is, with its narrow beam, large sails and sliding deck seat, a parallel may be found for it in the work of comparative savages. The canoe here shown, though differing in many important particulars, is yet closely enough allied to the American racing canoe to make a comparison both interesting and instructive. Both are craft of narrow beam and light displacement, with little or no stability in the hull itself, but carrying very large sails by virtue of practical mechanical contrivances. What is done in the more civilized craft by the weight of the crew thrown far out to windward, is accomplished in the other by a similar means, a fixed weight being used that serves at the same time as a counter balance in itself and as a support for live ballast in the shape of the crew outside of the hull proper. The craft here described is known as the Singhalese, Ceylonese or Pointe de Galle canoe or proa, and is used in the vicinity of the island of Ceylon. The following drawing and description were furnished by Mr. John W. Kennedy of Chicago. We hardly fancy that is will be necessary for some time to prohibit floating outriggers in the rules of the A. C. A., but the idea



SAIL AND FITTING OF SINGHALESE CANOE.

has already been tried by a Chicago canoeist, his canoe being fitted with a metal cylinder of about 70lbs. displacement rigged out in each side.

According to Folkard these boats have probably been in use for several thousand years, he supposes Pliny to refer to them. Anson, in his voyages, speaks of their speed in extravagrant terms, declaring that they sail 80 miles an hour. Observations taken by British officers show them to have a speed of 20 miles an hour. Com. Wilkes, of the United States Navy, speaks of the speed of similar boats as inconceivable. The model from which these lines are taken was made by a native. It was sent from India by Capt. Baker, of Boston, who wrote, "These canoes are at once the safest and fastest boats that float. Their high wall sides and great rake of bows enable them to live in heavy seas, and their narrow beam, and enormous sail give them remarkable speed. They easily sail around the fastest English pilot boats. They sail close to the wind, and make but little leeway. I have met them 60 miles at sea, and you need have no fear of crossing Lake Michigan in one of these canoes; but be sure of your fastenings! These boats make good headway under paddles." The sailing directions sent by Capt. Baker, have unfortunately been lost. It will be seen that the sail must be managed somewhat as a dipping lug, and that the boat tacks without turning; the balance beam being always to windward; the sail being swung around, end for end, and the boat starting on the new tack with the end forward which was previously aft.

The main body of the canoe is made from the trunk of a tree, the upper third is formed of planking. The planks are lashed to the canoe portion by thongs; the angle of junction between the two parts being filled with a strip of bark or wood properly fitted in. The planks are joined to one another also by lashing. The seams are made water tight by pitch. At a number of points below the sheerline, especially where the mast is placed, and where the outriggers rest, a wooden pin pierces both sides of the planking extending across the boat and projecting some distance beyond it. By means of these beams the outriggers are lashed down across the gunwale, and securely held in place by a sort of figure of 8 knot. The mast stands on the lee side of the plank portion, with its foot resting on the canoe. It is lashed to a cross tie, and is properly sustained by guys. It is exactly amidships. The two outriggers are not placed at equal distances from the center, but they may be said to be led aft, so that the balance beam floats very much nearer one end of the canoe than the other. It is probable that this is only a matter of convenience, in order that one end of the boat may be utilized more easily and safely in landing, boarding, etc. About midway between the middle of the boat and the extremities, seats for the crew are arranged longitudinally, two on either side. They consist of a board resting with its inner edge on the gunwhale. The crew sit on these seats, with their feet hanging in the canoe. These benches are secured to the cross ties.

The balance beam is a log of wood in general shape like a cigar. Near its upper circumference, toward either end, a notch is cut for the reception of the outer end of the outrigger. Below this notch is a large hole which pierces the beam from side to side, through this hole the rope passes by means of which the properly notched outrigger is most firmly lashed to the beam. The beam, as will be seen in the cut, is not exactly alike at each end. Whether this variation be from accident or design is not known, it may be here remarked that in order that the balance beam shall secure equal stability to the boat on either side, it is necessary that its specific gravity should be just half that of water, (that is, that its weight relatively to water should be such that in beeling the canoe would meet a like resistance whether it tended to submerge the balance-beam, or lift it from the water).

The outriggers are curved as in the figure, and made of natural growth as a bamboo pole. They should possess a certain spring. It is noteworthy that the curve of the outriggers is such that when the canoe rests upright on a plain surface (in trim), the balance beam just touches that surface, and also that what might be called the horizontal plane of the beam is not, when thus *in situ*, in correspondence with a horizontal (water-line) plane of the canoe, but that it inclines away from the water-line plane of the boat at an angle of 88deg. So that the lashings of the outriggers to the beam do not look directly upward, but upward and outward from the canoe.

The paddles are of the shape represented in the cut with a slight curve on their face. It is probable that they are made use of as lee boards to prevent lee-way. Projecting to leeward from the gunwale of the canoe is what may be called a counter balance. It is called by the natives a "sorti." It consists of a forked beam of wood something like the letter Y. The straighter arm A is lashed over the gunwale, while the oblique arm B, rests against the side of the canoe where if joins the planking. The main branch of the Y, C, extends perpendicularly outward from the boat's side and serves as a seat. Upon this the natives sit when it is desired to diminish the drag of the balance beam, as during gentle breezes, or while the boat is being paddled. Extending from the canoe to the balance beam are man-ropes, by the aid of which the sailors may walk along an outrigger to the beam. When carrying all sail in a high wind they straddle the balance beam to add to its efficiency by increasing its weight.

The various parts of the drawings are as follows: *A B*, Base line of sheer plan. *C D*, Center line of body plan. *C' D'*, Center line, half-breadth plan.

SHEER PLAN.

a b c d, Water lines. *e e e*, Sheer line. *k k k*, Lower side of hull. *a' a' a'*, Section lines. *f f f*, Line of junction of log hull with the planked portion.

BODY PLAN.

a' a', Midship section. *e' f' g* and *h*, Sections. *a'' a''*, Bow and buttock line, (alike). *b' b'*, First diagonal. *c' c'*, Second diagonal.

HALF-BREADTH PLAN.

C' D', Center line. *e'' e''*, Side line. *a''' a'''*, Section lines. *b'' b''*, First diagonal. *c' c'*, Second diagonal. *f' f' f'*, Line of junction of hull with the planked portion. *k' k' k'*, Half-breadth of planked portion at ends. *m m*, Junction of hull with planked portion at bows.

ALASKAN CANOES.—The Thlinket canoe is hewn from a single log, shaped to long, slender lines, and rises at the bow with a high, sharp point that suggests a Venetian gondola. They are painted black with a mixture of soot and seal oil, which further suggests the gondola, but they are damp and most unpleasant boats to ride in. An Adirondack canoe is a very canal boat for steadiness in the water as compared to these teetering canoes that balance on hair lines and fairly toss unwary passengers into the water. There are no cross pieces or seats, and the Indians sit flat on the bottom of the canoe and maintain one position for hours without moving, and on canoe journeys they are very dictatorial to any white passengers because of their restlessness and incessant changes of position, which threaten to capsize the canoe each time. The Indians go on long journeys and make the canoe their home for weeks at a time, and even venture out on the open ocean and across the broad sounds of the coast in these canoes. They think nothing of paddling down to the British line to see if they can get a little more in trade, and visit along at all the friendly and interesting villages on the way. In this roving instinct, this desire for sightseeing and visiting, they show another trait they hold in common with the Japanese. At every village there are canoes belonging to visiting Indians to be seen on the beach, and one meets Sitka Indians everywhere else in the archipelago, and members of all the other tribes from time to time at Sitka. When the canoes are beached they are drawn up high and dry, filled with grass, branches and seaweed, and carefully covered with old blankets or mats woven of cedar bark, and a row of these high-beaked canoes sometimes have an unpleasant funereal look.—*St. Louis Republic.*

LAWRENCE C. C.—An important meeting of this successful club was held on Oct. 3, one new member being elected from a list of twenty-nine proposals, to fill the only vacancy in the membership, the limit being 250. It was decided to hold at least three meetings next sea on, two on the water and one ashore, and also to lease the Lawrence cricket grounds. Commodore Lawson, A. C. A., was present and spoke on the subject of the Association and its aims, a number of those present applying for membership.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER S., C. AND S. L. CO.—We are informed that Dr. Alexander Bain, of Clayton, who has so long been identified with the St. Lawrence skiff, has retired from the above firm. The business will be continued by Messrs. C. G. Emery and J. D. Little, with Mr. J. G. Fraser as manager.

CLASSIFICATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

At a special meeting of the St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal, held on the evening of Oct. 15, the following report on classification was submitted, considered and accepted. A motion for its acceptance was adopted almost unanimously. The consideration of the individual amendments to the sailing regulations, recommended by the report, which require to be carried by a two-thirds majority, was postponed until Oct. 24:

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON CLASSIFICATION.

This committee, having been appointed to consider the question of classification, and any possible improvements in the sailing regulations, beg leave to submit the following report:

Having taken into consideration the developments of racing, both on our own waters and elsewhere, we consider that our rules require revision in regard to:

First—The general system of classification and measurement.

Second—The methods of measurement.

Third—The limitation of crews.

Fourth—The more accurate definition of certain existing rules.

Classification and Measurement.—It is the measurement rule, and the system of classification, under which racing is carried on, which has the principal effect in determining the type of yachts which are built for competitive racing, and the more the type of vessel developed by the existing systems differs from that which meets the wants and conveniences of owners, the fewer will be built to compete in the races so governed.

The essential feature of the system of measurement and classification is that boats of different dimensions and types which are about of the same size, may be raced together; and that the influence of the system upon design is such, that the most successful racing craft may be also the most desirable craft for cruising and pleasure sailing.

The selection of any one of the prime elements of a vessel as a basis for determining its size is equivalent to discriminating against that element in favor of the others; this dimension is, in fact, taxed, and the inevitable result is a tendency to increase the size of the vessel without increasing the taxed dimension. Under the club's existing system of classification and measurement, while length is rigorously restricted by the classification, beam and draft are taxed to only a limited extent by the system of time allowance, which it is everywhere conceded cannot adequately compensate for difference in size; the result, of course, being that a designer is forced to take the full waterline length allowed for the class he builds into, and increase the power to an abnormal extent; building, in fact, large vessels on a short waterline length. The liberty of the designer in selecting the prime elements of speed, in dimension and model, is reduced to a minimum, and an arbitrary type of model is developed.

The club's present measurement rule seems in every way to provide the basis necessary to prevent the results which follow from the taxation of one dimension, as all the elements of speed—viz., size, length and, through the sail area, beam and draft—are fully taxed. If the classification be based on the corrected length found by this rule, the designer is left free to select for any given class his proportions of length and sail, which implies of beam and draft as well, length being diminished as sail is increased. As an instance of the manner in which classification by corrected length would work for a 30ft. class, a vessel might be built for that class with 25ft. l.w.l. length and 1,225sq. ft. of sail, or 27ft. l.w.l. length and 1,089sq. ft. of sail, or 29ft. l.w.l. length and 961sq. ft. of sail.

Vessels built under such a system are much more likely to be of a normal type, and, therefore, more generally useful and less expensive to build and keep up, than under any other now known.

Your committee therefore recommend that the club should base its classification upon corrected length, and we make this suggestion with the more boldness, because in doing so we are but following in the footsteps of the classification committees of the Seawanhaka Corinthian, the New York, the Lake Yacht Racing Association, the Corinthian of New York, and the Larchmont. Classification by corrected length has been adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britian, the Lake Yacht Racing Association, the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and the Corinthian of New York. It only failed of adoption on the Atlantic coast because united action could not be agreed upon, owing mainly to the influence of vested interests; which influence does not complicate the matter as far as this club is concerned. It has been found possible to classify the existing fleet upon a corrected length basis in such a manner, that while no hardship is inflicted upon any existing boat, the most desirable sizes of boats for our waters will be encouraged. By making the limits of the classes over 30ft. corrected length, over 24 and up to 30ft., and 24ft. and under, the existing boats will be placed in the same relation, the one to the other, that they occupied under the old classification at the beginning of the season. The probable cost of a 30-footer under this classification would be $1,000, and of a 24-footer $560. In order that those of our members who do not care to build such expensive boats, or who cannot get crews for large boats, may be enabled to take part in the racing, provision should be made for a small class of yachts, which, while comparatively inexpensive, would be safe and seaworthy little craft. After giving the matter much consideration, the conclusion arrived at is that a limit of 18ft. corrected length will be the best suited to produce such a class. In order that this class should be composed, not of racing machines, but of miniature yachts, it is advisable that a minimum beam of 5ft., or in lieu thereof at least 500lbs. of standing ballast, be necessary to enable a boat to enter the class; and, as these boats are intended to be perfectly safe if handled by one man, that the racing crew be restricted to two men. The boat which should be encouraged by these regulations would cost about $125, and while one man could handle it with perfect safety, it should accommodate two or three for cruising or pleasure sailing.

Such a class would, in the opinion of your committee, do much more to promote the interest in yachting than the present skiff classes do, and it would appear to be advisable that they be abandoned.

The second class of skiffs has practically ceased to exist as a racing class; and the first class skiffs on the squadron list are now, with one exception, owned in a canoe club, under whose auspices they race with apparently more satisfactory results than under those of this club. It would not, therefore, in any way injure the skiff racing to drop the skiffs altogether from the club races, and your committee feel confident that the skiff owners would not feel such action to be a hardship and would still retain their connection with the club.

The position of the boats of the present fleet under the recommendations of your committee, is shown on Table I., as appended. The ratio between length and sail area, as established by a corrected length classification in the various classes by Table II.

Measurements.—In order to prevent as far as possible any evasion of the measurement rule your committee recommend:

First—That the perpendicular measurement be taken from the upper halliard sheave instead of as at present from the gafftopsail halliard sheave.

Second—That in the measurement of the base line the forward point of measurement be half way between the jibstay and the topmast stay.

Third—That any excess in the length of the spinaker boom over the distance from the mast to the forward point of base line should be included in the length of the base line. At present the spinaker is the only sail on which there is not some limitation, and your committee are of the opinion that unless the present rule is amended the size of spinaker will increase to an undesirable extent with the necessary accompaniment of a long and dangerous boom.

Limitation of Crews.—In recommending classification by corrected length, your committee find it necessary to advise that the present restriction upon crews be greatly increased. So important does it deem this matter to be, that it will be in its opinion useless to adopt other measures for improving the fleet, as long as boats of 21ft. on the waterline are permitted to carry a fair working crew for a vessel of 40ft. Classification by corrected length, with the present crew limit, would make it possible to build a big racing skiff against which our present boats would have no chance of winning. Take for instance in the 30ft. class, a 31ft. Sauvé skiff with 860ft. of sail, and eleven men to hold her up. Such a boat would, of course, be perfectly useless for anything but racing. As matters now stand the limit of crew is so high that the ratio between sail area and stability encouraged by it is such as to make it undesirable for the typical racing boat to be used for pleasure sailing, unless she has her racing crew on board. As racing crews cannot be got for ordinary sailing this means that much of the usefulness is taken away from the boat and less pleasure can be derived from her. The sailing strength of the club is also concentrated to an undesirable exient upon a few boats, and an expensive type of vessel is encouraged. It is therefore recommended that a limit of one man for every 5ft. of corrected length be imposed.

Accurate Definition of Certain Rules.—Certain of the sailing regulations of the club are somewhat indefinite, and do not precisely signify their intention, therefore the committee suggest:

First—That the form of entry be altered to conform more closely to the practices of the club.

Second—That the rule prohibiting the shifting of ballast should be amended as to prevent ballast from being carried on the floor of the cockpit, or anywhere but under the platforms or in the lockers. This amendment is but the amplification of an existing law, it is in harmony with the policy of the club, and with the practices of yacht clubs generally.

The whole respectfully submitted. (Signed) G. H. Duggan.
David A. Poe.
James Paton.

CHANGES IN THE L. Y. R. A. RULES.

The Hamilton Y. C. gives notice that at the annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, to be held in Toronto on Nov. 8 next, it will seek to amend the constitution thereof as follows:

1. That the following be inserted in paragraph 3 of Article V. after the words "shall keep the Yacht Register provided for by Article XI., Section 2," namely, "shall keep a record of the names and times of the starters in each race held under the auspices of the Association in a book provided for that purpose."

2. That the following be added to paragraph 2 of Article VI.: "but no delegate shall give a proxy to any person who is not a co-delegate with him from the same club."

3. That the words "other than the assessment mentioned in Rule I of the Sailing Regulations" shall be inserted in Article VIII. between the words "no other assessment" and "shall be levied."

4. That the words "and in good standing therein" at the end of paragraph 1 of Article XI. be struck out.

5. That the following be inserted as Article XIII. under the heading of "Arrears:" "First—No club which is in arrear for any assessment shall be entitled to be represented at any meeting of the Association, nor shall any of its fleet be allowed to compete in any race under the auspices of the Association, Second—No yacht, the owner of which is not in good standing in the club to which he is supposed to belong, shall be entitled to compete in any race held under the auspices of the Association."

6. That in Rule I. of the Sailing Regulations the following shall be inserted after the first paragraph: "The executive committee shall, however, at least one month prior to the first race of the annual circuit, appoint an officer, at such remuneration as they shall think fit, whose duty it shall be to attend all regattas held under the auspices of the Association, and (under the direction of the officers of the club giving the regatta) superintend the laying and logging of courses and laying of buoys, calculate the time allowances in the different classes, fire the guns at the proper times, take and correct the times of the competing yachts and generally do such work in connection with the management of regattas as may be reasonably required of him. He shall also keep a record of the names and times of the starters in each race and after the close of each circuit shall send such record to the Honorary Secretary of the Association. The executive committee shall have power to levy an assessment on each club of the Association sufficient in the whole to pay expenses incurred by the employment of such officer."

7. That the following be added to the last paragraph of Rule II., "but shall be classed and have crews allowed at their full rating."

8. That the words "the day before the day" in Rule III. be struck out and the words "twenty-four hours at least before the time" be substituted therefor. That the last two sentences of the said rule be struck out and the following be substituted therefor, "Sundays shall not be computed." That the following be added to the said rule as paragraph 2 thereof: "Prior to the first race in which a yacht may compete in any circuit, its owner shall deposit a certificate of measurement with the Association officer mentioned in Rule I., which certificate shall be in the form following or to the like effect:

"We hereby certify that..... ...the owner of the..... .. rigged yacht.....is at present a member of the ..... Yacht Club in good standing, and that the measurements of the said yacht, in accordance with Rule II., are as follows:
Jibstay hole in bowsprit to boat.....
Topsail halliard sheave to top of boom or under side of gooseneck .....
Eyes of rigging to top of boom or under side of goose-neck.....
Gaff.....
Waterline.....
Corrected length.....
Time allowance for one knot .....
.....Measurer. .....Secretary.
....189

"Should any change be made in the rig or measurement of a yacht during a circuit, a new certificate shall be deposited with such officer before such yacht shall be allowed to compete in any subsequent race."

9. That in the form of entry mentioned in Rule IV. the words "her Association number is ...." be inserted between the words "her distinguishing flag is ....." and "her rig is ....." and that the words "her time allowance for one knot is ....." be inserted after the words "and her corrected length, in accordance with Rule II., is .... feet."

10. That the words "when the number of entries required have been made and shall at the discretion of the sailing committee be entitled to the prize, subject, however, to Rule V.," in Rule VI. be struck out and the following substituted therefor: "when two entries have been made and shall be entitled to the prize, subject, however, to Rule V."

11. That paragraph 1 of Rule VIII., relating to distinguishing flags, be struck out.

12. That the words "No one, however, shall be allowed to steer a yacht in any race unless he be a member of a club belonging to the Association" in Rule XI. be struck out.

13. That the words "distinguishing flag" in line 6 of Rule XX. be struck out and the words "a flag" be substituted therefor.

14. That the following be added to Rule XXIV. at the end thereof, "and no yacht shall be allowed to alter her rig or ballast to enable her to sail in a different class than the one for which she was originally measured unless her owner can show to the satisfaction of the sailing committee that it is his intention to sail permanently in the class to which he is altering his yacht. When there is no race for a yacht in the class to which she belongs she shall be allowed to sail in the class above, time allowance to be computed on her corrected length."

15. That the words "to which said yacht belongs," in line 4, of Rule XXV., be struck out, and the words "belonging to the Association" be substituted therefor.

16. That in the table of time allowances the words "can be expressed in hundredths" be substituted for the words "can be expressed in tenths" in the second line of page 37, and that all the words after "the next higher number" in the same sentence be struck out.

Hamilton Y. C., Oct. 4.

The foregoing are the amendments which it is proposed to send to the Association, but in addition it is proposed to move at the meeting as an amendment to amendment No. 14 that the following be added to amendment No. 8: "And should such change be made to enable a yacht to sail in another class than that in which she has previously sailed in the same circuit, such new certificate and a declaration by the owner that the change is a permanent one for the remainder of the circuit shall be deposited with such officer at least forty-eight hours before such yacht shall compete in any such subsequent race."

Yachting.

RACING RULES ON LAKE ONTARIO.

The reports of the Hamilton and St. Lawrence Y. C.s, which appear elsewhere, give ample proof that the yachtsmen of Lake Ontario, with their neighbors of the St. Lawrence River, do not propose to be left behind the times in the matter of racing rules, but to keep ahead rather than astern of yachtsmen in more favored localities. The report of the Hamilton Y. C. shows at least a careful study of the new rules in the light of the present season's racing, and an attempt to improve still further the minor details. The work of the St. Lawrence Y. C. is in a line with that done last year on the Lake, the adoption of a classification by length and sail area, and its wording shows the care and labor which the committee has devoted to their task. Such progressive, intelligent and united action as that of the clubs of the Lake Y. R. A. and the St. Lawrence Y. C., nearly all young clubs dating back less than ten years, presents a very pleasing contrast to the conservative and dilatory actions and the lack of harmony which has attended similar movements for reform in clubs which from their age and high standing should take the lead in every movement for the advancement of American yachting.

CAPT. CHAS. BARR.—It is reported that Capt. Barr and Minerva's crew have been already engaged to sail one of the new Burgess 46-footers next season.

CLYDE YACHT BUIDING.—The Clyde is obtaining its own share of orders for the coming season. Mr. G. L. Watson has in hand a 40-rater for a French owner, which has to be launched in time for the voyage out to the Mediterranean and some racing at Nice and elsewhere. The success of Deerhound, also designed by Mr. Watson at Nice last year, has led to this order, and the cutter will probably be better than Creole. The cutter is being built by Messrs. A. & J. Inglis, of Glasgow, which means that she will be up to the requirements of a first-class cutter. Mr. Watson has also been intrusted with another 10-rater, which will be built by Mr. Adam, of Gourock, the builder of Phantom. The owner of this cutter intends racing in this class on the Clyde as well as in the English Channel. Mr. Watson has in hand a 7-ton cutter for Mr. M. Clintock, to be built by Mr. Ninian, of Largs, who has had several commissions from the same designer. Another cutter which Mr. Watson is furnishing the designs of is being built at Rutherglen on Clyde, in a building yard which has turned out some good craft. The same designer has in hand an 8-ton cruiser for the west coast of Ireland, and which may prove the occasion for the sport getting a new spurt in Galway Bay. Mr. Watson has also in hand a racing gig for the upper Thames.—*The Field.*

THE FALCON ON THE BALTIC.—Every yachtsman who has followed the adventures of the little Falcon and her intrepid master, Mr. E. T. Knight, on her long cruise to South America, will be ready to ship again in a boat of the same name, but of a different type, for another cruise in the same company. Though far less stirring and exciting than the first cruise, the present one is by no means less interesting, being as unique and unconventional as most of Mr. Knight's ventures. The yacht is an old steamer's life-boat, diagonal built, sharp at both ends, about 29ft. over all, and 3ft. draft, with a yawl or rather ketch rig. The parties to the cruise were three, Mr. Knight, a paid hand, and a lively and energetic leak in the keel; which afforded constant employment to the first two during a good part of the voyage. The rout taken was from London to Harwich, thence across the North Sea to Rotterdam, thence on to Amsterdam, through the Zuyder Zee and the Holland canals, and thence through the Danish Archipelago to Copenhagen. Even with the very bad weather of the Jubilee year the cruise was a pleasant one, and those who follow it in the neat volume published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. will find plenty to repay them.

A QUADRUPLE COLLISION.—About half-past 10 o'clock on Sept. 29, when the tide in Portsmouth Harbor was at half flood and rushing in with considerable force, a somewhat singular accident occurred. The Vanduara, cutter, was being moved out of the tier opposite Messrs. Camper & Nicholson's yard by her own crew, with the object of being taken to a mud berth in Haslar Creek, when the strength of the tide caused her to foul the schooner Ptarmigan, the steamship Lyra and the yawl Anaconda. The Vanduara, Ptarmigan and Anaconda were thrown across the bows of Nelson's flagship Victory, and a general smash up was only averted by a perfect miracle. The yachts all sustained more or less damage, the Ptarmigan getting the worst of it, being jammed against the Victory by Vanduara, and losing both her topmasts and crosstrees, while it is feared that both her masts are sprung. The other two yachts also had their bulwarks, bowsprits and gear partially carried away. The Victory lost her jibboom and attachments, but was not otherwise injured. The Lyra fortunately escaped any injury whatever.—*The Field.*

STEEL CHAINS AND ANCHORS.—No device for casting chains, however, or making them in any other way from steel, has been so far successful up to the present, as to have been practically adopted by any vessel classed in Lloyd's, or by any ship in H. M. Navy. Cast-steel anchors, however, have come into use during the last few years, and it has been necessary to consider the question of a special set of tests for them. This was done in 1887 by a joint committee, appointed by the Board of Trade, the Admiralty and Lloyd's, and their report was given by us in these pages. It may be that as more is known of the properties of steel and of its alloys, a means may be found of casting chains with such uniformity of result that they will stand the severe tests, and meet the large requirements necessary in the case of chain cables. What has recently been stated of nickel-steel would appear to indicate that in that, or in some other similar alloy, may be ultimately found a metal from which may be cast chains of much greater strength than those at present in use.—*Nautical Magazine.*

A NEW IDEA IN RACING.—The Erith Y. C., on the Lower Thames, has lately introduced what promises to be a most popular feature in in its racing. The club has been presented by Com. G. W. Brown and Vice-Com. T. H. Smith with three racing boats, alike in every particular, which boats are manned for racing by crews drawn for each from among the club members, three men and a helmsman for each boat. The boats, which were built by Messrs. Stone, of Erith, are clinker-built centerboard craft, 18ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 2ft. draft aft, with plumb stems, the rig being a lug mainsail and a jib. They are very handsomely finished, being bright above water. As they are identical in size, model, rig and sail area, it is of course a question of handling as to which will win, and the racing will form a most admirable school for Corinthians.

MODEL YACHT SAILING.—The Philadelphia Model Y. C. has done good work this season in encouraging this interesting branch of yachting, a number of races having been sailed. On Oct. 18 the first race for the Ladies' Challenge Cup took place on Centennial Lake, in Fairmount Park, the starters being Secret, Com. Biddle; Vindex, Capt. Porter, and Swanhilde, Prof. Koenig; all 30in. craft. Swanhilde won 7 out of 11 points.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The last regular meeting of the year will be held to-night.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. H., Youngstown, O.—You do not give the breed of your dog.

W. H., Youngstown, O.—You omitted to tell us what breed your dog is.

J. A. H., New York.—The quail are usually in good supply there, and there is land not controlled by clubs.

English Setter.—1. Where can I get an English setter dog trained, not broken, for partridge and Woodcock? 2. Where can I get an English setter puppy that I can be sure is good blooded and is all O. K.? Ans. You had better advertise for what you want.

J. C. H., Lanesboro, Minn.—1. How ought an oil paint for making linen waterproof and sufficiently supple to be composed? As I frequently, for the sake of exercise, tramp through the woods even in rainy weather, this is to me an important question, and one I have been unable to get answered by my acquaintances in this neighborhood. The rubber coats I can get out here I have found to be unreliable and painted coats need renewal of the painting quite often. 2. Why does the Forest and Stream of late so seldom contain any notes about the buffalo? Ans. 1. We quote a receipt given before in these columns. "Take 2½lbs. alum and dissolve in 10 gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in 10 gallons of water and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled in this liquid until every part of it is penatrated, then it is squeezed and dried in the air or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquid appears curdled when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. 2. There is little to report. See note in our gun columns today.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Washington Game Resorts.—Washington, D. C.—Having just arrived in Washington I wonder if any of your readers can tell me through your columns where is nearest point I can find duck shooting and how to get to it.—I. S. P.

Names and Portraits of Birds, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by Forest and Stream.

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do	do do do do	10 30 9¼	35 00	30 00
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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A NAME ON A POSTAL.

If you have a friend, who might be interested in the FOREST AND STREAM, but does not know the paper, send us his address on a postal card. It will be esteemed a favor by us; and it may be so regarded by him.

NON-RESIDENTS IN NEW JERSEY.

NUMEROUS inquiries have been made of late respecting non-resident licenses for shooting and fishing in New Jersey. The game law of that State, Act of April 4, 1878, makes it unlawful for non-residents to shoot or fish "without complying with the by-laws of the game protective societies, organized or to be organized under the laws of this State;" and a penalty of $50 is provided for violation. Plainly there is here no requirement of a license unless such a license shall be specifically prescribed by the by-laws of some game protective society. In certain counties—Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May—the license is demanded by a by-law of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, which reads:

Any person or persons, non-residents of this State, wishing to kill, destroy, hunt or take, at any time, any game . . . shall first become members of this Society, by payment of the membership fee to the secretary, receiving a certificate of membership, signed by the President and Secretary, and sealed with the corporate seal of said Society. . . . Each non-resident member shall receive from the Secretary a certificate of membership, said certificate to be issued for the term of one year. . . . The fee for membership in this Society for non-residents shall be five dollars for the first year, and for each succeeding year two dollars

We know of no other society whose by-laws require non-residents to take out licenses; although we believe that the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, of Plainfield, has collected money from sportsmen visiting New Jersey and given them certificates in return. It is probable that a test case in the courts would demonstrate that such collection of money by the Plainfield society under its existing by-laws is without warrant of law. In reply to an inquiry on this subject, Mr. W. L. Force, the secretary, writes to the *Book of the Game Laws:* "I do not know of any clause in our by-laws compelling a non-resident to join our game society. The State law, however, says that they must 'comply with the by-laws,' etc., and the second section of Section 7 is supposed to cover the case." Section 7 reads as follows:

§ 7. The annual dues of members shall be two dollars for each year, to be paid by each member in advance, the first payment to be made to acccompany the application for certificate of membership, and subsequent payments to be made annually in advance upon the commencement of each succeeding year of membership; and in case of non-election such first annual fee shall be returned forthwith to such applicant. Non-residents desiring to become members of this society, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter CLXXXIV. of the Laws of the State of New Jersey, must comply with the provisions of this section.

The whole question turns on the meaning of the phrase "must comply with the provisions of this section." We cannot see that it means that the non-resident must join the society or pay any money to anybody for a certificate. If the Plainfield society wishes to compel non-residents to take out a license, it can readily accomplish that end by saying so in plain English in its by-laws.

It would be interesting if some one would test this question by taking it into the courts. Meanwhile the sportsman dwelling in a less favored clime who seeks New Jersey covers is admonished that it will unquestionably be cheaper to pay the $2 than to pay New Jersey lawyer fees.

THE DEAD CAMP-FIRE.

A HEAP of ashes, a few half-burned brands, a blackened pair of crotched sticks that mark the place of the once glowing heart of the camp, furnish food for the imagination to feed upon or give the memory an elusive taste of departed pleasures.

If you were one of those who saw its living flame and felt its warmth, the pleasant hours passed here come back with that touch of sadness which accompanies the memory of all departed pleasures and yet makes it not unwelcome. What was unpleasant, even what was almost unendurable, has nearly faded out of remembrance or is recalled with a laugh.

It was ten years ago, and the winds and fallen leaves of as many autumns have scattered and covered the gray heap, or, if it was only last year, and you fancy that the smell of fire still lingers in the brands, how vividly return to you the anxious deliberation with which the site was chosen with a view to all attainable comfort and convenience, and the final satisfaction that followed the establishment of this short-lived home, short-lived, but yet so much a home during its existence.

Nothing contributed so much to make it one as the camp-fire. How intently you watched its first building and lighting, how labored for its maintenance with awkwardly-wielded ax, how you inhaled the odors of its cookery and essayed long-planned culinary experiments with extemporized implements, over its beds of coals, and the consequent exaltation of triumph or mortification of failure.

All these come back to you, and the relighting of the fire in the sleepy dawn, the strange mingling of white sunlight and yellow firelight when the sun shot its first level rays athwart the camp, the bustle of departure for the day's sport, the pleasant loneliness of camp-keeping with only the silent woods, the crackling fire and your thoughts for company; the incoming at nightfall and the rekindling of the fire, when the rosy bud of sleeping embers suddenly expanded into a great blossom of light whose petals quivered and faded and brightened among the encircling shadows of the woods. You laugh again at the jokes that ran around that merry circle and wonder again and again at the ingenuity with which small performances where magnified into great exploits, little haps into strange adventure, and with which bad shots and poor catches were excused.

At last came breaking camp, the desolation of dismantling and leave-taking. How many of you will ever meet again? How many of those merry voices are stilled forever, from how many of those happy faces has the light of life faded?

Who lighted this camp-fire? Years have passed since it lit the nightly gloom of the woods, for moss and lichens are creeping over the charred back-log. A green film is spread over the ashes, and thrifty sprouts are springing up through them.

You know that the campers were tent-dwellers, for there stand the rows of rotten tent pins inclosing a rusty heap of mold that once was a fragrant couch of evergreens inviting tired men to rest, or you know they spent their nights in a shanty, for there are the crumbling walls, the fallen-in roof of bark that never again will echo song or jest.

This pile of fish bones attests that they were anglers, and skillful or lucky ones, for the pile is large. If you are an ichthyologist, you can learn by these vestiges of their sport whether they satisfied the desire of soul and stomach with the baser or the nobler fishes; perhaps a rotting pole, breaking with its own weight, may decide whether they fished with worm or fly; but whether you relegate them to the class of scientific or unscientific anglers, you doubt not they enjoyed their sport as much in one way as in the other.

You know that they were riflemen, for there is the record of their shots in the healing bullet wounds on the trunk of a great beech. For a moment you may fancy that the woods still echo the laughter that greeted the shot that just raked the side of the tree; but it is only the cackle of a yellow-hammer.

There is nothing to tell you who they were, whence they came, or whither they went; but they were campers, lovers of the great outdoor world so akin to you, and you bid them hail and farewell without a meeting.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. T. M. ALDRICH, who called the other day on his way South with a string of dogs for the coming trials, tells us that the shooting season in Rhode Island has not by any means made good the promise of the earlier year with respect to ruffed grouse. The birds bred well, and a capital season was anticipated; but gunners have failed to find them. Nobody can satisfactorily account for the failure; but the grouse tick theory has its supporters. Another noticeable feature of the season is that quail are remarkably backward in growth; they are small, too small to shoot. It might be thought that the small ones are second broods; but if that is the case, ask the shooters where are the birds of the first broods?

Moose are reported numerous in Nova Scotia this season. A correspondent who has just returned reports that his party shot three, and saw and heard many more. A great many have been killed. Digby is a starting point. Non-residents are required to pay a license. From what we learn, there appears to be reason to believe that the license law is not enforced with perfect impartiality. It is said that in some localities it makes a difference as to what hotels are patronized by visiting sportsmen, immunity from prosecution for hunting without a license counting as among the advantages enjoyed by the guests of certain inns.

The man Hoxie—that Rhode Island game protector who was caught with a big basket of grouse and woodcock killed out of season—will be up for trial again to-morrow. It will be remembered that he got off with only one fine the first time. The officers of the prosecuting society are determined to vindicate the law in this case. The average Rhode Island farmer, in the vicinity of Narragansett Pier and other summer watering places, has absolutely no scruple whatever about shooting robins, chicken partridge, young quail and whatever else he can dispose of to the restaurant keepers.

We record with much regret the death of Dr. Amandus Ferber, whose papers on angling have for many years given pleasure to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Dr. Ferber was a devoted fisherman; his experience in fly-fishing on the west coast of Florida was perhaps more extensive than that of any of his companions. He was a man of gentlemanly instincts, who by his principles and practice did credit to the craft.

We would be glad to have information about shooting resorts in the South. As noted by our Boston correspondent, sportsmen from the North are finding their way in increasing numbers to Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. For the benefit of those who are seeking desirable hunting points, we invite communications on the subject.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

IX.

TOWARD morning I was awakened by the cold. The fire was nearly out and a little brown rabbit lay crouched by the embers, so near that I could almost touch him with my hand. When I arose to put on some wood he scampered away. Rabbits often do this, seeming to enjoy the warmth.

Day was just breaking, and as we were all cold the camp was soon astir. A new fire and a cup of coffee put us to rights; and while the others were engaged in preparing breakfast I took my rod to see if I could not add some trout to our larder. I thought the fish had been frightened the night before by the entrance of the canoes into the pool, so I went around through the woods till I came out on the brook above it and then fished down.

A few small fish rewarded me, but I looked for better sport in the pool. I stood in the water just above the little fall and cast my flies into the edge of the foam. I made a few casts and another small fish was added to those in the creel. Then I tried to drop my leader in under some bushes where the current set in under the bank. It was a hard place to get at, but looked as if there ought to be some fish there. Some old patriarch of the trout tribe ought to make his headquarters there, I thought. My first cast landed my flies in the overhanging bushes, and one of them is there now, for ought I know to the contrary, but my fly-book supplied a duplicate. At the next few trials, in my efforts to avoid a similar accident, I did not reach the desired spot. Another cast, however, and the three flies floated lightly down on the riffle under the bushes. Scarcely had they touched the water when a noble trout threw himself out bodily and seized the white-miller. I struck hard and the reel clicked as he shot across the pool, I reeled in gently and the rod bent under the strain. My footing on the slippery stones of the brook was precarious, and I had not brought the landing net. As my captive darted this way and that in his efforts to escape, I thought it was about an even chance whether I landed him or he capsized me. But at last he began to tire, and I drew him toward me wondering how I should get him, for I did not dare lift him out by the leader. Finally when his strength and courage were about gone I led him carefully into shallow water and to the shore. Not till I had him safely in the basket did I draw a long breath. His weight was a trifle over 2lbs.: and I caught another which weighed a pound. I heard my companions calling me to breakfast and returned to them. We made short work of breaking camp, and at an hour which would be called early in the city we had left Long Pond behind us and were again voyaging down Moose River.

The woods were vocal with the song of the white-throated sparrow, whose beautiful, clear notes were those most often heard as we traveled, and at all of our camps we were serenaded by this little musician, sometimes hearing it in the middle of the night. The drumming of the woodpeckers resounded from the dead trees, and a kingfisher skimmed like a streak of blue light along the stream. The harsh screams of bluejays and the cawing of crows were other expressions of bird life, and once we saw a bald eagle sail majestically over and disappear beyond the treetops.

As we rounded a bend we saw some distance ahead an old wing dam, and heard the sound of rapids, the swash of the water over the shallow, stony bottom becoming mere distinct as we approached it. As we left the dead water and entered the rapids, the guides stood erect, the better to look ahead and choose a safe course for the fragile canoes, and the paddles were exchanged for the setting poles.

The running of the rapids in a canoe is the most thrilling experience incidental to a journey through the wilderness. The canoeman stands erect, with one foot in advance of the other, and with his long iron-tipped setting pole controls the movements of the birch. He does not allow the canoe to go down as swiftly as a novice would suppose she would have to, but "snubs" her along slowly, now and again giving a few vigorous pushes to reach a better channel. Submerged rocks show their location by the appearance of the water which rises over them in a smooth mound, which ends in a wave of snowy foam on the lower edge, as the water sets off from the sides. A canoe if handled skillfully will clear them by a hand's breadth in safety. Sometimes, finding the water shoaling, it is impossible to proceed and then the canoe is backed across the stream to a point from which a channel may be selected. At times a bump against a rock is unavoidable, but unless a sharp, jagged point or edge cuts the birch she usually sustains no serious injury. The responsibility of the management rests upon the man in the stern, though the bowman may render assistance with his paddle. One danger, though it is rather an unlikely accident, is the chance of the setting pole catching between two stones or in a cleft in a ledge, and being wrenched from a canoeman's hands. In that case, unless he is quick to seize his paddle, the stern will swing around broadside to the current and a capsize is then unavoidable. This accident did happen once to me, but not being in a bad place a few vigorous strokes of the paddle brought the little craft to a place of safety and the pole was recovered. There is danger too of the pole slipping off a smooth rock and causing the canoeman to lose his equilibrium. It may be said that the act of shooting rapids is never unattended by some degree of danger, but when one finds himself in the midst of foaming, tossing water, beneath which he gets on all sides glimpses of submerged rocks and ledges, between which and his own precious body there is only the frail shell of a birch, it is most exciting and exhilarating. The light canoe tosses like a cork, and receives slap after slap from the waves which wash its sides and dash their spray in the faces of the voyagers, but with a skillful man in the stern one is ever ready to repeat the adventure. It is true, however, that running rapids is not as many a romancer and artist has written or pictured it; the experience as it is often depicted by both pen and pencil would never be undertaken by the most expert of canoemen, unless with suicidal intent.

These rapids were not difficult to navigate—I have been through stiffer water—and we went on down until we came to the head of Burnt Dam Pitch. Here we had to make a portage. The canoes were lifted out and shouldered by the guides, who carried them around the fall, over a rough path abounding in slippery stones and logs, between which were many dangerous holes. The luggage was transported in like manner. The water was bad for a mile or more below the pitch, and as there was a path along the top of the bank we walked ahead, leaving the guides to bring the canoes. We enjoyed the walk along the narrow footpath, which we followed in Indian file through thick woods till we came to a dilapidated log cabin, where there had once been a farm. A woodchuck had established himself in, or rather under, the old house, and he scuttled into his burrow at our approach.

We kept on through more woods, and came out on a high, steep bank, which sloped to the river. We were in a sort of a clearing, but on the other side the trees grew down to the water's edge. Away in the distance we could see the blue outline of a mountain, which we recognized as Kakadjo, and rising behind it was its neighbor, Sabotawan. We sat on the bank, taking in the wild view of the rushing water and listening to its subdued roar, while we watched for the canoes. Since morning the sky had been obscured by a thick haze, through which the sun shone with a dull glare, and this atmospheric condition produced a curious, but beautiful, phenomenon. Whenever the water flowed smoothly over a rock, large or small, it glowed with a brilliant metallic lustre of rich coppery bronze, and as this splendor had the appearance of being under the surface the river was as a stream of liquid fire.

As we looked at this dazzling sight, the canoes suddenly shot around the bend with the stalwart form of Bill taking the lead. There was almost as much excitement in watching as if we had been with them, for we could see and admire their skill. Every movement was the acme of grace as they flew along; the water was very strong, and being too deep for the use of setting-poles, they were plying the paddles; now wielding them with quick, firm strokes, their bodies rising and falling rhythmically with the motion; then as the canoes shot along some stretch of close current, poising ready for the next stroke, their feet planted as firmly as if they stood on shore. Again, the paddles were held firmly against the gunwales and used as rudders, only to be once more flashed in the air while the crystal drops fell sparkling from them. The men had to think quickly and act quickly, yet every motion was made with that deliberation which indicates a clear head in time of emergency. After they had passed we went on along the path and again into the woods. We crossed Stony Brook, and some distance below came out on the bank at the foot of the rapids. The guides came out at about the same time, for, though they had passed us, there were places where the canoes had to be lifted out and this had delayed them. In one bad pitch three of them broke their setting-poles, but they came through safe, and as Bill expressed it, "right side up." We embarked and sailed on as far as another fall, the Rolling Dam Pitch, where we went ashore for dinner. At this place a ledge extends the width of the river, over which the water rolls as over an artificial dam, whence the name. Canoes have to be lifted around this pitch, but there is no long carry to make. We took out three of the canoes and then Dennis, after emptying his, gave an exhibition of his skill by going over the fall. We had previously arranged the camera and as he went over the crest, the drop-shutter and a quick plate made a picture of the scene. Another exposure gave us Francis and Cy as they were busily engaged preparing our meal.

Before we left the Rolling Dam we interviewed the trout with such success that fifteen handsome spotted fish, ranging from 1 to 3lbs. in weight, concluded to accompany us. They were all taken with artificial flies from the seething white water below the fall. Harry, who was casting from his canoe in midstream, struck one which carried away his whole leader with its three flies. This fish was on the hook a quarter of an hour, during which he broke water three times. He was an immense trout, larger than any we landed, and in the raging water where he took the fly he succeeded in breaking the tender tackle. But this is always the angler's experience; the fish which isn't landed is invariably a giant of his species. We divided the honors about equally. Harry struck the largest fish, William landed the heaviest fish and I captured the greatest number. We had to exercise a little of that moral courage which the conscientious angler has to use on occasions in leaving this trout pool while they were giving us noble sport; but we had all we could use, and we made it a point never to waste any. I, for one, could never see what glory there is in making a score; in catching such and such a number of trout in so many hours' or days' fishing. This seems to me a prostitution of the gentle art. "Willful waste" has made "woeful want" in many a stream and pond.

Down the river we paddled, through more rapids, and then along beautiful reaches of dead water where the glassy surface mirrored the wooded banks and reflected the clouds and sky in its dark depths. We stopped at a headworks on Little Brassua Pond, which is a "bulge" in the river, and then had two miles more of smooth deep water before we reached Brassua Lake. Our course lay for three miles across Brassua to the outlet, which is also Moose River, and out in the open lake we had a heavier sea to breast than we had on Long Pond. The wind was not strong, but the lake still felt the influence of the gale of the previous day and night, and we realized that there was some hard paddling to be done. We struck across in a bee line for the outlet, and once away from the shelter of the shore, we looked upon a scene of wild and romantic beauty. We were surrounded by miles of heaving water, spangled by breaking white caps, which rose and fell between us and the forest which frames this lake of the wilderness. Looming up beyond the dark line of the timber were the familiar outlines of various mountains, to the east Kineo and Kokadjo, in the southwest the Miseree group, and in the far northwest the massive bulk of Eskweskwewadjo, or Bald Mountain, which is the most striking feature of the landscape from Brassua. Straight ahead we saw the Blue Ridge, at the base of which Moose River flows for four miles to its mouth at Moosehead Lake. Two miles below Brassua are some rapids known as Sam's Pitch, and just below them a wing dam. There is a logging camp there where we proposed to spend the night. The camp, a substantial low-roofed log structure, contained an old stove and a rude table, which we soon had in use. We shared our bread with two red squirrels which had their nest hidden somewhere in the roof, and the refuse which we threw outside was seized upon by a pair of Canada jays or moose birds, which were hovering about the camp. This species (*Perisoreus canadensis*) is ten or eleven inches in length, of a dark brownish color, with white neck and breast, and is not generally so well known as its cousin, the bluejay. To the camper in the forest, however, it is a familiar object, for one of its peculiarities, and an interesting trait of its nature, is the familiar manner in which it fraternizes with man in the woods. They are often seen around a camp picking at the crumbs and scraps which may be strewn about, and they will sometimes even investigate the contents of packages.

As the twilight deepened into night we sat on the "deacon seats," enjoying our rest after a day which had been crowded with many different phases of backwoods life, and to which this quiet hour seemed a fit ending. In the valley of the river the shadows had blended into impenetrable darkness, from which arose on the still night air the ceaseless refrain of the rapids. Beyond was the great black wall of the Blue Ridge, and all around us the silent forest. Swosh, swosh; swosh, swosh—sang the river—swosh, swosh—the same song it has chanted for untold ages—swosh, swosh—the same music which it will sing long after we who have heard it have passed away—swosh, swosh; swosh, swosh—and the soft, sweet threnody was the last sound we heard as we fell asleep.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

A RAINY DAY.

THE rain has poured down incessantly all day, making it impossible to attend to any business out of doors, so I have been looking over back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. I venture the assertion that no where else can be found such a delightful collection of pleasure-giving articles. Each number breathes out the aroma of the pine woods, of spruce and balsam thickets, of tamerack and cypress swamps, of the prairie and the woods, of the mountain top and the seashore. After reading its pages I can close my eyes and lean back in my chair, and I hear the sighing of the breeze through the treetops, the hiss and whistle of the blizzard, the ripple and babble of the brook, the dash and roar of the mountain torrent, and the surging of the waves on the beach. From the dark forests and mountains of British Columbia to the everglades of Florida, and from the hills of New Brunswick to the sunny slopes of Mexico, every section of our broad land contributes its share to interest and please the reader.

And what a host of friends I have made by reading its pages. Friends whom I dearly love but whose faces I never saw. I seem to know them so well through their writings, that I can hardly realize that I have no other acquaintance with them. I have a mental photograph of every one, and imagine that I should know them instinctively if we should chance to meet. How I should like to climb the mountains with "Yo" and "Dulog," navigate the waters with "Tarpon," share the camp with "Kelpie," thread the mazes of the canebrake with "Coahoma," try my skill with the rifle with "Iron Ramrod" after squirrels, follow the quail with "Wells," or ducks with "Chasseur," or lure the finny denizens of the waters with the "Kingfishers." But why try to enumerate them. I think I should not have to travel far in any direction without finding some friend already known to share my sports. Who ever had the privilege of sitting around camp-fire with such a host of congenial spirits, congregated from every clime, experienced in every variety of sports, possessed of intelligence, refinement and education, and hear each one tell of the pleasures of the chase, the triumphs and disappointments that have fallen to his share, of his favorite dog, or gun or rod? But all of these gather round me when I sit down to read a number of FOREST AND STREAM. "Long may it wave," and "may its shadow never be less," is the wish of LEW WILLOW.

ARKANSAS.

Natural History.

A GROUSE COMBAT.

ONE day about the 1st of June, while walking along a country road, I was somewhat startled by a strange and weird sound that issued from the depths of a very large woods adjacent. I stopped and listened. The sound was repeated at intervals of perhaps a minute or so. Not knowing what to make of it, never having heard such sounds, I got over the fence and proceeded as cautiously and silently as possible toward the place whence the sound seemed to come. After I had gone about 50yds., screening myself as much as possible behind trees, I came up to about 20yds. of a large dead log, upon which stood two ruffed grouse in battle array. They stood something like 6ft. from each other, with the black feathers around their necks (called the ruff) raised till they almost pointed toward their heads, which were lowered and which they were shaking at each other in defiance. In a few moments they gradually approached each other and when about 2ft. apart they rushed together, the momentum and their wings carrying them into the air about a foot from the log. While there they struck repeated blows and then fell back to the log, where a short tussle took place, when they separated and moved back to about 6ft. of each other.

After an interval they advanced toward each other again and repeated the same performance as before. The desperate battle went on by "rounds," till several were fought. How long the fight had been going on before I came upon the scene I had no means of knowing, but after they had come together several times in my presence, the bird that seemed the smaller moved backward, still presenting a defiant attitude, with his head lowered, till he came to the end of the log, when he jumped off and disappeared.

Upon this the victor raised himself and stretched up till he nearly stood on his toes, expanding his wings the same time. (It looked for a moment as if he would crow). Then settling himself back, he brought his wings down against his breast with a sound like that produced by forcibly striking a brass drum. Again he raised his wings and repeated the sound. Still continuing to drum and lower his wings more and more rapidly the sound finally rolled away "in one continuous murmur and then all was still." The sound was indescribable. As soon as he had finished drumming he jumped off the log and disappeared. Wish

ing to know if the female (the probable cause of the conflict) was near by, I advanced rapidly, and started her, together with the victor, and a short distance away the defeated bird. DORP.

THE LION OF FANCY AND OF FACT.

"FROM the earliest times," says the writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," "few animals have been better known to man than the lion." If by knowledge is meant the possession of a series of connected facts such as will enable one to arrive at the truth concerning anything, this statement is very far from being accurate; but, on the other hand, if the author means that this animal has been for ages much talked of and the center of innumerable superstitions, traditions, fanciful tales, etc., no one will question the truth of the observation. "The strongly marked physical and moral characteristics" of the lion impressed themselves powerfully upon the imaginations of many peoples. His habitats placed "the king of beasts" in contact with races who were capable of recording their impressions, idealizing their feelings and representing their fancies in cabalistic forms. Formerly it was customary among authors regardful of their reputations to put down all they remembered, and all that could be collected indiscriminately from books, concerning the subject treated of. Furthermore, quantity of reference was usually taken to be indicative of quality in material, and a book or essay was conventionally called learned, and was assumed to be valuable, in proportion as it was a patchwork of opinions.

Now, books are used as evidence; as witnesses to facts which require to be correlated with other facts and with theories, failing in which respect they are discredited. There are a certain number of principles in biology which have ceased to be matters of opinion, and it is with reference to these that the testimony of observers will be reviewed, so far as it relates to the descriptive natural history of the lion.

Without entering upon any detailed examination of the question, it may be assumed that there is only one species of lion extant in this era. It is quite certain that the present African and Indian lions are identical.

Organic likeness does not, except in general outline, imply likeness in character and habit, and the lions of these continents and of different localities in the same continents differ in the way of temper and behavior very greatly. The famous hunters exhibit an entire absence of unanimity in respect of the unity of species among lions, as well as with regard to their character, and there is scarcely any better illustration of the causes of error which beset ordinary observation than can be found in their works.

A certain vanity in discovery is nearly universal in mankind, and this is obviously a disturbing element in the mental processes involved in discovering anything. In addition to this it must with reluctance be admitted that eminent sportsmen have not generally been either highly cultured or very thoroughly trained zoölogists, and that they have not commonly exhibited a tendency to generalize from undistributed premises, to put ignorance in the place of knowledge and to confound inference with observation.

Sir Samuel Baker's observations upon recorded judgments in the case of the Cingalese buffalo perfectly apply to the majority of those which have been promulgated about the lion. No opinion, he remarks, of the habits and character of a wild beast "can be depended upon," unless its pursuit "has been followed up as a sport by itself," because the traits of no class of animals can be inferred from those displayed by any particular beast. "Many persons kill a wild buffalo now and then," but no one, says Sir Samuel, had to his knowledge hunted the buffalo exclusively; "and unless this is done, the real character" of the animal "must remain unknown."

Gérard seems to have been the only man who fulfilled to any extent this requirement, but his lions unfortunately were often too much Gallicised by a residence in the French provinces of Africa to adequately represent the race. However, like Capt. Sheriff, as described by D'Ewes ("Sporting in Both Hemispheres"), the famous Spahi pursued mainly the great cats, and so far as facts go, he has materially contributed to our store.

A misconception of the nature and origin of instinct has very generally involved the erroneous idea that animals inferior to man are vitalized machines, and that they act, and must act invariably, in a definite manner. What is called instinct is not a supernatural endowment that supplies the place of reason; it is the experience of the race and of the individual, organized to the extent of having become automatic in action. This physiologically recorded experience differs in every class and in every subdivision of class, according to the circumstances under which the group has developed. Such diversities, corresponding to diversities in the environment, imply that they were acquired, a conclusion which the study of instinct in every phase corroborates.

That wild animals have, as a rule, an instinctive fear of man, is a very common opinion, and rests upon the same basis as that concerning the occult power of the human eye. It is questionable whether any proof whatever can be adduced to show that man, as man, is dreaded, before he has made himself terrible to the animals who fly from his scent or sight. In the latter instance, it may be said that, for anatomical and physiological reasons, smell is in many species as ideally representative as hearing or sight; and everything goes to show that in these instances, where acquaintance with his destructive power and propensities is not the cause of dread, it is the unusual that excites terror apart from its manifestation in any particular form. This is so universal a trait among all highly-developed animals, including man, that it seems unnecessary to do more than specify its existence.

"In the attack upon the tiger or other savage animals," says Captain Shakespear ["Wild Sports of India"], "the human eye, fixed without wavering in its steadfast gaze from the eyes of the animal, exerts a power which of itself appears to be sufficient either to stop the meditated attack, or to turn the animal in its career." It may be remarked of this statement, first that there is no indication in his work that its author had ever found the plan to succeed. He always turned charging tigers with a double-barreled rifle. In the second place it might be questioned whether it be improbable that there is something, perhaps, apart from the power of the eye that may have contributed to the result, as, for example, the man's attitude, arms, expression, not to speak of the inherited knowledge upon the beast's part that his enemy had the power to destroy him. Anderson mentions the belief in this eye power over the lion, and supposes that it may have averted death in certain instances, as in the case of Diedrich Muller, who confronted a wounded lion that finally drew off. Drummond's hunter, however, shut his eyes, as he confessed, when he unexpectedly found himself in the midst of a family of lions, whence he escaped unharmed, and Gert Schepus was killed under circumstances peculiarly favorable for overawing the lion with a look. Moffatt ["Missionary Labors and Scenes in South Africa], of whom Anderson says that he "probably knew more about the lion and his habits than any other man," remarks in this connection, that eyeing the beast is of doubtful efficacy. It may succeed "under ordinary circumstances," but if he be hungry or a man-eater, "he does not spend time gazing on the human eye * * * but takes the easiest and most expeditious way of making a meal of a man."

With respect to these preliminary matters then, we may conclude that there is but one species of lion, which includes many temporary varieties in color, length of mane, size, and character. That maneless lions, either naturally, or from having dragged their hair out in jungles, are purely imaginary species, the lion being maned in Asia, Africa, Asia Minor, Persia, Syria, Asiatic Turkey, and the Valley of the Euphrates. Further, that the wild lion has, as a rule, less mane than the captive animal, and that his instinctive fear of man, and of man's eye, is a fable in the sense in which it is ordinarily accepted. J. H. P.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

IV.—THE LITTLE CHIEF HARE.

IN the autumn of 1888 I promised Dr. R. W. Shufeldt to procure him some specimens of the little chief hare, preserve them in alcohol and forward the following summer. If he sees this he will know why I did not keep my promise. I went up in July of '89, carrying a full supply of alcohol and proper receptacles for the specimens, but for the first two weeks on the lake there was good fishing, and the trip after the hares was deferred from day to day. On our trips to Echo, B. takes a shotgun and I carry a rifle, a small one for small game. One afternoon, the fish not rising, I took the rifle and went out to shoot a woodchuck. I had climbed the mountain some hundred feet, when I heard the thin piping cry of the little chief in an unexpected place. I sat down on a rock to see if I could locate him, and after ten or fifteen minutes' close scrutiny of the rocks above caught sight of the little fellow. They are very difficult to detect, as they seldom leave the rocks in which they dwell, and as they are almost the color of granite, one can look for a long time without seeing them. Their small size also helps to keep them unnoticed, and although they will allow one to approach within a distance of 25 or 30ft., only the sharpest eye can detect them in the crevices of the rocks. I sat down to watch for this little chap, and after getting my eye on him brought my rifle carefully to bear on a rock above his head, hoping to kill him by the spattering of the bullet. If I had shot him through the head or body the specimen would have been spoiled. I fired and procured him, but was chagrined to find that his lower jaw had been torn away by a fragment of the bullet and the teeth all destroyed. As this partially ruined the specimen I did not keep it, but determined to climb the mountain next day with the shotgun and get some good ones.

On the following afternoon B. took his Kodak and accompanied me, carrying his shotgun, and I again took the rifle. Up, up we climbed until about 800ft. above the lake. It was just at the edge of the timber, where I knew the colony to be located. It was arduous work, and we were both pretty well tired when we arrived. The scene was magnificent, and B. succeeded in taking a landscape view with his Kodak, which proved to be very fine. An enlarged copy hangs above my head as I write these lines, but it only embraces a view of the upper lake and the mountains beyond. A little higher and Lake Tahoe unfolds its flat bosom beyond Mount Tallac's frowning face. Away to the left Mount Pyramid cleaves the air, 1,500ft. higher than where we stand. At our feet the mountain falls away almost perpendicularly, and snugly ensconced at its base lie the two Echoes. Lake Nanon can also be seen, flashing in its quiet bed, while to the right looms Job's Peak and other mountains of the eastern summit. We entered a deep gorge in the mountain side, where on the three sides the cliffs rise 500ft. or more in silent majesty. The bottom of the gorge is filled with perennial snow, which, while not forming a glazier, hardens into ice-like solidity and never entirely melts away. Here B. again shot the scene with his Kodak. That was all we did shoot, however. After a long two hours' wait, with the coveted animals piping on all sides, we had to give it up and return. Not a hare could either of us get our eyes upon, although there were probably a hundred within gunshot. On three other occasions did I climb that steep mountain side, and each time I got nothing for my pains. Hence it is that Dr. Shufelt did not get his specimen.

I regretted not keeping my first, as it was not mutilated enough to spoil it, and it would have shown my good faith in the matter. The fact was, I never for an instant supposed I could not procure dozens of the little fellows if I tried, as on previous visits to the locality I had always seen numbers of them.

V.—A SWIMMING SQUIRREL.

One morning I was rowing down through the lakes, on my way to the road where the stage driver caches our mail, packages of vegetables, etc., when he passes to and fro from Placerville to Lake Tahoe. The stage makes two weekly trips each way, and after each up trip we visit our cache for such things as may be left, and also to take out an occasional box of trout for some of our friends at home. After entering the lower lake, there being no wind stirring, my attention was arrested by a peculiar ripple on the water, away down the lake. The ripple was triangular in shape, with a very sharp angle, and I at once suspected it was made by some creature swimming across the lake. Whatever it was, was headed for the south shore, was half across the lake or more, and was making good time. I put on a greater spread of my ashen sail—so to speak—and after a sharp chase overtook the object of my curiosity. My surprise was great when I found it to be a Douglas pine squirrel which was crossing the lake, and making excellent time, too. He had chosen the widest point of the lake at which to cross, and must have deliberately started in for a mile swim. When I began to get pretty close he worked for dear life, and it was wonderful the speed he attained. It took some moments to overtake him, rowing a boat laden with only myself and a box of fish, and I caught him only when within a few yards of shore. He fairly forced himself upon top of the water, and almost ran on it, so great were his efforts. When I got alongside he was pretty well exhausted and turned to the boat and tried to climb its sides. This he could not do, until I thrust down an oar, up which he ran in a tired way, and jumped from it to my shoulder, from there he clambered to the top of my head. On finding that I was not a tree, and that he could go no higher, he sprang into the water again and resumed his journey. I headed him off, and a second time took him on board. This time he ran rapidly around the gunwales of the boat two or three times, sprang upon my head as before, and back into the boat and hid underneath the seat in the bow. I stopped rowing, and lay upon my oars until the other boat containing B. arrived, when I told him to come and see what I had picked up. The instant the two boats touched, the little fellow shot from his hiding place, leaped into the other boat, then upon B.'s head, from there to the boatman's (whose Christian name was George Washington, but we always called him "Hatchet" for short) then back to mine, and again took to the water. This time I let him go, and in a moment or two he reached the shore, where I hope he is yet.

All this time I could hear another squirrel calling upon the south shore, at the point the first squirrel was swimming for, and from the nature of his remarks I have no doubt he was engaged in reviling the latter, and daring him to come across and tread on the tail of his coat. I think this was the solution, for it was too late in the season for him to be a Leander, swimming the Hellespont to meet his Hero. These squirrels are very belligerent and will answer each others' challenges as far as they can hear. It being a very calm morning these two got to abusing each other across the lake, and probably one of them called the other such outrageous names that he could stand it no longer and started over to see about it.

Over forty years ago, in the little schoolhouse in the East, near where I was born, I remember reading in the old school reader about a squirrel that came to a stream and not being able to swim it launched a piece of bark, got aboard and hoisting his tail for a sail gaily reached the other shore, dry-footed. This had appealed to my boyish mind as a striking example of animal sagacity and of a wonderful adaptation of means to the end. Alas! this beautiful story has been proved false. Thus, one by one, have the beliefs of youth passed away. And when I hear that the great round-topped mountain, that used to flank that same schoolhouse, has become a small and insignificant hill, then will I be ready to disbelieve all things, give up this unsubstantial life and seek another land. AREFAR.

AUBURN, California.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.—Portland, Conn., Oct. 6.—The eighth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 11 o'clock A. M. The meetings will be held at the U. S. National Museum. The presentation of ornithological papers will form a prominent feature of the meetings, and members are earnestly requested to contribute, and to notify the secretary in advance as to the titles of their communications, so that a programme for each day may be prepared.—JOHN H. SAGE, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

A HIGH OLD TIME WITH A COON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial, "The Coon Hunters," calls me out, but I cannot report "nights with the coons," as so far this season I have not engaged in the sport.

This is a famous locality for raccoons. The ledges and boulders, for which rugged Cape Ann is noted, affords them a secure retreat, and the hundreds of acres of white oak forest provides an abundance of food. Last season ten coons were killed in the immediate vicinity of my cabin. This season, so far, the hunters have bagged eight, but not in my neighborhood.

An unusual thing happened in the hunt last season near my cabin. Two coons were started from Ledge Hill at the same time. They soon separated and both were followed. The trails diverged so much that at one time they were a mile apart, but strange to tell, the coons came together, at last, and were both killed from the same tree.

The coon hunters of Cape Ann do not start a fire and stand guard till morning, when a coon takes to a tall tree. Some one of the party, skilled in the business, straps on a pair of climbers and goes up, and up, till he disappears in the gloom of the dense and dark foliage. Then he lowers a cord and draws up a lantern, by the light of which he searches the limbs until the coon is found. The coon usually climbs to the topmast branch. He is killed by a pistol shot and falls to the ground. Sometimes, however, he is only wounded and then makes it hot for the dogs before he is laid low.

I well remember one exciting coon hunt in which I participated. Five of us treed a coon near a steep ledge. I mounted the tree and found his coonship on a lower limb. I thought I would have a little sport, so instead of shooting the coon I shook him off and he fell to the ground. Then, perched on a pine limb, forty feet in the air, I witnessed a strange and weird scene. A scene that would make one's fortune could it be transfered to the stage of a theater.

Dogs, hunters, coon, lanterns and leaves were mingled in one furious, struggling, confused mass. In the uncertain light of the swaying lanterns I could only half distinguish what was going on; but there floated up on the night air the sound of whirling leaves, the snarling and spitting of the coon, the sharp cries of pain from the dogs, the shouts of the excited hunters, and I became fully as excited as the combatants. I felt an insane desire to jump from my lofty perch, so anxious was I to take part in the fray. The fight was on the brink of the ledge, and Gus, the heavy weight of our party, lost his

footing and went over with them. The ledge was covered with a thick carpet of rock brake (*Polypodium vulgare*) for 30ft. down its steep side. Gus caught hold of the upper edge of this carpet, when it slowly parted from the ledge, and, doubling over itself, swung him 30ft. below; from thence he dropped a distance of 10ft. on to the dogs and coon, and the blanket of rock brakes fell and completely covered the lot.

By this time I was down the tree, and running round with the boys to the foot of the ledge, saw the blanket in violent motion and heard unearthly yells and terrified cries, mingled with smothered execrations. We pulled the blanket one side and Gus crawled out, stiff and sore, but no much the worse for his rough experience. He was covered with blood and dirt, but when we found he was unhurt we laughed until we nearly split our sides, or till Gus himself stopped laughing long enough to shout, "You danged fools, let no guilty coon escape!" But it was too late. The coon had fought his way to the ledge, in spite of the dogs, and as we made a rush for him he disappeared in a hole and was lost to us forever.

After this we lit our pipes, and while waiting for the dogs to start another coon, each told his experience of the fight. Two of the boys had smashed their lanterns, and in explaining the matter each claimed that he had hit the coon a terrific blow over the back. They were proud of the exploit and disposed to brag. To tell the truth, I was envious until Fred and Gus rolled up their trousers legs and disclosed two black and blue welts, and sarcastically called the company's attention to the fact that said welts might have been made by the sharp edge of a lantern bottom. And so the lantern smashers got left. And so we all got left. HERMIT.

DOWN ON CAPE ANN.

The *Cape Ann Breeze*, of Gloucester, Mass., reports Aug. 20: "On Saturday night eight of the sturdy coon hunters of the Lower Parish, reënforced by the redoubtable 'Ben,' started in search of a monster coon which one of the party had dreamed of the night before. After hunting about for an hour, Ben struck a hot trail and soon a coon was denned in the quarry back of Mr. Gardner Herrick's. The united efforts of the whole party were found necessary to persuade his coonship that he was wanted outside. When at last he came out, Ben tackled him and a royal battle ensued, in which Ben finally put his antagonist *hors de combat*. Ben was covered with scratches from the sharp claws of Mr. Coon; but Ben did not mind them. With nose on the ground, he soon struck another trail and denned another coon near the old farm road, where the coon of Thursday evening was captured. This one was not captured, however, all efforts to get him out of his den were unavailing, and at last the tired but happy hunters started on the homeward journey, Ben enlivening them by his joyful barks. The coon is the largest of the season, weighing 25lbs. His skin is nailed up in James's barn and measures 3½ft. from tip to tip, 3in. across the forelegs and 21in. across the body."

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask if the coon hunters have been idle or unsuccessful. I think we are killing a few down this way in the little down of Fiskdale. It is a town that holds but a few coon hunters, but what there are of us are doing good service. We have two dogs; one is a beagle hound, the other a foxhound, but they cannot be beat. We divide up into two parties. Stanley Wight is the owner of the beagle hound. George Stover owns the foxhound. We have killed 28 coons, the largest one weighing 18½lbs., the smallest 8¾lbs. The best luck we have had at any one time was last week Friday night. We got 4, the largest 17lbs., the smallest 14¼lbs. I don't think you can go a coon better, not in Worcester county. We hope to get several more before the fall is over. I guess I will close my letter for this time, because we must start by 9 o'clock to see if we cannot get some more. M.

FISKDALE, MASS.

AN ALL-ROUND RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps I might contribute something to the pleasure of other lovers of the rifle by telling how I have managed to arrange the best "all-round rifle" it has ever been my fortune to use. It is a Marlin repeater, using the .32-40 cartridge, and mounted with Lyman sights. I find this cartridge sufficiently strong for any game not larger than deer, and for range and penetration it can hardly be excelled by any other of like weight. I have hardly ever known a bullet from this cartridge to stop inside of a deer, no matter how it struck.

The Marlin rifle has an arrangement of the action by which a cartridge shorter than the regular size may be used without clogging, so I have prepared some shells so that they can be loaded with a light charge of powder and a round ball (patched and pushed down into the shell like loading a muzzleloading rifle) for hunting small game. The only trouble about loading these shells thus is that they are wedge-shaped, being larger at the base and tapering to the .32 size at the point, so that a round ball pushed down into the shell to the bottom would be loose; so I filled some of the shells about two-thirds full of lead, setting a large wire nail, filed to a tapering point, into the shell, the point of the nail filling the hole to the primer chamber, then melting the lead and pouring it into the shell, then drawing out the nail and the shell is ready to load. A rifle using a straight shell would be some advantage for loading in this way, as they could be loaded without any special preparation, and the same shell could be used for either light or heavy charges. But I like the tapering shell, as it is practically impossible for them to stick in the gun. The Marlin rifle is the only one that I know of that will use these short cartridges.

Or I can fill the magazine of my rifle with full cartridges and then load through the top of the action with these light-loaded shells and hunt small game as long as I choose, without using any cartridges in the magazine, but if I find larger game at any time, all I have to do is to throw the lever down as far as it will go, and out comes the squirrel load and a full cartridge is brought up from the magazine and inserted in the barrel, and when the lever comes back to place I am ready. These light charges shoot slightly higher at short range than the full-sized cartridges do, so I have two marks on the Lyman sight, one for each charge. But the difference is so slight that in making a quick shot at running game it works very well, as there are more shots made too high than too low in doing that kind of shooting. This makes a very convenient rifle for all kinds of hunting where there is no larger game than is found here. LEW WILLOW.

ARKANSAS.

THE NINE BARR'L CLUB.

SOME four years ago a Cape bound train bore out of the Old Colony depot in Boston four men, four dogs and four guns. There may have been other dogs, guns and men on the train. If there were, I certainly don't remember them, so they could not have been of any importance.

It was when we descended from our chariot, amid the sand dunes of the Cape, that the club received its name. Our good and generally rational friend Bert bore on his off shoulder, in addition to his handsome double Daly, an ancient and very awful singlebarrel, presumably a relic of his boy days, and doubtless as dear to his heart, as it proved to his reputation on this occasion. Uncle Zeke saw that line of gunners coming—dogs, guns and all—and was duly impressed thereby. The first thing we heard him say was: "Wall, I swan, ef here an't four boys and nine barrl's!"

That settled it. We four were the original Nine Barr'l Club, and the Nine Barr'l Club we are to-day, though "we" are more than four now you may be sure. Our shooting was mostly "just going to" on the Cape that time, but we won a name, and for the lack of birds we have more than made up since.

The Nine Barr'l Club's specialty is gunning right here at home where there is "nothing to shoot." Individually we may wander off to Maine, Minnesota, Georgia and the like. But the Nine Barr'l Club, as a club, shoots right here at home in Massachusetts. And though the universal croak is no birds, "we get there just the same," and to some purpose too.

In the very heart of a huge wild marsh not twenty miles from Boston stands a little cedar-covered club house, in front of which the litte fleet of deceitful blocks floats in a way that makes one's finger jerk. By the way, some of those blocks are well shotted—the old story of "the early morning," etc. Here the club has its headquarters, and ropes in the wily black duck, wood duck, widgeon and teal to some purpose almost every squally morning in the autumn. It shall be my task to tell all about one of our good sample mornings one day soon, but meantime I rather want to put on record one of our big days with the snipe last autumn; a day not often to be equalled here or anywhere else that I have been, and I have shot over "pretty considerable ground in my day."

There were three of us on hand when we pushed the canoe off that morning. Not the great original four, but about as good. There was Bert and his big blue belton Whit, a strong team at any time; there was Jim the Reckless with his wild red Irishman, Dan; and lastly, there was the Prof. with the liver and white Jud, borrowed from Fred, one of the original four—poor bow-wow, he's gone to dog's heaven now.

There was a wonderful sorting of cartridges, filling of belts and wiping of guns that morning. All through the early gray before the sunrise we had heard the sharp *teek tweek* of the snipe coming in, far overhead, and making for the mud flats a mile up river.

The way we scrambled into that canoe, and the kindly condsiderate manner in which each man (having shot more than the other boys) instructed each other man "how to shoot snipe," was distinctly typical of Yankee gunners in an amiable mood. Corkscrew—though we are strictly non-alcoholic—was one of the most frequent words to be heard. One fellow ventured to say that he never had seen a snipe "corkscrew" yet, whereupon all hands said he never had seen a snipe anyway; and the unfortunate Prof. requested to be allowed to "get out and swim."

Long before the flats were reached, however, all were silent as death, the dogs trotted along the banks, or splashed in the river as best they could, now and then flushing a rail, and looking wistfully after it, but not chasing, unless perhaps the "wild Irishman" broke his parole once or twice, coming back panting after a time, with tail down, to the tune of a shrill dog whistle.

A long swift sweep of the paddles sent the boat's nose up on to the mud bank, and, pulling up our long boots, we all tumbled out and pulled the boat away up, the dogs meantime charging obediently in a half-inch of chilly water.

Before us stretched the flats, an ideal snipe ground—a good mile of black mud, with thinly scattered clumps of marsh and sword grass, a ditch here and there, with its ever present "greenhorn-catching," blue-joint, and honey pots *ad infinitum*—we all know a good deal about those honey pots!

Then we spread fifty yards apart, Jim and the red dog on the extreme inside, the Prof. next him in center field, with Fred's dog Jud adorning him (a very handsome liver and white "borrowed plume"). Next the river, in the mud and spatterdocks, stalked the two "big-uns," Bert and his massive blue belton Whit. We gave the dogs, ranging fast and furious, fifteen yards law, and the procession moved. Not a thing to be seen, not a bird in air. A few steps and, *tweek! tweek!* out of the nothingness of the mud, at the very nose of the Irishman, rose Longbill number one with a quick dart to windward. Jim was on him, the gun spoke, and there was no bird in the air. But a strange and beautiful thing was happening; as he fired, out of the ground at his heels rose another snipe, Jim whirled completely around, the left barrel barked, and a wonderful double had been made on snipe. Not a bad start?

Another bird rose to Dan, went across to Prof. and carried his charge of No. 10 for 50yds., dropping in the river to be retrieved by Whit.

A moment more and Bert killed two birds in rapid succession, one of them a king rail, by the way. And then the fun began, such fun as I never had seen and never may hope to see again.

The birds whirled up from everywhere, lying perfectly to the dogs, waiting for us every time. The setters went mad and, tell it not abroad, I fear we very nearly did too.

The guns got hot and we began to miss scandalously. We fell into "honey pots" up to our waists and scrambled out again, with both boots full of black mud, without even knowing it, till afterward.

We walked across that flat in the clouds (smoke), accompanied by three insane dogs. It was the noisiest walk I ever took.

There ought to be a big crop of "Rivals" springing up there now, but there isn't. I picked up a decaying shell there the other day, it bore the mark of my left striker. I should know the trail of that plunger anywhere. It fairly gave me the blues, that shell did.

Well, we crossed the flat and sat down on the tussocks, and thought and counted *coups*, and emptied the mud from our boots and wondered where we got it, anyway. Then we beat back over the meadows, starting a few stray birds here and there, and knocking over a suprised clapper rail at a good 80yds. Then down stream, stopping at the shanty for some shells and a bite to eat, and pushing on further down to the lower flats.

Here the birds were shyer and mud holes plentier, but it was a noisy session for all that, and when we got back to the shanty that night, and the bacon was frizzling and the coffee bubbling, and we all had got our dry clothes on, we talked it over quietly, with the dogs' heads between our knees, and unanimously agreed that it was the biggest thing any of us had ever been in.

Out along the front of the shanty that night hung a big bunch of birds, over sixty of them and almost all snipe, with a teal or two, a mud hen and a few rail. That was all! And one does not hit snipe every time. All this within twenty miles of the Hub, in the flight of eighty-nine. PROF.

WHERE BOSTON SPORTSMEN HUNT.

EVERY Maine paper from anywhere near the backwoods is embellished with bear items. It would seem that this class of game is more plenty than ever, or else the papers are giving more attention to the subject. Mr. John Atwood's store, on Commerce street, Boston, was ornamented with the carcass of a very fat bear last week. The beast, a two-year-old, was shot in Washington county, Maine, where bears are reported very plenty. Mr. Atwood is an old bear hunter himself, and his friends in Maine send him the results of their hunting to sell. This was his second this season. Bears are reported plenty in Franklin county also. John Sargent, with his son Herman, captured a fine two-year-old bear in Madrid the other day, and they report that there is an "old ranger" in that section, that is making havoc with the sheep. They believe that this old fellow will seek some other locality, if the hunters turn out and frighten him. This corresponds with the old idea of "The Old Ranger" of years ago. It was then believed that old male bears were great travelers. If they took a notion to tramp, they might turn up any day fifty miles from where they had last inhabited. They generally followed the mountains in their wanderings, though frequently swimming lakes and rivers. There is a legend of an old bear with only three feet, one having been taken off by a steel trap in the days of his youth. He was a great traveler, and was frequently seen in several counties in Maine. He finally came to his end in a trap that was set in the town of Rumford, in Oxford county. At the least it is true that a very old bear was taken there that had only three feet.

Venison is plenty in Maine. It hangs in all the markets at Bangor and the towns further north and east. It is also seen at Portland and Lewiston, and it is said that the price is low. I have not seen it in the Boston markets yet. It began to come into the Maine markets as soon as the season opened. Maine sportsmen are getting deer, though the best of the season is not reckoned to have come till the first snows and cooler weather are at hand. A veteran at this sport tells me that it is rare—like no other sport. The weather is cold, with the ground just covered with snow, and walking is not difficult nor very fatiguing. The hunter should wear moccasins, in order that he may travel as "still as death." If the morning be still, the snow having fallen the night before, a deer can be tracked in a very short time in a good locality. The real business begins then. The deer may be within a very few rods or he may be half a mile away. Not a twig must be snapped. Not a fallen tree approached till the hunter is certain that the game is not behind it. The deer are not wild in Maine, and a good deal of the theory about their "winding you" or scenting you, more properly, is nonsense. There is far more danger that you may approach within a few feet of some old log or windfall, and first be aware that your deer is lying behind it by his seeing you and bounding into the air and away. If he is not badly frightened he may turn and look at you when he has placed a few rods between you and himself. But if he is badly frightened he may run a couple of miles. Deer that have never been dogged will suffer the hunter to come within a very short distance, but where hounding has been tolerated they are up and away at the slightest alarm.

You need a hard-hitting gun, well loaded, and your aim cannot be too sure on a deer. Small rifles are not to be desired. The missile is not heavy enough. No matter how well the small rifle is loaded, the larger bones of a deer are sufficient to stop the lead. A party of gunners from Andover, Maine, went on a deer hunt in the vicinity of the lakes last winter. The morning was a good one. They soon tracked a fine buck, and following him only a quarter of a mile he gave them a shot. One of the hunters had a .22cal. rifle, and he was the first to shoot. The buck stood sideways. The aim was a good one, and the bullet struck the deer in the side just behind the shoulder. It passed through the lower and hindmost portion of the lungs, and went slightly forward till it struck the other shoulder blade on the other side. Here the bone was hard enough to stop the ball. The deer ran five miles, and three days afterward he was found on the shore of the lake. He had bled internally till he fell, and the meat was good for nothing. On the same day the other hunter also tracked his deer. When first seen he was head on, looking at the man. His rifle was .38cal. The shell was a Marlin, with 55 grains of powder. He aimed at the head of the buck. The missile struck plumb between the eyes. The deer fell almost in his tracks. The bullet penetrated the brain, passed through the head and out at the back of the neck, completely severing the spinal chord. Small rifles are not fit for heavy game, and indeed buckshot, unless the shooter is very near, will more often wound than kill.

The shooting advantages of the South are attracting the attention of Boston sportsmen more and more every year. The good sport they are having, together with the fact that the best hunting comes at a season of the year when it is too late for good shooting in New England, are among the features that draw. A strong team of promi-

nent business men from Boston and Lowell will leave this week for the wilds of North Carolina; Dr. J. C. French, who spent the greater part of last winter in the hunting regions of that State, is the pioneer of the party. It is made up of Geo. C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, Mass.; E. W. Lovejoy, Henry Jones, E. A. Smith, Walter Bagshaw and Wm. Edwards, of Lowell; Dr. J. C. French, mentioned above, and Harry B. Moore, considerably known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as author of some of those deer and moose stories. Mr. Geo. C. Moore is a manufacturer of woollen yarns, E. W. Lovejoy is a manufacturer of cutter knives, of the firm of D. W. Lovejoy & Sons. He is also known as the manager of the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Co.—the trout lakes of Maine. Henry Jones is a plumber and dealer in plumbers' supplies. Walter Bagshaw and Wm. Edwards are manufacturers in the busy city of spindles. Mr. Smith is a contractor and real estate dealer, and the genial Harry Moore is well known in the grain trade of Boston. The party will leave New York on Wednesday evening by the Old Dominion line of steamers for Norfolk. From Norfolk they will take another line of steamers down Currituck Sound, and from thence to Pamlico Sound. Thence they will go up to Durham's Creek in North Carolina. Here they will be quartered for some weeks with J. S. Kittle, who has some 5,000 acres of wilderness under his control. He has kept the pioneers of the party posted all the fall, and in a recent letter he says now is the time to come. He desires the party to come before the hunting has been troubled at all by local hunters, and that is the reason why he urges them to come thus early, though he says the hunting will be fine even considerably later in the season. Dr. French spent a good part of last winter there, and is so much pleased with the region that he has worked his friends up to join him this season.

Deer are reported plenty in that part of the State of North Carolina. Dr. French was fortunate enough to secure more than one last winter, and one he attempted to forward to Harry Moore by express. But it proved a costly job, and the worst of it all was that it was spoiled when it reached Boston. Wild turkey hunting the Boston and Lowell boys will try for the first time. The numbers of this rare game are said to be more plenty there than usual this season. Tired of the day hunting there will be the possum and the coon for night work, with the darky and his dogs to add zest to the sport. Quail are in abundance. In fact, it is rarely the case that a party of New England sportsmen has gone South with better prospects, and the intention is that the FOREST AND STREAM shall hear from them again. SPECIAL.

ILLINOIS GAME FIELDS.

FLORA, Ill., Oct. 22.—Quail are more plentiful here than they have been during the recollection of the oldest local sportsmen. The game laws have been strictly observed, and law breakers, thanks to the game constable, are a thing of the past. There are several hundred bevies within an hour's walk of the town hall; they are large and the birds in excellent condition; some bevies contain at a careful estimate from twenty-five to thirty birds.

Good dogs are at a premium here on account of the contemptible individuals who have taken a brutal enjoyment in tendering them strychnine. At present we can boast of but one hunting dog, a setter, and the family Bible shows that he is enjoying his eleventh year. Mr. "Link" Leebus and myself bagged thirty-six quail this afternoon without any exertion. We had enough and turned homeward long before sunset. Chickens are scarce and very wild. Jack snipe are also few and far between. Mallard ducks are fairly plenty, but the season is too dry to make this sport at all interesting. J. T. WARING, JR.

I have derived much pleasure from Antoine Bissette's dialect articles. They are unique and of a character not threadbare, as are the negro dialect stories. I trust the series will be continued. Fall shooting is fair at Tolleston, where the water has been raised about 3ft. by a recently constructed dam, keeping the water at a uniform stage over the marsh. The system of baiting the ducks with a liberal supply of corn put regularly on the feeding grounds is practiced by this club with very satisfactory results. This is also done at the Swan Lake Club, near Henry, on the Illinois River, where shooting has been particularly good during the past week. I got 51 there on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Mr. E. W. Bangs killed 71 on Monday, 17 on Tuesday and 97 on Wednesday, over half mallards and balance pintails and teal. Low water on the Kankakee marshes seems to concentrate the birds to the few marshes that have water and feed. EDMUND NORTON.

THE TRANSGRESSORS' CORNER.

GAME PROTECTOR WILLET KIDD, of Newburgh, N. Y., is making it hot for the transgressors in his district. On Sunday, Oct. 12, he received a telegram calling him to Sloatsburg, Rockland county. He hastened there and learned that Thomas Downing, of Newburgh, had shot eight quail on that day in violation of the game law. Downing returned to Newburgh on the same train with the doctor and was pointed out to him by some of the residents of Sloatsburg. Judge Barnard caused an order of arrest to be issued against Downing, placing his bail bonds at $300 to await trial in the Supreme Court for the recovery of the penalty of $25 per bird. Downing was arrested by Sheriff Goodale and if the bonds are not furnished will be compelled to remain in jail until the case is tried.

George Sparks is employed at the outlet of Orange Lake. For several years he has kept an eel rack at the outlet. It was suspected he caught something besides eels. Dr. Kidd not long ago discovered that two black bass had been caught and he instituted a suit in the Supreme Court against Sparks for the recovery of two penalties, $50 in all, for these two fish. A judgment was at last obtained for the full penalties, $50 and costs, amounting to $82.70 in all. An execution was issued against his property. He ignored it. An execution against his body was issued. Under Sheriff Goodale brought him to Newburgh. After some delay Sparks paid the judgment. Bass "come high, but we must have them." Unless a man is of independent means, though, he will do well to curb his appetite for eel-racked fish.

Thomas Price, of Rondout, was arrested near Springtown, Wednesday, on an execution against his body upon a judgment of $100 obtained against him by Prosecutor Hirschberg, of Newburgh. Game Protector Kidd complained of Price a year ago for violating the game laws by snaring and trapping partridges in Ulster county, near the Orange county line. Price failed to appear for trial and judgment was taken against him by default. His arrest was in consequence to satisfy the judgment. Price was taken to Kingston and lodged in jail.

LACONIA, N. H., Oct. 20.—Curtis Pickering and William Moorley, both of Meredith, were brought here this morning and sentenced to 30 days imprisonment in jail for spearing trout in Lake Winnesquam.

GAME IN CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

AUBURN, Cal., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, "Jo," in your issue of Oct. 9 gives a very cheerful report of the game prospects of the Pacific coast for this year. His account may be quite accurate as far as the northwest portion of the coast is concerned, and perhaps for the Coast Range in this State also, but, unfortunately for us, the very reverse is the case in the Sierra Nevada. You may remember that I reported a great mortality among the game last spring in the mountains, and our fall shooting proves the truth of my statements. The unprecedentedly deep snows of last winter decimated the ranks of our game to such an extent that a true sportsman is loth to shoot any of the remaining supply, feeling that they should be left to replenish our stock. I have seen dozens of hunters who have been up in our far-famed Rubicon country, on the Middle Fork of the American River, and they all tell the same tale. No deer! One party of five expert hunters went to that famous region, and have just passed through our little city after a two weeks' stay, and they had just two deer to their rifles. Another party of three staid ten days, and got starved out; not a deer falling to any one of them.

The writer was in the mountains himself for nearly four weeks on the South Fork of the American, and saw only one old doe during the trip; and although there were scores of hunters passing up and down the grade, only heard of one deer being killed. The same story comes from the headwaters of the Yuba River and North Fork of the American, also from the Cosumnes, all splendid hunting grounds for the black-tail deer. There are quite a number of does and fawns in the foothills, and the reason is that does heavy with fawn come down lower than the bucks and barren does, and the snows were so deep and lay so late upon the ground that they could not get back into the mountains in time to drop their fawns, and consequently dropped and raised them here. This gives a chance for a future supply.

The mountain quail were almost exterminated. There is not one this year where there were a hundred last. The valley quail are plentiful as ever, and the foothills are full of them. The man that shoots valley quail in the foothills, however, needs a staunch dog and a phenomenally quick aim for more than three-quarters of his game.

Stream fishing was extra good during the past season, but was very late, owing to prolonged high water, caused by the melting snows.

In conclusion, the writer gives it as his opinion that it will take at least five or six years for our game to recover from the severe losses of the winter of 1889-90.

AREFAR.

NOVA SCOTIA MOOSE.

MY companion, H. O. Wilbur, and I have just returned from a three weeks' moose hunting trip in Nova Scotia. We met our man (hunter, caller and cook) on the morning of Sept. 12. The same day the cook started out with the provisions and camp duffle on an ox team. The next day the rest of us met him at the appointed place, where we made our first camp, the team and driver returning the same evening. Two days after this we arrived at our camping ground, situated on a broadening of the river and overlooking a large savannah. Here we found excellent trout fishing. We were unfortunate in having seven or eight days of rainy weather. The river rose so high we had to shift our tents. This prevented our calling.

We killed two fine bull moose, besides, unfortunately, wounding three others badly, which we followed for several miles by the blood, but we had to give them up. One bull moose was shot at 400yds. and knocked down as he was crossing the savannah, near our camp; the other two, a large bull and a cow, were shot at a distance of 150yds. Both we followed for a long distance, but we failed to get them, although they were bleeding badly. The two bulls we got were shot, one the day before leaving camp and the other at sunrise on the morning we left for the settlements. The one I shot the last morning made a tremendous racket in coming through the woods. I heard him answering and breaking branches, which made a noise like pistol shots, more than a mile away. He came out in the open and stood about 150yds. off when a .45-90 bullet, followed by two more of the same kind, did the work. It was very exciting and I must confess to being a little shaky before I got down to business. Both the bulls were about the same size and age-800lbs. dressed, three years old, with fine sets of antlers, which in time will be added to our other trophies of the chase. All the other moose that came to the "call" came quietly and were within shooting distance before we heard a sound.

Partridges we found very scarce, only shooting four. Bear signs were quite numerous and fresh, and two came close to our camp at night, but on account of the darkness we could not get a shot. I had a shot at a large red fox on the way to the settlements but failed to connect on the shooting. Moose we found fairly plentiful and I know of at least twelve that were shot in the vicinity we were hunting in. H. W. HAMLYN.

NEW JERSEY.

ABOUT SIGHTS.

FIRST the heresy. A beautiful Lyman rear sight having been presented me by a friend, it was promptly attached to the stock of the old Sharps, and for a time the old uncle rejoiced in the consciousness that not only was he in possession of the most ingenious device ever planned for sighting a rifle, but also, that he was for the time being in line with the other dudes of America in following the prevailing fashion. For a time all went smoothly, and various animals, deer, etc., bit the dust as quickly as in the old days when the old rifle was crowned with the queer rear sighting device of Van Dyke. As the fall weather of the present year approached, and the fog and mist shrouded with a deeper gloom the dark cañons of the mighty hills, upon a certain evening I followed the fresh trails of a band of deer which had hidden in the cover of the thickets, and just as night was deepening the shadows a deer sprang up in my front, 30yds. distant, and jumping from side to side and running low was enabled by the help of the low bushes and the deepening gloom to completely give me the slip. I could not be sure that I had got a true look through the peephole of the sight without, for the instant, losing sight of the flitting bunch of gray and white, so rapidly receding into deeper shade. To be sure, I had removed altogether the inner disk of the sight, leaving only the large outside peep-hole, yet, somehow or other, it did not seem to give the quick unobstructed glance possible under the old regime. To say that I felt badly does not express it. Was it possible that I was "losing my grip?" Was advancing age really dimming the sight of the hunter who seldom failed to get first sight of the cunning deer and who asked no living man to point out game for his rifle? I resolved to keep the knowledge to myself. What thanks did the faithful Gil Blas secure from the failing archbishop? Excusing my failure with as few words as possible when reaching home the old rifle was again hung up on the hooks and I tried in vain to dismiss the subject which haunted me.

A night or two after the very same identical experience happened to my oldest son, with this same rifle, at the same place and hour of the day. He is a better running shot with the rifle than I am myself, and when he returned disgusted, explaining in detail the very things which so annoyed me in my efforts to get a running shot, and clamoring for the old Van Dyke rear sight, I joyfully proceeded to make the change, leaving the Lyman still attached for long shots in good light, but with the "old reliable" Van Dyke for the gloom and shadows of the cañons.

Possibly this is the very rankest of heresy, yet it is the cold, uncompromising fact; which I stand ready to demonstrate to the satisfaction of any one who will take the trouble to test both sights now atttached to the old rifle.

ORIN BELKNAP.

WASHINGTON.

BLAZING AWAY AT A RUSTLE.—A Michigan correspondent sends us this feeling note on the fellows who shoot their guns off at a noise in the woods, or a movement of the brush: "While the season for the hunting of large game generally is not yet open in the lower peninsula of this State, the papers have chronicled a number of fatal accidents in the woods. What the harvest will be when the open season for deer has passed and the returns are all in it is difficult to say, but these casualties will probably beat any previous year's record, if the beginning is any criterion. These so-called accidents have become by far too frequent, and they are enough to prevent a careful sportsman going into the woods in search of large game. My father, who is an old-time deer hunter, while on a hunting trip many years ago in the northern part of Tuscola county on the Cass River, came very near being shot at by a reckless scoundrel, who walked up to a tree a few feet to steady his rifle, and who was some 15 rods off. My father seeing his intention shouted at him, and the fellow took down his gun and ran off without stopping to explain his action. My father sought an explanation of the man's actions from the settlers about there, and they coolly informed him they were all in the habit of shooting where they saw the brush stir without seeing the object, for fear they would lose a shot at a deer; and then my father gave up hunting for large game, and has never been on a trip of that kind since. We never read of an Indian or a savage shooting a white man or one of his own people for a deer, bear or turkey, because they readily distinguish any part of a wild animal from man's anatomy, and know what they are shooting at. I would rather hunt in near proximity to the Indians than to a camp of these reckless white scoundrels who set so little value on human life, and who go into the woods to drink and gamble and shoot at everything that stirs the brush, and whether it turns out to be a man or a beast they are willing to take the chances. I have read your comments time and again on this large class of accidents, but your warnings and good advice to the public seem to be lost and ignored in some sections.—J. W.

HE WILL MAKE A SPORTSMAN.—Williamsport, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a letter which I received from my nephew, Master Hardt, son of Chief Engineer Hardt, of Wellsboro, the home of our old and lamented "Nessmuk." He will be an enthusiastic sportsman some of these days. If you wish to publish his letter as a boy's letter you are welcome to it.—AUG. KOCH. The letter reads: WELLSBORO, Pa., Oct. 15.—*Dear Uncle:* Although I do not owe you any letter I must write to you to tell you of something. Yesterday I started from home at 4 o'clock, and when I got home at 5 my hunting bag bulged out some. What do you think you would have seen if you had been out here? A *Bonasa umbellus*, pheasant, ruffed grouse. It was a fine bird, a male, I think, and think it was larger than the ones you shot. I went in the woods above the reservoir, and I had gone quite far back from the reservoir and in the edge of the woods all the way. I was walking on a side hill, and all at once I heard something run, then bur-r-r-r—bang! He had "darted down hill like a flash," and I could just get a glimpse as I shot. Well, I walked along and was going to follow him up, when there, 20yds. away, he lay—dead! I had shot him in the back and broken a wing. He never knew what killed him, for he never winked after I came up. It began to rain then, so I went home and had been gone only an hour. So you see I beat you. You went about four miles and staid half a day and got two pheasants, and I went a mile, stayed an hour and got one. When you come up in November we'll make 'em wish they never had been born. I forgot to tell you I stuffed his head last night, as Ed. did with his first pheasant. It doesn't look very good, but it's all there. * * * Your nephew, WILL.

QUAIL INVADE WASHINGTON.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 27.—Mr. W. S. Thompson, Jr. has a drug store in the heart of the fashionable section of the city and the birds here referred to were all observed within about a square of his place of business. Sept. 4 a covey containing about 30 quail was seen in the parking of the Chinese Legation at Dupont Circle. A week later in the vacant triangular lot adjacent to this circle eleven quail were noticed and they remained in this place the greater part of the day; several of them were flushed by boys and took refuge in trees. Oct. 27, in the vacant lot adjoining Secretary Blaine's house, eight quail were flushed, one of them alighting on a doorway of a residence opposite; three more, after having been flushed a second time, went on to Senator Edmunds's stable. The birds were thoroughly bewildered and some of them flew into trees. Mr. Thompson attempted to drive them toward the cover along Rock Creek, hoping to shield them from the attacks of boys and the parlor-rifle fiend. All of these birds were fine, full grown and in splendid condition.—T. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA GROUSE SHOOTING.—Lykens, Pa.—All true sportsmen are bound to accord with the opinions of "Dorp," in a late issue of this paper, concerning the habits and wariness of the ruffed grouse; he is certainly a noble bird, and the man who kills him over a setter and on the wing may be proud of the accomplishment, for no small degree of skill is required experience will teach. The spot in which I write this is surrounded with hills that in some years, and especially this season, abound with this grand bird; and having hunted for the last twelve years every season I dare say I am thoroughly acquainted with the grouse at home. I have seen and studied him from when he was a chick not bigger than a week old, and able (as we say here) to take a leaf in his toes and hide from the dog under it, to when he weighs 1lb. 10oz. and can fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour. As far as my knowledge from experience goes, your editorial notes in the issue of Oct. 9 are correct in every detail. I have missed many such shots myself. Our season opened on Oct. 1, and since then I have killed in four days the following score: First day 2, second day 7, third day 8 and a woodcock, fourth day 4 and a doe that weighed 100lbs. I killed her with a 9¼lbs. hammerless at 25yds., No. 7 chilled shot. We have quail here in abundance, and expect when the season opens to have grand sport. Any one desiring information regarding the fall shooting here can find that by addressing me.—WM. V. BARRETT.

NOTES FROM UTAH.—Ogden, Utah, Oct. 9.—The California quail were introduced here eight or nine years ago, and have been protected every year but one. I think that they are not suited to a cold climate, as the cold kills most of them off. They multiply to a surprising degree, but cannot stand the cold. I am not able to state how the supply is this year, as the bush is so thick. After the last snow we had last spring I counted 25 in a barn yard feeding with the chickens. Sharp-tailed grouse are not as thick as usual this season. I have killed 152 this year, but have worked hard for them. Duck shooting is better this year than usual. Big bags have been made. The northern ducks have not put in an appearance yet. While out hunting to-day I saw a large flock of geese going south. The duck hunters here go down to the edge of the lake and make a blind about 6in. high of mud. There is no vegetation growing around the salt water. They make what is called mud ducks, pieces of mud the size of a duck. The ducks come to these decoys as readily as to wooden ones. A man that understands it kills as high as eight dozen in a day. One shooter told me he did not care to kill more because he did not have time to pick the feathers off them. There is a family living down by the lake who hunt for the market; all of them take a hand at it.—W. D. C.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 24.—Quail are plentiful everywhere in this locality, but owing in a large measure to the extreme rankness of the weeds, no great number of birds have been bagged. One serious drawback, which the sportsmen are running up against, is the objection of farmers to permit shooting on their lands. A gentleman informed me that while on a quail shoot a few days ago, near Sparta, Ill., he was run off of no less than ten different farms. In this State affairs are not quite so bad; still there are certain sections where the farmers are very strict regarding shooting on their lands. The bluewing duck has been sojourning round about here for several weeks, and the past week he was joined by that favorite of all Western sportsmen, the mallard. In fact, nearly all varieties except the greenwing are here. Reports to hand from all the game preserves controlled by residents of this city are to the effect that the webfeet have made their appearance in fair numbers. During the week at the Dordenne and Quivre grounds, in St. Charles county, were to be found a few snipe. Of course they were not by any means plentiful, but one gentleman succeeded after a day's diligent work in bagging 27.—UNSER FRITZ.

A GROWL FROM MAINE.—Upton, Me., Oct. 20.—Partridges are not plenty in the real forest region near Lake Umbagog. Partial migration, it seems, as they were plenty in August. Perhaps a good score obtained by the guides and boys all shooting for one man is the thing for an off year like this. Deer tracks a little more plenty than last year. The jack fever this summer has been worse than ever, and New Hampshire has hound on the brain. The deer have been wiped out at a great rate. The mud sneak and jack were at it before the deer were through dropping their fawns. Now, you see, if we have an old-fashioned winter, the result will be that the deer will get but about thirty days of safety in the whole year. The killing will be the worst through March and more than half of April. By May 20 men will be looking for deer not a thousand miles from the Richardson ponds. At least two of the guides told me that the margin of one or both of the Richardson ponds fairly stank of carrion. There are other words to describe it in, but I guess plain Saxon is good enough. I believe that I have never killed a deer or so much as a partridge in close time in Maine or New Hampshire, so I have some right to growl. I have seen more Canada grouse this season than any other year since 1876.—C. B. S.

SOME NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME RESORTS. — Lisbon, which is 160 miles from Boston, and reached by the Concord and Montreal R. R., is said to furnish excellent ruffed grouse shooting this season. The hotel charges are $2.50 per day, and a team for a ten mile drive can be had for $1.50. Good covers are reported within a radius of three miles in all directions. North Woodstock, 150 miles from Boston and 25 miles from Plymouth, reached by the Concord and Montreal R. R. to Plymouth, and thence by the P. V. R. R. to destination, is said to be a good center for deer and ruffed grouse. Easton Corner, Campton, eight miles from Plymouth, from whence it is reached by team, is a very good locality for ruffed grouse. We assume it to be known that the name of ruffed grouse in all these places is partridge.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Edgar, Neb., Oct. 24.—Have just returned from a hunting trip up the Straits of Georgia, British Columbia, and also a short hunt in northern Idaho. Had fair success, but would have done better only for rainy weather, which set in this season some weeks earlier than usual; and we had at one time twelve days of almost continuous rain and snow.—H.

BLACK PARTRIDGES FOR ILLINOIS.—Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill., has ordered from a Calcutta firm of animal dealers four pairs of the black partridge of India, which he expects to receive in March of next year, and will put out in Illinois. This letter was received by Dr. Blaisdell from the firm: "CALCUTTA, Aug. 18, 1890. —The black francolin (*Francolinus vulgaris*) is, we believe, the type of partridge alluded to in your favor of the 13th current. We do not keep a stock of these game birds, but we shall be much pleased to procure them for you. As this particular type inhabits distant parts of India, reckoning the expense of capture, carriage and attendant, the birds would cost, delivered at Calcutta, about 10 rupees per pair. Awaiting orders, we are, sir, yours obediently, RUTLEDGE & Co." The attention of Dr. Blaisdell was called to these birds by a note in the FOREST AND STREAM from our English correspondent, who recommended the birds for transportation to this country.

FOREST COMMISSIONER GEORGE SALISBURY, of Sandy Creek, Henry H. Rhubart, J. W. Empey, Milo Cleveland and A. E. Ayres, of Watertown; Dr. Tamblin, Frank Lansing, Frank Stockwell and Geo. Hubbard, of Copenhagen; James Waldo, R. Dillenbeck and Mr. Comins, of Northwestern, and John White, of Pulaski, had been in the Big Woods just two weeks at the time they emerged at Lowville yesterday with loads of venison that make the eye of an average visitor to the Adirondacks glisten with delight. They were at Little Rapids, Beaver River, and put up at A. J. Monsett's hotel. They report a great time. The party were out nearly every day, and killed five deer a day, supplying themselves and the hotel with venison. Some fine heads were secured, and every night there would be held an exciting auction, the highest bidder among those of the party being allowed the heads and the deerskin. The fawns, of which they caught two, were disposed of in the same way. Each one of the party brought out all the venison the law would allow.—*Watertown Times, Oct. 14.*

ONTARIO DEER.—The Belleville, Ont., *Intelligencer* of Oct. 22, says: "On Friday last Mr. Geo. Sterling and Col. Strong left for the north, and the former returned home last evening, bringing with him two fine fawns and a number of partridges. Col. Strong is visiting with M. A. Riddell on the Bruton farm in North Hastings. Messrs. Geo. N. Leavens and W. H. Campbell have returned home. The party of which they were members had captured but two deer up to the time they left. The weather thus far has been very unfavorable for the sport. Hunters report that in the adjoining county of Addington, large numbers of deer were slaughtered in July and August for their skins and hair. One lawless ruffian is said to have boasted that he killed forty-one. No one can be found with courage enough to testify against these law breakers, but next season the Forest and Stream Club of this city—although the offense was committed outside of their territory—will probably make a strong effort to suppress such rascality."

DUCKS AND LIGHTHOUSES.—A curious thing happened at the Whaleshead Light, North Carolina, last winter. It became necessary to protect this light from the flying ducks, and a netting was made of telegraph wire. The net was about 3-inch mesh, and the whole light was covered with it. One night the keeper was partly scared out of his wits by a great noise and the falling of several ducks through the light into where he was sitting. Upon investigation it was found that a flock of ducks had flown against the netting, breaking it down, and keeping right on through the heavy glass in front of the light; it was found even that pieces of the reflector were broken off. Five ducks fell into the lighthouse dead and several were found outside of the building.—CLIFF.

MASSACHUSETTS. — Milton, Oct. 24. — Ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail shooting are to be had within five minutes' walk of my kennels. Ponkapog Pond and the great fowl meadows (which for miles are often entirely everflowed by the Neponset River) are each about 30min. walk from my kennels. Both of these places afford good duck and some goose shooting in flight season. At the former place is situated the convenient and commodious bough house of the Cedar Lodge Shooting Club. At the latter place, when the water is down, are to be found snipe, yellowlegs and rail birds in the order of their erratic natures and gradually diminishing numbers.—E. S. G.

THE MULE DEER'S JUMP.—In all which has appeared by way of illustration in the FOREST AND STREAM and elsewhere concerning the mule deer, I have never seen his jump properly illustrated or described. The mule deer jumps with all his feet lifted from the ground at the same instant, and does not double his legs up under his body during his bound, but each and every one of his legs hang down just exactly like table legs during his flight through the air. My son just now insists that he once saw a mule deer double its forelegs up under its body while running. It may be, at times, yet the rule is a stiff-legged jump.—ORIN BELKNAP.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL.—Monroe, N. C., Oct. 22.—I went out with a friend on the 15th, the first day, and bagged 47 quail; could have easily bagged 75 or more half grown birds, but we are not built exactly that way. The season ought to open Nov. 1. Quail are very numerous and any one with good high ranging dogs can make good bags and have glorious sport. On Monday evening I bagged 22, all fine grown birds. I notice an unusual quantity of young rabbits and the rabbit hunter can also have fine sport. These two are practically all the game we have. There are a few turkeys, but hard to get at.—A. T. L.

LONG ISLAND DUCKS.—Mr. L. E. Howell, whose father keeps the "Sportsmen's Home" at Atlanticville, Long Island, writes from there Oct. 27: "A. Jackson and myself killed 226 broadbill ducks from a double battery; we shot 302 shells. It is the largest score made by two men in many years in these waters in one day. Shooting is splendid here now. More ducks than have been for years."

FOUR HUNDRED LAWS AND MORE are quoted from in the *Book of the Game Laws*. Of their compilation an editorial says: "The first qualities demanded of a compendium of laws are accuracy and completeness. In the lack of any collection of fish and game laws having these qualities this one was undertaken. The preparation of the work has involved an examination of more than 800 distinct, original and amendatory acts, scattered through fifty-nine States, Territories and Provinces here represented. The labor of compilation has been largely increased by the often careless and sometimes seemingly contradictory nature of the legislation. It would be presumption to hope that in the hundreds of laws here given no minor errors will be discovered; but it may at least be said that the *Book of the Game Laws*, as it appears to-day, is the result of a painstaking and conscientious endeavor to furnish an accurate and reliable compendium. Similar care will be exercised to give all future enactments promptly and correctly."

WHERE GAME ABOUNDS.—The following letter was written to Mr. Henry C. Squires, who hands it to us for the benefit of whom it may concern. It is dated at Pine Bluff, Ark., Oct. 18: The Catalogue is decidedly the neatest and most attractive work of its kind I have ever seen. After perusing it carefully I could not rest until I could go out and take a good shoot; was gone an entire week. Do you know of a party from your city wanting to take a real good Western hunt this winter? I have been at it all my life. I found last week the best hunting grounds that can be found, unquestionably, in the United States. I have tried it all and know whereof I speak. Ducks and quail abundant, more deer and turkeys also than I know of anywhere else. I often hear of parties from New York out West hunting, but they do not find the right place. If you know of a party wanting to find a place, have them write me and I will give all the details and also join them.—R. G. ATKINSON.

"HAL DACOTAH."—A report from St. Paul, Minn., says that Gen. Henry Hastings Sibley, the first Governor of Minnesota and the only Democrat who ever held that office, has suffered a stroke of paralysis and is in a critical condition. He has been suffering from dropsy for some time, and the absent members of the family have all assembled at his home in St. Paul, a sister from England being among the number. Gen. Sibley is nearly eighty years old, and his once powerful frame has succumbed slowly to the attacks of disease.

SKY-ROCKETS FOR GAME PRESERVES.—"Colonel" writes of a device for protection against poachers: "Upon my estate I employ alarm guns, which are simple and cheap contrivances and can be set anywhere. An invisible wire is attached to them which, on being touched, fires the gun. Some discharge a rocket and illuminate the spot invaded by the poachers so that their presence is at once detected and their operations thwarted. Since using them I have not been troubled with poachers."

NEW YORK GAME LAW.—Albany, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The commission appointed by the last Legislature to revise and codify the game laws of the State will hold a final public hearing at 2:30 P. M., Nov. 18, in the Assembly parlor of the Capitol. All persons who desire to make suggestions or propose amendments to the present game laws will be heard at that time.

THE *Book of the Game Laws* is for sale by newsdealers and at the gun stores. Price 50 cents.

IN another column Mr. E. G. Vail, of Orient, L. I., advertises some live ducks as decoys. They are broken to corn and wheat and call well.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"WELL," sighed the aged sportsman, "fact is I'm getting old. I know it and feel it. My old legs won't carry me as they used to. No. I shall go no more afield. No more shall I follow my good dog from morn till dewy eve over breezy uplands or through forest depths. There's nothing left for me now but to sit in a blind and shoot ducks over decoys. And yet," he added musingly, as a smile lit up his aged features, "not such an unhappy thought that, to go out in the gray dawn to your blind with seventy-five cartridges and return to breakfast with sixty—"

"Cartridges?" interrupted the joker.

"No! Birds, you fool!" thundered the old man, and the fervor of his righteous wrath convinced us that he might follow his good dog afield for a year or two yet.

MARSTRAND.

SWEDEN.

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. Playing cards for 15 cents in postage by applying to the undersigned. P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

If Noah had used the chosen pair
O' worms that went in the ark
To fish through the windows in the flood
From his somewhat crowded bark,
And thus had used up the squirming stock
In his own original way,
How many a lie it had spared and saved
To the fishermen of to-day.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 17.—After all the comment upon the apathetic or unsuccessful state of affairs which has marked game protection in this section, it is a pleasure to read or to write about one Illinois game protective society which is not only earnest and conscientious, but which is headed by men who really mean what they say, and who, more than that, have actually results to show for their work. Before me lies the report of the officers of the Fox River Association, to which reference has been made. This report shows that the association has enforced the law in regard to fishways in every dam on the Fox River, so that a complete passage way is offered the fish from the Illinois River all the way up through the Fox Lake system. This was accomplished only after stubborn fighting in the courts. The association has had a patrol out all summer on the river, and on Aug. 1 there was traceable to this work the destruction of twenty-one nets, besides the arrest and conviction of thirteen offenders against the fish and game laws. In addition to this, many persons were cautioned against illegal shooting and fishing, many copies of the law were distributed. Since the date of the report much work has been done along the Illinois River also, and I believe it is not wrong to state that the lifting of the illegal nets at Spring Lake, in the country visited and mentioned a few weeks ago, was caused through the efforts of the Fox River Association. It has enlisted club after club, further down the waterway toward the Mississippi, and the result will doubtless be that ultimately it will have a fishway in every dam clear through to the Mississippi, and will clear out the bulk of the illegal nets throughout the whole waterway.

It is a pleasure to offer for inspection a treasurer's report which shows a balance in the treasury. Following is the last report of the association:

Cash on hand Jan. 9, 1890	$158 35
From annual dues	45 00
From life membership	150 00
From contributions	172 70
Total	$526 05
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Prosecuting cases	$ 25 00
Paid F. L. Buck (for service)	210 00
Printing and postage	27 70
Expense examining dams	38 67
Total	$301 37
Cash on hand	$224 68

J. WILKINSON, Treas.

The officers append the following to their report: "You will see from the above that we have accomplished much good, but there is much more to be done, and in order to carry it to a successful conclusion we need more money. Our only dependence is in the voluntary work of the members. Annual membership costs but $1, life membership but $10, no initiation fee in either case; and all that is necessary to obtain membership tickets is to send the money with name and address of applicant to the president or secretary. We also solicit contributions in any amounts. Our work is in the interest of fish and game protection everywhere; if we fail, other organizations will be deterred from making the attempt.

"We hope you will consider this a personal appeal to you—to give us what help you can directly—and also to interest your sportsmen friends. It is a fact that the greatest stumbling block in our way at the present time is the apathy of sportsmen themselves. We hope this appeal will help to overcome that apathy.

"Respectfully submitted by order of the board of directors. GEO. E. COSE, Pres., 86 and 88 Dearborn street. JOHN WILKINSON, Sec.-Treas., 150 Kinzie street."

To-day I talked with Mr. Geo. E. Cole, the president of the association, and he showed me a letter from the secretary of the State Fish Commission, Dr. Bartlett, which has still further good news about the work along the lower rivers. Dr. Bartlett says, under date of Oct. 8, that he has evidence of nineteen cases at Havanna, on the Illinois River, and that Gen. Ruggles, an able attorney and ex-legislator of that town, has interested himself on the cases. He reports trouble at Lacon, but says the warden there has evidence for about ten cases more, some with a half dozen complaints in each. At Virginia, Cass county, on the Sangamon River, the local warden has secured nine convictions during the past month. In Porter county four convictions are reported. The State's attorney is at work there. Dr. Bartlett also reports efforts to secure testimony in the late Pope glucose factory horror, in which so much fish life was destroyed.

It must be encouraging to Dr. Bartlett to feel behind him the aid and support of the Fox River Association, which is, so far as is known, the only society and the main factor that takes the least notice of the actual work of fish and game protection in the State of Illinois. Once in a while, when we look upon their earnestness and their actual disposition to do something besides pass resolutions, there does seem a temptation to believe that these men are going to accomplish something practical in the way of fish protection, and certainly if game protection ever amounts to anything in this State, it will be through the efforts of this society, whose main men are first and all the time anglers and not shooters.

Mr. Geo. E. Cole, the president of this association, is one of the most actually earnest and enthusiastic sportsmen I ever knew, meaning in matters of game protection. He is a busy man, but he is in this association for results, and when he talks he means it is a personal belief and not as a sportsman's fad. Mr. Cole is a member of the wealthy and important Union League Club here. Last summer he found prairie chicken on the bill of fare, of course illegal. He called the steward of the club to him and told him he should institute prosecution against him. This was no idle threat, and he would have brought suit had not the steward agreed to serve no more duck or prairie chicken out of season. Some such steps as this should be taken against Kinsley and other prominent runners of soup houses in this place, and they probably will be taken. It is Mr. Cole's idea that the hotels and restaurants can be attacked more successfully than the South Water street game dealers.

I like to talk to Mr. Cole. It is a novelty to see a man whom you can actually believe to be anxious to do something to save the rapidly-passing fish and game of this region. He is by no means the only one of that sort in the Fox River Association. This association scheme is simple, and is set forth in the report above. Let every member and every club of the sporting fraternity of Illinois rally around the standard of this body. It only costs $1 to rally, and that is the only kind of rally that is any good. Surely the men in this State can see what a power this association can grow to be, practically and politically, if it represents the amalgamation, without clique or faction, of the best of the general organizations and the local clubs of the State. Illinois has never been behind the world. This one association has done more in the same time than any one protective organization in the Union. It is only the nucleus now. What can it not become? If the fire of its genuine enthusiasm for work and for results shall touch the soul of slumbering sportsmanship all over the State, what cannot the sportsmen of Illinois do? In union is strength. Here is the place to unite. You pay $1, or $2, or $3, as an entrance for a little sweepstake, where you shoot at artificial targets, and get shot out and lose your money besides. Pay that into the treasury of the Fox River Association, and after a while you'll get to shoot at actual game birds, big enough to fly. No man will miss that dollar, and since we have here a body of men in actual earnest, and an organized and practical machine for work, why not turn in, unite, concentrate, and help it all we can?

E. HOUGH.

A STORY OF "THE GUNNERY."

I WENT to school in Washington, Litchfield county, Connecticut. F. W. Gunn was the teacher. If he were alive now and I could meet him as a man. I know that we would be friends. As my schoolmaster—well, we had differences of opinion.

There were three fishermen among us boys, W. C. Beecher, C. Deming and I. Quite a number of the other boys fished occasionally, but we fished in season and out of season as regards school hours.

One afternoon in July it commenced to rain slowly, and when the sun set it was still drizzling, so I went to Gunn and asked permission to go fishing before school in the morning. I knew that the trout would be on the feed and I also knew that no one had been trouting for a month, on account of the drought. Gunn chewed his toothpick, stroked his long gray beard, looked at the ceiling and said, "Well, yes; but you must get back in time for school, or *you will hear from me!*" "Yes sir," and I slid out. "Mrs. Gunn will you pull the string at my window when you go out to pick strawberries?" "Yes," promised the madam with a kindly smile. She was in the habit of getting up before day in strawberry season, and I used to tie a piece of fish line to a dumbbell, lay it on a shelf and let the string hang out of the window.

When Mrs. G. pulled the string it came down on the floor with an awful clatter, and I jumped up. It was just getting light. The grass and trees were fresh and green from their washing, and the sandy road was hard. The day was going to be clear and still.

I started on a run down the road for the Parrish Dam, which was the last dam in the brook and only half a mile from the Shepang River. Another road from the upper part of the village ran into mine about half a mile away, and when I reached there I looked for the track of a No. 10 boot with hob nails in the sole; but it was not ahead of me. More than once I had seen those footprints and been forced to change my intention and go to some other brook, for it was no use to fish for trout after W. H. H. Murray, who was our spiritual adviser in those days. When I saw that Murray was not ahead of me I slackened my pace to a fast walk, and soon reached the little dam, where the wine-colored water poured over it into a pool circular and 10yds. in diameter. My rod was put together, and I let the bait float down over the dam. Snap! a trout has broken water to get it; and I have him on the bank with a flip. He weighs at least 6oz. Five more come out; and then they stop biting, and I move on. The brook is full of trout; and when I reach the river my creel is full of trout, and the pockets of my old sack coat wiggle delightfully, for they are full, too. I cast into the river and the line ran away. He was too heavy to flip out, and I managed him carefully and soon tired him out, and landed a pounder. I fished till my bait gave out; and then fished with trout eyes and occasionally a piece of a trout's belly. They bit all the same. I got wet all over by slipping down, as I stood up to my knees in the water; and at last stopped, not because the trout stopped biting, but because it was 10 o'clock and I feared the consequences. I had the creel full, my pockets full and two strings of trout—at least 30lbs.—none less than a good quarter of a pound in weight and one pounder.

When I reached home Mrs. Gunn was looking for me, and said, "Mr. Gunn is mad about your being late, I know, but I'll try to save you this time. I will have the girls clean those beautiful trout and set them in platters in the ice-house; and when Mr. Gunn comes home, don't say a word back, but get him to the ice-house and show him the trout. Leave the rest to me." Then she gave me a nice breakfast she had saved for me.

Soon Clarence Deming came down and said, with a grin, that my rod was going to be taken away from me for the rest of the term. Billy Beecher came down and said, like the gentleman that he always was and is, if he lives, "I am sorry that Mr. Gunn is so angry with you. I will talk to him to-morrow and see if I can't get him to give you back your rod." I told Will that I had hopes that I could fix it. And then came Mr. Gunn, looking stern. When he saw me he started to speak, but I interrupted him, "Don't say one word, Mr. Gunn, but come with me." He followed me to the ice-house. There on a stone table stood four turkey platters full of trout, cleaned and fresh, with their colors as lovely as the flowers in a garden.

He looked for five minutes and heaved a sigh. The sportsman's instinct overpowered him, and he said, "If I had been you, Dixon, I would have staid all day." "My bait gave out." "Well, come up to school after recess and I will have to talk to you some." I appeared in due time. Gunn called me before him and asked me, "When did you get home this morning?" I said I was a little late, but that I would be more careful in future. "Well, I intended to take away your rod for the rest of the term if you were late at school; but I have concluded to let you go this time." I went to my seat and smiled at Clarence. He was disgusted, as he hoped to have most of the fishing to himself for the rest of the term.

This story does not read as I can still feel it. If I could only word-paint the perfect day, the beautiful laughing water, the birds' song, and, above all, my youth and health. Some of you that read this will remember me as a boy. Our paths in life have diverged widely, but I remember you all fondly still. W. J. DIXON.

KANSAS.

CANADIAN FISH AND GAME INTERESTS

MONTREAL, Oct. 21.—A special meeting of the committee of the Fish and Game Protection Club was held in the Windsor last evening, Mr. I. H. Stearns in the chair, and Messrs. Ives, Boyer, Brown, Horne and Shewan (secretary) being present. After the reading of the minutes it was, on motion of Mr. Horne, resolved that Mr. Boulter be appointed on the committee in place of Mr. Skelton, who is at present in Europe. The secretary stated that since April last the club had proceeded successfully in forty-one suits in the police courts for violations of the fish and game laws, and out of this the offenders were mulcted in the sum of something over $400. Mr. W. S. Walker, the attorney for the club, had pushed the cases diligently and deserved well of all sportsmen who take an interest in protecting the game of Canada from extinction. But this method of proceeding had cost the club a considerable sum of money, and although good work had been done by the club and considerable fines imposed there was still a very large expense attending the prosecutions. The following letter, of which cognizance has been taken by the Government, will be of interest:

Lieut.-Col. Tilton, Deputy Minister of Finance: DEAR SIR—At a meeting of the committee of the club, held in the Windsor Hotel here on June 27, the report of the deputation to Ottawa was received and approved. On behalf of the club we desire to tender the hearty thanks of the club to the honorable the Minister of Marine and yourself for the kind reception given to the deputation, and beg to offer the following suggestions:

1. That the Chateauguay de Lille and Beaudette rivers have fishways put in, and that the "Sawdust act" be strictly enforced on those rivers.

2. That the licensed nets on those rivers be reduced at least one-half, and that no netting licenses be issued within at least ten miles of Montreal, this limit being reserved for rod fish.

3. That Missisquoi Bay be closed to net fishing for five years from May 1, 1891.

4. That the mesh of net used be not less than 2in. when wet.

5. The club desires to ask the appointment of Alfred Marsoin as a fish warden to act in concert with John Norris, of St. Lambert, over the whole district mentioned above, and that local wardens be abolished in the said localities.

6. That the secretary of this club be *ex-officio* an officer of your department, and that the club be authorized to appoint sub-wardens during the close season.

7. That the close season for lake (gray) trout and brook trout commence at the same time, the first of October, and end together.

8. That the close season for bass, maskinonge and dore end the same time, June 15.

Should your department decide on granting the above, the club will hold itself responsible for the protection of fish in above districts, and will furnish the department with all information in their power as to quantity and kinds of fish caught in this neighborhood, provided the department furnishes the forms to be filled. All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. W. STEPHENS, President.
HENRY W. ATWATER, Sec.-Treas.
A. N. SHEWAN, Hon. Secretary.

HANOVER LAKE PIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since, receiving an invitation to come and put in a day at pike fishing from a friend of mine, Ben Harker, living at Oakwood Mansion, near Wrightstown, a small village not far from Pemberton, N. J., I packed up a small amount of duffle in my knapsack and took the evening train for a station near his residence. When I arrived Ben was waiting for me with his lively team, and soon we were going at a good speed toward Marion.

Next morning the weather was extremely pleasant, and after a very early breakfast we, accompanied by his brother Dick, were soon on the road going at a lively rate behind the same team, headed for a place off in the pines some ten miles distant called Hanover, once a thriving and busy village, containing a large furnace and other iron works, but now dilapidated and deserted, save, perhaps, some half a dozen families of woodchoppers, charcoal burners and berry-pickers (during the berry season). At Hanover is a large deep pond, in which pike of a good size are abundant.

Stopping at a stream on the way, Dick managed with his scoop-net to get a suitable supply of minnows for bait, and in good time we reached our destination.

Having obtained a boat and arranged our tackle, we were soon off on the pond, and in a short time the fishing commenced. Although the weather suddenly changed and became cold and showery, with wind northwest, we had reasonobly good luck with the fish during the forenoon; and after disposing of a noonday meal supply, enough for six men at least, with big drafts of new cider, we resumed our fishing and continued it until near night with fair results, after which we returned to Ben's home, getting there in the evening, having had a very enjoyable time of it.

Had the weather continued pleasant throughout the day without doubt we would have had extra good luck, for that is one of the best ponds for pike in South Jersey, being fished but a little on account of its being remote from villages and thickly settled regions.

In going there, and while in the neighborhood of the pond, we saw many gunners and heard the reports of firearms in all directions, thus showing that the game laws of this State are but a little, if at all, respected in that section, as shooting does not commence legally until Nov. 1. Around the pond we saw considerable game; but at the rate the shooting was going on but a little, if any, game would be left after a short time. It is unfair for lawbreakers to scoop in nearly all the game before the season commences, leaving but the poorest kind of shooting for law-abiding citizens after the game law is off. No true sportsman would be guilty of doing it, for the law, if respected throughout the State, would be a great benefit to every sportsman in it. A. L. L.

HOMERSTOWN, Oct. 23.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

A LARGE black caterpillar is found on the red and Spanish oaks, it is almost black in color and from 1 to 2½ in. long, and about as big around as a lead pencil. It is exceedingly common and the bugs are gathered into gourds, and kept there until the fishing commences, when they are allowed to crawl forth over the angler and boat and make a very convenient bait. In the rivers and creeks that come out of the swamps in the flat coast region of the pine tar belt bream and crappie are abundant, and when a school of either of these fish is struck, using this black caterpillar for bait, you can take the last one of them without moving from the spot.

In Orton Lake the large-mouthed black bass abound, and more can be caught than desired. The perch family generally is well represented here. Col. Murchison, proprietor of the Orton House in Wilmington, controls the fishing privileges of the lake, and reserves it for the guests of the hotel and his New York friends. The pond is fifteen miles long and its banks are heavily covered with brush. On account of the latter it is necessary to have a short line when fishing from the banks. This brush is a great rendezvous for the different kinds of herons. A half dozen nests of these birds are often found in one small bush. They are undisturbed and quite tame. Alligators are very common in the lake also.

The Black River and its system of waters, which enter into the Cape Fear River, twelve miles above Wilmington, contain a large number of game fish. A friend of mine tells me that he saw a man in Wilmington in the spring who had a small boat and live boxes, in which were 507 large black bass, crappie and yellow perch, caught in the Black River.

The Lumber River perch is considered the finest game and pan fish in the State. This perch has been thinned out immediately around Lumberton, but good fishing is still to be had within five or six miles of this place.

Overfishing is being practiced here. The market fisherman takes 300 hooks and ties them to overhanging bushes as he goes along; by the time he has the last one tied the first are ready to be looked after, and in this way many fish are secured.

At Elizabetha City I saw fishermen using skim-nets in the Pasquotank River, and was very much astonished to find that they were catching beautiful specimens of crappie with these shallow nets right at the surface of this very clear juniper water. On seeing a bunch of the fish taken into a house I followed and asked to be allowed to see the fish opened. We found that they were feeding on small minnows, and upon further investigation found that the minnows were exceedingly plentiful right over a portion of the river where the bottom was covered with slabs from saw mills close by, and from these slabs come a small insect larva, upon which the minnows were feeding. The crappie were so intent in their feeding upon these small fish that it was possible for the skim-netters to scoop them up. S. G. WORTH.

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

A CALL has been sent out by Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Rutland, Vt., acting for the Rutland Fish and Game Club, the purpose of which is to invite the sportsmen of the State to unite in a league. The call sets forth:

"Some years ago a local association known as the Rutland Fish and Game Club was formed here for the purpose of protecting the fish and game of Rutland county and stocking its streams with trout. This club, with very small means, has been notably successful in the enforcement of existing fish and game laws and in stocking our streams with trout; and we are led to believe that a somewhat similar association of sportsmen throughout the State would accomplish far greater results for the pleasure and profit of all its inhabitants. * * *

"With natural advantages which cannot be surpassed, it is unfortunate that Vermont should be allowed to fall behind her sister States, and it is the purpose of the proposed league to take advantage of the opportunities for good work in this direction which are presented everywhere throughout the Green Mountains.

"With this end in view, we ask you to pledge yourself to become a member of the State League by filling out the accompanying blank.

"The objects of the association are: To procure and enforce suitable laws for the protection and preservation of food fishes, game, song and insectivorous birds; the revision and codification of our present laws on this subject; the promotion of fish culture; the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, game and useful birds; and to disseminate information relating thereto."

Among the many prominent men who have indorsed this movement and pledged themselves to become members are Charles H. Sheldon, president Rutland Fish and Game Club; Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley, W. C. Clement and H. R. Dorr, Rutland; Hon. Herbert Brainerd, Fish Commissioner, St. Albans; Gen. W. W. Henry, Burlington; Col. Geo. W. Hooker, Brattleboro; Hon. B. B. Smalley and Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds, Burlington; Gen. J. G. McCullough, Bennington; Chas. F. Orvis, Manchester; Col. M. S. Colburn, Manchester Centre; Hiram Atkins, Montpelier; Hon. Redfield Proctor and Hon. Fletcher D. Proctor, Proctor; Gov. Carroll S. Page, Hyde Park; Hon. Edward Smith and H. H. Swift, M.D., Pittsford; J. S. Viles, Montpelier; W. H. H. Murray, Burlington; E. Jas. Ritchie, St. Johnsbury; Hon. T. W. Moloney, Rutland.

We trust that Mr. Titcomb and his associates will meet a suitable response from the sportsmen of Vermont. The Rutland Club has already shown that it understands the needs of the time, and there is every assurance that the proposed association will be efficient for good under the direction of such promoters as are here named. In this connection the following paragraphs from the report of the Vermont Commission will be read with interest:

FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE SOCIETIES.

The Commissioners recommend as one of the most efficient instrumentalities for the accomplishment of the objects contemplated by our laws, the organization of local clubs or societies for the protection of fish and game; that all who are interested (and every citizen should be) in true sport, and in the preservation of our forest and stream life, take steps for the organization of such clubs, which may also be made the means of much social enjoyment and healthful and legitimate sport. There are now several societies of this kind in the State, and the assistance rendered by them to the Commissioners has been most valuable and highly appreciated, and the good work they have done is deserving of all praise and emulation.

STATE FISH HATCHERY.

After careful consideration and examination of the subject in all its bearings, the Commissioners deem it their duty to recommend, strongly, the establishment of a State fish hatchery. They believe this recommendation to be in the interest of true economy, and that the results of its adoption would be most satisfactory.

The people throughout the State are coming to realize that there is an actual, tangible and considerable profit to be derived from trout ponds and streams—a profit in many instances exceeding that which could be realized from the cultivation of a corresponding acreage of the most fertile land. As a consequence, the Commissioners have not been able, with the means at their command, to meet the call made upon them for speckled and lake trout and landlocked salmon during the past two years; and the demand is steadily increasing. The cost of eggs and expenses for hatching and distributing the fry of these fish alone in the last two years, without considering many incidental expenses connected with it, has been nearly two thousand dollars, or about one-half the entire appropriation, while, as above stated, the supply has not been equal to the demand.

To purchase the eggs and defray the cost of hatching and necessary care, as it has to be done at present, on a basis of retail prices is unduly expensive. A hatchery adapted to all requirements would not cost more than from twelve to sixteen hundred dollars, a competent man to manage and care for it could be secured at from four to six hundred dollars per year, and such an establishment would produce, according to the best information we have been able to obtain, a thousand times more stock than one thousand dollars per year will obtain expended as it now has to be. This output would so replenish and supply our ponds and streams that they would soon be fairly teeming with "speckled beauties," to the great advantage, not only of Vermont palates, but Vermont pockets as well; besides this, there would be a large supply of fry which would find ready sale at good prices, and should bring in a very considerable revenue.

Many of the other States have institutions of this kind, and are fully satisfied of the actual profit resulting from them. When this subject is duly considered and investigated, taking into account the direct revenue to be derived from well-stocked trout ponds and streams, the advantage to the people of the State from an increase in the number of summer visitors, and the money which will be distributed by them finding its way through all the different channels of trade and business (for it is beyond question that no greater attraction can be offered the average summer tourist than the reasonable certainty of a handsome string of the finest fish in the world as a reward for his day's sport), and the profit to be derived from the propagation of fry for market, the conclusion is unavoidable that the establishment of a State hatchery in Vermont would be a measure of wise economy and a source of profit to the State.

New Hampshire annually appropriates many thousands of dollars for her fish interests, and finds the investment a most satisfactory one. The Commissioners trust this matter will receive the careful attention it deserves, and that some action may be taken upon the subject by the General Assembly.

RECOMMENDATIONS AS TO THE LAWS, ETC.

The Commissioners respectfully recommend that section 3872 of the Revised Laws be so amended as to make the open season for trout, lake trout and landlocked salmon from May 1 to Sept. 1, instead of from April 1 to Aug. 1, as at present. The law as it now stands is seriously objectionable, and works detrimentally.

In April the ice is not out of the ponds and large streams in ordinary seasons. If holes are cut through the ice the fish naturally collect around them for sunlight and fresh air, and as they are very hungry after a long winter's fast (for the food supply in winter is so scanty that it amounts to almost that for trout), the poor half-starved fish are an easy prey, and may be taken by thousands, until in two or three seasons a well-stocked pond or stream will be almost entirely depleted. In April, too, the trout are not in condition or properly fit for eating; while the closing of the season at the beginning of August, which is one of the best months, if not the best, for fly-fishing in most of our waters, debars many of our own and visiting anglers from the pleasure of this choicest of outdoor recreations, and that unnecessarily and without compensating benefit of any kind. August has come to be the best month of the season for summer visitors, and to make it a close trout season seriously interferes with their plans and pleasures, and tends to drive them to other States, where the laws are more accommodating, to the manifest detriment of our landlords, farmers, merchants and others, who derive a benefit directly or indirectly from their patronage.

The Commissioners earnestly protest against the repeal of the present law limiting the size of trout to be caught to 6in. The effect of that law has been most excellent, and already the size, quality and quantity of trout taken where it has been observed and enforced afford the strongest testimony in its favor. It is practical, sensible and right. No change should be made in it, in the opinion of the Commissioners, unless to make it more effective.

A "WORM CHARMER."—Here at last is what the world has been crying for for six thousand years and more. There was a time when a part of the fun of going fishing was in digging the worms for bait; but all that has gone by in this progressive age. A man came into the FOREST AND STREAM office the other day, said his name was Paulsen, and announced that he had discovered a way to make the worms come forth; that he knew the angling fraternity would hail him as a benefactor, and that he wanted to advertise. He offered to go down into the street, which nowadays is always torn up, and prove it to us by invoking a million worms from the soil of Broadway; but we accepted his statements without ocular demonstration, and to-day in our advertising pages is set forth the virtue of Paulsen's "Worm Charmer." It is a liquid, Mr. Paulsen tells us, which is sprinkled on the ground, without incantation, and immediately the worms emerge in hordes with their gripsacks packed, and scuttle off for the next county. A tolerably fast runner can head them off before they climb the fence.

NAMES OF THE ROUND WHITEFISH.—One of the small whitefishes of North America, which extends from New England to Alaska and from the Great Lake region to the Arctic ocean is the round whitefish or shad waiter (*Coregonus quadrilateralis*). This species is also called the Menomonee whitefish. The name shad waiter is applied at Lake Winipiseogee and in Memphremagog Lake. From Col. Hodge we learn that in the Connecticut Lakes, N. H., it is called "bill fish." In Newfound Lake it is the "mackerel." In Megantic Lake it is known as the "cucumber fish," and in some other portions of New Hampshire it is styled "clear fish." Chesterfield Lake, according to Col. Hodge, appears to be the southern limit of the round whitefish in New Hampshire, and it is smaller in this lake than in any of the others. This little whitefish is of especial interest because it furnishes abundant and wholesome food for the lake trout. It is an excellent food fish, but owing to its size and remarkably small mouth it is difficult of capture by means of hook and line.

LAKE TROUT NOTES.—Mr. Walter Aiken has informed us that the lake trout in Winnipiseogee Lake, N. H., are usually long and lank fish, with flesh of a pale color and inferior taste; yet the landlocked smelt, which is considered one of the best food species for the lake trout to feed upon, is abundant in Winnipiseogee. In Newfound Lake, N. H., according to Mr. Aiken, the lake trout are shorter and thicker and the flesh is more highly colored and has an excellent flavor. Col. Hodge confirms the opinion as to Winnipiseogee lake trout, and states that the species in Newfound Lake has yellow flesh. The voracity of the species may be appreciated from the fact that fifty-nine smelt have been found in a 7lbs. individual caught at Bristol, N. H. The lake trout is a rival of the cod in its omnivorous habits. Last winter at Winnesquam Lake a 17½lbs. fish, caught through the ice, had in its stomach a pebble about as big in circumference as a copper cent, and an entire fish hook, which was in a very rusty condition.

FISH AND GAME IN TAMPICO.—Consul-General Sutton in a report to the Department of State from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, published July, 1890, has the following interesting note on the wealth of animal life in Tampico: "In the gulf and inner waters north and south are vast supplies of fish, turtles, alligators and birds. From here to Corpus Christi, Tex., is a sportsman's paradise from October until April. Considerable quantities of dried bird skins, plumage, etc., have been sent from here, and a New Jersey firm has had its buyers here for several years, getting large numbers of alligator skins." The fishes are known to be essentially those of the West Indian fauna and, consequently, agree in the main with the species found at Key West, Florida, which embrace a great variety of showy and excellent game fishes. Among these are the groupers, the snappers, the tarpum, the grunts, porgies, barracuda, pompano, big-eyed scad and mullets.

BLUEFISH ON NORTH CAROLINA COAST.—At Life-Saving Station No. 12, Currituck, N. C., more bluefish were seen last spring than have been seen for years. The captain of this station caught 26 large ones by impaling them with a pitchfork as they came upon the beach one day. These fish were chasing the mullets inshore and were rolled up by the surf. Hundreds of mullets were washed up on the shore, many of them being bitten in half by the bluefish, and the water at times was actually crimson with the blood of the mullets devoured by the "pirates." Owing to the good prospects for fishing an unusual number of camps were established on the coast. I counted seven fishing camps from Life-Saving Station No. 12.—CLIFF.

LAKE ST. JOHN.—The new hotel at Roberval has been so well patronized this year by American tourists that Mr. Beemer is now building two large wings, which will increase the accommodation so as to lodge 300 guests instead of 100, as at present. In addition to this he has built a magnificent hotel, equal to that at Roberval, on one of the islands in the Grand Discharge, the center of the ouananiche (French for winninish) fishing grounds. This will be run in connection with the Hotel Roberval, and two steamers will run daily between Roberval and the Grand Discharge during the tourist and fishing season.

EVERY PROTECTIVE CLUB should subscribe for the *Book of the Game Laws*. It will prove invaluable, for it gives the full text of the law.

Fishculture.

NOTES ON THE BROOK TROUT.

AT the hatchery at Plymouth, N. H., Col. E. B. Hodge, Fish and Game Commissioner, found a female brook trout full of ripe eggs ready to be cast in July of this year. Unfortunately no male could be found in proper condition to fertilize the eggs. Brook trout have been found with mature eggs in most of the summer months, and this is an additional instance of irregularity in the spawning season.

The brook trout of Sunapee Lake are noted for their large size and beautiful colors. The good condition of the fish is attributed to the abundance of smelt, upon which they and the larger *Salmonidæ* feed. A brook trout weighing 1lb., when opened was found to contain nine smelt.

The number of eggs obtained from the breeding females at Sunapee Lake hatchery is remarkably large. On Oct. 11, for example, Col. Hodge took 13,000 eggs from four females. The Colonel called our attention to a peculiarity in the spawning of a pale-colored brook trout inhabiting Sunapee Lake. This variety is not profusely reticulated like the common form and spawns later than the ordinary *fontinalis*.

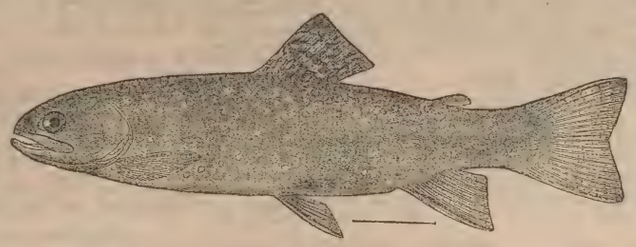
Brook trout commenced spawning at Plymouth Sept. 10, about eighteen days ahead of their usual time, and on Oct. 9 some eggs in the trays had already begun to show eye spots. Col. Hodge does not feed his trout at all when the spawning time is near at hand. In this way when the eggs are taken they are entirely free from digestive products. After the spawning is completed the breeders are fed as soon as they will take food and are given as much nourishment as possible, in order to prevent the attacks of fungus.

There is a great deal of variation in the ease of manipulating female trout at Plymouth. Some of them have thin

abdominal walls and can be stripped of their eggs without much pressure; others have thick, tough integuments and belly walls and yield their eggs slowly and with difficulty.

Col. Hodge finds that small brook trout spawn later than large ones, sometimes continuing into January.

There is a good deal of difference in the color of the eggs of brook trout. The large *fontinalis* of Sunapee Lake have orange eggs, while at Plymouth the eggs of the same species are pale lemon. Col. Hodge attributes this difference to the food. At Sunapee this cousists chiefly of smelt, crustaceans and insects, while at Plymouth the trout are fed on raw liver and heart and cooked lungs of beef and sheep. At Plymouth some wild trout are obtained every year and their eggs are at first orange, but after being fed in the manner described for about two years, they have become lemon-colored.

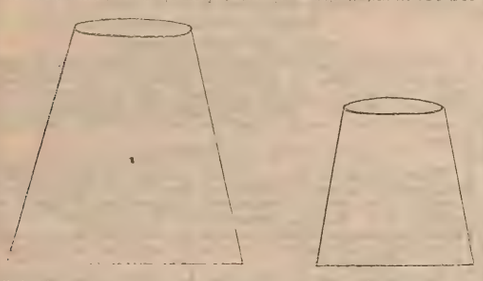


THE BROOK TROUT.

Some of the enemies of trout at Plymouth are minks and bullfrogs. The former are troublesome only in fall and winter. A big bullfrog was found at one time with a 5in. trout in its stomach. A cat was discovered killing trout at the hatchery in the winter and was caught in a trap.

The State hatchery near Plymouth receives its water supply by gravitation from three springs having a winter temperature of 34deg., 37deg. and 41deg. Owing to this circumstance it is easy to retard or accelerate the hatching of the eggs by manipulating the water supply alone.

The form of the dip-net in common use for handling salmon and trout is open to the objection that it causes the death of a large percentage of the fish, amounting in many cases to 25 per cent. of the whole number. In order to prevent this destruction of trout and salmon Col. Hodge has devised a new form of net, which is much wider at the bottom than at the top and allows the fish to lie at full length. This reduces the tendency to struggle and injure themselves. For brook trout the hoop is 15in. in diameter, the depth of the net is 24in., and its width at the bottom is also 24in. For the landlocked salmon the hoop is 17in. in diameter, depth 36in., and width of bottom 36in. We can testify from our own observation to the superiority of these nets over those of the usual pattern; they are made by the American Net and Twine Company, of Boston, Mass., from specifications furnished by Col. Hodge. The sketches herewith given, on a scale of 1in. to 1ft., will sufficiently show the style of the net. The size of the mesh can be regulated to suit the kind of fish to be handled; those in use at Plymouth have the lower portion scarcely one-half inch from knot to knot.



YEARLING LANDLOCKED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 25, stating the growth of yearling landlocked salmon at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, I am reminded of the experience of the Bisby Club with this fish in their preserve at Bisby Lake, in Herkimer county. The club hatched at their station in this lake in the winter of 1889, 15,000 landlocked salmon eggs, which were planted in the lake and into two small spring ponds flowing into it in March following. In June, 1890, only fifteen months after the plant was made, the young fish appeared in both places. They could have been none other than the fry planted the preceding year, as none had been planted there before. These young fish measured respectively from 8in. to 11½in. in length. Several were taken on the hook ranging between these lengths. Some were taken with the fly on the surface and several at baited buoys in 20ft. of water. Their appearance was in all specimens but one like adult fish. The color was steel gray on the back, silvery white underneath, with characteristic black spots on the gill covers and sides, but no red spots or transverse bars. I took several of these fish myself and therefore know what I say respecting them. The facts show the extraordinary adaption of the Adirondack waters to landlocked salmon.

R. U. SHERMAN.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISHCULTURE.

WE paid a flying visit to our friend Col. E. B. Hodge, Fish and Game Commissioner of New Hampshire, recently, and saw the beginning of fishcultural work at Plymouth and Sunapee Lake. At Plymouth the Commissioner had begun taking eggs of the brook trout and a good supply of fertilized eggs were laid down in the hatching house, some of which began to show the eye spots as early as Oct. 9. The number of breeding brook trout at Plymouth is very large and their condition highly satisfactory. There are, also, a few Loch Leven trout and a very small number of rainbow at this place. The latter species is reported to be unsatisfactory for New Hampshire waters. The eggs of the brook trout, which have been kept at Plymouth for a period of two years or longer, are usually of a pale lemon color. This Col. Hodge attributes to their food.

At Sunapee Lake may be seen some of the finest breeding brook trout in any waters. We saw examples that must have approached 6lbs. in weight and the colors of the large males were particularly brilliant. The eggs of the fish at this station are orange colored. Thirteen thousand eggs of brook trout were obtained from four females during our stay.

It was supposed that the golden trout (*Salvelinus aureolus*) would be found on its spawning grounds at Loon Island in Sunapee Lake; but a strong and persistent northwest wind made the water so rough that it would have been almost impossible to see the trout, and it was entirely too stormy to make the attempt. The wind was stranding landlocked smelt in small numbers on the sand beach forming the east shore of the lake near the hatching station. One of the curiosities in the tank is a male golden trout, 18in. long, which should weigh not less than 3lbs., but probably will not weigh 1lb., owing to its emaciated condition. It resembles the cod, described to us in Alaska by the superintendent of the salting station at Pirate Cove, which was so thin that "you could read the San Francisco *Bulletin* through it." The thickness of the body immediately behind the head is only 1⅛in., and at the root of the ventral fin only 1in., diminishing rapidly from this point to the tail. Notwithstanding its emaciation milt was developed and the full breeding colors are present. The lower parts from the head to the tail, but not extending up to the middle of the body, are brilliant orange. The sides have numerous pink spots, which are mostly below the middle line. The pectoral, ventral and anal fins, in addition to the usual colors already described in these columns, are beautifully marked with a pinkish tinge.

A beautiful hybrid between the golden trout and the brook trout has been produced at this station, and we have taken notes upon specimens three years old, which we will publish later on. On Oct. 13 Col. Hodge took 100,000 brook trout eggs at Plymouth. On the 14th he began work at the Keene hatchery, and was to start for Dublin Pond the following day to instruct the men in collecting and handling the eggs of the trout found in that body of water and described in our Trout Supplement under the name of *Salvelinus agassizi*. From Dublin Pond the Commissioner was to go to Laconia and from thence to Newfound Lake, and afterward to Sunapee Lake, to continue the work with the brook trout and inaugurate operations with the golden trout and landlocked salmon if they prove to be in suitable condition.

At Plymouth some landlocked salmon in the pond were beginning to act as if about to commence spawning, but work upon them did not begin at that early date. Upward of twenty landlocked salmon were confined in the tanks at Sunapee, some of them very large and stout, and most of the males with the jaws greatly enlarged. There is a good deal of variation in the shape of the cartilaginous tip on the lower jaw of the breeding male. In one example this tip is about ¾ of an inch in length and projects from the end of the jaw almost at a right angle. In most cases the upper jaw has a deep notch in front to receive the enlarged tip of the mandible, but in one case at least there is no notch and the tip is received in a cavity in the upper jaw which does not extend to the upper surface of the snout

The condition of fishculture in New Hampshire is most gratifying and the results of the work astonishing, especially when the small amount of the appropriation is considered.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 2 to 5.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 3.—Fourth Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club, at Carlisle, Ind. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind., Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Canadian Kennel Club, at Chatham, Ont. C. A. Stone, Toronto, Ont., Secretary.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 304 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.

GREAT BEND, Kansas, Oct. 21.—The fifth annual meeting of the American Coursing Club was announced to begin to-day, and most of the attendants of the meet are now on hand, but the heavy rains of last night and this morning have necessitated a postponement of the running. Should it clear to-morrow, the ground will be in all the better condition for running, by reason of the rain.

At the business meeting held at the Morrison House last evening, little of interest transpired beyond routine matters. Mr. D. N. Heizer, president, was in the chair, and Mr. Ira D. Brougher, secretary of the club, was at the desk. In the matter of applications for membership, on motion of Mr. Carney the rules were suspended and the secretary cast the ballots for the following new members: Mr. Cecil Granville Egerton and Mr John Russell, both of Ness City, Kas.; Mr. Geo. Nichol, of Cable, Ill; Mr. Fred Hoey, of Long Branch, N. J.; Mr. August Belmont, Jr., of Hempstead, N. Y.; Mr. John J. Mannion, of Allegheny, Pa.; Dr. Lewis and G. Tandy, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Benj. O'Keif, also of St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Mulford and Mr. Hasbrook, of Kansas City, were then, on motion of Mr. Carney, elected by acclamation honorary members of the club. A resolution was adopted that only owners of competing greyhounds or their servants should be permitted to follow the dogs, and that Rule 19, relative to impugning of a judge should be enforced. Messrs. A. C. Schermerhorn, G. N. Moses and C. G. Page were appointed field stewards. The drawings for the order of slipping then went on, and the meeting adjourned shortly after 11 P. M.

The work of both secretary and executive committee has been well carried out, Mr. Luse, resident member of the committee, deserving abundant credit for his industry. It is announced that the Uhl & Carney ranch, so long known as the running grounds, and doubtless the best natural coursing grounds, taking into consideration the abundance of strong hares, in this or any other country, has been sold to a Kansas City syndicate; possession to be given at an early date. This will not interfere with the running this year in any way, and probably will not next year, but it may deprive the club and also Great Bend of Mr. Carney's presence, since business arrangements may take him to some other locality. Mr. Carney's services in the past have been invaluable, and his standing in the club is such that to miss him at any meet would seem little short of a calamity.

It should be remarked here that the quality of the greyhounds brought out this year is far above that of any preceding year. Good blood and better breeding have done their work, and to-day perhaps the best greyhounds in America are assembled here for the sport of this week. The All-Aged Stakes, however, only show thirty-two entries, and it is a matter of disappointment to record that in the puppy stakes only ten nominations appear, out of all the fine young dogs now coming on in such numbers.

In the slips there will be some new dogs, and some of the familiar ones will be missed. Mr. Lowe does not enter White Lips, for instance, she now having a litter, nor shall we see Partera, which never has run here, but was thought a rare good one. It was announced, also, that Trales would not go this year, but he is entered, though, with three or four new and tenderish toenails to trouble him. One sees here now an entirely new type. The big and rangy ones of the first few years are hardly to be seen now. The compact, muscular, smaller dog is recognized in theory and practice to be the better hare courser. Doubtless we shall see good sport and merry working at this meeting.

Mr. Joseph Holloway, well remembered as the judge of the first meeting of the club, five years ago, will judge this year, and doubtless very acceptably to all. Arthur Massey, the old reliable Waukenphast, will do the slipping.

Mr. M. Phister, of Cincinnati, well known as an enthusiastic lover and good judge of greyhounds, and importer of some of the best in the country, will be here to-morrow with his wife and child. Mr. Phister has entered into a limited agreement, by which he furnishes to Rookwood-Landseer Kennels for handling, three of his dogs, Nettlefield, Norwegian and Belle of Eltham. These dogs will all run here and should be among the best of the imported ones.

Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of New York, secretary of the Eastern Coursing Club, is present, and as the agent of the new organization, the National Greyhound Club, brings with him an elegant and valuable trophy cup, which will be given to the winner of the All-Aged Stakes. Mr. Watson has with him his imported bitch Dry Time and will run her. German Hopkins, agent for August Belmont, Jr., has also here a remarkably clever-looking imported bitch in Minnie Staton. These, with Mr. Phister's three, make a splendid group of greyhounds of themselves. Mr. H. C. Lowe has a grand lot of young dogs in his Neversettle—Partera litter. Mr. Heizer has several good ones, and Mr. Luse has a whole yard full of likely ones to choose from. There will be also a number of Trales puppies entered, and all in all, this meeting will show a lot of dogs quite different from those offered in the crude beginning of the first year's meeting here five years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Page are here from Illinois. Mr. Page has no dog of his own breeding to run this year, but will join Mr. Lowe in his nominations. Mr. Alfred Haigh is on from Cable, Ill., with a clever-looking couple. Dr. Foncannon and Mr. Lyon, of Emporia, have some that are apt to stay well down. Some new and valued men here also, are Messrs. John P. Usher, F. L. Webster and S. T. Field, all of Lawrence. The Great Bend men are all on hand and wide awake as usual. To-day this little Western city has many of the best greyhounds and some of the best greyhound men of the country within her walls.

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 22.

A heavy fog obscured the country in the morning, so dense that several riders got astray on the flats while riding in search of the club house. A fairish crowd was on hand to start, and this by evening had grown a large and unruly one. The original package showed its work to some little extent. The dogs went to the slips at 10:30.

The first pair down was

DRY TIME—KING LEAR.

Dry Time is the property of Mr. J. H. Watson. She is imported, is by Britain Still ex Haytime, and is a nice looking light fawn, though she was scarcely hard enough for this work. King Lear is one of Mr. Lowe's lot of puppies, by Lord Neversettle ex Partera. He is a dark brindle, like all the rest, with Partera's markings and some of Neversettle's size. These got one of Mr. Carney's great whitetails, and the hare left both the dogs. King Lear would not be denied from first to last and set the pace. The bitch, not being in it after three-fourths of a mile, King Lear won.

LORD MACPHERSON—NETTLEFIELD.

Mr. D. C. Luse's Lord McPherson and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' nomination for Mr. Phister, the tidy bitch Nettlefield, were the next brace in. They got another tremendous jack that led to the hills and gave them a punishing course. They ran across a fence which kept the judge back so much that he could not see all of the course, and he made it an undecided. The hare escaped.

LORD MOSES GLENDYNE—LIBERTY.

Mannion & Halladay's dog Lord Moses Glendyne and Lowe & Page's bitch Liberty went in. They got the third whitetail, and it led Liberty a punishing race till it escaped in high grass. Moses got enough of it and quit. Liberty won.

DECK—MAJOR GLENDYNE.

Emporia Kennels' dog Deck and M. E. Allison's Major Glendyne. Major was best up, did the work of four go-bys and was doubling points long before Deck got in. Deck came in strong and scored. Major was in for a point or two, as could be seen from the fence that stopped the judge and riders. Deck then led again to the end. The hare was killed, but by which dog could not be told. Major Glendyne won.

LINE OF LUCK—NORWEGIAN.

Low & Page's Line of Luck and Rookwood-Landseer's nomination for Mr. Phister, the big and fine-looking light brindle Norwegian, half-brother to the great Fullerton, now went down. A jack started close and passed near them. The dogs became excited and the slipper could not hold them. They broke on a short and poor slip, and the hare was killed within 200 or 300yds., before much work was done or the dogs were really extended. Line of Luck killed on Norwegian's turn. Norwegian won by half a point and was given the course. It would have been better had they been put in again for another test.

The party now went into the club house for lunch. A trap-shooting tournament was going on at the club house and the grounds appeared lively.

NETTLEFIELD—LORD MACPHERSON.

After lunch Lord McPherson and Nettlefield went in for another course. Another jack escaped. The coursing was very pretty and even, Nettlefield finally getting the hare from Lord McPherson and showing much merit. He, however, retaliated and led, scoring but little to the hills. Lord McPherson won.

BELLE OF ELTHAM—LITTLE CLIMBER.

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' nomination for Mr. Phister, the tidy bitch Belle of Eltham (Jester—Bit of Fashion) and Lowe & Page's Little Climber had four hares up before they got off. The run up was neck and neck, and beautifully done. Belle was perhaps better up in this. Climber, how-

ever, held the hare as the dogs drew off for the straightaway, showed the speed and won. The hare escaped. The Eastern dogs seem to be unable to stay with the tremendously fast jacks which have been found here this meet. They are fine and close at first, but are not up to the long gallop. Thus it may almost be said the hares are too good for the best coursing style.

LANCASTER—MISS BEATRICE.

D. C. Luse's Lancaster and Dr. L. G. Landy's Miss Beatrice were not well sighted, but on straightening out Lancaster showed a tremendous going power, and had it practically all over a hard course. The hare escaped. Lancaster won.

LADY IN BLACK—LADY JANE.

Mr. Luse's Lady in Black and Mr. Heizer's Lady Jane made much of a repetition of the above course, and Lady in Black won handily.

MASTER GLENDYNE—LANCASHIRE LASS.

Mr. Alfred Haigh's Master Glendyne and Lowe & Page's Lancashire Lass did not sight their first jack, but afterward got a big one. They made the third race that was all one way, Lancashire Lass leading and doing the work and winning with all to spare.

LORD NEVERSTILL—MINNIE STATON.

Lowe & Page's Lord Neverstill and Blemton Hollywood Kennels' (of Hempstead, N. Y.) bitch Minnie Staton, got a long slip on a big jack over hard ground. Minnie went up with a great burst of speed, and scored, holding the hare for a half mile. Neverstill drew by and worked ahead over the flat to the hills, wrenching occasionally. Minnie stopped at the hills. The hare escaped. Lord Neverstill won. Thus Mr. Hopkins, who brought out Minnie Staton for Mr. Belmont, saw his dog go out on the first heat, as indeed all the Eastern dogs had done. It was thought by many that the rarefied air of these plains, about 1,800ft. above sea level, is too much for a dog that is not acclimated. The main truth is, nowever, that all these Eastern dogs were fitted miserably. A Mongolian Chinese sort of handling is what victimized them.

SNOWBALL—BELLE.

Mr. D. N. Heizer's Snowball and Mr. A. C. Schermerhorn's Belle got a good whitetail. This was a one-dog course. Belle led up and harried, and placed Snowball twice, but she could not hold. Belle went ahead, worked the hare in redhot style across the flat quite unaided, coursed it up the hills, clung to it, and killed alone beyond the bluffs. Belle must have scored over 30 points, and gave the prettiest exhibition of close work yet seen. Belle won.

VERDURE CLAD—LADY GRAHAM GLENDYNE.

Rookwood-Landseer's bitch Verdure Clad and Mr. W. W. Carney's bitch Lady Graham Glendyne got a "long" jack, which got away. Verdure led up and turned, placing Lady, who lost it soon. Verdure was then ahead for a half mile or more, but scored only by wrenches, and but three of those, the hare leading her too far. On the hillside Lady took a straight go-by and a turn, and the dogs passed out of sight, the judge being entrapped by one of the numerous wire fences, which are flagged, but not gapped as they should be. The course was undecided.

LADY BARTON—CUTE.

Mr. Luse's Lady Barton and Emporia Kennels' dog Cute got another of Mr. Carney's phantom jacks. Lady did the work nicely for three-quarters of a mile. She works very close. Cute then drew by and scored repeatedly, holding the hare to the hills, where both dogs and hare escaped the judge, who made it undecided. This closed the running of the day. Out of 14 hares coursed only 3 were killed.

A business meeting was called at the Morrison House during the evening. It was discovered that by the resolution passed the evening previous the representatives of the press would technically, though unintentionally, be excluded from the course. The resolution was therefore rescinded, and the full courtesies of the grounds were extended to all the press.

Thursday, Third Day, Oct. 23.

The weather was bright and warm. The crowd was the largest ever seen at any of the meets here, and was hard to keep in order. The system of field marshals has never been extensive or well organized enough in the club, and might be improved in this respect, although the gentlemen in charge did their best in their difficult task of managing a quarter of a mile of excited horsemen and tangled equipages. No accident had as yet happened, till in the afternoon Dr. Foncannon, of Emporia, got an ugly fall while his horse was at full speed. This ground is as dangerous to ride over as any in the West, and there will be a serious accident here yet. A judge takes his life in his hands every course he runs. Mr. Halloway is to be complimented on his skillful and determined horsemanship. He has been fairly mounted, and has been in at the finish in nearly every course unless stopped by wire. His judging is thus not guessing, and those who have objected to his judging have for the most part simply displayed their ignorance. The reporters for the press, not having so good a string to pick their mounts from, and being for the most part confined to weak-kneed cow ponies, whose law is hardly over a half day, have found it hard to see some of the long straightaways, which have so much marked this meet. More hares were killed to-day, but once more it was apparent that the jack rabbits of these flats, now bred by the survival of the fittest for the past five years, are actually too fast for pretty coursing. Fine condition and wind are necessary. The Eastern dogs, especially Mr. Phister's, had this against them; they were not fitted for this work in the least, were nearly all soft and not strung up, and lacked the weeks of actual work on this very country that they needed to command any chance to win. A feel along the loins of Mr. Lowe's or Mr. Luse's dogs to-day would tell the story. They were hard and fine. The gentlemen from the East brought fine dogs here, but they should blame themselves chiefly, and not the dogs, that they went out in their first or second course so generally. Next year they will have the wisdom of experience, and being men of pluck, they will doubtless come again, and knowing more, do better.

LADY BARTON—CUTE.

At 10:20 the first brace went in, Mr. Luse's Lady Barton and Emporia Kennels' Cute. This was quite a repetition of their undecided course of last night. Lady ran and turned twice, coursing the hare admirably, none better. At three-fourths of a mile Cute took up the running, scoring but little. After a mile of it he ran past the hare in grass, and Lady came on and picked it up to no merit. Lady Barton won.

DOLLIE—NIP.

Dr. Shaw's Dollie and Mr. Haigh's Nip got a good hare. Nip set the pace emphatically for a mile. Dollie drew by, earned three go-bys, coursed well and strong, Nip helping her nicely in the exchanging. In a watery flat, belly deep to the hare, Dollie made a sensational kill, and won a very pretty course.

BARNEY, JR.—MASTER PETER.

Mr. Brougher's Barney, Jr., and Lowe & Page's Master Peter got a red hot hare. Peter ran up, turned, wrenched often, earned a go-by, and did it all for a half mile, rolling up a lot of points. Barney then drew by, and settled to cut down the score, standing to win had he not killed too soon. Master Peter won.

YONDER HE GOES—TRALES.

Mr. Luse's Yonder He Goes and Mr. G. N. Moses's Trales went in. Trales went up the better when they got laid out for the hare, each being a bit unsighted at start. Trales showed ahead for four turns, a go-by and repeated wrenches. Yonder He Goes then drew by and worked the hare beautifully for four turns and a dozen wrenches. Trales was placed, but lost on a straight go-by, Yonder going in and killing to a very creditable win. Trales is last year's champion. His feet are badly banged up, and except for the late rain he would not have been entered, being also rather soft in flesh. Yonder He Goes is a Trales puppy, and seemed a very good one indeed, albeit a bit lacking in filial respect.

Running was now be gun in the

GREAT BEND DERBY.

BUSY BEE—GIRL'S FAVORITE.

The first puppies in were Russell & Nichols's Busy Bee and Emporia Kennels' Girl's Favorite. A bad start was made, but by judicious riding the judge laid the dogs on. Girl drew up, and in hot exchanging had the better of it, doing it all alone at the close and picking up the hare in her stride. Both these bitches were jet black and of the same size. They made a spirited course. Girl's Favorite won.

Luncheon was now had and a few photographs of the dogs taken.

DENMARK—LIEUTENANT LEO.

Emporia Kennels' Denmark and Mr. Luse's Lieutenant Leo then ran a hot and long undecided course.

AJAX—SURPLUS.

Emporia Kennels' Ajax and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Surplus ran a bruising course on a "long" hare, neither doing much to speak of. Surplus fell and Ajax got his first advantage, but could earn little. Surplus won.

MADDOX—BARTENDER.

Emporia Kennels' Maddox and Nichol's Bartender got a twisting young whitetail and made a pretty course of it in full view of the crowd. Bartender was a bit the better to the hare, took a turn, placing Maddox for a turn. Bartender drew past, coursed merrily close in and at length turned to Maddox, which killed. Bartender won.

LANARADZO—DEWLAP.

Mr. Luse's Lanaradzo and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Dewlap got a bruising run on one of Mr. Carney's ghost rabbits, but if they ever got a point from it, nobody but an owner could have seen it. Undecided.

DENMARK—LIEUTENANT LEO.

Denmark and Lieutenant Leo went in to decide their former difficulty. Four jacks got off unsighted, the crowd being now very unruly. At length they got a good hare. Denmark got the run-up and turn and shoved ahead in the exchanging. Leo drew by, turned and wrenched. The hare led to the hills, Denmark following after a racing go-by, and possibly turning the hare. Leo was beaten before he got up a second hare, which he coursed. Denmark won.

LANARADZO—DEWLAP.

In the undecided course, Lanaradzo—Dewlap, three hares got off unsighted, and the dogs then got a short slip and ran a hare to earth in a quarter of a mile, Lanaradzo being best to the hare and a bit better in the brief exchanging, won. A second hare was sighted before the dogs were taken up and they coursed it, Dewlap never giving Lanaradzo a look in and killing alone, on a hard hare. Such is life.

ALL-AGE STAKE—*Second Series.*

KING LEAR—LORD MACPHERSON.

The first pair to tempt fortune a second time were King Lear and Lord McPherson. This was a clinking course and full of work. The judge gave McPherson 14 points and Lear 12. To the reporter it seemed that this might have been reversed, and the totals of both not so large, but this should be said with diffidence, for the judge had the better horse. Lord McPherson won.

LIBERTY—MAJOR GLENDYNE.

Liberty and Major Glendyne got a hare which did not belong among Mr. Carney's bright galaxy of immortals, and they gave it a merry course. Major was better in the run-up, and showed all the speed at first and got his six points in advance, showing fine work for a half-mile. Liberty then was placed, and did a lot of close and plucky work, ahead of Major part of the time, and ran out a neat kill to win. A very close and showy course.

NORWEGIAN—LITTLE CLIMBER.

The fine light brindle, Norwegian, now went in with the tidy bitch Little Climber, and he gave her quite the worst of it at the run up, and could outfoot her at will for three-quarters of a mile. He, however, did not seem to turn so closely as he should, losing his stride several times on the hot corners. Climber learned his weakness, got to the hare and did the better work toward the close, killing and falling over the hare. Little Climber won. Thus Mr. Phister saw his last dog go out. Much sympathy was expressed for him, as this was his first appearance here, and his generous enthusiasm in greyhound matters grounded a hope that he might see his dogs in plenty of events. Norwegian is a half-brother to Fullerton, and he is a greyhound every inch, but it is very likely that if Fullerton himself, no better fitted and as much unused to these hares and this climate, were here to-day, the story would be much the same. This might shock some coursers in England, until they knew more of the conditions of the running here on the wild native jacks. There are jack rabbits here, plenty of them, which, on a slip of 100yds., will run clear away from any two greyhounds on earth, bar none. The man who says his dogs will catch them all, simply shows either his ignorance or his lack of candor.

BELLE—LADY GLENDYNE.

Belle and Lady Graham Glendyne ran a long and pretty course. Lady was first up and had the better of it for a dozen points. Belle then went by her as she liked, taking six go-bys, and working the hare in wonderful style. Belle turned the hare to Lady, who barely missed it as it took to earth. Belle won. A very good bitch, unless she has outclassed herself in her two courses up to date.

LANCASHIRE LASS—LANCASTER.

Lancashire Lass and Lancaster did not work well in the slips, the Lass not leading well. A hare was started and passed within 10ft. of them. In their struggles, the dogs were mixed up, and the Lass was thrown and unsighted. Not much merit, therefore, was in the run-up, which lay through the line of vehicles. Lass got a bad fall in the course and fell behind, but gathered herself up, steamed by on a great go-by, and was then the better in a long following run to the hills. Lass then closed up and turned the hare to Lancaster, which killed. This was the hardest course yet run, the pace of hare and dogs being simply terrific. Lancashire Lass won.

This closed the day's running. The representatives of the press were once more laid under their annual indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. Carney for the hospitality of their home, without which feature the meet would not seem a success. A ball at the Morrison House, in town, concluded the festivities of the day.

Friday, Fourth Day, Oct. 24.

The day was bright and very warm, the heat in the afternoon being fairly blistering. The attendance was again very large and among the crowd, there were numerous unruly spirits, who became impressed with the belief that the whole show was intended for their especial benefit. One of that gentry refused to obey the commands of field marshals Schermerhorn and Page, and was promptly unhorsed, the brawny president of the club, Mr. Heizer, assisting in this with a grace and ease which showed his fitness for his office. The offender was sent from the grounds, and this well-merited and too-long-delayed lesson had a very good effect. It was reported during the afternoon that one, Jay Gould, of New York, would be upon the grounds, he being then at Hoisington, near by, but Mr. Gould did not appear, much to the relief of those who owned valuable stock in the greyhound line.

At 10:30 A.M. running began again in the second series of the All-Age Stake.

LADY IN BLACK—LORD NEVERSTILL.

Lady was first in on a rather twisting lead up, and won the turn and a wrench. At the end of a half mile Neverstill made a burst to close, but the black outfooted him, working and staying beyond belief for so slight and weedy-looking a bitch. Neverstill got a go-by on the inner circle, but lost again, and Lady led for the balance of a corking course of two miles, the hare escaping in grass. Lady in Black won.

LADY BARTON—DOLLIE.

Lady Barton and Dollie were two wicked little ones, the latter being a sister to Dr. Shaw's other fine little bitch Belle. Lady won the run-up and first work, Dollie a go-by and two wrenches. Lady drew by and placed Dollie. Dollie took up the challenge and crowded the bare ahead for three-quarters of a mile, showing the speed and grit of all the Trales puppies, and would have killed in a moment had the hare not taken to high grass. A kill would have meant a win for her, but as it was, Lady Barton won. The latter is a wonder for so small a creature.

MASTER PETER—YONDER HE GOES.

Much interest was felt over the course between Master Peter and Yonder He Goes. Master Peter being thought about as good as any of Mr. Lowe's fine lot of young ones. Peter had the best of it for the first few wrenches, and was the speedier. Yonder He Goes closed with great pluck, wrenched and reached to kill, flecking the hare and taking an ugly fall, which threw him over cover. He rose, closed the gap at once, with the hare turning slightly in his favor, turned, wrenched, and with a snake-like reaching kill, peculiar to himself, ended and won the course.

DERBY—*Second Series.*

GIRL'S FAVORITE—DENMARK.

They let two hares off unsighted, and then ran a short undecided. Later on they lost another hare unsighted. After dinner they got off. Favorite had the run-up and a wrench. Denmark drew past and did the little that remained for over a mile, when the hare was lost. Denmark won.

SURPLUS—BARTENDER.

These two got a long screwing lead-up, Bartender taking the scanty honors, and holding ahead for a mile with six points to his credit. He passed Surplus out of hand and placed him. Surplus later drew in on the inner lap and killed to no merit whatever, making only a point and a half according to the judge's score in his course of a mile and a half. Bartender won.

Lanaradzo now ran his bye, Lieutenant Leo for mate. Luncheon was then had, and a late start made after that. Running now started in the

ALL-AGE—*Third Series.*

LORD MACPHERSON—LIBERTY.

These two got a very strong hare. McPherson ran up and was better in the first light exchanging. Liberty then held ahead for a mile and a half, but the hare was too strong for her to score and escaped in the bluffs. Lord McPherson won.

LITTLE CLIMBER—LADY IN BLACK.

They got a crossing run-up, the hare favoring Lady, which wrenched and turned wide, placing Climber who turned, trying then to close at full extension on a straightaway. Lady then put on a terrible burst of speed and went right by, turning also. The hare took to earth a few hundred yards further on. Little Climber is out of the question a fine bitch, but the black freak, Lady In Black, was too much for her here.

YONDER HE GOES—LANCASHIRE LASS

got a long, hard, bruising course, with plenty of scoring, and Yonder killed the hare. The judge made it undecided. The Lass had apparently the better of it, but as to that no one could tell who was not right up with the dogs.

BELLE—LADY BARTON.

The remarkable little bitch Belle now tried conclusions with her short-tailed half sister Lady Barton, the lady with the iron legs. There was no credit in the run up, the hare favoring Lady, who traded turns at once with Belle. No real go-by was had, but Lady seemed a bit the quicker. She placed Belle, who crowded up, tripped the hare and fell. Lady then killed and won. The course was very short, and it might perhaps have been well to put them in again. It would at least have been a pleasure to see the white and brindle Belle at work on a "long" hare. Thus Dr. Shaw's bitches both went out. They have been very good, and in it lies a lesson. Both Dollie and Belle were in the country all summer, and they had killed over sixty jacks themselves and were nicely fitted. They were beaten only by a bitch whose fitting and care had been equally good, and whose sire was the same.

DERBY—*Third Series.*

DENMARK—LANARADZO.

They got a hard hare for puppies to handle, but worked it very cleverly and evenly. Denmark was stronger for the finish, drew ahead, killed and won.

Bartender ran a bye with Lieutenant Leo.

There now remained in the All-Age, Lady in Black, Lady Barton, Yonder He Goes and Lord McPherson, all the property of Mr. Luse, and Mr. Lowe's brindle bitch Lancashire Lass. For the latter the prospect seemed very far from pleasing, one against four, and when Yonder He Goes and Lancashire Lass were called again to the slips, Mr. Lowe withdrew the Lass and Mr. Luse had all the stakes. He was urged to run it down, and not leave the championship for four dogs to divide, but at first consenting, he later took up his dogs. Mr. Luse thus won the American Field cup, which is offered in $100 cash, the entire moneys of the All-Age Stakes and also the beautiful cup, value $100, which the National Greyhound Club, by its agent Mr. Watson, had with fraternal greetings sent out to its older Western confrère. The cup was later on formally presented and received with great applause and a vote of thanks from the American Coursing Club.

DERBY—*Fourth Series.*

BARTENDER—DENMARK.

These two now went into the slips to determine the winner of the puppy stakes. They got off well in a very pretty course, which they worked to an early kill by Denmark, which won.

This closed the running of the meeting, as Mr. Luse had now determined not to run down the last four in the All-Age. There is therefore no championship in the All-Age Stakes this year. Following is the

SUMMARY.

THE AMERICAN FIELD CUP, ALL-AGE STAKES.

Open to the world. For thirty-two or more all-age grey

hounds. Entrance fee $10; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of entrance money, and cup ($100 cash) donated by Dr. N. Rowe, also a silver cup donated by the National Greyhound Club of New York; the runner up, 50 per cent. of the remaining entrance money; third and fourth, 25 per cent. each of the money remaining after second division.

First Series.

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle dog King Lear (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
J. H. Watson's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) fawn bitch Dry Time (Britain Still—Hay Time).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) white brindle dog Lord McPherson (Trales—Dick's Darling)
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) white and black bitch Nettlefield (Dick Day—Camborne).

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle and white bitch Liberty (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
Mannion & Halladay's (Allegheny, Pa.) black and white dog Lord Moses Glendyne (Trales—Lady Graham Glendyne).

M. E. Allison's (Huchinson, Kan.) white and brindle dog Major Glendyne (Trales—Little Lady Glendyne)
beat
Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) brindle dog Deck (Palmer—Blue Queen).

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) brindle and white dog Norwegian (Jester—Bit of Fashion)
beat
Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle dog Line of Luck (Lord Neversettle—Partera).

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) white and brindle bitch Little Climber (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) brindle and white bitch Belle of Eltham (Jester—Bit of Fashion).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) brindle dog Lancaster (Trales—Dick's Darling)
beat
Dr. Lewis G. Tandy's (St. Louis, Mo.) white and black bitch Miss Beatrice (Sir Charles—Lady Rebecca).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) black bitch Lady in Black (Trales—Dick's Darling)
beat
D. N. Heizer's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and black bitch Lady Jane (Trales—Lady Graham Glendyne).

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle bitch Lancashire Lass (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
Alfred Haigh's (Cable, Ill.) white dog Master Glendyne (Trales—Little Glendyne).

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle dog Lord Neverstill (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
Blemton—Hollywood Kennels' (Hempstead, N. Y.) brindle bitch Minnie Staton (Pinkerton—Madeline).

A. C. Schermerhorn's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and brindle bitch Belle (Trales—Blue Bell)
beat
D. N. Heizer's (Great Bend, Kan.) white bitch Snow Ball (Trales—Lady Millie).

W. W. Carney's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and black bitch Lady Graham Glendyne (Jester—Glendyne)
beat
Rookwood—Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) brindle bitch Verdure Clad (Greentick—Cotillon).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kas.) fawn bitch Lady Barton (Trales—Dick's Darling.)
beat
Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) fawn dog Cute (Palmer—Blue Queen).

Dr. S. J. Shaw's (Great Bend, Kan.) white and brindle bitch Dollie (Trales—Blue Belle)
beat
Alfred Haigh's (Cable, Ill.) fawn dog Nip.

Lowe & Page's (Lawrence, Kan.) brindle dog Master Peter (Lord Neversettle—Partera)
beat
Ira D. Brougher's (Great Bend, Kan.) fawn dog Barney, Jr. (——— —Minnie).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) fawn dog Yonder He Goes (Trales—Arthur's Gypsy)
beat
G. N. Moses's (Great Bend, Kas.) white and brindle dog Trales (Wandering Tour—Little Emily III.).

Second Series.

Lord McPherson beat King Lear.
Liberty beat Major Glendyne.
Little Climber beat Norwegian.
Belle beat Lady Graham Glendyne.
Lancashire Lass beat Lancaster.
Lady in Black beat Lord Neverstill.
Lady Barton beat Dollie.
Yonder He Goes beat Master Peter.

Third Series.

Lord McPherson beat Liberty.
Lady in Black beat Little Climber.
Lady Barton beat Belle.
Yonder He Goes beat Lancashire Lass (withdrawn).

Stakes divided. Total winnings, $380, and the N. G. C. cup.

Lord McPherson is a good greyhound, white and brindle, upstanding and well muscled, showing much the quality of his sire, last year's champion, Trales. Lady in Black is simply a freak, and not even her owner would claim she shows greyhound points or quality. She is cat-hammed, thin-legged, narrow on the loins and flat-sided, and as she stands, looks scarcely larger than a big terrier. She is black, with white front. Where she finds material to run upon is hard to say, but has showed her ability to run killing courses in the same day, and her speed in a long course is one of the queer things in greyhound theory and practice. She is, however, well bred, by Trales out of the old bitch Dick's Darling, though she shows the type of neither.

Lady Barton, which divided the Derby Stakes last year with Lady in Black, is by Trales out of Dick's Darling, and is another small one, yet wonderfully compact and muscular. There are few closer or prettier workers than she. Her color is red fawn. She can hardly stay a long course with Lady in Black, but is quicker from the slips and a closer worker.

Yonder He Goes is a useful-looking red fawn, showing nothing of his sire's form or marking. He is out of Arthur's Gypsy, by Trales, the service of Trales being stolen. He shows the quality of most natural sons, and is fast, staying and gritty to a degree. All four of the above dogs were run in perfect condition, few fitters being better qualified than Mr. Luse. The latter gentleman is coming to be called "Lucky Luse." He won first in the All-Age two years ago, took all the Derby stakes last year, and this year takes the whole of the All-Age.

THE GREAT BEND DERBY, PUPPY STAKES.

For 16 or more greyhounds, 18 months old or younger. Entrance fee $5; the winner to receive 50 per cent. of entrance money and $50 cash, donated by the Morrison House, Great Bend; the runner up 50 per cent. of remaining money; third and fourth 25 per cent. each of money remaining after second division. Affidavit of age must be made by owner.

First Series.

Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) black bitch Girl's Favorite (Trales—Bessie Lee)
beat
Russell & Nichol's (Cable, Ill.) black and white bitch Busy Bee (Spring—Alas).

Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) black dog Denmark (Bobolink—Meta)
beat
D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) white dog Lieut. Leo (Trales—Dick's Darling).

Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) brindle dog Surplus (Master Rich— ———)
beat
Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) brindle dog Ajax (Bobolink—Meta).

Russell & Nichol's (Cable, Ill.) black and white dog Bartender (Spring—Alas)
beat
Emporia Kennels' (Emporia, Kan.) black dog Maddox (Bobolink—Meta).

D. C. Luse's (Great Bend, Kan.) red dog Lanaradzo (Trales—Dick's Darling)
beat
Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' (Lexington, Ky.) red and white bitch Dewlap (Gobbert's Sport—Queen).

Second Series.

Denmark beat Girl's Favorite.
Bartender beat Surplus.
Lanaradzo a bye.

Third Series.

Denmark beat Lanaradzo.
Bartender a bye.

Fourth Series.

Denmark beat Bartender and won first prize, $75.
Bartender won second, $12.50.
Lanaradzo won third, $3.
Girl's Favorite won fourth, $3.

Denmark is a light brindle dog of good speed, limbs and pluck. Bartender is a black, with a little white in front, a likely one of some dash. Lanaradzo is a light fawn of good promise, a speedy courser. Girl's Favorite is a smallish bitch, black, with a little white about her, a gamy, merry little worker.

At the regular business meeting, held Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. N. Heizer, of Great Bend; Vice-President, J. Herbert Watson, of New York; Secretary, Ira D. Brougher, of Great Bend; Treasurer, J. V. Brinkman, of Great Bend; Executive Committee, C. G. Page, Aurora, Ill.; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kas.; Dr. S. J. Shaw, of Great Bend; Committee on Grounds, W. W. Carney, G. N. Moses and A. C. Schermerhorn, all of Great Bend. Votes of thanks were extended to Messrs. Uhl & Carney for the use of their ranch as running ground; to Dr. N. Rowe, for his donation to the stakes; to the press at large for its efforts; to the National Greyhound Club for its interest and its offer of the trophy cup. The treasurer's report showed a neat balance on hand after the paying of all bills. Mr. M. Phister, of Cincinnati, was elected a member of the club. Mr. Holloway has this year filled the unenviable task of judging in an able and apparently very satisfactory manner. The meet may very well be called a successful one. The American Coursing Club can report progress. E. HOUGH.

[In last week's despatch, sent at the opening of the meet, the palpable error was made of announcing only 16 entries in the All-Age Stake instead of 32.]

DOG CHAT.

THE proposed meeting of the English Setter Club, which was to have been held last Thursday, did not take place, there not being sufficient members present to make up a quorum, which is a majority of the members. The meeting was therefore adjourned to Thursday, Oct. 30, at 3:30 P. M.

Dr. James E. Hair writes us that the Juno mentioned in our report of the pointer bitches at Danbury as taking Reserve, is not his dog. The Juno we had in mind is a large, coarse, black bitch, which was brought in after the regular awards were made; but as we made the award list from the secretary's list of entries, which was the only book from which we could get the names of dogs and owners, we supposed the entry was correct. Dr. Hair's bitch Juno, though entered, was not at the show, and we can quite believe his assertion that the mother of his promising puppy, Juno A., is a bitch of much better quality than the one taking Reserve.

We understand from Mr. Hart, the secretary, that the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association will hold a dog show in connection with their poultry exhibition at Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 21–26, 1891. Though not under the wing of the A. K. C., a show held in this section of the country will no doubt stimulate the canine interest in that part of New York State.

In a letter from Mr. Washington A. Coster, he tells us that he has received a letter of acceptance from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, to judge at the coming Eastern Field Trials, in place of Mr. T. I. Stone, who was obliged to decline on account of business engagements. The judges will therefore be Col. Arthur Merriman, Thos. Johnson and H. B. Duryea. Mr. Coster also writes that all parties desiring any information as regards reduced rates and transportation of dogs to and from the Eastern Field Trials, to be held at Otterburn Springs, Amelia Court House, Va., from western New York or Canada, should apply to B. P. Fraser, Trav. Pass. Agt., 19 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y.; and from New York, New Jersey and the Eastern States, to William Fleming, Sec'y Trunk Line Asso., 345 Broadway, New York city; and from points South, to M. Slaughter, Assist. Comm., Atlanta, Ga.

We hear from Mr. Goldsmith, that the mastiff bitch Lady Cobrey, consigned to his care by Mr. W. K. Taunton, England, arrived on the S. S. France, consigned to Mr. Chas. E. Bunn, of Peoria, Ill. Mr. Goldsmith speaks of her as being a very large and fine specimen, and one not to be dwarfed even by the six lions which came over on the same vessel.

Speaking of these lions reminds us of the great Dane which performs with them. In one act Nero, as he is called, serves as the pinnacle of a pyramid, formed by the lions. He is perched on the top of a couple of tables, against which, reared on their hindlegs, their muzzles touching the dog, stand two of the lions, these in turn standing on the backs of the other two lions. The total absence of fear on the part of the great Dane is almost as remarkable as the docility of the lions; yet we know not what a day may bring forth, and Mr. Nero may find himself serving as a *pièce de résistance* to the lords of the jungle. By the way, though lions are not exactly in the doggy line, we may remark that their trainer, a German, completely explodes the idea which generally prevails, that to control wild beasts and savage dogs, one must keep his eye continually on the focus; for he walks about as unconcernedly as possible, and, often as not, turns his back upon the beasts. Another idea he has, is never to touch them with the whip, the crack of the lash being in his mind quite sufficient to cow them; as he says, with some truth no doubt, that once they knew how little it hurts, they would lose all respect for it.

We call special attention to the notice at the head of this department as to time when copy should reach us.

We have received a pleasant letter from Mrs. Lee, owner of the Alta Kennels, in which she informs us of the purchase of the noted St. Bernard bitch Jael (E.K.C.S.B. 20,821). Jael is by champion Plinlimmon out of Deborah, who is by champion Beauchief. In color she is a rich orange and white with dense shadings. Height 30½in., and weighs 160lbs. She is quite a winner on the other side and at first class shows too, as her record includes first and cup, Kennel Club show at the Aquarium; first Brighton, two seconds at St. Bernard Club shows, and equal third with Prudence at the last Leeds show. *Stock-Keeper* speaks of her as a rare stamp of brood bitch, and with justice, as she is the dam of the noted Lady Sneerwell, winner of twelve prizes and cups this year, and Proselyte, who won first at Warwick, first Richmond, and two seconds at St. Bernard Club shows, among other winners.

Mrs. Lee also tells us she has a pair of Lord Bute—Ellen Terry pups that are simply huge, and promises the weights later on. She concludes with a paragraph of interest to all St. Bernard breeders. Ellen Terry rested for one year and then was bred again to the same dog, Lord Bute, and if these dogs are not as large as those of her first litter, she will begin to think there is something in our climate against raising "big 'uns." Perhaps there is, but may we not also find a reason in the way they are raised. We believe that as a general rule more attention is paid to the feeding and proper rearing of dogs on the other side than here. There is a class of men over there who are able to devote almost their entire time to their kennels, and when the cry is all for size there is little likelihood of their neglecting any point whereby they can get ahead of their rivals. We know of one instance on this side, in the case of the mastiff Presto, where by a system of feeding and exercise this dog attained a growth and weight far in advance of the others in the litter, and is now one of, if not the, largest mastiff in the country. Breeders, if you do get a promising puppy, leave no stone unturned to further its development even if it does cost a little more, feed it on beefsteaks if necessary, and don't forget the bone meal and gentle exercise.

Our Hamilton correspondent writes us that at a meeting of the Hamilton Kennel Club, held on the 21st inst., the following resolutions were adopted: Moved by Mr. Murdoch, seconded by Mr. Hendrie, Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, it is advisable that at all bench shows given in Canada and America under the rules of the C. K. C. or A. K. C., the colors of the prize cards and ribbons should be uniform, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the secretaries of the C. K. C. and A. K. C. with a request that the colors of all prize cards and ribbons be made uniform, and distinctly specified in the rules governing bench shows. Carried. Moved by Mr. Tinsley, seconded by Mr. Hore, That whereas the date of some of the fall bench shows held in Canada conflict with one another, thus not only interrupting what would otherwise be a complete circuit, and preventing exhibitors from showing at all shows, but actually affording an opportunity for inferior dogs to win prizes in the absence of good animals; Resolved, That the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club be corresponded with and asked to endeavor so to arrange the dates of the Canadian bench shows as to render them non-conflicting. Carried. Moved by Mr. Davis, seconded by Mr. Tuckett, Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the practice of giving prizes for puppy classes at bench shows should be discontinued, and a copy of this resolution be sent to the secretaries of the C. K. C. and A. K. C., and the various kennel clubs in Canada. Carried. Moved by Mr. Close, seconded by Mr. Ricketts, Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting pure-bred dogs and bitches, imported for breeding purposes, with the object of improving the breed of dogs in Canada, should be admitted to the country free of customs duty, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the secretaries of the C. K. C. and A. K. C., and the various kennel clubs in Canada, with a view of securing their co-operation in securing the legislation necessary to this end.

In a recent issue we gave the new law regarding the importation of dogs into the States. We are not aware of the workings of the Canadian laws with regard to importations from Europe, but the agitation of such a resolution as the above may result in abolishing the existing duty between this country and Canada, and would no doubt be a great benefit to breeders. At any rate our Hamilton friends seem to be an active lot of new brooms, and we wish them every success in their efforts.

It is said that Dr. Dixon, having heard of Mr. Cruser's method of training, proposes sending his champion Gordon, Little Boy, to him, and if he can be cured of his infirmity he will run Little Boy next year in the field trials for that breed.

It is not often that writers on the daily papers tell the truth when speaking of dogs; as a rule they are given to picturing them as monsters of iniquity, especially the larger ones. The *World* is the authority for the statement that the New York dog *par-excellence* now, is the great Dane, and with truth says that "the huge animals are as gentle and inoffensive as kittens, and their temper is so equable that nothing short of the most serious kind of an imposition will drive them to resentment." This has been our experience with the breed, and they are also intelligent to a degree. This paper also adds this tribute to human nature the world over: "The possession of a big dog in New York is more than a matter of fancy. It indicates that the owner does not live in a boarding house or flat, and that he has sufficient leisure to lead his dog up and down the highways for the sake of exercising the animal." Indications of this sort imply well.

A little bird whispers that a cablegram left Melrose, Mass., last Saturday for England, for another crack rough-coated St. Bernard bitch. Mr. Moore, did you say? Well, we won't tell any tales this time.

We learn that San Antonio, Tex., is to have a field trial this winter. Several gentlemen have pledged themselves to run their dogs. We believe there are a number of good dogs in that section of the country, and the venture could be

made a success. Our authority, the *Texas Field*, says very tritely, that the result would, at any rate, eliminate one breed of dogs, "The best field dog in the country, sah!"

Mr. John H. Mathews, who has surrounded himself with a goodly lot of bulldogs, chief among them being Portswood Tiger, sends us a number of excellent photos of his favorites. This reminds us that we hear little nowadays of the new Bulldog Club. There are some good dogs owned in different parts of the country now, and there ought to be little difficulty in still further increasing the interest in this breed.

The friendly rivalry between Col. Wellesley's Barzoi Krilutt and Mr. Hacke's new purchases, has given rise to a good deal of comment on these dogs lately, and as we do not wish to be lacking in any courtesy to the coming strangers we give our readers their pedigree as set forth in the *Canine World* this week. The dog is Zloeem, bred by Prince D. B. Galitzine. Zloeem is just 2yrs. 5½mos. old, and his pedigree is: Sire, Onoran, by Ondar out of Roussalka II.; dam, Iskra, by Tchorkai out of Poebda. The bitch is named Prokaza: she is just 4yrs. 4mos. old and gave birth Oct. 8 to eleven puppies, by Mr. Rousseau's Alaman. Prokaza is quite a noted bitch, having won the prize of $250 at the wolf hunting at Tzarkoe Coels, and she also won the silver medal at the great dog show at St. Petersburg, 1889. Her breeder was Mr. W. A. Tchelrscheffs, and her pedigree is: Sire, Pewlai, by Podar out of Roussalka; dam, Kracotka, by Varvar out of Prokaza. In giving these jaw-breaking pedigrees we have in mind our friend Mr. Fellowes, who simply revels in them.

Rather an unpleasant incident happened lately to an English judge, Mr. Tom Ashton. It seems he awarded a third prize to a dog led into the ring by a lady, and this did not meet with her approval. In the next class, in which the lady also had a dog, to which he intended giving first, the judge unfortunately left her to the last before taking her dog's number, a misleading proceeding at the best. When he asked her for the number she not very politely told him she could do without anything that he could give her. He answered, "All right, I will see that you don't have it now." We can readily understand a judge being somewhat nettled, but still, for the sake of his own judgment, we should think it would have been better to award the prize to the dog and pay no attention to the other end of the chain. In justice to the exhibitor we may say that she afterward wrote to the judge apologizing for her action.

We note in our English exchanges that a man committed suicide the other day by the aid of cyanide of potassium. This in itself is nothing very extraordinary, but it seems it was "all on account of" his great affection for a toy terrier, as stated in a farewell letter to his wife.

It is to be regretted that the Eastern dogs did not make a better showing in the recent coursing meet at Great Bend. No doubt the rarity of the air had something to do with it, as evinced by the fact of Minnie Staton stopping so suddenly after doing such grand work. Then again it is not enough to harden them up by running along a road, but an occasional brush with a hare itself must be indulged in. It is not altogether the straightaway running that winds the dog, but the sharp twisting and turning necessary in working the hare from one to the other. It is very evident that, however good a dog may be in a, what we may term, cut and dried course, a dog must be brought up and regularly coursed on those Western plains to stand much chance with the kind of game they are likely to meet there, as is very evident from the fact of only three hares being killed in the first series. In future we would advise our greyhound men to do as the field trial men do, and send their dogs West weeks—aye months—before the meet takes place. It will cost very little more and the honor to be won is quite worth it, as the Western dogs are foemen worthy of their steel. It has been suggested that, as there are so many of the National Greyhound Club men who are buying young stock with a view to running in next year's meeting, a man be sent out with a string of Eastern dogs early in the summer, the expense to be borne *pro rata* by the several owners. This is the best and only plan for them to do if a suitable man can be found.

We wish to remind the breeders of collies that entries for the Collie Club sweepstakes close Nov. 1, with J. D. Shotwell, Sec'y, 82 Hillside avenue, Orange, N. J.

Mr. J. Burkart, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is importing three King Charles spaniel pups, by champion Bend 'Or II. out of Ivo Myrtle, from the kennels of Mr. Charles Stony. They have already been shipped from Liverpool by the American Express Company.

The English Bulldog Club has very properly passed a resolution condemning the practice of some of its members of putting up the medals that they have won, as special prizes to be competed for at other shows. This is a practice we have seen indulged in to some extent on this side, and cannot be frowned upon too much.

As might have been expected, with its liberal classification, the coming Crystal Palace show has secured the unprecedented number of 1,729 entries. There are 177 St. Bernards, 124 collies, 74 mastiffs and 67 Newfoundlands. What a grand sight that will be, either of those numbers alone will represent more than we can scare up at our shows. Another big class is that for dachshunde, fancy 60 of these quaint little hounds or terriers—which are they?—in a row. Altogether this is a grand showing for a committee which has not the protection of the ruling body.

Mr. Krehl brings his interesting sketches of a holiday tour in Norway to a close this week, much to the regret of his readers who have followed him in his rambles; but we can't get over that very peculiar picture of the goat.

We hear that the entries for the beagle trials next week, though small in number, are of very superior quality, and this latter fact has doubtless kept several other entries back. At the meeting of the club, held Oct. 23, it was decided to make some changes in the classes. As the puppy class did not fill it was decided to drop that altogether, and enter the dogs in that class in the other classes and only run four instead of five as was intended originally. We are thus unable to give the list of entries this week, but are promised them for our next issue. Those who intend going to these trials from New York had better take either the Sunday night boat to Fall River, and then the Old Colony Railroad to Hyannis, arriving at noon Monday, or leave Grand Central at 9:15 A. M. for Boston and then take the 4:15 P. M. train on Old Colony road from there to Hyannis. The Boston contingent intend taking the latter train.

The judges for the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association's bench show at Charleston, S. C., Jan. 13 to 17, 1891, have been selected. Dr. H. Clay Glover will take the sporting classes and Mr. H. W. Lacy the remainder. The show promises to be a very successful one, as the show last winter created a wide interest in dog flesh throughout that section of the country. As the show is under A. K. C. jurisdiction, no doubt a good many Northern exhibitors will avail themselves of the opportunity to put their dogs a step higher toward the challenge classes. The Clyde line of steamers makes special rates for both exhibitors and stock, and this is a very pleasant way to make the trip. The Georgia Pet Stock Association dog show is on the week after, and as Augusta is only 130 miles from there, the two shows can be taken in on the same trip.

A letter from Mr. Geo. Bell tells us that his new purchase, the cocker spaniel Kildare, is down with distemper, but he hopes to pull him through all right. We hope he may.

The black and tan terriers Salisbury and Queen III., purchased from Mr. Lacy, of England, by Mr. Comstock, of Providence, R. I., arrived safely in port on Tuesday last. As we expected, there is some trouble getting them through the customs, owing to the new regulations regarding the importation of dogs, to which we referred in a recent issue, not having been complied with. The dogs are in good shape. They were sent over through the American Express Co. and consigned to Mr. Stoddard, 600 Greenwich street, and this accounts for the present delay in delivering them.

The Radnor Hunt will meet on Saturday next at 3 P. M. at the kennels of Mr. Harrison's Chestnut Hill Stock Farm. The meet promises to be one of the most interesting of the season, and we shall endeavor to give our readers next week our full experience and the correct number of falls we expect to undergo during the run.

The *Canine World* has a very good picture this week of the noted and gigantic St. Bernard Lord Bute. We suppose the reason he is drawn reposing at full length is, that were he standing, an enlargement of the page would be necessary. His want of blaze rather detracts from an otherwise fine head, giving him somewhat the expression of Plinlimmon, Jr.

CHRISTOPHER.

THE subject of our illustration this week is the Chestnut Hill Kennels' collie dog, champion Christopher. Christopher was bred by the Rev. Hans Hamilton, and was whelped April 16, 1887. He is by the renowned Metchley Wonder (Sefton—Minnie) out of champion Peggy II. (Ruthven—champion Madge). He was purchased in the spring of this year by the Chestnut Hill Kennels for $5,000 from Mr. T. H. Stretch, of Ormskirk, England. This is the highest price that has yet been paid for a collie, and no doubt many will hardly believe the dog can be worth so much. However, this is not the first time these kennels have startled the kennel world by a big purchase, and if Christopher lives another two or three years—and no doubt he will, being now only 3½ years old—he will probably prove as profitable as their several other investments have done. Dublin Scot, for instance, was the first crack purchased by the kennels, and in the three years he was in this country his stud fees alone amounted to over $2,000. Although a most successful dog on the show bench, it is as a sire that Christopher has proved himself of such great value; his list of first prize winners has already nearly reached three figures, and includes such well known dogs as Ormskirk Amazement, Ormskirk Dolly, Stracathro Ralph and the latest sensation Mortimer, sold when 9 months old for $500.



CHAMPION CHRISTOPHER.

THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB AND THE A. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding the refusal of the A. K. C. to admit the National Beagle Club to membership, "J. W.'s" points are mostly well taken. I am pleased to hear that he was absent and also that Mr. Leslie made a motion to accept.

True, the club has not framed any standard nor do they intend to at present, but the club's object is to encourage the breeding of the beagle in every possible way, hence the cash prize offered at Toronto, which is only the forerunner of many.

"J. W." states that he cannot see any advantage accruing from a field trial club being a member of the A. K. C. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and possibly "J. W.'s" intimate knowledge of A. K. C. matters leads him to underestimate its value in the estimation of the average dog lover. The National Beagle Club still exists, and is daily adding to its strength without the fostering care of the A. K. C. The club is not at all heart-broken over the refusal of recognition, but at the same time it cannot fail to see the injustice of the action, and to recognize the fact that were it admitted it would add additional strength to the club. Should the club confine itself wholly to field trials? Every man knows that in case of any dissatisfaction arising from mistakes of any kind he has the A. K. C. to fall back upon for redress. Personally, I know that the club lost several entries to the trials, when they lost their case with the A. K. C.

"J. W." in Oct. 23 issue quotes from Mr. Anthony's letter as follows: "In fact, the club had for its main object the destroying of the older club." I don't own a solitary beagle. I do not know Mr. Schellhass, and am not intimately acquainted with any member of the moribund club. But this I do know. I attended the organization meeting of the National Beagle Club as a reporter, I recognized the fact that the organizers were gentlemen as incapable of such a purpose as that stated by Mr. Anthony, as they were enthusiastic on their pet hobby. There was but one idea in the lot, namely, the advancement of the beagle.

The old club was mentioned by but one party, and then solely as being dead to all intents and purposes. I joined them that night; and although amply able to defend themselves, I take it upon my own shoulders to deny the false, misleading statement of Mr. Anthony. I defy him to prove that he had the slightest ground for his remark, and for fear that he may be so ignorant of kennel matters that he will not know my *nom de plume*, I sign my name.

A. RUSSELL CROWELL.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

WHEN two weeks ago I criticised certain actions taken at the late A. K. C. it was not my desire to go beyond what was perfectly legitimate in the discussion of an official document meant for the information of all dog men. In response came a letter to myself from Mr. Anthony, couched in terms which I could not ignore in justice to myself, and I gave the letter last week with my reply thereto. Had I so desired I could have responded in equally strong language, but I had no wish to bring about a wordy war on a subject of no vital importance, and was perfectly willing to leave the subject where it then was. I have, however, received another letter from Mr. Anthony, which he evidently challenges me to make public, under the impression, doubtless, that I would be unwilling to do so. If he really is of that opinion he mistakes his man, for there is nothing that shows the weakness of a case so much as when resort is had to blackguarding the attorney on the other side. Mr. Anthony's letter is as follows:

"I was to-day handed your article in the FOREST AND STREAM, where, by *publishing* a purely *private* and *personal* letter with comments on the same (*that are unworthy the pen of any one*), *you have violated* every *rule of decency*.

"You have now and always have had (with occasional *exceptional lapses toward truth*) a very unfortunate habit of *making facts*, without due regard to their existence, if such made facts FIT at the time your *special news*.

"I *privately* called your attention to this, *forgetting* at the time that you were no longer a delegate to the A. K. C. If I had desired to discuss the matter with you publicly I should have done so, but *you know* full well that of late I have not done anything of the kind, believing that any one holding an official position should not do so except in rare instances.

"Your allusion to my kennel and their field record is *simply malicious*, quite on a par with some of your past actions, that I had hoped association with gentlemen *might have improved*. Your remarks as to the Beagle Club are *silly*, as you will see if you read what the secretary said as to their application for membership. Your statements as to my actions *re* the English Setter Club are equally unreliable, the application of the older club having been withdrawn before the application of the new one was voted on, if I am not misinformed, and the use of the club room is and always has been free to any club desiring to avail themselves of the accommodation.

"As you published my last letter, suppose you publish this one."

In the first place the previous letter was in no sense private and personal, but an accusation of error. If it had been marked private I should have returned it with the information that I could not receive such a letter as a privilegd communication, and it would either have to be withdrawn or sent in form for use. The remarks that I make facts come with particularly bad grace from Mr. Anthony, considering that he made a grossly libelous statement with regard to myself, when he knew that the only person who could emphatically deny what he said was dead. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember that he accused me of having stolen a letter he had bought, the implication being that I had deceived the editor of the *Sporting Life* and obtained a letter from him by subterfuge, which I had through a friend sold to Mr. Anthony, and when censured by the editor I had pathetically appealed to my friend to save me by getting it back. Unfortunately for Mr. Anthony, though he did not apparently know it, the full facts with regard to that letter were published in the *Sporting Life* at the time, and had he gone any further in the matter I would have unmasked the battery I had in reserve. I will now add that the person he said sold him the letter he assumed was stolen by me, was the late Frank Satterthwaite, formerly kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM. I need say no more on that score, and will leave my readers to judge whether I have had much chance of being improved by associating with the person who evidently imagines he is one of the gentlemen who have been doing the missionary act.

There was nothing malicious in my reference to Mr. Anthony's kennel. He claimed to be an upholder or supporter in some way of field trials, and if I had chosen to be malicious I might have referred to the Graphic business at the Eastern Field Trials; the sand burr bugaboo out West, and the Indiana Field Trials Club correspondence. Regarding the Setter Club meeting at the A. K. C. room, I have a letter from an officer of the A. K. C. which takes a different view of the affair from that held by Mr. Anthony, but as I do not wish to drag any one else into the discussion, I will simply say that if Mr. Anthony still thinks that all the officials are of his opinion regarding the propriety of holding that meeting at the A. K. C. rooms, I will take the liberty of forwarding him the letter for his perusal.

Mr. L. W. Kemble, of Philadelphia, has purchased the English setter Dashing Kent, a full brother to the better-known Sir Tatton. This is an excellent dog, and I hope he will be in good condition for the spring circuit next year.

Mr. Mitchell Harrison I notice replies to a remark I made respecting the possibility of his interest in horses detracting from that he has shown in regard to collies. I am glad to know he purposes remaining true to the latter. I am indebted to Mr. Harrison for a notice of the Radnor Hunt meeting, at Chestnut Hill Stock Farm, on Saturday next, and I regret it will be impossible for me to witness the meet and the run. It ought to be a very pretty sight reviewed from the heights by the kennels, and one well worth making the journey to witness.

Dr. M. H. Cryer has sent me the stud card of champion

Bob Ivy, who, although but 2½ years old, is a champion of record. As the stud card gives the extended pedigree and also much useful information regarding his progenitors, champions Dude, Max and Roderick, besides imported Dolly, imported Othello and Vesta, it will be found very useful to pug breeders. Dr. Cryer's address is 1527 Arch street, Philadelphia.

It may be old news to some, but it is only within a day or two that I heard that Dr. Niven of London, Ont., had had his collar bone broken from a fall in the hunting field. Since then he has gone on a trip across the Atlantic to build up.

The Scottish Kennel Club has a rare good friend in its president, Mr. H. Panmure Gordon. The club's late show, owing to counter attractions, fell behind some £75, and at the next meeting of the committee a letter was read from the president, with which he sent his check for £100 as a donation to the funds of the club.

A correspondent of the *Fanciers' Gazette* has an eight-months-old fox-terrier which "is over distemper, mange and eczema, from which it suffered severely, but is suffering from an inflamed eye." What a nice, clean, comfortable home it must have. Here is another case in the same journal: "I have a bull-terrier dog ten months old; his tail curls the slightest bit at the end. Is there any way I can cure it? Ans. Probably by keeping a gum bandage (fine muslin soaked in a thick solution of gum) round the lower part of the tail the carriage would improve." This is improving, not faking.

A correspondent in a contemporary has been calling attention to a few typographical errors which have recently appeared in its pages, but in the same issue Mr. Wade is made to speak of my judicious explanation of the A. K. C. accounts. Of course Mr. Wade wrote "lucid."

The question of the A. K. C. accounts and Vredenburgh vs. Peshall have been completely eclipsed in Philadelphia dog circles by that of "shall negro handlers be allowed at the P. K. C. field trials?" It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the steward in the back parlor has been doing a rushing business in slaking the throats of the argumentative members. Mr. Harrington Fitzgerald, gun editor of the *Item*, is a most liberal supporter of the club, and in addition to his many valuable gifts has now offered a watch to the best handler at the club field trials.

I desire to thank Mr. Blake, of Detroit, for what I take to be his reply to my remarks on whippet racing and the records given to his dogs. Owners are so prone to fly off at a tangent when any question is raised respecting their dogs, that it is quite a pleasure to read such a pleasant reply as that of Mr. Blake. J. W.

ROGER AND DUKE OF VERNON AT HOME.

"WOULD you care to have a look at Roger and Duke in my kennel back of Mount Vernon?" inquires Mr. Gardner before we separate at the ferry landing. "Rather," is my ungrammatical reply. "Will to-morrow suit you?" "Perfectly." "Then will you come out on the 9:30 train in the morning to Mount Vernon, and call at my house on Fourth avenue? Davis' place, where I keep some of my dogs, is about two miles back in the country, and we will either walk or drive, whichever you prefer."

I tell a bell-boy to awaken me in time for breakfast and the 9:30 train, and in due time arrive at the anything but humble suburban village of Mount Vernon. A very cosy looking place it is, full of pretty villa residences surrounded by ample grounds. Besides Mr. Gardner's dogs, the Erminie Kennels of St. Bernards are located there. I had hoped to inspect the home of Barry II. and his kennel mates, but despite the cordial invitation of the proprietor, Mr. Thurston, was unable to find time for the visit. Mr. L. Gardner's residence is a pleasant villa on one of the tree-shadowed avenues, and on the veranda he was discovered smoking a cigar, philosophically awaiting my tardy arrival.

He is a man rather below the medium height and quite stout, with a full face and closely cropped moustache. There is not much credit in a man of great wealth buying celebrated and developed dogs with which to form a world-beating kennel. If "money makes the mare go" there is no doubt but that it can also fill a kennel with dogs of high degree. Mr. Gardner is not one of these. A traveling salesman for the leading woolen goods house of New York city, he has purchased young, unknown and undeveloped dogs, and by sheer pluck and bulldog perseverance, pushed them into the positions the setter Roger and the pointer Duke of Vernon now hold. These are the men who are entitled to kudos. Men who hazard their hard earned gains in the risky and precarious speculation of dog flesh, not with a view to profit, but out of sheer love of dogs.

"I have a couple of oils, Tallman of Providence has just sent me, and should like you to see them," says Mr. Gardner. I follow him into the house with eagerness, for a good dog picture, like a good dog, is a thing I love to see, and Harry Tallman can paint a dog as well as "wood-cut" him.

The paintings show me a magnificent pointer on point, with a decidedly indifferent light-weight bitch backing him. Roger's portrait, taken in company with the heavily marked bitch Dora Deane, does not do him justice, though taken as a whole the pictures are life-like and good.

Ere starting for Davis', where most of the dogs are kept, we inspect the home kennel in which but one bitch is penned. This is a litter sister to Miss Freedom, who won, I think, fourth in novice bitches at New York a year ago, and who at Boston. Like her sister, she is a light-weight, and having only two days before allowed a litter of Duke of Vernon puppies to die through want of nourishment, her lord and master does not regard her with very loving gaze. The kennel is small but neatly arranged, half a dozen dogs being easily accommodated. Two of the setter bitches, Dora Dean and another, were down at "Tom" Aldrich's, so I could not see them.

It is altogether too lovely a day for driving, and as I beg for a walk, Mr. Gardner good naturedly accedes to my request. A country walk in the vicinity of Gotham is a treat, by way of change, to one from rugged Canada. The billiard-table-like roads, handsome houses and well-tilled fields are a contrast to mud roads, log snake-fences, neglected-looking, half-tumble-down farmhouses and barns, and stump-besprinkled fields. Our Northland doesn't look very pretty, except from an artistic point of view. If a farmer can get a good crop out of the rich soil he reasons that there is no crying necessity to cause him to break his back rooting up stumps, and from the same standpoint, if the house keeps out wind and weather, why in the name of wonder should he spend time and money in painting it! A house, he justly remarks, is meant to live in, not to look at.

It is pleasant chatting with a man like Mr. Gardner. His business engagements take him all over the country, north, south, east and west, and during the course of his peregrinations many a good dog has come under his observation. Out in Ohio somewhere he came upon Duke of Vernon. It was in the evening and business concluded, Mr. Gardner strolled out in the fields with some local "sports" to give the dogs a run. One among them at once caught his eye, a magnificent fellow, which he at once set down, though keeping the opinion to himself for obvious reasons, as the best heavy-weight pointer dog in America. When they were all tied on he found this wonder could go as well as look handsome, and at once formed the determination to become his owner. The first offer was refused, and my companion thinking it, under the circumstances, amply sufficient, took his departure, leaving the matter to simmer in the owner's mind. Soon he received a letter intimating that "Duke," as he was then called, could be bought. Raising his bid, Mr. Gardner became possessed of the dog, which he promptly rechristened Duke of Vernon in contradistinction to their many other "Graces."

He was first shown at the Buffalo National Dog Club show, where he pretty well cleaned up everything and created a great sensation among the pointer men. Since then he has been shown but seldom, though winning everywhere, and he is now in the challenge class. These dogs of Mr. Gardner's are no carpet knights, and Duke has run in several trials, though without having secured a bracket. Billy Tallman, however, told me he had run in hard luck, and was really a grand fielder. This I can well believe after seeing him afield with the great and only Roger. Fast as the $1,000 stake winner could go, the pointer kept right at his heels. Mr. Gardner told me the old long hair could put rings around the pointer; but I certainly did not see him do it, so conclude that Duke of Vernon can kick up dust a little bit.

Talking about this notorious $1,000 race at the Central Trials last year, Mr. Gardner assured me that he had received a check for $1,000 in full as his prize. I have heard it insinuated that the race was a fake; but this proves it was not.

We stepped out at a good rate and soon covered a couple of miles. It being a hot day, and as neither of us can truthfully be placed in the category with Pharaoh's lean kind, we began to lose considerable adipose tissue. This would never do; so, coming to a likely looking roadside inn, my friend suggested refreshments, and accordingly we refreshed.

There was a short cut through the gun club grounds down by the lake (forgive me, please, it really was a pond) and through a gully, which we took.

There is one thing we Canucks can beat you all hollow at, and that is ice. We don't have to fence in every mud puddle and build a big storehouse beside it. Why, hang it, I'll give all the ice dealers around New York all they can cut, and ask no thanks either. And why? It isn't mine nor anybody else's, and no one cares a cent. Such is the generosity of superabundance.

An uproarious barking shows that we are coming to Davis' abode. It is a tumble-down looking stone building, set in a ravine among the hillocks, with lovely hard wood trees around with a distant view of the Sound. Grouped around it on the southern slope are pointers, setters and collies, chained to barrels, boxes and other ramshackle quarters, whose occupants maintain an incessant uproar during our stay. Davis is a trapper at one of the clubs in the vicinity, which one I forget, and was absent when we arrived.

I do not remember the dogs we looked at first, except Miss Freedom's dam, an all white bitch, and a Bang Bang lemon and white, that looked like going. There was also a very moderate collie.

Naturally Mr. Gardner would not allow Roger and Duke of Vernon to "rustle" in a barrel, and he led the way to quite a neatly arranged structure on the summit of one of the hillocks, in the wire-encircled yards of which the celebreties stood, barking with joy at their master's approach and the glorious run they knew was in store.

"We had better let them have their run first to cool off and you can have a good look over them afterward," suggested Mr. Gardner.

So we let the frantic creatures out, when with a wild rush they were off and over the ravine. Mr. Gardner and I are fairly agile, but we don't take any twelve foot brooks in our stride, so we just hunted around for a tree, which to my astonishment was found incredibly quickly. My friend had been there before. Beyond the ravine was a grand treeless slope, on which the dogs could be seen at any distance; at least so Mr. Gardner said, and as I could only see a street car a hundred yards off I was bound to believe it. I never deplored my luck so much as at not being able to see those grand dogs work when at a distance. Grand old Roger taking everything as it came, with Duke not far behind and Miss Freedom in close company.

Roger needs no introduction to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. He is by that king of field setters, old Count Noble, and in show ring and field together, has upheld the honor of his breeding with the best. The dog is named after his breeder, a Mr. Rogers, of New York, and was purchased when a puppy by his present owner. When first exhibited at New York in some incomprehensible way he only got a card, c., I think it was; but since then has won prizes in the best company. While not, strictly speaking, a first-class show specimen, he is one of those grandly-made ones that cannot be passed by; and has the dearest old face imaginable. Just the sort of dog that captivates one at first sight.

Roger has amply proved that a bench show winner can do well afield, for among other achievements his highest glory has been the winning of the $1,000 stake at the Central trials last autumn, in which he beat Chance and other notabilities. He has proved that he can "go," so I need say nothing about that here. After the dogs had run for half a hour or thereabouts, Mr. Gardner whistled them in and we returned to the kennel to get a closer inspection. Housing the others up we looked over Duke of Vernon first. I never expected to prefer a pointer to a setter, but with Duke before me I had eyes only for him. Take him point by point he is certainly a wonder.

Of course I couldn't "take notes," but I don't know that it matters much. I remember remarking one slight defect, but forget what it was, and then his action when on lead is certainly a little stilty. He is the grandest pointer it has been my good fortune to see. By Glendale—Spotless, his breeding is not fashionable, but to use a vulgarism, he arrives there nevertheless, and, anyway, he strains back to the best of blood. I asked Mr. Gardner how his relations compared with him; but he told me they were of no account. "As I told them last fall, they have the blood, but don't seem to breed another Duke."

Miss Freedom, Duke's companion, I did not care for at all. Bad taste, perhaps, on my part, for Mr. Gardner seemed to think a good deal of her, and I don't pose as a judge of pointers. She is a nice affectionate creature though, and made a tremendous fuss on seeing me pass her bench at the Boston show. It was certainly hard lines on the little bitch to look her over after Duke of Vernon.

Roger, Duke and Miss screamed with disgust as we turned our backs upon them, chorused by their more lowly and humble confrères in the barrels. A mongrel terrier broke loose and betrayed an anxiety to sample us; but it's just astonishing how fast fat men can run when they have to.

DOGWHIP.

KING MARK IN CHAMPION STAKE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Ridgway's King Mark was wrongly entered in All-Aged Stake. He should have been in Champion Stake. The mistake is mine, as his entry in my possession plainly shows he was regularly and correctly entered. The cause of the mistake was that the entry was made in a letter, written to me, and I mistook Ch. for A. A. Stake. I hope you will make this correction.—WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y and Treas. E. F. T. C.

THE FREE FOR ALL STAKE.—New York, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Field Trial Club begs to notify its patrons that entries for the Free for All Stake (four-hour heat race) close Nov. 1.—C. H. ODELL.

THE MARGUERITE II. LITTER.

FANWOOD, N. J., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While not at all desirous of trespassing upon the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, a card in your last issue from one John H. Dey, of Red Bank, N. J., and headed "Mr. Pentz's Mistake," demands both my attention and an answer. Mr. Dey concludes his note by saying as follows: "I wish it understood that I don't claim my puppies are by Pentz's dog, but I do claim they are by Chapen's Brake, by which name he is known, and I cannot understand Mr. Pentz publishing such an assertion when he knows it is not so."

Men with convenient consciences should have good memories. Men who write letters without retaining copies are in need of still better ones. The following extracts from Mr. Dey's letters to me need no further comment at my hands than the simple one of publication. I would premise these extracts by saying that when I saw the misleading claim as to breeding in your columns, I at once wrote to Mr. Dey, calling his attention to the fact that Brake had never been bred to Marguerite II., and that if his explanation was not satisfactory would have to make the fact public for the protection of myself as well as to protect those who might have purchased the puppies, believing them to be as represented.

Extract No. 1, in letter bearing date of Aug. 29, 1890: "The dog Brake that I bred my bitch to is, I presume, the same dog you claim to own; he is lemon and white, No. 7035, bred by F. S. Underhill, Newark, April 7, 1886; by Bang-Bang (4022, Vol. III.) out of Jane, by champion Sensation (1261, Vol. I.) out of Heath's Lill, by Grigg's Mack II. I was very much surprised when I received your letter; I knew you did own him, for I have seen the dog at the shows. The gentleman who gave me permission to use the dog through his agent told me that he had bought Brake. I knew the dog as soon as I saw him."

Extract No. 2, letter bearing date Sept. 20, 1890: "I have written to the parties that have my puppies not to register them until they heard from me again. The thing is now to find out who sent me your dog's number and pedigree. If you keep still I will hunt him up, etc., etc."

I have but little to add. Mr. Dey appears to have my dog's pedigree all right, and to have sold his puppies out of Marguerite II., representing them as being by Brake (7035). Knew the dog, too, as soon as he saw him. Indeed! Knew him of course, so that his litter of puppies could find a market. Further, he writes me to "keep still," and when I decline to do so, sends you his card as published. He wants to find out, "does he," who sent him Brake's pedigree? Perhaps an examination of the files of letters at the American Kennel Club's room will show one from Mr. Dey himself, asking for information as to Brake's pedigree.

The one thing I feel happy over is that I have brought to the knowledge of those who may have bought any puppy of the litter referred to, the fact that the breeding is not that which was given the purchasers at the time of sale (see extract referring to the fact that he will have to correct his statement as to their breeding).

Who can doubt that a correction would have been the last thing thought of had not the matter been made public in your valuable columns?

"I have never claimed that I used his dog, nor do I wish to; he asserts what is not true." That is one of the gentleman's remarks, which the extracts taken from his own letters fully answer. STANTON W. PENTZ.

THE SPECIAL STAKE FOR GORDON SETTERS.—Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would remind Gordon setter men that this is the last week in which to make their entries for the special stake for Gordons at the Central Field Trials. Entries close Saturday, Nov. 1, 1890. On closing of entries, full particulars will be published as to the division of money and number of prizes. If you have no entry blank, send the name of your dog, color and sex, date when whelped, name of sire and dam, name of owner and deputy, town, county and State you live in, and $10 for forfeit money to JOHN H. MEYER, 159 West Thirty-fourth street, New York city.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bones. By C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., for white and black marked fox-terrier dog, whelped July 13, 1889, by Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider) out of Nina (Mixture—Shamel).

Little Boy, Jersey Duke and Jersey Maid. By Central Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for black and tan King Charles spaniels, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1890, by Roscius out of Twilight (Don II.—Duchess of Albany).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ford Lass—Border Dandy. W. E. Hoff's (Chattanooga, Tenn., Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch Ford Lass (Old Jock—Gypsy Queen to his Border Dandy (Border Clinker—Forest Vic), Sept. 28.

Brazer—Robber Chieftain. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Brazer (Bras—Mercia) to their Robber Chieftain, Aug. 25.

Highland Lassie—Chieftain. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Highland Lassie (Bran—Lorna II.) to their Chieftain, Aug. 10.

Lorna Secunda—Bran. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna Secunda (Chieftain—Lorna II.) to their Bran, Aug. 6.

Nina—Bones. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Nina (Mixture—Shame) to his Bones (Dusky Trap—Nina), April 12.

Hillside Brilliant—Reckoner. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Brilliant (Raby Mixer—Princess) to their Reckoner, Aug. 10.

Princess—Brokenhurst Quick. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Princess (Venetian—Lurette) to Mr Wilton's Brokenhurst Quick (The Moonstone—Brokenhurst Dainty II.), Aug. 12.

Lady Mixture—Reckoner. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Mixture (Mixture—Warren Lady) to their Reckoner, Aug. 26.

Freya—Raby Mixer. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Freya (Darkie—Fredn) to their Raby Mixer, Aug. 27.

Hillside Linden—Raby Mixer. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Linden (Belgrave Sequence—Linden Nettie) to their Raby Mixer, Aug. 11.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ramona. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Ramona, Aug. 20, one dog, by their Chieftain.

Berga. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Berga (Bran—Maida), Aug. 13, eight (five dogs), by their Bran.

Theodora. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Theodora (Chieftain—Thora), Aug. 18, four (three dogs), by their Bran.

Heatherbelle. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Heatherbelle, Aug. 7, five (three dogs), by their Robber Chieftain.

Wanda. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Wanda (Gunnar—Sheila), June 18, five (one dog), by their Bran.

Fashion. G. H. Bush's (Buffalo, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fashion (Brant—Bonita), Oct. 16, five (four dogs), by his Adonis (Horneli Mikado—Venus).

Novel. G. H. Bush's (Buffalo, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Novel (Black Pete—Miss Nance), June —, four (two dogs), by J. P. Willey's Jersey (Ohio II.—Darkie).

Warren Lady. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier

bitch Warren Lady (Brokenhurst Joe—Swansdown), May 25, five (three dogs), by their Raby Mixer.

Meersbrook Nan. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Nan (Meersbrook Ross—Meersbrook Model), June 10, one bit h, by their Reckoner.

Hillside Model. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Model (Reckoner—Meersbrook Nan), June 10, five (one dog), by their Raby Mixer.

Nina. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Nina (Mixture—Shame), June 13, two dogs, by his Bones (Dusky Trap—Nina).

Richmond Dazzle. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Dazzle (Raby Mixture—Richmond Puzzle), June 18, five (one dog), by L. & W. Rutherfurd's Raffle.

Hillside Sapphire. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Sapphire (Mixture—Freya), July 26, one dog, by their Reckoner.

Lady Reckon. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Reckon (Reckon—Richmond Myrtle), July 31, five (four dogs), by their Raby Mixer.

Hillside Ruth. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Ruth (Mixture—Wasp II.), Aug. 2, one bitch, by their Reckon.

Hillside Freda. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freda (Mixture—Freya), Aug. 12, one bitch, by their Raby Mixer.

Jaunty. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunty (Joker—Torment), Aug. 10, one dog, by their Raby Mixer

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Viola. Black and tan setter bitch, whelped May 25, 1888, by champion Royal Duke out of Carmen K., by Chas. Bedford, Philadelphia, Pa., to Joseph S. Gaus, same place.

Jersey Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1890, by Jersey out of champion Shina, by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to G. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y.

Psyche. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 18, 1887, by Brant out of June W., by G. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., to C. R. Kimball, Willink, N. Y.

Chimes. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Dec. 6, 1889, by Obo II. out of Psyche, by G. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., to J. J. Laing, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hillside Bess. Light tan head, body white, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 13, 1889, by Raby Mixer out of Princess, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. E. Shaw, New Orleans, La.

Hillside Diana. Black and tan head, body white, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1889, by Raby Mixer out of Richmond Dazzle, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. E. Shaw, New Orleans, La.

Hillside Rue. Black head, body white, fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 7, 1889, by Reckoner out of Lady Mixture, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. E. Shaw, New Orleans, La.

Hillside Grace. Black head, body white, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 14, 1889, by Reckoner out of Hillside Ruth, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. E. Shaw, New Orleans, La.

Hillside Pirate. Brindle deerhound dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1890, by Robber Chieftain out of Heatherbelle, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to B. S. Dering, Utica, N. Y.

Hillside Bob. Black and tan head, body white, fox-terrier dog, whelped March 21, 1890, by Hillside Dandy out of Princess, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. Porter, Jr., Boston, Mass.

Hillside Treasure. Black and white head, body white, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1889, by Reckoner out of Meersbrook Nan, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Masss., to Halleck Alvord, Gloversville, N. Y.

Reckoner—Lady Mixture whelp. Black and tan head, body white, fox terrier bitch, whelped May 15, 1890, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. M. Aiken, Danville, Va.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we shall be glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

M. C., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Please inform me what to do for a dog that runs at one eye. The dog is in a good healthy condition, with the exception of the one eye, that runs constantly. The trouble seems to be local, although I am unable to discover any thing that would cause the eye to run. Ans. Drop in the eye, morning and evening, a solution of nitrate of silver, one part to thirty parts water.

W. H. S., Trenton, N. Y.—I have a red Irish setter by champion Chief. Recently he has been given to shaking his head until his ears flap, also scratching at the root of his ears. I have sponged his ears out with warm water and applied glycerine, which I think helped him some; otherwise he seems all right, eats well, etc. He will wake out of a sound sleep and shake his head. His hearing is good. Can you suggest a remedy? Ans. See answer to W. E. S. in this issue.

E. G. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.—I have a setter pup, four months old, that is just recovering from a severe attack of distemper, and it seems to have affected his back and hindlegs. His legs seem to be very weak, and he has a tendency to stagger and fall when he attempts to walk. What can I do for it? Ans. Your dog needs a nutritious diet. Give strong mutton broth, mixing in the meat with some stale bread. Vary the diet as you deem necessary. Give gentle exercise daily and the following tonic:

℞ Strychniæ sulph.....gr. ij
Aquæ.....ʒj

Ft. mist. Sig. Dose, three drops twice a day. Give this treatment regularly and faithfully, and report result. As the dog gets better, cod liver oil will be found beneficial; dose, a dessertspoonful every night.

W. E. S., Cherry Creek, N. Y.—I have an Irish setter dog that has some trouble with his ears. They look red and inflamed on the inside close down in his head as far as I can see, and seem to give him much uneasiness. He will work at them with his hind feet and shake his head and flap his ears as if they itched. Will hold very still for me to rub them, but will invariably shake his head when I am through. I have washed them with Cuticura soap and warm water, then applying vaseline and it would relieve them for a time, but would get as bad as ever in a few days. I would esteem it a great favor if you would tell me the trouble and how to cure him, as I am afraid it will impair his hearing. 2. He also has worms, I have seen them come away from him in large numbers. They are about one inch in length and flat, white and almost transparent. What can I do for him? He is lively, looks and eats well, and his coat is smooth and glossy. Ans. 1. Sponge and syringe the ear gently with suds made from castile soap and warm water, wipe dry. Then pour into the ear the following: Bromo chloralum and laudanum equal parts, mixed with six times the bulk of water. Gently clean the base of the ear, and repeat this treatment twice a day. Keep the dog warm during and after treatment. 2. Your dog has a tapeworm. One of the best remedies is areca nut. Procure the nut and grate it to a powder just before you need it, give half a drachm in a pill of lard and in one hour repeat the dose. If in half an hour there is no sign of a movement, give a dessertspoonful of castor oil. Before giving the areca nut it is necessary to fast the dog for 24 hours, also, if he is at all constipated, give him a spoonful of castor oil. The object of this is to clear the intestinal canal, so that the worm may be expelled more quickly. Another good remedy, with the same preparatory treatment, is male fern. Take of the extract (oil of fern) 12 drops, beat it well into a raw egg and administer. this should also be followed in an hour by the castor oil as stated above. After this treatment, it would be well to watch the faces if you are not certain the head of the worm has been removed. If any more segments appear in a month or so repeat the treatment as before.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

PARTNER WANTED.—Partner wanted in an old established skiff and canoe factory. Amount of capital not so material, as a man with the necessary experience and qualifications capable of taking entire charge of the manufacturing and management of the whole business, as present partners (two) reside at a distance and are unable to take any active interest in it. Address SKIFFS, care Forest and Stream office, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BULLSHEAD CLUB, Oct. 27.—The Bullshead Rifle Club, of New York, held its annual prize shoot at the Washington Park range to-day. The majority of the rifle clubs in New York, Newark and vicinity, as well as in some of the country towns, were represented. The marksmen present shot at the ring and bullseye target, and members of the club also on the target of honor. R. Busse won the first prize on the latter with 64, F. Schmidt taking second. On the ring target G. Zimmermann was the winner with 72 points, the first score put up by him. Although there were many of New York's best rifle shooters present, his score stood in first place throughout the entire contest, thanks mainly to the mediocre light. The distance was 200yds., position standing, any rifle, entries unlimited, except on the target of honor. The following are the results:

Target of Honor:					
R Busse	64	E C Gentsch	50	Siss	38
F Schmidt	64	V Steinbach	49	Roedel	37
A Stein	63	A Stahl	49	Lewitzkis	32
G Zimmermann	60	Schnackenberg	46	Walter	32
F Schroeder	54	C Rein	45	Klappert	26
B Walther	53	Meister	43	Vreage	24
J Schutz	52				
Ring Target:					
G Zimmermann	72	M B Engel	68	V Steinbach	64
L Flach	71	J Coppersmith	68	F Schmidt	63
Dr Boyken	71	B Walther	67	H Keyes	63
M Dorrier	71	F Schroeder	67	C Rein	62
E Fischer	71	C G Zettler	66	Roedel	56
D Miller	70	R Busse	65	Kroeger	56
A Stein	69	J Hesse	64		

Greatest number of bullseyes:

G Zimmermann	5	L Flach	4	F Schmidt	4
J A Boyken	3	M Dorrier	1	M B Engel	1

Best bullseye, by measurement, 1-100 of an inch standard:

G Zimmermann	21½	M B Engel	37	F Stuart	41
R Busse	25	J A Boyken	37½	L Flach	43
A Stein	32	V Steinbach	38½	C G Zettler	44
B Walther	34	Schroeder	40		

SCHUETZEN SHOTS.—Sixteen members of the New York Schuetzen Corps assembled at the Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Friday afternoon, Oct. 24, to take part in the last club shoot of the season. The proprietor of the restaurant, who claimed to have been notified that the shoot had been postponed, but could not tell by whom, had sent the markers and warners home, so that the club members could not shoot. After holding an indignation meeting, at which it was decided to hold the shoot to-day, to begin at 1 P. M., the marksmen consoled themselves by participating in a good dinner at the expense of the corps.

BENNETT BROS.—The two brothers Bennett, now full-fledged stage shooters, left New York for Paris last week. Their clever work with pistol and rifle will be much appreciated at the French capital.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 24.—Interest in the St. Louis Pistol Club appears to be on the wane. Only six members took part in the last shoot. Sam Dorman won the medal by a score of 94. For all shooting the club uses a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

Sam Dorman	9	10	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	9—94
G Alexander	9	10	9	10	10	7	10	9	10	9—93
M Summerfield	9	10	9	9	6	9	9	9	10	9—89
W Bauer	10	9	8	10	10	9	7	9	7	10—89
M Billmeyer	10	9	8	10	9	7	8	10	8	8—87
A McBean	7	8	9	9	10	9	10	8	8	7—85

UNSER FRITZ.

CREEDMOOR.—Frequenters of Creedmoor will miss a familiar figure after this month. The adjutant-general, as custodian of Creedmoor under the provisions of the act transferring the range to the National Rifle Association of the State, has notified Superintendent Wm. H. Bower, through Gen. Robbins, general inspector of rifle practice, that the position of superintendent will be abolished on Nov. 1, and after that date only a watchman will be maintained on the grounds. Superintendent Brower has had charge of the Creedmoor range for seventeen years. In all that long period there has never been a complaint as to his conduct of affairs, but he has invariably shown himself to be the right man in the right place. His retirement will be universally regretted. The newly-created position of watchman, it is stated, will go to the present chief of scorers. Notice has also been served upon "Tim" Scully that he must vacate the club house on or before Nov. 1, although it is just possible that he may be permitted to continue in possession for a few days longer to give him opportunity to close out his stock at the election day matches. What is to be done another season has not yet been determined, but it looks very much as if officers and men would either have to provide themselves with rations or go outside the grounds to obtain meals and refreshments.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at its range. The attendance of shooters was good, but the shooting conditions were unfavorable for good shooting, and yet some fine scores were made. Following are the best scoses made to-day, at 200yds., Standard American target, re-entries allowed:

Record Pistol Match, 50yds.

H Severance	91	A S Hunt	79	M T Day	79
H L Lee	86				

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	87	S G Sydney	75	J B Hobbs	64
W O Burnite (M.)	78	A S Hunt	65	A N Mann	63
O M Howard	76	M T Day	64		

All-Comers' Rest Match.

W P Thomson	99	M T Day	102	M R Barter	94
S Wilder	107	A S Hunt	100	S D Martin	92
F Daniels	107	John French	97	M Underwood	91
A H Ballard	105	S W French	96	T Oliver	90
F W Chester	103				

Five-Shot Military Match, 200yds.

Burnite	55555—25	Day	54544—22	Hobbs	44541—21
Field	54554—23	Lenfest	44455—22	Martin	44444—20

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—The Williamsburgh Shooting Society has just finished its summer shoot on the 200yd. range at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, thirteen members taking part in the six monthly contests. The money shot in and $20 donated by the club were divided among the competing marksmen in proportion to the number of points. The club will decide on its winter programme at the next monthly meeting. The results attained this summer are:

	Possible.	Total.	Highest.	Average.	Per cent.
F Ross	1,500	1,239	214	206.50	.826
W Vorbach	1,500	1,165	211	198.33	.777
Capt Horney	1,500	1,138	195	189.67	.759
C W Horney	1,500	1,133	208	188.83	.755
G Kleinbub	1,500	1,079	202	179.83	.719
J Guenther	1,250	858	213	171.60	.686
C Bechman	1,250	763	194	152.60	.610
B Maybeck	1,000	721	195	180.25	.721
G Krauss	750	569	192	189.67	.759
A Hoffman	750	567	192	189.00	.756
C Klingelhoefer	750	519	200	173.00	.692
H Schuchardt	250	177	177	177.00	.708
H Horney	250	107	107	107.00	.428

ZETTLER CLUB, Oct. 26.—The weather conditions were not all that could be desired for the last shoot in the Zettler Rifle Club's competition at Cypress Hill Park to-day. The scores made were higher than usual. The four members present shot a 100-shot match, half winners and half losers, for a nominal stake. The number of centers made—25 ring, 1½in. diameter—was very large. J. A. Boyken scoring 7, C. G. Zettler 6, V. Steinbach 5, and F. Ross 1. J. A. Boyken and F. Ross came out ahead. Out of the 100 shots fired by Dr. Boyken only one was off the black, a clean miss on the 25th shot. But for this Boyken would have beaten W. Hayes's record of 2,235. The total scores were: J. A. Boyken 2,219, C. G. Zettler 2,072, V. Steinbach 2,014, F. Ross 2,116. In the regular club competition V. Steinbach won the first premium on the greatest number of points, J. A. Boyken the second and E. Zettler the third. The best average for the day as well as for the entire season was made by J. A. Boyken. Scores: Club shoot, entries unlimited, 200yds. distance, off-hand, 25 ring target, 12in. bullseye, ¾in. rings, strings of 10 shots, possible 250 points—J. A. Boyken, total 1,997, average 221.89; F. Ross, total 1,917, average 213.00; C. G. Zettler, total 1,857, average 206.33; V. Steinbach, total 1,819, average 202.11.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 25.—The merchandise match for October was closed to-day at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club. Following are the scores made today at 20 singles and five pair standards: Perry 24, Melcher 23, Gore 22, Bradbury 21. The winners of the prizes out of a possible 90 were: Bond 71, Melcher, Gore and Stone 70, Dill 63, Cowee 54, Bailey 52.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Nov. 18-19.—Open-to-All Tournament of the Woodside Gun Club, Woodside, N. J. Carl Von Lengerke, Sec'y, 843 Broad street, Newark.

Nov. 25-28.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb' Park, Newark, N. J. Two days at inanimate targets and two days at live birds. Jacob Pentz, Secretary.

OMAHA.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 24.—The Omaha tournament given by Messrs. Parmalee and Nason was fairly attended. Among the visitors were S. A. Tucker, W. H. Skinner, John A. Ruble, R. O. Heikes, and a number of other well-known sportsmen. The weather was fine and the shooting excellent. The live birds were a good lot, and, helped by a strong wind, made the use of the second barrel quite frequent. A number of the shooters go from here to the Des Moines tournament, Oct. 28 to 30. Saturday, Oct. 25, Mr. Parmalee and Mr. Budd shot a match at 50 live birds, American Association rules. There was a high wind blowing from left to right across the traps and carried a number of birds out of bounds. Mr. Parmalee won the match, scoring 44 to Mr. Budd's 42. Parmalee had two birds dead out, while Budd had eight. The match was for a purse of $100, and Mr. Parmalee invited all the shooters to stay and help him spend his $50.

Match at 10 single targets: Smith 6, Nason 9, Ruble 8, Bray 10, Heikes 9, Skinner 10, Parmalee 8, Budd 9, Fogg 10, Simpson 10. The first live bird shoot was eight birds, entrance $8. The managers had taken great pains in the selection of their birds and the latter conducted themselves in a very satisfactory manner. One or two hovered near the trap when they were released and refused to become targets, but most of them flew as soon as the trap was opened:

Parmalee	21121101—7	Grimm	12011212—7
Tucker	11112111—8	Smith	20101202—5
Budd	11121121—8	Field	11110210—6
Skinner	10212002—5	Heikes	01110111—6
Simpson	00111112—6	Nason	11210221—7

In the third event a purse of $25 was added to the entrance fee. Fogg 10, Parmalee 15, Budd 15, Skinner 11, Simpson 11, Bray 14, Grimm 11, Rowley 11, Ruble 13, Field 11, Heikes 14, Smith 12.

The next was the most important event of the day. It consisted of 10 pigeons, entrance $50 added:

Budd	2111112121—10	Nason	1022112211— 9
Parmalee	2211121111—10	Brucker	0111211110— 8
Tucker	1212110111— 9	Bray	1111112101— 9
Grimm	1111122212—10	Ruble	1111111111—10
Heikes	1110120101— 7	Ackerman	1102202221— 8
Smith	1011011112— 8	Fogg	0220212201— 7
Field	1102021011— 7	Gwin	2011110211— 8
Simpson	1122111202— 9		

The fifth shoot was at 10 bluerocks, entrance $2.50: Musselman 7, Grimm 8, Brucker 7, Fogg 6, Heikes 8, Parmalee 9, Budd 10, Field 9, Simpson 8, Smith 5, Rowley 7, Skinner 9, Ruble 8, Nason 8, Bray 7.

Some of the best shooting of the day was done in the 5 live-birds shoot which followed. Eight men made a clean score and shot out the tie fa a miss-and-out contest. It finally narrowed down to Grim and Nason, who killed 15 consecutive birds each and then divided the money. Score:

Tucker	11121—5	Musselman	12111—5
Brucker	01212—4	Budd	11112 5
Parmelee	11111—5	Field	21010—3
Grimm	21212—5	Simpson	02111—4
Heikes	01111—4	Ackerman	00121—3
Dickey	11001—3		
Fogg	11111—5		
Smith	12112—5		
Nason	11111—5		
Ruble	00110—2		

In the shoot at 9 single targets and 3 doubles Parmelee won without a miss. Budd 12, Grimm 13, Brucker 8, Dickey 9, Fogg 9, Heikes 13, Parmelee 15, Field 9.

The last regular contest was 8 live birds:

Heikes	11111111—8	Dickey	01011111—6
Budd	11111111—8	Grimm	11011111—7
Parmelee	11110112—6	Tucker	01101111—6
Brucker	01111111—7	Field	11111111—8
Ackerman	10001111—5	Nason	11110111—7

Second Day.

The Parmalee-Nason tournament continued at the fair grounds with an increased attendance and there was a good list of entries in all the events. The first was a single target shoot: Parmalee 10, Budd 10, Grimm 10, Skinner 9, Heikes 9, Simpson 8, Smith 8, Brucker 8, Green 8, Clark 7, Sanford 3.

Live birds:

Grimm	12120000—4	Green	20101211—6
Smith	11002111—6	Rowley	00211111—6
Brucker	11110112—6	Heikes	00212111—6
Parmalee	11112110—7	Budd	11202112—6
Tucker	00220111—5	Ruble	01111110—6
Budd	22112122—8	Nason	00221112—6
Ackerman	20011121—6		

The third event was at 15 singles, 7 entries: Parmalee 14, Grimm 14, Budd 13, Ruble 13, Heikes 12, Nason 10, Brucker 9.

The next shoot was the best contest of the day. It was a match at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, and $75 added:

Grimm	2122210101— 8	Green	1121112011— 9
Bray	1111111111—10	Ruble	2212002101— 7
Smith	0111120112— 8	Nason	0120011121— 7
Skinner	2120012222— 8	Clark	0211221200— 7
Brucker	1011212220— 8	Gwin	2100101010— 5
Ackermann	2101121220— 8	Rowley	0112211210— 7
Heikes	2102101122— 8	Parmalee	1101111111— 9
Tucker	2102222111— 9	Musselman	1110001121— 7
Budd	2121221111—10	Sanford	0000000011— 2
Dickey	0102220112— 7	Howard	1110220010— 6
Montmorency	1211120111— 9		

At 20 single targets, entrance $3.50, and $25 added: Brewer 17, Townsend 17, Fogg 14, Heikes 18, Budd 19, Green 17, Parmalee 19, Skinner 16, Simpson 17, Eisenheimer 15, Clark 16, Brucker 17, Icker 18, Field 17, Dickey 19, Montmorency 10, Ruble 16, Smith 14, Bray 18, Grimm 20, Hunt 11, Paulson 11, Musselman 14.

The next event was 6 live birds, and was one of the closest of the afternoon:

Grimm	112221—6	Hulett	112021—5
Budd	111211—6	Dickey	110210—4
Brucker	101112—5	Field	121001—4
Fogg	100112—5	Ackerman	111102—5
Blume	101011—4	Parmalee	112121—6
Montmorency	101101—4	Smith	2112112—6
Paulson	101111—5	Simpson	211101—5
Hunt	011111—5	Icken	121211—6
		Heikes	212111—6
		Bray	111211—6
		Clark	000111—3
		Ruble	211010—4
		Tucker	101111—5
		Green	111111—6

The last regular shoot was 9 single targets, in which Heikes, Icken and Simpson made clean scores: Heikes 9, Dickey 7, Icken 9, Sohnson 3, Paulson 5, Fogg 7, Field 7, Hunt 2, Budd 7, Simpson 9, Clark 2, Ruble 8, Parmalee 7, Blume 8, Grimm 8.

Third Day.

The third day of the shooting tournament passed off successfully. Nearly all the marksmen who had participated in the contests of the preceding days were present, and also a number of new men. Only four of the regular events of the day were shot out, the remainder of the time being occupied by a series of special shoots for small purses. The first event was a live-bird shoot:

Grimm	11211112—8	Budd	12102112—7
Parmelee	22111112—8	Heikes	11012211—7
Brucker	20112121—7		

The following scores were made on 20 single targets: Parmelee 18, Budd 20, Skinner 17, Fogg 18, Grimm 16, Heikes 19, Miller 14, Hawkes 14, Dickey 17, Evans 11, Fox 18, Ruble 19.

The next event was 7 birds:

Simpson	2010121—5	Grimm	2212121—7
Babcock	2121010—5	Brucker	1101210—5
Fogg	1211001—5	Parmelee	1111211—7
Evans	1112101—6	Dickey	1120210—5
Budd	2111111—7	Clarke	1112101—6
Babcock	1112101—6	Heikes	2111121—7
Smith	1111201—6		

The last regular shoot was 9 single targets and 3 pairs. Budd and Grimm shot out the string without a miss. Score: Dicke Fox 11, Fogg 10, Parmelee 13, Budd 15, Grimm 15, Heders 13.

C. W.

NEW JERSEY., Oct. 23.—The tournament of the Maplewood Gun Club, held on the club's grounds to-day was a fairly successful affair, despite the pouring rain and shifting wind, which combined to make the shooting extremely difficult. Several Newark shooters took part. The programme comprised eight events at bluerocks. Owing to the slim attendance, the team match open to three men from each club was omitted.

SHOOTING IN THE RAIN.

CATSKILL, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Tolley's ninth kingbird tournament on Oct. 14 met with the usual rainy day, which seems to accompany his shoots. It is a common remark in town, "You can bet we will have rain because Fred Tolley has advertised a tournament." The ten events on the programme were shot to a finish, all on the Keystone system, four moneys in all events and divided, three ordinary 10-bird events, two double-bird events, two events with incomers (which are marked with a star, indicating the incoming birds), one team race, one medal shoot, all of which made an interesting card and was enjoyed by a dozen shooter from Albany, Troy, Saratoga and Saugerties. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds; entrance $1:

Mattice	9	"Buck"	8
Beach	9	Hollis	8
Goggin	9	Betts	8
Adams	9	Pidgeon	7
		Levengston	10
		Tolley	7
		Buesser	6
		Leon	6

No. 2, 10 kingbirds, 6 outgoers and 4 incomers:

Levengston	1	1	1*	1	1*1 1 1 1* 1 0*—9
Buck	1	1*	1	1*	1 1 0* 1 1* 1 —9
Mattice	1	1*	1	1	0* 1 1* 1 1 1*—9
Hollis	1	1	1*	1	0* 1 1 1* 1 1*—9
Goggin	0	1*	1	1*	1 0 1* 1 1* 1 —9
Pidgeon	1*	0	0*	0	1 1* 1 1* 1 1 —9
Beach	0*	1	0	1*	1 0* 1 1 1* 1 —7
Betts	0	0*	1	1*	1 1 0* 1 1* 1 —7
Leon	1*	1	1	0*	1 1* 0 0 1* 1 —7
Buesser	0*	1	1*	1	0 0* 1 1* 1 0 —6
Adams	1	1*	0	0	0* 1 1* 0 0 1* —5

No. 3, 6 pairs kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Beach	11	11	11	11	11 11—12
Buck	11	11	11	11	01 11—11
Mattice	01	10	10	11	11 11— 9
Adams	11	11	11	10	10 10— 9
Hollis	11	00	10	11	11 10— 8
Buesser	10	01	00	11	11 10— 8
Levengston	11	10	10	10	11 10—8
Goggin	11	11	01	00	10 11—7
Betts	00	10	11	11	00 00—7
Leon	11	10	11	00	00 01—7
Pidgeon	00	00	11	11	10 00—5

No. 4, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Levengston	15	Mattice	13	Goggin	10
Beach	14	Betts	13	Leon	10
Hollis	14	Buesser	13	Pidgeon	9
Buck	13	Adams	11		

No. 5, team match, open to teams of two men from any club, 25 birds per man, 50 per team, entrance per team $2.50:

Saratoga Gun Club.

Levengston	1111111111111111111111111—25
Buck	1110111110101111111111011—21–46

West End Gun Club, Albany.

Adams	1111111111111111111111111—25
Leon	1110011110111010101111111—19–44

Catskill Gun Club.

Mattice	1100111111111111111111111—23
Beach	1110111101101011111111101—20–43

Hudson River Association.

Buesser	1111110110111111111111111—23
Pidgeon	1111011111110101111101101—20–43

Trojan Gun Club.

Betts	1111111111101111101111010—22
Goggin	1011111111111101111000100l—18–40

No. 6, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Goggin	10	Buesser	9
Buck	9	Leon	9
Levengston	9	Mattice	8
Betts	9	Beach	8
		Hollis	8
		Adams	7
		Pidgeon	6

No. 7, 6 pairs kingbirds, entrance $1:

Levengston	10	Adams	10
Mattice	10	Pidgeon	10
Hollis	10	Buck	9
		Goggin	8
		Beach	7
		Leon	6

No. 8, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50. Birds thrown, 9 outgoers and 6 incomers:

Mattice	1	1*	1	1	0*	1	1*	1	1*	1	1*	1	1	1*	—14
Levengston	0*	1	1*	1	1	1*	1	1*	1	1	1*	0	1	1*	—13
Adams	1	1*	1	1	0*	1	1*	1	1	1*	1*	1	0	1*	—13
Hollis	1	1	1*	1	1*	1	1	1*	1	1*	0	1	1*	1	0*—13
Beach	0*	1	1	1*	1	0*	1	1	0*	1	1*	1	1*	1	—12
Betts	1	1*	1	1*	1	1	0*	1	1*	1	1	0*	1	1*	0 —12
Buck	1	0*	1	1*	1	1	1*	0	0*	1	1	0*	1	1*	0 —10
Buesser	0*	1	1*	1	1	0*	1	1*	0	0	1*	0	1*	1	1 —10
Pidgeon	1*	0	1	0*	1	0*	1	1	0*	1	1*	0	1	1*	1 —10
Goggin	1	0*	1	1*	0	0	0*	1	1*	1	0	1*	1	1*	0 — 9
Leon	1	1	0*	1	0*	1	1	0*	1	1*	0	0	0*	1	0*— 8

No. 9 was the grand contest of the day, for the league medal. Conditions, at 25 kingbirds per man, entrance $2.75. Nine entries were taken, but Adams and Pidgeon did not enter for the medal, but for company's sake:

Levengston	1111111111111111111011111—24
Mattice	1110111111111111111111011—23
Beach	1111110111111111111011111—23
Buck	1111101011111111111111111—22
Buesser	0111111011111111111111101—22
Betts	1010110011101111111111101—19
Goggin	0111001100101000011111111—15
Pidgeon	1111111111101111111111111—24
Adams	1111111101110111w.	—13

Levengston winner of league medal.

No. 10, at 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Levengston	10	Pidgeon	8
Mattice	10	Hollis	7
Buck	9	Goggin	6
Adams	9		
		Betts	6
		Beach	6
		Leon	5

WATSON'S PARK.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Oct. 24.—Score made here to-day by Lake County Gun Club at 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundry, Illinois State rules, for club m dal:

W J Edbrook	2211212111	N H Ford	1203211022 — 7
L W Whitney	1010201220 — 5	A Marquardt	1010211102 — 7
H Koehler	2210202211 — 8	C Buckleman	2211210221 — 9

Sweeps same day, 5 birds:

W J Edbrook	11112—5	N H Ford	01112—4
L W Whitney	21122—5	A Marqnardt	21111—5
H Koehler	21111—5	C Buckleman	01211—4

Second div. On shoot off Edbrook and Marquardt div. first.

Five birds:

W J Edbrook	11011—4	N H Ford	12122—5
L W Whitney	00001—1	A Marquardt	01121—4
H Koehler	02201—3	C Buckleman	10001—2

Second div.

Oct. 15.—Scores made here to-day by Chicago men, a practice shoot for Kansas City team. American rules, 80yds. boundary, 28yds. rise:

John Watson	1011012112111 0 —12	McFarland	0101022102102 0 — 9
W E Phillips	1020112121021 0 —12	M J Eich	0220111200122 0 —11
W P Messey	0221222212222111 —14	Geo Hoffman	0210222021111 2 —12
C E Felton	2122111011122 0 —13	A Price	1101222022011 0 —12
Geo Kleinman	1121122121111111 —15	J E Price	1102020222221 1 —12
R Wadsworth	2222122212121102 —14	Tony	1201022111102 2 —12
C D Gammon	1212210020212111 —12	H Loveday	0010011102211 0 — 8
V Hoffman	2122120202211 2 —13	Hy Ehlers	1022221121112 1 —13
J A Snyder	1211102001010 1 0 — 9	N N Lowe	1122202102220 1 —11
A Hoffman	0022202210002 2 — 8	Ed Steck	0101222113012 1 —12
B Rock	0200111220110 1 1 —10	J Hutchinson	1221111220111 1 —14

Oct. 16.—Score made here to-day by Fort Dearborn Gun Club, at 15 live pigeons, 20yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

Abe Kleinman	2011111111111 —14	C S Burton	1022112212210 1 1—12
Chas Gammon	1122011011011 1 —11	H J Ehlers	2211221211211 2 1—15
W P Mussey	2111011222211 —14	H Smith	0102201111210 1 0—10
J Hutchinson	2111212112222 1 0—14	Geo Kleinman	2111202120110 1 2—12
H M Loveday	1012221022201 1 —12		

Same day at 20 Peoria blackbirds, for medal:

A Klein'n	1111111010100111111 —16	CSBurton	1011110011100101 1001—12
G Klein'n	1111101111111110011 —17	H Smith	0111011100110111110 —14

Gammon, Mussey and Loveday withdrew.

Oct. 18.—Score made here to-day by Chicago Gun Club, 12 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules:

M J Eich	211110211111 —11	John Watson	111122121112 —12
E Steck	201111111110 —10	J O'Brien	221221211112 —12

Same day at 25 blackbirds:

E Steck	1111111111111111001111100—21		
M J Eich	1011111011100111101101111—19		
J O'Brien	1111111001110101111100111—19		

J. O'Brien is not a member of the club.

Oct. 25.—Scores made here to-day by the Gun Club, 10 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, Illinois State rules for club

Wadsworth	1121111111—10	Ed Steck	1112121222—10
R Willard	1022121121— 9	B Rock	1201111112— 9
L M Hamiline	2112112000— 7	J O'Brien	2021112222— 8
Dr N Rowe	1102201202— 7	J Watson	1121221111—10
L C Willard	1112112110— 9	C E Willard	1112221111—10
G L Deiter	1121211121—10		

Ties on 10 shot off at sets of 5 birds each, miss and out: Wadsworth 11, Deiter 4, Steck 20 straight and won, Watson 5, Willard 15. On 9: F. E. Willard, L. C. Willard and Rock tied again on 8, then on 4; third tie, F. E. Willard 4, L. C. Willard and Rock 5; in fourth tie Rock missed his first, Willard killed his 5 and won.

Twenty Peoria blackbirds for medal:

E Steck	1111111111111010111—18	G L Deiter	1111011010111101110—16
F Willard	1100101111000101111001—12	J O'Brien	1101111100110110100—13
L Willard	1111111100111111111—19	B Rock	0011111011111011111—16
C Willard	0001101001111111011—13	Hamiline	1101001111101111111—16

RAVELRIGG.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

A VERY interesting tournament was held at Blooming Grove Park on the 18th and 20th inst. The first event was for live birds for a silver cup, 25 birds each, won for the second time by Mr. Fred Engle, the conditions of the match for the cup are three winnings entitle holder to the possession. Following the live bird contest came the rifle match 200yds. off hand, open sights, for a cup, value $100 presented by C. C. Worthington. Last spring Mr. Fred Engle bore off the honors for this cup, but the contest this fall brought out a new member, Mr. Daniel A. Keep, of Philadelphia, who beat Mr. Engle by one point, wresting the glory won by him in this event last spring. The emblem is of very chaste design, and worthy of the generous donor. The rifle contest was not as interesting to the contestants as might be supposed, from the fact that most of them had participated in the live pigeon match, but there was such a high wind early in the day that it was deemed best to await a quiet hour in the evening for contesting with the rifle. The afternoon was very fine with almost no wind, which enabled the shooters to put the bullets just where they held—but most of them could not "hold." Following the rifle match there was a contest at fly-casting, Mr. James L. Breese gracefully taking first with 82½ft. to his credit, and Dr. S. M. Nash second with 71ft. As there was but one other event—trap for inaminate birds—left for the remaining day of the tournament, many of the members took advantage of the facilities for fishing and gunning, afforded by the association's magnificient territory, and were bountifully rewarded. The inaminate bird contest was won by Mr. R. Heber Breintnall with Mr. Engle a close second. This contest was also for a silver cup, three times to win for possession. Following the regular club matches were innumerable sweepstake contests resulting in much sport and some disappointments. While a match for live birds was going on Dr. S. M. Nash came in from a still-hunt with the tail of a nice buck, breaking the cold clammy atmosphere surrounding the trap shooters with a huzza that awakened the dormant souls of those who feared braving the elements for the purpose of pursuing the noble game through wet brush over hill through vale and perplexing laurel bushes. For it was a day styled "nasty" in every sense of the English term.

The next morning several went in pursuit of grouse, several after deer, and a few for the inspection of the club's trout hatchery, retaining ponds, etc. The grouse hunters were most successful, returning with something like a bushel basket full of grouse. The deer hunters were unsuccessful, the day being lowry and scent close to the ground. Many deer were seen but they invariably got the first shot, as is generally the case under such conditions, the same conditions accounting for the success of the grouse hunters. Nothing happened to mar the pleasure and the tournament was on the whole a most enjoyable affair, sixty-four being present.

WALLOT.

THE LYMAN CARTRIDGE.

J. P. DANNEFELSER'S shop at No. 9 Chambers street, New York, is the headquarters of the Lyman Cartridge Co. The Lyman cartridge is the production after long experimenting, of Mr. Lyman, of Englewood, and is in the line of ammunition improvement now so popular. The ordinary material is used, so far as shell, wads and shot go, but the powder is a brownish mass as of fine dust closely compressed. Up the center of this small mass runs an opening, permitting the flash from the fulminate cap to pass up into the powder interior. In speaking of the merits of the new shotgun explosive the company says:

"The Lyman's expert accelerating cartridge is constructed upon scientific principles, and the powder used is manufactured especially for it. To the sportsman it is practically smokeless. The combustion is progressive, and as rapid as can be utilized in any gun, and is cleaner than others. The gun does not heat up quickly. The recoil is hardly perceptible, and the noise is greatly reduced. Detonating is impossible, and with no unaccountables it gives equal results at all times with improved pattern and increased penetration. Using only thoroughly tested materials, and each charge being weighed, is unaffected by change of climate."

A test of the new powder against Black, Schultze and wood is promised on the FOREST AND STREAM gun testing ground, and a full report will be made in these columns.

SARATOGA GUN CLUB.—The fall and winter season of the Saratoga Gun Club has commenced and the regular meetings, held on Thursday of each week, with an occasional extra day, are well attended. The members generally are opposed to shooting for a money stake, but a number of very interesting individual and team races for the birds have been shot. The scores of several of the last meetings are appended. The targets used at present by the club are kingbirds, thrown from the new Keystone trap, Keystone system. Nearly all of the members use 12-bore guns, Mr. Gibbs being at, present, our only 10-bore man. It is always interesting to us to know what make of gun, and the load, other trap-shooters are using, and I append a list of those in use in our club: Levengston, 3drs. Hazard's trap, 1⅛oz. No. 8. Pike, 3drs. Hazard's trap, 1⅛oz. Hanson, 4drs. Hazard's Kentucky rifle, 1¼oz. shot. Meehan, 4drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot. Coster, 4drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. Crawford, 4drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot. Hodgman, 4drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot. Ramsdill, 3¼rs. dead shot, 1¼oz. Gage, 3drs. Kentucky rifle, 1¼oz. Gibbs, 4½drs. dead shot, 1¼oz. shot. McNair, 3drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot. Bockes, 3drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot. Atkins, 3drs. Hazard's trap, 1¼oz. shot.

Sept. 16:

Levengston	0111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111—48
Gibbs	1111111111101111011111111111111111111111111111111—42
Bockes	0111101111101110111011011111111111111111011011111—41
Ramsdill	0111101101011111010101111111111011101101111111111—37
Hodgman	1110110101101011010101011001110010110110101001111—31
Atkins	1010101010111000001110010110011010011111011111111—30

Sept. 25:

Levengston	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Bockes	1111111111111111011111111101101101101110100111—41
Ramsdill	0100101111111101101111100011011111111111111110111—38
Gibbs	1110100101101101010111111111110001111111010001—35
Kerr	0100001000000101000011111001110010101011111101—26
Edwards	0011101001011001010011011010101101001000100101110—24
Brown	0000101010100010001101100011001100101000010111110—24

Sept. 27:

Levengston	1111101111111101111101111111111111111101111111111—46
Coster	1111111111011111111110011110111011111011111011011—41
Bockes	0110111010111101111011111111101111111101011111111—41
Clement	0111010101011010101111001111011111011111111111101—41
Atkins	1001000101010111101110011101110111011010111101—34
Meehan	1101111010101010111111011010101101111111111111111—33
Ramsdill	0010101101010111001111111111101110010101011111101—33

Team match at 25 birds per man:

Levengston	1111111101111111111111111—24
Clements	1101101111111111111101110—21
Ramsdill	1111110111011001101111111—20
Brown	0101111010101000000000000— 8—73
Coster	0111111111011111111111111—23
Bockes	1111101101111111111111111—23
Meehan	1111011111111101101111111—21
Jones	0110010100000100000010001—7—72

Oct. 2:

Levengston	1111111111101111111111111111111111111011111111111—48
Bockes	1110111010111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Gibbs	1111010011111010111111111111111101111111111111111—43
Coster	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—42
Ramsdill	1111001010110111111111111001110111100111111111010—35
Jones	1001011110110111010000011010101001000010010001101—26
Brown	0010000010010000010100010000100010101001001010000l—17
Smith	0000001100000010000010011000000000001011000000000—10

BADGER.

EASTERN NEW YORK.—Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Oct. 17.—The Trap-Shooters' League of Eastern New York has proved a great success, and we now have a schedule arranged by the secretary, Mr. Horace B. Derby, of the Albany *Argus*, which gives us a tournament at some one of the league club's grounds on Tuesday of each week. The attendance at our tournaments has largely increased, the entries running as high as 30. H. M. Levengston, Jr., one of the Saratoga Big Four at the recent tournaments of the Albany and Troy gun clubs, made one of the longest straight runs in regular sweepstakes on record—123 straight and 172 out of 173.—BADGER.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 23.—The rain prevented the shooting of the live bird match between Frank Class and Frank Kleinz at John Erb's to-day, but the afternoon was pleasantly spent by the party present in sweepstake shooting. The postponed match at 100 live birds will take place on the fair grounds at White Plains, Westchester county, N. Y., on Wednesday next.

CREAM CITY GUN CLUB.

WE have received from the Cream City Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., its report for the season ending Oct. 1 last. The awards of medals were: Championship, L. J. Petit, with 92 out of 100 doubles and 43 out of 50 singles. A Class—First, H. F. Bosworth, 89 out of 100; second, Geo. W. Atwell, 85; third, A. W. Friese, 83. B Class—First, Geo. R Marsh, 71; second, H. E. Campbell, 67; third, George Gibbs, 62; fourth, F. L. Pierce, 61.

President Petit's address to the members is as follows:

"I desire most particularly to congratulate you upon the fact that not a single accident has occurred on our grounds since the organization of this club. It is equally true that there has not been the slightest dissention or controversy among the members; on the contrary, the spirit of good fellowship has prevailed in a marked degree under all circumstances, which is in itself sufficient evidence that our club is exclusively composed of 'gentlemen' in every sense the word implies.

"The proficiency in marksmanship attained by many during the season has been remarkable; every member, including those who failed to secure a prize, can justly feel proud of his record, when it is understood that all shooting has been done at either unknown angles or from screened traps set strictly according to the rules of the American Association.

"As regards target shooting in general I can conscientiously add that it is rapidly growing in public favor and promises to become a popular out-door sport, but cannot in my opinion ever take its proper rank as such, until the unsportsmanlike practice of shooting live birds from the trap is abolished. There might have been some apology for that kind of shooting in former years when wild pigeons were numerous, but there is none whatever since the invention of inanimate targets, which furnish a perfect substitute for the exercise of skill with a shotgun. Shooting tame pigeons, in range of which fly directly toward the shooter or refuse to fly at all, certainly cannot be considered very elevating in its influence and character, to say the least, in this enlightened age.

"With due respect for all who may not indorse my views, I earnestly recommend some action on the part of this club toward the enactment of laws for this and every other State in the Union, prohibiting live-bird trap-shooting. When this is accomplished target shooting will without doubt appeal to every class of professional and business men, and receive the patronage it deserves as one of the most innocent and healthful recreations known, and one eminently calculated to develope both the mental and physical powers.

"The secretary and treasurer's report shows the club to be in a prosperous and substantial condition, and I beg to express my most grateful appreciation for the co-operation of all in making the season just closed such a complete success."

SAUGERTIES, N. Y.—The first grand kingbird tournament and live pigeon shoot of the Saugerties Gun Club will be held Nov. 5, rain or shine; all money prizes; open to all; latest improved traps. Grounds at Driving Park. Keystone system, to commence at 10 o'clock, American Shooting Association rules to govern. For further particulars address Geo. F. Tolley, Saugerties, N. Y. New York and Jersey shooters can take Saugerties night boat, 6 P. M., foot Franklin street, New York. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Any shooter tied on a purse can draw his share. There will be a fish and game dinner given under the auspices of the Hudson River Fish and Game Protective Association, at the Phoenix Hotel, at 5 o'clock, thus enabling shooters to leave on the early evening trains north 7:29 and 8:25, and south on the 7:56 West Shore. Particular attention will be given to the requirements of amateur shooters at special traps for their exclusive use. All shooters who, in the opinion of the management, do not come under this head, and who have shot at open tournaments, will be excluded.

NEAR-BY TRAP EVENTS.—The Woodside Gun Club will hold an open-to-all fall tournament on Nov. 18 and 19. This will be the formal opening of the new grounds and clubhouse, and the members intend to make it a memorable occasion. The Eureka and Algonquin gun clubs will shoot a team match at Marion on Thursday, Oct. 30. The conditions will be 10 men per team, 10 live birds per man. The conditions will be 50yds. boundary, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing.

FORT HAMILTON, N. Y., Oct. 18.—Shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club at live birds, 25yds., 60yds. boundary, entrance $2, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Two matches, first match:

R R Street	1222212122—10	Dr F S Cook	0122112100—7
Jere Lott	1022111121— 9	M Van Brunt	0010111221—7
D Deacon	1111221100— 8	R J Van Brunt	0220021100—5
A A Hegeman	1110110221— 8	G F Bondies	1210000001—4
J Koster	2112001222— 8		

Second match:

R R Street	1221211211—10	M Van Brunt	2012111022— 8
Jere Lott	2120221211— 9	G Nostrand	2011201122— 8
D Deacon	1111212111—10	A Squires	1212120211— 9
J Koster	1000110010— 4	Duke Grebner	1200020121— 6

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., scores will be given next week.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—I.

NOW that the great meet of 1890 at Jessup's Neck, the long promised "salt water meet," has taken its place on the shelf of history beside the many pleasant inland camps of the past, there is a chance for a more thorough and deliberate review of its many features, pleasant and unpleasant, than was possible in the brief and hurried reports written amid the bustle and excitement of camp life. The value to the Association of each of its meets by no means ends with the striking of the tents and the breaking of the camp, there is always much to be learned from a careful study of the various details, that will aid in decreasing the annoyances and inconveniences of future meets, and in this respect the present one has proved most fruitful.

From the time that a meet on salt, and presumably tidal water, was first suggested, it has been apparent to those who have most interested themselves in the matter, that such a meet would be far more difficult and expensive than any of the inland camps, and such has proved to be the case. Not only has the expense of each individual member, and in particular of the officers and committees, far exceeded that of previous meets; but certain difficulties which attend every large camp have in the present case reached such serious proportions that it would be impossible in any truthful report of the meet to ignore them, or to pass them without comment. Knowing as we do how much good work was done by the officers, and realizing fully that on the whole the present meet was one of the most successful ever held, it would be pleasanter and easier to touch only on the bright side of the picture; but the success if not the permanency of future meets depends largely on the perfection of two great details, and to this end it is necessary to recognize the attempts of this year as failures, in each case, and to seek a speedy remedy.

That the first salt-water meet was a success will be admitted by all who were present in camp long enough to become familiar with its many pleasant features. That, at the same time, there were some very serious drawbacks is fully known to all who were present and many who were not. While the officers were entirely undeserving of the wholesale condemnation and misrepresentation which was heaped on them by one irresponsible critic, neither were the lay members such a collection of captious and discontented grumblers as they are represented by one eager apologist for the powers that were; there was a deal of grumbling over the mess and the transportation, and with good reason, but we believe that every one present recognized the fact that all had been done that was possible, and that the failures in certain directions were due to circumstances beyond the control of the officers. It was not necessary, at least to any intelligent and fair-minded A. C. A. man, to make any excuse for these gentlemen, even if it were, this matter has been so well attended to that little is left for us to say. Every one knows that they receive no salary, that so far from making money out of the meet, as was intimated in one account alluded to above, they find it necessary to spend considerable on their private accounts; while as to the work they do, it not only turns their nominal vacation into a fortnight of exceptional labor and responsibility, but involves a constant draft on their time throughout the whole term of office.

This is plain to any one who spends a week at a meet, but those who are more intimately acquainted with the history of the

present meet know much more of the labor and difficulties attending the selection and preparations of a camp site and the thousand and one details, they know that the work, begun early last fall, continued until the day the camp opened; and they also know that in the case of several of the principal officers it meant a private outlay that has run high up in the hundreds.

Unfortunately the very worst features of the meet were strongly impressed on the canoeist who reached camp after a long and weary struggle with the very inadequate means of transportation and sought refreshment at the mess tent. He appreciated from the first what had not been done, or had been done badly; while only the few who saw the camp ground in the spring and again in midsummer could appreciate the magnitude of the work of preparation. Not one in twenty gave any thought to the many plots entirely bare of grass which showed that but a short time before the whole of the hillsides in the center of the camp had been a mass of dense undergrowth, such as could still be found anywhere beyond its confines on the shore side; and no one went so far as to picture a morass between the two hills, and a jungle along the front of the main camp, as well as among the trees and on the hillside of the ladies' camp. The preliminary search for a camp site, which occupied all of last fall, every proposed locality being traversed on foot or visited in boats by some of the officers, was no easy task, and when a choice was finally made a serious difficulty was met in regard to procuring the ground, which greatly delayed the work of preparation. Even when this difficulty was disposed of, there remained swamps to be filled, undergrowth and trees to be removed, wells to be dug, a wharf to be built, with kitchen, ice house and store to be provided.

In some former years the A. C. A. has been lucky in meeting with men who, with no special interest in canoeing or the Association, have been most generous in offering aid in arranging for the meets; but this year it was most fortunate in meeting with one who, though a total stranger to canoeing, did as much for the Association as it could ask from its oldest and most enthusiastic member. The gentleman in question, Mr. Delevan C. Scoville, owner of Jessup's Neck and the adjoining mainland, not only gave freely the use of the ground, but bore a large proportion of the expense and labor of the preparation, so much so that without his aid it would not have been practicable to have held the meet at this spot. As it was, even with this aid, there was a vast amount of work which devolved on Com. Stanton and Mr. Burchard in particular, which was made more difficult by the distance of the camp from New York.

Camp Site.—In discussing the camp of last year at Stave Island in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12, 1890, we enumerated certain features which experience has shown to be essential to a perfect camp, and which have on several occasions been decidedly lacking. For once at least they were all present, and it is hard to see how the camp site at Jessup's Neck could have been materially improved. The view of and from the camp was a beautiful one in every direction; going inland toward the head of the peninsula and on the west shore, the neck here being probably a quarter of a mile wide, there was a sandy bluff about 60ft. high, from which point the land sloped away to a height of about 30ft. on the east shore, extending northward from these two points for about three-quarters of a mile, and in this distance falling until from a level tableland at a middle distance it tapered to a pebbly point at the end that was lost beneath the blue waters of Little Peconic Bay. From this extreme point, as well as from the water, the view was most pleasing, the many white tents and brightly colored flags standing out against a green background, while from the bluff at the other end there was visible, in addition to the whole camp spread out beneath the feet, a wide expanse of wooded shores and blue water; Shelter Island, Great and Little Hog Necks, Noyack; Little Peconic and Noyack Bays and Shelter Island Sound. Wild as it all was, there were in the distance villas, church spires and windmills that betrayed the presence of civilization.

The camp ground itself was admirably fitted for its purpose. It was at such an elevation as to be dry at all times, and also to command a full view of the sailing and paddling courses, while not too high to be easily reached by means of several stairways from the beach. At its highest point it was probably 25ft. in front of part of the main camp, falling to not more than 5ft. in front of part of the north end, where the Brooklyn camp was located, beyond which was a low pebbly beach with a little oasis in the shape of a grove in which the Vesper camp was pitched. The south end of the main camp was divided from Squaw Point by a little valley which served to give access from the wharf to both camps by means of inclines up which a wagon could be driven. The ladies' camp was somewhat higher than the main camp, and in a way was a disappointment, but an agreeable one. Almost the only trees in the camp were cedars of not over vigorous growth, and the main camp had practically no shade. The ladies' camp, however, was in a grove of these cedars, which not only answered every purpose of shade, but were free from mosquitoes, so that the tents could be pitched directly among and under them.

The actual center of the camp, the store and mess tent, was in this case where it should be, near the wharf, between the two camps, and readily accessible from both. The headquarters was but a short distance away, in a prominent position in the center of the bluff. The best point from which to witness the races was the bluff in front of the ladies' camp, from which the whole length of both courses was visible, but at the same time the sailing course and much of the paddling could be seen from the extreme end of the main camp, and men could watch the races from within their tents. How different this was from Lake George, or even Bow Arrow or Stave Island, will be understood by all who were at either place. It was not necessary at Jessup's Neck to drop all other occupations and make a regular business of leaving camp and going to a distance or on the water to see the races; one could read, rig sails or cook beside his tent and yet see in a moment whether a race was in progress, and if so, the position of every boat.

The central position and accessibility of the wharf was another admirable feature, not only was the distance less than usual to center camp, but new arrivals were seen and welcomed as they came in, in fact the wharf was as it should be, the center of the bustle and life of the camp at certain hours each day. A man coming to Jessup's Neck had the whole camp directly in view before he reached it; the tents were not hidden in the trees, lon[illegible] to be overlooked entirely, but the banners on the bluffs peri[illegible] that here were the Mohicans, here the Red Dragons, here the Gold[illegible]s and here the Springfields; an invitation to the new comer Janth[illegible] old friends at once.

to hunt[illegible] was a loose coat that was evidently not made specially The so[illegible]gs, for it dried out almost instantly after a rain, to hold t[illegible]e was little or no mud. At the same time there was a so that th[illegible]g contrast to some former camps in the total absence most pleas[illegible]nes and pebbles save on the bench. A man could of rocks, st[illegible]e length of the main street at night without laming walk the wh[illegible] week, and could even run about camp all day with himself for a [illegible]p with a sore toe or a sprained ankle. Very good out being laid[illegible]g was provided by two wells, one in each camp, water for drink[illegible]ained difficulty amounted to little. While the so that this thre[illegible]nenough, it was by no means sultry or oppressweather was war[illegible]ring, the two weeks, so the lack of shade caused sive at any time d[illegible] was more than offset by the rapidity with no discomfort, and [illegible]dried out after a shower. Had the weather which the whole can[illegible]ear grove of Squaw Point would probably proved very hot the c[illegible]rm, while the main camp, exposed to the have been close and w[illegible] have been still hotter, but even this full heat of the sun, wo[illegible]camp, shady camp that is never dry and would be preferable to a[illegible]weather. Had the present camp been warm save in the hottest [illegible]re only two points that could have made for the purpose ther[illegible]ove of deciduous trees in place of been much improved; a [illegible]a similar grove just in the rear of cedars in the ladies' camp, a[illegible] of the plateau, where a refuge the main camp, in the sam[illegible] of the day, and which would also might be found in the middle[illegible] as it swept over the narrow serve to break the force of the neck.

It was no less suited for canoe-

It the site was good for camping proper, the rise and fall of the tide was so slight as to cause no trouble; the beach, though not [illegible]al to sand, being covered with pebbles of various sizes, was by no means bad, and out little more trouble was found in building [illegible]grids and landings than on dead water. Posts or stakes were driven in the usual manner, the tops safely above high water; on these a few joists were laid, with a flooring of boards, making a [illegible]el platform large enough to hold half a dozen canoes, and on to which they could be hauled up at any stage of the tide. In many cases even a simpler construction was relied, the common skids were staked down on the beach, the canoes being drawn up on [illegible]meup until above high water. The waters about the camp afforded every facility for sailing and paddling, there being as a rule smooth water. The only thing that was lacking was good breezes and fairly tunity afforded so abundantly in the Thousand Islands for short and picturesque paddling trips: the long [illegible]ent of beach about Jessup's Neck offered out little in this direction. So far as the camp site itself is concerned it fully bore out for it, not only in natural advantages, but in the admirable way in which all arrangements had been made by the officers and committee.

Transportation.—The A. C. A. meet is to many the only outing of the year, to be looked back to longingly for half a year after it is over, and forward to eagerly for nearly as long in advance. It is short enough at best, not over two weeks and for the majority only ten days or a week. It is natural, then, that the canoeist should be most anxious to reach camp quickly and to stay until the last possible moment; and that he looks on every hour wasted in some dull little town, or every dollar spent spent in hotel bills when he should be living in camp, as a double robbery. As to the present camp, though nominally within less than four hours of New York, it might as well have been five hundred miles away so far as speedy and certain transportation was concerned. The steamer that promised so well at first was all right so far as it went, if a man could manage to reach New York on a sailing day, three times a week, he could get off the camp early next morning, and if the wind was not too strong from the east, or something else did not interfere, he would be landed on the camp wharf. On the other hand, if he could not make connections in New York it meant a delay of 24 hours at least, or perhaps from Saturday night till Tuesday afternoon; and even though he caught the boat there was no certainty that he would not be carried past the camp and landed, with all his traps, at Sag Harbor. The case was no better returning, as there was no certainty whether or no the boat would call at camp, and on a number of days she did not. This irregularity also upset all plans for fresh supplies of meat, ice, etc., from New York, and made the task of catering still more difficult. Once on the boat, the sail was a very pleasant one, and no one grudged the time, while the fare was reasonable enough; but the usual privilege of carrying camp duffle and canoe free was not granted, all goods besides trunks being charged for.

The transit by rail was practically as uncertain and unsatisfactory as by boat, the man who alighted from the train of the Long Island R. R. at Sag Harbor, after a prolonged battle with expressmen of all kinds for the possession of a portion of his baggage, was doomed in all probability to fresh disappointment. So far from the camp being near and his troubles at an end, he was very far distant and the other changed in form, but gaining nothing save variety thereby. In some cases it is true that a launch was waiting, and it remained only to run the final gauntlet of the local expressmen and to ride for half an hour in the launch before reaching camp. In many cases, however, there was no means of reaching camp, save by walking or driving, the latter at summer resort prices, over a very dreary and tortuous road of seven or eight miles, while the transportation of baggage was not to be thought of. Many were consequently compelled to spend a night or longer at a small country hotel, though almost within sight of the camp as the crow flies.

The Canadian canoeists had a specially trying experience, the freight car containing their canoes and camp gear was transported free as far as Jersey City, there being nearly twenty in the party, but there it was met with a heavy charge of lighterage to the Long Island R. R. and when safely on the tracks of the latter it was still delayed for several days in reaching Sag Harbor. As there were ladies in the party and the tents were all in the car this meant a stay of several days at a hotel in Sag Harbor, and even after the car arrived the party was obliged to charter a sailing vessel to transport the canoes and stuff to camp. Others had a similar experience on a smaller scale, finally reaching camp in a very unpleasant frame of mind. There may be some doubt as to the final fate of Captain Kidd and his treasure, but the canoeists at camp have a theory as to the fate of his crew that it would take some argument to remove: this is that they all settled on Long Island and went into the express business, general and local, leaving it in time to their numerous descendants.

That portion of the original plan of transportation which was most successfully carried out was the collecting of canoes and duffle at various points by one steamer and returning them in the same way. In this work the committee was greatly aided by Mr. George P. Douglas, of the Ianthe C. C., and by the captain of the steamer Eagle. Canoes were taken from the various club houses about New York and Newark and safely landed at camp, being returned after the meet, the expense being $5 per boat. In this part of their work, at least, the committee, after making their plans in good season, received but little help or cooperation from individual canoeists, the men being generally backward in announcing their intentions or replying to the committee's circulars, and leaving everything to the last.

Bad as the transportation arrangements undoubtedly were the blame does not rest with the committee, but the whole trouble seems to be that the camp, beautiful and convenient as it was in all other ways, was practically inaccessible; the available facilities, by rail and boat, being entirely inadequate. It may be said that in such a case a more accessible spot should have been chosen; but, of the scores of places suggested to the committee, there was not one that, however convenient to New York and the East, was not totally unsuited for a camp ground; while the natural advantages of the spot finally chosen were such as to justify the committee in selecting it and doing the best they could in the matter of transportation. Besides the arrangements with steamers from New York and New London, an agreement was made with the captain of a very good little steamer to run regular trips between Greenport, Sag Harbor and the camp, charging but 25 cents fare; and it was fully expected that the New York and possibly other boats would call at camp on every trip. The receipts on the launch were so small during the first four days that the captain gave up the job, leaving no means of transport between Greenport or Sag Harbor and the camp; while, as already told, the big boat found the camp wharf too hght to permit her to land in a sea or with a strong onshore wind. Another launch was finally chartered to run to Greenport and Sag Harbor, the financial responsibility being assumed by a number of leading men and officers who chartered the boat and ran her themselves at reasonable rates. The affairs of this company have not been finally adjusted, but it is probable that when all bills are paid the subscribers will come out about even.

The work of transportation committees has been simplified by the passage of the interstate commerce law, as there is now little to do with the railroads, owing to uniform rates. These rates are higher, and fewer concessions in the way of free carriage of canoes are made than prior to the passage of the law; but summer excursion rates are not, as a rule, very high, the round trip to Clayton, Lake George or Lake Champlain not running much over $10. It is not difficult in most cases to arrange for the rail transportation from New York, Boston, Albany, Buffalo and Toronto to the railway town nearest to the camp, and there has always been an express train every morning which left the big cities on the previous evening, the return train leaving the smaller place at night and reaching the cities next morning. These night trains are the ones mainly patronized by canoeists, as they allow an extra day at the office before leaving for camp, and a similar one in camp before returning to business by a fixed date. The chief work then of the transportation committee should be the arrangement of some speedy means of transit between camp and the nearest town, and with special reference to these trains. This has been done very successfully in past years at Grindstone, where a small steamer met the morning train and landed canoeists in camp by 9 or 10 A. M. Last year at Stave Island, thanks in part to unreasonable custom restrictions, there was a delay of a day in Plattsburgh and Burlington. Lake George was very good in this respect; the large steamers that traverse the lake and make special connections with all trains called at the camp on every trip.

A. C. A. COMMITTEES AND ANNUAL MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with the requirements of the constitution of the American Canoe Association, it is my pleasure to inform you that the following committees have been appointed to act for the good of our Association during the coming year:

Regatta Committee.—J. Arthur Gage, M.D., 48 Central street, Lowell, Mass.; Lincoln B. Palmer, 77 Lincoln avenue, Newark, N. J.; Will G. MacKendrick, Toronto, Ont.

Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements.—Paul Butler, Chairman, Lowell, Mass.; Thomas G. Budington, Port Kent, N. Y.

Transportation Committee.—Chas. V. Winne, care D. and H. Canal Co., Albany, N. Y. (Central Div.); Wm. A. Hall, 19 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. (Eastern Div.); Jas. K. Hand, Grand Central Station, New York city (Atlantic Div.); A. H. Mason, Toronto, Ont. (Northern Div.).

Signal Officer.—Henry D. Marsh, Springfield, Mass.

The annual meeting of the executive committee will be held at the Hotel Thorndike, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Nov. 15, at 10 A. M.

The executive committee and members of the general committees will be entertained by members of the Eastern Division at 7:30 P. M. of that day at the Thorndike. Fraternally yours,

BOSTON, Oct. 22. WALTER U. LAWSON, Commodore.

RED DRAGON C. C., FALL REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the R. D. C. C. was held Oct. 11, two events being contested. First, sailing over the regular club course, distance 3 miles. Start, 3:30.

Times:	
Osceola, H. E. McCormick	4 07 30
Kiel-loe, F. W. Noyes	4 07 37
Cuckoo, R. G. Fleischman	4 08 38
May-Fly, B. F. Fortmer	withdrew.
Enid, A. S. Fernimore	withdrew.

Second—Tandem Paddling: Enid, Kreamer and Fernimore, first; Valesca, Noyes and L. B. Palmer, Ianthe C. C., second; Uto, Haag and Fortmer, third. This was a very close race, the winners crossing the line not over two feet ahead of the second boat. Lunch was served and the evening spent very pleasantly at the club house, quite a number of ladies being present. This was the last canoe racing on the river for this year.

GIPSY TENTS AND HOW TO USE THEM.—This is the season of good resolutions on the part of canoeists and campers, when men who started on their vacations in a hurry, with torn tents and imperfect outfits, are just home again with the firm intention of putting their whole camping outfit in shape at once in readiness for next season. Now is the time for doing such work, but before beginning it will be worth while to look over a little book entitled "Gipsy Tents and How to Use Them," which has just been issued by Horace Cox, of London. Though a great part of the book is devoted to tents, particularly the curious gipsy tent, the author, Mr. G. R. Lowndes, has collected a great deal of useful information on all sorts of camp life, in boats, wagons, and with horses or on foot, including hints on cooking, bedding, clothing, camp-fires, etc. The book makes a useful companion for canoeists, hunters and other outers.

AMENDMENTS TO THE A. C. A. CONSTITUTION.—In order to be acted on by the executive committee, all amendments to the constitution must be published two weeks prior to a meeting, in an official organ. We hereby give notice of an amendment to Art. IX., Sec. 2, to change the words "within four weeks after the A. C. A. camp" to "on or before Aug. 1." The object of the change is to secure earlier returns from the Division pursers to the secretary-treasurer, as the money due from the Divisions is needed at the meet to defray expenses as they arise; while by the present plan no cash is received from the Divisions for at least a month after the meet.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Wm. O. Russell, Lawrence, Mass.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

THE CAPE CATBOAT SPENDTHRIFT.

THE boat shown in the accompanying drawings, for which we are indebted to the designer and owner, Mr. V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., is one of the so-called Cape Cod catboats, though carrying the same rig as the well-known Harbinger and Almira, properly a "jib and mainsail." The jib is not an after thought, as would appear at first sight, but all of these boats are designed to carry this peculiar rig. Spendthrift was built last summer by Herbert F. Crosby, one of the Crosby Bros., of Osterville, Cape Cod, so well known in connection with the Cape cats. She has proved quite fast and in particular a very satisfactory cruiser, having room to sleep four comfortably in the cabin. The cockpit is watertight, the boat steers with a wheel, and she is fitted with Babbitt's patent sail hoist and blocks. Her centerboard is 7ft. 6in. long and 4ft. 6in. wide. Her designed waterline is shown in the drawings, but in sailing trim she draws about 2½in. more water aft. Her principal dimensions are as follows:

DIMENSIONS OF CAPE COD CATBOAT SPENDTHRIFT.

	Ft.	In.
Length over all	25	5
l.w.l.	21	10
Overhang aft	1	10½
Beam, extreme	10	6
l.w.l.	9	6
Sheer, bow	1	5
stern		5
Least freeboard	1	7½
Draft, extreme	2	6
Cabin, length	11	
	4	4
Fore end of l.w.l to—		
Mast, center	1	4½
Cabin house, fore end	3	7
after end	14	1
headroom	8	6
Centerboard pin	21	10
Cockpit, after end	11	4
C. E.	12	4
C. L. R.	51	
Mast, deck to truck		8⅛
diameter at deck	32	
Boom	18	
Gaff	12	6
Bowsprit beyond l.w.l.	26	
Spinaker boom	631.75 sq. ft.	
Mainsail	133.85 sq. ft.	
Jib		
Total	765.60 sq. ft.	

THE WRECK OF THE CATARINA.

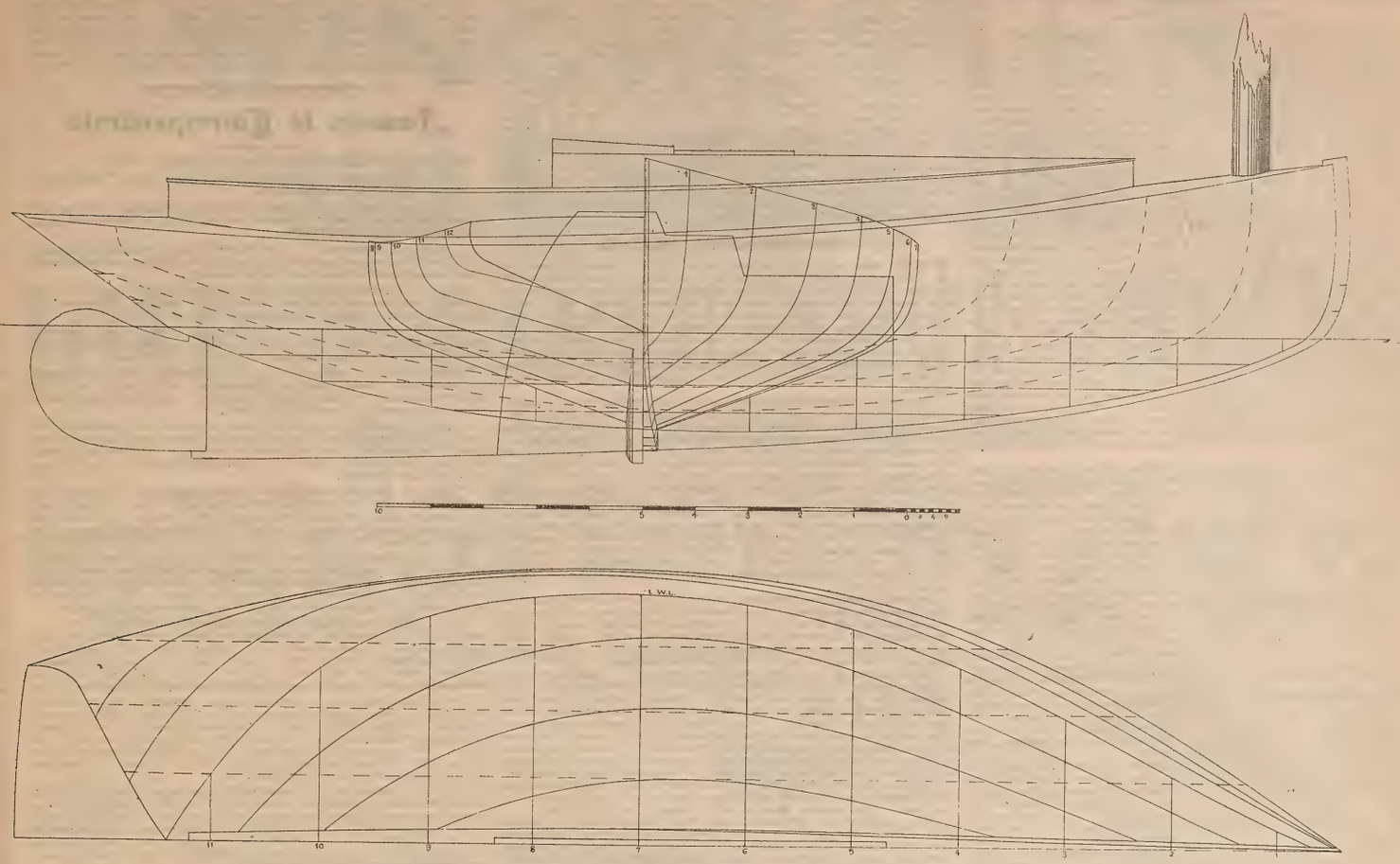
THURSDAY and Friday of last week were marked by the big gale of the season on the Atlantic coast, heavy seas and unusually high tides being found ever where. On Thursday at 1 P.M. the iron steam yacht Catarina, owned by Mr. E. D. Morgan, left Newport for New York, with her owner on board and the 40ft. racing yacht Moccasin in tow, to be laid up at City Island. The gale was well under way from N.E. and a heavy sea was met off Point Judith, increasing as the yacht went on through the Sound. Moccasin, with three men on board, was towed by a single heavy hawser. The weather was very bad during the night, the storm obscuring all landmarks. Eaton's Neck Light was sighted at midnight, but after that nothing was seen up to about 3:30 A. M., when the yacht struck on a rock off Matinnicock Point, just east of Hempstead Bay, on the Long Island shore. The bottom was pierced by a rock under the engine-room, the vessel sinking until bedded on the reef of rocks which here runs out from the shore. Besides the owner there were on board Capt. Harry Craven, Mate Alexander Corcoran, Engineer Robt. Taylor, Asst. Engineer Chas. Wood, and a crew of 28 seamen, firemen and stewards. A very heavy sea was running, but all reached the beach in the yacht's boats, finding shelter in a farmhouse.

When the Catarina struck, Mate Corcoran hailed the Moccasin to sheer clear, cutting the hawser at the same time. She cleared the wreck, driving rapidly up the Sound before the gale. Her mainsail was strongly lashed amidships for towing, but a reefed foresteaysail was set, and she was kept on her course, finally bringing up off Piepgrass's yard at City Island. The gale was raging heavily here, damaging more or less a number of yachts at anchor but Mr. Piepgrass sent out a heavy anchor and cable by a tug boat, and Moccasin was safely moored, her crew being badly tired out but uninjured.

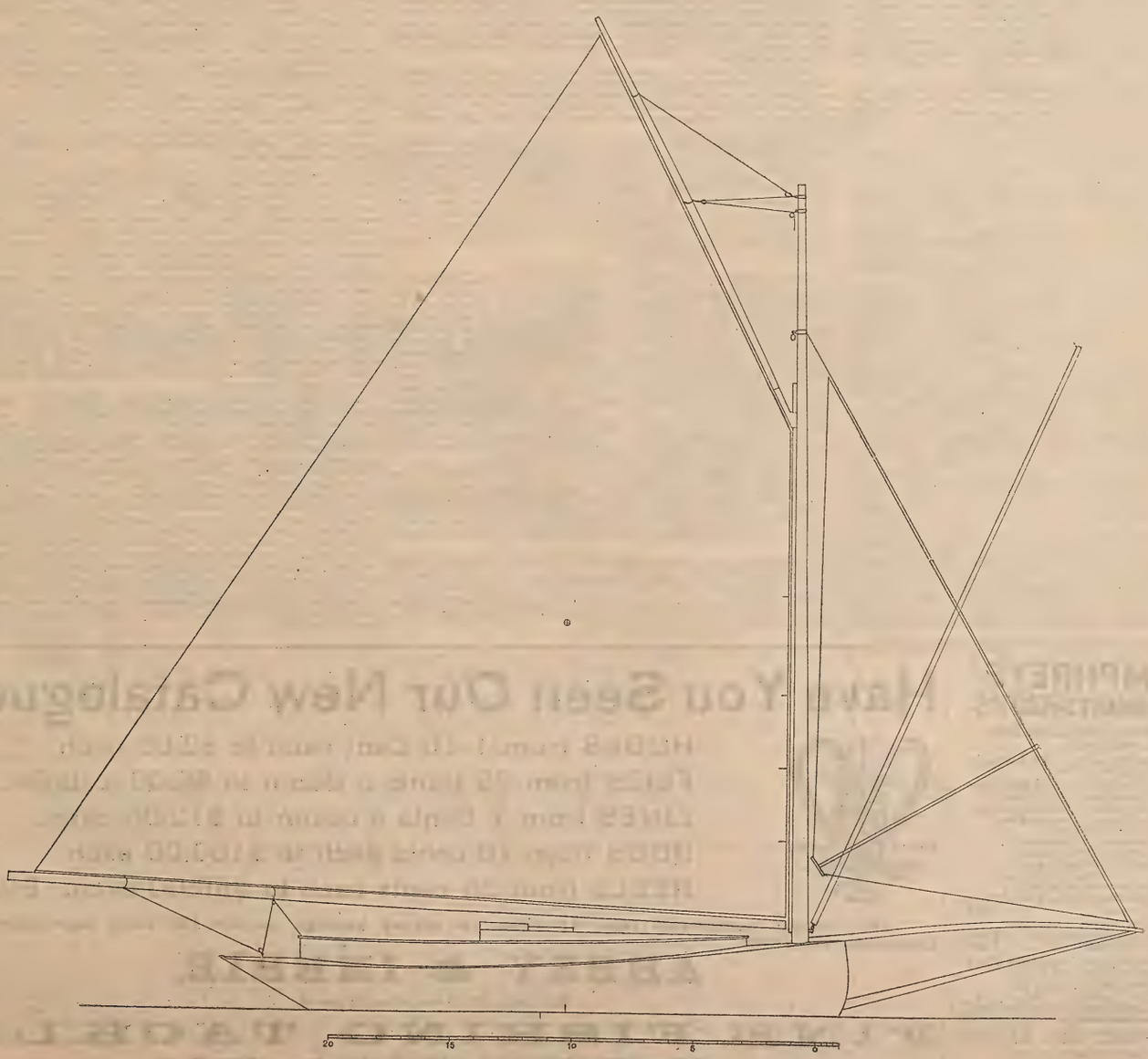
The Catarina struck on a rocky reef, lying with her bulwarks out at high water, everything below being ruined by the water. She was nearly upright, but with a bad hole amidships. She is an iron vessel, built by R. Steele & Co., Greenock, Scotland, in 1880, and was purchased this spring by Mr. Morgan from the Duke of Sunderland, her name Sans Peur being changed to Catarina, the name under which she was launched and first known. The Chairman Wrecking Co. will try to raise her.

A DELICIOUS REPAST.—Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your article in a late number regarding the adventures of a naputha launch "reminds me." Last spring several of our citizens purchased naphtha launches, and of course got their names in the newspapers in consequence, and were talked about more or less, all of which caused our Mr. Malupre to remark "that as soon as his family returned from Mackinac and the weather got cooler, he intended to give a naphtha lunch. He said he "thought the others made a mistake in having their when the weather was so torpid."—A. W.

AGNES.—This schooner, owned by Mr. J. N. Winslow, is out of Wintringham's ways for a new and more fashionable overhang.



LINES OF CAPE CATBOAT "SPENDTHRIFT."—Designed by V. D. Bacon.



SAIL PLAN OF CAPE CATBOAT "SPENDTHRIFT."

OTHER INTERNATIONAL TROPHIES.

[From the London Field.]

IT is announced in Boston that Mr. Malcolm Forbes, who built the Puritan, is about to build a 90ft. cutter, or sloop, as the American papers style the cutter rig as adapted from the British rig. This 90-footer will be, it is said, designed by Mr. Burgess, and the *raison d'être* of her existence is that Mr. Forbes does not like to have to look ahead to view his antagonist, as he has when on board Puritan in competition with Volunteer. However, the same authority who thus fits Mr. Forbes with a 90-footer, announces that General Paine will build a similar yacht in order to remain in possession of the vanguard, and to make sure of doing this he will design the boat himself. From another quarter we hear that Mr. Malcolm Forbes is not building his cutter with the object of defeating the Volunteer at all, but with the idea of crossing the Atlantic in her and challenging for the Brenton Reef and Cape May Cups. The Cape May Cup, it will be remembered, is now held by Mr. T. B. C. West's Wendur This cup is the property of the New York Y. C., and it is surprising to find that a Boston and not a New York yachtsman is about to challenge for it. But probably in the calm air of Boston the *amor patriæ* feeling is stronger than it is at New York; and it will be remembered that if it had not been for the public spirit of Mr. Malcolm Forbes in building the Puritan, the Genesta would have won the America Cup in 1885; and where should we have been then? We think (barring the new deed of gift) we should not have been so well off as we are, as the defeat of Genesta and the building of Puritan hastened a great many things besides the new deed of gift. The Cape May Cup is subject to be challenged for at fifteen days' notice, except a recent winner of it, who is not liable to be challenged for thirty days, not including the fifteen. The course is "from the Needles, round a stakeboat off the harbor of Cherbourg, and return." We believe the two matches hitherto sailed for it have been from Cowes and Ryde and round the Cherbourg Breakwater; but no doubt an American yachtsman would insist on the stipulated course across the Channel tide only.

One feature in connection with the Cape May cup is rather peculiar. Although it is the property of the New York Y. C., yet the concluding paragraph of clause 2 states: "The cup will become the *bona fide* property of any yacht holding it successfully through three consecutive seasons." Wendur, we take it (if 1889, the year she won it, counts a season), has now held it for two seasons, and if she is not deprived of it next season, it will be the property of Mr. West. This leaves rise to a great many reflections. [In the New York Y. C. book of 1885, this clause is worded "holding it successfully through three consecutive *contests*."—ED. F. AND S.] The Brenton Reef cup is held under similar conditions, except that it can never become the property of the owner of the yacht winning it. The races are to be sailed without time allowance, and the Brenton Reef cup is otherwise to be sailed according to the rules of the New York Y. C. In either case the challenger must deposit £125 with the club holding the cup, and if his yacht is unsuccessful the club has to purchase a cup of the value of £125 and present to the winner. A yacht holding the cup is subject to challenge in American waters between the third Thursday in June and the third Thursday in October; but it is not quite clear if this is intended to apply to a foreign country. For instance, the British season would have to be put at least a month earlier. The racing season opened, for instance, on May 22 on the Thames in 1889.

It will be observed that challenging for these cups is a very simple matter compared with challenging for the America Cup. Hitherto it has been found impossible to get a race for the America Cup without first writing a number of letters, which, when printed, make a pretty thick octavo volume. Now, cannot all this be changed? If, instead of the demand for information about the challenging yacht, so as to enable the challenged party to have a two-to-one chance of winning, such definite clauses were added to the original deed of gift, stating what can and what cannot be done, matters would be much simplified. In reference to this matter, we have heard it stated on good authority that if the Royal Yacht Squadron approached the New York Y. C., with a view of expunging the clause demanding so many dimensions and particulars of the challenging yacht, that most likely an agreement would be arrived at. We understand, however, that the New York Y. C. would not give way about the right to meet the challenger with a 90ft. cutter or 115ft. schooner, as the case may be, as the cup is intended to represent the yachting supremacy of the nation winning it, and this, it is considered, can only be done by building to the limit allowed in the deed, although a 65ft. yacht may challenge for it.

In reference to this matter we may ask, seeing that men like General Paine and Mr. Edward Burgess have recently expressed an opinion that the dimension clause might safely be modified, why the New York Y. C. does not set about doing it? It is useless waiting for the Royal Yacht Squadron to take the initiative in the matter. All they will do is to decline to back a challenge of any of its members under the new deed, or with the condition of ultimately accepting the new deed. And what the premier club of the United Kingdom does in a matter like this must be binding on all other British yacht clubs; and of this there cannot be any doubt, as the action of the Royal Yacht Squadron has been indorsed by the Yacht Racing Association. It is useless to quibble about forms of procedure, and pretend that the objections to the new deed have not been formulated and presented to the New York Y. C. The objections to the new deed are perfectly well known to the New York Y. C.; and if another match is to be sailed for the cup, it is for the club to remove the objections.

It has been contended that the particulars which can be demanded under the new deed can be of very little use to designers. But we think that, after the successful imitation in Boston that has, in the case of Gossoon, been made of Minerva, which could not be beaten until she was imitatated, nothing more need be said on this head, except that successful American designers give little or no information about the vessels they design; and even the Custom House measurements and tonnage of yachts like Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, Mariquita, Gossoon, etc., cannot be found in the American Yacht List nor in the club books.

We were saying just now that winning the America Cup is intended to represent the yachting supremacy of the world; but English yachtsmen are getting so sick of the name of the trophy, and the interminable and irritating discussion it has caused, that at last they have set up an "International Challenge Cup" of their own. The lead has been taken by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and this seems very fitting, as it will be remembered that it was at a dinner given by this club in 1869, at the club house, Ryde, that Mr. James Ashbury conceived the idea, and announced his intention of challenging for the America Cup. Up to that time the New York Y. C. had not had a single challenge for the Cup, although they had held it for thirteen or fourteen years, and undoubtedly the credit belongs to Mr. Ashbury for rescuing the Cup from oblivion and imparting an international importance to it. What the Royal Victoria Yacht Club has now done is to establish a trophy of the value of £500 as a challenge cup open to all nations, with a money prize added. The conditions are not yet quite settled, but we understand they are very simple, and will involve no more correspondence that a challenging letter and the response. The first match for the possession of this cup will be sailed next August, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club will give ample notice of the event. It is to be hoped that Mr. Malcolm Forbes will see his way to take part in the match for this valuable trophy; and should he be fortunate enough to carry it to Boston, it is certain some English yachtsmen will speedily go after it, and so there will be at once a revival of international yacht racing. With these facts before them, it is not to be wondered at that British yachtsmen have become quite indifferent to the fate of the America Cup; but for all that we trust the New York Yacht Club will modify the "new deed of gift" in the direction so many times indicated. If they do not, and if the "Royal Victoria International Challenge Cup" goes to Boston, it is certain that Marblehead will in future quite eclipse New York Bay as the scene of international yachting. And, after all, it only seems right that this should be so, as it was Boston, through Mr. Malcolm Forbes, Gen. Paine, and Mr. Edward Burgess, which reconstructed American yachting, and placed it once more in some respects ahead of British yachting.

INTERNATIONAL RACING.

THERE may be very little to fear in the new international cup which the Royal Victoria Y. C. is about to establish; no 90-footers are likely to be built this winter, and no American yachts may care to challenge for the new cup next season; but it is becoming more and more apparent that the whole course of international yachting cannot be permanently blocked by the New York Y. C.; but that sooner or later one of two things must happen. Either the new deed of gift must be declared invalid and the original one restored, or some new trophy, the Paine cup, the Royal Victoria cup, or another, will take the place of the deposed America's Cup.

How soon a change will take place it is impossible to say, though matters have advanced very much during the present year, but there is no immediate haste so far as any of the parties save the New York Y. C. are concerned. British yachtsmen and prospective challenger can well afford to wait a year or two, as they are now placed, having declined to challenge under terms which have been widely condemned as unfair, while expressing their willingness to enter at once into any fair agreement. American yachtsmen may regret a state of affairs that deprives them of the coveted spectacle and is obviously working to the injury of the national yachting, but they can at least solace themselves with the thought that it is no fault of theirs, while seeking excitement in their home racing. The only party that is seriously injured by the delay is the New York Y. C., and those familiar with the sentiment within the club are well aware that this injury is by no means imaginary.

Not only has the club suffered a serious loss of prestige and of the popular favor through the cessation of the great matches, but it is by no means a unit on the question of the new deed of gift; this delightful document having been severely though quietly condemned by members whose standing gives weight to their opinions, and whose number is constantly increasing.

The meeting of last week was by no means as unanimous and harmonious as the brief reports in the daily papers make out, and though the big gavel and the very prompt ruling of the Commodore prevented any too general discussion and kept the members within due bounds, it was evident that there was at least a foundation for the reports that have been drifting about for some months that certain changes would be made. One very important motion was introduced and though it was very promptly disposed of, it shows the feeling among some of the more liberal and fair minded members; who, though still unwilling to admit that the club has done wrong, are anxious to remove any suspicion of unfairness. The motion was in effect that the New York Y. C. would consider any proposal for a race submitted by a foreign club. While this would not bind the club in any way, and leaves the question of the new deed entirely open, it is most important, being the first recognition made by any members of the club of the vital principle of the only legal deed of gift, the mutual agreement between both parties. Though the motion was lost, the public presentation before the club of this principle which is bound to dominate all future international racing, marks a most important point, perhaps the turning point of the whole dispute.

How different this is from all past policy is seen in the challenges of 1884, '85 and '86, when in every case the club has taken advantage of a convenient technicality to avoid making a fair agreement in the fall; compelling the challenge to await until March before sending a challenge, and then raising the regular cry of "too little notice."

On one vital point of the new deed opinion is now fairly unanimous and the obnoxious "dimension clause" must sooner or later be expunged. Even the *Boston Herald*, which once called on every commodore east of Cape Cod to bear testimony to the fairness and generosity of the whole new deed, has given up the fight over the demand for the dimensions.

The whole truth about dimensions and a ten months notice is that if the New York Y. C. would come down off its high pedestal as the great yachting body of both hemispheres, and recognize the possible challenger as having the same rights as the holder, it could have half-a-dozen challenges from yachts of 90ft., and with a year's notice. If both sides desire only a fair race, then there can be no objection to an early and amicable agreement, but this can never be reached while one party possesses such a powerful instrument for the control and coercion of the other, as the illegal "Lawyer's Deed of Gift."

NEW YORK Y. C.—At the meeting on Oct. 23 the following resolution, presented by Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody, was adopted: Whereas by virtue of its right under the deed of gift to accept a challenge for the America's Cup upon any satisfactory condition this club offered by vote of May 17, 1888, to accept a challenge upon the conditions of the Thistle-Volunteer matches: *Resolved*, That said vote is hereby rescinded. The following committee was appointed to nominate officers for the coming year: Messrs. J. D. Smith, Lloyd Phœnix, F. W. Vanderbilt, J. N. Winslow, E. C. Benedict, J. R. Platt, T. B. Asten, D. T. Worden, Augustin Monroe and Stephen Peabody. The following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. William W. Durant, W. Harry McGill, William C. Whitney, Edward Clarkson Potter, George Trotter, Charles McK. Leoser, C. L. F. Robinson, W. O. B. Macdonough, Charles Greer, W. D. Bishop, Jr., A. H. Fowler, D. G. Henderson, Herman Clark and William Gardner.

GOLDEN FLEECE.—This steamer, chartered last summer in England by Mr. F. P. Osborn, has been purchased by him and will remain in this country. She is a composite vessel, designed and built by J. S. White, at Cowes, in 1880, and is 119.4ft. tonnage length; 22.5ft. beam and 12ft. depth of hold. Her engine is a two-cylinder compound, 12½ and 22 by 12in.; 20 H.P. She is schooner rigged.

SULTANA.—Mr. Trenor L. Park's new auxiliary was out at the Erie Basin last week, a part of her screw aperture being plated over to aid the steering. She will be supplied with a new boiler.

THE 46FT. CLASS.—It is reported that a third 46ft. Burgess yacht will be built for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and that Capt. Chas. Barr and Minerva's crew will sail her.

A STOLEN YACHT.—On Oct. 22 the yacht Petrel was stolen from her moorings off Tompkinsville, S. I. The police were notified and went by rail to Tottenville, where they boarded an oyster sloop and cruised about Raritan Bay, finally sighting the lost yacht. The men on board, who proved to be Wm. Curtis and George Waddi, ran the Petrel ashore in Chesquake Creek, but were captured and held for trial. The yacht was hauled off without damage.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ask your gun dealer for the *Book of the Game Laws*.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—Your trap scores are "flimsy" and not to be made out by our compositors.

O. C.—The gun is a well made arm and reliable. We cannot undertake to say that it is better or inferior to the older gun, which is also a standard arm.

CANARSIE, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Messrs. A. B. Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia, make a specialty of supplying bethabara wood and other materials for amateur tackle makers.

W. R. A., St. John.—Rubber geese decoys are not made in this country; but can be imported through the dealers. They are expensive, and of course will not stand being fired into.

C. B. W., Huntington, N. Y.—Where can I buy a good second-hand shotgun? Ans. The dealers who advertise in FOREST AND STREAM supply second-hand guns as well as new ones.

L. H., Ansonia, Conn.—Could you inform us through FOREST AND STREAM if there will be a fly-casting tournament this fall, and what time it would probably be held? Ans. We have heard of no tournament to be held this year.

L. M. S., Yonkers.—I have a large number of comparatively new brass shells which have become swelled so that it is with great trouble that I can get them in my gun. Is there any possible way to fix them? Ans. The Ideal Manufacturing Co. make a tool for this purpose.

C. W. C., Boston.—See note in our game columns about the party from your city going to North Carolina. You will find quail at Tarboro, Lincolnton and all along that vicinity. Klitson's, N. C., is well recommended. You will be fitted out with dogs at the Carolina Hotel, Rock Hill, S. C.

F. S. R., Somerville.—Does Trumbull's "Names and Portraits of Birds" give habits as well as descriptions of all our shore birds or bay shipe, and also all ducks? What is the length and width of the book? Are the illustrations full page? Ans. It does not give habits. The page is 5½×8½. The cuts are not full page.

J. S. H., Sherman, Idaho.—Please inform me through the correspondents's column of your valuable paper the most attractive bait for bears. This part of Idaho is fairly alive with bears, and I have failed to catch one. I have used trout, beef and also a critter's head for bait, and a figure 4 trap. Ans. Try honey or molasses, honey in preference, as bears are very fond of it.

T. G., Vineland, N. J.—Please give me pedigree of Leo (E.K.C. S.B. 2,437). Ans. Rough-coated dog, Leo, whelped 1866; breeder, Monsieur Eggar, Switzerland. Pedigree unknown in England, purchased when a puppy. His color was white with tan about the head. Won second, Birmingham, 1871; second, Islington Dairy Farm, 1889. We advise you to write to Mr. K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J., he has the Swiss Stud Book.

J. M. K., Princeton.—Is there any large game along the south eastern border of Madison county, Fla., and if so, would it be a practicable way of getting there, to take a boat from Columbus, on the line of the F. C. & P. Railroad, and descend the Suwanee river to Hudson on the Suwanee? Would I find any hunting along the river? Ans. You will probably find some deer, quail, and turkeys along the Suwanee river.

P. H. F.—Experience shows that the two wads over the powder produce desired results; it confines the gas until the muzzle is reached; then the wads fly off; none of the force of the powder is put into "propelling the wads toward the game." For ruffed grouse in a 10-gauge use 4drs. powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot; in 12-gauge use 3½drs., 1¼oz. For black ducks, in 12-gauge use 3¼drs. powder, 1¼oz. No. 5 shot; in 10-gauge use 4¼drs. with 1¼oz.

G. W., Webster, N. Y.—Inclosed please find law giving date between which game can be killed in New York. Is that section correct stating that you can kill robins and larks during October, November and December? Are larks considered as game in the State of New York? Ans. 1. No. Robins and meadow larks are absolutely protected in all parts of the State except on Long Island and Staten Island, where the open season is Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. See laws of 1886-87 as given in full in the *Book of the Game Laws*. 2. They are not recognized as such by the game laws, but some people, notably Commissioner R. B. Roosevelt, consider them legitimate game.

C. B. P., Boston.—Will you be kind enough to let me know in your next number how to plant wild rice, what kind of a place to put it into and when to plant it? Can you plant it in the fall? Ans. Mr. Richard Valentine directs: "I have handled wild rice seed for several years; in fact was the first person to advocate planting it in waters where it did not grow naturally. I have never known it to grow well when planted in the spring, and the sooner it is planted after it is harvested in the fall the better. After the seed has been gathered for some weeks the enamel on the outside of the kernel seems to crack, and this, I believe, accounts for failure in spring planting. It should be planted on a mud bottom, where there is little, if any, current, and if possible where there is no other vegetation. As it grows only in the water it should not be planted on ground that goes dry in midsummer. It will grow in water from a few inchss to four feet in depth, but does best in shallow water. Before sowing I always soak the seed for an hour or so, in order that it will sink at once. I also think it best to sow thickly, rather than to scatter a small amount of seed over a large space."

A READER OF FOREST AND STREAM, Philadelphia.—Is it safe to shoot buckshot from a chokebored breechloader? I have a fine Scott doublebarrel gun, and I wish to go up the mountains this fall and shoot turkeys or perhaps larger game. I always used a muzzleloader before. Which do you think is best, a rifle or shotgun, for large game? And how can I keep the barrels from losing their brown color? And which is the best gun oil to use for a lubricant and preventive of rust? Ans. Buckshot may be used in chokebores if the shot are chambered to pass through the choke. To do this insert a wad in the muzzle, pressing it down to the point of closest choke, then experimentally chamber the buckshot on the wad, ascertaining how many to put in a layer in the shell. It is better, however, not to use buckshot in chokebores. For large game, if you mean deer, a rifle is by all odds the better weapon; many regard it as the only legitimate arm for deer. 2. To keep the color of your gun take good care of it, cleaning it thoroughly after use. A coating of shellac is recommended. 3. There are several excellent specially prepared rust preventives sold in the stores. Vaseline, unsalted tallow, machine oil or cocoa butter are good.

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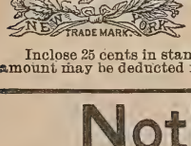
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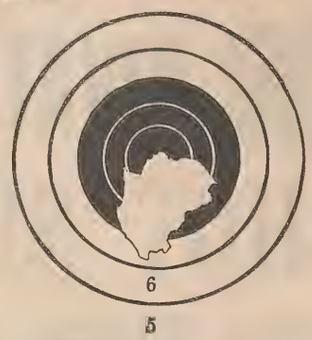
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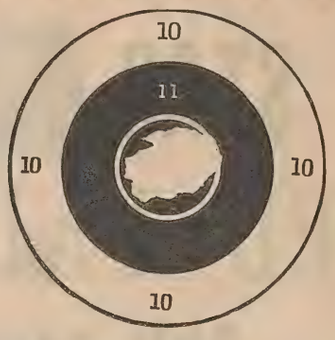
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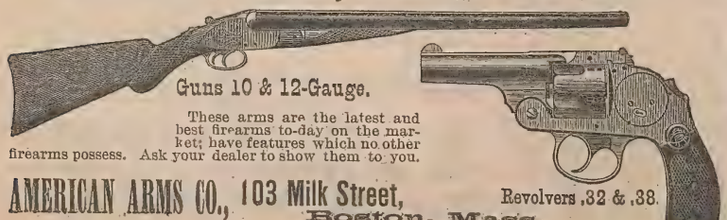
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NEW YORK'S PROTECTOR.

THE appointment and the discharge of the State Game and Fish Protectors of New York are vested in the Commissioners of Fisheries. At the last meeting of the Commission Fred P. Drew was removed from the office of Chief Protector and J. Warren Pond, of Malone, was appointed in his place. This step met the disapproval of Commissioner R. U. Sherman, who thereupon tendered his resignation; and Gov. Hill has appointed as the new Commissioner Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, who is, we believe, a broker of this city. Gen. Sherman's resignation was made out some eighteen months ago, but was withheld by him at the urgent request of Commissioner Blackford. It is much to be regretted that Gen. Sherman has deemed it necessary to leave the Commission; his devotion to the work and his activity and intelligent comprehension of fish and game interests have always made him a most valued member of that body; and we speak for the people of the State when we express the wish that he might have continued in office.

The removal of Protector Drew appears to have encountered disapprobation in some parts of the State, and the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association has gone so far as to set in motion a petition asking Governor Hill to interfere for his reinstatement. This action has manifestly been taken on the hearing of Protector Drew only. We cannot believe that the Utica Association has inquired into the matter fully. The Commissioners are not men whom we should expect to remove officials in this way unless convinced that the changes were necessary for the good of the service. They have the very best means of knowing the merits of this case, and it may be assumed that they have acted wisely and justly; and that the results will show it. It is known that when the Legislature has been in session, Chief Protector Drew, whose office is in Albany, has been more active as a lobbyist than as a game and fish protector. If Mr. Pond shall let politics severely alone and attend strictly to the business for which the State pays him his salary, there will be found, even in this one respect alone, sufficient justification for the change. As protector in the fifth district, with headquarters at Malone, Mr. Pond has made an excellent record, and there is every reason to believe that he will fill the higher office in a like satisfactory manner.

No intelligent person who knows the composition of the Board of Fish Commissioners of this State will for a moment question that it is dominated by a most commendable public spirit. It has no axes to grind. Its members are not politicians. They have regard only for the public interest. When they discharge one man and put another in his place, their action must be accepted as what appears to them to be right. And the overwhelming probabilities are that they have acted wisely.

In the face of such probabilities, it is of the utmost importance that a game and fish protective society should take the pains to assure itself beyond all question that the Commissioners have erred, before espousing the cause of a removed official. In the absence of such precaution a club might be betrayed into taking action which in the future it would sincerely regret.

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

THE plans of the camper, like those of other men, "gang aft aglee." The morrow which he proposed to devote to some long-desired hunting or fishing trip, is no more apt to dawn propitiously on him than on the husbandman, the mariner or any other mortal who looks to the weather for special favor.

On the contrary, instead of the glowing horizon and the glory of the sunburst that should usher in the morning, the slow dawn is quite apt to have the unwelcome accompaniment of rain.

The hearing, first alert of the drowsy senses, catches the sullen patter of the drops on tent or shanty, their spiteful, hissing fall on the smoldering embers of the camp-fire, and with a waft of damp earth and herbage stealing into his nostrils, the disappointed awakener turns fretfully under his blanket, then crawls forth to have his lingering hope smothered in the veil of rain that blurs the landscape almost to annihilation.

He mutters anathemas against the weather, then takes the day as it has come to him, for better or for worse.

First, to make the best of it, he piles high the camp-fire, and dispels with its glow and warmth some cubic feet of gloom and dampness.

Then he sets about breakfast-making, scurrying forth from shelter to fire, in rapid culinary forays, battling with the smoke, for glimpses of the contents of kettle and pan. His repast is as pungent with smoke as the strong waters of Glenlivat, but if that is valued for its flavor of peat-reek, why should he scorn food for the like quality.

Then if he delights in petty warfare with the elements, to bide the pelting of the rain, to storm the abattis of wet thickets and suffer the sapping and mining of insidious moisture, he girds up his loins and goes forth with rod or gun, as his desire of conquest may incline him.

But if he has come to his outing with the intention of pursuing sport with bodily comfort, he is at once assured that this is unattainable under the present conditions of the weather. How then shall he beguile the tediousness of a wet day in camp?

With books and papers? Nay, if they were not, they should have been left behind in the busy, plodding world that he came here to escape from. He wants nothing here that reminds him of traffic or politics; nothing of history, for now he has only to do with the present; nothing of travel, for his concern now is only with the exploration of this wild domain. He does not wish to be bothered with fiction, idealized reality is what he desires. Neither does he care for what other men have written of nature. Her book is before him and he may read it from first hands.

Looking forth from his snug shelter on the circumscribed landscape, he marvels at the brightness of a distant yellow tree that shines like a living flame through the veil of mist. The blaze of his sputtering camp-fire is not brighter. He notices, as perhaps he never did before, how distinctly the dark ramage of the branches is traced among the brilliant leaves, as if with their autumnal hues they were given transparency.

Some unfelt waft of the upper air casts aside for a moment the curtain of mist and briefly discloses a mountain peak, radiant with all the hues of autumn, and it is as if one were given, as in a dream, a glimpse of the undiscovered country.

He realizes a dreamy pleasure in watching the waves coming in out of the obscurity and dashing on the shore, or pulsing away in fading leaden lines into the mystery of the wrack.

In the borders of the mist the ducks revel in the upper and nether wetness, and with uncanny laughter the loon rejoices between his long explorations of the aquatic depths.

A mink, as heedless of rain as the waterfowl, comes stealing along the shore, thridding the intricacies of driftwood and web of wave-washed tree roots, often peering out in inquisitive examination of the quiet camp.

Less cautious visitors draw nearer—the friendly chickadee, hanging from the nearest twig; the nuthatch, sounding his penny trumpet, accompanied by the tap of the woodpecker, as one creeps down, the other up a tree-trunk; the scolding jays, making as noisy protest over human intrusion as if they had just discovered it; a saucy squirrel, scoffing and jeering, till tired of his raillery he settles down to quiet nut-rasping under shelter of his tail.

There are unseen visitors, too—woodmice, astir under cover of the fallen leaves, and, just discernible among the patter of the falling rain and of the squirrels' filings, footfalls unidentified, till a ruffed grouse starts new showers from the wet branches in the thunder of his flight.

Narrowed to the width of tent or shanty front, the background but a pallid shroud of mist, the landscape yet holds much for pleasant study.

But if the weather-bound camper exhausts this or tires of it, he may turn to gun-cleaning or tackle-mending. If a guide be with him, he can listen to his stories of hunting, fishing and adventure, or learn woodcraft of him and the curious ways of birds and beasts.

He may fashion birch bark camp ware, dippers, cups and boxes, or whittle a paddle from a smooth-rifted maple.

If he is of artistic turn, he can pleasantly devote an hour to etching pictures on the white under surface of the fungus that grows on decaying trees, and so provide himself with reminders of this rainy day in camp.

So with one and another pastime, he whiles away the sunless day, which almost before he has thought of it, merges into the early nightfall, and he is lulled to sleep by the same sound that wakened him, the drip and patter of the rain.

And when he looks back to these days of outing he may count this, that dawned so unpropitiously, not the least pleasant and profitable among them, and mark with a white stone the rainy day in camp.

IN PAST YEARS it has been practically impossible to punish game law breakers on Long Island, for local public sentiment as a rule was in sympathy with the offender, and the justices of the peace, elected at town meetings, have usually either shared this sentiment themselves or have taken due account of it, and let off the trespassers and trout netters and game killers very lightly. Two recent cases, however, show a change. The other day Justice Carman, of Sayville, fined a trespasser on the South Side Club's preserves $10 and costs, or about $35 in all; and Justice Hawkins, of Ronkonkoma, imposed a fine of $85 on two men who had killed a deer on Sunday, Oct. 19. These cases give promise of a change which has been long needed and will be warmly welcomed. Justices Carman and Hawkins deserve credit for their action in making fish and game laws something else than by-words.

THE New York Fish Commission made a large figure record for the fiscal year ending with September. There were 477 arrests of persons accused of violating the fish and game laws, and of these 296 were convicted and paid fines to the amount of $7,229.56. Among the other cases pending are some which will materially increase the financial showing, among them the case of the Delmonicos, of this city, who for having served woodcock out of season will be called upon, if convicted—and there is said to be plenty of evidence—something like $600. The illegal nets destroyed by the protectors during the year were valued at $19,696. The fish stocking operations for the period comprised the planting of 4,000,000 lake trout, nearly 4,000,000 whitefish, 2,000,000 shad and other species, making an aggregate of 40,000,000.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

VIII.

IN the morning we descended the two remaining miles of Sahkhabehaluck, and shot out onto the broad bosom of Moosehead Lake. The gale which had troubled the waters of Long Pond and Brassua was over; it had blown three days, which is the usual length of time in which these mountain wind storms assert themselves, and when we left Moose River we glided out on to a surface which had not a ripple on its broad level. A blue, cloudless sky smiled overhead, and all nature, from the frowning cliff of Kineo to the tiniest leaflet, seemed to be under the influence of the morning. It was one of nature's gala days. At Kineo the guides bought new setting poles, we made some purchases at the store and engaged a steamer to transport our outfit to the Northwest Carry, thereby avoiding a twenty-mile paddle. Magnificent views are to be had from the summit of Kineo, which take in a vast area of country, covered with trackless forest and dotted with lakes and mountains, but as we had made the ascent in former years, we did not attempt it. The staunch little steamer Kineo was placed at our disposal, and with the canoes lashed to her sides and ourselves and the luggage aboard, she soon rounded the Kineo promontory, and steamed rapidly toward the north.

At the carry we found that some changes had been made, which, though they detract from the picturesqueness of the locality, add to the comfort of the traveler who visits this remote and isolated place. The old log cabin, which for many years was the only structure in the rough clearing, is now used as a stable, while a new frame house stands nearer the lake. There is no other house within twelve miles, and Greenville, forty miles distant, is the nearest village. We were greeted at the landing by old Joe Morris, the voluble and garrulous Frenchman, who, at the Northwest Carry, is "monarch of all he surveys." After telling him that we wished to cross the carry immediately, we paddled across the bay to the mouth of Carry Brook and then up that tortuous stream, which is filled with stumps, sunken logs and snags. There was no perceptible current, and the water had set back into the woods till many of the trees were dead, and all along the low, swampy banks they formed an inextricable tangle. We proceeded for a mile and landed on a muddy bank from which a few steps led to the "tote" road. The canoes were lifted out, and we heard Joe shouting to his team in a *patois* which showed that, if they understood him, they were able to obey orders in two languages. The horses were attached to a rude sled on which we loaded two canoes, lashing them tightly so that they would receive no injury from their rough jaunt.

Francis was left in charge of the other two, and we started across the carry. The bank where we landed was covered with bear tracks sunk deep in the mud where bruin had wandered about a day or two before, and while going along the path we saw many deer tracks and in one place the track of a moose.

None but the steadiest of teams could have been controlled on this road, which, to quote Joe, is a "pretty sassy" one; but his horses were trained to the business, and at the sound of his voice would stop or pull as the emergency required. The trail led up hill and down, and was strewn for the whole two miles with rocks and boulders, which threatened to capsize the sled more than once. At times one runner would be elevated two or three feet above the other, but the journey was made without accident. Bog holes and sloughs, some containing a foot of dirty water, underlaid with a 6-inch stratum of mud, were sprinkled in here and there by way of variation, and ruts and gullies all did their best to make things interesting. Traveling over a backwoods "tote" road is certainly replete with the "spice of life." The carry road for some distance is identical with the old Canada road, which runs from the Northwest Carry to Canada Falls on the south branch of Penobscot, and thence to Canada. Since the new Canada road—the one over which we traveled from Skowhegan to Moose River bridge—was built the old one has become obsolete, except as the lumbermen use it as a winter road. It is now pretty well "grown up" and is little more than a green lane through the forest.

The "other end" of the Northwest Carry dumps (this seems to be the only word) one in the edge of the woods and on the borders of Seeboomook meadows. These meadows consist of a tract of open ground covered with a coarse growth of grass. They are surrounded by the woods, and on the eastern side are some rough ledges of gray rock.

A portion of the meadows is covered by shallow Carry Pond, between which and the end of the carry is a quarter of a mile of quaking bog, over which canoes must be dragged, as the horses cannot traverse it. This is not a difficult task, however, for the light canoes slip along easily over the grass. The ground trembles and shakes under the feet and the water oozes up through. We unloaded the canoes, and Joe turned his horses, saying, "Well, boys, I suppose I be back some time." We proceeded to get dinner, and by the time Joe and Francis returned we were ready. A loaf of new bread, bacon, eggs and trout were the delicacies offered on our bill of fare, and our wine cellar, under the roots of a great spruce, produced a choice brand of *aqua pura*, which we quaffed, cold and sparkling, from a birch bark cup. "A man never ought to carry any dishes to the woods," said Cy, "but make them all of birch bark. I can boil potatoes in a birch bark kettle."

While some "led" the canoes, the others toted the luggage across the bog to the pond. There was nothing in this lonely place to indicate the presence of man, and while eating we saw a deer come out of the woods beyond the pond. We had here our first serious annoyance from insects, and were obliged to besmear our hands and faces with tar oil as a protection from the myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes which attacked us. We had but little trouble with that other pest, the black fly, as its duration is limited to a few weeks, and its season was nearly over.

When we took the canoes from Carry Pond it was Kennebec water which dripped from them; when we placed them in the pond they floated in Penobscot water.

From the pond we entered narrow, winding Seeboomook Brook, which ran its crooked length between muddy banks, grown up with alder bushes and tracked by deer. At times we stooped to avoid the alders, whose branches met across the little stream, and again we scraped along the bottom where the shallow water would not float us, or felt some snag or log scratch along the canoe. A quarter of a mile of this carried us across Seeboomook Meadows and into the West Branch, opposite Seeboomook Island.

We turned up stream and paddled rapidly, for we wanted to select a good camp site, as our intention was to spend several days on the Branch. We went up for three miles, and after examining several places found a good location on the right bank a mile above Nelhudus Stream. The only bad feature was a steep muddy bank, which we had to climb, but there was plenty of wood, with evergreen boughs for beds, and level ground on which to pitch the tents. At this place, which we called Camp Nelhudus, we pitched all three of the tents, one for ourselves, one for the guides and one for the "waugan."

IX.

The West Branch may be called a classic stream, for with it are associated some of the names famous in American literature. James Russell Lowell, Henry D. Thoreau and Theodore Winthrop have floated on its waters and sung its praises. It is a river of the woods; nowhere is there a village, and but few isolated houses stand upon its banks. The canoe of the Indian and the batteau of the lumberman are the only craft which navigate it. The moose and the deer find sustenance upon its banks, and the beautiful speckled trout swims in its waters. The virgin forest waves over it, and the rushing of its rapids breaks the silence of a wilderness. Its only commerce is the floating down of the lumber drives and the transportation of supplies to the logging camps. It is ever a stream of beauty under whatever conditions it may be seen.

The West Branch! What reminiscences the name suggests to the memory of the writer. Pictures, photographic in the minuteness of their detail, form one after another in the brain. There are beautiful mornings on the dead water when the mist slowly rises and permeates the air, veiling all objects with a silvery, impalpable medium; mornings when the surface is like polished silver, and every tree and blade of grass droops motionless above its reflected image in the sleeping river. There are nights so dark that he who sits motionless in the bow of the canoe, grasping his rifle and straining his eyes to peer through the gloom, is invisible to his companion in the stern, and the phosphorescent flash of the silent paddle is the only light.

There are other nights when the sky is sprinkled with stars and the full moon sheds its soft lustre over river and forest, when as one drifts past the silent shores with their dusky shadows and ghostly trees, or glides along the twinkling path of the moonlight, one feels the witchery of the time and place, and spell-bound, floats on what is now a lethean stream.

The lilies, on which the deer come down to feed, change to lotus flowers, and one is borne on many longer voyages to those far realms of fancy, which lie beyond the forest and the world. Memories of many days on the West Branch come back; days of sunshine and days of storm; days of summer heat and days when the chill of autumn was in the air. It is a stream of many phases; now black and deep, apparently as fathomless as the blue vault above; then smiling and dancing along over a stony bottom, and again, its angry waters dash madly through wild gorges, boiling and seething between walls of rock.

X.

After our camp was ready for occupancy we went down to the mouth of Nelhudus for the evening fishing.

The fishing on the West Branch is confined to certain pools and to the quick water of the falls and pitches, and a stranger might pass this Nelhudus pool without suspecting the wealth it contains.

The canoes slid cautiously to the edge, and while the guides held them stationary we cast our flies. William and I put on a brown-hackle, a red-ibis and a white-miller. Harry substituted a blue-jay for the hackle.

William made the first cast. His feathery lures, as the line straightened, fell lightly down toward the center of the pool, but there was no response, no sign of life in the placid water. Again the tip of his rod described an arc, and once more the flies descended, but before they touched the surface a large trout with a rush so impetuous that the water fairly boiled, flung himself into the air, and turning took the red ibis as he fell.

Then ensued a battle which would have fired with enthusiasm the most indifferent of anglers, and when it ended the fish was in William's landing net. Harry hooked a large fish which, in its struggles to escape, wound the line around a stick which was stuck in the bottom of the pool. While it was threshing about and we were expecting to see the taut line snap asunder, a smaller fish took one of the other flies, and then there was fun for a few moments while Bill untangled the line.

He finally cleared it, but the larger trout broke away, carrying with him the white-miller. Several times we had two fish on at once, and most of the doubles were landed. I lost one good fish which, in spite of my efforts, got under the canoe and snapped the leader.

I never saw trout bite so fiercely and take a fly so viciously, as those we took at Nelhudus Stream. They came with a rush, often leaving their element bodily, and when struck were wild with fright and fought nobly for liberty, contesting every inch of line.

We were often deceived in fish we had on, thinking before we saw them that they must be of good size by the way they fought, but they proved to be small when landed. Their strength and courage were in inverse ratio to their size and weight. We fished this pool each morning and night, and had no difficulty in supplying our table with fresh fish.

One night, leaving the others to angle, Francis and I explored Nelhudus for three miles up stream. It is a narrow, winding stream, and the country about it is comparatively level. The banks are covered with bushes, but wherever there was a bit of sandy beach, or open space of muddy soil, the deer and caribou tracks were as thick as those of cattle in a barn yard, and we saw where moose had been.

We crossed many pools where the trout darted swiftly away at our approuch, and in places we had to wade while we dragged the canoe over the shallows. The bed of the brook was mostly clean white sand and pebbles such as trout like. We saw the remains of a beaver dam and their cuttings on the bank, and in places we had pretty glimpes of the distant Nelhudus Mountains. "Well," said Francis, "I guess mebbe we better go back. Don't want get caught up here all night." And as the light was waning we returned.

We went nearly every evening to a log camp, a mile from our tent, for the purpose of changing our dry plates. It was in a dilapidated condition, but was appreciated by the hedgehogs, which had gnawed the woodwork and the door; it served admirably, however, as a dark room, and we enjoyed the trip back and forth in the quiet and cool of the evening.

One night as we returned to camp we heard a rustling in the underbrush near the "waugan" tent, and Francis, holding up a warning hand and listening a moment, said, "There's somebody 'round the waugan. I guess he's a mink or a rabbit;" but "he" proved to be a woodchuck. Francis usually alluded to everything, whether animate or inanimate as "he." Francis had little to say; he rarely took part in our conversation unless directly addressed, the taciturnity of his race being one of his characteristics. But when I have been alone with him he has related many anecdotes of the woods, and is an intelligent and interesting companion.

At Nelhudus Camp we made a table on which to eat, and Dennis, having more time than when we were traveling, gave us more elaborate meals. He had said that he "could boil water without burning it, but did not claim to be a cook;" but we found him as skillful with the frying pan and the coffee pot as he is with the rifle and the paddle. Of course we ate trout—trout fried in meal and trout fried in fat, broiled trout and baked trout, trout chowder and trout in every form, except raw trout. Trout was supplemented by various "fixins;" fried potatoes, fried onions, fritters and flapjacks, all being consumed in astonishing quanties. Our table was made of four crotched sticks, firmly planted in the ground, with poles laid across and resting in the crotches, while a great sheet of bark, placed over the whole, formed the top.

One morning as we were going up the rixer to Gulliver Falls to try the fishing there, we saw what we at first thought was a musquash swimming across, but on nearer approach it proved to be a little red squirrel.

Harry and Bill saw a deer swim across the stream one morning, and there was scarcely a day but we started deer. One noble buck with branching horns, though still in the velvet, presented a grand sight as he stood in the edge of the water with a doe by his side. We came upon them suddenly as we rounded a bend, and they stood watching us for a moment before they disappeared in the woods.

The laws of the State of Maine do not allow the capture of trout and venison at the same season, and this was close time for deer.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

VI.—THE MAGIC SPELL OF A WILD BIRD'S SONG.

ONE day last summer a stockman came up to camp on his way to visit the cattle on his range, with an urgent request that I should go down into Lake Valley to see the wife of a cattle owner, who was seriously ill. It always makes me ill-natured to receive a professional call when on my summer outing, and I almost invariably refuse. In this case I could not well do so without being guilty of inhumanity. The woman was reported very ill indeed, and the nearest resident physician was over twenty miles away, and a mountain road at that. The messenger stated that a vehicle was coming to the nearest point accessible, to convey me there and back, so making a virtue of necessity I rowed down the lake and climbed the mountain to where the team was to meet me.

On arriving there the team had not put in an appearance, so I walked slowly along in the cool shade of the pines until I reached the old grade. Following this until I reached the summit, and no team appearing, I sat down under the branches of an overhanging pine. Lake Valley spread out at my feet, and beautiful Tahoe wrinkled her face in the distance under the influence of a gentle western breeze. The blue of a cloudless California sky hung over the scene, and the rock-ribbed sides of the mountains gleamed under the brilliant rays of the sun. The granite sands on Job's Peak glistened like new-fallen snow, while the more distant mountains hid their ragged outlines behind the filmy blue veil of distance. The hum of bees was in the air, and the querulous whistle of a woodchuck emphasized the drowsy silence. I leaned back against the tree and tried to fancy that I was gazing upon a portion of fair Italy's storied land.

I had fallen into a deep day-dream, when suddenly there fell upon my ears the ravishing bell-like tones of a hermit thrush. Yes, there could be no mistake about it! Although I had never heard one before in California (nor have I since) and did not know that the bird existed on the coast, yet I could not be mistaken.

Again and again the mystic and enchanting notes rang through the piny arches of the surrounding forest, and I was once more a boy in my native eastern woods. The sombre pines, with their dim aisles of columned shade, faded from sight, and in their place were the smooth gray boles of the maple, birch and beech, with their delicate green foliage trembling in the June breeze. The sunlight filtered through and lay in splashes on the ground. The red squirrel chittered on the dead branch of a neighboring hemlock, and the drumming of a late grouse came booming on the quivering, odorous air. A little truant, I fear, from the neighboring schoolhouse with a willow pole, a cotton line and a liberal "gob" of worms in his jacket pocket comes slipping through the shadows and the sunshine on his way to the brook that sings in the hollow beyond. Now he stops and gathers the spathe of the wild turnip; then again the golden or pale pink slipper of the cypripedium. Here in a little hairy ball at the foot of a tall fern he discovers a chippy's nest. Thank God! that little urchin did not rob the anxious mother of her fragile treasures. Dallying thus, in love, even at that early age, with nature and her ways, he comes to where the little brook is skurrying over mossy stones and under grassy banks and old logs to the distant river. The glimpse of a darting trout arouses the angling spirit in the boy's heart, and he baits his hook and soon "yanks" out a fish. It is done in the orthodox manner of the schoolboy, and the poor trout would have been slung higher into the overhanging branches had the "pole" and line been any longer. Then comes the "shinning" up the tree to retrieve the precious hook and its wriggling captive. A willow twig hacked off with that "sure enough" steel-bladed pocket-knife, and the struggling captive is strung by the gills to flap

his life away in feebler and feebler efforts. Oh, the unconscious cruelty of the boy! Why was he not taught to mercifully kill his captives, and not let them die a slow death by torture? (Fathers, do you teach your sons to perform this merciful act; or do you even practice it yourselves—all of you?)

So the afternoon slips away, and the willow twig is adorned with a score of poor, dried and stiffened effigies, covered with bits of leaves and twigs, with patches of sand on their shrunken scales, their gaping mouths and lusterless eyes making mute protest against their sad condition; while clouds of flies seek every chance to settle upon the poor defiled creatures.

Suddenly pole and fish are dropped, and all else forgotten at the entrancing sight of a shy bird with modest apparel and spotted breast, which is perched upon a branch of an adjacent tree. At regular intervals it gives forth mysterious, thrilling notes, that haunt the memory through life. Not for all the trout in the brook would that little urchin have moved, for fear of frightening away this fairy songster. Never before had his longing eyes beheld the source of those matchless notes that had so often ravished his boyish ears. Has he not, during all his short years, been trying to get sight of this very bird? And here in this secluded nook by the brookside, in all its modest beauty, it swells its spotted breast and sends ringing through the silent woods those wondrously sweet and tender notes.

But here comes the rattle and dust of an approaching team, and the scribe rubs his eyes and finds himself on the summit of the Sierra Nevada, with those dreamed-of scenes lying forty years behind him. Heigho! Such tricks can the unexpected voice of a little bird play upon the memory! AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

A PLEA FOR THE COWBOY.

THE real cowboy, the cowboy of tradition, of the open range, of great round-ups, of endless trail drives, and of wild, reckless deeds and orgies, is almost an extinct species. As soon as the absolute freedom of an unbounded horizon was destroyed by the advent of wire fences, one by one they either gave up their calling, adapted themselves to the new regime or pushed West, and their places are now taken by the steadier class of less-interesting herders, that run the scientifically-conducted ranches in which Eastern capitalists have invested. The present class, while following on a smaller scale almost the same calling as did their predecessors of ten years ago, pursue it in a very different way; and are what they should be in the present condition of affairs, only the motive power to be directed by the business heads of the companies by whom they are employed.

So soon as the land became valuable enough to fence into limited ranges, the old harum-scarum ways, that were successful enough in former days, were discarded and more precise methods adopted, based on business principles. Some of the "old timers," who had regarded with doubting eyes the fencing of lands that had been wrested from savagery by their efforts, submitted to the inevitable and sought employment with the new cattle men; but generally, with a lofty disdain of the despised "tenderfoot" ways, they sought that ever-narrowing belt of country know as the West, where they might herd their cattle a few years longer, unrestrained by strands of aggravating wire.

They were a strange class of men, those old-time cowboys, reared almost entirely in the wild Western land, away from all civilizing and refining influences, and seldom possessing more than the merest rudiments of an education, they had in them traits and characteristics that were full of individuality, and they formed in themselves a race as different from the average Eastern farmer as is the cossack of the Steppes from the dweller in St. Petersburg.

In order to understand the life of these men it must be remembered that ten years ago all of western Texas was virtually unfenced, and except for the cattle ranches was entirely unsettled. Over this wild stretch of country the cattle were allowed to roam at will, in the summer grazing where water was most abundant, and in the winter seeking shelter of cañon or valley and eking out a subsistence on the grass that remained over from the summer. Very few cattlemen owned land, and the country was literally open to all who might choose to come into it, build a temporary shelter and turn a herd of cattle loose upon the luxuriant pasturage that everywhere existed.

The principal feature of the work of a cowboy centered in the round-up. Every spring at a given time each ranchman would send so many hands, with perhaps six or eight horses apiece, to some designated place. Here a foreman would be selected, under whose orders by tacit consent the round-up was to be managed; the camp was governed by a rude system of discipline; certain men were deputed to do the cooking, others to herd the horses that were not in actual use by the riders, while the rest of the "outfit," as it was called, scoured the country and drove into one large herd all the cattle to be found in a certain section. This herd was held until the new calves had all been marked with the brands of their respective owners and the marketable beef—steers—taken out, when they were once more turned loose to roam for another year in undisturbed freedom. By dividing the land into sections and working each carefully, surprisingly few cattle were passed by, and it is safe to say that not more than 2 per cent. of calves would be overlooked by a round-up composed of men who understood their business. One reason of the thoroughness of this work was the absolute unanimity with which all hands worked together. Each helped the other, and in the round-up personal brands were disregarded, and every cow man would brand for his neighbor as carefully as for himself. Thus a ranchman owning perhaps a thousand head of cattle while only hiring one or two men, would have the entire force of the country working to his interest, while he on the other hand would be aiding every one else. The interests were thus pooled. The spring round-up lasted generally two or three months, then came a period of inactivity for a few weeks, followed by a short space at work called the fall round-up, when any calves born late in the season were branded.

This about ended the regular work of the cowboy for the year. During the winter, while still employed, his duties were rather those of a free-lance; he rode about over the country looking at the cattle, and if any large bunch was seen straying off they were herded back and kept as much as possible in the vicinity of the ranch. During northers, to prevent "drifting," as it was called, an imaginary line from east to west was daily patrolled, and all cattle found going south before the piercing wind were herded back and kept as much as possible within certain general boundaries.

The winter work, however, while often presenting times of great hardship and labor, was generally of a free-and-easy character and permitted the wandering about of the hands; and it was during this period that the frolicking was generally indulged in. It was a rough, devil-may-care sort of a life, here to-day and there to-morrow; ranches were at all times open to receive any who might choose to partake of their hospitality, and there was a great deal of free masonry among the boys. A party when roaming about would stop for the night at the first ranch that presented itself, waiting for no invitation; but simply riding up to the door they would throw off their saddle and proceed to make themselves comfortable, it mattered not if the owners were or were not at home.

I can very well understand how, to persons unfamiliar with the country, and more particularly with the men themselves, the cowboy does not seem to be a shining light, as anything except a cowboy. They are usually seen by tourists and others at their worst, and the traveler who, during a short stay in a frontier town, sees the cow-puncher in his reckless moments is very apt to form opinions not just and seldom flattering to the object of this sketch. For, be it confessed, the cowboy in town is usually the cowboy on a tear. It must be taken into consideration, however, that the men do not get into town more than half a dozen times during the year; and then, after weeks of isolation on lonely ranges, it is not so very surprising, if under the exhilaration of certain liquid refreshments, deeds not exactly in accordance with the law are perpetrated. And yet in an experience of four years, during which time I was with the boys, indeed was one of them, I cannot remember a single instance where the fun did not prove of the most harmless sort; though perhaps not always according the deference due to the laws of the commonwealth. Yet it was fun; fun of a wild, reckless type, perhaps, and terrifying to those unaccustomed to the perpetrators; but just such a series of antics as one would expect of a lot of over-grown school-boys let loose on a frolic.

A party of say a dozen cowboys ride into some frontier town. They have not been away from the ranges for several months, and the hundred dollars that are burning holes in their pockets it is their steadfast determination to get rid of in the speediest manner possible, and to have what is known as a "royal Bengal tiger" time in so doing. So they seek the limited amusements that the place affords, live as high as possible under the circumstances, gamble, smoke bad cigars, go to the dance houses, and alas! make veritable "tanks" out of themselves and fill up on the "forty-rod whisky" of the frontier. As a natural consequence, after two or three days of wild, riotous delirium, which is their idea of a good time, all of their money has disappeared into the hands of the blacklegs and saloon keepers, and the crowd is left stranded and broke it may be a hundred miles from home. "Well, never mind, boys, we've got our bronchos left, and we've had a bully time, so what's the difference? Whoop!" So philosophically taking a few more "smiles" to drown a passing recollection of money wasted, they mount their horses and proceed to leave town.

And now sometimes occurs what is to the cowboy as is the playing of "hookey" to his junior type, the school boy. One of the crowd suggests that they show their contempt for the town by racing at full speed through the streets, whooping and yelling and firing off their pistols—"shooting up the town," as it is called. After a cautious survey of the lay of the land, and a careful noting of the positions of the cartridged sheriff or any of his deputies, away they go at a breakneck speed, yelling like demons and emptying their six-shooters into the air. Out of the startled village they race, and over miles of desolate prairie, until safe from all pursuit, they bivouc for the night, to begin on the morrow the long ride back to the ranch, where another three months of labor will enable them to repeat this rather questionable kind of enjoyment.

Sometimes the sheriff gathers up a posse and follows, and occasionally after a long pursuit comes up with the miscreants, but generally with an exclamation having in it something of the pride of a father while watching the pranks of a mischievous but promising son, he "'lows he'll get them the next time they come into town," and lets the cow punchers undisturbed regain their native fastnesses.

When the retreating forces are followed and overtaken, occasionally very severe fights occur, for dazed by the bad liquor and exhilarated by the effects of their dash, the wild riders are in no mood to be taken captive or pay an inconvenient fine, and it is under such circumstances that most of the shootings occur.

I remember one case particularly, when two cowboys late one afternoon rode out of a little town in the Panhandle of Texas, and going through the usual antics disappeared over the prairie. The sheriff, a gallant officer, though possessing a reputation rather of rashness than of discretion, had prided himself on never permitting his town to be "lit up," and followed at once with two deputies. One of these, while going down the trail at a breakneck speed, was thrown by the falling of his horse and had his arm broken, but pluckily remounted and passed on with his companions. The pursued were overtaken at a ranch about ten miles from town, where they had ensconced themselves behind the stone wall of a branding pen, and were awaiting with interest the arrival of the minions of the law.

A desperate, though rather one-sided, fight ensued, in which the sheriff and his remaining able-bodied deputy were badly wounded; and it is probable that the entire party would have been dispatched had it not been for the interference of the ranchman, who prevailed upon the cowboys to cease hostilities and go about their business, while he cared for the wounded members of the sheriff's posse.

While legally and viewed in the strict light of right and wrong the action of the sheriff was correct, still as a matter of discretion, it would have been far better to have overlooked an action which, though lawless, was harmless; and at some future time, when the perpetrators had recovered from their spree and returned to town, he could have enforced the majesty of the law.

And such, indeed, is the general way of regarding the cowboy and his escapades. They are prompted by nothing save mischief and an exuberance of animal—and it may be a dash of vegetable—spirits; and while, of course, such actions could not be overlooked in a large community, in the small frontier hamlets in which the law is at best but an experiment, they may be winked at without endangering the lives or estates of the townspeople.

I must relate a rather amusing incident that will well serve to illustrate the half bullying, half good-natured cowboy on a tear. It was in a small, almost unnamed town on the extreme frontier of Texas. The place was absolutely lawless, no sheriff was present to interfere with the hilarity of the boys, and there was scarcely a bar to anything in the way of reckless deviltry. One evening the tattered stage brought up to the door of the cabin that served as a hotel that most invincible of all the parasites of advancing civilization, a drummer. Now, I have generally noticed that your commercial traveler is a person of peculiar adaptability, and that he usually adopts as one of his mottoes that one which advises always do in Rome as the Romans do. This chap, however, with singular lack of tact, had ventured into the wild West attired in a most fashionable garb, and as though to tempt fate wore a high silk hat. All went well, however, until about dusk, when two cowboys, evidently the worse for liquor, caught sight of the unfamiliar sight, and in a very short time the despised tile was on the ground and serving as a target for two six-shooters. Surprised, doubtless, at a social custom so different from anything that he had seen in Boston, the drummer beat a retreat at what might be termed a dignified fast walk. This roused the lounging crowd, and after him they all went, finally coralling the naturally dismayed man in the bar room of the hotel. "Why, pardner," hiccoughed the destroyer of the hat as he held up the battered tile, "we don't want to rob you of your hat. Just having a little fun. You must 'scuse us. Here, you take my hat, it's a blame sight better than your old one." And without more ado the drummer was adorned with the big greasy sombrero of the cow puncher, while that worthy assumed the once elegant vestige of civilization and wore it over his own long locks.

One of the boys then proposed a drink, "just to show that there was no ill-feeling about the trade." So all hands, including the drummer, who probably thus hoped to get rid of his unwelcome company, engaged in a social glass. Another followed, and still another, until all were like a crowd of bosom friends. The last I saw of the crowd that night the drummer, with the sombrero on his head and a six-shooter buckled around his disordered frock coat, was going down the street of the town, his arms around the necks of the two assailants of a few hours before, one of whom still wore the perforated plug hat. All three were yelling, the drummer as vociferously as any, and all were in equal terms leveled by that greatest of all levelers—drink.

Bad men there certainly are among the cowboys, as indeed there are among all classes; but take them all in all they are a most clever and peaceable set.

Go to the ranges and see them month in and month out, enduring dangers and hardships, living together peaceably and quietly during the round-ups and passing their bold free lines untrammeled by the luxuries and vices of civilization, and you will be more ready to overlook the recklessness of a few wild days in town, and account them as they should be accounted—men—rough, good-natured, reckless at times perhaps, but always ready to attend to the cattle placed under their charge and look after the interests of their employers, if necessary at the risk of their own lives. No one ever saw a true cowboy of the old type shirk a duty, go back on a friend or fail to have that doglike virtue—gratitude.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

Natural History.

WOODCOCK, WHISTLE AND WORM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"D. T. T." writes in your issue of Oct. 23 that the woodcock makes the whistle with his wings. I quite agree with him that the bird makes the noise with his wings and not with his bill. Twice in one afternoon this month have I been satisfied of this, on my handling two large birds that were wounded, and held them both by their legs and bills. In trying to fly and get away they whistled loudly. I have been quite satisfied in my own mind upon former occasions over and over again of this fact. Any sportsman having shot woodcock to any extent must have had this fact demonstrated to him over and over again.

Woodcock, when boring for worms, have the power, when a worm is felt, of dilating the end of the upper mandible from the lower or outer part of the middle third to the end; in other words, of opening the end of the upper mandible from the lower mandible while their bill is in the ground. The lower mandible of the woodcock is composed of one solid piece; not so the upper, it being composed of two plates or laminæ, the upper or narrowest plate being movable upon the lower. Any one interested can ascertain this by pinching the lower maxillary bone at the base of the bill (in a recently shot woodcock) between the thumb and index finger, when the end of the upper mandible will be found to dilate or raise up from the lower mandible.

In proof that the woodcock has the power of seizing a worm while his bill is thrust in the ground, I might state that I recently found a spot on the side of a creek where woodcock had been boring. The clay was stiff and adhesive. Always anxious to learn more of this game bird, I took my knife from my pocket and sliced the earth piecemeal away from above downward, and I found that one out of every half dozen of the holes made by the bill of the woodcock was large at the bottom and top, and narrow at the middle, like an hour-glass. The other holes corresponded exactly to the impression a woodcock's bill would make by being thrust into the ground, being larger at the top than at the bottom, and gradually becoming smaller from top to bottom. My inference from this is that the bird prods away until he feels a worm, and on doing so, opens the end of his bill and seizes it. Whether he swallows the worm while his bill is still in the ground or pulls it out before doing so, I am unable to say.

H. B. N.

COOKSTOWN, Ont.

THE LION OF FANCY AND OF FACT.

[*Continued from Page 287.*]

LET us now see how the lion appears in literature, and in what manner his disposition and habits are described by those who were acquainted with him in his natural state.

Probably no better way could be chosen for showing how vague and discordant are the opinions prevailing upon this subject than to take Buffon's description of the temper and habitudes of the lion (*Histoire Naturelle*) and offer the accounts given of him by great hunters in the way of comment.

The lion, says the French naturalist, owes all the peculiarities he exhibits to climate. Of all species of animals "each is the child of the land where it dwells." He is exclusively an inhabitant of tropical countries. Among the feræ of warm regions he is "*le plus fort, le plus fier, le plus terrible de tous.*" On the Atlas, where snow sometimes falls, lions have neither the strength, courage, nor ferocity of those of the plains, and for the same reason the lion of America, if he deserves the name, is but an inferior animal. Man has greatly circumscribed the lion's former geographical distribution, and his improved arms have altered his character. Formerly he was bolder than at present, but still on the desert of Zaara and in the great torrid tracts of Asia and Africa, "*un seul de ses lions du désert attaque souvent une caravane entière.*" Lions are susceptible of education, and in ancient times were trained both for hunting and for war. Brave and magnanimous in his disposition—unlike the tiger, wolf and fox, he is not cruel, and only kills to obtain food. Certain moral qualities belong to species, and the lion, to the nobility of the race, adds his own individual virtues. Buffon accepts Ælian's and Appian's differentiation of species on the basis of size, thinks that an average lion is from 12 to 13ft. long from nose to end of tail, states that he is less keen of sight and scent than other beasts of prey, and therefore uses the jackal as a scout, and remarks that his game being found upon the surface of the earth, he is not in the habit of climbing trees like the tiger or puma—"*il ne grimpe pas sur les arbres comme le tigre ou le puma.*" Lions spring upon their prey from a distance of 12 or 15ft. and strike it down, the teeth being used to devour game after it has been killed.

Although these statements include most of the points which are still at issue among the hunter naturalists, many of them may be dismissed with a simple statement of the facts in the case. It is, for example, almost needless to say that the range of the lion is not limited to the tropics, that he inhabits temperate climates where, as on the elevated plateaux of South Africa, the temperature falls very low. With respect to the lion of the Atlas, Gérard ("Journal des Chasseurs"), Gen. Daumas ("Les Chevaux du Sahara") and Major Leveson ("Hunting Grounds of the Old World") both state that his average size is greater than that of his southern congener, and that he is more daring, as a rule, does not admit of doubt. So far as size is concerned, the lion is a smaller animal than the tiger, and twelve and thirteen-feet tigers are now banished from domain of the credible. The attack of a caravan by a single lion, or even by a troup of lions, is of course pure fiction, and the story which Buffon repeats probably originated in the beleaguering of camps by lions at night who were after the cattle, in the manner described by Le Vaillant, Oswell, Harris, Cumming, Anderson, etc. Both the sight and scent of the lion are excellent, although like the tiger, he is somewhat dazzled by the full light of the sun; and as for using the jackal to find his food, the case is the other way; it is the jackal who uses the lion. His climbing powers need not be discussed, since there is nothing to show that the lion ever makes use of the means which he certainly possesses for this purpose.

These questions being disposed of, it yet remains to inquire how the lion behaves toward man and other animals, and what is the impression which his appearance, voice and behavior has produced. Is he brave, magnanimous, intelligent and daring? Do traditionary ideas concerning his character conform with facts as observed, and is it possible to get any satisfactory accounts of his traits of temper out of the books which purport to display them?

How does the lion procure his food, and of what nature are his family associations? In the first place the evidence is conclusive against that purely sentimental view, according to which the lion only eats game which he has killed himself. Derogatory as it may be to the dignity of "the king of beasts," there is no doubt that his appetite is somewhat indiscriminate, and that he is often a foul feeder. "Many instances have come to my knowledge," remarks Anderson ("The Lion and the Elephant"), "which show that when half-famished he will not only greedily devour the leavings of other beasts of prey, but even condescend to carrion." In another work, however ("Lake N'gami"), this author, like Gordon Cumming ("A Hunter's Life in Africa"), has spoken of this propensity in the lion to eat carrion whether he was "half-famished" or not. Sir Samuel Baker ("Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia") was continually annoyed by the depredations of lions upon his dead game. Gérard ("Journal des Chasseurs") nearly lost his life by a lioness who came to devour the putrid carcass of a horse. Maj. Leveson ("Sport in Many Lands"), who has the highest opinion of the lion, admits that he is "by no means too proud to eat game killed by other people. Drummond ("The Large Game of Southern Africa"), Selous ("A Hunter's Life in Africa"), Sir W. C. Harris ("Wild Sports in Southern Africa"), Delgorgue ("Voyage dans l'Afrique Australe"), with others whom it is unnecessary to refer to, confirm the fact. So that while this peculiarity fully accords with the extreme laziness Gérard attributes to the lion, the fastidiousness which his admirers have credited him with possessing must be disallowed. "The most prominent traits of character in the lion," remarks Gérard, "are his laziness, his assurance, and his boldness." Moffatt, however, who "knew more about lions and their habits," in Anderson's opinion, "than any one else," adds gluttony to these characteristics. His feats in the way of gormandizing were so astounding that Moffatt ("Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa") was "taken aback." A full-grown cow at a single sitting, so to speak, is rather an inordinate quantity of food for an animal of the size of a lion, it must be admitted, even when the commissariat is irregularly supplied, as must nearly always be the case with beasts of prey. Drummond mitigates this charge of gluttony somewhat by reporting that he has known his majesty to be satisfied with the haunch of a zebra stallion, and, it is also true, that the lions of the London Zoological Garden, who are as large and, in general, more luxuriantly maned than their brethren of the desert, only receive an allowance of eleven pounds of meat per diem.

It would too greatly enlarge this paper to give reference for every statement, and in regard to the act of hunting it may be simply stated that the testimony of eye witnesses has placed it beyond doubt that game is ambushed, stalked, run down and regularly beaten for by the lion. A point, though one of minor importance, may be noticed in this connection. Gérard, influenced perhaps by the domestic virtues the lion really possesses, represents him as practicing the courtesies of a French gentleman toward his spouse at feeding time. Drummond, however, enjoyed the rare opportunity of seeing a zebra killed by the father of a family, whose consort with several cubs were present. This lion ate, like the savage he is, first and alone. Then the lioness came to the repast, and while she was devouring the remainder of the meat the whelps got what they could.

The behavior of lions to other lions, and to animals which they, for the most part, prey upon, has been variously described.

It may be granted that the lion, unlike most of the feline Carnivora, the fox, and all the weasel tribes, is not ferocious and bloodthirsty, and does not wantonly take life, or kill for the pleasure of killing. Young lions and tigers, according to all accounts, slaughter more than they can consume, but this is done in the way of practice. "The mature lion," says Major Leveson, "kills only for food," but this trait has probably as little to do with sentiments of generosity or magnanimity as it has with economic views concerning waste of material. No gentleness of nature restrains the lion from blood-guiltiness. Temperament and disposition are, in the long run, indisseverable, and with lions, as, for the most part, with men, their temperaments are their fates. Necessarily, this creature is subtle and fierce, since during the immemorial period in which his adjustment to his environment has continued, all the factors which contribute to form character and determine conduct have coöperated toward this end. "We have as yet," observes Wallace ("Geographical Distribution of Animals"), "made little approach toward discovering the epoch when the Felidæ originated, since the oldest forms yet discovered are typical and highly specialized representatives of a group which is itself the most specialized of the Carnivora." It amounts to a certainty that, in this instance, the specialization is primarily expressive of destructive power, and as it is necessity and not sentiment which is conspicuously manifested in the history of organic nature, the presumption is altogether adverse to the conclusion that, upon the part of the lion, structural development does not imply corresponding mental characteristics. Without their fitting respondents in temper and habit, such anomalies as talon, and fang, and padded foot, are not to be found in the animal kingdom, and every theoretical reason, as well as the facts of common observation, justifies Prof. Romane's strictures upon the cat mammalia at large ("Animal Intelligence"). Namely, that "all wildcats are fierce, unsociable and rapacious." The larger Felidæ, he continues, are of high intelligence, as their actions while in the feral state, and their susceptibility to instruction during captivity sufficiently show. But "the conflict of nature with nurture renders even the best trained specimens highly uncertain in their behavior. * * * All cats, however domesticated they may be, when circumstances require it, spontaneously throw off, with the utmost ease, the whole mental clothing of their artificial existence, and return in naked simplicity to the habits of their ancestors."

While not really killing purposelessly, though under some circumstances he appears to do so, the lion often tortures his prey before destroying it (Gérard); sometimes devours it alive (Moffatt) and has been more than suspected of inflicting horrible mutilations—injuries not intended to be immediately fatal—upon animals (the hyena especially) who follow him while in pursuit of game (Anderson). The restrictive influence of structure and heredity upon animal character are always marked; but while most of the errors to which general conclusions on this subject are obnoxious, arising from their effects, the scope of individual variation is so great and so indefinite that it is nearly as impossible to preconceive the conduct of a beast as of a man. If everything by which it was determined could be known beforehand, anticipatory judgments would be possible, but as this is never the case no one can anticipate their behavior in particulars. The present writer reared a puma who made friends with a horse; Gérard's lion Hubert may, in some vague manner, have experienced the emotions his master describes and, in outline, the panther's fondness depicted in Balzac's famous story—"Une Passion du Désert"—might have been approximately true. In general, however, it would not be safe to assume that the lion's forbearance, as illustrated by a host of hunting stories, had other than the most prosaic origin. No creature acts without a motive. Sloth is as marked a characteristic of his as power of offense, and both laziness and repletion probably combined to render the animal harmless on those occasions when he was not withheld from aggression by fear.

Such sweeping assertions as the lion's panegyrists have based upon special instances of peaceableness prove nothing. As a rule, most of those whose experiences have brought them into contact with the lion agree with Drummond, that he "will seldom stand much bullying." "When," says W. C. Kerr ("The Far Interior"), "he is thoroughly hungry there is no limit to his audacity and daring." Moffatt, Lichtenstein, Freeman, Rath, Galton, have had their camps besieged and their trains followed march after march by lions it seemed impossible to shake off. Sanderson ("Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India") looked upon the bison as more than a match for the tiger, and in the duel by night, which Leveson witnessed between these animals, both combatants were killed; but the buffalo, quite as formidable a creature, is the lion's habitual prey, and books of African travel abound with instances in which the former, having fallen to the rifle, showed by his scars that he had made a successful resistance to the attack of the lion, who in very many instances, no doubt, does not take his prey without a combat.

J. H. P.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUFFALO CALF FOR WASHINGTON.—A fine large cow calf was born in Washington last Sunday. The mother is a five-year-old buffalo donated to the National Zoölogical Park by Mr. E. G. Blackford.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

THE QUAIL.

Lines suggested by an interesting chapter in Laffingwell's late work on "Shooting on Upland, Marsh and Stream," from the pen of Amory R. Starr.

IT is October's festal time,
When fruits and flowers are in their prime,
When woods are colored with all hues,
The rainbow's glories that transfuse,
When orchards flame in royal robes
And apples swing their golden globes;
When Nature wears her richest dress
In pastoral vale and wilderness.

Now in the stubble-spaces pass
The sportsmen thro' the faded grass,
Thro' tufted tussock, bushy swale,
Thro' coppices of lowly vale;
And o'er the level harvest plain
That late was opulent with grain,
They seek, with cautious footstep there,
The quail flock, springing into air.

In upland slopes, at edge of wood,
The brown quail gathers in his brood,
Seeking not wilderness away,
Nor ravine in the mountain way,
But loving rather to abide
By farmer's homes, at valley side;
There in some rural paradise
He seeks the food the earth supplies—
The yellow grain, the garden seed,
The corn, sufficient for his need.
There all the day, O gentle bird,
Thy whistling operas are heard,
Heard till at evening sounds the trill
Of the secluded whippoorwill.

Though numberless thy flocks frequent
Each section of our continent,
'Tis said that year by year they fail,
Diminishing in wood and vale,
E'en as the mighty game of yore
Became extinct by hill and shore—
The bison of the boundless waste
No more o'er prairies may be trac'd;
The stately elk and moose have fled
Before the hunter's wasteful tread;
The deer hath vanish'd from the wood,
The turkey from wild solitude,
And e'en the wildfowl of the air,
That once throng'd creek and thoroughfare,
No longer swarm in multitudes
By lonely lake and ocean floods.

Of all field sports there's no delight
Like seeking bevies of Bob White;
Wild-fowlers have laborious toil
Beside the ocean's fierce turmoil,
The sniper plods thro' marsh and ooze,
Deer hunter fruitlessly pursues,
And he who seeks the grizzly bear,
Through cañon and morass must fare,
But he who thirsts Bob White to slay,
Thro' field and farm may take his way.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

ELK ON THE SNAKE RIVER.

IN the fall of 1888 Chas. Elliott and myself made arrangements for a four weeks' hunt over the range beyond Egeria Park. But the press of business and fall work prevented us from consummating our plans until it was too late to risk crossing the Snowy Range. One Sunday morning, early in October in the following fall of 1889, Charley and his wife drove into my yard for a day's chat, and of course the principal topic of conversation was planning for another hunt. Maps were consulted, and it was finally settled that we would start from my house on Oct. 21, head for Coe's Ranch in North Park, and go from there to the best hunting grounds suggested by our friend Coe or the Cross boys, whose horse ranch was next neighbor. The time for our preparation was short and we had a great deal to do. On the evening of Oct. 20 Charley drove into my place loaded down to the guards with camp outfit, grub and horse feed. The latter was something we would need a good supply of, for we expected to go where the snow would be deep and pasture poor; and in this we were not disappointed, as the perusal of my trip will show. On my part I was not nearly ready, as I had had business in the District Court that had occupied my time for the past few days. So to-night we were all busily employed until a late hour, making up and packing my mess-box and loading my wagon. When Charley drove in I had my new wall tent set up and stove-pipe sticking out. Charley took a good laugh, and wanted to know if there was any "deer or elk handy." Just then a lone coyote set up a howl out in the field, which made a good prelude to our start.

Early on the morning of Oct. 21 we were on the road to Fort Collins, where we arrived at noon. We had a few purchases to make, a new wagon sheet, lantern, oil, etc.; and by night we were in camp on the banks of the Cache La Poudrie River. I will now give my trip as taken from my camp notes written each night on a cracker box by the camp stove, or on a sack of oats during a snow storm.

Oct. 22.—Were up and on the road early this morning and went into camp on Dale Creek, about half a mile from the old overland stage branch of Virginia Dale, where the noted Slade once held full sway. On the ground where our tent is pitched a settler's cabin was washed away some four years ago by a waterspout. He barely saved the lives of his family by escaping to a dug-out across the road in the mountain side.

Oct. 23.—To-day we made a big drive; went some forty miles, about twenty-five of which lay across the south end of Laramie Plains. About seven or eight miles from camp we crossed State line, and to-night are camped near Pollack road ranch, in Wyoming, at the foot of the Medicine Bow Range. Just before reaching camp to-night we met a party of hunters on their return trip; their

wagons were heavily loaded with game. Said their party of four wagons had killed twenty-six elk and four deer. They were strangers to us; think they were from Laramie City; had been over on head of Snake River; said the hills were full of hunters over there.

Oct. 24.—Pull over the Medicine Bow range to-day. Just before reaching the summit at the Mountain Home Ranch, we met a four-horse load of elk hides on their way out to the railroad. An old trapper, known as "Old Tough," with his pack outfit, stopped and took dinner with us to-day. Arrived at Coe's Ranch at 3 P. M. and camped in the yard, with horses in the stable to hay. To our disappointment we found that Mr. Coe was absent in Laramie City; but Mrs. Coe, daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Patten, were at home, and gave us a warm welcome. We wrote home to-night and then had a social game of cards, at which Mrs. Coe is no novice.

Oct. 25.—I walked over to the Cross ranch this morning to see Ben and get some information in regard to where to go for the best hunting. Ben thought the Hans Peak country would be our best place, although he had killed a deer and saw two bull elk the day before about ten or twelve miles south of here. But he said they were only strangers and most likely were out of the country now. On returning Charley had the teams hitched up and the saddle on my old hunting horse Prince, ready for a start. We concluded to take the Hans Peak road for Hog Park, where I camped three years ago. This is a bad mountain road for the last 25 miles over the Park range and I dread the trip. We are camped to-night at the head of Big Creek Park, near the old Hans Peak cabins. This park has been all taken up by settlers since I was here three years ago. The guides, Luke Wheeler and Cook Ray, both have stock ranches here. Mr. Wheeler's wife rode some five miles up the park with me to-day. She said Mr. Wheeler was over the range after a load of meat for winter. Saw a tame deer at Wheeler's ranch.

Just before dark to-night a young bull elk came rushing down out of the timber near camp with a shrill *ynat*, which stampeded all our horses; and Charley came rushing into camp for his gun, crying "elk." After looking for a moment I told him to put up his gun or he would "get his foot in it," for the elk had a broad strip of red flannel around his neck and no doubt was a pet at a ranch of some Englishmen near by. The elk came direct to our camp and stuck his nose in my hand, eat some hay that was scattered around and then went out to investigate the horses. We had to put them on picket ropes to keep them from skipping out. Late to-night a horse came down the road off the mountain, making tracks for home. We tried to catch him but did not succeed.

Oct. 26.—To-day we drove through to the old camp at Hog Park. This is a fearful road. On the way in to-day we met an outfit from Denver—three men and a lady; had two wagons heavily loaded and only three horses. The horse that passed our camp last night belonged to this party. They had to pull up one wagon and then go back for the other one. Said they had been camped on the Grand Encampment. Had some very fine elk heads on their wagons. We made our camp further up the Park than when in camp here before. There is a large party in camp up above us a short distance, also a camp near by with a lot of game hanging in it and a small dog keeping camp; think the party must be over on the Snake, the head of which is just over the Main Continental Divide, some ten miles away.

Oct. 27.—Saddled up our horses this morning and started over the range for an elk hunt. Stopped at the upper camp and had a chat. Found the party consisted of nine men mostly from Cummings, Wyoming. They were at work cutting a wagon road over the range to the Snake, so they could get over with the front wheels of a wagon, and "snake" over their game. Said they had another camp over the range, and had killed thirty-six elk in all. I think this party was taking only hindquarters and hides. We hunted all day over in the hills on Snake River. Saw four elk but did not get a shot. On our way back to camp to-night we stopped at an old drying camp, now occupied by the party mentioned above and two young Englishmen, who own the camp over near our camp where the dog is. They had a big lot of meat in camp and a lot of hides. They gave us a calf's hindquarter and offered to help us kill our loads if we wanted them to and they would keep the hides. This looked very much to us as if they were more "hide hunters" than sportsmen. We declined their offer, as we were out for some sport as well as game.

Reaching camp to-night we found another party in camp near us, consisting of two four-horse teams from Laramie City, with two men and a young "coon" about thirteen years old, whom they had along to "rangle" horses, tend camp and be sworn at. The men of this party were Con Clifford and F. J. Hunt. [I will diverge from my camp notes and write up this Mr. Hunt, as we traveled, hunted and camped with him for some three weeks from this date, and with the acquaintance we formed with him we think he deserves more than a passing notice. In the fall he advertises in FOREST AND STREAM as "guide" for tourists and English hunting parties. Hunts for heads, hides and hindquarters. This was his second trip out this fall. He told me that on his former trip he took out of here 2,200lbs. of deer and elk hindquarters. Said he killed over twenty deer on the trip; killed nine in one-half day. He sold the meat in Laramie City. On first meeting Mr. Hunt we formed a favorable impression of him as a hunter, and consented to go with his party on over the range where the hunting would be better. The snow became deep; Hunt ran out of horse feed and we, of course, "whacked up" with him. Mr. Hunt claimed to be a first-class taxidermist, and in justice to him I think he is. Before we parted company I secured a fine deer head, and Mr. Hunt offered to take it along and mount it for me and ship to my address some time in January, in return for our kindness to them in a time of need. I consented to let him take the head with some reluctance, as by this time I was beginning to doubt his honesty. The head is still coming, and I expect always will be. If the Gun Club of Laramie City expects to have any deer on Sheep Mountain or Sand Creek Pass, they will do well to look after Mr. Hunt, for he told me that he killed a wagonload of deer at Sand Creek Pass last March and brought it into Laramie City in the night and sold it.]

Oct. 28.—In company with Mr. Hunt's party we move camp to-day and pull up on top of the main range and camp in Long Park. Here we have a nice camp, with good feed for our horses. We also find some other parties camped here, and as Charley and I are returning from a short trip back in the hills, we meet with Luke Wheeler's party packing in some elk. We go down to Luke's camp and have a chat. He advises to go on down and cross the Snake. Says the elk have all gone down that way. I think Mr. Wheeler is putting up a job on us to get us off these grounds. Hunt comes into camp after dark with a fine elk head he killed when on his former trip. Looks like snow to-night.

Oct. 29.—Snowed a little and is still at it. Hunt and Charley went up to Luke Wheeler's camp to see if they can learn anything about the locality of the elk. Hunt claims to be an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Wheeler. On the return of Charley and Hunt, we conclude to take Wheeler's advice and move down and across the Snake. We are now so near the State line that we cannot tell when we are in Colorado or when in Wyoming. While we are breaking camp Wheeler's party come stringing by with a big pack outfit, going down the trail toward the forks of the Snake, on the trail of the elk. On our road down Hans Peak looms up to our left. We pull down to Snake River through a lot of burnt timber, where there had been a big mountain fire in the fall. Mr. Hunt said it came very near taking him in on his first trip this fall. Crossing the Snake we pull up the mountain some five miles, over a hard road; get on the wrong road once and have to turn back. Darkness overtakes us before we find water. I leave my team to hunt for water, and as I return to my wagon a stranger accosts me with "How do, pard? Looking for a camp?" I reply that I am looking for a good place to camp with water and feed for our stock. He replies: "Here is the best feed in all the Northwest. Wood and water plenty." He points out the location of his camp up on the hillside by the timber. So we turn our teams and drive up to his camp. We soon have the snow cleared off and our tent up, with the horses blanketed and tied to a pine tree eating oats. Our new-found friend is a Mr. Frank Crow, an old railroad engineer, whose health failed him, and he left the road and came West for his health. He has a six-horse team and two partners who are over on the Savory at another camp. They have been out for several days, and he is looking for them in soon. They have only killed two elk so far.

Oct. 30.—Snowed hard all day. Horses left camp last night and we have had a big hunt for them to-day. Con found my horses this afternoon, but did not find his. Hunt's and Charley's horses did not leave camp.

Oct. 31.—Charley and I rode our horses to-day and took a hunt up the range east of camp. About 10 A. M. we strike a trail of ten elk made the night before. After riding some distance on the trail the tracks become fresher and we dismount, tie our horses in a warm nook, and take the trail on foot. We go very slow, as the track is now quite fresh, and I tell Charley to look sharp as we are now in green pine timber and most likely will find our game in their beds. We go a short distance in the pines. I see a fine sleek elk get up and step out into an opening and look at us. It was not more than 40yds. off, and I could have killed it easily, but was looking for more, so as to give Charley a show, for Charley had his first elk to kill. At this moment I saw the hindquarters of an elk; head and shoulders were behind a large pine tree. I at once covered it with my gun as close to the tree as I could, and told Charley to take the other one. At the report of our guns my elk went down, but immediately regained its feet and went plunging up the mountain. Charley, I think, must have had the buck ague, for he scored a clean miss. We took the trail of my elk and soon overtook it just over a ridge, and a ball through the head stopped its performance. We soon had it dressed and found it very fat. We then took the trail of the band and followed them some three miles, when we left them, as they were in no notion of stopping. We got into camp late to-night. Hunt came in late and said he had killed two elk and wounded a big bull. Perhaps he did, but he never brought but one to camp. If he killed two he left one in the hills. A. A. KNOTT.

BERTHOUD, Colorado, 1890.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WILD BOARS IN AMERICA.

THE first specimen of genuine wild boar slain in America was that shot by W. H. Crane, Esq., of Port Jervis, September last, in the town of Forestburgh, Sullivan county, N. Y., near the Orange county line. Although native born the animal was of German stock, descended from members of a herd imported six years ago from the Black Forest by Otto Plock, a New York millionaire, to stock an extended wooded estate surrounding his summer residence on the side of the Shawangunk Mountains, near Port Jervis.

About four years ago all these boars made their escape from what was supposed to be secure confinement. At liberty they seem to have rapidly multiplied. There are now two distinct herds; each sufficiently numerous to be capable of extensive depredations in a single night.

For a year or more after their escape from custody the family remained united, and inhabiting the mountain fastnesses around Godefroy, they made frequent night raids into the Neversink Valley, where they played havoc in the potato and corn fields. Those still remaining in that vicinity continue their forays, and, as a result, several actions for damages against Mr. Plock are now pending.

The herd that has taken up an abode in the wilds of Forestburgh has not only demonstrated an ability to survive, but to increase in number without dependence on man, direct or indirect.

While the last two winters were very favorable for the wild swine, the cold season of 1887-8, succeeding their escape, was unusually severe, during whole weeks the temperature being under zero; and we may conclude that these *ferœ natura* foreigners are now well adapted to the conditions of life in which circumstances have placed them. They are astonishingly swift, at least for short distances, and the region they inhabit is thickly infested with rabbits, squirrels, snakes, water rats, etc. Usually there is also a plentiful crop of oak and beech mast.

Have these wild swine come to stay? Can they be exterminated? For four years hunting parties have persistently sought them, and sportsmen in quest of other game have been on the alert for them. One has just fallen a victim to a deer hunter. This has greatly stimulated the chase; but in a region where deer and bear abound, the latter on the increase, it would seem that for many years the reproductive powers of the prolific boar should outstrip Nimrod's destructive capacity.

The subject is an interesting one from several points of view. To the farmers it is a question of vital importance, since in a single night a few visiting swine would pretty well ruin the average garden plot.

Sullivan and Pike counties are already famed as the hunter's paradise. If the wild swine can hold their own there in one locality no reason obtains why they should not spread throughout this and contiguous counties.

For the zoölogist the situation has attractive aspects. One of Mr. Plock's objects in importing the Carpathian boars was to rid his forests of rabbits, snakes and other vermin. Swine regard snakes as tid-bits and the bite of the dreaded rattler is said to be innocuous to them. Rabbits for the most part make their homes in rotten logs and brush-heaps. Had Mr. Plock succeeded in keeping his voracious imports within bounds this object would undoubtedly, have been accomplished

Might such an effect become appreciable in the region at large? And if so would legislators be moved to enact protective laws for "the gamiest of game," on the ground that they were efficient destroyers of reptiles and other noxious creatures? In a word, sequences may arise from Mr. Plock's importation of which no man living knoweth the end. The shot fired in a Forestburgh swale may reverberate adown the storied page—or is this plunging too far into the tangle of speculation?

The porcine killed is thus described: "In color the hog much resembles a woodchuck, being of a grizzly gray, with a tendency to black. Its bristles were not yet very well developed, but underneath is a thick, heavy coating much resembling fur, which enables the animal to stand any amount of cold. The hog has a long slender face or nose, while the upper jaw extends two inches beyond the lower, the forehead being covered with a thick coat of bristles. Its legs are short, its body long. The hog was a sow and weighed plump 200lbs.

The term "hog" is properly applied to the domestic swine only, all of which are more or less remotely descended from the wild stock. The peccary of Mexico, met with as far north as Colorado, although an allied race is not a true swine. It has been domesticated in Mexico.

Wherever Europeans have settled, from Athabasca to Patagonia, the hog or pig abounds. The species, however, is not indigenous to America. The "wild hogs" of the South are undoubtedly cases of reversion. They have developed traits peculiar to themselves, and differ considerably from the boar of Europe on account of new conditions, climatic and other. B. F. HENLEY.

PORT JERVIS, New York.

ON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS.

GHENT, Belgium.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was invited by some of my friends here to join them in opening the hunting season, Sept. 1. The only game on the plains of Flanders is quail (*perdrix*) and the big English hare, with the common rabbit in the pine forests and sandy portions, and on the dunes along the sea.

Game is carefully preserved here, and it costs something over $20 to obtain a permit to carry hunting weapons, and only a few of the middle and upper classes can afford to hunt.

Sept. 1 we went to Cruystrantem, a village some sixteen miles south of Ghent, in the rolling country dividing the watershed between the Lys and Scheldt. A high plateau in a high state of cultivation, covered with potatoes and other crops, stretched out before us. We divided in a line like sharpshooters, the dogs preceding us. It would be too long to state all the incidents of the day. With five guns we counted 115 *perdrix*, 15 hares, 4 quail and 1 rabbit.

The *perdrix* has nearly the same ways as our Bob White. Coveys number from ten to sixteen or more; and for successful hunting must be shattered and hunted up. The sport is tame, nevertheless, for a man used to the hunting of our prairie chickens and ruffed grouse, and above all our big game and "old sly reynard." The distances seem so small here for us accustomed to the big distances of America, that you are home or at your hunting grounds before one of our American hunting trips one would be fairly settled down in one place.

To-morrow we go to Dinant, in the Province of Namur, in the Belgian Ardennes. Wild boars are doing some damage to the crops; and the residents have organized a great hunt or battue to exterminate them. I hope to see some wolves and wild boars; it is too early in the season for roe deer, in which the country abounds, also in red deer. JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

NEW MEXICO GAME GALORE.

CHILILI, New Mexico, Oct. 26.—Antelope at present are very plentiful on the adjacent plains. There is a large spring within one and one-half miles of the ranch, and herds of from half a dozen to fifty arrive daily to quench their thirst. A few days ago the writer killed a splendid two-year-old buck and one doe. Yesterday Mr. John McIntosh killed two fine bucks, two does, and badly wounded another buck. A cowboy from a neighboring ranch who was passing at the time gave chase on horseback, and in a short time successfully lassoed the prize, whereupon it was promptly despatched.

This is one of the few localities in the United States where the pot-hunter is unknown, and in consequence game of all kinds is abundant.

On the Messas del Gallo and in the Gallina Mountains deer, bear, mountain lions, wildcats, wild turkeys and quail are to be found in great numbers. The now almost extinct mountain sheep is also occasionally seen.

Wolves and coyotes have been very destructive on the stock of late, and in the past few days the above have killed seven coyotes, three swifts and one badger.

At present we intend going on a hunting expedition in December to the Gallina Mountains. If so, await further developments. EDWIN DUDLEY SMITH.

VERMONT DEER AND TROUT.—Commissioner Herbert Brainerd writes us under date of Oct. 31: The law protecting deer until 1900, penalty $100, has passed both houses unanimously and has been signed by the Governor, and takes effect to-day. The close season for trout will be changed from April 1 to Sept. 1, to Aug. 1. The six-inch trout law will remain the same as heretofore.

AN ALL-ROUND SPORTING GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Arkansas correspondent in issue of Oct. 30, under the caption of "An All-Round Rifle," reminded me of two great events in man's, or at least some man's, history, viz., the selection of a wife and that of a sporting arm. Now, while I would have but little use for "Lew Willow's" Marlin repeater in the woods, no doubt it suits him exactly and none other would fill the bill of his requirements half so well.

I am fifty and three. Born in the wilds of Pennsylvania and but three years ago I killed a fine deer within three miles of where the old log house still stands in which I first saw light, and although a busy professional man for over twenty-five years I still find time to follow my natural instincts in the pursuit of game and fish. My father, who is in his 77th year, spends most of his time with rod and gun, and he and I scarcely fail to have our annual trouting and squirrel shoot. I have hunted in almost every State in the Union and have had personal experience enough to truthfully write volumes of just such lore as is weekly found embellishing the pages of your valuable journal. But all this is foreign to what "Willow's" article suggested.

No man who hunts large game but feels the need of a shotgun, especially when desirous of making a collection of small birds and animals. Besides which a grouse, duck or squirrel when fresh meat is scarce in camp comes handy to put in the pot with the potatoes. Hence I used to take two guns to the mountains—a rifle and shotgun. The rifle, the only square way to take large game, and the shotgun for small game. As to rifles, I have used the Remington, Winchester and Marlin, and they are all good guns for those who know no better. Finally I got tired being bothered with two guns; then I struck the auxiliary barrel racket and hunted with that for two or three years, which was a step in the right direction, but I always thought my shotgun felt more like a heavy club when loaded up with the auxiliary than the well balanced shotgun that it is. The market did not seem to have the gun which a six or eight weeks' experience every year demanded, or else I was one of those cranks who did not know what I did want. Several years ago after a big hunt in the Rockies I decided to have a gun constructed after my own notion of what it should be, whether it pleased any one else or not, and for the benefit of "Lew Willow" and the great army of sportsmen throughout this great country, and with your permission I will attempt a description of what has proven to me by actual experience over and over again to be just what I want.

Before I begin I would say that this gun is not being manufactured. I have the only one ever made and this article is not an advertisement, though I will be glad to reply to any questions asked in relation to the gun. It consists of two barrels, rifle and shot, each 26½in. long, placed one above the other. The rifle is a Remington .45 90 300 grains of lead, and is on top. The under one is a 20 bore shot, straight cut, the furrows being a little deeper than those in the Remington cut. The breech end of the barrels slip into a steel receiver three inches long, which also forms part of the action. They are held in position by a single screw which releases the barrels and permits of slipping in any other calibers if so desired. Thus being interchangeable, two rifle or two shot barrels can be used. The barrels are independent of each other and for the purpose of interchanging and allowing for expansion and contraction they are only fixed at the breech by the receiver and at the muzzles by a removable sleeve or double furl, the top of which furnishes the seat for the front sight. The action and locks are simple and strong. It is semi-hammerless, and in front of the right cocking lever is the break lever which is similar in appearance, but being more than an inch in front of it cannot be mistaken for the cocking lever. Slight pressure on the break lever and pulling toward you, at the same time turning the gun to the left with the break lever side up, the barrels drop, the gun is broken and in the most convenient position for reloading. When the gun is broken, by pressing a button just in front of the left cocking lever and making slight traction, the side bar slips out and the gun is in shape for packing. It is rigged with a Lyman front and rear sight, also an adjustable middle bar sight after the form of the sight used on the Daly three-barrel gun, which is attached near the end of the receiver, being 8in. from the Lyman rear sight. Depth of action 2in., width 1⅝in. The weight is 8¼lbs. Its appearance is neat and strong, pistol-grip and rubber butt-plate, in which is inserted a compass. Perfectly balanced and never fails to get there when properly handled nor to please the most fastidious sportsmen, who invariably pronounce it a daisy.

As to its performance. In this gun I have a .45-90 lead 300grs., which has all the penetration and flat trajectory necessary for the general sportsman in quest of deer, elk, moose, caribou and bear. With the 20-bore I shoot a round ball which weighs just 300grs., and behind it 2¾drs. of American wood powder special grade, well patched in a brass shell, making a perfectly tight air chamber, and therefore getting the benefit of all the force there is in it with the minimum recoil. It is astonishing how accurately this round ball finds its mark at from 100 to 120yds., and it is needless to say that it is a bone breaker of the highest order. This same barrel shoots shot of all sizes as well and better than any cylinder bore I ever owned. On two or three different occasions I lost a second deer by the racket made by throwing out the old and putting in the new shell of my Winchester. The last time I well remember. Standing by the side of a great hemlock on the crest of a ridge on Salmon Creek, Forest county, Pa. Open woods to right and left for 200yds.; in front and 125yds. below me a bench in the slope and the edge of a thicket. After standing for a few minutes, off to my left I see four fine deer feeding leisurely along, and on a line about 100yds. below me. The wind was with me. I heaved a sigh of relief and experienced that sensation familiar to all sportsmen which either has for its effects an attack of that very common disease known as buck ague, or that delightful nerve stimulus which takes us to the woods and enables us to endure hardships untold and without complaint. When they came opposite me I took advantage of a momentary stop of the buck, cut loose and picked a hole through both shoulder blades, my place of election when I have a chance to choose. He dropped in his tracks paralyzed, the other three stopped as if frozen to the snow, and had it not been for the flip-rattle-bang-klick of the infernal repeater, the fine fat barren doe, the next largest, would have laid just ten feet from his lordship the buck. Deer will stand a blatt or a single shot, but they will not suffer the rapid striking of two clapboards together in quick succession or the flip-rattle-bang-klick of a Winchester. Two jumps and they were out of sight over the bank and into the thicket. That settled the Winchester business—as good and perfect a gun as they ever made, and cost me $45. I sold it for $18 about two years ago. Now, "Lew Willow," every one to their fancy, as the old lady remarked when she kissed the brindle cow. You are suited and happy with your Marlin, and I think I have a perfect arm for all kinds of work in mine. To-day under similar circumstances the second deer would have dropped in her tracks pierced by the round ball from the 20-bore and without taking the gun from my face.

Last fall I spent six weeks in the Rockies with the celebrated hunter and guide Geo. W. Rea, of Beaver Cañon, Idaho. One day we sighted a band of 18 elk from the crest of a high range. They were feeding in a scoop out or basin, which was perhaps 600ft. below us, and from two and a half to three miles in diameter. The surface was interspersed here and there with clumps of evergreen scrub pines and patches of barren ground, which was covered with 6in. of snow. After some two hours travel we succeeded in getting off the mountain top and into the basin. Another hour of maneuvering on hands, knees and bellies brought us to a point at the crest of a little knoll, and within about 120yds. of the herd, which having winded us, but imperfectly, had bunched and were standing huddled up like so many scared sheep. They had not seen us, and the currents of air were so uncertain, owing to the contour of the surface, that one moment they could smell us and again for a few minutes the currrent would be coming from the herd to us. Under such circumstances elk will almost invariably bunch and stand several shots before they break. I was on the right of Rea and by previous arrangement I was to fire at the front of the pack while he was to take the left or rear—both to keep firing as long as they stood it. At my whispered order we both fired and the reports were as one. Two fell, shot through—still they stood—and before he had worked the lever of his Winchester my second elk turned up her side, and, having a shell between my teeth, his second shot had hardly spoken when my third broke another's back. Yes, I would prefer a repeater for the kind of work I did between 1861 and the close of our late unpleasantness, but for game of all kinds, large and small, I want my trusty combination gun, and I will get there, you bet. I claim nothing but the suggestion of such a gun as I have described, and whose praises I never get tired singing. To my friend and fellow townsman, Prof. M. B. Hall, belongs the credit of developing and manufacturing, from my very crude ideas, the gun by which I swear as being the perfection of an all-round sporting gun—and while "Lew Willow" and I don't "slide down the same cellar door" on the gun question, there is no doubt we would enjoy trading lies around a camp-fire all the same. SHONGO.

LANCASTER, Pa.

GEESE IN THE DEVIL'S LAKE COUNTRY.

BY common consent of the different railroad lines running west and northwest from Minneapolis, the 14th of October is set apart as a day on which travelers may go anywhere they please, within certain wide limits over the lines named, on payment of one fare for the round trip. These tickets are called "home seekers'" tickets by a sort of poetical license, for the beneficiaries on that day are usually composed of everybody else but the seekers after homes. Many sportsmen make their arrangements to take their annual duck hunt on that day; and among the number of these thrifty sportsmen were myself and friend W., and our destination the Devil's Lake Country of North Dakota, famed for its bad crops of everything but geese; and these, we were told by the phenomenal liar, were so numerous that the shadows of their flight retarded the growth of vegetation.

We found on the same train several other jolly parties of hunters encumbered with a perfect arsenal of guns and ammunition, bound like ourselves for that section of country. We started at 8 o'clock in the evening over the Great Northern R. R. and were due at Grand Harbor, a little station a few miles north from Dent's Lake, at 11 A. M. following day. These far western roads, however, run more on "dead reckoning" than by the card. At times we would travel at a speed suggestive of a "wild engine" in our rear, and then we would slow down to the solemn gait of a funeral train. The result was that we arrived at our destination about three hours late. That night we spent at the home of Mr. Craft, some three miles from the village, a house only a trifle more commodious than the so-called "shack," in which the pre-emptor is content to dwell during the probationary period of his "proving up." We soon, however, found that Mr. C.'s hospitality was far larger than his house, for although he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, both he and his good wife did all they could to make us comfortable and our quest after geese a success.

Next morning a neighbor of his, Mr. Graham, consented to drive us over to Sweetwater Lake, eight miles distant, where the birds were said to be very plentiful. At first some little difficulty was experienced in getting a team, as the voracious chattel mortgage man gobbled one of his horses and another belonging to our host, but the difficulty was overcome at last by making up a complete team of the two odd ones left behind. As my friend and myself were a little uncertain of our prowess on goose shooting, it was reassuring for obvious reasons to learn that our Jehu had the reputation of being a mighty hunter in these parts; it was said that when the birds were in good flight they fell all around him like a meteoric shower.

After a cold drive we arrived at the lake late in the afternoon, and our eyes were gladdened by the sight of large flocks of geese flying in their cuniform fashion from the lake to their feeding grounds. We enjoyed some elegant shooting that evening, bagging quite a number of birds, both ducks and geese. It was dark before we pitched our tent for the night, and as we did not contemplate camping out and were not provided with anything like a proper equipment, our first night's experience was anything but restful. Our tent, to begin with, was a little round affair as thin as the tail of one's shirt, and its diameter less in measurement than the length of our persons. Then, again, the straw we lay in was damp, and the old horse blankets that covered us damp, too, with something else than the dews of heaven! Under these untoward circumstances there was no difficulty in beating the sun rise next morning, and we were rewarded with some capital shooting till a wagonload of St. Paulites invaded our preserves, and by their wild and indiscriminate shooting spoiled all the sport for the remainder of the day.

The next morning we undertook what would appear to a man up a tree as a regular wild goose chase. That is to say, we started off with all our belongings to follow the birds to their feeding grounds, and wonderful to relate, succeeded. Graham was a good shot, but he was something more; he was an unconscious naturalist. From long experience he knew the habits of the birds, and when and where to find them at all hours of the day or night. He could converse with them in their several dialects, and attract them from the skies as Benjamin Franklin did the lightning. If he happened to be in the open when a flock of birds were approaching, and no cover in sight, he had the faculty of reducing his *embonpoint* to the most insignificant proportions, or he would fling himself on the ground on his old fur coat and look for all the world like a wolf skin robe that had dropped by accident from the tail end of a wagon.

On arriving at their feeding grounds we were fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Capt. Jones, who lived near, and who accepted promptly and heartily our proposition to remain with him over night. He made us so comfortable, and we found his family so pleasant and well bred, that we extended our visit over another night, which gave us one whole day's shooting, and wound up our trip for the season. Our bag consisted of 60 geese and several ducks. I am aware that this is no phenomenal sport, but had the weather been boisterous and strong, instead of genial and pleasant, we would have got a far larger number of birds, but at the expense of a good deal of solid comfort, and of the two alternatives we much preferred the latter.

The geese that frequent this part of the country consist of four varieties; the Canadian goose, or honker, as the natives call them, the Hutchins goose, and two kind of brant geese; one snow-white and the other gray with spotted breast.

The country we passed over was a surprise and delight. We had been taught to regard that far away land as chiefly the abode of a wild lot of pioneers, who varied the monotony of their lives by jumping the claims of their neighbors and being promptly assassinated for their pains. The soil was supposed to be poor and so alkaline in character that you could scoop it up with a shovel. Hot winds and drouths devoured their crops, and it was there where the money sharks got in their best hook. Unfortunately the last reports were altogether too true. The farmers of Ramsay county, as we could judge from a very cursory visit, were hopelessly bankrupt, unless, indeed, they can stave off foreclosures for another season and that turns out a benign one for them, but in respect of the other reports nothing could be more inaccurate. We found the people far more intelligent and refined than in most farming districts, and the soil they tilled as fine as anything lying out of doors—a rich, dark friable loam, capable of growing anything that that high latitude would permit. With one good crop to their credit, the farmers now so heavily incumbered could nearly free themselves from debt. They have been improvident, like most of their class, in buying on credit expensive farm implements, but the new comers, we were told, are profiting by the example of the others, and finding freedom and thrift in a walking-beam plow and a yoke of strong oxen. J. D. C.

CHICAGO, Ill.

DAYTON HUNTERS.

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 3.—The hunters, S. S. Troup, Adolph Sander, Ed Cooper and Dr. C. F. Makley have returned from a week's sport in Pulaski county, Indiana, a region of marshy land, ditches and small lakes, a region where quail, pheasants and prairie chickens abound, and in season, snipe, woodcock and ducks. The party were not diligent hunters, but they had lots of fun. They, however, were treated to a remarkable exhibition of interest to all shooters.

George Engle and John Baker, residents of Winamac, that county, shoot woodcock and snipe for the Chicago market, and they now have in cold storage at their home 1,000 dozen snipe that they killed last spring, and have hanging in their large refrigerator in strings of dozens, with feathers on and entrails, frozen hard and in perfect condition. These snipe are shipped on orders from Chicago restaurants every day in the year at $2.50 per dozen. Snipe come in immense numbers to these swales and marshes along Tippecanoe River in April, and Messrs. Engle and Baker wait for them to feed and fatten a week or ten days before they begin to shoot. The biggest bag in any one day last spring for either of the gentlemen was by Engle, who bagged 70 pairs, and the brace bagged 800 snipe in three days' shooting. In this way Chicago people have game the year around.

Hunters in this city are having the game laws examined to learn if it be not possible to place quail in cold storage during the open season, clearly establishing the date the birds are killed, and sell at any time during the year. The law is very clear in forbidding the shooting or pursuing of quail with intent to kill except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15 each year; and as clearly permits express or any other company bringing quail into the State in the close season from any point without the State where the killing of quail is lawful. The hunters and dealers argue that if quail may be killed elsewhere and brought into the State, they may be sold and eaten in the Ohio close season. At any rate, the matter is to be tested. Thousands of Ohio hunters have for two weeks been shooting quail in Indiana and Kentucky, and bringing them home to feast on.

Hunting parties from this city and vicinity who are in camp in the pine forests of northern Michigan and Wisconsin are experiencing snow flurries, just the kind of weather that is favorable for bear and deer. Of course the camps are snug and comfortable, whether formed of tents or cabins, and all are located near springs or small lakes, where fish abound. Spruce hens are plenty, and there is enough other small game to be had for the table. Porcupines are numerous. The cabins were cleared of rats and mice by the weasels in advance of arrival of the hunters.

Roving bands of Indians at first annoyed the camps in Forest and Chippewa counties, Wisconsin; and settlers

have been slaughtering the deer by fire-hunting at night, which is against the law. One of these backwoodsmen passed the Dayton camp on the shore of Lake Hilbert, Wisconsin, with twelve saddles of venison last Tuesday from deer that had been slaughtered at night with a big 8-bore gun. Harvey Puterbaugh, of that camp, killed a six-pronged buck, a 200 pounder, very black skin on the back. One-half of the carcass was as much as two men could carry through the woods.

The Germantown hunters, at Camp Hawkins, on the Soo Railway, in Chippewa county, Wisconsin, have been having fine sport. James Gilman killed a monster buck; and Jacob Judge shot a bear cub, and wounded the old she bear and her other cub, and at last report the hunters were on the trail.

Last Monday Philip Kern, of the Dayton party in Marquette county, Michigan, killed two fawns and Joseph Mauter brought down a spike buck by a long shot. Eight miles from that party are located three Xenia camps, who in the aggregate have killed 44 deer in six weeks, O. W. Linkhart having the champion score of 7 deer killed and taken into camp. BROWN.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING WITH A SPANIEL.

IT appears strange that while all the sporting journals pronounce woodcock to have been so abundant in most parts this season, in this old woodcock locality we should have had no August or September birds. The woodcock to be found here at the present are merely flight birds, and are to be found in the most inaccessible places.

Having hunted all the usual coverts for these birds, and only bagging some half dozen brace, I was about to give up all hopes of getting any woodcock shooting for this year, when a thought struck me to go out on some meadow, and fall wheat fields, and see if I could not get a few snipe. I found these fields literally bored to pieces with what I took at first sight to be snipe at work. Having thoroughly hunted the ground with my spaniel Jill, and succeeded in getting up only two snipe (both of which I bagged) I thought I would examine the dropping, as possibly the boring might be done by woodcock at night. Upon doing so I felt convinced that my surmise was correct. I have found that in the droppings from woodcock, an occasional dropping will be found with a pink tinge in the coloring, while in the snipe's droppings the coloring is black. I felt now sure that woodcock, and a good number of them, were in the neighborhood, and possibly not far away, and commenced a regular systematic search for them, and succeeded after a time in finding their retreat about a mile from their feeding ground. And oh, you setter and pointer men, what a place, as dry as a chip, and composed of swamp willows, cedar, small birch and poplar, and so close together that while I carried my gun in a perpendicular position in my right hand I had to divide the boughs and switches with my left in order to pass through, and succeeded in making a splendid bag with the help of my spaniel, which gives tongue whenever she flushes a bird, be it a woodcock, snipe or partridge; and I know at once by the nature of her bark which it is. Do you hear that, you Clumber men?

For woodcock, snipe, duck and partridge I prefer my black cocker and field spaniels before all other breeds. I have always used them, and hope always to do so to the end. For a handsome, companionable, useful and easily trained dog, commend me to the spaniel, especially the black spaniel.

These October woodcock are unusually large, fat birds, with the most lovely plumage. How any person calling himself a sportsman can shoot a July woodcock after once having killed an October bird, is beyond my comprehension. H. B. N.

COOKSTOWN, Ontario.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—*Dear Forest and Stream:* Your manner of treating the great question of game preservation, and your habit of giving to the sportsman of limited means and humble desires as good a hearing as you grant to the wealthiest yachtsman or deer hunter, emboldens me to trouble you with this effusion, hoping it may meet your approval in sufficient degree to warrant its publication in your columns. I think it represents the views of many men of square sporting instincts who feel with me in these matters.

An old shooting friend remarked to me in answer to my wail about the scarcity of rail birds, "The Delaware River is played out." I take his terse remark as my text.

We have one hundred miles of river between us and the sea, it is bounded on both sides for almost that entire distance by great meadows and marshes, splendid feeding grounds for snipe, plover, ducks, rail and reed birds; and the river banks are not at all thickly settled, in fact we do not have to go many miles down before the country presents a remarkably wild and uncultivated appearance on both sides of bay and river, the very picture of a natural game preserve; and the great number of tributary creeks, very many of them large enough to be called rivers, add immensely to these advantages. These creeks and the river itself are wonderful breeding grounds for fine fish, and there is room for incalculable quantities of them. Twice in 24 hours a great tidal wave rushes in and recedes from the river and its tributaries; and an immense volume of fresh water from the mountains and hills of northern Pennsylvania and southern New York continually sweeps down to the sea. Nature has supplied every condition with a lavish hand; and many a time I have exclaimed with the poet:

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

We have the water and the marshes, but the birds and fish are almost extinct. In plain violation of law our oil refineries pour out their refuse into the stream, vast oily masses, floating up and down with the tide, tainting the marshes and polluting the water. Every flat is swept with "nigger nets" twice every twenty-four hours for almost two months. These nets are of 1in. mesh, and sweep even the smallest perch and sunfish into the lockers of the market boats and the river channel. The creeks are almost paved with hoop nets doing their work all the year round.

I pay the West Jersey Game Protective Association a certain amount of cash every year for a license to shoot, and may be it sounds a little hard when I say I have never known them to protect anything but their charter. Their great work has been done in that flock of particularly gamy game birds that assembles at Trenton. The association is really about as near nothing as it can be as far as protection to game is concerned. I have not heard of their having made a single arrest this year so far, though I could have directed their attention to some glaring violations of the law.

Now, I have stated our case, what are we sportsmen of limited means and leisure to do? We have neither time nor money to turn amateur policemen, and we do not want to see all our ancient hunting grounds fall into the hands of wealthy and exclusive sporting clubs, who will really protect their leased domains.

I write this in the faint hope that in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM it may attract the attention of some of our own opulent and independent shooting and fishing men, who, spending their time and money in distant fields, have lost sight of this great natural game demesne at their very door, and have resigned it to the tender mercies of the oil refiner, the market-shooter and the market-fisherman.

It has been said that we, native born Philadelphians, raised upon Schuylkill River water ("the Schuylkill, oh, lovely sewer!"), wont "kick" at anything; but a little indignation has worked through the fumes of the above-mentioned beverage in yours, H. E.

RIFLE AIMING AT GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose two photographs showing a favorite position among some deer stalkers in this country for taking long shots at large game. I never saw it used when living in America years ago, and think the position must be generally unknown there, having only once read in any American paper of its being tried, and then only for target shooting by one individual. I have killed numbers of deer and antelope at long ranges, sitting down as in Fig. 1. Except in windy weather it is nearly or quite as steady as the prone position often illustrated in books upon prairie shooting, and has the following additional advantages: It is equally adapted for firing down over the edge of a precipice or up the side of a steep hill. It allows of a clear view of the game over rocks, bushes or the top of tall grass. Shots can easily be taken at animals on the fastest gallop by raising the elbows off the knees.



The position can be assumed quietly and quickly on the most even ground, with little risk of alarming the game. If it be advisable to stand up for a better view of the game, the hunter can rise in a moment without the help of his hands, and with the rifle held ready for a quick shot.

Fig. 2 shows a modification of the sitting position which is in common use among many of the Boors of South Africa for long shots at antelope. With a stick held as illustrated shooting can be made almost as good as from a fixed rest. It doubtless was adopted in the days of muzzleloaders when hunters carried loading rods.

Though the stick would of course be debarred as an artificial rest in shooting matches, this position is strongly to be recommended for trying the accuracy of a rifle by those who feel awkward when firing from the back.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

[The position first alluded to is similar to the one here shown, the stick being dispensed with.]

THE ADIRONDACK DEER SUPPLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 23 there appears an article over the signature "D. C. L.," which puts deer hounding where it belongs. In the last paragraph of that article he portrays in scathing words how depraved must be the sportsman who indulges in this water butchery.

I beg to differ with your correspondent on two points. First, he does not think hounding is destructive.

Not doubting in the least your correspondent's sincerity, but he has probably not had the opportunities to judge rightly. Many others are of the same opinion.

They have engaged in hounding perhaps in the first half of September on some large lake where there were not hunters enough to command the whole line; and at this season deer do not like to swim, but run into small streams and skirt along the shore of the lake in shallow water, and thus escape the hunters. Had your correspondent been with me here the last week of hounding I am sure he would come to a different conclusion. I have in mind two prominent men who were in the woods here during the last week of hounding. They told me when they came back that this was the first opportunity they had of knowing to what extent and manner hounding was carried on in the Adirondacks, and although they were previously in favor of hounding they were now thoroughly disgusted and opposed to it on the ground of its destructiveness. "Why," they said, "it must be no dogs or no deer."

Along the road here for a distance of ten miles there was a string of men within shooting distance of each other, then they had boats on all the lakes to pick up what deer lived to get to water. In this manner the highest bag they made in one day was twenty deer. They kept this up until the deer were either all killed or driven off.

It is not so much the sportsman that is depleting the deer as those living around the borders of the woods. Hounding makes deer hunting independent of skill or experience. And thus hundreds go in to kill all they can, regardless to numbers or manner of killing. All who are most competent to judge agree that at least three hundred deer have been taken out of the woods in this immediate vicinity.

Secondly, your correspondent says, "There is really no probable moral difference in the manner of killing deer." I beg to differ with him here. If hounding is a proper occupation, then crusting is the same; so too is trapping. Water is only one form of trap, the most destructive, for the steel trap waits for its single victim until it wanders into its jaws, while in the water trap you take advantage of the victim's instinct provided for its safety by forcing it into the trap when the hound is put upon its track. It is no part of the sportsman to subject his game to avoidable suffering or fear. But what terror exceeds that of the timid deer flying before the hound for the instinctive place of safety; and when there his terror is agonized by the approach of the boat and hunter to complete the work of destruction. I have seen the deer raise its body half out of water and bleat most piteously as the boat approached. Whoever can thus kill a deer struggling in the water must be endowed with a greater amount of natural depravity than I am willing to own or attribute to your much respected correspondent.

I think "D. C. L." would experience quite a different sensation were he to travel miles and miles through the thick woods, searching cautiously every jungle and place most likely to harbor the wary deer, only to see his retreating form waving the white flag of defiance, until at last he succeeds in outwitting one, gets in the first shot and brings his noble game to bag from what he would by cracking one's skull at short range or with the club while struggling helplessly in the water.

Deer are not increasing in the Adirondacks, but steadily diminishing. As the result of hounding deer have been concentrated into localities less disturbed. Large areas contain but few deer, and when hunted from their last refuge by the hound and the water butcher their extermination will be practically accomplished. MUSSET.

BEAVER RIVER REGION, Oct. 29.

MINNESOTA GAME FIELDS.

DETROIT CITY, Oct. 29.—Chicken shooting has not been so good as usual. Stephen and I had indifferent success each time we were out, and others reported very moderately-filled bags. Saw two large flocks of chickens the other day when after ducks.

The duck shooting has been extraordinarily good. I never saw so many mallards in my life as I saw on one or two occasions this fall. We've all had rare sport. Several parties from abroad have been camped at Height of Land Lake and Tamarac, and have slaughtered the duck by the thousand.

I just met Tom Richmond on the street and he said, "Let me tell you the trick a duck played on me last Saturday. I shot a big green-head, and he fell into the water seemingly dead. My dog brought him out, and I carried him and another one in my hand half a mile; then I laid my gun and the ducks down to get a string from my pocket to tie them together with. The green-head jumped up, ran between my legs, and started on a duck-run across lots. I ran after him thinking to catch him every step, and leaving my gun further behind all the time. Presently the duck rose, just beyond the reach of my hands, and went off toward the lake seemingly as well as ever, leaving me standing there gazing after him like a fool. The next duck I get I'm going to know he's dead, you bet."

Snipe shooting has been indulged in somewhat this fall. P. O. Stephens and I went out one afternoon and brought home a fine lot. The geese have been reported very plenty around here, but I've not seen them, nor seen any large number brought in. A. R. Stephens and I were out all of one day in a place where they were reported thick, but we did not see one goose.

Parties are already passing through here northward to be in camp ready for the deer. The season opens next Saturday. A. R. Stephens expects to go north of town about eight miles and kill seven big bucks that day. We'll see if he does. P. O. Stephens and I intend to start for the woods Monday, Nov. 3. We expect to achieve so great a success that the Northwest shall ring with the fame thereof. Why shouldn't we, when we each have an elegant new rifle with all the latest improvements? Perhaps you'll hear from us later on. MYRON COOLEY.

GAME IN DELAWARE.—Dover, Del., Nov. 1.—At the annual election last week of officers and directors of the Delaware Game Protective Association, the old board was re-elected. The president, Mr. I. N. Mills, is an efficient and able officer. Since this association was incorporated eleven years ago, much has been done toward making salutary game laws, and the quantity and quality of our game shows a marked increase. The members of this association have not labored for the sake of any private gain, but for the general good. And to-day ours is a State in which the game laws are enforced, and for our extent of territory we have a creditable supply of game. From the 2,200 partridges loosed in the State last spring, there has been a proportionate increase. The dry summer season was favorable to the young birds, and in the two lower counties there are but few farms that have not one or more coveys of birds. The woods and thickets have also a liberal showing of the little "cottontail" denizens. The shooting season opens on Nov. 15, and the farmers are placarding their fences with notices warning the too zealous sportsman against trespassing. In many instances these signs are not to be strictly construed as meaning "no gunning," but they have the effect of preventing a general overrunning of the land by gunners and dogs.—DEL A. WARE.

THE "ASIAN."—The last number of our Calcutta contemporary, the *Asian*, contains the announcement that "with its next number the *Asian*, which will then commence its thirteenth year of existence and its twenty-fifth volume, will become a weekly, instead of being as hitherto a fortnightly paper. The vast strides which sport has made in India during the last twelve years have rendered the more frequent appearance of the journal devoted to its chronicles and interest a matter of necessity: hence the change."

NIGHTS WITH THE COONS.

I HAVE read many of the accounts of different coon hunts published in the columns of your paper. Most of them tell of hunts in the East and are from the pen of Eastern hunters.

Let me here relate some points about Western coon hunting. I notice one article in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 30 speaks of the hunter ascending the tree and then shooting the coon. This may be all right in the East, but in southern Missouri, where I hunted last spring, it is considered as unsportsmanlike to shoot a coon as it would be to shoot a pheasant on the ground.

After the coon is treed the first thing to do is (if the size of the tree permits) to climb the tree and get as near to the beast as possible, but if one had to shake him out he would find his hands pretty full. In fact unless the tree was quite small it would be almost impossible to do so. The thing to do then, after reaching the proper place in the tree, is to break off a limb as long and as straight as possible; on the end of this put your hunting cap and thrust it out toward the coon. He is immediately paralyzed with fear, he does not wait to jump out, but literally falls backward off the limb to the ground.

Often a large "boar" coon no sooner sees one coming up into his section of the tree than with an angry growl he starts down to meet the intruder; but once get your cap on a stick, poke it at him, and all of his boldness is gone and he usually goes with it to the ground. Most hunters carry a stick up the tree with them, by putting it down the leg of their boot. An old rifle ramrod makes a good stick and is just about the right length. It is really better to carry the stick up with you, for if the coon is an old male he is liable to show fight, and it is a good thing to have your stick ready. I remember well the last hunt I took before leaving Missouri. It was during the latter part of April and the sap was pretty well up in the trees. The night was very dark and cloudy, one of those nights when it seems as though it would like to rain but could not. The hounds started a trail and had not run it ten minutes when we heard the leader bark "treed." On going to the spot we found the whole pack of nine beagles and foxhounds whining and baying up a large water oak. The night was so dark and the limbs of the tree so thick that the coon could not be seen. I started to climb the tree and had almost reached the top when I heard an angry growl and saw a pair of shining green eyes coming down toward me. I grasped the first limb that I could find and tried to wrench it off, but being green, was not at all inclined to come. The coon was almost at my elbow. I saw I could not break the limb, so I turned and struck him full in the face with my fist. Down he went right in the middle of the howling pack. Well, he kept the dogs busy for almost an hour, and I assure you they were a pretty looking sight when the coon was done for. Old Ben, our jack rabbit dog, had a piece of his ear torn off as big as a quarter, and our leader, "The Old Man," had been bitten through the lip and was almost covered with blood. The other dogs had their share of wounds, too. I fancy I can see them now by the dim light of the lantern in the depths of the gloomy bottom forest, standing around the dead coon, panting and wagging their tails as much as to say, "We are the stuff." Well, after the excitement was all over I found that I too had been injured in the scuffle. The knuckles of my right hand carry a scar to-day where my fist came in contact with the coon's teeth when I struck him in the face. LOTOR.

On Saturday, Oct. 25, the fifth annual coon hunt of the King's Lake Club took place in the bottoms adjacent to the club house in Lincoln county, Missouri. Maj. Dane Caruth, the club's president, is to be complimented upon the thorough manner in which the affair was arranged. When the party left the club house it was a few minutes past 9 o'clock. The sky was cloudless and the moon shone bright. Before he had gone a half mile the welcome baying of the hounds was heard, giving warning that they had one of the vermints treed. The four choppers were set to work, and as darkey Sol remarked, they flung that tree in mighty short order. When the tree fell the dogs rushed in and made short work of him. Nine more were added in quick succession. A light drizzling rain began falling near the bewitching hour of night, but as the sport was of the cyclone order the hunters paid no attention to it. At 2 o'clock in the morning Maj. Caruth gave orders to lead for the club house.

Several of the party indulged in fishing and hunting, but as a rule they met with poor success. Ducks were scarce and the fish would not bite. UNSER FRITZ.

CALIFORNIA LION STORIES.

A VERY interesting animal is *Felis concolor*, and in these days one hears of more adventures with him than with the grizzly. The latter, however, gets into illustration in a thousand forms and will be carved in granite for all time to come as the representative California beast. The great cat of the United States—the sinewy slouching cougar—seldom interests artists. Barye put him in bronze, but how few others have studied the animal.

The California sheep-herder can tell more lion stories than any one else. In the foothills the lion is the most dangerous enemy of the flock—far worse than bears or coyotes. He leaps into the midst of the sheep and slays them right and left for the mere pleasure of killing. The short, stubby shotgun, loaded with slugs and buckshot, that a sheep-herder carries in the thick brush is meant to wreak disaster upon the lithe dun-colored sheep killer, which is liable to spring down from the boughs of an oak and cut a swath of destruction across the frightened flock.

"When I was a boy of fourteen," said an old farmer to me, "I visited some friends in Santa Cruz county. Their farm was on top of the hill in the edge of the Redwood country. I went to the post-office, four miles away, one afternoon, and came back after nightfall. As I went along the path through the broken woods I heard something moving on a line parallel to the path and about 50ft. distant. I thought it was a horse or cow and paid no attention to it. Presently it drew closer and kept exact pace with me. I stopped, faced the mystery and advanced a few paces toward it, when it slowly retreated. In this way the creature accompanied me to the very edge of the garden. The next day the tracks showed that it was an unusually large lion. He stayed in the region living on calves, sheep and pigs, until he was tracked by a pair of good hounds, treed in a pine and killed.

It was only a few days ago that a boy of sixteen, Conrad Alles, of Three Rivers, a wild mountain district in the Tulare region, went out deer hunting, when he discovered a lion in an oak tree, crouching on a branch and ready to spring. He shot it and it fell in a ravine, but immediately recovered sufficiently to spring at the lad, who gave the *coup de grace* with a second rifle ball. The lion measured 6½ft. from tip to tip.

George W. Melone, of San Joaquin, a noted old hunter, tells many sporting stories. One of his lion yarns is about a trip made many years ago to the Mount Shasta region. One day Mr. Melone saw that the top of a small tree near the camp was being shaken as if in a whirl-pool. He went to examine into the matter, and found that a mule had been tied there, and was frightened nearly to death by some dreadful apparation. Melone saw a moving mass on the ground creeping up toward the mule, and, after a glance, took it for a wildcat. He ran for his rifle, rushed back to the spot, and seeing the head of the creature lifted, as it advanced with eyes fixed on the poor mule, he drew a bead between the eyes and fired. A wild cry was heard, and a huge body rose in the air and fell backward down a ravine. It was an immense California lion, engaged in the laudable business of securing his meal. Nine feet from tip to tip was the size of Melone's "wildcat." CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE SALE OF GAME.—Mr. Frank M. Gilbert, who is known as an earnest advocate of game protection and as a practical hard worker in the cause, has this to say in his paper the Evansville, Ind., *Evening Argus*, about the sale of quail: "The farmers are taking steps to preserve the quail, and this is perfectly right, but they are not moving in the right direction. There is just one way to preserve game, and that is to stop its sale. It is not the true sportsman who exterminates game, but the market hunter, who kills game for the money he can get for it. He follows it at all times and in all kinds of weather, and kills it in any way, shape or form he can. If he can catch a covey of quail huddled together, it suits him just that much better, for then he gets more money for the load of ammunition he has expended. The various States are all waking up, and are protecting their game. In Illinois it is against the law to sell quail at all, and this has put a stop to the piles of tens of thousands of quail (nearly all netted, too) that used to be allowed to spoil by sudden changes of weather in all the little towns in southern Illinois. The writer once saw in Galatia, Ill., enough quail to fill a coal cart, heaped up, that spoiled because the roads were too bad to haul them, and they were thrown away. This law has put a stop to the hordes of market hunters who used to swarm over Illinois, killing quail for Chicago. Even in Arkansas, the greatest game State in the Union, the law which prevents shipping game out of the State has been enforced, and has driven out the market hunters who shipped thousands of deer, untold numbers of mallard ducks, turkeys and quail to St. Louis and Chicago. At the sunk lands of the St. Francis River, the writer saw nineteen barrels and five sacks of mallards marked to Chicago, lying at the water tank station, and learned from a railread man that the Cotton Belt road averaged ten barrels each evening from these fellows all through the season of the duck flight. How did they kill them? By slipping down to their 'beds' at night and firing huge swivel guns into their midst as they sat on the water. Was there any sport about this? It was simply a brutal lust for blood money that wiped out untold numbers of ducks, and left thousands of poor cripples to go off into the reeds and die, for, of course, these fellows would not waste time on cripples. Where did the vast herds of buffalo go? Were they killed by sportsmen? Were they killed by hunters to eat? No, they were killed by market skin hunters, who left their carcasses to rot on the prairie while they sold their hides for money. To return to the quail question. If the farmers will start a movement to stop the sale of quail altogether, they will find ready and willing help at the hands of all true sportsmen in the State. Your true sportsman never sells quail. His pleasure in making a neat shot is only equalled by the pleasure of sending a mess of quail to some sick friend, or to some friend who can't get away from business, or perhaps who 'can't hit 'em' if he does get away. It has been said that the quail is a noble bird. He is. He is a game little fellow who, when found by the keen nose of the dog, whirrs up and takes his chances against the skill of the hunter. He is too noble a bird to be peddled out like beefsteak or sausage meat. If the farmers will take steps to prohibit his sale altogether there will be plenty of quail in Indiana a hundred years from now, and our grandchildren will have some sport once in awhile—for the love of field sports goes by inheritance."

A MAINE SIDE-HUNT.—Farmington, Me., Nov. 1.—One of the events which is now looked forward to with much interest by the lover of the gun in Farmington is the hunting match. This year it came on the last day of October. Two well-known hunters, W. Whitcomb and Fred L. Kinsman, each chose twenty-nine men, who at an early hour shouldered their guns and took to the woods. The number included doctor, lawyer, merchant, bank official and editor. The hunters with their game were to reach Hotel Willows by 8 o'clock P. M., when they were to count the score, the side having the least number furnishing the supper. The first to come in was a merchant with slow step and empty game bag. When asked what success, he made answer, "I shooded up a dozen partridges, but not one of the blamed things did I kill; but I have walked fifty miles." One lawyer shot two partridges. The editor shot at one. The best score was made by Capt. Whitcomb, although not on the side that won; his count was 650 points. The next best was 600, made by Herbert Moulton. The 69 hunters with and without game reached the hotel by 8 o'clock, Fred L. Kinsman's side being the victors with this count: 17 rabbits, 850 points; 29 partridges, 2,900; 3 weasels, 300; 2 woodcock, 200; 4 muskrats, 200; 1 fox, 500; total, 4,950 points. Capt. Whitcomb's side brought in as follows: 12 partridges, 1,200; 12 muskrats, 600; 7 rabbits, 350; total, 2,150 points. About 9 o'clock the hunters sat down to one of Landlord McDonald's elegant suppers, which was greatly enjoyed by the merry and hungry crowd, who amid the cigar smoke that followed related the day's sport. We learn that four of the best shots are to try a match hunt for big game in December.—FLYRNT.

KANSAS GAME.—Ottawa, Franklin County, Kansas, Oct. 26.—Eastern Kansas is known as a great quail country. This season has been one of the best we have had for several years for the birds, at least the weather being warm and dry during the nesting season and the food plentiful. Quail are unusually thick; they may be found at almost any time and place, and if they were protected as they should be they would always be thick enough to satisfy any sportsman. Before a storm a great many of them come into town, but even here they are not safe from those who call themselves sportsmen, but who kill game at all times during the close season, even when it is nesting or rearing its young. Prairie chickens are not very plenty at this place, but there are more of them than usual. They are very plentiful at Colony this year. There has been considerable rain lately, and it is bringing in the ducks and geese. They are not very thick as yet, but quite a number of small bags have been made. The sand-hill cranes were observed to be flying south last Saturday in considerable numbers; they nearly all fly at once and seldom stop here. Squirrels and cotton-tails are numerous. There are also quite a number of jack-rabbits, which are mostly hunted with greyhounds. The old ones are only fit to eat during the coldest weather, but the young ones are said to be very good eating. If a society for the protection of game and fish were formed in eastern Kansas it could accomplish great results. A few prosecutions of the law-breaking hunters would change matters perceptibly, and I would be glad to hear of any movement looking to protection.—F. B.

CARE OF DEAD GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the best method of taking care of game after being killed, consequently I write a few lines on the matter, hoping to call out something from those having experience that may be of service to myself and possibly to others of your readers. In my experience it seems to be the custom in the West and South to draw all game and hang them heads up, in some cases filling the cavity with hay or grass, while in other instances nothing is used in the cavity. Further east, more particularly in ducking portions of Michigan, Ohio and Canada, the game is rarely if ever drawn and is hung heads down, almost the only care being to see that the birds are dry before packing for shipment. I always like to take my game home when I am fortunate enough to get any, consequently have to ask, "What is the best method of taking care of game?"—MC.

CHINESE PHEASANTS IN ILLINOIS.—Macomb, Ill., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will remember I turned loose a pair of Chinese pheasants in this county last spring. Last week several young pheasants three-fourths grown were seen near where the old birds were turned loose. I have no doubt now that these birds will breed and do well all through the West and South, and probably as far north as Pennsylvania and New York. Should they breed as fast here as they do in Oregon, they will soon spread over the State. Nine years ago eleven of them were turned loose in Linn county, Oregon. The secretary of the State Board of Agriculture says he would be safe in saying there are a million in the State now. These birds may revolutionize the whole sporting country in the course of time. I shall import some more in the spring to this county.—W. O. BLAISDELL.

SHOOTING GAME FOR MONEY.—Towanda, Pa., Nov. 1.—Many grouse have been killed by market-hunters in this county. Men and boys by the dozen make it a business, from the time the season opens until it closes, to shoot for the money there is in it. Hundreds of acres that were last season open to shooters are being posted for this and other reasons. Spent a day after grouse and woodcock last week. Put up six bevies of quail. Was unable to go after them opening day, Nov. 1, and have doubts about finding them again, as the market-hunters will probably have them bagged by this time. Of the shooters who were out from this place opening day report the following bags: Ladd 1 quail, Laplant 0, Montanye 0, Snider 0, Cransky 1, Bowen 2, Rittenbury 6 quail and 2 rabbits.—W. F. DITTRICH.

A GLOOMY REPORT.—Central Lake, Mich., Oct. 25.—Game is scarce in this county this fall. Deer tracks are rarely seen, even in the most favored localities. Ruffed grouse (I might be misunderstood by some poet if I said "partridges") are so few in numbers that I have not heard of a respectable bag for two years. No mallards come this way nowadays, and the other ducks are few, far between and half frightened to death. Some blame the State Game Warden for this state of things. I don't; and shall have more to say on this subject after a time.—KELPIE.

A SMOKELESS POWDER TEST.—Mr. Hugo A. Strong, of No. 3 Hanover street, New York, as agent for Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, the inventor of the new high explosives, "Emmensite," "Gelbite," etc., etc., invites attendance at the FOREST AND STREAM gun-testing range, at Claremont, Jersey City, at 2:17 P. M., Nov. 7, for the purpose of witnessing tests with gelbite, which is a smokeless powder, or chemically treated paper, for use in shotguns. To reach Claremont take the New Jersey Central, Liberty street ferry. Trains leave this side at 2 P. M.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.—State of New York, Attorney General's Office. — Albany, Oct. 29. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* The Commission to codify and revise the game laws hold a meeting at Albany, Nov. 18, at 2:30 P. M., in the Assembly Parlor, for the purpose of hearing arguments, suggestions, etc. Will you kindly insert a notice in your paper to that effect.—ED. G. WHITAKER, Commissioner.

RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, R. I., Nov. 2.—The trial of Hoxie is postponed until the last of November. We have more birds this fall than for years. Woodcock very plenty, also quail; partridges more so than for years. I think after protection the coming season it will begin to seem like shooting of years gone by.—E.

THE HUDSON RIVER FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION held its annual reunion and fish and game dinner at the Phœnix Hotel, Saugerties, last night.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa., Oct. 21.—The trout season, closing July 15, was very satisfactory to the fishermen. More and larger trout were taken than for several years past. Streams that were supposed to be entirely depleted gave good creels of fine fish. The unusual rainfall of the past two years kept the streams full, and the very mild winter furnished favorable conditions.

Pickerel fishing in the ponds has also been good. Perhaps about the usual number have been taken; but all the fish I have seen and handled would average fully twice as heavy as those of several years past.

Bass fishing in the Susquehanna has not been very satisfactory. High water has been the leading obstacle to good sport. For whenever the river cleared, which it has done but a very few times the entire season, good catches of fine fish have been taken. With me, minnows proved the most killing bait; yet stone cats are more generally used. With a dry fall and consequent clear water October is one of the best months for black bass fishing in the Susquehanna. During the forenoon of Oct. 7, '81, myself and a companion took thirty-one, using minnows. But the past three falls have been very wet, destroying the fishing. Unusual high water in May must have covered with sediment and destroyed a great number of eggs, but was beneficial in preventing spearers from getting in their nefarious work while the bass were protecting their nests. With dry weather and clear water another season, we predict good fishing at almost any point on the Susquehanna between Rummerfield and Tunkhannock.

From my own observation and what I can learn I conclude the law has been more respected than ever before. Some arrests were made at Tunkhannock and fines imposed. Still there is need of more thorough enforcement of the law. Dynamite has been used in the east branch of the Meshoppus Creek and hundreds of pounds of fish destroyed. The parties have been very bold in their dastardly work, and should not be allowed to go unpunished. But there are no wardens or associations to prosecute offenders, and it is a thankless job for private individuals to undertake. BON AMI.

THE GOLDEN TROUT.

IN this journal several years ago appeared my first description of a new trout from Sunapee Lake, N. H., under the name of *Salvelinus aureolus.* At the time of the publication of this description there was some dissatisfaction on the part of some persons who were interested in the fish and the lake from which it came because the specific name was not derived from the lake from which the types came. I refrained from applying the name *sunapee* or *sunapeensis* because of my belief that the trout would be found in other parts of New Hampshire and probably other New England States. Dec. 5, 1889, FOREST AND STREAM announced the discovery of the golden trout in Dan Hole Pond, N. H., a lake in the extreme eastern portion of the State and belonging to the drainage system of the Gulf of Maine, while the waters of Sunapee Lake find their way eventually into Long Island Sound. Between Sunapee Lake and Dan Hole Pond numerous mountain ranges exist. We did not call attention at the time to the fact that the two trout obtained at Dan Hole Pond by Col. Hodge in 1889 were collected for him by Mr. Roberts, of Water Village, N. H.

I have learned from Col. Hodge that a golden trout was obtained from this pond before he secured his two specimens. This was forwarded to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge, Mas., and there is scarcely any doubt that it is one of the specimens figured by Mr. Garman in the nineteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Fish Commission. This paper by Mr. Garman was also published separately under the title, "The American Salmon and Trout, Including Introduced Species," and the specimrn here referred to is illustrated in figure 16 of this paper. I think that if any one will examine this figure, which was made by Mr. S. F. Denton, he will at once recognize in it the trout of Sunapee Lake and Dan Hole Pond. Indeed Mr. Denton, when about to make the drawing of the Sunapee trout for me, remarked upon its resemblance to one he had drawn for Mr. Garman.

After the publication in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 5, 1889, of the occurrence of *Salvelinus aureolus* in Dan Hole Pond, I learned that a certain amount of skepticism was current as to the fact of its existence in the lake mentioned, and it was asserted that the specimens sent to Col. Hodge, and by him forwarded to the National Museum, were really obtained in Sunapee Lake and palmed off upon him as specimens from Dan Hole Pond. In order to settle the matter beyond all shadow of a doubt, certain friends of Col. Hodge resolved to go personally to Dan Hole Pond and obtain the golden trout, if possible. These two gentlemen, Messrs. Walter Aiken and Frederick M. Dey, went to the pond and, at the cost of much personal discomfort, secured four examples of the trout, and forwarded two of them to me for confirmation of the correctness or Col. Hodge's previous discovery. A male was sent to Dr. Quackenbos, and another one to Col. Hodge. Mr. Aiken tells the story of the undertaking in the following letter:

"FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., Oct. 31, 1890.—*Dear Dr. Bean:* Well, we have been to Dan Hole Pond and got back alive. The weather was simply infernal. It rained, it snowed and it blowed a gale. We struck the worst place for grub in the United States. I had Col. Hodge's permit to take four trout. The first day we fished all day without a bite or seeing a fish. At night we put out a 75ft. net, one end on shore and the other anchored out in the pond. In the morning we had two preadamite *aureolus* jack trout. They looked to me like very old trout. The next day I took a fine young-looking female trolling with the spoon. I took this fish some distance from our net and away from reputed spawning ground. Next night we got in the net one jack *aureolus.* This filled our permit of four trout, and we started for home. Reached Meredith one hour before train time and packed the fish the best we could. The jacks [males] were very highly colored when taken, but I noticed that they were losing color when packed. I sent you one jack and one female, Dr. Q. one jack and Col. Hodge the other. The question is now fully settled and the doubters should give it up. From what I could learn these trout were once very abundant there, but years of spearing, together with perch, suckers, pickerels, eels and an enormous quantity of redfins to eat the eggs, have made them very scarce. There are no hornpout in the pond. * * *—WALTER AIKEN."

The specimens thus obtained were received by me in due time and are now preserved in the Smithsonian Institution. The female contained no eggs and had either spawned naturally, or was stripped after capture. The length of this example is 20½in. In the stomach were the remains of about 20 smelt. The colors are much plainer than in the male, there being scarcely a trace of golden color on the belly and only a faint pinkish tinge on the lower fins. The male is 16 inches long and his jaws are well developed. The spermaries are moderately large and would have furnished a considerable quantity of milt. The colors of the male were still intense; the rich orange of the belly is particularly noticeable. The ventrals, anal and lower lobe of the caudal have a broad milky white margin, not limited behind by a dark line as in the brook trout. In both examples the gill-rakers are curled at the tip. The male has been injured by having a piece bitten out of his tail behind the adipose fin. The wound healed, leaving a crooked tail; yet the trout was in excellent condition and was doubtless active in its movements.

Thanks to the energy of Col. Hodge and the able co-operation of Messrs. Aiken and Dey we have advanced a step forward in the study of the golden trout. Will those who are interested in the history of these beautiful fishes help us to gain a clearer knowledge of their distribution and habits? T. H. BEAN.

FISHING WITH THE "LITTLE GIANT."

ON reading Dr. Henshall's description in FOREST AND STREAM last winter, of his new invention, the so-called "Little Giant" bass rod, I was at once struck with the fact that here was the very rod I had been looking for to use in sea fishing on the New England seashore, where I have spent several summer vacations. I had found my ordinary Henshall bass rod a good deal too limber to stand the strain of the long line and heavy sinker with anything like comfort. Now, here was a rod but a trifle heavier, and yet designed specially for handling a heavy sinker in deep water. I was therefore much pleased on receiving Chubb's catalogue for 1890, to find that he was prepared to furnish this new rod, and ordered one at once. It is a very pretty rod to look at, even the cheapest grade—ash and lancewood—like mine, and is very well balanced and pleasant to handle. I fancied that I could not cast quite so far with it as with the larger Henshall rod, but this may have been from my greater familiarity with the old rod. Besides, this is no special disadvantage in sea fishing at the place where I intended to fish, as it is not necessary to cast more than 20 or 30ft.

So I took my "Little Giant" last summer down to Manomet, Mass., which is the corner of Plymouth opposite to the tip of Cape Cod, and gave it a fair trial, in the intervals of unsuccessful attempts at black bass fishing, in the famous Plymouth ponds.

I was thoroughly pleased with the rod. The best fishing at Manomet is for tautog, or perhaps better known as blackfish (*Hiatula onitis*), which during the summer are found in considerable numbers round certain rocks close to the shore, usually covered at high water. The local fishermen, of course, use stout handlines, with a sinker weighing some four ounces. They anchor some little distance from the rock, in such a position that the strong tide is running from them toward the rock, and cast in close to it, allowing the sinker to lie on the bottom. Lobster is the bait commonly used, preferably in the condition called "blackskin," that is, just ready to shed the shell, as this holds on better and offers more resistance to the thieving "cunners." Sea clams (*Mactra*) are also used when they can be procured, and once we succeeded in getting half a dozen small rock crabs, and "hung" a tautog with every one of them. The fish run to a good size, 4 and 5-pounders being common, while large fish, up to 10 or 11lbs., are not rare.

I had only fair luck with them myself, averaging only a couple of fish every time I went out, and my largest only weighed 4½lbs., but I got nothing less than 1½lbs., and only one as small as that, with several two and three-pounders. A small tautog succumbs speedily to the "Little Giant," but they are game fish, and the larger ones make a strong fight for their lives, making very savage downward rushes, and trying to get to their shelter under the overhanging rocks. They frequently escape by tangling up the line in the rock-weed so that one is forced to haul in on it by hand till it breaks. I lost several good fish in this way last summer, and twice in playing large fish had them tie me up in the weed, and succeeded in clearing the line without losing the fish, thanks to the tough, leathery lips.

Owing to this habit of the tautog, of rushing for shelter as soon as he is struck, all the pressure the tackle will stand must be put on at once, and I was surprised to find how much the rod would stand, and how soon the fish's rush was checked, as, with thumb on reel, I let the line slowly run off. I never timed myself to see how long it took me to kill a large fish, but it seemed an age when I fastened to the first large one.

The codfish, which we occasionally catch while tautog fishing, is a marked contrast to the latter in regard to gameness. A small codfish, say 2lbs. in weight, yields to the spring of the rod with hardly a struggle, while it took only a couple of minutes to kill a 5lbs. fish—just one good strong rush, dragging off several yards of line from the reel, and then collapse, and victory for the little rod.

I also caught a great many cunners with the little rod, but as none of them exceeded 1lb. weight this was little or no trial of the capability of the rod.

I used an ordinary multiplying reel, with 50yds. of braided linen F line, a 2-0 Sproat hook and a 2oz. sinker, below the hook.

On the whole, I found the rod thoroughly satisfactory for this kind of fishing, both for ease in managing a heavy sinker in deep water and for its killing capacity.

WASHINGTON, D. C. JOHN MURDOCH.

TULLIBEE OR MONGREL WHITEFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw to-day, opened in the fish market, a barrel containing whitefish (*Coregonus albus*) and lake herring (*C. arlidi*). Among the lot were some twenty tullibee (*Coregonus tullibee* Richardson). They were taken by gill nets at the lower end of Lake Erie, in its deepest portion, where the water is found to average some 200 or 300ft. in depth. This is the only point in the lake where the salmon trout (*S. namaycush*) is found, only stragglers are ever found at other localities, the lake, as a general thing, being quite shallow, averaging from 20 to 30ft. outside of this deep locality. Dr. Richardson was the first to describe this fish, in his "Fauna Borealis Americana," under the name of *Coregonus tullibee* (more correctly *Orgyrosomus tullibee*), in 1826, while on his overland journey to the Arctic Sea, accompanied by Sir John Franklin. In 1840 I found this fish quite abundant at the Sault Ste. Marie, the natives taking them in the usual way, at the foot of the rapids, with the hand dip-net. They called them the *Poissons des Française*, "the Frenchman's fish;" being, as they declaimed, a most superior fish it was necessary to give them a prominent name. In 1850 Prof. Agassiz, in his *Lake Superior Journal*, gave a description of the fish, then new to him, under the name of *Coregonus tullibee.* In 1855 I found this species, or variety, of the whitefish quite abundant on the Deschutes River, Oregon. Specimens then collected were sent to the Smithsonian and described in the Pacific Railroad Survey, Vol X., p. 326, under the name of *Coregonus williamsoni* Grd.

Three years ago Mr. Charles J. Sheffield, of this city, brought me the skin of a fine specimen that answers in every particular to the descriptions alluded to above, from upper Colorado, where he had passed the season in elk hunting. He informed me they were found in many of the lakelets there, and took the hook freely and at times rose to the fly.

In 1877 I received a specimen of the tullibee from the Bass Islands, Lake Erie. This was the first and only specimen coming from these waters until the ones mentioned above. It was new to the fisherman who sent it, and being an old man in the work and more than an ordinary observer, he considered it something unusual, and as he remarked, "'Tis neither a lake herring nor whitefish, so it seems to me it must be a sort of mongrel between the two." This specimen was described by Dr. Jordan in the "Fishes of Ohio" far the Ohio State Geological Report. I still retain a plaster cast of the same.

We have here a most interesting fish, whose life history is little known, ranging over an immense extent of territory, from a height of 300 to 8,000ft. above the sea; a true *Orgyrosomus*, standing between the genera *Thymallus* and *Coregonus*, and probably more abundant and equally distributed than generally supposed, as it is passed over by the careless observer, taken most often for a very large herring or an undeveloped whitefish.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

[The tullibee is certainly a singular and interesting whitefish and so different from all the rest that Dr. Jordan has set it apart as the representative of a distinct subgenus under the name *Allosomus.* It is readily distinguished from Williamson's whitefish by its projecting lower jaw and narrow premaxillaries as well as the short, deep and shad-like body. It seems to be difficult to obtain specimens of this fish for museum collections. We have seen one recently sent East by Mr. Frank N. Clark, of Northville, Michigan.]

VERMONT TROUT.

WATERBURY, Vt., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in a recent issue an item regarding the trout fishing of Vermont the past season, and mentioning Northfield and Waterbury as good points. I heard the fishing was very good at Northfield, and from all reports I think more than the usual number of large trout were taken. They tell a story of one Northfield enthusiast who secured a good supply of "wums" in the fall, and keeping them through the winter, used them to take a nice basket of trout on opening day, April 1, when the snow was a foot deep.

Regarding this place your informant must have been wrong, as I do not think any one would be repaid for coming any distance by the fishing near by, though there is sometimes very good fishing in adjoining towns. Waitsfield, mentioned in your note, and Howe (distant ten miles and reached by Mount Mansfield stage from this place) are usually good points. We get our best fishing near by early in the season, as the streams soon become nearly fished out, and after a few weeks we must go some distance to get good fishing. I think if your correspondent had tried fly-fishing in places where any large trout were found he would have had good success, as it has been my experience that many of our larger trout will take the fly freely at times when they will not notice bait. Worms, however, are the usual bait and are generally successful.

The trout fishing in all this section is very uncertain at best, as many of the finest streams have been "cleaned out" by fish hogs, who fish for count and keep everything they catch, and even if the six-inch law could be enforced it would take more time than we have had since its passage to give the trout any chance to increase. The open season, as it stands now—April 1 to Aug. 1—is favorable to the trout, as the snow remaining on the mountains keeps the water high and roily until late in the spring, and we rarely have much, if any, fishing before May 1. I hear that the Legislature now in session may change the season, making it May 1 to Sept. 1, but if we wish to keep what little fishing we have left this should not be done.

A recent editorial, commenting on the Vermont Commissioners' report, reads very nicely and I have no doubt the gentlemen deserve all the praise that has been given them, but they are taking too much for granted in assuming that the six-inch law is, or can be, by present methods, enforced. Speaking of this section I know it is not, and that the majority have no regard for it whatever, so far as taking the small trout is concerned, though they may not say as much as formerly about the number of their catch. Many of our best streams are so situated that they cannot be protected unless constantly watched and the people living near them are not doing that by a large majority. But these persons are not the only ones who disregard the law. I could name one prominent

citizen who openly laughed at the law, caught a number of small trout and made no secret of it—and such cases are by no means rare. Our best fishermen uphold the law and would be glad to see it fully enforced if it were possible. As it stands now I think the short open season protects the fish and does more good than the six-inch law, as the latter cannot be enforced without a complete game warden system, which the State never had. The proposed hatchery would only turn out more fingerlings to be gobbled up by any one who choose to catch them.

LANCEWOOD.

THE NEW YORK CHIEF PROTECTOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a special meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, held this evening, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association place on record an expression of our sense of deep regret at the resignation of General R. U. Sherman of the New York Fish Commission, who during his long and active service as Commissioner has accomplished so much for the protection of fish and game, and that we do hereby signify our disapprobation of the seeming effort to concentrate the members of the Commission in and near the city of New York.

A discussion regarding the proposed Adirondack State park followed. The association has taken a deep interest in this subject, and a year or two ago circulated petitions in all parts of the State, and obtained thousands of signatures thereon asking the Legislature to take prompt action for the protection and preservation of the Adirondack forests.

One of the members stated that he had just been told by one of the largest stockholders in the syndicate now engaged in lumbering on the Blake estate tract in the Adirondacks that the proposed railroad to Jock's Lake was going through, and the hard wood as well as the soft wood had got to come out.

Another said it looked as if not only that railroad but the one proposed by President Hurd, of the Northern Adirondack Railroad, extending through to Utica would be built. If these roads are constructed, all the timber, hard or soft, of any value will undoubtedly be taken out.

Secretary W. E. Wolcott offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We learn, with profound regret and grave apprehension, of the dangers that threaten the forests of the Adirondack region, and the many destructive influences now at work there; of the purchase of large tracts of timber land by individuals and lumber syndicates; of the establishing of saw mills in all parts of the great woods; of the indiscriminate felling of trees of all sizes and varieties; of the many surveys for new railroads, not only on the outskirts of the wilderness on every side, but through its very heart, and

Whereas, We believe that the preservation of the Adirondack wilderness, as nearly in its original state as may be practicable at this late day, is absolutely essential for the equalization of the temperature and rainfall of this State; for the conservation of fish and game; for the purpose of affording a natural sanitarium for invalids and a delightful resort for rest and recreation, and for the comfort, health and general welfare of the people of the State; therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely deprecate the existing state of affairs and earnestly urge all friends of forest protection to cooperate with the State Forest Commission in an effort to provide a permanent park in the Adirondack region, which shall include as much of the primitive wilderness as it is possible to secure.

Resolved, That a committee of one be appointed to represent this association at the meeting of the State Forest Commission to be held in the office of Sherman W. Knevals, 32 Nassau street, New York, Nov. 5, 1890.

President H. A. Pride was appointed as the committee called for in the last resolution.

The Board of Directors of the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association met last evening and adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Governor be asked to withhold his acceptance of the resignation of Gen. Sherman as Commissioner of Fisheries, as we believe that Commissioner Sherman is the father of and the most efficient and valuable member of the Commission, and that without his efforts we believe further that the true interests of protection will be greatly impaired.

Resolved, That Gen. Sherman be requested to reconsider his resignation as Commissioner of Fisheries, at least for the present and until such time as some suitable person can be found to fill his place, and until the important issues now pending be settled.

Resolved, That this Association is opposed to and most emphatically deprecates the summary removal of Fred P. Drew from being chief game protector by a portion of the members of the Board of Commissioners of Fisheries, and especially without consulting all the members of the Commission before taking action. We believe this action to be very unwise, and it is certainly detrimental to the true interests of protection to strike down the man who has done most and so much to organize a systematic enforcement of the game laws, and at a time when by experience and practice he has perfected the proper plans and modes of detection; and that to now place any new man in his place, no matter how competent, will only be to set the work of detection back for years, and in proportion encourage violators to resume their work of destruction.

Resolved, That in our earnest judgment this action of the three members of the Commission is the worst and most severe blow the work of protection has ever received.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to reconstruct the present Board of Commissioners of Fisheries in the interests of true protection by the exercise of his power of appointment of new Commissioners in place of those now holding over their terms of office, and retain Gen. R. U. Sherman still in office.

Resolved, That we proceed at once to circulate a petition to the Governor remonstrating against the removal of Chief Drew, and in accordance with the foregoing resolutions.

Resolved, That the secretary prepare a heading for the petition and cause the printing thereof.

PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 31.

NORTHERN LIMIT OF KING SALMON.—Capt. E. P. Herendeen, to whom we are indebted for letters descriptive of fishing in Arctic Alaska, has communicated additional information about the range of the king, quinnat, or Columbia River salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouicha*). We have not been able to trace this, the largest of the Pacific salmons, further north than the Yukon River, but Capt. Herendeen's observations pracically determine its occurrence above the Arctic circle, about north latitude 68°. The facts reported are as follows: Three years ago Mr. Robert Root saw a salmon weighing 80lbs., which was brought into Point Hope by Eskimo early in September from a fishing locality twenty miles to the eastward. There is at this place a lagoon of considerable size into which falls the water of a mountain stream. The natives get all the salmon necessary for their own use and dry them for winter. A salmon of large size is said to occur in the Mackenzie and it may be the king salmon, but the Signal Service party stationed at Point Barrow from 1881 to 1883, of which Capt. Herendeen was a member, did not see a salmon of this species during their stay in Alaska. From this northern point only one kind is certainly known and that is the humpback, which is called *gorbuscha* by the Russian-speaking population.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Detroit City, Minn., Oct. 29.—The fishing season just closed has been the most successful of any for several years. The catches of black bass have been especially good and the fish large. P. O. Stephens and I went to Franklin Lake for our last fish this season. Took Mrs. Stephens along and camped out for three days. Had a good time, caught some fine bass, but none that went over our August trip to the same lake. We'll pack our rods and reels up this week and lay them away. C. W. Dix smiled for a whole week in anticipation of a trip to Franklin Lake; could hardly come near him he was so frisky. When he came back he looked very glum. "No luck," he said, "I'm heart broken." He has laid away his little bethabara rod until next spring.—MYRON COOLEY.

WINDFISH OF CROTON RIVER.—In the county of Westchester, New York, the chub or fall fish (*Semotilus bullaris*) is known under the name of windfish. The species is found in all the streams of the county. I have never heard it referred to by any other name in New York. Some of the best fishing for the windfish is to be had in Mount Kisco Brook, flowing into Croton Lake. I have caught individuals measuring 18in., and found them very game; examples reaching 20in. are sometimes taken.—A. K. F.

A BIG HIT.—The "Black Bass Number" of July 24. Constant calls for it. Supply not exhausted.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS ON.

[*From the Book of the Game Laws*]

IT is wrong to break the fish laws, of course, and wrong to palliate an offense of this kind, but if such a crime has been and gone and done got committed, the best we can do is to endure it, unless there is something about the circumstances of the overt act sufficiently funny to compel our laughter, as I am half inclined to believe is the case in the story told me by Mr. H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y., about how his respected father caught a bass last spring before the season was open. Mr. Whitney, *père*, was fishing in a river near the railway, and had the fortune, or misfortune, to hook a fine bass, which at once gave proof of being a prize worth capturing, if only it were a few days later. Mr. Whitney determined to stay there and play that bass until the season opened, for he couldn't for a moment think of turning him loose. Unfortunately, just at the height of the fun, he heard the rumble of wheels and saw approaching the vehicle of a neighbor whom he knew and who knew him. Mr. Whitney threw down his rod on the grass, and putting his foot on it to hold it safe, pretended to be fixing his boot.

"Morning, Whitney," called out the neighbor.

"Morning."

"Any luck?"

"No," said Mr. Whitney, pulling hard at the top of his boot. "They ain't biting at all, and I was just fixing to go home."

Just at this moment, as luck would have it, the bass made a run for the middle of the stream, and coming to the end of the line, went flying out of the water, in full sight of the man on the bridge.

"Jerusalem! Did you see that?" cried the neighbor.

"No, what was it?" asked Mr. Whitney. The answer was given by the bass, which went out of the water a second time, shaking his head hard to loose the hook. This time the neighbor saw what was the matter, for the rod was splashing in the water near the bank.

"Didn't you know you had a bass on?" he asked.

"Know I had him on?" said Mr. Whitney, a good deal irritated by the fellow's lingering so long; "why no, of course I didn't know it. Do you suppose a man is going to know when a bass is on his line when it's five days before the open season? What do you take me for?"

"Well, neighbor," said the other, as he grinned and whipped up his horse, "I must say you're as good a accidental bass fisher as anybody I ever saw." E. HOUGH.

Fishculture.

TRANSPORTING AND PLANTING FISH.

FOR the benefit and instruction of those who are interested in the propagation of fish, we insert the following valuable instuctions, which are from the pen of Elliott B. Hodge, Esq., State Superintendent of Fisheries and Commissioner, of Plymouth, N. H.

While on the cars keep the well aerated and as near the temperature of the water in hatchery as possible; never let the temperature go above 50deg. Use a dipper or air pump as often as three or four times an hour. Do not place ice in the water unless absolutely necessary, and then it should be cut very fine; cut the ice fine in the covers, if it does not melt fast enough.

Parties receiving young fish should be notified, so that they can have team ready on arrival of train, and start immediately for place of deposit. Should a delay of over fifteen minutes occur aerate the water by dipping or with an air pump. If the distance is not more than four or five miles, the ice should all be removed from the covers of the cans before starting. Should there be more than six or eight degrees difference between the water in the cans and that in the stream or lake, it should be gradually brought to the same temperature by adding the water from the stream or lake, a little at a time. If the young fry are brook trout or landlocked salmon, the plant should be made near the head of the stream. Never place them in brooks that dry up in summer. Little spring brooks that empty into the large ones are good places to plant young trout; place only a few in one spot, and they should be scattered as long a distance as possible. After the water in the cans has been brought to the proper temperature, part of it can be removed so that the can can be carried easily. Add fresh water every time a dipper full of fish are taken out.

Lake trout should be planted in lakes that are adapted to them, by reason of a proper depth of water and suitable food; select rocky shoals, such as are used by them for spawning beds.

To transport young fry requires constant care and watchfulness on the part of the person having them in charge. If, through neglect or want of attention, they become sick it is almost impossible to bring them up again, and even if they live to be placed in the waters for which they were intended, a much greater loss will occur after planting than would have taken place had they been kept in a healthy condition during the journey.

Landlocked salmon should always be planted in the largest stream flowing into the lake or pond, and if the stream is of sufficient size they will always return there when large enough to spawn. Avoid placing the young fry in pools where there are shiners, as they naturally become weak during their journey, and fall an easy prey to anything large enough to devour them.—*Report of Vermont Fish Commissioners.*

WHITEFISH IN CARP PONDS.

IN March, 1890, Mr. Carl G. Thompson, of Warren, Ind., received from the U. S. Fish Commission through Mr. Douglass, of Sandusky, Ohio, a lot of fry of the common whitefish (*Coregonus clupeiformis.*) He placed these in one of his carp ponds by way of experiment. Mr. Thompson thus describes the result of his trial in letters to Mr. Douglass and the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, Col. Marshall McDonald:

"I placed them in a small pond 7ft. deep and they settled slowly to the bottom. The weather was very cold at the time. I saw very few of them from that time until last May; then I drew off the water and put them into pond number 1; but in drawing off the water I found that the screen on the spout connecting pond number 2 to number 3 did not fully cover the end of the spout, and after taking out over 800 whitefish and allowing number 3 to refill, and with the same screen on the spout, I find that pond number 3 is now well stocked with small carp. This leads me to believe that a great many whitefish have found their way into pond number 2. However, one thing is certain—I have over 800 whitefish from 5 to 6in. long, as I can see them daily and they eat mill feed like so many pigs. Next spring I will drain pond number 2, and I think I will find a great many more. I have never found a dead whitefish in my ponds, which clearly proves that this water is just the thing for them. My purpose is to dispose of all my carp, by turning them into a river adjoining the ponds, and raise nothing but whitefish, as they grow faster and are a more popular fish."

Mr. Thompson desires to obtain additional supplies of young whitefish, to stock his ponds thoroughly and demonstrate the practicability of rearing whitefish in small inclosures. The experiment is a very important one and will be watched with much interest. Rainbow trout have been successfully brought up under such conditions and why should not whitefish thrive readily with similar treatment?

A PRIVATE FISH HATCHERY.—A fish hatchery with a capacity for 1,000,000 fry annually will be completed about Nov. 1 for Col. C. H. Odell's Alder Lake Farm, on the Beaverkill. The establishment is intended for stocking the waters belonging to its proprietor. Col. Odell has ordered 1,000,000 fry of German trout for deposit in the lake.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Youngstown Kennel Club, Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4 to 8.—First Beagle Field Trials of the National Beagle Club, at Hyannis, Mass. F. W. Chapman, Secretary, 364 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 7.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. L. Wellington, Secretary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 10.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Brunswick, Me. J. H. Baird, Secretary, Auburndale, Mass.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

NATIONAL COURSING ASSOCIATION MEET.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 29.—Previous to last week's meeting of the American Coursing Club at Great Bend, it was not intended, or at least no announcement was made by the management of any intention to hold a meeting at Hutchinson this week, on the grounds of the National Coursing Association. The presence in this country, however, of so notable a collection of fine greyhounds and of so many men devoted to that breed, led Mr. Allison, manager of the National, to propose a little concourse here on the week following the American meet, and his proposition met with ready favor, the distance from Great Bend to Hutchinson being only 55 miles, and the interval before the dates, Wednesday and Thursday following, being sufficient to allow a thorough resting and better fitting of the greyhounds which were in the runnings at the Bend. The result of this has been a very pleasant little meeting indeed, with some pleasant little surprises and some very pretty coursing, albeit in a style quite the contrary of that necessitated by the tremendous wild hares of the Cheyenne Flats. The gentlemen who came down from Great Bend, among them Mr. J. Herbert Watson, Mr. German Hopkins, Mr. D. C. Luse, Mr. H. C. Lowe, Mr. Ira D. Brougher, Dr. S. J. Shaw and others, have been very well pleased, so much so that to-night they have sent back to the Bend for three or four more dogs, and are gamely bent on having even a better day of sport to-morrow. There were only twelve entries to-day, all of them except two being of outside dogs. Hutch-

inson is not now booming as she was a few years ago, and the duller times have detracted from the popular interest in sports. It is hoped that to-morrow there will be more local entries, and a pluckier spirit on the part of the Hutchinson men who feared to put their dogs against the imported ones. As a matter of fact, this meet was a very good time to show inclosed coursing at its best.

To-day at 2 P. M. the drive of the jacks was made over the course into the starting pen, and a stranger sight is rarely seen. About seventy-five of these great wild fellows were in the inclosed course ahead of the line of beaters, who carried a long strip of canvas, which reached from fence to fence. The jacks were apparently not very wild and often broke back through the line or squatting close, hopping off leisurely as the canvas approached them. It was a rare chance to watch the method of locomotion of the jack rabbit. For those who do not know it, it may be said that the jack in running spreads wide and throws his hind feet far ahead of his forefeet in his stride. Mr. Allison thinks he has about 600 jacks in the inclosure of a half section, possibly 1,000. They are multiplying rapidly, and all seem perfectly healthy. Only one "lumpy" jack was seen on the drive. It will be noticed, however, that these inclosed jacks were very slow. The total length of the course has been twice shortened, and is now only 550yds. and its width is only 75yds., yet out of the whole number of jacks coursed to-day, only two or three escaped, exactly the reverse of the first day at Great Bend, where the conditions were altogether more difficult. The dogs were not run muzzled.

The demonstrated fact of rabbit culture shows what coursing might be made in the neighborhood of New York were the S. P. C. A. a trifle less energetic in their opposition. The condition of inclosed jacks depends much upon the amount of exercise they get. The jacks run to-day were very slow because they were corn-fed and very fat and sluggish. The jack as a wild bird is forced to hustle every night for his food, and this hardens him. It is said that the jacks on Long Island are doing well. There seems no reason to suppose they will not soon become numerous if watched carefully. The Kansas experiment, at least so far as hare breeding is concerned, may now be called a success. Inclosed coursing, barring S. P. C. A. opposition in the great cities, might also well grow to a sucess.

Running began shortly before 3 P. M., a crowd of about 160 persons being on hand. Mr. R. Etock, of Hutchinson, acted as judge, Wm. Raill as slipper.

LANCASTER—MAJOR GLENDYNE.

The first brace in was Mr. Luse's red fawn dog Lancaster and Mr. Allison's white and brindle dog Major Glendyne. This course was excruciatingly funny. Both dogs ran cunning, and a slower lead-up or a more waiting race was never seen, each wanting "meat," and each waiting for the other to turn it to him. At the close of the course Major held possession for a few wrenches, Lancaster going wide in his anxiety lest he should do some work. The "meat dogs" were taken up and the course given Major.

NORWEGIAN—LIBERTY.

The big light brindle Norwegian, handled by Rookwood-Landseer Kennels for Mr. Phister, went in against Mr. Lowe's dark brindle bitch Liberty. Norwegian is very fast up and fairly flew to the hare, taking a turn and a possible wrench. Liberty got in on his wide turn, coming a clipping gait, wrenched and turned, wrenched twice and rushed to kill, making a possible trip, though that could not be seen in the dust. Norwegian wrenched but fell out of it again, not getting around quick enough. Liberty took up the hare, killed very cleverly and won.

BABAZOUN—DRY TIME.

Rookwood-Landseer's red dog Babazoun and Mr. Watson's light fawn bitch Dry Time went in next. To the astonishment of everybody Dry Time went ahead with a great burst and won the run-up and a turn. Babazoun ran into her on the corner and unsettled her stride, but he held for only one turn and two wrenches, leaping clear over the hare at the fence in an unhandy pass to kill. Dry Time drew by and shut the red fellow out after that, showing herself unexpectedly close and clever, and killed to great merit, rolling clear over with the hare fast in her mouth. The innocent looking bitch at once sprang into great favor, for she outfooted her speedy rival right and left. Dry Time won.

DOLLIE—MINNIE STATON.

Dr. Shaw's rugged little beauty Dollie went in with Mr. Belmont's elegant brindle bitch Minnie Staton. Dollie was naughty and ran disgustingly queer. Minnie passed her on the run-up as if she were standing still. Minnie turned, wrenched twice, turned again nicely, when Dollie sprang in and killed. Minnie Staton won.

LITTLE THOUGHT OF—LADY ALICE.

Mr. Luse's red bitch Little Thought Of and Mr. Allison's blue and white bitch Lady Alice had a beautiful run up of 225yds. neck and neck till Little Thought Of drew ahead to the scut, earning the lead, the turn, two wrenches and a trip. Lady Alice was thrown in by no merit of her own in the least, and killed, whereupon the judge gave her the course, by just what process of reasoning it is very hard for one who is not a judge to determine. Little Thought Of should unquestionably have had the course.

BELLE—LUSE'S LUCK.

Dr. Shaw's second baby, Belle, closed this series with Mr. Allison's light fawn bitch Luse's Luck. Mr. Allison's choice of names failed to propitiate the goddess of fortune, and Belle beat Luse's Luck, earning the run-up by a trifle, and placing Luck for a turn and wrench, which was about all he wanted. Belle crowded and rushed to kill, both dogs falling. Belle turned the closer on the recover, and crowded the hare to the escape. No kill. Belle won.

Second Series.

MAJOR GLENDYNE—LIBERTY.

This brace made a not very brilliant lead up, Major the better, and taking a turn and a wrench. Liberty was placed, turned and killed, and was given the course. It was a poor exhibition of work all around. The jacks were now recognized to be too slow.

DRY TIME—MINNIE STATON.

Dry Time and Minnie Staton fell together, two good ones, Minnie the favorite for she is held very fast and clever, and it was thought Dry Time had outclassed herself in her first course. The run-up was hard, perhaps 175yds. to the hare, and again, to the amazement of the fancy, the light fawn bitch came ahead, passing Minnie fair and square, earning the lead and two turns in an instant. Minnie got the hare, but though extremely clever fell out of it a bit wide. With another dog it might have mattered little, but Dry Time turned on the space of a handkerchief, and it was turn, turn, turn and wrench in a moment. Minnie was again in, turned and wrenched, but Dry Time would not have it so, and wrenched the hare ahead to a sensational kill, winning by eight points on the score. Whether she could ever do this again is a question, as Minnie is a courser herself, but she did it this time beyond earthly question. Mr. Watson had not expected this, and congratulations on the rapid improvement in the condition of his bitch were poured upon him. Both these bitches have been sadly out of condition, but life and exercise on the plains are doing them a vast deal of good. This was pretty work, and interest grew in the event. Really here was as fine a display of inclosed coursing as we have ever had in this country.

LADY ALICE—BELLE.

Alice ran up and scored again and again, placing Belle, who turned wide, recovered, wrenched and killed very tidily, but too soon for herself. Lady Alice won.

Third Series.

LIBERTY—DRY TIME.

Liberty and Dry Time led in the third series. Dry Time again, amid considerable excitement, showed ahead to the hare, and should have been credited well for speed. The score was a run up, two wrenches and a very pretty kill for Dry Time; a turn, two wrenches and a turn for Liberty. The score was 5 to 3 in favor of Dry Time, but the judge made it undecided, though the course was larger and showed more work than the Liberty—Major Glendyne course. Dry Time came out of this course with a badly cut foot.

Lady Alice ran a bye with Babazoun.

LIBERTY—DRY TIME.

Liberty and Dry Time went in again. Again Dry Time led to the hare, and at first was better. The dark brindle, however, game as a pebble herself, drew by, held possession better to the close, and won very justly.

Fourth Series.

LIBERTY—LADY ALICE.

Liberty and Lady Alice ran a hot undecided of 260yds., Liberty making one of her savage kills, falling with the hare in her mouth. After a short wait and a three-dogs course on a side bet, these went in again, and again the course was hot and short. Liberty ran up, turned, rushed and killed at once, and won.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

First Series.

Mr. Allison's Major Glendyne beat Mr. Luse's Lancaster.
Mr. Lowe's Liberty beat Rookwood-Landseer's Norwegian.
Mr. Watson's Dry Time beat Rookwood-Landseer's Babazoun.
Blemton-Hollywood's Minnie Staton beat Dr. Shaw's Dollie.
Mr. Allison's Lady Alice beat Mr. Luse's Little Thought Of.
Dr. Shaw's Belle beat Mr. Allison's Luse's Luck.

Second Series,

Liberty beat Major Glendyne.
Dry Time beat Minnie Staton.
Lady Alice beat Belle.

Third Series.

Liberty beat Dry Time.
Lady Alice a bye.

Fourth Series.

Liberty beat Lady Alice, and won.

Liberty won first, $60 and one-fourth of the gate receipts; Lady Alice second, $30; Dry Time third, $15; Belle fourth, $15.

Liberty is a 54lb., dark brindle bitch (Lord Neversettle—Partera), a rangy one, not yet very fast from slips, but very fit and plucky and a good clinger.

Lady Alice is a blue and white 50lb. bitch (Joe Burnside—Humming Bird), compact and fairly clever.

Dry Time is a 53lb. light fawn bitch, imported (Britain Still—Haytime). She has great quality in head, feet and forelegs. She is not ribbed very well back, and stands over a lot of ground. In tail and coat on quarters she is rough but strong. In hindquarters she is powerful, and very high standing behind. Hardly a bench bitch, to-day's work would show her a great performer, and if she does as well hereafter Mr. Watson need not be afraid of her.

Belle is a 45lb. white brindle bitch (Trales—Humming Bird), showily marked and a nice little bitch. She and her sister Dollie are very popular and pretty little creatures. A photograph of this pair in the slips, with Arthur Massey, the veteran slipper of the American Coursing Club, is forwarded in the hopes it may be received in time for illustration. These little ones are not exceptional winners, but in the photograph, which was happily caught by Mr. Phister, they show exceptionally neat, and make a bit of greyhound life not always easy to get at.

Thursday, Second Day, Oct. 30.

As on the day previous, the weather was bright and clear, but to-day was much cooler. Attendance very light. A 16-dogs stake, at $5 entrance, was arranged. Running began at about 3 P. M., a drive being first made from the lower end of the inclosure, where several hundred jacks could be seen at once on the bare ground as the beaters advanced.

LANCASHIRE LASS—VERDURE CLAD.

The first brace was Mr. Lowe's brindle bitch Lancashire Lass and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' light brindle bitch Verdure Clad. Verdure led up, turned and wrenched. The Lass was wide two or three times, and though she killed Verdure Clad's work was so much closer that she won.

LITTLE CLIMBER—DANDY.

In a long run-up Mr. Lowe's white and brindle bitch Little Climber led Mr. Allison's black and white dog Dandy, worked handily and rushed to a speedy kill, beating Dandy pointless.

LITTLE THOUGHT OF—NETTLEFIELD.

Mr. Luse's brindle bitch Little Thought Of and Rookwood-Landseer's nomination for Mr. Phister, the white and black bitch Nettlefield, came together, and their course was the occasion of a most singular incident, and one which warrants the common expression to-night that one might as well flip coppers for the winner as to run. Little Thought Of got the run-up clearly beyond any question, and wrenched three times, holding ahead all the way to the escape, the hare being very fast. Nectlefield was thrown in at the close and perhaps wrenched. The judge gave Nettlefield the course, a most ludicrous and remarkable thing to do. He can not have seen the dogs run the course.

BELLE—LANCASTER.

Dr. Shaw's Belle and Mr. Luse's Lancaster went in. Lancaster ran up, turned and fell wide, loafing for Belle. Belle wrenched twice and turned. Lancaster drove to kill, missed and came a cropper. Belle wrenched, clung, killed nicely and won.

DOLLIE—BABAZOUN.

Dr. Shaw's Dollie and Rookwood-Landseer's Babazoun ran a short undecided. Babazoun ran into Dollie and she yelped with pain. Dollie killed. They went off again. Babazoun ran up, and held possession the better. Dollie again broke in and killed at the escape, but too late, and the red dog won. He was much faster than Dollie, but not very clever on the turns.

PAT BOWEN—YONDER HE GOES.

Mr. Ira D. Brougher's black and white dog Pat Bowen, of the same litter as Yonder He Goes (Trales—Arthur's Gipsy) went in with the one-fourth champion of last week. Pat led up in a long run up of 300yds. and wrenched twice. The hare said good-bye and went. Pat beat Yonder pointless.

WITCH HAZEL—MINNIE STATON.

Mr. J. H. Watson's importation from Great Bend, the brindle bitch once known as Lady Go Lightly, rechristened for the occasion as Witch Hazel, and not generally known as one of the Trales—Dick's Darling litter, which produced Lady in Black, Lady Barton and Little Thought Of, now went down against the elegant bitch Minnie Staton, imported by Blemton-Hollywood Kennels. Minnie went off like a rocket, led by 20 lengths, wrenched and turned wide. The little 'un wrenched twice. Minnie got in at the fence, but again fell wide. The Witch closed ahead, and for a wrench and a turn did well. Minnie exchanged the compliment, but the Witch after that did it all, crowding the hare to the escape. It was a very close course, but Witch Hazel won by one point. Minnie leaped the blind at the escape. Witch Hazel in some way got over the escape and was loose in a field full of jacks, which bobbed up one after another about her. She coursed a dozen or so and was taken up at last with a cut foot.

LATER ON—LINE OF LUCK.

Mr. Allison's brindle dog Later On and Mr. Lowe's brindle dog Line of Luck went in next, Luck led up well, being a fair galloper, wrenched and placed Later On for two wrenches. Luck drew by, turned twice, wrenched twice at the escape and won easily. He is too large a dog for close work.

Second Series.

VERDURE CLAD—LITTLE CLIMBER.

Little Climber led up with a clean go-by, passing Verdure Clad at 200yds. from the slips. Climber then wrenched and an instant later killed to great merit, picking up the hare in her stride. Little Climber beat Verdure Clad pointless.

NETTLEFIELD—BELLE.

Nettlefield ran a great course, taking lead-up, five wrenches and two turns ahead of Belle. The latter was placed for three wrenches at the close. The hare escaped. Nettlefield won.

BABAZOUN—PAT BOWEN.

Babazoun led up, turned and shut out Pat for four wrenches. Babazoun then ran wide, with ears a bit pricked up, and beyond question playing cunning. Pat was as cunning as he and waited for a turn before he killed. Babazoun won.

WITCH HAZEL—LINE OF LUCK.

Luck ran up and wrenched. Witch wrenched. Luck turned and led off, wrench and a turn again. Witch drew by and showed her great sticking qualities, wrenching and turning ahead to the close, when Luck killed to no merit. Witch Hazel scored 17¾ points. Line of Luck scored 5½ points. The judge gave the course to Line of Luck.

Witch Hazel is a hardy little burr, of small quality, except in performance, like all her litter. She is slow up, but one of the hardest to get away when once in.

Third Series.

It was announced that Mr. Lowe and Rookwood-Landseer Kennels would divide the stakes, each having two dogs in.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Verdure Clad beat Lancashire Lass.
Little Climber beat Dandy.
Nettlefield beat Little Thought Of.
Belle beat Lancaster.
Babazoun beat Dollie.
Pat Bowen beat Yonder He Goes.
Witch Hazel beat Minnie Staton.
Line of Luck beat Later On.

Second Series.

Little Climber beat Verdure Clad.
Nettlefield beat Belle.
Babazoun beat Pat Bowen.
Line of Luck beat Witch Hazel.

Third Series.

Little Climber and Line of Luck divided total, $110, with Babazoun and Nettlefield.

Little Climber is Lord Neversettle—Partera, weight 54lbs., a great killer and not a bad one.

Line of Luck, same breeding, is an immense creature, standing apparently over about 10ft. of ground. He has a good loin and can travel, but is too large for this work. He weighs 68lbs. now.

Babazoun is a 61lbs. red dog, Britain Still—Fascination, of good quality, fast, but not especially good on a turn.

Nettlefield (property of Mr. Phister) is by Dick Day ex Camborne. She is a white and black, about 50lbs., and a handsome one. She is the family pet in Mr. Phister's kennels.

This closed the meeting. E. HOUGH.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

HYANNIS, Mass., Nov. 3.—Most of the members of the club came down to the village by the 4:15 train from Boston, and the sight of six or seven couples of beagles created quite an excitement both on the way down and when we arrived. The whole population of this little town from the postmaster down to the common loafer, is on the *qui vive* for to-morrow's fun, and it is certain that the trials will be well attended. The members of the club present this evening are: O. W. Brooking, F. W. Chapman, A. W. Parry, W. F. Rutter, Jr., A. R. Crowell, Jos. Lewis, Chas. E. Peabody, Bradford S. Turpin, W. A. Power and H. W. Lacy. After seeing the dogs comfortably housed for the night, the party adjourned to the house of Mrs. W. Myer, where a substantial supper having been disposed of, the business of the evening commenced. At the meeting the above named gentlemen were present. Business opened with the election of H. W. Lacy as a member. A member of the club also donated an oil painting of the best beagle in all classes. The trial to be run off after the finals of the regular classes have been decided.

As will be seen by the appended list the bitches are in the majority in every class, the under 15in. class being an especially good one. The complete list is as follows:

Class A—Dogs 15in. and under.

DON (W. F. Rutter, Jr.), white, black and tan (Rattler III.———).

SUNDAY (Geo. E. Greenleaf), black, white and tan (Frank Forest—Sue).

CLYDE (Bradford S. Turpin), white, black and tan (Frank Forest—Susie).

FRANK FOREST (A. Parry), black, white and tan (Riot—Skip).

Class B—Bitches 15in. and under.

BELLE ROSS (Bradford S. Turpin), white, black and tan (Ross W.—Cricket).

BABY DEANE (E. W. Whitcomb), white, black and tan (Fitz Hugh Lee—Belle Dimon).

TWINTWO (Chapman & Jamieson), black, white and tan (Kennealy's Lea—Tone).

MOLLIE (Clark and Rutter), black, white and tan (Comeroe—Nell).

JUNE ROSE (O. W. Brooking), white, black and tan (Frank Forest—Juno).

SUE (Geo. P. Berry), black, white and tan (Comeroe—Susie).

FOREST (A. Parry), black, white and tan (Frank Forest—Sue).

TONE (Glenrose Kennels), white, black and tan (Flute M.—Skip).

LILLA (Glenrose Kennels), tan and white (Cameron's Racket—June).

CORA (F. W. Chapman), white, black and tan (champion Rattler—Scioto).

TOPSY (F. W. Chapman), white, black and tan (champion Trailer—Spot).

DESDEMONA (F. W. Chapman), white, black and tan (Kennealy's Lea—Tone).

Class C—Dogs 13in. and under.

FRANK FOREST (A. Parry), black, white and tan (Riot—Skip).

CLYDE (Bradford S. Turpin), white, black and tan (Ross W.—Cricket).

Class D—Bitches 13in. and under.

BANNER QUEEN (F. W. Chapman), white and tan (champion Bannerman—Queen).

BABY DEANE (E. W. Whitcomb), white, black and tan (champion Fitz Hugh Lee—Belle Dimon).

BELLE ROSS (Bradford S. Turpin), white, black and tan (Ross W.—Cricket).

The drawing for the trials resulted in the following order of running:

Dogs—15in. and under.

Clyde against Don.
Frank Forest against Sunday.

Bitches—Under 15in.

Mollie against Baby Deane.
Desdemona against Sue.
Twintwo against Gypsy Forest.
Lilla against June Rose.
Cora against Belle Ross.
Tone, a bye.

Dogs—Under 13in.

Clyde against Frank Forest.

Bitches—Under 13in.

Belle Ross against Banner Queen.
Baby Deane, a bye.

Afterward an informal discussion took place among the members on the prospects of game to be found in the neighborhood, which was reported as favorable. The whys and wherefores of the club's rejection by the A. K. C. were then discussed. After numerous opinions were expressed, it was the unanimous opinion of the club that this little setback need have no effect on the club or its future. They would carry out the purpose for which the club had been formed, *i. e.*, to improve the working beagle, and doubtless the A. K. C. would see in the future which club best deserved their consideration. It was the general opinion that next year, after the beagle breeders of the country saw that the club was in earnest, and that their first attempt at beagle trial was a success, they would at the next trial have a much larger entry. The members present are full of enthusiasm and everything points to success. The class of dogs present are excellent, many bench winners being among them, and all the best strains are represented, so that the trials will be useful to the breeder in determining which strains are the better to breed to, for dogs that can hunt.

TUESDAY, Nov. 4.—The start for the grounds was made at 6 A. M.

By 6 A. M., after a hearty breakfast, the members of the club and their dogs had comfortably filled two farm wagons and were on their way to the grounds where the trials are to be run. The morning was quite cold and the haw frost covered everything with a white pall. A drive of three miles brought us into a wild section of country, covered with dense shrubbery, which at a glance I saw would be hardly suitable for the running of beagles, and that the judges would have a pretty difficult task to keep track of the dogs at all was apparent. Just as the sun was struggling up beyond the shore, at 7 A. M., the first couple in the first series was put down.

CLYDE—DON.

The dogs soon made for the dense cover, where it was almost impossible to follow them. They soon parted company, and for nearly an hour it was push and scramble all the time for the judges to keep either dog in sight. It was then decided to take them up, as neither had found fur or a sign of it. Heat undecided and left till more likely ground could be reached. Mr. Turpin handled Clyde and W. J. Ruth, Jr., Don. Don showed at once far more hunting sense and style, but the judges decided to give Clyde another chance, on game if possible. Moving near the shore, where rabbits were said to be more plentiful, the next couple were laid on.

FRANK FOREST—SUNDAY.

These were A. Parry's Frank Forest, handled by owner, and Geo. E. Greenleaf's Sunday, handled by O. W. Brooking. After some work in thick cover, more open ground was reached. Near some cranberry beds Sunday struck a trail, and giving tongue, soon hed Frank Forest at his heels, who so far had shown better hunting powers and style. Frank took up the running and soon left Sunday, who pottered round considerably, looking too much to his handler. Frank meanwhile had taken the rabbit in hot pursuit, but the many crossing trails seemed to bother him for a while, which allowed bunny to put some distance between them, when she was seen to cross a ridge in full view of the spectators. Frank soon picked up the trail again and carried it into thickest of cover. He could be heard for several minutes hot on, when the judges decided to give him the heat, and at that moment puss broke cover again, and crossing the open, was followed in about five minutes by Frank, who was then caught. Down one hour. Frank Forest showed most style and hunt, Sunday being seemingly unfamiliar with his work and running very slouchy.

CLYDE—DON.

These two were put down at 8:30 to run off their undecided heat. Don was all fire and go and hunted persistently, but without result. Many likely places were drawn blank by Don, but Clyde did not seem to be himself and walked about in a listless manner. After being down twenty minutes Mr. Turpin asked the judges' permission to withdraw his dog. This was granted and the heat awarded to Don. It seems Clyde had, the previous day, got on the trail of a hare and ran himself to a standstill, but not being accustomed to such hard running it had broken him up.

FRANK FOREST—DON.

These two smart hounds were put into cover at 9:10 by the side of some cranberry bogs. They ranged together for some time in thick brier and bushes here and there, equally good in their work, for nearly an hour. Working toward the swamp, nothing being found they were taken up and the wagons carried all hands to another and more likely part of the woods, alongside the shores of a creek. They ranged through the cover for an hour or more, when Don opened out on a trail, and the rabbit was seen to cross a ridge; but Don failed to hold the scent and hunted round on an uncertain trail for half an hour, giving tongue occasionally, but never getting away. Frank meanwhile was working the same way, but mute. As the dogs had now been down more than two hours and the heavy work was beginnidg to tell on judges and handlers alike, and as there seemed no likelihood of starting any game, it was decided to take the dogs up and go to lunch, and in the meantime find out if more likely ground could be found. The land thereabouts is entirely unsuited for such trials, as the judges must get a chance to see the dogs in their work. In this thick cover they part, as a rule, and there is an end of it, as far as arriving at a decision of their merits is concerned. The heat was left undecided.

On the way to the house the idea of going to Salem, New Hampshire, was discussed, as far more suitable ground could be had there and rabbits were known to be quite plentiful. After luncheon it was finally decided, at a meeting of the members present, to pack up our things and shake the dust of Hyannis from our feet A photograph of the members, their dogs and the judges was taken by Mr. Libbis. Train was then taken for Boston, 79 miles distant. Arriving at 7 this evening, and supper eaten, we are now waiting for the 11 P. M. train for Lawrence, Mass., where the night will be spent and an early train taken to Salem, N. H., about 24 miles from here. We all fervently hope that better ground is in store for us, as the club is deserving of much praise for their pluck and persistence. H. W. L.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB TRIALS.

THE fourth annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club began on the club's grounds at Bicknell, Ind., Thursday, Oct. 30, with the Puppy Stake for all dogs born on or after October, 1889, in which were fourteen nominations and six starters. The drawing was as follows:

EFFIE K. (George E. Gray), black and white English setter bitch, pedigree not given,

against

MARIE BURR (W. F. Burdell), liver and white English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).

NUTWOOD, (Fairbank & Board), liver and white pointer dog (Ossian—Nellie E.),

against

FLORA (Geo. G. Ware), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Clara).

PAXICO (A. J. Gleason), liver and white pointer dog (Ossian—Nellie E.),

against

ONOTA DAN (F. L. Cheeney), red Irish setter dog (Chief—Bizreena).

First Series.

MARIE BURR AND EFFIE K.

Marie Burr, handled by McLin, and Effie K., handled by Good, were put down in a stubble field on the Horn Farm at 8:20. Both bitches had a very nice way of going, and showed considerable speed for puppies. Mary was first to find a bevy, which she pointed nicely; Effie being brought up to back, refused to do so, but ran in and flushed the birds. Both dogs were steady to wing. The birds were followed and both dogs dropped into a point simultaneously on the same bird. Both handlers shot when bird was flushed, and the dogs were steady. They were taken up at 8:43. In speed and range they were about equal, but in style Marie was superior.

NUTWOOD AND FLORA.

Nutwood, handled by McLin, and Flora, handled by Poindexter, were put down in stubble, where last brace finished, at 8:49. Both handlers called point in a few minutes, but before the judges got up the dogs moved on. Flora was first to find; she pointed a bevy nicely and was steady to wing. Nutwood not near enough to back, the birds went to corn and briers and were not followed. Passed into woods pasture. Flora false pointed, then she duplicated the performance three times. They were taken up at 9:33. In speed and range they were about equal, but in style while moving Nutwood was far superior, as he went with a high head, while Flora was of low carriage.

PAXICO AND ONOTA DON.

Paxico, handled by Gleason, and Onota Don, handled by Morgan, were started in a stubble at 9:50. A bevy flushed in a patch of corn in near proximity to Don. The birds were followed to where they alighted near the railroad. Don pointed a single just in time to prevent his being scored with a flush. Then both dogs pointed a single each, and were taken up at 10:10. In style, range and speed Paxico was decidedly superior.

The judges decided not to spot out any of the dogs, but allow them all to run again for the prizes.

Second Series.

EFFIE C. AND MARIE BURR

were started in a stuble at 10:30. Marie soon pointed, the bird flushed almost instantly. Then Effie pointed a single and was steady to wing. Effie then made a false point and Marie did the same. Then Marie pointed a bevy and won. They were taken up at 10:56. In this heat Marie did some very nice work.

NUTWOOD AND FLORA

were cut loose in an open field at 11:00. Flora flushed a single, then she pointed a rabbit. Nutwood pointed a single nicely and was steady to wing. Flora then made another flush and next false pointed. Passed to woods Nutwood made game and was drawing on his birds when Flora saw him. She rushed in ahead and stole the point. Nutwood backed promptly, which I consider a remarkable piece of work for a puppy of his age, as there are few old dogs that would have acted so nicely under the same circumstances. Both dogs were steady to wing. The birds were followed, Nutwood getting a nice point on a single, to one point and four false points for Flora. The dogs were taken up at 11:38 for dinner. They were cast off again in the woods on the Bunting farm at 1:12, which was drawn blank. Passed to stubble Flora false pointed and Nutwood backed. Then both dogs pointed a bevy at the same time and were steady to wing. Flora pointed a single and Nutwood backed. Flora then made another of her false points, then she repeated the performance. They were taken up at 1:45 and the heat was given to Nutwood. This heat should have been decided before dinner, as there was no comparison in the work of the two dogs, Nutwood showing superiority in everything that is desirable in a bird dog.

PAXICO AND ONOTA DON

were put down in a pasture field at 1:56, which was drawn blank. Passed into stubble, Don was first to find a bevy, which he pointed nicely and was fairly steady to wing. Paxico then located a bevy and pointed them nicely and was steady to wing. Before leaving this stubble Paxico got two nice single points, while Don got one point, and going into corn he made a flush. The dogs were taken up at 2:40 and the heat given to Paxico, who deservedly won, as his performance on birds was really brilliant.

Third Series.

PAXICO AND MARIE BURR.

Nutwood and Marie Burr both being handled by the same handler Paxico had to change places with Nutwood. They were started at 3:08, Paxico in bottom near a branch stopped on a point going down wind just as a bevy flushed and dropped to wing. The birds went to a brier thicket and were followed, where Marie pointed a single; the cover being so very heavy the judges ordered the dogs taken to the open and started again. Near a fence Paxico pointed a bevy and Marie backed. The birds were flushed and followed. Paxico pointed where the birds were marked down and when Gleason went in to flush a bevy arose from the point. Right here the dogs should have been taken up and the heat given to Paxico, but the judges ordered the dogs on and both secured a single. Then Marie pointed a single nicely. Paxico dropped to a single point in time to avoid a flush. Then Paxico flushed a single and Marie did the same. Passed to cornfield Paxico pointed a bevy and Marie backed. I learned after the heat was decided that the judges gave the credit of this find to Marie. Then Marie pointed a single in the corn. Paxico also pointed a single. The birds were followed to an orchard, where Paxico got one single point near the fence. The dogs were taken up after leaving the orchard and going about 300yds. into a stubble without finding anything, and the heat given to Marie Burr. I consider this an eroneous decision, as the dog in my opinion was clearly entitled to the heat. They were taken up at 4:30. Nutwood a bye.

Fourth Series.

FRIDAY, Oct. 31.—The day was cold and raw, and a strong west wind blowing.

MARIE BURR AND NUTWOOD

were put down in the stubble on the Bunting Farm at 8:20 A. M. to run for the first prize. Marie seemed to have lost all of her dash and speed, not going more than fifty yards from her handler, while Nutwood was going at a high rate of speed and hunting the fields with great dash, a high head and a merry tail, not pottering in the least. Marie pointed near the railroad which proved false. Marie ran into a bevy, I might say, by accident, which she pointed; she was steady to wing. The birds were not followed. The dogs were now taken to the woods, which were drawn blank. While going to these woods a bevy flushed wild and went to a cornfield. After leaving the woods the judges ordered the dogs into the corn to find this scattered bevy. Marie by this time was not working further than twenty to thirty feet from her handler, while Nutwood continued his way of going. McLin happened to walk to where the birds were and Marie pointed the bevy. Then she made two false points and one true one, while Nutwood got one point. The dogs were taken up at 9:15 and the heat and first prize given to Marie Burr. The judges seemed to take nothing into consideration but points. In style, range, speed and endurance Marie was very inferior. The dogs should have been run longer or their decision reversed, as the dog was her superior in everything but luck.

Fifth Series.

Effie K., Flora, Nutwood and Paxico were selected to run in the order named for the remaining prizes.

EFFIE K. AND FLORA

were put down in stubble at 9:15. This field was drawn blank. Passed to another stubble, Flora made three false points and was backed by Effie K. Flora then flushed a bevy. The birds were followed to the woods where Effie got two single points, while Flora got two more of her false points. The dogs were taken up at 10:08 and the heat rightly given to Effie K. In all my experience at field trials I have never seen such a persistent false pointing dog as Flora.

NUTWOOD AND PAXICO.

This brace of litter brothers was cast off in a stubble field at 10:15. Paxico pointed near a fence and was backed by Nutwood. Gleason flushed the birds from the briers on the opposite side of the fence. Then Paxico pointed in the briers. Gleason failed to find a bird to the point, although the spectators flushed several birds from the grass near the bushes. Then both dogs pointed singles nicely and were steady to wing. In the last point mentioned Nutwood was entitled to the find. The dogs were taken up at 11:15 and the heat given to Nutwood. Had I been judging the dogs I surely would have continued the heat or given it to Paxico. In style, range and speed they were about equal. An adjournment was now had for dinner.

Sixth Series.

EFFIE K. AND NUTWOOD.

This brace was put down at 1:15 in a stubble field to run for second prize. Nutwood's hard work began to show itself when this heat started; although he gamely worked his ground it was very evident that his powers of endurance had been severely tested. He had worked in five hotly contested heats, while his opponent had only worked in three. Effie K. got two points, while Nutwood scored one. They were taken up at 2 o'clock and the heat and second prize given to Effie K. and Nutwood was placed third. All field trial rules are at fault that will compel a tired dog to run against a fresh one for a prize, and until that fault is eliminated from the rules the result of trials will not be satisfactory to the gentlemen who own and run dogs, neither will they be just.

This Puppy Stake was judged by Dr. J. B. Alexander, Mr. G. D. Jay and Mr. Wm. M. Kerr.

SUMMARY.

Second Series.—All dogs remained in to run for the prizes. Marie beat Effie K., Nutwood beat Flora, Paxico beat Onota Don.

Third Series.—Marie Bur beat Paxico, Nutwood a bye.

Fourth Series.—Marie Bur beat Nutwood and won first.

Fifth Series.—Effie K. beat Flora, Nutwood beat Paxico.

Sixth Series.—Effie K. beat Nutwood and won second, Nutwood third.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

The drawing of the Members' Stake resulted as follows:

JUBILEE (J. M. Freeman), blue belton and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

ROSALINE WILKES (W. M. Kerr), black and white pointer bitch (Ossian—Fannie K.).

HOOSIER HARRY (H. A. Comstock), liver and white pointer dog (Devonshire Sam—Gypsy),

against

LONE JACK (Royal Robinson), black and white English setter dog (Change—Queen B.).

These dogs contested for the club trophy, a handsome silver cup. The owner of last year's winner to receive the entire entrance money, $5 entrance. Each member to handle his own dog.

First Series.

JUBILEE AND ROSALINE WILKES.

This brace was put down in stubble on the Freeman farm at 2:15. Both dogs started off at a clipping gait and convinced the judges and all others that they were good ones, as far as speed, range and style were concerned. Passing into another stubble Jubilee pointed, Freeman called point, but before the judges got up the dog left his point and went on. Rose coming up at great speed wheeled into a magnificent point where Jubilee had been pointing. Kerr flushed a bevy to this point, shot and missed, Rose was steady to shot. On, Rose nailed a single, and Jubilee also pointed one near the fence. The dogs were now sent on to hunt out the balance of the stubble, which was drawn blank. They were then sent into the woods after the scattered birds, where Rose made three points in one, two, three order, while Jubilee backed one of the points indifferently, and scored one false point. The dogs were taken up at 2:56 and the heat given to Rosaline Wilkes. The work done in this heat by Rosaline Wilkes was fully up to the standard of the very best English setters and stamped her as one of the best, if not of the very best pointer bitches in America. She was quick and snappy in her work on birds and stylish and rigid on her points, while her style in action would be very difficult to equal.

LONE JACK AND HOOSIER HARRY.

This brace was put down in stubble at 3:02, and worked east toward a cornfield. Harry began roading down wind and roaded into a bevy; he was, however, steady to wing; he should have pointed these birds. Working back toward where they were first put down, Jack pointed a bevy in heavy cover. On, Harry flushed a single; Jack pointed a single in briers. Harry flushed another single, then both dogs scored a point on a single; both dogs were steady to Comstock's shot. Each secured single points in briers. Then Jack flushed twice and got a good point on a single, nd was steady to Robinson's kill. The dogs were taken up



ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD LOTHARIO.

at 3:30 and the heat given to Lone Jack. Neither dog showed much range or speed.

Second Series.

ROSALINE WILKES AND LONE JACK.

This brace was taken about a half mile to a stubble field where they were put down to run for the first position and the cup. They were put down at 3:50; the dogs entered the field at the southeast corner and worked north to the end of the field, then west to the west side, then south. When near the south end Rose, who had been east, wheeled into a bevy point; just as she did this Jack, coming from the same direction, flushed two outlying birds of another bevy which were about thirty feet north of where Rose was pointing. When he flushed these two birds he stopped momentarily, then deliberately jumped into and flushed the bevy. These birds went directly over the bevy that Rose was pointing, and they flushed. The birds entered a cornfield, and judges ordered the handlers to follow the birds.

A short distance in the corn Rose pointed. Kerr failed to flush a bird to the point and ordered his dog on. Your reporter and one spectator who were directly behind Rose when she pointed, came up and flushed the bird. Just at this time Robinson called point for his dog, and the judge told him to kill the bird as he desired it for his breakfast. Robinson shot and killed. He was then ordered to retrieve his bird. Kerr in the meantime had been instructed to hold his dog in check, which he did. Jack, instead of retrieving the bird, pointed another single, and when his handler informed the judge that his dog had another point, he was instructed to shoot and kill that bird also. This being done, the judges instructed Robinson to bring his dog out and work east. Mr. Robinson replied that he would have to find his dog first, as the corn and weeds were very heavy. While looking for his dog a spectator discovered the dog on a point, and called Robinson's attention to the fact. When Robinson informed the judges that his dog was pointing, they ordered the dogs up and gave the heat and first place to Lone Jack.

I think that this was the most unjust decision that I ever heard of or saw in any field trial. The judges claimed that they did not see the work done by the dogs when they found the bevies, therefore did not reward or penalize either dog. They ordered Kerr to hold his bitch in check while Robinson was trying to retrieve his bird and then gave Robinson's dog credit for two points that he got after the bitch had been taken up by her handler. When they ordered Kerr to hold his bitch, of course, she was not in competition and the judges erred in giving Jack credit for three points when he was only entitled to one. In style, speed and range Rose was far superior. This decision was so unjust that Mr. Robinson himself acknowledged that the bitch should have had the heat. A protest has been filed with the secretary by Mr. Kerr, and the matter will come before the board for action at its next meeting.

The judges then placed the remaining dogs in the following order: Rosaline Wilkes, second; Jubilee, third; Hoosier Harry, fourth. Dr. J. B. Alexander and Mr. G. D. Jay were the judges. P. T. MADISON.

A DUMMY JACK DEVICE.—St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 31.—Mr. E. Burgess, of this city, who has just returned from California, will shortly introduce a contrivance which he saw there. The device will no doubt be hailed with delight by the Kansas jack-rabbit. It is a dummy rabbit that works on a wire, and travels at lightning speed. The wire can be stretched for a half-mile or more, and, by the aid of a crank, the dummy covers the ground at a pace that surprises the liveliest greyhound. The movement is a close imitation of the genuine hare, and the sight of the dummy and its movements creates the greatest excitement among the dogs. The device promises to allow coursing all the season round, and there is no danger of the stock of hares giving out. All of the owners of greyhounds in this city are anxious to witness its workings, and have promised to be on hand with their dogs when the trial takes place.—UNSER FRITZ.

CLEVELAND SHOW.—Cleveland, O., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cleveland Kennel Club claim as dates for their fourth dog show April 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1891.—C. M. MUNHALL, Secretary.

THE ST. BERNARD LOTHARIO.

THE subject of this week's illustration is Mr. E. B. Sears's recent importation Lothario, who in many respects is the equal of any of his breed in America. Mr. Sears purchased him from Mr. George Booth, of Hull, Eng., after he landed in America, he being brought out by Mr. Booth's younger brother Edward. Lothario is by champion Valentine out of Saffron; she by champion Plinlimmon out of Belladonna. Champion Valentine by champion Bayard out out of Vesta. He has one of the grandest of heads with one of the smallest ears ever seen on a St. Bernard. He has grand bone, excellent quality, and if he stood a little higher would be a hard nut to crack. He is a rich orange color, with white nose band and blaze, white chest, forelegs, hindfeet and tip of tail, with dense black shadings; stands 31½in. high and weighed when last shown 178lbs.; his skull measures 27in., muzzle 17in., chest 40in., loin 33in., length of body 36in., tip to tip 84in. His winnings in England are second prize, Liverpool, 1889 (Sir Bedivere first); second prize, Manchester, 1889; third prize, Crystal Palace, 1889 (beaten only by Alton and Lord Bute, and winning over Mayor of Leeds, Plinius, Othello, Refuge II. and Scout, together with over fifty others); third, open class, and second, novice class, Manchester, 1890, in a class of fifty-five St. Bernards. The English *Stock-Keeper* of Feb. 1, 1889, says of him: "Lothario is also a grand one, great bone, immense size, good body, style and coat; he is a good specimen, as he should be to beat Lord Warwick, always a favorite of ours, his breeding and quality should make him valuable for breeders."

DOGS OF THE DAY.

ANTICIPATING the receipt of the *Kennel Gazette* for October on Saturday, I purposed discussing this week the amendments to the A. K. C. constitution which were to be offered by Mr. Vredenburgh and were ordered published in the current issue of the *Gazette*. Owing, I suppose, to the postal clerks at Philadelphia having to participate in some election work, the *Gazette* was not distributed until Monday, and when it did arrive it did not contain the amendments in any shape which would lead to their being easily detected. The proposed new constitution is published without any clue as to what is omitted or what is new, and until such is obtained criticism is without much value.

From a cursory glance through the various articles which go to make up the whole there does not seem to be any very radical change contemplated. I would suggest to Mr. Vredenburgh that in order to let us know what the changes are that he publish them in the customary form in the sporting papers. Even that will hardly meet the requirements of the case, for it precludes the possibility of any amendments thereto, and notice of these cannot be given in time to have them acted upon on Dec. 11. It is doubtless distinctly understood by all that at that meeting the only question that can be put to the delegates is the notified amendment. No person can then offer an amendment or substitution for anything proposed by Mr. Vredenburgh, and a desirable change may, through faulty wording or some slight conflict with another article, fail to be accepted. As a matter of fact it is a debatable question whether the amendments are put in proper form to be acted upon at all unless the view is taken that the proposed constitution is an amendment in its entirety, and that, to me, is strained.

Take, for instance, the first change which I notice. It may not be a change after all, but the wording seems new to me. In Article II. we read, "The object of this Association, * * * It shall adopt and enforce such rules as shall tend to the uniformity, and to the proper conduct of individuals interested in the breeding or sale of dogs, also to the proper regulations of bench shows and field trials." I should suppose that this was meant to be "such rules as shall tend to uniformity in regulations of bench shows and field trials, and to the proper conduct of individuals interested in the breeding or sale of dogs." There is somewhat of a difference between these, and I doubt very much whether Mr. Vredenburgh proposed that the club should adopt "such rules as shall tend to the uniformity * * * of individuals interested in the breeding or sale of dogs." Yet that is the proposition which is to be voted upon. The delegates cannot propose at the meeting to transpose a word or alter a phrase in any way, but must vote yea or nay on each article as it is read in its entirety. The reason for this is found in the fact that thirty days' notice of each amendment is required. This was the ruling as laid down by Mr. W. H. Child when he was president, and it is sound and parliamentary.

I am certainly of the opinion that President Belmont will so hold if he has to decide upon the question of a substitution, and I commend to his particular attention the advisability of opportunity being afforded for a thorough understanding of what the amendments really are, and the offering of substitutions thereto, which in the opinion of any delegate may be deemed advisable. Not being a delegate at present, I cannot officially give notice of any amendment I might favor, though there would be no difficulty about that, for as an associate I have the right to make suggestions to the associate members' president, leaving it to his judgment to present them if he deemed them suitable.

There are other changes which might be suggested if opportunity was afforded. For instance, it is proposed that the treasurer give a bond to the president, but the A. K. C. has no voice in the matter, for the bond need only be satisfactory to the president. Would it not be more suitable to have it made satisfactory to the executive committee or the advisory committee?

My object at present is to draw attention to the lack of opportunity afforded for perfecting the constitution, and I only instance the foregoing to show where substitutions might be desirable, but cannot be made. Take, for example, this matter of the treasurer's bond. It is certainly desirable to have such a bond, but it might not be possible to get a two-thirds vote in favor of the whole section on account of placing the acceptance of the bond entirely in the hands of the president and allowing the club through its executive committee no voice in the matter. If the vote thus failed the entire section goes under.

I remember when Mr. Child and myself were charged with the duty of preparing amendments to the constitution several years ago, we offered what we deemed advisable, but in order to give elasticity to the propositions I personally offered one or two substitutions so as to give a choice in cases where we thought our views might not find favor in their entirety.

We had rather a funny experience, by the way, over these amendments. In some manner Mr. Peshall was supposed to be on the committee through Mr. Elliott Smith resigning. We met in Philadelphia, and Mr. Peshall would not take no to his ideas of a mail vote for officers. Mr. Child did not favor the idea very much and neither did I, but we gave in to Mr. Peshall. When they came before the club Mr. Child was president, and naturally the support of this particular amendment should have fallen upon Mr. Peshall. Judge, however, to Mr. Child's and my amazement when upon its being read Mr. Peshall peremptorily declared that he was opposed to any such idea, whereupon it devolved upon myself, who favored it least of all, to take up the cudgels on behalf of the committee and support the proposition. Needless to say it did not pass.

Mr. Jean Grosvenor, who, by the way, is getting together a kennel of fox-terriers, advises me that "doggy matters are beginning to breathe again" down East, and as an evidence of this renewed life the New England Kennel Club has determined to do business at the old stand during the first week of April. The show committee consists of Messrs. Fay, Moore, Thayer, Grosvenor and Curtis.

Mr. J. P. Willey has lost two promising black and tan spaniels. It was his intention to show a kennel of black and tan cockers at New York next February, but the color combination is now broken up. I have to thank Mr. Willey for an excellent photograph of Black Pete, and also for a photograph copy of the engraving of the late A. W. Langdale and his spaniels. It reminded me of the time I met "the Captain" at Hull show in 1884, just six years ago next week. The weather was anything but inspiriting, but no one could feel out of sorts when the effervescent Langdale was one of the company.

The *Stock-Keeper* says anent my proposition for Mr.

Harding Cox as judge in the event of an international beagle competition, that that gentleman will be eminently satisfactory. It now rests with the beagle men, and Mr. Lacy might see what they think of it when he is at the beagle trials.

The meet of the Radnor Hunt at the Chestnut Hill Kennels last Saturday was a brilliant success socially, and the line of country being in full view of the spectators on the hills it was a very pretty sight. Mr. Harrison was first horse.

An exhibitor at the late Wilmington show asks me to say that two of his dogs died under very peculiar circumstances soon after their return. He held a post-mortem on the second one and was fully convinced that ground glass was the cause of death. Another dog benched near him is also reported dead after exhibiting the same symptoms. The only way he can account for the deaths is the fact that his two dogs defeated those of an exceedingly irate exhibitor, but this charge, if it is a charge, is so serious that it would be well not to give names. J. W.

DOG CHAT.

WE learn from Mr. E. H. Moore, the secretary, that at the annual meeting of the New England Kennel Club the following officers were elected: President, F. Blackwood Fay; Vice-President, Jean Grosvenor; Secretary, E. H. Moore; Treasurer, Geo. A. Fletcher; Delegate to American Kennel Club, F. Blackwood Fay. Board of Governors—John E. Thayer, Bayard Thayer, Frank M. Curtis, Geo. H. Eddy, C. S. Hanks and above officers *ex-officio*. Bench Show Committee—F. Blackwood Fay, Jean Grosvenor, John E. Thayer, Frank M. Curtis, E. H. Moore. They claim the dates March 31 to April 3, 1891, for their seventh annual dog show; consequently they follow the Lynn show, an arrangement which ought to be beneficial to both.

We hear from Mr. A. R. Crowell that he has sold the rough-coated St. Bernard bitch La Pucelle to Mr. E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass. La Pucelle is by champion Save (E. K.C.S.B. 10,626) out of Faultless, she by champion Bayard, and was whelped Oct. 14, 1886. Her winnings are: Second (litter), St. Bernard Club; 3d, St. Bernard Club, 1887; vhc., Olympia, 1889; reserve, Tunbridge Wells, 1890; beaten only by Lady Sneerwell and the new wonder Andromeda. She has a daughter already in this country, Zenith, owned by Mr. Teague, and is also the dam of Mr. Rutherglen's Rienzi, which he imported recently. This ought to make a welcome addition to Mr. Sears's list of brood bitches.

We did not receive the weights of the winning dogs in the All-Age Stake at Great Bend, Kansas, until just as we were going to press last week. They are as follows: Lord MacPherson 56lbs., Lady Barton 43lbs., Lady in Black 38lbs., and Yonder He Goes 52½lbs. Thus it appears that Lady in Black is indeed somewhat of a freak, as she does not weigh more than a good-sized bull-terrier. We hear that Mr. Hopkins will run Minnie Staton in the inclosed coursing meeting at Hutchinson, Kansas, which was to come off, we believe, either last week or this. No doubt this close-running bitch will stand a better chance with the hare in this mode of coursing, and as the weather will not be very warm, the muzzle will, we trust, be no detriment. This running, and the exercise she is sure to get between now and the Merced meet, will very likely put this bitch into something like shape, when she may give a better account of herself on the Pacific slope, at which meeting "our only German" wishes to retrieve his lost laurels. This also applies to Mr. Watson's Drytime, which we hear is a certain entry for the Merced stakes.

We have received several inquiries about the interesting letter we mentioned in last week's "Dog Chat" as having been received from Mrs. Lee, regarding large St. Bernard pups. We may say in answer that we gave the substance of this letter then. This has raised the question as to the best plan to be pursued in order to attain the good results in raising St. Bernards and other dogs of large breed. Would it not be a good idea for the breeders of these dogs to give us their experience in raising pups; their mode of feeding and exercising, on the principle that two heads are better than one any time. A good deal of valuable information is gained by the tyro in such discussions which he cannot secure in any other way. As proof of my assertion that more attention is paid to this part of kennel management in England than here, we may mention the case of Scout, the noted St. Bernard, which at one time, though a splendid-looking young dog in other respects, was lamentably weak in pasterns. His owner, Mr. Gosling, went to the trouble and expense of having a sort of carriage made for him, in which he could walk about while exercising, and which had the effect of keeping his heavy body from bearing down on his pasterns until they were strong enough to do their duty. In this way the dog was greatly improved, though it was doubtful if he would ever become quite strong in that particular part. There are several dogs we could name which, if such a plan had been pursued when quite young, would now be a good deal straighter and stronger in this respect than they are now.

We almost fell into a similar error as that made by our Philadelphia contemporary, in writing some remarks about the clashing of dates of the Baltimore and Pittsburg shows next spring. It seems that the Duquesne Kennel Club claimed March 2, some time since, at the A. K. C. office, but was decidedly derelict in its duty to the kennel world at large in not advising the other kennel papers of its claim. This led the Baltimoreans to suppose they had a clear field, and naturally they picked out the dates which suited them best, and advised the papers of their decision. We are not aware whether they sent in this claim to the A. K. C. or not, but we find no mention of it in the September number of the official organ. Now we understand that the Maryland Club have been generously allowed this date by the Pittsburg people, as unless they had done so the M. K. C. would have been compelled to forego their show altogether. Pittsburg now takes the following week. After this little contretemps, it would be well for kennel clubs to send in their claims for dates to the kennel papers at once, so that the outside world may not be working in the dark for a month, and thus prevent a repetition of such blunders.

Mr. Malcolm has made the first move in his determination to sever his connections with the "men of dogdom," by sending in his resignation as the Maryland Kennel Club delegate to the A. K. C. We think Mr. Malcolm somewhat wrong in the estimation he has formed of the "men of dogdom." In every walk of life he will find men who are at variance with his ideas of right and wrong, but still for the honor of the "men of dogdom" we differ very much from the views of them he has taken, and because, in one or two instances, he has found men who may not be eligible to the "angel" class, this does not prove that one kennel body, as a whole, is not composed of men who have gentlemanly instincts, and men who are in every respect entitled to be considered on the same high plane Mr. Malcolm has set himself upon.

Mr. Rousseau has received his first set back in the defeat of the Russian wolfhound Zloeem, by the much abused Krilutt, at Brighton show. If the sketches by Mr. Moore in this week's *Stock-Keeper* are to be taken as correct likenesses of the dogs, and we presume they are, Krilutt is ahead both in legs, feet, chest and head. Both are undoubtedly very handsome hounds, and their more general introduction to this country will be a welcome addition to the breeds of dogs we now have.

We are told that the Spratts Co. must be congratulated for the way they prepared Zloeem for the match, which it was, to all intents and purposes, and no less credit is due the new food company, the "Sanitary," for their work on Krilutt. This company treated him with their "Petroleum Shampoo," with the result that he was shown in very fine coat. This preparation will no doubt soon find its way over here and our exhibitors will not be slow to take advantage of it.

A feature of the Brighton show was the fine display of toy spaniels, and it seems to have been a regular rendezvous for the ladies in the fancy.

Stock-Keeper reiterates its assertions that we cannot touch the old country in beagles, from a couple to a full cry, and offers to put up a valued silver horn to toot "Hail Columbia" on if the Western dogs were fortunate enough to win, should any of our breeders like to run the risk of a match. Come, beagle men, have we not a couple that can hold their own with old Ringwood?

The delegates to the A. K. C. are notified, in the issue of the *Gazette* for October, that a special meeting of the A.K.C. will be held Dec. 11 at their rooms, 44 Broadway, New York city, to consider and act upon the proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws. The quarterly meeting of the executive committee will also be held the same day immediately following the meeting of the club. The *Gazette* also publishes the constitution and by-laws containing the proposed amendments, which, owing to pressure of other business and disinclination, we must leave to our confrère "J. W." for discussion and criticism if needed.

At the Stetford (England) show, Mr. Megson put on view in a separate room five collies, Metchley Wonder, Edgbaston Fox, Merry Ben, Mortimer and Pickmere. *Fanciers' Gazette* in commenting on the subject agrees with a visitor who was heard to remark, that no other kennel could show as many good ones. Just by way of rebuttal, how would Christopher, The Squire, Scotilla, Roslyn Wilkes and Flurry II. look alongside them. We fancy from all that we can gather from reports and so forth that the judge would have no envious task before him to determine whether the Chestnut Hill or the Megson kennel was the superior. By the way, we heard that Mr. Harrison has had $2,500 offered for Scotilla to go to England, but he won't part in any way.

We followed the Radnor hounds on Saturday last, accepting Mr. Harrison's kind invitation, and rode one of his horses over the course of about seven miles. Our story must lay over for another week and must content our readers with the remark that we had two tumbles, but really feel too sore to pursue the subject any further this week, suffice to say that we had a glorious outing and would willingly repeat—when fully recovered.

As we anticipated, owing to the new tariff law, those black and tan terriers of Mr. Comstock's felt its full effect, the express company not being able to deliver them for nearly a week after they arrived. Had they been sent to Mr. Stoddard or to some agent, like Mr. Goldsmith, in the first instance, there would have been no trouble. Fortunately the dogs were brought over in good shape and experienced no ill effects. When we saw them they were as lively as crickets and quite fat. They will weigh in the neighborhood of 20lbs., no doubt, but are well formed, with capital heads and rich tan. They are, in my opinion, the right size to make the division of size in this breed more apparent than is usual. Of course, they were dirty and we could not form a very good idea of their leg markings, and besides, we think it unfair to criticise dogs before they have been put on the bench, so will reserve our remarks till the New York show, where they will doubtless compete and help to make the grandest show of these terriers this country has ever seen.

We are indebted to Mr. Power, the editor of the *American Stock-Keeper*, for his kindness in extending to us the courtesies of his office and exchanges, in making up our "Dog Chat" this week, while on the way to Hyannis and the beagle trials. True "men of dogdom" are ever ready to help one another in an emergency.

The best St. Bernard bitch that Mr. Crowell brought from England, Prudence, is not expected to live. Inflammation of the womb and hernia have set in, and there is little hope of her recovery. Should she die it will be a great loss to "Namquoit," as he values her at $1,000.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club claims much later dates this year—April 8 to 11. This will bring it in the week after Boston, rather an awkward date, as the western dogs will hardly risk the trip with so little time between shows.

The prizes at the coursing meet to be held at Merced, Cal., Nov. 18, are very valuable. The Inter-State Coursing Association providing in the cup stake for the winner a cash prize of $500, second $300 and third $100. A consolation stake of $100 has also been made for dogs beaten in the first and second rounds of the cup stake. Nominations are $10 each and close with J. R. Dickson, *Spirit of the Times*, San Francisco, Cal., on Thursday, Nov. 13. This is an opportunity for greyhound men to win prizes that will go a long way to reimburse them for their trouble and expense, and is bound to advance the interests of coursing. It is a pity that this association has not advertised their coming meeting more generally, very little being known about it by greyhound men in the East.

SHOW FIXTURES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with Rule XXVIII. the following clubs have duly filed their claims at this office for their bench shows in 1891:

South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, Jan. 13 to 17.
Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, Jan. 20 to 25.
Westminster Kennel Club, at New York, Feb. 24 to 27.
Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, March 3 to 6.
Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, March 10 to 13.
Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, April 1 to 4.
Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, April 3 to 11.
Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, Sept. 1 to 4.

I beg to advise you that by direction of President Belmont, Jr. all claims for show dates filed with the A. K. C. will hereafter be sent by me to the sporting papers, for publication in the same, for the purpose of preventing a conflict of dates. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

FOX-HUNTING TRIALS.—Auburndale, Mass., Nov. 1.—The Brunswick Fur Club's field trials will take place at Great Island, Brunswick, Me., commencing Nov. 10 and continuing until all races are disposed of, which will take the whole of the week. We expect a large gathering, consequently lots of fun.—J. H. BAIRD, Sec'y B. F. C.

A PLEA FOR THE SMALL DOGS.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Almost every person of refined and cultivated tastes, and a generous and appreciative spirit, have a great fondness for dogs; and there is naturally a wide diversity of tastes regarding their respective favorites, good temper and beauty appearing to have first place in the affections of a large majority of people. Yet there are very many, among them numerous ladies of refinement, who prefer courage and sagacity; and there are those who would not permit a dog, however beautiful, to accompany them in their rides and walks who was unable to defend itself against the mongrels to be met with on the roads. I confess to sympathize in this sentiment, and a fine bull-terrier that has been well bred or a genuine Irish terrier, of which there are but very few in this country, would be our preference. Although the latter are not especially beautiful in color, being a foxy red, these two breeds are our favorites for a house dog or about the farm, as I do not want a dog that has no fight in him, any more than a bosom friend who had no spirit.

Of course, where there are children about—and where are they not?—the little glossy Yorkshire terriers, King Charles spaniels, and other little favorites, are best adapted to accompany early childhood; and this familiarity with dogs gives the child courage to meet any other species without fear. Then there are those who are passionately fond of the larger breed of animals, such as Newfoundland, St. Bernard, mastiffs and Russian poodles. Hunting dogs are not so well adapted to the family companionship. [Why not?—ED.] If I were to possess but one dog, I should unhesitatingly select the red-coated, strong-limbed, agile and faithful Irish terrier, that has no coward blood in his veins and will defend himself and his master against all assults, whether from beast or man, and can easily be trained for almost any service, and, at the same time, is gentle and kind when not aroused to anger. The first favorite of children and ladies would doubtless be the little long-coated silken-fleeced Yorkshire terriers, that are such a great attraction at all bench shows, whether in this country or on the continent. And next we might mention the elegantly-formed black and tan terriers, which are light and speedy of foot, and, if not fighters, can by their agility easily escape harm from any other species of canines—and I am compelled to admit that the dogs of this breed, such as I have seen at the shows this fall, stand first in my estimation among all species of canines. But I am well aware that all may honestly differ in tastes and estimates of excellence. We dog men would be greatly pleased to have experienced fanciers give expression to their preferences, in order to learn to what extent such views might harmonize. G. S. T.

BULLDOG SHOW REPORT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the compliments of Mr. Alfred James Smith, of London, Eng., I have received a copy of the *édition de luxe* of the "Bulldog Club Show of 1890." The book is handsomely bound in sheepskin, contains 147 pages, artistically printed in brown ink on manilla paper, and the whole gotten up in Old English style. It contains: Officers of Bulldog Club, members of Bulldog Club, description of the perfect bulldog. Then follows 21 classes, giving each dog as entered in the show and with pedigree extending back for three generations, thus making it a valuable stud book. Then follows alphabetical list of names of dogs, list of exhibitors, prize awards, reporters' notes from *Kennel Gazette*, *Stock-Keeper*, *Canine Gazette*, *Fanciers' Gazette* and *Field*, then the *édition* ends with a report of the Bulldog Club for 1890; so you see, aside from the fact that there were only 180 copies printed, which will necessarily make them rare and valuable, it is quite valuable as a book of reference and a work of art. Mr. Smith, besides being a prominent member of the Bulldog Club, is quite an enthusiastic breeder and owner, having had 13 entries at the show in question, including such winners as Ruling Passion, Lionfeba, His Lordship, Cigarette, Bo'swain, Stiletto, Lord Pedro and Minka. His letter, that I received at the same time as the *édition*, contains the sad intelligence that the litter by Don Pedro out of Ruling Passion all died, owing to the bitch's milk being bad, and Mr. Smith's inability to procure a foster mother, as he states, "not for love or money." Much was expected of this litter, for Don Pedro is one of the greatest sires living, having sired such as Dryad, Kitty Cole, His Lordship, etc. All bulldog breeders can sympathize with Mr. Smith, for "we've both been there before, many a time." I think that my *édition de luxe* is the "onliest" in America.—CHAS. D. CUGLE (Baltimore, Md., Nov. 1).

PHILADELPHIA CLUB TRIALS.—Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to remove an erroneous impression which may have been made upon the minds of your readers by that part of "J. W.'s" Philadelphia letter of last week, which says: "The question of the A. K. C. accounts and Vredenburgh and Peshall have been completely eclipsed in Philadelphia dog circles by that of 'Shall negro handlers be allowed at the P. K. C. trials?' It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the steward in the back parlor has been doing a rushing business in slaking the throats of the argumentative members." The members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club have not, as "J. W." intimates they have, taken any interest in the A. K. C.-Vredenburgh-Peshall matter, so that subject did not exist to be "eclipsed" by that of "Shall negro handlers be allowed, etc.;" and it is not true that "the steward in the back parlor has been doing a rushing business in slaking the thirst of the argumentative members." The subject referred to, so far as I know, and if it had happened I would have known of it, has never been discussed in the presence of the steward, and why a correspondent of a reputable newspaper should write such rot to make an unfair reflection upon a club such as the P. K. C. is more than I can understand. It seems a pity that such falsehood should be resorted to when the truth can be had for the asking. Another error of "J. W.": Mr. Harrington Fitzgerald *is not* gun editor of the *Item*, as "J. W." writes you. Mr. Hildebrand Fitzgerald is, and it is he who has offered a watch, not "to the best handler at the club trials," as "J. W." states, but to the breeder (a member of the club) of the best dog in any stake in the club trials of this year.—FRANCIS S. BROWN.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Mark Dale, Mollie Dale, Dolly Dale and Linny Dale. By Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., for black and white English setters, one dog and three bitches, whelped May 1, 1890, by Gath's Mark, Jr. (Gath's Mark—Katie Noble) out of Belle Dale (Gen. Eli's Breeze—Bessie Dale).

Chequasset Ravenna, Chequasset Romola and Chequasset Rest. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for St. Bernards, one brindle and white and two brindle, white marks, bitches, whelped Sept. 9, 1889, by Chequasset Pelion (Duke of Wellington—Champion Pelion) out of Rudolphia (Rudolph II.—Maira).

Chequasset Rainbow and Chequasset Radia. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for two orange, white marks, St. Bernard bitches, whelped Feb. 21, 1890, by Alp II. (Alp—Hero) out of Myrtle II. (Alp II.—Myrtle).

Chequasset Roysterer. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for brindle, white marks, St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 18, 1890, by Plato (champion Victor Joseph—Marvel) out of Chequasset Abbess (Duke of Lancaster—Lyra).

Chequasset Prudence. By Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., for fawn, white marks, St. Bernard bitch, whelped August, 1889, by Sir Hubert (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura) out of Marvel (Hermit—Alma).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Midget Nellie—Kash. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister) to his champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), Oct. 27.

Bo Peep II.—Kash. H. L. Goodman's (Auburn Park, Ill.) pug bitch Bo Peep II. (champion Joe—Tody) to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Oct. 30.

Daisy H.—Eberhart's Cashier. A. Hasselmier's (Covington, Ky.) pug bitch Daisy H. (Joe II.—Pearl) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Oct. 14

Madam Barry—Archduke. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Madam Barry (Barnard—Fannie) to their Archduke (Chequasset Max—Theo), Oct. 18.

Neva—Mascot Bernard. H. H. Phillips's (Crystal Falls, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Neva (Prince Barry—Myrtle) to A. J. Sawyer's Mascot Bernard (Nero III.—Green's Bena), Aug. 20.

Onota Belle—Inchiquin. N. McIntosh's (Providence, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Onota Belle (champion Chief—Bizreena) to J. J. Scanlan's Inchiquin (Shandon II.—Iona), Oct. 5.

Nellie—Nimrod. John Hopf's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Black Duke—Lady Nell) to Woodstock Kennels' Nimrod (champion Obo II.—Jealousy), Oct. 29.

Black Duchess II.—Nimrod. Woodland Kennels' (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Duchess II. (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen) to their Nimrod (champion Obo II.—Jealousy), Sept. 26.

Coonie—Black Duke. S. P. Heartt's (Parkersburg, Ia.) cocker spaniel bitch Coonie to Woodland Kennels' Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Sept. 11

Chequasset Ravenna—Sir Herbert. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Ravenna (Chequasset Pelion—Rudolphia) to their Sir Herbert (Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), Sept. 16.

Mygnon—Chequasset Pelion. C. H. Akerley's (Tonawanda, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Mygnon (Beauchamp—Dell) to Chequasset Kennels' Chequasset Pelion (Duke of Wellington—champion Plevna), Oct. 9.

Elizabeth—Sir Herbert. R. Barry's (Peabody, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Elizabeth (Merchant Prince—Lys) to Chequasset Kennels' Sir Herbert (Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), Oct. 9.

Chequasset Romola—Sir Herbert. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Chequasset Romola (Chequasset Pelion—Rudolphia) to their Sir Herbert (Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), Oct. 13.

La Vita—Lord Clover. Thos. I. Ballantine's (Peoria, Ill.) pug bitch La Vita (champion Kash—Fair Inez) to his Lord Clover (champion Loris—Goulding's Nellie), Oct. 20.

Cora—Roscius. Central Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) King Charles spaniel bitch Cora (Norwich Jumbo—Ina S.) to Wm. Philips's Roscius, Oct. 27.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

East Lake Virgie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Oct. 3, five (four dogs), by their John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen). Three dogs and one bitch since dead.

Neva. H. H. Phillips's (Crystal Falls, Mich.) St. Bernard bitch Neva (Prince Barry—Myrtle), Oct. 22, nine (seven dogs), by R. J. Sawyer's Mascot Bernard (Nero III.—Green's Bena).

Daisy Dale II. Gordondale Kennels' (Readville, Mass.) English setter bitch Daisy Dale II. (Gen. Ely's Breeze—Bassie Dale), Oct. 4, eight (two dogs), by W. C. Chafee's Prince Kent (Royal Kent—Princess Dot).

Blue Nellie. H. J. Behrmann's (English setter bitch Blue Nellie (Blue Dick—Nellie Belton), Oct. 30, five (four dogs), by R. D. Stocking's Gan Gladstone (Boss Gladstone—Vell).

Chequasset Prioress. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Chequasset Prioress (Monte Rosa—Kleine), Oct. 17, 1890, nine (seven dogs), by their Chequasset Pelion (Duke of Wellington—champion Plevna).

Fluff. Mrs. C. Taylor's (Bolton, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Fluff (Monte Rosa—Theon), Oct. 19, 1890, thirteen (five dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Sir Herbert (Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bosco. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 24, 1889, by Julien out of Alice, by H. H. Phillips, Crystal Falls, Mich., to Dr. A. A. Metcalf, same place.

Brutus IV. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1890, by Marquis of Stafford out of Loraine, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. H. Belding, same place.

Marquis of Stafford—Loraine whelps. St. Bernards, whelped Sept. 9, 1890, by Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., an orange tawny, perfect markings, dog to Mrs. Moorehouse, same place; an orange tawny, perfect markings, bitch to F. C. Arnold, Edgewater Park, N. J., and an orange and white bitch to I. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, N. J.

Lady Monarch. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 23, 1890, by Roy Monarch out of Blue Jennie, by N. McIntosh, Providence, R. I., to M. M. Inman, same place.

Golden Rod. Skye terrier bitch, 3mos. old, by Toodles out of Frousey II., by Dickens Kennels, St. Stephens, N. B., to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.

Fluff. Skye terrier dog, 3mos. old, by Toodles out of Frousey II., by Dickens Kennels, St. Stephens, N. B., to D. B. Clausen, Dorchester, Mass.

Dick Swiveller and Little Nell. Skye terrier dog and bitch, 3mos. old, by Toodles out of Frousey II., by Dickens Kennels, St. Stephens, N. B., to J. D. Crawford, Montreal, Can.

Kildare—Jill whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped July 10, 1890, by Dr. Nicol, Cookstown, Ont., two dogs to H. P. Thompson for Geo. Bell, a dog to Richard Melling, both of Toronto, Ont.; a bitch to W. J. Wallace, Montreal, Can., and a dog and bitch to R. A. A. Johnston, Ottawa, Ont.

Kildare. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 13, 1889, by champion Brant out of Bonita, by Dr. Nicol, Cookstown, Ont., to H. P. Thompson for Geo. Bell, Toronto, Ont.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

E. W. A., New York.—I have a rough-coated St. Bernard dog very much troubled with lice; what can I do to exterminate them? He is too large a dog to give a bath handily in any particular liquid. Could I apply a lotion on such parts as are mostly affected? Ans. Wash him with one of the advertised soaps for that purpose; or you can use the Persian insect powder with advantage and then wash him a day or two after.

H. C. S., Troy, N. Y.—1. In your issue of to-day, under "Dog Chat," you speak of an interesting letter written by Mrs. Lee, of interest to St. Bernard breeders. Can you tell me where I may read it, as I am much interested in rearing a finely bred puppy of that class. As my puppy should be a big one if properly handled, I wish you would give me the information about feeding and rearing that you speak about in your article. What system of exercise should a puppy of 3 months be given. 2. I notice my dog is getting very much bow-legged. Can I do anything for it? 3. Can you recommend a good worm medicine? Ans. 1. The letter was a private one, and did not specify any particular way of feeding, it referred more to climatic influence than anything else. In feeding your pup we should advise you to use good substantial food, and when the pup is well exercised do not be afraid of giving plenty of meat, and once a day, say at noon, feed it raw, but chopped fine. In making soups, in which is incorporated stale bread, rice or oatmeal (never use corn meal), make it either from good suet or beef bones. A very good food is sheep's head, boiled till the flesh falls from the bones, take these out and mix in the above cereals already cooked. It will also be found beneficial to accustom your dog to Spratts or Goodwin's biscuit, soaking them at first till the dog's teeth become strong enough to gnaw them, when it is better to give them dry. While all this nutritious and rather strong food is being given, the dog must be regularly but not too violently exercised. It is not enough to turn a puppy into a yard and expect him to exercise himself, he gets tired of that. The dog must be walked every day. If you have children have them take it out with them whenever convenient, or employ a boy to do it every day, this is the best plan. Don't jog him after a wagon, that does more harm than good. At first take him half a mile there and back, increased gradually till he can do two to four or five miles every day without tiring. In feeding him it is also beneficial to give your dog a spoonful of bone meal-four or five times a week. Provide clean quarters, not too warm, but free from draughts. With such treatment as the above there is no reason why your dog should not only become a big one, but also a credit to your raising. 2. The bent legs will very likely come all right in time, if the proper exercise is given. Avoid keeping the dog fat, just nicely fleshed up is better; in this, of course, you must be governed by your own judgment. 3. In raising a puppy always be on the lookout for worms. It is well every other day to incorporate with the dog's food a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal, this acts as a cleanser of the stomach, aids digestion, and is a preventive of worms. We have found all of the vermifuges put up by Spratts Company, Dr. Glover or Stedman very effectual. See our advertising columns.

U. S. G. W., Norfolk, Va.—My dogs have some skin irritation that causes them great uneasiness, they scratch almost continually, and as they have the run of the house this scratching is annoying in the extreme. In the first place I have had a constant fight with fleas during the past season, using large quantities of insect powder, but with only temporary relief, as the pests would be just as bad in two or three days after as before using the powder; in the midst of the flea trouble this skin trouble appeared and was more annoying than the fleas had been. This eruption is located on the rump near the root of the tail, extending but a short distance along the back, down along the back and inside of the thighs, on the belly around the sheath and under the arm pits. The dogs scratch themselves raw, then these places heal up and appear in some other place near by. I have tried Fowler's solution, mange cure, carbolic soap, and several ointments prepared by myself, but nothing has ever given any relief; I have tried to use lead plaster but have been unable to apply it. The dogs are fed on scraps during the day with a good feed of cooked meat at night. They are in good spirits, strong and active, with good appetites, bowels in good condition, but are thin in flesh; they are Irish setters, quite handsome, and I am very anxious to get them cured up. Ans. You had better try the following mixture which we have found very good in obstinate cases: One gallon of lard oil, 1lb. sulphur lac, 1lb. antimony, mix and shake well before applying. Rub the affected parts well with the mixture, in fact the whole body may be given a dressing if the dog be kept warm and from draughts. In three or four days wash off with warm water and castile soap. In a couple of weeks report result. A bottle of Glover's blood purifier will be found a good thing to give at the same time.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 31.—The St. Louis Pistol Club, which at one time, not very long ago, was the largest organization of its kind in this country, shows signs of going to the wall. Interest in the medal contests is growing beautifully less with each succeeding week. Only the better shots of the club take an active interest in its affairs, the weaker, or majority of the members have quit competing for the trophy. The attendance at the last two shoots was very light, and the probabilities are that when the present tourney is over the club will wind up and go out of existence. McBean won the medal at the last shoot. For all shooting the club uses a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

A McBean	9	10	10	9	8	8	9	10	10	9—92
W Bauer	10	9	9	9	10	10	8	9	10	7—91
G Alexander	10	8	9	10	8	10	9	7	9	10—90
M Summerfield	7	10	8	10	9	10	7	10	9	8—88
M Billmeyer	10	6	10	8	6	7	9	9	9	10—87
J Bast	7	8	9	8	9	9	9	9	10	7—85

UNSER FRITZ.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Nov. 11.—First Eastern New York League Tournament for the month of November, under the auspices of the Albany Gun Club, at Elm Grove Shooting Park. Elwood W. Vine, Manager, 14 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y.

Nov. 18-19.—Open-to-All Tournament of the Woodside Gun Club, Woodside, N. J. Carl Von Lengerke, Sec'y, 843 Broad street, Newark.

Nov. 25-28.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. Two days at inanimate targets and two days at live birds. Jacob Pentz, Secretary.

DES MOINES TOURNAMENT.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 31.—The opening tournament of the Highland Gun Club proved to be a grand success. The attendance was good and the shooting excellent, although the scores do not show many straights. A high wind from left to right made the targets very unsteady, and many of the live birds were dead out of bounds. The five-money system, we think, is the only way to classify shooters. Each shooter can draw his *pro rata*, and is not compelled to shoot off unless he so desires. This club will in the near future give a large tournament and guarantee $600 to $1,000, and will offer inducements to bring some of our Eastern friends among us. Among the visitors were R. O. Heikes, S. A. Tucker, Chas. Grimm, J. G. Smith, Mr. Ryland, Henry Durant, Dr. West, the Fagan brothers, Mr. Campbell, Chas. Leonard, W. Anderson, Frank Frisbee and Lon Lewis.—C. W. BUDD.

Following are the scores:

Extra shoot No. 1, 10 single targets, entrance $1: Searight 10, Budd 9, Durant 9, West 9, W. F. Smith 8, Ketchum 8, J. G. Smith 7, Sanford 7, Brewer 5, Ferguson 5, Dimple 5, Kinsey 2. All ties div.

Shoot No. 1, 9 single targets, entrance $1.50: Sanford 8, Searight 8, J. G. Smith 8, Durant 7, Budd 7, Dimple 7, Ketchum 7, West 7, Roy 6, Campbell 6, W. F. Smith 6, Kinsey 5, Brewer 5, Ferguson 4, W. Fagan 1. All ties div.

Shoot No. 2, 12 single targets, entrance $2: Budd 12, Durant 11, Searight 11, Grimm 11, Bird 11, Sanford 10, Ketchum 10, M. Fagen 10, West 9, Tucker 9, Ferguson 8, Brewer 8, J. G. Smith 8, Roy 8, W. F. Smith 5, Kinsey 5. All ties div.

Shoot 3, at 5 pairs, entrance $1.50:

Bird	11 11 10 11 11—9	Tucker	11 10 10 10 01—6
Durant	11 10 11 10 11—8	Campbell	01 10 10 01 11—6
Searight	01 11 11 11 10—8	W F Smith	11 11 10 10 00—6
Budd	10 11 10 11 11—8	Roy	11 10 10 10 10—6
J G Smith	01 11 11 10 10—7	Scholar	10 11 01 11 00—6
Grim	11 10 11 01 10—7	Sanford	10 10 10 10 10—5
Kinsey	11 11 01 11 00—7	Ferguson	10 00 00 10 10—3
West	11 01 10 10 10—6		

Shoot No. 4, at 15 single targets, entrance $3:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Kinsey	110110311111110—11
Tucker	111111111111111—15	Searight	111111101110110—11
West	111111111111011—14	W F Smith	011111001011101—10
Given	111111011111101—13	M Fagen	001110010111110— 9
Sanford	100111111111111—13	Roy	011010010011111— 8
Brewer	111111011111101—13	Ferguson	110011001111000— 8
J G Smith	011111101111111—13	Spencer	011011010000111— 8
Bird	111010101111110—12	Campbell	100001010110100— 7

Miss and out, at live birds, entrance $1: J. G. Smith, Spencer, Budd and Tucker 6, Grim 5, Campbell 4, W. Fagen 3, W. F. Smith 1, Kinsey 1, West, Ferguson and Bird 0.

Shoot No. 5, 7 live birds $5 entrance:

Grim	1122111—7	Tucker	2002111—5
J G Smith	1112121—7	W Fagen	2201110—5
Sanford	1212111—7	Bird	1103212—5
West	1112211—7	Rochelle	1022202—5
Budd	1112211—7	Martin	1020211—5
Hicks	2121122—7	Searight	2022110—5
Ferguson	2112101—6	Simpson	1202022—5
Campbell	2220212—6	Dimple	1011001—4
M Fagen	1102112—6	Jennings	1100220—4
Hughes	0211222—6	Howard	0220212—4
Dorton	2102111—6	Perkins	2010101—4
Roy	2011212—6	Kronskop	2002210—4
McBride	0111222—6	Kinsey	2100100—3
W F Smith	2012120—5	Corrie	2010100—3
Spencer	1120120—5	Hyson	1202000—3

Shoot No. 6, 9 single targets, entrance $2:

Budd	111111111—9	West	001101111—6
Chase	101111111—8	Searight	111101101—6
Hughes	111111110—8	Brewer	101011110—6
Sanford	111111011—8	Martin	101011110—6
Bird	111111110—8	Tucker	011001111—6
Roy	111011111—8	Howard	010011111—5
Grim	100111111—7	Rochelle	010111001—5
Ferguson	111110110—7	Hyson	001111001—5
J G Smith	100111111—7	Campbell	111100100—5
Burnett	111011011—7	Means	110110000—4
Hicks	110111011—7	Clark	000111010—4
M Fagen	111001111—7	McBride	000011010—3
Perkins	111101010—6	Simpson	110000100—3
Dorton	011101101—6	Lindsley	110000001—3
W F Smith	111111000—6	Kronskop	001000100—2

Ties div.

Extra No. 2, 10 single targets, entrance $1.50:

Budd	1111111111—10	Hicks	1111101100—7
Given	1111110111— 9	J G Smith	0111101101—7
W F Smith	1111011111— 9	Howard	1101110100—6
Brewer	1101111111— 9	McBride	1111001000—6
Sanford	1111100111— 8	West	0011110011—6
Hughes	0111111110— 8	Perkins	1010011011—6
Chase	1111101110— 8	Bird	0101101011—6
Ferguson	1111101110— 8	Hyson	0111010001—5
Searight	1111101011— 8	Rochelle	0001010111—5
Martin	1100110111— 7	Simpson	0110011000—4
Dorton	0111011110— 7	Tucker	0001110100—4
Clark	1011010111— 7	Roy	0010010010—3
Burnett	1101100111— 7	Lindley	0000101000—2

All ties div.

Second Day.

Extra target shoot No. 1, 10 singles: Budd 10, Grim 9, McBride 8, Bird 8, Brewer 8, Ferguson 7, Sanford 7, Rochelle 7, Hughes 7, West 7, Simpson 7, Dorton 6, Clark 6, Perkins 6, Veile 4, Clement 4. Ties all div.

Shoot No. 7, 6 singles and 3 pairs targets, entrance $2:

McBride	111111 11 11 10—11	Hughes	010111 10 10 11—8
Grim	111111 10 10 11—10	Veile	111110 10 11 01—8
Sanford	111011 10 11 11—10	Clark	011111 01 10 10—8
Budd	111111 10 11 10—10	Rochelle	111011 10 01 01—7
Burnett	111111 10 10 10— 9	Ferguson	111010 10 01 10—7
West	111101 01 10 11— 9	Perkins	011111 01 00 01—7
Bird	100111 11 11 11— 9		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 8, 20 single targets, entrance $3.50:

Budd	11011111111011111111—18	Searight	11100011110011110111—14
Sanford	11111101111011111111—18	Spencer	11101111101110110100—14
Heikes	11111111101011011110—17	Dorton	11110111010100100011—13
J G Smith	01111010111111111111—17	C Moore	10110101111111000010—13
Burnett	11111111110101001111—16	Bird	01101101011010110100—13
Hughes	10111110111111101101—16	Dimple	01011100101111010011—12
Grim	11110011101111110101—16	Ferguson	10011101001101001101—11
Georgeson	11111010111110101011—16	Veile	01000110110100110111—11
Clark	11011010111111111011—15	Simpson	10010010110110110001—10
McBride	10111101011011001111—15	West	01001101001010011001—9
Rochelle	11001110101101111111—15	Clement	01000010000000000000—2

Ties all div.

Shoot No. 9, 10 live birds, entrance $7:

Heikes	2212121111—10	McBride	0212101111— 8
Grim	1221122121—10	J G Smith	1101021011— 7
West	1111212221—10	Kronskop	2102011201— 7
Budd	1111111111—10	Bird	2012111101— 7
Sanford	1111211220— 9	Perkins	0011211220— 7
Ferguson	2101112110— 8	Veile	1202222002— 7
Spencer	2022102112— 8	Searight	1110110 10— 7
C Moore	1211100111— 8	Hastings	1110001211— 7
Hughes	0112101212— 8	Simpson	1202210010— 6
Dorton	1011012112— 8	Rochelle	1101100002— 5
Allen	1001121121— 8	Georgeson	0110002000— 3
Clement	0112121220— 8		

All ties div.

Shoot No. 10, 6 pairs targets:

Budd	11 11 11 11 11 11—11	Howard	00 10 11 01 10 11— 7
Sanford	11 11 10 11 10 11—10	Veile	11 10 10 00 10 10— 6
Hastings	00 10 11 11 11 11— 9	J G Smith	10 10 01 10 10 10— 6
Grim	11 11 11 10 10 10— 9	Georgeson	00 10 11 11 10 11— 6
Dimple	11 11 11 10 10 10— 9	Converse	10 01 10 10 01 10— 6
Clark	01 10 11 11 10 11— 8	Sherman	00 10 00 01 11 11— 6
Barnett	10 11 10 10 11 10— 8	Wilkins	10 10 00 10 10 11— 6
West	11 11 10 01 10 01— 8	Searight	10 10 01 01 10 00— 5
Bird	11 10 10 10 10 11— 8	Spencer	01 10 01 00 01 01— 5
Meyerle	10 11 10 11 00 11— 8	Lewis	10 00 11 10 01 00— 5
Perkins	00 11 11 10 11 10— 8	Chase	10 10 00 00 10 11— 5
Rochelle	11 00 10 11 10 11— 8	Allerton	00 11 00 10 01 10— 5
Hughes	01 11 10 10 10 11— 8	McBride	00 00 10 00 10 11— 4
Dorton	11 11 10 10 01 10— 8	McCain	01 00 00 10 10 01— 4
Tucker	11 11 01 01 11 00— 8	C Moore	10 01 00 00 10 00— 3
Heikes	10 10 10 11 11 00— 7		

Ties all divided.

Extra shoot No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $5: J. G. Smith 7, Budd 7, Converse 7, Perkins 7, Dorton 7, Hughes 7, Grim 6, Heikes 6, McBride 6, Bird 5, Byers 5, Hastings 5, Allen 5, McCain 5, Simpson 5, Lewis 5, Wilkins 5, Kronskop 4, Searight 4, West 4, Hicks 4, Ryman 4, Jones 4, Spencer 4, Sanford 4, Meyerle 3, Howard 3, Veile 3, Clement 3, Chase 2. Ties all divided.

Extra shoot No. 2, 5 live birds, entrance $3: Perkins 5, Grim 5, Hicks 5, Dorton 5, Heikes 5, Hastings 5, Meyerle 4, Budd 4, J. G. Smith 4, Hughes 4, Clark 4, Wilkins 3, Searight 3, Kronskop 3, Chase 2, Jones 2, McBride 2, Howard 1. Ties all divided.

Shoot No. 11, postponed from the second day, was at 9 single targets, entrance $1.50, and resulted as follows:

Hastings	9	Hughes	5
Budd	8	Brewer	7
Perkins	7	Howard	5
Rochelle	7	Clark	5
Simpson	7	McBride	5
Spencer	5	Grim	6
Dorton	7	Shelton	2
Leonard	5		

All ties divided.

Shoot No. 12, 9 single targets, entrance $1.25, closed with 20 entries and the following score:

Sanford	9	Leonard	5
Dorton	8	Anderson	5
Hastings	8	Perkins	2
Clark	7	Bird	8
McBride	7	Brewer	8
Budd	7	Hughes	7
Simpson	5	Howard	7
Rochelle	7	Frisbie	6
Grim	5	Spencer	5
Shelton	3		
Walters	1		

Shoot No. 13 was one of the interesting events of the day, being a team shoot, any two men to constitute a team, at 12 single targets per man, entrance $4 per team. The following score shows the result:

Dorton	101111111111—11	Yearnshaw	101111011010—8
Hughes	111111111111—12—23	Rochelle	110011101011—8—16
Grim	011111111111—11	Chase	101101101101—8
Heikes	111110110111—10 21	Bruce	001011101011—7—15
Burnett	011101101111— 9	Read	110100110011—7
Sanford	111111111101—11—20	Brewer	111100001011—7—14
Budd	010111111011— 9	Roy	011000100110—5
Bird	010111011111— 9—18	Dimple	100001110101—6—11
Simpson	011010111111— 9	Leonard	001100011001—5
McBride	111001001101— 8—17	Hicks	110001011010—6—11

Dorton and Hughes, of Fonda, Ia., winning first; Grim and Heikes, of Clear Lake, Ia., and Dayton, O., second; Burnett and Sanford, of Des Moines, third; Budd, of Des Moines, and Bird, of Fairmont, Minn., fourth; Simpson and McBride, of Victor, Ia., fifth.

Shoot No. 14, 7 live birds, entrance $2:

Spencer	2212221—7	Perkins	0120110—4
Sanford	1120221—6	Grim	0210012—4
Dennis	1202112—6	Morgan	1002011—4
Dunsmore	1121201—6	Tucker	0012120—4
McBride	2220120—5	Hughes	0200110—3
Bird	0221022—5	Kronskop	1102000—3
Dorton	0102221—5	Heikes	0120200—3
Clark	1101101—5	Read	0200100—2
Budd	1200121—5		

Shoot No. 16, 12 single targets, entrance $2.50:

Hughes	11	Veile	7
Budd	11	Rochelle	6
Sanford	10	Dennis	5
Bird	9	McBride	11
Hastings	9	Read	11
Howard	8	Dorton	9
Clark	7	Burnett	9
Grim	8		
Simpson	6	Brewer	7
Spencer	6		
Leonard	4		

Extra live bird shoot No. 1 was for $5, at 7 birds: Hughes 7, Perkins 7, Converse 6, Morgan 5, Heikes 5, Howard 5, Tucker 5, Leonard 4, Yearnshaw 3, McBride 7, Grim 6, Spencer 5, Clark 5, Budd 5, Sanford 5, Bird 5, Simpson 4. All ties div.

Extra No. 2, same conditions, resulted thus: Budd 7, Heikes 7, Hicks 6, Perkins 6, Corrie 5, McBride 5, Jennings 4, Simpson 3, Bruce 3, Roy 7, Hughes 6, Converse 5, Johnson 5, Grim 5, Dorton 5, Yearnshaw 4, Kronskop 3, Kircher 3. All ties div.

Extra No. 3, at 5 live birds, $3 entrance: Kronskop 5, Roy 4,

Dimple 4, Hicks 4, Hughes 4, Grim 4, Jennings 4, Converse 3, McBride 3, Heikes 3, Simpson 3, Perkins 2, Corrie 2, Lewis 2, Clark 2, Viele 1.

Extra No. 1, at 15 single targets, entrance $3, closed the sport and resulted as follows: Heikes 14, Budd 14, Sanford 13, Franklin 12, Burnett 12, Searight 11, Lewis 10, Garrett 7, Bird 14, Hughes 14, Dorton 12, Grim 12, Corrie 12, McBride 10, Viele 8, Watters 5. All ties div. except those of 12, which provoked a shooting match at the wind up. Burnett broke 12 straight and won.

MAPLEWOOD.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 26.—The second annual tournament of the Maplewood Gun Club was held on Thursday, Oct. 23. The day could hardly have been worse. It began raining at 10 o'clock, and kept it up all day. A driving northeast wind came right in the face of the shooters. Notwithstanding the rain and mud, about fifteen shooting cranks turned out and kept the traps going until dark. Ties divided unless otherwise noted. Five bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

W Smith	5	W J Smith	4
C Dean	5	A Parry	4
Brientnall	5	E Reeves	3
Cockefair	2		
Ayres	4		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance, 3 moneys:

W Smith	1111101011—8	Cockefair	0111111001—7
C Dean	1111111101—9	Reeves	0111000111—6
Brientnall	1101011111—8	Ayres	1111101111—9
W J Smith	1010001111—6	Parry	1010111101—7

Fifteen bluerocks, $1.50 entrance:

W Smith	111111111111101—14	Ayres	110010100101101— 8
Brientnall	011111111100111—12	Yeomans	111111011111110—13
Dean	111110111101111—13	E Wolff	001100011011011— 8
Parry	110111111111110—13	Walters	010101111110111—11
W J Smith	000110111111101—10	Cottrell	101000011111110 — 9
Cockefair	001011111111112—12		

Twenty bluerocks, $2 entrance:

W Smith	11111111111101011—18	Cockefair	01111000110000100001— 9
Dean	10111111111110111111—18	Wolters	11100101111011110001—13
Yeomans	11001111111110110110—16	Parry	11111110110101100010—14
W J Smith	10101011110110000101—12	Cottrell	10101010000011011000— 8
Brientnall	01111111111111111111—18	Ayres	01111101111100110111—15

Five bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

W Smith	4	Brientnall	5
Dean	4	Wolters	3
Yeomans	4	Cockefair	3
W J Smith	4	Cottrell	2
Ayres	3		
Condit	3		
Reeves	2		
Parry	3		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance:

W Smith	0001101010—4	Reeves	1101110101—7
Dean	1010011011—6	Parry	1110100011—6
Yeomans	1101011111—8	Walters	0010101111—6
W J Smith	0010101111—6	Ayres	1010100001—4
Brientnall	0001011111—6	Cottrell	0111010110—6
Cockefair	1111011020—7		

Twenty bluerocks, $2 entrance:

W Smith	11101110011010101—14	Cockefair	11100011011010101100—13
Dean	01111101010111111010—14	Walters	10110100111001101110—13
Yeomans	10113011100001010111—15	Reeves	01101011010100101100—10
W J Smith	01111011010010011110—11	Parry	01101111110111101011—15
Brientnall	01101111101101111111—16		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance:

W Smith	7	Cockefair	6
Dean	8	Walters	8
Yeomans	6	W J Smith	7
Brientnall	9		
Ayres	6		
Parry	5		
Reeves	6		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance:

Yeomans	7	Cockefair	8
Dean	9	Parry	7
Brientnall	6	Ayres	6
W J Smith	6		
Reeves	4		
Walters	8		
W Smith	8		

Miss and out, 50 cents entrance:

Yeomans	4	Cockefair	6
Dean	0	Parry	5
Brientnall	8	Reeves	2
W J Smith	3		
Walters	8		
W Smith	6		
Ayres	5		

Five pairs doubles, $1 entrance:

Yeomans	01 00 10 10 01—4	Dean	10 11 11 11 10—8
Brientnall	00 10 00 01 10—3	Walters	01 10 00 11 11—6
W Smith	11 11 11 10 10—8	Co ttrell	00 00 10 00 00—1
Cockefair	10 10 10 10 05		

Ten Ligowsky clays, $1 entrance:

W J Smith	9	Parry	6
Yeomans	7	Cockefair	8
Dean	8	Condit	7

Ten bluerocks, $1.50 entrance:

Yeomans	9	Cockefair	7
Dean	9	W J Smith	5
Brientnall	7	Parry	7
Walters	6	W Smith	10

Fifteen bluerocks, $1.50 entrance:

Yeomans	14	Cockefair	8
Dean	9	Walters	9
Brientnall	11	W Smith	10
Parry	12		
Reeves	7		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance:

W Smith	8	W J Smith	8
Parry	10	Dean	5
Brientnall	8		
Cockefair	4		
Reeves	4		

Ten bluerocks, $1 entrance:

W J Smith	9	Parry	6
Brientnall	10	Cockefair	7
W Smith	9	Dean	8
Reeves	6		
Ayers	6		

C. W. BROWN, Prest.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside, Ill., Oct. 28.—Score made here to-day by some members of the team selected to shoot in the forthcoming match between Kansas City and Chicago, A. A. rules:

A Price	1221012112112122122—19	M J Eich	2221112111210111—19
Phillips	0110212202012002011—15	Hoffman	2111102111221201011—17
Mussey	1111102012012111121—17	Ed Price	1011212021010212111—16
Felton	1211011112112102011—17	Gammon	1222211101000212102—14
Shepard	0021221100102111201—13	Rock	0102212021231121222—17
Torking'n	1221022211002200210—14	Ehlers	0010101121111011123—15
J E Price	2021111211211122222—19	Kleinman	1222202121212112212—19
Wadsw'th	1021010221111221212—17	Watson	0220121022200122111—15

Sweep at 10 live pigeons, $5 entrance, A. A. rules:

Geo Kleinman	1222102122— 9	W L Shepard	2021101111— 8
J Watson	0220212022— 7	J E Price	1002102121— 7
R B Wadsworth	1111111122—10	Hy Ehlers	2211022111— 9
G Hoffman	2022110121— 8	B Rock	2212222211—10
M J Eich	1012011112— 8	C D Gammon	2100202221— 7

First and second divided third won by Eich.

Oct. 30.—Port Dearborn Club at 15 live pigeons, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

Hy Ehlers	111121101111121—15	H Loveday	011111112112111—14
Abe Kleinman	101121111111212—14	F Donald	222211011102211—12
C D Gamon	112121021110221—13	*G L Dieter	011211112101122—13
Geo Kleinman	101022221111120—12	*Jno Watson	111111211021111—14
Chas Nitschke	210110111000200— 8	*B Rock	202111112101111—13
C B Dicks	101122211122211—14		

*Not members of the club but shot in the sweep. Ties on 14 miss and out: Dicks 0, Loveday 4, others 5 and div. Hy. Ehlers and Abe Kleinman will shoot off tie for medal in next club shoot.

Twenty Peoria black birds for club medal:

Geo Kleinman	00001100111111100111—13
Abe Kleinman	11111011101111111100—16
Chas Nitschke	11101110101011111001—14

RAVELRIGG.

WALNUT HILL, Oct. 29.—It was a wet and tired, but jolly crowd of shotgun men that left this range to-night at the close of the day's shooting. More disagreeable weather conditions hardly could have been provided, but everybody was out for fun, and grumbling was ruled out by a unanimous vote. In the shooting for the diamond pins, Mr. Black went to the front with a rush His score of 29 birds out of a possible 30 is the highest yet recorded in this series of competitions, and entitles him to decorate himself with the championship medal until the shotgun men hold their next meeting. Not content with this victory, Mr. Black also won the competition for the Keystone trophy, allowing but one bird to escape out of 20 at which he shot. The summary:

Diamond Pin Match.

Twenty Keystone targets, firing by squad, and 5 pairs Standard targets.

Black	11111111111111111111—20	11 01 11 11 11—9—29	
Nichols	11111111101111010111—17	11 10 10 11 00—6—23	
Bowker	11110101111111011011—16	10 10 10 10 10—5—21	
Gale	01111111110111111110—17	00 10 10 11 00—4—21	
Perham	11111011000010010111—12	10 10 11 10 11—7—19	
Bradbury	11111131110110101111—17	00 00 00 00 10—1—18	
Curtis	11111001011111101111—16	00 01 00 10 00—2—18	
Burton	11000111111010100100—11	00 10 00 00 12—2—13	

Keystone Trophy Match.

Twenty Keystone targets, from 5 traps, Keystone rules:

Black	11111111111101111111—19	Nichols	11111011011011011111—17
Gale	11110111111111111110—18	Perham	01110110111111111110—16
Bradbury	10111110101111111111—17	Bowker	10111100111110001111—14
Curtis	11101111111101111110—17	Burton	10010001010011110110—10

On Wednesday, Nov. 12, the shotgun men will convene again to dispute over the possession of the various trophies offered by the club.

CHEYENNE FLATS SHOOT.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Oct. 24.—During the progress of the runnings in the meeting of the American Coursing Club this week, a pleasant little shooting tournament was held near the club house on the Cheyenne Flats, Mr. D. Hugh Halladay and Mr. F. E. Smith, of this city, being the moving spirits. Of course the shooting had to cease at such times as the crowds of horsemen and vehicles were about the club house, but when the dogs were in the field the guns went to work, and quite a number of events were worked off. The wind was quite strong over the plains, which made the live-bird shooting rather more difficult, though the birds were not an extra strong lot of flyers. Bluerock targets were used under A. S. A. rules. The Cheyenne Flats a decade or two ago were covered with buffalo, and within the lines of the boundary flags, or under the flight of the artificial targets, were more than one buffalo wallow still plainly visible. Such is sport to-day. On the whole, this little shoot is interesting for the circumstances that surround it, as well as for itself. Score:

Wednesday, Oct. 22.

Nine bluerocks, $2.50:

F De Tar	110111111—8	R Matthews	111110111—8
A Blockler	111101100—6	Andas	110011010—5
Bush	101011101—6	Hanna	011010111—6

De Tar and Matthews div. first, Bush won second on shoot-off.

Seven live birds, $3:

De Tar	1011111—6	Burbank	1001011—4
A Blockler	1110110—5	Andas	1111011—6
R Mathbes	1111101—6	Bonebrake	1011111—6
Bush	1011111—6	Hanna	1101101—5

Ten live birds, $5:

Andas	1111111111—10	Hanna	1111111111—10
Bonebrake	1111111111—10	Halladay	0111101111— 7
Burbank	1111111111—10	Bush	1111111110— 9

Ten bluerocks:

De Tar	1101100110—6	Bush	1011111101—8
Andas	1111010011—7	Bonebrake	0010011110—5
Halladay	0100001001—3	Hanna	1101000110—5
A Blockler	0100101011—5	Mathews	0111101101—7
Burbank	0000111100—4		

Five pairs bluerocks:

De Tar	10 01 11 11 10—7	Brown	10 10 10 00 00—3
A Blockly	10 00 10 10 10—4	Hanna	10 10 10 10 10—5
Matthews	10 01 10 11 10—6	Bush	01 10 00 01 00—3
Andas	10 11 11 10 10—7		

Six bluerocks:

De Tar	110111—5	Brown	010011—3
Bush	101000—2	Andas	011000—2
Blockler	110000—2	Smith	011001—4
Matthews	111010—4	Burbank	111161—5
Hanna	001110—3	Bonebake	010010—2

Thursday, Oct. 23.

Fifteen bluerocks, $3:

De Tar	111111111011111—14	Andas	111111110001111—12
Blackler	001100001101011— 7	Burbank	101011101000000— 7
Matthews	110110101001111—11	Bonebrake	111000101111100— 9
Bush	111111101010011—11		

Nine bluerocks:

De Tar	111101111—8	Bush	001001010—3
E West	111000100—4	Mattnews	110111111—8
Burbank	111101001—6	Keeley	000111000—3
Brown	000000000—0	Smith	010100111—5
Andas	001011101—5	Bonebrake	010011010—4

Nine bluerocks:

De Tar	011101111—7	Matthews	010111011—6
E West	111111100 - 7	Burbank	100110001—4
Brown	100000000—1	Keeley	000001000—1
Bush	001100000—2	Halladay	000101000—2
Andas	111010001—5		

Five pair doubles, $2:

De Tar	11 10 10 10 11—7	Andas	11 11 00 10 10—6
Rowlings	00 01 00 10 01—3	Williams	10 00 11 11 00—5
Bonebrake	11 00 11 01 11—7	Matthews	11 01 11 11 10—8
Brown	00 00 10 10 00—2		

Seven live birds, $5:

De Tar	1111111—7	Mathews	1111110—6
Bonebrake	1011011—5	Bush	1110111—6
Andas	1111011—6	Williams	0111000—3
Burbank	1111111—7	Blakley	1111111—7
West	1111111—7	Crum	1111111—7
McGinty	1001111—5		

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Nov. 1.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry, all ties divided:

Johnson	9 8 8 9	Mannen	8 5 7 4
Simpson	7 8 4 5	Wall	2 4 5 3 1 5
Collins	7 6 9 6 7 9	Crossmann	4 4 7 6 4 5
Hunt	10 7 9 9	Hathaway	7
Englewood	6 7 8 7 9 8		

Sweep 1, 4 live birds, $2 entrance:

Johnson	1111—4	Englewood	1122—4
Simpson	0101—2	Mannen	2222—4
Collins	1112—4	Mead	1211—4
Hunt	2112—4		

Sweep 2, same:

Johnson	1211—4	Englewood	2112—4
Simpson	2011—3	Mannen	2212—4
Hurd	2112—4	Mead	2021—3

Sweep 3, same:

Collins	0112—3	Englewood	1111—4
John on	1111—4	Mannen	1211—3
Simpson	2121—4	Mead	1201—3
Hunt	2221—4	Hathaway	1212—4

Event No. 4, 7 live birds, $3 entrance:

Johnson	1201211—6	Mead	2121121—7
Simpson	1212102 6	Hathaway	2111121—7
Hunt	1101011—5		

HAMILTON, CLUB.—Brown's Driving Park, Long Island, Oct. 28.—The clay-pigeon match for the club cup was shot here to-day. The contestants were Mr. Robert Braith, Mr. Allan Nichols and Col. Gray, all of the club. The air was raw, and those who viewed the match were real enthusiasts. The trophy was gotten up by Tiffany and was well worth a struggle. The terms of the match were 25 birds each, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, club rules:

Nichols	1111111111011111111111—24
Braith	1110111101111111111100011—20
Col Gray	1011011111101111110011110—19

Dr. Preston was referee, Mr. Allan Nichols and Mr. W. Gordon sail Nov. 10 with Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, for a seven months' cruise in the schooner yacht Eclipse. These sportsmen will no doubt find the big game are their return, even as they found it before.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 25.—Nicetown Kennel and Gun Club's shoot at bluerocks, 3 traps, 16yds rise, American Shooting Association rules:

E David	1111111111101101111010111—22
H David	1111111111110110101010111—20
H Thurman	0010111111101110111010101101111001111—28
H Bradford	1111011001001011010101—15
T Cummins	1111001101111111111111111—22
B Harrison	0100001101111011011111011111111111—29
W Jay	1111111111111011111101111—23
J Cheney	1010101111001111111—15
W Ulary	1010001001100011011111111—15

Second match:

Jas Kitram	1110110011111011—11
H Sherwood	1011100110111011101110111—18
W Mohr	0111110011011111011101110—18
G Kittam	1011101101110011010010101—15
A Walker	0000111010001111110100101—13
C Marean	1001101010011100—8
S Reeves	0000111011011100111000110—13
C Fell	0101110110 — 6
J Pratt	0100111010110000 — 7
A Reeves	1110000101110011 — 9
H Weiss	1111111011 — 9
J Keefe	1111111110 — 9
Wolfinger	1111111100111111 —13

BLAUVELTVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 25.—The return match between the Leonia and Spring Hill Gun Clubs took place this afternoon at the grounds of the latter at Blauvelt ville on the West Shore R. R. The conditions were teams of eight men, 25 bluerocks each man, rapid firing plan, three traps. It was a well contested battle, and the Spring Hill men showed good shooting ability by capturing the match, winning by 16 birds:

Spring Hill Club.		Leonia Club.	
Hathaway	20	Gladwin	16
J Bryant	18	Walker	15
Pierson	22	Quss	14
Simpson	20	Beam	19
Kittle	20	Goesser	21
Allen	15	Banta	19
C J Bogart	13	Williams	19
Moeller	23—151	Wright	12—135

Three sweeps were shot at 10 birds each, 75 cents entrance, 16 entries each shoot. The visitors took their departure only when too dark to shoot.

ALGONQUINS VS. EUREKA.—Oct. 30.—A match was shot between the above named clubs at Marion, N. J. Ten men, 10 birds per man, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, 50yds. boundary, otherwise American Association rules. The day was chilly and the wind blowing half a gale, which carried at least 20 per cent. of the birds out of the short boundary, though hard hit. Referee, Mr. Cordt Busch of the Jeannette Gun Club. Judge for Eurekas, Mr. John Maesel, Jr., of the champion Emerald Gun Club team; judge for Algonquins, Mr. Frank Rinn of that club. The losing team have always shot gun below the armpit, and needed a continual warning to keep the butt of the gun in its proper place. The opposing team were veterans at that style of shooting, including some of the best known Long Island rule shots in this vicinity, though they won by but one bird:

Eureka Gun Club.		Algonquin Gun Club.	
Circle (25)	1100222c002—5	Dunseath (27)	0021000100—3
Strope (27)	0200010c12—4	Griswold (27)	0200122011—6
D Rathfer (25)	1031120011—8	Radensky (25)	2001102010 - 5
Snowdell (25)	112c01c112—7	Garside (27)	1c02210012 —6
Heritage (27)	202 2020020—5	Van Schaick (25)	2211110024—8
Sunderman (25)	0101210112—6	Meyer (25)	0111c00011—5
E Schmults (25)	0001101122—6	Brenner (27)	2102215110 -7
Ficken (25)	0011122001—6	Males (27)	1111111102—9
A Schmults (25)	1101210021—7	Hanna (27)	1o211101102—7
Schortemeier (25)	0o00211122—6—61	Otten (27)	0212o10100—6—62

o dead out of bounds. 12-bores at 25yds. rise, 10-bores at 27yds. A return match will be shot in the near future.—L. H. S.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

NIELS OLSEN.

FEW men are better known in yachting circles than Niels Olsen, the superintendent of the New York Y. C. For nineteen years he has been on duty in the New York Y. C.'s house, keeping the affairs of the club in ship-shape order generally, and to-day any man who does not know Superintendent Olsen may be put down as not being possessed with that useful part of the anatomy known in the yachtsman's phraseology as "sea legs."

Ever since he was 18 years old—and he is now 55—Mr. Olsen has had more or less to do with vessels in one way or another. He was born in Christiansand, Norway, June 11, 1835, and he went to sea early in 1853. After making several short voyages in foreign waters he sailed to this country as a deck boy and deserted his ship at Pier 8 North River on her arrival here, going over to Brooklyn, where he fell in with the sailing master of the schooner yacht Norma, owned by Alexander Major. Olsen shipped aboard this yacht as cook and cabin boy at a salary of $5 a month and board, and remained in the employ of the Norma's owner until 1864, when he got a berth aboard the schooner yacht Widgeon, owned by F. Osgood.

After two seasons of sailing close to shore Mr. Olsen went aboard the steamship New York, plying between this port and Central America, and in this vessel he remained thirteen months, until he contracted a fever and went to St. Luke's Hospital for three weeks. That was early in 1867. When he recovered from his illness he took to yachting again and secured a berth as steward of the schooner Fleetwing, sailing in her ocean race against the schooners Vesta and Henrietta for $90 000. Leaving his place on the Fleetwing in the fall of 1867, Mr. Olsen got a job ashore watching Spanish gunboats at the foot of West Thirteenth street while they were fitting out to be used in quelling a rebellion in Cuba.

The next year Mr. Olsen went to sea again, shipping on a vessel bound for China. In March, 1869, he shipped as mate of the old schooner Magic, and sailed in her international races for the America's Cup, after which he took up newspaper work, doing marine reporting for a local paper for two years. In February, 1871, he went as mate of the schooner Columbia, sailing in her international races also.

It was in November, 1871, that Mr. Olsen assumed his present duties. The New York Y. C. was then anchored on the northwest corner of Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue. In 1884 the club shifted its quarters to 67 Madison avenue, its present berth, and if any one will take the trouble to visit the famous model room of the club he will find there on every side evidences of Superintendent Olsen's faithfulness and love for his work.

No man could go through such a life as has been briefly outlined here without having a host of interesting experiences, and although it is hard work to draw much out of Superintendent Olsen, when he has anything to say on yachting or other nautical matters, there are always plenty of yachtsmen glad to listen. It is quite a common thing for yachtsmen to say, "We'll leave it to Mr. Olsen," when in an argument about debatable questions as to "Who won," and it is seldom that they cannot have disputes of this nature speedily settled by this authority.

Mr. Olsen has the history of American yachting within easy reach, from the organization of the New York Y. C. to the present time. He has a complete record of all the vessels which have ever been enrolled on the club's yacht list, including alterations in their hulls, changes of ownership, alterations in the machinery of steam yachts, and other details; and he is at present at work on a book which, when completed, will contain a correct and concise account of every race with which the New York Y. C. has been identified. He expects to have this book finished about Jan. 1, 1891.—*New York Times.*

A SWEEPSTAKES FOR THIRTY-FOOTERS.

THE following circular has been sent out by the Corinthian Y. C.:

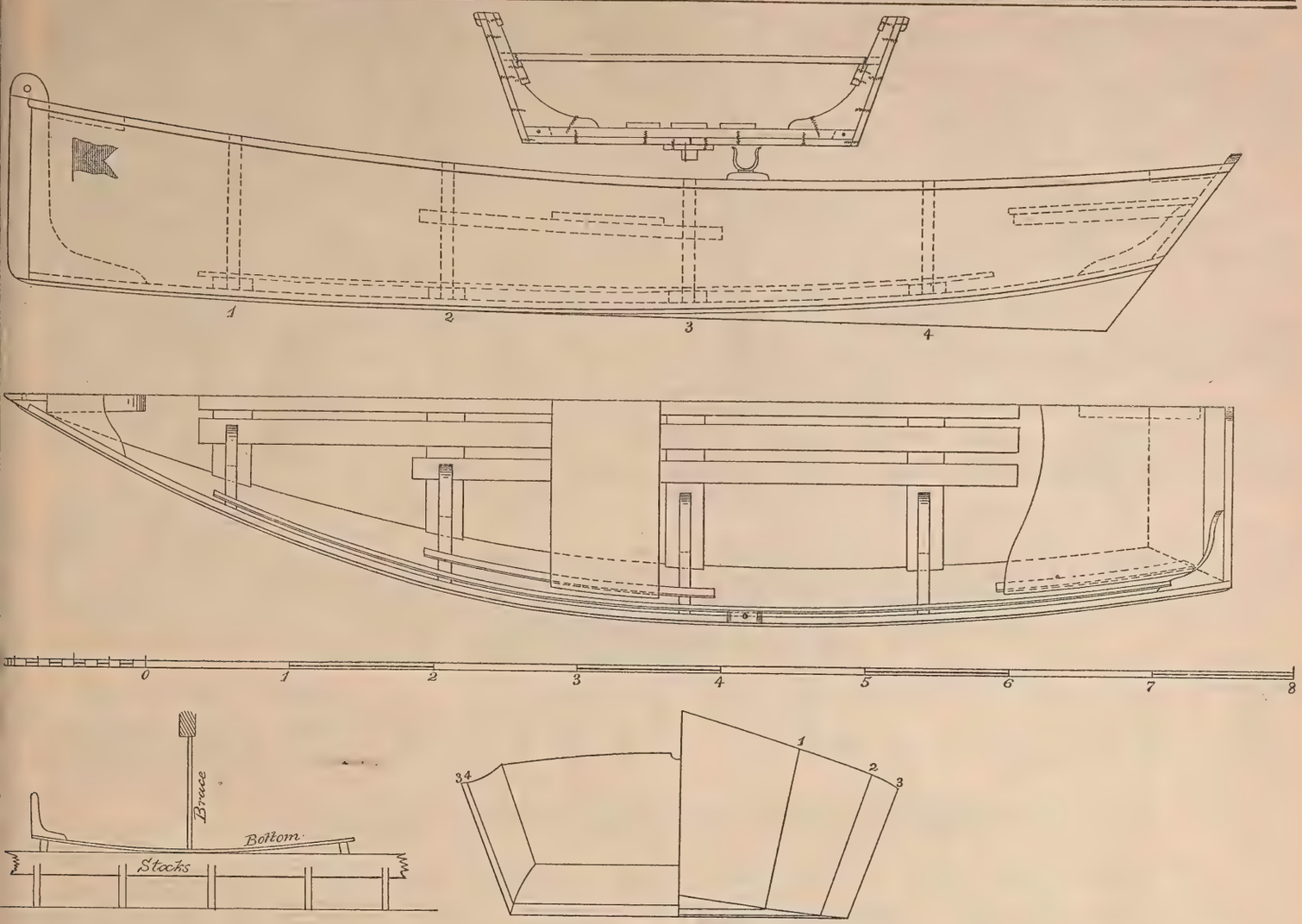
At the request of the owners of several boats eligible for such a race, the Corinthian Y. C. of New York has undertaken the management (in connection with the third annual sweepstakes for larger boats, circular for which was recently issued) of a sweepstakes at Newport, R. I., for single masted yachts of from 30 to 40ft. sailing length (formula, $\frac{\sqrt{S.A.}+L.W.L.}{2}$).

The conditions as to time, place, course and prizes will be as follows: Entry moneys $75 for starters ($20 if declared out by June 30, $40 if declared out by July 31). Measurement and time allowance as per by-laws of the club. Copies thereof will be furnished to boats making entries. Owners must furnish certificates of their sailing length (under C. Y. C. rule) by their respective club measurers to the secretary of the club at least five days before the race. Same will be accepted as final unless a remeasurement (by the measurer of the C. Y. C.) be demanded by a competitor in writing within twenty-four hours after the race. No boat not furnishing such certificate will be timed. The entry moneys will be divided in prizes as follows: Sixty per cent. in silver plate to the winner, twenty-five per cent. to the second boat, and fifteen per cent. to the third boat. If less than five start no third prize will be given, and the first and second prizes will be increased to seventy per cent. and thirty per cent. respectively. The race will be sailed off Newport Harbor, R. I., as soon after the termination of the New York Y. C.'s cruise as can be conveniently arranged. The course will be a triangle of twenty-five nautical miles, one leg (if practicable the first) to be laid off dead to windward. The start will be flying, and both start and finish will be at Brenton's Reef Lightship. No time limit for race. The sailing regulations of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York in relation to management of races, etc., will apply to and govern the race (except as modified by the special conditions of sweepstakes).

Entries should be made on or before May 15, 1891, inst., to sailing committee, Corinthian Y. C. of New York, care M. Roosevelt Schuyler, 55 Beaver street. Chas. H. Tweed, E. B. Clarke, *ex-officio*, Wm. H. Plummer, Wm. Gardner, Chas. Stewart Davison, Sailing Committee.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—A special meeting of the Corinthian Navy will be held at the Hotel Marlborough, Broadway and Thirty-sixth street, on Nov. 6, to take action on the proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws. The East River Squadron will open its navigation and seamanship school in Harlem, Vice-Com. T. Fleming Day will be chief instructor. The course will include knots and splices, boat rigging and sailing, as well as chart reading and boat building. Commodore Center, S. C. Y. C., will open the lecture series early in December. Proposed for membership: E. J. Veanhofer and Edward Tanner.

PAPPOOSE.—Mr. Bayard Thayer has sold his cutter Pappoose to Mr. Davenport Galbraith, of Erie, Pa. She will be taken to Lake Erie by canal from New York. It is possible that she may race on Lake Ontario next season, coming in the 46ft. corrected length class, with White Wings.



BODY TO OUTSIDE OF PLANKING.

A CHEAP TENDER.

A CHEAP TENDER.

SKIFF building is an art that has received too little attention. Anything is considered good enough for a skiff, yet for small yachts the skiff is better adapted than a round bottom yawl. Stiffness, buoyancy, lightness, roominess and low cost are all in favor of the skiff. A simple and commendable method of construction is shown in the illustration. The shape of the boat will be understood from the body plan, which is to outside of plank. The frame can be got by deducting the thickness of sides and bottom from the sections of the body plan, or they can be got by taking the inside width across bottom and top on the half breadth plan.

The example in question measures 8ft. 6in. over all, 3ft. beam across the top, and 2ft. 4in. across the bottom. The depth amidships is 11in., at stem 15in. The stern board or transom is 2ft. 6in. across top, 2ft. across bottom, and 11in. wide, including the crown. She will carry two hands on a draft of 5in. To put up the boat proceed as follows: Get from the mill one ¾in. board of white pine, 18ft. long. Have it run through a planer to ⅝in. A similar board 14 to 16in. wide for the siding, and some ¾in. oak for stern, cleats, and frames. Also a piece of 3½in. oak or hackmatack for the stem. Saw the bottom board across in half. Lay the two pieces on the floor alongside one another, and with chalk sketch out the shape of the bottom and trim off to the line. Lay the two pieces on the building stocks. Hold them there by a strut from the shop beam above and block up the ends of the boat's bottom to the required camber. Get out the stem with rabbet and screw it in place. Cut out the cross floors of 1×3in. stuff and slot their ends to receive the heel tennon of the timbers. Cut the latter out of straight grain stuff to the shape of a stout knee as shown in the diagrams, leaving a tenon projecting. Drive the tenons into the slots of the cross floors and pin them with a round nail. Also screw the heels down to the floors. When the four sets of frames have thus been put together, with the proper flare, place them in position on the bottom boards and screw them fast from underneath. Bevel off the frames with a spokeshave to receive the side plank. Put the latter in place temporarily, holding it to the frames and stem by clamps. Mark off proper shape of the sheer and the rocker of the bottom and trim off to those lines. Remember that the sides overlap the bottom as shown in the cross section of the boat. The bottom boards must therefore be beveled around the edges with a plane to suit. Screw the side boards in place to the stem, the frames and along the bottom, spacing the small brass screws about 2¼in. apart so as to make a watertight job. Cut out the stern board and screw it in aft between the sides and on top of the bottom boards, and also knee it to the sides at the sheer. Fit an oak breasthook in the eyes forward. The boat is now ready for the fittings. Run a light inwale around the heads of the frames to stiffen the gunwale and nail a chafing batten round outside at sheer height. Screw cleats to the frames and side to receive the thwarts, which, when screwed down, serve to tie the boat together. Fit a center knee to the transom and lay some foot boards across the floors. Also screw down a suitable oak block bored for the swivel rowlocks. Now turn the whole boat over and screw a strip of oak, 3×½in., fore and aft over the center seam of the bottom, and nail on what skag you wish aft over that. Bore the stem head for a painter and putty where needed. Then varnish or paint, depicting the yacht's burgee on each bow. The material, oars and rowlocks, will cost $7, and three days and a half labor $9 more.

A NEW IDEA IN BOILERS.—We copy the following *verbatim* from the *Marine Journal;* the Belleville boiler has been recognized as possessing many points of merit, but we were not aware that centerboards and a schooner rig were among them: "Commodore J. M. Forbes is building a steam auxiliary yacht 125ft. long on the waterline. She will have two Belleville tubular boilers with steel centerboards, schooner rigged, and will develop a new idea in her cockpit being constructed so as to form a lifeboat in case of disaster to the ship. She is intended for cruising in West Indian waters."

ANOTHER "MAGIC."—We learn that Mr. Gabriel Deneher, of Gagetown, N. B., last spring built from the lines of the Magic, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 16, 1890, rigging the boat as a sloop. She has proved fast, and very well adapted for the waters she is used on.

THE CORINTHIAN SWEEPSTAKES OF 1891.—The Corinthian Y. C., of New York, has issued the following programme of its yearly sweepstake race for next year: 1. Open to boats exceeding 40 and not exceeding 60ft. sailing length, to be divided into two classes. Class A including all boats over 50 and not over 60ft. sailing length, and class B including all boats over 40 and not over 50ft. sailing length. Measurement and time allowance as per by-laws of the club, copies of which will be furnished to boats making entries. 2. Owners must furnish certificates of their sailing length (under Corinthian Y. C. rule) by their respective club measurers to the secretary of the club at least five days before the race. Same will be accepted as final unless a remeasurement (by the measurer of the Corinthian Y. C.) be demanded by a competitor in writing within twenty-four hours after the race. No boat not furnishing such certificate will be timed. 3. Seventy per cent. of the entry moneys in each class will be given in silver plate to the winner in that class, and 20 per cent. of the entry moneys in each class will be given in silver plate to the second in that class. The remaining 10 per cent. of the entry moneys of both classes will be added to the prize given to the boat, of whichever class, which makes the shortest corrected time over the course. 4. The race will be sailed off Newport Harbor, R. I., as soon after the termination of the New York Y. C. cruise as can be conveniently arranged. 5. The course will be a triangle of twenty-five nautical miles, one leg (if practicable the first) to be laid off dead to windward. 6. Start and finish at Brenton's Reef Lightship. 7. The start will be flying—both classes together and from the same signal. 8. No time limit for race. 9. The sailing regulations of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York in relation to management of races, etc., will apply to and govern the race (except as modified by the special conditions of the sweestakes.) Enteries will close May 15, 1891, and may be addressed to Sailing Committee, Corinthian Y. C. of New York, care M. Roosevelt Schuyler, Secretary, 55 Beaver St.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—At a special meeting, on Oct. 24, all the changes in the sailing regulations of this club, proposed in the report of its committee on classification, which was published in our issue of Oct. 23, were carried, almost without dissent. The only amendments to the proposed changes made by the meeting was in regard to the class limits, the classes as adopted being: Class A, 29ft. corrected length and over; 29ft. class, over 24ft. and not over 29ft. corrected length; 24ft. class, over 21ft. and not over 24ft. corrected length; 21ft. class, over 18ft. and not over 21ft. corrected length; 18ft. class, under 18ft. corrected length. The arrangement of the boats in the club fleet will be such as to make good racing between existing boats in the three large classes, and already the prospects are that a number of new boats will be built for the two small classes, particularly for the 18ft. class. The club has now secured comfortable winter quarters in Montreal, it will hold monthly meetings during the winter, and the interest in the club and in the sport is increasing so fast as to promise well for its future. The club's new address is 2367 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

CATARINA.—The wrecking company succeeded in raising the steam yacht Catarina, wrecked on Matinnicock Point; she was towed to this city by the tugboat Rescue. A report was current last week to the effect that the steam yacht Corsair, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was also ashore on Shinnicock Point, but it was entirely false, the yacht being safely laid up at Tebo's.

LADY EVELYN, schr., Sir Roderick Cameron, has been in British and Mediterranean waters for some months. On Oct. 17 she left Cowes for New York, calling at Plymouth the following day, but sailing immediately.

IVERNA.—Like all of the Jameson racers, Iverna has been hauled up and her copper stripped for the winter. She will be planed off and newly coppered under Capt. O'Neill's care in the spring.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The fifth regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will be held at the club house on Saturday evening, Nov. 8, at 8:30 o'clock, punctually.

NYMPH.—Mr. F. W. Flint's 40-footer has been sold to go to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. Mr. Flint will build a 65ft. Burgess schooner, similar to Quickstep.

YACHT DESIGNING.—The New York *Herald* of Nov. 2 publishes a long and very interesting article on this subject by Mr. A. Cary Smith.

THE WRECK OF THE NYANZA.—The cruise of the schooner yacht Nyanza around the world, whose progress we have before noted, has been brought to an abrupt termination, as told in the following extract from the *Field*. The yacht was about 109ft. l.w.l., 21ft. 6in. beam, and 11ft. 8in. hold. "A telegram was received in London last week, stating that Capt. Dewar's cruise on board the Nyanza had been brought to an abrupt termination by the wreck of the yacht at Ponapi, a small island of the Caroline group. The crew and passengers appear to have been transferred to Manilla, about 1800 miles distant, and where there is a telegraph cable via Hong Kong to London. Capt. Dewar stayed by the wreck some time longer to look after the interests of the underwriters, and eventually disposed of her for £140, and went on to Manilla himself, where he arrived on Thursday. This fine schooner was one of the composite vessels built by Steele and Co., for Greenock, and must have had a rare hammering to have become a total wreck. She was built in 1867, for the late Earl of Wilton, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and sailed a match in 1868 round the Isle of Wight, under the flag of that club, in half a gale of wind; but she did not distinguish herself against the racing fleet, which on that particular occasion was represented by the Cambria, Aline, Lufra, Egeria ane Pantomine. They all got a rare doing beating up the back of the Isle of Wight between Dunnose and St. Catherine's, and the Cambria would probably have been the winner had she not carried away the jaws of her main-gaff, and subsequently her bobstay. As it was, the Lufra, belonging to Lord Strafford, finished first, but lost the prize by time to Sir Richard Sutton's Aline. The Nyanza was beaten nearly half an hour by the Lufra, but for a 'cruiser' this was anything but a bad performance, although it rather staggered those yachtsmen who had contended—as they had many times before, and since—that, given half a gale of wind and an open sea for a trial to windward, the cruiser would beat the over-sparred and lead-ballasted racer into the proverbial cocked hat."

THE PEQUOTS.—New York, Nov. 3.—The annual business meeting and banquet of the Pequot Yacht and Canoe Association was held at Heublein's café, New Haven, Nov. 1. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Com., F. P. Lewis, New Haven; Vice-Com., W. M. Chase, New Haven; Rear-Com., Dr. W. S. Putney, Milford, Conn.; Sec'y-Treas., W. W. Cornwall, New Haven; Fleet Capt., Neil R. Mitchell, Westport; Fleet Surg., Dr. G. S. Ford, New York; Chaplain, Rev. A. N. Lewis, New Haven. The business done besides the election of officers was reports of committees, discussion of location of 1891 meet and cruise, etc. The report of secretary shows a healthy growth and good prospects for the coming year.

AN ACCIDENT IN HELL GATE.—On Nov. 2 as the sloop yacht Tyrant, of New York, was coming west through Hell Gate on her return from a gunning trip on the Sound, she grounded in trying to avoid a passing vessel. Her crew of six, Capt. Brown, Fred Spencer, H. H. Bowen, Sidney Smith, F. J. Staub and August Martin, at once jumped into the yawl, which was carried by the tide against the yacht's side and capsized. Bowen was picked up by a rowboat and Spencer, Martin and Brown by another yacht, but Straub and Smith were drowned. The yacht was hardly injured, being towed off later in the day, and had all hands remained by her they would have been dry and safe.

A BASE SLANDER.—T. W. H.—An owner who commands his own yacht does not wear bright brass buttons and a gold band on his cap; but some wear the club button and club badge. In America the owner of a yacht is styled "Captain," and most of them wear bright buttons bearing the club device, also gilt badges on the cap.—*Answers to Correspondents, in the Field.*

CORONET, schr., with Com. A. E. Bateman and family on board, arrived at St. Augustine, Fla., on Nov. 3.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EDITORIALS AND OTHER WAIFS.—By L. Fidelia Wooley Gillette. New York: Fowler Wells Co.

HUMAN MAGNETISM. By H. S. Drayton, M. D. New York: Fowler Wells Co.

Annual Report of the State Engineer and Surveyor, State of New York, for 1889. Transmitted to the Legislature March 3, 1890.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Commodore: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
Secretary-Treasurer: RALPH E. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.

	Vice-Com.	*Rear-Com.*	*Purser.*
Central Div.	Geo. A. Warder.	E. L. French, 110 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa.	J. K. Bakewell,
Eastern Div.	Dr. J. A. Gage.	A. S. Putnam.	Ralph E. Brazer, Lowell, Mass.
N'thern Div.	W. J. White.	W. J. Read.	C. M. Whitlaw, Montreal, Can.
Atlantic Div.	M. V. Brokaw.	I. V. Dorland.	W. R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—II.

ATTENDANCE.—While it was confidently expected that the attendance at Jessup's Neck would greatly exceed that of any former year, such was by no means the case, the number enrolled being only a fair average. The official register shows but 248 names, including Squaw Point, and there were very few, if any, who did not register. This number is small when the present membership, a little over 1060 up to the close of the meet, is considered. The attendance from the various Divisions was: Atlantic 106, Central 37, Eastern 78, Northern 27. Of the 120 odd clubs in the United States and Canada which are wholly or in part devoted to canoeing, but 42 were represented, the number of members which each sent to camp being as follows:

Atlantic Division: Ianthe 21, Brooklyn 13, Yonkers 10, Knickerbocker 9, New York 8, Arlington 7, Red Dragon 5, Hoboken 5, Trenton 4, Orange 1, Bayonne 3, Ompage 1, Lake Hopatcong 1, Kwoneshe 1.

Central Division: Mohican 16, Rome 4, Rochester 4, Longworth 2, Buffalo 1, Ruckawa 1, Amsterdam 1.

Eastern Division: Puritan 10, Hartford 10, Vesper 8, Springfield 5, Shuh Shuh Gah 5, Chelsea 5, Tatassit 4, Seconk 4, Owanux 3, Litchfield 3, Holyoke 2, Norwalk 1, New Bedford 1.

Northern Division: Ubique 6, Toronto 6, R. M. C. 3, Otonabee 2, Lindsay 2, Brockville 1, Whitby 1, Pointe Claire 1.

Of these the Ianthe C. C., of Newark, N. J., takes the lead in point of numbers, having 21 men in camp, besides a large delegation at Squaw Point. The large attendance from the Passaic River that was promised several years since for the first meet in the Atlantic Division did not materialize, the total number of members from that section being but 33. The whole list shows that while there was a scattering of men from all sections, the bulk of the attendance was from the vicinity of New York, from Albany, Lowell, Springfield, Hartford and Boston. The nearness to the Eastern Division brought in a number of clubs hitherto not seen at camp, Chelsea, Tatassit, Shuh Shuh Gah, Seconk, Holyoke, Litchfield. The Ianthe, Yonkers, Arlington and Hoboken clubs sent some new men to camp, but a very large number from the Atlantic Division were men well known in previous camps. The Northern Division delegation was mainly composed of old regulars who have visited every meet for years, there being a few young recruits who came for the racing.

Considering the number of canoeists and canoe clubs in America, it might be expected that the A. C. A. membership and the attendance at the meet would be much larger than it has thus far proved. That this is so is not on account of the expense or because the canoeist gets no return for his money, the annual dues of a dollar are not very heavy, and the Division meets each year are bringing the Association nearer home to members, and aiding canoeing in localities never before reached. The reason why the membership and attendance at the meets are not both larger is on account of the disinclination of most men to take up a new thing unless it is put prominently before them. Considering the length of time that the A. C. A. has been established, and the amount of publicity that has been given to the Association and the meets by the special journals and the daily press, it is surprising how many men who are interested in canoeing know little or nothing about it. Such men at times turn up by accident at a meet, at once taking hold of the whole idea with enthusiasm and joining the Association with expressions of regret that they did not know of it before; but for one such there are dozens who never take the trouble to learn what other canoeists are doing, but go on their way alone. It is true in a way that if a man does not care to pay a dollar and join the Association to see whether it will benefit him the less is on his side; but at the same time it has been proved that such men often make the best members when by any chance they are led to join.

The question, then, is whether it is possible for the A. C. A. to do any recruiting service or missionary work in this direction. A certain amount of such work is incidental to every meet in a new locality, but this is small compared with what might be done by more active and comprehensive measures. The first duty of the Association is to provide for the present members, but if at the same time it could increase the membership it would at once be possible to do much more for them. Such schemes as involve any work of publishing are out of the question on account of the great expense, but there is at least a fair promise of added membership in the perfection and adoption of the club scheme proposed several years since. The small proportion of A. C. A. members in the canoe clubs, and especially in the larger ones, is something remarkable; it would seem that when a man is sufficiently interested to belong to a canoe club and to own a canoe, that he would at the same time see himself in a boat that is doing much, even though his work is not complete or perfect, for the advancement of canoeing; but it is no uncommon thing to find a club of fifty with hardly half a dozen A. C. A. members, the proportion being as low in the smaller clubs.

On the one hand is the Association, with a most complete organization and with an unlimited field for work, needing only more members in general and more workers in its various departments. On the other are canoeists by the hundred, unattached or members of the many clubs, who might belong to the Association with advantage to it and to themselves. The question is how to bring the clubs to the aid of the central body, and no perfectly satisfactory plan has yet been presented. The matter has been taken up in a small way by a few of the clubs, such as the Brooklyn and Ianthe, in which every member must belong to the A. C. A., the usual plan being to include the A. C. A. dues in the club dues, so that each member simply pays his club purser, the latter remitting each year to the Division purser of the A. C. A. for the full membership of his club. Such an arrangement is merely a private affair of the club, and is not officially recognized by the Association at present, but it offers so many advantages that the sooner it can be formally adopted by the Association, the better it will be.

The principal advantages are that it makes each club an active agent for enlarging the membership of the Association; it places the responsibility for the standing of each member on a club which has some knowledge of him rather than of the A. C. A. officers, to whom he is necessarily a stranger; it greatly simplifies the accounts of the pursers, as they look to each club, a definite and responsible body, for the net sum, instead of collecting small sums from scattered individuals; it brings the clubs into a close relation with the Association, which is not now the case; and it increases largely the *esprit du corps* of each club, with the result of a larger attendance and a better display in camp. Canoeists will recognize the fact that aside from the mere point of numbers, the camp is more improved by the presence of large and well managed delegations from the clubs, than by the presence of the same number of unattached canoeists. The various club encampments, such as the Vespers, Ianthes, Mohicans and Brooklyns this year; the club camp-fires, the parts which the clubs as distinguished from the individuals take in the illuminations, decorations and festivities of the camp, go to make the meet far pleasanter than if each man came to camp as an individual only; and yet, at the same time, the clubs are practically unrecognized by the Association.

One great advance has already been made, in the change of the Association from a big club to a more complex but efficient body, through the Division scheme; the next step must be a still further carrying out of the same process by building up the Divisions out of clubs, just as the whole body is made up of Divisions. There are only two serious obstacles in the way of this plan; the large clubs in which some members, for one reason or other, will not join the Association, and the men who belong to the Association and yet do not find it possible to join a club. It would not do to exclude the latter, as they are often the pioneers doing good work on the frontiers and well in advance of any club organizations, and on the other hand there are not a few large clubs in which a part only of the members are interested in canoeing, the others being oarsmen, yachtsmen or athletes. Neither of these difficulties are insuperable, and if the matter were taken up in earnest by the Association a satisfactory scheme might be devised. The expenses of the Association would hardly be appreciably increased by a doubling of its membership, the cost of the extra copies of the year book would be a small matter, probably no more than the postage, while the increased income would enable certain new and useful work to be undertaken; or the present dues, small as they are, might be somewhat lessened by charging a certain reduced sum for the yearly membership of clubs of various sizes, while retaining the present fee of one dollar for unattached members.

There are many cases of large and influential clubs with a membership of perhaps fifty, from which the A. C. A. does not receive more than $10 per year, while the instances in which it receives anything like an average of $1 per man from each club member are very few. If in a club of fifty the whole membership could be taken into the A. C. A. by a payment of say $35 per year, the increase of income would be very material, the only added expense being the extra copies of the year book. This is mainly due to the fact that a camp such as the present one was capable of accommodating 500 as easily as 250, the wharf, kitchen, etc., being fully adequate. Whether the camp would be any pleasanter or the races more interesting with such a doubling of the attendance, is at least doubtful; but the arrangements for transportation, mess, camp stores, etc., could be very much better. A certainty of an attendance of 500 would, for instance, justify the chartering of a good 60ft. launch to run during the whole period, as such a boat would pay its expenses even at a moderate fare; and the great difficulty of catering should be lessened with the certainty of the attendance of a very large number.

The Mess.—Old canoeists have various ways of remembering and identifying the various meets, and one is by the quality of the camp mess, which even the most rigid campers have had occasion to depend on at times. This there are nothing but pleasant recollections attending the generous table of the first two meets at Cresyfield, at the excellent country tare of the Delany farm in 1884, and the more elaborate arrangements of the same table in the next two years; while a man is apt to grind his teeth and experience a hollow feeling within at the thought of the very scant provender of 1888. It was intended that the present camp should be a memorable one in this respect, a sort of red-letter affair, and so it was; no one will deny that. The big mess tent of 1890 will live long in the annals of the A. C. A., it will take a foremost place in the mass of tradition and legend that grows each year besides the camp-fires, and it will furnish a standard of comparison for a long time to come. Like most things, it had its good and bad sides, but unfortunately they were so fairly distributed the good was all confined to the camp programme sent out in advance, the bad was on exhibition three times a day during the camp.

It would be strange if, out of a party of two or three hundred, a few chronic growlers were not always found who find fault with everything and expect the cooking and service of a first-class city restaurant in the woods and at a low price; but as a rule canoeists are not hard to satisfy; plain, substantial food in plenty is all they want; mere quantity goes a good way in making up for extra quality, and little points of cleanliness are none too strenuously insisted on. In the present case, however, grumbling and discontent over the mess was general, and must be admitted with good reason. Not only was the food bad and the prices high compared with previous camps, but at the special request of the committee men had come to camp with no means of cooking for themselves, and relying solely on the promises of a most satisfactory camp mess.

So far as these expectations were realized, in the first place, the advertised prices were higher than ever before. The rate in the past has been $1 per day, generally a charge of 25 cents for breakfast and supper and 50 cents for dinner, or simply 3 meal tickets for a dollar. In either case a man purchased as many tickets as he wanted, or paid for such meals as he took. In the present case the lowest charge was at the rate of $1 per day, but only on condition that a man paid in full for two weeks, or $14. This of course was not unreasonable, though the man paid for his meals, whether he was absent or not, and a man is apt to miss a number when racing, sailing or on fishing excursions. From this minimum the scale of prices ran up to $1.25 per day for a week and $1.50 for 1 or 2 days; while single meals were 50 cents for breakfast or lunch and 75 cents for dinner.

This programme, however, was not fully carried out; men who had paid in advance for a certain time, say 9 days at $1.15, found that when this time was up and they wished to stay a couple of days longer that they were charged the two-day rate, or perhaps 50 or 75cts. for a meal or two. This, of course, simplified the accounts, but it was unfair to the men, and has never been done before. There were many who, owing mainly to trouble in reaching camp or in getting their duffle, spent part of several days in camp and part at Sag Harbor before taking advantage of the commutation rates, meanwhile paying 50 and 75cts. per meal, or even $1.75 per day. These figures may not seem high to those who spend the season at the regular summer resorts, but they were higher than ever before at a meet, and as it proved, higher than would be inferred from the published scale of prices; but there would have been little complaint on this score had the meals and service been even fairly good; so far from this being the case, however, there was nothing about the whole mess that was not conspicuously bad.

In the first place the catering was very poor, the bill of fare as laid out was a most unfortunate cross between a plain wholesome camp mess, as managed by a good guide or camp cook, and a city restaurant. This in itself would not have been so bad, but after the first few days all semblance of this bill of fare disappeared, and the catering was conducted on a sort of go-as-you-please, catch-as-catch-can plan that was simply unbearable. Not only was there an absence of all country produce—fresh eggs, milk and vegetables—but the food provided was positively bad in quality and often scant in quantity. As for the linen of the circular, none was visible, either clean or soiled, and even the supply of cheap paper napkins gave out early in the first week and was never replenished in spite of many promises. The meat and seafood that were expected on salt was were found only in an occasional fish ball and a solitary chowder, and the whole menu brought to mind the old biennial song of Yale:

"The food was not meet for a student, I own;
There was not much flesh, but plenty of Bohn."

Of the service the less said the better, it matched the food.

The excuses made for this state of affairs were entirely inadequate; it was claimed that the surrounding country furnished nothing in the way of milk, eggs or farm produce, the limited supply being taken regularly by the hotels at Shelter Island; and also that it was impossible to procure fresh supplies regularly from New York. However true these may be, they in no way account for the bad management that was apparent everywhere about the cooking department. A very good start was made in the first place; during the winter an ice house was built and filled with the small quantity of poor ice that the warm weather afforded, a good frame kitchen was built and most completely fitted up, the tearing down of one of Delmonico's restaurants in New York giving an opportunity to procure the ranges, broilers and other apparatus at a low figure. The ice venture was a failure, as all melted before summer, but this was a small matter of itself. So far as the committee was concerned, they made every possible effort to secure a good caterer, searching first in the immediate locality and among the hotels, but being unable to find any one who would undertake the mess or the camp store; the final selection was made only after other attempts had failed, and when it seemed certain that the right man had been found. Even then the matter was only closed by the commodore giving a personal guarantee to the caterer that he should lose nothing. It would now appear that there was no counter guarantee, but that both the members and the commodore were at the mercy of the caterer, the former being very poorly fed in return for very high charges, while the latter is out of pocket to the extent of several hundred dollars on the item of the mess alone.

The work of finding a competent and responsible caterer is one of exceeding difficulty even in the large cities, and we know of many instances in which the yacht clubs, though paying good prices for the dinners at their regattas, have fared as badly as the canoeists in the present case, and with no redress. If a fairly good table is provided, with plenty of plain camp fare, the caterer can count on the patronage of nearly all the camp: some 200 at least; and on this basis a competent man should be able to make a fair profit. If it is proved that this can not be done, then the price will have to be raised; but considering the work of preparation done by the Association, and the very simple nature of the service demanded; such board should not cost over $7 per week.

The present case has taught canoeists one important lesson, not to place themselves entirely in the power of the caterer, whoever he may be. As long as they can and do leave the mess tent as soon as the meals fall below a certain standard, there is a guarantee that the caterer will in part hold to his contract, but when he has the cash in his pocket for two weeks in advance, the less they like his table and the more they are forced to depend on the neighboring hotels, the better he will be pleased. The wise canoeist will in the future look out for this by not paying in advance or making any contract with the mess tent, but by carrying with him his own cooking traps and a few stores in case of need; leaving the mess tent and cooking for himself as soon as the fare is no longer to his taste. Where a man pays in advance, with no guarantee of what he can get, or where, as in 1888, practically every one went to camp on an uninhabited island, where nothing could be had to eat save at the mess tent, and took nothing with them, they must make up their minds to a repetition of the present experience.

The only happy ones at the present camp were the few who cooked for themselves, and who had their plain but clean and substantial meals sweetened by the envious glances of the famished aristocrats who passed by on their return from the Hotel Bave. The best mess in camp, and probably the cheapest, was that of the Galt and Ubique party, in charge of a camp cook, with one large tent as a dining room. By dint of long experience the members of this mess have learned how to fare well in camp at a moderate cost, and in this case brought their cook from Canada and purchased a store of provisions and a small stove in New York. When this plan is followed out by a party of ten or twenty it is far pleasanter than the general mess, and a good deal better for the same cost; while if desired a more elaborate spread may be had at a small addional outlay. We went into the subject of cooking in camp very thoroughly in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 6, 1888, and canoeists will find a good many practical hints to aid them in preparing for next year. Now is the time, when the matter is fresh in mind, to make up a camp kit in readiness to ship at any time to camp.

In connection with the mess tent is the camp store; this year in a very convenient location, and under a separate management; but the prices charged were very high. As in the case of the mess tent, there was not only no competition for the privilege, but the committee had hard work to find any one who would undertake to run a store. A storekeeper from Sag Harbor finally brought over a very good stock and kept open during the entire camp, but his prices were very high, his excuse being that he was under considerable expense for a very short time in leaving his regular business in other hands and transporting his stock to camp. This matter of a good camp store is even more important than the mess; if men can procure supplies in camp, especially milk, eggs, bread, meat and vegetables, they can make out very well in spite of poor meals at the mess tent, but where supplies are not to be had, or where they are sold only by the man who runs the mess tent, the canoeist is at his mercy.

THE DEFINITION OF AN AMATEUR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been reading the constitution and by-laws of the A. C. A. carefully, to find how a private member can bring before the executive committee any change he may think advisable. Can you give any information on this point? The A. C. A. is presumed to be composed of amateur sportsmen. In Article II. of the constitution it is stated that, "Its object is to unite all amateur canoeists," etc., but I find no definition of an "amateur canoeist." Nor do I find any rule or regulation which would prevent any professional canoeist competing in A. C. A. races.

I would like to see a by-law inserted after Chap. XII. to read as follows: Chap. XIII. All competitors under A. C. A. auspices shall be confined to amateurs. An amateur is any person who has not competed in any open competition or for a stake, public or admission money or entrance fee; or competed with or against a professional for a prize; who has never taught or assisted in the pursuit of any athletic sports as a means of livelihood. Chap. XIV. to read as at present. Omit Chap. XIII. as it is included under Rule XXII. which I would like to see changed to read: No changes in these rules shall be made, unless recommended by the regatta committee, and sanctioned by the executive committee; the proposed changes having been published for at least two weeks in one of the official organs of the Association before alteration. Any changes made subsequent to May 1, shall not take effect until the following year. J. N. MCKENDRICK.

GALT, Canada.

[There is no way specified by which a member may offer an amendment, but one of the executive committee from his Division would seem to be the natural medium. A definition of an amateur is certainly needed, but we have never yet seen one that was in any way perfect. The amendment to Rule XXII. is likely to be offered at the coming meeting, as the need for it is most apparent.]

BROOKLYN C. C.—The Brooklyn C. C. has laid out the following series of entertainments during the coming winter: A talk on "Bends and Hitches," by Messrs. Ward and Wintringham, a "canoe mess" prepared in camp style, and a lecture by a doctor canoeist, on the subject of simple remedies for use in cruising and camping. The annual dinner will be held on Jan. 12 and a reception Feb. 25.

RUTHERFORD C. C.—C. P. Bellchambers has been elected captain in place of D. W. Bain, resigned. F. E. McLees is at work on a 16ft. paddling canoe.

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. EVANS.—On Staten Island robins may be killed from Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; highholders not at any time; rabbits, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1.

L. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Being an interested reader of your paper I would like to ask you where I could exchange a well-bred water spaniel bitch, house broken and to retrieve, for a good rabbit hound, which must be well broken to rabbits. Ans. You had better advertise, as we do not know of any one who would be willing to exchange.

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PRE-HISTORIC AMERICA.—By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by N. D'Anvess. Edited by W. H. Dall. With 219 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The publishers have rendered a distinct service to students of American archæology by supplying this translation of the Marquis de Nadaillac's well-work *l'Amerique Prehistorique*, first published eight years ago. Several of the chapters have been revised, much new material has been added, and the illustrations are numerous and interesting. Who were the Mound Builders and who the Cliff Dwellers? The author declares that they were Americans, Indians, descendants of some Eastern race; for Asia was the cradle whence came the first men who peopled this continent.

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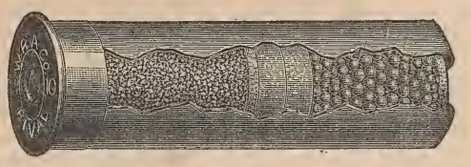
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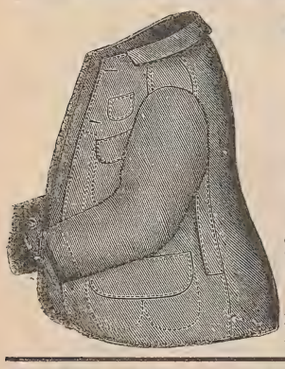


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NEW YORK'S GAME PROTECTOR.

AT the meeting of the New York Fish Commission last Tuesday, representatives of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River and of the Utica Fish and Game Association were present to protest against the action of the Commissioners in removing Chief Game and Fish Protector Frederick P. Drew. Secretary Thompson of the St. Lawrence Association urged that Mr. Drew's retention in the place was of vital importance to the cause, and that his dismissal meant serious injury to the service. The Commissioners replied that their inside knowledge of the work of the protectors afforded them better means of judging of the efficiency of the several members of the force, and of the wisdom of changes, than could be had by outsiders. In executive session it was resolved by the Commission to retain Major J. W. Pond.

We believe that the Commissioners and the clubs are actuated by a sincere desire to see the service the best attainable, and while such differences as have arisen in this case are to be deplored, there is yet found in them an assurance of one fact, namely that the public is alive to the importance of game protection, and is watching its conduct with careful scrutiny. This is a condition in the highest degree encouraging. Game and fish conservation has become a live issue of the day.

Now that it has been definitely determined to retain Chief Protector Pond, the Commissioners have a right to ask that he be given the same coöperation and aid that societies and individuals have given his predecessor. Time will tell whether the change has been wise or foolish. Let us hope that the work will go on. The situation in this State is full of encouragement. Better the clashings of factions at odds, if need be, than the dead-alive apathy that in almost every quarter of the country calls no check on game slaughter and fish destruction.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

NOT the keenest of the sportsman's sorrows is a blank day, nor a series of misses, unaccountable or too well accountable to a blundering hand or unsteady nerves, nor adverse weather, nor gun or tackle broken in the midst of a good day's sport, nor perversity of dogs, nor uncongeniality of comradeship, not yet even the sudden cold or the spell of rheumatism that prevents his taking the field on the long allotted day.

All these may be but for a day. To-morrow may bring game again to haunts to-day untenanted, restore cunning to the awkward hand, steady the nerves, mend the broken implement, make the dogs obedient and bring pleasanter comrades or the comfortable lonesomeness of one's own companionship, and to-morrow or next day or next week the cold and rheumatic twinges may have passed into the realms of bygone ills.

For a year, perhaps for many years, he has yearned for a sight of some beloved haunt, endeared to him by old and cherished associations.

He fancies that once more among the scenes of his youthful exploits there will return to him something of the boyish ardor, exuberance of spirit and perfect freedom from care that made the enjoyment of those happy hours so complete.

He imagines that a draught from the old spring that bubbles up in the shadow of the beeches or from the moss-brimmed basin of the trout brook will rejuvenate him, at least for the moment while its coolness lingers on his palate, as if he quaffed Ponce de Leon's undiscovered fountain.

He doubts not that in the breath of the old woods he shall once more catch that faint, indescribable, but unforgotten aroma, that subtle savor of wildness, that has so long eluded him, sometimes tantalizing his nostrils with a touch, but never quite inhaled since its pungent elixir made the young blood tingle in his veins.

He has almost come to his own again, his long-lost possession in the sunny realm of youth. It lies just beyond the hill before him, from whose crest he shall see the nut tree, where he shot his first squirrel, the southing slope where the beeches hide the spring, where he astonished himself with the glory of killing his first grouse, and he shall see the glint of the brook flashing down the evergreen dell and creeping among the alder copses.

He does not expect to find so many squirrels or grouse or trout now as thirty years ago, when a double gun was a wonder, and its possession the unrealized dream of himself and his comrades, and none of them had ever seen jointed rod or artificial fly, and dynamite was uninvented. Yet all the game and fish cannot have been driven from nor exterminated in haunts so congenial and fostering as these by the modern horde of gunners and anglers and by latter day devices of destruction, and he doubts not that he shall find enough to satisfy the tempered ardor of the graybeard.

Indeed, it is for something better than mere shooting or fishing that he has come so far. One squirrel, flicking the leaves with his downfall, one grouse plunging to earth midway in his thunderous flight, one trout caught as he can catch him, now, will appease his moderate craving for sport, and best and most desired of all, make him, for the nonce, a boy again. He anticipates with quicker heartbeat the thrill of surprised delight that choked him with its fullness when he achieved his first triumph.

At last the hilltop is gained, but what unfamiliar scene is this which has taken the place of that so cherished in his memory and so longed for?

Can that naked hillside slanting toward him from the further rim of the valley, forlorn in the desolation of recent clearing, be the wooded slope of the other day? Can the poor, unpicturesque thread of water that crawls in feeble attenuation between its shorn, unsightly banks be the wild, free brook whose voice was a continual song, every rod of its amber and silver course, a picture? Even its fringes of willows and alders, useful for their shade and cover, when alive, but cut down, worthless even for fuel, have been swept from its margin by the ruthless besom of destruction, as if everything that could beautify the landscape must be blotted out to fulfill the mission of the spoiler.

Near it and sucking in frequent draughts from the faint stream is a thirsty and hungry little sawmill, the most obtrusive and most ignoble feature of the landscape, whose beauty its remorseless fangs have gnawed away. Every foot of the brook below it is foul with its castings, and the fragments of its continual greedy feasting are thickly strewn far and near.

Yet it calls to the impoverished hills for more victims, its shriek arousing discordant echoes where once resounded the music of the brook, the song of birds, the grouse's drum call and the mellow note of the hound.

Though sick at heart with the doleful scene, the returned exile descends to his harried domain hoping that he may yet find some vestige of its former wealth, but only more disappointments reward his quest.

Not a trout flashes through the shrunken pools. The once limpid spring is a quagmire among rotting stumps. The rough nakedness of the hillside is clad only with thistles and fireweed, with here and there a patch of blanched dead leaves, dross of the old gold of the beech's ancient autumnal glory.

Of all he hoped for, nothing is realized and he finds only woeful change, irreparable loss.

His heart, heavy with sorrow and bursting with impotent wrath against the ruthless spoiler, he turns his back forever on the desolated scene of his boyhood's sports.

Alas! That one should ever attempt to retouch the time-faded but beautiful pictures that the memory holds.

SALMONIDÆ PLANTED IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

WE have noted in these columns the proposed work of the U. S. Fish Commission in stocking the barren waters of the Yellowstone National Park with fishes of the salmon family in 1890. The undertaking was successfully carried out and the results are as follows: 24,012 lake trout were deposited in Shoshone Lake; 12,013 lake trout and 3,350 Loch Leven trout were placed in Lewis Lake; the West Fork of Gardner River received 7,875 Eastern brook trout; 9,800 von Behr trout (*Salmo fario*) were planted in Nez Perces Creek and 10,000 whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*) where conveyed from Horse Thief Springs, Montana, to the Yellowstone River above the falls. All of the fish were yearlings. The trout were bred at Northville, Michigan, and the whitefish were wild fish. The total number of fish introduced was 70,400, and it is not too much to expect that these will speedily make an impression in their new habitat. We have already announced the discovery by Professors Forbes and Linton of abundant supplies of food suitable for the *Salmonidæ* in the waters selected for the experiment. It may not be amiss to remind the officials interested of the presence of the lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) in Henry Lake, Idaho, not far west of the Yellowstone Park. We have seen from this lake some very plump specimens of this species.

MILLIONS OF SHAD.

DURING the past summer Commissioner McDonald has repeated the new method of keeping shad in rearing ponds, where they can subsist upon natural food until the dangers of the fry stage no longer threatens them. In a pond of about six acres at Washington, D. C., large numbers of shad recently hatched were deposited during the months of May and June last. The pond was fully stocked with water plants suitable to the development of the minute crustaceans (*Cyclops, Daphnia*, etc.) upon which very young shad feed. Here they were kept until the close of last week, when they were liberated and passed out into the Potomac in a dense silvery shoal containing between one million and two millions of young fishes. Well-fed, active and accustomed to seek suitable food, they have entered upon their journey to the sea with the conditions all favorable for their future growth and return when ready for reproduction. This will be, if current theories are correct, in about three or four years.

The results of rearing shad in this way have been so gratifying, that steps will be taken to stock a much larger pond near the Delaware River at a point convenient to the usual scene of hatching operations. It is proposed to make a pond of about twenty acres, which ought to accommodate fully five millions of young shad. In this way it will be possible at small expense to rear and liberate during every season, a vastly greater number of fish than is represented by the entire catch along the coast, and the shad industry, which now depends entirely upon artificial propagation, will undoubtedly increase in extent and value.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PHANTOM OF NAHMAKANTA.

NO lovelier spot in which to take an outing can be found than one of the picturesque mountain-girt lakes that stud the rugged surface of Maine. It was my good fortune a few summers ago to have the necessary leisure to allow me to visit this charming region.

It was one of those mild September days when all nature seemed to be decked in her best, filling the air with sweet fragrance and imparting a feeling of ecstacy and happiness. The trees spread out their branches covered with crimson drapery; the voices of the forest sent forth sweet songs that seemed to come from some enchanted land, lulling one into that dreaminess of mind where life for the hour is an absorption into the glory of the world around.

As we paddled down the Penobscot on such a day as this, the birch canoes gliding silently along, propelled by the swift strokes of the Indian guides, I gave myself up to the fascination of the hour. On either side of the river, which is here little more than a stream, the rich foliage overhanging from the banks, kissed the water as it glided past. Here and there a tall pine raised its majestic head, towering above the surrounding forests like some kingly giant. The sun shone from the clear, blue sky with rare brilliancy. The stream occasionally broke into little falls or "rips." through which we sped, passing great rocks and boulders, over which the water foamed and hissed in petty fury.

The day previous we had left Chesuncook, and paddling across the northern end of Pamedomcook Lake, and from thence westward through a small stream, we reached Nahmakanta Lake, where we had been informed fish were abundant. We entered this lake late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking in the west, leaving faint streaks of gold and red to mark the course of its decline, and illuminated that placid sheet of water and the surrounding forest.

A suitable camping place having been found we landed. While the guides were pitching the tents and conveying our luggage from the canoes we occupied ourselves with cutting fir boughs for our beds. No one who has not tried a couch of this kind can have any conception of the ease and comfort it affords, especially when one has paddled a canoe all day or waded in brooks casting a fly for the wary trout. By the time we had completed our task the guides announced that supper was ready. Our table was a rude structure of boards, while our provision buckets did duty as seats. It was surprising what a quantity of trout, "flipjacks" and molasses we managed to stow away, just how much I would not dare to say.

After supper had been finished the most of the party gathered round the camp-fire, some filling out their journals, while others got their fishing tackle in readiness for the morrow. As for myself, taking one of the guides, I paddled out upon the lake, in the hope of getting a shot at a deer, as they frequently come down to drink and feed upon the lilies about the shores of these lakes.

A light breeze had sprung up from the westward, ruffling the tranquil surface of the lake. A little later the moon rose, piercing the dark canopy. I sat in the bow of the canoe, and as it danced over the little waves I found myself again indulging in reverie. The stars overhead, the swish of the waves on the side of the canoe, and the moon-lit panorama, extending from our camp-fire in the distance to yonder hill, all had a tendency to dispel thoughts of care and the outside world from my mind and let me drift away into dreamland. Suddenly the tranquillity was broken by a wailing cry. I started in my seat, nearly overturning the canoe, and grasping my rifle, looked about, expecting to see some strange form come into view. After a moment of silence there was a repetition of the cry; it was a cry as of some one in distress. I felt a chill creep through my body as again that wail rose on the night air. Looking in the direction from which the sound came, I beheld a sight that seemed to transfix me with terror. Even now when my mind goes back to the scene of that night, a feeling of horror steals over me, that I cannot describe or suppress. I tried to speak, but could not; the scene held me as one in a trance. I could not move, but sat, gazing spellbound. There, standing on a point of land which jutted out into the lake, in the full light of the moon, stood a figure, draped in a long mantle of white hanging loosely about it. Its arms were extended at full length toward the heavens, while its voice was continually to be heard in mournful cries.

At once there came to my mind a thought of the many weird Indian legends repeated and believed even in our enlightened days by nearly all the dwellers in these parts. One can imagine my state of mind, impressed and stimulated as I was, by the supernatural calm of the surrounding scenery.

Suddenly the Indian gave a prolonged yell, and dashing his paddle into the water, sent the canoe over the lake toward our camp at a tremendous rate of speed. Not a word was spoken by either of us. We were both thinking of what we had just seen. As the bow of the canoe grated on the sandy beach in front of the camp, the Indian leaped ashore, and trembling from head to foot, stood leaning on his paddle, gazing with dilated eyes out upon the lake toward the place where still could be seen the strange and ghostly figure. As we stood there the cry was again repeated, and turning round I saw the Indian sink terrified on his knees.

I must confess that my nerves were not very steady, and calling to the men in the camp to join me, I told them what I had seen. Although they had heard the cry they laughed at me, saying that I was a "dreamer," but looking toward the neck of land I saw that the apparition had not disappeared altogether and was still dimly to be discerned standing in exactly the same attitude as before, while its thrilling cry, now rising, now falling, floated toward us on the night breeze. For some time we gazed at it in silence and then retraced our steps to camp. Sitting around the fire, the silence was not broken until again the cry rose on the midnight air, when involuntarily every one jumped to his feet; then, as if ashamed of the action, all again became quiet.

No one asked the other why he so silently wrapped himself in his blanket that night, each feeling, though ashamed to own it, a blending of alarm, apprehension and uncertainty.

The rest of more than one was disturbed by dreams, from which the sleeper would spring up, thinking himself contending with some strange phantom, only to see the motionless forms and the flickering light of the campfire. Putting an armful of wood on the smouldering logs, and again seeking the blanket and couch of fir, sleep would quiet the troubled mind.

The camp was astir at an early hour, and after breakfast all, with fixed resolution, set out in the direction in which the strange object of the night before had been seen. When we reached this point of land we got out and carefully examined the place. No signs were to be found of any one having been there during the night. After spending over an hour in the place, we were about to leave it, when Mr. R. called out for us to come where he was standing. As we approached, he pointed to an old birch stump and asked if we could not see in it the phantom of last night. The bark on the lower part of the trunk had been torn aside and lay rolled back, looking like the folds of a loose garment, while two limbs, one on each side, resembled extended arms. This was what we had seen, and the moon shining upon it had given it the appearance of life. But then if this was what we had taken for the strange figure, what had caused these mournful cries? We had heard them and they had filled us with terror. Surely they could not have issued from this queer stump. We spent some time trying to find a clue, but at last had to give it up. We remained three days on the lake, but there was no repetition of the sound, and on the morning of the fourth day we left. Our stay had not been without interest, for besides the adventure of our first night, we had good sport hunting and fishing, and nowhere during our trip did we make such large catches. Our only regret was our inability to solve the mystery.

* * * * * * *

Two years later I again visited this lake, and during the second night once more heard those mournful cries, and immediately started for the spot from which they seemed to come. There was the same old stump which had so terrified us on that night, and close by, seeming to rise from the earth, came those startling cries. The sensations which I had before felt I again experienced, but upon a closer examination I found my fears to be groundless.

The wailing noise was produced by the wind blowing through a hollow log lying on the ground. The inside was covered with large thin slabs or splinters. One end was much smaller than the other, and when the wind came from the west, blowing through the log, a wailing noise was produced. Thus the mystery connected with the phantom of Nahmakanta was solved.

WILLIS H. COLBY.

A BEAR HUNT AND ITS SEQUEL.

THE month of November, 1886, found our party of seven snugly housed in our log cabin in the heart of the Alleghanies, ready for our annual hunt. The leader and guide of our party was William Reams, better known as "Bill Reams," probably the most successful hunter in central Pennsylvania, a woodsman from childhood, a true friend and rare good fellow. Then came Kizer, Bill's hunting companion, a true gentleman, a good hunter, well versed in woodcraft, and a dead shot. Tom, Sam, Joe and the writer were there as friends of Bill and Kizer, and had been their companions in more than one hunt. Just over the Chestnut Ridge from our cabin, in a log house built by a pioneer lumberman, lived old Jim McCrury. For four years he had served his country in the great Civil War, after which he came home and settled in the Green Woods, devoting his summers to herding cattle, and his winters to hunting and as guide to hunting parties. The frosts of seventy winters had silvered over his head, but straight as an arrow and 6ft. tall, he knew every hill and hollow and pathway of the mountains, and his familiar "whoop, whoop," was known to every hunter from the Susquehanna to the Sinnemahoning. Rough and rugged as the hills he climbed, honest as the sun, and generous to a fault; no man ever turned from his cabin hungry or cold while old Jim had a crust or a faggot beneath his roof. Poor old man! His faithful wife sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, his cabin is in ashes, his dogs have gone where all good hunting dogs go, and only a few weeks since word came that he too had gone to the happy hunting grounds. Some three years ago he bade good-bye to his friends in the East and went to the West to die among his kindred who had drifted toward the setting sun. But he soon wearied of the plains of Kansas, and he longed for the mountains and hills of his own native State. He came back to Pennsylvania to die, and to-day he sleeps amid the scenes he loved so well. May he rest in peace.

On this occasion "Old Jim," with his dogs Rover, Lion, Dan and Cal, completed the party, and woe to any deer or bear when once Jim and his hounds had struck his trail.

By 2 o'clock on Monday, the first day in camp, our cabin had been cleaned out and everything was ready for the hunt. To the north of us some two miles lay Winter's Ridge, a vast wilderness, to the southeast of which was the "Brier Patch." Bill said he thought he could drive a deer out of that brier patch, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were off for the first hunt. The watchers were stationed, and the dogs and drivers were away for the chase. Bill had taken his position at the head of the windfall, where any deer would likely pass that attempted to escape to Winter's Ridge. As the drivers came up over the hill from the run three shots were heard from the direction of Reams's stand, followed by his familiar whoop, which indicated that he had killed a deer. When we reached the top of the hill we found Reams sitting beside a splendid two-year-old buck with two rifle balls through its neck. The deer had been routed on the brow of the hill overlooking Robert's Run, where he lay sunning himself, and when disturbed he made the fatal mistake that many a buck had made before of trying to run past Bill Reams's watch.

Another drive was made that evening without starting any deer, and we returned to our cabin. Our supper was cooked and eaten and relished as only hungry hunters can relish a meal. And, reader, if there is anything wrong with your appetite take a hunting trip to the mountains. If you are not cured this prescription shall cost you nothing.

For the lover of nature an evening in a hunter's cabin has many attractions. Away from the noise and bustle of business life in the woods and among the mountains, there is a charm one cannot tell. Without, and all around stand the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss, and in garments green," uttering no voices, save the wailings of autumn winds. The barking of a fox or the hooting of an owl rouse the sleeping dogs in their kennel, and they rush forth and bay at the strange sounds, only to retreat again mocked by the echoes of their own voices.

Around the cheerful fire of the cabin care and trouble are banished, the conventionalities of life are laid aside, and the pent-up desire to get away from one's self and from the world finds vent in innocent pleasure and all-round good cheer. Give me a night in the jolly hunter's cabin, with its stories, its reminiscences and its memories, outlasting the gilded vanities that disappear and leave but their dregs behind.

Bedtime had come and we repaired to our couches where we slept without waking, for the hunter that follows Bill Reams in an all-day chase over the Trout Run hills is generally ready for his supper and his bed at the close of the day.

The plan for Tuesday's hunt was to drive the ridges at the head of Crooked Run, some two miles to the south of our camp. Sam had never been so fortunate as to kill a deer, and as he crawled into his bunk he expressed a desire to get a fair shot at one with his Kennedy, and he would show the boys just what he could do. Tuesday morning at peep of day found us on our way to Crooked Run. The country we proposed to hunt over was a series of low ridges, covered with red brush, but with little timber, and with, at least for the watchers, a fair opportunity of seeing any game that might be started. The day proved a poor one for our dogs, the bracken and leaves were very dry, the game had left but little scent, and the drivers failed to start any deer. Finally Bill ordered Tom, Sam, Joe and the writer to break from west to east over a ridge that projects out into and overlooks a little valley through which winds Crooked Run, while he and Kizer and "Old Jim," would watch the crossings in the valley below. We had not gone far before a beautiful doe jumped up ahead of the hunters and ran back through the line, passing within thirty feet of Sam and his deadly Kennedy. A splendid opportunity was now presented to show the boys just what he could do and to make a record that even Reams or Kizer might be proud of—but "the best laid plans of mice and men"—in the excitement of the moment Sam knocked the pipe from his mouth, the ashes flew into his eyes and he scored a miss. Bill, who watched the scene from the valley below, said the smoke and fire from either Sam's gun or his pipe flew over the deer's back, and if he had dropped his gun he might have caught the deer. Sam was greatly annoyed at missing that deer, and said nothing more about wanting a fair shot. But accidents will happen to the best of people, and the best of hunters will get "rattled." But he was not to be discouraged, and being a fine shot, he resolved to redeem his lost fortunes, which he did the next day.

As the hunt progressed and the drivers approached the point of the ridge where Bill and Kizer watched, two deer were raised, one a doe that ran to the right and escaped the hunters, while the other, a magnificent buck, pitched down over the rocky point on his way across the valley to Stump Lick. He had scarcely reached the low ground when Bill and Kizer opened their batteries on him from either side, while the writer trained his Winchester on the foe from the rear. For years I have hunted over these hills and mountains, but never have I beheld a more beautiful and thrilling sight than that presented by this noble buck as he crossed the valley to escape his pursuers. Some half-dozen shots were fired when the deer's flag went down, and Bill cried out: "Hold on boys, he'll soon stop." He ran some three hundred yards further, then turned and faced his enemies and fell dead. As I remember the prostrate form of that monarch of the glen as he lay stretched upon the plain, slaughtered in such an unequal battle, I regret the half-savage instinct that impels me to stain my hands in the blood of so beautiful a creature, but when I gaze upon his head and antlers, that look down upon me while I record the manner of his death, I instinctively move toward my rifle that stands in yonder corner, and I long again for the chase and to live over again that day on the hills of Crooked Run.

As we sat in our cabin that night, a hunter passed our door and told us the story of a bear hunt that had taken place that day on Winter's Ridge. A party of hunters from the headwaters of the Susquehanna, who were camped some two miles to the north of us, had routed an old she bear near to a spot known as the Woodpecker Tree, and in the battle that ensued their dogs were badly whipped, and the bear, though wounded in the fleshy part of the front leg, escaped into one of the dense laurel beds so numerous in that locality. As there was no snow on the ground and the dogs refused to follow any further, the chase was abandoned.

When our visitor had left us, Reams said, "Boys, we can kill that bear to-morrow. She is in that big laurel bed on Robert's Run. You remember the twelve shots we heard to-day while sitting at the little prairie? That was Kime's party after that bear. We'll hang her up to-morrow before the frost is off." After supper our guns were cleaned and plans laid to capture that old bear. And this is how we did it:

On Wednesday morning, before the owls had gone to rest, we were off for the fray. We expected to find the bear on a rocky hillside looking west, covered with a jungle of high laurel or rhododendron, and faced by another steep hill opposite, between which runs Robert's Run, down a rocky hollow covered with timber and a heavy undergrowth. Four of our party were stationed on the hill opposite, while Sam was left in the hollow on an old road near to an old log slide that had been abandoned many years before. Reams and I were left to take the dogs into the laurels and drive out the bear. After allowing the watchers time to reach their stations, the dogs were turned loose and we entered the jungle about one hundred yards apart. Our plans proved to be well laid, for we had scarcely gotten into the laural when the dogs gave tongue and the fun began. We were somewhat skeptical as to how our dogs would act, as the older ones had not indulged in a bear fight for some time, while Dan and Cal, two staghound pups but nine months old, had never seen a bear. But when the music began there was no longer any doubt of our dogs doing their duty. In a very short while the war was carried from the hillside into the hollow and across the run, and the bear broke cover within thirty yards of Sam, who was ready and waiting for the fray. Seven shots in quick succession

rang out on the clear, frosty air of that November morning, by which time the dogs engaged the foe in a hand to hand fight, preventing further hostilities on Sam's part. The badly wounded bear had taken refuge in a sort of pen formed by the log slide and its supports, and as the dogs had to attack her from the front, they were getting some terrible lessons in boxing from a master of the fistic art. Finding no further opportunity to shoot the bear, Sam cried out, "Hurry up, for heaven's sake, she's killing all the dogs." When Reams and I reached the slide our services were not needed, as the wounds from Sam's rifle had done their work, and the monster lay dead, surrounded by the victor and the dogs.

The remainder of that day was devoted to hunting deer, and though none was killed, the writer demonstrated how easily a hunter can stand on a stump and miss a deer seven times in succession as it attempts to run by him in a thicket.

Thursday morning was fixed as the time for hauling in our game. We were fortunate in having a team and wagon at our camp, so that we were saved the trouble of carrying our deer and bear all the way. In the case of the bear, however, the nearest point we could reach with the wagon was some two miles from where she hung. One mile of this route lay down the old slide road and the other mile up Trout Run Hill. A green birch pole was cut and the bear strapped to it, and with two men under each end we took up the line of march for the wagon. When I think of that pole cutting into my shoulder, and that old bear swinging back and forth, it makes me tired yet. It is fun to kill game in those awful thickets, but when you are compelled to lug a 400lbs. bear or a 200lbs. buck two miles to get him to camp you pay well for the sport.

Thursday night after supper a great pitch-pine fire was kindled in front of the cabin, amid the giant oaks, chestnuts and hemlocks. Around this fire green saplings were bent down, and the bear and the deer were hung high in air, presenting a picture that would rejoice the heart of any hunter. Around this scene our party gathered and led by Reams we executed a genuine war dance in honor of the success of the hunt, while the flames from our pitch-pine faggots sent their lurid light high up into the treetops and far out into the forest, casting weird shadows and fantastic pictures into the surrounding gloom. While we were in the midst of festivities two men, clad in the garb of hunters, approached our cabin. One was a tall man, the other smaller in stature; both carried their rifles, tomahawks and hunting knives. They had come from Kime's camp, on Winter's Ridge, and the latter of the two was Kime himself, well known to the writer in early boyhood. On their approaching our cabin the dance was suspended and the visitors invited to a seat by the cabin fire.

After some pleasant inquiries and a general conversation concerning the success of both parties, Kime, addressing Reams, said: "I understand you killed our bear and we just came over to see about getting our share."

"Yes," said Bill, "we killed the bear you were after the other day, but I can't understand where your share comes in. What do you consider is your share in this case?"

"Well," replied Kime, "we think we ought to have the hide and half the meat, that's the hunter's custom, and we are here to see that we get what belongs to us."

"Well, sir," replied Reams, "the custom is all right, and for forty years I have endeavored to honor the unwritten laws of the chase; but, sir, in this case the custom does not apply, as according to your own admissions you wounded the bear but slightly; she whipped your dogs which refused to follow her; you gave up the chase and she was killed the next day some two miles from where you left her. She is our game, and you are not legally entitled to a pound of meat or a hair of the hide; and, sir, if you had been a little more modest in your demands we would have been glad to give you a quarter; but, as it is, not a pound of that bear goes to your camp."

As Reams announced this decision, the visitors picked up their rifles, and muttering some threats about prosecuting our party for chasing deer with dogs, they left.

Ten days later the hunters' camp on Chestnut Ridge had been abandoned, and the annual hunt for 1886 had become a part of the history of our hunting trips to the Alleghanies. Old Jim had gone to his cabin home followed by his hounds, while the others of our party had scattered, one here and the other yonder, to engage in the occupations of a busy life. I was seated in my office one morning, endeavoring to dispose of the accumulated and neglected work of the week, when the door of the outer room opened, a tall man clad in the garb of a hunter, carrying a Winchester rifle and with a tomahawk and hunting knife in his belt, walked into my sanctum, and standing his gun in the corner of the office sat down. My visitor was Kime, the hunter; not a hunter by occupation, but a farmer and lumberman from the upper Susquehanna, returning from his annual hunting trip to the Green Woods of the Alleghanies, and withal a gentleman and good square fellow. He had brooded over the wrongs inflicted upon him by Bill Reams and his party in refusing to divide the bear with him, and that he might secure his rights he had come to consult a lawyer. When last we had met he was a man, I was a boy, and years had come and gone. True, we had met in the cabin in the mountains on the night of our war dance when his conversation with Bill Reams had ended so abruptly, but he did not know that the hunter who sat back in the cabin bunk in the darkness was his boy friend of years ago and the lawyer from whom he now sought counsel. Drawing his chair close to my desk, and laying his hunting cap upon the floor, he stated his case substantially as the reader doubtless now understands it. It is said of Abraham Lincoln that the secret of his wonderful success as a lawyer is explained by the fact that he always studied the other side of the case as thoroughly as he did that of his client, and it has also been said by some one that the lawyer is a fool who has himself for a client. I was certainly in a position to know something of the other side of the case, if I didn't fully appreciate the fact that my client was a fool. It certainly required something of an effort on my part to harken to this story of the hunter and not reveal the fact that I was at least amused while I listened to his tale of woe. The first thing to do after he had finished was to reveal to him, as a matter of right and honor, just the position I occupied in the case; in short that I was one of the parties who had taken his bear, and that I was in the cabin on the night he and his friend had come for all the hide and half the meat, and hence he must consult some other attorney.

At this unexpected turn of events Mr. Kime said: "Well, sir, I take you for an honest man, and whether the medicine be bitter or sweet I will take it and abide by the results."

The reader if he has followed this story through has doubtless anticipated the counsel given Mr. Kime concerning his case. True to his word, and I confess somewhat to my surprise, as he pushed his chair back and picked up his rifle to leave, he said, "Well, sir, I think your counsel is about straight, and that we got as much of that bear as we were in equity entitled to, and I am satisfied to let the matter rest."

The story of that bear hunt and of Kime's visit to our cabin has been put into rhyme by Bill Reams, but like most of his best stories it has never been written, and can only be heard when Bill and his companions have gathered around their cabin fire after a successful day's hunt.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

IX.

FRANCIS is an expert in the management of a birch, and the sight of game brought to mind the way in which we have hunted together. He would say some night as we sat by the fire, "Well, I guess you and me hunt some deers in mornin'."

Up by daylight, we drink a cup of coffee, and in the canoe paddle silently along, keeping close to the bank. At every bend we steal around the shorter curve, and if the stream then turns in the opposite direction we paddle diagonally across, so that we are always in a position to come upon the game without being seen, if perchance a deer has come to the bank to drink or eat. The deer, like most animals, depends upon his ears and nose, more than upon his eyes for warning against danger, and if not startled by noise or scent will always stand a moment to take a good look at a strange object, thereby giving the hunter a chance to shoot.

A buck, when startled, sounds a note of alarm, a snort which sounds like the short, sharp bark of a dog. We paddle along, being careful not to make the slightest noise and we go against the wind.

Sometimes a deer is heard softly passing through the bushes; we were not aware of his presence till we heard a twig crack or the rustle of the underbrush. We did not see him, but he heard or scented us, and not being startled he simply creeps back out of sight. Perhaps we may come upon one suddenly, and then, unless the rifle speaks quickly, we shall see his white flag wave defiantly as he bounds away. When a deer is hit the tail is dropped; but if not wounded it is held aloft, the white underside flashing before the eyes of the disappointed hunter. But on this morning we paddle two or three miles, and to all appearances there are no deer in the country.

Francis speaks for the first time: "I guess we try 'em logon; guess find some deer." Logon is probably a corruption of the word "lagoon," and is the name given to a place where the water from a stream or lake sets back, forming a marshy pond. Such places are much resorted to by deer, as they are secluded, and also furnish lily pads and other food. Wild ducks find the logons suitable places for raising their young.

We paddle along till we come to a logon where the deer come to feed. We pass silently through the narrow entrance and around a clump of trees, and there the logon opens up before us. It is nearly a mile in length and surrounded by the forest. The water is shallow and there is no current; it is covered with lily pads; but there is a channel of comparatively clear water extending up the length of it. As we enter we glance along the edge of the timber, but there is no sign of life. I have laid down my paddle and taken the Winchester.

Not a word is spoken and the silence is oppressive—how loud that grating of the lily pad against the canoe sounds. If it were not for the motion I would not know that Francis was behind me. His paddle makes no noise; I do not hear the slightest tap against the gunwale or the drip of a single drop of water from the blade.

Suddenly the canoe stops and I hear a low hiss from Francis, but I have been watching, too, and saw the deer come out of the woods, away up at the head of the logon. There is no shelter, and our only course is straight ahead across the open. The deer is so far away that it is simply a bright spot against the dark background of forest. How red it looks; nothing else would look like that. Now the canoe moves forward again; it goes so slowly that I can feel no motion, and if I did not see that we were passing the lily pads I should think we were standing still. We scarcely dare to breathe, and I feel an almost uncontrollable desire to sneeze. Francis does not lift the paddle from the water, but works it noiselessly.

Now the water shoals so that he cannot paddle, but pushes the canoe just as silently. We are now so near that we see the deer plainly; it is a big doe, and she is feeding and wandering about near the edge of the woods.

She looks up and toward us; the canoe stops and we sit without moving a muscle. She goes back to her breakfast, and again, without the slightest jar, we steal forward. Now we are almost near enough to shoot, but she turns and walks back into the forest. Well, our game is lost, but it was a pleasure to see the way in which Francis stalked it. His approach to it was a work of art, one of those fine touches which none but one trained to the woods from childhood could have accomplished.

And in no other boat than a birch could it have been done. The canoe is the boat of the wilderness; it possesses a feline quality—creeping, stealthy, silent—which is peculiar to itself. It will float in a few inches of water, and a man can pick it up and carry it from one body of water to another. It can be propelled without noise, and is so small and light that it will penetrate to places that can be reached in no other way. It is to the red man of the woods what the horse is to his brother of the plains. To journey in a birch on the lonely waters of lakes and streams in the heart of the wilderness, is to realize all that is romantic and poetical in the art of traveling.

Francis and I returned to camp with nothing to show for our trip, but on other occasions I have seen venison hanging from a tree near the tent, and have feasted on the savory steaks broiled over the camp-fire.

The stretch of dead water on which Camp Nelhudus was pitched extends from the upper Seeboomook Fall to Gulliver Falls, a distance of ten miles. At Gulliver we had good fishing in the quick water below the falls, which are really more like rapids.

It is a pretty place, and the banks were dotted with the blossoms of the wild onion. For half a mile below the water is shallow and the current strong, which made rather stiff poling.

Six miles above Gulliver Fall is the junction of the North and South Branches, which combine and form the West Branch. A large logon opens from the left bank of the river, three miles above our camp, which is a great resort for ducks. Several times when we were in there we started broods of wood ducks and sheldrakes, and it was interesting to watch the solicitude of the old ones and the courage they displayed in the protection of the young. At our approach the little ones would skitter away over the water as fast as feet and wings could carry them, while the old one would follow slowly between them and the canoe. She would swim along at about the pace of the canoe, quacking encouragingly to the goslings, her head moving anxiously from side to side as she watched us. She would plainly show her nervousness and excitement, but nevertheless she put her life in jeopardy as long as the young were in sight. But the moment they disappeared under the reeds she would take wing and fly away with the swiftness of an arrow. Then, circling high in the air, she would return far overhead to the place where her offspring were in hiding.

Seeboomook Fall is a wild place where the water goes roaring and rushing through a narrow gorge. There are three pitches at Seeboomook, but we only visited the upper one on this trip. The name, however, brings to mind a day, when on a former excursion we made the carry around the lower falls during a severe storm. The lower falls are three miles below the upper ones, and both are wild and dangerous places. At the upper fall of Seeboomook there is a gruesome curiosity in the shape of a coffin, which for twenty-five years has remained on the bank. This fall is dreaded by the river drivers and is the worst place on the West Branch through which the boys have to pass. One spring while engaged in starting a jam, one man did not succeed in reaching the shore when the logs moved, and was carried down with them. His companions, expecting to recover the body below the pitch, built a coffin and placed it on the bank in readiness, but the merciless river never gave up its dead, and the coffin still remains where it was left a quarter of a century ago. The river drivers have a superstitious dread of it, and many stories are connected with it. One spring, when a bad jam had formed, a daredevil lumberman stretched himself in it, saying, "I want to see whether it fits, boys, before I go on to that jam." The men were made so nervous by this that it was four days before the jam was broken, so cautious were they. Strangely enough, the man whose levity had unnerved the crew, did fall into the river, but was rescued, and the old weather-beaten boards are still unused.

The day we went to Seeboomook we were caught in a heavy down-pour of rain, but the canoes were turned bottom up on the bank, and under them we found protection. One night I was awakened by the sound of rain and lay with open eyes listening to the storm. The fire was sputtering and nearly extinguished by the terrific down-pour which was beating on the tent and spattering on the ground. The trees were dripping and I could hear the pattering of the drops on the surface of the branch, but in the tent we were snug and dry, and before morning the storm had passed. We had no discomfort, but even if we had we should have taken it philosophically, for Dame Nature is not always in the same mood, and one must expect tears as well as smiles. The following evening, as I was walking about the camp, I suddenly noticed that the ground had the appearance of being strewn with live coals. The effect was startling at first sight, for all about me were patches of light, which glowed with a brilliant white lustre, tinged with a beautiful pale green. These spots varied from the size of a penny to some of several inches diameter, and I saw at once that they were chips of phosphorescent wood. They gleamed against the dark, damp forest floor with a steady, slumbering flame, dazzling in its brilliancy, like pieces of fiery beryl. I picked some of them up and they lighted my hands, but the effect was most incongruous; for, though I held what appeared to be a substance heated to a white heat, it was cold and damp to the touch. On looking about to discover where they came from, I found an old, hollow stump, in an advanced stage of decay, of which the whole interior was illuminated with the same immaculate and wonderful fire. I had seen bits of phosphorescent wood before, but never so large pieces nor in such quantity.

Beautiful as was the sight, there was something inexpressibly uncanny about it, as we saw it—this light without fire and fire without heat—in the darkness of the grim forest, so far from the haunts of men. We imagined the old stump to be the opening of some subterranean tunnel, through which the strange light escaped from the unknown regions of the under world. The heavy rain of the preceding night and the subsequent dampness were probably the cause of this interesting phenomenon, for we had not noticed it before.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

KANSAS QUAIL.—Ottawa, Kan., Nov. 6.—Last Saturday was the opening day for quail shooting in this State, and many birds were killed around here. A friend and his companion went hunting Saturday morning for quail in the vicinity of his farm, four and a half miles from town, and bagged twenty-one quail and two rabbits. Another sportsman from Ottawa was out yesterday with a good dog and bagged thirty-two quail, the largest number I have heard of being killed by one person in a day's shooting. Not very long ago a party of nine Ottawa men went down to Pottawatomie Creek, some twenty miles below here, and camped out over night; they were not gone over thirty-six hours, but they returned with over 200 squirrels, 40 ducks and several coons and possums. This is the largest bag of squirrels I ever knew to be killed in Kansas, and it shows that although this State is mostly prairie, there is still timber enough to hunt in. One of our prominent business men lost a valuable horse last week while out hunting. He fastened his horse not far from the river, and while he was out of sight in the woods the horse got loose and wandered off. It was thought at first that the horse had been stolen, but it was found next day in the river drowned. As soon as the prairie grass has died down enough to permit rabbit shooting and we have a week or two of rainy weather there will be good shooting the rest of the season.—F. B.

Natural History.

THE LION OF FANCY AND OF FACT.

[Continued from Page 308.]

WE come now to the subject of the lion's courage, which it appears to be the fashion at present to impugn. One feels a certain hesitancy in championing "the sultan of the desert" against the charge of cowardice, considering the way in which it is usually preferred. In treating of the same quality as exhibited by the tiger, an attempt was made to show that although this terrible brute had no moral courage, the consciousness of his prowess made him extremely dangerous whenever experience had not cowed him by organizing in his brain the conviction of impotency. Thus far it is the same with the lion, but the character of these groups of the Felidæ is not identical, and if the question be one of evidence, judgment must be given against those who call the lion a poltroon. Moffatt and Delgorgue are, perhaps, the most prominent authorities who accuse the lion of cowardice, but the experiences which they record as justifying this conclusion are susceptible of a different interpretation from that given. Of course some lions are brave, others timid; some, as Drummond says, "will make a point of attacking every human being they meet," while others will never fight, even under provocation, if they can run away. This, however, is about the substance of what Delgorgue and Moffatt bring forward to show how dastardly is the lion. Dr. Livingstone, who was very little of a sportsman, says the lion has very much the appearance of an overgrown dog, and thinks meanly of his courage. At the same time he has described ("Travels and Researches in Southern Africa") a situation in which none of his household "dared to venture out of doors after dark" on account of lions. Meunier also emphasizes an amount of caution upon the part of this beast that might give the impression that the lion was "the most pusillanimous of animals." Burchell ("Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa") spent four years in that country, always avoiding (according to his own account) any rencontre with lions, and never coming into contact with one but once. This animal was shot through the body, and because he did not tear Burchell and his party and his dogs to pieces, he has "no very high opinion of the lion's courage." Naturally, this sounds like an exaggeration, but if any one will be at the pains of reading the two quartos referred to, it will be seen that it is no more than a simple statement of fact.

If anything more than a sketch of the subject was intended it might be worth while to show that most of these detractors from the lion's bravery are as inconsistent in their statements as Gordon Cumming, who in describing the deliberate and unprovoked assault of a lion upon an armed camp, speaks of his "desperate attack," and calls him a "cowardly brute" in the same paragraph. Certain naturalists, moreover, among whom Dr. Jerdon ("The Mammals of India") is prominent, writes with much assurance of the timidity of "the king of beasts." This author, by whom the obvious relations of structure seem to have been completely disregarded in this instance, had evidently not hunted the lion in Gojerat with Capt. Delamaine or he would have discovered reasons for modifying his views. Preposterous as such a proceeding is, lions have been commonly compared with men—not with savages, in whom many of the traits of the wild beast are faintly reflected, but with civilized human beings, evolved beyond the possibility of such a comparison. It is safe to assume that any adult animal of this class who is in good health, is conscious of his own prowess, and that, like any other creature with a mind, he is ready to encounter dangers he has been accustomed to meet and overcome, when the motives for doing so are sufficiently powerful. On the other hand, he is cautious under unusual circumstances, and alarmed when these are entirely strange, as the average man would be also. Finally, when peril threatens, which experience—his own, or that which he has inherited in the form of instinct—teaches him, is not to be successfully braved, hardihood gives place to what the writers referred to call cowardice, and unless his intelligence has been temporarily subverted by hunger or rage he will retreat. Let us, however, see how the evidence itself stands for the lion's courage.

"The natives of India," observes Col. Julius Barras ("India and Tiger Hunting"), "except under European leadership, will not go out against dangerous animals. The result is the tigers get the better of the natives and kill so many of them and their cattle that I have seen many ruined villages, abandoned owing to the neighborhood of these animals." Selous ("A Hunter's Life in Africa") says, "it is far otherwise" for the most part in that country, where "man-eating lions are not common," because, "when a lion becomes dangerous and destructive," even the least martial tribes assemble, and generally with loss to themselves, surround and destroy him. The different conditions under which the larger Felidæ are thus placed by the difference in boldness and enterprise of the populations in their respective habitats, justifies the very sensible remark of the writer upon the lion in the Encyclopedia Britannica, to the effect "that lions, like other animals, undoubtedly show considerable individual differences in character, and behave differently under varying circumstances."

Despite their reprisals, however, Selous informs us that "many natives are killed every year in those parts of the country where lions are plentiful," and further, where these beasts abound, and where broken tribes, poorly armed, and with but little cohesion alone oppose them, the brute dominates the man, and the latter directs his intelligence toward devising means of escape. For example, the Makubas, living on the Ghobe, place stockades of special construction around their villages to protect them against lions; and the Bakorus—"miserable Bakorus," Anderson calls them—inhabit platform houses in trees to the same end. Finally, it is impossible to mistake the tenor of Gérard's account of the lion of North Africa. There he is master, and unhesitatingly attacks an Arab douar, even while its inmates are alarmed and prepared to receive him.

Taking the testimony of the African hunters generally, it will be found that the idea of the lion's cowardice and of his innate fear of man is scarcely justified.

"When lions are met with in the daytime"—when, as Gérard thinks, they are under as great a disadvantage as a man is at night, since, among other things, their sight is confused by the glare, which is also the case with the tiger, according to Sanderson—they are, as a rule, fully fed, and therefore, Anderson states, comparatively harmless. Under such circumstances, continues Selous, "they almost invariably retreat before the presence of man," in the deliberate way so graphically described by Leveson and Drummond. "But if pressed they usually charge and, *ceteris paribus*, I have found * * * that a far larger proportion of them do charge than of any other animal in South Africa. * * * As with man, and all other animals, individuals differ so much in disposition, one from another, that it is impossible to tell from an experience of one what the next is likely to do, and I do not consider that any man has a right to say that lions are cowardly because the two or three he has shot have not happened to show fight. * * * As to the character of the lion, I myself consider him to be a far more dangerous animal to meddle with than any other in South Africa." Not to Gérard alone are we indebted for a knowledge of the awe which experience has taught the Ouled, Meloul or Ouled Cessi Arabs to feel toward the lion; and, upon the whole, the evidence corroborative of his courage and daring overbalances that on which his cowardice rests. Moffatt himself, with his whole train, was stopped during daylight on the road by a lion whom he did not venture to fire at, while the stories told by Freeman, Green, Alexander and Galton speak for themselves.

J. H. P.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

VI.—LEAVES FROM AN ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK.

SOME years ago a dam was thrown across the outlet of Echo Lake for storage purposes. A tunnel some one-half mile long was run through the mountain and the water taken into the headwaters of the American River, and thence into a large mining ditch. When the natural water of the river got too scanty during the dry season, for a full head of water to supply the ditch, then Echo was tapped to maintain the supply. The dam being 10 or 12ft. high, it backed the waters of the lower lake into those of the upper, and so formed a vast reservoir, several square miles in extent. Consequently, spots that afford the best fishing during high water, are not good after the lakes are lowered to their natural level. The dam is irregular in shape, following the formation of the shore at the outlet. It is composed of rough granite rubble, and during high water is haunted by thousands of minnows. In a retreating angle of this wall, where the rocks composing it were large and irregular, an interesting sight was observed last summer. Five large trout, running from 2½ to 4lbs. in weight, had a school of minnows corralled, and could be seen at all hours of the day herding them as dogs would herd a flock of sheep. There must have been several hundred of the small fry, and the trout kept swimming back and forth between them and the deeper waters of the lake. The little fellows kept in a solid bunch, and when one of them would stray away, it was promptly driven back to the main body by the seemingly untiring sentinels.

They were seen, time and again, by all the members of our party and by some visitors, and every one expressed themselves as having never seen the like before. The trout did not seem at all timid in the presence of man, and when the minnows would try to dash away from the bank when any one approached, they were headed off in all directions, and speedily driven back. None of our party ever observed a trout capture a minnow, but doubtless they did so, when not embarrassed by our presence. It was a subject of considerable speculation to us, to know how they contrived to keep their prey together, night and day, but they did so. And throughout a space of ten days they were constantly to be observed, when the water was not disturbed by waves and our vision so obscured. Perhaps they were "spelled" nights by change of sentinels. We thought when first they were noticed, that they were guarding their fry, but this proved not to be the case, as the small fish were undoubtedly minnows and well grown at that, some of them being 5in. long. I think that the same trout were always on guard during the time they were noticed, as there were always five—no more, no less—and apparently the same size. No attempts were made to capture them, as we were curious to see how long they could maintain control of the situation. I would like to hear from my brother anglers whether a similar instance ever came under their notice.

On these lakes, especially the upper one, a phenomenon is often observable, that I have rarely seen elsewhere. On a perfectly calm day, when not a ripple disturbs the water, a peculiar wave can be often seen traveling at a high rate of speed, and generally in a straight direction. It looks as though a huge fish, or some sub-aqueous animal, were swimming just underneath the surface and causing a bulge in the water above. Now, I would like to ask the editor of FOREST AND STREAM if it is a flaw of wind that causes this? And if so, how can it travel so fast upon an otherwise calm day, and cause such a bulge upon the water? It seems at times as though the wave was 3 or 4in. high. I have seen the same thing on other bodies of water, but never so frequently as here.

One day as I was "projeckin" around upon the mountain side watching a family of Clarke's crows, I sat down under a large Douglass pine, with my back against the trunk. The birds consisted of the parents and four noisy, clamorous young ones. This is one of the noisiest birds in the world, I believe, and its habitat being restricted to the highest timbered mountains, where few persons go, it is seldom observed in this state, at least in this part of it. I watched with interest the arduous labors of the old birds, opening pine cones and extracting the seeds to fill the greedy, noisy mouths of their offspring. As I sat thus, my attention was drawn to a mimic warfare among the pine needles at my feet. A caterpillar had lost his grip where he had been feeding, and had fallen among the needles—and also among enemies. As soon as he fell he was pounced upon by two lusty red ants. One got him securely by the tail and the other got a catch-as-catch-can hold on his body. Mr. Caterpillar began a series of vigorous writhings, which soon dislodged the ant with the body hold; but the one at the tail was evidently a trained athlete, for he never lost his hold, but only fastened himself the most firmly. The dislodged ant skirmished around the combatants, watching for another chance, until the caterpillar ceased struggling, when he immediately fastened on again. Again was he shaken off; and this performance was repeated time after time. The fellow with the "tail-holt" never let go, but held on like grim death all through the battle. My sympathy was entirely with the plucky ants. The caterpillar was about an inch and a quarter long, and of a dull muddy green color. Had he been a handsome fellow, I might have freed him from his foes. Such an unconscious influence has beauty upon us all! The persistent efforts of the two tiny warriors finally won the day, the efforts of the caterpillar ceased, and he was ingloriously dragged away; a captive Gulliver to his Lilliputian foes. As I sat and gazed out upon the valleys and everlasting mountains, I could not help thinking that this petty strife was no more contemptible in my eyes, when contrasted with the sublime surroundings, than the warfare of mighty nations and armies is in the sight of nature's God, when compared with the grand plan of the universe.

Speaking of ants reminds me of an incident observed a day or two afterward. B., myself and old "Hatchet" had gone out to the road one morning to await the coming of the stage. We had some trout to ship to our friends below and had carried them out in time for the down trip. We arrived half an hour ahead of time and to pass the moments of waiting I began prowling around among the surrounding timber, watching the antics of some marmots, a colony of them occupying this locality. Presently I noticed a peculiar black streak, about a foot wide, crossing a patch of bare sand. I approached to ascertain its nature and saw a curious sight. It was a colony of large black ants migrating.

The animated black streak extended both ways, as far as the eye could follow it, among the shadows of the wood. It was composed of thousands upon thousands of the creatures, all traveling along in the same direction and in as perfect order as a well-drilled army—which it was. Along its sides, and keeping almost equi-distant from the main column, marched officers or guards, whose duty it seemed to be to keep all stragglers from wandering from the ranks. Now and then an extra large black and shiny fellow could be seen in the midst of the marching hosts, closely attended by a chosen few, who helped him over obstructions and kept the others at a respectful distance. About one-fourth of the number carried either ovæ or full grown young ants in their mouths. I called my companions and we viewed with interest this hegira. The arrival of the stage interrupted our observations, but on its departure I returned, to trace the colony to its destination. I then found that the rear-end of the column had about reached the spot where I first noticed it, showing that the colony must have been an immense one. I walked rapidly alongside of the column for about 100yds. and came to a large half-decayed pine, destitute of bark, which was lying in a little flat. Into this pine, through several entrances, the ants were swarming. There was no haste or shoving, however, for as they ascended its sides to the entrance, which appeared to be all near the top of the log, the stream of ants was divided and sub-divided by stationary sentinels, who appeared to exercise full direction over the movements of the rank and file, and sent them to the right or left, as desired. These commands seemed to be conveyed by a quick touch of the antennæ and was unquestioningly obeyed. I viewed with ever-increasing delight the perfect order with which every detail was carried out. There would sometimes occur a mishap, to temporarily throw them into confusion, but under direction of the officers this was soon remedied. Two such occurrences I noticed. One was caused by an ant, heavily laden with a full-grown young one, missing its footing on a bit of rotten wood on the side of the log, and going tumbling over and over through his companions and falling to the ground. This caused some disorder, which was quickly quelled. The other was caused by an ant coming to one of the entrances, with an extra large one in his mouth, which he could by no effort crowd into the hole. He tried it in every way, even backing in and trying to pull his burden after, but without effecting his purpose. This soon caused a crowding around the entrance, which attracted the notice of one of the guards, who came up and seized the overgrown youngster, in conjunction with its weary bearer, and together they forced it in. The rest then followed on, and order was restored. It seemed as though a part of the colony must have come ahead of the rest several days, and prepared the habitation for occupancy, as in different parts of the log I could see the "carpenters" still at work. It was wonderful to see the system of division of labor among these. I could not see the internal workings, but the system was no doubt as perfect there, if not more so, than on the outside. At regular intervals the head of an ant would appear from one of the openings, carrying a mouthful of sawdust. As soon as he got it fairly out of the hole it was taken from his jaws by another ant upon the outside, who was always in waiting for the purpose, and carried to the slope of the log where it was dropped, and rolled to the ground. If it lodged and did not roll properly, the ant would give it at extra shove which was sure to send it safely away. In one spot, where there was a groove in the surface of the log, there were two ants at work. One carried the sawdust from the fellow inside to the slope of the grove, down which he dropped it. A second ant picked it up from the groove and carried it to the slope of the log at a point where it invariably rolled to the ground. It was comical to see them watch every particle thus dropped, to see that it was properly disposed of before returning for another load. Their actions were too much like those of human beings under similar circumstances to dream that they were not directed by intelligent reasoning. Call it instinct, gentlemen, as much as you like, but no man can persuade me that the lower orders of life do not reason—at least to a limited degree.

AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

THE WOODCOCK AND THE WORM.—Their mode of feeding, as observed in an aviary in Spain, is thus described by Daniel: "There was a fountain to keep the ground moist, and fresh sod was brought to them, the richest in worms that could be found. The woodcock stuck its beak into the ground, but never higher than the nostrils, drew the worms out singly, and, raising its bill in the air, it extended upon it the whole length of the worm, and in this way swallowed it smoothly, without any action of the jaws. The whole was performed in an instant, and the bird never once missed its aim."—*North American Birds.*

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 7.—The last couple of weeks have been spent in that portion of the realm commonly known as "bleeding Kansas." Just why it is called bleeding Kansas is hard to say, for it's too dry to bleed just now. Probably the term arises from the practice of the Great Bend liverymen, who try to bleed everybody they take for a tenderfoot during their harvest of the coursing club meeting at that place.

Kansas is dry this year, and no mistake, and the glory of her boom has departed for the present. But though in real estate circles times are dull, in sportsmen's circles it is rather the reverse. The capricious State, changeable, uncertain, now impoverishing and again lavishing wealth on her devotees alike in real estate and sport, is this fall on hand with one of the best crops for upland shooting which has been known in any recent time. The table-lands of the upper Arkansas valley have not had water enough for a great flight of wildfowl, the marshes of the Rattlesnake, below Larned, seeming to be about the only place where many ducks were coming in at the close of the past month, not even the pools of the Cheyenne Flats having enough acreage to attract the wildfowl. But all over the State, so far as we could learn, all the way from Great Bend to Hutchinson, at least, and from Hutchinson up to Salina, the quail crop was something simply tremendous. At Hutchinson FOREST AND STREAM'S valued correspondent "Shady" informed me that the quail were abundant, though there had been more or less shooting before the season opened. Himself and Eli Young had gotten a few ducks only, out at the ponds east of town, the ducks not having yet arrived in any numbers.

At Great Bend, Kan., quail shooting has been going on for the past thirty days. One of the attendants at the coursing meet, a St. Louis physician, was out on several different days, bagging from a dozen to two dozen quail daily, a week before the law was out. Nobody molested him, for all the shooters at Great Bend were doing the same thing. I presume we must bow in blind submission to the law, but I confess that the Kansas quail law is a thing deserving but slight respect. It opens the season at Nov. 1, a date which by reason of climatic conditions confines the shooting season to only about thirty days, usually of rather raw, rough weather. This fact alone is not so exceptionally bad, although the birds in October are perfectly developed and able to take care of themselves; but the law has other features, as an attorney friend, Mr. Wm. Osmond, of Great Bend, pointed out to me. After a close study of this wise effort of the Kansas Legislature, we came to the conclusion, doubtless legally correct, that under the Kansas statute it is absolutely unlawful for any person to kill a quail in Kansas, except upon his own land, and between dates of Nov. 1 and Jan. 1! Look this law up in the *Book of the Game Laws*, and let us see whether we have the latest statutes. If so, a rather astonishing state of affairs is developed and one more dead letter discovered among the game laws. Under our reading, no alien and no resident could shoot quail except upon his own land. When this was borne in upon me, for once I rebelled openly and declared my intention of breaking the Kansas law, though not by shooting before the date of Nov. 1. That seemed to me as close to the letter of the law, and as far away from common sense, as a white man need to go.*

As has been stated earlier in another column the great Uhl and Carney ranch, north of Great Bend, was this fall sold to other parties, Mr. Carney, much is the pity for that community, may possibly go to another country. Mr. Carney is gentleman, ranchman, greyhound man, fox-terrier man, bird-dog man, shooting man and a whole lot of other things all combined. "You don't get out of this State alive until you've gone quail shooting," said Mr. Carney; and as a matter of fact I didn't, although that at first seemed impossible.

A party was made up by Mr. E. T. Vernon, of Larned, under which arrangement several of us were to have gone south of Larned, along the Rattlesnake, after ducks and chickens, but the Hutchinson coursing meeting broke that up. At the close of that meeting only one day intervened before the opening day of the quail season, which fell on Saturday. There was no refusing Mr. Carney. Mr. Luse, also of the Bend, promised to go shooting also. I hesitated, was promptly lost, as I knew all along I was going to be, and was soon back in Great Bend, 55 miles from Hutchinson, over the old Santa Fé trail. A little later a solitary horseman might have been seen turning up the lane of the Carney ranch in a buggy drawn by a deliberate and broken-kneed Western pony, fresh from his home in a livery barn.

But alas, alas! Mr. Luse did not appear on the following morning, as was agreed, and a long-winded customer came to buy a lot of cattle from Mr. Carney. Alone in Kansas, with only one day to spare from business.

As this juncture Mrs. Carney—may she live a thousand years and be happier each year—came to the rescue with a lieutenant in the shape of her son Charlie Carney, ætat 8 years, already somewhat of a slayer of snowbirds with an air gun, and with strong symptoms of becoming a chip off of the parent block. Charlie wanted to go quail hunting with me. That settled it at once, and therefore when the sun was just getting things warmed up a little on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 1, Charlie and I were rolling over the Cheyenne Flats, bound for beyond the hills, where the open sesame of Mr. Carney's name was to secure for us a day's shooting along the hedges of a certain nursery which abounds in quail, but which is by no means open to the public.

To those who have never gone hunting with a boy eight years old, and looked through his still unwearied eyes at what may still be remembered for one's self as once a big and wonderful and beautiful world, let me say it is a pleasure of whose memory one is bound to be very jealous. All the world is real to the boy. He believes that all he sees is really there. His joy is actual. The widening horizon is widening heaven for him, and each creature he sees is a fine and glorious thing. His geese are swans. The hardest cynic must melt his heart before the genuine fervor of a live boy's happiness, and in that happiness be happy too, if the earth and the air be not already enough for that.

"There's a owl!" sung out Charlie, as we passed a "dog town" over which a little prairie owl was flapping about. "Give it to him!"

Now I had in mind a proposition of Mr. Carney's, that no shooter could kill more than about three out of five of these same undersized Minerva birds, and I just wanted to show Charlie how little his papa knew about my skill on owls. So I slipped in a couple of shells, and as the owl flopped by in easy range, I sprang to the ground and cut away at him. The owl gave a jump and a great dive, and then went on placidly. I gave him the left barrel, and he made another dive, and wasn't in it again. A most malfeasant, improper sort of owl, and one misformed in judgment of eternal fitness. By all the rules of war that owl's time had come. "W'y didn't you kill 'im?" asked Charlie, as I crawled back into the buggy.

A big chicken-hawk next occupied our attention, and we opened a running fire on him as he flew along the fence, at last knocking him over with a charge of No. 6, much to Charlie's edification. "Now we'll shoot some snow-birds;" said he, "I think we're making a pretty good beginning." But the snow-birds wouldn't hold still enough for Charlie, and so we drove on, and at noon had our credentials honored by the lady of the place, with our horse in the shed and our luncheon eaten, as well as we could eat for the whistling of the quails, which we could hear within a hundred yards of the house.

We must not forget the third member of our party, Mr. Carney's setter, Lady. This clever little bitch is one of a pair selected for Mr. Carney by the writer from Tommy Davey's kennels at London, Ont., and she has turned out a very good bit of dogflesh. Her owner told me that she was not well broken, as this was the fourth hunt she and he had ever taken; yet I must say that she worked in many ways like an old one, and showed all the making of a most killing dog, her nose being remarkable and her staunchness absolute. Her only fault was the little eagerness to wing common to all young dogs, and the easiest fault of all to correct.

Well, Lady and Charlie and I were just about to start away from the buggy, when there came a lusty whirring of wings, and out of the orchard to our left sprang a goodly bevy of quails, thirty or more, it seemed to me, and lit upon the hard open ground directly in front of us, not 50yds. away. And there they stood, with heads erect, looking square at us, brown, big, beautiful and bunched. Yes, bunched. And as I looked, an evil spirit came into my mind. I knew I could make a killing with that right barrel which I had purposely had bored out open for quail. I knew that one raking, murderous swipe through that bunch of quail would assure my bag for that day. I shook and looked and trembled; and if old St. Anthony had any tougher time than I had, he had it under less temptation, that is all I have to say about it. "It would never do," thought I; "the boy must be brought up right. I'll treat Mr. Carney's boy and Mr. Carney's dog on the dead square, so help me. But oh, holy Moses! what a wad of 'em I could lay out! If something doesn't happen pretty quick I don't know what I'm going to do about this!"

Lady had set the birds on sight. She drew a step closer. Three or four of the nearer birds went up, and as they rose I fired, the whole flock springing as I touched the trigger. I expected to kill about a hundred as they rose, for it seemed to me the air was full of quail, but only two dropped out to the first barrel. Then I regained a somewhat more sportsmanlike frame of mind, covered a single bird with the left and killed it clean at long range. They say confession is good for the soul, and I want to say right here in open meeting that while I didn't shoot into that flock of quail on the ground, I had a "most almighty narrow escape from it," as "Uncle Kingfisher" would say. It caught me sharply, these being the first quail I have seen for about a year.

We now crossed a little bean patch, and here I saw half a dozen quail running just ahead of me. These I could have potted easily, but the temptation was gone now, and I put them up, getting one and missing one. After that I had frequent sight of running birds, and believe I could have bagged seventy-five at ground shooting, but was able to keep from that; although I consider that to be alone along a Kansas hedgerow with a lot of quail trotting in plain sight ahead of you is a mighty dangerous situation for weak and erring human nature. It is best to take a friend along to watch you.

"We're doing pretty well," remarked Charlie encouragingly, as he stuffed our four quail into the pockets.

We now took to the hedges, and never in my life have I seen a better chance for a great day's shooting than we now found. Lady made point after point, in splendid style, and we had three big bevies scattered in less than fifteen minutes. This hedge shooting is the prettiest on earth when there are two shooters. The birds stick to the hedge, flying up or down it, and with a gun on each side it is plain that few birds get away unsaluted. With but one gun, the case is quite different. The birds nearly always fly out on the side opposite to the shooter, and there is next to no chance to get a sight of them as they dart along the thick osage wall. Sometimes we partially remedied matters, when Charlie and Lady would go down one side of the hedge while I took the other. "She's got a point!" the boy would call out, eagerly, from his side of the hedge, and then when I came up he would poke in the leaves with his little galvanized gun barrel and put the bird up, in which case we usually got the quail or scared it pretty bad. Once we located a cripple in the hedge, and on this Charlie made advance. I said he carried an air gun; it was really a spring gun, using a single No. 1 shot. The spring had become weak from constant employment, so that when Charlie shot his quail with it he only made it squeak at first. Finally, however, he stood off and made a line shot on its back, which laid it out. This quail he carried about with great pride for some time. "I've noticed that my gun shoots harder if I get off a little way," remarked he, "and I've found out there's a soft place in a bird's back."

After the first dozen quail we did not work so hard, and spent a lazying afternoon, with some rests in consideration of legs only eight years old, and some mild discipline for Lady when she showed a wish to capture any of the omnipresent jack rabbits, and some talks on natural history, in which latter the youngster asked a lot of puzzling questions, after the fashion of youngsters generally. I don't know how any one could have a pleasanter half day afield. The air was fine and warm, the game was abundant and easily found, dog and gun were working well, and my companion was one of the very pleasantest I ever had with me on a shoot. Plucky, uncomplaining, a theorizing and moralizing little fellow, with a strong disposition to know the why of things, but a keen enjoyer of what was going on—I am not sure but I owe more than half the pleasure of the day to Charlie. I wonder will he grow up and go shooting with some little fellow some day, and whether he will remember this day then? *Dies juventi!*

There were a great many jack rabbits and cotton-tails about the nursery, and in accordance with the wish of the owner, we killed a few of these to assist in protecting the young trees; although in what we may call the greyhound country of Kansas, it is not now considered a very nice thing to kill a jack rabbit with a gun. In the evening, as we were coming home, we saw one of these great hares sitting in a field, apparently nearly 60yds. distant. The boy wished me to fire at it, and this I did with the close left barrel, using a No. 7 shot shell. To my surprise the animal was killed quite dead. They seem very easily knocked over. This was a very large specimen. When Charlie, arrayed for warmth in my shooting coat, a world too large for him, came lugging the creature back to the buggy, I noticed that it dangled over his back with the forefeet below the edge of the coat and nearly touching the ground as he grasped the hindlegs over his shoulder. This hare, with another not quite so large, was on the following day hung up in Mr. Carney's parlor, and a deft young kinswoman of the family made from the pair a very spirited and faithful painting. I question whether our long-eared little deer, as he sat up in the pasture and dared the shot from the distant roadside, knew that he was bidding for so swift and fine an immortality as he has received.

Charlie and I bagged twenty-two quail that day besides our fur and the big hawk, and the owl we didn't get. All in all it seemed to me a very beautiful little hunt. We might have gotten more birds, but I'm awfully glad now that I didn't shoot into that bunch of quail on the ground. We did enough to prove that quail are plentiful enough for any one in western Kansas, and moreover to prove, for ourselves at least, that there can be a whole lot in a day outdoors which you didn't bring home in your pockets. For instance, there was the point Lady made on the single quail right out on the buffalo grass. The boy called it out to me, but when I turned it seemed to me that Lady must be mistaken, the cover was so very short. But by careful search we at length discovered the bird not over 4ft., I should think, from Lady's nose, and just barely half covered with a little wisp of red grass. The bright and beady little eye, with the white band over it made the only possible mark by which to locate the bird, though after we had found it we could see every feather plainly. It is not often one can see the bird his dog is pointing, but here we saw the whole vivid, beautiful little picture. I suppose now some smart young fellow will want to ask, Did you get the quail? I am sorry to say I did. I believe it jumped 40ft. before it unfolded a wing. But that was a very pretty point that Lady made.

The only unpleasant part about this little shoot was the saying good-bye to the host and his family. Mr. Carney will soon leave the ranch, and it is not yet certain where he will locate. It is certain that the community which catches him will catch a pretty good pigeon shot and some good saddle horses and a setter or two and some dead game fox-terriers, and something more than that.

So it seems that shooting matters in Kansas are all right so far as the possibilities for game are concerned. Chickens were reported fairly abundant in season. Quails fairly swarm. Wildfowl will probably not be so very abundant.

The only other stops made West were at Des Moines and at Newton, Iowa. Mr. John J. Hamilton, editor of the Des Moines *Daily News*, was just upon the point of starting for the Indian Territory for a hunt. Mr. Hamilton is one of the hardest working reposers on the flowery bed of journalism, and has taken to these trips because he sees the sense in them, as well as the pleasure.

That white-headed Dutchman, Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, Ohio, was at Des Moines visiting our mutual friend Charlie Budd. I met them Tuesday evening, just getting off the train from Somerset Junction, a little way below Des Moines, where they had been having a two days' quail shoot. They had—now what do you suppose they had, these two expert and famous trap shots? They had nothing, absolutely nothing! Hunted two days and didn't bring a feather back with them! The fact is, they did not see a single quail in the whole hunt. Yet they were in a good country, and last spring, as Charlie Budd personally saw, quails were abundant all through that section. It is probable that the birds migrated. Charlie and Rolla each killed a pheasant (ruffed grouse) and a cottontail, but they ate these down in the country. As they got off the train they were a very weary and disgusted pair of shooters. That evening Rolla started East for Freeport shoot. Charlie stayed at Des Moines with his family, shot in the regular club shoot of the new and vigorous club of which he is one of the mainsprings, and will be on hand to meet Rolla Heikes, the Chicago team, and all the rest at Kansas City tournament next week. The exodus of the boys from this city will transpire now shortly.

From what little I could learn about game in central Iowa, the prospect is not in the least encouraging. About Newton, in Jasper county, where quails were once a common bird, none to amount to anything at all are reported. About the only game that part of the State can boast is the hardy cottontail. A few squirrels and "pheasants" are appearing again in the old shot-out covers and woods, but regular sport for dog and gun is apparently a thing of the past.

E. HOUGH.

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*The Kansas law on quail, as given in the *Book of the Game Laws*, forbids their capture, "provided, it shall not be unlawful for a person to shoot quail on his own premises, between the first day of November and the first day of January of each year."

LOADS AND LOADING.—Minneapolis, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am satisfied the fashion out here is for too light loads of shot, especially in the larger sizes. Last September I loaded my 12-bore with 3½ p. and 1¼oz. No. 4 for ducks against the protest of the man who did most of the loading for the town, is a huntsman himself, and who said those loads would knock my shoulder blue. Whereas, these loads did beautiful work, and the gun was steadier in hand than when in discharged an ounce of No. 8 shot. What say others?—W. A. W.

GELBITE AMMUNITION.

ON Friday last, Nov. 7, a test was made on the FOREST AND STREAM range at Claremont, of the new gelbite cartridge. Mr. Newton Emmens, the son of the inventor, brought to the range a quantity of the paper sheets, in which form the new candidate for shooting favor is presented to the trap and field shots of the country. On the way to the range a stop was made in the store of Smock & Cornwall, and a box of "Your best black powder cartridges" was purchased. These were in U. M. C. Club shells, and marked "3¼drs. powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot." They were loaded with a card and two black-edge wads over the powder and one card over shot. At the range the yellowish paper or gelbite was cut into slips, rolled up, and inserted in the empty Club shells, a card and pink-edge wad placed over and a charge of 1¼oz. shot poured in before the card wad and crimping was done. On analysis of two cartridges of each sort, the count and weight taking showed:

		Powder. Weight.	Shot. No. Pellets.	Shot. Weight.
Gelbite..	No. 1	19½grs.	481	538 grs.
	No. 2	20 grs.	468	523 grs.
	Average	20 grs.	474	530 grs.
Black....	No 1	90½grs.	486	539 grs.
	No 2	88½grs.	475	536½grs.
	Average	89 grs.	480	538 grs.

A Remington 12-gauge 8½lbs. gun was used in the test and but three shots of each sort of powder were fired from each barrel. The day was admirable for good work, being damp and lowering, with but a trifle of wind.

In shooting Mr. Emmens fired only at 40yds. and from the standing position, which in a measure accounts for the increase of the number of pellets in the selected circles over those in the aimed circles struck from the center of the bullseye fired at. The exhibit stands as follows:

GELBITE—RIGHT BARREL.

Shot.	Pellets, Aimed Circles.	Pellets, Selected Circles.	Penetration Sheets.
1	209	295	4
2	36	96	3
3	165	202	7
Average	138	198	5

GELBITE—LEFT BARREL.

1	198	178	3
2	243	251	5
3	199	301	5
Average	213	243	4

BLACK POWDER—RIGHT BARREL.

1	159	302	10
2	240	335	10
3	296	311	10
Average	232	316	10

BLACK POWDER—LEFT BARREL.

1	284	281	10
2	210	355	10
3	289	325	9
Average	261	320	10

It will be seen that though there was nominally a variance of ½oz. of shot in the two sets of cartridges they were practically the same, being 474 to 480 pellets. In the right barrel they were accounted for in the ratio of 198 to 316, and in the left barrel in the proportion of 243 to 330, or taking the average of both barrels, in the proportion of 220 to 318. In other words, the black powder in a selected circle at 40yds. accounted for 66 per cent. of the charge, while the gelbite charge had 48 per cent. of the charge in the 30in. circle. In penetration where the comparison is direct, the black powder shot got through 10 sheets of the Dennison pad paper, while the gelbite-driven shot went through half as many sheets.

Further tests of the paper explosive will be made, and in this ready fashion in which this class of explosives can be loaded up for any initial velocity, or in a general way penetration, will enable the preparation of a charge of greater force than that above shown.

In speaking of the new compound Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, its inventor, says:

"Gelbite is a high explosive of the gun cotton class. It consists of a special quality of paper, chemically treated, and impregnated with a variety of Emmensite, the well-known explosive. The name 'gelbite' is derived from *gelb*, the German word for yellow. Gelbite is supplied to consumers in the form of sheets of paper of a yellowish hue. From these sheets strips may be cut of a width and length corresponding to the size of the cartridge shell to be loaded. For example, a moderate charge for a .32cal. pistol cartridge is a strip of gelbite 3¼in. in length and ¼in. broad. The strip is rolled up in a hollow coil and is then placed in the cartridge shell. The bullet is next seated in the usual way, and the cartridge is then ready for firing.

"By rolling up the strip of gelbite into a hollow coil (which may conveniently be done by wrapping it round a parlor match or other small rod) an air space is obtained in the center of the charge. This air space serves to moderate the initial pressure when the charge is exploded, and thus renders the use of gelbite perfectly safe, although the explosive itself is much quicker in its action than ordinary gunpowder. The width of the strip of gelbite for any cartridge should not be less than the length of the corresponding powder charge; and the diameter of the central air space should not be less than ¼in. in pistol and rifle cartridges, and ½in. in shotgun cartridges. These dimensions may, however, be exceeded to any desired extent.

"The bullet or wad should never be driven down so as to compress the charge of gelbite—any compression having the effect of increasing the quickness of explosion as well as of diminishing the air-space. In pistol and rifle cartridges a loading tool should be used, so as to insure the seating of the bullet in its proper position without being forced in upon the gelbite. In shotgun cartridges the coil of gelbite should be placed in a carton tube of cardboard, of a length equal to the width of the coil, and of an outside diameter corresponding with the interior of the cartridge shell. The wads and shot can then be rammed home with any desired degree of force—the carton preserving the gelbite from compression. Cartons to fit No. 12-gauge cartridge shells will do also for No. 10 and No. 16 by being cut through lengthwise on one side.

"The power of gelbite as compared with that of gunpowder, weight for weight, varies according to the size and form of the cartridge employed. In pistols and rifles, as a general rule, 1gr. of gelbite will be found equal to about 7grs. of gunpowder. In shotguns 1gr. of gelbite is equal to about 4½grs. of gunpowder. A dram avoirdupois, the usual unit in loading shotgun cartridges, is 27.34375grs., so that a 3-dram charge will be 82grs.; and the corresponding charge of gelbite is 18grs. The most advantageous charge for any particular weapon may always be arrived at by a little experimental firing—care being taken to commence with a very moderate amount and to very gradually increase the charge until the desired muzzle energy is attained. Care must, of course, be taken to avoid any dangerous degree of initial pressure; and this can be guarded against by observing the signs of strain shown by the cartridge shells after firing—a standard being first made by firing a cartridge with a maximum charge of ordinary gunpowder.

"There are two grades of gelbite. No. 1 is slower and less sensitive than No. 2. In shotgun cartridges the primers are generally insufficient to properly explode No. 1; and therefore, the charge is best made up of an internal coil of No. 2, surrounded by an outer coil of No. 1. An ordinary charge for a No. 12-gauge cartridge consists of a strip of No. 2 gelbite 7in. long and ¼in. wide, inside a strip of No. 1, 10½in. long and 1in. wide. This is the charge that will be found in the sample shotgun cartridge inclosed in each box of gelbite.

"The advantages of gelbite over black powder may be summarized as follows: 1. It is smokeless. When it is discharged, all that appears is a little vapor, which almost immediately vanishes, and which does not obscure the view of the game or target. 2. Diminution of recoil. This is very marked, and its advantage will be appreciated by every sportsman. 3. Diminution of noise. The report of a gun loaded with gelbite is of a quicker, slighter character than where gunpowder is used, and is much less fatiguing to the ear. 4. Diminution of heat. A gun may be fired much longer and more rapidly with gelbite than with gunpowder before it becomes too hot for handling with comfort. 5. Absence of fouling. Gelbite leaves a gun very clean. There is no fouling or injurious residuum. The only result from long-continued firing is a little 'leading.'"

MAINE GAME.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 7.—Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of the well-known coffee and spice firm of Dwinell, Hayward & Co., has just returned from his annual partridge hunt in the wilds of Maine. Mr. Dwinell has for some years visited Upton, Me., for this purpose, taking the two weeks' vacation he allows himself from business in this way. There he boards with Lomin Sargent, one of the best guides in that region, and whom Mr. Dwinell has befriended in a very substantial way. They hunt every day when the weather permits, and this year the weather was agreeable every day but one. In twelve days' shooting Mr. Dwinell got 43 birds. Last year he got 81 in the same length of time, barring a number of rainy days, and the year before he shot 93. This goes to show plainly that the grouse are not as plenty as usual this fall in Maine, a fact generally admitted by all of the gunners who have returned, but not brought to quite as forcible proof as in the case of Mr. Dwinell. He used some effort to find out the cause of this scarcity of partridges, inquiring among the best guides and residents as to the reason. It was generally admitted that the old birds wintered well, and that as a rule a good many chicks were hatched out. But later it became apparent that foxes were unusually plenty. At least the settlers living near the woods were greatly troubled by these same foxes among their poultry. In confirmation of this idea, Mr. Dwinell also remarked that out of all the birds he shot but very few were chickens. Old birds were the rule. In that part of Maine foxes are remarkably plenty, and the hunters promise themselves rare sport as soon as the snow comes and the fur is in its prime. Mr. Dwinell says that if he had given his attention to foxes instead of grouse, he could probably have had as much sport, and rid the country of a few foxes that may now live to destroy the grouse next year. If Maine were to give a small bounty for the destruction of foxes, instead of the foolish bounty on crows, it would aid the farmers in poultry raising, as well as greatly increasing the supply of that best of bird game, the partridge.

Mr. J. H. Jones, with Jas. N. Emery, in the fresh fish trade, has returned from his gunning trip to Buckfield and vicinity in Maine. He hunted four days and secured twenty-seven birds, a remarkably good score for this year. He did not get a bear, for bruin was too shy for him. Still bears are reported plenty in nearly all the remote parts of Maine. Lomin Sargent, mentioned above, has already trapped two, one a very small one. In the vicinity of Kingfield and Eustis a good many have been killed. Several have been shot in orchards, where they were up in the trees and helping themselves to apples. This has been done in some cases by watching on moonlight nights, and in other cases the bear has been surprised in the orchard in broad daylight. In Rangeley, Madrid and Phillips the record of bears killed is also very large. In one case a cub has been shot from an apple tree, which cub only weighed 27lbs. It is quite plain that bears are on the increase in Maine. The record of those killed this fall is greater than ever before.

There have already been one or two falls of snow sufficient to track deer in northern Maine, but these snows have been too short-lived for really good hunting. The fall of snow in the night has been followed by warmer weather next day, with melting and droppings from the trees, making the very worst sort of weather for hunting deer, not only on account of the discomfort of being in the woods, but because the falling of the snow from the limbs has prevented the seeing or approaching of game. One party in the vicinity of Kennebago is reported to have started six deer in one day, neither of which was secured, for the reasons mentioned above. The same report comes from the vicinity of Moosehead. There have been snows, but the snows have been very bad for hunting. Two Boston merchants—they will not let me mention their names—came back from a deer hunt above Moosehead Lake the other day in considerable disgust. They got no deer, though they think that they trailed twenty in one day. A party of New York hunters are looking for deer on the Cupsuptic River, with Billy Soule as guide. SPECIAL.

THE VERMONT LEAGUE.—Mr. J. W. Titcomb writes from Rutland, Vt., Nov. 3: "The organization of the league is quite a task in Vermont, but we now have fifty-five charter members pledged, and hope to make the seventy-five this week."

ELK ON SNAKE RIVER.

[*Continued from Page 309.*]

NOV. 1.—All hands lay in camp until noon, then Frank, Charley and I went down in the hills below camp, and Frank got a fine blacktail buck with as handsome a head of horns as I ever saw; it had twenty-five points in all. I got on a fresh track of a big bull elk, and after following it some distance saw him standing in a thick patch of brush upon a bench of the mountain, some 300yds. distant. I fired two shots at him that missed. He was further off than I thought he was, as I discovered when I came to climb the hill to examine his trail for signs of blood. After following his trail for some distance, I was joined by Frank and Charley. This is a fine deer range—low hills sparsely covered with scrub timber, aspens and underbrush. Deer were very plenty in here some two weeks ago, but have gone below now to get out of the snow. One man told me that he saw bands of two and three thousand in a band cross the Snake, heading for the country on the Troubelsome, being mostly does and fawns. The bucks came down later and in small bunches. We arrived in camp in time for an early supper. After supper I went out and set two fox traps. Fox trails are thick all through the hills here, but it is very seldom we get to see one.

Nov. 2.—Found it snowing like fun this morning, but about 10 A. M. it eased up some and Charley and Frank took the horses and went after the buck killed the day before. I started out to look after my fox traps. Found them snowed under and no fox. On my way back to camp I struck the fresh track of what seemed to be a three-legged buck. It would take too long to tell what a chase I had after this deer, but my two legs were too much for his three, and I finally overtook him in the rough hills away over on Three Forks of Snake, and after several shots at long range, brought him down. He had been wounded some weeks before by having a front leg shot off at the knee, which was most healed over now, but made it hard work for him to travel in deep snow. I dressed him and took his head on my back and carried it to camp, some five miles, with the deep cañon of the North Fork of the Snake to cross. I arrived in camp just at dark, and as could be expected, about as tired as one wishes to get. The boys were all in. Frank had shot a grouse. This deer head was the one Mr. Hunt so kindly offered to mount for me; it was a very fine one with five prominent points on each side.

Nov. 3, Sunday.—When one is so far from home away up in the mountains, where he is liable to be snowed in at any time, he is naturally anxious to get his game and to be getting a little lower down. This was our fix just now. So, Sunday as it was, we concluded to take our horses and go up and bring our elk to camp; and it was high time we did, for the magpies and camp robbers were trying hard to work holes in the hams. Had it not been lying flat on the ground and well covered with snow they would have had it ruined. To-night we have written home and a line to FOREST AND STREAM, as Frak Crow expects to pull out to-morrow for Rollins, Wyo., with a four-horse load of hindquarters of elk and deer, and I believe a bear or two. His wagon all loaded stands in front of our camp now. He takes the load out for two brothers from Saratoga Springs, Wyo., who have been in here hunting all the fall, and have sent out several loads. I did not learn their names. Wyoming will allow such work as this to go on, and no one says a word, but so soon as they find a non-resident, especially from Colorado, after a deer or elk for his own use, they set up a howl and order him out. Our party made it a point to do our hunting on the Colorado side of the line, when we knew where the line was, although we sometimes made our camp on the Wyoming side.

Nov. 4.—Frank Crow left this morning with his big load of game and his two partners, Geo. Pixley and L. G. Iiams, the latter better known as "Stub," went with him on horseback to help pull him up some hills, with their lariats tied to the saddle horn. They expect to be back to-night and move camp with us to-morrow some fifteen miles over on to Slater Fork, where George says hunting will be better and elk plenty. George has been a resident of this country for several years, and knows where game is the thickest. Charley and I packed in my buck, and Frank and Con packed in one of the elk killed by Frank some days ago.

Nov. 5.—Up early, as we expect to move camp if George and Stub return. Just as breakfast is ready, while looking out of the tent door, I discover four elk passing out of the east side of the park in which our camp is located and heading up into the timber. I call to Hunt, whose tent is near by, and point the elk out to him. He proposes that we go after them, so without stopping to eat our breakfast we take our guns and circle off to the right, intending to flank them and get the wind in our favor. After making quite a circle through the timber we came to the edge of the park, but too low down for the elk. On looking across the park to the north of camp about three-quarters of a mile, we discover a band of some forty or fifty quietly feeding and some lying down. After holding a council of war we decide to retreat in good order and make another advance further up the park, which we do in fine shape, but our big band of elk has disappeared. Looking over into the timber to our right we see twelve or fifteen elk standing looking at us, and some 250 or 300yds. away. Thinking this must be the band we were after, we decide to try them a shot, as we have no other show. Frank selects a young elk to the left, while I pick on a calf off to the right of the bunch, and we turn our lead loose. My calf goes down dead where it stood, and Frank's is badly wounded. I fire two or three more shots and I get another calf. Frank's wounded elk seems to be badly bewildered, and circles around and stops in almost the same place it was in when Frank first fired at it. Frank is more careful this time, and at the crack of his gun the elk drops. We now fall to work dressing our game, and are joined by Charley, who has stood in camp and seen the battle. He informs us that the big band we were after passed around the slope to our left between us and camp, and went up in the timber, where we first came down. We now return to camp and get our breakfast, when all hands take the trail of the big band and follow it up on the range, but finally give them up; and we scatter out for a return to camp.

On my way in I run on to a small band of some four or five elk. The timber being thick, I have a poor chance to shoot, but I make a pop shot and wound one. After

following it some distance, I find it is but a flesh wound in the foreleg; so I give it up and strike for camp, where I arrive after dark and find the boys all in, but George and Stub have not returned yet. A. A. KNOTT.

VIRGINIA FIELD SPORTS ASSOCIATION.

THE fifth annual meeting of the Virginia Field Sports Association will be held at Amelia Court House on Wednesday, the 19th day of November, 1890. The Eastern Field Trials Club, of New York, will meet at Otterburn Springs (one mile distant from the Court House) at the same time, and our members will have an opportunity of witnessing the running of the most celebrated dogs in the United States, besides meeting with prominent sportsmen from every section of the Union. The executive board decided upon this place of meeting in consequence of the great interest felt in seeing these trials, and we trust that the wisdom of their choice will be shown by having a larger attendance than we have ever had at an annual meeting. An excursion train will leave Richmond about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, and will return at a late hour that night. The annual shoot (members only) for the Association badge will take place on that day, and it is a handsome trophy, and becomes the property of the winner, I trust that the members will come prepared to enter for the prize and make the shoot one of the attractive features of the occasion.

The annual dues for this year are but one dollar. Members who did not pay up last year are requested to mail to Mr. John W. Pierce, Treasurer, Richmond, Va., three dollars, which will liquidate last and this year's dues. All sportsmen ought to be members of this accociation, and we would be glad to have them make an application in writing, inclosing two dollars, and receive a membership ticket for the year commencing Oct. 1, 1890, and ending Sept. 30, 1891. Members of our association have been granted special privileges by leading railroads in this State, showing the value of organization, and apart from the social feature which our association enjoys, the benefits received more than compensate for the outlay in annual dues.

Sportsmen and others who may be interested in the field trials, and wish to accompany us on the excursion to Amelia Court House on Nov. 19, are requested to make an early application for tickets, so that we may know how many coaches will be necessary for our transportation.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad and its connections have kindly given to the members of our association a round-trip ticket at two cents a mile when on hunting trips, and allow one dog for each sportsman free; and we have the promise of some liberal arrangement on other roads, of which due notice will be given.

Members holding last year's tickets are requested to forward the same to the treasurer (inclosing one dollar) and receive tickets for the season of 1890 and 1891. These tickets must be presented to station agents in order to secure reduced rates. POLK MILLER, President.

RICHMOND, Va.

A SOUTH DAKOTA GAME COUNTRY.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Nov. 3.—After a lapse of four years it has once more been our pleasure to take a short hunting trip through South Dakota. Having had four consecutive seasons of shooting in the Dakotas (the last being in fall of '86) I supposed I was well posted as to where to go, but to make assurance doubly sure, letters were written to old friends in various localities formerly known to us as good shooting grounds. From nearly all came the response that "owing to the continued drouths the small lakes and streams were dry, and no ducks or geese were to be had." From Cottonwood Lake, whence I wrote you several letters, and which at my last visit was a body of water three miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide, came word that the bed of the lake was now used as a cattle pasture. I presume the duck boat left there by me four years since is now used as a feed trough. *Sic transit gloria.*

Notwithstanding these unfavorable reports I was satisfied that there were still left good points for duck and goose shooting, so, spreading out a late map of South Dakota, I found that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway reached almost all parts of the State, and I decided to take this road at Chicago, head for Dakota and depend upon information gleaned from conductors as to just where to stop. My experience on former trips has been that conductors on our Western roads are as a class enthusiastic sportsmen, in the true sense of the word, and consequently in warm sympathy with any one in search of hunting grounds for amusement and recreation. (No pot-hunters need apply.)

I left Chicago Oct. 15, at 6:30, via C. M. & St. P. Ry., the train being a solid vestibule train of sleepers with dining car attached, and all lighted by electricity. As one settles himself in these luxurious cars it is difficult to realize that he is *en route* for hunting grounds, and that a few hours' ride will bring him to a portion of our country which within the last decade was known only to the Indians and a few hardy trappers and hunters. The next morning at 9 o'clock I reached Sioux City, Iowa, distant from Chicago about 500 miles. Here I met an old acquaintance in Conductor E. H. Fargo, who has the run from Sioux City to Aberdeen. I found him the same courteous and affable gentleman as of old, and felt that the problem as to where I would go would soon be solved. As soon as his duties permitted we were seated together, and he gave me the benefit of knowledge he had gleaned as to the best points for hunting. By his advice I left the main line of the road at Trip, which place was reached about 2 P. M. From Trip we took a spur road of the C. M. & St. P. to the flourishing little town of Armour, 20 miles west from Trip. Here we found first-class accommodations at the Hotel Orient, and started out to make acquaintances and get posted generally. I was soon convinced it was the place I had been looking for. A week's stay did not change my opinion, and I unhesitatingly recommend it to readers of FOREST AND STREAM as one of the best all-round shooting places it has ever been my good fortune to find. In the immediate vicinity are several small lakes which literally swarm with ducks. Lake Andes is only 7 miles from the town. This lake is about 15 miles long and affords fine duck shooting, and later in the fall the geese make it "headquarters." Goose shooting was what I was after, but unfortunately the weather was so warm and balmy that the honkers had not come in, and I could not wait for a northwest blow which I was assured would bring them in in great numbers.

The country just north of Armour is settled largely by Germans. They are thrifty farmers, and despite the dry weather have raised good crops the past season. They pay but little attention to hunting, and their broad fields of wheat and corn have furnished splendid feeding ground for prairie chickens, which consequeutly have been and are now very plentiful. Mr. R. A. Panks, a local sportsman, shot over 600 chickens during the past season from Aug. 15 to about the middle of September. This was the largest number killed by any one person, but a bag of twenty to twenty-five could be had any day within a few miles of town.

Mr. Geo. Lumley, proprietor of the Douglass County Bank, is an ardent sportsman. I am under many obligations to him for information and courtesies. He is conducting a large business extending over a large portion of the State, but is never too busy to give information to any one who is on a hunting trip for pleasure, but has a natural aversion to market-hunters or any one destroying game out of season. His son, Geo. Lumly, Jr., is a young man in years, not yet having reached his majority, but is old in his knowledge of hunting and the habits of the game he hunts. His skill as a marksman might well be envied by older heads. He has one of the best, if not *the* best, pair of greyhounds in the State. During the past winter he captured with his hounds forty large gray wolves. One can well imagine the excitement of a chase of this kind over the open prairie where every move of both wolf and dogs is in plain view.

I fear this letter is already too long, but in conclusion would say to any of your readers seeking a place for good shooting, go to Armour. For ducks and geese go about Oct. 20, from that time until the lakes freeze up the shooting is first-class.

Mr. Geo. Lumley, Jr., will answer any inquiries by mail as to time of arrival of flight of geese. For any information as to excursion rates or anything pertaining to the comfort or convenience of any one wishing to make the trip, Major G. H. Heafford, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway (at Chicago), will gladly answer all inquiries.

G.

GROUSE SHOOTING WITH A BEAGLE.

EARLY one November morning I donned my shooting coat, shouldered a little 12-bore of 7lbs. weight that I swear by for cover shooting, and was off for a half-day among the grouse. No need to whistle up my dog; he is always on the watch and at my side the moment I leave the house, and in every possible way manifests his joy at seeing me ready for the field. He is a beagle of large size, intelligent and active to a degree, and although rabbits are his first love, he will road out and flush up a bird in a way that might give points to a well-trained spaniel.

The day was favorable for sport—moist, snow on leaves and grass. The first piece of cover visited held a single grouse that flushed wild to the dog, went across a field to the woods and was not followed. I crossed the creek, and as I climbed the slope beyond a rabbit sprang from among the withered stalks of golden-rod at my very feet and went off jerking his cotton with an energy born of sudden fright. I caught a glimpse of it in line with the rib and pressed the trigger and saw it perform the tumbling act. After a few vigorous kicks it regained its feet, but I refrained from using the second barrel, thinking to give my dog, already on the trail, the pleasure of picking it up. But he failed to get there, the rabbit going to earth before being overtaken. That I very much regretted, not because I cared for the rabbit, but I always dislike wounding game and having it escape to die a painful, lingering death. A clean miss is much to be preferred. I soon jumped another rabbit from some tall grass that got away under cover of a fence. A musical chase followed across the fields some sixty rods to a swamp. Following, I climbed upon a fallen tree and enjoyed the music as bunnie doubled through the thickest tangles in the swamp. My dog is a sure trailer and well up on all the tricks of the most wily of rabbits. His musical voice echoing to the hills, he follows and finally drives it past my stand, and a quick shot stretches it dead upon the leaves. Coming up, he stands over it with lolling tongue and slowly vibrating trail, and the large expressive eyes turned to mine invite a caress and express the satisfaction he feels at the successful termination of the chase.

Next in order came a swampy piece of cover, bordered on one side by a rocky ledge covered by a dense growth of evergreens, and so thick as to almost exclude the possibility of a successful shot. While standing in a little opening in the thicket, waiting for my dog to quarter the ground, I heard several birds get up to my right, the sound indicating that they crossed a narrow clearing and settled on the other side of the slope. Thither I followed, the dog in his eagerness preceding me, and three of the birds flushed wild. Two were marked down in woods near by, the other taking a long flight across fields to a distant wooded ravine. Restraining my dog until I reach a favorable point, a wave of the hand sent him on and he is soon seen roading eagerly a running bird. With rigid muscles, eye and ear alert, and gun firmly clasped, I await the result. Not long to wait, for very soon a grouse gets up with a rush that quickens the pulse and sets every nerve tingling. Rising above the sprouts it starts for the woods with the speed of an express train. My gun comes quickly to my shoulder and is swung into line with its flight, and the trigger pressed. The rapidly vibrating wings close instantly, but the momentum gained carries it forward several rods before it strikes the ground with the thump so suggestive to a sportsman's ear; but a cloud of feathers are left behind that float and quiver in the still air as they slowly settle earthward. Slipping another shell into the gun I send the dog back into the sprouts, he having started for the dead bird; and he flushes another that gets up with a rush and flurry like the first, and my shot results as before. This proving to be the last, I go forward and find them lying but two steps apart. My dog stands over the last one shot, with his jaw placed firmly on the upturned breast, while the spasmodic beating of the wings shows the last flickerings of departing life. And as I look at them, the king of all our game birds, mingled with the exultation felt at their capture is a deep feeling of regret at the taking of such noble life. Carefully smoothing ruffled plumage I bag my birds and start in search of their companion, marked down in the woods. They are soon found and go into my pockets with the others. A gray squirrel that attracts my attention by leaping from tree to tree is added to my bag, and although it is but 10 A. M. I turn toward home, satisfied and well pleased with the morning's hunt. But my dog shows his displeasure, thinking it all too early to return. BON AMI.

AUBURN, Susquehanna County, Pa.

WHERE BRUIN NEEDS NO PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM an article from "Ursus A." in regard to the protection of bear from hunters and trappers. Now I have been a bear hunter for the last fifteen years, and my father hunted them from the first settling of this part of the country until his death, in 1884—he being then in his seventy-ninth year. And in all the narratives given by him (and he certainly had as much experience with bruin as any man, living or dead), I never once heard him express himself other than that bruin was fully capable of taking care of himself. And I know from experience that such is the case. They breed at a season of the year (February) when every river and bayou is swollen so that it is impossible to hunt them. And in the summer, after the little fellows begin to follow the mother, it is impossible to hunt them on account of the heat. And as for hunting them in the fall and winter (the time that I always hunt), if my dogs have ever gotten after a bear that was not fully able to take care of himself, I don't recollect it; except, of course, a young one that was too fat to run.

As "Ursus A." says, "it is the grandest of sport," not by any means to be classed with any other hunting in this part of the country. I have chased them from morning till night. On one occasion I called my dogs off, it being too dark to follow any longer, and going back next morning, putting the dogs on his trail, still had an exciting chase of another half-day before he was killed. His skin is now in possession of an Ouachito River steamboat captain, who had it tanned and is now using it as a rug. I can also recall several hunts where the bear, after an exciting chase of hours, eluded both dogs and hunters, some dog returning with a leg broke, another with his ribs smashed in from a stroke with bruin's big foot, and most of the others hurt more or less by him. Oh, no, don't talk to me about protection for bear. Myself and company killed twenty-one last winter; and our score runs from ten to thirty every winter, and there seem to be as many as ever.

In regard to trapping, that is something that I know but little about; but from what I have seen I don't think the bears are in any danger of extermination from it. We are the only bear hunters in this section (I mean bear killers). And I know they are in no danger of extermination from us. W. R. OSBORN.

LOUISIANA.

AS SEEN BY A PESSIMIST.

BEHOLD, now, the Modern Sportsman as he goeth forth into the fields. He weareth apparel which is his glory; and in it are pockets large enough to bear away an ass's load of game. His weapon is his pride, and he puffeth himself up and saith: "What is there to contend in the fields against me, or what can stand before me in the forests?" And there is nothing; for lo! a squirrel he bloweth to flinders, and a bear, even the grizzly bear of the mountains, doth he make into particles; the deer of the forest he maketh into atoms; and molecules are the birds of the air before his face. He smiteth all living things as with a flame; with one weapon doeth he all these things, and the name thereof is the Best All-Around Gun.

The joy of the Modern Sportsman is his power to kill, and he goeth about making himself joyful. No man dare molest him, or stop him, or make him afraid; for he is an all-devouring pestilence on the face of the earth, and men flee from before him.

His anger is fearful. He snorteth in the valley and rageth on the hills; and on the pleasant fields his wrath doth wither the green things. His anger is enkindled against the small boy, and the farmers, and the rottenness of the law to restrain all but himself; and his name is Hog, having many prefixes. His tribe doth increase; he flourisheth as the green bay tree, and when he goeth to his long sleep many there be ready to take and fill his place.

And behold, although he destroyeth all beasts of the field, and all fish of the streams, and all birds of the air, and still sigheth for mightier weapons of death wherewith to slay all these, there is no man to rise up and seize him, and bind him for a term of years, wherein lieth the salvation of these beasts and birds.

But when the deer have fled forever from my forests, and the birds no more build their nests by my murmuring streams, and the fish have altogether gone from my waters, then will I arise and see what can be done about it, saith the Legislature. ED NOEL.

IN A HEAP OF LEAVES.—The morning of Dec. 1 rose cold and bright over the plains of the Mohawk, and after breakfast I prepared to go in search of the ruffed grouse in company with my brother. At length we had gone through quite a large woods without starting a single bird, and were coming out at a place where two fences met. In the corner lay a large heap or pile of leaves, blown there from the neighboring trees. We had just passed through an opening in the fence about 50ft. from the corner, when on looking back I saw my dog eyeing it wistfully. Supposing he had seen a chipmunk or red squirrel run on the ground, I spoke to him to "come." This he did not feel inclined to do, but moved a few steps nearer to the corner. Upon this I went back into the woods and looked the leaves over, but saw nothing that particularly attracted my attention. On a sudden impulse, however, I walked up and began kicking around in the leaves, and the next moment something akin to a crater belched forth in front of me. With a tremendous roar and a whirlwind of leaves a grouse rose out of the pile, and immediately after disappeared in the forest. My dog had disappeared also, and when I again saw him he was looking at me around a tree about 50yds. off. This incident nearly ended my hunting for that day, as my nerves were pretty well shaken up by it. Although the grouse sometimes takes refuge under the newly fallen snow in severe wintry weather, yet I have never, but on this occasion, seen one do so under a pile of leaves.—DORP.

A WORD FOR THE ENGLISHMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will not waste much of your valuable time, even if you are good enough to give me a hearing, but as a fellow sportsman, albeit an Englishman, I should like to call attention to one or two points in a rather important sporting book just published, entitled "The Big Game of North America."

For myself I have been long enough on this continent to find out that there may be such a thing as a good American, and it is just possible that among your readers there are those who believe with the Rev. Josiah Cooke that (in his own words, pp. 154) "after all Englishmen are as a class humane, and love fair play for man and beast."

That "after all" is delicious; for "after all" is it not just possible that some of that sporting instinct and love of fair play, of which Mr. Cooke is so fond, was inherited by Americans from the old English stock, from which they came and to which (in spite of all political drivelings) they in their inmost hearts are still proud to belong?

Mr. Cooke's indignation is stirred by a story which he tells at second hand of an Englishman "full of money," who was a "human fiend," in the habit of slaying all the game he could find and leaving it to rot, and whose supreme pleasure it was to torture a wounded beast by firing as many bullets into it as he could without killing it.

Now, that such a monster existed, except in the trapper's imagination, I beg leave to doubt. There is no semblance of probability about the last incident in the story, and if the trapper lied in part that renders the rest of his story unreliable.

But in any case is it quite giving "fair play to man and beast" to describe this butcher and then brand him "foreign" and label him "English?" There are some Englishmen who would hardly call an American a foreigner, and some Americans, perhaps, who would hardly care to be so called. But apart from that ought not this sporting parson of America to mix a little of the virtue of charity with his zeal in a good cause, and would it not be as well for the editor to produce proofs of his story before holding what all agree is a despicable character up to the world as a sample of a class with name and nationality attached, but neither of them proven?

One more word, sir, and I have done. It was not English lust for blood, but surely the desire of another race for dollars which wiped out the buffalo. They are not, I believe, English firms which are at present causing the destruction of the big sheep of the Northwest, by supplying every up-country trader with a list of prices to be paid for trophies (so much per inch round the butt of the horn), to be sold to would-be Nimrods, probably too fat to climb a foothill; and I think I can produce proof of the slaughter and exportation last year of 3,000 deer (hides only exported) from one small district by an American skin-hunter.

Finally, sir, I should like to call attention to Mr. Perry's story of elk shooting (pp. 66-68, of "The Big Game of North America"). In this the writer claims that on one day he killed eight elk and wounded another; that his companions killed three more, and that the weight of one of these elk was 800lbs.

I don't believe in calling men names who are perhaps 3,000 miles away from me, and unlikely to have a chance of answering as they would like to, so that on that ground alone I should refrain from imitating Mr. Cooke, but unless Mr. Perry has some strong reasons to allege for the killing of some score thousand pounds of meat, on one day, it is hard to see how he is to escape from the censure of any right-feeling sportsman.

Regretting that a book containing such articles as Dr. Rainsford's, and graced by such names as Van Dyke's, Caton's, "Coquina's," and J. Fannin's, should be marred by any such an unfair attack upon one of a nation which has done its utmost for a thousand years to uphold the truest interest of all manner of sport, I am sir, yours obediently, C. P. W.

WORCESTER, Mass.—One of the dailies report that A. L. Gilman, William Burgess, F. H. Davis, O. F. Ward and A. E. Ward returned yesterday from a hunting trip over the country at the head of the Machias River, Maine, bringing with them five carcasses of venison. The country hunted is near that on which the Maine game wardens, Hill and Niles, were assassinated a few years ago. Game of all kinds was found in plenty. Mr. Gilman brought down a buck weighing 289lbs. Big bags of game have been the rule the past week. A. W. Walls brought in 6 woodcock, 4 partridges, 2 quail, a gray squirrel and a great-horned owl as the result of a day's hunt. Milton Humes, of Oxford, shot 15 woodcock over Manchaug cover. Friday George Newton alone bagged 7 woodcock, 3 partridges and 2 quail. E. T. Smith and Vernon Prentice bagged 14 woodcock in one day's shooting.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Board of Directors was held at Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 5, for the purpose of electing a treasurer and to fill three vacancies in the Board of Directors caused by the deaths of W. B. Dunn, Martin W. Schenck and William E. Jones, the last named holding the office of treasurer at the time of his death, Oct. 10. President Percy C. Ohl presided. There were but three nominations, viz.: Gen. W. H. Sterling, W. H. Egbert and R. M. Stelle, who were duly elected. Mr. Randolph M. Stelle, the only nominee for treasurer, was unanimously elected. The society has been particularly active this season, and there was considerable business of importance to be transacted; but owing to the lateness of the hour the meeting was adjourned subject to the call of the president.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Have found birds fairly plenty. Have received reports from quite a number of locations and all agree that this season is a very good one. Partridges are abundant, and in southern Massachusetts and Connecticut quail have not been so plentiful for years. Woodcock have also been plentiful, but owing to the mild weather the flight has been straggling, and in consequence the sport has been prolonged and a large number of birds have been bagged. As a rule quail were not well grown on Oct. 1, and even now many broods are hardly ripe. I notice the trout streams have plenty of water and the fish will have no trouble in reaching their spawning grounds.—SHADOW.

VERMONT WOODCOCK.—Bennington, Vt., Nov. 1.—We have killed our last woodcock for the season of 1890. As a rule, the hunting has been good—quite up to the average at least. We have bagged in all 98 woodcock and 32 partridges. The largest bag was 13 woodcock, 1 partridge; the smallest 1 woodcock. The hunters are Fred Godfrey, W. H. Bradford, H. C. Shields, John Davis and Seymour Van Santvoord.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT.—Ironton, O.—George Hewland and myself in two days, Oct. 22 and 23, killed four wild turkeys, twenty-two squirrels and three quail; and caught four pike, one 35in. long, one 33, one 30 and one 28. How is that for a good time in camp? No telling what we would have done, but rain came and raised the creek; then we got disgusted and came home, but will try it over soon.—J. N. D.

IOWA GAME PROSPECTS BOILED DOWN.—*Scarce*—Ducks, geese, cranes, smiling shooters, water, last but not least, the market-shooters, as they have gone to other parts for their fall slaughtering. *Plenty*—Fine weather, idle retrievers, disappointed shooters, rabbits, squirrels and large stocks of loaded shells for the dealers to carry over. —WILLIAM H. STEELE (Forest City, Ia., Nov. 1).

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.—At the annual meeting of the Southampton Sportsmen's Club, held at Southampton on Saturday evening, Nov. 1, Messrs. Lawrence W. Clark and Edward Bell were appointed as delegates to represent the club before the commissioners appointed to revise the game laws of this State, at their meeting in Albany on Nov. 18 and 19.

THE COON HUNTERS shall have a page to themselves next week.

A VALUABLE COMPENDIUM.

DR J. A. HENSHALL, secretary of the Ohio Commission, says of the *Book of the Game Laws:* "It is a very valuable compendium, and should be in the hands of every sportsman and angler, and student of game protection. I would suggest that future numbers contain a digest of the most important decisions in cases of violations of game and fish laws in the different higher courts."

Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, writes: "I do not know as you will find any one who will more thoroughly appreciate your work, as I know from experience something of the magnitude of the labor, the difficulties and the vexation to bring the book to its present complete form. Everything is so plain and simple for him who turns the pages that few will understand the difficulties surmounted to make it simple of reference, and correct."

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

"DON'TS" FOR AMATEUR TACKLE MAKERS.

DON'T omit to wax your tying silk well, using a resinous wax (not beeswax). A very good recipe is as follows: White resin 4oz., white wax ½oz., raw linseed oil 1 teaspoonful; melt together, pour into cold water, and pull as you would candy.

Don't tie a hook to imperfect gut; don't tie an imperfect hook to gut of any kind.

Don't omit to varnish all whippings with bleached shellac varnish.

Don't twist the ferrule of a rod when unjointing it—pull it straight away.

Don't make a splice too short when mending a broken rod. Each tapered end should slightly belly so as to fit snug when wound with the waxed thread.

Don't omit a flat wood-file and sandpaper when going fishing, also don't forget the silk, wax and varnish for whipping a broken joint.

Don't place a ferrule in the fire with the intent to burn out the wood; ream it out with a knife blade, if it takes an hour, in preference, for the reason that the ferrule will certainly lose its hardness and become as soft as paper if you heat it.

Do not omit to tie on the hook very securely in fly-making, bringing the whipping to within an eighth of an inch of the end of the shank. Don't forget to tie the head of a fly with two half-hitches at least, or the "invisible knot" if you know how to do it.

Don't clip a hackle, it spoils it. Don't cut a wing, but if it seems too long, pinch it off. Don't place the gut on top of the hook, but underneath—this makes a considerable difference to the coincidence or otherwise of the line of impact with the direction of force applied when striking a fish.

Don't use a dyed feather if one of nature's own dyeing can be procured. Few colors are absolutely fast or unfadeable.

Don't use cheap and nasty tackle. You must give a good price for good goods.

Don't omit to vaseline your reel occasionally. Black lead (plumbago) and vaseline form an excellent lubricant.

Don't attempt to knot gut without thoroughly soaking it. A little acetic acid in the water renders it very pliable.

Don't expect your feathers to escape moth and the worm unless you use naphthaline or pyrethrum. The buffalo moth is also specially destructive and must be carefully looked for.

Don't lay gut away in too warm a place or in the full daylight; it will be sure to perish if you do.

Don't use a frayed leader. Cut out the frayed part and rejoin. Leaders may be kept soft by placing between felt pads, wetted with glycerine and water, equal parts of each.

Don't forget to crush the end of the gut well between your teeth before whipping it to the hook. This proceeding prevents slipping.

Don't use hackles or feathers of any kind indeed from very old birds if it can be avoided. Young birds just mature provide the best feathers.

Don't use strips of feathers from one side of the bird only. Wings for flies are derived each from a different wing of the bird.

Don't omit to strengthen all bodies of flies made with peacock herl with a thread of silk or a length of fine gut. The herl alone "rags" out at the first fish.

Don't use a hook with too much metal in it. A heavy hook deters a shy fish from taking the lure.

Don't be careless about any detail in fly or general tackle making. Be sure your carelessness will find you out if you are guilty of it. Eternal vigilance is the price of good tackle making.

Don't disregard the superior qualities of the "eyed" hook. It is the hook of the future.

JONATHAN LACKTACKLE.

MORE ABOUT VERMONT TROUT.

THE communication in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 26 from "Lancewood," of Waterbury, Vermont, in regard to trout fishing, is to the point, and with most of it I am in hearty accord. The six-inch law is not enforced and the people are not educated up to believe in it. It is openly violated by a good many more.

I believe it to be a good law, and that it has had some effect in the increase and size of trout; but has done very little good to what it is capable of doing if enforced. The wet seasons for the last few years, with plenty of water in all our brooks, has done more to keep up the supply than the six-inch law as it now stands, but I think that it can be made more effective. Let the newspapers of the State give the subject some prominence in their columns; educate the people to believe in it, appoint wardens in every town who will enforce the law, and let it be known that it is to be enforced; have posters printed and put up in public places and on brooks giving the penalty for violating it, and let the people know there is such a law and some one to enforce it. As it now is, there are not half of them in the back towns who know the penalty, and many who do not know what the law is. Let the Legislature vote enough money for this purpose so the Commissioners will have a little to work with.

I do not agree with your correspondent about the talked-of State fish hatchery. It is just what we want. Vermont has been behind the other States in this matter long enough, but there is time now, if taken at once, to make her lakes, rivers and brooks worth many thousands of dollars to her citizens every year by drawing within her borders the angler and visitor from other States. By all means give us the State hatchery and enough money to keep it running.

I also think that the law as it now stands, from April 1 to Aug. 1, is better than to make it from May 1 to Sept. 1. There would be more trout caught in August than in April and we can hardly afford this at present. When the streams are better stocked by all means give us August, as that is the month in which we would draw more people here to spend their vacation. Cut off April if you wish, but do not open August for a year or two. Let the people wake up on this subject; and by the way, let the Commissioners have a little more "git up and git" to them than they have had for the last few years. I am pleased that they have waked up enough to recommend to the Legislature that we have a State hatchery, and if I mistake not they have always opposed this in the past. But I hope they will now go forward with the good work with a little more push and energy. OMPOMPANOOSUC.

BLIND FISH FROM A WELL.

ON Sept. 23, 1890, Mr. W. F. Page, superintendent of the Neosho Station of the U. S. Fish Commission, sent to Col. Marshall McDonald, Commissioner, a living blind fish from the town of Neosho, Mo. Unfortunately the fish did not survive the journey to Washington, and it was preserved in alcohol and referred to Dr. Bean, the ichthyologist of the Commission, for identification. It proves to be a specimen of *Typhlichthys subterraneus* of Girard, which was described in 1859 from underground streams of Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee. The Neosho specimen, wrote Mr. Page, was obtained from a well which is supplied by a strong vein of water, supposed to be a tributary of one of the many large springs of the region. Several of these fishes have been drawn up from wells of similar character in the vicinity of Neosho.

Typhlichthys is derived from the Greek *typhlos*, blind, and *ichthys*, fish. It is one of two known forms of little fishes with rudimentary eyes, concealed under the skin, which live in subterranean streams in the limestone regions of certain Western States. The body of these creatures is translucent and pale in color, and covered with small scales. The head is crossed by numerous ridges, which are organs of touch, and the fish are found to be quickly dispersed by any disturbance of the water in which they stay. Profs. Putnam, Cope and Garman have published accounts of their habits which are very interesting. Efforts will be continued to bring them under observation in the aquarium of the U. S. Fish Commission.

SMALL BOY AND BIG FISH.—Westfield, Mass., Nov. 7.—This morning a colored lad by the name of Shipley captured a 11lbs. carp under very peculiar circumstances. He was out gunning for ducks upon a small reservoir that supplies one of our paper mills with a portion of its motive power. The lad passed up the pond to a small brook which is a feeder to the reservoir. He had gone but a short distance up the brook when his attention was called to a large fish endeavoring to reach the water in the pond below. The boy's first impression was to shoot the fish, but on second thought he seized a club and struck the fish a couple of blows that disabled it. He then brought it to land and carried it, still struggling, to the mill, but no one there recognized the stranger, so he brought him to town and placed him upon exhibition in Mr. Lewis's gun store, where the fish was at once recognized as a German carp. It weighed 11lbs., measured 27in. in length, 18in. in girth. It was upon exhibition during the day. It attracted, mystified and surprised our local anglers and the general public. This leviathan is the result of the stocking of a small pond with German carp some five years ago, and the brook that fed this mill pond also supplied the pond that these carp were placed in, and this fish probably came down the brook into the pond and had been there undisturbed. It was truly a royal fish and shows what can be done in the direction of stocking ponds.—WORONOCO.

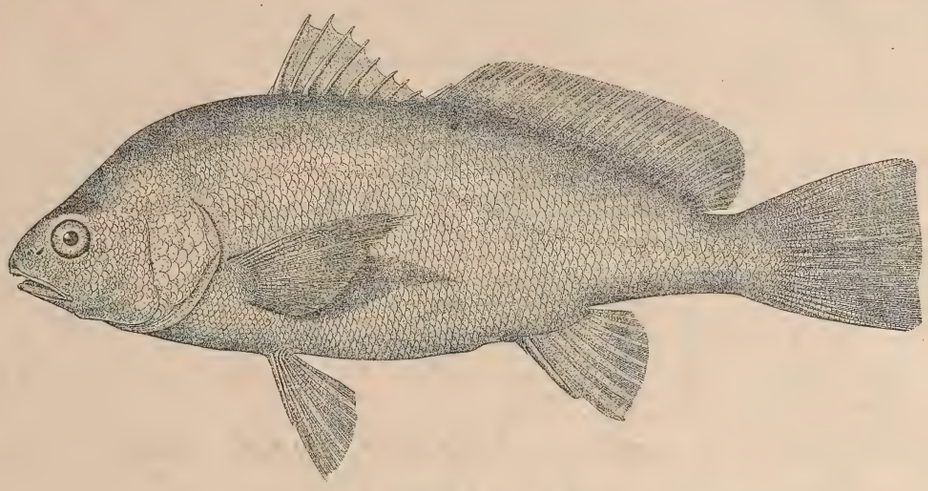
THE FRESH-WATER DRUM.

ONE of the commoner fishes of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the Great Lakes is the subject of our present sketch—a species known under many names and held in variable repute. In the Ohio Valley it is called the white perch, although not a member of the striped bass family and resembling the white perch only remotely. Another misapplied name for the fish is that of lake sheepshead, from a supposed resemblance to the well-known marine species of *Pogonias*. At Buffalo and Barcelona, N. Y., it is called black sheepshead. In lakes of northern Indiana the name crocus is associated with the fresh-water drum, and this is a corruption of croaker, which belongs to a small marine fish of the same family. It is in the Southern States that the name drum is applied to the species, and the same region furnishes the additional terms thunder-pumper, gaspergou and jewelhead. Gaspergou is current in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. The names drum, croaker and thunder-pumper are based upon the sounds produced by the fish in some unexplained way, some writers supposing them to arise from the grinding together of the large molar-like teeth in the pharynx, while others believe that the large and muscular air bladder is concerned in the operation. The term jewelhead is probably related to the presence of ear bones of curious shape and markings, better known to some of us as "lucky stones." According to Mr. Albert Turpe, of Brackettsville, Texas, who has recently sent a specimen to the Smithsonian Institution, it is known among the Mexican population in his vicinity as the "gaspagie," which is a variation of gaspergou.

We have already indicated the range of the fresh-water drum in a general way. It was common in Lake Champlain in 1842, according to Thompson ("Natural History of Vermont"). Mr. Turpe says it is rare in western Texas. He has made extensive observations in the wilds of Texas, New Mexico and northern Mexico, and has found the fish only in clear limestone streams emptying into the Rio Grande. The species seldom enters small streams, and it is for the most part a bottom fish.

The fresh-water drum feeds principally upon crustaceans and mollusks, occasionally varying this fare with fishes of other kinds. Crayfish are especially liked, and such shells as *Cyclas* and *Paludina* are mentioned by Richardson among its stomach contents. Mr. Turpe says that its food includes water plants and it will take a hook baited with a worm or a small minnow.

The fish reaches a length of 4ft. and a maximum weight of 60lbs., although market specimens seldom exceed 2ft. in length and smaller examples are preferred. We know nothing about its breeding habits notwithstanding its wide distribution and great abundance. It seems that the common fishes, apparently known to every one, are really little more than a shape and a name to most of those who are making fish literature, and it is to be regretted. Here is where anglers can fill a void out of their rich and varied experience by simply recording the common occurrences falling within their notice.



THE FRESH-WATER DRUM.

There is a great difference of opinion among authors as to the edible qualities of the fresh-water drum, and a great deal depends, it seems, on the character of the water in which it lives and the nature of its food. Dr. Jordan has the following concerning it:

"Although from its size and abundance it becomes an important market fish, it cannot at best be considered one of high quality. Its flesh is tough and coarse in fiber, and often of a disagreeable shark-like odor, particularly in the Great Lakes, where it is never eaten. The flesh of partly grown specimens is better than that of the adult." Thompson, in the "Natural History of Vermont," 1842, speaks of the fish in Lake Champlain as "lean, tough and bony, and seldom eaten." De Kay (1842) writes: "Unlike the sheepshead of the ocean it is [in Lake Erie] a poor, dry and tasteless fish, and is scarcely ever eaten." De Witt Clinton in 1815 speaks of the Lake Erie fish as a very ill-tasted one. Thompson, however, was informed that the fish taken from the Ohio River are fat, tender and well flavored. Jordan admits that its qualities improve to the southward. The writer can testify to the fairly good qualities of small examples from the Ohio. Mr. Robert Ridgway, ornithologist of the National Museum, has found it to possess excellent table qualities in Wabash River, Indiana, although other persons in the same locality considered it an inferior fish. Sir John Richardson gives the following account of the species under a name which we have not before introduced. It is believed that the malashegany is merely a deformed specimen of the fresh water drum; the name is credited to the Cree Indians:

"The malashegarie inhabits Lake Huron. It is taken in the Georgian Bay, on the north side of that lake, during the summer months, in gill nets set in deep water, or by hooks baited with worms. It feeds much on crayfish. It is a firm, white, well-tasted fish, but never fat, and requires much boiling. It is called sheepshead by the Anglo-Canadians, probably for the reason that the same appellation is bestowed on the *Sargus ovis* (salt water sheepshead) in the United States, viz., from its having an arched nose and 'some smutty shades of color on the face.' I can bear testimony to its excellence as an article of food, in which respect it may be compared to the turbot of Europe."

Mr. Turpe considers the fish, in the clear limestone streams tributary to the Rio Grande, as undoubtedly one of the finest flavored of the food fishes, comparing favorably with brook trout and black bass. He states that it can usually be fried in its own fat, which has a sweet taste. This is the story of the extreme variations of opinion concerning the qualities of a well-known species and it shows that a fish, like a person, even with the best intentions, can not please every one.

AUREOLUS.

SUNAPEE LAKE, N. H., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The controversy regarding the *aureolus*, or golden trout, is settled, or seems to be. Hon. Walter Aiken, of Franklin Falls, N. H., and myself visited Dan Hole Pond last week together. While there we captured four trout of the kind known as *aureolus*, and thus the fact that they exist in waters other than Sunapee Lake is established. Dan Hole Pond is beyond the second divide from the lake; in other words, counting Sunapee Lake as one, Dan Hole Pond is on the third water-shed from here. Sunapee Lake finds its way to the ocean through the Connecticut River; the next water-shed is drained by the Merrimac, while the waters of Dan Hole Pond eventually form a part of the Saco River.

Deeming the question at issue of general interest, I inclose herewith, for publication, a copy of our report to Col. E. B. Hodge, Commissioner, by whose authority and through whose courtesy we were enabled to conduct our investigations. FREDERIC M. DEY.

[*Copy.*]

REPORT OF INVESTIGATION AT DAN HOLE POND, MADE BY WALTER AIKEN AND FREDERIC M. DEY.

DAN HOLE POND, Carroll Co., N. H., Oct. 30.—E. B. Hodge, Esq., of the Game and Fish Commission of New Hampshire.—SIR: Acting in accordance with the instructions and directions furnished by you upon our solicitation, and for the purpose of settling a vexed question, we are now at Dan Hole Pond. As our work is done, our purpose accomplished, and as we are about to leave for home, we beg to submit the following report:

We reached this pond after dark, Monday evening, Oct. 27, beneath a cloudy sky and in half a gale of wind, which rendered a visit to the water that night utterly impracticable. However, we improved the time of enforced idleness by questioning our host about the peculiarities of the pond, its depth, temperature and the fishes it contained. He remembered the locality where two of the trout (*aureolus*), of which we were in search, were speared a year ago by a person acting upon your orders. He saw the man at work the night the trout were procured, knew the spot and was therefore able to provide us with the desired information. During the conversation he confided to us a number of reminiscences regarding the trout of the pond, and listening to him we became convinced that our trip would be successful.

On the following morning (Tuesday, Oct. 28), soon after daylight, we made our first attempt to find the fishes in question. The pond was very rough, there being a heavy northwesterly wind blowing; but we reached the spawning ground, anchored and began casting our spoons. For an hour or more we continued our exertions, our spirits emulating the temperature of the day, which was steadily getting lower. At last, however, when our hands were so cold that it was difficult to distinguish an oar from a fly-rod by the sense of touch, we saw a trout—a small one, to be sure, not over 8in. in length, but a trout.

Somewhat cheered we went ashore, sought the seclusion of the woods and built a fire where we soon warmed ourselves back to confidence and determination, notwithstanding the fact that a steady and pelting rain had settled in, apparently "for keeps."

Again to the boat and to the casting of our spoons, this time, however, minus all encouraging details; and then to dinner. After dining, the aspect of the weather was most discouraging. Rain descended in sheets and the wind blew a veritable gale. On the mountains around us, within rifle shot, snow was falling, putting its winter cloak upon rocks and trees, and we were content to remain indoors and while away the time in smoking. But a stern fact confronted us. The net (which you had provided for our use) must be set. Reference was occasionally made to the threatening duty, followed by a natural shudder of apprehension.

At three o'clock we went forth in the storm armed with the net alone, and were blown (rowing was a superfluous exertion going that way) to the spawning ground. There we put out the net (A simple statement of fact, but a task as difficult under the circumstances as the seven labors of Hercules combined; to describe the operation would be to create a "corner" in stationery) by fastening one end to a pole on the shore and anchoring the outward extremity in eighten or twenty feet of water.

Darkness (of the genuine type) had fallen by the time our task was finished, and the necessary outlay of exertion consequent upon our return can be better imagined than described. We were obliged to go directly against the wind, the night had become simply black and the exact locality of the place where we were obliged to land, if anywhere, was delightfully vague; so vague, indeed, that we spent nearly an hour searching for it.

The following morning (Wednesday, Oct. 29) we were up betimes, and, as soon as breakfast was dispatched, on our way to inspect the net. The weather was somewhat better; very cloudy, but minus both wind and rain; the pond was nearly calm.

At last the net was reached, and a quick inspection was followed by a ringing shout of joy and mutual congratulations between the signers hereof. The net contained three fishes. One was a pickerel. *The others were trout exactly resembling those seen by us at the hatching house, Sunapee Lake, and known as the* AUREOLUS, *or golden trout.*

Both were "jacks," and weighed (estimated) 3lbs. each.

Our wish was to secure four specimens, so we left the net where it was and again had recourse to our spoons. While we were casting, a third trout of the same kind, with the same gaudy coloring, was seen by us near the net, but could not be captured.

Snow began to fall and dinner time drew near. We decided to leave the net where it was and troll around the pond on our way back.

At a distance of about fifty rods from the net, going east, a female trout of the same kind, weighing (estimated) not less than 5lbs., was captured by Mr. Aiken.

We visited the net again just before dark, but it was empty.

This, the ensuing morning (Thursday, Oct. 30), we reached the net very early. It contained one fish, which was a "jack" trout exactly like those captured the previous morning, only smaller. Weight (estimated), 1¾lbs.

Our work is done. We have accomplished the purpose for which we came to the pond. We have proved beyond the peradventure of doubt that trout known as *aureolus* do exist in waters other than Lake Sunapee. It is our mutual pleasure to congratulate you upon this incontrovertible fact.

Our team is at the door. The weather is frightful. Will conclude report later.

Same Day, 5 P. M.—Franklin, N. H.—We reached Meredith Village at noon. The trout were packed under our supervision at the store of Mr. Beede, in Meredith, and were delivered by us to the express company.

Two—the female and one of the "jacks"—were sent to Dr. T. H. Bean, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; one was forwarded to Prof. J. D. Quackenbos, New York city; the other—the smallest—was sent to you.

We are prepared to make affidavit to all of the foregoing at any time. Very truly yours,

WALTER AIKEN.
FREDERIC M. DEY.

[Under date of Nov. 7 we learn from Hon. Walter Aiken that the *aureolus* or golden trout have probably finished spawning. He and Col. Hodge were at Sunapee Nov. 6, which was a warm and perfect day, and saw only a few trout on the Loon Island reefs. Mr. Aiken has in mind one or two other New Hampshire ponds in which he believes the golden trout exist.]

VERMONT TROUT AND PERCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is exceedingly gratifying to the pioneers in game and fish protection to note that the seed sown during the past decades has not been unfruitful, but is likely to bring forth in the end abundantly. The action recently taken by the Province of Quebec Fish and Game Protection Society, to stop net-fishing in Missisquoi Bay, is a step in the right direction, and will be a public benefit to the public both sides of the "line," Vermont as well as Canada. The Vermont "Fish and Game League" is another movement that should be encouraged and helped onward by every true Vermonter. It was the writer's amendment to the Vermont fish law that several years ago gave her Fish Commissioners $2,000 a year to assist them in carrying on their work, and we wish that the amount would be largely increased this year, as the Commissioners' report proves that they have made good use of the money granted them. While there is much in their work deserving the highest praise, there is one action that deserves the severest censure, that is in recommending "yellow perch" as a desirable fish to stock Vermont waters. What weakness, to think of polluting the clear waters of the Switzerland of America with the bony, detestable vermin—the spawn-eating yellow perch. A single perch, if given the opportunity, will daily destroy hundreds of young fry of the trout and other game fish. Any person who would seriously harbor such thoughts against Vermont waters deserves to be made to fish for pumpkin-seeds in a mud hole with a pin-hook during the remainder of his days. There is too much selfishness among sportsmen and fish and game protectionists, who instead of working for some private purpose, should work for that which will be of the most benefit to the general public. We trust that the present law makers of Vermont will make it a penal offense for putting perch into waters that they are not already in—for when once such vermin get into a stream or lake they are a curse to those waters for all time—not for a month or a year, but forever. STANSTEAD.

AKRON, Ohio, Nov. 4.

SYRACUSE ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—A brief meeting of the Angler's' Association was held in the rooms of the Business Men's Association last week, at which the good work which the association has been doing to check the depredation of the fish pirates in Oneida Lake and its tributary waters was talked over in a general way. The association has a record of 103 nets captured and destroyed since Sept. 1. Within the past four weeks it has instituted suits against 16 violators of the game laws. The war on the fish pirates has been carried on by Deputy Sheriff Harrison Hown, of Cicero, working under the directions of the association. All the members of the association speak highly of the business-like way in which Mr. Hown has gone about this work. The association hired a small steamer and placed it at his disposal, and he has gone up and down the lake day and night dragging for the nets of the illegal fishermen. The association has been considerably agitated the past week by the news of the removal of Chief Game Protector Fred P. Drew, of Washington Mills, and the resignation from the Fish Commission of Hon. R. U. Sherman, of New Hartford. Mr. Drew was removed by the Fish Commission, which has so far seen fit to withhold from the public any reasons for such removal beyond the mere assertion that Mr. Drew was not working to further the best interests of the Commission. Many plain letters upon this have been sent members of the Commission by prominent anglers of this city, and they propose to get at the bottom facts of the matter, if such a thing is possible. The resignation of Mr. Sherman from the Fish Commission is deeply deplored by the Syracuse anglers. Mr. Sherman is a man of wealth, and he spent large sums of money annually in stocking and protecting the fishing waters of central New York. But notwithstanding these disappointments the Anglers' Association of Syracuse proposes to go right along with the good work of protecting the fish in the waters readily accessible from this city. A petition containing the names of all the prominent citizens in Syracuse will be sent to the Fish Commission this week, praying for the appointment of a game protector in this city who shall work under the direction of the Anglers' Association. Mr. Drew has been assigned to duty in the Oneida district, where it is thought his efficient services will be of great value to the anglers of this city, as Oneida Lake is in that district.

TROUT AND DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—A veteran correspondent writes: "I should like to meet the game law committee, for I think that after thirty-eight years in the Adirondacks every summer I could give them some points, but you can do it for me. I should for five years stop entirely transportation of deer and trout from the woods comprising the Adirondack section. Also stop buoy fishing, which is almost as destructive to trout growing as set lines. I should increase greatly the penalty on the set line business, and would also greatly increase penalties, both as to the least infringement of laws relating to law breaking as regards trout and deer. Also would add penalty to express companies taking any box out unless they know its contents. Please call attention in your paper to the above suggestions. Of course some, yea many, will decidedly object. I have seen painfully the decrease of trout especially, and think the above simple addition to the laws would save the above game wonderfully."

COD FISHING AT EASTPORT, MAINE.—It has been many years since the fishing was as good in our harbor as this season. The catches of the past week have been something extraordinary. At high water Saturday there was great sport fishing off some of the wharves. At the International Wharf Mr. Pine took advantage of a few spare moments and pulled in 25 deep sea cod. At the Government Wharf men and boys made a great catch, and in fact there was good fishing all along the wharves. What has caused the deep-sea cod to strike in close to the American shore, right in our harbor here, in such immense schools, the like of which was never known before, the oldest inhabitant is unable to tell.—*The Eastport Sentinel*, Oct. 29.

Fishculture.

MAINE FISHCULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading your account of the progress of fishculture in New Hampshire, I am led to give a brief account of what we have done on a small scale in Maine. Lake Auburn is in the city of Auburn, and contains about 20,000 acres of clear, pure water, with a maximum depth of 110ft. It is largely fed by springs and has long been known as a favorite resort of the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*). Large quantities of spawning trout have been taken every fall from the tributaries and shore spawning beds. No successful effort has until this year been made to stop spearing and illegal captures. Through the efforts of our fish commissioner, Mr. Henry O. Stanley, and others interested in protecting and stocking this beautiful lake, we have made a beginning which has thus far yielded excellent results. We have organized under the title of the Lake Auburn Fish Protective Association, with a membership of 200. Nine hundred dollars has been raised by private subscription. Weirs have been put in and a comfortable house built on a tributary to the lake. We have employed three men during the season thus far, to take care of the trout and provide for the hatching of the eggs. A hatching house is nearly completed at East Auburn with a capacity of a million eggs. We have now more than 400 trout and two landlocked salmon in our weirs.

I was informed last week that the work of taking the eggs had fairly begun, with a most gratifying result. Thirty-four trout yielded 99,000 eggs, as measured on the trays. Mr. Arthur Merrill, who has charge of the stripping, informs me that the actual count may be possibly 20 per cent. less, which would give not far from 2,400 as an average for a trout. I shall try to give you later the actual number taken. Our salmon are females, and it is proposed to fertilize their spawn by milt from Sebago Lake if we are not fortunate enough to take a male salmon. Great interest has attended our efforts thus far, and we are backed by a healthy public sentiment. Those who have been accustomed to take trout illegally seem disposed to aid the work. No aid has been received from the State, except through the efforts of Mr. Stanley. He has done all he could to encourage and advise, but has not been able to aid us financialy. He has promised to supply our hatchery with landlocked salmon eggs from the State hatcheries, and he will do all he promises.

I ought to especially mention in connection with our work the efficient and painstaking labors of Mr. Wight, who was selected by Mr. Stanley to take charge of the work. I am unable to give at this time his full name, but a man is known by his works, and they are good. A. G. WHITMAN.

MELROSE, Mass.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 1 to 4.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17.—Twelfth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Otterburn Springs, Va. W. A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Secretary.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

ROBINS ISLAND CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

LAST Friday was commenced and finished the ninth annual trials of the club named. Such rapidity in the running of a field trial is something marvelous. The conditions were such that it was possible. In no other place, at no other trial could such celerity be attained. Three or four things added together made one of the greatest successes of this ninth annual trials of the clubs. First, the weather was of the most charming description. Everything worked in favor of the dogs and their owners. Skies were clear, the air was cool to frostiness, the scent was strong, the birds were in greater number than ever before, and the dogs themselves, that is the larger number of them, had been worked for some time by the professional trainer now on the island. Greatest of all, however, was the system adopted by the Robins Island Club for the government of its field trials. Here the dogs are judged by a scale of points. The dogs are run together in braces, not one as against the other, but for the purpose of expediting matters. Thus there are no long series of heats in which the winning dogs are run against one another until all are weeded out, save one. Here, the moment the allotted time has expired, the dog has finished. The element of luck comes in, of course, but the judges can at their option, and if they deem it necessary, allow an animal a longer chance to show of what character his field work is.

Friday evening saw assembled at the club house the more enthusiastic shooting men of the club. First and foremost, Dr. S. Fleet Speir, who was the originator of the club; S. B. Duryea, who has worked side by side with the Doctor in all that would help to further the sportsman's interests in club matters. W. M. Van Anden, one of the younger men, but heart and soul with anything that tends to the improvement of Robins Island as a game preserve. William Stanley, a thorough shooting man and dog lover, a member of but few years standing, but ready at any time to help the trials by making entries and running his dogs. E. W. McClave, another of the new men, unable to be present himself, authorized Dr. Speir to enter and run his setter bitch Josephine. Many of the well known men were absent. Alden S. Swan, the winner of last year's All-Aged Stakes, with his Irish setter dog Berkley, was unable to be present. H. W. Polhemus and Chauncey Marshall, two of the most ardent sportsmen in the list of members, were off shooting redheads and canvasbacks on the Chesapeake. W. L. Wellington, the genial and kindly secretary of the club was at home ill with some pulmonary trouble, while Bullard, who has been at almost every trial, was away. Those present, nevertheless, made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers.

The island was reached by the correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM on Thursday afternoon. The day was fast closing, and as the light waned, man after man came in with his dogs and happy in the possession of a goodly number of birds. Among these fortunate ones were Judge Pratt, W. M. Van Anden, G. Walter Green, S. B. Duryea, W. Stanley and Dr. Speir. They one and all reported the quail in greater number than ever before, but extremely wild and wary. Judge Pratt had put up some 40 birds, yet never got a point on one, all his kills being quick shots as the birds rose wild before him.

Immediately after dinner and while enjoying the post prandial tobacco, Dr. Speir referred to the illness of Secretary Wellington and asked that Mr. Jacob Pentz accept the entries and attend to the drawing of the dogs. This was at once acceded to, and in less time than it takes to write it, the following dogs were entered for competition in the different stakes:

ALL-AGED STAKES—ENGLISH SETTERS.

ST. ELMO IV. (S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), black, white and tan (champion St. Elmo—Clio), 8yrs.

BELLE RAPIER (S. Fleet Speir), blue belton (Count Rapier—Dell), 3yrs.

TARDY JACK (S. Fleet Speir), orange and white (Ned—Maida II.), 18mos.

BELLE (W. M. Stanley, Englewood, N. J.), blue belton (pedigree not given), 4yrs.

BINSSE (W. M. Stanley), black, white and tan (Count Fritz— ——), 3yrs.

GREY (W. M. Stanley), blue belton (pedigree not given), 4yrs.

NED (S. B. Duryea, Brooklyn, N. Y.), blue belton (Blunder—Fannie), 5yrs.

JOSEPHINE (E. W. McClave, New York city), black and white (Count Rapier—Dell), 4yrs.

IRISH SETTER.

RHEUMA (Wm. M. Van Anden, Brooklyn, N. Y.), (Diedrich's Tip—Spower's Grace), 3yrs.

BRACE STAKES—ENGLISH SETTERS.

BELLE RAPIER (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), (St. Elmo IV.— ——),

RHEUMA AND GOUT (Wm. H. Van Anden).

BLUE AND GRAY (William Stanley).

IRISH SETTER.

GOUT (Massey's Duke—Pratt's Daisy), aged.

DERBY—ENGLISH SETTERS.

NAPOLEON (S. B. Duryea), blue belton (Ned—Lulu), 7mos.

FEATHERS (S. B. Duryea), blue belton (Ned—Maida II.), 18mos.

TARDY JACK (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), orange and white (Ned—Maida II.), 18mos.

CHUMP (Irish setter), (pedigree not given), 12mos.

After these entries had been taken the following letter was read:

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.

Officers of the Robins Island Club:

GENTLEMEN—Your committe, appointed for the purchase of field prizes, beg to report as follows: We have sent you to-day by express one solid silver flask and cup, which is to be first prize in the All-Aged Stakes; a leather box for holding shells, to be the second prize; a leather gun case, lined with oak, to be the first prize in the Derby, and a nickle-plated revolver second prize in the same stake. The first prize in the Brace Stakes will be a solid silver coupling chain. This will be a donation from your humble servants. The second prize in the Brace Stakes, a leather gun case. Your committee trusts that you will be pleased with the prizes, some of which will be found inside of the large gun case. We feel neither one of us will be able to be on hand at the trials, but wishing you success and a brilliant future, we remain very respectfully yours,

CHAUNCEY MARSHALL, ALDEN S. SWAN, } Committee.

The prizes were displayed in the main reception room and were the subject of much admiration. Then followed the drawing for the order of running. It resulted as given below. It must be remembered that the dogs are simply run in braces to get through the trials expeditiously. They are not one as against the other, but each dog is judged by his own performance. The drawing was as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKES.—Belle Rapier and Gray, Ned and Josephine, Rheuma and Blue, Tardy Jack and Binsse, St. Elmo IV. a bye. According to the rules governing these trials, the bye dog is run in company with a dog selected from among those at the kennels.

BRACE STAKES.—St. Elmo IV. and Belle Rapier, Gout and Rheuma, Gray and Blue, with the privilege of substituting Binsse in place of Gray, the latter having much tail action, had whipped it raw for several inches from the tip.

THE DERBY.—Chump with Feathers, Tardy Jack with Napoleon. By this time the evening was fast approaching another day; so, mindful of the morrow's work, couches were sought and with them that restful sleep so dear to wearied men.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful. So heavy had been the fall of dew that it hung drippingly from every twig, from every blade of grass. In a strong light it was white as a November frost. Breakfast was had at an early hour. Rubber boots were in demand, for no leather ever made would prove impervious to the searching quality of that dew. Eight o'clock saw every one on the move and the first brace in coupling, with the trainer, Harry Glessing, in charge. Right well did he see to the bringing up of the dogs. When a brace was ordered up, there he was, ready with the next. In no case was there delay. He seemed to know by instinct when and where to be with the change of dogs. This conduced much to the rapid running of the trials. Never was a better run trial, from start to finish everything moved along like clockwork.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

GRAY AND BELLE RAPIER.

These were the two first put down to inaugurate the Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Robins Island Club. W. Stanley handled his Gray, Dr. Speir his Belle. Cast off at 8:35, they were hunted over the open rolling fields to the east of the club house. Nothing found. Reaching the low bluffs at that side, the dogs were sent down to the one hundred acres of tall sedge grass lying under the bluff. Scarce in when Stanley claimed a point for Gray, running up to flush, nothing was found. Ordered on, the dogs hunting from north to south, Gray again came to a point by the side of a little clump of bushes which rose from the otherwise dead level of the field. Stanley again claimed the point. Ordered to flush the bird, for the second time no bird was found. The sedge field yielding nothing, a move was made along the edge of the bluff where grew a little fringe of low blackberry bushes. After running along this bluff a few rods, Gray pointed stiffly. The party was called up to see the point and Belle was called up for a back. The noise started the birds and they flushed wild, scattering in every direction. Gray steady to wing. Stanley put his gun to his shoulder and pulled hard first one trigger then the other. There came no response, and examination showed the "safety" of his hammerless had slipped back. On again for a few yards, when a single bird flushed some distance ahead of Belle. Bitch steady to wing. Getting to the ice pond a hare bounced from her form and scurried off for safer surroundings. Acting on impulse, Dr. Speir shot at it. Both dogs steady to fur and shot. Belle was then hunted along the fringe of woods at the east side; Gray along the bluff or near it on the west, the judges occupying an intermediate position, where the action and working of both dogs could be observed, and the general direction a southerly one. Of the two, the work of Gray was the more stylish. Gray now and then did a bit of roading, but never fairly established a point. The Devil's Kitchen, that place of briars, thorns, water and "cuss words" reached, here Gray roaded in slowly and carefully, came to a pool of water and was lapping it, when up bounded a quail flushing wild to left of dog. Stanley with a quick snap shot killed it. Gray perfectly steady to shot and to wing. Ordered to retrieve, he did so in elegant fashion. Then a move in for a few yards and Gray pointed nicely. Bird flushed but not shot at. Belle had the bad luck of the birds. Dogs taken up at 9:40, having been down an hour and five minutes.

JOSEPHINE AND NED.

Josephine, handled by Dr. Speir, for her owner McClave, Ned handled by his owner, S. B. Duryea. No time was lost, for at 9:45 the dogs were started. Around the thicket of the Devil's cooking apartment to the left, hunting in northeasterly direction. Here Josephine found the birds and pointed staunchly. Ned called up for a back, came along at race-horse speed, caught the scent for himself, dashed past the bitch and jumped a handsome bevy of birds, chasing them a few rods, when they flushed. Josephine steady amid all the excitement of flushing, shooting and bad example. Jo' soon got another point. Belle called up for a back, as was also Gray, both did so in handsome fashion. Bird flushed and nicely killed by Dr. Speir, using a little 20-gauge gun. Jo' ordered to retrieve, failed. Moving now due south Ned, strong and fast, ran on and put up another nice bunch of birds. He ran after a flying bird, stopped to whistle, turned, ran down the steep 100ft. high bank, took a plunge in the surf, raced back again over the beach, shaking a shower of sparkling drops from his glossy sides as he ran. Up the steep bank he came and dashed away again, as if it all was the greatest fun imaginable. Ned having no chance to win on account of his great speed and want of command, dogs were ordered up at 10:25, having been down 45m. At exactly the half hour the next brace were taken from the waiting wagon; these were

BLUE AND RHEUMA.

Blue, hunted by Stanley, and Rheuma by Van Anden.

Rheuma soon showed his Irish blood, for he dashed away like a thoroughbred. The longer he ran and the faster, the better he seemed to like it. The dogs were started near the Southwest Point and hunted easterly. Hares were put up continually, both dogs steady under much provocation, Rheuma roading a good deal in the quickest kind of style, Blue working much more slowly, finally stopped on a stiff point. Rheuma, called up to back, refused and ran past the standing dog; ordering the bird up nothing was found. Moving forward once again, Blue, after a little roading, got a point in the scrub oak which surrounds the little bit of water known as Black Duck Pond. Rheuma, called once again for a back, came along at a jump, passed the pointing dog and ranged off and away. No bird found. The party then struck off and around the little patch of water and through an opening in the bluff to the sedge on the south beach. Along here Blue again stopped, but nothing was found in front of him. Still along the beach to its uppermost distance at South Point. Here Rheuma did a little roading, nosing up a bird which flushed wild some distance ahead of the dog. Turning backward and retracing steps, a single bird flushed wild ahead of dogs. Rheuma threw up his head, walked toward Van Anden, when bur-r-r-r, out sprang a quail not a yard from the man's toes. A step forward and Blue, roading along gently, stopped hard and fast. Rheuma took a turn round, came up, passed Blue, and flushed the bird in handsome style. Blue steady to wing and to shot. Then a turn north along East Bluff for a short distance and Blue established another capital point, bird flushed to order. Dogs ordered up at 11:20. At half past the next brace in order,

TARDY JACK AND BINSSE,

were cast off at the same bit of cover where the last brace had been taken up. Quail were heard whistling and calling to each other from all directions. A movement made to the left, where the notes were loudest and clearest. Scarce started, when up with a roar jumped a bevy of at least twenty birds. They scattered in every direction, north, south, east and west; marked down and followed. On the top of the south bluff, in a little patch of dried grasses, growing in a small opening of the scrub oak, Jack drew to a beautiful point. It was in a style particularly handsome. The birds flushed wild ahead of the point. Then across and through this sedge grass. At the very edge of the bluff, where it pitched in sharp incline to the beach, out jumped a dozen birds. One-half flew west, the other half east, over the salt sedge growing right in the sands of the beach. Moving back into scrub again a bird flushed in front of Binsse. The dog was hunting in a slow, listless manner, as if it all was awfully tiresome. Dogs, horses and men are alike. Each has his day, and this day did not belong to Binsse. A little further in scrub and Jack got a good solid point. Bird put up to order. Stanley shot and killed. Jack retrieved in "smashing" manner. Into the scrub again and through it and a tangle of blackberry canes to top and very edge of south bluff, where the quail had been marked down. Binsse very slow and methodical, Jack faster and doing his work stylishly and in good form. Going down wind Jack flushed a bird. Stanley shot and killed. Binsse retrieved, but indifferently. Dogs ordered up at quarter past twelve. Ten minutes afterward the bye dog, St. Elmo IV., hunted by Dr. Speir, and the dog selected to run with him, Swan's Fly, hunted by trainer Glessing, were cast off.

ST. ELMO IV. AND FLY.

The birds had been marked down and were followed to the southwest point of the island, where they had been located. St. Elmo worked slowly, but also with great carefulness. The spot was a tangled mass of blackberry canes, vines and knee-high bayberry bushes "in confusion worse confounded." Saint struck the scent, and throwing his head up to snuff the air, roaded through the spot with his nose only above the bushes. He soon stopped stiffly. Fly came spinning along from the other side, ran into the birds and started them grandly; Saint perfectly steady to shot and wing. Ordered on again, he moved but a few yards when he stopped again to a stiff point. A single bird flushed wild before the point, was shot at and missed. The birds had been marked down by Judge Pratt and were at once followed. Judge Bruce almost stepped on an outlying bird, it lying like a clod until the Judge's foot was almost on it. Saint moving very carefully, caught scent and roaded along after a running bird. Once more the pointer ranged up, and again were the birds flushed, this time within a yard of Saint's noise. Birds shot at and missed, Saint perfectly steady to both wing and shot. Dogs taken up at 1 o'clock.

The wind was blowing freshly from the southeast. After the hot work of the morning, when man and dog were heated up, this wind carried too much of the North Pole on its wings to be pleasant. So, as lunch was close at hand, a move was made to a little hollow, which protected one with its height from the chill air. Here on the still green sward the cloth was laid and the contents of the hampers placed on it. "Hungry as hunters" may be an old saw, but it meets just such cases as the one now described in perfection. Throwing tired bodies upon the grass, meat and drink were amply discussed. In the conversation that followed hunting stories were, of course, the chief subject. Dr. Speir told of the trouble that had followed the introduction of two pairs of hares upon the island in 1888. They became, as the rabbits in Australia, a veritable plague. Everything green was devoured. All was grist that came to their jaws, and as a consequence the birds suffered. The edict went forth last fall (1889) to kill and destroy. No less than 3,000 were killed in various ways. The plague was stopped for a time, but there are enough left to again sow the seed for a large crop the coming year.

ALL-AGED STAKES, FIELD TRIALS SCORE.

Name of Dog.	Points of Merit.										Demerits.				
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Total
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10			1-7	3	5	10	
St. Elmo IV	35	10	7	4	6	4	5	4	10		85					
Gray	30	14	7	5	5	5	5	4	10		81					
Blue	30	14	6	5	5	4	5	4	10		77					
Belle	25	15	5	5	4	5	5	3	8		75					
Josephine	30	12	5	4	5	4	3	4	5		71					
Binsse	25	10	7	4	5	3	5	3	8		71					
Rheuma	20	20	0	6	0	6	6	2	6		66					
Tardy Jack	20	14	*	6	4	3	5	4	7	*	61					
Ned	25	20	0	6	0	5										

*Tardy Jack no opportunity given for a back, as he had no chance of winning a place, was not again tried.
*Ned to try for a retrieve in morning (Saturday).

BRACE STAKES.

Immediately at the finish of lunch the Brace Stake was started. Two braces were put down at once, so as to save time and get through the trials in a single day if it could be done, and at the same time give every dog a fair and equal chance to "get there" if he could.

GRAY AND BLUE—RHEUMA AND GOUT.

From the very start the first named brace had much the better of it. The Irish lads were too high in flesh, too short in work to give a good account of themselves. They raced here, they plunged there, each hunting by himself. The dogs are both excellent ones in field work, but each requires "a power" of work to bring him to a realizing sense of what is required of him. Gout was the first to get on the scent, and roading up quickly the bird flushed a dozen yards ahead of him. A dozen yards further on another single flushed from before the roading Gout. The judges each flushed a single. Rheuma wild and not at all amenable to command. Blue not responding to whistle or call was hunted up and found standing on a good stiff point. Gray called up, backed beautifully as soon as he came in sight of Blue. Birds put up to order, shot at, one killed, one wounded, both dropped. Rheuma ran and caught the dead bird and gently mouthed it. The wounded bird ran. Blue followed the scent and soon located the bird and was again backed by Gray. Rheuma again ran and chased the crippled bird. Called back, Blue was ordered to retrieve the dead quail which was still lying on the ground. He did so in first-rate style. Another point was gotten by Blue and he was again backed by Gray. Rheuma coming up from the left, the bird flushed itself. Blue got another point a moment or two afterward. Bird flushed to order, Stanley shot and killed. Rheuma ordered to retrieve, found the dead bird but refused to bring it in. Blue and Gray worked better as a brace and when together than when either was hunting alone. Taken up at 2:25 P. M.

ST. ELMO AND BELLE.

These were hunted westerly along the bluff at south side of island, and in and out of the patches of scrub oak. A single bird got up fairly under Stanley's feet, was shot at and missed. A little distance ahead Saint pointed and was backed in first-rate fashion by Belle. The bird was flushed to order, not shot at. A rod or so to the left Belle got a point, Saint backed in excellent shape—the birds flushed themselves before the point. Not a dozen yards away Belle got another point. Saint again backed her nicely. Birds flushed, shot at and one fell. Saint retrieved the bird, a wounded one, in good form. While bringing it in a single quail flushed before the incoming dog. Judge Pratt shot and killed it. Belle returned to order, but not in the best fashion. Dogs taken up at 3:50 P. M.

BRACE STAKES, FIELD TRIALS SCORE.

Name of Dog.	Points of Merit.										Demerits.				
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Total
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10			1-7	3	5	10	
Blue } Gray }	32	14	7	6	6	5	5	4	10		89					
St. Elmo } Belle }	30	15	6	5	5	5	5	3	8		82					
Rheuma } Gout }	20	20	0	6	3	5	5	2	5		66					

THE DERBY.

The south side, which part of the island had proved so prolific in birds, was now left and a hasty march made to the north side, toward the open meadows lying to the east of the club house. At Blackberry ravine, where are located several open fields, the first two puppies of the Derby were cast off.

CHUMP AND FEATHERS.

The first, a red Irish hunted by Dr. Speir, and the last-named, a handsome blue belton, owned and hunted by S. B. Duryea. Each was exceedingly puppyish in action, seemingly not knowing what to do. The red one, as usual, racing along like a thoroughbred, but with little purpose. Feathers was still more of a youngster and passed the most of the time looking for a face and figure she was acquainted with. After a fifteen minutes' spin they were ordered up as having no chance to win, unless the other brace of puppies did no better work then Chump and Feathers were to be put down again for another trial.

TARDY JACK AND NAPOLEON.

At a little opening in the oak timber and just out from the road bisecting the island, the dogs were started. Not a dozen steps from the road Jack got a point, but was so undecided in manner that the Doctor did not claim the point. Judge Pentz and others saw the birds running away, scattering as they ran. Jack was called away by the Doctor, but after a short turn came back to the starting point and pointed again good and staunch. Dr. Speir walked in and flushed a bevy of at least a dozen birds just at the edge of the wood. The light getting too dense to follow them to the cover of the timber, a move was made to the large open meadow in front and to the right of the club house. This runs directly to the beach on the north side of the island, a little fringe of bushes separating the grass land from the beach. Hunting along this fringe of slight cover and from east to west, Jack pointed capitally. Scarce had he established, when with a roar was started the largest bevy of birds yet found. It had at least 30 well-grown birds in it. Napoleon slightly unsteady to wing. Here was seen a pretty instance of good behavior, the triumph of education over instinct. Jack, when this mass of birds flushed, made a single jump after them. As he struck the ground after the jump he flushed a single bird. He now dropped to wing, as if knocked down with a club. After this Jack secured a succession of good points. Birds flushed, shot at and two killed. Each puppy tried for a retrieve, neither did well, but Jack much the better of the two. Dogs ordered up. Time 5 P. M., and the trials of 1890 a matter for record and following the record of history:

THE DERBY, FIELD TRIALS SCORE.

Name of Dog.	Points of Merit.										Demerits.				
	Pointing	Pace	Backing	Style	Staunchness	Ranging	Quartering	Obedience and Disposition	Retrieving	Breaking Shot and Chasing	Total	False Pointing	Breaking In	Breaking Shot	Total
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10			1-7	3	5	10	
Tardy Jack	30	15	..	6	5	5	4	4	7		76					
Napoleon	20	12	0	5	2	4	3	3	4		53					
Chump																
Feathers																

The tired sportsmen adjourned to the hotel, where a sound wash, toned up every one. Dinner followed, and as a matter of course the events of the day met with full discussion.

G. W. Green, an enthusiastic guest at the trials, but forced by business engagements to leave before they were ended, sent the following note, accompanying it was a round of Pommery Sec:

"To the president, members and guests of the Robins Island Club. Greeting:

"I leave my farewells and a heartfelt blessing for my three happy days (a bottle each, interpolation), and I ask you to drink to the health of winners and losers both. To the former I say, be modest in your bearing and remember that I predicted your success; with the latter I sympathize deeply, and don't forget I wished you to win.

"I shall long remember the joy of each morning's start. The daily starting signal of Judge Pratt will long ring pleasantly in my ears—'Where in sheol is my hat!' With the warmest as well as the best of wishes, I am,

"THE NOVICE (George Walter Green)."

Mr. Green's memory was fully toasted in his own wine.

This ninth annual trial of the Robins Island Club will go down in the history of the club as the greatest success yet had in that direction.

The judges at the trials were Calvin E. Pratt, of the Supreme Court; Jacob Pentz and Leslie C. Bruce.

PECONIC.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

THE entries of the Central Field Trial All-Age Stake for 1890 closed with 77 nominations, distributed thus, 29 pointers, 46 English setters, 1 black and tan, and 1 Irish setter.

POINTERS.

TAMARACK (Tam O'Shanter—Croxteth's Royal Queen), Frank Billings.
BARKER'S GROUSE (Mainspring-Swain's Fly), S. T. Barker.
HICKORY'S STAUNCH (Ayer's Don—Lady Spottswood), E. R. Bellman.
ROCK II. (Graphic—Lady Belle), Connell & Cullen.
FAN FAN (Graphic—Lady Belle), Connell & Cullen.
MOONSHINE (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.
ZIG-ZAG (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.
TAPSTER (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.
MAID OF KENT (King of Kent—Hops), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.
KING OF KENT (Priam—Kent Baby), Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.
FRANK W. (Duke of Vernon—Royal Cute), L. Gardner.
DOCTOR (Don Juan—Alameda), Wm. Howkins.
LASS OF BLOOMO (Lad of Bow—Bloomo), W. T. Hunter.
DUKE OF HESSEN (Luck of Hessen—Blarney), Hempstead Farm Kennels.
IGHTFIELD DICK (Dick III.—Bell of Bow), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
IGHTFIELD GUELPH (Bang's Boy—Linda), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
IGHTFIELD DEUCE (Wynstay—Dainty), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
KESWICK'S BOY (Osborne Ale—Keswick II.), Dr. C. E. Michel.
ZERO (Osborne Ale—Keswick II.), Dr. C. E. Michel.
SHOT (Neno—Vic), W. B. Mears, Jr. & Co.
ORANGE DON (Neno—Vic), W. B. Mears, Jr. & Co.
LALLA ROOKH (Sensation's Son—Grace), C. H. Odell.
B. D. (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh), C. H. Odell.
CROXIE WISE (Croxteth—Young Buelah), P. H. O'Bannon.
TRAY (Tory White—Lapford Pearl), N. L. Rockwell.
DEVONSHIRE DON (Molton Baron—Village Star), Dr. H. J. Thomas.
PEARL'S DOT (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), J. B. Turner.
TEMPEST (Beppo III.—Lass of Bow), J. H. Winslow.
TAMMANY'S BOY (Tammany—Juno), Miss H. Wooster.

BLACK AND TAN SETTER.

BEAUMONT (Ronald III.—Floss), Beaumont Kennels.

RED IRISH SETTER.

ROCKWOOD (Desmond II.—Luray III.), Chas. T. Thompson.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

CASSIO (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins), J. M. Avent.
ANTONIO (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent.
U. S. DAN (Roderigo—Juno A.), J. M. Avent.
HATTIE (Roderigo—Juno A.), J. M. Avent.
EDGE MARK (Skidmore—Flo Maclin), Francis S. Brown.
PRINCE LUCIFER (King Noble—Elsie Belton), J. I. Case, Jr.
LADY RAPIER (Count Rapier—Donna J.), J. I. Case, Jr.
LITTLE GIFT (Roderigo—Queen Bess), Bert Crane.
NATALIE II. (King Noble—Natalie), Bert Crane.
ROI D'OR (Roderigo—Bo Peep), O. W. Donner.
KING'S DAN (King Noble—Elsie Belton), Elmwood Kennels.
HARRY C. (Roderigo—Countess House), Elmwood Kennels.
EDITH (Roderigo—Sue Gladstone), Elmwood Kennels.
NOBLE COUNT (Mac D.—Lady Mac), Mrs. S. A. Elliot.
JUBILEE (Gath's Mark—Esther), J. M. Freeman.
JIM PHELAN (Bob Gates—Nannie Gladstone), D. A. Goodwin, Jr.
MISS MONARCH (Roy Monarch—Flossie), Chas. E. Gray.
GENE (Druid—Barley), Chas. E. Gray.
FANNIE M. (Gladstone's Boy—Flame), H. Hulman, Jr.
SAM MILLER (Roderigo—Dixie), W. T. Hunter.
ANNIE F. (Roderigo—Juno A.), F. R. Hitchcock.
TORY LIEUTENANT (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen), F. R. Hitchcock.
FRED GATES (Bob Gates—Lilly B.), Hamilton & Jackson.
IGHTFIELD IAN (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
IGHTFIELD RANGER (Dick Wind'em—Peep Bo), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
IGHTFIELD ROSA (Ross—Pitti Sing), A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale.
DILL (Toledo Blade—Dashing Lady), P. Lorillard, Jr.
LADY NOVICE (Paul Gladstone—Dashing Novice), Joseph Lewis
LEWIS'S FAN (Jim Gladstone—Nina), Joseph Lewis.
TONEY GLADSTONE (Paul Gladstone—Belle Ward), Joseph Lewis.
RODERIGO LUFRA (Roderigo—Lufra Cross), Wm. Marshall.
NANNIE B. (King Noble—Queen Vashti), J. A. McLeod.
ORANGE DON (pedigree not given), W. B. Meares, Jr. & Co.
KATE MILLER (Roderigo—Lufra Cross), N. B. Nesbitt.
FRATURNESS DON (Gath's Mark—Lufra Cross), N. B. Nesbitt, agent.
BALIE GLADSTONE (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.), N. B. Nesbitt, agent.
REVERDY (Gath's Mark—Rosa), P. H. O'Bannon.
MISS NELLIE Y. (Gath's Hope—Lady May), P. H. O'Bannon.
LILLY BURGESS (Gath's Mark—Esther), Frank Richards.
SIMONIDES (Gath's Hope—Gladys), D. E. Rose, agent.
DAISY'S HOPE (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), W. W. Titus, deputy.
SAM R. (Dash Bryson—Daisy Hope), W. W. Titus, deputy.
BANDANNA (May Dawn—Doe), Will Wilson.
CASH BOY (Cashier—Flake), H. A. Waldron.
COUNT HOWARD (Sir Allister—Mena), F. Windholz.
PRINCESS BEATRICE II. (Royalty—Kate Westmoreland), F. Windholz.

THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

IT was a good move on the part of the officers of this club when they decided, before much of the week had been wasted, to seek fresh fields and pastures new. This is an old saying, I know, but like most good things it improves with age, and is particularly applicable to my story. I have already told how we fared the first day, and I am certain had we continued in, to speak mildly, that most unsuitable country we should still, I am positive, be running the Frank-Don heat. The change of venue to Salem, N. H., was a lucky and judicious one, and though game was not abundant, the country to be hunted over was of a much more open and negotiable nature. Consisting chiefly of young timber-land, it was at times pretty hard to get through when dogs and bunny started off at a 2.10 gait, and one had to work pretty nearly as hard with one's arms as with the legs. There were, nevertheless, many open spots of low-lying brush and furze which afforded good going, comparatively speaking, though at best I should not advise any one to participate in the runs unless their wind was up to concert pitch. This was no child's play, and the judges' office was by no means a sinecure. Handlers could take a rest between heats and so recuperate, but the two men upon whom rested the duty of deciding each heat, had to keep pegging away all the time till one felt that a "Willie Day" run across country must be a mere scamper. After a night spent at Lawrence, Mass., and a hearty breakfast, the boys and their dogs took train to Salem, N. H., a few miles further on. We were then assigned to different farmhouses, where we soon donned our fighting costumes, at least what was left of them from the previous day's hard battle with the bushes and briars of Hyannis, and reported at headquarters, which was at Mr. Peabody's barn, about half a mile above the village. About 10 o'clock a start was made across the fields to where the rabbits were said to be quite plentiful. From the look of the neighborhood we were all satisfied at once that we were at last in the right kind of country, and when at 10:25 A. M. on Wednesday the first brace,

FRANK FOREST AND DON,

were put down and within five minutes ran a rabbit into a wall hole, congratulations were indulged in and our spirits rose proportionately. But I must hark back and pick up the trail at the beginning. This heat was the undecided of the previous day. They were let go alongside a hedge row, and working this down into some fairly open woodland, Frank opened on a trail with such music as cheered us all. Don, hunting in another part, failed to connect in time to see bunny take to earth with Frank close on. Messrs. Chapman and Lacy set to work pulling up stones till the former, with an instinct born of much beagle hunting, made a happy hit and was able to draw the rabbit from his fancied security. Did we kill it? Not much! that was not our game. He was tenderly taken into the woods and dropped, to become a subject for future reference. Given a few minutes law, dogs were laid on and after several very pretty casts in swampy ground by both dogs, Frank struck a note and was soon off on a hot scent. He was hard to follow, as he is a very fast working beagle, but he could be heard ringing the woods several times. Don harked back to the swamp where the other dog had started from and pottered around, Frank coming back again to make a fresh attempt, crossing trails evidently bothering him. Both dogs were started even again, when Frank at once found and in full cry led puss another merry dance through the underwood, the rabbit finally coming out near the spectators and was followed almost immediately by Frank, who did a smart piece of work in trailing without a check, till puss was compelled to take to earth again. Don, who had been hunting round on his own hook and paying too much attention to the multiplicity of trails, now came up, and before any one could get to him, ousted Frank from his well-earned honors, biting him at the same time through the nose and lip. Dogs were then held up till on the outskirt of woods. The dogs were turned down once again, though the judges were satisfied that Frank was the better dog, we thought that an equal chance should be given them in the open. Frank again showed his superiority by finding. This decided it, and after trying them for gunshyness, both being steady, the heat and first prize in Class A was awarded to Frank Forest.

After some consultation the judges decided that Don had shown more hunt than Sunday, and awarded him second prize, Sunday taking third. As I stated last week Clyde had been withdrawn. In reviewing this heat where two of the best dogs in the trials competed, some very good hunting was done by both dogs, both are stylish at work, but Frank is the keener in his hunt for likely places. Owing to the nature of the ground hunted, it was hardly possible to judge of pace, but there was little difference. I have devoted a good deal of space to this heat, but only from the fact that most of the heats were but repetitions. Prize ribbons were distributed to the owners and a few congratulations indulged in; this being the first prize for beagle hunting ever awarded, it was excusable. A move was now made for lunch. About 2 P. M. Class D, for bitches 13in. and under, was called, and

BELLE ROSS AND BANNER QUEEN

were put down. Both dogs were worked by their owners. Some woods to the left of where we hunted in the morning were tried, both hunting well for half an hour, Bell showing more sense and go. Finally a rabbit was started and trailed to earth by Belle Ross. Drawn away, Belle Ross hunted in the neighborhood of the burrow, but Banner Queen started off on an old trail and led Judge Lacy on the double for some distance, till finally she was worked toward the other, at the same time she showed some pretty hunting, which, however, counted for nothing. Belle Ross not caring to leave the hole or its vicinity, an attempt was made to get puss out, but failed. Shortly after a rabbit was started by Banner Queen and both beagles were soon in full cry; dogs were shortly at fault, Belle Ross striking it off after some pretty work; the chase was hot for twenty minutes, Belle showing her superiority, and finally ran puss to earth. Belle won. Down about 1h. 20m.

BELLE ROSS AND BABY DEANE.

After a short rest, Baby Deane, the bye, was put down with Belle Ross. Baby Deane was handled by A. D. Parry. This bitch was rather handicapped, as her handler was entirely strange to her, and this no doubt had a good deal to do with her defeat, as she is otherwise a good worker, but was under no control. Starting at 3:30 P. M., Belle soon struck a trail and did some fast work, forcing the rabbit to take to earth in self-defense, in eight minutes. Almost at the same time Baby Deane trailed to the other end of the burrow, which was only about 3yds. long, with both in full tongue and only their wagging sterns to be seen, the picture was a pretty one. Dogs being held up, Judge Lewis poked a stick up the hole to force her ladyship out, then Judge Lacy, dropping on his knees at the other end, prepared to catch bunny as she escaped, but hardly had he settled into position when out popped the rabbit like a flash, and bounding over his shoulder escaped to the brush. Dogs were let loose and all was hurry scurry and hot running, till the rabbit was forced to earth under a large rock. Put down again at 3:48 some good hunting was done by both dogs, Belle especially, Baby showing an inclination to hunt back to the old hole despite Mr. Parry's best efforts. Dogs ordered up at 4:30, and heat and first prize given to Belle Ross.

BANNERQUEEN AND BABY DEANE

were then put down for second place at 4:45. They hunted for some time in likely places at edge of woods, along the swamps and across some fields, and then hunted into some low ground heavily covered with brushwood. Here a rabbit started almost under the writer's feet. Bannerqueen called to trail, failed to strike it at once, when Baby running up, struck it off immediately and led us one of the fastest chases of the meeting, circling round and round the swamps, losing occasionally but finding again, till darkness coming on the dogs were ordered up. Baby being under better control this heat, she showed better work, and was given second prize. Bannerqueen was less confident and seemed too fond of its owner to go far away. This ended the hunting for the day. Though the day dawned with a heavy hoar frost, Old Sol was not to be denied, and during the middle of the day it was uncomfortably hot for the work we had in hand, and of course the scent lay too dry for good work. Every one was happy over the progress made, and everything pointed to a successful trial after all. After supper at our respective homes, and grateful we were for such cleanly, comfortable quarters after the hard work of the day, we adjourned to the corner grocery to smoke and talk over again the events of the day, and I doubt not, many followed imaginary trails even in their sleep.



MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB AT THE FIELD TRIALS.

THURSDAY.

Class B—For bitches 15in. and under.

It was proposed to make an early start to-day as a good deal of work had to be got through, for there were some good dogs in this stake. About 8 A. M.

MOLLIE AND BABY DEANE

were put down in edge of woods. Mollie did some good hunting, but without a find, Baby, as usual, paying no attention to her handler, Mr. Parry, who, by the way, is a past master at this game, and given a dog that will mind him he will get all the hunt out there is in the dog. Near the end of the first 45m. Mollie struck a trail, and whimpering occasionally, led us some little runs which amounted to nothing in the way of game; old fox trails principally. Mollie showed herself the better bitch and was given the hunt at 9 A. M. This was about the most unsatisfactory heat run during the meeting.



MR. A. PARRY'S BEAGLE FRANK FOREST.

(Winner of Special for Best Beagle in the N. B. C. Trials.)

DESDEMONA AND SUE.

These two were put in at 9:25. After some good hunting Desdemona gave tongue, and such a throatful we had not heard so far in the trials, she was easily the truest hound-toned beagle in the pack. Desdemona seemed to know this and gave forth when there was little need. Game was scarce and dogs were taken to another part of the woods. Sue then began to show us what she could do, drawing all the likely places in a workmanlike manner, and was rewarded shortly after with a ringing find which she followed but eventually lost, but making a pretty cast she took it up again, and after a terrific chase, which pretty well knocked the judges to pieces, she forced bunny to earth at 11:45. Dogs ordered up and hunt given to Sue; down 2h. 20m. A move was made for lunch, and after a welcome rest the judges called

TWINTWO AND GYPSEY FOREST.

In open ground these two pretty beagles were turned loose, and Twintwo was not long in finding, though Gypsey was hunting too, and taking up the trail the latter worked the game at a merry pace, with only a few checks for something like half an hour, when she finally sought her burrow. Gypsey was then held up to allow Twintwo a chance to find the hole, which she did in good style. Gypsey showed herself a better driver, with more sense and go than Twintwo. Gypsey on the second rabbit made a beautiful ring cast, and striking the trail, the rabbit led her a merry dance till finally even puss found the pace too hot and a hole in the wall was sought. After another half hour's work, in which Gypsey put another rabbit up and ran it to earth, dogs were ordered up, and Gypsey Forest won. Down one hour.

LILLA AND JUNE ROSE.

These two were handled by their owners. They were cast loose in woods and worked toward the open land, which was pretty well covered with furze bushes and seemingly good ground, but as we often found, the most likely places were drawn blank and bunny found scooting from a patch of woods no one would dream of meeting her in. In the work that followed June Rose did some good hunting, Lilla following on. The latter bitch is a fallow red and is a most difficult dog to keep in sight when running over the dried pine needles and leaves. June Rose found first and ran the rabbit through woods back to open ground, where it sought safety in her earthy home at 4 P. M. After being down some twenty minutes longer, June Rose doing the best work, that is, showing the most hunting sense, Lilla being content to potter around her handler, and seldom striking out for herself, the heat was given to June Rose. Down 40 minutes.

BELL ROSS AND CORA.

These two beagles being cast off at 4 P. M., Bell Ross started off with her usual thorough work. She is one of the best trailers and careful workers I ever saw. At times she almost potters, and then will suddenly make up her mind that this place is no good and start off for a more likely one, which she hunts over thoroughly before leaving. In some open country she forced a rabbit out of the furze and quickly ran it to earth, where it was left. Then Cora hunted a bit like finding, but it amounted to nothing. Then Bell worked the previous rabbit, which had been forced out, to another burrow lower down the hill, when Mr. Parry was left to get it out if possible. Ranging on through rough ground, Bell did some careful work, doing more brush work than any dog in the trials. She is not afraid to go in any cover, however dense. Cora hunted over a piece of swampy ground and failed to give a sign. Bell coming after struck a note and did some very fine work, till the rabbit breaking cover across a rocky field, Dr. Power shot and missed the only rabbit fired at during the trials. Cora has not a good nose, but works with good intent. Bell is all fire and go, but at the same time misses no ground, giving due attention to every likely hold. Bell won. Down 50 minutes. As darkness was coming on apace, a move was made toward home, about two miles distant. The day's sport was voted a good one, and all hands turned into bed at an early hour thoroughly tired out.

FRIDAY.

Second Series.

MOLLIE AND TONE.

The morning opened with a drizzling rain, which boded good for scent, and as it proved was the best running day we had had. Tone was the bye dog in the first series and was put down to run with the first winner at 8:15 A.M. Mr. Parry having secured the rabbit he was after the previous evening, Secretary Chapman took it home in his pocket, so that he would be sure of one rabbit on the morrow. As it turned out it proved, as might have been expected in a strange country, worse than nothing. Let loose in some open ground it ran to a stone wall, where it was trailed by Tone, who was first to strike the scent. Rabbit then bolted into the open field where a mild Hicksville coursing match was indulged in by both dogs, bunny not knowing where to run, narrowly escaping a squeeze several times. Dogs were caught by their handlers and the writer succeeded in capturing bunny, when he took her to a cosy part of woods and turned her loose for another day. Dogs were drawn off and taken to another part of woods at 8:20. It was not long before Tone struck a note and then bursting into full cry, followed by Mollie, led us a merry scamper through briar, shrubs, scrub oak and other impedimenta, for 10 minutes, when rabbit proved too clever. After casting around for a while they both struck the trail and were away again, but rabbit was lost in the number of contrary trails. After hunting till 9:40 the dogs were ordered up and heat awarded to Tone. Though both hunted well Tone had the luck, but at the same time showed more sense, drive and ambition, Mollie stopping several times in her work in a hesitating manner, as if she did not know exactly what she was there for. Down 1 hour and 25 minutes.

SUE AND GYPSEY FOREST.

Shortly after being put down Gypsey struck a trail full in the face, and worked the rabbit at a quick pace, finally forcing it to a hole in wall, where it was impossible to get at it. Sue had passed this spot when Gypsey found, but failed to score, and went off on her own account to other side of woods, but found nothing; when brought right back to the trail Gypsey had opened on, she hesitated to follow it up. Afterward they were tried in the open together, for hunt and nose. Sue did not work with the vigor of the young one, who did some pretty nosing and eventually won the heat. Down half an hour. Gypsey Forest much the best.

JUNE ROSE AND BELL ROSS.

This couple were cast off at 10:25 in underwood. Bell Ross found the trail of a rabbit that had been turned loose, lost it shortly after, when it was picked up by June Rose, who ran rabbit to earth. Both dogs worked well and packed nicely, more so than any of the other couples. Cast off again, June Rose showed more hunt and range. Bell Ross, the lively bitch of the day before, did not seem herself at all, she is only a young bitch and this work is new to her and doubtless she was stiff, she having had some pretty heavy work the previous two days. Heat was given to June Rose. This completed the second series, and the judges decided that Tone and Gypsey Forest should compete for the first prize, and were accordingly cast off at 11:45.

Final Series.

TONE AND GYPSEY FOREST.

Tone handled by Mr. Jameson, Mr. Parry handling his own. Before they had been ranging five minutes, Tone gave tongue and trailed bunny merrily through the woods, first one then the other leading, as they cast for fresh hold; rabbit finally seeking shelter in a sandhill burrow at 11:40. Tone found again at 11:45 and carried the trail at a great pace for about 15m., top and over a wall 7ft. high into some brush, both dogs doing their level best, over another wall and down into a culvert where the quarry had sought a sanctuary. Game had not been seen, but as this would have decided the heat in Tone's favor, Mr. Parry having in mind that big wall, suggested that it was not a rabbit at all, and on investigation he proved to be right, for after a little prodding a beautiful puss of the Maltese persuasion coursed the next field like a streak of lightning, amid the laughter and chaffing of those lucky enough and with wind enough to carry them to the finish. As we were now quite close to the home farm lunch hour was called. At 1:54 we assembled at the woodside again, and putting down the two dogs, Tone found and

led, followed close by Gypsey; working the rabbit back and forth for some time in the thick brush, finally Gypsey took possession and ran bunny to earth at 2:12. Put down again both seemed tired of it, especially Gypsey, who did not hunt with the spirit previously displayed, looking too much to her handler, and did not seem to wish to hunt. Tone made several wide casts and was by far the better ranger in this hunt, though a little off control. At 2:26 dogs were ordered up and Tone was given first prize amid the shouts of the company, Gyspey Forest taking the red ribbon, and third being divided between Mollie, June Rose and Bell Ross, as being the best of those left in the second series.

SUMMARY.

Dogs—15in. and under.

B. S. Turpin's Clyde against W. J. Rutter, Jr.'s Don.
A. Parry's Frank Forest against G. E. Greenleaf's Sunday.

First Series.

Don beat Clyde.
Frank Forest beat Sunday.

Second Series.

Frank Forest beat Don and won first prize. Don won second and Sunday third.

Class B.—Bitches—15in. and under.

Clark & Rutter's Mollie against E. W. Whitcomb's Baby Deane.
F. W. Chapman's Desdemona against G. P. Berry's Sue.
Twintwo against Gypsy Forest.
Glenrose Kennels' Lilla against O. W. Brooking's June Rose.
F. W. Chapman's Cora against B. S. Turpin's Belle Ross.
Glenrose Kennels' Tone, a bye.

First Series.

Mollie beat Baby Deane.
Sue beat Desdemona.
Gypsy Forest beat Twintwo.
June Rose beat Lilla.
Belle Ross beat Cora.
Tone, a bye.

Second Series.

Tone beat Mollie.
Gypsy Forest beat Sue.
June Rose beat Belle Ross.

Third Series.

Tone beat Gypsey Forest and won first prize.
Gypsey Forest won second.
Belle Ross, June Rose and Mollie were given equal third.

Bitches—Under 15in.

B. S. Turpin's Belle Ross against F. W. Chapman's Banner Queen.
E. W. Whitcomb's Baby Deane a bye.

First Series.

Belle Ross beat Banner Queen.

Second Series.

Belle Ross beat Baby Deane and won first prize.

Third Series.

Baby Deane beat Banner Queen and won second prize, Banner Queen third.

The judges decided that Mr. Parry, with Gypsy Forest, won Mr. Diffenderffer's special of a $25 silver plate, for the best dog owned and bred by any member of the club winning the greatest number of heats in the trials. Mr. Bradford S. Turpin won, with Belle Ross, a pair of field glasses, given by Mr. Barrett, for the best trailing throughout the trial. Mr. Parry won, with Frank Forest, a special prize of a painting of Frank, for the best dog or bitch of all classes, Belle Ross being withdrawn. Mr. Rutter took the special of a $25 silver plate, given by Mr. Chapman, with Don, who was decided to have the best voice, Desdemona having been withdrawn, as she belonged to donor.

A DAY WITH A SCRATCH PACK

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would like to know about the grand hunt held by the National Beagle Club after the successful termination of their recent field trials, which I have no doubt will be as ably reported by Judge Lacy as was the first part, which appeared in last week's issue. The party, which was composed of Messrs. B. S. Turpin, W. F. Rutter, A. Parry, Jos. Lewis, O. W. Brooking, Charles and John Peabody, B. Innis (reporter for the Boston *Herald*) and myself, started from the Peabody farm, where the dogs were comfortably quartered, at about 8 A.M., with 20 beagles. The day was damp and cloudy, very similar to the preceding one, in which the trials were concluded, and we had not been out over 15 minutes when Desdemona, who had worked over to the left of the other dogs, opened on an old trail. There was a great rushing through the bushes of all the dogs, and Tone soon opened some distance ahead and in about a second had the rabbit running. After playing up and down for two or three turns, Mr. Rabbit came to the conclusion that this patch of woods was growing too small for him, and he therefore made for another and more extensive one, which contained several "holes." About this time, too, he began to understand that the sooner he got there the better, so putting his ears back he started straight for the woods before mentioned, which lay just opposite the field we were in. Fatal decision! No sooner had he leaped the wall than three guns sprang to the shoulders of as many men and at the united report, which blended and sounded as but one, poor bunny lay stretched on the damp turf, and two handsome beagles, Tone and Don, were fiercely contesting for all that was left of as fine a rabbit as ever ran. Hastily jumping the wall I ran to the struggling hounds, which were now joined by the entire pack, and by dint of much cuffing and snatching, succeeded in getting the rabbit from them and into the game pocket of my coat.

Again, after a short tramp another bunny was started, which was put into his hole in short order. Then the party, after walking by the shores of one of New Hampshire's most beautiful lakes, were disagreeably surprised to find the dogs at work on a hot fox track, and it was only by some severe handling that the dogs were induced to abandon it. Several rabbits were run after this, but to describe all that occurred would take more space than your paper would care to devote to any one subject, and I will therefore conclude by saying that not a rabbit that was started was lost; all were either shot or holed; the dogs worked together splendidly, running with a fifty-feet front, and no matter which way bunny turned, whether to the right or to the left, some one was sure to pick him up, and he soon found that his only safety lay in a straightaway course to his hole. The entire party only bagged six rabbits and two partridges, but had more genuine fun than if they had slaughtered a thousand; for a man to shoot a rabbit ahead of the National Beagle Club pack must needs be both quick and sure with his gun, for no rabbit will stay long above ground with them at his heels. We shall have several meets this winter on white hares, and expect lots of enjoyment and instruction therefrom, as there are probably over 200 beagles owned by our members. Will try and give the FOREST AND STREAM an account of one of the meets when it comes off. F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

MELROSE, Mass., Nov. 10.

The Washington City Kennel Club have evidently sunk their differences, and the threat that a new club would be organized has awakened them to a sense of their position. The date claimed for their show, is the week after Pittsburgh.

DOG CHAT.

THE members of the National Beagle Club demonstrated to their entire satisfaction that beagle trials can be held with a result that is most successful. Many people on both sides the water have scoffed at the idea, and no doubt judging by the report in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, they hugged themselves still closer and indulged in sundry "I told you so's." But they are wrong, and very much so. We admit that at Hyannis the outlook was blank—like the woods. Given a good country and one still more open even than that at Salem, N. H., any amount of sport may be had, and at the same time the merits of two beagles in a heat can be satisfactorily arrived at without much trouble in one sense, but not without much leg weariness in another. Any one who attempts beagle trials in this country must be prepared for some downright hard work. Unlike pointer and setter trials, a horse would be entirely *de trop*, as it is quite exceptional to get any trailing in the open fields, the rabbit naturally seeking the protection of the woods and the most likely places he can find to put his pursuers at fault. The result of the trials last week has considerably added to the enthusiasm of the members of the N. B. C., and it is safe to say that another year the entries will be much larger, and if a convenient and suitable country can be found, many more sportsmen will take part than was the case this year. The trials were remarkable in one sense, and that was the entire absence of the "kicking" element. This may be accounted for in one way by the fact that the judges were very careful not to give a decision till they had thoroughly satisfied themselves, and it was patent to all which was the better dog. This was somewhat tedious, but any one who has had experience in this kind of hunting will know that the element of luck enters largely into a trial of this sort, and sometimes only after repeated trailings could a just decision be arrived at. The judges, Messrs. Lewis and Lacy, thank the members of the club for their kind and courteous treatment during the trials.

This beagle club may congratulate themselves on the fact that these trials will create a desire among beagle men to own a working beagle, and no doubt in time the blood of winning field trial beagles will be as much sought after, comparatively speaking, as that of the field trial winners in pointers and setters. Everything has a beginning, and the start made by the N. B. C. was most auspicious.

Mr. W. J. Comstock writes us to correct an error several people have fallen into in crediting him with the ownership of the recent black and tan terrier importations. They belong to his cousin and business partner, Mr. Frank P. Comstock. They arrived at Providence only last Friday, nearly a fortnight after their arrival in New York, and fortunately were in very fair shape, in spite of McKinley trammels. They think the terriers just about the right sort.

We are pleased to see that the recent agitation by several writers in regard to the fictitious value that some people attached to the word "registered" in a catalogue when the dog had simply been entered in the *Kennel Gazette* at quarter rates, has shown good fruit. Now the word "registered" will carry with it its proper significance and be the protection to the breeder it was intended to be, and not as before a vehicle for fraud.

The A. K. C. has awakened to the fact that clubs claiming dates must, to have them recognized, enter their claim with the secretary, and not as heretofore has been the custom, to simply notify the kennel press This has led to a rather unfortunate state of things. The Cleveland Kennel Club it seems wrote to Mr. Vredenburgh Nov. 1 claiming the first week in April for their coming show. This date had already been claimed by the New England Kennel Club in the *American Stock Keeper*, the first paper that could get it in after the club meeting. We received the claim on the morning of Oct. 29. Mr. Moore, the secretary, not thinking it necessary to do so at once, neglected to notify the A. K. C. secretary of their claim, and said secretary receiving Nov. 3 the Cleveland claim, gave them the dates. Now there is a very fine point contained in this. The A. K. C. rule says secretaries of shows must notify the A. K. C. of their claim, but there is nothing which decrees that to have their dates recognized, they must be sent to the A. K. C. secretary. Now supposing these two clubs had claimed their dates simultaneously with the secretary, who is to decide the prior right? Something ought to be done about this and a rule made that could not be construed in any way but the right one. Now we come to the point at issue. It is well known and has from long usage—some seven years—become a fixture, that Boston always claims the week in which their Fast Day holiday occurs. Mr. Munshall, as secretary of the Cleveland Club, and a man in touch with dogdom, ought to know this, and doubtless does. Boston had claimed their dates in the kennel press before anything was known of the Cleveland Club's action. Now, supposing these two clubs insist on their dates. Boston, according to a rule which says that clubs insisting on conflicting dates shall be suspended, would undoubtedly be put in that position if Cleveland chose to stand by their guns. Would it not therefore be better for the younger club to give the older and larger one the preference? If Cleveland sees fit to antagonize the Eastern club it will engender much ill will and will no doubt materially affect their entry list. We should think that the week after Chicago would be a far better date for them, as there are few Eastern kennels which would risk a week in Cleveland before making their appearance at such a show as Chicago. Held the week after, they would catch a big entry on the way home; in fact, most of the Eastern dogs. The Boston show is counted the second in the country, and as such it deserves some consideration at the hands of smaller clubs. We trust that an amicable arrangement will be arrived at. We were informed by the secretary of the A. K. C. that Lynn has no dates, they not having advised him of their claim, though such has been posted in the kennel press for upward of six months.

We hear that last week Mr. Percy C. Ohl purchased from Mrs. Grant the St. Bernard bitch Beda, which it will be remembered was lost or stolen while on a visit to Roland. It is very likely that this peculiar case will form a subject of discussion at the next A. K. C. meeting.

We have received further particulars of the mastiff bitch Lady Cobrey from Mr. Chas. E. Bunn, her importer. She is by champion Beaufort—champion Toogie, she by Crown Prince. She is is one of Beaufort's largest daughters and is dam of the pup Mr. Cook showed at the Crystal Palace mastiff show. Before leaving England she was bred to Sir Stafford, but has not proved in whelp; she will now be bred to Mr. Bunn's Ormonde.

A dog show will be held, we hear, at San Francisco in April next, by the Pacific Kennel Club.

We are enabled to give our readers the name of the St. Bernard bitch Mr. Moore is importing. She is the noted Lady Sneerwell, by champion Pouf out of Jael, the bitch Mrs. Lee lately purchased. She is described as one of the best bitches out. She weighs 160lbs., standing 28½in. high, and must therefore be a very heavily built bitch. Her winnings are: Cup for best pup at St. Bernard show, 1889; first open and novice, Southampton; first and cup, Crystal Palace; first and cup, Manchester, 1889; first, Coventry; first, Tunbridge Wells, 1890; beating such bitches as Andromeda, Lady Floris II., Lady Ida, Abbess, Sabrina, Prudence, Treasure and Zenith, etc. She has already whelped nine pups to Sir Bedivere and seven to Alton. She sailed last Tuesday. Mr. Moore has now a pretty strong hand.

The South Carolina Kennel Association, of Greenville, S. C., have claimed the dates Jan. 27 to 30, 1891, for their inaugural show. This club, it will be remembered, was refused admittance to the A. K. C. on account of the club at Charleston, S. C. being a member under the same name. They have now altered their title and filed their claim, which will now no doubt be acted upon favorably at the December meeting, so that wins will count.

Mr. John Grace has been selected as judge at the [illegible] coursing meeting which comes off next week at Merced, Ca It is very likely that he will have two assistants should the meeting last longer than is expected. There is every indication that the meeting will be a big success.

The St. Bernard champion Guide is dead. He broke one of his thighs and was put out of misery by his owner's directions. He is the sire of champion Watch and Peggotty.

Re the action of the advisory committee taking upon itself the duty of voting the salaries of the A. K. C. officials, we called upon Mr. Vredenburgh and asked for information as to the amount of salaries voted on. This could not be obtained, but Mr. Vredenburgh, with his blandest smile, told us that the amounts were a little less than last year, and more than this. Further than that we shall not know till the items which go to make up the expenditure account for 1891 are published in 1892. Has the advisory committee power to vote on such matters? This is, or ought to be, the duty of the executive committee alone.

Several English notes and other matters must be left over till next week, for want of space.

THE PESHALL CASE.

THE celebrated case of The People vs. Peshall has been put on the calendar for trial next Thursday, Nov. 20. The New Jersey Kennel Club held a meeting last Thursday, which is thus reported in the Jersey City *Evening Journal*:

"The New Jersey Kennel Club, in the course of a red hot meeting held in Taylor's Hotel last evening, paid its respects to the main organization, known as the American Kennel Club, and rebuked in no uncertain tones the managers of the latter organization on account of their attitude toward Counsellor C. J. Peshall, one of the most active members of the New Jersey branch. Mr. Peshall is president of the New Jersey Kennel Club. He presided during the early part of last night's meeting, as usual, and then surrendered the chair to Vice-President Hopf. An eloquent and impassioned speech by the president followed. Mr. Peshall went for his adversaries without gloves. He reviewed the management of the American Kennel Club, tried to prove that his criticisms were just, and then wanted to know the nature of the charges on which he had been tried before the advisory committee, and on the strength of which he had been disqualified. No copy of these charges, he claimed, had ever been presented to him, and no opportunity to defend himself had been offered him. Mr. Peshall said he felt called upon to take this method of clearing himself in view of the fact that he is president of the New Jersey Kennel Club, and because he felt that the disgrace was not only attached to him but to the club as well. The libel suit instituted by Mr. Vredenburgh, he said, would come up for trial in New York in a short time, and then he would prove that his charges against the managers of the American Kennel Club were merited and founded on facts. He also said that he would apply, through his counsel, ex-Judge Haines, for a mandamus to compel the American Kennel Club to restore his qualifications. Counsellor Peshall left the room at the conclusion of his speech, and then a wordy conflict ensued. Mr. Peshall's friends were in the majority and they loudly demanded that Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, the club's delegate who had voted for Mr. Peshall's disqualification, state the nature of the charges that had been trumped up against him. Mr. Wilmerding hesitated. H. A. Thomas, Secretary Wilms, Mr. Hetherington and others strenuously insisted that Mr. Wilmerding should explain. The delegate retorted that this meeting was packed in the interest of Mr. Peshall, and that he did not intend to speak while strangers (referring to the *Journal* reporter) were present. Mr. Wilmerding further asserted that members who had been dropped from the roll had been reinstated in order to help Mr. Peshall for the evening. J. D. Shotwell indorsed Mr. Wilmerding, and a lively discussion ensued. 'If the club wants to know why Mr. Peshall was disqualified, I will make a written report about the matter for the next meeting,' said Mr. Wilmerding. He intimated subsequently that the disqualification was made on the ground that Mr. Peshall had sold some of his dogs on paper in order to give them a fictitious value, and because he had shown dogs that were not his property. Peshall's friends ridicule these charges and say that the aid of the Supreme Court will be invoked to 'knock out the conspirators who through jealousy have seen fit to disqualify him.' The meeting adjourned in a whirl of excitement."

THE GORDON SETTER STAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As all the entries for the Gordon Setter Stake have now been received and the forthcoming trials promise to be brought to a successful conclusion, I desire to take the present opportunity of thanking you for the earnest co-operation and assistance afforded in this matter. The trials promise to be a great success, and it is to be regretted that the Gordon Setter Club took no part whatever toward making it so. It is calculated that this will be a starting point for future similar events taking place annually, and that the result of these trials will demonstrate to the public generally the field qualities of the Gordon breed. The following entries have been made:

CORTO (Royal Duke—Norah), J. L. Campbell.
GORDON (Stubble—Countess of Devonshire), J. B. Blossom.
SALLY BEAUMONT (Beaumont—Countess Flo), J. B. Blossom.
MONT (Tom—Pearley), Dr. Tillinghast.
KING ITEM (Little Boy—Roxie), Item Kennels.
COUNTESS ROXIE (Little Boy—Roxie), Item Kennels.
BENDIGO (Ben Nevis—Blanche IV.), Claire Recta Kennels.
CURLEW (Drednought—Walker), Claire Reeta Kennels.
BEAUMONT (Ronald III.—Floss), Beaumont Kennels.
BELLMONT (Dasher—Blanche IV.), Beaumont Kennels.

In addition to the $100 given by the Central Field Trial Club, $75 has been donated by private subscription, which will be divided into three moneys, viz: $100 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third. The subscribers of the $75 are as follows: Mr. J. B. Blossom $25, Item Kennels $25, Beaumont Kennels $25. Besides the cash prizes the Philadelphia *Item* Field Trial Trophy, value $100, has been given on the following terms: When the owner of any contestant has had his name inscribed on it three times (not necessarily in succession) it becomes his personal property. The Van Zandt cup, value $50, will be awarded to the dog winning second money. A meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club was called for Oct. 29, at 44 Broadway, New York. No quorum being present the meeting adjourned to a future date. The resignations of President H. Malcolm, Vice-President Dr. Whitaker, and Secretary and Treasurer I. T. Norris were received. JOHN H. MEYER.

THE POINTER CLUB OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Pointer Club of America deems it proper to state in answer to inquiries as to its condition, that financially it is prosperous, and that in point of numbers its membership is satisfactory. We have not thought it necessary to constantly advertise our existence or to get up excitements. It would be gratifying to officers of the club if the members would attend the meetings, but we do not feel that any great pressing interest is suffering by such inattention, and are confident of full attendance on an emergency.

It is now proposed to hold a meeting of the club at New York on the occasion of the next Westminster Kennel Club show. At that meeting we shall ask for the appropriation of a large amount as prizes to be competed for in one of the great field trials of 1891, by pointers only. We give this early notice of this purpose, in the hope that the attendance will be large and that we shall have the full expression of the will of our club as to the time when and the place where and the conditions under which these prizes shall be competed for. We will invite correspondence and suggestions as to what shall best be done to promote the interest of breeders and owners of pointers.

During the past year we have contributed largely, we think, to the meritorious shows throughout the country, as will be seen by the following list of cash prizes offered by the Pointer Club:

Boston Show—	
The Pointer Club Produce Stakes for 1890	$50 00
For best pointer dog with field trial record	10 00
For best pointer bitch with field trial record	10 00
Chicago—	
For best pointer dog	10 00
For best pointer bitch	10 00
American Field Pointer Cup, value $100.	
New York—	
For best pointer stud dog shown with two of his get	10 00
For best pointer brood bitch, same conditions	10 00
Rochester—	
For best pointer dog	10 00
For best pointer bitch	10 00
Baltimore—	
For best pointer dog	10 00
For best pointer bitch	10 00
Detroit—	
For best brace of pointers	25 00
Making a total of	$175 00

And a $100 cup given during the year. We think this compares favorably with the record of any other specialty club. The expenses up to date have been $11.30, postage and printing, the secretary performing necessary clerical work gratis, as well as furnishing an office without expense to the club. We cordially invite all lovers of the pointer to become members of the club.

JOHN S. WISE, President.
GEO. W. LA RUE, Sec.-Treas.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 8.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY—SUMMARY.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 4.—Indiana Kennel Club's Derby, open to all setters and pointers born on or after Jan. 1, 1889, $10 forfeit, $20 additional to start. Sweepstakes purse, after deducting expenses, 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth. Entries closed June 1 with forty nominations and thirteen starters. The drawing was as follows:

First Series.

IVAN (R. B. Morgan), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

CRICKET (Harry S. New), orange and white English setter bitch (Rush Gladstone—Quail).

SUNOL (E. Cadman), liver and white pointer bitch (Cornerstone—Dinorah),

against

QUEEN VIC (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

JUBILEE (J. M. Freeman), blue belton and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

QUAIL II. (Harry S. New), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Rush Gladstone—Quail).

RANCHO (F. H. Perry), red Irish setter dog (Claremont Patsy—Nino),

against

CANADIAN QUEEN (G. G. Pabst), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Locksley—Liddersdale).

REVELER (W. B. Hill), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

SPOTTED BOY (Chas. Proctor), liver and white pointer dog (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow).

PENELOPE (Lebanon Kennels), lemon and white pointer bitch (Lebanon—Penelope),

against

TRAP, JR. (Samuel Grant), lemon and white English setter bitch (Ruby's Druid—Trap).

COYOTE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Noble—Cricket), *a bye.*

Ivan, Sunol, Queen Vic, Rancho, Canadian Queen and Penelope were spotted out by the judges.

Second Series.—Jubilee beat Cricket. Reveler beat Quail II. Trap, Jr. beat Spotted Boy. Coyote a bye.

Third Series.—Coyote beat Jubilee. Reveler beat Trap, Jr.

Fourth Series.—Reveler beat Coyote and won first.

Fifth Series.—Trap, Jr. beat Jubilee. Coyote a bye.

Sixth Series.—Trap, Jr. beat Coyote and won second.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 4.—Indiana Kennel Club's All-Aged Pointer Stakes, forfeit $10, with $20 additional to start, sweepstakes purse after deducting expenses, 50 per cent. to first, 30 to second, 20 to third. Entries closed Oct. 1 with 11 nominations and 6 starters. The drawing was as follows:

First Series.

THOMASTONE (W. H. Holmes), liver and white dog (Cornerstone—Firenzi),

against

CROXLILL (W. J. Smith), liver and white bitch (Croxteth—Daisy).

LASS OF BLOOMO (W. T. Hunter), liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo),

against

BOUNCE (G. W. Amory), liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).

DOLLY C. (Joseph Crugom), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Marguerite),

against

BERTRALDRO (J. E. Guinnotte), liver, white and ticked dog (Cornerstone—Bessie Bufort).

All dogs remained.

Second Series.—Croxlill beat Thomastone, Lass of Bloomo beat Bounce, Dolly C. beat Bertraldro.

Third Series.—Lass of Bloomo beat Croxlill, Dolly C. a bye.

Fourth Series.—Lass of Bloomo beat Dolly C. and won first prize.

Fifth Series.—Dolly C. beat Croxlill and won second, Croxlill third.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKES.

BICKNELL, Ind., Nov. 6, 1890.—The conditions of the All-Aged Setter Stake, were the same as the Pointer Stake. There were 16 nominations and 8 starters. The drawing was as follows:

First Series.

DON'S NELLIE (A. H. Fowler), black and white English setter bitch (McDuff—Fame),

against

QUAIL (Hon. Harry S. New), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Change—Flora).

PRINCE LUCIFER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton),

against

SAM WELLER (W. T. Hunter), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Dixie).

JERRY MANDAN (R. B. Morgan), black and white English setter dog (Mandan—Prairie Belle),

against

NANNIE B. (Dr. J. H. McLeod), lemon and white English setter bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

LILLY BURGES (G. A. Day), orange and white English setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

DAN FOREMAN (H. H. Fowler), black, white and tan English setter dog (Foreman—Miss Elsie).

All dogs remained in.

Second Series.—Quail beat Don's Nellie, Prince Lucifer beat Sam Weller, Nannie B. beat Jerry Mandan, Lilly Burges beat Dan Foreman.

Third Series.—Prince Lucifer beat Quail, Lilly Burges beat Nannie B.

Fourth Series.—Lilly Burges beat Prince Lucifer, and won first.

Fifth Series.—Prince Lucifer beat Nannie B., and won second. Nannie B. third. P. T. MADISON.

[We have received the full report, but too late for publication this week.]

A. K. C. ADVISORY COMMITTEE MEETING.

A MEETING of the advisory committee was held Saturday, Nov. 1. Present, August Belmont, Jr., Thomas H. Terry, James L. Anthony. The following matters referred to this committee, with power to act, by the executive committee of the American Kennel Club, as per resolution at the meeting of Sept. 25, 1890, were submitted by the secretary, and acted upon:

James Watson vs. Rochester Kennel Club. } *Appeal in matter of reserve numbers.*

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee, reserve numbers should be given in all cases, but in the case of the Collie Special at Rochester, in 1889, the judge having left the show between the hours of four and five o'clock on the first day of said show (Tuesday), and the request from Mr. Watson for a reserve number not having been received by the club until the fourth day of said show (Friday), that it was not within the power of the club to accede to the said request.

Dr. M. H. Cryer vs. Cincinnati Kennel Club. } *Appeal from decision in Pug Special.*

Ordered, That the action of the committee of the Cincinnati Kennel Club in not sustaining the protest of Dr. Cryer, against the award for the special offered at Cincinnati in June, 1890 for the "best kennel of four pugs, entered and owned by one exhibitor," is hereby overruled, and that the said special prize be, and is hereby, awarded to Dr. M. H. Cryer, in accordance with the telegram of June 10, 1890, sent to said club by Mr. James Mortimer, the judge of the pug classes at said show.

Mrs. F. Smyth vs. Cincinnati Kennel Club. } *In violation of Club rules Nos. I., IX., X.*

Ordered, That the charges be forwarded to the secretary of the Cincinnati Kennel Club, with the request that he furnish this committee with such testimony and explanation as might be in his power, in defense of the action of his club in connection with the charges.

T. Jacobs vs. E. M. Oldham. } *Charges of misconduct in connection with Dogs.*

Ordered, That the secretary be hereby directed to inform Mr. Oldham that this committee is in possession of all the evidence in behalf of Mr. Jacobs (through his attorney) in connection with the charges preferred against him, and that said Oldham be given thirty (30) days from this date within which to furnish evidence in refutation of that now before this committee, in default of which he be disqualified. In the meantime no transfer of the spaniels Newton Abbot Lady II., No. 12,380, or Newton Abbot Lord, No. 12,381, will be recognized by the American Kennel Club.

Max Wenzel vs. Westminster Kennel Club. } *Appeal in matter of Setter Special.*

Whereas, At the show of 1890 a special prize was offered by a friend of the club for the "best setter with a field trial record," and the English setter Roger and the Irish setters Chief and Tim were presented for competition, and,

Whereas, The committee of the show ruled that Chief could not compete, as he had already been beaten in the challenge class by Tim, and,

Whereas, The late decision of the American Kennel Club, in defining what should constitute a field trial record, made Tim ineligible to compete for such a special, while Chief was eligible, by reason of having won first in an open stake for puppies, at the Eastern Field Trials Club trials in 1889; and,

Whereas, This committee could not undertake to determine what the result of a competition between Roger and Chief would have been under the judge officiating at said competition, it was, therefore,

Ordered, That there had been no competition for the said special for the "best setter with a field trial record," and the Westminster Kennel Club be directed to return the prize to the donor.

American Kennel Club vs. Maryland Kennel Club. } *Discipline.*

Ordered, That the Maryland Kennel Club be, and is, hereby granted fifteen (15) days from this date, to withdraw its vote of July 19, 1890, whereby it censured the American Kennel Club for acting according to its constitutional rights, and to apologize for said action, in default of which said club and its officers, holding office at the time of said meeting, shall stand suspended, subject to any further action in the premises by the American Kennel Club or its executive committee.

Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, vs. Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n. } *Conflict of show dates.*

Ordered, That unless the Georgia Association can furnish this club with the written consent of the Louisiana Association permitting the first named association to hold its show upon the same date, as claimed by the latter, that the rule applying to such a case will be enforced, and the Georgia Association will be suspended, provided it insists upon, and does hold its show upon the dates already claimed by, and awarded to, the Louisiana Association.

Recommendation of Stud Book Committee. } *In matter of Gazette registrations.*

Ordered, That on and after Jan. 1, 1891, all *Gazette* entries shall be known as "Listed," and shall be published each month in the *American Kennel Gazette*, under that heading, in contradistinction to Stud Book entries, which shall be known as and published under the heading "Registered."

The proposition made by Spratts Patent (America), to furnish all American Kennel Club blanks, was accepted for the year 1891.

The appropriation for all salaries of persons in the employ of the club, for the year 1891, was made, based on the total expenditures of last year.

The secretary reported a balance in the bank of $2,075.02, with no debts due at this date.

Adjourned. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

MR. MALCOLM'S RESIGNATION.—Baltimore, Md. Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my return from a few days' successful partridge hunting I find in looking over the columns of your paper, under the head of "Dog Chat," a few remarks, I presume written by friend Lacy, commenting on my having "made the first move in his (my) determination to sever his (my) connections with the men of dogdom, by sending in his (my) resignation as Maryland K. C. delegate to the A. K. C. * * *" He could have also added that I had resigned the presidency of the Gordon Setter Club of America, and that in a short time I shall resign as president of the Maryland K. C. and as a member also. I shall remain in the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club, as it is composed solely of sportsmen—no men of "dogdom" are on the membership list. I feel and know that what friend Lacy states is true, that in every walk in life we will find men who are at variance with our ideas of right and wrong. I never expect to find men anywhere who all think alike, and do not disagree on that point. I am well aware that some men in "dogdom" are of that high order of manhood to which order I know friend Lacy belongs, and I know there are many more, but "dogdom" will find soon that the scales will drop from the eyes of those who are sportsmen, and they will leave "dogdom" and watch the mud-slingers of "dogdom" wallow in mud and destroy themselves. Sportsmen are out of their sphere in such company, and I would advise them to leave "dogdom" forever.—H. MALCOLM.

AMERICAN COURSING CLUB MEET.—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 7.—In the matter of the report of the American Coursing Club meeting, issue of Oct. 30, the statement is made that the Lady Graham Glendyne—Verdure Clad heat was an undecided. This is wrong, as the course was given to Lady Graham Glendyne. The error was made in a singular way. When the judge turned back from this course he was understood by the reporters to call this course an undecided one, and the press men so wrote it up. Later on, the next day, it was learned that he announced on his return to the assembly point his decision for Lady Graham Glendyne. The report should then have been changed to that effect, but in hurry this must have been overlooked, although it is a surprise to see it so. Dr. G. Irwin Royce calls attention to the fact that in the American Coursing Club report, Oct. 30, the pedigree of the two bitches Dollie and Belle is not correctly given. It should be Trales—Humming Bird, not Tralee—Blue Bell. In report of Hutchinson meet this pedigree was announced correctly on the programmes, and was of course printed as given, as was also the case at Great Bend. There were many errors in the programme printing at Great Bend, of which this is doubtless one. Dr. Royce cites another error, the pedigree of Trales being given as by "Wandering Tour" instead of Wandering Tom. This is only typographical.—E. HOUGH.

SPORTING DOGS CAN BE COMPANIONS TOO.—Toronto, Can., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should like to inquire of your decidedly befogged correspondent "G. S. T." on what he founds his flat that sporting dogs are not "well adapted to the family companionship." The majority of the ladies of my acquaintance are by no means of his opinion, and swear by their handsome and hardy setters and spaniels. With reason, too; for what can be handsomer than a dog of any of the many varieties of these families—English, Irish, Gordon and Clumber, Sussex, field or cocker? They are handsome, faithful, courageous, clean in the house and good watch dogs. Not "lap dogs," to be sure; but I don't think many ladies would fondle an Irish terrier or a good-sized black and tan to that extent, while the "silken-fleeced Yorkshire terrier" would not retain the aforementioned silken fleece very long after he had bidden chamois skin bootlets, cocoanut oil and professional manipulation a long adieu. No, no, "G. S. T.," your favorites are all very well, but don't let prejudice force you into misstatements derogatory to other breeds.—SETTING SPANIEL.

A TEXAS DOG CASE IN COURT.—Austin, Tex., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a recent decision of the Texas Court of Appeals, showing a dog is property in Texas, at least.—J. V. B. The report reads: "The High Courts. Commission of Appeals. St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas R. R. vs. J. P. Hanks, from Henderson. Appellee brought this suit to recover for the value of a shepherd dog killed by appellant. The evidence shows that the dog was walking with appellee along the track. As a freight train came along appellant stepped aside, while the dog kept on down the track, running for his life. It was a hard race and hotly contested, but the mogul at the end of 500yds. came under the wire a length ahead and over the mangled remains of poor Fido. Held: The court below gave instructions applicable to the evidence, and the jury having found for appellee, we find no ground for disturbing their finding. The judgment for $100 is affirmed. Hobby, J."

A SPITEFUL ACTION BY A DOG KILLER.—A year ago two dogs belonging to E. L. Mills, of this city, president of the Capital City Gun Club, were shot by H. G. Otis, manager of Judge Fullerton's farm, near Clifton, Va. Mr. Mills published a card in which he criticised the shooting of his dogs severely, and last Sunday, while Mr. Mills was hunting in the neighborhood, Otis had him arrested on a charge of trespass, purporting to have occurred the year before. He was taken to Centreville, six miles distant, and tried before Magistrate Simpson at 10:30 Sunday night. The prosecutor could not make out a case, and at midnight the magistrate discharged Mr. Mills and placed the costs on Otis.—*Washington Post, Nov. 4.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Gitana—Balkis. Miss Ida Orme's greyhound bitch Gitana to H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis, Oct. 25.

Cleo—Bradford Ruby II. John H. Law's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cleo to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 7.

Viola—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Viola (champion Treasure—Topsy) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Nov. 4.

Fanny—Little Boy. W. J. Hopkins's (Boston, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Fanny to Prof. S. G. Dixon's champion Little Boy (Dixon's Pilot— ——), Nov. 4.

Kildare Ruby—Dick Swiveller. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Kildare Ruby to his Dick Swiveller, Nov. 2.

Rochelle Nadjy—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier Rochelle Nadjy (champion Vortigern—champion Meersbrook Maiden) to their The Senator (Patrick—Pink), Oct. 1.

Rochelle Lady Teazle—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New

Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Lady Teazle (Dick—Rochelle Lass) to their The Senator (Patrick—Pink), Oct. 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Pearl. A. Hasselmier's (Covington, Ky.) pug bitch Pearl (Lavinia Belle—Joe II.), Sept. 14, four (two dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Lavinia Belle. Henry Eichler's (Covington, Ky.) pug bitch Lavinia Belle (champion Treasure—Viola), Oct. 19, five (four dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Lady Thurman. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Thurman (Dixie—Silver Shoe), Nov. 7, five (four dogs), by their John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen).

Belle. Mrs. S. E. Davis's (St. Paul, Minn.) pug bitch Belle, Nov. 5, six (three dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Ruby S. Mrs. R. Strauss's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Ruby S., Sept. 1, five (three dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

Kate IX. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Kate IX., Oct. 8, three (one dog), by his Dick Swiveller.

Meersbrook Maiden. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress), Oct. 30, seven (four dogs), by T. Ellis's Broomfield Dick (Halifax General—Pearl).

Bell. F. F. McGuire's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bell (champion Bradford Harry—Old Bell), Oct. 14, six (three dogs), by P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Caspar. Black greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by champion Balkis out of Loisette), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn N. Y., to Dr. F. A. Coates, Mystic, Conn.

Genesta. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 20, 1888, by King of Kent out of Hops, by Fred F. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis., to J. W. M. Cardeza, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Swiveller. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Dick Swiveller out of Kildare Ruby, by Geo. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to G. C. Hamilton, Athens, Ga.

Tryphosa. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B., by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to W. E. Crane, Peoria, Ill.

Master Swiveller. Red Irish setter dog, age not given, by Dick Swiveller out of Kildare Ruby, by Geo. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to J. C. Cline, Los Angeles, Cal.

Rochelle Lady Teazle. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 27, 1890, by Dick out of Rochelle Lass, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to F. S. Ward, Oxmoor, Ala.

The following smooth fox-terriers, by James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.: Dog Suffolk Risk to C. L. Wilton, New York; two bitches, Suffolk Spinster and Suffolk Syren, to John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; dog, whelped June 17, 1890, by Veronese out of Suffolk Spinster, to Allen Wallace, New York; dog, whelped July 4, 1890, by Raffle out of Suffolk Rarity, to Miss Leroy Jones, New York; wire-haired bitch Suffolk Chagrin to L. H. Rice, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

T. E. B., Hoboken, N. J.—Will you kindly give names and pedigrees of the pug dog and bitch which took first prizes at the last dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club? Can I obtain printed copy of their pedigree, from whom and at what expense? Ans. Open pug class, Miss J. A. Yard's Tim was first, whelped Jan. 10, 1889, Breeder, owner. By champion Max out of Paquette. This dog is now dead. In bitches, Mohawk Kennels' Bo Peep II. was first. Whelped Nov. 6, 1887. Breeder, owners. By champion Joe out of Tody. For extended pedigree of Tim write Dr. M. H. Cryer, 1527 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and Bo Peep's, write Harry L. Goodman, Auburn Park, Ill.

T. A. W., Boston, Mass.—I have a very fine-bred bull-terrier (round head) that has had some kind of trouble with his skin since he was 3 months old; he is now 9 months. He has lost most of his hair, some growing again on his back, but his legs and under part of neck are bare and have a red look. I have tried several mange cures and soaps, but they do not seem to do any good that I can see. I am giving him Glover's Blood Purifier at present. He is very active and seems to be all right every other way. Can you help me get hair on him and rid him of the pimples? If so, you will confer a great favor. Ans. Try the following mixture: 1qt. lard oil, ¼lb. sulphur lac, ¼lb. antimony. Mix and rub well into the affected parts. Keep the dog warm. In a few days wash off with warm water and castile soap. Continue the blood medicine, and let us know result.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A REVOLVER TARGET.

THE inclosed target is a fac-simile of six consecutive shots made by Mr. George Bird with a Smith and Wesson, .44cal., frontier model, revolver, at 12yds., using the gallery ammunition and shooting at the word of command, each shot being fired



between the words "one" and "three." It was made at Conlin's gallery, Thirty-first street and Broadway, this city, on Nov. 4. Mr. Bird is a member of the Kildare and Currituck clubs, and is one of the best all-around shots in the country. Among the many on exhibition in the record room of Conlin's, this target is without doubt the best.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 8.—But six members of the St. Louis Pistol Club attended the last shoot. The medal was won by W. Bauer, who succeeded in scoring 93 out of a possible 100. A 12½yds. Standard American target is used for all shooting. Score:

W Bauer	10	10	10	8	10	9	10	9	7	10—93
M Summerfield	7	9	9	8	9	10	10	8	10	8—88
G Alexander	0	5	8	9	10	8	10	10	8	10—87
J Bast	7	7	10	9	9	9	6	10	9	8—84
M Billmyer	9	10	8	7	8	8	8	10	7	9—84
A McBean	9	10	8	10	8	9	7	7	7	6—81

UNSER FRITZ.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 4.—A big party of enthusiastic riflemen were in the Shooting Park to-day, the attraction being a 100-shot match on the American champion target. The entrance fee was $5 and there were nine contestants, four of whom were winners. The full "possible" on this target is 1,500 points. The scores of the match would have been much higher had it not been for a continually shifting light and a "fish-tail" wind. The contest for first honors between Boyken, Coppersmith and Holges was very interesting. The result by 10-shot strings is appended:

J A Boyken	120	133	135	124	130	118	131	131	116	127—1,265
J Coppersmith	122	133	119	133	124	125	123	135	123	113—1,250
H Holges	125	111	133	132	136	128	107	119	128	123—1,242
H W Hawes	118	120	124	123	113	122	126	110	115	114—1,185
F C Campbell	117	123	126	109	98	127	126	117	123	113—1,179
G Joiner	116	119	123	108	119	120	125	115	106	119—1,170
G Homrighausen	116	120	122	124	112	110	123	115	114	110—1,166
H Rothard	120	108	111	103	112	114	100	91	97	109—1,066

A 50-shot match on the German ring target will take place at the Shooting Park on Thanksgiving day, beginning at 12 o'clock. The conditions will be $2.50 entry, half winners and half losers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The Empire Rifle Club held their weekly shoot at Zettler's gallery, on the Massachusetts 12-ring target, distance 100ft., off-hand, possible 120 points:

Wm Rosenbaum	111	W Overbaugh	108	C Zettler, Jr.	103
A Stahl	110	W Miller	105	J Zettler	95
J Grimm	111	E Smith	104	G Hillmeyer	88
W Misenholder	110				

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here, send in notice like the following:

Nov. 18-19.—Open-to-All Tournament of the Woodside Gun Club, Woodside, N. J. Carl Von Lengerke, Sec'y, 843 Broad street, Newark.

Nov. 25-28.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. Two days at inanimate targets and two days at live birds. Jacob Pentz, Secretary.

THE DAYTON WIND-UP.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 10.—The shooters wound up the trap season with a live bird team race on the new club grounds on the peninsula south of the city, 3 men on a side, 25 pigeons to each man, American Association rules, L. K. Buntain was referee, and by agreement the three-year-old red Irish setter bitch Minnie, trained by Sale Good, the new superintendent of the Dayton Kennels, and sold to Scott McDonald, was to retrieve all the birds:

McDonald	1011111221221101022121 11—22
Makley	1011101111000110202001121—16
Hannah	0202220212211522110120120—18—56
Sander	1200110021211001110100101—15
Cooper	1010110002200001102011110—13
Troup	1012112211022011202011 11—20—48

Only one or two birds got away out of the 150 without being hit, and of the 46 lost birds, 32 were scored dead out of bounds.

The shooting afforded great sport to the crowd of spectators, but the perfect work of the dog Minnie was marvelous. She retrieved every dead bird, whether within or without the bounds without an error, and saved two birds from crossing the dead line. When the shooter stepped to the firing point Minnie was keen and quivering, and after each shot her eyes flashed with excitement, but she waited for the word "fetch." She marked every bird down, and shot like a streak of lightning to retrieve, and she enjoyed the work as well as the crowd did the exhibition of her perfect training. Of course the dog grew tired, but she did not lag until the last bird was delivered into her master's hands.

A swift-flying incoming bird was killed dead in the air, but was going at such velocity that it seemed likely to fall back of the dead line. The dog seemed to realize it, and with lightning speed circled and headed it off and caught the dead bird at the first bounce about a foot inside of the line. In retrieving a crippled bird she showed remarkable judgment by making a detour to prevent the birds going outside the boundary line. While Minnie was retrieving a dead bird McDonald shot at a low-flying stray pigeon and feathered it. The dog saw that the second barrel was to be used, dropped to shot, and when McDonald killed she brought in both dead birds. Such exhibition of a perfectly trained retriever working through an entire shoot was never witnessed here before. BROWN.

MR. DRURY UNDERWOOD.

HUTCHINSON, Kas., Oct. 29.—Shooters and sportsmen all over the West are to-day shocked by the news of the death by accident of Mr. Drury Underwood, one of the most familiar and respected figures of Kansas City sporting circles, and a man known very widely elsewhere. The following are the despatches which briefly convey the saddening news:

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 28.—Drury Underwood, a well-known business man of this city, while out driving this afternoon was struck by the Alton express at Sheffield, a suburb, and was instantly killed. Mr. Underwood was president of the Exposition Driving Park Association, the Kansas-Missouri Interstate Fair Association, and a prominent contractor and brick manufacturer. He was also a member of the Kansas City Gun Club, and an active patron of amateur athletic sports.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 29.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon Coroner Elston began an inquest into the cause of the death of Drury Underwood. The inquest is being held at the home of the deceased, where the body now lies awaiting the last glances of his many friends.

Coroner Elston yesterday visited the scene of the accident on the Alton tracks at the Blue avenue crossing. He was accompanied by Joseph Underwood, a brother of the dead man, and Samuel, the eldest son. Mr. Elston says the crossing is a veritable death trap, but no worse than many others. The east side of the road is steep and on this side a sight of the tracks is not obtainable. It is probable that the sight of the train so near made the horses unruly, and that Mr. Underwood took his whip and attempted to drive them across the rails ahead of the oncoming train, when they shied and turned down the center of the track. The wheel marks indicate this. Mr. Underwood was an expert horseman and was familiar with the animals he drove.

The last time the writer saw "Uncle Drury," as he was lovingly called by all the boys, was in a box at a Kansas City theater, last spring, where he was acting as one of the hosts of the East and West teams then visiting that city. He was then, as always, a hale, hearty, cheerful man, grayhaired, portly, and the soul of overflowing geniality. He was known and loved by every one.

A singular incident is connected with the lamentable matter. In the programme for the great Kansas City tournament to be held early next month, the boys, in their serio-comic, quasi-complimentary style, have put in the following line: "Shoot No. 3.—Drury Underwood's Last Shoot." Mr. Underwood was approaching the time when age would compel him to lay down his gun. The boys who looked forward to meeting "Uncle Drury" as one of the pleasantest features of the coming meeting will look with sadness on the pathetic prophesy of that line, "Drury Underwood's Last Shoot." E. HOUGH.

PINE IRON WORKS, Pa., Oct. 29.—This was the second match between the Jacksonwal Club and the Pine Gun Club for a supper, 10 Keystones, Keystone rules:

Jacksonwal Gun Club.		Pine Gun Club.	
J Gechter	1111111111—10	J Dierolf	1011011110—7
A Adams	1001101000— 4	S Schaeffer	0101000100—3
F Wentzel	1101000111— 6—20	T J Dierolf	0101011000—4—14

First sweep, 10 Keystones, 50 cents entrance, three moneys:

J Gechter	4	T J Dierolf	5	S Schaeffer	2
J Dierolf	7	F Wentzel	6	P B Levingood	4
A Adams	5				

Second event:

J Gechter	6	T J Dierolf	4	S Schaeffer	2
J Dierolf	10	F Wentzel	8	P B Levingood	4
A Adams	2				

Third event, same conditions:

J Gechter	8	A Adams	6	F Wentzel	5
J Dierolf	8	T J Dierolf	6		

Fourth event:

J Gechter	6	F Wentzel	7	T J Dierolf	4
A Adams	6	J Dierolf	6		

STANDARD-KEYSTONE TARGET CO.

THE formation of a company styled as above has just been completed and will hereafter make a strong bid for its share of the target business in this country. For many weeks Mr. H. A. Penrose has been quietly working for this end and has succeeded in placing the stock among representative sportsmen in various sections, and a reference to the list of stockholders shows that he has succeed in making a very strong company. It is a combination of the plants of the Standard Target Co., formerly located at Cleveland, Ohio, and the Keystone Mfg. Co., at Corry, Pa. The new company has been capitalized at $100,000, divided among the following gentlemen: H. A. Penrose, C. H. Ames and C. G. Harmon, of Corry, Pa.; O. R. Dickey, T. G. Strater, Herman Strater, W. Strater and Chas. Bradburn, of Boston, Mass.; W. C. Cady, New London, Conn.; T. B. Bristol, W. H. Andrews & Sons, and Mr. Langden, of New Haven, Conn.; Jas. and Wm. Wolstencroft, of Frankford, Pa.; and Chas. and Al. Hebbard, of Cleveland, Ohio. The company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and will have offices at New York and Chicago. On Saturday, Oct. 25, a meeting was held in Jersey City, where the following officers were elected: President, H. A. Penrose; Vice-Pres., O. R. Dickey; Sec'y, Jas. Wolstencroft; Treasurer, W. C. Cady. Directors, T. G. Strafer, T. B. Bristol and W. Wolstencroft. Ground has been secured at New London, Conn., and the erection of a large plant is to be started at once. New machinery is to be put in as well as that now in use and every preparations will be made for a large out-put. Mr. H. A. Penrose is to have general management of the business, and will visit the tournaments as formerly and the trade as well, while the factory will be superintended by the Hebbard brothers.

CHICAGO VS. KANSAS CITY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The great Chicago-Kansas City match is booming. The Chicago boys left this evening over the Burlington, arriving at Kansas City to-morrow morning. The day will be spent in preliminary practice. The Chicago party will be met by a committee of Kansas City sportsmen and escorted to the Midland Hotel, which will be their headquarters during the week. The list of visitors who will represent Chicago is as follows: R. B. Argan, W. P. Mussey, Geo. Kleinman, Henry Kleinman, George Arey, Abe Kleinman, John Watson, M. J. Eich, C. B. Hicks, P. F. Stone, C. E. Felton, Abner Price, W. N. Low, Geo. T. Farmer, Geo. Hofman, E. M. Steck, J. E. Price, A. W. Reeves, I. W. Budd, W. H. Skinner, C. D. Gammon, H. W. Loveday, Henry Ehlers, W. E. Phillips, V. Hofman, C. S. Barton and many others. With them will be Chas. Kern, L. B. Crooker, H. D. Nicholls, M. D. Hart, M. R. Hart, Rolla Heikes, H. W. Jenney, John J. Gillespie.

The two teams of shooters will be on board fully made up. The match will be shot in two teams of 10 men each. Kansas City is reported to be making preparations for a royal entertainment of the visitors. At 5 P. M. the Chicago boys gathered at Mussey's hall and started for the train with stern determination written on their faces. Something is going to drop. Just what, will be known better in a week. H.

[Speial to Forest and Stream.]

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 11.—There is great excitement here. There will be a grand reception and a pleasant time to-night. Five races were finished on first team of 10, Chicago leading 7 birds at halfway post. Total—Chicago 264, Kansas City 257.

Bingham, of Kansas City, beat Stone, of Chicago, 47 to 41; Mussey, of Chicago, beat Halliwell, of Kansas City, 44 to 43; Eich, of Chicago, beat Chateau 48 to 44; Twitchell, of Kansas City, beat J. E. Price, of Chicago, 41 to 39; Geo. Kleinman, of Chicago, beat Guinotte, 46 to 43; Abe Kleinman, of Chicago, beat Vories, 46 to 39; Felton, of Chicago, and Jim Riley at dark a tie on 28 each out of 30. This is proving a great event all around.—E. H.

THE COUNTRY CLUB, of San Francisco, send us the official summary of their pigeon shooting for the year 1890, which they tell us is the highest record made by a club of twenty-three men in California:

	Shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.
Ramon E Wilson	44	39	88.63
Fred R Webster	172	140	81.04
R B Woodward	137	109	79.56
E L Bosqui	24	19	79.17
Fred W Tallant	137	108	78.83
F L Wooster	143	112	78.32
J D Redding	108	80	74.07
Alex Hamilton	84	62	73.81
Edgar F Preston	59	43	72.88
C E Worden	64	48	71.87
G B Gillette	144	101	70.13
Austin C Tubbs	137	96	70 07
Wm B Tubbs	71	48	67.60
J A Robinson	74	47	63.51
J M Adams	73	46	63.01
W C Murdoch	24	15	62.50
Chas Josselyn	65	39	60.00
H W Woodward	148	84	56.75
George Crocker	93	48	51.61
J Downey Harvey	108	55	50.92
Dan'l T Murphy	30	14	46.66
W B Bourn	20	9	45.00
Baron Von Schroder	29	13	44.83
	1,988	1,373	69.06

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Nov. 8.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	8
Sigler	5	9	7	5	8	7	.
Hunt	8	9	7	8	8	.	.
Collins	9	9	8	9	8	.	8 9
Lindsley	9	9	10	9	8	10	8 9
Simpson	8	8	4	8	4	10	7 7
Melchon	4	7	3	.	.	.	. .
Hathaway	.	.	.	.	.	7	6 6 9
Evans	.	.	.	.	.	6	7 5
Hughes	.	.	.	.	.	6	. .

Sweep No. 1, 4 live birds, $2 entry:

Sigler	1110—3	Hunt	0110—2
Wanda	0010—1	Simpson	1101—3
Hathaway	1110—3	Melchon	1121—4
Collins	1210—3	Hughes	0001—1
Lindsley	2021—3		

Second money decided in following sweep.

Sweep No. 2:

Sigler	1111—4	Simpson	0210—2
Wanda	0112—3	Melchor	0010—1
Hathaway	1100—2	Hughes	2210—3
Collins	1112—4	Evans	1100—2
Lindsley	0002—2	Pierson	1001—2
Hunt	1212—4		

Sweep No. 3:

Sigler	1111—4	Simpson	1010—2
Lindsley	0021—2	Hughes	0101—2
Hathaway	1200—2	Pierson	2002—2

TOWANDA, Pa., Nov. 8.—A fair number of shooters turned out on Friday, Nov. 7, to contest for the monthly badge shoot. Field sports are almost daily being indulged in by the members, still when trap day comes the attendance seems to be the same in and out of the game season. Following are scores, 3 traps, Am. Ass. rules, for club badge, 25 single targets:

Dittrich	1100111110111111011100100—16
Snider	0100101100110110111110110—15
Montanye	0110111100011111100101110—16
Mace	0001010001110100010010000— 8
Rittenbury	0101110110111111011001010—15

Dittrich and Montanye tie for club badge. In shoot-off Montanye wins.

For county badge, 25 singles:

Dittrich	0110011111001011011100 01—15
Snider	1101110111100111101111101—19
Montanye	0111110111111011111111101—21
Mace	0010101001000101101001101—11
Rittenburg	0010010101100100001111000—10
Worthiny	0010000110101000010000100— 7

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

NEWARK GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.—The programmes for the four days' tournament of the Newark Gun Club, that is to be held at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J., are now ready for distribution. The first two days, Nov. 25-26, will be devoted to Keystones; on the 27th, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, the 28th, live birds will be used. The committee have decided to debar the professionals from the target competitions. Among those under the ban are: Wm. Wolstencroft, of Pennsylvania; E. D. Miller and Wm. Sigler, of New Jersey; Harvey McMurchy, W. S. Crosby, H. B. Whitney and F. D. Kelsey, of New York; R. O. Heikes and Al Bandle, of Ohio; Stice, Budd and Elliott. The live bird events are to be open to all. It is more than probable that this depature will draw together a large number of the amateur shots; as heretofore the men mentioned have invariably captured the bulk of the prize money at all of the Eastern tournaments.

WATSON'S PARK, Nov. 1.—Forester Club, 15 live pigeons, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

Ed Price	121212220202121—13	A Price	201201111121111—13
GCunningham	122121202012122—13	W C Price	201121210211122—13
J O'Brien	020111122202??	W D. Price	101021212011111—12
A Weaver	011020102011?—10	C E Willard	022120102211221—13

After killing 3 birds each, 3d Price, Gib Cunningham and C. E. Willard decided to finish ties for medal in next club shoot.

Same day at 5 live pigeons, Illinois State rules, 3 moneys. All ties divided:

Ed Price	12122—5	Geo Kleinnan	12111—5
Gib Cunningham	12211—5	E M Steck	10121—4
J O'Brien	02011—3	John Watson	12121—5
A Weaver	01102—3	L M Hamilton	10100—2
A Price	20120—3	A W Reeves	12221—5
W C Price	20112—4	P F Rock	22212—5
W D Price	10102—3	C E Willard	02212—4
R B Wadsworth	01122—4	F E Willard	10112—4
M J Eich	22212—5	J H Robbins	21211—5
W G Payson	11212—5	Beaulf	10121—4
H Y Kleinman	11111—5		RAVELRIGG.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 6.—The merchandise race was the principal event at Coal Mine Brook Range yesterday. It is a series of contests begun last spring under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, and continues until next spring. The regular meets of the club have been monthly since the law was off on game. The meet yesterday was the twenty-third in the series. Each man had a possible 25 clay pigeons. The work of each follows: A. B. Burbank 22, A. B. F. Kenney 21, G. J. Rugg 21, W. L. Davis 19, G. E. Adams 19, E. T. Smith 18, E. F. Snow 17, H. W. Webber 17, A. R. Bowdish 16, M. D. Gilman 15, E. Jordan 11, L. Crompton 10, H. Colvin 6.

The remaining events of the day were with strings of 10 clay pigeons. The result of each event follows:

First—E. T. Smith, W. L. Davis and G. J. Rugg each broke 8 and div. first. A. B. Burbank broke 7 and took second, A. B. F. Kenney secured the third place.

Second—W. L. Davis and G. J. Rugg each broke the 10 and div. first. E. T. Smith and A. R. Bowdish each broke 8 and div. second, A. B. F. Kenney and M. D. Gilman each broke 7 and div. the honors of the third place.

Third—A. B. Burbank, M. D. Gilman and A. B. F. Kenney each broke 9 and div. first, G. J. Rugg broke 8 and won second, E. T. Smith broke 7 and won third.

Fourth—E. T. Smith and M. D. Gilman each broke the 10 and div. first, G. J. Rugg and W. L. Davis each broke 9 and div. second, A. B. F. Kenney and A. B. Burbank each broke 8 and div. the honors of the third place.

McMURCHY AND ELLIOTT.—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8.—There is a big surprise in store for the trap-shooting fraternity in the near future. A new delegate for match shooting honors is about to make his debut. He is well-known to the trap shots of this country, but has not engaged in any prominent matches. He is conceded one of the best, if not the best, all-around man that ever faced a trap in this country, but owing to his business calling was averse to engaging in private matches. This person is none other than Mr. Harvey McMurchy. There is a person named Jim Elliott, at Kansas City, who, owing to his recent successes at the trap, is suffering with a bad case of inflation, and to tone him down a little Harvey has determined to enter the race for championship honors. Press of business duties prevents McMurchy from making a match now, but he hopes to be able to issue a challenge in a few months. The deli will be forthcoming in due time, and in the language of the irrepressible Jack Winston, the Kansas City man will either have to accept or jump the fence. Harvey was in the city a few days the past week, and quietly whispered the above information into the ear of the writer.—UNSER FRITZ.

Yachting.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

THE following conditions, which have just been made public by the Royal Victoria Y. C., of Ryde, Isle of Wight, England, are likely to give an entirely new turn to international yacht racing, as they put into the field a rival to the trophy so long held in the possession of the New York Y. C. During the past thirty years there have been a number of international trophies open to challenge on one side or the other, such as the Cape May, Brenton's Reef, Bennett-Douglas, and various cups contested for at times by Dauntless, Gitana, and other American yachts in the English Channel and on the Mediterranean, but in all this time the America's Cup has been the premier yachting trophy, no other ever having reached sufficient distinction to claim a rivalry with it. While the actual status of the other international trophies is no better to-day than five years since, all being more or less buried now, as they were then, the America's Cup has undeniably lost much of its prestige since the last contest for it in 1887, in consequence of the absurd and onerous conditions then attached to it by the New York Y. C.; and, so far as any prospective challenge from British yachtsmen is concerned, it is little better off than the moribund Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups taken home in 1885 by Genesta, and since unchallenged for by American yachtsmen.

It has more than once been suggested in the course of discussion over the new deed of gift that as the America's Cup was no longer open to friendly international competition on fair terms, the time had come for the establishment of a new trophy on a broader and more liberal basis; and this feeling has at length taken shape in the present action of the Royal Victoria Y. C. To how great an extent this action has been inspired by a mere desire to promote the fortunes of the club, and to reap such benefits as the races of '85, '86 and '87 have brought to the New York Y. C., or to what degree it partakes of the nature of a retaliation for the injustice of the new deed of gift, and an attempt to supplant the America's Cup, we cannot say; but it is at least certain that the barriers now surrounding that trophy have greatly increased the chances in favor of the establishment of a British rival for the honors of international racing.

The new trophy is a cup, to cost $2,500, and though the value of such a prize must always be sentimental rather than intrinsic, for this sum a prize should be secured in every way suited to the magnitude of the events which it will in time commemorate.

In regard to the Royal Victoria Y. C., it is practically contemporary with the New York Y. C., being founded early in 1845, or less than a year later than the other. At an early day it took a very prominent place in yacht racing, and many of the classic contests of the south coast were sailed under its red burgee. The only "Queen's Cup" for which the America sailed, the trophy that has since become notorious in connection with Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne and the Arrow-Mayflower controversy, was one given to this club in 1852 and sailed for in August of that year; America, then owned by Lord Londesborough, being beaten by the cutters Arrow and Mosquito. The present commodore of the club is the Marquis of Exeter. The conditions as given out are as follows, though we are not yet informed whether they have been finally adopted or are still open to amendment:

The cup is, and shall continue to be for all time, the property of the Royal Victoria Y. C., of Ryde, Isle of Wight, the sailing committee of which club shall, at any time while actually holding the cup and prior to receiving a challenge, have power to alter or vary the conditions attached thereto, but any other club which may win and hold the cup shall only alter or vary the conditions with the sanction and approval of the sailing committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. Any royal or recognized foreign or colonial yacht club shall always be entitled to challenge for the cup, and such yacht must sail on her own bottom from her own country to the country where the matches are to be sailed. All races for the cup in the British Isles will be held in the neighborhood of the Isle of Wight and under the supervision of the sailing committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. Should the club holding the cup be from any cause dissolved the cup shall be transferred to some other royal or recognized yacht club of the same nationality which the winner may select. Failing in this the cup shall be immediately returned to the Royal Victoria Y. C.

The competing yacht, if of one mast, shall not be under 65ft. nor over 90ft. on the load waterline; if of more than one mast she shall not be under 70ft. nor over 115ft. on the load waterline.

With each challenge there shall be sent a certified statement of the name of the owner of the yacht, the name of the yacht, her rig, her rating under the British Yacht Racing Association rules, and her length on load waterline as measured by the British Yacht Racing Association rules forty-eight hours before the first match, which shall not vary more than five per cent., nor her rating more than ten per cent. from that stated in the challenge. The winner to be the yacht which wins three out of five matches.

Challenges must be received by the club holding the cup not less than eight months nor more than ten months before the date of the annual regatta of the club holding the cup.

The club holding the cup shall not be bound to accept the challenge from the club which nominates the defeated yacht until after another challenge has been made and decided.

The club shall not accept more than one challenge at one time.

Ballast may be shifted between the times of entry and forty-eight hours before the race.

Starts to be made at the exact time specified unless a dense fog prevails. A postponement may be made if the Sailing Committee thinks it desirable, but if either of the competitors desires to start at the time specified, the Sailing Committee shall start them at that time.

If an accident occurs before the start reasonable time will be given to effect repairs. If a serious accident occurs during any match reasonable time will be given before the next match to effect repairs, but a yacht must abide by her accidents during a match.

Any match the average rate of which is under five knots per hour must be resailed.

All matches for the cup are to be sailed in Europe and America between the first day of May and the last day of October.

The matches are to be sailed under the supervision of the sailing committee of the club holding the cup, and to be held under the British Yacht Racing Association rules.

Scales and allowances to be in force at the time of entry, except where it is otherwise specified.

The course for each match to be not less than thirty-five knots; low water soundings on any part of the course shall not be less than three and a half fathoms; three of the courses to be as far as possible different and as far as possible free from all disadvantages due to local knowledge; one of the courses to be as nearly as practicable twenty knots to windward or leeward and return.

The name and rating of one yacht selected by the club holding the cup to defend the same shall be given to the challenger one week before the date of the first match, and no other yacht shall be substituted. British Yacht Racing Association rating of defending yachts shall not exceed that of the challenging yacht stated in her challenge by more than twenty per cent.

Should the club holding the cup fail to provide a yacht to defend it or retire from the contests, the cup shall be delivered up to the challenging club. Should any dispute arise as to these conditions or any interpretations of the sailing rules, the matters in dispute shall be referred to the sailing committee of the club holding the cup and the Royal Victoria Y. C.

The first matches for this cup will be sailed near the Isle of Wight in August or September, 1891.

The challenge, in accordance with the following form, will be received for this year only as late as March 1, 1891, at the Royal Victoria Y. C., Ryde, Isle of Wight, England. A gold medal and added money will be given by the Royal Victoria Y. C. this year. No entrance fee required. Should no yacht registered out of the British Isles enter by March 1 the conditions under which the cup will be sailed for will be as subsequently announced by the Royal Victoria Y. C.

The first race shall be from the Warner Lightship to the Nab Lightship, then ten miles to windward or leeward and back, twice around.

The second race will be from the Warner Lightship to Owers Lightship; thence to a flagboat off Dunnose, east of Princessa to a buoy off Nab Lightship, to and back to Warner's.

The third race shall be from Warners around Cherbourg breakwater and back.

The fourth race to be the same as the first race.

The fifth race to be around the Isle of Wight.

The form of entry arranged is this: Please enter —— yacht for the Royal Victoria Y. C. International Cup matches, near Ryde, Isle of Wight, in August or September, 1891; her distinguishable flag is ——, her rig is ——, her rating, in accordance with Rule 9, of the British Yacht Racing Association rules for 1890, is ——, and her length on load water line is ——, and I declare that no alteration shall be made in her length of load water line or in the length of spars or in her sail area from the time she is measured by the official measurer of the British Yacht Racing Association and her certificate issued, and the time of the first and succeeding matches for the above cup, and I undertake that while sailing under this entry she shall not have on board any bags of shot; that all her ballast shall be properly stowed under the platform or in the lockers and shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever, and that I will obey and be bound by the sailing rules of the British Yacht Racing Association. Signed, this —— day of —— owner of yacht ——.

After the many suggestions and requests made by British challengers for the America's Cup, and the freedom with which British yachtsmen have dared to criticise the famous "lawyers' deed," American yachtsmen will read with interest the similar document prepared by the Royal Victoria Y. C., and it will have to stand a pretty severe overhauling before being approved or condemned. In the first place, the ownership is permanently vested in the club, the donor of the cup, so that there is no danger of any ridiculous farce of returning and re-donating; if the club ever wishes to replace the present terms by others more rigorous and unfair it must shoulder the responsibility itself, and not impose it on one individual. A certain amount of elasticity is preserved in the original conditions by the proviso that they may be changed by another club which may hold the cup for the time, as long as the changes are sanctioned by the donating club, but no change may be made while a challenge is pending. The cup is open to challenge from any recognized yacht club.

The provision for the transfer of the cup in case a club ceases to exist is a very fair one. The limits of size are the same as in the new deed, except that the minimum limit for schooners is 10ft. smaller.

The fact that the same limits have been chosen is certain to be brought forward as an answer to some of the criticisms made against the new deed, but there is a vast difference in the attendant conditions. While in the deed of gift of the America's Cup the limit is nominally a wide one, of 65 to 90ft., and 80 to 111ft. it is practically by means of the clause, "without any time allowance whatever," and the absence of any guarantee that the challenger will not be greatly outbuilt, made a fixed size of 90ft. waterline for singlestickers, the schooner and yawl limit being similarly 115ft. In the light of the action of the New York Y. C. in regard to the Sweet's challenge in 1887, and especially in declining to meet Valkyrie with a boat of her own size last year, the minimum limits of 65 and 80ft. for sloops and schooners must be looked upon as mere blinds, and it would have been far more honest for the New York Y. C. to have limited the size of all challengers simply to 90 or 115ft., according to rig. On this point the Royal Victoria Y. C. has pursued a very different course; it is specially provided in a later clause that the rating of the defender shall not exceed that of the challenger by more than 20 per cent. As the rating of a 70-footer like Katrina would be about 84, the largest yacht which could be chosen to meet her in case of a challenge would be one of about 100-rating, or 80ft. L.w.l., a sufficiently large margin, but very much nearer than 90ft., or say 125-rating. A limitation of this sort was most necessary in the case of the America's Cup, and its omission, coupled with the exclusion of time allowance, is one of the worst features of the new deed.

The margin of 20 per cent. is a large one, and as it is almost a foregone conclusion that in future races the defender, and in all probability the challenger as well, will be specially built for the purpose, it is in every way desirable that the first step toward a race shall be a mutual agreement that each party shall build to a specified limit of rating or corrected length.

It will be no surprise to find that the odious dimension clause of the America's Cup has no place in the present conditions, all that is required being the names of owner and yacht, the rig of the latter and her rating and waterline, a variation of not more than 10 and 5 per cent. respectively being allowed between the figures of the design, given eight months in advance, and the completed and tested boat. There is no attempt to pry into the private affairs of the designer of a challenger, to extort information which gives an unfair advantage over him, or to hamper him in any way; but he has the universal privilege of altering the trim and draft of his boat after the trial. The waterline is required with the rating, which carries with it the sail area as a matter of course; and even while this in comparison with the demand for four dimensions and a Custom House register is very large, we believe that it is too much to ask. All that a defender can rightfully demand is the racing measurement of the yacht he is to meet. With the various factors of this final measurement, be they waterline length, beam, sail area, displacement or any other elements of design, he has nothing to do; his task is to combine these factors, in such proportions as his judgment dictates, so that the net product, in the form of rating or corrected length, shall not exceed that of his opponent. Perhaps this is too far in the direction of fair play for an immediate application to international racing; but this point has already been reached in club racing, and must soon extend to the grander branch of the sport.

The limitations to the time of challenging are quite different from all of those governing the America's Cup at various times, the computation being made from the date of the annual regatta of the club holding the cup. In the case of the Royal Victoria Y. C., whose regatta is held in the middle of August, the earliest date at which a challenge can be received is the middle of October and the latest the middle of January. In the case of American clubs, whose annual regattas are held nearly two months earlier, these dates would be correspondingly advanced, so that a challenge would be required not later than October 15 for a race to be sailed, as American custom is, in the following October. This is evidently an oversight, due probably to an ignorance of the early dates of American regattas; and it would work to the detriment of foreign challengers should the cup ever be held on this side.

The provisions concerning a second challenge from a defeated club, and also prohibiting a second challenge while one is under consideration, are each reasonable enough.

The requirements of three out of five races, and of starts at fixed hours are distinctly traceable to the Volunteer-Thistle matches, in which both of these points were brought up by the challengers. To sail four or five matches in September or October, with a time limit of 7 hours, has proved a difficult undertaking in the neighborhood of New York, Newport and Marblehead, however easy it may be about the Isle of Wight. It means in all probability seven or eight successive attempts, making serious inconvenience for the club managing the matches, and having a very bad effect on both contestants. Races such as those between Volunteer and Thistle are no ordinary every-day regattas, to be sailed as a matter of course, but the parties on each side can bear testimony to the labor, anxiety and mental strain attendant on international races of this kind; and to prolong this for seven or eight days instead of three or four would prove on trial undesirable to both parties. The strain on the crew in a long series of hard races and abortive attempts is something to be considered, as the work on these big racing craft is heavy and the excitement to all concerned is too intense to be prolonged for an indefinite time. If, as is proposed, the yachts start out each morning, crossing the line at 11 A. M., regardless of wind, and drift about until it is evident that no race can be made, doing the same the next day and the next until four or five races have been sailed, the proceeding may take a couple of weeks.

The proviso for starting is a compromise between the American plan, of leaving full discretion to the regatta committee, and the British plan, of starting at a fixed hour, regardless of wind and weather. The start is to be made at a fixed hour, but at the same time the regatta committee is given power to postpone it unless a start is positively demanded by one party. This complicates the business of starting, and is no better than the plan followed in the recent races for the America's Cup.

The clause as to the vexed question of time allowance is by no means complete, the measurement is inferred but not mentioned. It is provided merely that the tables of the defender shall be used. Since the measurement rules and allowances of the leading British and American clubs are practically uniform, and are likely to approach still closer in the future, the question of time allowance has practically disappeared from international racing, and the same may be said of the kindred issue, the admission of the centerboard. If in arranging conditions for any international trophy there is reason to fear that a club while holding it may change its rules to the disadvantage of a challenger, as the New York Y. C. did in 1870, and as it has been generally claimed by the friends of the new deed that a British club would do should it ever obtain possession of the America's Cup, a mode of prevention is easily found.

It may be provided that in the event of a dispute over the measurement rule or allowance, such as would follow a change in the face of a challenge, the challenger may call for the average allowance of three leading clubs of each nationality. For instance, in the event of a British club winning the America's Cup and at once going back to the old tonnaze rule, the American challenger would be entitled to call for an average allowance of the Y. R. A. on the one hand, and say the Larchmont, Seawanhaka or Eastern clubs on the other. Such a provision would open a speedy time in the future to keep international races under the rules then current in the yachting world, instead of some special rule devised to keep the trophy, and would be far preferable to the absurd attempt to eliminate all allowance, in the new deed.

The provision as to depth of courses is practically the same as in the new deed, the limit being 21½ft. While the conditions are not in all respects complete and perfect, there is nothing in them which is unfair to either party, and American yachtsmen can send in their challenges as soon as they please, with every possible expectation of fair play and sportsmanlike treatment.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE story of the America and the cup which has so long borne her name has been told so often that it should be familiar to every yacht-man, but we have lately had several inquiries as to how the "Queen's Cup" was won and how it came into the possession of the New York Y. C. The America's Cup was never what is called a "Queen's Cup," but was a special prize offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron of Cowes, England, for a regatta around the Isle of Wight, which was open to yachts of all nations. The schooner yacht America, built in New York in 1849 or '50, was then owned by John C. Stevens and four associates, who decided to visit England at the time of the first of the great world's fairs, then to be held in London. While her owners considered her to be a fitting representative of American progress, and hoped to try her against the best British yachts, they had no special races in view up to the time of leaving New York, nor was the yacht built to compete for a "Queen's Cup" or any similar prize.

The America was entered by Com. Stevens in the open regatta above mentioned, the prize being a 100 guinea cup. Of the eighteen entries, all but four were smaller than she, the fastest of them being the smaller cutters of 50 to 80 tons, the large schooners being for the most part old-fashioned boxes. There was no time limit, and Com. Stevens declined to enter unless the race was without time allowance, so none was insisted on. The victory of the America is known to all the world; she won the cup, and it became the property of her five owners. For the six years following, the Royal Yacht Squadron cup was of no more importance or public interest than the forgotten Bennett-Douglas cup won by Genesta in 1885, or quasi-international cups won here in open races by Minerva, Clara and other British yachts; it was in the possession of Com. Stevens, an ornament to the parlors of his hospitable mansion, and in blissful ignorance of the troubled future before it.

The death of Mrs. Stevens made a great change in the household of the commodore, and the partial closing of the house suggested the need of a more permanent depository for the cup. This was finally accomplished in July, 1857, as told in the following letter, the original "deed of gift" of what has ever since been known as the America's Cup:

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club:

SIR—The undersigned members of the New York Yacht Club and late owners of the schooner yacht America, beg leave, through you, to present to the club the cup won by the America at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, Aug. 22, 1851.

This cup was offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual course for the annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the America, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts, which started in the race.

The cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club subject to the following conditions:

Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than 30 or more than 300 tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but, in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the Cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations, the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to sail. This notice to embrace Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in the match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

(Signed) J. C. STEVENS. J. BECKMAN FINLEY.
HAMILTON WILKES. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER.
EDWIN A. STEVENS.

The subsequent history of the Cup is well known; how four of the five owners of the America died before the first challenge was received in 1870; and how eleven years later the above deed was negotiated by the club with the proviso said down by the "surviving donor," the process being repeated in 1887.

Whether any change of the original conditions is legal, and if so, whether the trust has not been violated by the onerous provisions of the "new deed of gift," is a question for the lawyers; but every yachtsman who loves fair play and fair sailing can say whether the plain intention of the five donors, as evident in every line of the above document, has been observed by the New York Y. C. in its recent negotiations with Mr. Sweet in 1887 and Lord

Dunraven last year. That all "friendly competition" has been excluded from the Cup races, and that the Cup is no longer open to be sailed for on terms that are fair alike to challenger and holder, is as fully proven as is the fact that the America's Cup has become a bar and hindrance to international racing.

THE WRECKED CATARINA.

THE steam yacht Catarina, wrecked on Mattinaicock Point on Oct. 24, has been out this week on Handren & Robbins's dry-dock, Erie Basin, where temporary repairs have been made to enable her to lie afloat until all arrangements for her complete repairing are completed. The work of rescuing the yacht from her dangerous position was undertaken by the Merritt Coast Wrecking Co., of New York, and was successfully carried out by Captains Bertram H. Herbert and Fred R. Sharp. The yacht lay well out of water at ordinary tides, resting on a bed of rocks, two points of which had pierced the bottom, one on each side under the engines. Two portable boilers and three powerful wrecking pumps were placed on board, and after the holes had been stopped as far as possible, a cable was led over the stern, with a powerful tackle along the deck, the fall being carried to the steam capstan of the yacht, which was temporarily connected with a pipe from the boiler on the forward deck. By this means the yacht was hauled off last week and brought by the wrecking steamer Rescue to the company's wharf at Staten Island. From there she was towed to the Erie Basin and docked. Her keel and the bottom from the bilge up are uninjured, the keel evidently lying just between the two rocks, but the third and fourth strakes on each side, from the bow to a point abaft the engines, are badly dented, while on each side is a large hole, the frames and floor-plates being broken in. Besides these two apertures, the seams of the bottom plating are so started in places as to leak. One of the propeller blades is broken off at the hub, and the others are more or less damaged. On deck comparatively little damage is done, the deck houses, bridge and rigging are intact, the only injury being to the bulwarks on the port bow and to the hatches and companions. Below deck everything in the cabins has been ruined by salt water, joiner work, upholstery, bedding and furniture. The carved mahogany and joiner work can probably be repaired, but the furniture and decorations must be entirely renewed. The boilers are in place, but the engines are badly damaged. The full extent of the damage to the bottom cannot be ascertained until the plating is removed, but some of the frames will require to be replaced besides those immediately about the holes. These latter have been covered with 2in. planking well bolted on and caulked, so that the yacht can lie afloat until the arrangements for her repair are completed. The way in which the yacht has stood the heavy pounding speaks well for the work of her builders, Messrs. Robert Steele & Co., and of her designer, Mr. John Harvey.

DEATH OF A YACHTSMAN.—The cable brings the news of a very sad disaster at Belfast, Ireland, on Nov. 7, in which Viscount Cantelupe, a young British yachtsman and owner of the 5-rater Fair Geraldine, lost his life. The yacht is evidently the 4-rater Uranus, built by Payne this year, a cutter of about 30ft. waterline and 7ft. 9in. beam. The report is as follows: The loss of the Urania in Belfast Lough, with her owner, Viscount Cantelupe, the eldest son of the Rev. Reginald Windsor Sackville, Earl of De La Warr, during the fearful storm of the past few days has already been announced. It appears that the Viscount had just purchased the yacht at Glasgow and was enjoying his maiden trip. On Thursday evening he anchored off Bangor, 12 miles from here, some 300yds. off the shore, and only a stone's throw from a row of terraced villas at the foot of the main street of the village. Early Thursday evening a gale began blowing and continued to increase in strength until it had attained the proportions of a hurricane, sweeping down from the north and west, the night turning out to be one of the wildest ever experienced on the coast. As the wind increased the sea broke over the little vessel, and much uneasiness was felt on shore lest she should be unable to ride out the storm. About 2 o'clock on Friday the yacht sent up signals of distress, and it became evident that she was drifting on Salt Pan Rock, upon which the ship City of Lucknow was wrecked several years ago. The gale had, however, so increased in violence that it was impossible to launch the life-boats, and the ill-fated vessel was blown steadily inshore until she struck, her keel becoming wedged in a rocky cleft and remaining about two hours in that position, the sea sweeping over her. The Viscount and his men meantime decided to take to the rigging, as the yacht was beginning to fill. Cantelupe going first. He had just begun to ascend, having passed one arm through a life buoy and around the rop s while the other was extended to help the man next below him, when he was struck by a tremendous wave and carried off the wreck. His body has not yet been recovered. The crew were subsequently all rescued by means of life-lines. The conduct of the Viscount, who was only twenty-two, was most gallant throughout, his last words being full of encouragement for his men. He was married last June.

MINEOLA.—Designer Burgess and owner Belmont have decided to try the advantages to be gained from the use of the modified Mariquita type of yacht in the 46-foot class. Consequently, the first design which was made for the Mineola has been put to one side, and another is being worked out which will contain more of the ideas of the Mariquita. The new design for the Mineola will be wider than either of the other designs which have been drawn for the 46-foot class, her bilge will be harder, and her midship section will have a quicker turn at the garboards. All the things are steps in the direction of the Mariquita type. On the other hand, the new Mineola design will call for a boat no wider absolutely than the Mariquita, though 6ft. longer on the waterline. The bilge and midship section, though showing harder curves than the other 46-foot designs, are yet not as hard as those of the Mariquita. The new boat will have the advantage of light construction and of a better lead keel construction than the Mariquita had. In short, the new Mineola will be of the Mariquita type, barring the extreme power which was sought to be put in the Mariquita's model, and without the disadvantages of heavy construction, high freeboard, large wetted surface and improper keel plan which Mr. Belmont's boat of last year showed. It is safe to say that the new Mineola will give the so-called "Mariquita" type a fair trial, as her competitors will differ sufficiently to make the racing a contest of types.—*Boston Globe.*

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The fall meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Nov. 8 with Vice-Com. Hill in the chair, Ex.-Com. Canfield, who has lately returned from a long visit to Europe, was also present. A motion to change the club night from Saturday to Tuesday was finally carried, having been introduced at a previous meeting. The race committee was also empowered to look over the three club courses with a view to their revision in accordance with the existing buoys and marks in New York Bay, and a proposal was made to change the third course, around Buoy 5, off the Hook, to Buoy 1 off Point Comfort in Raritan Bay, the course now sailed by the corresponding classes in the Corinthian Y. C. The race committee was also requested to examine Section 13 of Rule XXXIV., with a view to fixing its exact meaning. Mr. J. W. Miller addressed the club on the question of the unification of the various departments pertaining to the commercial marine of the United States in one body similar to the British Board of Trade, and also on certain important changes in the rules of the road, the subject being referred to the race committee with power. The most important business of the evening was the presentation to Ex.-Com. Canfield of a handsome silver cup as a recognition of his services to the club.

NEWPORT CATBOATS.—On Nov. 6, a race was sailed off Newport between the catboats Humming Bird and Four Brothers, the stakes being $500 a side. The course was 10 miles to windward and return, from Goat Island Light around a stakeboat off Point Judith, the sea being smooth, with a single reef breeze. Humming Bird, sailed by Capt. Tom Shea, led from the start, gaining 13 min. on the windward work and winning easily, the times being:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Humming Bird	10 13 45	12 55 30	2 35 15
Four Brothers	10 13 49	1 08 45	2 49 36

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—At a meeting of the association held on Nov. 6, important changes in the constitution and by-laws were made. The most important step taken was the making of the 25-rater class, and now boats up to 25ft. w.l. can come into the organization. Several members are building small cutters this class. The dues will remain as heretofore—to wit, $2 per annum. The commanding officer is now an admiral while the squadron officers are commodores. All the old officers were elected to fill out their unexpired terms. Proposed for membership, William Gardner.

FORTUNA, schr., Mr. Henry S. Hovey, will at last give up her bowsprit and flying jibboom for a single nose pole. Mr. A. Cary Smith's first sail plan, made when the yacht was built in 1883, called for this rig, but it was too far ahead of the time, and the conventional coaster's headgear was adapted.

NYDIA, steam yacht, Dr. R. V. Pierce, built at Wintringham's last winter, has returned to New York after summer on the canals and lakes, and is fitting out for a Southern cruise.

XARA.—Mr. Jas. Means' 40-footer is reported sold to Mr. Kane, of Newark, N. J. She has lately been coppered at Lawley's.

KATHLEEN.—On Thursday of last week, Mr. Zerega gave a dinner at the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. house to the members of Kathleen's crew, 14 being present. A large and handsome collection of prizes won by her in 1889 and '90 was displayed.

CORONET, schr., Mr. A. E. Bateman, arrived at Nassau on Oct. 30, after a cruise of 30 days from Madeira, with her owner and family on board, sailing on Nov. 1 for Jacksonville and Fernandina.

Canoeing.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—III.

THE CAMP.—In its surrounding, amusements and every-day life, the meet of 1890 was a very pleasant one. One thing that contributed greatly to the sociability was the excellent laying out of the camp, the natural features of the ground being peculiarly favorable, and utilized to their fullest extent by the committee. There was practically one long avenue through the whole extent of both camps, running along the edge of the bluff, and on this fronted most of the club encampments; the tents running back in rows and streets. Each club had its flag pole and club flag on the bluff, while the most attractive of the tents were pitched to face the avenue, the effect being further improved by such ornaments as the Red Dragon, the Puritan Ship, the Treaty Elm, Plymouth Rock, and other grotesque and picturesque works of art. In the center of the main avenue was the headquarters (the commodore's official tent with a smaller one in the rear), the post office and secretary's office, and a tent devoted to the chief signal officer and his staff, in front being two lofty poles and a yacht gun from the commodore's yacht Vandal, anchored just in front of the camp. The tent of the regatta committee and the official bulletin board were close beside the secretary's tent.

At the end of the camp nearest the wharf, and as close as possible to the mess tent, was the large encampment of the Ianthe C. C., in the form of a square, the open space in the center being adorned with the club flag inlaid with white pebbles in the turf. From here down to the Brooklyn camp, which formed the other end of the long rows of tents, extended a second street, parrallel with the first and not quite so stylish or regular, where many of the late comers pitched their tents. The two were connected at intervals by short cross streets, though these latter were not as numerous as they should have been, some of the campers pitching their tents in spaces intended to be left open for passage through the camp. Back of all the tents was a space for twice as many more, with another front on Peconic Bay and a second good beach.

In all the main camp there was hardly a tree and not a stone or boulder, the turf being smooth and even. By means of the club flags a new-comer could at once locate the various clubs, while each separate camp was easy of access from the main avenue. The result of this was that, instead of hunting about among trees and underbrush for missing friends, and often failing to find them for several days, it was an easy matter to know who was in camp and where each was to be found; while the avenue made a general promenade best of all as a rendezvous, so that the men were thrown much closer together than in the wooded camps of the last three years, and all became quickly acquainted.

This was the more desirable on account of the altered composition of the attendance that was so noticeable to old campers this year. A very large number of familiar faces, men who have attended nearly every meet since the first Grindstone, were missing this year, and a proportionate number of new men were seen. In some camps the new men would have pitched their tents quietly in a corner and made acquaintance only with their immediate neighbors, if they had any; but here they were in the open, seeing every one and being seen in return, and very quickly entering into the friendly and fraternal relationship that has characterized nearly all the camps.

Much of the pleasure of an A. C. A. camp is dependent on the weather, and in this respect there was really little to complain of this year. Some days were not particularly pleasant, and in spite of much threatening there was very little rain, the worst being the heavy showers of the first day or two, and in particular of the first Sunday evening. On several occasions there was every indication of a sullen and prolonged easterly storm, but they were not verified, and the campers experienced little serious discomfort from the rain. One partial guarantee of the committee, and that a rash one, was kept: there were but few mosquitoes, far less than the average attendance on salt water, and no special complaint was heard on this ground.

One picturesque feature of the meets, the club uniforms, has almost entirely disappeared, each man dressed merely to suit his own taste. This was indeed an excellent purpose in keeping up the *esprit de corps* of each club, and it is a pity that it has fallen into disuse. There was less of the dudish display and over-dressing that has been criticised at times, the tendency this year being rather toward grotesque and fantastic costumes, where men wore anything else than ordinary shore togs in tweeds and flannels. One of the tall men of the camp cut a rather striking figure in a jersey of open netting over very brown arms and shoulders, and another even taller set off his length by a jersey of horizontal stripes, red and white, surmounted by a red toque.

The club badges were abundant and some of them very pretty. It has become the fashion for each club to provide a handsome silk badge, numbers being given out to friends, especially to the ladies. This year there were about 30 different ones.

The guarding of the camp devolved on a captain of the watch and four pickets, together with the officer of the day. One picket was stationed at the entrance from the Neck, at the Squaw Point end, another on the wharf, a third on the west shore, and a fourth along the main front. Visitors from the yachts were always welcomed, and many who came in by carriage or small boat in small parties, but it was found necessary to place some limit, or the camp would have been overrun at all times. Catboats, launches and small craft of all kinds besieged the wharf, while the attack on the land side, on foot or in conveyances of all sorts, was hardly less vigorous. A compromise was in a measure effected by the announcement of a visitors' day, which occurred during the second week; but on this occasion the camp was literally taken by storm, it was estimated that 2,000 people visited the camp, and nothing more unpleasant for the campers could well be imagined. Each shore was lined with boats, from the largest schooner yachts down to rowboats and naphtha launches, while sloops and catboats lay at the wharf in three tiers.

Many of the visitors were well behaved and orderly, but a large number were of the ordinary type of country sightseers, without regard for anything. Armed with lunch baskets and paper parcels, they settled down on the camp and made it their own. Hammocks, camp stools and chairs were coolly appropriated before the eyes of the indignant owners, and tent strings were untied and the interiors inspected, while many tents were invaded by parties of strangers who simply went in and made themselves at home in the absence of the owners. One unhappy proprietor of a large tent headquarters was appalled on his return in the afternoon to find a sign in front, placed by some thoughtful friend, "Basket Parties Welcome," which invitation had been freely accepted by a dozen or more of the natives of Long Island. The camp had the aspect of a county fair all day, to the utter discomfort of its rightful owners, and there was a shout of joy when a rain squall came up late in the afternoon and drove the unwelcome intruders to their boats.

The admission of visitors to camp is a very troublesome matter to arrange; without any wish to be inhospitable, it is simply impossible for the Association to throw its camp open at all times to strangers, or even to do so for a single day. The time is too short for the canoeists to be turned out of their tents and have all the pleasures of the camp suspended during one of the best days, and some measure should be devised to prevent such a wholesale and offensive invasion as that of this year. It has been the custom at all times to welcome all who have friends and acquaintance in camp, as well as strangers who profess any interest in canoeing, or any desire to know more of it, but the line must be drawn somewhere to keep out the ordinary sightseer who comes in droves. There is no reason why such persons, unknown to those in camp and unable to give a good reason for their desire to visit it, should be allowed to land when in such numbers as to be troublesome. At one time on the St. Lawrence the local steamers went so far as to bill the surrounding country with notices of excursions to the camp at 25 cents per head, a proceeding which was promptly met by refusing the right of landing to these boats. The requirement of a visitor's badge, which may only be obtained at headquarters, and which is practically a pass, is a very good one when it is rigidly enforced, but special care is necessary in guarding the privacy and seclusion of the camp from mere idle intruders.

In close relation to this question of transient spectators is that of non-members staying in the camp. In 1888 the following amendment to Article I. of the by-laws was adopted to cover this point: "Non-members of the A. C. A., when accompanying members, may be admitted to the camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary; provided that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay for each the regular dues and camp fees paid by members." This amendment, though adopted at the Lake George camp and at once put in force there, was never inserted in the A. C. A. book, and has been completely lost sight of. This year a new motion was made, to the effect that no one but an A. C. A. member shall spend more than one night in camp. The wording of this last motion is very objectionable, as in the event of any visitor whatever being obliged to spend more than one night in camp, he must become a member of the Association, without regard to his desire to join or to his eligibility for membership. It has not infrequently happened that men have come to camp who were not members, but who were known as canoeists or sportsmen, and to whose presence for a few days there could be no objection, as they were properly vouched for by some members. Under the new rule such men may stay in camp just one night, then they must apply for membership or be expelled from the camp; there is no discretionary power left with the officers.

Under the first rule quoted not only is a longer period of grace allowed, but any man who has a friend visit him in camp can apply to the commodore and secretary for permission for a longer stay upon the payment of the ordinary camp charges to a member. This latter proviso is a bar to an evil that has existed in the past, where men who have refused to join the Association have come to camp, sometimes for several years in succession, paying neither dues nor camp fees. There is no opening allowed for tramps of this sort, but at the same time the courtesy of the camp can be extended to strangers in cases where it is desirable without giving them the option of joining the Association or immediately quitting camp.

A special feature of this year was the signal code and the observance of yachting etiquette in the matters of salutes and colors to an extent never before practiced. So far, in fact, was the latter carried that when the commodore visited the camp tonsorial parlors his flag was immediately hoisted on the parti-colored pole at the door. No doubt a certain amount of ceremonial is desirable, but it is possible to carry such things too far. The signal code, for which the Association is indebted to Commodore Stanton and Mr. E. W. Brown, was of practical value and has become a permanent institution, though to utilize it completely an open camp is a necessity; in several of the past camps the signals would have been visible only from a few points, on account of the trees.

One amusing character about the camp was a huge shambling black cur that turned up, no one knew where from, and adopted himself to the Brooklyn C. C., being known thereafter as "Brooklyn." He circulated about the camp at will, either alone or at the heels of a member of his club, and his uncouth, but good-natured, face made many friends. He has gone down to fame in one of Mr. Stoddard's photos, where he is rigged out with a bathing suit on his hind legs, an oilskin coat, and a pair of rubber boots on forward, and an old sou'wester on his head.

An A. C. A. camp always affords plenty of amusements, and this year was no exception, there being the usual round of visiting, gossip, canoe talk, scrub races, paddling and fishing trips, camp-fires and flirting, with the added pleasures of the yachting and of good still-water bathing. In addition to the regular out-door fun the experiments of 1887 and '89 were repeated, in the ball and minstrel show, but without the signal success that attended the first efforts in each direction; in fact it appears doubtful whether such outside affairs, however well managed, are worth encouraging in camp. The dance at Lake Champlain in 1887 was something unique, an impromptu affair that every one enjoyed on account of its novelty. The one of this year was as well managed, but it was not the great success that was expected; and, considering the number of men and the very few ladies, the camp ball is hardly likely to become a fixed institution. The circus at Stave Island last year was so good, and so entirely unexpected, that it achieved an immense and well-deserved success. After it, however, the entertainment of this year was very flat; in fact, barring such comparison and on its own merits, the minstrel show cannot be set down as a success. It rose no higher than an impromptu amateur minstrel show, with a very strong and disagreeable variety flavor; and lacked entirely the brilliancy and spontaneity of the circus. This was the more noticeable from the fact that some worthy successor of the latter had been in a measure announced and expected. As all four of these entertainments were under the same able direction, that of Mr. Seavey, who has proved to be a sort of Barnum, Dockstadter and Ward McAllister in one, the fault does not lie in the management, but in the fact that such entertainments are not in harmony with the spirit of camp-life, and can only be successful when occurring at intervals and without pre-arrangement. As soon as men come to camp with costumes and outfits for a set show the result is likely to be disappointing. There is so much to be done in the line of camp-fires, illuminations, lantern parades on the water, and such out-door amusements that there is no necessity to go outside of them to seek special features. The water parade by night and the review of the fleet by day are each too good to be abandoned, and as neither has been seen for several years it might pay to revive them next season.

The most appropriate and pleasing of camp entertainments is the evening camp-fire, of which fewer than usual were held this year. The general farewell camp-fire, at which the prizes were presented, was partly spoiled by bad weather, but there were two others that were more fortunate. One of the pleasantest evenings of the meet was that at the Vesper camp-fire, a very well-managed affair at which special attention was paid to the ladies. Another pleasant affair, to which, however, the ladies were not invited, was the camp-fire of the Mohican C. C. in front of their encampment on the bluff, of which Mr. Stoddard has made an excellent flashlight picture. An evening like this, beneath a clear starry summer sky, the circle of canoeists lit up by the flames from a huge pile of fragrant cedar, with good and appropriate music from banjos, guitars, mandolins and a large chorus of voices, is widely different from a couple of hours spent in a tent half lighted by smoky lanterns, while one listens to the fine old crusted jokes so often heard before. This year the Yonkers quartette did a great deal to enliven the camp; not only were the individual members most unselfish in giving up racing, rigging and similar pleasures for the sake of those in camp who knew nothing of either, but at night their voices furnished the most and the best of the vocal music.

One valuable discovery was made at the Vesper camp-fire. It is always a difficult matter to promote congregational singing, which is after all the true music for the camp-fire, and this is particularly the case after the circle has broken up and the ladies departed, when an extra bottle is emptied into the pail of punch on the embers and the songs decrease in melody as they gain in force of expression, and when those stupid, tiresome and shameless old reprobates, the camp choristers, the same ill-flavored lot that were heard in 1880 and '81, and have done steady duty ever since, come out for an annual airing in the darkness. This year, for what reason we know not, the second session of the camp-fire did not go with its accustomed swing and vigor, keeping the punch boiling and the embers bright until 1 or 2 o'clock and afterward, making sleep impossible in camp until daylight. After the ladies departed a few songs were sung, the doings of the day in camp, the arrivals, the results of the races and the probable bill of fare for the next day, were quietly discussed and the meeting broke up before midnight. A few terrible fellows sat up and played cards or told stories in their tents, but there was nothing to disturb the majority who wished to sleep. The contrast in point of order between this camp and some of the preceding ones was most apparent, and entirely in favor of this year; let us hope that the improvement is a permanent one.

One threatened danger that menaced the camp at first was happily averted; the loss of rest caused by the *Daily Disturber* was very slight; in fact, the first attempt at a camp newspaper must be set down as a failure. In the hands of an old camper, one thoroughly familiar with the meets and the men, a camp paper might be very bright and entertaining; but the present one was neither. The diluted amount of news and the machine-made jokes savored strongly of the ordinary church fair journal, and the paper was in no way an index of the true life of the camp.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.—The meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A. in Boston on Saturday next, promises to be the largest in point of attendance and also the most important yet held. A very large number of canoeists are likely to be present in addition to the members of the executive and other committees. The proposed business will probably include in addition to the routine of reports and choice of a camp site some measures of special interest to the cruisers, in the shape of a more active recognition and encouragement of cruisable canoes and of efforts to encourage cruising as well as racing. We hope to be able to give a full report in the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE VOTE OF 1889.

WE have been trying for some time to obtain exact and reliable information concerning the vote taken by letter in May, 1889, on the standing sail and sliding seat, but without much success, as there is no record of the vote in the official minutes. It is only within the present week that, through the courtesy of the librarian of the A. C. A., we have been permitted to examine the replies from the members of the executive committee in answer to the following circular sent out in April, 1889. The figures which we now give should have been officially published at the time, and had this been done, with the letters on which they are based, a great deal of trouble would have been saved the Association. As these figures are the property of the members at large there can be no impropriety in publishing them. The circular reads:

PETERBOROUGH, March 19, 1889.—*To the Commodore of the American Canoe Association:* SIR—The regatta committee of 1889 having been directed by the executive committee to consider and report upon the question of sliding seats and fixed sails beg to report that in their view it is not in the interests of the Association that these should be retained as appliances to be allowed and authorized in the general programme, and they, therefore, respectfully submit to the executive committee the advisability of introducing in the sailing regulations such amendments as may be necessary to remove all doubt on the subject.

The following amendments are suggested:

Rule I. Under the head "Measurement," in the last paragraph add after the first sentence the words "sliding seats or other like appliances beyond the gunwale in the sailing classes shall be added to and measured in the beam."

Rule XIV. Add the words "all sails shall be capable of being effectively and readily raised and lowered when afloat."

E. B. EDWARDS, Chairman Reg. Com.

The vote was as follows:

	Standing Sails.		*Sliding Seat.*	
To Retain.	Marsh, Huntington, Stryker, Stephens, Palmer, Brokaw,	6	Marsh, Rice, Huntington, Stryker, Stephens, Palmer, Brokaw,	7
To Prohibit.	Rice, Holmes, Tyson, Rathbun, Fraser, Masten, Andrews, Dunnell,	8	Holmes, Tyson, Rathbun, Fraser, Masten, Andrews, Dunnell,	7

No answers received: Robinson and Shedd, 2. In favor of prohibiting both, but not voting by mail: Com. Rogers and Sec'y Hatton, 2; total 18.

In this table 14 out of the 18 members of the executive committee are positively accounted for; of the other 4 there is no record, it does not appear that Messrs. Robinson and Shedd voted at all, the latter we believe was then beyond the reach of the mails. As to Com. Rogers and Sec'y Hatton, it is known that both were in favor of abolishing the standing sail and sliding seat, but as there was no necessity for either to vote by mail, being in charge of the whole matter, there is no record of votes from them. As but 6 men out of 18 voted against the amendment relating to the standing sail, and but 7 against the other, it certainly appears that both amendments were carried in May of last year. Why the result of the vote was not publicly announced at the time, and how such a serious blunder was made, remains to be explained. The error is all the more remarkable in that Mr. Edwards, who introduced the same motion for the prohibition of the standing sail at the late meeting of the executive committee, was the proposer of the motion in 1889 and was closely associated with the Commodore and Secretary in the counting of the votes. From the above summary it appears that the motions to prohibit standing sails and to limit sliding seats were drawn up in the proper form, of specific amendments to the sailing rules, recommended by the regatta committee, and regularly passed by the executive committee in May 1889, becoming a part of the Laws of the Association; in which case the late irregular legislation all falls to the ground. The whole matter from the beginning up to the present time is without parallel in the history of the Association, and it is to be hoped that when once set right it will long remain in that condition.

PARTNER WANTED.—Partner wanted in an old established skiff and canoe factory. Amount of capital not so material, as a man with the necessary experience and qualifications capable of taking entire charge of the manufacturing and management of the whole business, as present partners (two) reside at a distance and are unable to take any active interest in it. Address SKIFFS, care Forest and Stream office, New York.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

H. A. C., Boston.—Where are muskrats found in the greatest number? Ans. The New York fur dealers receive their largest supplies of muskrat skins from Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland.

WIRE CARTRIDGE, Evansville, Wis.—The wire cartridges are used less now than formerly. You can probably get them from Squires, or other like dealers, by sending particulars of bore of gun, size of shot, etc.

J. M., Moorheadville, Pa.—The shooting qualities of the gun you ask about are equal to those of the others. For ruffed grouse you may use a setter or pointer or a spaniel. The paper shells will prove satisfactory.

A. H. D., Sandusky, O.—I have a very fine pointer dog, and he works well except he mouths a bird. What is the best thing to do? You had better read "Training vs. Breaking," where this subject is fully treated.

E. W. B., Akron, Ohio.—Please answer through your paper where I can get ferrets trained for rabbit hunting. Ans. We do not know. Ferrent hunting rabbits is not considered sportsmanlike. The Ohio law forbids the practice except by landowners on their own premises.

W. O. W., Charlottesville, Va.—Kindly tell me if there is any difference in the shooting of 28 and 30in. 12-bore shotgun barrels. Ans. Yes, the 30in. barrel will burn more powder than the 28in. barrel; but the difference is not great enough, in our estimation, to make the 30in. preferable, if the shooting is in the bush.

SOUTH SIDE, Ottumwa, Iowa.—Will you please tell me whether or not such shooters as Budd, Stice, Heikes, Wolstencroft, Ruble, etc., shoot (at the trap) wood or Schultze powder or black powder? Ans. We believe that Budd and Stice shoot wood powder, having been hired to use it, and Hiekes the Schultze. Ruble shoots black.

J. N. B., Pine Iron Works, Pa.—I see in your columns they have a license in the State of Delaware for gunners. If I should go on a visit to some friends and go out with them, must I have a license. I have a brother-in-law living in Lewis, Sussex county, and if I go to see him I would like to take my gun; but if I must have a license I will not take it along. Ans. The law requires that a non-resident must obtain a license from the Delaware Game Protective Association. The fee is $5 for the first year and $2 for succeeding years. The Association secretary's address is George Churchman, Wilmington. See full text of law in *Book of the Game Laws.*

ENQUIRER.—1. Can I find any publication that gives better rules for loading than Chipmunk's "Wingshooting?" 2. Have you ever put in pamphlet form the result of your gun trial tests, so that one can see at a glance which gun did the best shooting? Ans. 1. There are two or three loading tables in "Hints and Points." 2. No, but they will be so printed.

S. S. A., Ellisburgh, N. Y.—Please give your opinion on the following: Can a man control a stream (as far as shooting and fishing are concerned) upon which a schooner of 60 tons burden does a regular business through the whole season every year? Ans. We think not, unless he holds the stream by some special grant, but your statement is not definite enough to warrant a specific reply.

L. O. K., New York.—Will you kindly inform me if a permit is necessary to hunt deer in Ontario or Quebec? If so, to whom do we apply for same, and also if game can be taken out of the country? Ans. Non-resident license required for Ontario, fee $10, issued by Commissioner of Crown Lands, at Ottawa. License required in Quebec, fee $20. Exportation of game from Canada forbidden. See full text of law in *Book of the Game Laws.*

A. B.—Please inform me as to the difference between a professional pigeon shooter, such as Bogardus and Brewer, and amateur pigeon shooters, as Macalester and Murphy. Ans. It is difficult to define the distinction, since if any exists, it is largely in the imagination; but it is generally conceded that a man who is employed by gun makers to shoot their guns, or who shoots as a business, is a professional. In most sports the distinction lies between competing for money and competing for fun; but shooting for a money stake does not constitute a contestant a professional.

F. L. C., Pittsfield, Mass.—Will you kindly inform me if I pay twenty-five cents for registering a dog in the *American Kennel Gazette* whether that entitles me to the name claimed until I see fit to enter in Stud Book? Ans. The A. K. C. secretary says in reference to this that in so far as it lies in his power, it does protect the name, though in the case of a name listed with the secretary of a show for the purpose of showing a dog, he can of course have no power, as the name has not been filed with him in the first instance. A registry number in the Stud Book protects you fully.

C. L. J., McIntosh Bluff, Ala.—Do you know any party engaged in frog culture for market or otherwise to whom I could write for information concerning the industry, or know of any work on the subject, or where the best breeds of bullfrogs can be had. What I want most is to get on the right track for information as to where to get the best Jersey stock and information about raising, breeding, etc. Any light that you may be pleased to give me will be appreciated by your obedient servant. Ans. We know of no successful attempt to breed frogs. Probably Alabama swamps will supply as choice breeds for experiments as New Jersey.

C. F. E., South Lincoln, Mass.—1. C. B. Vaux, 34 Cortlandt st., New York. 2. This receipt for browning gun barrels is given by Greener in his "Modern Gun:" Take 1oz. muriate tincture of steel; 1oz. spirits of wine; ¼oz. muriate of mercury; ¼oz. strong nitric acid; ½oz. blue stone; 1qrt. water. Mix well, and allow to stand 30 days to amalgamate. After the oil or grease has been removed from the barrels by lime, the mixture is laid on lightly with a sponge every 10 hours. It should be scratched off with a steel wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough; and then the acid is destroyed by pouring boiling water on the barrels, and continuing to rub them until nearly cool. If the barrels are of laminated steel do not dilute the acid so much. 3. J. Annin, Jr., Caledonia, Livingston Co., N. Y., or W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass., can supply trout and, doubtless, landlocked salmon. 4. Probably not; they require plenty of room, considerable depth of water, low temperature and plenty of natural food. Landlocked smelt are generally introduced where it is proposed to keep salmon.

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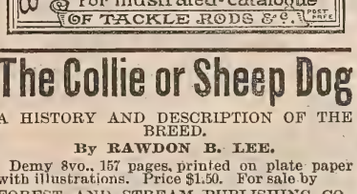
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SERIOUS CHARGES.

IN New York there are fifteen game and fish protectors. They are appointed by the Commissioners of Fisheries. The law prescribes that these protectors "shall hold their office respectively during the pleasure of the Board of Fish Commissioners, who may summarily remove any one of their number whenever, in their judgment, they shall deem such a change, for any cause, advisable." They are further authorized to designate one of the fifteen protectors as a chief, to have superintendence of the others. He is as one of the fifteen subject to summary removal.

At the last meeting of the Commission Fred. P. Drew was removed from the position of chief protector, and J. Warren Pond, of Malone, was put in the place. We have already commented on the criticism elicited by this action; but new charges have now been brought against the Commissioners, which surely deserve attention, for they are of a most serious character.

One former criticism had been that Mr. Drew was Gen. Sherman's man, and that in removing his man in Gen. Sherman's absence, the other Commissioners put upon Gen. Sherman a direct personal affront. A second charge was that the removal was without due cause. A third, that the change means certain and serious injury to the cause of protection.

Of these several charges the first one is quite unimportant from the public standpoint. If there was any lack of courtesy in the course pursued by the Commissioners it was certainly unfortunate and to be deplored; but it as certainly has nothing whatever to do with the one point at issue, which is the wisdom of the change. As to the second charge, that Mr. Drew's removal was without sufficient cause, we have previously expressed the opinion that his superiors might justly be presumed to know more about that than the public; and the presumption—good until proved erroneous—is that they acted under a conviction that the change would benefit the service. This presumption is based on the known character of the Commissioners. The third charge, that the removal of Mr. Drew means a blow to the interests of protection, may be true or it may be unfounded. That will depend largely on the conduct and ability of his successor.

The new man, J. Warren Pond, of Malone, was appointed wholly on his record, which was far the best of all the protectors; he has never lost a case; is a man of acknowledged courage and ability, and has won the respect and confidence of those who are familiar with his work in the fifth district. Whether he is competent to fill the place of chief protector time will tell. If he cannot do the work of the office, we have not the slightest doubt that some one else can be found to do it. But we believe in the justice of giving Chief Pond an opportunity to show his mettle, before crying out that his appointment means the death blow of game and fish protection in this State. At best this third criticism can be at present only a matter of opinion and prognostication; his conduct of the office will demonstrate the facts.

There are other charges against the Commissioners which are so serious that they should be proved true or withdrawn, and that at once. In the Utica *Morning Herald* Mr. John D. Collins, of the Utica Association, commenting on the FOREST AND STREAM'S suggestion that it was to be presumed that the Commissioners had good cause for their action, says: "From knowledge of the chief's official success and zeal in protection, equally it may be 'presumed' he has been too efficient, his success interfered too much with Fulton Market's supply of fish caught by illegal nets. In the 103 nets destroyed in Oneida Lake in the past few months some seventy-five barrels of game fish were liberated from them. These fish were to be shipped to New York city's markets, as such spoils have been, generally in barrels labeled 'potatoes.' * * * There are many other facts in possession that come much closer to this question of removal, that relate to the doings and happenings inside Fulton Market, where the president of the Commission has a place of business, from which the public might claim 'presumption' that would go to show the contrary on equally as good grounds as the FOREST AND STREAM presumes probable cause; but is not necessary at present."

This is saying in effect that the four Fish Commissioners, Messrs. Blackford, Burden, Joline and Bowman, removed Chief Drew because he interfered with the supply of illegally caught fish shipped to Fulton Market. In other words that public officers charged with executing certain laws have conspired to render the violation of those laws more easy; and have removed a subordinate because he stood in their way toward effecting this end. Further, the plain implication is that Mr. Blackford was himself to be the recipient of these unlawfully caught fish, which were intercepted on their way to market by the activity of Protector Drew.

It would be difficult to frame a charge more serious than this one against the Commissioners. It would be intolerable if State officers guilty of such malfeasance were permitted to hold office. The gravity of the accusation demands that Mr. Collins should give his evidence to the public or lay it before the Governor, in order that the charges may be substantiated, and the Commissioners removed. Mr. Collins must at least believe that he has the necessary evidence, for it is difficult to understand how any one should make such public charges without believing them well founded on something more than hearsay.

As we have said, all other criticisms of the course of the Commissioners in this affair are trivial in comparison with this one. Every body of men is liable to errors of judgment and ill-advised steps; but no public body should be permitted to continue in existence, if so morally rotten as Mr. John D. Collins by implication avers the New York Fish Commission to be.

We need not remind Mr. Collins that this proof should be forthcoming, not only for the public good, but for his own sake as well. Until he substantiates his accusations their acceptance will be confined to those who are ready to believe evil of the Commissioners because they do not know them; while that portion of the public which now esteems the members of the board, honors them for their public services and trusts them as men of integrity and high character, will demand that these charges against them be proven or withdrawn. Until such proof shall be forthcoming the Commissioners will continue to enjoy public confidence.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

THIS is a period of unusual activity, and our space, even with an enlarged paper, is taxed to the utmost to record the meetings of field trial clubs and the great Kansas City and Chicago trap-shooting contest. Our pages this week reflect the wide scope of American field sports. One noticeable feature of the growth of these pastimes is the proclivity to organize for competitive trials, witness the newly established beagle "field trials" and the fox hunting "field trials." The angling competitions have apparently died out, there having been no fly-casting tournament; but if the tendency of the times shall prevail here we may look for a revival of these pleasant gatherings.

IN a recent despatch from Laramie, Wyo., to the San Francisco *Chronicle* are narrated the adventures of an expedition made by some young men into the Red Desert country to try to capture the last of the buffalo which are lingering in that waterless waste. Six or seven years ago there were 250 to 300 of these animals there, but they have been killed off mainly by Indians and cowpunchers, until now there are not more than 20 or 25 in the whole region. The purpose of the party who set out on this trip was to secure enough living buffalo to start a buffalo ranch. It is hardly necessary to say that they were wholly unsuccessful. During two months of hard work, lasting through September and October, they saw but two bunches of buffalo, one containing five and the other fifteen individuals. They roped two cows, one of which died of exhaustion after being tied, while the other was choked to death. It has often been stated that these Red Desert buffalo were a herd that had wandered out of the National Park, but there is no reason for believing this to be the case. Persons familiar with the region have known for twelve or fifteen years of the existence here of this small herd of buffalo, which has constantly grown smaller, and it is believed that it has always ranged in this section. It is true that the Red Desert lies south of the National Park, but we know of no reason for supposing that the herd of buffalo which has so long ranged there was ever recruited from the bands that are found in the Park. For years—ever since the extermination of the wild buffalo in the West became inevitable—most of those who knew of the Red Desert herd kept its existence a secret so far as possible. Now that it has become practically extinct, there is no longer reason for silence on the subject.

IN these days of carping criticism of fishcultural methods it is gratifying to be able to record some recent work of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. At the Corry hatchery in western Pennsylvania, the number of eggs of the brook trout taken up to the present time is about 1,000,000, and the capacity of the station is so heavily taxed that it has become necessary to send eggs to the Allentown station. It will be necessary also to dispose of a lot of large brook trout in the spring because the pond capacity is not great enough to retain the stock of breeders. Besides these eggs of brook trout, Corry has collected 250,000 eggs of lake trout, and 100,000 have been taken from the beautiful hybrids between the lake and brook trout. Superintendent Buller says that some of the hybrids are extremely large and as handsome fish as he has ever seen.

THE two modes of American fox-hunting are well represented in our reports to-day of the Radnor Hunt and of the Western Massachusetts meet. In the former the hunters rode to hounds, in the latter they shot at foxes on runways in approved New England style. It is to be said for these pursuits that each is proper in its place; and nothing can be more foolish than for the participants in one form of fox hunting to criticise those who take part in the other. That both flourish here side by side, and are growing in popularity, is a pleasing testimony to the sportsman's resources of the country.

THE London, Ont., Gun Club has made a capital stroke by enlisting the services of the lithographic color artist, and has had prepared a large and flaming poster in red and blue, giving a digest of the game and fish laws. This is the most elaborate and attractive poster for such a purpose we have seen, and it ought to go far toward proclaiming the statutes so that he who runs may read.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

X.

WHEN we returned to the Northwest Carry, the West Branch was so high from the rain that the water flowed from it to Carry Pond, instead of in the opposite direction, as it did when we passed through before; so that we went with the current both times, though traveling in opposite directions. I have noticed this same change in current in Lobster Stream, which connects Lobster Lake, or Peskebegot, with the West Branch, seven miles below the lower Seeboomook Fall. The carry was very wet and muddy, and in places the legs of our rubber boots were none too long. We went down the lake that afternoon as far as the mouth of the Socateau River. We had been afraid that we might be windbound at the carry; but the weather was propitious, and the distance of sixteen miles was across an unruffled surface, though the sky was overcast with dark and threatening clouds. Ktaadn showed faintly through the haze, and the other mountains on the eastern shore rolled away in long waves of light and shadow.

While rounding Socateau Point, a few puffs of wind, which we feared might be the precursors of a storm, caused us to paddle a little faster; but they soon died away. That part of the lake between Socateau Point and Farm Island has a bad reputation for contrary winds and disagreeable, choppy seas, which has given it the sobriquet of the Devil's Blow-Hole; so we were fortunate in not encountering a "blow."

At the mouth of the Socateau is a good shanty, which was dry and not so dirty but we made it habitable by sweeping the débris from the floor. Most of these deserted camps and log cabins have a damp, musty odor, which makes the open air or a tent preferable, but this one was well ventilated, and we passed the night in it.

The day had been well nigh perfect and the evening was one to be remembered. The shore in the vicinity was rough and rocky, but in front of the camp was a small beach of yellow sand, on which the four canoes were drawn up, forming a pretty foreground to the picture before us. The great lake, whose glassy surface glistened with the sheen of the setting sun, stretched away in long reaches of silvery light to the eastward.

Rising above Farm Island were Kineo and the Blue Ridge, and across the bay, Tomhegan Mountain was clearly cut against the sky.

Several small ledgy islands, on which are a few stunted trees, lie half a mile off shore, and so perfect was the reflection that the waterline could hardly be distinguished. The sun went down like a ball of fire behind the forest, its red disc burning through the trees and causing every leaf and twig in its path to stand out in bold relief.

The mountains, trees and islands seemed to float in the hazy atmosphere, which softened their outlines and colors as they faded away in the far-reaching and dreamy perspective.

In the morning the fog obscured the further shore of the lake, but the sun soon burned through it.

We went up the Socateau four miles to the pool at the foot of the falls, where we caught some fish which bit well, though they were all small. A short distance above the mouth we started a herd of five deer, which went bounding away with prodigious leaps over logs and bushes, and further up we saw a little spotted fawn standing on the bank.

The Socateau is a pretty stream of dark-colored water, with but a slight current. Near its mouth a good many trees have been killed by water, but beyond, the spruces and hackmatacks bend over it gracefully. A fringe of lilypads extends along by the banks, on which the deer come to feed. From the Socateau we went across twelve miles to Kineo, whence we had the steamer take us to the head of Spencer Bay, fifteen miles further.

Spencer Bay extends from the narrows, five miles to the northeast, and is the most solitary part of the lake. Three streams empty into it; Lucky Brook, Spencer Stream and Roach River. At the head of the bay the two mountains, Kokadjo and Sabotawan, stand alone; and nestling under the shadow of Kokadjo is a pond which the Indians call Kokadjeweemgwasebemsis. This pond was our objective point, and the little steamer took us to the mouth of Spencer Stream, which is its outlet. We went ashore, the steamer became smaller and smaller as she sped away from us, and once again the link between us and civilization was broken. We cooked our dinner and then set out for the pond, two miles distant.

Spencer Stream is not navigable; it is shallow and rocky, but canoes may be dragged up. There is a path on the right bank, which I have heard called a "good road," and over this trail we walked, leaving the guides to follow the stream. They waded through the water over slippery stones, dragging the canoes, but their road was quite as good as ours, which was one long, miry bog, filled with mud, water, rocks and logs, with an occasional strip of rickety corduroy.

We splashed through the water, stuck in the mud, leaped from one stone to another, balanced on slippery logs, and walked carefully along the corduroy, which was mostly a "hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare." As the road was near the stream we went part way with the guides, through the water, and found it about as easy traveling.

These "tote" roads are used by the lumbermen in the winter when the snow lies deep in the woods, and all that is required is an open path, for the snow covers all stumps, stones and inequalities. But in the summer they are about as bad as one can imagine. However, we arrived in good season at the pond, and the next question was where to camp.

This pond is nearly circular and is a mile and a half in diameter, with a good portion of its surface covered with lily pads, grasses and aquatic plants, giving much of it a swampy appearance. There is some good fishing usually at the two inlets, and the vicinity is one of the best localities for large game. There is a dam and a gate at the outlet, by which the lumbermen hold back the water when necessary. We came out on the shore near the outlet, and at about the same time the guides paddled under the gate. Three immense logs, so large that there had not been water enough to float them down, lay in the stream just below the dam. They were of a size now rarely found, except in the more remote regions of the forest, and were the largest I ever saw in Maine, one of them being little short of 4ft. in diameter, and the others not much smaller. On the further side was a knoll which looked as if it might be a good camp site, and as we feared from the swampy nature of the pond that the mosquitoes would trouble us, we wanted to avoid camping directly on the shore. We crossed over and liked the appearance of the spot. The tents were pitched, and luckily we were troubled by insects the least we had been in any place.

Camp Kokadjo, as we named it, had the most picturesque and romantic outlook of any of our temporary homes. It was situated on the top of the knoll, at the foot of which was a clean, pebbly shore and was surrounded by Norway pines, spruces and hackmatacks. Back of the tents the rugged bulk of the mountain, Kokadjo, frowned over us, rising above the forest which clothes its feet. Its sides showed great ledges and cliffs of bare rock, worn smooth by the storms of centuries, and where there was soil enough, the trees waved above the dizzy heights. To the northwest were the Lobster Mountains only a few miles away, and to the northeast we had a glimpse of Sabotawan, peering over the shoulder of Kokadjo. Standing in the tent door we looked across the lonely waters of the little lake and at the encircling forest. Wild currants, blueberries and mountain cranberries were growing all about us. We went to the southeast inlet for the evening fishing, taking a pail along in which to get some drinking water from the brook, for the pond water was warm. There is a pool at the mouth of the inlet and two others up the brook. We fished till we had a mess for breakfast, and then went up stream till the water became cold, when we filled the pail. We took no trout of over half a pound in weight, though now and again a huge fish would rise to the surface, lazily turn over and disappear, giving us a tantalizing glimpse of his proportions. Immediately several seductive flies would drop lightly to the widening circles of the agitated water, and cast would follow cast, but the big fellows ignored all of our efforts in their behalf.

They were feeding on some small black insects which were flitting over the water, and our fly books offered no attractions. The setting sun cast a long bridge of trembling light across the pond, and water and sky to the westward were diffused with a golden, roseate glow, shot with rays of tender violet, which deepened to a purple, which in turn faded to blue.

The sun sank below the mountain sky line and the gray twilight stole upon the scene. The last rays lingered on the hoary summit of Kokadjo, and the Lobster Mountains cast their dark shadows in the still water.

Here and there some great pine and spruce towered above the other trees of the dark and mysterious forest, and the plaintive chant of a white-throated sparrow was the only sound which broke the silence.

No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the solemn, almost supernatural, stillness which pervades these solitudes, especially at nightfall.

As we returned across the lonely lake a feeling of awe crept over us, though we had all many times seen the sun sink behind the forest and had the night enfold us in its dusky garment when we were miles from any fellow man.

The light canoes, guided by noiseless paddles, bore us on past the silent shore and under the black shadow of the overhanging mountain, and it seemed as if we were drifting into another world. It was a scene such as a Dante or a Doré might have chosen as a background, against which to depict some wild fancy of his brain, and as we looked the cry of a loon added the only touch which was needed to emphasize the weird loneliness and complete the feeling of isolation.

Our fire sent forth a cheering gleam, however, and as we gathered around it we felt that in it we had a friend which would always give us a warm welcome and make us feel "at home." We spent a Sunday at Camp Kokadjo, passing a quiet, restful day, which was acceptable after the activity of the week. During our stay we fished at both inlets with about equal success—plenty of trout, but all small. Harry gave us a little excitement one morning by putting a fourth fly on his leader, and then hooking four fish, of which he landed two. Our greatest annoyance was in taking so many fish too small to keep and returning them to their element. The brooks had an unlimited supply of the little six and seven-inch fellows. Two of the best ones we got I took at one cast at the northwest inlet. They fought well and gave good sport before Francis had them in the net. Francis himself was very "handy" with a rod, as were the other guides, and it was a pleasure to see him cast. Standing erect in the canoe or on some point of rock, his sinewy wrist manipulated the pliant rod, sending the flies to any desired spot in a manner calculated to deceive the most wary trout.

One night when up the inlet after water we explored the brook for a mile, and as it is crooked, narrow and choked with alders, and the woods were already dark, we had quite an experience before we got back to the mouth. Twice a startled deer crashed through the bushes, one of which was an old buck which barked at us from his retreat, and now and then a musquash would splash into the stream or swim silently past under the bank. But after a struggle with the barriers which blocked the way, and which seemed to be tripled by the darkness, we returned to camp.

At the northwest inlet were several floating islands, composed of tangled masses of grass and lily roots, logs and drift wood, on which soil had collected and grass and small bushes taken root. Once while fishing there I saw a loon fly by only a few rods distant. This was the only time I ever saw one of these birds on the wing, for the great northern diver is much more at home in the water than in the air. Harry and I explored the shores of the pond one morning, and during our circuit we started six deer. At the western end were some musquash houses.

We walked up an old "tote" road which runs around the base of the mountain, but which is now used only by the deer. They had a path as well defined as a cow path in a pasture, and our foot prints mingled with those of deer, moose and caribou. With the exception of the deer path, the road was almost obliterated by the encroachments of the forest. The caribou and moose both make large tracks, but the former's is wide and round and deeper at the sides than in the middle, while that of the latter is pointed and of equal depth.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

Natural History.

THE LION OF FACT AND OF FANCY.

[Concluded from Page 328.]

WE may now inquire into the right of the lion to the title of "king of beasts" as resting on other grounds than his laziness, audacity and destructiveness. Buffon and the French encyclopedists, relying upon the reports of the earlier travelers—Bernier, Le Vaillant and the rest—say it was given him on account of his virtues! Prof. Phil. Robinson ("Under the Sun") suggests that it was not for the reason that he was so brave and so courageous that the lion was so called; and "not because he had any of the kingly virtues, but because he had all the kingly vices"—for the same reason, in fact, which placed the "ureus" upon the headdress of an Egyptian king and induces a chief in modern Africa to wear the lion's claws and imitate his walk. The title may sometimes have exhibited a certain element of derision also, but far more probably it had its origin in fear. His most regal appearance has not been denied by any writers except Livingstone and Selous. The former, as we have seen, is reminded by the lion of an enlarged dog, which statement, by the way, may not be so detractive as it was intended to be. Selous disparages his majesty of mien more deliberately. "To look majestic," he remarks, "a lion should hold his head high, and this he seldom does. When at bay * * * no animal can look more unpleasant than a lion; but there is nothing majestic or noble in his appearance." Perhaps this may be to a great extent a question of taste, but probably most persons who have seen the animal, even in captivity, will side with Harris, Leveson, Baker, Gérard, etc., in thinking his form and carriage awe-inspiring and imposing. That such, at least, has been the general verdict, plainly appears from the forms of speech which have found their way into several languages. Apart from this, the lion is a ruthless marauder, who lives by rapine, murder and fraud. His way of living is strikingly like that of a typical negro king, and it is not at all surprising that he should be held in high respect by savages, who invariably venerate whatever inspires them with apprehension.

As for the lion's voice, that which is said of it is equally discrepant with reports or his other characteristics. Drummond denies that it has "any resemblance to thunder," but the North African Arabs have only one word to express both sounds. Walking by night on the ramparts at Guelma, Gérard came to a silent group of Spahis. "The full moon that silvered all the landscape fell on their white bournous and their bronzed faces." He tells that upon them all there was "an expression of sadness." Listen! said an Arab officer. "I listened, and heard a distant sound—now sharp, now heavy, but which appeared extremely loud, judging from the distance from which it came. * * * That is the lion, the lion of Archioua," he said, and Gérard's heart "leaped for joy," as his fate announced itself by that "deep unparalleled voice, whose echoes were repeated from hill to hill. * * * When it ceased I shivered from head to foot." Of course the impression varies with the temperament and mental state of the listener; but at the same time its physical qualities must be positive, and indeed those of volume and intensity have been usually acknowledged. Leveson, Selous and others have described the trembling of the air and the feeling of immense power the lion's roar produces, though Andersson and Gordon Cumming are those who have portrayed it most completely, since they set before us the phenomenon, its general effects and the special circumstances under which that effect is most intensified.

The lion lives by hunting; how does he take his prey? Gérard says the Algerian lion has "great speed and an unequalled agility, but he is never known to chase his prey." It is easy to assert that this trait is characteristic of the cat-mammalia generally, and corresponds to their special structure; but the evidence does not sustain the conclusion. Cats are not formed to run, but nevertheless they do so. Wherever the lion exists he sometimes hunts in troops, and in India the troop pursues the game much like a pack of wild dogs, and with the same maneuvers. In Africa, hower, there is no coursing, the line of animals driving the game by allowing it to get their wind, so that others stationed by its run are enabled to seize it. Except when the lion may be said to storm a douar, or kraal, or camp, he stalks or ambushes his victims. This is in accordance with the statements of the majority of writers on this subject; although some, like Andersson and Delgorgue, look upon the attack by surprise as almost invariable. The latter, while insisting upon this, and affirming that the lion is as "abject a coward" as Sanderson ("Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India") declares the tiger to be, absurdly adds that he kills the white rhinoceros in this way, an animal formidably armed, and only second in bulk to the elephant. "Maintes fois trouvai-je des rhinocéros de la plus haute taille, que ni leur poids, ni leur force, ni leur fureur, n'avaient préserver de la mort." Dr. Jerdon recapitulates the methods mentioned, but states that the chase often combines the stalk and ambush, but not always; while Selous seems to have summed up the whole subject in saying he does "not think that lions have any fixed way of killing," but believes "they employ different tactics against different animals." Major Bevan ("Thirty Years in India") saw a tiger strike his claws through the skull of a bullock. Sir Samuel Baker ("Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia") witnessed the same in the case of his companion Florian, killed by a lion. Without multiplying references, the beast fights with talon, fang and forearm, and though contradictions are found in regard to the mode of assault and method of killing, these arise from improper generalization—the facts are all true, the inference only is false—viz., that limited individual experience represents an invariable procedure.

Buffon asserts that the lion bounds upon his prey with leaps of fourteen feet. Delgorgue increases this to eighteen, and Selous says that he comes with a rush of "such lightning-like rapidity" as no other animal can equal, but that the pace itself is "a clumsy-looking gallop." Thunberg ("A Description of the Cape") tells us that a lion will leap a fence four feet high with an ox in his mouth. Maj. Leveson has known him to clear the stockade of a kraal seven feet high similarly weighted. His bound "when about to spring upon his prey" Andesson estimates at from twenty-five to thirty feet, and

Drummond, Thompson, etc., give similar accounts of his leaping powers.

Every one of these statements is explicitly denied by different writers, because they had not happened to see the fact described, and therefore we may readily find authority for saying that lions do not spring upon their prey, that their leaps are inconsiderable, and that they never strike with the arm and claw, or bite through the vertebra by seizing the back of the neck, or dislocate it. The personal observations of Selous, however, have fortunately embraced specimens of all these methods of despatching creatures seized, and it may be regarded as certain that they are all practiced by the lion.

No civilized man, or at least none who has recorded his experience, knows much about the temper and habits of the wild lion, and under such circumstances the false doctrine of instinct vitiates conclusions from limited observations and places the reports of hunters at variance with each other. Lions are rarely seen by day, and at night, all but the inexperienced sportsman are perfectly aware that Gérard, Andersson, Leveson and Selous were right in regarding them as more than a match for a man, however armed. Successful study, therefore, would seem to require conditions little likely to be realized, and probably the best that can be done for descriptive zoology is to bring together everything that has been uttered on good authority and leave it to be interpreted in accordance with theoretical principles. No animals are more interesting than the great cats, or have more widely and powerfully excited the imaginations of different classes of mankind. It is not surprising that so many tales, such as Col. Pollok ("Sport in British Burmah") may well say that he "wonders at," should have been told about them; but it is unaccountable, except on the ground that the reasoning of these writers upon what they saw had been vitiated by the conception that an animal is a machine constructed to work in only one way, should have introduced so much which disfigures them into the pages of men who were incapable of a deliberate misstatement.

Biological and psychological studies were not needed to prevent an author from calling the lion a coward on one page, because he had learned the effect of improved firearms, and from telling in another of a desperate foray upon his camp; from enlarging in one part of a book upon the implanted instinct by which he stands in awe of men, and relating in a succeeding chapter how men are destroyed when poorly armed at his good pleasure.

So long as wild beasts are tacitly judged as if they were civilized men, the conclusions arrived at are likely to be obnoxious to criticism. What Prof. Robinson says of the lion is in all particulars true. "Life has but one end for him—enjoyment—and to this he gives all his magnificent energies, * * * without forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of nature by pretending to anything else." It is the hunters who have anthropomorphized him and heaped equally undeserved praise and reprobation upon his head. That lions must possess individuality may be inferred from the place which they hold in nature, and having this, the observed contrasts between them in severalty and in local groups follows as a matter of course. No more perfect combination of strength, agility and cunning than exists in the lion can elsewhere be found. "He makes no pretense to invincible courage; on the contrary, he prefers, as a rule, to enjoy life rather than die heroically. When death is inevitable he is always heroic, or even when danger presses him too closely. * * * A lion in the very shadow of death remains a lion still." He is upon the whole an animal with a very bad reputation, most of which he deserves. That he is monogamous, "of a very grave and dignified character," and that he will defend his mate and offspring, which the tiger deserts and destroys, in no sense justifies the superstructures which have been built up from fancy upon the basis of these facts. On the other hand there is quite enough in the solemnity of his murders, in the "supreme tragedies" of which he has been the hero, and in "the splendor of his ravages in many regions" to forestall imagination and preclude any necessity for the exercise of its powers. Nothing in the records of brute or human violence can surpass the deadly patience with which he compasses his victim's destruction, or the fierce valor with which the design is executed. From age to age he has maintained himself in Africa against the native man, and if he succumbs to the appliances of civilization and learns to appreciate the impotency of opposition, it is difficult to see how a process which, when wrought in a man, affords an argument for his intelligence, should, when it takes place in a brute, be otherwise interpreted. J. H. P.

THE YELLOW RAIL IN MICHIGAN.

IN a careful search of twenty years for rare birds I have never met with this species in Michigan, and it may be considered as rare throughout its range. Recently a fine specimen was brought to me in the flesh taken in this county, which I preserved. It was shot by two of our local gunners on Oct. 19, and was noticed to fly differently from other members of the same family. Another point of identification was a white spot on the wing plainly to be seen when the bird is flying.

In a review of all published lists in our State only four are found to embrace the yellow rail (*Porzana noveboracensis*), and careful study of catalogues and price lists throughout the Union indicates an almost universal scarcity of the species. Not many years ago the price of a skin of this pretty little bird was $8, and although at present skins are much cheaper, the eggs are unobtainable from dealers, which plainly shows their rarity in these days when money buys anything in the naturalist's line.

The range of the yellow rail is given as eastern North America from Nova Scotia and Hudson's Bay west to Utah and Nevada. It is strange that within such extensive boundaries there are not some localities where the species should be common, but it can be counted as common nowhere within its range. Its nesting habits, rarely observed, are quite similar to those of others of the same family; the eggs, said to be six or seven in number, being of a rich buffy-brown, marked at the larger end with a cluster of reddish-brown dots. Any of the readers of your paper who may have met with the nest of the yellow rail or have observed its habits will confer a favor on all ornithologists by presenting such notes.

MORRIS GIBBS.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

VII.—THE PINE SQUIRREL.

THE Douglas pine squirrel is fairly plentiful in this region, and has afforded me many an hour's pleasure in watching his interesting ways. "Pil-il-loo-eet" is the Indian name for this species of squirrel, and is an almost exact imitation, in human words, of his cry when alarmed. His powers of swimming I have already noted, also his courage and belligerency. The latter is shown against all animals and birds that invade his reservation, and extends to man himself. His ways resemble those of the common red squirrel, but he has none of the latter's bad habits, such as robbing small birds of their eggs and young, and similar low-down tricks. He is ardent in his loves, and fierce in his hates, and altogether is quite an aristocrat. I never knew him to eat anything but the seeds of the coniferæ, among which the seeds of the Douglas pine are his favorite. He will now and then come into camp, and nibble a little bacon or salt meat; but it is for the sake of the salt he does so.

No creature haunting the branches of the Douglas pine could well be otherwise than courageous and noble in its instincts. This tree, as it grows in the Sierra Nevada, is one of the noblest creations of Mother Nature. Straight as an arrow, hundreds of feet high, and many feet in diameter; with drooping branches, jeweled by its beautiful green cones; it rears its majestic gray-brown trunk to heaven in grandest majesty. The deep murmuring diapason of its voice awes the sensitive nature, as the summer winds play among its needles; while the winter's storms awaken its voice to tell of travelers lost and benighted in the snows, who have sought vain shelter behind its buttressed trunk. In this beautiful tree our little squirrel finds his home. Take your station under one of these trees after the sun has risen and watch with me. But don't sit or lie too near the outer ends of the branches. If you do you may get a cracked crown from a cone dropped 100 or 200ft. The cones are anywhere from 8 to 16in. long, 1½ to 3in. in diameter, and solid as a hickory branch. Now, if "pil-il-loo-eet" drops one of these upon you you will remember it (if you live) to your dying day. Well, then, sit down with your back against the trunk and wait. If you are in luck, and there be a squirrel up this tree, thud! you will presently hear a cone drop. Looking up, above where it dropped, you will see, at the very tip end of a waving branch, the face of our friend peering down to see where the cone landed. Then he scrambles out to the end of another branch, when the same performance is enacted. Thus he goes on cutting his cones and dropping them, until he believes he has cut his day's provisions, when he will descend and begin his breakfast. This he does by seizing a cone, which, by the way, is always far larger than himself, setting it on its tip, and thus holding it, cuts off chip after chip from the base, in a spiral manner, until he comes to the fruitful part of the cone, when he proceeds leisurely to eat his meal. He occasionally straightens up the cone with a jerk, flirts his tail, takes a rapid survey of the surroundings, and then returns to his work. All this he does with a free and jovial air, as though inviting you to his confidence. He almost says, "Just look at me eat my breakfast. Don't I handle this cone in a masterly way? Oh, I'm a daisy and don't you forget it!"

But if you want to see temper just go and pick up a cone when he is busy cutting them down. He will hang at the end of a branch, peering down to see what is going on, and as soon as he is satisfied that you are a thief and making away with his property he gives an angry snicker and comes racing down the tree. When within 10 or 20ft. of the bottom he will stop, head down, and hanging on with hind feet will spat the bark with his front ones, at the same time jerking his tail violently to and fro, scolding at the top of his voice. He will tell you in language plain as spoken words that you are a lazy, thieving scoundrel, and ought to be ashamed of yourself. He also tells you to go and take a fellow of your own size and not impose upon a little chap like him, robbing him of his hard-earned breakfast.

All this he tells you, interspersed with the choicest squirrel Billingsgate. If you approach a little nearer he will utter his name, "pil-il-loo-eet," at the same time running up the tree for a few feet in a spiral manner, forming a number of loops in his course, and then resume his former position and actions. This he will continue until you leave, when he will rapidly descend and commence searching for his cones, and will continue searching for a long time if the proper number are not there. I am satisfied that these squirrels know just how many cones they drop at a time and verify their tally when they come to the ground.

If the reader has followed me he will see that I take pleasure in many things besides making big catches of trout. It has been my privilege to angle in many waters, from New Brunswick to Mexico, but the catching of fish has always been but one of the pleasant memories of a trip.

AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase: Two brown capucins (*Cebus fatuellus*), one axis deer ♂ (*Cervus axis*), one ruffed lemur (*Lemur varius*), one black-headed conure (*Conurus nanday*), one tabuan parrakeet (*Pyrrhulopsis tabuensis*), two passerine parrakeets (*Psittacula passerina*), two gray-headed parrakeets (*Agapornis cana*), two crested ground parrakeets (*Calopsitta novæ-hollandiæ*), one hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*), and two European tree frogs (*Hyla arborea*). Received by presentation: One opossum and five young (*Didelphys virginiana*), one white heron (*Ardea egretta*), one Salle's amazon (*Chrysotis salleï*), one great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one pine snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*), three common hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), one large-headed tree snake (*Dipsas cenchoa*), one common boa (*Boa constrictor*), one wave-lined lizard (*Sceloporus undulatus*), two Muhlenberg's terrapins (*Chelopus muhlenbergii*), one snapper terrapin (*Chelydra serpentina*), one mud turtle (*Cinosternum pennsylvanicum*), one hell bender (*Menopoma alleghenicnsis*), two menobranchus (*Menobranchus maculatus*) and one spotted salamander (*Amblystoma punctatum*). Born in the Garden: Three ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophorus miliarius*) and eight brown water snakes (*Tropidonotus rhombifer*).

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth. 200 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

CORNFIELD SNAP SHOOTING.

THE Illinois game law having improperly shortened the open season for chickens, there will be no doubt many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who will be unable to enjoy a successful hunt, as stubble shooting lasts but a few days, and a good many dear lovers of sport are unable to take advantage of the opportunity. There is another chance, however, and some good field shots already understand how to capture the wary prairie chicken after he has abandoned the stubble and buried himself in the labyinth of a luxuriant Illinois cornfield.

To the novice let me describe the manner in which it is accomplished. First the cornfield hunter must be a quick shot; he must learn to cover his game and pull trigger the instant the gun comes to his face, for he sees a prairie chicken but a moment, and the chances are that he will never see the bird again unless he acts promptly. A good dog is an absolute necessity, as many of the birds will fall among weeds, and being only winged will be hard to find.

Suppose now we are ready to start. Our dog must stay close by—thirty rows on each side, that is his limit; and whenever he gets further away a warning whistle must insure his return. We bend our course toward the high points or knobs in the field, avoiding weedy fields, for your prairie chicken detests weeds and seeks high, dry points, where the corn is not so rank, and where he may bask in the sunshine and wallow in the dust.

Carry your gun directly in front of your breast with the muzzle elevated and breech clasped close to your breast, so that you may command the field, and not catch your gun on the corn stalks when you want to shoot. As we draw nearer to the knoll, the wary motions of our dog warn us that he has winded the game, and we must be on the alert. We move carefully forward, taking care to step over fallen stalks without making noise enough to frighten our game. Our dog stops and almost the same instant up come the birds.

We are warned by a flutter of wings and clatter of leaves that they are coming, even before we can see them; here they are; and as they rise above the corn tops they make a barely perceptible pause to take the course of their flight. Now or never is the time. If the bird gets his course and is started on it you may as well bid him good day, for the chances are a hundred to one that he is gone. But if you are vigilant and catch him just as he reaches the height of his flight and before he starts on his journey he is yours. Two snap shots and two birds. But slip in another cartridge for a straggler. At the first move from yourself or the dog up he comes. Shoot quick! and there you have him! Three birds down and your dog must retrieve promptly, for an old cock with a broken wing will travel an amazing distance in a very short time.

This routine will be repeated through the day with some changes and varied success. You must anticipate hard work; a man will finish a day's sport thoroughly tired, but he ought to have a nice bag of birds to show for his day's work. My last effort in this line showed fourteen birds, where strict stubble hunting would not afford a man half a dozen shots.

One thing I can assure any sportsman of and that is that he will find snap shooting more exciting and more fun and more hard work than any field shooting he ever attempted; and it will furnish sport till the season closes. Get these directions impressed on your mind, follow them closely and you are sure to be successful.

W. K. NEWCOMB, M.D.

ILLINOIS.

THE OZARK HILLS.

I MADE a flying trip to my old home among the Ozark hills of Missouri recently. Though called away within three days by imperative business, I managed to shake hands with a great many old friends and spend some hours in the field with master Bob White. What a rush of boyish memories came with the rustle of brown leaves, the sweet autumn odors, the sight of the golden and crimson and purple of the forest-clad hills, bathed in the mellow glory of an October sun! It is a long time since I have made a severer sacrifice than to tear myself away from these scenes and the clamorous friends of lang syne within three days after my arrival.

Quail were abundant, remarkably so. I found my close-choke gun a little annoying when shooting in cornstalks or other cover. I was obliged to wait till it was often too late in order to have anything left of my bird except the tips of his wings and his head. A friend who shot a venerable 10-bore muzzleloader and who would drive away as soon as the quail cleared the cornstalks, rather got the best of me on the score. If I had much such shooting to do I should certainly have one barrel cylinder bore. When we got among some snipe on the open marsh, however, the way I could tumble them at from 30 to 60yds. was interesting.

Another odd thing consoled me. Our old bob-tailed pointer was working some quail in a cornfield, and as we walked up to him on a point a fine turkey arose. Recovering from our astonishment we blazed away at him. We had been shooting No. 8 shot, but I had at that time a load of No. 10 in one barrel. No doubt all four of our shots struck him, but as my friend was some distance away and my final load was of No. 10s I relied especially on my second barrel, which was at short range. He got up over the high *bois d'arc* hedge and sailed away. We loaded, broke through the hedge, and followed. The old dog was greatly excited, and soon winded him. Following up about 200yds. we found him quite dead. He was a fine young gobbler.

AZTEC.

WHERE SPORTSMEN ABOUND.—South Norwalk, Conn.—Hunters around here are as the leaves of the forest. I have been out three times and started nothing. Every man owns a dog and gun, and this town boasts of three gun clubs.—E. H. F.

LAKE CHARLES, La., Nov. 10.—Geese and ducks are coming in, and some fair bags are being made.

THE COON HUNTERS.

YOU promise coon hunters a separate page next week. Will this go? Last summer, when we were returning from a camping trip in Bedford county, Pa., a coon dropped from a tree along the roadside, our noise evidently frightening him down. The great coon dog Path Finder (a full-blood great Dane) and beagle Topsey were soon in full cry on the trail. It was a race from start to finish. For about 200yds. the coon ran; then, as we thought, it was safely up a tree. Path Finder came up, and with a mighty jump caught the coon, when it was fully 8ft. up the tree. Dog and coon came down together, and the fun was over, for that awful back hold gave the coon no chance. ALLEGHENY.

PHILADELPHIA.

"BRE'R COON."

OUT here in western New York we do not shoot a coon when treed—unless in a very high tree—but he is shaken out and given a fair chance for his life and liberty with the dogs below, and they often outwit both dogs and men. I remember an instance where two dogs were fairly vanquished by one, and that a female, with four young cubs in attendance. Four of us had started out one evening early in the fall. There was quite a moon, and objects were dimly visible as shadows in the edge of the woods, but no further in. We had struck the edge of the woods and had stopped to listen. We heard the dogs below us yipping about in an excited way, and as we stood very quietly awaiting further developments, we heard the patter of feet on the leaves coming our way. I admonished the boys in a whisper to keep very still, when to our surprise within two rods of us we saw four young coons and their mother behind making all speed to a large maple growing close by. As the first youngster hustled up the tree urged on by repeated growls and spits of the old one, the dogs came bounding into the little space under the tree, and with howls of satisfaction prepared to "do up" the whole tribe.

Surprising events were taking place so rapidly that we had not stirred, and we waited to see the rest of the show. As the foremost dog bounded toward the coon, instead of her making a bolt for the tree she made a dive for his face, and raked both her sharp-clawed forefeet the whole length of his head. To say he was surprised, does not half tell it, as he was accustomed to seeing that game run unless cornered; and he turned tail with a howl. By this time the other dog had appeared on the scene—a young one, not yet versed in the arts of "coon," and he was treated to a surprise party greater than the other had been. With a growl and a spit she sprang right on to his head and commenced to scratch and bite. He made a bolt for home, accelerated by a dig in the back as he turned, and we never saw him again that night. The way he made the woods ring with his howls was a caution. All this had happened in less time than it takes to write it; and before the old dog could collect his senses enough to tackle such a fury, the young ones were up the tree, and with a bound she followed and was in the branches before you could say "scat."

"That old coon has earned her liberty and we won't touch her," said I; nor did we. Possibly the fact that the young were quite small had something to do with my magnanimity. She was fighting in defense of her young to give them an opportunity to escape, but she certainly conjured up more bravery and spunk than I have ever seen since in a coon that had a chance to run.

A good coon dog is a scarce article, and the mistakes of a young dog in trailing and fighting one are many. He only learns by experience. B. H. W.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A PENNSYLVANIA NIGHT RUN.

"HOW are you, boys; we thought you would not come," were the greetings we received after riding about seven miles over a country road near Pittsburgh, to go coon hunting.

The party who received us were young men from the neighborhood, accompanied by all kinds of dogs of very uncertain parentage, while each particular owner was willing to swear that his cur was the best coon dog that had ever lived; but as we had been disappointed before in believing such assertions, we had brought three dogs upon which we could depend. We gave notice that all the dogs except our own should be tied and led until we had treed a coon, as we did not want ours to be led off by the others on a fox or a rabbit trail. This gave offense to the other owners of dogs, and they quietly dropped out of our party, except one who had a three-quarter bred foxhound which he wanted to teach to hunt coons. There were thirteen men in the company when we started to hunt, two or three going ahead with the dogs, while the rest followed at some distance, so as not to disturb the game.

The dogs were scarcely released when they struck a trail up a steep hill; a rail fence also led up this hill, and the coon had traveled on the top of the fence to mislead the dogs. But one of our dogs knew that trick well. He would jump on the rail fence, ascertain which way the coon went, then leap to the ground and run along the fence for about 100yds. and then repeat the maneuver.

In a short time we heard them baying in the distance, and the joyful cry, "We've got him, he's treed in that orchard," was heard by the leading men. We found the dogs howling and trying to climb an apple tree, while two of our party were up among the leafy branches with torches hunting for the coon. But we could not find him; the dogs would circle around the tree and then howl, but still no coon, while the owner of the dogs would swear that it was the first time they had ever fooled him. The coon had gone up the tree, walked out on a branch, and from there had gotten on a high paling fence, which the dogs could not reach, and by doing so had delayed the dogs long enough to escape further up the hill to an abandoned coal mine, where we could not follow with our dogs. It was an old trick of that coon, and we were not the first ones fooled. There we stood; our dogs were gone, we did not know where; occasionally we would hear a bark in the distance, which some said was ours, and others declared it was Farmer So-andso's.

The majority thought that our hunt was a failure, and we concluded to return to the house in a roundabout way. When we had traveled about three-fourths of a mile through the wet, cold dew, which drenched us to the skin and did not improve our spirits, we suddenly heard our dogs again, and in a style that told us they had treed a coon. Wet, cold and all discomforts were forgotten as we rushed down through the woods to a very large oak tree about 4ft. in diameter. When we had all arrived at the tree, a consultation was held to decide in which manner the coon should be taken.

Some suggested to go for an ax and cut down the tree, and inquiring if the owner would have no objection, the assuring answer was given that the owner lived 250 miles away.

Another allowed that Jake, one of our party, could climb that tree, to which one-half answered, "Impossible." They got to disputing over Jake's ability till they had worked Jake's feelings up to such an excitable pitch that he threw off his coat and declared he would "climb that 'ar tree" or break his neck in the attempt.

He was kindly helped in the rear by three of the party with fence rails until he reached the lowest limb. Up he climbed almost to the top, declaring he could not see the coon; up higher he went, and at last to our great relief he yelled that he saw the coon. "No; two, three—great Scott, boys! there are four coons on this tree." This was answered from below with a whoop that would have put to shame any Indian war cry. Jake was told to come further down and get behind the trunk, while we would try to shoot the coons, which we did, but did not hit the coons; neither did we hit Jake.

Jake was then given a long pole with instructions to poke them down, commencing with the lowest one. Below a circle was formed by a dozen men, six torches, and four dogs divided among the circle. The dog which I held had killed a skunk the night before, and the dew brought the aroma out wonderfully, and when he got excited he would snap at my hands to try and make me let him go. When all was in readiness Jake was told to poke one down, which he did without any trouble. Zip, zip he came down through the branches and landed with a thump on the leaves below. At the same time four dogs and twelve men were let loose, and such scrambling, yelling, and growling of dogs, coon and men with torches cannot be described, but as he was only three-fourths grown, he was easily dispatched. With the next one the same scene was repeated. While the dogs were fighting the third one, the fourth or old one, becoming alarmed at the proceedings, sprang down from the tree and made off down the hill, followed by the men but unnoticed by the dogs, which were tearing at the now nearly dead coon, and could not be called off. Heroic measures were necessary in such an important cause, and I rushed in and grabbed the dead coon from the snarling dogs and held it high above my head, while the calls of the others brought them on the trail of the old coon, and none too soon; she had almost reached her den, an immense dry tree which was hollow near the top, where she would have been comparatively safe. She showed much more fight than the other three, and the dogs had all they could do to finish her.

When the fray was over, Jake gathered the spoils and they disappeared into the unfathomable recess of his large overcoat, while the dogs started in quest of new game. We followed down the classic banks of Moon Run about one mile, when the dogs gave tongue again, raising our hopes of more coons; but alas! that three-fourth foxhound that Jake had brought along to learn the higher art of coon hunting had struck a fox trail, and away he went with our coon dogs over the hills and through the valley, at times so far away that we could not hear them, and then again, circling so near that if it had been daylight we could have shot the fox.

For more than two hours they kept us waiting, wet, cold and shivering, and trying to get the dogs off the trail, while near us a small screech-owl was seemingly laughing at our discomfort, and Jake was sitting in the wet grass, where he went peacefully to sleep snoring in all the different modulations of tone that were possible.

If the dogs had had their homes in the neighborhood we would have left them, but having brought them from Pittsburg we were afraid of losing them. All misery must have an end, and so it was with us. By a good chance and a ruse we caught the dogs, and wended our way homeward as the faint streaks of dawn began to show in the east, a tired, but satisfied party, as four coons caught in one night attested.

A "DANVIS" COON HUNT.

YEARS ago, along in the latter part of the fifties, I was a boy living at home, near the green hills of Vermont, and in close vicinity to the town of "Danvis," since become famous through "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps;" in fact, it was the ancient city of Vergennes mentioned in those unique works, a quiet, lovely spot, around which still lingers tales and legends of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Benedict Arnold, Commodore McDonough, and of the "days that stirred men's souls."

Among many intimate friends was one Geo. P., a young law student, with plenty of time on his hands and a strong appetite for something to take the musty flavor of the law out of his mouth. How he came to hit upon coon hunting as a means of moistening the arid wastes of Blackstone, Chitty and the rest of the worthies I can not for the life of me tell. Whether following a coon, routed from his nightly marauding in the farmer's cornfield, was suggested by the thought of tracing the devious ways of some hardened criminal to his final conviction and incarceration; or whether he had become so befogged and beclouded in the intricacies of the law, in fact so in the dark about the whole matter, that night hunting was the only way to illumine his mind, I don't know. But that fall he borrowed Uncle David Middlebrook's "old hound" and went coon hunting, and with the not unusual luck of tyros got one or two coons each night. It was at this time he approached me with an invitation to join him on a certain night. George said we were sure to tree a coon and equally sure to get him if we could only get him out of the tree. I laughed and told him I would agree to get down all the coons he got up in a tree. There was where I was rash.

Upon the night appointed we struck for the cornfield bordering Burrough's Swamp. Dark? Yes! I carrying my double-barrel and George handling the dog. We stumbled on for perhaps an hour when the dog gave tongue. We were then in the center of a cornfield, the chase led toward Meigs' Hill and soon from the sharp short notes we knew the coon was treed. Reaching the spot we found the dog at the foot of an immense hemlock, standing on a point of a limestone ledge, 30 or 40ft. high, which fell off abruptly to the level ground below. Scrambling up the ledge we found the hemlock quite 70ft. high, throwing out its straight horizontal branches at regular intervals, beginning quite close to the ground and making it quite easy to climb.

After scanning the tree as well as we could in the pitchy darkness and firing one or two random shots, George, half in jest, half in earnest, insisted that I should fulfill my promise and get the coon down. I then began to realize that I had been rash in making any promise. So mounting the tree, which was easy enough to a nimble boy of 16, I climbed up about half way, when I discovered his coonship stretched out on one of the horizontal limbs, facing the body of the tree, and five or six feet from it. The branches were about 3in. in diameter where they joined the body of the tree, tapering easily toward the ends. Seizing the one the coon was on with my hands, and putting my feet upon the next below, which just brought my chin on a level with my hands, I cautiously made my way out from the body of the tree to within a foot or so of the coon, who began snapping and snarling. My weight was bending the branch in an alarming manner, and strange to say the coon did not shake off worth a cent, while I became painfully conscious that there was but an inch and a half of twig between me and the foot of the ledge, some 80ft. below. So marking the height and general direction as well as I could, I scrambled back and down to the ground.

A few ineffectual shots in the direction I had marked, set George to browbeating me in good set terms for not getting down the coon, untile my ire and my courage (such as I had) were fully aroused.

Again I mounted the tree, and on reaching my former position found he had changed his quarters. As I could see to the end of each branch as I climbed past, I was in no danger of overrunning, or rather overclimbing, my quarry. Up and up I went, till the branches seemed like pipe stems, and the trunk itself a mere whipstock, while the fact that I was a hundred feet from the foot of the ledge would constantly thrust its unpleasant realization upon me. I had now reached a place where I had to grasp the main shaft of the tree; the branches were too small, and my slightest motion swayed it several inches out of perpendicular. But there, just above my head, sat the coon with his haunches on a little twig of a branch, his fore paws and head close to the tree, snarling and snapping. I tried to shake him off by swaying the top of that old hemlock back and forth, expecting every moment to hear it crack beneath me, but it was of no use; the coon had the best hold and the most confidence; and if it had not been for the dread of George's tongue I should have turned and gone down again.

As it was I stopped and considered the matter. After a bit a plan occured to me. I could easily reach him with my hand. Swaying the treetop again back and forth as far as I dared, I gave the coon all the business he could well attend to to hold on to his frail perch. Letting go with one hand but still keeping up the swaying motion I dealt him several blows with my fist in quick succession. The second rolled him over on the branch, the third loosened his fore feet, and the fourth sent him crashing through the branches to the ground below. Hastening down I reached the ground in time to see a fight of three or four minutes between the coon and hound before the former was killed. He weighed 23lbs. H.

INDIANA.

SOME POINTS ON COON HUNTING.

THERE are a great many "points" in coon hunting which are only gained by experience, and then only after a great deal of observation. There are many characteristics possessed by the old male coon which are entirely lacking in the younger members of the family. Many old coons become as sly and cunning as a fox, and are equally hard to take. I remember one case in particular. My hounds used to run hot trails in about the same locality every once in a while. They would take up the trail, run it for perhaps ten minutes and then lose it in a most unaccountable manner. This had happened several times in succession, until one night a good tracking snow fell. The next morning I went out to the same place and succeeded after many a twist and turn in tracking my old quarry to his den. We cut the tree and found him to be as I thought, an old male of quite large caliber. Another case I remember, where the hounds crossed and recrossed the creek several times, taking up the trail each time after crossing, running it a short distance and then crossing back again, finally treeing in a huge hickory.

One can easily distinguish an old coon by the size of the tree he climbs as a last resort to escape the hounds. I have no doubt that the motto of the young and inexperienced coon is "Any port in a storm." Not so, however, with the older ones, who have perhaps succeeded more than once in throwing the keenest hounds off the track. I remember one night in particular. The hounds took up a fresh trail, and after running it a short time treed in what is called in the West a bush, a small tree, about 5 or 6in. in diameter. On jumping the coon we found him to be a young one, and from all appearances hardly a year old.

We had hardly left the spot when the dogs took up a fresh trail and ran at full cry straight for the creek. Here they crossed, ran along on the opposite bank for some 200yds., crossed back again and struck out into the timber.

We followed them slowly for a while and then sat down on a fallen tree trunk to await further developments. I had made up my mind that they were running an old-timer by the way the trail led. We had not been seated long when we heard the hounds getting nearer, and presently we saw a dark object rush past and heard a scratching sound as it disappeared up the side of a large elm.

I think the coon had had this tree in mind from the time the hounds took up the trail. He had crossed the creek to throw the dogs off, struck out into the timber, circled and made for this tree, perhaps an old favorite with him, where it may be he had taken refuge before to escape his keen-scented pursuers. I have noticed in almost every case the old coons are treed in the largest

trees in the timber. Of course this does not always happen; in fact, I have known them to take to a tree so small that the dogs could almost reach them by jumping.

I have also noticed that an old coon seldom or never takes to the "den tree," unless he is very hard pressed and has no choice as to his retreat. More than once have I tracked them to their den in the morning over the snow, but I remember but one instance where I have treed in the deen tree, and that was just before dawn.

When a coon is "jumped" from a tree and comes down into the middle of a howling pack, he usually fights for dear life.

The female keeps up an incessant growling and snarling, while the "boar" seldom makes any noise whatever after the dogs have fastened on to him. I think the hardest fight I ever saw was made by an old female. It was just after weaning time, and she was lean and poor. The way she held out against the dogs was astonishing, and the way she made them yelp was something awful. This coon weighed in the neighborhood of 20lbs., which, I think, is quite large for a female.

The males as a general rule are fat, and although they fight with great zeal, yet they don't compare with the smaller females.

If your hounds tree in a hollow tree, the coon seldom jumps out when the tree is cut, but stays in the hollow until he is punched out with a stick. Of course you don't know when you fell the tree how many coons are on the inside, and one point very essential is after getting one coon out, pay no attention to him, the hounds will attend to his welfare, but watch the opening in the tree, for if there are any more coons inside, just as soon as the fight with the first coon begins they will make a break for the woods. They seem to know that the dogs are occupied and take this method as an only means of escape. I think it is without fail that as soon as the dogs have tackled the first coon, out pops the other occupant of the tree and he is off.

Note the place where he ran, drag a hound off, put his nose to the place where the fugitive disappeared, and, let me assure you, it will not be long before he is waiting for you in some tree top hard by with your hound at the foot of the tree. LOTOR.

NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNTING.

THE fox hunters are having considerable sport in this section of country, and some of the boys tell pretty good stories of the haps and mishaps of the chase. As a member of long standing in the "ancient and honorable guild," I think it my duty to give a bit of personal experience. My last run with the hounds was on a beautiful day in February. There was about eight inches of freshly fallen snow on the ground. The sky was clear, and a gentle breeze from the south gave us hopes of a glorious run. Starting from our goodly city of Springfield before the sun was fairly up, with Ed and John and our good dogs Ben and Kitty in the cutter, we were soon well on our way. Before we were out of the city limits we found a fresh trail that crossed the road to the left; and before our team had fairly come to a standstill the dogs were away in full cry. The probabilities were that the fox when started would turn to the east and cross in front of us, and Ed and John went on up the main road, while I, to make sure, turned down a cross road and followed in the direction the dogs had taken.

When I had gone about a half mile I saw an old lady coming whose dejected looks and halting steps betokened that she had had about enough of the heavy walking. As I approached her gallantry and humanity had a tussle with my fox hunting inclinations, but as has ever been the case in such matters humanity carried the day, and turning the team around I assisted the old lady to a seat and carried her back to a house near the main road.

If the reward for good deeds were always as sure and speedy as in this case, I venture to say that many of our non-fox-hunting friends would be better men. Just as I had resumed my seat and was about turning back there came a burst of melody from the dogs that set my nerves tingling again. Listening a moment, I found that the chase had turned to the east, and that the aforesaid humanity had saved me more than a mile of very rough road. Without going to thank the old lady for the good turn, I made for the main road at the best speed that whip and voice could extort from my not very gallant steedess—to tell the truth the old mare was decidedly lazy, and the amount of energy we expended in getting her along that day would, I fully believe, have carried us on foot over more ground than we covered. As I tore along up the road I met a jolly-looking farmer, who encouragingly shouted as we passed, "Hurry up! they are close arter him. Stop at my house ——," the remainder was lost in the distance; but I well knew that the last word was "cider:" and with renewed vigor I pushed on. Overtaking Ed and John, we listened a moment to the dogs, and found that they were making for "Stony Hill," some five miles distant; and getting under way we made a break for that famous runway. When we arrived at the base of the hill, we heard the dogs some three or four miles to the east, well up on the Wilbraham Mountains, driving the fox at a racing gait toward the south.

Again getting up steam we drove through the little village of Wilbraham, and a mile below we turned up a road that led over the mountain. At the foot of the last rise we found the trail which crossed the road, and John got out and followed it to the edge of the woods to cut off the fox in case he should come back that way, while Ed and I kept on to the top of the mountain, where Ed took his stand at the well-known runway by the big rock; and I, leaving the team just below, went down the road and took my stand at another crossing place, where many a glorious run had finished. Sitting there on the well-known stone in the bright sunlight I calmly awaited events. At the end of about an hour and a half I saw John step into the road a half mile below and come toward me. Just then Ed showed himself and beckoned for me, and as I came up to him he informed me that the dogs that had crossed below were not our dogs at all, but a brace that were owned by a man who had just crossed below in search of them, and that our dogs were after their fox on the plains to the west of us.

John then came along and said that there was a fresh track that crossed the road just below, and we all went down to investigate; and it caused a cold chill to run up my back when we discovered that just after I had vacated my stand the fox had crossed within ten feet of the very stone upon which I had been so long sitting. Any man has an undoubted right to his opinion regarding such an occurrence. I did not express mine, but Ed and John made a disgusting exhibition of themselves by dancing in the road and making a row that fairly drowned the roar of the dogs that shortly put in an appearance.

Cheering them on their way, we listened to the music until it grew faint in the distance, when we again manned the cutter and steered for the plains to find our dogs. I piloted the craft to the best of my ability down the mountain, but owing to the slow rate of speed I succeeded in landing Ed and John on their beam ends only twice. Of course I went out with them, but as they were two to my one, I had just twice the fun that they had out of it.

When we arrived on the plains we met a man who lived on Stony Hill, and he informed us that while we were crossing the hill our dogs were there hunting up the trail, which they had overrun; and not ten minutes after we left they found it and went at a racing gait straight south; and just then a man from Hazardville, Conn., came along and said that he saw the dogs with heads well up going at speed across a hill just south of Shaker Village, and that they had turned to the west. As this course would take them to the river, where they would probably turn back toward the city, we jogged on in that direction. Shortly after passing the village of Sixteen Acres, we heard the dogs coming from the southwest; and we soon saw the fox a half mile away, making for the crossing where we had laid on the dogs in the morni ng. Now commenced a race for life or death. Ed punched the old mare with his gun, John twisted her tail, while I plied the whip, and we soon were going at quite a fair rate of speed; indeed the pace was so hot that the old mare broke, and her lengthened stride brought her heels in contact with the crossbar and she laid back her ears and actually ran away; but as we were gaining on the fox we let her run; and each one grabbed for cartridges and loaded up to be in readiness when the climax came.

Just as we reached a level stretch of ground the fox suddenly broke cover to our left, and came straight for the road, with the evident intention of crossing our bow; but he miscalculated the speed at which we were going and he and the old mare reached the crossing at the same instant, and the fox crouched in the ditch within four feet of us to let us pass. Meantime Ed and John had begun to get out and shoot; one gun was fired straight in the air, for I have a distinct recollection of hearing the patter of the falling lead. Where the other three charges went I had no means of learning, as the first gun had swerved the old mare out of the road into the lot, and as the fox, evidently scared half out of his wits, took the back track, the old mare tore on after him with increased speed, I had had no time until now to get in my work; but as there was a bit of daylight between the horse and fox I cut loose at him with such success that the old mare dodged to one side so suddenly that her feet came out from under her and down she went all in a heap, and so badly was she demoralized that she never stirred. I crawled out of the wreck, and, the ruling passion still strong, raised my gun to put in the other barrel; but too much time had been lost; and when I got sight of the fox he was some 200yds. away sitting on his haunches and looking at us with the most astonished look on his countenance that I ever saw on a dumb animal. Silently we limbered up and silently we went home.

SHADOW.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX HUNT

WESTFIELD, Mass., Nov. 13.—The 100 or more members and guests of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club who gathered Tuesday night in readiness for the first day's hunt, had just such weather for their sport as fox hunters delight in. Tuesday's rain removed old scents on the fox runs, and the wily reynards prowling about that night had lively times yesterday keeping out of the reach of dogs and guns.

Before daylight this morning the streets resounded with the baying of hounds, and the "ta-ra ta-ra ta-ra" of the melodious hunter's horn. Coaches rumbled about, adorned with flaming torches, of which an occasional one was left blazing in front of the house of some especially sound sleeper who failed to quickly respond to the bugle call for rising or the cornetist's musical "Johnny get your gun." Few people in the town failed to know that the hunters were about, and none of the nimrods were missing when, before 6 o'clock, after a hurried breakfast, the signal was given to start. Half a dozen 'buses and more private conveyances carried the enthusiasts to the hunting ground, distant four or five miles from Park Square. A few returned within three hours with faces, hands, fingers and toes half frozen, and their enthusiasm and interest in fox hunting considerably diminished; but the majority kept up the chase all day.

The hunters were divided into three squads, and the line extended from Western avenue southward along the base of the Russell, Granville and Southwick hills nearly to Sodom Mountain. For almost the whole five miles, highways ran parallel with the hunting grounds, allowing the active participants to easily reach and return from their assigned places. Scores of on-lookers, desirous of watching the chase and hearing the deep-mouthed baying of the bounds, drove from town during the morning and afternoon. Nearly all day the woods re-echoed with the music dear to the hunter's heart, cracks of guns, the horn's "new halloo," the hounds' deep-mouthed cry, and occasionally the hunters and spectators would catch a meteor-like glimpse of a fleeing fox, as for a moment he appeared in the open field or leaped a fence to escape his rapid pursuers. Much of the ground covered by the hunters would have permitted of following the dogs on horseback, but none attempted it, possibly for the reason that such a condition was unexpected, in view of previous meetings on the Chester Mountains, up which hardly a goat can scramble. Another reason, perhaps, was the liklihood that a rider closely following the dogs might get a charge of shot into his horse and himself from some excited nimrod hidden behind a rock or tree, who would in his eagerness shoot any live thing coming within range of his gun.

The squad under captaincy of Joel Fox had the extreme north of the line from Western avenue to West Parish and early in the morning H. F. Cowing bowled over a handsome silver-gray with a fine shot, after a pursuit of nearly two hours. The fox finally took refuge in a clump of woods, and was driven out by a farmer's dog and shot while crossing the road. Charles E. Owen, of East Granby, had charge of the squad located in the middle section and his party had the good luck before noon to bag a handsome pelt. The Sodom Mountain division met with equal success, although it came later in the day. A fine reynard was the trophy they proudly displayed on their return, shot by Charles Leyon, of Southampton. Besides these five others were shot during the day, the names of the successful hunters being: Joseph La Fleur, of Huntington, A. Burbank, of Pittsfield, P. P. Clapp, of Southampton, and Charles H. Merritt and P. B. Rumrill, of this town.

Charles Hatfield, Chicopee's well-known boniface, brought in high feather to the Park Square Hotel headquarters a monstrous coon, which he said he had treed and shot in the high-bridge ravine, but he looked very meek and asked everybody to "take something" when expert coon hunters, after sniffing the animal, suggested that it was lucky "Charlie" killed it as soon as he did, for the coon needed killing badly.

This evening the club banquet was held at the Gem Opera House, and proved the biggest and most successful in the history of the club. Fully 300 were present, and two-thirds were from out of town. The Westfield brass band did escort duty from the Park Square Hotel to the opera house, and afterward furnished music. The banquet was served by R. Tyler & Son, caterers, and was generally voted the best thing of the kind ever given in town. R. H. Kniel of this town was toast master at the after-dinner speaking, and among those who spoke were District Attorney Hibbard of Pittsfield, G. W. Roraback of Chester, president of the club, F. H. Gillett and Ephraim Perkins of your city, Ledyard Bill of Worcester, E. W. Dickerman of this place and John B. Bottum of Northampton. At the annual meeting of the club the old officers were re-elected.

Among the members or guests present besides those mentioned these may be mentioned: Bernard Alderman, of Suffield, Conn.; E. H. Allen, of Huntington; C. E. Brace, of Tyringham; Gurdon Bill, of Springfield; S. C. Burton, of Pittsfield; O. W. Beach, of Chester; F. O. Beach, of Worthington; R. E. Burbank, of Pittsfield; B. E. Campbell, of Chicopee: J. Cooper and C. E. Clark, of Chester; H. F. Cowing, of Northampton; Edward Demond, of Suffield, Conn.; L. M. Frost, of Leominster; C. F. Flagg, of Webster; Willis Guilford, of Williamsburgh; D. E. Goodloo, of Huntington; Geo. H. Hatch, of Pittsfield; N. A. Harwood, of Chester; Dr. O. J. Shepardson, of Chester; H. G. Hill, of Williamsburgh; Jas. Keefe, of Chester; Waldo Knox, Wallace Knox and Jas. Leonard, of Suffield, Conn.; J. R. Maguire, of Huntington; H. L. Niles, of Springfield; W. B. Orcutt, of Northampton; W. H. Plummer, of Huntington; H. P. Pomeroy, of Chester; M. J. Riley, of Chicopee; C. A. Rockwell, of Pittsfield; J. B. Ripley, of Granville; E. T. Slocum, of Pittsfield; C. D. Smith and J. W. Thomas, of Chester; H. N. Wilson, of Pittsfield; J. B. Wells, of Wellsville; R. M. Fairfield, of Fairfield; Chas. W. Butler, of Holyoke; W. C. Corbett and R. C. McQuillen, of Boston; S. H. Crittenden, of New Haven; A. Grouf, of Windsor; M. J. King, of Springfield; C. R. Kent, of New Haven; F. Lenoir, H. Lukes and A. A. Loomis, of Springfield and John H. Maxwell, of South Deerfield.

Nov. 13.—Between thirty and forty hunters scoured the mountains north of the Westfield River to the Holyoke and Southampton boundary lines yesterday with the result of bowling over four good-sized foxes. A fifth was closely pursued and the eager nimrods felt sure of their prey when they heard the report of a gun and the hounds' baying soon after ceased. Following the sound of the gun they found the dogs huddled together and sniffing the ground. Upon investigation traces of blood appeared on the dead leaves, but there was no fox in the neighborhood, and the probably correct conclusion of the disappointed hunters was that some one not of their party, and quite likely a horny-handed granger, had lain in wait along the runway and with a well-aimed shot toppled reynard over and hurried off with the carcass before the dogs or their owners arrived. Of the foxes shown as the result of the day's hunt, Landlord Hagar, of the Park Square Hotel, and Edward Williams killed one each on East Mountain, and M. J. Stevens, of this city, and E. E. McCann, of West Springfield, one each on Bear Hole Mountain. The meeting in interest, attendance and foxes secured was the most successful of any held, and the membership of the club was doubled, being now over 200. Last night the last of the visiting hunters went home profuse in praise of the pleasures enjoyed and hospitality extended.—*Springfield Republican.*

CARE OF DEAD GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to query by "Mc" I have learned, after long experience in Kansas, Indian Territory and Colorado, and both in hot and cold weather, especially hot weather, never to draw birds, squirrels or rabbits. If you desire sweet meat, bleed them well at once when shot, and dry the feathers and skin. I have very successfully kept game in hot weather by placing single birds in a paper sack and tie with a string, then hang up in as cool a place as possible. Always hang head up, as this manner takes the entrails away from the breast. Do not hang in "groups" at any season if expected to keep four or five days; hang singly in the shade. The only birds that it is desirable to draw at once are sage hens, found in the mountains west of the plains.

Kill fish at once by cutting the throat deep and let them bleed. Then wrap in a wet cloth and place in a basket. Don't wet them any more. Grass is good if sweet and clean. In packing game of any kind or fish don't let the ice touch or melt on it. Where necessary to use ice wrap it in papers and rubber in solid cakes; pack the game between the cakes. Trout and fine-flavored birds can be carried a thousand miles, and a week to go it in, if packed in this way. TILE.

KANSAS CITY, Missouri.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Mc" asks for information as to the best manner of keeping dead game. From long experience I have adopted the following: Withdraw the entrails as soon as killed; place a stick in the orifice to keep it open to admit the air so it will dry. Do not put anything inside, as it will retain the moisture. Hang, head up, for twelve hours or so, after which it will keep better hanging head down, as the moisture escapes sooner. In this manner game will keep much longer than that which is undrawn. This applies to deer. MUSSET.

ADIRONDACKS.

ELK ON SNAKE RIVER.

[Continued from Page 330.]

NOV. 6.—Had an early breakfast this morning and Charley and I hitched up to one of the wagons and drove across the park to bring in the three elk killed by Hunt and myself yesterday morning. After loading them in the wagon, I was picking out a road for Charley to drive out through, as it was full of down timber in here, when I ran into a fine flock of grouse. I called to Charley to stop a moment and I would try my hand at shooting grouse. At first shot I took the head off of one up in a small tree; the second shot I cut a bunch of feathers off one's neck, but it flew away. My third shot was at one on the ground, and I took its head off clean. I was just going to quit at this when I saw two sitting on the ground, and by squatting down I could get their necks in range; I told Charley to watch me cut their necks both off at once; which I did, striking them both low down on the neck, and cutting them all off except a little skin. We now returned to camp and put the saddles on our hunting horses and struck out for a day's hunt. Some two miles from camp we came to a deep cañon. Here we left our horses. Charley tied his to a pine tree and I turned old Prince loose. We hunted hard all day; and saw a number of straggling bull tracks, but did not get a shot. On returning to our horses, I found Prince had left for camp. Taking a short cut I overtook him, and mounting rode leisurely along toward camp, Charley being half a mile or so behind me. As I came out in the park, half a mile or so from camp, I came suddenly upon twelve elk crossing the Park going west. They were not over 100yds. off, and I jumped off my horse thinking I could do better shooting; but as I raised my gun to fire, the old rascal threw up his tail and away he went down the trail, directly toward the elk and almost in the line of my fire. This of course frightened the elk and away they went, and I missed my game, but fired again and wounded a fine young spike bull, which Charley soon overtook on his horse and finished by a ball in the head. The rest of the band took the road leading down to the Snake River, and just beyond camp, then ran on to George and Stub coming up with their horses packed with provisions. Hunt's negro boy is gone to-night; has rode off Hunt's mule. They think he has started for Laramie City, as they had been teasing him about going, and told him he might take the mule; but had no idea the fool would attempt such a thing. Con is quite uneasy about him, for fear he starts across the range, where he would be sure to freeze to death now. Con will start after him early in the morning. I think he will be all right, for he has eaten up all the sweet cakes I and Charley had in camp, and most of the honey and crackers. Had a fine grouse stew for supper in both tents to-night.

Nov. 7.—Snowed again last night. Con got up his saddle horse and started on the hunt for the boy. Charley and I take a horse and skid in our elk killed last night. Having a good fresh tracking snow we all strike out east of camp and go up in the hills, expecting to find a band of elk in a short time; but we are disappointed, and after a long tramp we seperate, Charley and I going to the left and circling in toward camp. When we strike the edge of the park, where Hunt and I killed the three young elk, we cross a fresh bull elk trail. As it is some time yet until dark we conclude to follow it. After following about a mile down in a deep cañon we jump him up out of a bunch of willows. Charley is nearest to him and fires, but misses. I run up the side of the mountain to my right in order to get above the willow brush when I see the bull making good time up a well-worn trail on the opposite side of the gulch. I at once cover him and fire, when he comes rolling down the hillside some 50ft. to the bottom of the gulch. On going up to him we find he is an old "scab," or mangy bull, that has been driven out of the herd by the younger bulls and is not good for anything except his horns, which are a nice even pair of six points on each beam. I take his head, while Charley carries both guns, and we make for camp. It is a long hard pull up the cañon, but we arrive at camp at dark, tired and covered with blood from the elk head. Think this is the poorest, scabbiest old bull I ever saw; and no doubt it was a merciful act to kill him, as it saved him spreading the disease among the healthy elk. We found Con and the boy safe in camp. The boy had stopped at a ranch over night, down on Snake River, and when Con got there he was trying to get the mule on the ice and across the river. The boys have him badly scared to-night telling him "Hunt is going to have him arrested when he gets to Laramie City for stealing his mule."

Nov. 8.—Moved camp to-day about fifteen miles. Went across the Snake River and up in the hills beyond McIntoshe's horse ranch and went into camp at the foot of a huge cliff, known as "Gibraltar." Rather poor camp, with no grass for stock.

Nov. 9.—Saddled up old Prince early this morning and struck out for the head of Slater Fork. Followed down the fork a few miles, when I struck an old elk trail of about 100 elk heading back into the hills toward camp. Having seen no fresh sign on my way around I was satisfied the elk were still in there; so I took the trail, and in about a mile discovered a small band high up on a mountain side feeding, where the sun and wind had taken the snow off, and the elk grass was nice and green. Leaving my horse in a warm grassy cañon, where he could pick some grass, I attempted to make a sneak up the mountain and get in range of the game; but a wary old bull on picket duty soon discovered something not just suited to his notion and led the band over and around the south side of the ridge into a lot of timber. I followed slowly, and in about half an hour discovered them mostly lying down. I circled the hill and was crawling up on the ridge to the south of them, when looking up I saw about fifteen or twenty of them standing on the ridge looking at me. Knowing it was now or never I leveled my gun on what I thought was a young bull and fired. The elk all disappeared and went thundering down the mountain. I ran around the point of the ridge to see where they went, when I saw the entire band of about one hundred come out in a little park about 600yds. away, and form in a round bunch, just as if they were in a round-up corral. I think it was as fine a picture of a band of elk as I ever saw. Going over to the trail to look for blood I could not discover any, so I took the back track. It was quite a steep climb up the point to where the elk stood when I fired, and was thickly covered with small green pines and red spruces. When I got almost to where the elk stood I came suddenly on my elk stone dead, shot through the shoulders. He was a bull calf coming a yearling, and the largest I ever killed of his age. I pulled him through the snow a few feet to the edge of the ridge, when he went down for about 50ft. into a little basin clear of timber and with about 2ft. of snow. Here I soon had him dressed and turned over belly down to keep the magpies out of him. To get my horse was the next thing on the programme. I had about a half mile to go up the mountain and then it was all down hill. I made good time and was soon on my horse heading in what I thought was a direct line for camp. I soon found myself high up on the mountain in thick timber full of logs and poles. Up here I jumped another elk, but I was not elk hungry just now, for it was getting dark and I was in a strange country. Just as darkness had fully settled down I came out on a high point and could see our camp-fire far below me, with a lot of timber and small gulches between. After getting down into the timber I heard the boys firing their guns for me. I answer with a few shots, and was soon sitting down to a steaming supper of warm bread, elk steak and coffee.

Nov. 10.—No one saw anything yesterday except myself, so we concluded to move camp again to-day and try to get nearer to where the elk range. The hills between camp and where I killed the elk were full of elk beds and trails, and it appears as if game were plenty in here. Moved camp around to the southeast some five miles; have a good warm camp ground, but poor feed for stock. It is snowing great guns to-night. Stub lost his horse; it went off in the night, and he struck out on his trail this morning and is not in yet. Probably he is up at the horse ranch. We are now about 250 miles from home. Snow getting deep, oats getting scarce, and horses weak and thin. Looks rather gloomy to-night, and Charley and Con have not yet killed a hoof; don't like to go home empty. I have as much and more than I want for myself, but not enough for all. Will try it a few days more and then we will pull for home—game or no game. Am afraid the snow is now too deep on the range for us to go back the way we came over. Have good wood and our tent is warm and snug to-night; the horses have good warm blankets on, and are standing humped up with their backs to the driving storm. A. A. K.

NEW JERSEY DEER HUNTING.

THE open deer season in this State was ushered in on the 1st inst. by the hustling of buckshot and yelping of dogs all through Atlantic county. Several deer and one man have been killed. Same old exasperating story of rustling of bushes, shooting without view and slaughter of a companion. Now the shooter is reported to have become deranged. If his eyesight or buckshot had been deranged when he so thoughtlessly shot at a noise, how much happier the whole occasion. But it's so every year. If these men and boys (who have no more business with a gun than a child has with dynamite) were readers of sporting papers and could read therein repeated warnings against such criminality, it might be different. But it is just this class that don't read and never will. It is the kerosene servant girl, and the fellow who didn't know it was loaded, and the man who pulled his gun muzzle foremost through the fence or out of the wagon, and the man who shoots at a noise, who are doing all in their power to bring more misery into the world under the guise of sport.

It is positively dangerous to go deer hunting in Jersey. A party may go out with dogs, and by the time stands have been filled several more parties are likely to put in an appearance, all with dogs; and if a deer is started the best place for safety is up a tree or down in a hole in the ground. You see it is three years since there has been an open season on deer, and there is an awful fever on. Hunters are as plentiful in Atlantic county as the mosquitoes; and between them both, deer and everything else catch it. If a deer is started, it runs across some member of a second party, who mayhap breaks a leg, and some third or fourth party fellow kills it or wounds it again, and another party's man kills it. Then there are four packs of dogs and men mixed up in the claim, and if the matter is settled without serious dispute each man gets a pound or two of meat. If there is a dispute, maybe he loses all the deer meat and a pound or two of his own. Or it may be, as happened a few days since, that one party starts the deer, a second shoots it, when it runs away and dies, to be carried off by some other party. Then when the first two parties find it out there is gnashing of teeth and sulphurous canopy.

There are a few quail and hares hereabout, scattered widely, and forty-three men and some dozen boys to each head of game. Each hunter keeps a beagle or foxhound or two, and a hare's life is a miserable failure. The quail break for the oak thickets and swamps at the first blush, and by the time a person has poked and pushed through the dense covers an hour or two, got his face and hands well studded and lacerated with briers and stubs, he begins to think he has earned a thousandfold more than he gets.

Nevertheless there be spots where the bunnies do abound as I can bear witness. A friend and I and dogs started in the early gray of one of several mornings since, and riding several miles met at the rendezvous other hunters and dogs for a rabbit hunt. Seven men and six dogs there were. There ought to have been one more dog, but we couldn't fetch it. As it was, there was music in the air all that day. My cocker Toby jumped the game, or a number of them, and the hounds took up the tune where he left it. The dense thicket or the swamp was of no avail to cottontail. He had to keep moving until some gun spoke and he turned up his toes. At noon when we gathered at the farmhouse for an ample, appetizing dinner, eleven hares and one ruffed grouse were turned out of game pockets. At night seven more hares and a grouse showed up, and we rode home at twilight of a lovely Indian summer day well pleased and tired. O. O. S.

VINELAND, N. J.

Business and professional men do much toward making up the crowd of hunters and fishermen that yearly spend their brief vacation season in the woods, and on the lakes and streams. This is explained from the fact that prominent among the business and professional men of to-day are the men who were reared in the country and on the farms, many of them in the backwoods even, where the rod and line and the fowling piece were the principal sources of amusement. A love for the forest and the stream was thus acquired that lasts through life, and the short respite from the cares of the after busy life are all the more sweet, because they bring back the scenes of days gone by.

E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, has just returned from his annual vacation of two weeks. With his brother, A. M. Gillam, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *Record*, he has spent his vacation in New Jersey. The boys went home to the hallowed spot where the aged mother resides and made their hunting tours from there. They were joined for one day by M. M. Gillam, another brother, who is the manager of the advertising of the world-widely-known John Wanamaker, who puts some $30,000 a year in advertising, the most of which advertising is worded by Mr. Gillam. The brothers are as fond of the dog and the gun as they were when they were boys on the farm and dug out their first woodchuck. They also love the hounds as fondly as in days gone by, and they can scarcely take kindly to the idea that there is a better method for hunting the deer of to-day than hounding them. E. M. and A. M. Gillam both had their bird dogs with them and they found rare sport among the quail, which they found very abundant in Cumberland and Atlantic counties, though the frost had not yet rid the trees and brush of their foliage, and this made the hunting a little slow. They also had rare sport with rabbits. Duck shooting they tried at Avalon, near Cape May, where they found the bay covered with black duck and mallard. These ducks were wild and hard to approach. They tried them the second day with decoys, but the weather was so fine that the ducks did little flying.

The men had a pair of hounds with them. They were to try the deer. They tried over the same grounds where only a few days previous several deer had been shot. In fact eight or ten had been reported killed since the open season began. The dogs were put out by one of the brothers, and the others lay by the runways. All day they waited. The hounds were heard distinctly baying, but later they ceased. At nightfall the hunters wended their way homeward, but to find the brother there before them, with the report that he had lost the dogs early in the day, but when he reached the house he found them comfortably asleep by the fireside. E. M. Gillam says that the deer are wonderfully plenty in that State, where they had almost disappeared previous to the three-year close time. SPECIAL.

"ALL AROUND" THE GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read from time to time during the last few years many articles giving the ideas of your readers on the perfect rifle or shotgun, also the "all-around" sporting weapon. There may have been two of all this number whose ideas coincided, but I do not recall them. Like most of the writers I have shot quite a number of rifles of different makes, muzzleloading and repeaters, and have been in "snaps" where I had a rifle and wanted a shotgun very badly, and again with a shotgun when I would have given a handful of nickels for a rifle. I have been all around the gun lots of times, and it has been all around with me on divers and sundry occasions. (Just here my black cocker Tobe pushed the door open, and, wagging his bud of a tail, as if to say "you'll consent of course," hopped up into my lap and lay down. What for? Why, he knew I was writing about the gun and wanted, as he always does, to get as near the subject as possible. Talk about the intelligence of animals! Well!)

As I was saying, we each have different notions about the ideal gun and always will have, still I think "Shongo" in your last is on a hot scent. Of course for an all-around gun the scatter gun and rifle is the weapon, the question being only as to the combination. I have always (since the manufacture) thought that the Daly three-barrel was about the thing, and for special adaptation why not have the right barrel cylinder bore or "straight cut" as "Shongo's," and the left either cylinder or medium choke? It seems to me that would beat "Shongo's" gun by one point. There you have your rifle, large ball, and if necessary buckshot, or rifle, ball and shot, or rifle and two shot. It might be that so many combinations would puzzle the shooter so that before he had decided which to use the game would be gone. I put this out as a feeler. The manufacturer of the Daly is welcome to it. I've gone out of the business. If I hadn't I should certainly make one for my own use and try to get together a deer and a bear and some ducks for experiment. O. O. S.

[We have for next week an interesting note from Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, describing a combination arm invented years ago by Dr. Edward Maynard, of Maynard rifle fame.]

DEER IN MICHIGAN.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 15.—The last of the deer hunters of this vicinity returned from Michigan and Wisconsin to-day, and report that notwithstanding the fact that railroads have penetrated the forests and the number of hunters increases each year there is no perceptible decrease in the number of deer and skill required to hunt and kill them. A much larger number of big bucks have been killed this season than usual, and the hunters therefore come home with grand trophies of their sport.

While in some respects the presence of the Indians interfered with the whites because there were so many more skilled hunters they often were of service in directing a lost man to his own camp. They tanned deer and bear skins for the hunters and cured the venison. Five young Indians located about two miles from a logging camp out from Sagola, Michigan, and in two weeks killed thirty deer, one of them the largest buck reported this year, a magnificent six-pronged fellow that weighed 255lbs. after it was gutted. These Indians brought in another buck that weighed 230lbs.

The party from Eaton, O., Mose Thompson, Gus Potters, Jas. Wilson and Thos. Leach, killed twenty-two deer in the Wisconsin woods and brought eight home with them. The Sidney hunters, Hudson Gartley, Chris and Wm. Kingseed, Joseph Laughlin, John Bush, Nick Gross and Geo. Lentner, and Louis Myer, of Anna, were also very successful in Wisconsin. Hudson, who is cashier of the German National Bank of Sidney, killed three deer. Dr. B. F. Kiester, of Arcanum, took his wife with him on the Western hunt. The Doctor killed five deer and Mrs. Kiester killed a fine buck. BROWN.

SOUTHERN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note your wish for information as to shooting in the South. I have shot a great deal in different parts of the South, being myself a native of Louisiana. Last winter, wishing to go to untried fields, that is, untried by myself, I spent five weeks at Mrs. Richardson's place, Lincolnton, N. C., accompanied by my family. I found there good accommodations, cultured people and cheap livery service. The shooting was fair, but only on quail. The birds were found plentiful by going a few miles away, but the cover is thick and one needs to hold straight and shoot quick to get them. A cylinder bore gun is the proper thing, in fact that is the sort of gun anywhere for cover shooting, and 12-gauge is the size most used. Other size shells are not to be had. If one wishes to be accompanied by his family, as I always do, he will be pleased with "Woodside," but by all means take along your own dogs.

This winter, if a law suit permits, I go to north Louisiana, and to my notion that is above all localities the best for the reason that it is little visited. I have a plantation near Bryan City, on the New Orleans and Northwestern railway, where I can shoot anything from quail to deer, and plenty of them. There is a small place called Delhi, forty miles west from Vicksburg, where I think a party could find as much sport as could be wished. When I was last there a lady, Mrs. Mason, kept a small tavern, one of the sort few and far between where the food is good and abundant and the beds good. Game is all about, and a gentleman will be overwhelmed with invitations to spend a few days at neighboring planters' houses. If I had no place of my own there is where I should go. Everything is cheap, too, and there are lots of good fellows to show you about. In fact if one keeps off the main routes of travel he can hardly go amiss south of the Ohio River. The trouble most people have is that they go to places advertised by railroads, only to find that pastures are greenest afar off. I will be glad to give any gentleman personal information.

ARTHUR M. VALENTINE.

P. S.—I have often thought it would be a good thing to organize a "Winter Club" which could buy a large tract of land, and I know where to buy it very cheap, erecting thereon a club house to which the members could go with a certainty of good shooting and good accommodations at a moderate expense, but business has heretofore kept me from carrying out my plan, besides I have my own place. A. M. V.

DEER HOUNDING IN WISCONSIN.

APPLETON, Wis., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a suggestive item from our local paper: "Dr. Ellsworth returned home from his Pike River hunting expedition Monday evening, after an absence of three weeks. The remainder of the party, consisting of Ed. Eno, D. Fox, H. Verwey and P. Stenis, are still encamped in the vicinity of the river, where they will probably remain until the first of December. According to what the Doctor says, deer are more plentiful than they have been for years past, notwithstanding the number that are killed annually. His party has been quite successful, capturing seven, two of which he had the pleasure of shooting himself. A party encamped not far from where the Appletonians pitched their tents has succeeded, with the aid of five hounds, in capturing twenty-six. Any number of parties from this and neighboring States are slaughtering the timid animals by the wholesale."

Now, as you may learn from the *Book of the Game Laws*, it is forbidden to hound deer in this State. This report of Dr. Ellsworth's party gives a faint notion of what is being done among the deer in northern Wisconsin. Despite the law hounding is practiced openly. The Doctor might have added to his report that his party have one or more hounds with them: but of course they would not be guilty of hounding deer. You will notice there is no word of condemnation in the local paper in regard to the transgression of the game laws, and yet such people call themselves gentlemen sportsmen.

Some two weeks ago I took a few days' outing for partridges (ruffed grouse), and went to a section where two years ago there were thousands. With the aid of a pair of very lively cockers I could not find an average of three a day in the very finest of cover. The reason: Two years since a man running a little store up in the brush commenced buying and shipping; paid ten cents each first season, and told me he often got five to eight dozen a day. This year he pays twenty-five cents each, and his largest day's receipt was of fifteen birds. He said, "For some reason the birds were scarce." I should not be surprised if deer should be "scarce" in the near future.

C. V. Y.

OHIO QUAIL HUNTERS.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 17.—All through these first seven days of the open season for quail the woods have been filled with rattle from the battle with the birds; and reports from all sections of the country for a hundred miles around Dayton agree that there never was finer sport or such grand quail shooting as the hunters are enjoying now. Grass and ground are just wet enough to make superb conditions for the dogs. In the three States, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, 10,000 hunters have been in the field, and it would make a lightning calculator tired to estimate the number of quail that have been killed. Game stores have been overstocked at 75 cents a dozen, and Ohio may be said to be feasting on quail on toast.

Without attempting to record the great sport enjoyed by the hundreds of hunters who went out from this city, I report bags made by a half dozen parties of gentlemen who are well known in the community. In addition to quail, all of them brought in snipe, rabbits, and a few doves.

S. S. Troup of this city, and Mr. Bass Rankin of Washington C. H. opened the week with 52 quail in one day's shooting in Fayette county. Charles Whealen and G. W. Sander killed 41 quail in Mad River bottoms a few miles from this city. Michael Stockert, Charles Schaefer and Andy Fisher hunted on a section owned by David Nelson near South Charleston, and birds were so plenty that the party did not need to go out of a 20-acre field. Jarvis Dickerson, baggagemaster on the C. H. & D., brought dome 50 quail as the result of one day's shooting in Michigan. Reed Kiefer and Chas. G. Loury, amateurs, were hunting in Champaign county, separated in a thicket where they had a scattered covey, and Kiefer firing at a bird shot Loury in the face, injuring both eyes. Surgeons took out the right eye, but hope to save the other.

Rolla O. Heikes and Ed Rike, of this city, with William Wolstencroft and Wade Wilson, of Philadelphia, as their guests, are in northwestern Ohio pheasant and quail shooting, and a letter received to-night says that they struck a paradise for a week's hunting. They find the birds abundant without going far from the farm house at which they are stopping. Wolstencroft has his pointer dog Gunner with him, and Wilson is shooting over Gunner's son Sport. Wolstencroft is trying to buy Ed Sachs's young pointer Billy Bang, of this city. Wolstencroft and Wilson will probably hunt in Ohio all this month.

The Montgomery County Fish and Game Protective Club has issued invitations for their annual banquet that is to be given Friday evening of this week, with quail, pheasant, wild turkey, ducks, geese and venison on the *menu*. BROWN.

THE NEW YORK GAME PROTECTOR.

IN relation to the removal of Chief Game Protector Drew and the appointment in his place of Major J. Warren Pond, Gen. R. U. Sherman gave the following statement to a representative of the Utica *Herald*, in which journal it was published last Saturday:

Mr. Drew was appointed on my recommendation chief game protector in August, 1888. He had previously served three years as a member of the force, while it was under my direction as Fish Commissioner. The law under which he was appointed put the whole conduct of the work in his hands, and relieved the Commissioners of all details. When Mr. Drew assumed his position, the work was in a fair state of organization, but lacked the personal supervision which could be given only by an active officer, whose whole time could be spent in the service, and who could be properly compensated. From the start Mr. Drew proved himself the man for the place. He possessed rare sagacity, tireless energy, and was so thoroughly up in the game laws as to be able often to teach district attorneys and sometimes judges. I never knew him to fail in any case he took in charge. His detective qualities were unsurpassed. He possessed, too, a geographical knowledge of the State that was of great value. In short he was a beau ideal officer, and I have often remarked that there was not a man in the State so well qualified for this duty as he was.

While conducting a series of successful raids in Oneida Lake, that promise to exterminate the fish pirates, he was, to my great surprise, removed from office at a meeting of the Commission when it was known I could not be present. No notice of any kind was given to me that there was any charge or complaint against him.

Of course, the public have been curious to know the inwardness of such a strange proceeding. Till lately I have been as much in the dark as they. Commissioner Bowman when questioned about it professed ignorance and referred to Commissioner Blackford. FOREST AND STREAM, speaking in behalf of the latter, said it was because Mr. Drew spent time lobbying at Albany, when he should have been on duty elsewhere. But Mr. Blackford himself, in a letter to me bearing date of Nov. 8, says:

"For over a year there has been a settled dislike and dissatisfaction (with the exception of yourself) with Mr. Drew's manner and methods as chief game and fish protector. He has made the mistake often of disregarding the requests of other Commissioners; seeming to think that it was only necessary that suggestions or orders coming from you were worthy his attention. Mr. Burden and myself have often made requests which he has failed to notice or comply with."

The sum of this is that the majority had taken a personal dislike to Mr. Drew, and did not think he treated them with proper deference.

There does not seem to be any complaint here of his lobbying or of having failed to perform his duties honestly and efficiently.

As to what may be the fact about his disregarding the requests of Mr. Burden and Mr. Blackford I have no knowledge. The persons concerned must settle this for themselves. If it was true, as stated, that the chief gave preference to my council over that of the other Commissioners, it was not strange, as all that had been done in the department of protection, since it came in any way under the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, had been done by myself with their glad concurrence. It was not a labor that they seemed to covet. It will be found also to be true that I have made but few requests of Mr. Drew and have given him no orders whatever. I had the utmost confidence in his ability, integrity and efficiency, and left him, as the law intended, to use his own judgment in all cases. I have never given him even advice except it was asked, and it was never asked except it concerned his line of duty. My colleagues' jealousy of my influence with the chief was weak and silly.

I have no reason to believe that politics had anything to do with Mr. Drew's removal. He is a Democrat "dyed in the wool." So is his successor. Politics has never been made a test in the Commission. It chanced that most of the appointees for protectors were members of the old force, originally appointed by the Governor, and therefore Democrats; but there are nevertheless some Republicans in the force. It has not been the custom of Gov. Hill to dictate to the Commissioners. Since my retirement, however, a different practice has started. At the same time Mr. Drew was removed a man who chanced to be a Democrat—Mr. Bradley, of Fulton county—was removed, and also, by chance, a Republican was appointed, the Commissioners probably having no thought of the politics of either; but on appeal to the Governor by Mr. Bradley's political friends a peremptory order was issued for his restoration, and it was obeyed. Had such an instance of unauthorized dictation occurred while I was Commissioner there would have been at least one resignation.

The new protector, Major Pond, was originally appointed protector on my recommendation and has made a good record. He is honest and courageous, and if not hampered by orders, which his superiors have no right to give, will in time make a good chief. He lacks, however, the geographical knowledge of the interior of the State that is needed, and it will take a long time for him to make the acquaintance of persons and officials he must rely on to aid him in his work, and he lacks the qualities necessary to make him an adept detective.

I have noticed many suggestions in the newspapers that I should be reinstated as Commissioner. While I am gratified with these expressions of confidence, I must say that no earthly consideration could induce me to enter this service again. The acceptance or rejection of my resignation was not in the competence of the Governor. It was absolute, irrevocable and final. Those who know me ought to take in mind the fact that I am over 70 years of age, and that my health is much broken. I have a right at that age, as judges and military officers have, to be retired from public service. My distinguished predecessor, Governor Seymour, who also served twelve years as Commissioner, asked and was granted retirement at 65. I intended, in any case, to resign on the first of the coming January, and the recent events have only hastened my purpose two months.

I am happy to say, in conclusion, that my relations with my colleagues have been cordial and pleasant. Except in the last case they have treated me with probably more deference than I was entitled to; and I shall always remember them and the work in which we have been all so successfully engaged with pleasure.

Commissioner Blackford, being confined to his bed by illness, has given to the FOREST AND STREAM in response to inquiries a brief answer. He states that Mr. Drew was at the time of his appointment a compromise candidate, personally known only to Gen. Sherman; that from his first meeting with the other Commissioners he was personally objectionable to them; that he showed disrespect for the Commissioners in several instances, in the Staring appointment case, in the handling of the funds collected for attorney's fees in the netting case taken to the U. S. Supreme Court; that he spent all of last winter in Albany, neglecting his district, Mr. Burden finding him in constant attendance in the Senate and Assembly; that he demoralized the force by bringing district protectors long distances to act in his own district, compelling them to pay their expenses out of their own meagre allowances, but refusing to share with them the moieties received; that by the unanimous testimony of the district protectors results were accomplished in spite of rather than through his aid; that he failed to do the most important work of his office, *i. e.*, faithfully to report the condition of the force; that his reports of his own work were unsatisfactory, and he failed to make monthly reports.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Deer in the Adirondacks are concentrated in certain localities. This is a fact beyond question. There is no doubt, taking the whole Adirondacks, that the deer are steadily diminishing. Deer have concentrated in places where they have been less disturbed. They have been driven in from the borders of the wilderness by persistent hounding.

The three deer killed and the one deer transportation provision of the law has been a good thing, as it prevents still-hunters from killing for the market. It is hard and uncertain business to still-hunt, and not one in a hundred that kill deer now by hounding could kill a deer in the whole season. But this provision of the law amounts to nothing with the hounders; there are always so many in the party that if each one had a deer the amount would be immense. One hundred and fifty could be taken out by the party that are here to-day without infringement on the law.

You will find that the cry of deer being plenty comes from those that are in a mortal fear that hounding will be prohibited. At least this is the case here; deer of the Adirondacks have fallen into the last places of refuge; and when once routed from here they will practicably be exterminated. Only now and then one can be scoured up by the hound. Guides that go through the woods this summer tell me they did not see a deer's track after they reached Tupper Lake until they got back on to Beaver River waters. The same will be the case here if hounding continues.

A prominent man who carries on a large lumber business at the mouth of Beaver River, and who has been in favor of hounding deer, came here yesterday from the woods where he has been looking up timber. He told me that this was his first opportunity of seeing deer hounding. He was the most disgusted man I ever saw, and says no more hounding deer for him. He says that every lake, pond and stream is watched, and every deer started by hounds is killed. "Why," he said, "if this goes on deer will not last three years."

I suppose that whatever the commission appointed last winter recommend will be likely to become a law. So it behooves us to use all due influence with them.

I can now figure up nearly two hundred deer killed this fall by hounding on the Beaver River alone, and this will doubtless increase to three hundred before the close of the season. Is this going to increase deer as the hounders would have us believe it does? Not much. All I would ask to make a convert of a hounding deer would be to have them here now and get one view of the gang of butchers that surround the place here now. I am sure it would be enough to any one that has any claim to humanity. NORTH WOODS.

THE COON HUNTERS OF CAPE ANN.—Last evening was an ideal one for the coon hunters, and both parties were out. The party from the Lower Parish, as usual, started for the 'Grout Heap,' but on arriving found that the Upper Parish party were there before them. The Upper Parishers soon started in the direction of the Four Corners, and the other party afterward soon heard the dog Ben barking way off in the direction of Turtle Pond Hill. They started immediately at a lively gait in the direction of the sound, visions of treed coon flitting before their excited eyes. They soon found the dog at the foot of a tree in which the shining eyes of Mr. Coon could be plainly seen. Now, just here a question arose. Whose coon was it? For when the party arrived Ben was not alone, for Pete, the dog of the other party, who soon came up, was there also. To be sure, Ben was at the foot of the tree and refused to allow Pete to come near. It was decided that the coon belonged to Ben, and as his coonship was dislodged from his lofty perch, Ben's molars fastened themselves into his throat, soon finishing him. The tree where the coon (which, by the way, was a 15-pounder) was treed was in the rear of the Bergen estate. A good-natured rivalry exists between the two parties, and each vie with the other in this exciting fun of cooning. At present the Lower Parish have the largest number of coons to their credit, but the Upper Parishers are stayers and may tie and even lead the other party before the season closes. —*Cape Ann Breeze.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—I suppose everybody has had one of those puzzling guns which suited him and yet didn't suit him, which fitted him and yet didn't fit. You throw it up the first time and you are not quite "on." You throw it up the second time and you are just about right. You go out in the field and make some brilliant kills, and some equally brilliant misses. In short, the gun doesn't fit you, but you don't know why and don't know what to do about it. I got a new gun this fall and it was just that kind of a fit. It shot all right, but left a sort of a taste in my mouth. The factory wanted me to send them back the gun, but how could I tell the factory what I wanted when I didn't know myself? The mere up and down and lengthwise measurements of a gun stock signify very little. Two guns may fit you whose measurements are altogether different. Any shooter knows this, and any shooter knows that you may order the finest kind of a fine gun, using the utmost care in giving your measurements and yet get one of those puzzling guns which fit you and yet don't fit.

This particular gun fits its owner absolutely and perfectly now, and this highly-desirable fact is the result of an interview with an intelligent gunsmith. Such an interview, unless the workman is one of known skill, is about the last thing to be advised, but Billy was a good one. He learned his trade under old Tommy Hasdell, of beloved memory.

"Aim at my eyes," said Billy, as he stepped off 20 or 30ft. from me. "Throw her up four or five times, quick. That's right. I can't see the rib at all. She's a little too straight for you." He then examined the stock.

"You can't bend this stock any more," said he, "for the grain of the wood won't stand it. We'll have to take it out of the comb and the toe. The toe comes back too far, anyhow. That's the trouble with a good many guns, they have a pretty stock, but not a sensible one. They have a long sharp toe to stick into the shoulder, and that keeps the whole butt from hitting the shoulder square. Then a good many of the fine imported guns have all the drop in the slope from the breech block clear on down to the heel of the stock, so that the whole top of the stock, from the comb back, slopes down. You change your clothing a little bit, or throw the gun up a little bit different, and your cheek don't hit on quite the same place. The drop of the gun then really changes on you, and the little difference there gets bigger at the end of the barrels, and bigger yet at 40yds. This is a wrong principle. Most of the drop of a stock ought to be in the neck, and the top of the stock ought to be nearly, if not quite, parallel to the line of the barrels. Then your cheek catches her just the same every time. Besides, for quick shooting, straight lines are the easiest for the mind to figure on. Your barrels point straight for the bird, and your stock ought to, too. It helps, and lots of our Western shooters know that a gun with the 'parallel stock' and the butt cut off rather square ain't so pretty as one with the rakish stock, but she's better. This American make of gun you've got here is better in that respect than any English gun. But the wood in this stock won't stand bending. We wrap the neck of a gun stock with rags soaked in hot oil, sometimes, and then gradually bend her up or down by set screws."

Billy now said little more, but jerked the stock off the barrels, screwed it in a vise, and grasping a huge rasp proceeded, as it seemed, to ruin my beautiful gun stock. After he had filed away for a while on the comb of the stock and had reduced it materially at the upper ridge, or "nose," he stopped, put the gun together, and had me try it again. Still it was not quite right. He resumed his fearless, and as it seemed to me careless, rasping, and presently said:

"That's all we can take her off now without spoiling the looks. Try her again." I did so. The effect was pleasing. The gun was getting better. The comb, originally quite high on the ridge, had been reduced nearly a quarter of an inch. The use of the straight-edge showed that the line of the stock was now much more nearly parallel with that of the barrels.

"We'll get the rest out of the toe," said Billy. "It's astonishing how much a little change at the toe will make in the fit of a gun. Off she comes." My heart stuck in my throat as he unscrewed the pretty butt-plate, and, catching up a little saw, began recklessly to saw the end off of my gun.

But Billy knew his business. The thin blade took but a thread of wood from the heel of the stock, and then bit in deeper and deeper, until it took off quite a slice of that long and rakish toe, which looked so pretty, but which stuck in my shoulder so disgustingly when I wanted to make a quick-dropping or low shot. Billy whistled as he screwed on the butt-plate again, but as for me, I was satisfied the gun was ruined, and wished I had sent it in to the factory. A trial at the shoulder, however, was electrical in effect. The gun was changing from the puzzling one that fitted and didn't fit, to one that fitted all the time! It only needed a little more.

"I didn't take her off all at once," said Billy, "'cause I wanted you to try it little by little. That's the way to fit a gun. Same's a coat. Tailor fits it on little by little, don't he?" So, little by little Billy filed down the toe with his big wood rasp. We must have screwed on and unscrewed that butt-plate four or five times, but at last we got it exactly right. There was no mistaking it. The gun came up right, not sometimes, but every time. It covered the point aimed at perfectly. The cast-off of the gun was already perfect, and the effect of "catching sight" now was that the front sight appeared to be a bright dot, directly in the middle of the extension rib and right close to the eye.

We measured the gun stock now and found that its drop was, at the comb 1⅞in., at the heel 2⅜in.; its length was from front trigger to middle of butt 14in., to top of butt, or heel, 14¼, to toe 14 3/16. My old gun, in order to get about the same results in aiming, I had to have changed to 3¼in. drop at heel and 2in. at comb, the stock being 14¼in. So much for different qualities in gun stocks. The fact seems to be that the measurement from the shoulder to the line of the eye is not any more important than that from the lower edge of the cheek bone to the line of the eye. This last factor remains constant, under all conditions.

Now, the question is, how are you going to get a gun that fits you? The mere measurements don't make much difference. Two guns measuring differently may both fit the same man, while the same gun will hardly fit any two men. Out of a dozen guns by the same maker, hardly any two will fit quite alike; but if you pick out a gun that does fit you, and ask the maker to duplicate it, probably he will come near it, but not do it exactly. You can screw yourself into a "try gun," and monkey around and measure yourself all out of shape, and then maybe your new gun fits, and maybe it doesn't. After all, the "little by little" process suggested by Billy is the best one I ever found, although to trust a fine gun stock into the hands of a country gun tinker, and not a good man like Billy, must certainly require a very heroic cast of mind. A man trusts himself to a tailor, and I suppose he must to his gunmaker; but thrice blessed be he who can go to the factory and see his gun stock in the rough, and try it on little by little. A gun that fits, unequivocally, unmistakeably, invariably, is a joy forever and a treasure none too often owned.

Billy told me to go home now, and call around in a week, when he would have the stock finished. I called around in a week, and Billy didn't have it done. They never do have it done. The stock now was simply raw wood, without a particle of finish on it. Billy took a finer file and smoothed down the ridges and cut down the butt plate where it now projected around the edge of the butt. Then he gave the stock a few swipes with some sand paper, and after that ran a wet rag over the surface.

"What did you do that for?" I asked him.

"Oh, that starts the grain in the wood. Wait till she dries and you can feel bark all over that stock. That's the trouble with these cheap guns."

When dry, the grain of the wood stood up, making the stock feel rough. Billy sandpapered it all over again, and then wetted it again. He repeated this three or four times, until the grain no longer showed.

"If I didn't do that," said he, "the first time you got you gun wet, the stock would feel like it was covered with fur."

A few thick coats of oil were now applied and rubbed in, and after that came an application of a hard varnish, which dried very quickly. "Oil finish is best," said Billy, "but that takes a good while. Worth about $7 to finish a stock in oil right. But this is good enough for you."

The entire time spent in changing and finishing the stock was about three hours. So far as the finish was concerned, no one could tell the stock had been touched. The whole process had been an interesting one, to me at least, and had served to give me a few ideas I never had before about gun stocks in general.

"Say!" called out Billy, as I was on my way up the stair. "Say, do you know what a gun salesman wanted me to do, the other day? No? Why, he sent for me and wanted me to measure a man for a gun. 'Where's your tape line?' says he. 'Wot tape line?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'how're you a-goin' to measure the man without a tape line!' Say, he did, honest! I guess he thought the man wore the gun barrels on his legs. Say, he did, honest!"

Still another thing or two I learned during the visit to the gun shop, and that was about cleaning a gun. "Here, I'll make you a cleaning rod," said Billy, "one that won't hurt your barrels. He took a stout rod of hickory, six or eight inches longer than the barrels, and fitted on the end of it a common chisel handle, which he bored out at the lathe. The business end of this rod had no screw or any metal about it, nothing but a deep slot cut clear through it. This flattened the end of the rod a trifle.

"That's no good," said I, "you can't wind on a rag so it will be round if the rod is flat."

"Can't, can't I?" said Billy, and proceeded to show how you could do that very thing, by twisting the rag a trifle in the rolling.

"Now here you've got a rod such as gunsmiths use," said he. "There aint a ring, ferrule or screw on it to scratch your barrels, and it's better than all your patent contrivances of jointed rods. S'pose you want to get the lead out of your barrels. You go to a hardware store and get some emery cloth, not emery paper, but emery cloth. Take a piece about 4in. square, put some oil on it and work it between your hands till it gets soft. Then you take one corner of it, this way, and start to roll it in with your rag, around the stick. It looks easy, but you'll have to practice before you can do it. See, the rag and the emery cloth roll right in together, but the emery cloth rolls in a spiral and covers the rag all up; and now you have a sort of cone-shaped burr on the end of your rod and nothing but the emery cloth shows on the outside. You can put that in you gun and rub till your arm comes off, and neither rag nor emery cloth will ever slip or come off the rod. It makes the best polishing tool there is. And there you are."

E. HOUGH.

WILD TURKEYS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Macomb, Ill., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the FOREST AND STREAM that the members of the Sporting Club of Massachusetts are talking about stocking a park near Lynn with wild turkeys. I am afraid wild turkeys will not stand the climate of Massachusetts. About five years ago I sent a pair of wild turkeys that had been domesticated here, to my brother in Hancock county, Maine, in the month of October. They seemed to be contented with their new home, and roosted in the barn at night on a high beam. When the temperature in January dropped to 33° below zero, they were both found frozen stiff on the beam. Of course the climate in Massachusetts is not quite so cold as eastern Maine, and they may be successful in raising them there.—W. O. BLAISDELL. [The wild turkey was indigenous to Massachusetts and stood the climate, but could not survive shot and ball and powder. It was exterminated by the turkey hunters.]

JEFFERSON, O., Nov. 11.—The quail season opened here yesterday, and I do not think any had been shot previously, for we have kept a watch for violators of the law. There are a good many quail here and in good condition. We have talked to farmers about posting their land, and so market-hunters would have hard work to do much hunting here. John A. Logan, Jr., of Youngstown, was arrested last week for shooting quail out of season.—W. D. HOWELLS, JR.

MEXICAN GAME.—San Luis Potosi, Mex., Nov. 7.—Ducks and geese have made their appearance in this section in good numbers. We have had a heavy rainfall this season, and the lakes and ponds are full of water. I have not been out to ascertain if there are any snipe. Deer are plentiful in the mountains. Hope to get a day off soon.—AZTEC.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The regular monthly meeting was held at Young's Hotel Nov. 13, 45 being present, Vice-Pres. Walter M. Brackett in the chair. Letters were read from different parts of the State, reporting the quail which were let loose as having mated and raised broods of young during the past close season. Messrs. Hardy, Thayer, Fottler and Stetson spoke at length on the subject of "Game Importation." Arrangements are being rapidly completed for the annual dinner of the association, to be held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Thursday evening, Dec. 11, at 6 P. M. Ex-Pres. Cleveland, Gov. Brackett, Gov.-elect Russell, Senators Frye, Hawley, and Aldrich, U. S. Fish Commissioner McDonald, the New England Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, W. H. H. Murray, and many other prominent gentlemen have been invited to attend. The following gentlemen were elected members of the association: Wm. G. Hoyt, S. N. Small, O. B. Gilman, Nath'l Glover, L. W. Smith, Jr., Jas. J. O'Brien, Edw. B. Hardy, Henry G. Perkins, Dr. W. A. Power, J. E. Selfe, R. M. Winfield, John H. Murphy, H. E. Haynes, and Griswold Stowe.—RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec'y.

ANOTHER WOODCOCK IN BROOKLYN.—New York, Nov. 16.—On Thursday morning at about 9 o'clock one of the members of my family in the back yard of the house discovered a bird lying on the ground panting, with its wings outspread. She picked it up, but it soon died. As soon as I saw it I discovered it to be a male woodcock, and as near as I could judge a young bird. I found it in a plump condition. Its plumage was unruffled and I could not find any evidence of its being hurt, and came to the conclusion that it was simply tired out if not scared to death. It is such a fine specimen I am having it mounted. My house is at 582 Herkimer street, Brooklyn. I remember about a year ago there was an account in the FOREST AND STREAM about woodcock in Brooklyn.—W. ARTHUR HALE.

POTOMAC DUCKS.—Citizens of Charles county, Md., says the Baltimore *Sun*, have organized an association for the purpose of preventing the violation of the State ducking laws. Mr. T. Canfield Jenkins, secretary of the association, has written to Gen. Seth, commander of the oyster navy, requesting his co-operation in the matter, with a view of protecting the ducking grounds, and asking that one of the State steamers be sent up the Potomac River as far as Glymont to look after the alleged violators. Mr. Jenkins says for the past year steam launches from Alexandria and Washington have been coming up regularly, principally on Sunday, loaded with men, supplied with shotguns and rifles, disturbing the ducks, driving them from place to place, and eventually from the river.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS FOR STOCKING.—Portland, Oregon, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Should any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM wish to import some of the beautiful Mongolian pheasants which have been such a great success in Oregon, I think I can help them in that laudable undertaking. If any sportsman, game association or club will write me, inclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope, I will mail them the address of different individuals in this State who can furnish either the birds or their eggs. They are a magnificent and beautiful game bird, and I would like to see them in every State in the Union.—THOS. G. FARRELL.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.—New York, Nov. 15.—I have just returned from the wilds of Newfoundland. I had a very rough but successful trip, and visited the caribou in their own home. Just think of walking up to a herd of does. The loss of their lord and master, a monster stag I had just killed, so bewildered them that they let me approach to within 50yds. before they went trotting off. I could have killed every one of them, had I been a game butcher. I saw 21 caribou that day alone, and was back in camp by 3 P. M. Will give you further details later on.—WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

DONE IN A THOROUGH MANNER.

ONE of the most useful publications which has appeared this year is the *Book of the Game Laws*, published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company at No. 318 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized sportsman's journal; its pages are always clean and bright, and during the many days when a sportsman cannot go either hunting or fishing it serves to provide many a pleasant hour; no agency in this country has done more toward the elevation of sport in its true term than has this publication. For the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the game laws of this country the Forest and Stream Company has just issued a pamphlet of 228 pages, giving in full all the laws pertaining to game and game fish in the United States and the Canadas. In order to secure accuracy the important sections are given in full as they appear on the statute books, and there are no abbreviations except in the case of minor or local laws. The publication will appear four times a year, on the first days of January, April, July, and October and the first number has just made its appearance. The price of subscription is two dollars a year, but for the sum of one dollar one complete number and three subsequent quarterly supplements will be sent to any address. The work has been done in a thorough manner and none but those who have had some experience in going through conflicting laws can have any idea of the patience and work required to make the book complete. As a money-making project the publication will in all probability prove a failure, for there is too much work to be compensated in the collection and publication, but as a help to sports men the work will be an unqualified success. The laws of New Jersey occupy nine pages of closely printed matter; the arrangement is excellent and leaves nothing to be desired. If the rest of the publication is as accurate and complete as the portion devoted to New Jersey—and there is no reason to doubt this, for the whole book was prepared under one management—the publication is a monument of patience and conscientious work for which the compiler and publishers deserve the unqualified praise of the sportsmen of this country.—*Paterson (N. J.) Press.*

The Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of Saxony both beat the Emperor William's sporting record at Mürzsteg. They each brought down six chamois against the four shot by the imperial guest. The expedition yielded five head of big game and thirty-two chamois. The Emperor William before leaving presented his host with a splendidly-mounted pair of antlers, and decorated several of the huntsmen in attendance.—*London World.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

VERMONT TROUT.

WATERBURY, Vt., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to note the communication, "More About Vermont Trout," in your issue of the 13th, and I am glad to have any of my views indorsed by such good authority. Perhaps your correspondent did not understand that my remarks applied to this section of the State only, and for his benefit I explain that I am, as earnestly as he can be, in favor of any means that will protect our trout and increase the supply, if possible, but I do not think we are ready for some of the means proposed. I should favor the hatchery if the trout it turned out could be protected, but at present I think the money used for the hatchery would do more good if every cent were expended in enforcing the law. If the present law can be enforced, give us the hatchery by all means.

Of course your correspondent knows the season has been changed, making it from May 1 to Sept. 1, and I agree with him in thinking this a most unwise thing to do. I may be wrong, but I think our Vermont trout spawn much earlier than is usual in other sections; and I believe two-thirds of all the trout taken after Aug. 15 will be found nearly ready to spawn. I have taken many as early as July 30 that were full of nearly ripe eggs, and other anglers in this section have had the same experience. Of course this means that millions of eggs will be destroyed by August fishing. However; our legislators may provide for this by making it unlawful for trout to spawn before Jan. 1, and trusting to providence that the measure will be enforced, as they have in case of the 6in. law. I think it is all wrong to allow August fishing at present. It was urged that by changing the season fishing through the ice in April would be prevented, but I am sure that for one trout so taken fifty trout nearly ready to spawn will be taken during the last week of August.

In conversation with one of the commissioners, I was informed that the hatchery would be established, and, with your correspondent, I hope that having gone so far they will try and do something toward enforcing the 6-inch law, as this is the only thing that will save our trout.

"Ompumpamoosuc's" suggestions are very good, and I wish they could be carried out, but I know of but two newspapers in the State that take any interest in the subject, and they are too busy in the interest of Lake Champlain bass to say much for the trout. But the people in the back towns cannot be "educated" to look favorably on any law that would prevent them from taking all the trout they could get, of any size, or at any time. It is this class who are doing the most of the illegal fishing, and they can't be reached, in many cases, by newspaper articles. The only way to touch this class is through their pockets, and a few arrests would do more good than any amount of "preaching." They should be made to understand that the law is a law, with a big L, and that it would cost them something to disregard it.

I do not know who will do this, certainly not the local wardens. They seem to see little glory or fun in their business, and they have small chance of getting anything else. Speaking for this section, the local warden system is a failure. I never heard of a complaint or an arrest made by one of them, and they could not lack for work if they wanted it, as the law is openly violated every day. I think if the present Legislature would stop tinkering the law and try and devise some means of enforcing such as we have, it would be a benefit to the State and a credit to themselves. LANCEWOOD.

A NEW HYBRID TROUT.

ON Oct. 12, while at the Sunapee Lake Hatchery, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, Col. Elliott B. Hodge showed me some very beautiful and fertile hybrid trout. The cross was produced by impregnating eggs of the golden trout (*Salvelinus aureolus*) with milt of the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), and the examples studied were three years old. The observations were made upon the living fish.

A male fifteen inches long had the following characters: The upper parts dark grayish olive. Reticulations much fainter than in *fontinalis* and showing along the entire length. The lower two-thirds of the dorsal are mottled, while the upper third is plain, as in *aureolus*. Caudal fin like dorsal, with a broad dusky margin. The caudal peduncle is thick and roundish as in *aureolus*. The pectoral, ventral and anal fins are all larger than in *fontinalis*, the spread of the first being not far from 5¼in. The milky-white margins of the ventral and anal fins are limited by a black line as in *fontinalis;* the rest of the ventrals is vermilion, the anal also, but not quite so intense. Sides of body with numerous small crimson spots, above and below the lateral line, much more plentiful below. The lower parts are very much as in the dark-colored male *fontinalis*, peculiar to Sunapee Lake, with a mixture of the orange of *aureolus*. The branchiostegal membrane is very dark, intermingled with whitish on the portion covering the rays. Caudal fin as in *fontinalis*, but somewhat larger. Hyoid teeth well developed. Gill-rakers not curled at the tip.

The female is 18¼in. long and the colors of the living fish, in water, were as follows: The ground color a brownish gray, about as in *aureolus*. Sides of body with numerous pale spots both above and below the lateral line. Back with indistinct reticulations all over resembling those of *fontinalis*. Belly and lower third of sides, to end of anal, orange with a pink tinge. The dorsal fin is dusky as in *aureolus*, and is without bands or mottlings. Caudal fin dusky as in *aureolus*. Pectoral, ventral and anal fins exactly as in *aureolus;* the broad milky-white margins are not limited by the black streak of *fontinalis*. The shape of all the fins and the form of the body are the same as in *aureolus*. There is a well developed patch of hyoid teeth.

From the above descriptions it will be evident that the hybrid shows very little trace of its relation to the brook trout, in which it follows the rule in hybridity as far as my own investigations may be taken as a guide, all the essential characters being derived from the female when crosses are made between two species of the same genus. There is scarcely anything but the reticulations to indicate a mixture of brook trout, while the general coloration, form of body, size of the scales, shape of fins and structure of the teeth follow the female parent. In this case both parents are small-scaled fish and the hybrid has small scales. When a large-scaled species is crossed with a small-scaled form the result will be a large scaled fish whichever way the cross is made.

It appears to me a matter of great importance that fish-culturists should put on record their experiments in hybridization and give complete details of such operations. This is especially desirable in dealing with that most difficult of all families of fresh-water and anadromous fishes, the salmon family. T. H. BEAN.

ANGLING NOTES.

DR. R. W. ELLS, of the Geological Survey of the Dominion of Canada, has probably had better opportunities of judging of the merits of the different trouting waters in that country than any other living man. There is not a river or lake throughout the Province that he has not floated his canoe on or cast a fly over. He is an excellent angler, and his duties keep him in the wilds of Canada at least five months out of the twelve. In a recent conversation he stated that for large speckled trout the Gaspé region went ahead of all others. Sea trout weighing from 4 to 7lbs. were as plentiful in July and August as the most exacting angler could desire, and river trout up to 5lbs. in weight were equally common.

After the latter part of June the Newfoundland coast swarms with salmon and sea trout. In Hall's Bay they can be seen in great schools. The settlers there do not bother with hooks and lines, but use small nets. They catch all they want to use on the table and salt down a supply for the winter. Salmon can be bought along the coast when they are running for seven cents a pound.

Few, if any of the streams that empty in the bays on the east coast of Newfoundland have ever been fished in by anglers. Once in a while officers from the British men-of-war try them with considerable success. The Red Cross line of steamers that sail from New York to Newfoundland ports stop at Pilley's Island at the mouth of Hall's Bay, and their officers say that they often enjoy fine trout fishing, though the steamer does not stop long enough to enable them to go far. The best way would be to stop over one steamer and try the different streams. At Pilley's Island the angler can hire a man to take him up to Richard Goodyear's at the head of Hall's Bay, where he will be made welcome and have comfortable quarters. If he stays until Sept. 1 he can enjoy good willow grouse shooting, though that is better further south nearer St. Johns; and after Oct. 1 caribou are in season and very plentiful a few miles back from the coast. If it were not for the great quantities of cod, salmon, trout, capelin and herring, the settlers on the coast (and there are none in the interior) could not exist. These, with caribou in the fall and winter furnish their food supply. Pigs, cows and, in fact, all stock feed on fish very freely; and their flesh tastes very strongly of fish.

Does the reader ever stop to think at what a fearful cost of human life we enjoy our codfish cakes? Just to think, eighty-nine lives lost from Gloucester alone this past year, to say nothing of the terrible hardships these fishermen must suffer. The writer passed two of them while going to Newfoundland a few weeks ago. It was a terrible night, blowing a gale, great seas running and as dark as Egypt. All we saw were two little gleaming lights, but we knew each light represented a fishing schooner, riding at anchor, far from land and in great danger both from weather and passing steamers.

The captain said that on the last voyage during a dense fog he was hailed by a dory which they nearly ran down. They had gotten lost from their schooner, and had been without food or water for over twenty-four hours. The captain offered to take them to Halifax, but they refused, saying they would lose their share of the catch if they did not find her again. Whether they did or whether they were lost he never knew. SCARLET-IBIS.

SOME TEXAS FISHES.

MR. ALBERT TURPE, writing from Brackettsville, Texas, about the fishes of his vicinity, states that they have various kinds of catfishes, including a slender fish of 80 to 100lbs., the clumsy mud-cat of the same weight and some smaller sorts. A small black perch, too, is among the native species. Of the gar pikes (*Lepidosteus*) he recognized four different kinds. They have also the sucker, a fish resembling the German fresh-water *barbe*, and another resembling the mirror carp. The barbe-like fish has flesh of good flavor, but is so bony that it is impossible to eat it. Mr. Turpe mentions a speckled trout, which resembles the German *hecht* (pike, *Esox lucius*) in shape, but does not exceed 1lb. in weight. This is probably the small pickerel of the region, *Esox vermiculatus*. The black bass grows to a weight of 6lbs. A silvery fish reaching 3lbs. in weight, is thin-bodied, has a deeply-forked tail-fin, and in form resembles the German *bley*, known in England as the bream. Mr. Turpe describes it as being more compressed than the bream. It has well-flavored flesh, but is so full of small bones that it is not used for food. This may be a species of carp-sucker (*Carpiodes*).

The cold season sets in about Nov. 1 and the fish ceases to bite, but in the spring the sport with hook and line will be renewed.

UTAH FISHING.—Ogden City, Utah.—Carp were placed in a few private ponds several years ago, now they are found in every slough and stream not too salt for them, but the anglers do not care to fish for carp, trout are good enough for most sportsmen. We have two streams here and good trout fishing at our doors. There are two kinds of trout, one of them called the brook trout and the other known as salmon, which grows to a weight of 5 or 6lbs., the brook trout not exceeding 1lb. We have, also, a herring in the rivers; this does not readily take the fly; it is fished for mostly with bottom bait. The herring reaches 2lbs. in weight. There are some deer back in the mountains and a bear is seen once in a while.—W. D. C. [The herring referred to is doubtless Williamson's whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*), sometimes called grayling; it has been mentioned in these columns as a fish that sometimes takes the fly.]

"GRANNY SHEPARD."

WHEN I was a boy about twelve years of age I lived in a little town in southwest Georgia, right in the midst of a fine fishing ground surrounded on all sides by large bold running streams, well stocked with all kinds of fish peculiar to that section. One of the noted characters of the village was Old Mother Shepard. "Granny Shepard," as she was usually called, was about 80 years old at that time, and had from childhood spent the most of her life in the wildwood or on the bank of some familiar stream with her rod and line. She always walked on these expeditions, often tripping her way lightly for five or six miles through some narrow path with her long bamboo rod and a well-filled sack of tackle and lunch slung across her shoulder. Sometimes she was accompanied by other disciples of Walton, but as often alone.

Granny was a believer in the signs of the moon and would never venture off with the intention of catching any fish unless the moon was right.

One Saturday during vacation, having got the consent of our parents, my younger brother and I repaired to Granny's house and persuaded her to go with us over to the Natchaway Creek, about three miles, for a fish. But the moon was not right, Granny said, and it was with great difficulty that we persuaded her off, and then she went more to pacify us than anything else. We arrived at the creek about 9 o'clock and Granny led the way down the creek to one of her favorite holes, which she said she had kept baited for suckers. Everything was ready in a few minutes, and the old lady had a hard time keeping us boys from running around, as we were like young deer just turned loose, and wanted exercise. Granny settled herself snugly on a cypress tree, drew forth her long pipe and began fishing for suckers, while my brother and I fished along the bank with short poles for trout and pike. In a few minutes I brought to hand a nice 2½lbs. trout (bass) with my minnow hook while fishing for bait. The next was a large jack fish flirted out by my brother; he had started the pole with a jerk which sent the fish some ten steps back in the brush. We kept up this lick for about two hours, when we had about all the fish we could carry on a pole laid across our shoulders, and returned to where Granny was still patiently waiting for a sucker bite, but really not expecting it, for the moon was not right. We had caught all the fish needed, so the party returned home by one o'clock. But Granny never could explain how the two "fidgety" boys caught so many fish on that day. Nor can I account for it. They seemed so eager to bite that they would almost jump out of the water after the bait, and although I have wet my hook in many waters since then, I have never caught so nice a string in so short a time, and my memory will ever cherish good old Grandma Shepard, the south Georgia waters, and the Saturday's fishing. T. J. SKAGGS.

BEEVILLE, Texas.

STRIPED BASS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7, 1890.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The noble striped bass planted in the Bay of San Francisco near Vallejo several years ago, have recently made their appearance in the tributaries of the Bay. In the Sacramento River and Sonoma and Lagunitas creeks large numbers of young striped bass averaging from 6 to 9in. are reported from so many different sources that their presence in these waters no longer remains doubtful. On the 4th or 5th of this month Mr. Cullandan, of the Fish Commission, arrested a Chinaman with twenty or more of these young fish in his possession, he having taken them in a net. He is now in custody awaiting trial, and as the evidence is absolutely positive and the Commission has the opportunity to make an example of him, it is highly probable much good will be accomplished.

The law provides that no striped bass of less than 8lbs. weight shall be offered for sale in California. As a most vigilant watch is kept on the San Francisco markets, the Italian and Chinese fishermen have been sending the young striped bass to small inland towns during the present season; and now that they know the Commission is informed of their doings, and will punish them to the full extent of the law, the illegal fishing will be practically abandoned.

During the past two years several very large striped bass have been sent to this city by the market fishermen (one weighing 40lbs.). The sight of these carried many of our local sportsmen back to their youthful days on the Atlantic coast and fairly electrified them with enthusiasm. With hastily improvised rigs—and every kind of bait they could think of—each of them selected what seemed to him to be the most favorable water and fished it with a faithfulness fully worthy of the object—out of view. They tried it on all the quarters and between all the quarters of the moon, at mid-day, night and early morn, at ebb tide, flood tide, slack tide, high tide large and low tide small, caught and landed some of everything in these waters, from a bullhead to a skate, but never had a strike from the prince of game fishes.

The only one known to have been taken with hook and line was caught about a week ago in Russian River near Guerniville (about fifty miles above tide water), by Dr. Dean of this city. This was a landlocked fish weighing about 4lbs., and measured about 15in. in length. The Doctor was casting a live minnow for black bass and had out about 60ft. of line. He credits this pioneer victim with the skillful use of all tactics known to his kind, and says it was the gamest fish he ever killed.

The rocky shores on each side of the Golden Gate, and around the islands in the bay furnish an abundance of "lively" water, and the natural stands for casting being all that can be desired, we anticipate royal sport within a year or two—when the present stock of young bass has matured. HARRY ELWOOD.

FISHING ABOUT WASHINGTON.—The black bass fishing this fall has been so poor in the upper Potomac that many anglers have turned their attention to less pretentious waters nearer Washington city. In Rock Creek considerable sport has been obtained above Pierce's mill in fishing for fall fish (*Semotilus bullaris*). According to the *Evening Star* a party of fishermen recently caught twenty-three of these fish in a day, the largest of them measuring 16in. in length. The baits used were grubworms and grasshoppers, and the fish were pronounced to have as good game qualities as the black bass. A pickerel 16in. long was taken in the eastern branch of the Potomac, at Benning's bridge, a few days ago.

THE YOUNG EEL.—Mr. L. G. Harron, who has had charge of the shad seining at the Fort Washington station of the U. S. Fish Commission for several years, and who has been a fisherman for the greater part of his life, says that he has frequently dug up great knots or clusters of young eels out of the mud in the spring of the year. Some of these young were not longer than two inches. Mr. D. W. Kenly, formerly employed at the Battery Island station, near Havre de Grace, Md., confirms Mr. Harron's statement and further says that he has known the pet cocks in the hatchery at that station to be choked up during the shad hatching season by young eels ranging from one inch to two inches in length. These localities it will be observed, are in fresh water and the facts noted would seem to indicate that the eel does not always go into salt water to deposit its eggs. These statements are important also inasmuch as they approximately fix the spawning season of the eel. The shad hatching season at Havre de Grace opens in May and eels measuring only one inch in length were probably not more than a few months old at the utmost. This would indicate that the species breeds in some localities in mid-winter.

A CHANNEL BASS ASTRAY.—There was taken in a gill-net this morning at Fortescue, in the Delaware Bay, about twenty-five miles above Cape May, a channel bass (locally called red drum) weighing 14½lbs. This seems to me remarkable enough to be put on record. I have never known a channel bass in New Jersey waters of a less weight than 20lbs., and have never in these waters heard of one being taken so far from the ocean.—F. S. J. C. (Nov. 14).

SALT-WATER FISHING.—At Provincetown, Mass., small mackerel and the common salt-water smelt were abundant Nov. 10, and the hook and line fishermen were enjoying rare sport fishing for them from the wharves.—B.

THE AMERICAN FISH HOOK CO., of New Haven, Conn., have just issued a new revised catalogue and price list of their goods, which will be of interest to all anglers and dealers in anglers' supplies. There are hooks of all kinds; spear-pointed hooks, hollow-pointed hooks, trout hooks, bass and salmon hooks, blue-fish and halibut hooks. The Allord & Berkele Co., 77 Chambers street, N. Y., whose advertisement appears in another column, are the selling agents.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

GEORGIA FISHCULTURE.

THE report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia for the year 1889-'90 includes that of the Superintendent of Fisheries, Dr. H. H. Cary, of La Grange. Under date of Oct. 20, 1890, Dr. Cary briefly reviews the operations of the Fish Commission. Remarkable success has attended the artificial propagation of the shad during the last decade. Ten years ago none of the Georgia streams emptying into the Gulf of Mexico contained shad, but now the species is well established in rivers belonging to that watershed and there is no scarcity of spawning fish for the purposes of artifical propagation, if the State Legislature would only appropriate money to carry on the work. The shad fry deposited in Georgia rivers have been obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission, and during the last two years 12,848,000 have come from that source. A notable increase in the catch of shad was observed since the last report. In the Withlacoochee, a river of lower Georgia, which passes through Florida and empties into the Gulf of Mexico, the introduced shad have recently made their appearance.

Dr. Cary states that over 5,000 ponds have been stocked with carp during the last ten years. They are increasing rapidly and are very popular. A drainage apparatus devised by the doctor for use in carp ponds is illustrated in this report. The attempt to introduce California salmon into Georgia waters has been unsuccessful, and Dr. Cary doubts the probability of success with brook trout, except in a few of the most northern counties, and even there it is not known if the streams contain suitable food.

LAKE AUBURN FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my last letter I have made a brief visit to the Lake Auburn fish hatchery, and find the work progressing admirably. Results have been beyond the expectations of us all. As the Maine Fish Commissioner, Mr. Henry O. Stanley, expressed it, the success has thus far been wonderful for so small a stream. The ova after being fertilized are taken to the Lake Auburn spring house to be hatched. The hatching house at East Auburn is nearly completed and will be ready to receive a portion of the trout eggs and what salmon eggs the State can send. No doubt some errors will result from inexperience, but our men are earnest and enthusiastic, and with the aid Mr. Stanley and Mr. Wright can give our association has a good prospect of success in our first year's undertaking. Would you kindly give the titles of latest and most reliable works upon fishculture? When the season has closed I will give you the exact results as to number of eggs, size and number of fish.—A. G. WHITMAN. [The best known American works on fishculture are advertised on page vi. of the cover of FOREST AND STREAM. The best German work is Max von dem Borne's "Fischzucht." Standard English books are Dr. Day's "British and Irish Salmonidæ" and Sir James Maitland's "History of Howietoun."]

TROUT REARING IN COLORADO.—At the new station of the U. S. Fish Commission, near Leadville, Colorado, the work of taking eggs from the brook trout is now in progress. About 8,000 breeders, of the two sexes, are available. The new hatchery building will receive its inside equipment within the next sixty days, and an additional water supply will be brought in from Evergreen Lakes. The buildings will accommodate 15,000,000 eggs. Dr. John Law, the prominent fishculturist, of Colorado, has completed a new hatchery for various species of trout near the Evergreen Lakes. This is a private enterprise which has achieved remarkable success.

A woman entered a grocery on Michigan avenue one day last week in something of a hurry and said to the proprietor: "I want a glass fruit jar holding a quart, and you may put half a pound of gunpowder into it." "Yes'm. New way to do up late peaches?" "No sir. It's a way to do up a dog." "How?" "My boy Willie has got a dog under our barn and he won't come out. Willie is going to blow him up." "Great Scott, ma'am, but if you explode this powder under the barn you'll set the building on fire!" "Would it really?" "Of course it would." "Willie will be terribly disappointed." "But you'll save the barn." "Well," she said as she picked up her money, "I'll have to change my plans. I'll buy him an auger and let him bore holes in the floor and pour hot water down on the dog."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

INDIANA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE fourth annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club closed with the All-Aged Setter Stake Thursday, Nov. 6. The grounds were not nearly so good as they were last year. The birds were found very plentiful, and the work of the dogs, as a whole, was of a very high order. Some of the handlers displayed great judgment in handling their dogs. The veterans, Morgan, Barker and Gleason, need no praise from me, as they are well and favorably known throughout the country. Among the younger men I desire to mention, Messrs. Frank Richards, of Stewart, Me.; T. H. Poindexter, of Stanton Depot, Tenn.; Geo. A. McLin, of Bicknell, Ind.; Robert Riley, of Indianapolis, Ind.; and John Gude, of Appleton, Minn., as gentlemen well versed in their chosen profession, and I bespeak for them all a bright future. A large number of visitors were present from different parts of the country, and all seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. The accommodations were ample, and every one praised the good wholesome food furnished by Uncle Joe Buckles, of the Central Hotel, his luuches were the best I have ever seen at a field trial, and were brought to the grounds steaming hot. The weather was very favorable throughout the trials, and added greatly to the pleasure of those present. The judging of the Puppy Stake was done by Dr. J. B. Alexander, of Louisville, Ky.; Mr. G. D. Jay, of Kokomo, Ind.; and Mr. W. M. Kerr, of Indianapolis, Ind. All the other stakes were judged by Dr. Alexander and Mr. Jay. In criticising the decisions of the judges, I wish it distinctly understood that I am not questioning their integrity, as they are my friends, and their character is above reproach. Of the winners in the different stakes I will speak briefly.

Marie Bur, the first prize winner in the Puppy Stake, is a small liver and white English setter bitch weighing about 35lbs. In all of her heats, except the last one, she showed considerable merit, and ought in another year to show up well. Effie K., the winner of second, is a sappy little English setter, black and white in color, and, although she is not as brilliant as Marie Bur, she in another year will, in my opinion, make a dog hard to beat. Nutwood, the third prize winner, is a large-sized liver and white pointer with an old head on a young body, he goes with great dash for a dog of his age, and should be live and start in an All-Aged Stake next year he will make the winner very tired.

Lone Jack, the first prize winner of the Members' Stake, is a large-sized black and white English setter, with a good nose, and a dog that will last all day. Mr. Robinson, his owner, uses him for his own private shooting; had this dog been put in the hands of a professional handler when he was young, he would have made a dog hard to beat in any company. Rosaline Wilkes, the second prize winner, is a medium-sized black and white pointer, and judging from the work done by her in her heat with Jubilee, is the best pointer bitch I have ever seen start. Jubilee, the third prize winner, is a very handsome blue belton and tan English setter, with plenty of speed and range, but he seemed stale on game. Hoosier Harry, the fourth prize winner, is a large-sized liver and white pointer, who will give a gentleman plenty of shooting, he is slow when in the vicinity of game, and would rarely get lost from his handler.

Reveler, the first prize winner in the Derby, is a medium-sized black, white and tan English setter, with considerable speed and range, and is very stylish and accurate in his work; he will be a hard dog to beat in the Eastern circuit. Trap, Jr., the second prize winner, is a small-sized lemon and white English setter bitch, that is very quick in her movements and has a very good nose; she is very good on single birds. Coyote, the third prize winner, is a handsome black, white and tan English setter bitch, with more speed and range than any dog that started in the stake, but she needs work on game to make her a sure winner. Jubilee, the fourth prize winner, is described above.

Lass of Bloomo, the first prize winner in the Pointer Stake, is a handsome liver and white bitch of medium size; she has a good nose, and is a dangerous dog in any stake. Dolly C., the second prize winner, is a large-sized liver and white bitch, with more speed and range than any dog that started in the stake; she is very stylish and snappy in her work, and was by far the best dog that ran in the stake. Croxlill, the third prize winner, is a very handsome liver and white bitch of about 55lbs. weight. While she is not as snappy in her work as the other winners, she is a very reliable dog, and one that would furnish a gentleman a nice day's shooting.

Lilly Burges, the first prize winner in the Setter Stake, was the Derby winner last year, and was fully described at that time. She has lost none of her ardor, and I warn the boys East to look out for her; she is a good one. Prince Lucifer, the second prize winner, is a large-sized, up-headed, wide-ranging black, white and tan English setter that stops for no obstruction. When Barker gets him just right in his work on birds, it will take a corker to beat him. Nannie B., the third prize winner, is a light-weight lemon and white English setter, who performs very nicely on birds, and is liable to get into the money in any stake.

The following sales were made during the trials: Mr. C. W. Barker to Mr. G. D. Jay, of Kokoma, Ind., a black, white and tan unbroken bitch for $50. Mr. A. J. Gleason sold to Mr. H. C. Pearce, of St. Lous, Mo., the liver and white pointer dog puppy Paxico, 10½ months old, by Ossian out of Nellie E., for $375. Mr. Frank Richards sold to Mr. H. Hulman, Jr., of Terre Haute, Ind., the orange and white English setter bitch Lilly Burges, by Gath's Mark out of Esther, for $700 cash and a $75 hammerless shotgun.

THE DERBY.

The Derby of the Indiana Kennel Club began at Bicknell, Ind., Monday, Nov. 3, and was judged by Dr. J. B. Alexander, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Gib. D. Jay, of Kokomo, Ind. The dogs were drawn to run as follows, viz.:

IVAN (R. B. Morgan), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

CRICKET (Harry S. New), orange and white English setter bitch (Rush Gladstone—Quail).

SUNOL (E. Cadman), liver and white pointer bitch (Cornerstone—Dinorah),

against

QUEEN VIC (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).

JUBILEE (J. M. Freeman), blue belton and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

QUAIL II. (Harry S. New), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Rush Gladstone—Quail).

RANCHO (F. H. Perry), red Irish setter dog (Claremont Patsy—Nino),

against

CANADIAN QUEEN (G. G. Pabst), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Locksley—Liddersdale).

REVELER (W. B. Hill), black, white and tan English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

SPOTTED BOY (Chas. Proctor), liver and white pointer dog (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow).

PENELOPE (Lebanon Kennels), lemon and white pointer bitch (Lebanon—Penelope),

against

TRAP, JR. (Samuel Grant), lemon and white English setter bitch (Ruby's Druid—Trap).

COYOTE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Noble—Cricket), *a bye.*

First Series.

IVAN AND CRICKET.

Mr. R. B. Morgan's English setter dog Ivan, handled by owner, and Hon. Harry S. New's orange and white English setter bitch Cricket, handled by Robert Riley, were put down in a large open weed field on the E. Horn farm at 9 A. M. Cricket went away like a shot, and showed great range and speed, while Ivan seemed to be without energy. Cricket flushed some feeding birds which she should have pointed. Nothing more being done the dogs were taken up at 9:26.

SUNOL AND QUEEN VIC.

Mr. E. Cadman's liver and white pointer bitch Sunol, handled by A. J. Gleason, and Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Queen Vic, handled by C. W. Barker, were put down in stubble at 9:30. Sunol soon pointed, then moved, and Queen did the same. In corn Queen Vic flushed a bevy and gave a short chase. Gleason called point for Sunol. Queen Vic at same instant flushed the birds. The dogs were taken up at 10:03. Queen Vic showed the most speed and range, but Sunol had more judgment. Neither dog, however, showed much merit.

JUBILEE AND QUAIL II.

Mr. J. M. Freeman's blue belton and tan English setter dog Jubilee, handled by G. A. McLin, and Hon. Harry S. New's black, white and tan English setter bitch Quail II., handled by Robert Riley, were put down in a stubble field at 10:17. Quail found and pointed a bevy nicely, and dropped when Riley flushed the birds. Sent on Jubilee flushed two birds, then he pointed a single and was steady to shot. They were taken up at 10:25. In style, speed and range they were about equal.

RANCHO AND CANADIAN QUEEN.

Mr. F. H. Perry's red Irish setter Rancho, handled by A. J. Gleason, and Mr. G. G. Pabst's black, white and tan English setter bitch Canadian Queen, handled by Frank Richards, were put down in stubble at 10:32. Queen made one point on a single bird near a fence. Neither dog showed much disposition to hunt and should never have been started. They were taken up at 10:45.

REVELER AND SPOTTED BOY.

Mr. W. B. Hill's black, white and tan English setter dog Reveler, handled by Frank Richards, and Mr. Chas. Proctor's liver and white pointer dog Spotted Boy, handled by owner, were put down in stubble at 10:50. Reveler pointed a bevy near a fence, Mr. Proctor also claimed a point on same birds. The dogs were steady to wing. They were taken up at 11:19. In style, speed and range, they were about equal.

PENELOPE AND TRAP, JR.

Lebanon Kennels' lemon and white pointer bitch Penelope, handled by C. W. Barker, and Mr. Samuel Grant's lemon and white English setter bitch Trap, Jr., handled by John Gude, were put down in stubble at 11:25. Trap soon pointed and Penelope backed. Mr. Gude not going far enough ahead of his dog thought she was false pointing and ordered her on, when she flushed a bevy. The birds were followed. The dogs secured two points each on singles and were steady. They were taken up at 11:33. In style, range and speed they were both good, and they behaved very nicely on scattered birds.

Coyote, a bye, ran a side heat, and showed herself to be a good one.

An adjournment was now taken for lunch. After dinner the judges consulted and selected the following named dogs to continue the running: Cricket against Jubilee, Quail II. against Reveler, Spotted Boy against Trap, Jr., Coyote a bye. Penelope having shown as much merit as Trap, Jr., should have been given another chance.

Second Series.

CRICKET AND JUBILEE.

This brace was put down in stubble at 12:30. Jubilee was first to find. He pointed a single nicely and was steady to shot. Then Cricken pointed two birds well and was steady to wing. Jubilee next pointed a small bevy and was steady to wing. Cricket then flushed a single, and Jubilee pointed one and won. They were taken up at 12:44. In style, range and speed they were both good; Jubilee was best on game.

QUAIL II. AND REVELER.

This pair was cast off in a stubble at 12:50. Quail pointed a single and was steady to wing; then she pointed a single just in time to save being charged with a flush. Then both dogs pointed falsely. Reveler then nailed a single handsomely and was steady; then he pointed, but nothing was

found. The dogs were then taken up and the heat given to Reveler. The dogs were down only fifteen minutes. While the final result of the heat might not have been changed, the bitch was not beaten when the heat ended. Both dogs were going well, and a few moments more would have shown their merits much better.

SPOTTED BOY AND TRAP, JR.

This brace was put down in stubble where last brace finished at 1:10. Trap soon pointed a single and was steady to shot. The pointer then secured two points on singles, and Trap flushed a single, then each dog scored a flush. Sent on, Trap pointed a single, when Gude went in to flush the bird the bitch left the point and moved away in another direction; Gude, however, flushed the bird. Trap soon made another single point and was steady. The dogs were taken up at 1:20 and the heat given to Trap, Jr. I also think this an unjust decision; while the bitch had a very slight advantage at this time, the dog was going well and the heat should have been continued. I do not think that any heat should be decided in ten minutes, especially where two dogs are so evenly matched.

Coyote, a bye, ran a side heat.

Third Series.

COYOTE AND JUBILEE.

This brace was cast off in a stubble on the Wampler farm at 1:57. Jubilee pointed a bevy in the top of a fallen tree, and was steady to wing. Barker called point for his dog about the same time. When I got where I could see them Mr. Barker's dog was moving. A bevy, however, flushed in front of her. Coyote's birds went into an orchard and the other bevy to the woods. The handlers here got separated and several minutes were consumed in getting them together. Mr. Barker was instructed to bring his dog into the woods, Jubilee in the mean time being held in check. When Barker got up with his dog the judges sent them on after the scattered birds. Jubilee pointed and moved on and flushed several birds. After hunting out the woods the dogs were sent into the orchard. Coyote pointed and was slightly unsteady to shot. The judges consulted a few minutes, sent the dogs back in the stubble, but nothing more being found, the judges ordered the dogs up at 2:43 and gave the heat to Coyote. I approve this decision; Coyote was best in range and speed, Jubilee best in style. Jubilee appeared stale on his birds.

REVELER AND TRAP, JR.

This brace was put down in a large stubble field at 2:55. Trap, Jr., pointed a bevy before she had gone 75yds., Reveler backed handsomely, both dogs steady. Trap then pointed a single in briers, then he repeated the dose. He next pointed a single. Then Trap false pointed. Reveler pointed a single near a ditch, when his handler went in to flush the dog moved up. Trap pointed where a bird had been seen to flush from. Reveler pointed a single and Trap backed. Reveler then flushed a single down wind, then pointed a single, and Trap pointed a bevy, then she pointed a single, then both dogs pointed the same bevy. Trap pointed and moved on. Reveler pointed a single. The dogs were taken up at 3:30 and the heat given to Reveler. In style and action Reveler was best, but on point I liked Trap. They were about equal in range and speed. If Trap had not shown a disposition to false point she surely would have won.

Fourth Series.

REVELER AND COYOTE.

This brace was put down in a stubble on the Wampler farm, to run for first prize, at 3:38. They had gone but a short distance when both began pointing and roading feeding birds. Reveler established a point on a single and was steady. Coyote kept on roading and pointing until she flushed a bevy, and was very unsteady to wing, making several jumps after the flying birds. Reveler then pointed, nothing found. Coyote then flushed a single. Reveler then pointed a bevy and was steady to wing, then he pointed a single. The birds were followed to an orchard, where Reveler secured two points on singles, and Coyote flushed a bevy. They were taken up at 3:56 and the heat rightly given to Reveler. Coyote did very poorly in this heat, while Reveler continued his good work. This finished the work of the day.

TUESDAY.

Fifth Series.

The judges selected Trap, Jr., Jubilee and Coyote to run for the remaining prizes.

TRAP, JR., AND JUBILEE.

This brace was put down in a stubble on the Wampler farm at 8:56 A. M. The field notes of this heat were kindly furnished by Mr. B. Waters, as the judges requested the writer to accompany the bye dog Coyote in his side heat. The dogs had only gone a few yards when Trap pointed, moved up and located a bevy, and was steady to wing, Jubilee not near enough to back. Jubilee then flushed a single. The birds were followed. Trap pointed, roaded and pointed staunchly. Jubilee backed. Trap next pointed two birds. Jubilee further on was roading. Trap came up and flushed the birds. Then she pointed a single nicely and won. She was superior in range and speed. Up at 9:05.

Coyote a bye ran a side heat.

Sixth Series.

TRAP, JR., AND COYOTE.

This brace was put down in an old weed field on the C. Horn farm at 9:28. Trap soon pointed and moved on; later she pointed a bevy. Coyote came up and flushed the birds. Then both dogs made a false point, then repeated the dose. Trap then pointed a few birds, but followed her handler when he went in to flush; she was, however, steady to wing. Trap then secured two more single points and won. They were taken up at 9:48.

The judges then placed Coyote third and Jubilee fourth, So ended the Derby.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

Immediately after the Derby was finished the All-Aged Pointer Stake was started. The drawing brought out the following named dogs, which were judged by Messrs. Alexander and Jay:

CROXLILL (W. J. Smith), liver and white bitch (Croxteth—Daisy).

against

THOMASTONE (W. H. Holmes), liver and white dog (Cornerstone—Firenzi),

LASS OF BLOOMO (W. T. Hunter), liver and white bitch (Lad of Bow—Bloomo),

against

BOUNCE (G. W. Amory), liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).

DOLLY C. (Joseph Crugom), liver and white bitch (Graphic—Marguerite),

against

BERTRALDRO (J. E. Guinotte), liver, white and ticked dog (Cornerstone—Bessie Bufort).

First Series.

CROXLILL AND THOMASTONE.

Mr. H. J. Smith's liver and white bitch Croxlill, handled by Mr. T. H. Poindexter, and Mr. W. H. Holmes's liver and white dog Thomastone, handled by Mr. A. J. Gleason, were put down in an old weed field on the C. Horn farm at 10 A. M. Thomastone soon was found pointing a bevy. He retrieved nicely to Gleason's kill, Lill not near enough to back. Being sent on he pointed another bevy and dropped to shot. Sent on, Croxlill pointed a single and retrieved nicely to Poindexter's kill. The dogs were taken up at 10:09. The work done in this heat was of a very high order.

LASS OF BLOOMO AND BOUNCE.

Mr. W. T. Hunter's liver and white bitch Lass of Bloomo, handled by Mr. Frank Richards, and Mr. G. W. Amory's liver and white dog Bounce, handled by Poindexter, were cast off in a stubble field at 10:21. Lass pointed, moved up and pointed a bevy nicely. Bounce backed, both dogs steady to shot. On singles Bounce secured two points. They were taken up at 10:42. In range, speed and style Lass was much the best.

BERTRALDRO AND DOLLY C.

Hon. J. E. Guinotte's liver, white and ticked dog Bertraldro, handled by Gleason, and Mr. Joseph Crugom's liver and white bitch Dolly C., handled by Richards, were cast off in a large stubble field at 10:57 that allowed the dogs to display their range and speed, which was of a very high order; Dolly C. showing the most speed, but Bertraldro had better style, as he carried a higher head than Dolly. Bertraldro was first to find; he located and pointed a small bevy in the center of the field and was steady to wing. Dolly backed handsomely. Sent on, Dolly flushed a bevy and dropped to wing. Then she false pointed. Bertraldro then flushed a single. The dogs were taken up at 11:15.

Second Series.

The judges decided that all were good enough to run, therefore the first brace was put down again.

CROXLILL AND THOMASTONE.

This brace was put down in stubble at 11:32. Gleason soon called point; I saw the bird go, but could not see whether it was a point or a flush. The spectators coming up, flushed a bevy. The dogs both pointed and roaded where the birds had been running. Lill pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. She next flushed a single. The birds were followed to an orchard, where Thomastone pointed a single and dropped to shot. The dogs were taken up at 12:07 and an adjournment had for lunch. The dogs were taken to the E. Howe farm and turned loose in a stubble at 1:12, which was drawn blank. In another stubble field Thomastone pointed, moved up and flushed a single. Lill then pointed a single. Thomastone then pointed a single, then he flushed one. Lill then made two false points. Both dogs roaded running birds. Lill pointed a single and was steady to shot. Thomastone pointed a single and dropped to shot. The dogs were taken up at 1:39 and Croxlill declared the winner. In speed and range in the early part of the heat Thomastone was superior, but as the heat progressed he seemed to lose his courage, while on the other hand Croxill improved, and was going much better at the last than when she started.

LASS OF BLOOMO AND BOUNCE.

This brace was put down where the last brace finished at 1:42. A bevy soon flushed from weeds in near proximity to the dogs. The birds were followed, and Lass pointed a single and dropped to shot. She retrieved nicely to Richard's kill; Bounce pointed a single. Poindexter killed the bird, which fell in heavy briers, and the dog did not find it. Richards called point, but it proved to be a rabbit. The judges consulted and sent the dogs on. Lass pointed a single and dropped to wing. The dogs were taken up at 2:02 and the heat given to Lass of Bloomo. She was best in style, range and speed, and won deservedly.

BERTRALDRO AND DOLLY C.

This brace was put down in same field in which the last brace finished at 2:06. Dolly soon pointed a single near the fence. On, both dogs wheeled to a point on open ground near a pile of rails. Both handlers claimed and insisted on the point belonging to his dog. The point, however, proved to be false. The spectators then had a good laugh at the handlers' expense. Dolly then pointed in stubble and Bertraldro backed; nothing was found to the point. Quite an amount of ground was then passed over without finding any birds; but just as the handlers were leaving the field Dolly made a cast to the right about 75yds., and pointed a bevy nicely near the fence and was steady to wing; Bertraldro backed nicely. The birds were followed to a thicket, where each dog got a point. Bertraldro retrieved nicely to Gleason's kill. The dogs were taken up at 3:22 and the heat given to Dolly C. I think she was rightly placed, as she had better range and speed and was entitled to a great deal of credit for finding this bevy.

Third Series.

LASS OF BLOOMO AND CROXLILL.

This brace was put down in a cornfield at 3:37. Both dogs roaded through corn to a patch of weeds, where Croxlill located and pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. The birds were followed to stubble, where Lass pointed a single nicely. On, Lass pointed, and three birds were flushed to the point. At the same time Lill pointed a single and was steady to shot. Then Lass pointed a single. On, Lill pointed a single, then Lass got three single points and won. The dogs were taken up at 3:49. Lass was more rapid than Lill in execution and was clearly entitled to the heat.

Dolly C., a bye, ran a side heat while the other dogs were down.

Fourth Series.

DOLLY C. AND LASS OF BLOOMO.

This brace was put down at 4:04 where the last brace finished, to run for first prize. The dogs had only gone a few yards when Dolly pointed a rabbit, then she flushed a single bird in briers near a fence. Passed to a cornfield Lass flushed a single and Dolly pointed a single nicely. Then she next pointed a bevy. Lass pointed a single and flushed one. The dogs were taken up at 4:26 and the heat unjustly given to Lass of Bloomo. In this heat Dolly was quicker and more accurate in her work than Lass, found and pointed the most birds, and was in my judgment a much better dog in every respect, and was clearly entitled to the heat.

Fifth Series.

DOLLY C. AND CROXLILL.

This brace was put down in stubble at 4:32, to work on a scattered bevy that had been flushed from the corn. Dolly pointed and the birds got up all around her; she was perfectly steady to wing. The birds went to the woods and were followed. In the woods Lill pointed where a bird had been seen to flush from, Dolly backed. On, Dolly secured three handsome points in one, two, three order, and won. Lill backed all these points. The dogs were taken up at 4:42. The judges then placed Croxlill third.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKES.

The drawing of the All-Aged Setter Stake resulted as follows:

DON'S NELLIE (A. H. Fowler), black and white English setter bitch (McDuff—Fame),

against

QUAIL (Hon. Harry S. New), black, white and tan English setter bitch (Change—Flora).

JERRY MANDAN (R. B. Morgan), black and white English setter dog (Mandan—Prairie Belle),

against

NANNIE B. (Dr. J. H. McLeod), lemon and white English setter bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti),

LILLY BURGES (G. A. Day), orange and white English setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Esther),

against

DAN FOREMAN (H. H. Fowler), black, white and tan English setter dog (Foreman—Miss Elsie).

PRINCE LUCIFER (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton),

against

SAM WELLER (W. T. Hunter), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Dixie).

WEDNESDAY.

First Series.

DON'S NELLIE AND QUAIL.

Mr. A. H. Fowler's black and white bitch Don's Nellie, handled by Gleason, and Hon. Harry S. New's black, white and tan bitch Quail, handled by Riley, were put down in a stubble field at 8:27. The field was drawn blank; worked through another field without finding. The judges ordered the dogs up at 8:54. Both dogs showed considerable speed and range.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND SAM WELLER.

Mr. J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Prince Lucifer, handled by Barker, and Mr. W. T. Hunter's black, white and tan dog Sam Weller, handled by Richards, were put down in a stubble field at 9:00, which was drawn blank, passed to another stubble Prince, going down wind, flushed two birds and stopped to wing, then he moved up and pointed a single and retrieved to Barker's kill. The dogs were taken up at 9:19. In style, range and speed Prince was much the best, Sam, however, showed considerable merit and satisfied the judges that she was good enough to start again.

JERRY MANDAN AND NANNIE B.

Mr. R. B. Morgan's black and white dog Jerry Mandan, handled by owner, and Dr. J. A. McLeod's liver and white bitch Nannie B., handled by Barker, were cast off where the last brace finished, at 9:23. Passed into corn Nannie pointed, moved up and soon dropped to a point on a bevy, just as she did this Jerry pointed the same birds. Nannie retrieved nicely to Barker's kill, both dogs were steady to shot. On, in stubble, Nannie pointed; Jerry refused to recognize the point, went in ahead and pointed a single, and retrieved to Morgan's kill. The dogs were taken up at 9:32. In range and speed Nannie was superior.

LILLY BURGES AND DAN FOREMAN.

Mr. G. A. Day's orange and white bitch Lilly Burges, handled by Richards, and Mr. A. H. Fowler's black, white and tan dog Dan Foreman, handled by Gleason, were put down in stubble where last brace finished at 9:47. Dan pointed a single and Lilly backed, both were steady to wing; the dogs were taken up at 9:47. Both showed good speed, range and style.

Second Series.

The judges decided that all the dogs were good enough to start again.

DON'S NELLIE AND QUAIL.

This brace was put down in stubble on the Freeman farm at 9:52. Nellie soon pointed a rabbit. A bevy soon flushed wild and settled in another field. The birds were followed. Quail pointed a single, and was steady, then she flushed one and dropped to wing, then she pointed a single, broke shot and retrieved the bird. On, she flushed a single. On, she secured two more single points and won. The dogs were taken up at 10:26.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND SAM WELLER.

This brace was put down where last brace finished at 10:30. Prince soon pointed, and Sam backed. The point proved barren. In going through a cornfield to another stubble a bevy flushed wild and went to the woods. The birds were followed. Sam pointed a bevy, Prince flushed a single, then he backed Sam. On, Prince pointed near a thicket, nothing found. In heavy brush and briers Prince pointed a rabbit. Sam pointed a single in corn. Prince pointed, moved up and flushed a single. In corn Prince pointed, moved up and pointed again apparently on running birds, nothing was found to the point. Crossed the road to another field, Prince located and pointed a bevy very nicely, but moved up a little when Barker went in to flush, Barker shot and killed, and Prince retrieved. Part of the birds went down a draw where they were followed, Prince got two single points. On going down wind Sam got into a bevy before he hardly knew it, he dropped to a point and remained flat on the ground apparently afraid to move lest he should flush the birds, he remained in this position until Richards flushed and shot. This was a very pretty piece of work. The birds were followed, Prince made two points which proved barren. The dogs were taken up at 11:55, and an adjournment had for lunch. The dogs after lunch were taken to the Bunting farm and put down in a cornfield at 12:52, and were taken up at 1:07, and the heat given to Prince Lucifer. This was a long tiresome heat, run in the middle of the day, when it was a very hard matter to get any very brilliant work out of the dogs. In style, range and speed Prince was the best, but on game Sam was far superior. I think the heat should have been given to Sam before lunch, and as nothing was done when they were down the second time to warrant the judges in giving the heat to Prince, they should have reversed the decision or given the dogs more time.

NANNIE AND JERRY MANDAN.

This brace was put down in a stubble field at 1:05. A bevy flushed wild and went to cover. Jerry soon pointed a single in the corn and retrieved nicely to Morgan's kill. Sent on each dog got a single and behaved nicely. Then Nannie pointed, Jerry backed poorly, nothing was found to the point. Jerry then got a point on a single. Next he flushed a bevy, then Nannie flushed a single, then she pointed a single and retrieved to Barker's kill. Jerry then false pointed, then he pointed a single. Sent on Nannie pointed a single, then she nailed another and won. The dogs were taken up at 2:14. In style, speed and range Nannie was superior, and the heat was rightly given to her.

LILLY BURGES AND DAN FOREMAN.

This brace was put down in an old weed field on the C. Horn farm at 3:08. Lilly pointed near the fence, nothing found to the point. Sent on she pointed a bevy, next she flushed an outlying bird, then the bevy went. The birds alighted in a stubble and were followed, Lilly flushed a single, then she pointed and was steady to shot, she retrieved the bird to Richard's kill. Both dogs then roaded and pointed, until Dan drew up on a single and was steady to wing. Lilly then flushed a single. The dogs were taken up at 3:30 and the heat given to Lilly Burges. The running should have been continued as the work done by Lilly was not sufficiently brilliant to justify the judges in deciding the heat in her favor at this time. In style Lilly was the best, but in range and speed they were about equal.

Third Series.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND QUAIL.

This brace was put down in the same field where the other brace finished at 3:39. Prince pointed a bevy and retrieved to Barker's kill. On, Prince pointed, moved up and flushed a single. Then he pointed a bevy and Quail flushed a single. The dogs were taken up at 3:59 and the heat justly given to Prince Lucifer, who was superior to Quail in speed, range and style, and who really had her beaten from the start.

LILLY BURGES AND NANNIE B.

This brace was put down in an old weed field at 4:10,

Lilly soon pointed a bevy of feeding birds and Nannie backed. Lilly then pointed a single and was slightly unsteady to shot. Then both pointed singles and were steady to wing. Next Nannie pointed a small bevy, she then pointed a single and retrieved to Barker's kill. Then she nailed another single. The judges then consulted a few minutes, and sent the dogs on. Lilly soon located and pointed a new bevy and retrieved nicely to Richard's kill. The dogs were then taken up and the heat given to Lilly Burges. The dogs were taken up at 4:49. In style Lilly was superior, but in range and speed they were about equal. This was one of the prettiest heats of the trials.

THURSDAY.

Fourth Series.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND LILLY BURGES.

This brace was put down in a large stubble field on the Bunting farm at 7:33 A. M. to run for first prize. Lilly Burges had cut her foot very badly and gamely worked out this heat with a boot on the injured member. Lilly soon pointed, moved to locate the birds, when Prince came in ahead and flushed the bevy. On, Lilly soon located and pointed another bevy nicely and was steady. Prince next pointed and Lilly backed; nothing was found to the point. Lilly next pointed a rabbit. Prince then made three false points. On, Lilly roaded and pointed another bevy and retrieved to Richard's kill. The dogs were taken up and the heat and first money rightly awarded to Lilly Burges.

Fifth Series.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND NANNIE B.

As Mr. Barker was the handler of both of these dogs, at his request Mr. A. J. Gleason kindly assisted him in handling the dogs. They were cast off in the same field at 7:57, to run for second money. Prince soon pointed and Nannie backed. Nothing was found to the point. Then he repeated the dose. Nannie pointed near the fence and Prince backed; nothing found. The dogs were now taken to the woods across the railroad and put down to find some scattered birds. Prince soon pointed and Nannie backed; the point proved false. On, Nannie pointed a bevy nicely and Prince backed; both dogs were steady to shot. Prince then pointed a single and Nannie backed. Then the dogs pointed and moved on. On, Prince pointed, moved up and the birds flushed. The dogs were then, at 8:40, taken up, and the heat unjustly given to Prince Lucifer. Prince had more style, speed and range than Nannie, but his work on game was very unsatisfactory; he was very unsteady at times, and his chronic false pointing alone was sufficient to have convinced the judges that he was inferior to Nannie B. She should have had the heat. The judges then placed Nannie B. third.

P. T. MADISON.

[The summaries of the stakes were published in last week's issue.]

THE A. K. C. CONSTITUTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A note to Secretary Vredenburgh procured from him by return the necessary information whereby it is possible for me to set forth the proposed changes in the A. K. C. constitution and by-laws, in a form which will be readily understood. I have taken from the *Kennel Gazette* the proposed constitution and by-laws as given in the October issue, giving in italics the amendments and within brackets what is proposed to be omitted from their present reading.

In the comments which follow the altered articles and by-laws, I will draw attention to what may seem trivial matters, using throughout the same phraseology where there is any repetition of phrases. I can see evidence that such was Mr. Vredenburgh's desire, and I feel he will accept all such suggestions in the spirit in which they are offered—a desire to make the constitution better perfect. Beyond these, there are suggestions caused by a difference of opinion, and others with a desire to make Mr. Vredenburgh's amendments more clear. It is possible, and I think probable, he may coincide with some of these suggestions and alter his amendments, giving notice thereof in time to have them acted upon at the December meeting. In other cases he will differ from me, I have no doubt, but where he concludes that there is reasonable grounds for a difference of opinion among the delegates, it might be well for him to have a substitution offered either in his own name or by some other delegate, and give due notice thereof.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this association shall be "The American Kennel Club."

ARTICLE II.

The object of this association shall be the protection of the mutual interest of its members. *It shall admit such clubs or persons as it may deem desirable, and shall exclude such as it may consider objectionable. It shall adopt and enforce* [and the adoption and enforcement of] such rules as shall tend to *the* uniformity, and *to* the proper conduct of *individuals interested in the breeding or sale of dogs, also to the proper regulation* of bench shows and field trials [and the publication of]. *Furthermore it shall publish* an official Stud Book and *a* Kennel Gazette.

Taking the word "persons" to refer to associate members and only as such can individuals be admitted, delegates being otherwise provided for, it is to be noted they are not "admitted" by the club, but by the indorsement of the two presidents, the use of the second "it" in the italicised sentence is not suitable. The second part of that sentence "*and shall exclude,*" etc., is tautological, because if they are not desirable and admitted they are as a matter of course excluded. I would suggest this reading: "*It shall admit such clubs to membership or persons as associate members as may be deemed desirable.*" And stop there.

The next sentence I criticised last week upon its construction alone, and I would now further say that it is to my mind questionable policy to say, "or sale of dogs." It sounds like legislating for dog dealers. But I will not press that point and content myself with the construction of the sentence which I think can be very materially improved by being made to read as follows:

"It shall adopt and enforce such rules as shall tend to uniformity in the regulations governing bench shows and field trials, and to the proper conduct of persons interested in the exhibition, breeding or sale of dogs."

I suppose it is unnecessary for me to add that it is quite out of place for the A. K. C. to presume to adopt and enforce field trial rules with but one such club a member and all the others with different systems regulating their trials and taking no notice of the A. K. C. I would like to see the words "field trials" omitted altogether from the article under consideration, as assuming a power the A. K. C. has not and never will have.

ARTICLE III.

All regularly organized clubs or associations in the United States or British-American Provinces which have held bench shows or field trials or are formed for the purpose of holding bench shows or field trials, or for the improvement of any breed of dogs, and associate members as hereinafter provided, shall be eligible to membership.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. The regular annual meeting of this association shall be held [during the spring of the] *on some day in February, March or April of each* year at such time and place as shall be designated by the president; thirty days' notice whereof shall be given and published in the Gazette.

Would it not be well to specify that the annual meeting be held on the Thursday of the New York show week or failing the holding of such show during the months of February, March or April, then at such time and place during those months as shall be designated by the president, thirty days notice, etc. It is always advisable to have a definite date named if possible and there is none so suitable as Thursday of the New York show week. I think all will agree on that point

Sec. 2. Each member of the association shall have the right to be represented by one delegate duly authorized and his appointment certified to by his club secretary, excepting the delegates of the associate members provided for in Article XI. Before such delegate[s] shall be entitled to qualify in th[is]e association [they] *he* must be accepted by *the association or its* executive committee.

The suggestion for Section 2 is to insert after the word represented "at the meetings of the association or of the executive committee." This will make it read in unison with the concluding clause. I congratulate Mr. Vredenburgh for seeking to remove that mammoth absurdity, that the executive committee was bigger than the association, and could say who should be permitted to legislate for it. It was one thing I never ceased to kick against.

Section 3 might, perhaps, be amended by adding after the word association "or of executive committee." In opposition to this it may be said that Article IV. refers only to association meetings, but on looking at Article V., which treats of the executive committee and its meetings, it will be noted in Section 5 that "the association" is dragged in there with much less license.

I think a section might well be added to Article IV. providing for special meetings by request. Indeed, that Section 5 of Article V. would be much better placed under Article IV., just as it is with this very important exception, that the request be signed not by three only, but by whatever number constitutes a quorum. A call of this kind is imperative, and three members could, if so minded, keep the association in continual hot water with special meetings. Then it will be noted that there is no limit upon the president, and if he was doing the kicking act, he could set the whole association at defiance in this way. Suppose at the December meeting some action is taken by a small majority of the delegates present which is distasteful to the association at large, but agrees with the president's views, he could do this—upon a legal request being made for a special meeting, he could name Feb. 22 as the date for it. Now the plain intent of the rule is that a meeting is to be called within about ten days, in other words, that the president at once notify the secretary to call such meeting, giving ten days' notice. But the rule does not say so, and Mr. Vredenburgh should make the necesary change by specifying a limit of say fifteen days, which the president must not exceed.

Sec. 3. At any special or regular meeting of this association, nine members shall constitute a quorum.

If the foregoing suggestions are accepted it would be well to add after the word association "or of the executive committee." But anyway I would call attention to a quorum of nine being necessary for an association meeting, while an executive committee meeting can be run by seven members (see Section 6, Article V.).

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. The management of this association shall be intrusted to an executive committee consisting of one delegate from each club and the delegates of the associate members: and no delegate shall represent more than one club.

Sec. 2. The association shall elect a president and vice-president.

Sec. 3. The executive committee shall appoint a secretary-treasurer, who shall, under the direction and supervision of the [executive] *advisory* committee, perform the duties pertaining to the office.

Compare this altered rule with Section 1 of Article VII., and it will be seen that they do not agree. They should be made to do so.

Sec. 4. Regular meetings of the executive committee shall be held at the time of the annual meeting, and quarterly thereafter, on such dates as may be designated by the president, twenty days' notice of which shall be given tomembers.

Sec. 5. The president may call a special meeting of the executive committee *or of the association* at such time as he may deem expedient; and he shall call a special meeting upon the written request of three members. [Note. This clause now has the words "call a special meeting" at the end.] At [such] special meetings no *other* business shall be transacted [other] than that for which [such meeting shall be] *they were* called; and *such business shall be* specified on the calls, [ten days' notice of which shall be given] *which shall be sent out ten days previous to the time appointed for the meetings.*

Sec. 6. At any regular or special meeting of the executive committee seven members shall constitute a quorum.

These two sections are discussed in connection with Section 2 of Article IV.

ARTICLE VI.

The president shall preside at all meetings of this association, [and] of the executive committee, *and of the advisory committee.* [He shall have power to call a special meeting of the association at any time, and must do so on the written request of five members; ten days' notice must be given of such special meeting.]

The vice-president shall in the absence of the president perform the duties pertaining to that office.

ARTICLE VII.

Sec. 1. The secretary-treasurer shall keep records of all meetings of this association, also of the executive committee and of the advisory committee: and he shall issue calls for such meetings. He shall keep a roll of membership, and take charge of all papers belonging to the association, he shall, moreover, collect all moneys belonging to the association, and dispense the same under the direction of the executive committee. Furthermore he shall transact all other business, and fulfill all further duties of his office, or others which may be directed by the executive committee.

[The old rule read as follows: "The secretary-treasurer shall keep records of all meetings of this association and the executive committee, make all calls for such meetings, take charge of and keep a roll of membership, and of all papers belonging to the association, and shall collect all moneys belonging to the association, and dispense same under the direction of the executive committee, and do any other business proper to his office, or as directed by the executive committee."]

This section is sufficiently referred to in connection with Section 3 of Article V.

Sec. 2. He shall have the supervision of the publication of the stud book and Gazette, subject, however, to instructions from the committees responsible for said publications.

There is no Gazette committee, and in that publication the secretary can execute his own sweet will. There ought to be one, however.

Sec. 3. His remuneration from the association shall be fixed and determined upon by the advisory committee.

This I do object to most strongly on principle. It is not the province of the advisory committee to decide upon any one's salary, but of the executive committee, if not of the association itself. The advisory committee has no control whatever of the finances. It is simply a committee to take charge during the intervals between the executive committee meetings, and all its actions must be approved by the executive committee. It is not as if there was any secret about this salary. It appears in the annual statement of accounts, is made public to the world at large, and it is so entirely foreign to what is customary in all associations to allow an *ad interim* committee, as it may be called, to decide such a question, that I hope Mr. Vredenburgh will change this article of his own volition.

Sec. 4. He shall be required to execute a bond of indemnity in favor of the president of the association to an amount not less than $2,500 before assuming office. Such bond must be satisfactory to the president of the association.

This section I referred to last week, and then said that the bond should be satisfactory to the executive committee as well as to the president. Indeed, it is not necessary to be satisfactory to the president at all, for there is no hold upon him if he accepts "straw bail." It is not a business proposition at all. I think the bond should be for $5,000, for if I mistake not there is often more than $2,500 in the treasury. I don't see why the association does not of itself pay the premium on an indemnity bond for the proper amount to be given by one of the companies which does that kind of business.

ARTICLE VIII.

Applications of clubs for membership shall be made in writing to the secretary of th[is]e association, accompanied by a copy of the applicant's constitution and by-laws, a list of officers, and [first] a full year's dues, and an election shall be held at the next meeting of the executive committee, provided said application shall have been filed with the secretary at least ten (10) days previous to said election. It shall require two-thirds of members voting to elect.

ARTICLE IX.

Sec. 1. The executive committee shall have power by a two-thirds vote to suspend for a stated period or to expel any club or delegate *or individual* whose membership it may deem prejudicial to the welfare of the association.

I take it that "individual" means an associate member, for it cannot mean anything else and mean anything at all. If it does, then it would be well to use the words "associate member," and if it doesn't, then strike "or individual" out.

Sec. 2. *Any person may, in the interests of the association, prefer charges against another person before the American Kennel Club. Or charges may be preferred before said club when the conduct of any individual has been, or is, questionable, provided such charges are made in writing. Except in matters pertaining to registration, which must be heard in the first instance by the stud book committee, all such charges shall be heard at the first opportunity by the advisory committe; from whose decision an appeal may be taken to the full executive committee.*

No person shall, however, be disqualified or deprived of any privileges without due notice, and formal charges with specifications have been made and an opportunity has been given him to be heard in his own defense. The American Kennel Club will not recognize any ex parte proceedings on the part of any club.

The last sentence of the first paragraph is ambiguous, for it may be stretched to mean that after the stud book committee had decided a case, the advisory committee took it in hand, passed upon it, and then it went before the executive committee. Such is not the case, the stud book committee being coequal in power with the advisory and has dealings direct with the executive committee. To render this distinction clear, it would be well to make a change such as this after the words "made in writing." All such charges, except matters within the province of the stud book committee to investigate, "shall be heard at the first opportunity by the advisory committee," etc.

I am at a loss to understand what the concluding sentence means. "The American Kennel Club will not recognize any *ex parte* proceedings on the part of any club."

In this section the usual phraseology of "this association" is departed from, and "the American Kennel Club" used in its place.

ARTICLE X.

Sec. 1. The annual dues of clubs shall be $10, payable [at] *on* or before Jan. 1. Failure to pay said dues shall *be to* forfeit all right to representation in *this Association, and* such club [and] may be suspended or dropped from the roll.

Sec. 2. The executive committee shall have the right to make one assessment during the year not to exceed $10.

The old Section 1 was about as tough a piecee of ungrammatical English or printer's blunders as was ever strung together. The new one is a slight improvement. I don't know what "be to" wants in there at all, unless the sentence is altered to read: "The result of failure to pay such dues shall be to forfeit," etc.

ARTICLE XI.

Sec. 1. Any person *who is* vouched for in writing [to the secretary of the American Kennel Club] by not less than two members of any club a member of this association, or by two associate members, shall, upon payment of $5 annual dues, *to the secretary of the American Kennel Club* and the indorsement of his application by the president[s] of the American Kennel Club [and] *or the president* of the associate members, become an associate member and be announced as such in the next issue of the Kennel Gazette.

Sec. 2. An associate member shall be entitled to the Kennel Gazette and Stud Book for [one] *the current* year for which his dues are paid, [and] *also* to two free registrations in the Stud Book *during said year.*

Sec. 3. The annual dues of $5 shall be payable to the secretary of the American Kennel Club, on the first of January of each year, and any person whose dues are not paid on or before Jan. 20 shall thereby forfeit his right to be included in the list of members eligible for election to office and *entitled* to vote for officers for the ensuing year; and if his dues shall remain unpaid at the next annual meeting of the associate members his name [shall] *may* be stricken from the roll, provided, however, that upon remitting the $5 dues with an application of membership he shall be reinstated upon the indorsement of his application by *either of* the two presidents as hereinbefore provided.

Sec. 4. The annual meeting of the associate members shall be held on the day preceding the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club. At [which] *said* meeting the reports of the retiring officers shall be presented, which, together with a copy of the official minutes of the meeting, shall be filed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club.

Sec. 5. The officers of the associate members shall be a president, *a* vice-president and *a* secretary. The president shall be a member of the advisory committee. The associate members shall have the right to be represented by three delegates; to which position the officers may be elected. And for every one hundred members over three hundred they shall elect an additional delegate.

[Sec. 6. No associate member shall be eligible to hold office or act as delegate who is a member of any club or member of this association other than a specialty club.]

Sec. 6. That all elections shall be by mail vote, and the annual election of officers and delegates shall be conducted as follows:

On Jan. 21 of each year the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall forward to each and every associate member in good standing a printed list of all members eligible to hold office, together with an addressed envelope for return, on which the word "vote" is legibly printed or written. The members receiving [such] *said* printed list shall mark thereon, *in such manner as may be requested*, [his] *their* choice for president, vice-president and secretary, and the delegates to which the [club is] *associate members are* entitled [in such manner as may be indicated] and return the same in the envelopes provided.

Fifteen full days after the mailing of such [slips] *printed list* to the associate members, the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall, in the presence of [the] presidents of the American Kennel Club and associate members, or such persons as [either of them] *they* may deputize to represent [him] *them*, open all such mail votes; and the result of the [election] *counts* shall be certified to by the three officials present.

Immediately upon the signing of such certificate the secretary of the American Kennel Club shall notify [each and every person of his election] *all who have been elected;* and *shall* also send [notice thereof] *the results of the ballot* to the president of the associate members.

In the case of a tie vote for any office, the tie shall be decided by a majority vote of the members present at the annual meeting; and in [the] event [of] an officer [elected declining] *declines* to serve, the member receiving the next highest number of votes shall at the annual meeting be declared elected.

[Votes for] *The election of* additional delegates *to which the associate members shall be entitled, as hereinbefore provided, shall be taken as soon* as each *additional* quota [of one hundred additional members] is filed; *and it* shall be conducted [on the same principle as the annual mail vote for officers and delegates, the vote being taken as soon as the one hundred additional members have qualified] *by mail vote, the same formalities being observed as when the annual election of officers and delegates takes place. Identically this same method shall be employed in electing delegates to fill vacancies which occur among the officials or delegates.* [The same rule shall also hold good in event of a vacancy in the ranks of officers or delegates.]

There are a great many alterations in this long article, but the vast majority are simply changes in construction of the sentences, some of which are improvements, while others of doubtful expediency. These may be well left to the judgment of the delegates who will pass upon them. There are others, however, which demand careful consideration, and these I will now treat.

The first occurs in Section 1, which at present provides for the indorsement of an application for associate membership by both presidents. Mr. Vredenburgh's proposition is that the indorsement of either one is sufficient. Let us see how this will work. An application in proper form comes to Mr. Vredenburgh, and what will he do with it? Naturally he will refer it to Mr. Belmont. Should that gentleman know of no reason for doing otherwise he will indorse the application, and thereby the applicant becomes a member. If Mr. Belmont declines to indorse it, for some reason to him sufficient, it then goes to Dr. Perry, and he is placed in a somewhat peculiar position. He is really asked to check the action of the A. K. C. president; and suppose he sees no reason for following Mr. Belmont's lead, the applicant becomes a member. Now, it is possible that Dr. Perry may know of something detrimental to an applicant's character that Mr. Belmont does not, but he can have no say in the matter, because by Mr. Belmont's indorsement he has no opportunity to take action. Practically it makes Mr. Belmont the autocrat of the situation. Not that I consider he would abuse his power, but he might err from lack of knowledge; and I am decidedly of the opinion that the rule as it now is is by far the best and safest.

Section 2 is improved by making it clear that the privileges of associate members for each year are for that year only, and that free registrations are not accumulative and can be used in any subsequent year.

Section 3 contains two important changes. The first is the substitution of "may" for "shall" in regard to striking delinquent members' names from the roll. I feel certain in my own mind that this is not advisable. The only reason in its favor, and it is a poor one, is that the present rule would show a shrinkage in the list of members at the beginning of each year. I don't think the associate membership needs any such fictitious bolstering as that. A member now gets $7 for his annual dues of $5, and no one will care about missing that. It is suficient of itself to attract prompt payment, particularly as the early numbers of the *Gazette* are the most valuable of the year, on account of the show reports. The present wording is much more likely to bring about prompt settlement of the annual dues than any leniency on the part of the club. Then again the fact of being an associate member in good standing is of itself something in the way of indorsement, and the A. K. C. should not so indorse tardy subscribers.

The old Section 6 is stricken out entirely. I do not know that I am so specially pledged to this as I formerly was, but I do object to one thing, and Mr. Vredenburgh will believe me that I am not aiming at him individually, when I say it is in my opinion decidedly out of place for a salaried official of the club to be a delegate, such as he is for the associate members. It is not necessary to expatiate on this point, for the objections must be too obvious to all.

In the fifth paragraph of Section 6 there is surely something omitted from Mr. Vredenburgh's proposed reading when it says, "and in event an officer declines," etc.

ARTICLE XII.

Sec. 1. An advisory committee of five [of which the executive officers shall be ex-officio members, shall be appointed at each annual meeting, which shall have power to act upon cases of protest and appeal pending the final action of the executive committee], *consisting of the president and vice-president of the association, the president of the associate members and two other delegates of the association shall be members, shall be elected at each annual meeting.*

Sec. 2. *It shall have the power to act upon all cases of protest and appeal; to investigate and act upon all charges preferred against active or associate members, or individuals; and shall be vested with the powers of the executive committee during the interval between the regular quarterly meetings of the association, subject, however, to the final action of the executive committee.*

Some time ago I wrote a screed about my having been asked to go through the constitution with a view to making it more perfect, and I then stated that I had concluded not to touch it, because I believed in a change I felt was too radical for adoption. It was to transfer the entire management of the club to a committee of say nine, of which three the senior should retire at each meeting. One reason for this suggestion was the time wasted at executive meetings, owing to the number of delegates present.

A caustic correspondent in a contemporary said something about my having been aptly described as a brake that always slipped. I don't seem to have slipped so very much in this case, for here we have the principle if not the entirety. It is proposed to have the advisory committee of five do the duty for which I suggested the committee of nine. Certainly I will not now object to the principle of the change, but I am not in favor of the abridged committee. Five is too small a number to act in such an important capacity, for we must remember that of that number three is a quorum, so that two men may thus legislate for the whole club. And there is one other very faulty part of this article, where in Section 2 it is provided that the advisory committee shall be clothed with all the power of the executive committee *ad interim*, but nevertheless their rulings are subject to the indorsement of the executive committee.

If we are giving power to a committee, let us give the power freely and without reserve. This we can safely do if we make the committee sufficiently large to be truly representative. Let me offer this suggestion, make the advisory committee the same number as the quorum of our association meeting, strike from it as an officer *ex-officio* the vice-president and make the associate members' president the vice-president of the committee, and elect all the other members.

With such a committee to conduct the association, the executive committee could be dispensed with. The club might hold semi-annual meetings as a legislative body and elect members for the committee. My idea, that I previously dilated upon, was to have rotation in office without election. That is, starting with the clubs by age, let the first six provide members in addition to three *ex-officio*, and of these let three retire at stated periods, the vacancies to be filled by the next three clubs who desire representation on the committee.

The present proposition is not adequate enough. For instance, take the case of Dr. Cryer's appeal against the Cincinnati Club ruling. The advisory committee decided in favor of Dr. Cryer, and Mr. Vredenburgh so advised him and returned his $10 sent with the appeal. Now, under the present rule, and also under the proposed one, Mr. Vredenburgh was wrong, for there had been no final action of the executive committee. The power the advisory committee now has and will have is really an absurdity, and I think all who read over Article XII. carefully will agree with me. Both have the same faulty terminal sentence.

ARTICLE XIII.

The business management of the [A. K. C.] Stud Book shall be subject to the direction of a committee of three, elected by a majority of the delegates present at the annual meeting of the club, and shall render account to the association annually at such meeting.

As a member of the Stud Book committee I say that this gives us quite too much power. We have to decide questions affecting persons' standing, and ought to report more frequently and subject to approval by some power. At present we can disqualify a person and he must remain under the ban for a whole year perhaps, and until the committee makes its annual report. Our powers and duties on that point ought to be clearly specified.

ARTICLE XIV.

This constitution and the by-laws and rules may be revised or amended [after] *provided* thirty days' notice has been given to all members of such proposed *revision or* amendment, by a two-thirds vote at any meeting of this association where at least two-thirds of the members are represented, or by obtaining [a ratification] within thirty days, through the secretary of the club, of at least two-thirds of the members of this association, *a ratification* of any enactment of any revision or amendment of the constitution, by-laws or rules, duly proposed and carried by a two-thirds vote of any meeting of the association.

In this article "this association" is used in place of "the association," the changed phraseology everywhere else.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. The following order of business shall be observed at the meetings of this association:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading minutes of previous meeting.
3. Secretary's report.
4. Treasurer's report.
[5. Report of executive committee.]
5. Election of officers and committees.
6. General business.
7. Adjournment.

Sec. 2. The following order of business shall be observed at the meetings of the executive committee of this association.

1. Roll call.
2. Reading of minutes of previous meeting.
3. Secretary's report.
4. Treasurer's report.
5. Report of standing committees.
6. Report of special committees.
7. Unfinished business.
8. Election of [officers] secretary-treasurer.
9. New business.
10. Adjournment.

Sec. 3. In the event of an appeal from an order of suspension imposed by a show committee, *or by the president, or by the advisory committee*, it must be heard at the next regular or special meeting of the executive committee, and any person who is proved to the satisfaction of the committee to have been guilty of any fraudulent or discreditable conduct [in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials] *of any kind* may be declared [incapable of competing for or winning] *ineligible to compete, or win* a prize at any show held under the rules of this association for such period as the executive committee may decide.

All complaints or disputes among members of this association shall be decided by those members of the executive committee [as] *who* are in no way connected with the clubs interested.

Sec. 4. The president shall appoint from the executive committee [a committee on credentials, whose duties shall be to investigate the qualifications of all candidates for membership, and report the same to the executive committee; he shall also appoint] such [other] *special* committees as shall be found necessary.

Sec. 5. These by-laws may be altered, amended or suspended *without notice* at any regular meeting of the executive committee by two-thirds vote of the members present [without notice], or at any special meeting on notice.

In Section 3 of the by-laws it will be seen that it is proposed to go beyond any connection with dogs in investigation regarding power to compete. It is a pretty wide field that, to throw open to be followed simply by the possibility that a man "may be declared ineligible." Better stick to the old limit, and add *shall* be declared ineligible.

All of which is respectfully submitted for the careful consideration of any one who has the welfare of the A. K. C. at heart.

J. W.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

FREE FOR ALL, FOUR HOUR HEAT STAKE.

CHANCE (J. M. Avent), Roderigo—Bo Peep.
RIP RAP (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), King of Kent—Hops.
NOBLE COUNT (S. A. Elliott), Mac D.—Lady Mac.
ROWDY ROD (Elmwood Kennels), Roderigo—Juno A.
HARRY C. (Elmwood Kennels), Roderigo—Countess House.
GATH'S MARK (H. Hulman, Jr.), Gath—Gem.
PITTI SING (Thos. Johnson), Baron Doveridge—Norah.
NANNIE B. (J. A. McLeod), King Noble—Queen Vashti.
REVERDY (P. Henry O'Bannon), Gath's Mark—Rosa.
LILLY BURGES (Frank Richards), Gath's Mark—Esther.
KING'S MARK (B. Ridgway), King Noble—Belle Belton.
DAISY'S HOPE (W. W. Titus), Gath's Hope—Daisy F.
Twelve entries; eleven English setters and one pointer.

C. H. ODELL, Sec. and Treas.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

THE second annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club began at Brunswick, Maine, on Nov. 10, and continued till the afternoon of the 15th. There were about one hundred members and guests present, and 18 foxhounds, 4 puppies and 4 fox beagles were entered for competition in the various classes. The weather proved fine throughout the entire week, and the large attendance and fine hounds entered made the trials the most brilliant meet the club has held. Besides the money prizes awarded in the general classes, several special prizes were contested for and some of them won.

The judges were Mr. H. E. Burkman, chairman; Mr. E. L. Toothaker, Mr. Evan H. Bragg, Mr. Cohan Jordan and Mr. Edward Thomas. The judging was a most difficult task, owing to the quickness with which the foxes sought their holes and the dense cover in many parts, but the chairman managed the computing of averages to the satisfaction of all.

The puppy class was run off on Tuesday, and all of them worked well. One of them made a strike and drove for a short while, but lost before the others could pack in. The rabbits were plentiful and tempting to the youngsters, but they behaved very well notwithstanding.

On Wednesday the trial of the general classes began, but though likely covers were drawn one after another till nearly dark, no fox was found. Thursday another section of country was drawn and four starts were obtained, all the hounds getting a chance at reynard, so that judges and members were flying in all directions taking notes. Two of the foxes were run to earth before ten o'clock, one was lost, and the fourth was driven until nearly four in the afternoon.

Friday two starts were obtained on the same grounds drawn Thursday. A few of the hounds went inland after one fox, but the great majority of the pack were put on together after a traveling fox, and the greatest race of the trials was had. This fox ran eight miles in a straight line through fields where the race could be seen from the highway, and some who had buggies and wagons ran their horses the entire distance to witness the chase. The fox finally went to earth to save his brush. In this race New England, Avent and Wild Goose hounds were about equal in numbers and three fox beagles filled out the pack. They were all in it, beagles as well as foxhounds, and packed so well that they might have been covered with the traditional blanket.

Saturday morning the trials closed at 10 o'clock, and a short run was obtained before that time. The short time reynard could be induced to stay out of his den made it impossible to award prizes in the endurance class, the special medal for endurance or the American Field cup. The prizes awarded were as follows, viz.:

GENERAL CLASSES.

Hunting.

1. Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.
2. Mr. R. D. Perry's tan and ticked dog Major O'Rourke.
3. Mr. A. McDonald's black, tan and ticked bitch Nelly Ripley.

Trailing.

1. Mr. M. Thomas's black and tan dog Bugle.
2. Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.
3. Mr. A. McDonald's black, tan and ticked bitch Nelly Ripley.

Speed.

1. Mr. R. D. Perry's black and tan dog Clinker.
2. Mr. A. McDonald's black, tan and ticked bitch Nelly Ripley.
3. Mr. M. Thomas's black and tan dog Bugle.

Barking.

1. Mr. A. McDonald's black, white and ticked dog Diamond.
2. Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.
3. Mr. A. McDonald's black, tan and ticked bitch Nelly Ripley.

Style.

1. Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.
2. Mr. R. D. Perry's black and tan dog Clinker.
3. Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Drive III.

Foxhound having highest general average winning silver medal of club: Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black, white and tan dog Joe Forester.

Special prize, steel engraving, "A Promising Litter," awarded to Southern bred foxhound having most speed and endurance; to be held till next trials: Mr. R. D. Perry's black and tan dog Clinker.

PUPPY CLASS.

1. Mr. W. Russell's black and tan dog Fleet.

Second and third withheld.

FOX BEAGLE CLASS.

1. Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan bitch Belle Dimond.
2. Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan dog Little Drive.
3. Mr. W. N. Walling's black, white and tan bitch Lucille.

PISCATAQUA.

CANADIAN TRIALS.

THE International Field Trials at Chatham, Ont., passed off pleasantly, the order of running and awards being as follows:

THE DERBY.

Jos. Kime's Lady Spot (setter) against A. P. H. Lonsdale's Tyke (pointer).

T. G. Davey's Westminster Drake (pointer) against A. P. H. Lonsdale's Phœness (setter).

Sheriff Mercer's Mingo II. (setter) against A. P. H. Lonsdale's Ian (setter).

A. P. H. Lonsdale's Beacon (pointer) against Thos. Johnson's Upton (pointer).

Jos. Kime's Lady Patch (setter) against Dodds & Mather's Dart (setter).

J. H. Hilsenden's Dan O'Connell (Irish setter) against Forest Kennels' Sport (setter).

The awards were made in the following order:

First, Ightfield Tyke; second, Mingo II.; third, Ightfield Phœness; fourth, Ightfield Upton.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

W. B. Wells' Matane (setter) against Thomas Gutridge's Belle of Kent (setter).

A. P. H. Lonsdale's Ranger (setter) against Thos. Johnson's Blithe (pointer).

Dr. Totten's Carry J. (setter) against T. H. Nelson's Clinker (setter).

Dr. Totten's Speculator (setter) against W. B. Wells' Dinah C. (setter).

A. P. H. Lonsdale's Dick (pointer) against J. L. Campbell's Gordo (Gordon setter).

F. W. Eddy's Maggy Bee (setter) against W. B. Wells' Cambriana (setter).

R. G. Harvey's Breezo (pointer) against T. G. Davy's Canadian Jester (setter).

A. P. H. Lonsdale's Deuce (pointer) against John Mercer's Mingo II. (setter).

A. P. H. Lonsdale's Rosa (setter) a bye.

The awards were made in the following order: Ightfield Dick first, Ightfield Rosa second, Ightfield Blithe third, Ightfield Deuce fourth.

A DAY WITH THE RADNOR HUNT.

WHAT old memories the above heading stirs up. Runs with the old Radnor Hunt on the borders of South Wales, when Col. Price filled the saddle as M. F. H.; days when my joints were more lissome and tumbles were taken as very ordinary contretemps, and not as now with fear and trembling. Like many other things a tumble is a good deal worse in the anticipation than in reality. But to my tale. Mr. Harrison's kind invitation could not be withstood despite the fact that several years of city life, though it had not dulled my enthusiasm, had made me somewhat dubious as to what sort of a caper I should cut in the hunting field. Saturday dawned like a veritable hunting morn, and though I failed to feel the southerly wind, the cloudy skies were all there and proclaimed a day that would help to hold the scent. One of that prince of railroads', the Pennsylvania, express trains soon whirled me to the city of Brotherly Love. On the way, early as it was, the shooters were out in force, taking advantage of the opening day, to fill their gaping game bags with the frolicsome Jersey quail, it being the close season for mosquitoes.

Arrived at the Quaker City, I thought a visit to our contemporary, the *Fanciers' Journal* and brother Haldeman, would nicely fill the hour till train time. With a review of "the men of dogdom" and their dogs, current topics which are exciting the minds of many members of our kennel world, the hour seemed shod with wings and flew all too fast, for what a lot of dog chat two men can cram into sixty minutes, to be sure.

A short run past imposing villas and pretty suburban villages brought me to Chestnut Hill, where, calling cabby, he soon whirled me to Mr. Harrison's world-renowned farm on the "Hill." World-renowned it is, for who has not heard of the giants of colliedom, Dublin Scot, Scotilla, Flurry II., The Squire, Christopher, Maney Trefoil and Roslyn Wilkes. A hearty welcome was received from Mr. Harrison, who, got up in correct fox hunting toggery, even down to the safety pin in the tie, was flitting here, there and everywhere, doing the honors of the occasion and making every one feel at home and eager for the fun in store. Like a true dogman I gravitated instinctively to the handsome kennels and friend Jarrett. After a look at some of the future cracks, daughters and sons of the kings of colliedom on both sides of the water, a move was made to don a more horsey rig, and all being ready we adjourned to the bounteous lunch table and tried to infuse a little Dutch courage into our quaking limbs through the medium of lobster salads and other things. Honored be the man that invented the hunt breakfast, no one knows the many quaking spirits it has served to soothe and brought that effervescent pluck which lasts till the music of the hounds in full cry serves to keep the courage up to boiling point, when five-barred gates seem obstacles bereft of all significance.

Mounted on a young horse that our host had kindly put at my disposal, I took a look around at the gallant assembly. Shades of William Penn! Had he come to earth again and viewed the goodly gathering of handsome women, men in pink, and horseflesh which could hold its own for clever looks the world over, he would indeed have stood aghast and thought that after all he had not lived in vain. Several four-in-hands, tandems and numerous stylish turnouts filled with bright women, added materially to the beauty of the scene, and this combined with one of the most charming views of some twenty miles of distant country, made a scene that in after years will revert to my mind as one of the most beautiful it has been my lot to see. The master, Mr. Madder, horn in hand, followed by eager hounds, came trooping out of the yard, and followed by a dozen men in pink, cast round a field above the farm house. Then a start was made at 3:05 P. M. for a field on Mr. Morris Bisbing's farm just above the home farm, from which the course had been laid. This was seven and a half miles of fine galloping country, straight across to another hill, on the summit of which Mr. Fell's mansion could just be discerned in the hazy distance.

Mr. Bisbing's farm, where the hounds cast off, commands one of the finest views around Philadelphia, and from this point scores of people were able to watch the run from start to finish. Mr. Bisbing has several of Mr. Harrison's collie pups at walk.

About forty horsemen assembled for the start and half of them being in pink, the scene was indeed a stirring one. Away the hounds trotted, and making a cast, they soon struck the scent, which was the litter of a bed of foxes owned by the Radnor Hunt at Bryn-Mawr. The hounds were fresh, and hounds and riders started off at a lively pace. Visions of cutting out the field flashed across my excited brain; but alas! the best laid plans, etc., the very first fence saw my vaunted aspirations dashed to earth, as well as horse and self. If the horse had risen to the occasion with the same enthusiasm as myself all would have been well—but he didn't, and over and over we toppled, but an indulgent providence evidently had its eye on me, and scrambling up from among the abbreviated cornstalks, I tried to reach the horse before he got up, but I found it as much as I could do to catch my breath, never name the horse, which went off in wild career after the fast disappearing crowd of huntsmen. The ever proverbial boy caught my steed, and quickly mounting I found that there is no truer saying, that a stern chase is a long one, and two fields in a drag hunt is a good bit of ground to make up. Luckily for my self-respect others were soon doing the tumbling act, and my turn came to give that pitying glance which every poor fellow who comes a cropper has experienced.

Ahead of me I could see several scarlet coats rising and falling with machine-like regularity as fence after fence was topped. By the way, these were all post and rails, thick, uncompromising looking obstacles, too, it was either over or around them; no crashing here. There were no hedges, but two or three water jumps broke the monotony somewhat and cooled the ardor of some. The figure of Miss Smith on Mr. Harrison's handsome Dobbin, a weight carrier, was to be seen well in front and nerved me to desperation. But that sickly looking water jump proved too much for the courage of my Rosinante, and swerving sharply to the left, when I thought we had come to a full understanding that it had to be gotten over somehow, she landed me fair and square on my feet. I pretended to fix the bridle and was soon in the saddle again, when turning short around, over she went this time, much to the astonishment of several gaping yokels who were evidently divided between pity and a sense of the ridiculous.

Beyond the water I found it pretty plain sailing, and outside a refusal or two my horse carried me nicely, though that black habit kept tantalizingly in front. Man is a funny creature at best, and the satisfaction he experiences in seeing some one else come a cropper is only excelled by the satisfaction of being in at the finish. This was my experience when I saw that heavily-got-up gentleman in the chamois skins come a cropper on the five bars. Horses were getting blown and headers were frequent, for familiarty had bred a certain contempt for the fences and led many to attempt a flourish they could not sustain. Catching up with the leaders, I am glad to say for the honor of this office, that we were in just behind Dobbin, and as the newspapers, which are always known to be truthful, said Miss Smith was fourth, my number was not very big. Mr. Harrison, on a clinking good chestnut, was in first, Mr. St. John Boycott, the manager of the farm, and who, by the way, is a son of the famous Colonel Boycott, whose excommunication by the Irish tenantry gave rise to a word that has now become universally used, was just behind him; several others coming up in a bunch.

On the lawn of Mr. Fell's handsome residence, which gave us a view of many miles of country that laid far below us, the panting horses and men formed a pleasing picture. Blankets for the horses were at a premium. A delightful luncheon was served in the dining room of the mansion and was duly appreciated by all. With all the tumbles no one got even a bruise. The pace was a hot one from start to finish, with only one check, and a welcome one it was for the writer. Time about 35 minutes. A start was now made for the Chestnut Hill farm again. I met several very pleasant men, members of the Radnor Hunt, and was given cordial invitation to join them in their Thanksgiving run after the real article.

This was the first meet at this place, and was given by Mr. Harrison to allow the farmers a chance to participate and see for themselves that hunting across country does not do the harm they believed it did. Every one was satisfied with the day's doings, and the pleasant adjournment to the farmhouse, after the ladies had driven home, by the rollicking set of the hunt, was not the least enjoyable part. Toasts were given to Mr. Harrison, Mr. Boycott, and pretty nearly every one else, and coupled with songs of the good "Old John Peel" and "A Hunting we will go" type, an hour passed quickly and jovially away. My only wish was that such a jolly lot of fellows could only be set down for a week or two with the Pytchley or Quorn and enjoy the real thing every time, for they deserve it. Though they do have their meets at 3 P. M., they can ride nevertheless.

Darkness was setting in when we walked across to the kennels to look at the collies, and one by one the members of the hunt turned their faces homeward, till the farm once more resumed its wonted quietness. To name those who were present would be impossible, suffice to say that Philadelphia's best and bravest were well represented, and such a turnout must indeed have been gratifying to Mr. Harrison. One has only to meet this gentleman on his own ground to admit that the opinion formed of him by casually meeting him at a dog show is entirely erroneous, and I can only repeat the refrain of the chorus in the dining-room of the farmhouse, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

BLACK AND TAN TERRIER COLOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The black and tan terrier derives his name from his coloring, and in no breed are color and markings so essential or considered of the same importance in regarding merit. In the table of points, 25, or ¼ of the whole number (100), are allowed to color and markings, so that we have to consider at the outset, in viewing a black and tan, that ¼ of his value is only skin deep. In England great attention has been paid to this point, and for a dog to have a successful bench career he must be lacking but little in the lines of his black and tan, the deepness of the former and the richness of the latter. Until comparatively recently, so few of this breed have been shown in the country, and furthermore so few of these have presented anything like good form, that judges have perhaps been excusable in disregarding color and markings; but now that many good specimens are being shown and form and character are more nearly approaching the proper degree, I believe my brother breeders will indorse me in demanding that judges acquaint themselves with the paragraph that terminates this letter, and allow for color and markings the consideration, great as it may be, that they are entitled to. It is a most difficult thing in the first place to get good color and markings, and when these are combined with type and character, the gauntlet of puppy diseases and cropping have been safely gone through and a typical specimen results, those who fancy this breed, may appreciate the rarity of good black and tans and the value that should be attached to one that approaches perfection, a goal that is more distant and difficult to reach with this breed than with any other known to dogdom. Considering these facts, judges should be more careful to avoid injustice, and without a proper idea of the color and markings they are bound to err in their decisions.

From points of the black and tan terrier, as set forth by the Black and Tan Terrier Club of England: *Color.*—Black and tan as distinct as possible, the tan should be a rich mahogany color. A tan spot over each eye, and another on each cheek, the latter as small as possible; the lips of the upper and lower jaws should be tanned, the tan extending under the jaw to the throat ending in the shape of the letter V; the inside of the ear is partly tanned; the fore leg is tanned to the knee, with a black patch "thumb mark" between the pastern and the knee; the toes have a distinct black mark running up each, called the "pencil-mark;" the tan on the hind legs should continue from the penciling on the feet up the inside of the legs to a little below the stifle joint, and the outside of the legs should be perfectly black. There should be tan under the tail and on the vent, but only of such size as to be covered by the tail. In every case the tan should meet the black abruptly.

H. T. FOOTE, M. D. V. S.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Nov. 14.

DAMAGES FOR KILLING A DOG.

THE Newark *Call* reports this case: "In the Circuit Court last week an interesting suit to recover the value of a St. Bernard dog, which was shot by the defendants, was tried before Judge Depue. The plaintiff was Gerald Collingwood, of Glen Ridge. He bought the dog for $600, and on April 27 last it was shot by John Pierson, a son of Dr. William H. Pierson, who resides near Mr. Collingwood, in Forest avenue. Mr. Collingwood spent a great deal of money in trying to save the dog's life, but after a month of nursing it died. He sued for $2,000 damages, and the jury gave him a verdict of $500. The testimony concerning the spot where the shooting was done was conflicting, the Piersons alleging that he was on their ground at the time, while Mr. Collingwood's counsel contended that he was in the highway.

"Judge Depue's charge was interesting and important. He said at the outset, 'The evidence shows that the killing was done by John alone, the father at the time being in a place of safety, and having no knowledge of the act done by his son. In order to fix the liability on the father, the plaintiff refers to certain interrogatories that were served upon him. Dr. Pierson said: "I believe the shooting of the dog preserved me from attack, and that such shooting was necessary for my continued safety, and to that extent I approve of the shooting." The effect of this evidence is to connect Dr. Pierson with the act of the shooting, and to hold him responsible for the act of John. My instruction to you, gentlemen, is that if it be found that the act of John was not justified in law your verdict should be against both defendants."

"The Judge next said that a dog is recognized in law as property, and the law confers on the owner a right to recover damages for the invasion of that property. It also imposes on the owner certain obligations and it invests other parties with certain rights.

"Reviewing the evidence the Judge said the proof was that in the family of the owner the dog was docile and affectionate, and toward persons in the habit of going to the house he had never exhibited any disposition to bite. Yet if he attacked other persons and his running at large was an injury to the community, he became a public nuisance. The Judge added that the jury must decide from the testimony whether the presence of this dog in the community was a public injury. If it was, then the defendant was justified in taking his life.

"But another principle of law, said the Judge, is applicable to a case of this kind. It gives a right to a person attacked by a dog to resort to violence as a means of defense. No man is bound to wait until he is bitten. He may resort to violence to protect himself from the attack of the dog, but it must appear that he had reasonable grounds to believe that he was in danger. The evidence shows that on several occasions Dr. Pierson had had an altercation with the dog, and that he was afraid of receiving injury from it. But this does not complete the defense. The jury must be satisfied that he had reasonable grounds for the apprehension and that the disposition of the dog toward him was not occasioned by his own conduct. If there was no reasonable ground for fear, or the conduct of the dog was occasioned by the Doctor's own conduct in dealing with the animal, then the defense has no foundation whatever.

"The defense is a justification of the act of John as the agent of his father; that the animal was on the Doctor's grounds, under such circumstances as to give to John reasonable grounds to believe that he was there for the purpose of misdoing. It is important to determine where the dog had been when he was shot. If he had gone to the yard he was trespassing, but a trespass is not a justification. If he had withdrawn from the yard and was apparently on his way home, indicating no purpose to inflict injury, then the shooting was not justifiable. If, on the other hand, the shooting was within the premises of the Doctor, and he was in such a position as to indicate that his purpose was to pass into the yard where the father was, and John acted under a reasonable apprehension that if he did not kill the animal his father might be in danger, why then the case is closed.

"The Judge said in fixing the damage, if any, the jury must ascertain the market value of the dog, and added that if the dog's disposition was such that he would have to be confined, this would lessen his value. A man will not give as much for a dog which he must keep in safety."

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been with the sincerest pleasure that I have noted the general improvement in the cocker spaniel classes during the past year. Instead of whole classes of the "long and low" monstrosities, some very nice sensibly-bodied dogs have taken prominent positions. Faulty in head as he undoubtedly is, Rabbi has a very nice body indeed, cobby and well set up. A cocker body, in short, not a miniature field spaniel. Although Dolly Obo is not the thing, she is undoubtedly nearer the true cocker type than Bene Silk, whom she defeated at New York. I don't know what Mr. Wilmerding could have been about to place the Irish setter-headed, cheeky, shallow-bodied and overlong Brantford Red Jacket over the nice-bodied and fair-headed Cherry Boy. Mr. West proved himself, in my estimation, the better judge of cockers by reversing the award at Boston later on, and strengthened the good impression by placing the rather cloddy, but for all that, grand little cocker, champion Doc, at the same place, over the fish-headed, sway-backed, weak-jointed, almost coatless and lifeless Jersey and Dolly Obo. Mr. Willey himself seemed to be trimming his sails, for at Boston he showed one of the sweetest bitches imaginable in Little Nell, who, though a trifle short in head, is very, very nice. Another good cocker to appear for the first time in this country, though I understand he was shown a year ago in Canada, was Black Duke. It is a pity this dog is so timid, for, though by no means right in head, in body and size he is a cocker through and through.

A beautiful bodied bitch came out at Toronto in Idea, though she is by no means right in head. Indeed I was much impressed by the nice bodies the bitches shown by Mr. Bell, of Toronto, exhibited. They were cobby, level throughout, covered just enough ground and well barreled. A hardly used dog at Toronto was Brock, a dog pretty close to the limit in weight, but a very nicely shaped and put together animal, that had he been in decent condition, should have been first or second. I never saw spaniels judged so badly as at Toronto by Mr. Oldham. About his worst of all the many very bad mistakes was putting a wretched, wrong all over puppy, Bambo, first in any other color dogs, and sending out unnoticed a very good, though oversized dog, Rufus. Then in open black dogs a nice puppy, Kildare, got nothing whatever. This is so promising a dog that I feel sure under his new name, Obadiah, he will appear prominently in the prize lists of future shows.

I think the milleuium for cockers has come, and that within two or three years the Black Pete, Jersey, Brantford Red Jacket type will have disappeared from our show benches for good and all. Our spaniel men have learnt by now what a cocker spaniel should be, and will no longer allow themselves to be led by the nose by Masons and Watsons, who really started the "long and low" craze. The reason was that six or eight years ago they were to all intents novices and readily followed the lead of the self-assured gentlemen from England, who posed as authorities. Our cocker spaniel of the future will not be of the Fellows type, but it will be well able to jump across the street gutters or on to the bench. Mr. F. Mercer, in his book just published by you, deals with the spaniel question in a way that I think is just about right, though certainly it is very severe.

GOTHAMITE.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 9.

SHOW DATES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Kennel Club, of Lynn, Mass., has filed its claim for March 24 to 27, 1891, for its second bench show. The Cleveland Kennel Club has courteously withdrawn its former claim for April 1 to 4 and has changed its dates to April 14 to 17, 1891. By this action the New England Kennel Club is entitled to its claim for March 31 to April 3, 1891. —A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the request of the New England Kennel Club the Cleveland Kennel Club withdraw their claim for the first week in April next and claim April 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1891, as dates for our fourth bench show.—C. M. MUNHALL, Sec'y.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a special meeting of the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club, held this day, the following resolution was offered and adopted: "That it is the sense of the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club that they greatly appreciate the kindness of the Pittsburgh Kennel Club in exchanging with the Maryland Kennel Club bench show dates, and we hereby tender the Pittsburgh Kennel Club our sincere thanks for their fraternal feeling in the matter. W. SEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Sec'y.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The beagle show committee of the New England Kennel Club wish to publicly thank the Cleveland Kennel Club for the courtesy shown them in withdrawing their claim to the dates April 1 to 4 in our favor. We trust all Eastern exhibitors will support the Cleveland show handsomely, as it is composed of thorough gentlemen sportsmen.—E. H. MOORE, Sec'y.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association claim the dates Jan. 6 to 9, 1891, for their third annual show, which will be held in Binghamton, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows will judge all classes of dogs except greyhounds, beagles and wolfhounds. They have applied for membership, and this show will be under A. K. C. rules.—J. OTIS FELLOWS, per order of President.

MR. MALCOLM STAYS IN.—Mr. H. Malcolm writes, under date of Nov. 16: In the issue of your paper of Nov. 10 appeared a letter by me. That portion of it where I stated "that in a short time I shall resign as president of the Maryland K. C. and as a member also," I withdraw.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE Members' Stake was run at Otterburn Springs, Va., Nov. 13. The drawing was: Capt. Chas. Gray's Miss Monarch with Geo. T. Leach's Guy. H. Hulman, Jr.'s Gath's Mark with F. R. Hitchcock's Annie F. H. Hulman, Jr.'s Fannie M. with Herbert Merriam's Whitie. Highland Kennels' Betty with Jack Modoc. The awards were as follows: Gath's Mark first, Betty S. second, Jack Modoc third. A detailed report of the running will be given in our next issue.

The conclusion of this stake brought the trials, so far as Otterburn Springs were concerned, to a sudden close. The weather being so damp and misty drove the birds to cover, and though this is all right for pleasure shooting it is not wanted in a field trial. It was therefore decided to make a move for the old ground at High Point, N. C., where the trials are usually held.

Monday night at High Point the Derby drawing resulted as follows: Rowdy II. with Coyote, Paul Bo with Zigzag, Nellie Bly with Tapster. Dill with Reveler, Rupert with Phœness. William H. with Tory Lieutenant, Whyte Bedford with Sam R., Vanity Fair with Ian, Queen Vic with Pearline, Razzle with Tyke, Trap, Jr., with Maid of Kent.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 19.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]—The Derby began this morning; first brace down at 8:35. Weather bright; toward noon became very warm. Birds were fairly plentiful. The first nine braces in first series were run during the day, leaving two for to-morrow. Following dogs ran to-day: Ready II. against Coyote, Paul Bo against Zigzag, Nellie Bly against Tapster, Dill against Reveler, Rupert against Phœness, William H. against Tory Lieutenant, Whyte against Sam R., Vanity Fair against Ian, Queen Vic against Pearline. To-morrow: Razzle against Tyke, and Trap, Jr. against Maid of Kent.

ACTIONS, NOT WORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Brittle" alias "Busted Britisher" or "Blarsted Britisher" (I forget which) alias R. F. Mayhew has written to a Philadelphia paper that Mr. George R. Krehl, the talented editor of the *Stock-Keeper*, is a "trickster" and that he (Mayhew) is a very honorable gentleman. This charge against Mr. Krehl is a most serious one for a man like Mr. Mayhew to bring against anybody, never to speak of an honorable man, a gentleman and a scholar. It seems to me that before we even listen to vile slander about an old and well-tried servant like Mr. Krehl, we ought to look deep into the record of the man whose vicious temper, lack of self-control and ignorance have led him into writing more "deadly rot" and untruthful statements than have ever been evolved from the pen of any other writer on dog matters in this country, Whitford, "Our Special Commissioner" and the Canada "official" not excepted.

A few weeks ago Mr. R. F. Mayhew recommended "iodide of potass" as a remedy for distemper in ferrets. Mr. Mayhew is familiar with the diseases and habits of animals of the weasel kind. The week after Mr. Mayhew had given this valuable prescription to the public and after having had time to read up, he enlightened the residents of Philadelphia with the following "sparks:" "How I could have written this, goodness only knows, for it is, or should be (the editor said it was'nt) chlorate of potass." Then came the silly statement that Blemton Rubicon (now known as the "robber dog") had fined down wonderfully in skull. Your able correspondent, "Mephisto," soon had Mayhew in a corner for making such a stupid blunder, and then the man who is not a trickster at once changed skull into head. Following this came the astounding statement that the "robber dog" is the exact "counterpart" of his dam Rachel Mr. Mayhew's explanation of this is that the "robber dog" is the exact "counterpart" of Rachel, but not at all her equal. In other words, "counterpart" means "the reverse," "not alike," "something different," etc. This is not all. I am in possession of documentary evidence which proves beyond question that Mr. R. F. Mayhew writes and says exactly the the opposite to what he means. Now sir, in view of the facts stated above, and with the documentary evidence to which I have alluded before me, is it unreasonable to assume that Mr. Mayhew intended to say that Mr. Krehl is not a trickster and that Mr. Mayhew is? C. H. MASON.

MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club was called for Friday evening at 8:30 P. M. The call was at the request of Messrs. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, C. R. Diffenderffer, W. C. Farber, Thos. J. Sheubrooks and James Thompson, of the Maryland Kennel Club, to act on several matters, the only one which is of interest to your readers was this: "To recall and make apologies for the vote of censure passed on the American Kennel Club." There were present at the meeting ten members of the board. As the board of governors had no right to take the matter up, the censure vote to the A. K. C. having been acted upon by the whole club, quite a discussion followed. Messrs. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, C. R. Diffenderffer, W. C. Farber, James Thompson and Geo. W. Massamore on the one side desiring to apologize, and claiming that the board of governors had the power to act and not the club as a body who passed the censure vote. In opposition to the above five, and who would not apologize and withdraw the censure vote, and who justly claimed that the board of governors had no say in the matter as a board, but must with all the members of the Maryland K. C. take the matter up, were J. D. Mallory, Crichton Malcolm, H. R. Vonderborst, R. B. Glanville and H. Malcolm. On motion the meeting adjourned, nothing on the censure business being in order. If it had been legally called up before a members' meeting, you can rest assured it would have been flatly sat upon, as all such high-handed acts of the A. K. C. should be.—H. MALCOLM.

THE BULLDOG CLUB OF AMERICA.—President, John E. Thayer; Vice-President, Trenor L. Park; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. D. Cugle. Officers: John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; Trenor L. Park, New York city; Chas. D. Cugle, Baltimore, Md.; John H. Mathews, New York city; E. Sheffield Porter, New Haven, Conn.; Edwin A. Woodward, Chicago, Ill.; H. D. Kendall, Lowell, Mass.

BEAGLE LOST.—The beagle bitch Baby Deane strayed from my place Nov. 10 and has not turned up yet. Any brother sportsman hearing any word from her will confer a great favor by notifying me. She is white, black and tan, and stands about 11½in. high.—W. S. CLARK (Linden, Mass.)

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jack Ellison. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped November, 1889, by Victor the Blue Stocking (champion Beaufort—Zuba) out of Charlotte Corday (Sang—Vandalia).

Charlie Heath. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 24, 1890, by champion Graphic (Bonos Sancho—Fursdon's Juno) out of Golden Rod (champion Beaufort—Zuba).

Beatrice. By Edward Lever, for brindle great Dane bitch, whelped June 4, 1890, by Marco out of Beauty (Marco—Flora).

Beau Brummel and Flash Light. By W. H. Case, Lockport, N. Y., for black, white and ticked pointer dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1890, by Staunch Bob (Hickory's Staunch—Dora) out of Flash (Wink—Judy).

Tailor Bob and Duke of Warsaw. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn and apricot fawn pug dogs, whelped March 9, 1890, by Sniffles (Leo II.—Flossie II.) out of Toodles III. (Leo II.—Toodles II.).

Warsaw Dick. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1890, by Sniffles (Leo II.—Flossie II.) out of Nanette.

Scud. By C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., for white, with black markings, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 13, 1890, by Bones (Dusky Trap—Nina) out of Nina (Mixture—Shame).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Genesta—Dick of Delphos. J. W. M. Cardeza's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Genesta (King of Kent—Hops) to his Dick of Delphos (Dick—Floss), Nov. 8.

Sandy—Mars. Edward Lever's Irish terrier bitch Sandy (Dennis—Sandycroft Vim) to W. J. Comstock's Mars (Benedict—Irene), Nov. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Flash. W. H. Case's (Lockport, N. Y.) pointer bitch Flash (Wink—Judy), Oct. 14, eight (four dogs), by J. R. Fanning's Staunch Bob (Hickory's Staunch—Dora).

Flirt. W. F. Murphy's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt (champion Black Pete————), Nov. 11, five (two dogs), by J. Storr's Master Bob (Obo II.—Critic).

Dilly & Jones. C. Jones's (Emporia, Kan.) cocker spaniel bitch Dilly J. (Prince Obo III.—Black Beauty), Oct. 10, six (four dogs), by his Colonel J. (Captain Stubbs—Maud S. II.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Count Howard—Donna Juanita whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to R. W. Boyle, Toronto, Can.

Chief—Bizreena whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1889, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to E. B. Hume, Silver Creek, Ky.

Henmore Shamrock—Bizreena whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped July 6, 1890, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., a dog to W. N. Wise, Penn Yan, N. Y., and a bitch to C. H. Zellinsky, Flatbush, N. Y.

Zanita. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to T. W. Brake, Warsaw, Ind.

Warsaw Dick. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1890, by Sniffles out of Nanette, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Louis W. Irwin, same place.

Tailor Bob. Apricot fawn pug dog, whelped March 9, 1890, by Sniffles out of Toodles III., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. K. Enghers, same place.

Flossie. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1890, by Don III. out of Clarissa, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to Alfred Neff, Higganum, Conn.

Black Duke—Lady Stanley whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 6, 1889, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to Reuben Failing, Fort Plain, N. Y.

Black Duke—Lady Nell whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1889, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont.

Black Duke———whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1890, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to Andrew Laidlaw, same place.

Nellie. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1889, by Black Duke out of Lady Nell, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to John Hopf, same place.

Martha Washington. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 9, 1889, by Black Duke out of Lady Stanley, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to W. A. McCartney, Texarkana, Tex.

Obo II.—Woodland Queen whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1890, by Woodland Kennels, Woodstock, Ont., to W. C. Boyle, Toronto, Ont.

Nell Bright. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped 1887, by Bendigo out of Darsie, by Christ. Trostrail, Philadelphia, Pa., to Edward Lever, same place.

Scud. White, with black markings, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 13, 1890, by Bones out of Nina, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to G. L. Huntress, Winchester, Mass.

Bedlam. White, with black markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 16, 1887, by Mephisto out of Trifle, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to E. B. Conant, Lowell, Mass.

Hillside Jaunty. White, with tan markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 21, 1888, by Raby Mixer out of Jaunty, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to E. B. Conant, Lowell, Mass.

Bones. White, with black markings, fox-terrier dog, whelped July 13, 1889, by Dusky Trap out of Nina, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to E. B. Conant, Lowell, Mass.

Nina. White, with black markings, fox-terrier bitch, whelped February, 1885, by Mixture out of Shame, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to E. B. Conant, Lowell, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

F. C. S., Vicksburg, Mich.—A hound, one year old, has had a bad case of distemper; is running at nose a little yet. When he was partially over it he began to twitch and jerk his legs and head. Our family doctor calls it St. Anthony's dance. What shall I do for him? Please answer in next issue. Ans. Your dog has chorea. Keep his strength up by nutritious food, and give the following:

℞ Strychniæ sulph.....gr. ij
Aquæ.....℥i

Mix. Sig. Dose three drops twice a day. Increase the dose by one drop daily till you detect a stiffening of the legs and neck, when you must at once reduce again to three drops and increase again as before. This medicine must be given regularly without fail to have the desired effect. Let us know the result.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

EPHRATA, Pa.—The members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range, a short distance south of Ephrata last Friday afternoon, to engage in the contest for their several class medals. There were four classes, and a medal for each class, one being of gold, two silver, and a bronze. The distance was 200yds. off-hand, standard American target, best out of a possible 100, 10 shots to each man, and resulted as follows, L. M. Wiest not entering the contest as he was the only member in the first class, and received the champion gold medal.

Second Class.

C S Wenger	10	6	10	5	9	3	4	6	7	8—68
W Carpenter	6	4	7	4	8	8	4	9	7	0—57

Third Class.

W D Winters	9	3	9	5	6	9	8	8	7	5—69
J M Sheaffer	8	7	7	8	3	6	8	5	3	0—55
J A Stober	6	5	6	0	6	3	6	5	4	5—46

Fourth Class.

C Konigmaker	0	9	7	0	4	5	7	6	5	4—47
D B Lefever	5	3	5	3	4	5	6	5	5	5—46

C. S. Wenger making the highest score in the second class was entitled to the first silver medal. W. D. Winters won the second silver medal in the third class, and Chas. Konigmaker the bronze medal in the fourth class. After the medals had been contested for and won by the several members the following scores were made at rest shooting, 200yds.:

L M Wiest	8	8	9	10	7	9	10	10	7	9—87
J A Stober	7	6	7	8	7	10	10	10	7	10—82
D B Lefever	8	9	10	7	6	6	8	5	8	5—72
W Carpenter	7	8	8	9	8	7	7	6	6	5—71

This shooting ended the target practice on the Ephrata range for this season.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 6.—The third season's tournament of the United Amateur Rifle Association, of New Jersey, promises to be fully as successful as those of former seasons. While the number of clubs is smaller than last season, the ability of those that have entered is such as to preclude any chance of guessing the probable winner. It was decided that two matches should be shot on Monday and Friday night of each week, and each club should shoot a home-and-home match against every other club. The association has adopted a rule to the effect that once a man's name appears on the team of any club he shall be debarred from shooting on the team of any other club during the season. A special prize will be awarded to the man making the highest average for all matches. An extra inducement to clubs will be the fact that the club winning first prize will also be entitled to hold the "Our Own Trophy"—a silver water set presented to the association by the Our Own Rifle Club—for one year. The schedule of matches in detail is appended:

Nov. 10—North Ward	vs. Monroe	Jan. 26
Nov. 10—Essex	vs. Newark	Jan. 26
Nov. 14—Independent	vs. Lakeside	Jan. 30
Nov. 14—Oakland	vs. Puritan	Jan. 30
Nov. 17—Lakeside	vs. North Ward	Feb. 3
Nov. 17—Howard	vs. Essex	Feb. 3
Nov. 21—Monroe	vs. Independent	Feb. 7
Nov. 21—Newark	vs. Oakland	Feb. 7
Nov. 24—Puritan	vs. Monroe	Feb. 10
Nov. 24—Essex	vs. Lakeside	Feb. 10
Nov. 28—Independent	vs. Newark	Feb. 14
Nov. 28—North Ward	vs. Howard	Feb. 14
Dec. 1—Oakland	vs. Independent	Feb. 17
Dec. 1—Monroe	vs. Essex	Feb. 17
Dec. 5—Newark	vs. North Ward	Feb. 21
Dec. 5—Howard	vs. Puritan	Feb. 21
Dec. 8—Lakeside	vs. Monroe	Feb. 24
Dec. 8—North Ward	vs. Oakland	Feb. 24
Dec. 12—Independent	vs. Howard	Feb. 28
Dec. 12—Puritan	vs. Newark	Feb. 28
Dec. 15—Essex	vs. North Ward	March 3
Dec. 15—Howard	vs. Lakeside	March 3
Dec. 19—Puritan	vs. Essex	March 7
Dec. 19—Oakland	vs. Monroe	March 7
Jan. 5—Northward	vs. Puritan	March 10
Jan. 5—Lakeside	vs. Oakland	March 10
Jan. 9—Howard	vs. Newark	March 14
Jan. 9—Independent	vs. Essex	March 14
Jan. 12—Newark	vs. Lakeside	March 17
Jan. 12—Essex	vs. Oakland	March 17
Jan. 16—Puritan	vs. Independent	March 21
Jan. 16—Monroe	vs. Howard	March 21
Jan. 19—Newark	vs. Monroe	March 24
Jan. 19—Oakland	vs. Howard	March 24
Jan. 23—Lakeside	vs. Puritan	March 28
Jan. 23—North Ward	vs. Independent	March 28

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day, with a good attendance of riflemen. Lieut. G. F. Hall won the bronze and silver military medal. Following are the best scores made, distance 200yds., standard American target:

All-comers' Off-hand Match.

J B Fellows	84	D Martin	73	F S Ham	71
H L Lee	78	I B Thomas	73	A L Stevens	68
M T Day	78	S T George	71	J B Hobbs	61

All-comers' Rest Match.

J Frances	113	J B Hobbs	102	D Martin	95
W P Thompson	110	S W Carr	101	J French	93
T Warren	106	M R Barter	100	T Oliver	90
F W Chester	105	A S Hunt	100	F D Hart	89
M T Day	104				

All-comers' Military Match.

C E Horton	48	J B Hobbs	44	J S Mills	41
J A Frye	46	A S Hunt	43	H F Gray	40
M T Day	45	D Martin	41		

SMOKELESS POWDER.—Washington, Nov. 12.—Gen. S. V. Benét, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, has submitted his annual report to the Secetary of War. On the subject of smokeless powder he says: "During the past year extensive experiments have been carried on abroad with smokeless powders in field guns and in guns of large caliber, as well as in small arms, but, though some astonishing results have been obtained, the attendant difficulties have been many and it cannot yet be said with certainty that these new explosives will eventually supersede the present service powders. This department has been able to procure very small samples only and our tests have hence been limited exclusively to small arms. In this direction experiments have been actively prosecuted at the national armory, using a small-caliber arm, and a large number of powders, both American and foreign, were tried during the past twelve months, with, in most cases, unsatisfactory results. The performance of the Maxim (American) and Wotteron (Belgian) powders have, however, been fairly comparable with those claimed to be obtained abroad, and it is hoped that one of these can be developed in time to a thoroughly satisfactory small-arms powder."

SMALL BORES.—Gen. Benet, in his annual report, touches upon the question of small calibers and magazine action as follows: "The lack of a sufficient quantity of suitable smokeless powder has prevented the perfecting of all the details of the 30-caliber barrel, but as soon as the cartridges in process of manufacture at Frankford Arsenal are supplied work will be diligently carried on, and it can be safely said that the barrel will be complete in all its details by the time a magazine mechanism is selected. The improvement in magazine mechanisms has been rapid, and it seems peculiarly necessary, now that a change in caliber is contemplated, that our present Springfield single-loading system should be replaced if possible by an equally efficient magazine system. Accordingly, this office will recommend that a board be convened to select a suitable magazine mechanism, after a full and free competition among all the best existing systems, as soon as the necessary preparations can be made."

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 25-28.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. Two days at inanimate targets and two days at live birds. Jacob Pentz, Secretary.

WATSON'S PARK.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 4.—Chicago Shooting Club, medal shoot, Illinois State rules:

John Watson	2011121110122—10	Nels Lydston	2011122211001— 9
Ed Steck	1122011111111—11	P F Rock	1122100111112—10
Hy Ehlers	1112121212121—12		

Same day at 25 Peoria blackbirds: E. Steck 20, B. Rock 19, Nels Lydston withdrew.

Nov. 6.—Audubon Shooting Club, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

C Kern	1212121210110112—14	A Torkington	2212121212101101—13

J. E. Price, R. B. Wadsworth, N. Rowe, W. W. Foss, J. J. Kleinman and C. B. Dicks withdrew.

Nov. 6.—Fort Dearborn Shooting Club, Illinois State rules, for club medal:

A Kleinman	1111121112112111—15	H Smith	0111212122202202—12
H Ehlers	1021091202222212—11	Geo Airey	2122111221212022—14
W P Mussey	2220011202222122—12	J E Price	1210111032012020—11
Geo Kleinman	1112122211111112—15	C E Willard	0111220212121111—13
C S Burton	1000110111111111—11	W H Skinner	2212222211112221—15

C. B. Dicks, C. D. Gammon, H. W. Loveday, J. M. Hutchinson and J. H. Robbins withdrew. Abe Kleinman won medal for last shoot as he and Ehlers were tie. George and Abe Kleiman will shoot off tie next shoot. Mr. Skinner is not a member.

Same day, at 20 Peoria blackbirds: A. Kleinman 15, G. Airey 15, G. Kleinman 14, C. Burton 13, C. E. Willard and H. Smith withdrew. Ties: A. Kleinman 2, G. Airey 3 and won medal.

Nov. 7.—Some of the members of the Kansas City team, at 20 singles, A. S. A. rules:

A Price	19	H Ehlers	16 H Kleinman 15
W E Phillips	20	Geo Kleinman	18 A W Reeves 14
C E Felton	19	B Rock	20 R B Wadsworth 20
M J Eich	18	G Hoffman	15 W P Mussey 16
Geo Hoffman	17	Capt Anson	19 C B Dicks 15
J E Price	18	Dukes	17 W L Wells 1
	17	G Holden	12

Nov. 14.—The Gun Club, Illinois State rules:

C E Willard	1111121121—10	*J W Dukes	1001111022—
F E Willard	1221211001— 8	*J Watson	1101221101—8

Same day, at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

C E Willard	16	F E Willard	19 *J W Dukes 13

*Not members. F. E. Willard won medal. RAYELRIGG.

CHICAGO—KANSAS CITY,

AND THE ELLIOTT TOURNAMENT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 10.—The Chicago contingent for the great inter-State match and all-week shooting tournament billed for this city Nov. 10-15, arrived sorely after 9 o'clock this morning, by the fast "Eli" train of the "Q." road. There were registered at the Midland Hotel the following names, which do not embrace quite all of the party, which nearly filled two sleepers and made a company of between thirty and forty persons: Chas. Kern, Geo. T. Farmer, C. D. Gammon, C. E. Felton, Wolfred N. Low, J. E. Price and family, H. W. Jenney, J. H. Robbins, W. L. Shepard, A. C. Anson, W. E. Phillips, A. W. Reeves, M. T. Hart, Abner Price, John Watson, M. J. Eich, E. M. Steck, G. A. Airey, Henry Ehlers, C. B. Dicks, L. M. Hamline, Geo. W. Andrews, H. H. Kleinman, Geo. B. Kleinman, H. D. Nicholls and wife, P. F. Stone and wife, W. P. Mussey, I. W. Budd, Dr. J. M. Hutchinson, P. C. Waldron, Geo. Hoffman, W. Hoffman, F. York, B. F. Cummins.

It is expected that to-morrow morning's train will bring down Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, Messrs. F. C. Donald, C. E. Willard, Al and Val Hoffman, Abe Kleinman, Harry Loveday, and others.

There are at the Midland to-day also for tournament purposes Messrs. H. McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith gun; A. Jackson Courtney, of the Lefever gun; S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, and to-morrow will probably see H. W. Skinner, of the Whitney gun, and Dick Colville Swiveller, of the new Baker gun. Charlie Budd is here from Des Moines, O'Neill is on from Danville, Rable is here and a number of other regular attendants, besides a few whose names are not so familiar. It is quite a gathering of the clans.

A misfortune—little short of actual calamity—befell the Chicago team while on the way down. Mr. R. B. Organ, who has all along been the life and soul of this enterprise, was obliged to leave the party and return to Chicago preparatory to a journey East. Mr. Organ was with the company till bedtime on the run out, but in the morning it was found he had left the train. With the self-restraint of a natural general he had refrained till the last from mentioning a fact which might well prove demoralizing to his troops, and left the party by the first train he could get as he could and starting them on their way toward what he hoped was victory. The following letter from Mr. Organ to Mr. Low, chairman of the company, will explain Mr. Organ's position:

"*Wolfred N. Low, Chairman*—DEAR SIR: With many regrets I am compelled to inform you that it will be impossible for me to take part in the contest, Chicago vs. Kansas City, for the following reason: I am summoned to appear at New York on Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 11 A. M., in the United States Court, as a witness before the Interstate Commerce Commissioners. To say that this is a great disappointment to me hardly expresses it. I write this and ask you to explain my position to the teams, and say to them that I have known that I could not attend for three of the longest days I ever experienced, but I had not the heart to inform you before this, as I lived in hopes that a postponement might occur, but alas! it came not. The inclosed message needs no explanation. Believe me when I say that my whole heart was interested in this match, having tried hard to make it a success. I may have erred in some ways, but I assure you that I believe we have the best team and will certainly win. All I ask of the man that fills my place on the team is to try as hard to win as I would were I permitted to shoot. Thanking you and all for the great assistance rendered in the coming contest, I am, with many wishes for your success, yours truly, R. B. ORGAN."

Here is the telegram mentioned: "CLEVELAND, Nov. 6.—R. B. Organ, Chicago: The hearing in the Shamberg case is fixed for 11 o'clock on Wednesday, Nov. 12, in the United States Court rooms at the General Post-Office, New York city. Please arrange to attend on time and answer that you will do so.—G. B. SPRIGGS."

Mr. Organ left the train at Galesburg. Mrs. Organ, who accompanied him, continued the journey with the other ladies of the party. When the news was made known that their captain and main reliance was gone, considerable gloom fell upon the boys. Action was deferred until arrival at Kansas City.

Out of respect to the memory of Drury Underwood, of Kansas City, lately deceased, the Chicago men all wore an appropriate mourning badge, signifying their sense of loss in the death of a man whose sportsmanship was catholic and national. The club house has been properly draped in mourning, and the Kansas City teams also wear mourning badges.

The Chicago party was met at the depot this morning by a line of twenty-two carriages, which conveyed them to their hotels. The reception committee consisted of Mr. Benj. Holmes, mayor of Kansas City; Capt. J. H. McGee, J. E. Riley, Andy Thomas, B. Twitchell, D. S. Gordon, Jas. Bolen, Ed. Hickman, W. Ends, A. A. Whippell, W. A. Alderson, E. W. Humes and John Thomson. Mayor Holmes and Mr. McGee boarded the train in the middle of the big Burlington bridge over the Missouri River. The Mayor assured the boys that if they got into any trouble while in Kansas City he would see them out.

The reception was hearty and jovial. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the entertainment of the visitors, which will include a theatre party on Wednesday night and a banquet Thursday night, at which latter there will be present as speakers many men prominent in Missouri and Kansas and of wide reputation. The Kansas City men may or may not be beaten by Chicago on the field to-morrow and day after, but certainly they can never be vanquished by Chicago in any contest of courtesy and hospitality. In very many ways, it may already be seen, the gathering here is perhaps the most notable assemblage of the kind every known in the country, and will live as a standing rebuke to those who do not see the dignity and importance the sport of trap-shooting may and has attained.

Little or no shooting was done at the grounds until after dinner. The scores will show that the Chicago boys fell down a little against Jim Elliott's hill in the practice sweep at live birds. The arrangements of the traps for inanimates are very good, the traps being nicely put out, and a deep ditch protecting the trappers. An additional man or two at the scoring and cashier's desk would have added smoothness to the inanimate tournament to-day. Following are the scores:

Programme shoot No. 1, 10 live birds, $7.50:

J B Porter	2211111111—10	M J Eich	2100011012—6
Lone Jack	1111212101—9	M T Hart	1012112200—7
W P Mussey	1111210212—9	W N Low	0102110011—6
W E Phillips	1001112112—8	Doc Hutch	2111212022—8
E M Steck	1111211111—10	Ben Dicks	2101012022—7
C W Budd	1112111212—10	Weaver	1002121211—8
Eli Young	1210101212—8	L W Scott	0101111122—8
Geo T Farmer	2021211000—6	A C Anson	0201122011—8
G Kleinman	2021120221—8	A C Price	1211120111—9
B Rock	2221112111—10	W L Shepard	1222211202—9
Harrison	2021012211—8	W S Hallowell	0210212112—8
Will Allen	1210021111—8	J A Ruble	1021212111—9
H Kleinman	1112222111—10	C B Felton	1112202202—8
A L Scoville	1111211121—10	D S Gordon	2022012212—8
Cave	1210111121—9	F J Smith	2102222121—9
Geo Airey	2011011020—6	J R Stice	1221021011—8
J E Price	1121111210—9	Harris	2111211101—9
H Ehlers	0110201201—6	A E Thomas	2022120221—9
A W Reeves	2110122021—8	C Kern	2020202201—6
L M Hamline	1022022111—8	C W Budd	1111121121—10
John Watson	0121111003—7	S A Tucker	1211202211—9
C D Gammon	2221200022—7	J E Riley	2102222222—9
Chas Kern	1010012122—7	Levers	0112021020—6
J Lee	2021011112—8	Mulligan	2202020222—7

Ties on 10 div. first. Ties on 9 shot out at 3 birds, and Mussey, Cave, J. E. Price, A. C. Price, Shepard, Smith, Harris, Tucker and Kleinman div. second. Ties on 8 shot out and C. B. Felton, G. Kleinman, Eli Young, D. S. Gordon and Lil Scott div. third. Ties on 7 div.

Special shoot No. 1, 10 tin birds, $1.

Dickson	1000011110—5	G Kleinman	1111111011—9
Allen	1111111110—9	Courtney	1111011111—9
Scott	1000001000—2	Ruble	1111111111—10
Cave	1101111011—8	Stone	1111001111—8
Young	1111011110—9	Hart	1110001101—6
Dixon	1101111011—8	Phillips	1111011111—9
O'Neill	1011101110—8	L Jack	1101111011—8
Scoville	1111110111—9	Steck	1111011111—9

Ruble first, Kleinman and Phillips div. second, Stone third.

Special Shoot No. 2 18 bluerocks, $2:

Dick	111011111011101—12	Rozzell	001111011100111—10
Harrison	100111011111110—11	Rock	111111111111111—15
Steck	111111011111111—14	G Kleinman	111011111111111—14
Ruble	111111111111111—15	L Jack	111111111111101—14
Courtney	011111011111111—14	Harris	110101111101110—11
Stevenson	101100101001101— 8	Price	100001000010000— 3
Hart	110111011111111—14	I W Budd	101111010111111—12
Young	110011111111010—11	Rickmers	110110111111111—13
Weaver	001111111111011—12	Scott	111111011111100—12
O'Neill	100111111111100—11	C W Budd	010011101111111—11
Dickson	010100000001001— 4	Scoville	110001010110111— 8
Anson	011110010011100— 9	J H Robbins	000010000000000— 1
Moore	101010110111111—10	McMurchy	111110111011110—12
Shepard	101111001011111—11		

Rock and Ruble div. first, Steck, Courtney, Hart, L. Jack and Geo. Kleinman div. second, Rickmers third.

Special No. 3, 10 tins, $1: Razzell 7, Moore 3, Kleiman 8, Eich 8, Courtney 10, Blackburn 7, Stevenson 8, Rock 9, Dickson 6, Allen 5, Cave 7, Shepard 7, Rickmers 8, Low 6, Hart 6, C. W. Budd 9, Moore 6, Andrews 6, Hamline 9, A. Dickson 5, C. Dickson 5, Weaver 6, O'Neill 7, Ruble 10, McMurchy 8, W. Low 6, Robbins 1, H. W. Jenney 1. First div. by Ruble and Courtney, second div. by Rock, Budd and Hamline, third won by G. Kleinman.

Special No. 4, 25 bluerocks, $3: Hart 23, Steck 18, Kleinman 23, Rickers 18, Razell 20, Moore 20, McMurchy 24, Stice 22, Courtney 24, Kern 6, Harris 22, Dickson 16, Hamline 16, Budd 24, Andrews 15, Ruble 23, Bingham 16, Riley 13, Lone Jack 18, Underwood 9, Rock 19, Hale 20, Keen 19, Cornett 16, Ehlers 16.

Special No. 5, 10 tins, $1: Ben Dicks 6, W. N. Low 8, Jenney 6, Robbins 4, Dickson 6, Scott 5, Andrews 7, Blackburn 7, Stevenson 4. Low won first, second and third div.

Special No 6, 10 tins, $1: W. N. Low 5, Moore 3. Rickmers 8, Hart 10, Robbins 0, Courtney 7, Porter 5, Doran 9, Cave 7, Keene 9, Hallowell 8, Carnot 6, C. W. Budd 10. All ties div.

Special No. 7, 10 tins, $1: Budd 10, Rickmers 10, Hart 9, Low 6, Dixon 5, Robbins 2. Budd and Rickmers div. first, Hart second, Low third.

The programmes issued by Mr. Elliott are models of neatness and typographical excellence. The target programme is left blank, for the pleasure of the shooters. The live-bird programme is the feature altogether, and one which will be watched all over the country. In the scores guarantees and divided surplus moneys are abandoned as being unsuccessful in the opinion of the promoter of this shoot. In regard to the old war between professional and amateur, Mr. Elliott has the following to say:

"We now believe from this season's results, that the only system that will harmonize the amateurs and professionals on one ground is that of allowing the amateur to draw his per cent. of the stakes when they will equal his entrance or more. Since presenting this plan in our last year's tournament, we have noticed a number of successful shoots this year under these conditions, and shall adopt them for our fourth annual shoot, as we know this to be the only idea yet advanced that will protect the amateur shot when he tries with the professional, or a person whom he knows to be more skilled than himself."

A meeting of the Chicago Company was held with closed doors to-night at the Midland, Mr. Wolfrod N. Low in the chair. Mr. Low made an eloquent and sensible speech, paying high tribute to the late Drury Underwood. Mr. Low, while present at Mr. Underwood's funeral, had been asked by the Kansas City men to present the question of shooting the second team race merely in a friendly way and not for money. Out of respect to the grief of Mr. Underwood's friends, it would seem that money interest should be held in abeyance. Mr. Low would think it finer and more delicate to accede to the slightest hint of our Kansas City hosts, and if they like, to waive money consideration in the match of the second teams. What was the wish of the meeting?

Col. Felton—"I hope no misapprehension will go out through the press or elsewhere to the effect that we Chicago men are gamblers or insisters on a match for money. We are first of all gentlemen sportsmen and guests of this city. I would prefer to see all races shot for nothing more than the birds. We will not offend the sorrow of men whose house is now draped in mourning for a departed brother by any open betting or offering to bet. And I move you, sir, that we waive money consideration in the matches, not only of the second, but also of the first team."

Dr. Hutchinson—"If in the second, why not also in the first?"

Mr. Nicholls—"I would like to state it as our position that we shoot both matches for money or both for nothing."

Mr. Price seconded.

Col. Felton—"Let us be very careful. Let us not unwittingly frame any menace in our resolution. Let us offer to waive money in both matches. If Kansas City then wants money in one match and not in the other theirs will be the responsibility of that position. We are here before the eyes of all to make a record for or against the cleanest and noblest kind of sportsmanship."

Col. Felton's motion in form was lost. The Nicholls motion, after prolonged and not very clear general discussion, was carried to read in effect that Chicago would prefer to shoot both matches on the basis for or against money, nothing preferred.

At this time a Kansas City committee, consisting of Mr. H. McGee and Mr. W. S. Halliwell, asked entrance to confer on the subject of appointing speakers for Thursday night's banquet. The chair appointed Messrs. Chas. Kern, C. D. Felton and H. D. Nicholls as committee on details for this, and their report was made later.

On motion of Mr. Mussey, amended by Mr. Hart, a committee to select the first team was appointed, the same consisting of Messrs. Abner Price, C. E. Felton and John Watson, they to choose 7 men, and that 7 to choose the remaining 3. The committee shortly reported the first 7 in the following order: George Kleinman, Henry Kleinman, Abe Kleinman, M. J. Eich, W. P. Mussey, P. F. Stone, Geo. Airey. The above as represented retired and reported for the remaining 3: Abner Price, C. E. Felton, and J. E. Price. The first team will consist as above. Election of second team was postponed until to-morrow evening. It was arranged that each team select its own captain, and fill any chance vacancies by its own choice. Captain A. C. Anson, of the Chicago National League Base Ball Club, who came down with the shooting party, was chosen to captain the first team in the field. It may not be generally known, but "Old Anse" is a good deal of a shooter himself. He lately made 19 out of 20, live birds, at Watson's Park, in Chicago, and has been in the shooting here to-day. The selection early proved a good one. Captain Anson unceremoniously hurried his men all off to bed, robbing them of the pleasures of a delightful little champagne party, which the ever-thoughtful and hospitable Kansas City men shortly inaugurated on the scene of the late meeting. The members of the Chicago party and a number of prominent shooters about the hotel remained, and it was midnight before these sought their couches. "Old Anse" tucked each of his novel team in bed with his own hands, locked all the doors, put all the keys in his own pocket, left a call for each room for 7:30 the next morning, and stood guard in the hall himself all night, to see that no one broke in and hoodooed his ten darlings. Captain McGee expressed a wish that the shooting begin about 9 A. M.

Tuesday, Second Day, Nov. 11.

The day was bright and fairly pleasant. Shooting began at 9:15. It was announced that the race was to be without money consideration on either side or for either team, but for the birds only. This is all for the best. Not the least trace of gambling spirit was evident from first to last, and a more courteous, pleasant and thoroughly gentlemanly match was never shot. Throughout the day the sportsmanship displayed by both teams has been of the very highest type, and praise enough could not be spent upon it.

The veteran John Watson, of Chicago, was chosen as referee, and no complaint was uttered against him.

The rules governing the race were the American Association rules, 50yds. boundary and dead line, 1¼oz. shot for 12-gauges. The official scorers chosen were Messrs. W. L. Shepard, of Chicago; Jos. Whitfield, of the *Globe*, Kansas City, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM.

The uniform worn by the Chicago men was a blue jersey jacket, with "Chicago" displayed in white letters across the breast. The Kansas City men wore white knit sweaters, with the letters "K. C." in blue upon the breast.

The attendance was the best ever seen on these grounds, and the character of the spectators was of the best, many representative people being present and the number of ladies exceptionally large. The event is recognized to-day as the most important that has occurred in shooting circles in this portion of the country. The best of order was maintained, although the excitement has been of the intensest sort all day long. The strain upon the shooters was great, but all kept their nerve and shot in highly creditable form. The birds were unquestionably a good average lot, especially in the morning. The puzzling hill which slopes up to the left made these grounds a bit awkward at first to Chicago, but most of her men had seen feathers fly in a good many ways before they came down here.

STONE—BINGHAM.

The first match was between P. F. Stone, of Chicago, and Ed Bingham, of Kansas City. The birds had wheels on 'em, and one after another went out hit with both barrels. Mr. Bingham had 23 drivers. He shot a wonderful score, and if another of either team can equal it at birds as hard he will do well indeed. Mr. Stone had 22 driveas. He kept his nerve, but when the 50th bird had been shot Chicago was 6 birds behind. Score:

Ed Bingham..... 12121211222122122122220111111222222232221121—47
Percy Stone..... 02022122122222211c2211102220222111111202e02110221—41
o Dead out of bounds.

MUSSEY—HALLIWELL.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, and W. S. Halliwell, of Kansas City, now went down. Mr. Halliwell shot in good, clear style, but it is a fact that Billy Mussey had a big rabbit's foot in his pocket, and he charmed down one bird too many for his opponent, and shot nervily enough to cut down the lead of Kansas City by one bird. Score:

W P Mussey..... 2220022o12112221212122122122oo12111121212112121111—44
W S Halliwell..... 2112o11o12122011222211221222222022o12112200l2—43

EICH—CHOTEAU.

And now came a revelation, a surprise, and a nightmare for the Kansas City boys. Mary Jane Eich, the same with smooth hair, a gold tooth, a smooth voice and an innocent unassuming air, dawned on the scene even as a cyclone dawns. Mary rose and shone, looked, lowered and fell on the Kansas City pigeons with a dull, shivering, sluddering thud. The victim in this match was Ed. Choteau, of Kansas City, who ordinarily isn't anybody's victim. He only lost 6 birds, which means good work, but look at Mary Jane's 48! Mary used her second barrel only 5 times in the air, and shot a brilliant race, running 26 straight in one string. Score:

M J Eich..... 1111112111211122121111112011211021112121111112112—48
E E Choteau..... 2201122211211111022121111111o2111012202012211122—44

J. E. PRICE—TWITCHELL.

Kansas City was only one bird ahead when the next race was called, J. E. Price for Chicago and W. B. Twitchell for Kansas City. Mr. Price had just had an accident with his gun, the sight being knocked of. He was a bit flustrated and couldn't find 'em, letting two out of his first three get away. Then Henry Kleinman made him a sight out of a piece of Yucatan chewing gum, and he hobbled along. Mr. Twitchell kept Chicago thinking mighty hard, although he made Kansas City think pretty hard too, for he only got 43, and had he had a crowding opponent, Chicago would here had walked out ahead. Mr. Price touched low water mark at 39. Score:

J E Price..... c2011222221112102022o012212212222211c012211c0c—39
W B Twitchell..... 0121221110221201o1c2212022221011c2102122221112212—41

GEO. KLEINMAN—GUINNOTTE.

Kansas City is three birds ahead, Chicago perspiring profusely. Capt. Anson called out Br'er George Kleinman for Chicago, and Capt. McGee ordered out Karl Guinnotte. The latter shot a splendid race, and remained cool and nervy clear to the last. His judgment was good, and while at his score will show him a clever two-handed fighter. He always used his second, swinging it with telling force many times after the bird was dead on the ground. But he didn't hurry with his second. He waited till the bird was dead, then took careful aim and fired, usually hitting it or coming close to it. George shot as all the Kleinmans do, with absolute concentration of purpose, perfectly cool and thinking of nothing but the work in hand. He didn't rattle, but his gun did. His gun is a remarkable affair. It is a nameless gun of unknown parentage, marked in plain letters "Prize Machine Gun," and that is all. George gave $25 for it, 25, 12, 10 and 5 per cent. off. It won't shoot No. 7's in the left barrel, so George shoots No. 8, his finest shot, in his second barrel, which the same he also loads with a handful of the Kleinman steady, Dead Shot, of the blackest dye. Yet George with his combination, himself sick and with a swimming head got at the hands of the old ailment which has been pulling him down for the past year, showed the old training of the Calumet marshes, beat his man three birds and tied the total score. George could have had anything he wanted then. Score:

Geo Kleinman..2121202122222212121o02112222222122222221122221—46
J K Guinnotte..1002022222o2o2o22222222222222,o222222222,2222222—43

ABE KLEINMAN—VORIES.

Kansas City now was ready to perspire. Another Kleinman, known as Abraham, trod the cinders aside for Chicago, and Mr. L. H. Vories was his victim. Abe's new Scott troubled him with repeated misfires. His left failed him on his second bird. The referee gave him another bird, he to shoot a blank shell first. He fired the loaded barrel first, and the bird was scored lost. On his 10th, 37th and 38th birds Abe's right barrel snapped. He couldn't tell when he was going to shoot and when he wasn't, but he was patient and worried out 46, with the longest run yet, 38 straight. Mr. Vories did not shoot up to his regular form, got to thinking, fell to talking, dwelt a trifle too long on some of the fast ones, and went away with only 39. This tied Mr. Price's Chicago score. Chicago now was in the lead 7 birds. The excitement ran high. Score:

A Kleinman..... 1011222112111212122111121212222211121010122021- 46
L H Vories..... 1220112201222200211220202211121111c2222222101022l—39

FELTON—RILEY.

Col. C. E. Felton, whose name in the land will now henceforth be Annie Laurie Felton, because that is what the band played when he quit, now tripped lightly to the score for Chicago, bearing his beautiful Scott premier, $700, 6½lbs., 12-gauge, under his arm. The Colonel is over 60, smooth shaven, with a face like that of Blackhawk, the Indian chieftain, but with no more expression in it than a cigar stub when he is in the act of shooting. A very notable figure at the trap is Col. Annie Laurie. To him, after Jim Riley, the imperturbable, portly and jolly. Next to Elliott, Kansas City couldn't better Jim Riley much. "Jim'll beat Charlie Felton about two or three birds," everybody said, "and Kansas City will get a chance to pull up." But again and again Scott challenged Greener, and Greener spoke to Scott. Jim Riley let two get over the rails. Col. Felton also let two go, though only a few could ever get out of reach of his left barrel, which carries the large No. 6 shot in a way simply wonderful. This match was the most interesting of any in the whole series. Both men were perfectly cool. Col. Felton always fitted his natty kids a trifle closer to his hands, adjusted his hat, leaned forward, waited a bit and then called "pull." If the puller had failed to go to go through the whole performance again. Jim Riley was cool and unconcerned throughout, and chewed gum with the utmost *sang froid*, if gum ever has any *sang froid*. Both men were cheerful and courteous, each shaking his opponent by the hand when he had made an exceptionally clever stop. It was a pretty contest, a very, very pretty one, and shows what sport at the trap may be among gentlemen who are not skinners, rounders and out for pecuniary reasons only. On the 28th bird they were a tie, to the surprise of all Kansas City. "We will shoot two more and quit for to-night," said Col. Felton. "All right," said Jim Riley. It was now nearly dusk. Two shots more and a cheer went up as the men still went back tied on 28 out of 30. Unfinished score:

C E Felton..... 2212121201111212112112112222—28
J E Riley..... 2212222121101212121112222o2212—28

THE TARGET TOURNAMENT.

The excitement at the live bird traps was so intense that the target-shooting stands were nearly idle. A few of the inanimate lovers, however, burned a little powder. Following are the scores of the day:

Special No. 1, 15 bluerocks, $1.50: S. S. Hale 13, H. McMurchy 14, A. G. Courtney 14, C. W. Budd 15, Cornett 10, E. M. Steck 11, Geo. Kleinman 13, W. B. Cosby 14, C. Dickson 8, J. A. Ruble 14, W. E. Phillips 11. Budd first. Ties on second shot out, and Cosby and Courtney div. Hale and Kleinman div. third.

Special No. 2, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2.50: McMurchy 12, W. B. Cosby 14, Riley 8, G. Kleinman 11, W. Moore 6, Gordon 8, Halcombe 14, Stice 13, H. Dixon 10, S. S. Hale 15, C. Budd 12, Hart 14, A. Harris 8, Steck 11, Durkee 8, Skinner 15, L. Harrison 11, Courtney 12, Reeves 5, Weber 11, "Lone Jack" 15, Ruble 15, Scoville 13, Cave 15, I. W. Budd 13, Young 15, O'Niel 13, Cornett 13. Ties on 15 and 14 div. first and second respectively; Stice, Scoville, O'Niel and Cornett third.

Special No. 3, 25 bluerocks, $2.50: G. Kleinman 13, McMurchy 24, M. T. Hart 22, H. Dixon 17, O'Neill 17, Carnett 24, Hickman 14, Courtney 21, Ruble 25, Jim Stice 24, Rickmers 22, Gordon 14, C. W. Budd 25, Keene 19, Cosby 25, Hale 22, Harrison 21. All ties div.

Special No. 4, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2.50: Gordon 12, Rickmers 13, Hale 14, Harrison 15, Hart 8, Ruble 14, Cosby 13, Stice 15, H. Dixon 11, G. Kleinman 9, Dixon 10, McMurchy 14, C. W. Budd 14, Courtney 13, Cornett 12. Three moneys; all ties div.

Special No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1.50: Cosby 8, Durkee 5, Hale 7, Harris 5, Kearns 7, Gordon 5, Chance 4, C. W. Budd 10, Skinner 9, Hart 8, Preston 4, Rickmers 9, McMurchy 10, C. Dixon 9, Young 8, Keene 9, Stice 7. Four moneys, all ties were div.

Special No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1.50: C. W. Budd 9, G. Kleinman 9, Skinner 8, Cosby 8, Hart 10, Durkee 6, Dixon 6, McMurchy 10, Ruble 6, Cornett 7, Steck 5, Hale 7, Courtney 9, Harris 6, Lew Harrison 9, Phillips 6, H. Dixon 7, Cameo 6, Hale 8, Kissed 5. Hart and McMurchy div. first, Budd, Kleinman, Ruble, Courtney and Harrison shot out and Budd and Courtney div., remaining ties div.

Special No. 7, 10 tins, $1.50 entrance: Steck 4, Hart 7, Dickson 6, G. Kleinman 10, Cosley 8, C. W. Budd 9, Courtney 7, McMurchy 10, Dixon 7, Skinner 3, Cornett 9, Hale 8, Ruble 8, Phillips 8, Harris 7, Durkee 5. Ties on 10 and 9 div.; Cosley, Ruble and Hale third; ties on 7 div. fourth.

Special No. 8, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50: McMurchy 9, Cosley 9, Scoville 6, Moore 4, Gordon 8, Smith 7, C. Dixon 7, Skinner 7, Young 10, Stice 10, E. Hickman 5, "Lone Jack" 8, Blackburn 6, Stevenson 3, H. Dixon 8, Cornett 8, Cane 7, Kearns 7, Durkee 7, C. W. Budd 9. Hart 10, Ruble 10. Four moneys, all ties div.

Special No. 9, 10 tins, $1: Stice 10, Cosby 10, McMurchy 9, Hart 10, Ruble 8, Steck 9, Harris 7, Cornett 6, Lone Jack 9, C. Dixon 6, Budd 8, Hethman 6, Cameo 4, Holcomb 6, Scott 4, Kleinman 10, Gordon 8, Hill 5, Courtney 6, Hale 6, H. Dixon 5, J. Riley 6. All ties div.

A meeting was held at the Midland parlors to-night for the purpose of selecting the second team of 10 men. This team was chosen as the first, by committee. Capt. Anson was asked to second the "polls" also, and accepted gracefully. Anse is a good careful field

captain. The team was chosen as follows: John Watson, E. M. Steck, Henry Ehlers, Geo. Hoffman, W. E. Phillips, C. D. Gammon, A. W. Reeves, Dr. J. M. Hutchinson, Geo. Airey, Geo. T. Farmer.

Geo. Airey has been sick and in bed for two days, and as this left his place on the first team vacant Mr. C. B. Dicks was chosen to shoot in his stead. Mr. Airey thought he would be well enough to shoot by Thursday.

The Kansas City second team is announced as follows: F. J. Smith, D. S. Gordon, J. Lee Porter, Geo. Schroeder, Geo. W. Youmans, Con. F. Holmes, W. B. Cosley, Geo. Stockwell, W. G. Eads, Ed Hickman.

Wednesday, Third Day, Nov. 12.

The weather was clear, warm and pleasant. The attendance was so large that the balconies of the club house, the walls and all points near the score were uncomfortably crowded. Many shooters of prominence were on hand from a distance. Mr. L. M. Harrison came down from Minneapolis, Messrs. Eli Young, W. Woodnutt and Will Allen are in from Hutchinson, Kas., and from all the country about the representation is good.

FELTON—RILEY. (Continued).

At an early hour the contestants of the unfinished match of yesterday were at the score. Col. Felton as imperturbable and Mr. Riley as unconcerned as ever. There was question whether Col. Felton could keep the gait till the close, and it was thought that his big antagonist would beat him out still by two or three, but the event showed otherwise. One after another each man grassed his birds and when it came to the last five birds the race was still a tie, each having dropped two in the morning's work. Shot after shot, and still it was a tie. Col. Felton cut down his fiftieth bird in good shape, and left the score amid continued cheers. Jim Riley grinned, stepped up and slashed down his last bird in his inimitable style, and the race was still a tie. The enthusiasm was immense. Col. Felton threw his arms around Jim Riley's waist, or about half way around, for it is a good deal of a waist, and lifted him from the ground. "I'd rather tie you than beat you, Jim," said he. And Jim grinned and chewed gum. Score of last 20:

C E Felton.....122110211121201121—18
J E Riley.....2o2222222121l1o12222—18

AB. PRICE—PORTER.

A brilliant and highly interesting contest was that of Ab. Price for Chicago and J. B. Porter for Kansas City. The latter was expected to walk out of this easily three birds winner, but your old Uncle Abner kept sawing wood and got in his best work toward the close. Porter is one of the Kansas City reliables, and they think him their best on hard birds. This opinion is unwarranted and at fast birds he shoots a losing game. He has a 10-gauge Greener, which is the longest-reaching gun of which any record is at hand in the minds of the shooters here, and he killed pigeons with his second barrel, cutting them down clean and dead at distances beyond the hope of the average gun at this shoot. Geo. Kleinman, on whose judgment we should place much reliance, says that Porter killed several birds at 75yds. at least. Nothing like it was seen at the shoot. Porter's 5th, 12th, 16th, 18th, 19th and 23d birds were stopped after they were out of all sort of shotgun range, and that is all of it. But this was not pigeon shooting and was a losing game, as witness the loss of the 31st and 33d birds. Porter is a very slow and deliberate shooter, both with right and left. This is a style in which the percentage is all against the shooter. Mr. Price's style at times, and he missed some soft incoming quarterers in a way which would have let a quicker shot than Porter in to beat him. As it was, this pair also quit a tie, and the city of the hills looked down her nose. Score:

Ab Price.....21112o2112202212102221122102102o11121021211212222—43
J B Porter.....11212211110221222122102110c2211o2012222101121101c221—43

DICKS—THOMAS.

Chicago still 7 birds ahead and only two races to shoot. "Well here's Andy Thomas," said Kansas City, "and he's safe to beat your Ben Dicks about 3 birds, and Elliott'll do the rest." But Ben did not look worried. He was just about as fat and big and good natured as Andy Thomas. "Ben is something of a bad man himself," said Chicago, with some slight feeling of satisfaction as that florid 400-pounder trod the mark. This was a nice little race. The Chicago boys watched Ben until they saw he was about normal in temperature, and then they hove a sigh of content, and began to ask the Kansas City boys when they wanted to shoot the saw-off match. Ben and Andy fell on the birds hard. They found their curves, as Capt. Anson would say, and hit them for 46 each, finishing the third tied race at a stage when the shooting was getting to be mighty nervous work. Cheers greeted this plucky pair as they left the score. The Chicago team would have carried Ben Dicks on their shoulders, but they couldn't because he was too heavy. Same way with Andy Thomas. Score;

Ben Dicks.....22212222110212212101o1210121o2212212221222211222—46
A E Thomas.....22212222101220122212212221222222o2222222221222o2—46

H. KLEINMAN—ELLIOTT.

It was now generally conceded that Jim Elliott could not beat Henry Kleinman 7 birds in a 50 bird race. This he would have to do in order to tie the totals. Both Chicago and Kansas City had saved what each thought its most reliable man till the last. Henry went into the race with all the advantage in his favor by way of the lead in total score. The old duck shooter, however, appeared to be a bit nervous for some reason, and his fourth and eleventh birds got away from him, amid many Kansas City yells from the uncultured crowd of spectators. The reason for most of the veteran's uneasiness began to be apparent. His left barrel, when shot on the ground, could be seen to be doing very loose and scattering work. Moreover, the gun missed fire several times. It missed fire with the right barrel on the very first bird, which Harry, showing poor judgment, too, killed with the left at once. The gun was so worn or so mis-made in the chambers that the shells fairly rattled around in the breech. "I never will risk beating my team by shooting this gun in another pigeon match," said Henry, as he turned from the score. The gun is an old, old Tommy Hasdell heavy 12-gauge, and is no longer a modern arm. It kept Chicago on the ragged edge for one-half hour to-day, as bird after bird skinned through its meager left, while Elliott was cutting down his birds neat, swift and clean, as only he can do.

Elliott's style is too well known to need description. He shoots a grand-stand second barrel, bang-bang, which often does him no service, but his is the best style for a winning pigeon race. Elliott missed clean with his second on his 1st, 2d, 3d, 7th, 10th and 14th and the latter one went on over the line, too. He missed clean with his second also his 19th and 32d birds, but made great second-barrel stops on his 36th, 41st and 42d birds, meeting prolonged applause. He failed to hit his 45th with the second, but got it all right, though his 46th, hit hard and full with both barrels, went over the line. For Elliott's shooting it can only be said that he added another to his brilliant performances at the trap and once more impressed all with the fact that he is a hard man to beat. He all but pulled his team out ahead, and cut down the lead until it left a very meager victory for Chicago.

Henry Kleinman, under the circumstances above related, which are given in the interest of justice only, and not with the idea of explaining anything in Chicago's favor, did better than almost any other man would have done. He lost 7 birds to Elliott's 2, and admitted to Elliott during the last few rounds of the shoot that if the birds had been a little harder he would have lost the race for Chicago. It was nervous work toward the last, when Henry's 47th bird fell dead out, but he got the next two and saved the race. On the 50th bird, as on his 1st, Henry's right barrel snapped, but once more he showed his carelessness, or his overconfidence, by swinging right on and killing it clean with his left. Elliott then killed his last in elegant style. Chicago heaved a great sigh of relief, and a mighty shout went up over the battle ended. Capt. McGee proposed three cheers for the Chicago team, and they were given with a will, and returned by Chicago in kind with hearty accord and a formal vote of thanks for courteous treatment. Below is the score of the last pair:

H Kleinman.....222o121112o22222212122o1122111101120112220122o121—43
J A R Elliott....2222122222211o2222222222221212112112122222o1112—48

The grand total was announced to be:

Chicago.....442 Kansas City.....440

This is certainly close work and shows how hard the fight has been. It is wonderful how closely these two cities are matched in this team shooting. Last spring, when Kansas City won the first match, the score was Kansas City 420, Chicago 416. The visitors of to-day are therefore still 2 birds behind in actual number killed.

So closed the return match. It was as pretty and pleasant an affair as ever was shot. It was a clean, fine gentlemanly shoot.

No fault was found with the decisions of the referee, except that some infant on the daily press here saw fit to call "erroneous" one of John Watson's very best decisions, and one which showed him a real referee. This was in the Price-Porter race. A bird was caught by the foot and tail when the trap was sprung, and fluttered unable to rise. Mr. Watson called "No bird," and shortly after the bird freed itself and was killed by Porter. Mr. Watson made him shoot another bird, which he also killed. This, in the mind of the critic, caused Porter to miss 2 birds later on in the race, which is certainly an amusing view to take for any one who will look at the scattering of his misses, or who knows how very little likely Porter is to get rattled at all. It was said that no rule is found to cover this decision. This is true. Neither is there anything in the rules to cover except by construction the decision in the Abe Atkinson case, where Abe by mistake pulled the loaded barrel and not the blank one first; yet Mr. Watson scored this bird lost for Chicago and not a "No bird." Mr. Watson uses common sense and justice where rules fail, and any shooter knows that no set of rules yet framed covers all the exigencies which can arise in a pigeon match. But none of this matter had any prominence at all at the shoot, and everything was perfectly smooth and courteous.

In one matter the Kansas City team had an advantage in this shoot. They out-gunned Chicago altogether, as was clearly proved by the execution shown on the field. Following is the table showing description of the guns of both teams:

KANSAS CITY TEAM.

	Make of Gun.	Gauge.	Weight.
Ed Bingham	Greener	12	7lbs. 12oz.
W S Halliwell	Greener	12	7lbs. 8oz.
F E Choteau	Greener	12	7lbs. 8oz.
W B Twitchell	Greener	12	7lbs. 15oz.
J K Guinnotte	Greener	12	7lbs. 10oz.
J E Riley	Greener	12	7lbs. 12oz.
A E Thomas	Greener	12	7lbs. 8oz.
J A R Elliott	Greener	12	7lbs. 12oz.
J B Porter	Greener	10	10lbs.
L H Vories	L C Smith	12	7lbs. 12oz.

CHICAGO TEAM.

P F Stone	Greener	12	7lbs. 8oz.
M J Eich	Greener	12	7lbs. 8oz.
W P Mussey	Daly	10	10lbs.
J E Price	Daly	10	9lbs. 10oz.
Geo Kleinman	"Prize Machine Gun"	12	7lbs. 8oz.
Abe Kleinman	W & C Scott	12	9lbs.
Henry Kleinman	T R Hasdell	12	9lbs. 6oz.
Ab Price	Westley Richards	10	10lbs.
C E Felton	Scott Premier	12	6lbs. 10oz.
C B Dicks	Parker (Lifter action)	10	10lbs.

The loading followed by the two teams was also different. All but two men of the Kansas City team shot with what is known as the "New York load," put up by Von Lengerke & Detmold expressly for pigeon shooting. This is E. C. powder (not Schultze, as was reported by some of the papers) and No. 7½ shot. The wadding is a black-faced special, a pink edge heavy special and a card over the powder, with light paper over shot. The powder is loaded loosely and not crowded apparently. Vories and Twitchell shot Schultze, the former using 8s in both barrels.

The loading of the Chicago team was briefly as follows: Stone, Schultze and No. 7s; Mussey, Schultze, 8s and 7s; Eich, Schultze and 7s; J. E. Price, Schultze, 8s and 7s; Geo. Kleinman, Schultze and 7s in right barrel, Dead Shot and 8s in left; Abe Kleinman, Schultze, 8s and 7s; Henry Kleinman, Schultze and Dead Shot, 8s and 7s; Ab. Price, Schultze, 8s and 7s; Felton, Schultze, 7s and 6s; Dicks, Schultze and 7s.

The following is a summary of the flights of each shooter. It gives briefly the conditions of each race. Attention should be called to the fact of the necessary length of such a report as this, which renders it impossible to give in this issue the full detail, number of trap, number of birds, etc., of each shooter's performance. FOREST AND STREAM is, however, in possession of absolutely the only full, perfect and accurate score of this kind in existence, no other sporting paper having enterprise or hustle enough to get it. Next week, or as soon as possible, this full and detailed summary will be published, not only for the first team match but for the second. It is a matter of over 2,000 lines of space, and although the copy is in it can not possibly find space this week, although it will eventually be given to complete the chronicle of a shoot which has warranted the best and fullest effort possible at the hands of any sporting journal claiming to give the shooting news.

SUMMARY IN BRIEF.

Chicago Team.

	R.Q.	L.Q.	R.I.	L.I.	R.D.	L.D.	T.	D.	I.	Total.
Stone	7	5	11	1	3	14	4	5	0	41
Mussey	13	10	8	0	3	4	4	7	1	44
Eich	13	4	6	1	6	7	3	5	5	48
J E Price	12	5	5	0	7	6	3	9	3	39
G Kleinman	8	7	6	3	8	7	3	4	4	46
*A Kleinman	10	6	4	0	7	8	5	7	2	46
Felton	6	12	4	2	9	3	2	9	3	46
A C Price	7	8	10	4	9	3	2	4	3	43
Dicks	6	12	10	2	5	8	1	4	3	46
H Kleinman	9	9	9	1	13	4	1	2	2	43
Grand team total										442

*Lost second bird by pulling wrong barrel after misfire, so no flight given.

Kansas City Team.

	R.Q.	L.Q.	R.I.	L.I.	R.D	L.D.	T.	D.	I.	Total.
Bingham	8	5	3	3	9	13	1	6	2	47
Halliwell	14	1	5	1	4	10	2	8	5	43
Choteau	14	7	4	2	5	7	0	9	2	44
Twitchell	13	8	4	1	6	4	5	7	2	41
Guinnotte	5	4	6	3	12	8	1	9	2	43
Vories	8	8	1	0	11	8	0	12	2	39
Riley	9	7	3	0	7	15	1	6	2	46
Porter	5	9	3	3	8	4	0	13	5	46
Thomas	6	6	6	2	7	9	3	9	2	46
Elliott	9	5	7	1	14	8	0	5	1	48
Grand team total										440

Messrs. Eich, of Chicago, and Elliott, of Kansas City, remain tied for the individual championship badge offered by the Jaccard Jewelry Company.

Shooting in the matches of the second team began about 3 P.M., the first pair at the score being Geo. T. Farmer for Chicago and D. S. Gordon for Kansas City. Mr. B. F. Buzard, of St. Joe, acted as referee. The shooting in the second team race was interesting in itself, and would have been absorbing had not the main event of the first team taken so much with it. Score of first pair:

G Farmer.....222121012221220201222011221020111o10101122121200221—37
D S Gordon.....11211022011221022202212221222o112oo11222020121122—41

Dr. J. M. Hutchinson next represented Chicago and George Schroeder Kansas City. Another case of Kansas City glory. Score:

J M Hutchinson12121112202o122o11212o0111101201120011o21o2222221022—38
G Schroeder.....10222221221221221011121100o2222210120221122221212—41

Geo. Hoffman and F. J. Smith now trod the bloody sands respectively for Chicago and Kansas City. Hoffman surprised himself and his friends by one run of 30 straight, but his opponent was one too good for him. Score:

G Hoffman.....01202222221211212122221111121221200211222112o0122—44
F J Smith.....11202022222121212121122122122o2211220212212112222022—45

Darkness closed down with Chicago's colts rapidly bearing the market.

Below are the scores of the

TARGET TOURNAMENT.

Special No. 1, 6 single and 3 pairs bluerocks, $2.50: Crosby 8, Hart 9, McMurchy 10, Hickman 10, H. Dickson 10, Payne 10, Stice 8, Harrison 9, Bowen 9, Hale 11, Budd 12, Riley 9, Keene 8, Harris 7, Kleinman 10, Van Ess 6, Courtney 10, Hoffman 5, Jack 8, Mulligan 10, Rickmers 7, Cornett 10. All ties div.

Special No. 2, 20 bluerocks, entrance $2.50: Mulligan 14, Harrison 15, Courtney 17, Hale 20, Bower 18, Rickmers 20, Hart 13, C. W. Budd 18, Riley 19, Cosby 19, S. Kleinman 20, Payne 16, Gordon 12, Leavens 9, Skinner 19, Ruble 19, McMurchy 17, Stice 19, Tracey 18, Cave 18, Scoville 18, Lone Jack 17, J. E. Price 13, Young 19, Eldred 12, Steck 17, Halcombe 16, Van Ness 16, Cornett 17, Dickson 17, Keene 19, Eads 19, Bluerock 19. Four moneys, all ties div.

Special No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2: Cosby 12, G. Kleinman 13, Hale 13, Cornett 13, Holcomb 12, C. W. Budd 15, McMurchy 14, Young 9, Van Ess 7, Payne 13. All ties div.

A few other small and uninteresting events were run off at the target stands, but the main interest still clung to the live-bird shooting.

In the evening the generous Kansas City hosts laid their visitors under one more obligation by taking them in a body, forty odd in all, to a theatrical performance at the Warder Grand Opera House. They will follow up the hospitalities to-morrow evening by a banquet of state. This is a great week, and a pretty hot pace is set for the boys.

Thursday, Fourth Day, Nov. 13.

The weather was fair and warm, and the attendance held up well. A number of new faces were seen among those of the visiting sportsmen of the country about, among others the burly and jovial Paul Francke, of St. Joseph. Mr. C. W. Budd refereed the first two races, Mr. Francke officiating from that on out. Andy Thomas captained the Kansas City team. Shooting began at an early hour, the matches of the second teams being resumed.

Kansas City sent W. G. Eads to the score against A. W. Reeves, of Chicago. Score:

REEVES—EADS.

A W Reeves.....11112o22112202210112222o1112012102102111202111l0—41
W G Eads.....11220120210211102122122122112111o1122110122122222—44

AIREY—PORTER.

Kansas City was now 11 birds in the lead. Geo. Airey went up for Chicago and J. Lee Porter for Kansas City. The latter is a brother to Long Range Porter of the first team. He increased the lead of Kansas City to 17 birds, beating his opponent as all the other Kansas City men had done. Airey's late sickness may have unfitted him. Score:

Geo Airey.....2101102122121202201o1122122122o20100101122211222—39
J L Porter.....01112122110212122122122o22122111221111122202o1122212—45

STECK—MAEGLEY.

When Mr. Maegley got done with Mr. Steck Kansas City was 24 birds in the lead, and Chicago was thanking her stars that she had not insisted on shooting the whole 20 men as a team instead of 10. Score:

E M Steck.....2122121o1210022211221121210111112101o1202021220112o—40
F C Maegley.....22211112201112122222212121210o2201211221221221—47

PHILLIPS—YOUMANS.

W. E. Phillips, the young Naperville shot, succeeded in breaking the spell a trifle by tieing his opponent, Geo. Youmans, of Kansas City. Score:

W E Phillips.....1021021122o2110o11o211221112122121212112022012111l2—42
Geo Youmans.....01212122012222222221111102222220220212212122o22210—42

EHLERS—HOLMES.

Henry Ehlers, of Chicago, was bigger and older than Con. Holmes, of Kansas City, shot a bigger gun, and for a wonder made a bigger score, tieing top score of the day, and reducing the lead to 19. Score:

Henry Ehlers.....22201121222222212222211221121212o2212122212212222—47
C F Holmes.....11101110o2012102112212o212202o21212111112111211221—42

GAMMON—STOCKWELL.

Charlie had his new Daly, and it tore up the earth in great style, but not enough for him to be quite in it with George Stockwell, of Kansas City. Score:

C D Gammon.....2102211002212221121112220o21o02012222202212222210l1—40
Geo Stockwell.....11222120211201112122222o2000111121121012012222112—42

WATSON—M'GEE.

It was nearly dark when the last race of the day closed, that between the veteran John Watson, of Chicago, and Capt. J. H. McGee, manager-in-chief of the Kansas City forces. Capt. McGee shot Col. Felton's Scott Premier, and the 42 grains of Schultze made the 6⅝lbs. little gun pound his shoulder (which has never been over-strong since a fracture it once sustained) so severely that he was fairly in misery by the close of the match, and his score therefore went to pieces. At the 30th bird he tried two shots with Elliott's gun, then he tried the Scott again with Elliott's load, then at the 42d bird he gave them all up and took up his own 16-gauge Greener, with which he shot out the race, doing work that was a bit easier on his shoulder. John Watson shot a steady race till toward the close, when some several birds bade him good bye. Score:

John Watson.....22113211120112111122o2011222211122220o001201o2210211—40
J H McGee.....22121210111101111011121121110100120101o2201022112—38

And now the second team match was over and Chicago, the jubilant, was 16 birds the worst of it. Such is life. When Chicago came down here she was sure of winning the second team race than the first, and would have been willing to pit the total 20 scores against the Kansas City 20. As it is, Chicago has won the match she feared she could not win and lost the one on which she thought she had a certainty. A study of the summary given below will show that the percentage all goes to point that Kansas City can just about beat Chicago at any kind of a pigeon match she wants to name. Before she shoots another match with these people Chicago wants to sit down and do a whole lot of thinking. As Capt. McGee says, Kansas City will shoot any sort of a team race; she will back a man to kill more birds inside of a boundary of 5yds. (meaning Jim Elliot), or she will back a man to kill more birds outside of a 40 or 50yds. boundary (meaning long-range Porter). But has it all not been interesting study?

It should go on record that Percy Stone and M. J. Eich did the gathering for Chicago and Lil. Scott for Kansas City. Mike Eich is the best retriever, his method being to flash his gold tooth in the eyes of the bird and pick it up before it recovers. The following is the

SUMMARY, SECOND TEAMS.

Kansas City.		Chicago.	
D S Gordon	41	George T Farmer	37
George Schroeder	41	J M Hutchinson	38
F J Smith	45	George Hofman	44
W G Eads	44	A W Reeves	41
J L Porter	45	George Airey	39
F C Maegley	47	E M Steck	40
George Youmans	42	W E Phillips	42
C F Holmes	42	H Ehlers	47
George Stockwell	42	C D Gammon	40
J H McGee	38	John Watson	40
	427		408
First team score	440		442
Grand total	867		850

The following table shows the flight of the birds shot at by each contestant. R.Q. indicates right quartering birds, L.Q. left quartering, R.I. right quartering incomers, L.I. left quartering incomers, R.D. and L.D. right and left quartering drivers, T. towering birds and slow flyers shot near the trap, D. drivers or straightaway birds, and I. incomers:

Kansas City.

	R.Q.	L.Q.	R.I.	L.I.	R.D.	L.D.	T.	D.	I.
D S Gordon	5	9	2	3	11	6	1	9	4
Schroeder	8	4	0	2	13	10	0	12	1
F J Smith	12	4	2	5	8	3	1	9	6
Eades	7	0	6	0	15	13	0	6	3
J L Porter	10	1	10	5	8	3	0	6	7
Maegley	6	1	6	1	6	6	2	10	12
Youmans	8	5	5	4	5	6	0	11	6
C F Holmes	11	2	9	2	9	2	0	5	10
Stockwell	8	1	7	1	12	9	1	4	7
McGee	4	5	7	4	7	6	1	8	8

Chicago.

Farmer	4	7	8	1	13	7	4	6	0
*Hutchinson	10	6	4	2	3	8	3	12	1
G Hoffman	5	9	7	1	5	2	2	7	12
Reeves	11	8	6	2	8	6	0	4	5
Airey	6	1	3	1	14	5	3	7	10
Steck	9	2	10	1	8	2	0	10	8
Phillips	10	1	5	4	9	4	2	7	8
Ehlers	11	3	6	6	9	1	0	3	11
Gammon	10	6	4	6	8	4	2	5	5
Watson	10	8	7	4	2	6	0	4	9

*Forty-ninth bird lost by reason of not having gun cocked.

As in the case of the first teams, the full details of each man's race summary, showing flight, number of trap, etc., must be published later, for lack of space. This paper is the only one possessing such a score, nor can that now by any possibility be obtained elsewhere.

The following table shows the guns and loads of the second teams. It is confidently stated that no other paper will present these accurately:

Kansas City Second Team.

Name	Make of gun.	Ga.	Wght. lbs.	Powder.	Load shot.
D S Gordon	Greener	12	7¾	E C	8s & 7s
Geo Schroeder	Greener	12	7½	Schultze	7s
F J Smith	Hollis	12	7½	Schultze	7s
W G Eads	Greener	12	7½	Schultze	7s
J L Porter	Greener	12	7½	E C	7s
F C Maegley	Greener	12	7½	E C	7s
G Youmans	Parker	12	7¾	Schultze	7s
C F Holmes	Greener	12	7½	E C	7s
G Stockwell	Greener	12	7½	E C	7s
J H McGee	Scott Premier	12	6⅝	Schultze	7s & 6s

Chicago Second Team.

G T Farmer	Diamond Daly	10	10¼	Schultze	7s
J M Hutchinson	Lefever	10	10	Schultze	8s & 7s
G Hofman	Scott	10	9½	Schultze	8s & 7s
A W Reeves	L C Smith	10	10¾	Sch. & black	8s & 7s
Geo Airey	Daly	10	11	Schultze	8s & 7s
E M Steck	Daly	10	9¾	Sch. & black	7s & 6s
W E Phillips	Lefever	10	9¼	Sch. & black	8s & 6s
H Ehlers	Daly	10	10⅜	Schultze	8s & 7s
C D Gammon	Daly	12	7½	Schultze	7s
John Watson	Parker	12	7 15	Schultze	8s

THE TARGET TOURNAMENT.

Meantime some shooting had been going on at the inanimates.

Special No. 1, 10 tins, $1.50:

Ruble	1111111111—10	Mulligan	1110100110—6
Payne	1111111011— 9	Gordon	1110101111—8
Bower	0110111011— 6	Van Ess	0111101111—8
Craig	0001111110— 6	Porter	0101111111—8
McGee	0111101111— 8	H Kleinman	1111001111—8
G Kleinman	1111111101— 9	Bachelor	1111111100—8
Nelson	1000000000— 1	Hickman	1111110101—8
McMurchy	1111111111—10		

McMurchy and Ruble div. first, G. Kleinman and Payne div. second, ties on 8 shot off and H. Kleinman and Porter div.

Special No. 2, 10 tins, $1.50:

J B Porter	1101111112— 8	Price	0110011010— 5
D Gordon	0111111110— 7	Van Ness	1110010101— 6
Skinner	1110111011— 8	W Allen	1001111110— 7
Payne	0111110000— 6	C W Parent	0000100100— 3
Hale	1111111111—10	Ruble	1111110101— 8
Craig	1000101011— 5	McGee	1110100101— 6
Elliott	1011101101— 7	Hamline	0101100010— 4
H Dixon	1111110111— 9	Bower	0110110010— 5
Stevenson	1011101111— 8	Batcheler	1101011111— 8
McMurchy	1111111110—10	Hickman	1100101000— 4
Stice	1110111111— 9	A Harriss	0111111001— 7
Young	0110011011— 6	Shepard	0000111001— 5
G Kleinman	1101101111— 8	Esd	1111111101— 9
Gordon	0111111011— 8	Rickmers	1010011011— 6
Reeves	1011001111— 7	Crosby	1111011110— 8
H Kleinman	1111110100— 7		

Ties on 10 and 9 div. first and second; Porter, Skinner, Stevenson and G. Kleinman third; Reeves fourth.

Special No. 3, at 15 bluerocks, $2:

Batchelor	111111111111111—15	Van Ess	110101111111111—13
Porter	110111111111110—13	Scoville	111111101111110—13
Ruble	111111111111111—15	Harrison	111111101110111—13
McMurchy	111111111111111—15	McGee	011111111111111—14
Payne	111111101101111—13	Craig	111011111010011—11
Bower	111111111111111—15	H Kleinman	101101010111111—11
Mulligan	011011110011100— 9	Allen	111111101111111—14
G Kleinman	111101111111110—13	Cave	111111110110110—12
Stice	011011111111111—14	Hammond	010011011111111—12
Hale	110101110101011—11	Eads	010110111101111—11
Parent	010111110110011—11	Gordon	101100100110110— 8

Ties on 15 and 14 div., ties on 13 shot out, and Porter, Payne and Scoville div.

Special No. 4, 25 bluerocks, $3:

Stice	1011011001111111111111111—21
Bower	1101101111111111001111110—20
Scott	0011101011111111101101111—18
G Kleinman	1111111101111111111011111—23
Rickmers	1011111111111111111111111—24
Kenoeb	1111111111101101010111011—20
Craig	1111011111111101111111111—22
Riley	1100111111111110011111111—20
Gordon	1111010111111101111111011—21
Payne	1111111101111111110111—23
Hickman	0111100011011011010100000—13
Harris	1111011000010011111011111—17
Cosby	1111111111111111101111111—24
Harrison	1111111111111111111110111—24
Ruble	1111111111101111011011111—23
Hale	1111111101111101111111111—23
Allen	1111100101110111111111111—21
C W Budd	1111111101101111111111111—23
Eads	1111101111111111111111111—24
McMurchy	0110111111011111111111111—22
Parent	0011000011111111010111011—16
Batcheler	1110011111111111101100111—21
Cornett	1111111111111111111011111—22
C Dixon	1111011101101001101111111—19

Ties on 24, 23 and 22 div. first, second and third; Stice fourth.

Special No. 5, at 10 bluerocks, $1.50:

McMurchy	1111111101— 9	Cave	0110101011— 6
Kleinman	1111110111— 9	Budd	1111111111—10
Scoville	0011110111— 7	Payne	1011111111— 9
Young	1011110111— 8	Eldridge	1111111101— 9
Craig	1011111111— 9	Allen	1111111010— 8
Cornett	1111111111—10	Dickson	1111110111— 9
Parent	1111100000— 5	Hale	0111111111— 9
Kenoche	1100111111— 8	Gordon	1101011111— 8
Van Ess	1111001111— 8	Porter	1111111101— 9
Stevenson	1101011111— 8	Keene	1011111101— 8
Crosby	1111111111—10	Steck	1111111111—10
Rickmers	1111111111—10	Jack	1011111110— 8
Stice	0111111111— 9	C Dixon	1110111011— 8
McGee	0111111011— 8	Bachelor	1111111111—10
Skinner	1111111111—10		

Ties on 10 div. first; ties on 9 shot out, and McMurchy, Kleinman, Stice and Dickson div. second; ties on 8 shot off, and Kenoche, Van Ess and Jack div. third.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet in the vast dining hall of the Midland to-night was a sumptuous and elegant affair, and by its magnificence Kansas City fairly and completely vanquished Chicago again. The assemblage was a tremendous one, and it is probable that in all the history of similar events, in the West at least, there has never been such another. The list of names of those in attendance is given in full. To give the residence of each would occupy too much space. They came from all over the country, and made this assemblage one whose equal every man present confessed he had never seen in the history of sportsmanship. The following were present: C. T. Allcutt, Fred Allen, Dr. Anderson, A. C. Anson, G. A. Airey, George W. Andrews, Will Allen, W. A. Alderson, Ed Bingham, Bell Thomas, Charles Bassett, Thomas W. Butler, J. A. Bolen, A. A. Bombeck, E. J. Berker, J. W. Budd, Charles Budd, C. S. Burton, W. T. Best, Joseph Bachelor, A. B. Bryant, E. A. Bower, W. Breddall, H. N. Burke, E. M. Bronnick, John T. Crisp, Frank Chase, W. Cosby, Tim Cotter, Ed Cadman, A. B. Cross, Ed Choteau, Dr. L. C. Choteau, E. F. Cummings, A. J. Courtney, J. Childs, W. N. Crellian, W. B. Cave, R. W. Cunningham, I. L. Cornett, W. H. Dickinson, J. S. Davenport, Harry Dickinson, Fred Deuser, C. B. Dicks, E. A. Dow, H. Dickson, A. Dickson, C. Dickson, Geo. Dugan, Robert Dinsmore, W. K. Everinghead, W. H. Eads, J. A. R. Elliott, M. J. Eich, Henry Ehlers, J. T. Easter, William Eldred, Robert Forester, Andrew Forester, Paul Francke, C. E. Felton, Geo. T. Farmer, F. A. Fodde, James Gibson, E. S. Gordon, S. C. Graham, J. E. Guinotte, J. K. Guinotte, M. Gordon, Chas. B. Gammon, C. F. Grant, Chas. Hilliker, W. B. Hauworth, Henry Henn, James Heyden, Frank K. Hoover, W. S. Halliwell, L. Huggins, Benjamin Holmes, Conn. F. Holmes, Walton Holmes, Scott Harrison, E. W. Hume, J. Hughes, Ed Hickman, C. H. Hagedorn, M. T. Hart, M. R. Hart, S. B. Hough, L. M. Lamline, Dr. James M. Hutchinson, L. Harrison, T. J. Higgins, Geo. Hoffman, Val. Hoffman, Geo. Holmes, R. Hart, D. Halcomb, S. S. Hall, Frank Jones, H. W. Jenny, F. H. Kumpf, Geo. Kumpf, H. B. Kleinman, Geo. B. Kleinman, A. Kleinman, Chas. Kern, L. Kunz, A. W. Knox, Frank Klett, Geo. Kearney, F. K. Lewers, Chas. Lockridge, Fred Lampe, Wolfred N. Low, Dr. Lesch, G. W. Lacey, E. E. Menges, Col. Moonlight, Harvey McMurchy, H. J. McGowan, W. P. Mussey, J. A. Marks, Thomas McGee, James McGee, F. C. Macgley, C. E. McGee, By. Nephler, H. D. Nicholls, James Nave, T. F. Norton, Thomas Orr, Geo. E. Orr, Dr. Oliver, J. L. Porter, J. B. Porter, Chas. N. Collak, Wm. Petters, Chas. Perrin, J. E. Price, W. E. Phillips, Abner Price, J. R. Pennyman, Geo. Proth, Geo. Payne, C. F. Payne, L. E. Riley, Robert Ricketts, Gus Rickmers, W. B. Rieger, J. C. Rieger, J. H. Robbinson, A. W. Reeves, J. A. Ruble, Dr. Rowe, Harry Reeter, J. J. Rieger, E. W. Chandler, J. K. Stark, W. T. Stark, C. F. Schaeffer, Allen Schaeffer, Ralph Stout, R. Slater, Chas. Schmelzer, Herman Schmelzer, J. S. Schmelzer, Henry P. Stewart, Geo. Stockwell, D. G. Stockwell, F. J. Smith, W. Scott, W. S. Sirlington, J. Steipel, John Salf, W. J. Sheppard, E. M. Steck, P. F. Stone, Henry Smith, W. H. Skinner, R. E. Street, J. R. Stice, A. L. Scoville, H. Sloat, Wright Smith, Chas. Schneider, James Stevenson, A. E. Thomas, D. S. Twitchell, D. T. Thomson, J. J. Thompson, Wm. Tanner, W. W. Trailer, W. B. Twitchell, S. A. Tucker, W. H. Towne, Judge Teasdale, Eli Titus, Sam Underwood, Joe Underwood, R. W. Vaughn, Nat H. Vincent, L. H. Vories, H. R. V. Van Cleave, Y. L. Woodson, Chas. Whiting, James Whitfield, W. D. Womack, A. W. Wood, A. A. Whipple, John Watson, R. G. Wallace, S. M. Wood, G. W. Wells, Dora Williams, F. D. Woodnutt, Geo. Youman, Eli Young, F. York, C. C. Hathaway, J. H. Rich, Frank E. Johnson.

The menu was elegant and extensive, and over its discussion he guests lingered until midnight. The chairman of the evening, Mr. J. H. McGee, then called for order and introduced the first speaker, Col. D. S. Twitchell, of Kansas, who made an eloquent address of welcome and paid a touching tribute to the memory of the honored and beloved sportsman, Drury Underwood. Mr. Wolfred N. Low, of Chicago, replied in a speech of all his usual eloquence, dignity and fitness. Mr. Low said that all Chicago mourned Drury Underwood as a type of the highest and noblest sportsmanship. He confessed Chicago abashed by the magnificence of the reception Kansas City had extended to her. Mr. Low was greeted with ringing applause, and received the extreme courtesy of a rising salute from the Kansas City men.

It was announced by the chair that the Hon. J. C. Tarsney, who was to have replied to the toast "Our Guests," was absent, unavoidably, as was also Maj. Wm. Warner, proponent of the toast "Kansas City and Chicago," reply to which was to have been made by that well known and esteemed gentleman, Mr. Charles Kern, of Chicago, whose remarks would doubtless have been a feature of the evening.

Maj. B. L. Woodson, of Kansas City, spoke to the toast "The Chicago Team," and was felicitous to a degree in his remarks, making the Chicago boys feel pretty proud of themselves. Acting for Chairman McGee, Mr. Low introduced for reply Col. C. E. Felton, "the Chevalier Bayard of sportsmanship;" and he named him right. Col. Felton responded feelingly and well, and was greeted by the utmost enthusiasm by the old and new friends who all have learned to love him. Col. Felton was asked also to speak upon the enforcement of the game laws; and in the course of his remarks he referred to facts and accomplishments in game protection in a telling way.

Col. John T. Crisp, of Kansas City, made a thrilling address about the World's Fair and the Kansas City team, to which the FOREST AND STREAM representative was assigned for reply.

Col. Thos. Moonlight, ex-Governor of Wyoming, made the speech of the hour in his remarks upon "The Sportsman's Aim in Life." Col. Moonlight outlined graphically the nobility and generosity of the typical sportsman, and extolled the beautifully sportsmanlike character of the contests just closed. He gave the pot-hunter and game seller a good "roasting," and cautioned the shooters against shooting for mercenary motives. Shoot for honor, gentlemen, said Col. Moonlight, and not for the money there is in it. That is the better aim. Money is the destroying element in sport. Col. Moonlight sat down amid prolonged applause. Replying to his address, Dr. N. Rowe said: "The sportsman's real aim in life is to kill. Col. Moonlight is a real sportsman. He has so thoroughly covered the ground in his remarks that he has killed for me all possibility of making a speech. Will the reporters please say it was killed by Moonlight, with an upper case M?" They did.

Ex-Governor T. T. Crittenden, of Kentucky, spoke to the toast "Missouri and Illinois," and made of it absolutely a polished and finished oration, whose effect was electrical even at 2:30 in the morning. Gen. Crittenden is a noble and dignified looking man, a statesman, orator and happy thinker, and his presence would grace any board and any assemblage in the land, as certainly it did this. Dr. J. M. Hutchinson responded for Chicago in his customary droll quaint way.

The ex-Mayor of Kansas City, Hon. Joseph J. Davenport, a singularly distinguished looking young man, spoke for "The True Sportsman," and did it well. Mr. Abner Price of Chicago was to have replied, but no one could find him. The Hon. William H. Wallace, who was billed to appear in the rôle of "Good Night," was also absent. It was now time for "good morning." The company dispersed. The last act of the sportsmen assembled was to drink a silent toast to the memory of Drury Underwood, the well-beloved brother, friend and chief among the craft.

Friday, Fifth Day, Nov. 14.

The heavens were weeping over the dissipation of the night before. Most of the shooting company were content to linger about the hotel until a late hour, and a 12 o'clock breakfast was the rule. The rain continued throughout the day, and shooting was very disagreeable. Score:

Shoot No. 1, 7 live birds, $5:

E Choteau	2101211—6	"Joe"	2122210—6
C W Budd	1111121—7	M J Eich	0112011—5
H McMurchy	1012111—6	L M Harrison	1222211—7
P Francke	2222111—7	W Eldridge	2020112—5
L W Scott	0221112—6	J K Keene	2202211—6
J B Porter	1002102—4	John Watson	2112121—7
Lone Jack	2102101—5	H Ehlers	2011211—6
S S Hale	2111000—4	Van Ess	0220011—4
C W Parent	2022020—4	A Kleinman	1221121—7
G F Payne	1101021—5	C E Felton	0112110—5
Eli Young	1112111—7	A Price	0011221—6
A L Scoville	2102111—6	A C Anson	1111120—6
W D Cave	1111111—7	S Harris	1111122—7
J M Batcheller	1221222—7	J E Price	2012222—6
W H Skinner	1010111—5	J Lee Porter	1021223—6
J I Cornett	1112221—7	J R Stice	2211222—7
E W Hume	1112111—7		

Hume, Francke, Stice, Harris and Batcheller div. first after shoot-off, $42.90; Choteau, McMurchy, Scott and Porter div. second after shoot-off, $32.17; Jack, Skinner, Eich and Felton div. third after shoot-off.

Shoot No. 2, miss and out, live birds, $3:

A C Anson	0	J K Keene	1110
J E Riley	11111	M J Eich	11111
W P Mussey	11111	Eli Young	10
P Francke	0	L W Scott	10
Hill	11110	C E Felton	11111
F J Smith	20	W Eldridge	110
J Watson	10	L M Harrison	10
J B Porter	0	H Ehlers	11110
M L Hamline	2110	H Dickson	11111
H McMurchy	21110	S Harris	11111
C W Budd	11111	J A Ruble	0
E M Steck	10	J M Batchelor	11111
G Hoffman	10	C B Dicks	0

Riley, Mussey, Budd, Eich, Felton, Dickson, Harris and Batchelor div. $52.25.

Individual race, 10 pairs live birds, $25 a side:

Geo Hoffman	00 11 11 01 10 01 11 1o 10 11—13
J K Guinnotte	11 11 11 oo 11 10 00 10 1o 11—11

Individual race, 25 live birds, looser pays for birds:

P F Stone of Chicago	1220112001102211021101—19
J B Porter of Kansas City	2202222112122111221121—24

A miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance, 21 entries, closed the day, Hamline, Budd and Stice dividing at the sixth bird, the distance being 30yds. after the first three birds.

THE TARGET TOURNAMENT.

Special No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1:

Cornett	1101101111— 8	Skinner	1001111111— 8
Payne	1111111101— 9	Williams	0110100010— 5
Detar	1111110111— 9	Scoville	0111111111— 9
Hale	1111111111—10	Cave	1011011111— 8
Young	1111111110— 9	Eldred	1111111011— 9
Porter	1111011110— 8	Lone Jack	1111111111—10
Bachelor	1111111111—10	Keene	1111111111—10
Adis	0111101110— 7		

Ties on 10 div. first; Ties on 9 shot out, and Young, Scoville and Eldred div. second. Ties on 8 shot out, and Cave and Porter div. third.

Special No. 2, 15 bluerocks, $1.50:

Keene	011111111111111—14	Skinner	111111111111111—15
Hale	111110101111111—13	Kave	010110011110111—10
Stice	111111111111111—15	Scoville	011101111111010—11
Harris	100101111111101—11	Young	111111111011101—13
Bachelor	111111101111111—14	Adis	011101101111110—11
Cosby	010111110101110—10	H Dixon	111011111111111—14
Detar	011101010101111—10	Lone Jack	111111111111110—14
Porter	111111111111111—15		

Ties on 15 div. first; ties on 14 shot off, and Keene, Dixon and Lone Jack div. second; ties on 13 div. third.

Special No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2:

McMurchy	111111101011111—13	Hale	111111111111111—15
Stice	111111111011111—14	H Dixon	001111111111111—13
Skinner	111110111111111—14	Adis	110111101111111—13
Keene	111111010111111—13	Budd	101111111111001—13
Hume	011111111110111—13	Harrison	111111011111111—14
Ruble	111111111111101—14		

Hale won first. All ties div.

Special No. 4, 10 bluerocks, $1.50:

Stice	1011100111— 7	Adis	1001111111— 8
Keene	1111011111— 9	Budd	1111111111—10
Hale	1111111111—10	Cosby	1101101111— 8
McMurchy	1111111111—10	Batcheller	0111010w.
Payne	1101010w.	Dixon	1111111011— 9
Ruble	1011110101— 7		

All ties div.

During the progress of the banquet a very pleasant and graceful event occurred. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and Mr. M. J. Eich, of Chicago, it will be remembered, were tied on the highest score of 48 for the Jaccard diamond medal offered for the best individual score. Mr Elliott called Mr. Eich to the head of the table and publicly withdrew from the tie, thus giving the medal to Mr. Eich. This delicate act was received with deafening cheers. Mr. Elliott knew he could shoot Mr. Eich out, and that he declined to do so is but another proof of the rare courtesy with which Kansas City has treated her guests throughout.

At the close of the banquet a formal resolution was adopted desiring the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to set on foot a plan for coöperation in the matter of more efficient laws for game protection and for a greater extension of the park system of game preservation.

Saturday, Sixth Day, Nov. 15.

The rain continued and the day was disagreeable. There was a little desultory work at the traps, but it amounted to little. The first event at live birds was run off rapidly.

Single-barrel race, 5 live birds, $3:

Steck	00001—1	C Dickson	11001—3
Francke	11111—5	Eldred	10101—3
Budd	11011—4	H Dickson	01100—2
McMurchy	11011—4	Harris	01111—4
Keene	11101—4	Scott	00111—3
Batchelor	10111—4		

Francke first, Batchelor second, Eldred third.

Shooting now began in the most important sweepstakes of the meeting, the 25 live birds, $25 a man event, for which several shooters had lingered later in the week than they had at first intended. There were 21 entries in this shoot, and it took high-class work to be in at the finish. It was nearly dark at the close of the shooting, and those who had dropped too many birds to get a place, by request withdrew in order to give those who were still in it a chance to finish before dark. When the accounting was made it was found that Carl Guinnotte, champion Elliott and Charlie Budd each had 'em all. Each of these men had done clever work. Charlie Budd making some startling kills with his little Smith, four near the boundary flags. Charlie is evidently envious of Long Range Porter. Harvey McMurchy split second with Col. Felton, who shot Jim Elliott's gun and beat his friend and opponent Jim Riley, out by one bird. Score:

Twenty-five live birds, $25:

H McMurchy	2121201211212121222111222—24
Paul Francke	2201222211101212212221210—22
C K Guinnotte	1111121111212222212122222—25
J A R Elliott	2122211212221111212112211—25
C W Budd	1221211211111212211112212—25
J B Porter	2211011111222102121212122—22
L Scott	1111111120211222121011112—23
Batchelor	1111101111122021121121110—21
A C Anson	2112120o100o1210000200012—12
M J Eich	1121112011020212122ow
John Watson	2121111202o0o1121000w
S Harris	2220001121212121201w
A A Whipple	1112100120120200 0211112—19
Eldred	2102111011022111110w
Miller	2202111111020202003w
C E Felton	1112222101112211211211112—24
J A Ruble	2112110120112202221w
J E Riley	2211212121201112o22221112—23
J R Stice	1221212oo2321222121112222—23
A E Thomas	2222102212200220223w
F J Smith	2020202221001222222w

Guinnotte, Elliott and Budd div. first, $157.50. McMurchy and Felton div. second, $118.12. Scott, Riley and Stice div. third, $78.75. Francke and Porter div. fourth, $29.37.

A handsome silk quilt and bed set was offered as a special to first man on this shoot, but the tie was not shot out. Mr. Guinnotte and Mr. Budd united and presented their claims to the wife of Mr. Elliott, who accepted the gift with thanks.

During the afternoon Mr. Riley, of Kansas City, took advantage of the services of a skillful card carver, who was plying his unique craft upon the grounds, and presented with his compliments to his friend Col. Felton, of Chicago, a large and ornamentally embossed card bearing the words "Compliments of J. E. Riley to Chas. E. Felton; Chicago-Kansas City. Score, 45—46. Nov. 14 and 15, 1890." The score was also cut into the sheet in detail, and the whole made a pretty memento, which Col. Felton will probably cherish as long as he lives. Appropriate speeches and hearty cheers accompanied this little bit of by-play.

It was dark when the party arrived at the hotel. The 6:45 "Q." for the north bore away some of the Chicago party. Others still remained, and what plans the boundless hospitality of the Kansas City men may have on them is not yet to be said.

So closed the great shoot. It is great in nothing so much as in the era it has established of cleanness, generosity, nobleness and magnanimity in the sport it so well represented. Surely the spirit of Drury Underwood was over it all. E. HOUGH.

THE NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.

ROME, N. Y., Nov. 10.—This town is doing itself proud in respect to the June meeting of the State Association.

The attendance will be large and will include marksmen from all parts of the State. At the convention last June in Lyons there were about 500 sportsmen in attendance. This number will be increased at the next meeting. Heretofore the bulk of the prizes offered has been in the shape of merchandise contributed by the business men of the towns where the conventions have been held. At the last meeting it was decided that only one merchandise prize should hereafter be given. This necessitated a guarantee fund of $1,800 for prizes. This is $600 more than usual. The Rome Gun Club has guaranteed this amount. Heretofore a few of the crack shots in attendance at the meetings have been able to control the big money prizes and divide the proceeds, leaving the others little or nothing. This has now been changed, so as to give all a fair chance.

Thomas H. Stryker, of Rome, the president of the State Sportsmen's Association, has the fixing of the dates for the shoot. He will probably decide on the second week in June. The tournament proper begins on Tuesday morning and closes on Friday evening. Twenty five traps will be in use, and it will require 40,000 clay-pigeons to supply the demand. The shoot will be held on the range of the Rome Gun Club, Bissell farm, Floyd avenue.

At the Lyons convention a committee was appointed to revise the rules and regulations governing the shoot. The committee held a meeting in this city a few days since. The meeting was called to order by chairman T. H. Stryker. The following gentlemen comprising the committee were present: T. H. Stryker, Rome; E. D. Hicks, Rochester; H. L. Gates, Utica; Harry Ayling, Syracuse; Jacob Koch, Buffalo. There were also present W. M. Richmond of Charlotte, G. Dexter of Utica, and W. R. Hunnington, A. H. Golly, Charles Carmichael and M. R. Bingham of Rome.

On motion M. R. Bingham was made secretary. Harry Ayling of Syracuse was allowed to act on the committee in place of Mr. Chase, absent.

After a general discussion on the power of the committee and the interests of the association, it was decided that at the next annual tournament of the New York State Association, to be held at Rome in 1891, contests Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6 and 7 be for cash prizes, and that contest No. 4 be for merchandise prizes.

Mr. Hicks moved that the cash prizes in Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 be divided equally and consist of $320 in each contest, and contest No. 7 (race for team championship) be $200.

Mr. Gates moved that a uniform entrance fee of $4 be charged in contests Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6. Also that contest No. 7 (race for team championship) be governed by the same rules and conditions as in 1890.

Mr. Hicks moved that contests Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 consist of 15 single birds.

Mr. Gates moved that the condition and arrangement of contest No. 4 (the merchandise contest) be left with the Rome Gun Club.

Mr. Hicks moved that each cash purse be divided into five prizes, as follows: First prize 25 per cent., second prize 25 per cent., third prize 20 per cent., fourth prize 15 per cent., fifth prize 15 per cent., and that each contestant in ties be allowed to draw his proportion of money at the end of each contest.

Mr. Koch moved that all contests be shot from 5 traps, set level, and at unknown angles, 2yds. apart and in a segment of a circle, the radius of which shall be 18yds., and that the traps be numbered from No. 1 on the left to No. 5 on the right consecutively.

The question of rules under which the shooting should be carried on was brought before the committee. All rules not amended are to remain as prescribed by the American Shooting Association.

The conditions and arrangements of the Dean Richmond Trophy contest will be duly announced as soon as the committee appointed for that purpose shall meet and decide.

NEWARK VS. LEHIGH.—Allentown, Pa., Nov. 16.—The Newark and Lehigh Gun Clubs met for the second time in a friendly contest, the Newark being winner for the second time. It may be remembered that at the first contest, last April at Leo's Park, the Newarks make the remarkable score of 96 out of 100, a score never equaled by a club of ten men. The birds were not what they ought to be, as we had no place to keep them, and had to start too early to get birds owing to the scarcity. The match was at 10 birds, 30yds., Hurlingham rules:

Newark.		Lehigh.	
Hedden	1221200113— 8	Nettles	1212121121—10
Mack	1211011111— 9	Geisinger	1120211110— 8
Green	1211110111— 9	Huffort	2012112221— 9
Freche	2012012121— 8	Bell	1111212110— 9
Brientnall	0112211011— 8	Benning	0020210010— 4
Wheaton	1123122012— 9—51	Blank	0102112001— 6—46

NEWARK GUN CLUB.

THE members of this crack live bird club assembled on Thursday last at Erb's Shooting Park for their regular monthly meet. The attendance was much smaller than usual. As the game season is now open this is easily accounted for. There is not a member of this club who is not a lover of field shooting, and a majority of them are now scattered about the country in search of the game. Those that were in attendance were favored with a perfect day, and, as is always the case at Erb's, had a grand lot of birds for targets. Before the shooting began a meeting was held and a governing committee consisting of Messrs. Brientnall, Erb, Howke, Castle and Pentz were elected to have full control of all club affairs. The committee appointed to manage the coming tournament are making great preparations, and everything points to a most successful meeting, a large number of requests for programmes have come in, many of which are from shooters that have not been in the habit of attending tournaments. This is the result of barring out the top sawyers, and it is expected that a large number of the amateurs will be in attendance. The committee will strive to make things pleasant for all that may attend. Special rates at Newark's best hotel, the Continental, have been secured, and a hot dinner will be served each day upon the grounds. Keystone targets are to be thrown, and one set of ten traps will be used for all events.

Sweep No. 1, 4 birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

F Class	2121—4	Dr Zeglis	2011—3
J Erb	2112—4	J H Brientnall	c011—2
George	2111—4	"Hollis"	2000—1

Ties for first: Class 3, rest 4 and div.

Sweep No. 2, 8 birds, $5 entrance, three moneys:

"George"	10122121—7	J Erb	1011c211—6
Dr Zeglis	11212021—7	M Lindsley	0112c122—6
Sam Castle	11111c2—7	"Hollis"	01110110—5
C M Hedden	1111c112—7	J H Brientnall	10000012—3
F Class	2220223—6		

Ties on 7 div.; on 6, Lindsley 0, others 2 and div.

Ten birds, regular club shoot, optional sweepstakes, $5 entry, three moneys:

J Erb	1221121112—10	"Griffin"	0211222002—7
"George"	1122221211—10	Dr Zeglis	2010202121—7
C M Hedden	2222112211—10	Wm Hughes	0101210221—7
F Class	2122122101— 9	Wheaton	2002200110—5
S Castle	2101102111— 8	Bruen	1101001001—5
J H Brientnall	0111111c10— 7	Lindsley	0000020120—3
"Hollis"	1022010111— 7		

Ties all div. Brientnall not in sweep. } TEE KAY.

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 12.—A dozen shotgun experts reported at this range to-day, and in spite of the raw weather put up some very high scores in the various events. In the 14th competition for the diamond pins the shooting was remarkably even, Messrs. Barret and Bradbury tieing for top place. The former waived his right to a shoot-off, and Mr. Bradbury wore home the club champion medal. In the contest for the Keystone trophy, also, the leadership was left in doubt, for Messrs. Bradbury and Nichols rolled up the same totals.

Diamond pin match, 14th competition, 20 Keystone targets, firing by squads, and 5 pairs of Standard targets:

Barret	11111101111111111111—19	01 10 10 00 10—4—23	
Bradbury	10111011111111110111—17	11 11 10 00 01—6—23	
Bowker	11011111111011011111—17	01 11 00 10 10—5—22	
Curtis	11111011010111111111—17	01 01 11 11 11—5—22	
Parham	01111101011011111111—13	11 01 11 11 11—9—22	
Gale	11111111101101011111—17	11 10 10 00 00—4—21	
Knowles	10110111111111111111—18	01 00 00 10 10—3—21	
Nichols	11111110101010110111—16	00 00 11 00 10—3—19	
Hosmer	01011110111001010010—12	10 10 00 10 11—5—17	
Burton	01000000100101010010— 6	00 10 10 10 00—3— 9	

Keystone trophy match, 4th competition, 20 Keystone targets, 5 traps, Keystone rules:

Bradbury	11111111111101111111—18	Gale	01101111111111111001—16
Nichols	11111101111011111111—18	Parham	01101111010111111111—16
Barret	01111110111111011111—17	Hosmer	01011101111010111111—15
Black	11111010111011111111—17	Knowles	11111010111111011100—15
Bowker	00111111111111101111—17	Burton	10010101000110000000— 6

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Nov. 15.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

Sigler	10 9 8 9 10	Miller	10 9 9 7 10
Quimby	7 5 7 8 9	Du Bray	6 7 9 9 9
Johnston	8 8 9	Hathaway	7 5 7 7 8
Lindsley	9 6 8 10 9	Macatee	4 3 .. .. ..
Collins	10 9 10 10	Mead	4 .. ..
Hunt	6 6		

Live bird sweeps, at 5 birds, $3 entrance:

Sigler	11112—5	21111—5	Mead 12101—5
Quimby	01212—4	22122—5	Maud 22120—4
Johnson	11122—5	22211—5	Pierson 12120—4 11022—4
Lindsley	10100—2	22112—5	Du Bray 10211—4 12121—5
Collins	12221—5	11101—4	Hathaway 20201—3
Hunt	22121—5	11022—4	Macatee 22012—4
Miller	21111—5	02002—2	

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Monthly shoot of the Manhattan Gun Club, at Feldman's Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I.:

M Liebtenberger	3	H Flegenheimer	4
Geo Fohrenkopf	5	H Bailer	4
R Schmidt	2	F Lambrecut	5
John Bayer	4	E Klein	3
J A Hoffman	6	Jos Schreck	2
		Messerschmitt	6
		Eibl	2
		J N Gennerich	4

Shoot off won by Messerschmitt with 2 straight.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 6.—At Erb's to-day the attraction was a match between George Raynor, of Orange, and John Harrison, of Chatham, each man shooting at 25 birds, for $50 a side. The match resulted in favor of Raynor by 18 to 17. Next Thursday the monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club will take place, and a score of members are expected to be on hand. Beside the regular club trophy contest at 10 live birds per man there will be open-to-all sweepstakes. During the day Robert Schrafft, one of the most promising young shots of this city, will shoot a match at 50 live birds each against Caris Reinhardt, and another also at 50 birds each against Gus Griffen. The stak in each match will be $100 a side, and Newark Gun Club rules will govern.

Nov. 8.—To-day a big crowd was on Erb's grounds to witness a match at 25 live birds each between William Hollis, of Kearny, and F. Perment, of this city, the stake being $50 a side. The birds were a hard lot of flyers, and were made still faster by a strong wind from the left quarter. The match resulted, Hollis 18, Perment 15.

WOODSIDE, N. J.—The formal opening of the new grounds of the Woodside Gun Club, on the banks of the Passaic River, on Nov. 18 and 19, is expected to be a feature of the trap-shooting season, and expert shooters from far and near will be on hand to try to capture the pots. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock each day and open sweepstakes will be arranged on an extra set of traps to accommodate the contestants. The programme, which will be the same each day, is as follows, bluerock targets being used in each event: No. 1, 5 singles, 50 cents; No. 2, 10 singles, $1; No. 3, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 4, 20 singles, $2; No. 5, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 6, 10 singles, $1; No. 7, 25 singles, $30 guarantee, $2.50; No. 8, two-men team, 10 singles per man, entrance per team $2; No. 9, 5 pairs, $1; No. 10, 20 singles, $2; No. 11, 15 singles, $1.50; No. 12, 10 singles, $1. The shooting will be governed by A. S. A. rules. All purses will be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 6.—To-day was not such a bad day for shooting, and the members of the East End Gun Club took advantage of the fine weather to make some scores that on the average were not particularly good. After L. O. Jones had virtually won the Smith gun for the second time a fresh detachment of shooters arrived, among them a gentleman by the name of Poplowsky, who tied Mr. Jones's score. Considering the conditions under which Poplowsky shot he did some meritorious work. It was very dark and almost impossible to distinguish the birds against the background of trees. Black, Poplowsky and Murray tied for first badge, and Black won. For second badge Sweetman and "Maygo" shot off a tie, the latter winning. The following is the score of the shoot, the first 30 birds counting in the regular club shoot:

Sweetman	45	L O Jones	48
Wherry	39	Baker	36
Reynolds	43	Maygo	47
Bloom	31	Martin	43
Murray	42	Corryell	37
		A B Jones	44
		Phare	38
		Poplowsky	48
		Black	47

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 7.—The second live bird match between Philip Daly, Jr., of the Central Gun Club of Long Branch, and Capt. Money, of London, England, was shot to-day on the new grounds of the Central Club at Pleasure Bay. The conditions were 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary, 100 birds each, and use of both barrels allowed. The match was for $350 a side and a new gun valued at $800. The birds were strong flyers. Daly won, killing 87 birds to Capt. Money's 82.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 8.—The mildness of the weather to-day brought to the Wellington range several new sportsmen who entered in the 20 events shot. In the merchandise match Perry led with 28 broken birds. The other scores of 14 and over were made as follows: Stone 24, Bradbury 19, Stanton 23, Gore 23, Hooper 14, Bond 21, Purdy 14, Dill 20.

HIGHLAND GUN CLUB, of Des Moines, Ia.—Description of the new grounds and house next week.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

THE LAKE Y. R. A.

WE are indebted to the Toronto *Globe* for the following complete report of the eighth annual general meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, held at the Queen's Hotel, on Nov. 8. President A. R. Boswell, commodore of the Royal Canadian Y. C., was in the chair, and there were delegates present from all the circuit clubs, excepting Belleville, Mr. W. H. Biggar, commodore of the club, having telegraphed that it would be impossible to send a representative. The delegates were:

Oswego Y. C.—E. B. Mott, Karl Kellogg and A. Ames (per proxy).

Rochester Y. C.—Matt Cartwright, E. N. Wallbridge and W. H. Briggs.

Kingston Y. C.—J. B. Carruthers, Geo. E. Evans (per proxy).

Hamilton Y. C.—Æ. Jarvis, J. F. Monck and H. Lee.

Royal Canadian Y. C.—Hume Blake, C. A. B. Brown and L. B. Percival.

Queen City Y. C.—J. Allan, T. E. World and O. Martin.

The minutes of the meeting of Nov. 9, 1889, were read by the secretary and confirmed by the meeting. Mr. C. A. B. Brown in welcoming the delegates to Toronto, reviewed the success of the yachting season just past, and congratulated the association on the same. He said they had experienced some rough weather at Kingston, but the circuit regattas as a whole were most gratifying. He was glad to see that the other clubs by their representation here were determined to still further advance the splendid sport of yachting.

The treasurer's report was then read and passed, showing the finances of the association to be in a healthy condition. Notices of proposed amendments to the constitution, in accordance with article 13, were taken up and discussed. The Hamilton Y. C. gave notice (1) that the following be inserted in paragraph 3 of article 5, after the words "shall keep the yacht register provided for by article 11, section 2," namely: "Shall keep a record of the names and times of the starters in each race held under the auspices of the association in a book provided for that purpose." (2) That the following be added to paragraph 2 of article 6: "But no delegate shall give a proxy to any person who is not a co-delegate with him from the same club."

The first clause was adopted, but, after some discussion, the second clause was amended so as to read "co-member" instead of "co-delegate with him from."

(3) That the words "other than the assessment mentioned in Rule 1 of the sailing regulations" shall be inserted in article 3, between the words "no other assessment," and "shall be levied." Carried.

(4) That the words "and in good standing therein" at the end of paragraph 1 of article 11 be struck out. Carried.

(5) That the following be inserted as Article 13 under the heading of "Arrears": "A club which is in arrears for any assessment shall be entitled to be represented at any meeting of the Association, nor shall any of its fleet be allowed to compete in any race held under the auspices of the Association. (b) No yacht, the owner of which is not in good standing in the club to which he is supposed to belong, shall be entitled to compete in any race held under the auspices of the Association. Mr. Brown, R. C. Y. C., objected to the latter clause and gave his reasons for so doing. He did not think it just to shut out a yacht because she was not entirely owned by members of a club of the Association, but the other delegates thought this a most necessary clause. It was, however, amended so as to read "any owner" in place of "the owner," and the article adopted.

(6) That in Rule 1 of the sailing regulations the following shall be inserted after the first paragraph:

"The executive committee shall, however, at least one month prior to the first race of the annual circuit, appoint an officer, at such remuneration as they shall see fit, whose duty it shall be to attend all regattas held under the auspices of the Association and (under the direction of the officers of the club giving the regatta) superintend the laying and logging of courses and laying of buoys, calculate the time allowances in the different classes, fire the guns at proper times, take and correct the times of the competing yachts and generally do such work in connection with the management of the regattas as may be reasonably required of him. He shall keep a record of the names and times of the starters in each race and after the close of each circuit shall send such record to the honorary secretary of the Association. The executive committee shall have power to levy an assessment on each club of the Association sufficient in the whole to pay the expense incurred by the employment of such officer."

Mr. Mott, Oswego Y. C., said that the expense was so great in securing such an officer that he had been instructed by his club to vote against this amendment, but whatever was done by the meeting would be regarded by the Oswego club. It was felt that the matter should be left within the discretion of the executive, and, on motion of Mr. Monck, seconded by Mr. Blake, the first four words of the clause were made to read, "the executive committee may" instead of "the executive committee shall." The clause in this form was then adopted.

(7) That the following be added to the last paragraph of Rule 2: "But shall be classed and have crews allowed at their full rating." Carried.

(8) That the words "the day before the day" in Rule 3 be struck out and the words "24 hours at least before the time" be substituted therefor. That the last two sentences of the said rule be struck out and the following substituted therefor: "Sundays shall not be computed." Mr. Jarvis, Hamilton Y. C., explained that the reason for this amendment was to prevent yachts from entering other than their own class. Many yachts, by a slight lowering of their topsail, could do this, and, when they were allowed to post their entries on the morning of the regatta, it was to their interest to sometimes change from one class to another, according to the condition of the wind. Compelling entries to be made 24 hours in advance would overcome this difficulty. The members considered this a good idea and the amendment was unanimously adopted.

That the following be added to the said rule as paragraph 2 thereof: Prior to the first race in which a yacht may compete in any circuit its owner shall deposit a certificate of measurement with the association officer mentioned in Rule 1, which certificate shall be in the form following or to the like effect: "We hereby certify that ——, the owner of the —— rigged yacht ——, is at present a member of the —— yacht club in good standing, and that the measurements of said yacht, in accordance with Rule 2, are as follows: To end of boom, ——; topsail halyard sheave to top of boom or under side of gooseneck, ——; eyes of rigging to top of boom or under side of gooseneck, ——; gaff, ——; waterline, ——; corrected length, ——; time allowance for one knot, ——. ——, measurer; ——, secretary. ——, 189—.

"Should any change be made in the rig or measurement of a yacht during a circuit a new certificate shall be deposited with such officer before such yacht shall be allowed to compete in any subsequent race." All of the clauses except the last one, which was struck out, were adopted.

(9) That in the form of entry mentioned in Rule 4 the words "her association number is ——" be inserted between the words "her distinguishing flag is ——" and "her rig is ——," and that the words "her time allowance for one knot is ——" be inserted after the words "and her corrected length in accordance with Rule 2 is —ft." Carried.

(10) That the words "when the number of entries required have been made and shall, at the direction of the sailing committee, be entitled to the prize, subject, however, to Rule 5" in Rule 6, be struck out and the following substituted therefor, "when two entries have been made and shall be entitled to the prize, subject, however, to Rule 5." Carried.

(11) That paragraph 1 of Rule 3, relating to distinguishing flags, be struck out. Carried.

(12) That the words "no one shall be allowed, however, to steer a yacht in any race unless he be a member of a club belonging to the Association," in Rule 11, be struck out.

This last proposed amendment brought about a prolonged discussion, in which nearly all of the delegates took part. Some of the members thought that the amendment should not be adopted, as it would give the wealthier yachtsmen an advantage over other competitors in a race, as they could engage professional men to steer their boats. President Boswell said that if the amendment was not adopted the very best yachts in the Association would be handicapped in not being sufficiently manned. He believed that the very best men should be placed at the helm. It was the same as a racehorse exactly, and the question was, How can we make the greatest speed? They were sailing for money, and it would be unjust to place an inferior boat in a position to win through inability to have the better one properly handled. Besides this, he did not think that a man present could define an amateur yachtsman. Any man who had made money through sailing could not be classed as an amateur. There was a case down at Cobourg (a little town that deserved credit for giving them a regatta). He referred to Cuthbert, a boatbuilder and yachtsman, who made his living in that way, and yet it could not be said that he was either a professional or an amateur. A man purchasing a boat should be allowed to get the utmost speed out of that boat. There was not a club in England that would tolerate such a rule.

Mr. Blake thought that some distinction should be made between the yachts in order not to affect the interests of either the large or smaller boats. He therefore moved, seconded by Mr. Wallbridge, that the amendment only apply to boats of 35ft. and over. Mr. Brown said that if this were carried there would only be three boats affected by it, the Oriole, Vreda and Aileen, and perhaps the Cygnet. Mr. Blake's motion was put and declared lost for want of a two-thirds majority. In view of this Mr. World moved, seconded by Mr. Lee, that Mr. Blake's amendment, changed so as to read 30 instead of 35ft., be adopted, which was carried by a two-thirds vote.

(13) That the words "the distinguishing flag" in line six of Rule 20 be struck out, and the words "a flag" be substituted therefor.

(14) That the following be added to Rule 24 at the end thereof, "and no yacht shall be allowed to alter her rig or ballast to enable her to sail in a different class than the one for which she was originally measured, unless her owner can show to the satisfaction of the sailing committee that it is his intention to sail permanently in the class to which he is altering his yacht."

"When there is no race for a yacht in the class to which she belongs she shall be allowed to sail in the class above, time allowance to be computed to her corrected length."

(15) That the words "to which said yacht belongs," in line 4 of Rule 25 be struck out, and the words "belonging to the association" be substituted therefor. Carried.

(16) That in the table of time allowances the words "can be expressed in hundredths" be substituted for the words "can be expressed in tenths" in the second line of page 37, and that all the words after "the next higher number" in the same sentence be struck out. Carried.

The Rochester Y. C. gave notice of the following amendment:

That instead of the words "40 per cent." on the last line of page 25 the words "50 per cent." be inserted, and that the table of time allowance be altered in accordance therewith. Carried.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. gave notice of the following amendments:

(1) That the words on page 21 from "bee hole" to "jibboom" be struck out and the words "bowsprit end" be substituted therefor, and that the words "or bowsprit" be added after the word "boom" where it occurs on line 13 of same page. That the word "or" on the next line be struck out and the word "bowsprit" be inserted after the word "boom."

(2) That the words from "a member" to the end of Rule 11 be struck out, and the words "an amateur" be substituted therefor.

(3) That at the end of Rule 24 there be added "and in no race shall any two or more classes be combined."

Not one of the Royal Canadian amendments were adopted. The first was withdrawn and the second and third were lost by vote of the meeting. This concluded the notices of amendments, and the chairman said the meeting was open to hear any suggestions or new ideas from the delegates. Mr. C. A. B. Brown, who, it was expected, would propose some change in the usual circuit, said that he had promised during the regattas of the past season to make a move for the shortening of the circuit. It appeared to him to be all work and no play. He thought that four places at which to hold regattas, namely, Toronto, Hamilton, Oswego and Rochester, would form a sufficiently large circuit. In some of the places it was felt a hardship to give a regatta each year, and it cost the club a considerable sum of money. If it was intended to give regattas this year he believed that some move should be made to shorten the circuit, or to discuss how the circuit should be divided up. He was not objecting on his own behalf, but he believed there was a feeling in that direction and had brought the matter up before the meeting in order to have it ventilated. Mr. Mott of the Oswego Y. C. said that the matter had been talked over a good deal in their club since the last summer's regatta, and their members were getting tired of soliciting subscriptions. They were also getting tired of contributing so freely. After looking at the matter well they had concluded that it would be a good idea to unite Oswego and Rochester and give two or three day's racing at Great Sodus Bay where there are ample accommodations. He believed if this suggestion were acted upon they could have the greatest races of the circuit and would receive enough subscriptions from the railways and hotels at that resort to satisfy all. Mr. Cartwright, Rochester Y. C., stated that their club favored the union races at Great Sodus Bay outlined by Mr. Mott. He thought if they did this they could have an excellent regatta and a general cruise as well. He would be in favor of holding the regatta inside the piers on the bay, as there was plenty of water and the attraction would be greater to the public. Visitors would come from Oswego and Rochester, and he thought the railroad would render willing assistance. His club would much rather have a three of four days' meet than a race at Oswego and Rochester. Mr. Jarvis, Hamilton Y. C., was not very sure that this scheme would be a successful one. He pointed out that the Inter-State Yacht Association was killed in one year by these meets. It was more of a cruising general good time with little racing.

The Oswego and Rochester delegates were unanimous, however, in expressing a belief that it would lessen expenses and facilitate matters in both of the New York clubs. They thought the scheme should be adopted for a year to see how it would work.

Mr. Monck, Hamilton Y. C., moved that the Tuesday nearest July 15 be the day for the first regatta. He gave his reasons for desiring that the regattas begin earlier than last season. He considered July a better racing month than September, as it was not so cold, and he believed there was little if any difference in the velocity of the wind. It would also enable business men to get back to their work at an earlier day, which was very desirable. If the scheme for the holding of the Rochester-Oswego meet at Sodus Bay was carried out, he would suggest that that regatta be the last of the circuit, as the yachtsmen would not be able to do any sailing afterward. The question of holding a regatta at Cobourg was discussed, and the president and Mr. Brown concurred in the opinion that the matter should be left in the hands the executive. If Cobourg expresses a desire to come in, they can choose a day after the circuit had been completed and nearly all of the clubs would go there. Acting upon Mr. Monck's motion, the schedule for next summer's regattas was formulated as follows:

Tuesday, July 14, at Hamilton. Thursday, July 16, at Toronto R.C.Y.C. Friday, July 17, at Toronto Q.C.Y.C. Monday, July 20, at Rochester. Thursday, July 23, at Oswego.

Mr. Wallbridge, Rochester Y. C., said that in view of the fact that the regatta committees had arduous duties to perform in the raising of money for prizes, he would suggest that trophies be given instead of cash. He believes this would relieve matters to some extent, and wished to hear the expression of the meeting. Mr. Monck thought that the clubs had been giving too much money in prizes. He saw no necessity for any club giving $1,000 in prizes. The majority of yachtsmen sailed for the love of the sport and not for the money there was in it. He would not, however, favor giving trophies, as he believed they would cost the club more than is expended at present.

Mr. Martin, Q. C. Y. C., expressed regret on behalf of his club that they had been unable to give a regatta last year. It was a rule of their club to raise no moneys for prizes outside of their own members. This year they had a guarantee from the members and expected to give a good regatta.

Mr. Mott moved that the connection of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. cease with the Association, but the chairman referring to the constitution declared that such a motion was out of order. Several of the delegates wished to have the Bay of Quinte club expelled forthwith. Others thought that a meeting should be called in Hamilton on the day of the first regatta, at which Belleville would be allowed to explain her position, while some of the more thoughtful members felt that the Association could not be too lenient in the matter, as it was most desirable that Belleville should retain a position in the Association. It was moved by Mr. Jarvis, seconded by Mr. Monck, that the next meeting of the Association be held in Oswego. (Carried unanimously.) Officers for the ensuing year was then elected as follows: President, J. T. Mott, Oswego Y. C.; Vice-President, Matt Cartwright, Rochester Y. C.; Honorary Secretary, Geo. E. Evans, R. C. Y. C., Toronto; Executive Committee, Com. Allan, Q. C. Y. C., Toronto; J. F. Monck, ex-commodore Hamilton Y. C.; J. B. Carruthers, commodore Kingston Y. C.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers, also to ex-Com. McGaw and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening the visiting delegates were banqueted by the members of the Royal Canadian Y. C. Many fraternal speeches were made, in which the gentlemen from New York State complimented their Royal Canadian brethren on their ability to entertain visiting yachtsmen.

AN AMERICAN DESIGN IN DUTCH WATERS.

IN 1889 Mr. A. Cary Smith, of New York, sent the drawings and full specifications for building a centerboard yacht to Mr. J. A. Vos Van Hagenstein, a Dutch sportsman. The craft was named Stella, and her dimensions were: Length over all, 13.26m.; waterline, 11.25m.; beam, 4.27m.; draft, 1.22m. The ship was built in Amsterdam by the firm of H. Bernhard, Hull and frames made from German oak, deck from white pine. The spars were Norwegian pine, made by Gebet Schauter; sails and blocks by Ratsey & Lapthorn, Cowes. The craft has very good headroom in the cabin and ample accommodations.

Capt. Tom Sloan came from England to rig her and to take the helm in her maiden race, which took place on June 22, with a nice S.W. breeze. Her rivals were Girofla, an old flat centerboard boat of Belgian origin, and Nellie, a more modern and deep centerboard boat, built in 1888 in Amsterdam, also by Mr. Bernhard. At the start Stella's spinaker broke out too soon, causing a very bad start and delaying her considerably.

During the race the wind increased and she proved to have too little ballast, and hung so as to lose all headway. Course, 18 miles. The result was:

	Racing tons.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Stella	13.0	3 04 03	3 04 03
Girofla	12.5	3 02 57	3 02 32
Nellie	11.6	3 03 38	3 02 26

After having shipped some more ballast, she took part in the annual cruise of the Koninkligt Nederlandsche Zeil en Roeiver-eeniging upon the Zuiderzee, during which three matches were sailed.

FIRST MATCH.

	Racing tons.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sirene, centerboard	28	3 32 26	3 32 26
Miage, centerboard	26	3 23 44	3 21 59
Isis, keel	14	3 47 01	3 39 40
Stella, centerboard	13	3 38 54	3 30 42
Girofla, centerboard	12.5	4 01 32	3 52 53
Nellie, centerboard	11.6	3 39 22	3 29 53

Course 19 miles, wind W.N.W., topsail breeze. Girofla parted a backstay, causing her much delay.

SECOND MATCH.

Sirene	3 09 36	3 09 36
Miage	3 23 46	3 22 06
Isis	3 27 28	3 20 30
Stella	3 08 24	3 00 38
Girofla	3 21 13	3 13 02
Nellie	3 19 51	3 10 52

Course 18 miles, wind S.W., feeble, afterward powerful.

THIRD MATCH.

Sirene	4 23 45	4 23 45
Miage	4 38 24	4 36 22
Isis	4 21 57	4 13 26
Stella	4 14 02	4 04 33
Girofla	5 38 30	5 28 29
Nellie	4 31 52	4 20 53

Course 22 miles, wind W., light.

Sirene and Miage are both powerful boats with cruising rigs, and would have done better with more wind and sea. Isis, the new Fife cutter, had just arrived from Scotland and was handicapped by bad handling and lack of additional sails. She is 40ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 6ft. draft. The next race took place on Aug. 24 near Antwerp, upon the river Schelde.

	Racing tons.	Corrected.
Osiris	14	9 33 17
Stella	13	8 39 25
Girofla	12.5	Not timed.

Course 46 miles with stream. Wind light and very fluky, making the race a mere drift. Osiris, a new Fife cutter, equal to Isis, sailed all day without light sails. The race was not a show of the merits of the boats.

Her sixth and last race she sailed on Sept. 27, near Rotterdam, on the River Meuse. Course, 20 miles, down stream with ebb, up stream with flood:

	Racing tons.	Allows.	Down stream.
Zwerver, cutter	15.	Allows.	2 37 33
Osiris, cutter	14.	0 00 52	2 42 59
Stella, centerboard	13.	0 01 48	2 46 52
Girofla, centerboard	12.5	0 02 17	2 54 39
Dauntless (Nellie), centerboard	11.6	0 03 13	2 48 26

At 12 o'clock the flood came in and the fleet started up stream before the wind with all sails possible set:

Zwerver	1 55 01	Girofla	2 02 59
Osiris	1 54 35	Dauntless	2 01 46
Stella	1 58 07		

Stella tore her mainsail just before starting. It was repaired so that she could start on time, and as the course was with the wind aft it did little or no harm. Full times:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zwerver	4 32 34	4 32 34
Osiris	4 37 34	4 36 42
Stella	4 44 59	4 43 11
Girofla	4 57 38	4 55 21
Dauntless	4 50 06	4 46 53

Zwerver is a new Fife cutter like Isis and Osiris, but a little larger, and arrived in August from Scotland after a very stormy voyage. The race was fair and the wind good and of equal strength. The craft were all very well handled. As yet Stella has proved to be a very fast and safe boat, but the Fife boats have showed themselves fully her equal. Much interest is felt as to which next year will lead their class, which runs from 10 to 20 racing tons according to French rules: $T = \frac{\left(\frac{P}{4}\right)^2 \times (L - \frac{1}{2}B)}{5.5}$

P=girth + largest beam in metres.

ROWING AND SCULLING, SAILING, SWIMMING.—The second volume of the "Handbook of Athletic Sports," lately issued by Scribner & Welford of New York, covers these three kindred subjects, each being treated by a recognized expert. Mr. W. B. Woodgate, who writes on rowing and sculling, is too well known as an oarsman and an author to need an introduction, his present work is comprehensive and clearly written, being brought down to date. It covers all branches of rowing and sculling, including in particular the history and use of the sliding seat. The author of the treatise on sailing, Mr. E. F. Knight, is well known to yachtsmen through his venturous cruises in the Falcon, and as might be expected he has dealt out some interesting and practical instruction to the young sailor. His explanations and directions are clear and explicit and cover, as far as the space permits the whole field of yachting. While the book will not take the place of a library of larger and more costly volumes, the reader will find a great deal that is valuable concerning the choice and handling of boats and yachts, the fitting and laying up, the rules of the road, the principles of navigation and similar matters. The third section of the book, on swimming, is by Messrs. M. and J. R. Corbett and includes a thorough analysis of the various motions, with descriptions of the different methods of swimming and much information on bathing in fresh and salt waters. The volume makes a very useful compendium for young athletes whose tastes tend toward the water.

INTERNATIONAL TROPHIES.—The London *Field*, which announces the fact that the Royal Victoria Club has established a £500 challenge cup, open to all nations, says: "English yachtsmen are getting so sick of the name, America's Cup, and the interminable and irritable discussion it has caused, that they have at last set up an international challenge cup of their own." We are selfish enough not to regard this as good news. We thoroughly believe in international yacht racing, but we want the racing done on this side the Atlantic. It would be better, however, for our yachtsmen to go abroad rather than not have any race at all. It is all very well to say that the America's Cup is bound to be the only one; that is all nonsense. There is a good deal of honest sentiment about this cup, and it will be a long time before another will mean as much; but, notwithstanding its precious history, it is not a necessity. If the New York Y. C. propose to so hedge it about that it cannot reasonably be got at, it will soon cease to be an imperative condition.—*Marine Journal.*

THE TWO DEEDS OF GIFT.—As we last week foretold, the Boston *Herald* has attempted to misapply the conditions of the new Royal Victoria Y. C. cup as an indorsement of the new deed of the America's Cup. By means of the omission of the time allowance clause and of some unfair and specious comparisons, the *Herald* tries to prove that the Royal Victoria conditions are but a copy of the new deed, but less fair and liberal.

CLARA.—Dr. J. C. Barron has sold his cutter Clara to Mr. C. C. Monroe, owner of Mona. Mr. Munroe had in view the purchase of the Fife 20-rater Dragon, but it is now likely that she will go to Lake Ontario as the property of Messrs. Monck and Stewart, of Hamilton.

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES ON THE PACIFIC.—The increasing business of the Gas Engine and Power Co. has led to the establishment of a branch at Tacoma, Washington, under the name of the Pacific Naphtha Launch Co. Mr. Wm. B. Hull will be the general manager.

CONSTELLATION.—Mr. Burgess has completed the plans for changing the schooner Constellation to a cutter, and if the yacht is not sold the change will be made during the winter.

LLOYDS YACHT REGISTER.—We have just received the supplement to Lloyds Yacht Register, containing alterations and additions to Sept. 30, 1890.

STRANGER, steam yacht, has been sold by Geo. S. Scott to J. G. Hoagland, former owner of the steamer Lagonda. The price is stated as $75,000.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: C.V.Winne, Albany, N.Y.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, NY
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER:
EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM.: G. L. Parmele, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appolonio, Winchester.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM.: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the executive committee was held at the Thorndike, Boston, on Nov. 15, Com. Lawson presiding. The following members were present from the various Divisions, besides the Sec'y-Treas., Mr. R. F. Brazer. Eastern Division, Vice-Com. J. W. Cartright, Boston; Rear-Com. G. L. Parmele, Hartford; Purser R. Appolonio, Winchester: Messrs. Paul Butler, Lowell; Sidney Bishop, Bridgeport, and E. S. Towne, Holyoke. Central Division, Vice-Com. C. V. Winne, Albany; Rear-Com. T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, Ohio; Purser W. Howard Brown, Albany; Mr. H. M. Stewart, Rochester. Atlantic Division, Vice-Com. I. V. Dorland, Arlington, N. J.; H. L. Quick, Yonkers, while Rear-Com. Anderson was represented by M. V. Brokaw as proxy; Purser R. D. Hobart by W. J. Stewart, and H. M. Kreamer by W. P. Stephens. The Northern Division sent no representatives. The total number of the executive committee is 23, of whom 14 were present in person and 3 were represented by proxies, leaving 6 absent. There were also present Mr. Burchard, of the camp site committee of 1889; Messrs. Gage and Palmer, of the new regatta committee; Mr. Hand, of the transportation committee; the retiring sec'y-treas. Mr. Dunnell, and Mr. C. D. Mead, of Dayton, Ohio, and Mr. C. B. Vaux, of New York.

The meeting was called to order at 10:30 A. M., the minutes of the previous meetings at camp being read and approved. The reports of the secretary-treasurer and also of the Division pursers were then read, the latter showing a membership of 935, distributed as follows: Central Division 162, Atlantic 297, Eastern 296 and Northern 180. The financial reports of the Divisions, which will be published later, were very satisfactory, except in the case of the Northern Division, which reports a deficit of $75, which it is unable to pay. Letters were read from Vice-Com. White and Purser Whitlaw, stating the condition of the Division and requesting that the indebtedness to the general treasury might be allowed to stand until next year. Mr. Burchard read a very full report of the camp site committee, showing the receipts and expenditures, the latter being about $123 in excess of the former. With the receipt of the money due from the Northern Division this would leave a balance of $48, which Mr. Burchard offered to arrange himself. It was suggested that the Atlantic Division should make loan from its surplus to the Northern Division. A conference of the Atlantic Division was held, at which it was decided to make an offer to advance the whole sum of $123 to the general treasury on account of future payments for 1891-2, which offer, on motion of Mr. Butler, seconded by Vice-Com. Parmele, was accepted.

The following report of the regatta committee, submitted by the chairman, Mr. French, was then read. The report was not signed by Mr. MacKendrick, not having been completed in time to mail to him, and a separate letter was received from him, recommending the establishment of a class for the general purpose canoe.

A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE REPORT.

The by-laws of the American Canoe Association define the duties of the regatta committee in Article IX., and following will be found under the head of each prescribed duty an account of what was done by the regatta committee of 1890:

(1) "To prepare and publish not later than June 1 an order of races, including the sailing and paddling trophy races, the three record races for each class of canoe, and such other events as they deem advisable."

The programme was published in the FOREST AND STREAM April 17 and also on May 15.

Event No. 14 * * *

The amendment mentioned in above note was passed by the executive committee and so published in FOREST AND STREAM, May 22, 1890.

At the meet several extra events were called—a ladies' paddling race, a swimming race, and a mile paddling race for a silver cup presented by Mr. H. C. F. Randolph. For a detailed report of the races and names of winners see Exhibit A. Also form of entry blank, Exhibit B.

(2) "To superintend the laying out and buoying of courses."

Through the courtesy of Mr. C. V. Schuyler, of the Atlantic Division regatta committee, the buoys owned by that Division were sent to camp and marked out the triangular course.

Through the courtesy of Com. B. H. Nadal the N. Y. C. C. buoys were also sent to camp, and were used to mark off the paddling course, which lay parallel to the shore. Owing to the high wind and sea which prevailed during one night and the next day, the buoys of the N. Y. C. C. filled and sank—so it is supposed, for they were not seen again. Consequently two were afterward made to replace them at a cost of about $7.

The triangular course was a very excellent one, affording, as it always did, a start to windward.

The paddling course of one mile, with a buoy at the half mile, was necessarily laid straightaway at right angles from the dock, so that a good finishing line could be had; and it proved to be a good one, for people on shore could see each entire paddling race from start to finish.

The relative position of all buoys is shown in the diagram below.

* * * * * * * * *

(3) "To provide the prizes:"

The prizes were as fine as any ever given at an A. C. A. meet, and were almost all contributed by clubs and members who generously responded to a circular that was sent to each club represented in the Association. (For form of circular see exhibit "C.")

As the rules provide that bunting flags, with the year on each, shall be given the five honor men of the record, the committee had the flags made of a color and size denoting precedence; thus the highest record man receives a blue bunting flag, size 36×24in.; second receives a red bunting flag, size 33×22in.; third receives a white bunting flag, size 30×20in.; fourth receives an orange bunting flag, size 27×18in.; fifth receives a black bunting flag, size 24×16in. All with the letter "R" and "90" sewn into the flag.

Com. Henry Stanton presented two handsome cups for first and second prizes in the combined races, and Mr. H. C. F. Randolph presented a cup to commemorate a cruise in the adjacent waters. This latter for a special paddling race.

The sailing and paddling trophy winners were each given a large blue bunting flag, as the rule also provides, of the same size and color as the highest record flag, with the lettering changed to correspond to the event.

The only flags purchased were these bunting flags and two flags for second prizes in the tandem race, making in all but $40, which the A. C. A. spent for prizes.

Now that the Association is growing so large and has two quite valuable silver trophies that are raced for each year, as a matter of security and justice to all it was considered only proper that the winners each year be required to give a bond for the safe-keeping and the return of the trophies to the A. C. A. at the meet of the following year.

The winner of each prize was given a card signed by the members of the committee certifying that he had won —— place in —— race and was awarded prize presented by ——. This is a good idea to continue, and enough cards are on hand to meet the requirements for the next two years. (For names of donors of prizes and the winners, also form of card see exhibit "D.")

(4) "To secure such assistance as is needed to run the regatta."

The assistance of Mr. Edward Brown, the chief signal officer, was of utmost importance, as through him were all announcements made to the camp of the time of sailing each event on the programme. The start for all sailing races was also signaled both by the gun and the flag code under the supervision of the chief signal officer.

Mr. Chas. D. Mead devoted his entire time to assisting the committee in a most able manner, for without him the results of the races and record would not have been posted so quickly. The committee are also greatly indebted to Gen. R. S. Oliver for a launch which he tendered for the use of the regatta committee on three days.

(5) "To decide all protests."

No protests were made (a communication was received, however, from a club purser the day following an event in which two of his club members participated, which was not even considered, as it was not made by either contestant in the manner provided for in the rules).

(6) "They shall post the course and conditions of each race on the bulletin board at least one hour before the race is called, and shall have entire control of all the races at the camp."

This was complied with in all races except the unimportant ones, as upset paddling, for they had to be called at times when it was impossible to foresee where a course could be had on account of the wind and the yachts which landed visitors and then anchored off close together. So that the committee used the authority given them in clause 6 and notified those entered in those races to be in readiness at a certain time, and before the start they were instructed in regard to the course and the finishing line.

(7) "They shall take charge of all the A. C. A. regatta property when they assume office, and shall turn the same over to their successors when appointed."

At the conclusion of the meet the property was taken in charge by Mr. Goddard, who is a member of the same club as the com.-elect, and they will see that the logs, flags, etc., are turned over to the next committee.

(8) "They shall submit a full report to the commodore before the executive committee meeting and a condensed report to the secretary for publication in the Year Book."

The report has been sent to the secretary, and this with the appended account of the races and expenses (Exhibit E) forms the report.

EDWIN L. FRENCH, Chairman,
D. S. GODDARD,
} Regatta Committee.

Exhibit E.

STATEMENT OF EXPENSES, A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE.

S. Hemmenway for trophy and club flags	$15 00
5 bunting record flags	15 00
2 silk flags	10 00
Printing numbers on cloth	12 00
Printing cards and entry blanks	4 00
Printing circulars and envelopes	2 75
79 stamps for circulars	1 58
50 stamps	1 00
Red and white cloth for buoys	2 00
Boat-hook, lost while placing buoys	1 56
Rope	30
Book for records	60
Express charges	2 50
	$68 23
Less cash contributed by Jas. R. Steers, Jr. for the purchase of flags	5 00
Amount paid out of A. C. A. treasury	$63 23

Correct. EDWIN L. FRENCH, Chairman.

It has been customary for the regatta committee to recommend any changes in the rules that have seemed to them essential and also to submit to the executive committee any amendments that have been offered affecting the sailing regulations.

This has been done heretofore in accordance with Rule XXII., which has recently been repealed; however, it is earnestly hoped that the present executive committee will good-naturedly receive this communication, and carefully consider the proposed changes and recommendations herein contained.

In the first place it is presumed that the (old) Rule XXII. will be restored, with a slight modification, as the wisdom of that rule has been but recently shown to the members of the A. C. A.

At present there is no provision made for the payment of any sum to the regatta committee to meet the expenses necessarily incurred, and it would be but right that a sum be set aside for that purpose and paid to them, say by Aug. 1 of each year, so that all bills can be paid and settled promptly. The expenses of the last two years show that about the same amount is annually required and the Association can well afford to appropriate $100 for the annual regatta, which sum should pay all bills and also provide a launch for three or four days.

The present conditions of the paddling trophy race are quite satisfactory, at least no objections were heard at the meet, nor since.

The rule awarding but bunting flags to the record winners was strictly adhered to, and although each flag was different in size and color, still considerable surprise was expressed, as it has always been the practice to award the five best flags to those five men, it might be better to return to the original way and give but the blue bunting flag to the highest record winner in addition to his other flag.

A way has been suggested to prevent the canoe from degenerating into a machine entirely. It is this, that all races of the A. C. A., except the trophy sailing and trophy paddling races, shall be confined to a class known as "the general purpose canoe," which, besides complying with the present rule of measurement, shall have no deck seat projecting beyond the sides of the canoe, no centerboard that projects above the deck when housed, and shall have a cockpit not under 16in. wide for a length of 4ft., with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which 5ft. must be entirely clear. This shall not bar any canoe built prior to Dec. 31, 1890.

Of course, such a rule, if adopted, would be for the benefit of cruising canoes only, while the same result, that of giving more prominence to "all-around canoes and canoeists," might be obtained by not restricting the appliances and internal arrangement of a canoe; but by simply saying that a canoe cannot enter the sailing record and paddling record races unless it had previously entered and finished in the combined with the same sails. The combined race would then be necessarily the first race on the programme.

By thus confining the record races to only those that enter all three races (for it is obvious that a man who finishes in the combined race is working for a record), it will stimulate more entries in those events and at the same time be doing only justice to all-around canoeists. For will not the extreme sailors and paddlers have their own classes in the two trophy races?

There has always been too long a programme of races, and if it can be cut down any why so much the better, leaving the minor events to be called at camp at any time when there is a calm or

during visitors' day. The present rules require the three record races which are for the all-around canoeists; the sailing trophy and Pecowsic Cup races for the extreme sailors, and the paddling trophy for the extreme paddlers. So no other races are absolutely necessary except for the sport they afford spectators as well as contestants.

The novice race might well be a race by itself, say once around the triangle, for nowadays they lose sight of one another and are lost sight of themselves by being obliged to take chances in the large sailing race.

The innovation this year was the signal code, so ably conducted, and it should be continued, if possible, as it facilitates matters very materially, especially in the announcement of races.

It is desired that the proposed amendments submitted herewith will be carefully considered at the executive meeting, as they embody the different views that have been expressed.

EDWIN L. FRENCH, Chairman.

PROPOSED CHANGES TO THE SAILING REGULATIONS. A. C. A.

Change title to Racing Rules.

(Change recommended by Mr. MacKendrick and not by Messrs. Goddard and French.)

Rule I. After the paragraph on measurements, insert instead of last paragraph:

"The general-purpose canoe shall be one which conforms to the above conditions and in addition has a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of four feet, with a sleeping space of six feet, of which at least five feet shall be clear, there must be no projecting centerboard when housed and no sliding seats or standing sails. The regatta committee may rule out any canoe which in their opinion does not conform to the spirit of these regulations.

"The foregoing rules of measurement shall not be interpreted to disqualify any canoe built prior to Jan. 1, 1891, which conforms to the rules prior to that date."

(By Mr. Mackendrick.)

Rule II. Change second paragraph to read:

"A member can enter but one canoe for races at any one meet, except for the sailing and paddling trophies and Pecowsic Cup, and no other member shall be permitted to enter the same canoe."

(Proposed change to Rule V. recommended by Mr. Goddard and Mr. French.)

Rule V. should read:

Flags shall be given for prizes as follows: A first prize in each race and a second in each race where more than two finish. The winners of the paddling trophy, the sailing trophy and the highest record score shall be given blue bunting flags (36×24in.) with the race and year sewn in white letters in each flag. And the five highest record men shall be given the five best flags in the gift of the committee. A large A. C. A. flag, size 36×24in., with the word "club" and the year sewn in white letters on the red field shall be given to the club whose three members win the largest aggregate number of points of the record. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the regatta committee, but no prizes of money shall be raced for.

(a) Races.—There shall be three record races. No. 1, combined paddling and sailing; No. 2, Paddling; No. 3, Sailing; and the combined race shall be contested for first. To obtain a place on the record, a contestant must enter and finish in all three record races, using the same sails in both races. Should any accident occur, however, the committee may permit another suit of sails to be used if necessary. And such contestant shall receive a credit number according to position, relative to each other in each race. Thus, the highest number given in each race, being equal to the number of contestants finishing, the next one less, and so on; the three numbers being added together give the credit amount of the record. The contestant obtaining the highest aggregation of points becomes the leading honor man of the year.

(b) There shall be a race for the paddling trophy, distance one mile, straightaway. The number of entries shall be unlimited. This race shall be exempt from the provision in Rule II., that a member can enter but one canoe for races at any one meet.

(c) There shall be a race for the sailing trophy, distance 7½ miles on the triangle, with a time limit of three hours. No limit to rig or ballast. This race shall be exempt from the provision in Rule II., that a member can enter but one canoe for races at any one meet.

Accredited representatives of foreign clubs, not exceeding five in number, shall be eligible. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be filled by competitors in a trial sailing race over the course. The first ten at the finish and the balance if any shall be selected by the regatta committee.

Rule XII.—Omit words "for back strokes to leeward in tacking."

Rule XXII. should read:

These rules may be amended by a majority vote of the entire executive committee, provided the proposed amendment has been reported on by the regatta committee, and has been published for four weeks in the official organs.

This last amendment is strongly recommended.

EDWIN L. FRENCH, Chairman,
D. S. GODDARD,
} Regatta Committee.

A letter to the executive committee from the Ianthe C. C., appealing from the decision of the regatta committee in regard to the paddling upset race, was then read, and on motion of Rear Com. Parmele, seconded by Mr. Stephens, the appeal and the report were both laid on the table. The following report of the librarian was then read and accepted:

REPORT OF THE LIBRARIAN.

To the Commodore and Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN—As the work allotted to your librarian on his appointment last year was merely the custody of the records of the Association, there is little for him to report. It would occupy unnecessary time to enumerate in detail the property turned over to his custody by Sec'y-Treas. Dunnell, but it may be briefly summarized as follows: Old record and account books, various dates from 1880 downward; applications for membership and votes on same; vouchers and cancelled checks; reports of pursers; reports of standing and special committees; private signals and club books of 1881 and '82; old year books; old camp programmes; old camp badges; printed copies of former constitution; blank envelopes; blank steamboat certificates, 1887; blank receipt and measurer's books; general correspondence and reports, of various dates; and lastly cruises reported by members. This somewhat miscellaneous collection, constituting the archives of the Association, is now stored by your librarian at his home, the various documents being neatly assorted and docketed.

As your librarian has been severely criticised in regard to the conduct of his office, a brief statement in reply may not be out of place. It has been stated that he has done nothing toward carrying out the work indicated in Art. II. of the Constitution; and the abolition of the office is suggested. A sufficient answer to this is found in the motion under which the office of librarian was created at the annual meeting of 1889, which read as follows: Resolved, That Mr. W. P. Stephens be appointed librarian of the A. C. A., to put records, etc., of the Association, and other papers belonging to the A. C. A. in proper shape, and to take custody of them. The minute book further states "The usual compensation was granted Mr. Stephens." Art. II. specifies as one of the objects of the Association the "keeping of logs of voyages, records of water ways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books."

Beyond the cruises mentioned in the first portion of this report, the A. C. A. possesses none of the property enumerated in Art. II., there are no records of water ways, drawings of boats, nor collections of maps and charts. In defining the duties of the librarian, no mention of Art. II. was made, no appropriations were made for the purchase of books or charts, nor was the librarian authorized or instructed to establish a library at his own cost or on an eleemosynary basis. His duties, as in the motion above quoted, were purely those of a custodian, and these he respectfully submits he has endeavored to fulfil, and is willing to lay down or undertake further at the pleasure of the Association.

There is undoubtedly a wide field indicated in the last clause of Art. II. which the Association has never properly taken up, but which might be productive of much benefit to members. At the same time the experience of your librarian for a number of years in a similar work of collecting and distributing gratuitous information leads to the belief that such work can only be thoroughly done by a salaried official, and at some cost, unless the Association should be fortunate enough to find a member with the leisure and means to carry it out at his own expense, or unless some of the journals devoted to canoeing will generously undertake the task. The only scheme yet suggested for meeting the salary of the librarian and the expenses of the office is noticeable solely from its novelty and not from its merit, being to the effect that the librarian should advertise himself as a dispenser of information on the plan of the familiar and humble "nickel in the slot" machine; put a quarter in the slot and hear the librarian inform.

While certain work might be done, there is much of that indicated in Art. II. which is now unnecessary. The collection and publication of drawings of canoes, an expensive detail, is very fully covered by the canoeing journals; a library of books and charts, which would necessarily be fixed in one locality, would prove of little use to such a body as the A. C. A., whose membership is so widely scattered, and might become a source of discord and jealousy between various sections. The collection and publication of logs of cruises depends much on the individual members who have with hardly an exception neglected it. To obtain such cruises in a form that would make them of any value, would require a large amount of correspondence on the part of the officer, which would be greatly increased by the labor of arranging and classifying all the information acquired, and the accompanying task of imparting his information to inquirers.

Should it be deemed desirable at this time to endeavor to carry out the work indicated in Art. II., your librarian would suggest that in the first place this work be limited solely to the collection, preservation and, if possible, distribution of information relating to the inland water ways of the country; and that further, this work should be placed in the hands of an officer in each Division, who should be appointed for a term of several years. Two years since, when Vice-Com. of the Atlantic Division, your librarian undertook on his own responsibility a work of this kind, securing good maps of the Atlantic Division and making a classified list of all canoeable waters, arranged under various heads, as lakes, rivers, canals, etc. Each of these was traced on the map and colored in a way to indicate whether suitable for sailing or paddling, the plan possessing other details which would take too long to describe now. Unfortunately this work was stopped by other Division duties, and has never been resumed. There is a vast field here for the A. C. A. to carry out one of the favorite ideas of its founder, Mr. N. H. Bishop, in the collection of information, both technical and historical, concerning American rivers and watercourses; and should such a task be put into successful operation the good results will not only redound to the benefit of the Association, but will in the future be useful alike to the historian and the student.

W. P. STEPHENS, Librarian, A. C. A.

At 1 P. M. a recess was taken, the entire party visiting the house of the Boston Athletic Club as the guests of Com. Lawson. After a lunch and an inspection of the elegant club house, the party returned to the hotel, and the business was resumed at 3 P. M.

The first subject introduced was that of an increased membership of the Association, Com. Lawson outlining a scheme for the publication of six supplements per year to the *Sail and Paddle*, containing all A. C. A. news, and mailed to every member of the Association. It is proposed to include in each a blank proposal for membership, with a request that each member will endeavor to interest other canoeists. A very full discussion followed, the members all approving of the plan. The question of expense of mailing the supplements, and also the year books, was also discussed, and in view of the small percentage paid by each Division to the general treasury, 30 per cent., it was decided that this expense should be borne by the Divisions. On motion of Vice-Com. Dorland, seconded by Mr. W. J. Stewart, Com. Lawson was empowered to arrange for the supplements, the expense of mailing them and the year books being defrayed by the divisions.

The next matter brought up was that of the dues of members joining after the close of the canoeing season, and after discussion Messrs. W. J. Stewart and W. P. Stephens were appointed to draw up an amendment to Art. I of the By-Laws, Sec. 2. The committee reported the following amendment, which was adopted: Members joining the Association after Sept. 30 shall pay no dues for the current year.

The question of amendments and by-laws was next taken up, and after discussing a number of proposed changes a motion was made by Mr. Brokaw, seconded by Mr. W. J. Stewart, for the appointment of a committee to arrange the various proposals. Messrs. Brokaw, Stewart and Cartright were appointed by the commodore.

A petition for the rescinding of the late motion concerning the standing sail was then read and laid on the table. A letter from Ex-Com. Stanton was then read, in which he strongly recommended a permanent camp site. Letters were read from Vice-Com. White and from the new purser of the Northern Division, Mr. Porteous, announcing the latter's inability to serve, and on motion of Mr. Towne, seconded by Vice-Com. Winne, to the following effect, was passed: "Resolved, that the executive committee of the Northern Division be vested with the power to elect a successor to Mr. Porteous, as purser."

The committee on amendments reported a number of amendments to the constitution and by-laws in brief as follows, which were carried: To add the word librarian to the list of officers in Art. V., making his term of office for three years and defining his duties; providing that in the absence of the commodore the other officers shall take command in order of rank; providing that the pursers shall forward money to the secretary-treasurer before the general meet, and changing the wording of Art. XII. in regard to publication in the official organs. In the by-laws a change was made in accordance with a motion by Mr. Stephens, inserting in the book an amendment passed in 1888 in regard to visitors in camp, a change, however, being made on motion of Mr. Brokaw by making the limit one instead of two nights. On motion of Mr. Stephens Art. IX., defining the duties of the regatta committee, was amended to accord with the amendment of Rule XXII. of the racing rules. A clause in regard to the secretary's badge was inserted in Art. X. The words "or librarian" was added in Art. XI. after the words "official organs."

Mr. Stephens was then nominated for the office of librarian for three years, but declined to accept the office save as a custodian of the records of the Association. An effort was made to induce Mr. Vaux to accept the nomination, but he declined, and Mr. Stephens was unanimously elected.

Mr. Buddington, camp site committee, had promised to be present, but did not appear. Mr. Butler, also of the committee, reported on Willsborough Point, just below Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, a spot lately visited by him in company with Com. Lawson and Messrs. Buddington and Winné. The site promised so well from the reports of these gentlemen, backed by Mr. Mead, that a motion was made by Vice-Com. Cortright, amended and seconded by Mr. Stephens, to the effect that the commodore and camp site committee should be instructed to hold the meet here if all satisfactory arrangements could be made; if not, to select another spot without securing a vote from the committee. After some discussion, the date of the meet was set for three weeks, as lately proposed by Mr. Wilkin, or from Aug. 6 to 27. A number of lady members were then elected. On motion of Vice-Com. Winné, seconded by Vice-Com. Dorland, the sum of $100 was appropriated for the use of the regatta committee.

Messrs. Gage and Palmer, of the new regatta committee, now reported on the proposed changes of the rules, based upon the report of Mr. French and the letter of Mr. MacKendrick. As it was nearing the hour for the dinner there was not time to decide on the many important points, but they were discussed as fully as possible in order to bring out the views of the members, the task of putting the amendments into proper form being left to the new committee, to be voted on finally by mail. We cannot give the discussion in full, but the leading points were as follows: The recommendation of Mr. MacKendrick in regard to a general purpose canoe, with a cruising well, a centerboard that houses within the canoe, a sliding seat limited to the beam of the canoe, and a rig that can be hoisted and lowered, was generally favored, Com. Lawson stating that out of a very large number of letters from canoeists received by him on the matter of the racing rules, nearly all favored the recognition of such a boat. The question of the races into which such a canoe might enter brought out many opinions, Mr. Quick pointing out that it would be very unjust to limit certain of the present races to this new class and to the existing canoes or those built before Jan. 1, 1891, as proposed by Mr. MacKendrick; as in such a case, while it inflicted no injury on the present racers, depriving them of no races, it would work to exclude all new racers, the result being that the present sailing canoes, which would almost to a certainty win from the general purpose canoes in most races, would be without any new competitors, no new racers being allowed to enter against them. In this way the present racers would have a monopoly of the racing, being practically unlimited. The final decision of the members was in favor of leaving the racers in possession of the present programme for next year, but at the same time establishing the limits of a class of general purpose canoe, one or two races for which should be arranged by the regatta committee.

Mr. Stephens then moved that the limits for the racing canoes be made only 16ft. long and 30in. beam, with the present sliding scale, and that the present limits to drop of board, depth of keel and keel band, weight of centerboards, depth of keel, weight of board and ballast, should be removed; which motion was lost. Mr. Butler then moved that a special race should be given at the meet for a canoe under such limits as proposed by Mr. Stephens, in order to allow full scope for all experiments in the direction of speed alone; which motion was carried. Dr. Gage proposed a limitation of depth, in order to prevent the building of a cutter canoe, his suggestion being that the lowest point of the keel should not be more than 15in. below the level of the lowest point of the sheerline; thus in a canoe having 5in. freeboard a draft of 10in. would be allowed. The suggestion was approved by the meeting, but was not incorporated in the racing rules. The minor changes proposed in the committee's report, the change of title to racing rules, the dropping of the clause concerning the use of the paddle, and the amendment to Rule XXII., were generally approved of. In regard to Rule XXII. there is an unanimous feeling that the recent unauthorized change should be remedied at once, and the rule restored in a more stringent form than it originally had. The protest of the Ianthe C. C. was next considered, and on motion of Dr. Gage the race was declared void, the conditions not having been properly posted.

The following petition was then taken from the table:

To the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN—We, the undersigned, respectfully petition your body to reconsider the motion passed at the meeting of the executive committee on Aug. 18 in regard to standing sails. Our primary reason for asking for this reconsideration is that we believe it prejudicial to the interests of the Association that any change of importance should be made in the sailing regulations without some notice being given of the proposed change. In our opinion the passage, without due publicity, of any rule that antagonizes a considerable number, tends to destroy the confidence that has always been placed in the executive committee. We therefore consider it desirable that the motion herein referred to be rescinded, and that the question be taken up at the executive committee meeting in October, after a publication in general terms of the proposed change.

W. P. Stephens,	Paul Butler,	H. C. Ward,
R. W. Gibson,	M. G. Foster,	J. K. Bakewell,
B. H. Nadal,	D. S. Goddard,	T. G. Buddington.
R. W. Bailey,	H. O. Bailey,	Wm. Whitlock,
Jas. R. Steers, Jr.,	L. G. Seavey,	R. N. Dennison,
H. E. Rice,	E. W. Brown,	C. L. Norton,
F. W. Kitchell,	G. L. Parmele,	L. B. Palmer,
E. C. Knappe,	W. B. Davidson,	F. F. Andrews,
E. H. Barney,	J. N. McKendrick,	F. L. Mix,
F. A. Nickerson,	W. G. McKendrick,	R. S. Oliver,
	W. B. Wackerhagen.	

Mr. Butler moved that all legislation in regard to the standing sail and sliding seat should be declared void, which motion was seconded by Mr. Quick. The question of the vote of 1889 was first taken up, Com. Lawson ruling that as this vote was not recorded in the minutes of the Association and only appeared in the form of letters from the members of the executive committee, the present meeting could take no cognizance of it. Mr. Butler then moved that the resolution passed at the meeting of Aug. 18 be rescinded, as requested in the petition. On this point the commodore ruled that as the motion in question was made without a recommendation of the regatta committee, and as it was not made as an amendment to the sailing rules, it was inoperative, and no reason existed for its repeal, it being in fact but an expression of opinion on the part of the committee. In answer to a question, the commodore stated that the motion was simply a part of the minutes and would not appear in the year book. A great deal of discussion took place, a very strong statement on the part of a member of the Northern Division being quoted, to the effect that the rescinding by the present committee of the motion passed by the preceding one would give offense to the Northern Division and might lead to a separation. The result of the discussion was that Mr. Butler's motion was dropped, no vote being taken, and a motion to lay the petition on the table was immediately carried, after which the meeting adjourned.

It was nearly 7:30 by this time and all repaired to the dining hall of the Thorndike, where tables were laid for about 50, including delegations from the surrounding boat and canoe clubs, Vesper, Newton, Union, Holyoke, Shuh Shuh Gah, Puritan, Lawrence and Springfield. The evening passed pleasantly with songs and stories, the party breaking up at 10:30.

On Sunday morning about fifteen of the visitors took an early train to Lowell under the pilotage of Com. Lawson and other members of the Vesper B. C., as the guests of the club and of Mr. Butler. The first visit was to the Vesper B. C. house, which, with its new canoe house and bowling alley is probably the finest canoe house in the country. The canoe room makes in the largest sails without lowering, while in the large basement in the rear are racks for dozens of canoes. From the club house the party went to Mr. Stevens's shop near by, where a very handsome new canoe for Mr. Butler was inspected. This canoe, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of light construction we have yet seen, is very different from the well-known Vesper boats, being not unlike Mr. Walter Stewart's Charm. The midship section shows a straight deadrise, a V floor, with a very hard bilge. The bow is sharp and beautifully moulded, but very long, and the stern is proportionately short and round, being fuller than any of the present canoes above water. The planking was a most difficult matter on account of the quick turns. The skin is of Spanish cedar, a little over $^{1}/_{32}$in. thick, but before being put in place each plank is backed on the inside with thin canvas laid in a cement compounded by Mr. Stevens. After leaving the shop the party were driven through the suburbs of Lowell, visiting the park and enjoying the magnificent view of the city and the Merrimac River, stopping at Mr. Butler's for lunch and a chat, and finally returning to Boston in time to take the evening trains.

A great deal of work was disposed of in the course of the meeting, but the time was too short for a full consideration of all questions, and the amendments to the racing rules were of necessity turned over to the regatta committee for completion. We must defer to a future issue the full text of the reports and amendments, as they are still in the hands of the secretary-treasurer. Throughout the whole meeting the question of the standing sail was not once touched on save in connection with the two attempts to prohibit it. No attempt to argue the case on its technical merits was made by any one, but in all the discussions there was an unanimous agreement as to the propriety of leaving the rig untrammeled in the principal races of the Association, save as it is limited by the conditions of the combined race and similar natural restrictions. The feeling was also unanimous that the new general purpose canoe should be restricted to lowering sails; but outside of this no action was taken.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—IV.

Proposed Changes in the Meets.—Before proceeding to a consideration of the canoes and racing there are two or three new questions that were broached this year for the first time concerning the location and duration of the camp, which are at least worth a little discussion. The first of these is a proposition that the Association shall purchase a piece of land and establish a permanent camp, the suggestion being called forth by the difficulty and expense attending the selection and preparation of the present site. It is clear that there are some very great advantages in such a scheme, the transportation arrangements, made over the same route every year, would be far better, while the boat service between camp and the railway would be on a more permanent basis, the negotiations for the mess, the camp store, the supply of lumber and other material would be carried on with the same set of tradesmen, more or less known to the officers, instead of exploring an entirely new territory each year, and the very heavy investment for wharf, underbrushing, docks, skids and kitchen and mess building would be lessened very materially in an average of five years.

In following out such a plan the grounds would be underbrushed and graded, a strong and permanent dock, a substantial kitchen, an icehouse, servants' quarters and a large mess shed, to be used for meetings and in rainy weather, with a photographic laboratory would be built by the Association. All this would be very much more convenient than the present temporary arrangements, and the whole outlay would probably not exceed that of two years of the present camps; but even if the scheme went no further it would give a set character to the camp that would detract from it in the estimation of genuine canoeists. It would be impossible, however, to stop the advance of civilization in a permanent camp at any fixed point. The buildings would soon include a Troy laundry, a telegraph office, some sort of a hotel, and probably an alleged Eastern bazar for the sale of Oriental and Japanese goods made in Connecticut. If the business part of the camp partook of this character, the residential portion, if the term is admissible, would be even worse in a very few years. The canvas tent with a board floor, now the height of luxury, would very soon give place to samples of the cheap and convenient portable houses, these being followed by such cottages as abound in Cottage City, on Martha's Vineyard, while the ornate summer villa of the Thousand Islands and Lake George would spring up. Such a "camp" might be popular with many as a novelty in the way of summer resorts, but so far as the rank and file of the A. C. A. is concerned we should be greatly mistaken and disappointed in them if they did not with common consent pack their blankets and tents, scour up the disused frying pan, lay in a store of bacon and hard tack and flock by themselves in some locality wilder and more isolated than any in which a meet has yet been held.

There can be no harmony between the spirit of canoeing and camp life on the one hand, and on the other such a summer resort as a permanent camp would soon become; a fact that is pretty well proved by the experience of the Western Canoe Association. The W. C. A. started in 1885 in a permanent camp, a spot possessing every possible advantage, but already occupied as a private summer resort, with cottages, dining hall, wharf and other conveniences. To-day the W. C. A. is a very pleasant little

community, it spends a couple of weeks very enjoyably in a nominal camp among the cottages of Ballast Island, it does not hold many races, especially in Class B canoes, but there is plenty of fun to be had among the islands, easily reached by steam launches, and the annual ball is a great success. All this may do for those who like it, or who have known no better, but there are still a great many canoeists who would by far choose a 6×6 cotton tent on the hillside at Grindstone, with the privilege of doing their own cooking and even dish washing over a pile of chips beside it. An experiment of this kind is too dangerous for the A. C. A. to risk; better the strength and vigor that comes from the most primitive camp in the wilderness than the lassitude which, from somewhat similar causes, has characterized the other two attemps to establish canoe associations in the Western and British C. A.

There is a material modification of this plan which would possess many advantages and still preserve the primitive character of the camp. This is to select a good central location, leasing the ground from year to year, building a dock, kitchen and icehouse as cheaply as possible, but fairly permanent, and then using the site as long as it seems desirable, quitting it for another as soon as there are any indications of cottages or permanent dwellings. With this plan the first outlay would be the main expense for probably four or five years, and if by this time the camp were too much built up, or the neighborhood too thickly settled, the plant could be abandoned with little loss. Arrangements might be made to store all camp floors and skids in the mess shed during the year, and a rule might be enforced to the effect that no structure of wood should be allowed save those for common use, such as the kitchen, mess shed and servants' quarters. This would compel all to live in tents, and prevent the invasion of portable houses and cheap cottages.

At one time, four years since, the Association was in an excellent position to carry out this scheme; it had the best location in the country, Grindstone Island, and could have retained it indefinitely at a nominal rental. The owners of the land had proved amply capable of solving the mess question, and were very anxious to secure the further custom of the Association; while the experience of 1884 and 1885, before "Uncle Mike" was allowed to constitute himself King of Grindstone Island, showed that the Delaneys could and would deal fairly with the canoeists. At the end of the meet of 1886, the third on the same camp ground, we, in common with many others, were in favor of remaining there for an indefinite time, until some good reason for a change was evident; but this course was opposed by others on the ground that they wished to see a new place and were tired of the old one, and the camp was finally located at Bow Arrow Point, on Lake Champlain. In a combination of advantages, accessibility from all sections, sailing waters and camp site, weather conditions, and especially in regard to supplies of ice, fresh meat, milk, butter and vegetables, Grindstone was far ahead of any other site ever visited, and as it stands to day precisely as in 1886, the last four camps might have been held there at a net cost but little greater than that of the present meet.

But for one objection we should favor a return to Grindstone, a rebuilding of the dock and building of a few cheap kitchen and mess sheds, and a stay there for one year or ten, according to circumstances. The obstacle in the way is the expansion of the Division scheme, then in its infancy, but now in full operation, a meet having been held in turn in three out of the four Divisions. It would be a difficult matter now to disturb the existing order of things and make a new arrangement based on four Division meets in place of three each year, with a general A. C. A. meet at the same central point. While this might have been practicable in the first inception of the Division scheme, it is hardly possible now, and failing it all question of a permanent camp is likely to fall to the ground.

We have already spoken of one way of decreasing the proportionate expense of the meet by means of a larger membership of the Association and a fuller attendance at camp, the cost of a meet being largely independent of the attendance, but there is another new proposal bearing on the same point. It is proposed to increase the attendance in a measure by lengthening the duration of the meet from two to three weeks, the subject being brought up by Mr. Wilkin. While there are some difficulties, they are not very serious, and could probably be removed, and the extra week would undoubtedly give opportunities for many more to be present, while the expense would be no more for three or four weeks than for two, save in the item of a steam launch.

The wharf, wells and all the arrangements of the camp are independent of the factor of time; the only items which cost a certain sum per day are the steamer, and in a way the mess tent and camp store; it might not be practicable to keep either open for the small attendance during the first or last three days of the meet, though even this is by no means certain. With the camp once in running order the meet might last three weeks as easily as two, the programme being a little extended and perhaps lengthened, so as to offer certain features in the first as well as the last week. There are many who cannot get away from business in the two weeks who would be glad to come during the extra week. In order that the commodore and secretary need not be compelled to spend the whole three weeks in camp, an arrangement might be made by which the Division officers should be in charge of the camp for the first week, the A. C. A. officers taking command for the balance of the time. In the same way the early portion might be specially devoted to short cruises or cruising races, the principal events being reserved for the latter part of the meet. In fact, there are enough officers to manage a three-weeks' camp, and a sufficient variety of events to make every day a pleasant one to those who stay for the whole time; the only question is to arrange the details. The attendance would probably be increased so much as to make it worth trying. Everything which adds to the importance and prominence of the meets adds to the net membership of the Association and the attendance, and these in turn operate to lessen the cost per head.

There is a point in regard to the date of the meet, which has become apparent about New York of late years, and probably in other parts of the country. The meet serves as a general stimulus to canoeing and especially to racing, those who have attended it separate to their homes in all parts of the country, and infuse new life into the local canoeing, as is seen in the many fall races. Unfortunately the season is so far gone by the time that the last canoe is home from camp that there is little time for races, this being especially the case about New York, where the many canoe clubs want a Saturday for a regatta. Then, too, Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a general holiday for canoeists, races and regattas are held everywhere, but the date is so close to the end of the meet that many canoes are still on their way home. It would greatly aid the fall racing if the A. C. A. meet could be over by the end of the first week in August, giving plenty of time to get the boats home and in shape for Labor Day, and then a number of Saturdays for the various club races before cold weather sets in. A canoe race about New York in October is sometimes not only cold but dangerous sport. There may be some difficulty in arranging an earlier date without clashing with the Division meets, but if this can be done we believe that the latter half of July and the first week in August would be preferable so far as vacations are concerned in Canada, if not in the States, and the fall racing all over the country would be greatly improved.

THE STANDING SAIL.

As a result of the recent meeting of the executive committee the standing sail question is at last definitely and, in all probability, finally settled. While the actual decision of the meeting was but a compromise, the practical effect of it, in connection with other measures passed by the executive committee, is to leave the standing sail as free as it was last year or the year before; while the new amendment to Rule XXII., which was indorsed by the meeting, will make such hasty action as that of last August impossible in the future. The feeling of the majority of those members of the A. C. A. who take any active interest in its rules and legislation is very thoroughly shown in the petition in another column, the plain and emphatic wording being backed up by such men as Ex-Commodores Gibson, Oliver and Nickerson, and by others like Butler, Bailey, Whitlock, Rice, Barney and McKendrick, who have been foremost both in the racing and in the law making of the Association. Of all to whom the petition was presented but half a dozen declined to sign it, most of these on the ground that they were opposed to the standing sail.

The discussion of the petition and the issues involved in it was not reached until the end of the afternoon session, after a hard day's work and when the men were arriving for the dinner, and little time was left for the remaining business. Of those present a number were in favor of Mr. Butler's motion, but after the ruling of the chair was heard there was no disposition to appeal or to press the question to a vote. One matter that carried weight with a number was the very positive statement on the part of a member of the Northern Division that the rescinding of the motion with which this Division has been specially identified for two years would possibly lead to a breach between it and the main body of the Association. In view of the present condition of the Northern Division in regard to its meet and finances, many were unwilling to push the issue of the rescinding of the motion relating to the standing sail.

So far as this statement is concerned, we believe that it does not represent the attitude of the Northern Division on the standing sail question itself or toward the general body. The largest and most objectionable standing sails in the whole Association are those of Canada's representative sailor, the sails which have taken the sailing trophy to Canada for two seasons, together with the unlimited prize for 1890, and that may yet take the New York C. C. cup in 1891. The prohibition of the standing sail means the withdrawal of Mr. Ford Jones and the Canuck from the A. C. A. races, and would prevent the carrying out of his intention to challenge for the New York C. C. cup next year, unless these latter races could be arranged to be sailed under other than A. C. A. rules. These facts are well known to Canadian canoeists; and we do not believe that any action of the executive committee which would keep the Canuck in the A. C. A. races would create dissatisfaction; and further, we have no idea that any such action of the executive committee, passed fairly at an open meeting, even if disapproved by the Northern members, would lead to any suggestions for a separation. It is very unfortunate that no representatives of the Division were present to speak for it, and that there was no guide to the feeling save a letter from a member specially interested in the retention of the motion.

It had so happened that before the question of rescinding the motion had been reached the whole matter had been practically settled in another way, the amendments to the racing rules, which were approved in their general details by the executive committee, permitting the use of the standing sail save on a specified class of canoe. No proposal was made to amend Rule 1 in such a way as to prohibit standing sails, and failing this they can be used as freely as before save in the new class and in races such as the combined, in which they are prohibited not by any specific enactment, but by the conditions of the race, that sails must be lowered on one leg and hoisted on the next in alternation over six legs.

The motion of last August has not been rescinded; it is still on the minutes of the Association, but in so far as it hinders in any way the use of the standing sail, it is placed by the ruling of the commodore on a footing with the former ill-managed and abortive attempt of 1889, and both will soon be buried together in the dusty archives of the Association.

As has been urged by so many, the standing sail will work its own cure. Mr. Brokaw, who won his victories with it, has condemned it; Mr. Quick, who has used it largely, stated at the meeting that he had done with it, and was fitting up a new hoisting rig for next season in addition to that he used in the combined race this year. Mr. Barney has for some time condemned the overgrown offsprings of the snug and neat Pecowsic rig. The racing men who have been beaten at times by the standing sail are one and all, with Mr. Butler at their head, against any summary legislation, and only anxious to have a chance to drive it out by producing something better that will reef and lower. The petition which now lies on the table will never be taken up at any subsequent meeting; but, though its requests were not directly granted by the executive committee, the various measures unanimously adopted without reference to this long dispute, are in themselves a complete condemnation of the methods by which it has been sought to prohibit the standing sail.

FOREMAN WANTED.—Wanted a good practical man to take charge of manufacturing department. Must be capable of laying out from drawings, and building all styles of small pleasure craft. Write, stating previous experience to St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., Clayton, Jefferson county, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. T. P., Marlboro, Mass.—Your inquiry will receive due attention.

T. T., Fall River.—The America has never been rigged as a sloop, and never won a "Queen's Cup." See our issue of Nov. 13.

S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Can you advise me through your valuable paper of the pedigree of the Irish setter bitch Chipeta? She was registered in the *American Kennel Register*, we are informed. Ans. She is not registered.

F'LIN.—Can you tell me, through your correspondence column, if there is such a thing published as a score book for sportsmen, in which can be kept the record or result of each day with rod and gun? Ans. There was such a book published by a St. Louis publisher, we believe, but we cannot refer you to it.

W. W., Ithaca, N. Y.—The address of *Le Yacht* is 55 Rue Chateaudun, Paris, France. Wesson's address is Worcester, Mass. A steam launch must have a licensed engineer and pilot. Charts can be had of D. Eggert, 74 Wall street, New York. The limit of draft in the Delaware & Raritan Canal is 7ft. 4in.

F. L., Michigan City, Ind.—I. I have an English beagle bitch, 1yr. and 2mos. old, of pedigree stock, bought through advertisement seen in FOREST AND STREAM. She is untrained, seems to know nothing about running rabbits or obeying orders. Would like to know if she is too old to be trained for the winter hunting, and please advise me of a book on beagle training. 2. Where can I find the English beagle standard? Ans. 1. There is no book, that we know of, which treats on this subject. Take your dog into the woods and if she is worth anything she will soon find out what is required of her. 2. In the book "Points for Judging," published by FOREST AND STREAM. Price 50cts.

New Publications.

THE NAMES OF TREES.

THE TREES OF NORTHEASTERN AMERICA. Illustrations from original sketches. By Charles S. Newhall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is one of those books which prompt surprise—surprise that they have not been written before. How this one came to be prepared is told in the author's preface which runs thus: "C—, if you and I were to meet a man on the street and ask him his name, he could tell us. I wish a tree could do as much. Here are splendid specimens all around us, and I don't know one of them."

"Get a book that will help you."

"I cannot find such a book. I can find no book which, in simple fashion, will so describe the tree, from its foliage and bark and style, that I can recognize it."

"Then I will make one for you."

The result of that promise is a handsome volume containing descriptions of all the native trees of Canada and the northern United States, east of the Mississippi River, with mentions of the more important introduced and naturalized species. The leaf, bark and fruit of each tree are described, with a natural size outline of the leaf, and in many cases of the fruit as well. It was indeed a "happy thought" to plan such a guide as this, and the work has been done well. "The Trees of Northeastern America" ought to be at hand for consultation until one learns to know the trees. It is a book which will add immensely to the satisfaction of an outing in the woods; and it should have a place in the camp outfit.

ATLAS OF THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.

Messrs. Julius Bien & Co., of this city, sent us their new Atlas of the Metropolitan District and Adjacent Country, comprising the counties of New York, Kings, Richmond, Weschester and a part of Queens, in New York, and the county of Hudson and parts of the counties of Bergen, Passaic, Essex and Union, in New Jersey. The scale employed is two inches to the mile, which admits of detailed illustration of the many economic features of interest within this area; all roads are indicated, the streets of the towns being named; the forestry, hydrography and drainage are included, and a careful distinction of the fresh and salt water marshes is made. The elevations throughout are clearly shown by a system of ten and twenty feet contours numbered, and the general appearance of the country is brought out in plastic effect by the use of carefully-graded shading. The size of each map is 23×35in., the atlas being 17½×23 in. The price of the atlas is $20.

HORSE STORIES AND STORIES OF OTHER ANIMALS. Experiences of two boys in managing horses, with many anecdotes of quadruped intelligence. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Price $2.50.

This is a book written to the illustrations, which are numerous and represent a large number of beasts, domestic and wild. The author evidently has a well-stocked scrap-book from which to draw anecdotes of animal intelligence; and he has succeeded in making a capital volume, interesting and instructive. It is designed for the young and may well be put into the hands of a boy of ten.

SCOUTING FOR STANLEY IN EAST AFRICA. By Thomas Stevens, New York. Cassell Pub. Co. Price $2.

This is an interesting account of Mr. Stevens's expedition, when sent out by the New York *World*, to meet Stanley in Africa. The time occupied was eighteen months, during which period the author had various exciting adventures with native tribes and wild beasts, and at the end displayed pluck and cunning in his exploit of getting a "beat" on the *Herald's* man, who was half an hour behind him in greeting the explorer. The volume is illustrated with some capital half-tone plates from photographs.

DUST AND ITS DANGERS. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 75 cents.

What are the dangers of dust? First it is to be known that "dust" consists largely of micro-organisms, living germs, disease germs, of consumption for instance. Inhalation of dust produces coughs, catarrh. Dust causes diseases of the eye. Dust spreads bacterial diseases, consumption, erysipelas, typhiod fever, diphtheria, blood poisoning. Dusty streets, dusty churches, schools, halls; dusty houses, dusty offices; all these help on disease by disseminating the germs in the form of dust. Dr. Prudden preaches cleanliness as a preventive of disease.

TRAINING FOR HEALTH, STRENGTH, SPEED AND AGILITY. For the instruction of amateurs and others. By John P. Thornton. New York: Excelsior Publishing House.

Mr. Thornton has written a book as full of good sense as a nut of meat. Besides the practical instructions for the work of athletes there are capital hints and suggestions concerning exercise and the development of a normal physical condition, which may well have universal study and heed. The book has none of the smack of the athletic "professor;" it is honest on every page

A typical West Virginian, tall, straight as an arrow and muscular, with slouch hat and good-humored face, was being piloted about the attractive parts of the city yesterday by Al Herron, of the Herron Hill Gun Club. The gentleman was George A. Johnson and he was chuck full of hunting stories. He told one that he vouched for as being absolute truth and Herron backed him up in it. He started with the astonishing statement that an old hunter in his locality had one time shot a deer while holding another. "This man," said Mr. Johnson, "was watching a runway early one morning when a fawn ran between his legs. He pressed his knees tightly together and held it imprisoned there. He was about to kill it when a yearling buck made his appearance about 75yds away. Holding the fawn between his legs he shot and killed the yearling, and then allowing the fawn to escape shot it. The man who did this feat, however, has told it so often that it has grown considerably. He now says he held a buck by the horns with his left hand while he shot another with his right. Everybody don't believe that."—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*

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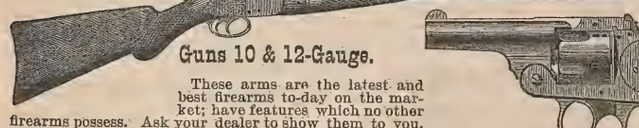
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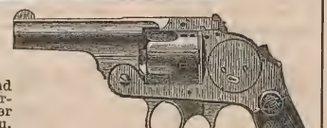
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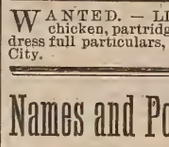
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THANKSGIVING.

DOUBTLESS many a sportsman has bethought him that his Thanksgiving turkey will have a finer flavor if the feast is prefaced by a few hours in the woods, with dog and gun. Meaner fare than this day of bounty furnishes forth is made delicious by such an appetizer, and the Thanksgiving feast will be none the worse for it.

What can be more delicious than the wholesome fragrance of the fallen leaves? What more invigorating than the breath of the two seasons that we catch, here in the northward shade of a wooded hill the nipping air of winter, there where the southern slope meets the sun the genial warmth of an October day. Here one's footsteps crunch sharply the frozen herbage and the ice-sharded border of a spring's overflow; there splash in thawed pools and rustle softly among the dead leaves.

The flowers are gone, but they were not brighter than the winter berries and bittersweet that glow around one. The deciduous leaves are fallen and withered, but they were not more beautiful than the delicate tracery of their forsaken branches, and the steadfast foliage of the evergreens was never brighter. The song birds are singing in southern woods, but chickadee, nuthatch and woodpecker are chatty and companionable and keep the woods in heart with a stir of life.

Then from overhead or underfoot a ruffed grouse booms away into the gray haze of branches, and one hears the whirr and crash of his headlong flight long after he is lost to sight, perchance long after the echo of a futile shot has died away. Far off one hears the intermittent discharge of rifles where the shooters are burning powder for their Thanksgiving turkey, and faintly from far away comes the melancholy music of a hound. Then nearer and clearer, then a rustle of velvet-clad feet, and lo, reynard himself, the wildest spirit of the woods, materializes out of the russet indistinctness and flashes past, with every sense alert. Then the hound goes by, and footstep, voice and echo sink into silence. For silence it is, though the silver tinkle of the brook is in it, and the stir of the last leaf shivering forsaken on its bough.

In such quietude one may hold heartfelt thanksgiving, feasting full upon a crust and a draught from the icy rivulet, and leave rich viands and costly wines for the thankless surfeiting of poorer men.

SALMON FOR THE HUDSON.

A LITTLE after midnight of Nov. 20 the U. S. Fish Commission car No. 3 arrived at Troy, N. Y., with about 10,000 six months old salmon, measuring from 2½ to 3in. in length. These were the remainder of an allotment of 20,000 salmon given to the State of New York, from the Bucksport station in Maine, in place of the eggs of the Atlantic salmon which were promised to the New York Commission last season, but which could not be furnished because of the scarcity in the supply. The car started from Bucksport with 20,000 fish, but for some unexplained reason great mortality took place as soon as the journey began. Commissioner McDonald, who went to New York personally to oversee the planting of the fish, explains the dying off in this way: The salmon were practically wild fish, and had been accustomed to their liberty. The fright and confinement of the transportation tanks were the probable cause of the great mortality. The fish were deposited at Troy on the shore of Green Island. Mr. Fred Mather accompanied the car from Bucksport to the place of planting, and Commissioner Burden, of Troy, was present when the fish were liberated.

Col. McDonald, accompanied by Mr. Burden and Mr. Mather, went to Glens Falls, and while there Mr. A. N. Cheney showed them the falls and dams in the vicinity. The Commissioner believes that fish can easily surmount the two falls with the help of two fishways, which can be constructed at a cost of not more than $5,000 each.

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Car No. 3, after delivering the salmon at Troy, proceeded to Washington with a number of beautiful salmon and trout for the aquaria. There were eight Atlantic salmon, varying from eight to twenty-seven months old; eighteen landlocked salmon, six of which were thirty-two months old; five brook trout, twenty months old; eight Loch Leven trout, eight months old, and five rainbow trout, twenty months old. All of these arrived in perfect condition.

ON A RUNWAY OR IN THE WATER?

THE most important subject discussed at Albany last week when the fish and game law revision committee gave a hearing, was the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks. The sentiment of those present was largely in favor of restricting the hounding season, which is now fifty days, to a shorter period of thirty days, and others spoke in favor of abolishing the practice entirely. Perhaps it is too much to expect that hounding deer in the North Woods will be stopped by law. Those who are most influental in shaping legislation for this region are the hotel proprietors and those who resort to their houses. The hotel proprietors want hounding continued because there are so many pleasure seekers who visit the Adirondacks with the hope of killing a deer by hounding it into the water, but who would never dream of trying to kill a deer on land. If these people cannot hound deer, the hotel men reason, they will not pay board bills in the North Woods. It was stated at the Albany hearing that the hotel custom lost during the year the Curtis non-hounding law was in operation amounted to $100,000. If this estimate is not exaggerated, it may fairly be assumed that the hotel men will see to it that a non-hounding law shall not be enacted; they cannot afford to have the practice prohibited.

One proposition was to permit hounding but to forbid killing deer in the water. Such laws are in force elsewhere, or to speak more accurately are dead letters.

For the enlightenment of those who are familiar with deer hounding as practiced in the South and in other sections, where the game is shot at by hunters as it passes on runways, it should be explained that deer hounding in the northern wilderness of New York means for the most part driving the game into the water where it is killed by hunters on the shore or in boats. Scores of men, who lack the skill required to hold the rifle true on a bounding buck, can readily enough kill the game in the water provided their magazines hold out or the boatman rows them near enough. Nine-tenths of the deer killed by hounding in the Adirondacks are killed in this way.

Now the proposal is to let the hounds run the game but to prohibit shooting it when it has taken to water. If such a law were strictly enforced the objections to hounding would be in a large measure removed. But it may quite safely be predicted that with such a law, one of two results would follow: The statute would be a dead letter, or if enforced the hotel men would quickly cry out for its repeal. A large proportion of their patrons, for whom the landlords wish to preserve the privilege of hounding, are, as we have said, wholly incapable of killing a deer anywhere else than in the water. If the privilege of water-killing is taken away from them, that will in effect be taking away the privilege of hounding; this class will no longer frequent the Adirondacks, and Mr. Paul Smith and his allies will again appear at Albany asking permission for their guests to kill game in the water.

THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.—The second annual meeting of this society will be held in New York city on Friday and Saturday of this week in Room 15, Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, Madison avenue and Forty-ninth street. On Friday there will be three sessions for business and reading of papers; at 10 A. M. the Council will meet; at 11 o'clock the President, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, will take the chair, and an address of welcome will be delivered by Professor John S. Newberry, M.D., LL. D., President of the New York Academy of Sciences. The Council will then present its report to the society; reports of officers and committees will be received and general business will be transacted. At 1 o'clock the session will adjourn and the members are invited to a lunch provided by the local committee. At 2.30 P. M. the society will reassemble for the reading of papers. At 8 P. M., by invitation of the New York Academy of Sciences a joint meeting of the Folk-lore Society and the Academy will be held in the same hall, at which papers will be read. On Saturday there will be a single session beginning at 10 A. M. The meetings of the society will be open to the public but only members will take part in the business and discussions.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. TOWNSEND COX, Forest Commissioner of New York, reports that the Catskill Game Park, which has been stocked with deer and other game, is proving so successful that it would be a wise measure for the State to acquire the entire township of Denning, in which the park is situated. The territory could probably be bought at a low price, and it is admirably adapted to a fish and game preserve. Mr. Cox proposes to have the penalty for killing deer in the Catskills raised to a fine of $100 or imprisonment one year; and he says that the public sentiment of the residents in that region favor such a stringent provision.

Mr. A. N. Cheney calls our attention to the fact that the New Hampshire law has no provision for protecting the *aureolus*, the trout of Lake Sunapee, about which there has been so much discussion. The law simply specifies "lake trout, brook or speckled trout;" and probably it was the intention of the Legislature to include all trout in this category. We presume that the reason the *aureolus* was not specifically mentioned was that it was not then known to be a distinct variety. No time should be lost in remedying this defect of the law.

An Ohio correspondent, in describing a famous hunting resort, suggests that it would make an ideal game preserve. But why not an ideal region to preserve by the public for pudlic use? Why should every favored locality, where fish or game is to be found, be picked up for a private club? The wiser plan would be to protect the game or fish for the public. By and by we shall have no desirable country outside of game preserves.

Hotel men at Barnegat and Great Egg Harbor are displaying unusual greed even for seaside resort proprietors, if the report which comes to us is true that they are killing sheepshead and other food fishes by dynamite. Unfortunately the New Jersey law has no provision to prevent this business, but it should have immediate attention at Trenton this winter.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

THE TURKEY HUNTER'S EDUCATION.

AT turkey hunting we are only amateurs, Lawrence and I. The truth of this is generally strongly impressed on us after having taken one of our annual trips after this wary bird. A ten years' study of his peculiar and adroit ways has not made us at all proficient in bringing him to bag.

A young man can enter college for four years, and at twenty-one or thereabouts if he be studious and of average ability can walk out full-fledged with a smattering of the dead languages and some knowledge of French and German. And the chances are he thinks he knows something. Now, if it is desirable that the conceit be taken out of him, and Timothy Titcomb says "the first thing a young man in starting out should learn is that he knows nothing, and the more thoroughly this is learned the better it will be for him," let him take to the woods and maneuver with the wild turkey on his native heath. It may take him a week to find out where the old gobbler has scratched, and it may take another week to find out whether that scratch is a day old or six months. When he has got so far he has reached A and B of the turkey alphabet. In a year, if he works hard and takes to timber kindly, he may master the alphabet and begin to spell a-b ab. By that time he will begin to understand what Timothy Titcomb meant, and when he reaches out into the future with his anticipations of a diploma in wild turkey lore, including its higher mathematics, dead languages, etc., he will surely feel that he knows nothing as yet, and has a long road to travel before he does. If he goes further he must love his work and have time to pursue it. The chances are ninety-nine to one hundred that he will go on, until stopped by some cause beyond control, for the course of most temperaments is one of extreme fascination.

There is a plenty of turkey hunters who are up in the business—to hear them tell it—persons who can go out almost any day, bag their game and be back by 9 o'clock A. M. We have heard them talk. Why, it is easy enough. First, find where the turkey is rising, locate at a favorable point within hearing, and make a certain note. You have only to keep cool and shoot straight when he comes up, and you have him. Easy enough—can get one at any time.

This same L. and the writer have in mind a person who uses language of that kind freely. He is a good talker and hailed us one day as we were returning home down the bayou from a rather unsuccessful hunt. Had we had much luck? "Only moderate." Where did we go? "Twenty-five miles above." "Went too high. Should have hunted lower down the river. Around my place they are thick. Can hear them gobble at daybreak every morning in three or four directions from my gallery. I want one only occasionally. We get wild turkey here until the family tire of it. Three mornings ago I went in the timber west of the house and located at a favorable spot and gave a yelp, and up came three fine old gobblers on a full run, one just behind the other. I shot the largest one first with my rifle, and as one was wanted for a friend who was visiting me, I touched the trigger on another. This was done in short order. The third turkey was still monkeying around in the locality, and, not wanting him, I took my hat in hand and chased him down through the woods."

If L. and I had indulged in any conceit over the small bag made in a protracted hunt of several days' duration, it was now thoroughly dispelled. We asked to be made unfast, when we proceeded at once on down stream, contemplating how easy it was for some persons to bag turkey and how difficult for others. But in the years that followed we improved in our skill somewhat, and began to make inroads into the haunts of these same birds that gobbled so lustily in hearing of this gentleman's residence.

One day, through a mutual friend, we heard that this expert had expressed a fear that we would kill an exceptionally fine gobbler in his hunting grounds, which he was reserving for breeding purposes. We sent him word to tie a red ribbon on his turkey to mark him for identification, as the lawyers would say, and the noble bird should go unmolested. But the chances are that if he be such a specimen as represented with his years of experience in eluding his enemies, he would go scot free from us without such identification marks.

An old gobbler as a rule knows his business. The fact of his existence is the proof, as his known enemies are numerous; and from the time he first breaks through his shell his path is beset with dangers, which keep him constantly on the alert for self-preservation. Having been hatched and reared in the forests he is thoroughly familiar with all its parts, including the forms of its innumerable thickets and open spots, the meandering of all its streams, the varying lights and shades that constantly play through the woods—and the thousands of voices that are to be heard every day, he has booked in his vocabulary to a nicety. If a sound not quite to his understanding is put forth it will be interesting to observe him for a brief time, for it will be but a very short time that he can be observed, unless the sound be made out to come from a friendly object. If the least suspicion is attached to it a pair of legs or a pair of wings is called into use, and Mr. Turkey is soon habitating in a more congenial locality. If the amateur hunter thinks the bird's hearing is not accurate let him get within gunshot range and turn a leaf over; but unless it is desirable to eliminate that turkey from that part of the woods instantly another must not be turned while he is paying attention. And what about his eyesight? If there is anything in the woods sharper we have not found it. Both eyes stand on the outside of its head, and he appears to see in all directions at once. It is quite easy for him in fleeing from the sportsman, whose gun he fears, to get a tree to intervene, while he streaks it through timber to a place of safety, keeping the tree accurately in line all the time. He is also when in a tree a fair ventriloquist, and if he desires to do a little clucking or gobbling on the ground without being there in person he can just do it, that's all.

As to his coming to call down through a certain part of the woods that a hunter may pick out for him, that is all bosh. He can come down through that part of the woods if he wants to, but the chances are about nineteen to twenty he won't want to. Some other route will suit his peculiar motives better.

The way of a certain gobbler in substantiation of this is still fresh in mind. He was not located until 8 A. M., rather late for a successful call. Report had it that a party previously had taken a shot at this fellow, and warning was given that it would take some skill to get shot among his feathers. His answer to the call was annoyingly suppressed, so much so that his position could not be located at first sound. In about ten minutes he answered again, still in a subdued tone, but his direction was had this time, and paddling the canoe to that side of the stream, the bow was cautiously pushed to the bank and made fast, and the woods entered as stealthily as possible. A favorable location was sought behind an old log, where the hunter's head could be pulled down frequently to fight off the myriads of mosquitoes that continually swarmed about, and which constituted a very unfavorable factor in the chance for a successful shot. It was fully fifteen minutes before the third answer was made, when his lordship seemed to be exactly in the same spot where first located. The call of the hen was but little more frequent, and with as much indifference as could be injected into it. It seemed an age before another note was had from the male, and during the interim the hunter's head went down behind the log many times to polish off the mosquitoes, and when the note was made it was still in the same half hearted way, though it seemed nearer and in a slightly different direction, showing that the bird was not as supremely indifferent as he would make believe. Then he quit entirely, and for nearly half an hour the woods seemed to be as silent as death. But the sportsman was not nearly so dead as he was silent, for he had a belief that some investigation on the very sly would be made by this very cautious turkey. It was then that the bloodthirsty insects got in their villainous work, while the woods were being motionlessly scanned by a pair of watchful eyes, covering the semi-circle on the opposite side of the log, and investigating carefully every visible spot. Not a motion could be seen nor a sound heard. The mosquitoes unmolested were still feasting with voracious appetites, and the hunter had lain so long in one position without a movement that one leg had "gone to sleep," and a new position was being as quietly obtained as possible under the circumstances, when a slight rustle in the leaves was distinctly heard in the rear. Turning his head in that direction the hunter sees his game in full view, and a noble specimen he was, walking in a stately manner, at 60yds. distance. Too far for a shotgun, or a quick shot at his head and neck would bring him to bag. Unconcernedly and without betrayal of the least alarm in his aristocratic gait and in his handsome plumage, leisurely he walks on; but ere a rifle can be trained on him, a tree, as if by mere incident, intervenes. It is enough. Mr. Turkey knows, amid one hundred and one other smart things, the stupendous advantage of an intervening tree, and swifter than the wind he runs through the woods, rattling the dry leaves, but keeping the tree so nicely in line that on either side not a feather can be seen. In an annoyingly brief space of time he gobbles 200yds. away, and loud enough now to be heard throughout the entire county of Sharkey, and having slowed up to a walk he goes on through the timber distributing his music with lavish freedom at intervals of 50yds. or less, but containing in its tone more of exultation and defiance than of enjoyable music to the discomfited, out-generaled, oft-vanquished, mosquito-gnawed, cramp-limbed, eye-wearied sportsman behind (?) the old red log.

And it never was clearly ascertained whether that old gobbler went in the air over the earth or in a subterranean cavern through the earth, to his advantageous position on the other side of things—it is not believed, however, that he took the usual method of walking on the surface, as that route had been subjected to an intensely eager search without his being revealed.

And now, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, just here, before it is forgotten, let me speak of some experience with guns for turkey shooting. The gun that was used at this time was a double-barreled heavy 10-bore shotgun, with an auxiliary rifle barrel in one chamber. The rifle barrel required a special sight, which was set up just back of the hammers and was made to fold down when the shotgun side was used. I carried this auxiliary barrel two seasons and discarded it for the reason that I found it not sufficiently accurate for long range shooting, and greatly in the way for close work when both barrels were needed. I then clung to the shotgun for years, and when a turkey could be gotten close—inside of 40yds.—he stood rather a slim chance, if he would show part of his head and neck. If a second shot was needed at a flustrated spot, for be assumed something is going to be flustrated if the turkey is not killed the first shot, the shotgun is just the thing.

After years of trial I adopted No. 6 shot as the proper size, as containing enough shot to hit a vital spot at 40yds, and with sufficient force to kill. This is the first barrel. For second barrel I used 000 for the body, having abandoned all hope of doing anything with the head and neck after the above flustration had been created.

After awhile I weakened on my favorite shotgun. I lost a couple of fine old fellows at 45 or 50yds. that had cost me hours of patient and hard work for the chance of a shot. The first was only wounded, the second went away apparently unhurt. All the ways of loading that could be thought of or suggested by others were tried at the target to get a charge that would kill with certainty at say 60yds. None were satisfactory. Ely's wire cartridge was a complete failure and the thread-wound but little better. I was advised to get a rifle and try that, but I had tried that with the ordinary sights and failed. I wanted a gun that was almost certain death when the trigger was pulled at as long a range as possible. For a shotgun nothing is certain in turkey shooting outside of 40yds. This gives the sportsman command of a circle equal to an area of but little more than one acre. That is not a very formidable territory, and it is rather a contracted circle for the hunter and wild gobbler to occupy both at same time. Suppose the radius of this circle could be doubled and the sportsman could possess a gun that was sure death at 80yds.; he thus would command a circle of more than four acres in area, quadrupling the shotgun area. Ordinarily a wild turkey will step inside that area without rigid scrutiny, whereas the narrower limit he would naturally subject to the most rigid examination before entering it. I must confess to having scratched out some hair in trying to solve this problem of a better weapon.

At last a little light broke through on the subject. Some one suggested a rifle with telescope sight with a cross-hair (thus +) for a center. I knew something about telescopes and cross-hairs and was not slow in catching the idea. An investigation led to the ownership of a gun that money could not buy, if it could not be replaced. It is as certain death to a turkey at 80yds. as the shotgun is at 40. It is more than that; it will give light to show where no other kind of rifle sight could be used. It magnifies the game and shows it so clearly that the spot to aim at is easily selected. The eye end having an aperture of ¼in. in diameter, only the front sight or cross-hairs require attention in sighting. I have killed turkeys in trees with this sight in a dim light, almost dark; can shoot them in the morning early when the first streaks of day appear, and can kill with reasonable certainty from trees any moonlight night. This sight was made for me by Wm. Malcolm, of Syracuse, N. Y. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and is the delight of every sportsman who examines it. The glasses are in a tube nearly 4in. in diameter, which extends from within 4in. of the muzzle to the eye, when the gun is held naturally to the shoulder. It is more cumbersome than the ordinary sight, and requires more careful handling, but its other advantages over all other sights are too great to compare. To the sportsman, especially one whose eyes are at all failing from age or other cause, this sight as made by Malcolm, is just the thing. With it accurate aiming is not a question of eyesight; it is one of steadiness only. In fair light a nail head can be distinctly seen in old fences or buildings at a distance of 200yds. For me it has solved turkey shooting, and now I grieve only for those grand old fellows that have heretofore been bungled often with the ordinary gun. Gads, but many a one has gotten away! Hereafter they want to gobble and strut a long way off, and keep beyond view of the searching glass of this telescope.

Now, mind you, I am not boasting this sight in the interest of Wm. Malcolm, who is an utter stranger to me. My sight has been bought and paid for at the regular price, and I can get another one for the same money if I want it. What I am interested in is the sportsmen who want a good sight and don't know what to get or where to get it, especially the older class of sportsmen like myself whose eyes feel the need of some artificial aid. This rifle sight will surely bring game to view that often cannot be seen with the naked eye at all.

It must be confessed that in using it at first on game some of the most abominable shots were made. That will probably be alluded to further on, when we get up among the turkeys. The truth is I thought so well of the new arm that its powers were overestimated. It was found that I had a part to take as well as the gun. It took two or three days to work this fact into my noggin thoroughly. It was proved the rifle was a mighty particular thing to handle, even if it did have a telescope sight—that it shot with reasonable accuracy where it looked—and did not splatter over an unlimited area of woods. I had to get cool, hold the cross-hairs hard on the vital spot and keep them there until the game was seen to go down. Afterward some game went to camp, and the sight that had taken a slight tumble rose up again.

W. L. POLK.

CALLING GOBBLERS IN TEXAS.

YEARS ago when I left the country I gave away my dogs, sold my gun and horse, and made a resolution that hunting was a luxury I was not able to indulge in and that my hunting days were over. But, alas and alack, after all of these years the old instinct, ineradicable, returns to torment me.

While in Richmond recently on business, a friend suggested the idea of a turkey hunt to Beeville, Tex., that paradise of the sportsman. The temptation came to me in a moment of weakness, and I yielded. Beeville is a pretty town, situated in a rolling prairie country.

After a hearty dinner we started for the home of a friend of former years living in Live Oak county, sixteen miles west from Beeville. This friend is an old one, true and tried, with whom the writer has had many an exciting chase over prairie and through bottom, and with whom many a happy hour has been idly wasted around the camp fire. As we drove along, on either side of us were constantly rising bunches of quail, but we only shot a few, because it was so late that we had no time to lose.

We arrived at my friend's house at 9:30, and I attempted a ruse on him. We had not met for more than seven years, and it was thought by my two traveling companions in the hack that time had altered each of us so much that recognition would be doubtful. We sat in the hack at the gate and hallooed, and when my friend came to the gate asked the privilege of camping in his pasture for the night, saying that I had letters to him from friends at his old home, which I would deliver the next day. But the scheme did not work; my voice betrayed me; he recognized me even in the dark and gave us a hearty welcome. In five minutes we were at ease, chatting of old times and planning a hunt for the morrow. Our host said we would take a hunt near the house in the morning as a start off to get our hands in, and that there would be no trouble in getting among the turkeys if the weather was favorable.

Just as we were in the middle of our best nap and imagined we were hardly yet asleep good, a light flashed into our room and our friend and host announced that "coffee was ready." He had set his alarm clock for 4 o'clock, but did not call us until coffee was ready. The morning was not favorable, as the wind was blowing from the east in strong and fitful gusts, and we feared the turkeys would not gobble. The only light to guide us was the stars. We were rather vexed that the weather should have taken so unfavorable a turn when we had come so far for a little sport. Though the weather was not good for turkeys it was by no means a bad morning otherwise, and we enjoyed the walk of a mile out through our friend's pasture in the clear, bracing atmosphere of the beautiful morning.

We went perhaps one and a quarter miles before halting, and then began to see the first streaks of approaching daylight come peeping through the scattering live oaks, and were charmed to find the wind lulling a little. We felt more hopeful then and prepared for business.

Our host placed my Richmond friend in a good position between two roads among some clumps of trees, and then he and I moved away from him so as not to interfere with each other's roosts.

The best way to hunt in the early morning is to sit still in the vicinity of the birds and listen for the gobblers to

"open up," that is, commence their strutting and gobbling. In going to roost in the evening the gobblers usually select a long limb, which will permit them to strut along upon and air their pomposity. Their gobbling can be heard on a clear morning a fourth of a mile, and if they begin before daylight it gives the hunter an opportunity to approach them in the darkness and under the cover of other trees near enough to shoot. It is easy for a practical hunter to get to them then. Still he must be wary, for the wild turkey is proverbial for being the keenest sighted of all birds. And the hens—which as a rule are very quiet on the roost—act as sentinels to give notice of approaching danger, and when you are about satisfied that you have your gobbler, sure, they interfere with a *put put put*, and are away before you can realize the situation. If you are unfortunate in not locating them on the roost, if they do not gobble before daylight—as they did not that morning—the hunter's next plan is to sit around or walk cautiously about until he hears them and then yelp them up.

My friend and I went on about 400yds. from where we left our other hunter stationed and sat down to listen. Daylight was now full upon us; we waited for five or ten minutes, but heard nothing. The wind would sometimes lull for a while, which enabled us to hear if one should gobble. We moved on a little further and sat down again to listen. This time we were rewarded for our perseverance, for there came down the glade a sound that electrified us. To me it was like wine; it was the "gobble, gobble, gobble" that I remembered so well in early days. In a moment all my early instincts return, and the exclamation escapes me, "You are my bird."

The gobble sounded much further away than it was, owing to the wind blowing in the contrary direction. We moved a little nearer and selected a place of concealment, I taking my position behind a prickly-pear bush, whose large fan-like leaves were so arranged as to make first-rate windows to see through. My friend acted as caller, and I had only to wait and watch. Immediately in front of our position was a lovely open glade, which ran in the direction of the gobbler, and which we felt confident his lordship would take in coming to his lady love. Being comfortably fixed with gun in position and ready to fire at a moment's notice, I gave the word to my friend to proceed with his part of the programme. He commenced an imitation of the call of the turkey hen, a sort of yelp or *ke-ouk-keouk ke-ouk*. Quick as a flash came the deep sonorous gobble in answer; and after a few puffs and struts behind his screen he came out into the opening in full view about 150yds. distant. A challenge yelp from my friend heads him our way. Slowly and majestically strutting—so proudly that he seems almost to disdain to tread the earth—he bears down on us totally unconscious of the fate in store for him. Another yelp starts him in a trot, which brings him within 35 or 40yds. of where I sit, and as this is quite near enough I raise my gun to my shoulder. The motion, although very slight, catches his vigilant eye and he halts, raising himself to his full height, all alertness. Alas! too late for him. A sharp report, a puff of smoke from the cactus bush, and what a minute before was a vain, boastful, arrogant gobbler, now lies before us a bunch of feathers and the basis of a good dinner. We shouldered him and started for the rendezvous quite satisfied.

On the way we amused ourselves pitying our Richmond friend and lamenting that he, too, could not have secured a gobbler. We had not heard any gobbling in his direction nor any shooting; but judge of our surprise when we got back to where we left him, for there he was with not one but three turkeys, though all of them hens, hanging on a tree. Our pity was premature. He said when we left him he heard a gobble, but could not get to them on the roost as day was fast breaking, but waited for them to fly down. When they came down a whole bunch answered to his call, and came to him with three hens well in the lead. He took things quietly and waited for them to cross each other, and when two of the hens had their necks crossed he fired, killing both. The third rose to fly but he cut her down also, and thus in the short space of five minutes he had bagged three fine turkeys.

We walked home in triumph with our game, reaching there just as the family were sitting down to a delicious breakfast of plain country fare, including buttermilk and fresh butter, home-cured ham, honey from the hives in the yard, and cold wild turkey.

We sent the turkeys back to Beeville by the hack which had brought us out the night before, to be expressed home and distributed among friends.

Then we planned a hunt on the Nueces River, ten miles away, for the evening, as our host declared it would not be a real hunt unless we camped out a night or two, so we sat about making preparations for a regular camp and jolly time generally down the river.

S. D. CALDER.

THE NEW YORK FLOWER SHOW.—The flower show which opened on Monday at the Madison Square Garden in this city offers to lovers of flowers a wonderfully varied exhibition of plants of all descriptions. Perhaps the most striking and beautiful classes shown there are the chrysanthemums, which of late years have become so popular, and the orchids. The United States Nurseries, of Short Hills, New Jersey, who are holding this flower show, have devoted especial attention to these groups of plants, and have been remarkably successful with both. While the first chrysanthemums which we knew were rather small and bore very modest yellow flowers, they are now grown of all colors except blue and vary in size from ½in. to 13in. in diameter. Among the orchids the U. S. Nurseries have devoted special attention to the cypripediums, of which the common wild moccasin flower (*C. acaule*) is an example familiar to all dwellers in the country. A noticeable feature of these orchids is their lasting quality, a flower on the plant remaining perfectly fresh for ten or twelve weeks, while even if cut it will continue fresh and beautiful for three or four weeks if kept in fresh water. But besides these showy and handsome flowers there may be seen at this show many others not less interesting. Such are the curious pitcher plants, which contain on their leaves hollows in which water collects, which serves to attract insects, which are often drowned in it. Palms, ferns, fancy foliage plants and many commoner flowers abound, and the whole is so attractive as to be well worth more than one visit.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MOOSE RIVER AND THE WEST BRANCH.

XI.

ON our walk up the old tote road we saw no moose and had only a single glance at a caribou, which was a long distance off across the pond, but we saw many tracks, and if we had been there in the season and had hunted them, I have no doubt that we should have had some fresh meat.

When we recrossed the carry to Spencer Bay we saw where a moose had traveled since we had been over the road. Spencer Bay was calm and there was no wind on the morning when we returned to it, and we proceeded as far as Lucky Brook, where we intended to stop for dinner. We went ashore, but signs of storm, which we had been watching, became more prominent and the wind was breezing up, so we heeded the warning and kept on to the narrows.

The flight of an eagle across the bay was the only diverting incident, and we arrived at the narrows none too soon, for the wind continued to freshen; when we landed the white caps were running and the surf beat heavily on the shore. There is a camp on the point south of the narrows where Bill and I had camped before, and here we dined. We spent a lazy afternoon under the trees and bathed in the lake. Toward night we fished about the narrows—this locality being one of the best fishing grounds on Moosehead Lake—but with no success, which was a disappointment, as we now wanted a few trout to carry home.

It was getting late, however, for fly-fishing in the lake; the fish had gone to the cool retreats in the deep water, where they could only be reached by fishing deep with bait. That night was our last one in camp, and as we watched the sunset and saw the evanescent tints of the clouds come and go and fade away, our thoughts went back over the days of vigorous outdoor life which we had lived, and the nights of calm, healthful sleep under stars.

In the morning we breakfasted on ham, bread and coffee, the last of the provisions. We exposed the last of our dry plates, and packed our dunnage for the last time. We tried the trout again, but our ill success of the evening was repeated, and our friends were obliged to take our "fish stories" on faith, we carried home no trophies except our negatives. The game one hunts with the camera is not so fickle as that for which we use the rod and gun.

Early in the forenoon the steamer came for us, and as soon as the canoes were hoisted aboard we headed for West Cove and the railroad. We had a fine breezy sail of twenty miles down the lake, and saw Kineo, to the north, grow smaller, and Old Squaw, to the south, loom up nearer and nearer as we sped on. The steamer stopped once before reaching West Cove; Cy and Bill lowered their canoes gently to the water, and waving us a farewell, paddled toward Greenville at the East Cove.

It is only four years since Moosehead was connected with the outside world by rail, and for twenty miles the country, as seen from the cars, is, with the exception of the track, a wilderness. We rolled homeward high up on the sides of the mountains, and from our station on the rear platform looked at a shifting panorama of mountains and valleys, all covered with the waving forest. We saw Moxie and other mountains to the west, which had been landmarks in the east on our journey to Moose River. We rumbled over trestles at dizzy heights, and saw far below us the sparkling waters of mountain streams; and rounded spurs of the mountains where we looked down into the tops of giant trees. The road follows the valley of the Piscataquis River, a branch of the Penobscot. At Oldtown we shook hands with Francis.

"Good-bye boys, I had good time. We go again sometime," and he went to superintend the unloading of his canoe. Dennis accompanied us to Bangor.

XII.

The State of Maine is a State of noble water courses, of which the Penobscot and Kennebec are the largest and most important. It is a State on whose southern boundary beat the mighty waves of the Atlantic, while its northern frontier is in the primeval forest. Naturally, among its inhabitants are those who earn their bread upon the great deep, and others who make that other sea, of foliage, the scene of their labors. These two rivers connect the forest with the ocean.

As their mighty currents sweep grandly on toward the places of their marriage with the sea, bearing tribute from innumerable lakes and streams, the scenes upon their banks and upon their waters change. On their headwaters are the canoe and the batteau, the log cabin and the virgin forest; their lower waters are plowed by great steamers and ocean vessels, and turn the wheels of great mills in the busy cities upon their banks. Up river, the pine and spruce; down stream, the sawmill and the lumber yard. The moose and the deer feed upon the banks and swim the waters of Moosehead and the West Branch; at the mouth of the Kennebec is Bath, the greatest wooden ship building city in the Union, and at the head of navigation on the Penobscot is Bangor, the great center of the lumber trade.

On Sept. 15, 1773, one Hugh Finlay set out from the last settlement on the Chaudière River in Canada, with three birch canoes and ten Indians, with the intention of selecting a post route to the settlements on the Atlantic coast, of which Falmouth, now the city of Portland, was the last of any importance. In his journal he tells of his journey through the strange, unknown country through which his Indian guides conducted him, and says that they promised to take him by the shortest and most direct route from Canada to the seaboard. He describes numerous lakes, streams and portages, naming only one, the Rivière du Loup, till they put their canoes into the Penobscot (South Branch). They journeyed down the Penobscot till they came to some large falls (Canada Falls), around which they carried. A few miles further, he says, another large stream (North Branch) joins the Penobscot.

Then he goes on, "This river is full of salmon and trout and its banks are marked all over with the marks of the hoofs of moose, deer and the feet of other animals. We proceeded down the river to an island (Seeboomook Island), which parts the river in two, one part running N.E., the other E.S.E. We followed the last branch, keeping the island on our left hand; and a little way down we put on shore on the right hand and walked through the woods about 100yds. to a dead creek (Seeboomook Brook). We followed its winding courses in our canoes about half a mile; it led us into a round dead pond (Carry Pond) covered with broad leaves of a water plant. We camped in the woods near it. We marched through the woods a mile to another dead creek (Carry Brook) leading us also S., winding to a large lake called by our Indians Mooseparun (Moosehead Lake). This lake takes its name from a remarkable mountain (Kineo) on the S. side. The Indians say it resembles a moose deer stooping."

I have quoted Hugh Finlay's own words and abbreviations, supplying in parentheses the names which he does not give. The Penobscot Indians call Moosehead Lake Xsebeni, while the Aberakis name it Sebamook, both words meaning a large, open body of water. There has been much speculation as to the origin of the name Moosehead, and Hugh Finlay's journal seems to throw some light on the subject. Kineo Mountain does bear a resemblance, as his Indians said, to a huge moose in a stooping posture. Sullivan, a historian of the Province of Maine, in the last century refers to "Moose Lake or Moose Pond." Until within a few years deer were scarce in the Moosehead forests, but the moose roamed in large numbers and many traditions and legends refer to them, and the name has been given to many places and things. There are Moosehead Lake, Moose River, Moose Pond, Moose Island, Moosehorn Stream and so on, while the lordly moose himself feeds on moosewood, is bitten by moose flies and is attended by moose birds.

Hugh Finlay went to the East Outlet and proceeded down the Kennebec. He refers to the forks and the great carrying place, which he says was well known to his Indians, and continues his description till they came to a fall, which he says was "romantically situated." They camped at this fall, which is Carratunk, though he does not name it. He says: "The river is confined between two rocks and rushes over in a surprising manner, foaming with incredible fury. It falls into a fine rock-bound basin perfectly circular and full of fish."

At Norridgewock he saw a "smoak," and on rounding a bend saw two white men on the bank, who, he says, had planted some grain and intended to build a log house the next year. He kept on down the river to the mouth and then went to Falmouth and on to Boston. On his map he gives the location of Fort Halifax, before referred to as still standing at the mouth of the Sebasticook. Hugh Finlay made this journey through the wilderness 116 years ago. Since then thriving towns and populous cities have been founded where he saw the Indian's wigwam or "smoak" of the pioneers' camp. But a great part of the journey must be made to-day as he made it, with a guide in a canoe, and through a country still a wilderness. The tracks of the "moose deer" may still be seen where he saw them and the trout still swims in the same pools where he cast his line.

XIII.

Bangor is the metropolis of the wilderness. There are no large towns beyond it, and twelve miles of the Penobscot is the Indian Island. It is a thriving city, which boasts of an electric street railway and all modern improvements. Railroads center there, and vessels from different parts of the world come up the river to its wharves. Great sawmills and icehouses stand on the banks of the Penobscot, and ships are built there. The lumber drives from the West Branch and the East Branch, from the headwaters of the St. John River, from Chesuncook and Pamedomcook, come floating down it, borne by the irresistible spring freshets. Yet, during the past winter a bear and two deer were killed within the city limits, and also within the city limits is the finest salmon pool in the States, while less than 100 miles away the virgin forest waves its green foliage in suummer, and bends its branches under weight of snow during the long northern winters. At Bangor we embarked again on Penobscot waters, but this time we stood on the deck of the Boston steamer. We had "gone in" by the way of the Kennebec; we would "come out" by the Penobscot.

Looking up the river we could see the white foam of the rapids below the water-works dam, where the famous salmon pool is located. A short distance away was the mouth of Kenduskeag Stream, which flows through the city, and across the city was the ancient town of Brewer. The river and both its banks presented a scene of bustling activity. Above the bridge which marks the head of navigation were lumber rafts and piles of floating boards and planks. We could hear the shrill buzz of saws as they ate their way through the logs, and in the stream scows of manufactured timber lay alongside of loading vessels.

On every side was being enacted the tragedy of the forest, that drama which is opened with the axeman's stroke, and carried on through stirring scenes by many actors, till it ends in the sawmill.

The steamer's wheels began to revolve and we were on our journey home. Bangor was left behind and we sailed on between high banks and ledges, crowned with patches of young timber—pine and spruce, birch and maple—as if even at this late day the forest was still struggling to gain its lost supremacy. Here and there a tall pine, a relic of the old race, held its head proudly above the young trees. And so we sailed on for seven hours, stopping at various landings, and as the sun went down we steamed out into the ocean. When we awoke in the morning the steamer was going by the islands in Boston harbor, and our trip, like Hugh Finlay's, was a journey of the past.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BROOKS.

LARGE GAME SEASON IN MINNESOTA.—Hallock, Minn., Nov. 13.—Deer, moose and elk can be lawfully killed in Minnesota only during the month of November. In the northern part of the State these animals are found in large numbers. Last November M. Van Pelt, of Holyoke, on the Eastern Minnesota Line between St. Paul and Duluth, with a small party killed 43 deer and one bear. An instance of the abundance of deer in the Lake Superior region and westward is noted by the fact that on Sept 30, near Mansfield, a train on the Eastern Minnesota Division of the Great Northern dashed into a herd of not less than 50 deer, running along in a cut, and several were knocked off the track and one, disabled, lodged on the engine pilot, and was taken into the baggage car at the next station. A party from Hallock killed 23 moose and elk, besides other game, last November in the Rosseau Lake country, in the northern part of the State.—J. C. G.

Natural History.

MEETING OF THE A. O. U.

THE eighth congress of the American Ornithologists Union was held last week at Washington, Nov. 18 to 20, in the Lecture Hall of the United States National Museum.

The meeting was largely attended, and as will be seen from list of papers given below, was full of interest. It was one of the most successful meetings held since the founding of the Union.

The session of Tuesday was devoted to business and was not open to the general public. At this meeting were read the reports of the secretary, the treasurer and the council. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and then followed election of new members and reports of committees.

The officers chosen for 1891 were: D. G. Elliot, President; Robert Ridgway and Wm. Brewster, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; Wm. Dutcher, Treasurer. Chas. B. Cory, H. W. Henshaw, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Dr. L. Stejneger, Dr. J. A. Allen, Dr. Elliott Coues, Col. N. S. Goss, Members of the Council. At this election there were thirty-eight members present and voting.

The sessions held on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19 and 20, were open to the public, and were devoted to the reading of scientific papers. The first of these, The American Ornithologists' Union—a seven years' retrospect—was an address by the retiring president, Mr. J. A. Allen, who has occupied this chair ever since the founding of the Union. This was followed by these papers:

Seed Planting by Birds, by Walter B. Barrows. Phalaropes at Swampscott, Mass., by Wm. A. Jeffries. The Birds of Andros Island, Bahamas, by John I. Northrop. Remarks on a few Species of Andros Island Birds, collected by Dr. Northrop, by J. A. Allen. An Experimental Trial of a New Method for the Study of Bird Migration, by Harry Gordon White. A Study of Bird Waves in the Delaware Valley during the Spring Migration of 1890, by Witmer Stone. Our Present Knowledge of the Neotropical Avifauna, by Frank M. Chapman. The Case of *Colaptes auratus* and *C. cafer*, by J. A. Allen. Observations upon the Classification of the United States *Accipitres*—based upon a study of their Osteology, by R. W. Shufeldt. Some Observations on the Breeding of *Dendroica vigorsii* at Raleigh, N. C., by C. S. Brimley. The Trans-Appalachian Movement of Birds from the Interior to the South Atlantic States, Viewed Chiefly from the Standpoint of Chester County, S. C., by Leverett M. Loomis. A Further Review of the Avian Fauna of Chester County, S. C., by Leverett M. Loomis. Some Bird Skeletons from Guadalupe Island, by Frederic A. Lucas. The Present Status of the Ivory-Billed Woodpecker, by E. M. Hasbrouck. Some Notes Concerning the Evening Grosbeak, by Amos W. Butler. The Spring Migration of the Red Phalarope (*Crymophilus fulicarius*), by Harry Gordon White. On the Tongue of Humming Birds, by Frederic A. Lucas. Insect, Intuition and Intelligence, by C. F. Amery. The Habits of the American Golden Plover in Massachusetts, by Geo. H. Mackay. Correction to Revised Catalogue of the Birds of Kansas, by N. S. Goss. Second Occurrence of the White-Faced Glossy Ibis (*Plegadis guarauna*) in Kansas, by N. S. Goss. Remarks on the Primary Faunal Divisions of North America, by C. Hart Merriam.

At the last meeting of the A. O. U. it was suggested that especial effort be made to secure, for exhibition at the meeting of 1890, a quantity of photographic material bearing on birds. The committee appointed to take charge of the matter went into it with a good deal of energy and were quite successful.

One of the interesting and popular features of the meeting was an exhibition of photographic slides from living birds and nests taken by Henry M. Spellman, of Cambridge, Mass. These slides were thrown on canvas and explained by Mr. Wm. Brewster, of Cambridge.

THE WAYS OF THE WOODCOCK.

I HAVE had in captivity for several days a fine specimen of the woodcock (*Philohela minor*). My effort to prolong its life was of shorter duration than was my desire, but sufficient time, however, elapsed to enable me to observe some of its ways and habits, which were to me full of interest. The aviary which I arranged with material suitable to their natural wants, served its purpose and allowed me to see just how they acted in their native cover.

At first it was quite wild, and when given its freedom in a room it would take to wing, always running a few steps, wings partly open; it would then spring upward and take to flight. After a short flight it would alight and run to seek cover, holding its body horizontal, the end of the bill inclined downward, the wings slightly lowered, sometimes partly spread, making a fluttering motion in order to assist its speed.

While running the tail was invariably erected and spread after the manner of a strutting peacock. When it found cover that seemed suitable for its protection it would crouch down and remain motionless and permit me to caress it by light strokes of the hand, or to take hold of its bill and move it from side to side. To this the bird showed no signs of resistance. If the bill was pulled it would resist and would shake its head to free itself. Its eyes were invariably partially or fully open, and it seemed to close the lids only when the eye was in danger of injury from some moving object. A house fly would run up and down the bill over the head and body, and when the eye was approached the bird would simply close it and quietly permit an examination of the lid. I never saw the woodcock make the slightest effort to drive the flies away, nor to catch them.

The woodcock when at rest stands upon both feet, the body lowered, but not against the ground, so as to spread the feet firm. The bill is either held on a line with the body and inclined downward, or placed under either wing. When under the wing it is entirely hid, the body is rounded out as with perching birds. The wings are a trifle lowered, with the secondaries well spread meeting on the back, extending below the primaries, and reaching back almost to the end of the tail feathers. The tail invariable points upward and beyond the secondaries when in this position. It would thus remain motionless for several hours, seeming to disregard my presence, and even the touch of my hand, and only when the finger came too near the eye would it show signs of life by closing the lid. When danger to that organ had passed, it would open the lid and remain motionless as before.

My chief object in securing the bird alive was to observe how it procured its food from the ground. The woodcock would suddenly arouse from its rest and run hurriedly from one end of the aviary to the other, then it would come to a halt and stand motionless for a few seconds. Next it would rock its body, after the manner of a spotted sandpiper, seemingly a preparatory effort to gain strength to drive its bill into the ground. At times it pushed the bill against the ground several times as if tapping, holding the bill on a forward slant and bringing back part of skull (when the ground is hard to probe) apparently against the shoulders, and with one foot placed in front of the other or standing square it would push the bill into the soil. When the soil was soft the bill would be sent in almost straight down, and never placed between the feet and driven in (as some insist they do). When the bill would come in contact with a worm, the bird would hold still in a thoughtful, as if listening, manner, and then withdraw the bill part way and pause, apparently to allow the worm to work its way into and between the bills. When the bird would give a vigorous upward pull bringing the worm out, the tongue would be quickly forced under the worms, which would be drawn upward and swallowed. Occasionally when an active worm would wriggle and twist into many shapes, refusing to be swallowed, the woodcock would take one foot and straighten out the worm and quickly swallow it. When mud would ahere to the bill, the bird would take first one foot, then the other, and clean the bill, or holding the bill in water and soaking the mud loose, with a shake of the head it would free the bill and again go to feeding. I have not only seen the woodcock pull the worms out of the ground, but I have seen them pick up those that were crawling on the surface.

I received a woodcock recently to be mounted, and in its crop were a number of pieces of angleworms and several whole ones; but in no instance have I found bugs or seeds in their crops. CHAS. H. ELDON, Taxidermist.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

LAND BIRDS AT SEA.

R. M. S. MAJESTIC.—Bound East, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more crossing old ocean, a delightful experience, summer or winter, autumn or spring. These great ships bid defiance to wind and wave; the comforts and luxuries of an elegant home or a grand hotel are provided; more solid enjoyment and healthful rest can thus be secured than elsewhere on sea or land. A peculiar privilege is gained by the unique opportunity to enjoy the intimate society and companionship of old friends, and to make the acquaintance—often life long—of new ones from many lands. We compare notes, swap stories, observe and discuss the wonders of the sea, gaining new knowledge. I am favored with the company of a keen student of nature, Bela P. Clapp, E. q., the well known chemist of Pawtucket, R. I.

A snow bunting, blown off the land by the recent severe gale, has followed the ship for many miles. Occasionally it alights, but the moving ship and many passengers alarm it; and the weary bird again flies out over the waters, but "finds no rest for the sole of its foot." It occasionally mistakes the crest of some great dark wave for the solid rock and folds its wings to take refuge. Quickly it flies away. We are deeply interested to note its flight on the leeward side of the ship. The wind blows freshly from the southwest, and when it happens to pass the bow it is carried far away to the north. I am very anxious to rescue the little creature, bravely battling for life. My offer of fifty cents to a lad in the steerage may secure it, should the bird come aboard below. If taken I will carry it to Queenstown and send it back by the earliest steamer to be liberated in New York.

This incident led to the following fact elicited from Mr. Clapp: On one occasion he took passage for New York on the steamer sailing from Providence. When engaging his stateroom in the morning he noticed a pair of swallows flying out and in a small covered inclosure high up on one of the masts. He asked an officer to explain it; and was informed that they nested there, and that shortly after the steamer reached port in the morning they left and were not seen until within twenty minutes of the hour of sailing in the evening, then staying on or about the steamer until arrival at New York.

I am a firm believer in the possession by birds and animals of something more than instinct. This one fact indicates thought and judgment. These birds raised their brood on the steamer.

Since writing the above another interesting fact has been recorded. When about 200 miles out from Cape Race a great blue heron flew slowly toward the steamer. It hovered around for a short time and then went out of sight, bound west. The veteran Captain Parsell told me he had never seen a heron so far at sea before.

GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

THE CHICKADEE FOR PUBLIC PARKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder if it is generally known that we have a native bird far superior to the English sparrow for stocking our parks and public gardens. Such is the fact, and the black-capped chickadee is the bird.

As an objection it might be claimed that the chickadee is always a migratory bird, and therefore unsuitable for colonization. I believe this difficulty can be easily overcome. Five years ago a flock of chickadees fed about my cabin door-yard, to break up in the spring, part to go north and part to remain and breed in this locality, but at the present time the flock remains the year round. This change was brought about by the birds becoming somewhat domesticated. A change has also taken place in relation to food; for they have become bread eaters in the last two years. A notable change has occurred in their nesting habit. The nest usually has a moss foundation with a lining of rabbit or squirrel fur and grouse feathers. These materials I keep on hand in the spring, together with cotton, hair and other articles used in nest building. The chickadees take kindly to cotton. Often I find a nest with a moss foundation and a cotton lining. Again, with a cotton foundation and a feather lining. Some nests are made wholly of cotton.

I believe it to be an easy matter to induce these birds to nest in boxes, or better still, in sections of wooden pipe. On the score of fecundity the chickadee ranks A No. 1, for there are two broods in a season with from five to nine in each. As an insect destroyer the bird is unsurpassed. All winter long he gleans the trees for insects and their eggs, while the sparrow hops about the street searching for undigested grain. The chickadee is confiding and fearless, and his familiar *chickadee-dee* is worth going miles to hear on a cold winter's morning.

In the spring of the year he has a mating song, which is a loud, clear whistle, and it seems to say, "Tea's ready," with the accent dwelling on the first word. Some writers call this the "phœbe note of the chickadee," and express it by the word "phœbe," but in this they err, for the note consists of three syllables instead of two. Moreover, there is no similarity of sound in the notes. The one is a plaintive wail, the other a song of joy, loud, clear, and as cheery and breezy as the merry whistle of the "barefooted boy."

With such a desirable native bird what a pity it is that we should have gone out of our way to import the grain-eating, quarrelsome English sparrow. HERMIT.

IS THE PORCUPINE A CANNIBAL?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in a newspaper column: "Hedgehogs are occasionally cannibalistic, the larger ones, when hard up for a dinner, chasing the smaller ones at a wonderful rate and devouring them without sauce or mercy when caught and conquered." Is this true? From my observations I should say it is not. Please ascertain if any one has ever known it to occur.—N. C. L. [We are not inclined to accept this statement as applied to the so-called "hedgehog" of the New England States, which is a porcupine and so a vegetarian. Of course many of the Rodentia occasionally devour animal food, but this statement is a little too strong to be accepted without supporting evidence. It might more possibly be true of the European hedgehog, which is an insectivora.]

SECOND OCCURRENCE OF THE RED PHALAROPE AT MONROE, MICHIGAN.—On Oct. 25, 1890, I was fortunate enough to shoot a second specimen of this maritime species (*Crymophilus fulicarius*) at Monroe, Michigan. The bird was a female in fair condition, and being shot with No. 8 shot made a good skin. It was alone. The first specimen was shot by Mr. Ralph Brandreth on Oct. 24, 1888, at the mouth of the Raisin River.—ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

CARIBOU AND THEIR WAYS.

NO matter where we went, perhaps it was where we should not have gone, and in fact it would have been just as well if we hadn't gone at all, except for the rare health we got, and the sort of forgive-one's-enemies quality. At present I can even forgive the man who told me to hunt caribou, but I warn him, as I gradually assume my city appearance, to "stand from under."

If a few weeks ago a man had asked me, What is a caribou? I should have told him, with a superior air, that "the caribou, I suppose, is like the rest of the deer family; it is wild, smells from afar, can hear well, and runs away when frightened, and of course, you know, should be hunted with care and judgment." If I were now to be asked the same question, I should say, "It isn't a deer at all, it's an 'it.'" To be sure it leaves tracks, and lots of them, all around everywhere, it snorts when it smells you or your last week's tracks, and then runs into the next county a couple of hundred miles or so, passes a decayed camp and goes on for a week. Its color is a cross between that of a ruffed grouse on the wing and a dose of Jersey lightning, and it only rests once—when it is dead. It lives on moss, which is absorbed by the feet, makes them noiseless, and it can see through a loaf of camp bread. But enough of natural history; I will tell you how I learned so much.

Hank said he had never hunted caribou except on snow. I told him any one could do that, but for my part I wanted an animal to have a chance, and unless I could display some woodcraft there wasn't any fun. He asked me if I had any patience and if I had a pleasant disposition, for he didn't care to hunt caribou with a man who didn't have. Answered that I was up to the average in these qualities, but thought his questions very stupid.

Our first day's hunt was devoted to looking up sign. During the afternoon we crossed any amount of it; tracks were everywhere in the deep moss; the woods were full of them. The spruce trees were very thick, and I told Hank that it was nice cover to hunt in. That night I was worried at the thought of shooting a lot of caribou and not baing able to use the meat and skins, and vowed to Hank that I would choose my heads and not shoot cows and calves if I could help it.

The next day we went out again and had to use a compass every few minutes to keep our course. We couldn't see the sun more than 50yds. in any direction. We started two bunches of caribou, but I didn't mind much, though we must have been careless, and began to think that now was the time for my woodcraft. I asked Hank to let me take the lead. We walked for the rest of the day in a circle. Hank said he thought it was a small one, but the trees were so thick he couldn't tell. We got back to camp by accident, but I didn't talk much about it. While climbing over a rock on the following day we saw a brown glimmer a little way off up wind; we crawled to it (I mean to where it was) and saw tracks. Hank thought it must have seen us. We then made a beeline by compass, hunting in the best manner till tired out, then took our back track to camp. We found that the band had come up to our cracks, wheeled and bolted. A moose or deer would have camped there and thought nothing of it. Hank said he had seen a deer browse off one end of a tree while he was chopping the other.

We hunted for several days until I would have given a dollar a pound for fresh meat. Finally we found a narrow strip of woods between two swamps which was "all torn up" with tracks. Hank said there would be no doubt of our getting all we wanted if we sat there. We hadn't watched an hour before we heard a snort from the direction we had come, but we saw nothing.

Next day we made a circle and came to our watch through the swamp, and never moved a step after we got to our stands. We heard some coming from the opposite side through the water, but they winded us up wind. I suppose our scent permeated the country somehow, or else they smelt our tracks of the day before. Hank said

he had no doubt but I would succeed if I stuck to it, but that he would rather fish. I did stick to it and got thinner and thinner; my whole character seemed to undergo a change. I saw one, but it came up from behind and then disappeared like the proverbial boarding house strawberry. Hank asked me why I didn't shoot, but when I explained why, he was satisfied and said there wasn't much use hunting without snow. It's a wonder I speak to him.

But why go on. I didn't get one, although Job couldn't hold a candle to my example of patience. I stuck to it for a month, hunting and watching. I even took lessons from an Indian in calling; his call was the identical snort that had come so often to my dispairing ears. I asked him for some fresh meat, but he said, "Me no hunt um deer now, me eat fish and muskrat." Oh, wise Indian! when will your sagacious intellect be appreciated?

OTTER.

VIRGINIA INDIAN SUMMER DAYS.

WHEN I was a youngster, and that was not so very long ago, there was a season in our autumn called Indian summer. We continue to have the same beautiful weather, and some still faintly term it "Indian summer," but it is not the one of olden times; that was a distinctive season. That weird and semi-sombre period came any time between the middle of October and middle of November, lasting about two weeks.

Maybe it was prettier among the mountains and valleys of southwest Virginia than anywhere else, or maybe it is more now the summer in the sunshine of pleasant recollections than it was in the reality of boyish days, for "time but the impression stronger makes," as the picture enlarged by mature imagination improves the hasty sketch of youth. The frosts had always been here and killed the foliage, but how beautiful some hand did paint the leaves before they fell and gave back the mystic touch to an unknown artist.

The boys used to think that the elements of nature were resting before the winter siege. It was a season awe-inspiring in its absolute quiet. No roaring mountain and swaying trees. The sky cleared. It grew warm and dry. The smoke came and kept coming until it grew dark, and until the sun would rise like a ball of molten gold and calmly march on its way, when we could gaze straight at it from morning until night. Did you ever see a forest, with the silky yellow leaf of the beech, the burning red of the black gum foliage, entwined and softened by the arborvitæ and hemlock, all tempered and tinged by an Indian summer sun? All this landscape as still as gloom itself, when thump! thump! thump! thur! thur-ur-r! the drum of the wizard grouse would break the stillness? or the covey of partridges would burst from under your footstep, and in a few whirrs of their wings look no larger than a swarm of bees? The old folks would tell us that this was the time the Indians traveled and hunted winter quarters; that they were then hunting and camping in the prairies far off west of us, and had fired them, and that the smoke had drifted this way and settled among the mountains; they were reminded and related how the "savages," just at this season, had committed their depredations, right near where we then sat. Maybe all these ideas about the smoke were correct, since this smoky, weird season is as much of the past as the savage Indian, the buffalo and the prairie grass.

There has been here, in the mountains and valleys, this autumn a beautiful modern Indian summer. In the midst of its loveliest days I conspired with a merchant friend that we would ride two horses, take behind us the blackest little negro, and follow into the fields two of the best dogs, in search of the Virginia partridge; which, here in these highlands, is a large bird, a wily bird, that possesses the wings of the wind. But what sport it is to hunt them! You have gathered from the laurel hedge the lordly grouse, with a well-merited delight to him who brings it down, but how much will it surpass its cunning little cousin, with the lintwhite throat, the bronze back and speckled breast?

It is pretty well known that the man who possesses an Irish setter, that is in his second year, and every inch life, and a pointer in her prime, neither of which is hunted more than two days out of a month, has to do some professional breaking before they will go "up the leeward side of the ravine with a slow and cautious trot," as Van Dyke's Jack did on the birchy bluffs of the upper Mississippi. Sanco of Campbell and Nellie of Loudoun (some reader will remember their names) did reluctantly submit and go to work; and when they agreed to do this we took them to a plateau, containing a forty acre broad field. Over yon side are corn shocks, the stacks out of which they were made had struggled with the grass and weeds, and left a typical feeding cover. Over this side was the uncut corn patch of a tenant; between there were sinks, with briers and elders; also ledges of limestone rock, all covered with tall blue grass fallen and matted; here and there patches of sedge grass, high and rank, white and soft with its autumn down. Sanco ranged with a high head and looked like a Hambletonian; going swift the awkward fellow tripped on a corn stalk and heels over head he went. He had seen little Nellie making game—so she was. Serpentine and silent as a garter snake she threaded her way among the weeds, lifting her cat feet over sticks and stubbles; lower she bows and stops rigid. Back yonder is tall, awkward Sanc, like a horse jerked back on his haunches, admiring his mate, that he thinks is always right and never false.

About the time we got done shooting on the first flush out came the overseer, Uncle Fayette. "Good mornin', boss, I's pow'ful glad it's you, kase I's stopped this shootin', 'cordin' to your posters, and told 'em you wanted these birds."

"All right, good old man; take these birds to Aunt Susan and tell her to prepare us a good lunch, which we will send for about two this evening."

"Lor'! Look, look yonder at Sanc! Jes' look!" said our little darky.

Nellie made her way around, and with a low bow honored the dog she invariably has a row with for running over her in play. Sanc evidently had a variety of effect produced on his smelling faculties, for his nose would turn a little, twitch a little—draw up some and stretch out some.

There sat a melancholy old hare, so sober do they look in their nest when menaced. It was under a low scrub thorn in a bunch of grass, and while contemplating him from his side, next my companion burst out a white-throated cock partridge, his wings rattling as if they were made of tin. My friend brought him down and Sanco retrieved it and made for me, when he was accosted by my companion with "Sanc, poor fellow, give him here, won't you?" He hugged Sanc, but in vain, for he brought the bird to his master and again interviewed the hare, which put out, and from its bosom came another whizzing partridge. Darky Bob yelled, "Shoot! Shoot him, boss! Shoot him!" But my gun was on the bird, which skimmed low to the ground, down the hill and suddenly arose and started across the ravine high, at which time my friend exclaimed, "Too far," but the trial was ventured and one of those hits made that apparently "flattens" the bird, and it fell circling.

The sun came well up, though low in the south when seen over the mountains. We sat down upon the soft matted grass between the limestone ledges to rest a moment, for it was warm. After some few minutes, in our front in a small thicket of thorn bushes the strange but sweet note of a bird was heard. How modest and shy! bolder directly, but still that of a ventriloquist. Where is it? It is a mocking bird, sure. Directly it hopped from branch to branch until it reached the highest in the highest bush; still suppressed, but how sweet its song. In our altitude this bird is very uncommon, and for this so much more highly prized. It seemed glad that the booming guns were silent, for it grew in confidence; and in this day when all our sweet singers are hunting the further south, how welcome this uncaged little bird! Its song was the song of freedom and of a free bird. Finally it concluded to act a little and flew to the ground, and while there nipped a moth and imitated the cry of a young chicken, fluttering and turning, very much the same sound and action as of a bound chicken in a village market.

"Good bye, little bird, we must go to our dinner down yonder by the spring;" and so we did, for Aunt Susan had sent by our little "nigger" not only our partridges cooked, but a young "smothered" chicken and more of other things than we should have had.

We hunted two days, sometimes following birds among the corn and stubbles away up in the mountains. Birds get educated, and many a shot we had to make around the cliffs of the River Clinch.

My comrade shot one which fell more than two hundred yards below in the edge of the water, and Sanc and the little darky were sent to retrieve it, and Sanc's nose beat the darkey's eyes. We saw the faithful little fellow hug the good-natured dog; "Sanco, poor Sanco, give me the bird, please. Sanc, you hateful brute." Sanc sat down and held the bird, and finally escaped and wended his way through the shelves and ledges of the long high bluff to his master, and, with that good nature that should belong to men as well as dogs, handed the bird to his trusted friend.

S. C. GRAHAM.

VIRGINIA.

GROUSE IN PASSAIC COUNTY.

WE had just returned from a trip to Canadensis and the Pocono Mountains, Pa., after this the smartest and gamiest fowl in the whole wide world, where we had three days' experience with Sergeant Van Buren of the First Police Station, Dr. Levering, clerk of the First District Court, and Richard Dyne, the latter probably one of the best brush shots in the State of New Jersey. And we came home disgusted, demoralized. There is no fool like the old fool, said we, and every time we have essayed a trip of late years after these wary birds, we have said it was our last. We are too old, have had our day, and must leave it to younger heads, at least younger legs, to climb the mountains, crawl through the laurels and thread the oozy swamps. But each season when the time comes the old fever creeps on and we are as foolish as ever, and think we are equal to the occasion. We found the birds on the Pocono in fair numbers, but very wild and not inclined to lie to a dog. We found we could not throw up our 9lb. Scott with the quickness or accuracy of a few years ago. We thought we had got through and proposed to lie back for a few days with the quail in Maryland, or a few hours behind a blind for the webfeet. But a cordial invitation from Capt. Harry Crawford, the efficient constable of the First District Court, to visit his farm at Macopin, found all our resolutions wafted to the winds, and the 4 o'clock P. M. train saw us with clerk P. W. Levering and counsellor E. K. Seguine in the Susquehanna & Western R. R. rolling out of Jersey City. We were met at Charlottesville by Mr. Siefert, who kindly drove over for us from Crawford's farm. A drive a little over an hour through a varied scenery brought us to "Harry's Farm," some forty-five acres in the heart of Passaic county, on top of the Macopin mountains, three miles from Greenwood Lake. The farm is in a high state of cultivation, lying well to the east. It is a question as to which Harry thinks the most of, his farm or his wife. The former is certainly the apple of his eye, and much of the hard earned results in the multiplicity of the law's course in the city goes toward the improvement and stocking of said farm until it is now one of the finest in that section.

We were met at the door upon dismounting by Mrs. C., a prime sample of the housewife of the successful husbandman; nimble of carriage, showing a generous living, a beaming eye and a voice of no uncertain sound in its cordial welcome.

In the morning, having engaged a native with his dog (we unfortunately lost our own) to show us the way and the birds, we were off; the dog, supposed to be a thoroughly-broken "patridge" dog, taking the lead. We first essayed to find a covey (flock they call them) of quail that lived around a certain stubble field; but they failed to materialize. We then struck off for the hill side and swamp at the bottom thereof; and here the Counsellor got in his first shot at a grouse, springing almost from under his nose and darting down the mountain side. A quick shot, but the bird kept on across the swale and over the swamp to about the center thereof, where it seemed to alight. We pointed out the spot near a balsam to our native, and told him to go in with his "trained" dog and rout it out, perhaps it would come our way and give one of us a shot. He was a long time in the swamp thrashing around, but no bird arose. Upon returning to us he said he had started no bird, but that his dog had found one lying on its breast by a stump. The bird was still warm, and the Counsellor scored the first point.

On the lower ground we came to a clump of hemlocks, surrounded by hazel and oak brush. There is a place for a cock grouse. Let us get around on the other side. But before we could get our place this elegant "trained" dog had jumped in, and whirr! on the other side went the game.

The Counsellor grunted and went on ahead. Soon we heard the whirr, whirr and a double shot. We hurried up to find the Counsellor in a high state of excitement. "I have made a double shot; got two with my first barrel and dropped another out there on the marsh. Help me find it." He showed us two quail; the other was soon found. This was four birds at three shots. The Counsellor was exuberant. We proceeded. We found the birds lying along the foot of the mountain and on the edge of the swales generally; but what a delight to travel with a native with a dog so thoroughly broken that he will range ahead just about two gun shots and won't mind the whistle or call of his master under any circumstances whatever, and to hear the whirr, whirr of the birds just beyond, and then upon following them up to see them fluttering out of trees almost over your head. We soon got tired of this sort of thing and concluded to let our native and his high-toned, educated, trained pointer take their part of the woods; and then we got many more shots.

Never in our past hunting of the grouse have we seen so much treeing by this wary bird. Almost every bird, or every other bird, after flying a short distance took to a tree; and all old sportsmen know how difficult it is to kill one as he leaves his perch. "There, Doctor, one has dropped in the limb of that spruce. If he pitches off, get his direction and then your gun four feet below, and take your chances. You cannot follow him quick enough." "I can't see him. Are you sure there is one in that tree?" There he goes—a snap shot, with the muzzle of the gun pointed half way down the mountain. "By George, you got him. Dead as a mackerel. How did you do it, Doc?" "Don't know. You told me to hold under him four feet, and as he pitched down I saw he was going fast, and I guess I fired my gun six or eight feet under." Well, it was a shot that many an old grouse shooter might be proud off.

Hold on! That confounded dog is making game. There have been birds here. Whirr! A clean miss by the Counsellor. Whirr! Ditto by the undersigned. The bird was knocked over by the Doctor at a long shot. "Hold on, Counsellor, there is another one there! Good for you—a good kill in that thicket."

Now we try the island, a celebrated resort for grouse, but, oh, what a place to shoot! What few birds lay along the hazel brush and oak on the outside would pitch into the interior, where the laurel and other brush was ten feet in height or more, and a dog, to say nothing about a man, could not penetrate. The birds could be plainly heard treading and rustling the dry leaves. The Doctor, on his hands and knees, tried to progress. Up jumped the birds. The Doctor, on his belly, let drive at a chance through the thick laurels in the supposed direction of the birds. One barrel, two barrels. More birds springing through the thick cover. Then new shells, a third barrel, a rattling among the bushes, a thud; and the thumping on the ground proclaimed one chance shot had won. If you don't shoot, you surely won't kill.

Jehoshaphat, see that rabbit (hare), most as big as the native's pointer. Good shot, Counsellor. How they do keel heels over head when hit. Why that fellow turned a complete sommerset. What a bouncer he is, nearly the size of our northern hare. The little gray fellows that we all call rabbit, you know, is not a rabbit at all. We have no rabbit proper. What we shoot is the *Lepus sylvaticus*, or Mollie cottontail, a sweet morsel when properly prepared in a pie; and were they more rare would be considered a valuable addition to the sportsman's table. It is thus we ignore or hold lightly the best things on account of their commonness.

A clean miss again, Doctor. How do you shoot? Do you follow your birds with your gun? Do you shoot directly at them or do you try to throw your gun just ahead of the bird when flying crosswise? Now, Dick Dyne, you know, throws his gun ahead of where he supposes the bird will go—that is in the thick brush and pulls as it crosses an opening. Don't you recall the shot he made at Canadensis? The bird sprang from a thicket and darted obliquely to the left of us, but so dense was the brush that none of us could see it. Instinctively as it were Dick got the direction of the bird and trained his gun on an opening between two trees that stood about 3ft. only apart, and as the bird crossed the opening the gun cracked and the grouse was killed stone dead. A magnificent shot, but how few could do it. Again, that shot of Dick's in the laurel, when he could not get his right hand around to the barrels on account of the thicket (he is a left-handed shooter), and the bird getting up he shot him with only his one hand. Such shots are rare, but are made by old shooters occasionally.

There goes the Counsellor's gun. "What did you put up? We heard no whirr. A despicable bluejay. What under heaven did you waste a shot on him for?" "Why a jay I will kill every opportunity I can on principle. They are the meanest bird that flies. A thief always, and ever a spy and tell-tale, and no good any way."

And that is a fact. Many a time we recall, when a boy, creeping up on a gray squirrel, have we had these termagants give warning by their shrill voice and a whisk of the tail, and our prey would be in a hole, while the blue coat would sail away with his scream of exultation. Many a deer has been lost to the still-hunter by these pests, and they are hated accordingly.

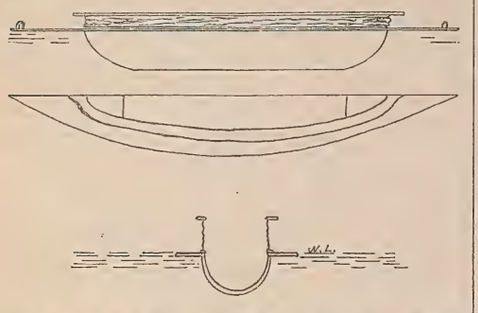
We pursued our way with varying results—some good shots but many more outrageous shameful misses—until afternoon, when, being only a mile and a half from the house, we started for lunch. Upon reaching the house we found Mr. J. Reisenaus, proprietor of the celebrated road house at Greenville, whom we had met the evening before. He had also returned with his boy of some 12 years or more. He brought in a couple of grouse, a pair of hares and reported having put up a number of grouse, but having no dog and the birds rising wild, he got but few shots. We found Mr. R. a genial-hearted German and a fair shot, and as he is a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM he must be a good sportsman.

After lunch we started north. It was about a repetition of the morning programme, only the undersigned got discouraged after missing a couple of middling fair shots; he concluded his feet hurt him; and he went to the house to lie off. The rest came in in due time. After a bounteous supper we were driven to the station and took the 7:03 train for Jersey City with not a large but a satisfactory bag, and highly pleased with our trip and reception at Crawford's Farm.

JACOBSTAFF.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—Under date of Nov. 10, Mr. U. G. Huff writes from St. Clair Flats: "Last week the Flats were full of what are locally called hoop-nets, which were placed in all of the cuts back (north of the south channel), so as to completely cut off all still-fishing. The punters are shifting their ranches to the Soy Burs and the mouth of the north channel in Anchor Bay, to be on the best shooting ground for market shooting. There are now more than 50 market-shooters on the Flats. Joe Bedore is king of the tribe, as well as 'king on de Flat, ba gare.' I inclose a sketch of the boat used by him. I call it a battery, but he calls it a punt. He being



king, I give in. This 'punt' is lead-colored. It is used anchored in the middle of 200 to 300 decoys.

"Joe has declared against those bronze-headed decoys. I am going to the Flats in a few days and will remind him of the one he promised you.

"Bill Hodgson would make a first-class warden according to my way of thinking.

"The punters tell me they have not seen so many ducks on the Flats for years as are there at the present time."

Mr. H. H. Taylor, also of Detroit, writes that another year will probably see the Flats an incorporated village, under the name Little Venice. This is a fine tribute to Grace Denio Litchfield's story by that name, published last season in the *Century Magazine*. There is a haze of natural romance about the region.

Anent the recent mention of the demi-god Brusewitz, who upholds the dignity of the game laws in this city as warden duly appointed, Mr. John Preston True writes from Boston, Oct. 24:

In a certain town in New Jersey (so goes the story) there was a prohibitory liquor law. There was also a choice assortment of grog shops in which the existing city government had a lively interest, as they were run by friends and served as rendezvous for heelers. Finally, the better citizens went quietly to the supreme court and secured a mandamus against that mayor and council, requiring them to do their duty in regard to the liquor law. There was woe among the politicians, likewise wrath and consternation. If the law was enforced their own friends would suffer. If it wasn't their own bodies would speedily be committed for contempt of court. Self-preservation being the stronger they passed the word around, and the Arabs of the rum holes folded their tents and silently stole away. Supposing you try that on your game warden!

It would seem that we need a new warden here worse than one galvanized by a mandamus. Besides, if Brusewitz doesn't know a prairie chicken when he sees it how could we expect him to recognize a mandamus?

And now comes the State of Wisconsin, the same with blood in its eye, and once more we are going to have "radical changes in the game laws." The following, from the dispatches, will shed light on the radical change business:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 20.—The Wisconsin State Fish and Game Law Commission at its annual meeting held this afternoon discussed the report and recommendations to be made to the next Legislature. These will recommend important and radical changes in the present laws. The Commission will urge that the fish and game laws be so amended to bring the operation and effects of both under one distinct head, in order to avoid conflict and consequent failure. The present system, it will be urged, is most defective and unfortunate. A conflict of interests continually occurs that can only be avoided by the unification of the fish and game interests and the appointment of one official head, warden, manager, or chief, who will have complete and undisputed authority, and to whom alone all subordinates should report. During the last year 50,000,000 spawn of all kinds of fish propagated in Wisconsin hatcheries have been placed in various waters of the State. This immense hatch, however, has not more than half met the demands. At the meeting this afternoon an invitation was read from the Secretary of the Committee on Fisheries and Fish Culture Exhibit at the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago to the Wisconsin Commission to attend an important meeting of that committee at Chicago, Saturday next. The invitation was accepted, and a delegation will leave for there to-morrow for a general conference relative to a fish exhibit at the World's Fair.

It seems to me that the Wisconsin law needs less tinkering and more execution.

A little above I have mentioned the writing of Grace Denio Litchfield, on the St. Clair Flats. That was fiction, and not altogether piscatorially accurate fiction. I can not refrain from offering below a bit of writing, not fiction, but better than fiction, done for an Indiana paper by Evaleen Stein. It is simply a description of the Kankakee River, of which mention is so often made in these columns:

For half a hundred miles above and below San Pierre it flows through an almost unbroken wilderness. On either hand, wherever the swampy ground is sufficiently firm, it is fringed by a lordly forest, in whose shadowy depths tall elms and lindens tower in all their solemn primeval beauty, while down by the water's edge, among the delicately indented foliage of the river oaks and maples, the silvery sheen of birches and tender green of water willows, the wild marsh mallow flushes to blossom in masses of rosiest pink, and thrusting their way far out into the current, thickets of button-bushes dangle their soft balls of ivory bloom. The river itself is of the most marvelous transparency; and so perfectly does it mock all things above and about it, so akin to realty is its tremulous underworld, that to one floating upon its surface there comes the strangest fancies; keen thrills of delicious airy freedom, of winged buoyancy, such, perhaps, as the birds may feel as they pose in the heights of mid-heaven. And yet, notwithstanding this limpid clearness, there everywhere plays through the water a faint elusive tinge of amber, so betraying the slight tincture of iron that lurks within it, and that gives it a truly Midas touch. Indeed it has so bronzed and gilded and overlaid every tiniest shell, every pebble and grain of sand, that the current seems literally to flow through more priceless treasure than did ever any fabled stream of Grecian story. And when the yellow sunlight filters down into its depths, to look into the river is like peering through a gigantic crystal window, stained in hues of indescribable richness and beauty, and wrought with fantastic devices of fronded river mosses, of long, silvery grasses, with here and there a little turtle or a shoal of shining fishes, and far, far down, between the intricate tracery of this strange living decoration, there twinkle up bright glimpses of a delicately reflected sky.

Right you are, Evaleen, though the rest of us couldn't say it so well as that. But that's the kind of rivers we have out here.

At Kansas City last week I saw "Buffalo Jones." He had with him a couple of blankets made from the wool of the buffalo. The fabric was woven by an Eastern mill, and it was soft, silken and indescribably fine and warm to the touch. A finer material for a lap robe or heavy overcoat could not be found. Early in this century an English and Scotch company was formed to manufacture cloth in just this same way, but the project failed, and was loudly written down as a wildcat, visionary scheme. Yet here Mr. Jones, who has a way of doing the impossible, is on hand quietly showing his little blankets, soft, warm and entirely to be coveted. Mr. Jones says he just peels the wool off from the buffalo at shedding time, it coming off easily, in large flakes. He thinks one buffalo will annually yield wool or "fur" enough to make a yard of cloth. This is the first of the cloth he ever had made. It can be made in quantity. It is very soft in texture, softer than any woollen cloth, feeling more like fine fur. The Jones herd of buffalo will be at Chicago during the World's Fair.

At Kansas City Mr. F. J. Smith informed me of an odd freak game bag and gun that had come into his possession, an albino jacksnipe, nearly white, which was lately killed by Mr. Hagedon, of Butler. Mr. Smith also has a white quail, mounted for company for the jacksnipe. These birds probably suffered from extreme fright of some kind, so that their hair turned gray in a single night.

The great Chicago-Kansas City pigeon matches last week attracted much attention. I wonder if anybody knows how many tame pigeons are shot in a year at Jim Elliott's park in Kansas City? Well, it is just about 60,000. John Watson, the veteran manager of the only park patronized by Chicago shooters, says that Chicago shoots only about 30,000 pigeons in a year.

All the way from San Francisco comes a young gentleman and lays a card on my desk just when I am out of town. Mr. Phil B. Bekeart, when I last saw him, was one of the main hustlers of the E. T. Allen sporting goods house of San Francisco, and I am sorry not to meet so bright and well posted a young man. He knows a lot about sport on the Coast.

Not many goose shooters this fall. I may have commented earlier on the Dakota trip of Messrs. Farmer, Dicks, Hansen and Bluthart. They got ninety-six geese, some grouse, some mallards and some jack rabbits, the last what for I dunno. They were out ten days in the Devil's Lake country, making Lacotah their entry point. Mr. Farmer added to his decoy flock of geese while in Dakota by purchasing two finely trained Canada geese.

A little shooting at ducks lately, but nothing paralyzingly large. Ed Howard wires down that the ducks are in again at Fox Lake.

On Tolleston Marsh the shooting has been good till within a few days. They have raised the wind and they have raised the water down there on Tolleston. They dammed the Little Calumet and so got a wet marsh. Don't know what the folks below there are going to say about that.

Dick Turtle has been down at Senachwine Lake and had fair shooting at ducks.

Quail are unusually abundant not far out from Chicago. Messrs. Butler, Smith, Donald, Willard and the writer will make a trip before long, south of the city, after quail.

There are dozens of localities within 100 miles of Chicago where cotton-tails fairly swarm. I confess to a vulgar fondness for the sport of shooting cotton-tails, and if a light snow comes before long a little party of us may go out and have a regular country time of it.

E. HOUGH.

KANSAS GAME AND HUNTERS.

BURLINGTON sportsmen have been enjoying the fickle weather of the past few days in close pursuit of the numerous flocks of wildfowl that in their southward flight make this their resting place. The redheads have passed us, but the mallards, teal and canvasbacks are here yet, and the ringnecks and scaups have begun to arrive. The last two named are the most abundant of all our ducks in number and their period of migration is longer.

Just two miles east of town is one of the largest ponds in this section of the State; an ideal ducking ground that would make a perfect preserve. Here in season I have taken almost every species of waterfowl found in our State, either in migration or as residents. In summer the king rail hides in the sedges that lie along its marshy shores, the teal nests upon its grass crowned banks and the grebe builds its floating home amid the lotus leaves that deck its placid bosom. In the evening the boom of the bittern and the *qua qua* of the night-heron, with the loon's weird cry, echo and re-echo through the gathering shadows.

The ducks gather here in immense numbers both in spring and fall, and many are taken by local sportsmen. In the FOREST AND STREAM of the 6th inst., "F. B.," of Ottawa, this State, says that "the sandhill cranes seldom stop there." That may be true of his vicinity, but from personal observation extending over several seasons and the testimony of reliable sportsmen, I am convinced that these long-legged, long-necked denizens of other climes not only stop here, but frequently linger for several days at a time. I have the skin of one specimen taken this fall from a flock known to have remained in the neighborhood for over a week.

It is possible that the conditions and topography of this vicinity are more favorable for them than the section "F. B." writes from, though our counties adjoin.

The market-hunter lives here in force, killing game legally when he can, but taking it at any time. Our game law is a dead letter. One of these hunters recently brought in ten dozen quail, another six dozen as the result of a single day's hunt. A golden eagle was killed Oct. 27 a few miles from town which measured 6ft. 10in. from tip to tip, and weighed 7¼lbs. It was a male and in perfect plumage. I have the specimen mounted before me as I write. Would like to hear from others in different parts of the State. P. M. F.

BURLINGTON, Kansas, Nov. 14.

The fall rains have just commenced here, and as a result the ducks are coming in fast. During the first part of the week the meat markets were full of mallard ducks and quail which were shot in this vicinity. Most of them, I think, are disposed of in the city instead of being shipped to St. Louis and Kansas City, as is usually the case. The weather is so warm the game will not keep long.

Last Wednesday I met a man who lives about seventy-five miles west of this place, who had been looking for a gun to hunt with this season. He said: "I am a market-shooter, and in the winter I do nothing but hunt. I am now on my way home from Kansas City, where I have been looking for a gun and trying to arrange to sell my game. Prices are so low in Kansas City this year that I shall send my game to St. Louis in wholesale lots." These are the men who get the game in Kansas; they are good shots and know just where to go, and thus they clean out the game in a very short time.

It has been raining here for thirty-six hours and the ground is very muddy. This will bring sorrow to the hearts of some of our men, because it spoils their hunting with greyhounds. They would rather chase jack rabbits and cottontails one afternoon than to hunt with a shotgun for two weeks. Greyhounds are numerous around Ottawa, and some of them are astonishingly good rabbit dogs, though few can show a pedigree.

A farmer near town made an unusual catch one day this week. He was out hunting and shot a large golden eagle with a shotgun; the charge of shot only stunned the bird and he was captured alive. He was brought to town and formed quite an attraction for a little while; he was finally sold for $10. XX.

OTTAWA, Kansas, Nov. 15.

COMBINED RIFLE AND SHOTGUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Shongo" describes in your paper of Nov. 6 an "all-round sporting gun," devised to meet his own wants and built in accordance therewith by his friend Prof. W. B. Hall.

I appreciate very fully the reasons he assigns for dissatisfaction with the arms he had previously used, and I seize the opportunity his letter affords to call attention to the existence of another gun contrived to meet the same wants, and of which a single specimen was constructed many years since and is in the possession of its inventor, Dr. Edward Maynard, the inventor of the well-known Maynard rifle.

It is a double gun, the barrels side by side, and may be a double rifle or a double shotgun, or one rifle and one shot barrel, interchangeable with the same facility as the single barrels of the Maynard rifle. Its general principle of construction is the same as the single gun, but with some very important improvements. The trigger guard, for instance, which acts as the lever to move the barrels, is attached to the stock instead of the barrel, as in the old pattern, the hammers are reduced in size, and brought in exact line with the surface of the barrels instead of projecting above it, and the general symmetry of the gun is such as to commend it alike for beauty and service.

The barrels are united at the breech and muzzle by a perfectly simple and effective contrivance which holds them as firmly as if soldered, and yet admits of expansion and contraction of either barrel without affecting the other, and allows them to be instantly separated when removed from the stock.

The rifle barrels in this model are 20in. in length and the shot barrels 26, but lengths and calibers can, of course, be varied to suit tastes. The inclosed target was made with this gun by L. J. Peck, of Albion, N. Y., to whom it was submitted for testing, and is in itself sufficient evidence that the reputation of the Maynard is fully sustained in its new form. It has always seemed to me the nearest approach to perfection that I have ever seen, and Quartermaster-General Meigs said of it after a careful test, "If introduced it would drive all the other sporting guns from the market."

The question then naturally arises, "Why is it not manufactured for sale?" And the answer is the same that prevents the introduction of many other articles of far better quality than are now to be had—the willingness of the great mass of our people to take an inferior substitute because it can be had at a less price. If a national contract for military arms can be secured it will pay to provide the machinery for their construction, and that same machinery can be used for a sporting weapon of similar pattern, which may be built of cheap materials and put upon the market at a low price. But the men whose artistic tastes revolt at the sight of a cheap substitute and who are willing to pay the necessary cost in order to secure the best that can be produced are not sufficiently numerous to warrant manufacturers in erecting machinery for the sole construction of a sporting weapon.

Since the construction of the gun I have described, which, as I have said, is the only one ever yet made, Dr. Maynard has contrived several very valuable improvements of which I have seen the drawings.

I have hoped that I might witness the introduction of a weapon which I am sure would gladden the heart of every genuine sportsman, and that the inventor might reap the reward he so richly deserves, but he and I are alike too near the close of life to afford further indulgence of such anticipations.

Whatever may be the nature of future discoveries and inventions, however, the existing model of which I have spoken of a combined and mutually interchangeable double rifle and shotgun will remain as evidence that the inventive skill of the present age was far in advance of just representation in actual construction.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 12. H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

CHINESE PHEASANTS FOR VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 13.—The first lot of Chinese pheasants imported by the Vancouver Game Protective Association came to hand by the Parthia a few days ago. We have sent them to Magee's farm, about five miles distance from the city. They will be kept in a pen for a few days to recover from the voyage, and then turned loose. They arrived in splendid condition, and while November may not seem the best month to turn them down, we had to take them when we could get them.

The weather is fine, and we have had no frost yet, so they will have a good chance of looking around their new home before winter sets in. There will be a large lot on the Batavia in a fortnight's time, and these will be turned out on different parts of the mainland. Will advise you later on about cost of birds, how they thrive, and any other particulars which will interest your readers.

CHAS. E. TISDALL.

DEER AT TIM POND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago I returned from a trip to northwestern Maine, where I had gone in the certainty of getting fresh air and exercise, and in the possibility of getting venison by other means than hounding. Myself and a friend with two guides reached Julian Viles's camp at Tim Pond, 10 or 15 miles from Stratton, on Oct. 29. The first two or three days we bagged nothing but partridges and rabbits, and then to change the luck we loafed a day in camp while the guides started out to try their single fortunes. One of them returned within three hours, having stumbled upon two large buck caribou less than a mile from the pond, both of which he got. A couple of days later the same guide brought in a medium sized deer, and toward the end of our stay my companion shot a magnificent five-prong buck that would weigh 200lbs. or over. Besides the four large animals secured I missed a fair shot at a deer and had another one come within a few rods of me in the thick spruce growth. My guide also saw a deer which he did not get, and the other guide, when without a rifle, had a deer stalk by within easy range, while the fourth one of the party had my experience with a heard but unseen deer. The quantity of fresh tracks, deer and some caribou, proved we had not exterminated the game, and any one who could be in that country when the snow first comes to stay, as it probably has done by this time, would have an excellent chance for good hunting.

We were in camp but two weeks; the first few days a crunchy and then a crusty snow made noisy traveling, and the rest of the time the ground was covered with frozen leaves, yet in spite of these very unfavorable conditions the party had the above recorded luck, and furthermore the game was gotten in a respectable and honest fashion. Any one not an actual invalid will, I think, get a more lively pleasure out of this sort of hunting than out of a lifetime of hounding.

The camp at Tim Pond consists of a dozen log huts which are well filled in the fishing season, but at this time of the year the solitarily inclined vacationist will meet there only such company as he takes along with him. The proprietor, as our comfortable and inexpensive experience testifies, will see to it that his guests are well fed and plentifully supplied with firewood at a reasonable figure per day. Within a few rods of the camp the original forest begins where the only roads are spotted lines and the traveling in summer so difficult that few of the guests ever go away from the Pond or buckboard road. I say this last lest any one may think that the camp of log huts implies a pathed and picknicked forest with all the charm of wildness rubbed out. The country will be found rough enough to suit the taste of the most robust hunter, while the comforts of the camp will not prove disagreeable at the end of a long day's tramp. We were very fortunate in the guides who cared for us, Grant Fuller and Will Myers, energetic and obliging men, and both thoroughly familiar with the woods and all that is in them. D. C. L.

New York, Nov. 50.

BOSTON'S SPORTSMEN.

THE Harry Moore party, recently mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, has returned from its hunting trip to Durham's Creek, North Carolina. They are back again to business with faces somewhat embrowned by the southern November sun. They report wonderfully fine weather, almost too hot for hunting. Dr. French was unfortunately delayed in Washington, so that he was with the party for only two days of hunting. The hunters went on the trip after deer, wild turkey, quail, opossum and coon. The hunters obtained each class of the game intended. The pigeon and lark shooting was also excellent—game that they did not expect. They got six deer in all; one deer for each man except the Doctor. But curiously enough the deer were all killed by one man of the party, Geo. C. Moore, except one killed by one of the guides. Still they all hunted from the stands, with the chances supposed to be about equal. The deer were driven by dogs, and shot by the hunters from the stands. As luck would have it, the deer were all killed as noted above. It is also singular that the only wild turkeys killed by the party were two, shot by Harry Moore. He says that of all the game he ever undertook to hunt, the wild turkey of North Carolina is about the most difficult. They will go into the top of the tallest pines and there it is impossible for the hunter to see them. The best one Mr. Moore shot was with No. 3 buckshot, a very long distance. It seemed to be impossible to approach nearer, and he took the chances.

Mr. Moore describes the possum hunting in the night as something about as full of fun as it is possible to imagine. They brought home several alive, as well as taking a good many for the table. They also mastered Mr. Coon in several instances, though he is a much more difficult game than the possum.

Bears continue to be a remarkably popular game with the Boston sportsmen who go down to Maine this fall. An unusual number have been killed and brought here. Bear steak is on the regular bill of fare at some of the popular hotels in Boston. Some of the dudes have tried it and declare that it is great for one's courage. It has been dangerous to propose it to members of the Brokers' Board of late, however. Johnnie Smith, brother of the proprietor of the New England House, has just returned from a bear hunt in Carthage, Maine. He had the good fortune to secure three fat cubs. The first day they surprised the old bear and her three young. Two of the cubs were shot. The other, with the mother, escaped. The next day the old bear was again surprised. The other cub was shot, and the old bear wounded, but not sufficiently to prevent her escape.

C. E. Davies and G. B. Eames, two noted Boston hunters, have gone into the western part of Massachusetts for a grand hunt after birds. Mr. Eames is president of the Reading Gun Club and also prominent in the Reading Kennel Club. Mr. Davies is president of the latter club. They take four trained pointers with them. They left on Saturday for Fitchburg, from which place they will start on their trip. They have estimated their kill at twenty-eight partridges and twice as many quail a day.

We are probably to hear the wolf cry from Maine again this winter "because the deer are plenty." One of the Maine papers locate them at Kinkfield and another at Madrid. In one case three were seen and in the other two. The papers say they have been shot at but not killed. One of the Kibby Valley hunters is reported killing a very heavy deer the other day. The head and antlers weighed 35lbs. It is safe to say that deer hunting in Maine is not quite up to expectations this fall, for reasons that will be given in the FOREST AND STREAM later.

SPECIAL.

SWAN LAKE.

WE were surveying a line for a levee in a very unsettled part of Coahoma county, Miss. The settler who lived nearest the scene of our work was Mr. McGhee, a gentleman of the wilderness, whom the water had run across the river from Arkansas. McGhee had cleared up a fifteen-acre field, built a two-story log cabin (ground plan about 14×18) with a spacious portico around it, and was engaged in raising cotton and robbing bee trees. It was beside this palatial castle that we pitched our tent, having some trouble in finding room enough among the corn stubbles to spread our downy pallets (each of which consisted of an armful of hay and a blanket). We boarded at Mrs. McGhee's rural restaurant.

The route to our work led us across the bed of Swan Lake, on the north bank of which lies the renowned Garland Field, noted for its abundant supply of game. The lake was dry at that time, and its bottom was partly covered with grass, which afforded very good pasturage.

We frequently saw deer at a distance up the lake, so we concluded to kill one. We took a gun out with us one day, and were gratified that evening on our campward march at seeing a couple of deer about half a mile off, near the elbow bushes on our side of the lake bed. I proceeded toward them, walking a few yards within the bushes. When about opposite them, I crawled to the edge under cover of a large willow tree, from which I had an excellent view of a large doe about 60yds. off and a half-grown fawn at her heels. The doe was broadside to me. They had apparently heard me, for they both had their noses high. It was a magnificent spectacle to one who had never before seen a deer in its native haunts. I plugged a load of buckshot at the doe and off she galloped, closely followed by the fawn, at which I sent the other load. They both escaped. It afforded me some satisfaction, however, to say that I had shot at a deer, notwithstanding the fact that she didn't fall. It had become dark by the time I rejoined my companions, which made our tramp back to camp a little rough, as we had to follow a blazed trail through a mile or two of woods and cane. There were spots of moonlight on the trees, which we sometimes mistook for blaze, thus losing our bearings about four times. On such occasions one of the crowd would stand still while the others circumnavigated around him at a distance of about a hundred yards, feeling the white spots until they located the smooth ones. We finally made camp about 9 P. M.

Next day we left the gun behind. While crossing Swan Lake, both morning and evening, we saw three bears some distance off, apparently nosing the ground quite unsuspiciously. Upon the strength of that two of the party started out before daylight the following morning to get a bear. When the remainder of the crowd reached the lake, about two hours later, we were astonished at seeing the bears in the same spot again. We wondered why the hunters hadn't scared them away. (We didn't expect them to kill any.) This was explained thus: Having a telescope along we drew a focus on Messrs. Bear. There they were, plain as a white fence—not the bears, but three enormous black hogs, rooting with as much composure as that with which the bears of yesterday had been nosing the ground. After that we didn't hunt bears any more in "them diggin's." TRIPOD.

Mississippi.

OHIO GAME FIELDS.

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 24.—William Wolstencroft, Wade Wilson, Rolla Heikes and Edward Rike have returned from their hunt in the sand thickets of Lucas county, this State, and Wolstencroft and Wilson proceeded at once to their homes in Philadelphia, well pleased with their success in the field. During the week that they were out the four gentlemen bagged over 600 quail and 100 pheasants, and knocked over an occasional rabbit for the farmers. They were not bothered with fences, and were in a territory of hazel and huckleberry bushes, a buckwheat region, and thickets around the swales where pheasants abound. The hunters were astonished to learn that a deer had been killed there last fall, and another one seen while they were there, only twenty miles from Toledo.

William Bradford, George Volker and Clayton Miller, of this city, in three days' hunt in Wellston, Jackson county, killed 25 dozen quail and 51 rabbits, and brought back with them a brace of blue ticked, well-trained two-year-old beagles that are well trained rabbit dogs. These gentlemen had expected to hunt at Gallia Furnace, Gallia county, but the superintendent of the thousand-acre tract had reserved the shooting privileges for his friend, Mr. Al Wickersham, of Jamestown, who is there this week. It is a rough, heavy-timbered mining country, and the forests and dense undergrowth are filled with wildcats, foxes, coons, possum, squirrel, pheasant and quail, and occasionally a keen hunter can bring in a wild turkey.

Clark Denious, of Washington, C. H. and S. S. Troup, in three days in Fayette county got 178 quail and 25 rabbits. Michael Stockert, who had the privilege of shooting over a section of 640 acres of grazing land in Clark county, found an abundance of birds for several days' sport within a quarter of a mile of the house, therefore did not need to disturb coveys over the rest of the farm, but left them for a hunt after Thanksgiving Day.

A prodigy among hunters is discovered in the farming section southeast of this city, half way to Bellbrook, in the person of Miss Ollie Owens, a modest girl of 13 years of age, daughter of a farmer. She is a fine wing shot and works a brace of her own dogs to perfection in the field. She dresses in *vivandière* costume of navy blue flannel, uses a 12-gauge Remington, loads her own shells, carries game bag and ammunition by a broad shoulder strap, is self-reliant and does not get rattled, keeps her dogs within short range, covers field or copse closely and is always accompanied by one of the family, usually an uncle, who is himself fond of hunting. When seen in the field by a Dayton party Friday she had bagged 9 quail and her tenth was a bird that the Daytonians had missed, and as it came her way she knocked it over, her dog retrieved it, and as she put it in her game bag she gracefully saluted the astonished gentlemen. BROWN.

WORCESTER FOX HUNTING.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 22.—The annual hunt of the Worcester Fur Company occurred on Thursday of this week. The game they were after was foxes and they succeeded in capturing six, and all reporting a fine day's sport. The club had with them about thirty of the members residents of this city, also Ledyard Bill, of Paxton; Leander F. Herrick, of Millbury; Estes Knight, of Oxford; H. C. Newell, of Ashburnham; Frank Sweet, of Auburn; Edward and Leonard Taft, of Meriden; A. D. Norcross, of Monson; Judge Huber Clarke, of Willimantic, Conn.; and Dr. S. P. Holbrook, of East Douglas.

The events of the day closed with the annual dinner at the Bay State House, at which a large number of notable persons were present. At the head table with A. B. F. Kenney, president of the society, and E. S. Knowles, secretary of the company, were His Honor, F. A. Harrington, mayor of this city; Hon. Joseph H. Walker, of this city and a member of the Fifty-first Congress; also Hon. John R. Thayer, of this city, recently elected to the Massachusetts Senate. At the other tables were about fifty guests, among them were Col. James M. Drennan, Webster Thayer, a member of the Board of Aldermen, Capt. David M. Earl, all of this city, also Richard Luther, of Leicester; Chas. Prine and Paul Wheeler, of Rutland; W. P. Brigham, of West Boylston; John M. White, of Millburn; S. E. Bliss, of North Brookfield, besides the others mentioned above as present at the hunt. The men of the party were full of stories of the hunt and many interesting experience of the haps and mishaps of the day were told. A fuller report will be given next week.

NOTIONS ABOUT LOADING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "W. A. W." recommends for a 12-bore shotgun 3½drs. powder and 1¼oz. shot for ducks. I agree with him that heavy charges of powder will give a larger bag of game than light charges. I have experimented much with light and heavy charges. For many years I have used in a No. 12 gun 4 to 4½drs. powder and 1¼oz. shot, and in a No. 10 gun 5drs. powder and 1¼oz. of shot. Of course the recoil with such charges is heavy, but I overcome the recoil by padding the sleeve of my hunting coat about three-fourths of an inch in thickness. When hunting prairie chickens in my shirt sleeves, I had a vest prepared with a sleeve for the right arm, also padded. Thus prepared the heavy recoil would not be noticed. Some of my sporting friends following my example had the padding made of sponge such as is used in cushions. H. L.

ILLINOIS GAME.—Lexington, Ill.—While James Turpin, of Lexington, Ill., was hunting on the 17th of this month he saw a very large bird, which proved to be a gray eagle. He shot and broke one wing, and finally captured it and brought it to town. It weighed 10lbs. and measured 8ft. from tip to tip of wings. Doctor Hanson bought the bird and will have it mounted. It is the only eagle seen in our vicinity for years. The law and our farmers are doing much toward replenishing the prairie chicken and quail. There are few farmers who will let hunters go upon their lands to shoot. We have had scarcely any water fowl here this fall. The ponds are all dried by tile and the streams are so low they would hardly swim a duck.—S.

THE UNITED HUNTING, FISHING AND CAMPING CLUBS OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—The regular quarterly meeting will be held at the rooms of the Pittsburg Rod and Gun Club, No. 512 Smithfield street, on Saturday evening, Nov. 29, at 7:30 o'clock. Delegates from all clubs are requested to be present. Visitors from all fishing and hunting clubs not members of this association, are requested to attend. The officers of all clubs, and all sportsmen, and all who are interested in the protection of fish and game, are invited to attend and bring their friends. Prominent sportsmen will be present. Important changes in the fish and game laws will be proposed.—J. W. HAGUE, Sec'y, 136 Fifth avenue.

NEW YORK GAME AND FISH LAWS.

THE Codification Committee gave a hearing at Albany last week, at which a number of sportsmen and others were present. Hon. H. A. Reeves, representing the net-fishermen of Long Island, protested against the proposed amendment requiring nets in Peconic and Gardiner bays to be taken up three nights in the week. Hon. Geo. E. Towne made similar claims for the net fishermen of Lake Erie. State Fish Commissioner Henry Burden, of Troy, asked for proper protection of fish in the Delaware River by preventing the netting of shad and bass. He urged a law making the capture of salmon in the Hudson under 3lbs. unlawful. Also one compelling fishermen in the Hudson to take up their nets for at least one day a week to allow the fish to get to the spawning grounds. The use of seines at the mouth of the Croton River, now so prevalent, should be stopped.

W. H. Thompson, of the St. Lawrence Anglers' Club, read a letter from the president of the St. Lawrence Game Club deploring the illegal use of night set lines, and spoke of the lax enforcement of the fish laws. Mr. Kellogg, attorney for the club, said the restriction against violating the law seemed to be slight, as an offender, if caught, could pay his fine and yet come out ahead financially. Hence the laws are not observed. The fine against netting should be at least $100, and for using dynamite the penalty should be three times as great as for any other illegal fishing.

The destruction wrought by the use of nets in the Hudson River was described by Howard N. Fuller, representing people along the Hudson who have had ample opportunities to witness the extinction of fish in waters which should supply the thousands of poor people along the banks with a plentiful supply of fish of the most desirable species. The State has built fishways, put in salmon fry and employed salaried protectors at a large expense; yet the law has permitted the use of nets, resulting in the utter deprivation of the beneficial results that should have accrued from such improvements. The Hudson has been depleted of fish by netting, especially where fykes are used; in other words, from Troy dam to Poughkeepsie. Mr. Fuller advocated a law prohibiting the taking of fish in the Hudson River with nets, except shad, herring, minnow for bait, or fish to be used in the propagation of fisheulture.

The most interesting part of the hearing was with respect to deer hounding. Mr. Seymour Van Santvoord, of Troy, advocated a law prohibiting hunting with dogs—and he thought the Commission might go a little further by prohibiting the killing of deer in water. Nine out of every ten deer, he claimed, were killed in the water, after they had been hemmed in with no chance of escape. He stated that a failure to adopt a law prohibiting hounding would eventually end in the extermination of deer in this State. Such a law is upon the statute books of seventeen States and Territories, and in States were such a law is not enforced, deer hunting is a thing of the past for want of game.

Dr. Samuel Ward said he was a firm advocate of deer hounding and the killing of deer on the runway, but he would have no objection to a provision in the law prohibiting the killing of deer in the water, although he knew some sportsmen would object to it. The inhabitants and summer visitors of Franklin county were unanimously in favor of hounding deer, holding that it was most sportsmanlike to kill deer on the runway after due warning. It

took a practical sportsman and a man of nerve, he said, to kill deer on a runway, and there were very few hunters who could do it. He believed that ten times more deer were killed by still-hunters than by hounding. He favored the law prohibiting the killing of deer at any time, holding that such a provision would tend more than any other to increase the number of deer. Referring to the Curtis law of 1885, which prohibited hounding of deer for one year, he said that Paul Smith and other hotel keepers in the woods could testify to the fact that their business receipts were decreased more than $100,000, because people would not go up into the woods if they could not enjoy hounding, "the most manly and sportsmanlike manner of killing deer."

William L. Fowler and Frank C. Wolcott, representing the Black River Game and Fish Protective Association, were both opposed to deer hounding and asked the Commission to recommend that the season for the killing of deer be shortened.

Scudder Todd and Charles Smith, from Lewis county, opposed hounding or the killing of deer in the water. Mr. Smith stated that nearly all the deer were killed in the water, being cornered after a hard run in front of the hounds.

Mr. Kellogg said it was an utter impossibility to detect or convict persons who hound deer contrary to law, and there should be a change of boundaries to make them as simple as possible. He favored a law prescribing a heavy penalty for any person who has a hound in his possession in the prescribed territory during the close of the deer season.

R. J. Richardson, Lowville, advocated shortening the present law that allows hounding for fifty days (Sept. 1 to Oct. 20) to thirty days, expressing the opinion of woodsmen and sportsmen. All killing of does should be prohibited, which need necessitates the prohibition of jacking, for a man shooting at night must run his chances on killing a doe.

Jas. F. Tracey, of Albany, said he thought after fifteen years' experience in the woods that hounding and jacking were destructive of deer. He favored an act making the hounding season as short as possible, but not the time for other methods of hunting deer. Jacking he was not adverse to, but he advocated prohibition of killing does.

Chris Goodsell, a guide for fifteen years on the Fulton chain, thought no does or fawns should be killed; jacking was a destructive practice. The hounding season should be shortened to at least thirty days instead of fifty. This summer he found one fawn and six deer floating or on the shores dead on the various lakes.

Charles J. Smith said he found two bucks and three does in the latter part of October on the shores of Smith Lake, where they had been driven by hounds at a time when the water was so chilly as to cause their death. None of them had been shot.

It was argued by some of those present that a new commission should be created, to have special charge of game and fish protection, relieving the Commissioners of Fisheries of their present responsibilities in this field.

OF INESTIMABLE SERVICE.

PUBLIC sentiment in reference to the protection of birds and other wild animals, mostly known as game, has become healthier in tone and spirit in the past few years. The necessity of throwing some guards around them to prevent extinction is apparent to the most stupid, also to the most selfish. It is a matter of the greatest importance, and cause of gratitude, that the States and Territories have passed laws that are more or less beneficial in this regard. A compilation of these acts has been made by Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, the well-known editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York. Now, every earnest observer of the law, who loves to fish and hunt, and every man or woman who has an interest in the preservation of birds and all other animals that are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, has the means of knowing what the laws are. The compilation is in good shape, is prepared for quarterly issue and will be of inestimable service.—*Public Opinion.*

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. PLAYING CARDS.—For 15 cents in postage you can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards on application to the undersigned, P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

TROUT FISHING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

VERY few Northern trout fishermen know much about the streams in western North Carolina, I think, and perhaps if I should tell all of my experience in that region people would say that some of my "yarns" were decidedly "fishy," I will, in consequence of that, confine this article strictly to facts.

I went to the city of Asheville last May, to find some place where speckled trout could be caught in sufficient numbers to make the sport interesting. I went to the headwaters of the Big Pigeon River, 40 miles west of Asheville, and found trout in unlimited numbers. Took a train on the Murphy branch of the Western N. C. R. R., and stopped at Pigeon Valley station, 25 miles from Asheville, thence by wagon up into the mountains over 15 miles of the roughest road I ever rode over, found a farmer who agreed to keep me, and the next day the former and your servant gave the "speckled beauties" our attention.

There are three or four good creeks in that region, besides the river. We fished Crawford's Creek the first day. Crawford's Creek is quite a large stream. It rises up under Cold Mountain and nearly its whole course is through dense woods, over big ledges, and hundreds of deep, dark pools are found which fairly swarm with trout, many of which are of very good size. The best fishing on this stream is the first two or three miles from its mouth. About three miles from the mouth of the creek it divides into two forks and some good strings are caught in both of them, but as I could get all the fish I wanted without going up the fork, I did not fish them.

Our first day on the creek was a very satisfactory one, and when we reached home, about sunset, we had 17lbs. of as handsome mountain trout as I ever saw. Old man Crawford, who owns the creek, charges all who fish it 15 cents per pound for all they catch. I fished it eight times while I was up there, for fish for my own use, and paid him something more than eleven dollars, and did not keep any fish that would measure less than 6in. in length. I fished that creek in company with men who came up from Asheville, and other places, and I think they paid him at least ten dollars more. You can understand by this, I think, how abundant trout were in that region last summer.

When I started for the mountains I provided myself with such flies and tackle as I had been in the habit of using on the trout streams in New England and northern Michigan, but when I came to use those flies I found that those N. C. trout didn't fancy them; the result was I used a cinnamon-hackle, and baited the hook with a red worm; with that contrivance I could catch those trout until I was tired.

About two weeks after my arrival at the fishing grounds, the stick worm became plentiful and then we gave up the red worm; we also began using a lemon-colored hackle.

The stick worm is either white or a light lemon color; it is about three-fourths of an inch in length, and when put on to the hook it makes a very attractive-looking fly (?), and the average trout will rise to it when he will not to anything else.

The trout catcher cannot fish from the banks of those mountain streams to any considerable extent; they flow between steep mountains, through dense growths of laurels and rhododendrons, and the fisherman must take to the water. It is because of this state of things that scientific fly-fishing is impossible.

My second trip up Crawford Creek was made a few days after my arrival, I went alone; the day promised to be a good one, sun was bright and warm, and everything seemed favorable for a successful day's sport. I started into the stream at eight o'clock A. M. The water was as cold as ice, and the trout "bit" ravenously for about three hours; then they stopped. I was then on the best part of the creek and the rain had commenced falling; it looked as if my day's sport was at an end, but I had a very large string and did not feel badly discouraged. I sat under a large rock and ate my lunch of corn bread, fried pork and ginger bread, and waited for the rain to stop. At the end of about an hour the sun came out, and I left the creek and went up to a little clearing, about half a mile, where Crawford had a little cornfield; it was one of the rockiest cornfields that I had ever seen, and I thought I would rather own one of the sand barrens in Florida than such a field as that, but the creek could be fished from the bank through the clearing and I expected to get a dozen or two big fellows in going through it. There are no very deep "holes" through the clearing; it is a gentle ripple all the way, with many rocks with dark nooks under them, overhanging low banks and bushes, and very good ground for fly-casting.

After reaching the clearing I tied on a fresh cinnamon-hackle with a red body, cast over to the opposite side, the fly struck the water by the side of a large rock; there was a splash and a rush down stream to the first of the ripples, and at the end of about two minutes I landed my prize: it was a prize, indeed, and would weigh at least three-quarters of a pound.

Another cast at the extreme lower end of the ripple, and another rise, and another good half-pounder was landed. Things began to look brighter, except some heavy, black clouds could be seen coming down through the gap about half a mile away, and that promised to give me a wetting unless I sought shelter in Crawford's old shanty up in the cornfield.

I kept on fishing until I reached the clearing and then made the best time I knew how to for that old shanty, but I was pretty well soaked when I reached it. Crawford and his boys were there; they had a big fire in the old fire place, and after a "nip" of old North Carolina "mountain dew," I sat down by the fire and dried my clothing. At three o'clock the rain stopped, the sun came out bright and hot and I started for home, three miles from where I was, over a cattle trail, and after having accomplished about half the distance the rain began to pour; there was no shelter to get under, and I commenced whistling to keep up my courage. In five minutes after the storm began I was as wet as I could be, and a temporary shelter would have been of but little use if I could have found one.

When I reached Crawford's house I was wet, tired and about famished with hunger, and while Madam C. was weighing the fish I devoted my best efforts to a big apple pie which the old lady set before me. The pie was made of dried apples, and it might not have been considered one of the daintiest ones that ever was made by a Yankee housewife, but it seemed just at that time to be the best one I ever ate.

About the time I had filled up with pie and paid for my trout, my landlord, farmer Osborn, came up on mule back; he was going up the creek to look for me. It was my first trip alone, and he and his good wife had become alarmed at my long absence.

Osborn said he was afraid I had fallen down some one of those big ledges and broken a leg or two. I told him I was all right, had had no bad falls, but had seen lots of good ones, and could not get a rise from any of them in the deep, dark, wooded portion of the creek. Osborn said those "holes" were full of them, and that we would catch them after the water became a little warmer. There had been no warm rains up to the time of my arrival, the streams were low and but few trout had commenced running.

I had mounted the "mule brute" while we were talking over the events of the day, we were three-fourths of a mile from Osborn's and if it hadn't been for that "mule brute" I do not believe I could have reached home that night; every bone in my body ached.

Supper was nearly ready when we reached the house. I washed, changed my clothing, took a good stiff "horn" of "old rye" and proceeded to the supper table, where I found a surprise awaiting my coming. Osborn had been fishing a few of the deep holes in the river during the afternoon and had caught eleven beauties that would average at least half a pound each. Six of them laid on a platter before me, fried to the most beautiful golden brown you ever saw. I was just hungry enough to lay away two of them, and I did it, without making many remarks about it either.

The rain fell heavily all that night, and the next morning the creeks and river were torrents; no fishing could be done that day, and I did not care much about fishing for one day at least; I was pretty stiff and sore; my old cowhide boots had made my corns tender and I was glad to rest. I had some fine Scotch hooks, tied to a hair snell, but without any fly on them; and after a breakfast of fried trout, fried pork, cornbread and milk I got one of the boys about the place to catch an old white rooster that was strutting around the barnyard. I plucked some of the long fine feathers from his neck, found some lemon-colored dye about the house and dyed them. After they had been dried I took several of those little hooks and tied them with my yellow feathers, using white silk and gold tinsel for bodies and made some very fair looking flies. And they beat all the "store" flies I ever used or saw used during the three months of my visit in that region.

My yellow flies did not come into general use until after the middle of June, when the stick worm had hatched out.

I forgot to mention that I paid Madame Crawford for 23lbs. of trout the day I fished the creek alone. I had at least a dozen, which would have tipped the beam when caught at ¼lb. each.

There were a dozen good hearty appetites to appease in Osborn's family, and even that big string of fish would not be wasted.

About the only fly that can be used in North Carolina is a species of the *Phryganidæ*, familiarly termed cad or caddis fly and in those wilds "stick bait." The females lay their eggs upon the leaves of the overhanging bushes, to which they adhere until they are hatched, a process, which, in warm weather, soon takes place. The eggs produce little six-legged larvæ, which fall in the water and immediately set about constructing for themselves tubelike cases in which to reside secure from their numerous enemies, especially the brook trout. When seen at the bottom of the water these cases appear like short bits of stick, but they will be found on examination to be regularly and beautifully constructed of various materials, some of pieces of reed, grass and the like, and many of fine gravel and sand, which are strongly cemented together with a kind of glue, which the larvæ produce, and which completely resist the action of water.

After having passed sufficient time in the larva state to arrive at a proper degree of maturity, the insect fastens its case to the stem of some water plant or to the under side of a rock, and closing it at each side with a kind of grating, through which the water necessary for breathing flows, it turns to an inactive pupa.

In a few days it issues from its outer case, rises to the surface of the water, and bursting its pupa skin appears in its last and perfect form of a beautiful fly.

I did not observe more than two kinds of these flies when I was in the North Carolina mountains; those were the white and yellow ones. After those flies came trout would not readily take the few worms we were able to find; but about the time the stick worms were hatched we could find plenty of "yellow jacket's" nests, and where we could not cast our flies we used the "yellow jacket's" grubs; no feather upon the hook, and the trout could not possibly resist that bait, and we took many big fellows with that grub.

Several parties of city fellows came up there during my visit. They generally brought dozens of gorgeous flies, laughed at our rude tackle, and when they went home carried big strings of trout which Osborn and I caught for them with our home-made flies, stick worms and hornet grubs.

I used much smaller hooks in those mountain streams than I had ever used before. About the smallest kind of Limerick is the proper kind to use. Most of my flies would not measure more than ⅜ of an inch in length. With such hooks I caught a good many trout of a pound weight each; if my snell and leader held I had but little fear of losing them. I believe I did not break six hooks during the entire time I was there.

The second day after my last tramp was Saturday; the river was at about the right fishing stage, and Osborn said we would go down and fish the big pool, at the mouth of "Hungry" Creek. That pool is about 150yds. in length, about 30yds. in width, and from 2 to 6ft. deep when the river is at the proper fishing stage. The current is slow, and on the east side there is a ledge from 150 to 200ft. high. The side of the ledge is covered with a dense growth of water maples, rhododendrons, vines and blueberry bushes, and it is impossible to fish it on that side; the west side is lined with small willows, which offer little or no protection from the sight of those keen-eyed old settlers who live under the ledge, and in order to fish there successfully one must go there just before dark.

So after sunset we mounted our mules and rode down there, fished a few holes above the big pool while waiting for the last rays of daylight to disappear, and then went to the foot of the pool, waded in until we had reached about the middle, and began casting. I used a white-coachman, one that I had made that day; Osborn used a yellow-hackle with gold body, and his first cast brought a big fellow to the surface. In a moment I got a rise and landed one of a pound weight. This was a pretty fair beginning, I thought. After I had killed my first one the trout commenced rising all around us. I think I could count a dozen at a time. I had not seen anything like it before, and at the end of twenty minutes we had bagged nine big ones; they weighed 11lbs. We could catch no more that night, owing to darkness; we could not see where to cast, and those "old settlers" had stopped rising. We caught about fifty large trout from that pool during my stay there. I do not think anybody but Osborn and myself caught a fish out of that place during the entire summer.

The next day was Sunday, and no fishing was to be done. Those mountain farmers all attend church on Sunday, and if a stranger would stand well with them he must abstain from labor on that day.

After the family had all gone to church, I called the dog, a splendid collie, took my pipe and went after flowers down the road by the side of the river. That road ends at Osborn's house; it is a lovely road to travel on on foot for a short distance on a bright, warm evening. It is well shaded with large chestnuts, oaks and hemlocks, and on that delightful morning the laurels, white azaleas, Indian pinks and many other lovely flowers lent their beauty to the scenery and filled the air with their fragrance. I gathered great clusters of them, all that I could carry, to take to the house.

Upon reaching home Mrs. Osborn brought out two large jars, arranged the flowers and stood them upon the mantel in my room; they made a lovely appearance and filled the room with the sweetest perfume. Every nook and corner was filled with lovely flowers after the first of June, and about the middle of June, when the rhododendrons came into full bloom, the sides of these steep banks along the stream presented such a sight as a lover of flowers would never forget. It was a sight that cannot be described on paper; one may go there and see it as I did.

Is it any wonder that the *Salmo fontinalis* is an aristocrat, as well as the best food fish that is found in fresh water? His home is in the clearest and purest water; he feeds upon the daintiest of food, and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, and I think that all true lovers of the gentle sport of angling will agree with me that he is, indeed, the king of fresh-water fishes.

Perhaps some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will say I am a little "soft" on the mountain scenery of western North Carolina. I cannot help it if they do. I believe that all true worshippers of that good old man, Izaak Walton, are affected by beautiful scenery as badly as I am. Old father Izaak never saw such a lavish display of beautiful nature as we have in our country, and I believe the western end of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge beat any other mountains east of the Rockies in North America; the heavy growth of timber, the dense thickets of bushes and vines, many of which are made beautiful in spring and summer by being covered with brilliant flowers, cover the rough sides of the mountains to their summits, thereby hiding their roughness from view; so that very few of the peaks present the rough, bold and desolate appearance of the Rocky or the White Mountains. RUSH.

THE "GOLDEN TROUT."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In 1885 a large female trout was sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., from Dan Hole Pond by Fish Commissioner Luther Hayes. Through some inadvertence its arrival was attended with uncertainty concerning its history, and it was some time before letters of inquiry led to a correct understanding. The specimen was the original of the figure 16 of which our friend Dr. Bean speaks on page 313 of the current volume of FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 6, and which he identifies with the species described by himself as *Salvelinus aureolus*. Not wishing at the time to commit myself to a positive identification without seeing more than a single one, and after being repeatedly assured that no European species had been introduced in the pond whence it came, while waiting for other and smaller ones for comparison, the trout was provisionally placed as a variety in a species known to occur in the region. That it was not permanently located will be made evident by turning to page 19 of my article on the "Salmon and Trout" in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts, 1885, where the only reference is the following: "Figure 14 represents a ten-inch male [*Salmo fontinalis*], figure 15 a female of about eleven inches, and figure 16 a female of twenty-one. The latter [a figure of the Dan Hole specimen] differs in various respects from the others, as in the nearly uniform brownish of the back, shape of caudal, etc. A knowledge of the younger stages from the same locality may lead to the separation of this form. Its shape resembles that of the salmon."

It was only after the acquisition of additional specimens, through the friendly interest of Mr. Walter M. Brackett, and Fish Commissioners E. A. Brackett and E. B. Hodge, that I felt warranted in positively asserting the fish to be the "Alpine trout" of Europe (*Salmo alpinus* Linn.). Subsequent acquaintance with this trout has given me no reason for change of opinion, or for doubting that, with my specimens before him, the Doctor would agree with me. Figures of *S. alpinus* in Dr. F. A. Smitt's Swedish monograph on the Salmones represent the Sunapee trout quite as well as if they had been drawn from them. In another article the subject will be dealt with at greater length. S. GARMAN.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 17.

[Doctor Bean was unable to identify the golden trout with the introduced saibling for several reasons, although he observed and wrote about the striking resemblance between the two species before publishing the description of *Salvelinus aureolus*. He had compared a moderate number of the Sunapee trout with saiblings from Germany and Norway and Prof. Smith's beautiful figures had been consulted. Some of the differences recorded by him at the time were as follows: The saibling has 10 gill-rakers below the angle of the first gill-arch, a slender stomach and a very narrow band of hyoid teeth; the golden trout has 14 gill-rakers below the angle, a stout stomach, and the hyoid teeth in a broad band. It is a matter of record also that the first saibling eggs sent to New Hampshire by the U. S. Fish Commission were received and hatched at Plymouth in 1883. Two years later Col. E. B. Hodge sent a golden trout weighing 5½lbs. to the National Museum, and wrote that much larger ones were to be had. It is not probable that the saibling will grow to such size in two years from the egg in any waters. Dr. Bean is desirous of having this subject fully investigated, and will readily acknowledge his mistake if he has redescribed an old trout. He has several statements of trustworthy persons to the effect that the golden trout was caught in Sunapee Lake long before the saibling became a subject of artificial culture, and that it inhabited Dan Hole Pond seventy years ago.]

THE CONGER EEL.

MESSRS. Theodore and Thomas Smith, of South Norwalk, Conn., have been catching a great many conger eels this fall. This eel was formerly unknown at South Norwalk, and there has been considerable speculation as to where it came from and what it could be. It has been used to some extent for the table, and while the flesh is very much lighter in color than that of the common eel its flavor is stronger. The congers taken by the Messrs. Smith average less than 1lb. in weight. They were caught in fyke nets, out among the Norwalk Islands, near shore, in comparatively shoal water.

The conger eel is described in most books under the name of *Conger vulgaris;* other names for it are *Conger oceanica* and *Conger conger*. Dr. Day says it is known at Aberdeen, Scotland, as the evil eel. In Great Egg Harbor Bay, where it is not uncommon, the fishermen call it the sea eel. The species rarely ascends into fresh water. It is voracious and extremely pugnacious, frequently jumping at its captor like a snake, and biting viciously. It grows to a length of six feet, and is said to attain to the weight of 100lbs. In the Southport Aquarium, England, a conger in 5½ years increased in weight from 3lbs. to 90lbs. Some individuals of extremely large size are caught by cod fishermen off Noman's Land. On our coast the fish is not generally eaten, but the Portuguese and Spaniards use it in great quantities, and at one time it found a ready sale in Edinburgh, Scotland, although in British waters it was generally considered unfit for food. As an aquarium fish the conger is very attractive, because of its sleek appearance and pleasing colors. Two examples were brought recently from Chesapeake Bay and are now living in the National Aquarium at Washington.

A SUPPOSED HYBRID TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed sketch is an exact outline drawing of a brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) found in the market here in bulk with a number of lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*), taken with gill-net on the north shore of Lake Superior on the 1st inst. In general form, color and markings, save the red spots, it had all the appearance of the latter fish; but the square tail, branchiostegals, fin rays and teeth formula were those of the former. It was a male spent fish, 16in. in length by 8¾in. in girth at the front of the dorsal fin, and weighed just 2lbs.

I am no believer in natural hybridism, but this fish comes the nearest to it of all I have ever met with.

I might add that the markings from back to belly were entirely those of the lake trout, lacking, both on the back and fins, the beautiful tortoise tracery of the brook trout. The red spots were double the usual size and on a background of round white, or bluish white, spots. The fish had passed as lake trout and been overlooked as such until I made the discovery. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND Ohio.

[The sketch shows seven red spots above and fourteen below the lateral line. The tip of the lower jaw is hooked upward so that it reaches almost to the level of the eye. The form is much more elongate than is usual in the brook trout, and the upper parts are shown to be covered with irregular long blotches, which are always noticed upon the hybrid between the brook and lake trout. In our opinion the fish was a cross between these two species, artificially produced, and the probability is that it was obtained by fertilizing eggs of the brook trout with milt of the lake trout. Several of the State Commissions, and some private fishculturists, have been engaged in hybridizing the two species mentioned, and, as the cross is a fertile one, the subdivision has been continued at will; so that individuals deriving only one-quarter or even one-eighth of their parentage from one or the other species are recorded. We agree with Dr. Sterling as to the improbability of natural hybrids among the *Salmonidæ*. It is a pity that the specimen was not preserved in the Doctor's cabinet, so that its probable origin might have been satisfactorily determined. A good figure of the hybrid between the lake and brook trout was published in FOREST AND STREAM of May 9, 1889, and another description of this cross appears in our issue of Jan. 17, 1889. The sketch by Dr. Sterling represents the fish as having a very short head and with the upper jaw reaching to below the middle of the eye. In many respects the fish differs from our notion of the hybrid between lake and brook trout, and we can only hope that additional specimens may yet come into the hands of Dr. Sterling or some other naturalist, who will state their characters in detail.]

DEATH OF SALMON AFTER SPAWNING.

THE following interesting and important letter of Mr. Thomas Mowat, dated at New Westminster, B. C., Sept. 6, 1890, was addressed to Judge James G. Swan in reply to an inquiry concerning the return of Pacific salmon to sea after spawning. Judge Swan forwarded the letter to Col. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of reproducing it:

I have much pleasure in informing you that I have proof without doubt that the *Oncorhynchus*, or Pacific salmon, do in many cases return to fresh water annually, for the purpose of reproducing their species. I have proof of this in the case of the quinnat (*Oncorhynchus chouicha*) and suckeye (*O. nerka*), and I am confident, from observations that I have made, that the cohoes (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*) do return in larger numbers than those first mentioned. During the seasons of 1884, '85, '86, I made use of the leather or harnessmaker's punch to mark the quinnat salmon after they had been partially stripped of their eggs, and were obliged to be returned to the pens. The marking was done by punching one or more holes through the adipose dorsal fin and then passing a piece of colored cloth or twine through the hole, so as to distinguish them from the fish that had not been handled. Sometimes we cut a portion or the whole of this fin off, and these fish were returned to the water after we had finished stripping them. Two successive years later a few of the fish so marked passed through our hands and were recognized, and I learned that some had been taken by the netters. It must be understood that the strings were not left on the fish. The fin was found to be withered somewhat, with the hole partially grown up. Since the season of 1887 we have been operating on the suckeye, and, as I have already described, some of these were marked in a similar way; but owing to having so many in the pens we had to keep different marks on them, so that the tails of some were bent or doubled up and a V-shaped piece taken out. Two of the fish marked in this manner were taken by netters this season and sent to me. One so marked was shown to the editor of the *Columbian* at my office, hence the report.

My contention has always been that at least four species of our salmon return to the rivers to reproduce, the fourth, including those alluded to, is the steelhead, of which none die except by accident. My opinion is that 75 per cent. of the quinnat salmon survive that ascend from 75 to 100 miles inland; those that ascend from 100 to 1,000 miles, or reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains are reduced from various causes down to from 5 to 25 per cent. The percentage of the suckeyes that survive is slightly under that of the quinnat, while that of the cohoes is very large, as they do not ascend so far inland and have a better chance to return. The qualla and humpbacks die in large numbers, as they are more pugnacious, spawn in shallow water and are more liable to disease.

I quite agree with you as to the views held in reference to the salmon returning; they no doubt descend very rapidly and either in the deep water of the center of the streams or along the shores, where they are less apt to come in contact with nets. I have on several occasions noticed the spent suckeye salmon swimming down this river [Frazer] toward the gulf, and I have been informed by the netters that they have taken them; but of course there is not the same chance of capturing them on their return to the ocean.

THOMAS MOWAT.

[The qualla referred to in the above communication we suppose must be the dog salmon (*Oncorhynchus keta*), and the humpback is the *O. gorbuscha*. The steelhead salmon, of course, is really not a species of *Oncorhynchus*, but belongs to the genus *Salmo*, and has very different habits from the species of *Oncorhynchus*. It spawns in the spring and is found in the rivers spent before the *Oncorhynchi* are ready to spawn. The question of the return of the Pacific salmon to the sea after spawning is a very important one and worthy of much more extensive investigation than it has yet received. We have never quite believed that the quinnat and red salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouicha* and *O. nerka*) all die after spawning, as stated by some very good authorities, and yet this is merely a matter of belief and may not be warranted by the facts in the case. We have seen the mending dog salmon (*O. keta*) in fresh water near the sea; we have, also, observed the apparently complete annihilation of the humpbacks after spawning, although not more than a few yards from salt water. What is needed in the case of the quinnat, red salmon and silver salmon is observation of the streams which they ascend for the purpose of spawning continued until the fish descend to the sea. In this way only can the problem be solved.]

ANGLING NOTES.

ANOTHER fishing season has come and gone, leaving us a wealth of pleasant memories to recall during the long winter evenings. Rods and reels are put away, and the breechloaders now engage the sportsman's attention. Unfortunately death has sadly thinned the ranks of the anglers the past few months and we have to mourn the loss of several prominent sportsmen and good companions. John Lowery will be greatly missed at the South Side Sportsmen's Club, when they gather down at the club house next opening day; and Florida will see Dr. Ferber no more. And poor Endicott, who used to be the life of our party down at Bill Chadwick's, at Squan Beach, every season, has also gone to the "happy hunting grounds" where all good sportsmen hope to go. Young Fred Poor's death was also a great shock to his friends and fellow members of the Laurentian Club. Always bright and cheerful, his presence was like a ray of sunshine in camp, and he will be sadly missed next season.

Mr. Theodore Gordon is one of the most thorough fly-fishermen we have ever had the pleasure to meet. He believes what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, so he pays attention to all the little details that go to making a good angler; and above all, will not use bait under any circumstances. He would as soon shoot a quail on the ground. He thinks that we are all wrong on the subject of artificial flies, and believes we ought to discard various foreign fancy patterns, and copy our own natural insects and flies as closely as possible. He carries out his theory in practice. On the Neversink last season no one brought in better baskets of trout than Mr. Gordon, whether they used fly or bait.

We presume it is a waste of time again to caution our readers about putting away their rods at the end of the season without having them put in order; but if they would only pay attention to this caution they would save both themselves and the rod makers much trouble. Besides they would be in better condition next spring. Many neglect this until a day or two before they start on their fishing trip; the result is the workmen do not have time to do the rods justice, the varnish does not get half dry and the whole thing is hurried and unsatisfactory. Also beware of putting rods in closets near furnace flues or up high near the ceiling, where it is always hot and dry, but lay them on the floor of a cool spare room, if possible.

The striped bass fishing still remains fair at Hell Gate, and quite a number have been taken near Robbin's Reef. The method described in these columns last month, that is the gang and spoon with a sandworm for bait, seems to take the largest fish. A good many have been lost owing to the cheap tackle used by many of the fishermen, who are not up to handling the big fellows, and think anything will do, but after a striped bass grows to be a five-pound fish he is not to be trifled with in the swift waters of the "Gate," and it requires good tackle to hold him.

THAT MAMMOTH CARP.

THE capture of the mammoth carp here last Friday morning has been the subject of conversation among the brothers of the rod and reel. The following facts, with reference to the capture of the carp, I have secured from one of the lads who assisted in taking it. The fish was caught about 10 o'clock in the morning in the shallow waters of the Sandy Hill Brook, quite a distance up the stream from the Reservoir Pond, where the fish has probably been for some years, as it is eight years since some eight or ten German carp were placed in "Higgins Pond," which was made by placing a dam in a suitable location upon this Sandy Hill Brook. This dam was carried away by a flood some four or five years ago, when the carp therein found their way down the brook to the reservoir pond of the paper mill, some three or four miles below, which is quite a deep body of water, but not of very large dimensions. Shortly after the freshet that carried the dam out of the Higgins Pond two or three of the German carp were captured in the paper mill pond—one of 1¾lbs. and a third of some 2¾lbs. was captured by the mill hands, but they being ignorant of the name, nature and character of the fish were unable to tell what they were. The capture of this recent fish, however, brought to mind the fact of the taking of the other fish and the fact that the Higgins Pond was stocked with German carp, so that the matter of identification is now an established fact. I am inclined to think from my conversation with the lad who assisted his brother in the capture of the 11lbs. carp, that there is still in the reservoir pond one or more of the fish of considerable size, and it is simply a matter of time to demonstrate this fact, as the inhabitants of the neighborhood where the fish were captured seem determined to find out if such is the case, as all the small boys, factory hands and fishermen in general are trying their skill to secure another of the monsters if there are more of them to be secured. WORONOC.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

RAINBOW TROUT IN COLORADO.—The success of the rainbow trout in Colorado, where it was recently introduced, is wonderful. The species thrives even better than in its native waters and is spreading rapidly. As for its size in its new home, General John Pierce, ex-Fish Commissioner of the State, has caught specimens in the Platte, near Denver, weighing 5 or 6lbs.—J. G.

A NEW NAME FOR BLUEFISH.—Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., has informed us that the bluefish is known in Rhode Island waters as Spanish mackerel. The latter fish is evidently unknown in that region, or the two could not have been confounded.

AMERICAN CATFISH'S CARE OF YOUNG.

PROBABLY most persons who have visited rivers and streams which catfish inhabit have observed in the summer an old fish with a black cloud which proved to be of young swimming about. The old fish was the male, and the care of the young was assumed by him till they were old enough to take care of themselves. Several old observers have recorded their impressions of such concourses, and among them were the celebrated Agassiz and Girard.

Prof. Agassiz, in his notice of the *Glanis* of Aristotle, likewise noticed the habits of the common catfish of Massachusetts, the *Amiurus nebulosus*, then generally known as *Pimelodus catus*. Says Prof. Agassiz: "I have had fewer opportunities to watch [this than the sunfish.] However, I have seen them in the spring, which, in the latitude they inhabit, does not fairly set in before the end of May, approach the shores of our ponds, like *Pomotis* [the common sunfish], in pairs, and clear also a space among the low water-grasses, *Scirpus* and the like, in very shallow water, not more than a foot or so in depth, and deposit its eggs in the same manner as *Pomotis*, and watch as carefully and vigilantly over its progeny. Yet I have not been able to ascertain how long the period of incubation lasts. But at different times I have seen the young already hatched, still hanging about within the area of the nest, protected by their watchful parent, sometimes the male and female remaining together with them; at other times, either one or the other of the old fish keeping watch alone. I have seen larger broods of young, already three-fourths of an inch, and even an inch long, remaining together like a flock, around one or the other of the parents; and sometimes both swimming slowly in the center or by the side of what, at some distance, would appear like a black cloud rolling slowly through the water in one or another direction, but which seen more closely, proves to be a flock of young fish. I have observed such flocking broods through the whole month of June, and noticed that in each the young were of larger and larger size in the latter part of the month, until they swim more loosely, and finally disperse half together; the parents standing near the flock, or even in its center, in proportion as the fish are smaller. When watching over the eggs which are not yet hatched, or when following the young brood, the old fish seem very solicitous for the safety of their progeny, and drive away with great fierceness any approaching enemy. I have even seen one dart at a little hand-net which I was dipping in the water, to secure the young which were still hovering over their nest." These observations were recorded in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston.

Dr. Girard described a swarming (to borrow the language of apiarists) which he observed near Philadelphia in the following terms:

"In visiting a small pond, situated above Schuylkill Falls village, an innumerable quantity of small fish were seen along shore, near the surface of the water. On approaching them they all suddenly disappeared, and the water being muddy we could not tell where they went. A scoop-net brought to light a subspherical mass, composed exclusively of green confervæ, and which after examination proved to be a regular nest, constructed, as we suppose, by the parent fish, whose progeny it contained; for in it the small fishes seen a moment before near the surface had gone to seek shelter. In all probability the eggs were deposited in it, and when hatched, the young, instead of dispersing themselves, remain for some time congregated under the care of the parent who provides food for them.

"The number of young fish gathered around the nest was at least from 300 to 400 and of different sizes. The largest were about 1¼in. long and the smallest about ¾in. This difference in size seems to us as indicating that eggs had been deposited and fecundated at different periods in the nest.

"They all had the abdomen distended like full grown individuals before spawning. But this was owing to the stomach gorged with food. The skin of the belly was so tender that soon after death it was entirely decomposed, the intestine and stomach then appearing outside of the abdominal cavity.

"The structure of the nest was very simple, confervæ in strings were disposed circularly all around. The size of the entire structure was about 8in. in its longest and 6in. in its shortest diameter. There was at least one opening to get in and out, but this portion of the nest we could not examine thoroughly from want of clear water; and after having been kept for some time out of the water it was entirely deformed.

"The nest laid at the bottom of the pond, 1½ft. deep in that place, and protected by aquatic plants growing along shore. The water here is never subjected to any violent motion, and thus the soft materials of which it was constructed were resistant enough for that particular locality.

"We should think that under other circumstances, as, for instance, a current of water, catfish would construct their nests of a substance more capable of resisting a chance of destruction.

"Further observations will tell us more about this interesting subject, and it is with the hope that some one more favorably situated than we are will devote some attention to it, that we have brought before the Academy the very little it was our good fortune to observe on this occasion."

There is cause for doubt as to the correctness of Dr. Girard's views as to the nest, and in view of our present knowledge doubt is also provoked as to the care of the female for the young, but these observations of two eminent men are reproduced, not only for their intrinsic interest but to incite to observation of the facts in a state of nature.

In 1883 the present writer was fortunate enough to witness the incubation and care of the eggs and young exercised by a common catfish of Eastern America, occurring in the neighborhood of Washington and known as *Amiurus albidus*. In the spring of 1883 a number of adults of this species were obtained from the Potomac River and put into aquaria in the building of the U. S. Fish Commission. Three of these were placed under Col. McDonald's supervision, in a tank, and of these one deposited eggs, which were taken charge of by another. The account of the doings of the fishes has been given by Prof. John A. Ryder in a "Preliminary Notice of the Development and Breeding Habits of the Potomac Catfish," published in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission (Vol. 3, pp. 225-230).

"On the morning of July 13," 1883, according to Prof. Ryder, "a little after 10 o'clock A. M., we noticed a mass of whitish eggs in one of our aquaria, inhabited by three adult specimens of *Amiurus albidus*, two of which were unmistakably the parents of the brood, for the reason that they did not permit the third one to approach near the mass of eggs which one of them was watching vigilantly. One of the individuals remained constantly over the eggs, agitating the water over them with its anal, ventral and pectoral fins.

"The mass of ova deposited by the female in a corner and at one end of the slate bottom of the aquarium measured about eight inches in length and nearly four inches in width, and was nowhere much over one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness. The ova were covered with an adhesive, but not gelatinous, outer envelope; so that they were adherent to the bottom of the aquarium and to each other when their spherical surfaces came in contact, and consequently had intervening spaces for the free passage of water such as would be found in a submerged pile of shot or other spherical bodies. There were probably 2,000 ova in the whole mass, as nearly as could be estimated. The eggs themselves measured about one-sixth of an inch in diameter a short time after oviposition and after the large water space had been formed about the vitellus, between the surface of the latter and the egg membrane. The vitellus measured one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Over the eggs thus deposited one of the fishes was to be constantly seen hovering. It was found that it was forcing fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of the anal, ventral and pectoral fins. Over these the parent fish kept zealous guard, constantly agitating the eggs day after day, and on the sixth the young commenced to be hatched, and came out in increasing numbers until the eighth day; they exhibited a tendency to bunch up or school together like young salmon. They also, like the young salmon, tended to face or swim against the currents in the aquarium, a habit common, in fact, to most of the young fishes recently hatched.

"The development of the fins of the new-born were somewhat similar in general character to that usually observed. On the second day the medial natatory fold began to grow out on the dorsal and ventral side and the end of the tail, but up to the fifth day no clearly marked differentiation of any of the unpaired fins had occurred. The first of the paired fins to appear were the pectorals, which began to show themselves on either side of the body on the third day a little way behind the ear, as a pair of low longitudinal folds. The first of the unpaired fins to be developed was the anterior dorsal, which was first marked off from the rest of the natatory fold on the fifth day by a slight emargination near the anterior end of the latter. Coincidently with the development of the first dorsal the first rays of the caudal began to develop on the fifth day, just below the upturned caudal end of the notochord which terminated near the dorsal border of the tail, but no distinct embryonic caudal lobe was ever developed.

"On the fifteenth day after oviposition it was found that they would feed. While debating what should be provided for them, Mr. J. E. Brown threw some pieces of fresh liver into the aquarium, which they devoured with avidity. It was now evident that they were provided with teeth, as they would pull and tug at the fragments of liver with the most dogged perseverance and apparent ferocity. This experiment showed that the right kind of food had been supplied, and on this they flourished, none dying, until the 1st of August. It is worthy of note that when pieces of liver were thrown into the aquarium the parent fishes would apparently often swallow them, with numbers of young ones eating at and hanging to the fragments. I was soon agreeably surprised to find that the parent fishes seemed to swallow only the meat, and that they invariaby ejected the young fish from the mouth uninjured, the parent fish seeming to be able to discriminate instinctively, before deglutition occurred, between what was its proper food and what were its own young. As soon as the young began to feed they commenced to disperse through the water and to all parts of the aquarium, and to manifest less desire to congregate in schools near the male, who also abated his habits of fanning the young with his fins, as was his wont during the early phases of development.

"The most interesting feature of the development and evolution of the young catfishes is the early appearance of the barbels. The first pair which is visible is the maxillary at the angles of the mouth of the embryo. This pair of barbels grows out at either angle of the mouth, on the third day, as a pair of flat lobes, continuous anteriorly with the upper and anterior border of the mouth. By the fifth day the maxillary barbel becomes much prolonged and cylindrical, while the two pairs of chin barbels appear at the same time a little behind the outer margin of the lower jaw as two pairs of low fleshy papillæ. By the seventh day these have grown considerably in length and become cylindrical. On the same day the nasal pair of barbels have been formed as papilliform outgrowths at the anterior margin of the posterior nostrils, the anterior and posterior nostrils being already separated by a pretty wide bridge of tissue. The early separation of the anterior and posterior nostrils by a bridge of tissue in the embryo catfish is a striking instance of the acceleration of precocious development of this structure, which is not usually formed so early. Thus the young continued to flourish until the 30th day of June, or about seventeen days after they had been hatched, when it was determined to solve the question of which sex it was that took charge of the young. The custodian of the aquarium had naturally called it the female, but the present writer recalled the fact that it was the male of most fishes that was the care-taker of eggs and young, and that it would be probably found that the male was the care-taker in this instance. The parent was dissected in the writer's presence by Prof. Ryder and it was found to be a male. "Upon cutting it open and removing a portion of the milt or testes, they were found as a lobulated paired organ on either side of the mesentery, depending from the dorsal wall of the abdomen. The lobes of the testes were digitate. Upon compressing fragments of the testes under the microscope active spermatozoa were pressed out."

The female was also examined. "The spent roe or ovary of the female was a paired organ, the right and left sacs of which were joined together posteriorly. The ovarian lobes or leaflets were disposed transversely in the sac."

Only selections have been made from Prof. Ryder's account, and for further details respecting the development of the young resort must be had to Prof. Ryder's memoir.

The catfish has now been followed from the egg to its development in the image of its parents. Exactly how long the father remains in charge is unknown, but doubtless before he leaves them the young have learned well how to forage for themselves. At this stage they have been examined by Prof. Forbes, who tells us that they live upon insect larvæ (chiefly represented by *Chironomus*) and the small crustaceans *Cyclops* and *Daphnia*.

THEO. GILL.

MASCALONGE TEETH AS TROPHIES.—Under date of Oct. 18 Mr. Gardiner M. Skinner, of Clayton, N. Y., well-known as the maker of the popular Skinner spoons, writes as follows: "Have you ever extracted any of the large teeth from the lower jaw of a mascalonge? It may be done with a small pair of pliers, and they may be attached to a card bearing the record of weight, size, etc., of the fish. I have several of them, and to some they prove a curiosity. An important and large one would be quite a novelty mounted and used as a scarf pin. Don't you think so?"—E. HOUGH.

Fishculture.

HOLDING LARGE SPAWNING FISH.

THE handling of large fish without injury to them is a matter of great difficulty. Nets of any kind allow them to flounder about and rub off their scales and mucous coating and tear their fins. The use of the hands also is liable to injure them, as the grip must be a very secure one.

The writer in transferring large fish to aquaria has found nothing so useful and so little hurtful for the purpose as a square of wet cheese cloth or muslin. By passing it under the fish and grasping the upper corners or edges the fish is held firmly and securely by the soft and clinging



muslin. The idea occurred that it might also be made useful in spawning large fish by making of it a sort of bag with a strap for slinging it over the shoulders of the spawntaker, thus relieving his hands. This, while holding the fish securely, would allow a free use of both hands.

With several holes in the bottom of the bag, through which to squeeze the spawn or milt, one bag could be made to answer for fish of varying degrees of size. The soft, clinging nature of the muslin would allow the needed pressure to be made from the outside, or the hands could be inserted into the bag to clasp the fish. It is possible also that the pressure of the muslin alone would force out the spawn freely. A light oval iron frame at the top of the bag would probably be an advantage.

In some respects light canvas might be found preferable to muslin, especially if oiled or greased, to prevent harshness. It would not, however, allow such free access of air to the gills of the fish. The muslin should be wetted before using, and greasing might be still better, as it would prevent the adhesion of mucus. The accompanying illustration will give a general idea of the apparatus suggested.

W. P. SEAL.

THE TENCH IN MISSOURI.

WE are advised by the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. M. McDonald, that the tench, which were transferred from Washington to the new station at Neosho, Mo., in the fall of 1889, promises to be a very prolific and valuable species in the waters of Missouri. Only twenty-three yearling fish were sent to Neosho, but the superintendent of the station now has from these a stock of 10,000 young fish. The tench has been given a fair trial in Washington City and vicinity, but has apparently made no impression in the streams in which it was planted. An occasional specimen has been caught in the Potomac or one of its tributaries, and found its way to the National Museum or the Fish Commission, as a species unknown to the fishermen; but so far as we are aware the tench has never been taken in sufficient numbers to make itself known in the markets. The same remark applies apparently to all eastern waters. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that this fish, which has a high reputation as a food fish in Europe, promises to thrive in some of our Western streams.

The Neosho waters appear to be peculiarly adapted to introduced fish of the carp family. Mr. Page, the superintendent of the station, has reason to believe that goldfish, which were hatched in April, 1890, have already matured and produced young.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE "Transactions of the American Fisheries Society" at their 19th annual meeting, held at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, May 14, 1890, is one of the most attractive and valuable of its series. It contains the address of its president, Mr. E. G. Blackford, the record of the routine business of the meeting and the papers read before the Society. Mr. Fred Mather has papers on the "Eggs of the Pike-perch," "Danger to Fish Eggs in Transit" and an Index Review of the Proceedings of the Society, from the time of its origin to the end of its 18th annual meeting in 1889. The index of authors and subjects is exhaustive and can

not fail to be appreciated by all who have occasion to refer to the publications. Mr. J. H. Bissell has contributed articles on "Detroit Whitefish Station" and "Grayling in Michigan." Mr. Wm. P. Seal discusses the "Desirability of Great Public Aquaria in the United States," and, in connection with Mr. John Gay, reviews "The Past and Present of Fishculture," with an inquiry as to what may be done to further promote and develop the science. Mr. Herschel Whitaker details "Some Experiments in the Impregnation of Pike-perch Eggs," and Mr. Hoyt Post treats of the "Sturgeon, Some Experiments in Hatching." Judge Emory D. Potter wrote upon the "Origin of Fishculture in the United States." Mr. P. P. B. Hyerson describes an "Experiment in Trout Hatching and Rearing in Arkansas." Dr. T. H. Bean has a paper on "The Alaskan Fishes and their Allies," which is illustrated by twenty-one figures of the species. Dr. J. A. Henshall has an article on "Fish Protection." Dr. R. O. Sweeney describes the "Spawning and Development of the Siskiwit."

We miss a table of contents and alphabetical index, as well as the customary discussions of papers, which usually form parts of the published proceedings; but we congratulate the recording secretary of the Society, Mr. E. P. Doyle, upon the neat and attractive appearance of the nineteenth volume of the Transactions.

WHITEFISH WORK OF THE U. S. F. C.—The season about closing has been notable for success in collecting eggs, especially in Lake Michigan. The Alpena station, with a capacity of 45,000,000 eggs, is full and eggs will be sent by messenger from there to the new station at Duluth, Minnesota. At the Put-in-Bay station, in Lake Erie, about 500 jars, holding 150,000 eggs each, have been filled. The station of the Ohio Commission at Sandusky is being filled by the U. S. Commission with eggs from the vicinity of Toledo and Port Clinton. After the eggs are carried far enough forward to bear shipment, many of them will be divided among State Commissioners who have already applied for them; the distribution will include New York, Wisconsin and some other States having suitable waters. It is evident that whitefish are abundant and that artificial propagation of this species is bringing the desired results.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1058.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutan Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 1.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Central Field Trials Club, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Mills Building, New York, Secretary.

1891.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials opened on Thursday, Nov. 13, with the Members' Stake at Otterburn Springs, Amelia Court House, Va. The day was cloudy and continued so throughout the running. Birds were very scarce in the open, the damp weather sending them all to cover. The judges were Messrs. Simon C. Bradley, Greenfield, Conn.; Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and W. W. Titus, Mount Pelis, Miss. The drawing was as follows:

MEMBERS' STAKE.

MISS MONARCH (Capt. Chas. Gray), Roy Monarch—Flossy,
with
GUY (Col. Geo. T. Leach), Gladstone's Boy—Lady.

GATH'S MARK (H. Hulman, Jr.), Gath—Gem,
with
ANNIE F. (F. R. Hitchcock), Roderigo—Juno A.

FANNIE M. (H. Hulman, Jr.). Gladstone's Boy—Flame,
with
WHITIE (Herbert Merriam, Gus Bondhu—Royal Myrtle.

BETTY S. (Highland Kennels), Roderigo—Bo Peep,
with
JACK MODOC (W. A. Coster).

First Series.

GUY AND MISS MONARCH.

The start was made at 9:20 A. M. in stubble. Guy soon showed himself the best ranger, going off down the edge of fields for a quarter of a mile, working his ground thoroughly. Half a mile further on Guy hunted through an orchard. Miss Monarch then made game, but nothing found. Birds had left the stubble and gone to hills. Sent on, Miss M. in woods at edge of meadow flushed. Guy followed the covey and pointed, and birds flushed all around him. He was steady to wing. In heavy weeds and brush Guy got another point on running birds. Guy then roaded to a point, but birds were not flushed, being very wild. Dogs went into a swamp and were ordered up. Sent on inside of woods in sedge grass, but no birds being found dogs were ordered up at 10:15. Guy did all the work, was the better ranger and under good control. Miss Monarch pottered and looked to her handler too much.

GATH'S MARK AND ANNIE F.

These two were cast off in open fields at 10:20. Annie started off the faster and ranged in the open, Gath in the branches, through some weeds, but nothing found. Mark here began to extend himself and hunted through weeds without result. Another half mile was covered when Mark worked in woods through sedge grass, but no birds were found. Annie depended too much on her handler. Further on Mark pointed and three birds were flushed, both steady to wing. Annie then worked back some distance. Here Mark got another point which was not allowed. Hulman, in getting up his dog, flushed another bird, Annie pointed, but flushed. Mark then got a point in good style and Annie backed. Birds ran, Mark pointed and birds flushed and flew into tall grass. After working through brush Mark pointed again, birds flushed and dropped three rods away in weeds. Mark then flushed the birds in weeds four feet high. Dogs were then sent to branch where birds were marked, but found nothing. Dogs ordered up at 11:12. Both were fast, but Mark did the best work.

FANNIE M. AND WHITIE.

Sent off at 11:25. Fannie M. showed best speed and made a wide cast in weeds and stubble. Whitie was slow and pottered along a branch. Sent on through cornfield, Whitie pointed. Mr. Merriam flushed, Fannie getting up in time to see them go, both dogs steady to wing. Birds scattered in woods and grass. Fannie then scored a flush. Whitie then pointed a single which flushed wild. The work here was too fast and several birds were missed, the judge putting up the birds the dogs should have pointed. Dogs were ordered up at 12:10. Fannie did some genuine work, but Whitie happened on the birds in brush around the cornfield. Fannie was the faster, but did not seem at home on the scattered birds. She was not used to her owner, Mr. Hulman, and looked more to her handler who was in a buggy near by. Lunch was called at 12:15, after which

JACK MODOC AND BETTY S.

were put down at 1 o'clock in wet, soggy ground. A covey soon flushed near the spectators and scattered. Billy flushed a single, birds had scattered in high broom straw and dogs could not locate them. A move was then made for fresh ground where both dogs soon pointed a lot of birds, both steady to wing. Betty made game and Duryea flushed covey. Jack pointed where they got up. Betty then pointed but no bird was found. One bird was then flushed and Betty getting up dropped to wing. Jack then made a fine point, bird flushed and shot by Mr. Coster. Betty made another point, moved up and came to a point again, bird put up by Mr. Duryea but not shot at. Sent off on new ground Jack soon pointed but moved on and continued roading, getting behind judges and handlers in timber where he was found by reporters, who flushed a bird. Dogs were then taken up, down 45 minutes. Both dogs were fast, but Betty had a little the better of it in this respect. This ended the first series and all dogs remained in as the judges were not satisfied with the work done.

Second Series.

GATH'S MARK AND MISS MONARCH.

Put down at 2:20 in a corn field—drawn blank. Sent on to clover field Mark went on half a mile or so to some grass and weeds, where he came to a point. Hulman flushed, shot and killed. Mark steady to wing and shot, and sent on to retrieve, did his duty well. Dogs were then ordered up at 2:40. Mark showed himself the better dog. The next two,

GUY AND WHITIE,

were cast off at 2:45 in stubble. Guy flushed some birds but stopped to wing. Guy then pointed in pines and grass; he moved up, but Leach put up the pointed bird. Guy soon made another point, Leach putting up the bird. Guy scored another, Leach flushed, fired and missed. Guy pointed again on Whitie's track. Whitie then got a point and Guy backed. Merriman flushed but did not shoot. Dogs up at 3:15. Up to this time seven bevies had been found. The next two,

JACK MODOC AND FANNIE M.

were sent off in weeds at 3:27. Neither could range very fast. Tried in wood bottom but no birds found. No points were made, both ranged wide. Ordered up at 8:55, Fannie was lost for five minutes, not being used to her owner, Mr. Hulman.

ANNIE F. AND BETTY S.

These two were sent off at 4:05 in high weeds and wet ground. Annie was a little the faster. Annie came to a point which proved to be on a lark. Annie moved on ranging finely over a large stubblefield and then into brown straw and sedge, but found nothing. Returning to stubble she came to a point but nothing was flushed. Dogs were ordered up after a long heat, no birds having been located. Both dogs were fast and worked ahead without let up, Betty being a bit faster at finish, both deserve credit for ranging and endurance. This ended the running for the day, and a move was made for the hotel.

Friday.

GATH'S MARK AND BETTY S.

were put down to-day on the Jefferson farm, at 9:03 A. M., in long stubble. Mark roaded in corn, Betty S. down a branch, the latter getting on to a point, Mark backing finely. Birds were put up and both steady to shot. Betty S. then got a point in a fence, moved a little but dropped to order, Mark, ranging off, came up to back. Mark soon made a point and Duryea flushed the bird. Mark then pointed again in leaves and was backed by Betty S. Birds were running then in the leaves, birds then flushed and Betty dropped to wing. Moved on to woods when judges consulted and decided to stop in woods. No birds being found, dogs were ordered up. Mark was the faster, Betty getting to birds first by chance as she was not so well handled.

ANNIE F. AND JACK MODOC.

Put down at 9:35 in corn stubble. Jack started out with a bad flush and ran into the covey, which scattered in every direction. Mr. Coster whipped him. Then the brush was tried, but dogs did not go where birds were. The stubble was hunted over again, but drawn blank. On edge of stubble Jack came to a point, left it, swung round and kept on casting. Annie was brought up here and Jack called off, when they went down side of stubble. Annie seemed to like the open and covered most ground, Jack taking to the edges. Jack came to a staunch point and a rabbit was started. Jack kept pointing, then roaded up and a covey flushed; Jack steady to wing. Annie did not show game. Following covey into briers, Annie pointed, Coster flushed, both dogs steady. Jack then pointed where they got up; both were called off and judges then sent them to woods, but nothing came of it. Sent on, they worked into the cornfield again, Jack made a staunch point, went on, turned back and pointed again. Annie crossed him and did not make game. Dogs were then called up at 11 o'clock. After some consultation the judges decided the awards as follows: Gath's Mark first, Betty S. second, Jack Modoc third.

The running of the regular stakes commenced Nov. 18, at High Point, N. C., as stated in my account of the Members' Stake at Otterburn Springs, the scarcity of birds there, and the impossibility of much open work being done, led the management to pick up stakes and go on the old grounds at this place. It was a wise move and one the club deserves great praise for making. Extra expense and trouble were incurred, but this does not daunt the men who are at the head of the club. Those in attendance at the trials include Messrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., E. C. Kent, F. R. Hitchcock, H. B. Duryea, Herbert Merriam, H. B. Anderson, E. H. Hyde, Thos. Johnson, J. M. Taylor, W. L. Washington, A. Merriman, A. Morten, R. A. Gray, C. A. Joyce, C. E. Sherwood, C. Tucker, W. Andrews, W. C. Lindsay, W. B. Mears, L. W. White, John White, W. Tallman, W. Brailsford, A. Cameron, W. W. Titus, Wm. Bradley, Frank Richards, J. B. Stoddard, C. E. Buckle, Capt. McMurdo, E. Dexter, B. Waters, J. M. Avent, and Mr. Carroll, of New York, who, it will be remembered, spent some time recently in Africa with the lordly lion and other big game.

On the grounds, within a short distance of town, birds were found to be fairly plentiful, and it was therefore possible to get through the two first stakes in good time. On Tuesday the 18th an early start was made to the Glass House. The weather being bright and clear, a little frosty in the early morning hours, but during the day it became quite warm, uncomfortably so for those who had to range far afoot. This may be said of the weather during the whole week, so that the club may consider themselves to have been highly favored by the weather clerk, though the heat in the middle of the day made it rather hard for the dogs to pick up scent, especially after running some time.

The Derby stake was concluded Wednesday night, and the decisions made were eminently satisfactory, the best dogs being undoubtedly in their right places. The winner, F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Lieutenant, is a black and white setter dog, by Jean Val Jean out of Princess Helen. J. O. Donner is the breeder. Tory's fine range and snappy action elicited great admiration from the *cognoscenti*, and his good training reflected great credit on his handler, John White, a veteran in the business.

Tapster, the second winner, is a liver and white pointer. He is by King of Kent out of Hops. His sire had already made a reputation for himself as the sire of the phenomenal young dog Rip Rap, who did such startling work last year. Tory Lieutenant has shown himself one of the best Derby winners that ever ran, being little inferior, if any, to the winner Rip Rap of last year, and Mr. Hitchcock may be proud of the mark he has made with his new love—the English setter.

The judges, Messrs. Duryea, Merriman and Johnson did their work well, showing at once that they were men of experience and quick decision. The field of spectators was in the main composed of men who are entirely devoted to field sports, thoroughly understanding the requirements necessary to carry out the trials in an orderly and proper manner, so that there was little need of a marshal or risk of the judges, handlers or dogs being interfered with in their work.

A word of praise for our host, Geo. T. Leach, and I will take the heats in their proper order. It was no small undertaking to provide, at a moment's notice, accommodation and food for forty or fifty hearty men, in such a place as this, but by Tuesday everything was in running order and one cannot speak too highly of the generous table and excellent accommodations provided, the lunches in the field being particularly good and welcome, soup piping hot and always on time.

Tuesday.

DERBY STAKE.

READY II. AND COYOTE.

These two were put down at 8:35 near the Glass House. Ready II., an Irish setter, was handled by H. B. Anderson, and Coyote, an English setter, by Chas. Barker. Weather bright and cool. In sedge grass a bird flushed, Coyote steady to wing; this worked through, nothing more was found. After working a lot of ground, woods and sedge grass, Ready flushed a covey, then made a point and Coyote backed. Anderson put up birds and both dogs were steady to shot and wing. Ranging back into sedge, Coyote roaded to a bird but did not point, bird flushed. Ready then pointed, no bird; Coyote then flushed three birds. Sent on through several fields, Coyote ranging the best, in edge of wheat field Barker walked into birds, near where Coyote was roading. Both dogs then pointed and birds were put up, both steady. Another point by Coyote and the dogs worked through woods and were then ordered up at 9:19. Coyote was the faster and better ranger, and had a little the best in style.

PAUL BO AND ZIG ZAG.

Down at 9:25. Titus handled Paul Bo and Capt. McMurdo Zig Zag. In sedge grass Zig Zag false pointed. Paul then ranged off into weeds and through corn on hillside and over a lot of ground. Both dogs made game, but nothing came of it. Paul then roaded on edge of woods, passed the birds, which flushed into woods; both dogs steady to wing. Zig Zag then made a point and Paul backed, birds flushed and was a little unsteady. Working on down to the edge of woods and through high sedge grass dogs were ordered up at 10:08. Zig Zag was the faster and better ranger and showed more sense, both equal in style.

NELLIE BLY AND TAPSTER.

Nellie Bly, handled by John A. Hunter, and Tapster by C. E. Buckle, were cast off at 10:15 in bottom. Returning to woods Tapster false pointed. On, Nell pointed in edge of wood, Tapster backed. Sent on to find a covey was flushed; both steady. Tapster then made a point, Buckle fired; dog steady to shot and wing. A single then flushed; both dogs steady. Working on Tapster pointed where birds had been. Sent on Tapster flushed a single in high grass, then on through sedge grass, when dogs were ordered up at 11 o'clock. Nellie Bly showed some fair work, but is not so fast as Tapster, not so wide a ranger. A great deal of ground was covered in this heat with little result.

DILL AND REVELER.

Dill handled by Tucker, Reveler by Frank Richards, were cast off at 11:05. The dogs worked through several fields to some woods where Dill pointed, nothing found; on in woods, a covey was flushed by a judge, on the same birds Reveler scored a point, then Dill pointed, Tucker shot, and dog steady to shot and wing. Dogs then worked on through woods where Reveler pointed a single which Richards put up, fired and both dogs steady, then both dogs got a point, moved on and Dill scored another, and Reveler pointed the same birds in pines. Here a reporter put up a bird which dogs had passed. Judges then ordered the handlers to leave the scattered birds and go into the open at 11:40. Dogs worked over the hill through high sedge grass, but nothing being found, the judges ordered dogs up at 11:48. Both dogs were about equal in style and range, but no good work was done. We then made for the old school house for lunch.

RUPERT AND PHŒNESS.

After lunch Rupert, handled by Avent, and Phœness, by Cameron, were cast off at 1:10 in sedge grass. On into woods Phœness did some roading, then out of woods into high sedge, both dogs ranging well, Rupert the better. Soon after Rupert did some pretty work, coming to a point on a bevy, which was put up by Avent, Rupert steady to shot and wing. Rupert then pointed fur. On in sedge grass a bird flushed behind Avent. Phœness over a fence made a point on a covey, which Cameron flushed, Phœness ranged on but Rupert pottered behind. Then Phœness got a point, and moved on to another point by the roadside, and a single got up to the left, Phœness steady to wing. Dogs ordered up at 1:57. Phœness under better control and Cameron's good way of handling was much admired. Rupert ranged wider but was heedless to whistle at times.

WILLIAM H. AND TORY LIEUTENANT.

These two, William H., an Irish setter, handled by Ander-

son, and Tory Lieutenant, handled by John White, were put down in sedge grass near cornfield. Tory at once began to show his speed and range. Working to woods Tory pointed in hedge, birds being on the other side. Tory roaded on down; both dogs made game in sedge grass and then Tory pointed, when birds flushed all round; dogs steady to wing. Dogs then went on in bottom, where a reporter found Tory on a point in long sedge grass. White flushed the bird, both dogs steady. On, Tory pointed in pines, no bird. William H. roaded the bird and put it up. The judges then consulted and dogs were ordered back. Working over a lot of ground, both in woods and open, and nothing being found, dogs were ordered up at 2:50. Tory showed his superiority in style, speed and range.

WHYTE BEDFORD AND SAM R.

These two English setters were cast off at 2:55 in high sedge grass. The former was handled by Tucker and the latter by Titus. Both dogs started off at a good gait through some pines into open fields, then back into pines. Whyte B., by a ditch, pointed birds, which Tucker flushed, dog steady to shot and wing. Sent on in sedge Whyte B. roaded to top of hill and then Titus flushed a single in pine woods, which dogs had passed. Brought back to where birds had been Whyte B. got another point. Dogs sent on, several fields were worked through hedge of woods, when in brush Whyte B. pointed again; Tucker shot, both steady. Whyte B. got another point in sedge, Tucker flushed. Sam R. coming to a point to the right Titus put up, shot and several more flushed, both steady to shot and wing. A few minutes after dogs were ordered up at 3:45. Both showed good range and speed.

VANITY FAIR AND IAN.

Vanity Fair, handled by Hyde, and Ian by Cameron, were put down at 3:55 in corn. Both started off well. Soon Ian roaded to a point on a covey in hedge row, Vanity Fair backed nicely; Cameron flushed birds, both steady to wing. On in corn both dogs got a point, and several birds flushed wild. Sent after scattering birds in weeds Vanity Fair roaded to a flush on a single, steady to wing. Ian pointed in woods, birds gone on, then he roaded to a point in pines, when Cameron flushed; dog steady to shot and wing. Further on, Vanity was found on a staunch point, Ian backed, Hyde shot and killed, both dogs steady. Out of woods, both dogs were ordered through a cornfield, where, on edge of brush, Ian came to a point; sent in to flush, he put up a covey; steady to wing. Vanity coming up roaded where birds had got up. Dogs, further on in weeds, were ordered up at 4:35. Ian showed more range and speed, equal in style.

QUEEN VIC AND PEARLINE.

At 4:37, in open field, Queen Vic, handled by Chas. Barker, and Pearline by W. B. Anderson, were cast off. Vic soon pointed a covey and Pearline backed, birds flushed. On, Queen Vic flushed a single in high grass. Queen Vic here ranged out of sight; brought back, both were sent on over some fields, when dogs were taken up and put down at 4:45 in stubble. Pearline then ranged way off in cornfield and was brought back. After some more ranging through sedge grass dogs were ordered up at 5:20 and a start made for town. Neither did very good work, Pearline having a slight advantage.

Wednesday.

RAZZLE AND TYKE.

The meet to-day was near the town, weather being bright and frosty. The above dogs were put down at 8:17 in sedge grass. Razzle was handled by S. C. Bradley and Tyke, the English dog, by Cameron. Both dogs worked through the woods but nothing was found, then a lot of ranging was done in the open, mostly in sedge grass, for about 45m. Then at edge of field Razzle pointed a bevy, steady to shot and wing. Then Tyke roaded into woods when he flushed a single, and then pointed another close to it, which flushed, dog steady to wing both times. Out into corn, some more ranging was indulged in but no game being found the dogs were ordered up at 9:23. Razzle had a little the best of it throughout in speed and range, Tyke did a good deal of pottering work, pointing repeatedly and then moving on.

TRAP, JR., AND MAID OF KENT.

Trap, handled by Geo. Grey, Maid of Kent by C. E. Buckle, were put down in stubble field at 9:50. Maid soon got a point on a covey in ditch, Trap backing nicely, Buckle shot, both steady to shot and wing. Ranging off into high grass, Maid pointed a single and roading on two more flushed directly afterward, another of the same bevy got up a few yards further on; Trap then pointed the same birds, Grey shot, both steady. In edge of woods, Trap pointed again, the birds flushing. In woods Maid then worked on to the birds and pointed several singles in quick succession, showing good nose and clean work; Trap pointed again, when dogs were ordered up at 10:10. Both dogs ranged wide but Maid of Kent showed the better work and will, of course, stay in. This finished the first series and the judges then consulted, having now reached the Model farm. After one hour and twenty minutes lounging a decision was arrived at, and Tapster, Tory Lieutenant, Maid of Kent, remained in for second series, but it was decided to give Whyte Bedford, Ian, Phœness, Nellie Bly, Sam R., Trap, Jr., Rupert, Dill, Tyke and Razzle another chance to show what they could do. After lunch a start was make with

RAZZLE AND IAN

in stubble at 11:45. The following heats were most of them of short duration. In a few minutes Ian made game, and a single flushed ahead of him by the side of the woods. Then Razzle roaded to a point in a ditch in sedge field: then a point was made by Ian, another by Razzle and another by Ian, all on scattered birds. Dogs were then ordered up at 12 M. After lunch the next two,

PHŒNESS AND NELLIE BLY,

were put down at 12:46 in weeds. Phœness false pointed in woods. After working through the dogs were taken up till 1:12, when they were put down in the open in sedge grass. Nell roaded to a point in corn, but nothing came of it; dogs were then ordered up at 1:20 P. M., having found no game.

SAM R. AND TRAP, JR.

These two were put down at 1:22 in a cornfield. Working over into weeds and sedge both dogs ranged well ahead, Sam R. coming to a point on a covey at edge of woods was backed by Trap. Titus shot, both dogs steady. This was a very pretty piece of work, putting every one into good spirits again, as it gets monotonous riding along field after field without finding. Sam R. then made another point, and sent in to find made a wide cast, but nothing came of it. Sam hunted alone through woods, and coming back roaded to a point; then he pointed another bird in a fallen tree and was ordered up at 1:45, having done some good work, showing better speed and range than the other dog.

RUPERT AND DILL.

Down at 1:47 in sedge grass and ranging out well ahead, Rupert made a point on covey; birds put up and dog steady to shot and wing. Then he scored two points on the scattered birds. Dill flushed and then roaded on, when judges ordered dogs up at 2:16. Both ranged wide and were equal in style and speed.

RAZZLE AND TYKE.

Tyke, the pointer, and Razzle, English setter, were put down at 2:22 at the edge of some pines. Tyke false pointed; he is uncertain in his work and looks too much to his handler, as most of the English dogs do. On, Razzle pointed a covey by the roadside; birds flushed, dogs steady to shot and wing. Here the *World* reporter, Mr. Morton, got a nasty kick in the back, but a drop of medicine soon put him in the saddle again. Razzle in woods made a fine point, and Tyke also got a point on the same bird, both steady to wing. Dogs up at 2:42. Razzle did more clever and dashing work.

The judges now consulted as to which should remain in with the others in second series, and decided that Tory Lieutenant, Tapster, Sam R. and Maid of Kent should run off for the stakes in the order named.

Second Series.

TORY LIEUTENANT AND TAPSTER.

These two were put down in open fields at 3:22. Tapster started off at a clipping gait and soon made a good point on a covey in edge of pines, Tory backing nicely, dogs steady to shot and wing. Roading on, Tory secured point on some birds, and then Tapster, called up to back, went in ahead and flushed two birds, but Tory did not budge. Further on each scored a single. Tory in a sedge field then pointed a covey and Tap backed, both steady to shot and wing. The dogs were then ordered up at 3:45. Both showed good work, but Tory was more finished in his style of going up to his game and was a little the speedier and wider in range. Judges now consulted for some minutes and then ordered the next brace,

SAM R. AND MAID OF KENT,

down at 3:55, where the other two had been taken up. After ranging over all kinds of country for more than an hour, dogs being taken up and held for more likely ground two or three times, making a very tedious hunt, Maid came to a point in sedge grass and Sam backed nicely, both steady to shot and wing. Following birds over into woods Sam pointed again by the side of a fence, but birds had run on. Dogs were then ordered up at 5:10 and no one was at all sorry. This was the poorest game day during the week. After supper, the judges decided that F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Lieutenant should take first prize, Tapster second, and Maid of Kent and Sam R. divided third money. The decision was received with approbation, and the healths of owner, breeder, handler and dog were toasted right royally in the club room.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

READY II. (Max Wenzel), Irish setter bitch (Red Dash—Ready),

with

COYOTE (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter dog (King Noble—Cricket).

PAUL BO. (T. M. Brumby), black, white and tan English setter dog (Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl),

with

ZIG ZAG (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (King Kent—Hops).

NELLIE BLY (J. H. & J. A. Hunter), orange and white English setter bitch (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter),

with

TAPSTER (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (King of Kent—Hops).

LILL (P. Lorillard, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter dog (Toledo Blade—Dashing Lady),

with

REVELER (W. B. Hill), black and white ticked English setter dog (Gath's Mark—Esther).

RUPERT (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep),

with

PHŒNESS (A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale) black and white English setter bitch (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).

WILLIAM H. (Max Wenzel) Irish setter dog (Red Dash—Ready).

with

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock), black and white English setter dog (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helene).

WHYTE B. (P. H. Bryson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone),

with

SAM R. (W. W. Titus), black and white English setter dog (Dash R.—Daisy Hope).

VANITY FAIR (W. Wilson), black, white and tan English setter dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone),

with

IAN (A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale), black and white English setter dog (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).

QUEEN VIC (J. I. Case, Jr.), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Noble—Vashti),

with

PEARLINA (Elmwood Kennels), black, white and tan English setter bitch (King Dan—M'liss).

RAZZLE (N. S. Simpkins), liver and white pointer dog (Dexter—Seldom),

with

TYKE (A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale), liver and white ticked pointer dog (Ightfield Dick—Perditta).

TRAP, JR. (G. C. Gray), lemon and white English setter bitch (Ruby's Druid—Trap),

with

MAID OF KENT (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels), liver and white ticked pointer bitch (King of Kent—Hops).

Second Series.

Tapster with Tory Lieutenant.
Maid of Kent with Sam R
Tory Lieutenant first, Tapster second, Maid of Kent and Sam R. divided third.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

The drawing for this stake took place immediately after the decision was given in the Derby, and resulted as follows:

IGHTFIELD GUELPH (R. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white bitch (Bang's Boy—Linda),

with

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock), black and white setter dog (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen).

DAISY HUNTER (J. A. & Jos. H. Hunter), orange and white setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.),

with

INCHIQUIN (John J. Scanlan), Irish setter dog (Shandon II.—Iona).

DARRAGH PAT (Hudson River Kennels), Irish setter dog (Chief—Lassie),

with

DUKE OF HESSEN (Hempstead Kennels), liver and white pointer dog (Luck of Hessen—Blarney).

BARKER'S GROUSE (S. F. Barker), liver and white dog (Mainspring—Swan's Fly),

with

BANDANA (Will Wilson), black, white and tan dog (May Dawn—Doc).

SHOT (Meares & Brown), lemon and white dog (Heno—Vic),

with

KING'S DAN (Elmwood Kennels), blue ticked dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

HARRY C. (Elmwood Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Countess Hona),

with

SARSFIELD (W. L. Washington), Irish setter dog (Garryowen—Curragh Bell II.).

TILLIE BORU (George E. Gray), Irish setter bitch (Brian Boru, Jr.—Biddy),

with

ANTOINE (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

DAISY HOPE (W. W. Titus), orange and white setter bitch (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.),

with

CLAUDE (C. P. Fox), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lillian).

EL RIO REY (R. M. Hutchings), black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Blue Chiqua),

with

ORANGE DON (Meares & Strudwick), black, white and tan dog (Decatur—Juliet).

EDGEMARK (Francis S. Brown), black, white and tan dog (Skidmore—Flo Maclin),

with

PRINCE L. (J. I. Case), black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

FANNIE M. (H. Hulman, Jr.), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Flame),

with

ROI D'OR (O. W. Donner), black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

IGHTFIELD DEUCE (R. P. Lonsdale), liver and white pointer bitch (Wynstay—Dainty),

with

LILLEY BURGESS (Frank T. Richards), orange and white setter bitch (Gath's Mark—Esther).

IGHTFIELD RANGER (R. P. Lonsdale), black, white and tan dog (Dick Wind 'Em—Peep-Bo),

with

CASSIO (J. M. Avent), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins).

Thursday—First Series.

IGHTFIELD GUELPH AND TORY LIEUTENANT.

This brace was put down at 8:45 in grass field. W. Brailsford handled Guelph and John White had charge of Tory. The weather was as usual bright and cool, wind south. Tory at once started off at his usual fast gait, ranging wide. After some twenty minutes' work Tory pointed a covey by a ditch and was steady to shot and wing. On in pines Tory scored again, and moving on got another, which Guelph backed. Tory then was taken up and Guelph worked on alone, and while ranging came to a sudden point. Birds put up, dog steady to shot and wing, and retrieved bird. Both dogs were then sent on in the open stubble, and at 9:27 were ordered up. Tory showed most speed and range.

DAISY HUNTER AND INCHIQUIN.

Cast off at 9:36 at edge of pines, Daisy was handled by owner and the Irish setter by Irwin. At edge of pines Daisy pointed a covey, Inchiquin coming up, backed to order. Inchiquin steady to shot and wing, but Daisy broke shot. Daisy, jumping over fence, stiffened on a point in ditch, showing a very smart piece of work, steady to shot and wing. Daisy made another point on scattered birds, and Inchiquin roaded to a point without result. Inchiquin roaded on but found nothing. In pines Daisy made a point on single bird, steady to shot and wing. Inchiquin was then sent on alone, roading to point on the birds, and then pointed the rest of the covey a little further on, which then flushed. Irwin shot, dog steady to shot and wing. Ordered up at 10:22. Daisy was the faster and wider ranger, and showed more style.

DARRAGH PAT AND DUKE OF HESSEN.

These two were put down at 10:30 in open field. Pat was handled by W. Tallman and Duke of Hessen by John White. Duke at once started off at a good clip; in fact, both dogs ranged well, but Duke was the faster. In about twenty minutes Pat pointed a covey in a ditch, which flushed wild; dog steady to wing. Duke soon got on to the same birds and pointed in edge of sedge grass; birds put up, White shot and killed; dog steady to shot and wing, retrieving bird nicely. Pat then pointed in corn patch, then roaded on and shortly pointed again, when a single flushed, Tallman shot and killed, dog steady to shot and wing; Pat retrived bird. Dogs up at 11:58 and then Pat put down alone. He soon pointed birds at edge of pines, which Tallman flushed; dog steady to wing. Then Duke was put down till 12:04, when they were ordered up. Duke showed more style and freer range.

BARKER'S GROUSE AND BANDANA.

These two were put down at 12:08, Tallman handling Grouse and Hyde Bandana. Bandana soon pointed in high grass; but nothing was found. Tallman in pines then walked up a single, which Bandana had passed and the single flushed near by. Bandana roaded on, pointed, then moved on following the foot scent; further on Bandana got on to the main covey, and Grouse coming up backed nicely. Hyde fired, both steady to shot and wing. Sent on over rough ground into pines Grouse got a point on the marked covey. Tallman flushed, dogs steady. Grouse then pointed again and roaded on out of sight. Bandana taken up, but in two minutes dogs were sent on again. Ordered up at 12:06, when a move was made for lunch.

SHOT AND KING'S DON.

Cast off at 12:45 P. M. in open field. Meares handling Shot and Bradley King's Don. Shot soon pointed a covey in broom straw, Meares put up and shot, dog unsteady to wing. On, both pointed the same bird that was shot at. In a ditch King's Don pointed a covey and Shot called to back did not do so, Bradley fired and missed, flushed birds, both steady to shot and wing. After some more work the dogs were ordered up at 1:41 P. M. Both ranged well, Don had the speed and range and was under better control than Shot.

HARRY C. AND SARSFIELD.

Harry C., handled by Bradley, and Sarsfield, by Irwin, were put down at 1:58 in wheat field. In sedge grass Harry made game and then pointed some birds that flushed wild, Bradley shot and missed, dogs steady. Sarsfield in woods roaded to a single which flushed to one side of him; further on in woods, Harry pointed but birds had gone on; then out of woods alongside a stream, a single flushed while Harry was in the water. Dogs up at 2:40. Harry had better range and style, Sarsfield, for a dog of his age, did good work and ranged well. He completely upset the rumors as to his gunshyness and unfitness for the field.

TILLIE BORU AND ANTOINE.

These two were put down at 2:45 in sedge grass. Both dogs were handled by their respective owners. They started off at a good gait, and Antoine soon got on to a covey, pointed and was backed nicely by Tillie; birds were flushed, but not shot at. Antoine then pointed two of the covey in pines. Tillie coming on backed, both steady to wing. On

Antoine pointed, moved on out into the open, then into pines, where he pointed and flushed a covey. Avent shot, dogs steady. Across a swamp Antoine got another point and was again backed by Tillie and a single flushed. Both dogs did some roading in woods, Antoine pointing, but no bird put up. Out into the open in weeds Tillie roaded and came to a point, and a few yards further on Antoine pointed a large covey; Avent shot; both dogs steady. Tillie was then taken into woods, where bird had been marked down, where she pointed a covey in the fence. Gray shot and missed, dog steady to shot and wing. Dogs were then taken up at 3:38.

DAISY HOPE AND CLAUDE.

Titus handling his own bitch and Bradley, Claude. These two were put down in sedge field at 3:54. Both off at speed, when Claude soon pointed a covey in pines, Bradley shot and missed, dog steady. Daisy had meanwhile ranged off some distance in woods; brought back, further on she pointed and Claude backed; Titus shot and killed and Daisy retrieved bird. Then Claude pointed and his handler flushed a single some distance away, and yet another flushed near by; Claude then roaded to edge of woods. Daisy soon pointed a single. Dogs up at 4:15. Down again in corn at 4:22, and on in high sedge a bevy flushed. Daisy then got a point on two of these birds and Claude backed nicely. Birds flushed and both dogs were steady. Daisy then roaded on and pointed, Claude backing, but nothing found. Daisy further on pointed one of the scattered birds. Bradley shot for a retrieve, but missed. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:40. Both good rangers and showed plenty of style.

EL RIO REY AND ORANGE DON.

Cast off at 4:42. El Rio Rey was handled by Titus and Orange Don by Meares. El Rio showed most speed and range at the start. After working for about 20 minutes, Orange Don roaded to a point on a single of scattered birds, which Meares killed, dog steady to shot and wing. On the same covey El Rio got a point in sedge, birds put up, Titus shot, dogs steady. Another single flushed in front of the dogs. Then both dogs got a point, Don on a single, which Meares flushed and killed; sent to retrieve, Don did not acquit himself very creditably. El Rio then roaded to a point on covey at side of woods, Titus put up birds, misfired, dogs steady to wing. Working on Don came to a point near some pines, sent on to find, with no result. Dogs were then taken up and a start made for town and dinner.

Friday.

EDGEMARK AND PRINCE LUCIFER.

Another bright morning saw us all early at the Blair field, and the dogs were cast off at 8:25 in sedge grass. Bradley had charge of Edgemark and Barker handled Prince Lucifer. Both started off fast and in two minutes Prince had a covey marked, birds flushed and dog steady to wing; Edgemark backed. Further on, in pines, Prince pointed false. Both dogs then pointed some birds in weeds, birds put up, both were steady to shot and wing, both handlers firing. Prince Lucifer then, in galloping across a sedge field, stopped short on a point, the other dog backing, but birds had run on. In woods Prince pointed again without result, though two birds flushed some distance lower down. On, Edgemark made a point, bird killed and dog steady to shot and wing. In oak woods Prince pointed a single, Barker shot and missed, both dogs steady. Dogs ordered up at 9:10. Prince Lucifer showed more style and slightly the faster and wider ranger.

FANNIE M. AND ROI D'OR.

Off in sedge grass at 9:15. Fannie M. was handled by Stoddard and Roi by Buckle. Both started off at a good gait, Roi beginning at edge of oak woods with a false point. In sedge about ten minutes after Roi pointed a covey very nicely, Buckle put up and killed. Roi sent on to retrieve did so after some casting about. Roi then roaded to woods when he pointed, sent on to find, two birds flushed ahead of him. Fannie further on pointed a single which Stoddard killed; sent to retrieve she acquitted herself well. After ranging over several more fields without finding, dogs were ordered up at 10:03. Both showed good range and speed, Fannie M. being somewhat the best in this respect, style about equal.

IGHTFIELD DEUCE AND LILLY BURGESS.

These two were cast off at 10:11 in sedge and stubble. W. Brailsford handled Deuce and Richards Lilly Burgess. A covey was soon flushed by Brailsford in a field that Lilly had been over. Birds marked down in woods. Sent on both dogs pointed and birds flushed wild. Lilly then cast wide over a field and made a nice point on a brace. Deuce, brought up to back, did so. Lilly working on, a single flushed in dry leaves. Then the woods, a cornfield and some stubble were worked out without result. Some more likely places were hunted through, some of which was hard on the English dog, a pointer, but she went at it gamely, and at the end of 45 minutes was going better than the setter. Dogs up, down 50 minutes. At first the setter had the speed and range, but as above stated gave place to the pointer in this respect, style about equal.

IGHTFIELD RANGER AND CASSIO.

The last brace in this series was put down at 11:10 in stubble, Brailsford handling the English dog and Avent his own. Cassio coming down the side of a hill pointed a covey very smartly, birds at the same flushed wild some distance ahead. On the singles Cassio made two quick points. Ranger, acting very puppyish, failed to point several birds that were near him and while Cassio was pointing ahead of him. Ranger then pointed a cripple and tried to catch it, and soon made another point on bird, which Brailsford put up and shot at. Ranger then flushed, but stopped to wing. After some time Cassio found a covey and pointed in pines. These were not followed, and a course was laid for the Model Farm. Cassio went his usual snappy gait, and with the exception of occasionally stopping to look, ran well. Ranger lacks the speed, range and style for this country. Down 45m. The judges consulted after lunch and decided that the dogs worthy to remain in to run in second series were Duke of Hesson, Daisy Hunter, Prince Lucifer and Shot. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction at this, as there were six or eight dogs left out that had shown equally as good work, if not better, than two or three of those left in and which eventually proved the case.

Second Series.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND DAISY HOPE.

Cast off in sedge at 2:42, the dogs ranged through some fields and oak patches, both ranging out of sight for several minutes. Duke came back to whistle, but Daisy was not found for some time, being in corn at top of a hill. Both dogs then started again at 3:30 in sedge grass, through an orchard, into some woods, then in woods Daisy pointed a large covey, which were marked down in woods. Titus flushed, dog steady. The pointer working off meanwhile in the woods with Judge Merriman. In pines Daisy got a single, and at the same time a few yards further on Duke pointed to the rest of the covey, which were flushed by White. Further on, in pines, Daisy pointed and Duke backed, no bird put up. Then Duke pointed a single, White shot, Duke steady. Ordered up at 3:33. Both are speedy and wide rangers, a little too much so at times; equal in style.

SHOT AND PRINCE LUCIFER.

Shot, handled by Barker, and Prince, by Meares, were put down at 3:47. Two minutes later at the bottom of a hill Prince scored a pretty point, then roaded on a couple of yards and pointed again, when Barker put up a large covey which was marked down in woods on hillside. Meares shot and missed, dog steady. After the marked birds, in ditch at edge of woods, Prince roaded a few yards, when Shot pointed a single, which Barker shot, and retrieved the bird very nicely. Dogs were then taken up and put down where the covey was first found. In open field Prince did a good piece of work, though his handler was whistling him off all the time, roading to a covey in the very spot when Mr. O'Bannon had to move his horse out of the dog's way, and was much astonished when the dog pointed a covey, which Meares put up and killed, dog steady to shot and wing, and retrieved the bird. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:15.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND DAISY HOPE.

These two were then put down again about a quarter of a mile further on, at 4:33, in clover and sedge grass. The dogs soon parted company and in oak woods to the left Daisy pointed a covey. Titus put up the birds and fired. Daisy sent in to retrieve, failed to find wounded bird. In edge of woods Daisy pointed and Duke was brought up to back. Titus flushed the covey into woods, shot and killed and Daisy retrieved the bird. Dogs were then ordered up and a start made for town. Both ranged well and worked their ground thoroughly. In the evening the judges very properly changed their minds and decided to give some of the other dogs a chance to show their mettle again. Those given another life to-morrow are Duke of Hessen, Shot, Fannie M., Ightfield Deuce, Lilly Burgess, Cassio, Harry C., Ightfield Guelph, Daisy Hope, Daisy Hunter, Prince Lucifer and Antoine.

Saturday.

Every one was pleased to think the judges had seen fit to alter their decision of Friday afternoon and give several more dogs a chance that had shown equal merit to those, with one exception perhaps, at first selected. The start was from the Glass House, and at 8:36 the first brace,

DUKE OF HESSEN AND SHOT,

were put down in a sedge field. The weather was mild and somewhat cloudy, quite a change from previous days. It was not long before Duke flushed a covey which flew into pines, and this bad work affected his chances in the stake, no doubt, to some extent. Lower down the field, Shot had stiffened to a point, birds flushed and dog was steady to wing. Both pointed in pines but birds had got up. They were then ordered up at 8:50.

IGHTFIELD DEUCE AND FANNIE M.

These two were put down in corn stubble at 9:02. Both started off in good style, Fannie M. being the wider ranger. Deuce hunted after a while very houndy, nosing the scent too much, Fannie's style being accordingly very noticeable in comparison. In oaks Fannie pointed nicely, steady to wing. On in pines Deuce pointed at the very edge a single, which Brailsford put up, and dog jumped at bird as it flushed toward her. Deuce then pointed again, Brailsford shot and missed, Deuce steady. Further on Fannie pointed and was backed by Deuce, but no bird was found. Fannie catching up to the birds made a very fine point on a single, which Stoddard put up, but could not shoot on account of reporters, who dropped to gun with more celerity than grace. On, Fannie pointed again, birds had run on. Fannie then roaded to the covey and was steady to flush, she then pointed fur. On in broom straw Fannie pointed and held it till Deuce was brought up to back. Another rabbit was put up. Dogs up at 9:38. Neither showed any great work, though Fannie had the best of it.

LILLY BURGESS AND CASSIO.

In sedge grass these two were cast off at 9:40. Lilly was quite lame in the early morning and was stiff in her action. Cassio soon pointed a covey, Lilly came and took the point with him. Birds were marked in rag weeds. On, both pointed; Avent shot and missed, then Richards killed and Lilly retrieved. Cassio then pointed a rabbit in edge of woods. Lilly then cast up edge of woods and pointed a single. The dogs were then taken up twenty minutes. Only fair work was done and not up to winning form.

HARRY C. AND IGHTFIELD GUELPH.

Down at 10:05 in stubble. Bradley walked into a covey, Guelph coming up slowly pointed, when they got up. Going on, Harry ranged out over stubble, hunting fast and wide, the English dog, as usual, keeping more at home. In pines Guelph did better; roaded up and pointed a covey, which Brailsford killed and bitch retrieved poorly. In weeds Harry made a point, moved on and flushed; steady to wing. Guelph then pointed nicely and Harry backed. Dogs up at 10:35.

DAISY HOPE AND DAISY HUNTER.

These two sisters were put down at 10:42 in ploughed field at edge of woods. They were almost identical in color, the only difference being a couple of orange spots on Daisy Hunter's loin. Both started roading in different parts of the field; Hunter finally pointed a covey in a brush heap. Handler shot and killed, bird retrieved nicely. Hope then pointed by the side of fallen timber, Hunter backing; birds flushed, Titus killed and Hope retrieved after a wide cast. On in pines Hope pointed a single, Titus flushed, steady to wing. In another part of pines Hope pointed another single; Titus put up the bird, dog steady. Sent on through sedge grass to marked birds, Hope pointed the covey which Titus flushed. Hope was then taken up to wind for Hunter, who was lost, but eventually found pointing a bevy. Dogs up. Hope did some very good work without a fault on the scattered birds.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND ANTOINE.

Down at 11:19 in corn. In oak woods, Antoine pointed, nothing found. At edge of wheat, out of woods, Prince pointed a single, Barker shot and missed. Antoine then got a point in sedge and Avent flushed two birds, Prince backed, both steady. In open, dogs were ordered up at 11:35. Both were about equal in range and speed. A move was made for lunch and judges consulted for some time. About 12:30 they decided on the four to finally run in the third series as follows: Ightfield Guelph, Shot, Harry C. and Daisy Hope.

IGHTFIELD GUELPH AND SHOT.

After lunch at the old school house, this brace was put down at 1:20 in sedge grass. Shot made game in some briers while Guelph was roading in the bottom and working up to birds, pointed a covey, part of which flushed. This was a bit of pottering work. Dog was steady to wing. At the same time Shot went up ahead and located birds in a likely place, and held his point till Guelph came up. Meares shot and missed, dogs steady. In edge of oak woods Shot pointed a single nicely; sent on he pointed and flushed another to the right. Guelph then pointed and Brailsford killed, bird retrieved. Then Shot pointed again. Guelph backed but birds had gone on. Shot pointed again on foot scent. Following on into sedge grass Shot pointed again and birds flushed. In edge of sedge Shot pointed, Guelph coming up went in and took his point instead of backing; a single flushed, both steady. Back into sedge, Guelph roaded to a point on a scattered covey which flew into woods. After some more ranging dogs were taken up at 1:57. Shot showed better range, Guelph not going up to his points in a confident manner.

HARRY C. AND DAISY HOPE.

These two good ones were put down at 2:05 in sedge grass. Daisy started off the fastest, and after crossing a creek was lost some minutes and finally found by Mr. Lorillard. Meanwhile Harry C. pointed a covey. Soon after this Daisy was lost again, but the character of ground was such that she should have been held and not allowed to hunt out and range so far. It was shown conclusively in the last heat with her sister, that she could be made to hunt to the gun when required. In this case, two wide-ranging dogs were put down and their handlers were afraid to restrict their range. Dogs were then taken up and a move made to more open ground, where Daisy was put down alone at 2:59. After working out a lot of country she was missed again, but was found within 200yds. pointing a covey, birds were flushed and dogs taken up at 3:20.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND HARRY C.

Duke of Hessen was tried with Harry C. again at 3:24 in stubble. Harry flushed a covey in rag weed field and birds marked down; were not found. Afterward Harry pointed again on side of hill and Duke backed a long way off; no birds. Duke soon after pointed a covey in pines. Harry ran close to birds without seeing Duke and flushed them. Harry pointed again, Duke pointing at the same time. Duke then pointed the covey, but was too close and some of them flushed, others laid and were flushed by White. Harry then made a point on a single in the woods and repeated. Duke then got a point on another, when dogs were ordered up at 4:16.

DAISY HUNTER AND CASSIO.

These two were put down together at 4:25 in sedge grass in bottom. Cassio started off with a point on fur and ran it out straight. Daisy on the other side of ditch at same place pointed a covey in pines. Cassio then ran into these birds, and going on dropped to point, to which no birds were flushed. Over in weed field he pointed again, and bird was killed by Avent which Cassio retrieved fairly well; then he flushed one in pines. Cassio acts best on these birds; Daisy is inclined to get off. After some time Cassio made a good point on a covey. Daisy ranging on hillside also found a covey and pointed well. Dogs were ordered up at 5 P. M., and this concluded the running for the All-Aged Stake of 1890.

After dinner the judges gave out their decision as follows: Daisy Hope first, Duke of Hessen second, Daisy Hunter and Shot divided third. Thus two of the four first selected were thrown out and more capable dogs put in their place.

The winner of the All-Aged Stake, Daisy Hope, is a big, rather coarse looking English setter bitch, rather straight behind, and almost white in color, her orange ears being her only markings. But she can go, and no mistake about it.

Duke of Hessen, the pointer, and winner of second prize, is a well-made liver and white dog, and is known to every show-goer as a noted winner on the bench. Daisy Hunter, sister to the winner, is, as I have said before, a well-formed bitch barring throatiness and shortness of muzzle, her body being quite up to show form. Harry C. is a handsome looking black, white and tan English setter, is nicely built and a good worker.

SUMMARY.

First series given above.

Second Series.

Duke of Hessen with Shot.
Fannie M. with Ightfield Deuce.
Lilly Burgess with Cassio.
Harry C. with Ightfield Guelph.
Daisy Hope with Daisy Hunter.
Prince Lucifer with Antoine.

Third Series.

Ightfield Guelph with Shot.
Harry C. with Daisy Hope.

Fourth Series.

Harry C. with Duke of Hessen.
Daisy Hunter with Cassio.

Daisy Hope first prize, Duke of Hessen second, Daisy Hunter and Shot divide third.

The Irish setter specials for best and second best Irish setters in the trials were won by Geo. Gray's Tillie Boru and Max Wenzel's Ready II., though many thought that Darragh Pat's work entitled him to second place. Major Taylor and Mr. Tallman judged the English setter bitches for the medal presented by Pierre Lorillard last night for the bitch showing the best bench show form. Of those brought forward Messrs. Hunter's Daisy Hunter was far the best as regards bench show form, though a little throaty; she has a fair head and well-made body, is well-ribbed and has excellent legs and feet.

CHAMPION STAKE.

The drawing for this stake took place on Sunday night and resulted as follows:

Gath's Mark with Rowdy Rod.
Rip Rap with Daisy Hope.
Chance with King's Mark.

The start will be at the Holton school house at 8 A. M. sharp, when it is expected the best work of the trials will be seen, as this stake contains the *crême de la crême* of field trial form.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held this afternoon, when officers for the ensuing year were elected, particulars of which I hope to be able to give you in time for this mail. H. W. L.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, Nov. 25.—The running of the Champion Stake was commenced Monday morning at 9 in the order named. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., took Mr. Johnson's place as judge. Gath's Mark in his heat with Rowdy Rod showed himself much superior, doing some good work on scattered birds. Daisy Hope had the best of Rip Rap in next heat, but Rip made a sensational point. While retrieving a bird he came to a point on another, with the dead bird in his mouth. Next heat Chance had slightly the better of King's Mark, but at finish both were lost for some time.

In second series Gath's Mark's work was better than Rip Rap's, though both hunted wide and fast. Several points were made by both and good work done. In the next, King's Mark and Daisy Hope, the latter did the best work, not ranging away so far. Then Chance and Gath's Mark were run at 4:50. Several coveys were pointed and fair work was done on scattered birds. In the evening the judges announced Gath's Mark as the winner. He is nearly seven years old and shows wonderful vigor.

The English setters were judged at 9 P. M. for the Lorillard medals. In dogs O. W. Donner's Roi D'Or won. In bitches, F. R. Hitchcock's Annie F.

HUNTING DOGS AS PETS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My former communication appears to have been misunderstood. My contention is that hunting dogs are not properly pets. The two qualities do not go together. Let a high-spirited game dog be introduced into the house and petted and fondled as a favorite, and continued in that keeping, and it will be found that with one or two interbreedings with other house dogs of the same species, the offspring will lose all their vigor and endurance, and so much of their vim as to make them utterly useless as hunters. Any dog, however spirited and intelligent he may have been, becomes enervated and impaired by petting and indulgence. Hence we repeat with full confidence, that hunting dogs are not adapted to use as a house dog. Perhaps to be more clearly understood, we should have added, as a house dog and hunter combined. We are not disputing that dogs of any species may be favorites in the house or in the field; but contend that hunting dogs attain their greatest excellence in the field and in the chase, rather than about the house. That, at least, has been our experience.—G. S. T.



SPRING.

DEATH OF A NOTED FIELDER.

SPRING, the winner of the last of the Western Field Trials, died on Oct. 30, at West Point, Miss. He had a brave heart, one that never faltered. No day was ever too long for him. No test of his courage to go and to endure too great. He defeated the great Bohemian Girl—winner of the Southern Trials at Carthage—King's Mark—who won first at the Central Trials—and also beat Chance, the victor in many a hot-contested field, and the acknowledged crack of the Memphis & Avent Kennels. Thus Spring, a pointer, has beaten some of the best setters in America and stood the equal of any performer of his day. He is the only one from Texas that has ever won at a recognized trial or defeated dogs that have since become famous. He was the widest ranger and had more speed than any other dog I ever saw. His range was simply phenomenal. The fact is, he never stopped until he found birds. The writer remembers an incident of a day's chicken shooting last August, at Big Island, near Alvin, Texas, which is worth relating.

The weather was extremely warm, and we had drawn the country from the railroad to the timber blank. In a bend of the forest where the prairie gradually rose from the plain to an elevation of considerable extent, we could see Spring about a mile away, and as he was then going at a tremendous pace and showed no signs of turning, I laughingly remarked to W. F. Stewart: "The old fellow must be heading up the creek for a crossing." By this time our wagon was well into the drop, and we lost sight of him. On reaching the summit of the hill we could see him nowhere. After hunting twenty or thirty minutes I suggested getting in a dugout that lay under the bank, and crossing, believing that we might possibly find him on the other side. We landed and climbed up the bluff bank and found him, as I had supposed, not 60yds. away, stretched out as straight as a string with one foot slightly drawn up, on a dead point, as transfixed and staunch as the parent earth on which he stood, rigid and immovable. It was a grand and a beautiful sight to a sportsman! I flushed the chickens, which were wild, but we had a fine country to work them in, and killed a great many out of the covey, which was unusually large. I had with me my hitherto undefeated brace of pointer dogs and a field trial winner. Stewart had his old dog Jim and Nigger—"ringers to find chickens." The score at sundown stood as follows: Spring twenty-seven singles and two coveys, Joy, Pride, Rogue, Jim and Nigger nothing. Should Stewart see this (and he is a subscriber of the FOREST AND STREAM) he will doubtless remember the occasion for more than one reason. At the time of Spring's death he was being worked by W. W. Titus, who intended to handle him in the Champion Stake of the E. F. T. C., but the poor old fellow has gone to join the great and silent majority. He was bred by Capt. E. C. McMurdo, out of Curlew by Mainspring, and was owned by Mr. R. M. Hutchings, of Galveston, Texas. J. H. H., JR.

COCKER TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Did any one hear a squeak out of your correspondent "Gothamite" when I alone and single-handed was for years fighting an uphill fight for the working cocker? I rather think about time he was as silent as an oyster. For six long years I fought against the long and low abortion, and now "Gothamite" says the cocker of the future will not be my type. Well then, what will the type be? Maybe he has a patent way of improving cockers like Hornell Velda, but I think not, for all were forced to admit that she was the best ever seen in America. Come now "Gothamite," just admit you are wrong and that the printer's devil made the mistake. The main part of "Gothamite's" letter is O. K., except about Rabbi and Brock. Rabbi stands too square; and Brock, I think, has to be starved to keep him under 28lbs. His remarks about Mr. Watson are away off, as Mr. Watson does know what a working cocker is and has probably shot more over spaniels than "Gothamite" has; it was Mr. Watson who bought Doc for Mr. West. I should like to ask "Gothamite" who was a novice six or eight years ago, was it Uncle Dick or "Gothamite," and did he ever see a cocker of my breeding that could not jump across a street gutter, or that was not a natural hunter and retriever? "Gothamite" can just bet his gizzard that the cocker of the future will be of the Fellows type, that is, a working cocker. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last issue of your newsy journal I find the following unreliable statement from an anonymous writer who signs himself "Gothamite": "Our spaniel men have learnt by now what a cocker spaniel should be, and will no longer allow themselves to be led by the nose by Masons and Watsons, who really started the 'long and low' craze." I now summon "Gothamite" to prove to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I either started or assisted in starting the "long and low" craze in cocker spaniels. In the mean time I may perhaps be permitted to assure "Gothamite" that he is not quite through with "Cocker Spaniels of 1890."

CHAS. H. MASON.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds, Price 50 cents,

DOG CHAT.

WE hear that the first of the series of members' meetings of the Hamilton Kennel Club, for instructions in breeding and keeping dogs, takes place on Thurday evening, Nov. 20. Dr. Mole will read a paper on "Dogs and their Treatment." A members' exhibition of spaniels will then take place. A competent judge has been secured who will give an address on the breed under consideration and afterward judge them, club diplomas being given to the successful owners. This is quite a good move and might be followed to advantage by other clubs as it serves to draw the members together more, and is bound to foster a feeling of emulation with results that would soon be apparent on the bench.

Among the dog men whom we saw at the Radnor meet at Chestnut Hill, was Mr. Chas. T. Thompson, accompanied by his wife in a handsome turnout. Friend Jarret had to be content to jog along on a carriage horse, his mount having the previous day come a cropper over a stone wall, to the detriment of several inches of horse skin. Another familiar face was John Masters, for some time manager of the Chestnut Hill Kennels after Mr. Lindsay left, and a man who did a good deal toward putting the kennel in the right way.

"I don't think that dog is very polite," said the tramp.

"Why?" asked the dog's owner.

"Because he made me get up off the grass and then took my seat," answered the tramp, adjusting his coat tails to make them cover as much space as possible.—*Puck.*

Mr. Eberhart has purchased the pug bitch Sara Bernhardt, by Lord Roseberry out of Mrs. D'Orsay's Cora. This is the bitch that was presented to the actress Minnie Palmer, when she was playing in England. Sara will make her début at New York next February.

We are informed that the entries for the South Carolina bench show at Charleston, S. C., Jan., 13 to 17, 1891, will close Jan. 1. Premium lists will be ready by Dec. 1. Dr. H. Clay Glover takes the sporting classes and H. W. Lacy the remainder. We hear that several prominent kennels will take in this show in the course of a trip to either Atlanta or New Orleans, which come the week after. All indications point to this Charleston show being the best yet held in the South. The poultry fraternity will also meet in strong numbers, as the sixteenth annual meeting of the American Poultry Association takes place during the show.

DOG TALK.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the stud book committee to the recent registering of Mr. E. H. Moore's phenomenal rough-coated St. Bernard puppy Lady Melrose. In Vol. V., Part I., I find "No. 9032—Lady Melrose, by Ch. Merchant Prince ex Bernie V." Again in the 1889 edition I find another Lady Melrose, 15,614, by Ben Lomond ex Recluse. The oldest Lady Melrose is at present owned by Mr. J. R. Teague, at the Elmwood Kennels. This certainly savors of carelessness somewhere.

The National Beagle Club are talking of leasing or purchasing a large tract of land in New Hamshire, stocking it with game, building a club house, etc. The club will have a social run with the merry little hounds on Thanksgiving Day.

It is reported that the St. Bernard world will soon be electrified with the news of the importation of several more bitches. New England will soon rival old England at this rate.

At a special meeting of the Maryland K. C., on Nov. 20, this resolution was passed: "Resolved, That the vote of censure recently passed on the A. K. C. be recalled and that the M. K. C. hereby tender their apologies for their previous action in the matter." The Board of Governors also held a meeting and passed the following: "Believing that the Board of Governors have the right to recall the vote of censure and having the interest of the club at heart, it is moved and seconded that the vote of censure recently passed on the A. K. C. is hereby recalled and we duly apologize for said vote of censure, the said vote of censure having been passed on misapprehension." I understand that there is a big fight going on in the M. K. C., and if the strain is not taken off pretty quick the rope will break.

SETTER LOST.—Mr. J. Von Lengerke had the misfortune to lose a large, coarse, rawboned-looking orange and white setter dog, answering to the name of Mage, on Friday morning, Nov. 21, from his home in West Hoboken, N. J., and being strange in the place strayed off. Mr. Von Lengerke offers a reward for his return, and should be much obliged if any of our readers could give him some information about the dog.

FOX HUNTING.—Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 20.—A fox chase was held about seven miles east of here Saturday, Nov. 15. It was a chase for all ages and sizes, and was won in a rather slow style by a large hound who no doubt had considerable greyhound blood in his veins. The chase was attended by several men well known in dogdom; among others was Mr. E. R. S. Lozier.—LOTOR.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Douis. By H. H. Kent, Wollaston Heights, Mass., for black Schipperke bitch, whelped Oct. —, by G. R. Krehl's Duiske out of Cople Sophie.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Nan—Bo'swain. Woodward & Herrick's (Chicago, Ill.) bull bitch Lady Nan (champion Harper—Charmion) to their Bo'swain (champion Grabber—Susan), Sept. 30.

Chequasset Marigold—Hesper. Merry Mount Kennels' (Wollaston Heights, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Chequasset Marigold (Alp—Sombre) to E. B. Sears's Hesper (Sailor—Bellona), Nov. 7.

Bula—Hesper. Merry Mount Kennels' (Wollaston Heights, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bula (Hector—Bernie V.) to E. B. Sears's Hesper (Sailor—Bellona), Oct. 22.

Ruby—Dad Wilson, Jr. E. H. Howard's (Bullittsville, Ky.) English setter bitch Ruby to J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr. (Dad Wilson—Lit), Aug. 13.

Daisy Cambridge II.—Dad Wilson. A. D. McPhearson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Daisy Cambridge II. (Racket—Daisy Cambridge) to J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson Cambridge—Dido II.), June 5.

Blonde—Ben Hill. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Blonde (Dad Wilson—Sadie H.) to his Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Aug. 17.

Fatima—Dad Wilson. Capt. John Romes's (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Fatima (Rex—Bessie Lee, Jr.) to J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Aug. 22.

Kate Q.—Ben Hill. R. B. Caruthers's (Newport, Ky.) English setter bitch Kate Q. to J. S. Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Oct. 22.

Lucy Bell Noble—Ben Hill. W. S. Eaton's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Lucy Bell Noble (McD.—Belle II.) to J. S. Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Nov. 12.

Daisy Hunter—Dad Wilson. John A. Hunter's (Sandborne, Ind.) English setter bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.) to J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Oct. 29.

Fayette Nelly Bly—Ben Hill. C. T. Hyde's (Connersville, Ind.) English setter bitch Fayette Nelly Bly (Lark P.—Kilbuck Vic) to J. S. Hudson's Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby), Nov. 2).

Bessie Marshall—Dad Wilson. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Bessie Marshall (Ben Hill—Tempest) to his Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Nov. 8.

Pearl of Tempest—Dad Wilson. J. T. Toohey's (Strawn, Ill.) English setter bitch Pearl of Tempest (Ben Hill—Tempest) to J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Sept. 10.

Gathlit—Dad Wilson. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Gathlit (Gath—Lit) to his Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Nov. 1.

Biddy Clare—Dan O'Connell. L. N. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Biddy Clare (champion Elcho, Jr.—champion Meg) to his Dan O'Counell (Sarsfield—Coe F.), Nov. 13.

Laila Rookh—Dan O'Connell. L. N. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Lalla Rookh (champion Elcho, Jr.—Bessie Giencha to his Dan O'Connell (Sarsfield—Coe F.), Nov. 19.

Bud—Fishpool Gem. G. A. Muenchinger's (Newport, R. I.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bud (Snyder—Mollie) to North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Fishpool Gem (Harrison's Ben—Bent's Rose), Nov. 15.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hallowe'en. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Hallowe'en (Zoedone—Cataract), Nov. 10, three bitches, by his champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Polly S. J. N. Swazey's (Bucksport, Me.) pointer bitch Polly S. (Bang—Polly), Oct. 29, thirteen (nine dogs), by C. W. Winship's Pousel (Bang Bang—Boski).

Daisy Cambridge II. A. D. McPhearson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Daisy Cambridge II. (Racket—Daisy Cambridge), Aug. 6, nine (five dogs), by J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido Lit.).

Ruby. E. H. Howard's (Bullittsville, Ky.) English setter bitch Ruby, Oct. 13, ten (five dogs), by J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson, Jr. (Dad Wilson—Lit).

Blonde. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Blonde (Dad Wilson—Sadie H.), Oct. 21, nine (three dogs), by his Ben Hill (Druid—Ruby).

Fatima. Capt. John Romes's (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Fatima (Rex—Bessie Lee, Jr.), Oct. 24, ten (five dogs), by J. S. Hudson's Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Chickasaw II. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1884, by Gladstone—Sue), by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to C. G. Smedberg, same place.

Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl whelps. English setters, whelped April 16, 1890, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., a black, white and tan dog to Harry Northwood, Martin's Ferry, O., and a lemon and white dog each to John Taylor, Huntington, W. Va., and Geo. C. Hore, Hamilton, Ont.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

EPHRATA, Pa., Nov. 20.—Although the members of the North End Rifle Club held their last meeting for this season on their range near Ephrata several days ago, the boys determined to have another shoot before putting up their rifles for good. They therefore arranged a meeting for to-day, to shoot for medals, on the old range near Schoeneck, about five miles north of Ephrata. This range is as fine a range as any that can be found in this part of the State. Lying in a narrow ravine between two ridges of considerable height trending east and west, it is protected from winds and storms. This range was abandoned for the one now used near Ephrata for the simple fact that many of the members come from Ephrata and wished for a range nearer home. The day was exceedingly stormy and cold, and but six members participated in this match, which was for two medals, a gold and a silver, to be given to the two members who made the highdst points in three scores of ten shots each to each shooter. Darkness came on before the three scores could be finished, and so but two scores were shot; 209yds., rest shooting:

C S Wenger—
10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10—99 8 9 10 7 8 8 9 10 10 9—88—187

J A Stober—
10 10 9 9 9 10 8 7 8 10—90 9 10 10 8 7 9 8 8 8 10—88—178

L M Wiest—
10 9 10 9 7 7 10 10 6 10—88 9 9 9 10 7 10 9 6 10 8—87—175

W D Winters—
10 6 8 8 10 7 10 10 8 8—85 10 6 6 10 10 10 6 9 7 10—84—169

L M Carpenter—
7 6 9 9 8 9 5 8 9 10—77 8 7 9 7 7 8 8 8 8 7—77—154

D B Lefever—
7 10 9 10 7 5 6 4 6 7—71 10 9 7 6 6 8 8 4 4 4—66—137

C. S. Wenger succeeded in making the highest score and received the gold badge, while J. A. Stober received the silver badge, he being second man. C. S. Wenger's score of 96 out of a possible 100 is one of the best ever made around here.—D. B. L., Sec'y.

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—New York, Nov. 18.—The following score was made by the Empire Rifle Club at their headquarters, 12 St. Marks Place, on the Massachusetts 12-ring target, distance 100ft., off hand, possible 120 points:

W Overbaugh	115	W Miller	107
W Mesenholder	94	W Rosenbaum	113
C Zettler, Jr.	105	J Zettler	94
J Grimm	107	E Smith	94

STRAIGHT RUNS.—Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that "Badger" states through FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 30, that Mr. Levengston, of Saratoga, N. Y., made one of the largest straight runs in regular sweepstakes on record, making 123 straight. The Northern Wayne Gun Club held a two-days shoot about a year ago, when Mr. Henry Whitney, of Phelps, N. Y., made a run of 136 straight, not missing a bird in the two days' shooting.—DE WILL.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Nov. 25-28.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb's Park, Newark, N. J. Two days at inanimate targets and two days at live birds. Jacob Pentz, Secretary.

HIGHLAND GUN CLUB OF DES MOINES.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Nov. 7.—Des Moines is the capital city of the State of Iowa. For a long time it was a rather slow, though slowly progressive city, and sporting matters had small prominence, but of late it has made great strides in business activity, and the shooting interests there may temperately be described as in a highly flourishing condition indeed. Of old, the Des Moines trap clubs were loosely organized, lightly numbered and inert. To-day the cream of all the old clubs, including the East Side Club and the old organization of the West Side, is combined with the best fruit of the more recent growth of sportsmanship. There is but one trap club in Des Moines now. It has 60 odd members, will soon have 100, will hold the best and indeed all of the better class of trap-shooters of the place, and is already not only the best organized and best conducted club of the sort in a large section of country thereabout, but one of the model clubs of the whole country where shooting at the trap is practiced. This is the Highland Gun Club, whose organization has been completed for only a single season.

The president of the Highland Gun Club is C. W. Budd, and readers will in that fact see the cause of a great part of the unity and energy of the Des Moines trap-shooting fraternity, for Charlie is as popular at home as he is abroad. Under Mr. Budd's cordial invitation, the writer has spent some pleasant hours at the former's home, and to day attended the regular club shoot at Highland Gun Club grounds.

There are not many clubs in towns of over 50,000 so fortunate as this one. Indeed I do not know of one. It is only about eight minutes' ride by the little dummy motor line from the center of the city to the gate of the grounds, and the distance is only a trifle over a mile. Yet the ample and comfortable grounds, situated as they are in a beautiful spot among the trees at the foot of the river bluffs, are quite secluded and free from any interruption. The motor line runs up the river bank, crosses the river, and passes this little park, which lies on a dry bench in the river bottom, with houses beyond it, back of and above it on the bluffs of each side of the river, but with none close enough for annoyance on either part. The natural trees grow round about, and the location is one of great natural beauty. At present there does not come to mind one more beautiful devoted to such a purpose.

Highland Gun Club is a body duly incorporated, stock $10,000, each share being held at $10, and each member being a shareholder. The club bought its land, six acres, at $500 an acre, spent $300 in grading, $200 in fencing and sowing to grass, and over $1,000 in the club house, two stories, 20×40, a cut of which latter is shown herewith, displaying it a very tasty and suitable building. This building is admirably adapted to its purposes. There is a large room up stairs, used as a dining room in tournament times. From this a wide verandah looks out over the grounds and over a pleasant landscape besides. This verandah is especially devoted to the ladies, of whom in the families of the different members there are many who take an interest in shooting. Within the following year there will be organized an auxiliary shooting society composed solely of ladies.

Back of the club house the river runs close in. The fence will soon be extended clear back to the river and a boat house erected. Several members live on the bluffs just across the river, and sometimes come across in boats, and the grounds themselves are just a pleasant pull over a very pretty water course from the heart of the city. The grounds themselves, it need not be said, are provided with all modern appliances in the way of live bird and artificial target shooting. The score lies directly in front of the door, and beyond the traps the ground lies perfectly level. It is a good shooting place. Ten years ago no such places were thought of among shooters at the trap in this part of the country. The man with the gun, need we say again, is coming up. Some of the best young business men of Des Moines belong to this club, and they even come to shoot. It is President Budd's boast that a man can get any kind of a match he is looking for among the boys of Highland Club.

To-day has been a raw and chilly one, but the appended scores, furnished by the obliging secretary, Mr. Will Burnett, will show a fair attendance. Last week Mr. Rolla Heiss, of Dayton, Ohio, toyed with the festive live bird and got a little 16-gauge experience at targets out here, and to-day Mr. Harvey McMurchy, the same being White Horse Harvey, of Gila, was on hand with several new guns, with "Smith" on their handles. Charlie and Mac had broken all their targets and gotten all their live birds straight up to the time the writer was obliged to leave the cheerful company about the club house stove, in order to catch one of those unpleasant affairs known as an early train.

The officers of Highland Gun Club are C. W. Budd, Pres.; Will Burnett, Sec.; A. C. Miller, Treas. The club is a good one in every respect, and worthy of more than this hurried mention. It will be heard from regularly in these columns. Below are scores of to-day's shoot:

The following scores were made by a few members of the Highland Gun Club, Nov. 7: 25 live birds each, $10 entrance, following conditions: 10 birds, gun below the elbow until the bird starts; 10 birds, gun held in any position the shooter may choose; 5 birds, gun on the shoulder until the bird starts:

Chase	1010010201111111212012020—18
Perkins	1202020200001001212001000—11
Budd	1221221021121101110111110—21
McMurchy	1112202111102221111212120—22
Sanford	0222121211222201110100101—20
Converse	1121100011112111112222221—22
Dimple	0020210121212012111111211—20
Martin	2011010101212211111012201—19
Jennings	0002001112221212121110010—17
Sanderson	0221220021211111211111121—22

E. HOUGH.

WATSON'S PARK.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 18.—Following is the score made here today by Chicago sportsmen for the Sporting Review Pub. Co.'s cup, use of one barrel only, American Association rules, 20 live pigeons, $10 entrance:

B Rock	11011011101100111111—15	Wadswo'h	11111101010111111111—17
C Willard	10111111111111001011—16	J Orvis	11100111011110011010—13
Robbins	11011110100000110011—11	I Watson	11111101111111011111—18
Tork'gton	11101013111160111111—16	L Willard	01110111010101111100—14
J Klein'n	11111160111011110110—15	A Kleinm'n	10111111111011111111—18
Loveday	11110011011111011000—13	H Ehlers	11130010111101000101—12
V Hoffm'n	10111110111111101110—16	W Foss	11111110111101100110—15
W Babeuf	01111011111101111111—17		

J. E. Price, M. J. Eich, W. L. Wells, C. F. Smith, G. Hoffman, B. Barto, A. W. Reeves, W. D. Price, C. B. Dicks, H. Smith, F. E. Willard, A. Hoffman, W. L. Shepard, J. Tony, C. Burton, F. C. Donald, Geo. T. Farmer, C. D. Gammon and John Waton withdrew.

Ike Watson and Abe Kleinman are tie for cup. Abe did not shoot for money, but for cup only, so Ike Watson won first money alone. R. B. Wadsworth won second, as Babeuf did not shoot for money. C. E. Willard and A. T. Torkington divided third. On shoot off W. W. Foss won fourth.

Nov. 19.—Sweeps, American Association rules:

R B Wadsworth	01212—4	J E Price	11011—4
B Rock	12122—5	A W Reeves	21121—5
W Babeuf	02102—3	C E Willard	11221—5
W W Foss	11221—5	John Orvis	11102—4
J J Kleinman	11212—5	Ike Watson	10212—4
L Willard	10111—4		

John Watson withdrew. In shoot off A. W. Reeves and C. E. Willard div. first, R. B. Wadsworth won second, W. Babeuf third.

Same day, same conditions:

R B Wadsworth	11112—5	J E Price	11012—4
B Rock	02111—4	A W Reeves	11112—5
W Babeuf	21110—4	C E Willard	12222—5
W W Foss	21021—4	John Orvis	11000—2
J J Kleinman	21021—4	Ike Watson	22012—3
L Willard	11012—4	J W Wolf	12101—4

R. B. Wadsworth, A. W. Reeves and C. E. Willard div. first; W. Babeuf won second, Ike Watson third.

Nov. 20.—*Herald* medal and Jenney & Graham Gun Co. trophy, at 20 live pigeons, $20 entrance, Illinois State rules:

J E Price	01112110211220212121—17	M J Eich	11121011211111221111—19
W'dsw'th	12212121111211222112—20	I Watson	21112221122122220122—19
Kleinman	11211212112221211221—20	B Rock	00110001022211111011—13

R. B. Wadsworth and George Kleinman div. first money and will shoot-off for trophy in the next shoot; M. J. Eich and Ike Watson div. second; J. E. Price won third; B. Rock won fourth.

Fort Dearborn Gun Club, at 15 live pigeons, Illinois State rules:

C D Gammon	122111112222211—15	F O Griffin	11202102010010— 9
H Ehlers	22122212111011—14	W L Shepard	21021101121222—13
A Kleinman	11112021112212—14	J E Price	01112110211220 –12
Geo Airey	10222121212221—14	G Kleinman	11211212122212—15
C E Willard	22210112121211—14		

George Kleinman and C. D. Gammon will shoot in next club shoot.

Same day, at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

G Airey	11100010111111111111—16	G Klein'n	11111110111011111111—18
A Klein'n	11101101111111111111—18		

Abe and George Kleinman will shoot-off in next shoot. Abe and George Kleinman were tied for live bird medal last shoot; in this shoot George won. RAVELRIGG.

CHICAGO–KANSAS CITY.

WE print to-day cuts made from instantaneous photographs showing the positions at the score of Col. C. E. Felton, the "Chevalier Bayard of Chicago sportsmen," and the nationally popular expert, Mr. J. E. Riley, of Kansas City. The illustrations



POSITION OF MR. J. E. RILEY.

show the gentlemen as they appeared in their famous tie race in the great Chicago–Kansas City match. This contest was watched with greater interest than any other of the series, and it was really the deciding event, and it was generally supposed Mr. Riley



POSITION OF COL. CHAS. E. FELTON.

would defeat his opponent by two or three birds. Col. Felton remarked after the match that he was much gladder to tie Mr. Riley than he would have been to beat him. The memory of this graceful and gentlemanly contest deserves perpetuation.

NEW YORK SUBURBAN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—A good lot of birds, a bracing atmosphere, and plenty of wind made to-day's shooting at Claremont more interesting than at any previous time. We had a rattling good shoot both at live birds and inanimate targets. In fact every Saturday there are as many shooters on the grounds as will be found at the average tournament, so called, and the wonder is that there are not more, when consideration is taken of the facilities the location affords—only 18min. from foot of Liberty street, plenty of trains each way, thoroughly equipped grounds, run in a systematic and generous style, plenty of traps and trappers, a competent superintendent, and, last but not least of all, cheap shooting at live birds (25 cents each and no extras) and targets (3 cents each), no obligation to go into the sweeps, and separate traps for those who desire them. A number of first-class shots have been developed by practice on these grounds, who otherwise would never have been heard of. The annual meeting of the association takes place Dec. 6, at Claremont, when election of directors and officers for ensuing year will take place—another president will probably be elected, as Mr. Hathaway declares his intention of retiring when his term expires. The association owns the buildings, fences, etc., and is out of debt, with large stock of ammunition on hand and ten thousand bluerocks.

If we have not accumulated profits in cash, we have kept the grounds open every day the past year, had shoots every Saturday and holidays, paid the superintendent his salary in full, and provided abundant sport and healthful recreation for ourselves and the public. We think we have done well. This is the only grounds of the kind run on that plan in the country. We have visiting shooters from almost every State, and they are invariably pleased. The scores of to-day's work follow:

Five sweeps, at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

Johnson	7 7 9 9 6	Du Bray	7 8 9 6 9
Collins	8 9 7 10 9	Osterhout	7 4 .. 5 7
Lindsley	8 7 7 6 7	A Rose	5 7 .. .. ..
Englewood	6 6 4	N Rose	7 9 .. .. ..
Hunt	3 7 7 5 7	Sherman	.. .. .. 9 9 10
Hathaway	7 6 5 9 9	Clark	.. .. 7 7 5
Morris	9 4 9		

Two live bird sweeps, at 4 birds each, $2 entrance:

Johnson	0221—3	2012—3	Hathaway 1112—4	0022—2
Collins	2200—2	1101—3	Morris 2210—3	2012—3
Lindsley	0221—3	0121—3	Du Bray 1100—2	1021—3
Englewood	2111—4	1121—4	Sherman	0111—3
Hunt	2212—4	0221—3	Clark	0021—3

AD VANCE.

THE ALBANY TOUNAMENT.

THE first league tournament for the month of November was held under the auspices of the Albany Gun Club at Elm Grove Shooting Park last Tuesday. A more inauspicious day in the way of weather never dawned upon a tournament occasion, the frowning skies sending down their chilling complaints in innumerable falling flakes of snow. Manager Vine and the writer went up to the grounds on the nine o'clock morning local, and the cheerless walk from the shooting lodge was, in good truth, most dispiriting. At the latter place we found no one present, and the little building, though the door stood open, was cold, silent and tenantless. In the field a solitary figure was seen moving about in the sodden grass. This was the faithful trapper, Jack Whitney, who had placed the entire main battery of the traps in position and was busily engaged in putting down an outfield battery, consisting of a pair of Cruttenden's hurlers, to indulge the expected sportsmen in the latest fad of the devotees of the trap, shooting at incomers.

The manager turned his attention to laying out the intricate system of pulling cords for the seven traps, and the writer turned his attention to several new arrivals. The first of these was our own well-tried and experienced sportsman, Mr. T. H. Greer. Following the Albanian came a strongly-built fellow, who is rapidly making his way to the front among the crack shots of the league, and whose performance with the gun at many of the events of the present season has caused him to be rated among the reliables as a slashing shot who can do his share in making the pace a hot one, particularly in a long race. This is Frank Pidgeon, of Saugerties, who in addition to his claims to the respect of his brother sportsmen as a good shot, is also president of the Hudson River Game and Fish Protective Association. There were more down-the river sportsmen to come, and these proved to be Will Mattice, George F. Tolley and T. B. Lever, of Catskill. Then the star of Saratoga shed its light upon us in the person of Harry M. Levengston, Jr., of the renowned Big Four. After the greetings were over there was a lively tussle with the big stove in the lodge to get that refractory monster to dispel the dampness and elevate the temperature to the degree known as the solid-comfort state. It was no small job to clear the demon of iron of its overflowing load of dead ashes and cinders before starting the cheerful blaze, and certainly there was no help in the guying we got from Uncle Sammy Goggin and Captain Gustave Buesser, of the Trojan Gun Club, who remembered a "roast" their club got for not having a fire on a certain cold tournament day, and they eagerly seized the occasion to get even with that newspaper fellow. The sacrifice of an empty kingbird box provided the material combustible for the ignition of a hod of coal, and from that out to the end of the day the ruddy gleam that came through the dilapidated mica windows was as pleasant as the smile of a cherub. All preparations having been completed, and as the party present was reinforced by the arrival of two members of the West End Gun Club—Geisel and Leon—it was thought best to do a little shooting; so at the suggestion of the managers the men took up their guns to engage in a sweep at 5 kingbirds: Geisel, Goggin, Pigeon and Mattice div. first money, Levengston, Leon and Lever div. second, Tolley third, Buesser fourth. After the sweep the regular events of the programme were started in with

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Buesser	1011110111— 8
Pidgeon	1111111111—10	Tolley	1011111010— 7
Goggin	1111110111— 9	Leon	1011011110— 7
Mattice	1101111111— 9	Lever	1100111010— 6
Geisel	1111111001— 8		

All ties divided where not stated.

No. 2, 10 kingbirds, 6 outgoers and 4 incomers, entrance $1:

Levengston	1111111101— 9	Tolley	0011001011— 5
Buesser	1111011111— 9	Roberts	1111111110—10
Lever	1111011111— 9	Re-entry	1111101011— 8
Pidgeon	0011111111— 8	Rockwood	1013110111— 8
Mattice	1101111111— 8	Re-entry	1111110111— 9
Leon	1111111010— 8	Paul	1011101111— 8
Goggin	1101111100— 8	Re-entry	1101111111— 9
Geisel	1100100111— 5		

Roberts (Rupert, Vt.), Rockwood (Albany), and Paul (Cohoes) did not come on the ground until contest No. 2 was closed. These three marksmen, in order to make a claim on the prizes for best aggregate scores in eight of the ten contests, shot at 10 birds each, and then at 10 more in a re-entry. They were not required to pay the entrance fee, and therefore had no claim on the purse, which was awarded as follows: Levengston, Buesser and Lever divided first money; Pidgeon, Mattice and Leon divided second; Goggin won third; Geisel won fourth.

No. 3, at 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Levengston	111111111111111—15	Roberts	011010111111111—12
Paul	111111101111111—14	Lever	011101111110010—10
Mattice	111111110111101—13	Goggin	010101101111101—10
Rock	111111110111011—13	Buesser	111010011111001—10
Geissel	011110111101111—12	Pidgeon	101000110111111—10
Leon	101101111111110—12	Tolley	011010010110111— 9

Two members of the Greenbush Gun Club arrived on the ground as No. 3 was being shot to a close. J. H. Patten, president of the Trojan Gun Club, came immediately after, and the next event filled splendidly.

No. 4, at 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Pidgeon	1111111111—10	Patten	0111111110—8
Rockworth	1111111110—9	Kapp	1101011011—7
Roberts	0111111111—9	Geisel	1101010011—6
Mattice	1110111111—9	Goggin	1110111000—6
Leon	1111111110—9	Greer	1101010011—6
Paul	1111011111—9	Tolley	1110011000—5
Levengston	1110111011—8	Mack	1001001111—5
Buesser	1011111011—8	Lever	0000001111—4

Those in the tie for second shot it out as follows: Rockworth 5, Roberts 5, Mattice 4, Leon and Paul withdrew.

Dinner followed at Russell's Hotel, where Brother John serves things up plainly, but neatly, and the service is always prompt and satisfactory.

Back to the shooting lodge we found several new arrivals from the West End Gun Club. These were Major W. J. Reineck, D. W. George, J. B. Sanders and H. K. Adams.

By this time there were lots of sportsmen present as spectators, among whom I noticed Messrs. Herrick, Countryman and Lansing, of the Forester Gun Club; Taylor, of Clarksville; Becker, of New Scotland; and Edward Ruth, of the Pawling Gun Club, Brunswick. A little later Henry Gove came on the ground with Milton F. Lindsley.

The next contest on the programme was made specially interesting by its being shot not only for a purse, but for an elegant trophy, presented by Mr. Archie Paul, of Cohoes. This special prize consisted of a solid silver cup, gold-lined, and beautifully chased. The contest filled with an even twenty entries, but only eleven of the men entered shot for the cup. No. 5, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50. A dollar extra was charged those who entered for the cup:

Pidgeon*	111111111111111—15	Goggin*	001111101111101—11
Mattice	111111111111111—15	Tolley	101101101110111—11
Levengston*	111111011111111—14	Taylor*	001111011011111—11
Paul	111111011111111—14	Mack	100111010111011—11
Leon*	111011111111111—14	Geisel*	111101101001111—11
Rockworth*	111111111001111—13	Roberts*	111011001011110—10
Buesser*	111111111001111—13	Lindsley	101011011100111—10
Becker*	011101111011111—12	George	011111010001010— 9
Adams	011100111111111—12	Lever	101101001001110— 8
Patten*	111111010011101—11	Kapp	001101100111041— 8

* Entered for the cup. † Forfeited shot.

Pidgeon and Mattice tied with clean scores, but as the last named did not enter for the cup, that superb and desirable prize became the property of the Saugerties shooter, who also received a divide of first money. Mr. Pidgeon was warmly congratulated by his friends, not only for capturing the cup, but for the coolness and address he displayed in shooting his way to the top when pitted against ten men who have, one and all, made excellent records in this part of the trap-shooting world.

No. 6, two-man team race, open to teams from any club, 25 kingbirds per man, 50 per team, entrance per team $2.50:

Saugerties Gun Club.

Mattice	1111110111111111111111111—24
Pidgeon	1011111111111010111110111—21—45

Saratoga Gun Club.

Levengston	1111101111111111111111111—24
Paul	1111011111101110110101111—20—44

Albany Gun Club.

Rockworth	1101111111110101111111111—22
Roberts	1111111111110010011111111—21—43

Clarksville Gun Club.

Becker	0111101111111111111111111—23
Taylor	1111111111011010101110—20—43

West End Gun Club No. 1, Albany.

Lindsley	1110111011001111111111111—21
George	1110111111001111111100011—19—40

West End Gun Club No. 2

Geisel	1111011110111111111011110—21
Adams	1011111111101011010011101—17—38

West End Gun Club, No. 3.

Lever	1101011111111111100110110—19
Leon	1100110011011111011111111—18—37

Trojan Gun Club.

Buesser	1011111110010011111111010—18
Goggin	1111010110101011101103111—17—35

Greenbush Gun Club.

Kapp	0001110101100111110101111—16
Mack	0100111110o0101010111111—16—32

No. 7, 15 kingbirds, 9 out-goers and 6 incomers, entrance $1.50:

Paul	111111111111111—15	Geisel	1010110111110111—11
Rockworth	1011111111111111—14	Buesser	0111111100111101—11
Levengston	1110111101111110—12	Adams	1011101110111110—11
Roberts	1111010111011011—12	Goggin	1001101110110111—10
Pidgeon	1100111111101111—12	George	1001111001101011—10
Lever	1101111001111110—12	Mattice	1110010011111111—10
Lindsley	1101110101101111—11	Leon	0101100110011111— 9

No. 8, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Mattice	1010111111— 8
Paul	1111111111—10	Roberts	1101111001— 7
Adams	1111111111—10	Greer	0011111001— 6
Rockworth	0111111111— 9	Tolley	1110100110— 6
Buesser	1111110111— 9	Patten	1010111001— 6
Lindsley	1111000111— 8	Geisel	1110011100— 6
Pidgeon	1100111111— 8	Leon	0110001111— 6
Goggin	0111111101— 8	Lever	0110101011— 6
George	1111110110— 8		

No. 9, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.50:

Levengston	111011111111111—14	Adams	1110111111100111—12
Rockworth	1111101111111011—13	Pidgeon	1100110011111111—11
Lindsley	0111111110111011—13	George	1001101111101111—11
Leon	1111010111111111—13	Goggin	1100110101101111—10
Paul	1110111011011101—12	Buesser	1111010110101001— 9
Mattice	1110111100111111—12		

Only the league medal contest remained to be shot out. There was very little daylight left, and it was proposed to postpone the shoot for the medal until the next league tournament at Catskill, Nov. 25. A few hot heads insisted upon shooting for the medal, although the holder of it, Mr. Levengston, had departed for Saratoga. A squad of six men faced the traps to shoot at the stipulated 25 birds each. At the end of the tenth round it was so dark that the men shoot in a kneeling position to get, if possible, a clear view of the flying kingbirds, and a light was brought from the hotel to enable the scorer to do his work. The marksmen kneeling in a row, the flash of the guns momentarily lighting up their faces, and the scorer in the lodge plying his pen by the light of a lamp, presented the most singular spectacle ever witnessed at a trap-shooting tournament. The forfeited shots became numerous and the misses still more so. Even the keen-eyed Edward Ruth, who was stationed in the trapper's pit acting as caller, finally failed to see the bird distinctly, and the game was called at the close of the eighteenth round. The score follows in detail:

Mattice	0011110101111100110—11	Rockworth	1010101011100*100—10
Goggin	1110111011101001000—11	Adams	0111101101000001—10
Lever	1101010011101101*—11	Buesser	1011101110010*00—10

*Forfeited shot.

The contestants came out of this race worse off than they went in, for they had to pay for their birds without getting anything in return except the fun they had, and of the latter there was a perfect cyclone.

A purse of $10, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., was offered for best aggregate scores made in all the contests, except the team race and the league medal contest. In the eight contests to count for aggregates a contestant had to shoot at 100 kingbirds. Of this number Harry M. Levengston, of Saratoga, scored 92 and won first money; Archie Paul, of Cohoes, scored 91 and won second; C. A. Rockworth, of Albany, scored 88 and won third.

The gratifying success of the tournament of the Albany Gun Club, under such discouraging conditions of weather, is another one of many proofs that Elm Grove is a favorite shooting ground for sportsmen throughout eastern New York and for our brethren in Vermont as well. The easy accessibility of this shooting park, combined with Albany's advantages as a railroad center, will make this a most desirable and well patronized tournament ground as long as the management is kept up to the high standard of excellence established by the crack clubs of the league.

The next league tournament will be held at Catskill, Nov. 25. The grounds near the West Shore railroad depot are a favorite resort for trap-shooters, and there is no more popular tournament manager than Geo. E. Tolley. The managers of the Albany Gun Club have in view another tournament, to take place Dec. 2. This will probably close the league season, as pigeon shooting events at the various country resorts are more popular than kingbird tournaments during the winter months.—*Albany Argus.*

MACALESTER VS. ELLIOTT.—Two of the best wing-shots in the world, Charles Macalester, of Philadelphia, and Capt. Elliott, of Kansas City, will soon shoot at live pigeons for the largest stake ever wagered on a bird race—$20,000 a side—if the efforts to bring about the match, which are now well under way, are successful. Since the Westerner defeated Edgar Murphy at Long Branch early in the fall, Mr. Macalester's friends have been trying to bring about a meeting between the nervy Quaker City man and Capt. Elliott. Both are willing to shoot for $20,000 a side, and if Capt. Elliott will agree to shoot at 30yds. rise and 50yds. boundary, which conditions he is said to favor, the match may be completed within a week. Several shooting grounds have been suggested at which to shoot the race, but from present indications the Westminster Kennel Club at Babylon, L. I., will be selected. It was on these grounds that the great race for $16,000 between Mr. Macalester and Dr. Lee Knapp, of the Union Club, was shot last year, and the men who backed the New Yorker to the extent of nearly $150,000 on that occasion will probably select the Philadelphian as a winner if the proposed match is completed. Some of Edgar Murphy's friends believe he was not at his best when Capt. Elliott defeated him, and are willing to back him heavily if another match can be made with the crack Western shooter.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

A WEEK'S CRUISE.

AUGUST had come again and the crew began to cast about for a companion to accompany him on a cruise to Sandy Hook, to enjoy a week's fishing and sailing in the neighborhood. Year after year he had experienced disappointment in getting just the right kind of a fellow to accompany him, and latterly he had enjoyed his outings on many trips alone; not that there were not plenty of congenial acquaintances who would be glad to go, but unfortunately business seemed to particularly confine them when it was most convenient for the crew. As to the other kind of fellows, who think they would like to go, but on finding that they have to take their share of the work, and experience a little discomfort on occasion, want to be set ashore at the most inconvenient times and places; the crew classes them with those inflictions which we who are Episcopalians pray on Sundays, if not oftener, to be delivered from.

Friend K. was asked and gladly accepted our invitation, but at the last moment found he could not go on the day appointed, but promised to come down on the steamer and meet us at the Hook on the following day. Having provisioned our little craft, of which a description was given in the FOREST AND STREAM of Mar. 14, 1889, an early start was made one Monday morning from our mooring in Newark Bay.

With the wind light from the N.W. and a flood tide, we tried to lay our course through Staten Island Sound, a slow task; but as the sun grew higher the wind strengthened so that at eight o'clock we were off Elizabethport, making good headway under mainsail, jib and topsail. This latter sail may make a little boat 15½ft. W.L. and 18ft. on deck, appear to some as too much like a toy, well, that is just what she is, as is every boat, no matter how large, kept for pleasure sailing only. If the sail locker were overhauled a jibtopsail, spinaker and trysail would be found. On many an occasion the crew remembers well he would have had to sleep out, when almost becalmed along some marshy shore, had it not been for high sails; which, being aloft principally, caught the fanning air and wafted him homeward.

The trip had now fairly commenced. Chelsea, Rossville and Sewaren were quickly passed. At this latter place two friends were met, weakfishing, who asked us to stay and try our luck by them, but as the fish ran only about ¾lb. we did not, more especially as we—that is we must here explain, the boat and the writer—had quite a sail before us. Tottenville and Perth Amboy being passed, the crew was tempted to try for striped bass on a spot behind Wood's Point, which he had discovered, the tide being just right, but the increasing breeze and exhilarating sail, coupled with a desire to get as far as possible away from localities that had any appearance of business about them, proved the greater inducement, so, after taking in topsail, about a S.E. course was laid for the Horse Shoe, or the Sandy Hook peninsula.

The wind continuing from N.W. and freshening, the jib was taken in, as progress was made into open water the peak was settled a little, a pull taken on the topping lift, as there was quite lumpy water met, and the canvas covered with spray over the cockpit.

The wind being dead aft, it was necessary to watch closely to prevent a jibe, as the following sea tended to make steering a matter requiring somewhat more than ordinary care. Rushing along, the little boat was driven until the curling foam from her bows was almost on a level with her forward deck, yet we took no water on board. As we ran from Raritan Bay into the Lower Bay, with a freshening wind and sea, alone, the broad Atlantic in view before us, and some miles from shore, no description can convey to those who have not been similarly situated, the exhilaration and excitement experienced. The crew was in his element, having the satisfaction of sailing a well balanced and easily steered boat, that, although oftentimes half out of water, never refused to promptly answer her helm.

But the tension on the nerves begins to tell, and the crew changes the course to get under Point Comfort, where smoother water could be expected. Under the influence of the strong westerly wind the tide had fallen rapidly, and the water was seen breaking in shoal spots around and behind the point; another moment and the board, which was down to steady us, dragged on the bottom, the following sea almost boarding us; so putting the tiller hard-a-starboard, a pull was taken on the main sheet, quicker than it takes to tell it, and we are heading off shore. The wind being now abeam its full force was felt, and reduced sail became necessary, so lashing the helm to the board a reef was tied in the mainsail and the jib bobbed, and under way again just in time to avoid fouling some rows of oyster stakes. Soon the changed tint of the water was noticeable, being of that blueish-green color indicative of pure, deep salt water, so grateful to the eye. Many sloops were met heading to the southward out of the Shrewsbury, all carrying reduced canvas. The crew thanked his stars that the wind was dead fair for him, a abeat to windward under the present circumstances would have been making a toil of a pleasure.

At 12:52 P. M. anchor was down in the Horse Shoe, having made the run of 27 miles in less than five hours, but having had to sail against considerable tide favoring about one-half the way, and being contrary the other half. Hungry and thirsty, no time was lost in visiting the ice box. After lunching the crew went ashore to the telegraph office and wired home his safe arrival and quick passage, and to friend K. to meet us by an early boat in the morning.

After getting the New York paper the crew proceeded to look up Capt. Sandy and his house boat, but found that, owing to some recent regulation of the officer in charge of the Government property, he had been compelled to move further down to Spermaceti Cove. Returning to the boat, we hail a bayman raking clams near the shore and purchase some. The clams found in the shoal water of this little bay are renowned, and have rarely to seek a market in the hotels further down the beach, although occasionally a small consignment finds its way to the oyster market in New York. These clams must not be compared with the larger ones dredged in great quantities by the numerous sloops out in the bay. In fact, so assiduously has this inshore clam been sought after that they have of late become scarce, as obtaining a couple of bushels in a day is considered a good catch; although the crew remembers, and that not so very long ago, when the shore was literally paved with them, and when it was considered no trick to rake up a bushel in half an hour.

Sail was now made for the Cove, which was a couple of miles down the beach. On running in Capt. Sandy's homely craft was found moored close to shore, and on coming alongside the crew was soon shaking the honest fellow's hand. Choosing an anchorage where we would be afloat at all times of the tide, sails were stowed and canvas cabin and mosquito canopy put up. As sheltered as this spot was from the fresh breeze, the sun proved very hot. As far as mosquitoes were concerned, however, strange to say, this year they were not at all troublesome. Reclining on the cushions, the crew is soon absorbed in the newspapers he had obtained. The welcome cry of supper attracts our attention, and looking up we see that Capt. Sandy has prepared the crew's evening meal; so, jumping into a boat we had obtained from the Captain as a tender, we are soon with him.

Sancho Panza has said, "God bless the man who invented sleep." If he had not, he should also ask to have blessed the man who invented appetite. What mattered it if the eel stew was slightly burned and the fried clams and soft crabs were somewhat greasy. Had we not, under the influence of the fresh air, sunshine and the glorious sail down, acquired the appetite and digestive powers of the ostrich? If there is one thing more than another which the crew dislikes to do, it is cooking, and almost any privation is considered preferable; so even Capt. Sandy, although not a Delmonico by any means, is tolerated. Going on board again, cushions and rugs are arranged, the flaps of the canvas cabin turned down, as the nights here are quite cool, and soon sleep has closed our tired and sunburned eyelids.

Next morning after a plunge and a hearty breakfast we get underway for the steamboat landing to meet K., and on getting him on board we give him an old suit and stow his shore togs in the waterproof clothes bag. Below the government dock we try for weakfish with but little success, giving it up for the day we decide to take a cruise ashore and visit the lights on the Highlands of Navesink, so up killick, and in something less than two hours we are off the Jackson Club landing.

Ascending the steep hill we presently arrive at the foot of the towers, and notice the neat and well-kept grounds about them. Obtaining permission from the head keeper to inspect the lights we are conducted by a sub-keeper up the stairway of the southerly tower and into what we may call the tention of the light. In the center is the light, consisting of several concentric and superimposed burners of polished brass of great size; on the outside is the apparatus of heavy crown glass, many inches thick, clear as crystal and beautifully polished, some 12ft. high and 6ft. wide.

Raising the screen above the several cylinders on the side furthest from the sun, the panorama there pictured is beautiful in the extreme. Set in this transparent media we see condensed and photographed the surrounding view. The heaving bosom of Old Ocean glittering in the glory of the noonday sun, its surface ruffled with the summer breeze, which, filling the rounded and bellying sails of the merchant fleet, seemingly at our feet, courtesying to the swell as they pursue their diverging pathways; the nodding foliage of the forest on the adjoining hills, stirred too by its influence, seem returning the salute of the waves, who, running along, dash impetuously on the yellow sand in the seeming endeavor to reach and caress the lovely landscape.

Every object has its natural tint and action, the details of the scene are ever changing. All the surroundings, as far as the eye can reach, appear as though congealed in the thick glass of the lens, in the space of a few hands breadths.

It is too hot to remain here longer, so we unwillingly descend and remark the several tanks used for stowing supplies of oil and means for conveying and supplying it. Many years ago lard oil and we think whale oil were used. It was supposed that petroleum oils could not be burned, but as improvement in distilling, treating and burning these latter oils were introduced their superiority and cheapness became apparent to the intelligent and progressive Lighthouse Board. Until late years we listened to a lecturer of some note, who roundly abused the board for persisting in the use of whale oil when the electric light was obtainable; but the electric light has been tried, and for the ordinary method of lighting had to be abandoned, although for vertical signaling in foggy or heavy weather it may yet serve a good purpose in our lighthouses, which must teach us that in matters of this kind in the language of the scientist, we "must make haste slowly." For the following short description of these magnificent lights I am indebted to the Lighthouse Board through their courteous Engineer secretary, Major Jas. F. Gregory, U.S.A.:

The Highlands of Navesink Lights are situated on a small bare plateau, on the easternmost spur of the Highlands of Navesink, N. J. The two lights are shown from towers each 55ft. high and they are connected by the dwellings of the keepers. Each light is of the first order, is 248ft. above the level of the sea and is visible 22¼ nautical miles at sea. The first order lenticular apparatus consists of a central glass belt forming a hollow cylinder 6ft. in diameter and 30in. high. Below it are 6 triangular rings of glass arranged in cylindrical form, and above, a crown of 18 rings of glass, forming by their union a hollow cage composed of polished glass 12ft. high and 6ft. in diameter. The great Scotch lighthouse engineer, Mr. Alan Stevenson, says of this apparatus:

"Nothing can be more beautiful. I know of no work of art more beautiful or more creditable to the boldness, ardor, intelligence and zeal of the artist."

Such an apparatus costs about $8,000. The lenticular apparatus was invented and constructed in France. The Board orders such as it needs from Henri Lepante, Bartier and Fenestre or Sautier et Cie., French firms. A better and fully illustrated description of this apparatus may be found in the article on Light House Illumination in Johnson's Universal Encyclopedia, Vol. 5, pages 25-32.

These lights were erected in 1762, and were rebuilt in 1862. They were first lighted by reflectors, but in 1838 one was fitted with a first order catadiopteric fixed apparatus, and the other with a second order revolving catadiopteric apparatus, both of which were constructed by Henri Lepante in Paris, by order and under the superintendence of Com. Perry, U. S. Navy, who was directed by our Government to purchase apparatus, constructed on the principle of Fresnel, in obedience to a special act of Congress approved July 7, 1838, appropriating the necessary funds for the object.

The towers were elevated and improved to receive this apparatus, with a view to testing the superiority of this mode of illumination over that of reflectors employed generally in the light houses of the U. S. A first order fixed lens light was thus placed by the side of a second order revolving lens light, with a view to differentiating the relative powers of the two sets of apparatus. It is understood that these were the first sets of apparatus of lenticular order employed in this country. They operated so well, so inexpensively, and without getting out of order, that this apparatus gradually succeeded the diopteric apparatus, and now the lenticular arrangement has come into general use, except on light ships. The burners used in these lenses consume 10 gills of mineral oil per hour each and they burn from sunset to sunrise, the records of the lighthouse establishment do not give the cost of the original towers at Navesink as they were built during colonial times, but their refitment and repair since 1861 cost $74,125.80.

Next day is spent in sailing about Pleasure Bay and visiting acquaintances among the hotels at Bellevue and Seabright. Meeting an old friend, the Commodore, he insisted on our driving with him at the Bellevue, and it was far in the "wee sma' hours" before we got to bed at the hotel. In the morning a plunge overboard refreshed us, and after breakfast we start back for the Hook to again try the fishing. With a light breeze from the westward we sail out in company with a catboat, the tide being fair; some of the people on the cat we had met on the previous evening, and entering into conversation found that they had made up a beach party, and were going down the shore to enjoy a clam bake; they gradually drew away and left us. Reaching our old fishing grounds we experienced the same ill success as before. A passing sloop hailed us to say that there was a school of bluefish breaking at the point of the Hook, so getting our anchor we make sail and get out our trolls. After tacking back and forth, we notice the fish as they jump after menhaden or other bait, close to shore, and working down the beach on the outside, we are soon among them and are kept busy hauling in fish of about 2½lbs. After losing the school once or twice they finally disappear. On counting our catch we have 14 nice blues, and have only to regret that we were not able to take them with rod and reel in a sportsmanlike manner, instead of as K. said, using a clothes-line.

The early afternoon finds us at anchor in the cove again. We wished our friends at home had our fish, but as it was impracticable to keep them fresh until our return, we made a virtue of necessity and gave them away.

Our stock of water running low, Captain Sandy tells us of a wonderful spring on the opposite shore, at the foot of the Highlands. We soon sail across and anchoring in shoal water, we take our jug and waterbreaker and go ashore. Running out of and down the hill side, the spring is seen, and our vessels we filled with the sweetest of water; cold and sparkling, it is renowned for its purity. We were told that pilot boats and fishing vessels frequently visit this spring to obtain water; certain it is that after keeping some two months on the boat it was found as palatable as ever.

It being low water we stroll along shore, gathering a number of oysters which, although small, are of good flavor. Getting back to the Cove we rig up for the night, and enjoy for supper some of the bluefish we had that day caught, cooked by Captain Sandy in his best style, and served on a table we had improvised on the beach. We are soon under our canvas cabin glancing over the papers obtained from the steamboat by Captain Sandy's boy. Cushions and rugs are again adjusted, and we are making up for the sleep lost the night before in enjoying the Commodore's hospitality.

Next morning we again try for weakfish with but small success, three or four of say ¾lbs. being all we caught. We cannot imagine why fishing is so poor this year, as in former seasons we had trydifficulty in catching all we wanted. Although truth to tell weakfishing is but mild sport, yet it is about all that is left to us now in the waters adjacent to New York. Their scarcity cannot be laid to the menhaden fishermen this year certainly, as they have not pursued their calling in inshore waters, and it is to our mind a very open question if this industry appreciatively affects the supply of food fishes, if it is confined only to the capture of the mossbunker. Great South and Barnegat Bays were well supplied with weak, blue and other palatable fish at this time, but Raritan Bay and surrounding waters afforded little or no fishing, and this although the waters showed less pollution than heretofore.

Giving up fishing we go ashore and stroll along the ocean side of the peninsula, and watch the surf as it breaks in a long line of foam on the hard sloping beach, we notice that at irregular intervals the undulations are longer and consequently the surf is higher as the larger wave breaks. We speculate on this, and decide that it must be due to some tidal influence. We had often heard that this larger wave was at regular intervals as every third, sixth or seventh undulation, but this is evidently an error.

Many steamers and sailing vessels are watched leaving and entering the port of the metropolis of the Western Continent, in fact, the broad Atlantic is dotted with them as far as the eye can reach; new square-rigged craft are observed; three and even four-masted schooners seem to have taken the place of the bark, brig and brigantine, so often seen in years gone by, with what advantage gained insurance people seem in doubt.

Getting hungry we wander back to the boat, and soon our appetites are satisfied. Captain Sandy's boy is seen approaching in his catboat, and with the usual papers he hands K. a telegram which tells him he must be at business in the morning, and therefore must start back to-night. The crew feels sadly disappointed at this, as he will have no companion during the long sail back on the morrow, but it cannot be helped, so entering the catboat we are at the steamer wharf in a short time, where bidding K. good by we are presently back at the Cove and aboard our own craft.

The night having turned somewhat chilly the canvas curtains are drawn down closely, the lamp is lit, and after perusing the papers, a few chapters of "Pickwick Papers" are read before we go to sleep. About 2 o'clock A. M. we are awakened by the wind, which is blowing a strong and cold breeze from the eastward, which threatens to blow away our canvas cabin, forcing us to rig some preventers on it. While doing this we find we are dragging anchor rapidly, more cable does not remedy matters any, so we are forced to crawl under the forward deck and get out the heavy Chester folding anchor, overhaul the cable in the dark, and let it go. This brings her up, but where we have drifted to we have no idea, but we notice quite a little swell on, owing to the heavy wind. As nothing else can be done, we turn in and are soon asleep again.

In the light of the crew's experience it is a wonder more boats or yachts using the ordinary galvanized anchor, sold by naval supply people, do not go ashore, as it is shaped to do almost anything else than hold on hard on sandy bottom; they may answer very well in the mud around New York, but how they hold elsewhere is a mystery, unless indeed they do it by sheer weight. The crew has provided against this trouble in the future by having an anchor made of an approved and well-tried pattern by Horace Ericson, of Barnegat, N. J., who by the way, although only the village blacksmith, is a nephew of the deceased inventor of Monitor fame. This anchor has been galvanized and will hold in any bottom, although not as heavy as the store ones by 75lbs.

The crew wakes to find the wind still from the eastward, but more moderate, the weather thick and threatening rain, but traps are stowed and deck cleared for our return home. After breakfast good-byes are said and we start off under mainsail and jib. We were probably some two miles on our course, when an impenetrably thick fog settled down on the water, so thick that the bowsprit end could barely be seen from the stem. Fog whistles were heard to the eastward, and as there was no pleasure in sailing in the fog we hauled on the wind and stood back. The wind had now almost died out, so that it was very slow work indeed. Finally a fog whistle was heard ahead on the port bow, and immediately after what was taken to be the point of the Hook showed up, but instead proved to be an ocean steamer, trying to feel her way on to an anchorage. We had evidently in trying to make the Hook been carried past it by the ebb tide and were heading for Europe. We hailed the steamer, which proved to be a cattle boat, and asked her if she knew where she was; an officer or pilot from the bridge hailed back that they was somewhere off the point of the Hook and in the channel, but just where they would like to know. Before he had done talking she disappeared, even while he was asking, "What ship is that?" evidently he did not see us.

Well, here was a pretty pass. We knew, however, if we stood to the westward, like C. Columbus, again we would fetch up against some land; so we headed about, and with the wind once more astern and quite an ocean swell under our keel, we go land hunting. We had been holding a W.N.W. course about half an hour, the wind having freshened slightly, when the flapping of sails was heard ahead. The next moment a sloop was seen in the wind

almost over us. Jamming the tiller hard a-starboard, we just clear her as she fills away on the starboard tack, so close that we go over a light skiff she has in tow, swamping it and losing its oars. A hail from the sloop to pick up the oars, and she is lost in the fog. A horn blown in our vicinity makes the crew think he had better fetch and hug the nearest shore; but just where that shore is rather bothers him. As now he must be well inside the Hook, he heads a S.W. course, hoping to strike somewhere in the neighborhood of Port Monmouth. That he is a little anxious cannot be denied, and he heartily wishes that he had not started until clearer weather.

The wind was now breezing up from the N.E. and the fog looked thinner, at which our courage rose proportionately. In less than an hour we fetch land not far from Bayside Beacon. Skirting the shore we run into Keyport, and go in there to make a visit to an old friend and get dinner. Having paid our visit and dined, we go aboard to find that the fog had entirely cleared and the breeze is fresh from the N.E. With port rail under, we head across Raritan Bay for Staten Island Sound; up this we beat. There is power in the wind, and we are forced to take in a reef before reaching Sewaren. Here we take tack for tack with a catboat some three or four feet longer than we are; but as the wind increases, power tells, and she leaves us. After an exciting sail home, we pick up our moorings and are so glad to get back after nearly a week's absence. RICHMOND.

THE NEW DEED OF GIFT.

THE following letter was published in the *World* of Nov. 19, the writer being Mr. James Ashbury, the first challenger for the America's Cup:

To the Editor of the World:

Although not a yacht owner, I have followed with interest the various phases in relation to the Cup won in 1851 by the America. To my mind the recent decision to alter the deed of trust under which the Cup is held is most amusing, as all negotiations and acts to alter the conditions of the trust are as unsportsmanlike as they are illegal.

The terms of the trust are clear beyond question. In or about 1870 Commodore Stebbins officially informed the New York Y. C.:

First—That Mr. Schuyler had reported that the intention of the donors was that a race or match for the Cup meant a single vessel and not a fleet.

Second—The commodore took the opinions of three eminent American judges, who ruled that a match or race meant a single vessel.

By a vote of 20 to 1 the yacht owners ruled in 1870 that a fleet should sail, but in 1871 practically admitted their illegal act by deciding to send one vessel, but their nominating four to pick and choose from on the morning of the race was again a violation of the deed and of the intentions of the donors, and in subsequent years the contention was withdrawn.

As no opposition has been made to the club using a centerboard, no question arises thereon on races in American waters.

It is not competent for the N. Y. Y. C. to dictate to English yacht clubs as to the terms under which the Cup could or should be raced for in English waters. The race would be under the terms of the deed of trust, and the late Mr. Schuyler and the N.Y. Y. C. had no particle of right and power to alter the terms and conditions in any form or shape. In these circumstances I propose to apply to the American courts for an injunction to restrain the N. Y. Y. C. from setting aside the original deed as given by the four donors.

In treating for any future races the club must be careful to advise the challenger that the legality of the second deed will be contested in the Superior Court of America, and that no race can take place pending such decision. Yours truly,

Nov. 12. A GLOBE TROTTER.

How much there is behind Mr. Ashbury's threat we cannot say, but he has little reason to love the New York Y. C., and at the same time he would be doing a real service to his fellow yachtsmen if he could secure a return to the original deed of gift. A resort to legal measures is always to be deprecated in matters of sport, where fair play and good fellowship should be the guiding principles, but the complications following the last change of the conditions governing the America's Cup are taking such a shape that an attempt at a legal solution is by no means improbable before another race is sailed. Even though no steps be taken by Mr. Ashbury or other British yachtsmen, the time may come when, in order to get a challenge, the New York Y. C. will have to resort to a friendly suit in order to free itself from the new deed of gift. The usual fall crop of challengers and defenders is now in full bloom, 90-footers for syndicates and single owners on both sides of the water, for Gen. Paine, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Morgan, Col. North and other yachtsmen, but thus far not a particle of corroboration has appeared, and it is probable that big yachts and international racing will take no more tangible shape next season than this.

PODGERS AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting season being over, and everything from the catboats to the big steam yachts having gone into winter quarters, interest in the sport necessarily flags. The owners are too busy in Wall street to think of sail or steam, although many of them are probably carrying more sail and heavier pressure just now than at any time last summer. Stocks and securities that are insecure are occupying their close attention to the exclusion of all thoughts of pastimes. They are riding out gales, some of them, with single anchors and dragging into a lee shore, longing for a snug harbor under their lee.

That some of the Wall street tars will come to grief—go on the rocks—seems probable from the "present condition of the market." So we cannot expect much yachting talk from that class of yacht owners. They have other fish to fry, some big ones—whales mayhap, with a scarcity of frying pan capacity. But there are a few yachtsmen who are not slaves to Wall street and cannot we hear from them as to what is to be the next "fad" in yachts?

Yachts and yacht building have become as much a matter of fashion as to model, form and style as the latest in dress and dog carts. We have had a severe infliction of things English. Not a yacht built the last two years that has not had the pigeon fantail, blasted English stern, you know, narrow, unsightly and hideous to an American eye not tainted with the anglomaniac fever. Cutters have had their brief day and those owning them are tired of them. We have gone through that stage of English worship, tried a mixed model of depth and breadth, a combination consceion of English rig, English sterns and American beam, but stuck to lead keels, and after all what good has come of the new departure? Every other attempt of the kind has been a failure and to-day we do not turn out a faster or as handsome a craft as our daddies did. Is there a schooner afloat to-day that could beat the Sappho, think you? or even a sloop that could beat the old Maria, I doubt it.

It strikes me we are groping in the dark, we are in a semi-benighted condition. We have lost our grip on the old models and made no improvement in the way of the new, and as it stands to-day we are all at sea. There is no longer any fixed type of the American boat. We have tried to copy the English and failed, tried a semi-combination, half cat and half dog, and what shall we do next is the question. I really believe if Burgess was asked to-day what model or kind of a boat he considered as the best to build, if he answered conscientiously, he would say "damfino."

It has been a year of experimental groping in the dark, much as the doctors grope when they try one medicine on the chances, then another, until the patient succumbs to experiment. The fellows who pay for yachts are the patients in this case. The modelers and builders are the fellows administering their vital doses, often making the patient very sick.

This concession to and fad for things English handicaps every builder. He knows he must humor his customer by giving him something very English, you know, and hence is in a quandary what kind of a hairpin to turn out. "Quandary" would be an appropriate name for the craft he does turn out.

Is there not yet remaining some man with sufficient nautical skill and independence to strike for his sires and his country and turn out an American boat? A boat with beam. A boat with moderate depth. A stern with space and bearing in a knock-down, and not a tooth-pick. Some day, I think, Burgess will come to the rescue, throw overboard all these English notions now literally forced upon him, and say, "Away with this foolishness, I will build an American boat." That day will come. He will emancipate himself from his present "anything to oblige Benson' and wrap himself in the American flag, and Kirby-like declare himself a true American. I shall live to see it, and when he does I will put a classical dictionary under one arm, a pair of blue specs on my nose, and invade Boston to do him honor.

Yachting to-day is losing its grip, so many failures have driven, and are driving, the community to steam. Of course those are not the real genuine article. Not dyed in the wool yachtsmen, but they are in the majority. Steam yachts are gaining in favor with that class who must get back to keep an appointment at the club. Of course it is at the club, always is. You will see more of the tea-kettle fleet another year if they cannot get a sailing craft to beat t'other fellow. And some day they get becalmed down the bay, they say —— sail, I'll have steam, and forthwith offer the craft for sale. Look at the list of sailing craft advertised by yacht agents. It tells the story. You can buy schooners and sloops at the cost of their cabin outfit, while steam yachts go off lively.

I doubt if you will see a regatta of the New York Yacht Club next summer. The interest in regattas is a thing of the past, and it don't pay. It is a great expense to yacht owners and the clubs. The annual cruise is a great improvement on the regatta—more fun, gives a long holiday, and helps the cause.

I want some smarter fellow than I am to come out and tell us what we are going to do about all this degeneracy. If there is any remedy, what is it? PODGERS.

DELAWARE RIVER.—The sixteen foot cats, new this year and twins—Clarke and King, had an interesting race on Nov. 16. Course from Cooper's Point to Chester Buoy and return, 30 miles. No limit of time. The Clarke had been a winner all the season, although the boats are as near alike in form, sail plan, etc., as the greatest care could make them. Some one suggested that a slight difference in men would make either boat win. Hence the race. Capt. John McCulley won the Reedy Island pitcher, a handsome gold badge which he wears with becoming pride, and several club prizes, in the Clarke; and has never been defeated in this boat. Capt. R. G. Wilkins sailed the King for the first time. The boats made a splendid start at 10:30. Wind north and light veering to E. and W. At Kaign's Point the King hauled her wind across the bow of her competitor and after a luffing match bore away for stronger tide. Shortly after, the Clarke being further to the eastward took the wind off shore; leaving the King to "fish out a breeze" from some other quarter. Flood tide caught the boats off League Island and the wind freshened, with westing in it. The King seemed to like it and was soon pinching the Clarke for windward position, eventually passing her and slowly but surely opening the gap. Above the lower end of Tinicum and three miles from the turning buoy on the upper spit of Chester Island, the King was half a mile in the lead. McCully then signalled he would like to declare the race off and sail it over again. This Wilkins consented to reluctantly. The boats had been "bucking" the tide for several miles and it would have been an all night's job to finish the race. It is evident to local sailors, however, that had the race been continued to the lower buoy, the boat leading by say only half a mile, would with the flooding tide have been four or more miles ahead on the home stretch, as the wind was very light. The King beats the Clarke in a run of 12 miles, one half-mile.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—At the November meeting of the Quaker City Y. C. the board of trustees reported the election of Messrs. John S. Lloyd, George D. Gideon and Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock to membership. Com. Middleton submitted his report of the annual cruise. The secretary reported the enrolment of the following yachts: Sloop Lizzie, Mr. F. S. Brown, length 32ft., beam 11ft. 8in., draft 3ft.; Schooner Norna, Mr. E. R. Coleman, length 105ft. 9in., beam 21ft. 8in., draft 12ft.; Yawl White Cap, Dr. J. T. Rothrock, length 75ft., beam 20ft. 9in., draft 9ft. The committee on river club house reported that they had inspected several properties and would report fully at a future meeting. A special meeting of the club was held on Nov. 20 to consider the advisability of forming a class in navigation, and to meet Commander Francis M. Green, of the Pennsylvania Nautical Schoolship Saratoga, who had been invited to address the club on the necessity of yachtsmen having a knowledge of the science of navigation. At the close of Commander Green's address the committee on lectures and entertainments were authorized and directed to make such arrangements as may be necessary to inaugurate a course of studies and lectures in navigation. The committee announced that 12 members of the club had promised to join the class. The yawl White Cap, Dr. J. T. Rothrock owner, with Davis Bullock and Percy Moore, of the University of Pennsylvania and Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, of the Missouri Botanical Gardens, sailed from Philadelphia in October, on a scientific expedition to the Bahamas and West Indies, and arrived at Nassau, N. P., on Nov. 8, after very heavy weather on the passage. The White Cap sailed for the Windward Islands on Nov. 12. The schooner Norma, Mr. E. R. Coleman, is fitting out for a cruise to the West Indies, and will sail about Dec. 1.

THE WRECK OF THE URANIA.—The first particulars of the wreck of the Urania were incorrect, the details being as told in the following extract from the *Field*. The yacht was a 64 ton cruising yawl, about 65ft. l.w.l., 14ft. 10in. beam and 11ft. draft, built in 1882: "A fatal disaster occurred at Bangor, co. Down, during Thursday night's storm to the 64 ton yawl Urania, from the Clyde to Southampton, with Viscount Cantelupe, eldest son of Earl De la Warr, and seven men on board. The yacht put into Bangor Bay on Thursday evening, through stress of weather, and anchored a few hundred yards from the battery. At 2 o'clock on Friday morning, however, the wind shifted, and the Urania was driven on the rocks. Finding their vessel going down, the men helped Lord Cantelupe up the rigging, following afterwards themselves; but just when his Lordship had reached the highest footrope he struck the yacht and unfortunately was thrown into the boiling sea and drowned before the eyes of his men and a large crowd of people standing on the rocks close by. Capt. Hannay, the coastguard and his men, Mr. Arthur Hill Coates, and others were in the meantime getting the rocket apparatus ready; and, connection having been made, the captain of the yacht and his six seamen were saved after 3 hours' hard work, and comfortably housed by Mr. Coates. The greatest sympathy is felt for Lord Cantelupe's young wife and relatives, as he was only married 5 months ago. The top of the Urania's mast was visible above water on Friday morning."

THE NORTON STEAMER.—The Norton yawl which was built at Staten Island a couple of years ago, and which at one time issued a challenge to any yacht for a race around Bermuda, has lately been converted into a steamer by the Pusey & Jones Co., her compound engines being 5½ and 10½×10in. The vessel is 58ft. long, 12ft. 6in. beam, and 6ft. 4in. draft, her displacement being 41 tons. She is fitted with the Norton air and water ballast, the tanks holding 8 tons of water. As the engines and the Norton system occupy nearly all the interior of the hull, a high deck house is necessary to accommodate the crew. The screw is 34in. diameter and 34in. pitch; the vessel is yawl or ketch rigged, and her bunkers carry 15 tons of coal, which is considered a thirty days' supply. In this craft Capt. Norton last week sailed from Staten Island for Toulon, France, proposing to call first at the Azores. His party include himself and wife, with their niece, an engineer and assistant, sailing master, two seamen, steward and cook. The Norton system has been fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM on several occasions; it is simply a form of water ballast and sealed airtanks, possessing some peculiar features for which much is claimed, but in no way superior to other methods of water ballasting.

LAWLEY'S YARD.—The beach and basin at Lawley's are well filled, nearly all the Eastern flyers being hauled out or moored in the basin. Among the former are Volunteer, Alga, Pappoose, Shark, Hawk, Swordfish, Saracen, Saladin, Rosalind, Chiquita and Milicete; while in the water are Mohican, Gitana, Troubadour, Wayward, Gossoon and Say When. In the big shed Mr. Welch's new cruiser is planked up, a fine-looking craft of moderate beam and easy bilge, with iron keel. Near her are two small steamers, built in stock, but since sold. In the small shed is a steam yacht for Mr. C. S. Eaton, owner of Rosalind, now planked up. Men are at work carting away a part of the hill to make room for a new building shed 125×50ft. on the north side of the yard, while another building will be erected for the steel building plant. The Belmont 46-footer is laid down, and the spars for her and three others are roughed out. One of these is for Cornelius Vanderbilt, one for Bayard Thayer and one for A. B. Turner, owner of Milicete, last year's centerboard 46-footer. All four are keel boats. Mr. Turner has engaged Capt. Charles Barr to sail his boat.

THE ROBERTS BOILER.—A company has just been organized under the name of the Roberts Water Safety Tube Boiler Co., with a capital stock of $250,000, to build the Roberts boiler. Mr. Roberts is president and general manager. The building and plant will be enlarged and improved.

XARA.—The purchaser of Mr. Mean's 40-footer is Mr. Alfred Kayne of Newburgh, N. Y., and Xara will fly the Rat rampant of the Newburgh C. & B. A. next season.

CONSTELLATION.—The new singlestick rig for this schooner will have a boom 106ft. long, a gaff 57ft. and 80ft. hoist.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Good Company Series, No. 4. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper. Price 50 cents. This was first published in war times, of which it is a story; and it had a tremendous sale in those days. Doubtless many readers will be glad to read it again, to test whether it has the same interest now as then.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: C.V.Winne, Albany, N.Y.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, NY
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER:
EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM.: G. L. Parmele, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appollonio, Winchester.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: E.D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE following is a list of the amendments to the constitution and by-laws adopted at the meeting on Nov. 15, a summary of which was given last week:

CONSTITUTION.

Art. V., Sec. 1. Add the word "librarian" after secretary-treasurer. Sec. 2. "The librarian shall be elected by the executive committee for the term of three years." Art. VII. As a continuation of Art. VII. "In the event of absence of commodore the ranking officer of his Division will act in his stead, and should no officer from that Division be present the senior member present of that Division will preside." Art. VIII. Change the reading of Art. VIII. as follows: "In the absence of the vice-commodores the rear commodores will act in their stead and Division officers take precedence as to rank. Should no Division officer be present at a meet or meeting the senior member present of that Division shall preside." Art. IX., Sec. 2. Third line should read: "They shall also forward to the A. C. A. secretary-treasurer, by Aug. 1, the amount due from the Division to the A. C. A. treasurer, and within four weeks after the annual camp of the A. C. A. a list of members and canoes of their Divisions. Pursers shall receive, etc." Art. XII. In Art. XII. "In the official organ" shall read: "In one of the official organs."

BY-LAWS.

Chap. I., Sec. 2. Add after first sentence: "Members joining the Association after Sept. 30 shall pay no dues for the current year." Chap. IX., Paragraph 2. Add the "club race" after the words "the three record races," in the third line. Chap. IX. (8) To read: "They shall submit to the commodore in time for publication at least two weeks previous to the annual meeting, a full report, in which shall be embodied all proposals for changes in racing rules, whether originating with the committee or submitted to them by members. They shall also furnish a condensed report of the annual events and expenditures duly audited by the secretary-treasurer for the year book." Chap. X. Add: "And for the secretary-treasurer the letters A. C. A. in gold, supported by a quill in silver." Chap. XI. Add "the librarian or" after fifth word.

The following is an abstract of the statement of the committee on camp site and arrangements:

Expenditures.

Printing and postage		$ 27 55
Lumber	$479 14	
Freight two ways	83 90	563 04
Well and bricks		90 50
Labor		660 08
Tents		33 50
Signal station		2 35
		$1,377 02

Credits.

Lumber—Tent floors	$170 25	
Docks and skids	126 53	
Loose lumber	21 11	
Flag poles	10 50	
H. Stanton, on account mess	163 98	
Labor, H. Stanton, on account mess	73 13	
Entertainment	60 50	636 00
Cost to A. C. A.		$740 92

The above summary conveys a very small idea of the full and complete report made by Mr. Burchard, covering 22 type-written pages, with bills attached, and giving a detailed statement of every board used and of every hour of labor. The full contracts for lumber, which was bought in New York, are also included. Arrangements were made by which all uncut boards, or those above a certain size, were returned.

The following letter was sent to the executive committee:

J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Vice-Com. E. D., A. C. A:

DEAR SIR—I desire to say a few words on three different subjects, viz: War Canoes, Cruising Canoes, and the Pecowsic Sail, to be presented by you to the executive committee at their coming meeting.

I name the above subjects in the order of merit to the A. C. A. as I look upon the subject, war canoes being of the greatest value to the A. C. A. as giving the most enjoyment to the greatest number and thus tending to increase the membership.

War Canoes.—Two objections now against war canoes are transportation facilities and enough paddlers in any one club to man then, and both are easily overcome in the following manner. Let the A. C. A. fix the limit and number of paddlers to a canoe and have the canoe made to take apart at the midships section so it could be shipped back and forth in an ordinary freight car. Then let each division buy a canoe to be the property of said division or better still let the four divisions unite on some maker to build all four of the boats. Now let each division take their war canoes to the meet and man them with paddlers belonging to said division only. Start the four boats on a half-mile straight away race and you will have more good fun and excitement than was ever had at any previous race held by the A. C. A. Harvard and Yale would be nowhere, and besides creating a healthy rivalry between divisions it would also furnish sport for all.

Cruising Canoes.—In my opinion the A. C. A. is entirely on the wrong track in trying to encourage what is termed an "all around canoe." Who ever heard of an all around horse? A horse to be of any account whatever must be distinctive, a trotter, a draught horse or a saddle horse, one or the other, not all in one. Just the same with a canoe, she must be either a racer, a paddler or a cruiser. The A. C. A. should not lose a day in fixing the limit of a cruising canoe, and her dimensions should be something like this: length not over 15ft., beam not less than 30in., cockpit not less than 18in. wide by 5ft. long and using a bilge centerboard or a board that does not project up higher than the Radix; sail area not over 75ft. This is all that need be said about dimensions. Now let the A. C. A. take the combined sailing and paddling race for a cruising race, and have all the events done with a cruising canoe with the exception of the unlimited and trophy races. I am ready to subscribe $10 toward the purchase of a cruising trophy like the two other trophies now held by the A. C. A. Of course the

above arrangement does away with the record and in my opinion it should be done away with, for by so doing you get a perfect cruising canoe and you never will in any other way.

Pecowsic Sails.—I was much surprised at the last A. C. A. meet when I turned out one morning to be told that the executive committee at their meeting the night before had prohibited the use of my favorite sail, and I hope the honorable committee will rescind the resolution passed at the meeting. It certainly does not look right to say that the A. C. A. has prohibited the use of a certain kind of sail when so many are coming into use wherever you go. I never had a sail that I could not put up and lower while afloat. No man ever helped me to leave a wharf or make a landing because the water was rough. I never jumped into the water when approaching the lee shore to save my boat. At the reviews held at Grindstone and Bow Arrow I was in the line and raised and lowered my sails the same as the rest of the fleet. It is in fact a sail with so many good points that the A. C. A. cannot forbid its use without more or less reaction hereafter. It is also largely in use where members having but little time to enjoy a sail desire to rig up quickly. In small areas it is coming into use every day. Now because some members have increased their sail areas out of all proportion to the size of their canoes merely as an experiment, and have since discarded them, it is simply unjust for the A. C. A. to say that I must discard all use of my favorite sail in the future. Respectfully submitted by PECOWSIC.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 12.

CANOEING IN ENGLAND.

THIS letter, which is intended to answer a paragraph in the FOREST AND STREAM and to notice a letter by Mr. Bigelow in the *Sail and Paddle* for September, was delayed because I have just returned from a long vacation in Scotland to find a pile of copies of the *Sail and Paddle* and the FOREST AND STREAM awaiting my attention.

My reason for writing is that I fear Mr. Bigelow's letter, if not reviewed, might give to American and Canadian canoeists a somewhat misleading notion of the present state of canoeing in England, both as to our canoes and canoeing institutions.

Not only is this letter applicable to Mr. Bigelow's article, but I hope it may be read in conjunction with many paragraphs which have appeared lately in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I offer my remarks in no hostile spirit to either paper or individual, but only in that *bona fide* canoeists in England are not desirous of appearing to act as protectors of a movement under which canoeing is persuaded to "collidescope" into boating and small yachting, all the while under the colors of canoeing, and therefore under false colors.

It must be borne in mind by my American readers that in England we have two elements which detract greatly from the possibility of canoeing as a sport ever here growing to A. C. A. proportions. These are the absence of suitable waters handy to our large cities, and that volunteer service and cycling steadily absorb a large number of young men who otherwise would probably take up canoeing.

Mr. Bigelow says "The sport of canoeing is fast disappearing in England, if it is not already gone, in spite of the fact that the British Canoe Association has grown steadily in members since 1887."

It is very evident that Mr. Bigelow takes his cue from what he saw at the B. C. A. meet, at Falmouth, and if that were the true barometer of English canoeing he would, no doubt, be justified in all he says.

However, as a fact, the British Canoe Association holds but a small percentage of the British canoeists. It is not truly an association, but a club, and a boating club at that, in which canoes, boats and small yachts are admitted indiscriminately.

There are no "association" definitions to conserve the classes or types, and no racing classifications to guide British canoeing—even if the association were acknowledged as "representative of British canoeing" (which, however, it is a long way from being).

The British Canoe Association was started in 1887, at a "cruising meet" of the Royal C. C., to which other clubs and canoeists had been invited. It was created there and then without due notice, and in the absence of many of the leading canoeists, and it promoters refused to reconsider or reopen new the details of its constitution; hence a large number of the best known canoeists held aloof from the so-called B. C. A. then and since.

I have not, and never had, the slightest objection to the B. C. A. as a "club," but I do object to a mixed boating, yachting and canoeing body, assuming what to ordinary canoeing must appear as the conservancy of canoeing, because of the national title used.

Mr. Bigelow, in the September *Sail and Paddle*, describes the 1890 meet of the B. C. A., and from all I have heard his description is perfectly accurate and his criticism, so far as that meet is concerned, just; and I only ask American canoeists to read it and answer the question, "Can this be called a canoe meet?"

Now as to Mr. Bigelow's criticisms on the size of English canoes, he says: "Every canoe built is heavier and deeper than the last; of those here most do not pretend that they can be paddled at all. They (the Englishmen) understand under the term canoe almost anything that is sharp at both ends." I hope Mr. Bigelow means this only of "those here." I do not know whether he has visited Kingston, Hendon, Liverpool, Wear, Tyne, Tees, Sunderland, etc., for, at these places, he would have seen "canoes" as really canoes as any in America. Did he see the Royal C. C. races? I believe he is a member of the Royal C. C. Has he lost his club book? If not let him turn to pages 15, 16, 17 and 18, he will there see that our definition, under which alone canoes are allowed to race in the R. C. C. is really stricter than the A. C. A. rule. We limit size exactly the same as A. C. A. rules; we, above this, limit sail area to 112 sq. ft.; we prohibit sliding out deck seats, bucket wells and standing sails (the latter practically), and we paddle our races in the same canoes we sail our races in.

The majority of our canoes are 16ft. by 30in. beam, and about 5in. draft, and sailed without ballast, or with very little. The rather too minute limitations, such as to minimum depth (page 16), were incorporated to stop the building of mere bottoms decked over, *i. e.*, too small a craft instead of, as Mr. Bigelow suggests, too large a boat.

As a matter of experience—with the squally winds we get in England in the early summer—I do not view the sliding out deck seat as detrimental to canoeing, provided, as with us, a reasonable limit is put to sail area. Our limit of 112ft. is too small, and might well be put up to 120ft.

With sail area limited to 120ft., which is an area a 16ft.×30in. canoe can carry by balance of her crew, I don't think that a heavily ballasted canoe cutter (see the FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 25) would, except in a gale, beat the ordinary no-ballast canoe. But under the A. C. A. rules unlimited sail may be piled on sufficient not only to drive the extra weight, but also to overcloud the light canoe in moderate winds, and the lead and power must enable her to outcarry the light craft in a heavy blow and lumpy sea. Added to this also is the advantage of using a long extended seat fitted to a platform of comparatively stable nature, a bucket well and low freeboard.

Here, you have the possibility of a class of craft veritable "machines," as perfect for match sailing as they would be imperfect as canoes.

I have, as you point out, myself had such a craft in 1879. Her lines were in Kemp's first edition of "Yacht and Boat Sailing." I soon gave up the schooner rig and put her back to the ordinary canoe fitout of main lug and mizen. Though she was successful in racing, she was simply abominable for hauling about or housing; needed two regular cradles to sit on in the boat house.

In those days we sat below and steered by foot, what would she not do when sailed now from the deck position and with unlimited sail? Well, the R. C. C. limits stop her, but the A. C. A. rules distinctly invite such craft.

I know full well that all "limitations" are vexatious to the inventive genius, but they are necessary for the common good. I think the Royal Canoe Club has gone too minutely to work—but that is ever the result of undigested amendments being sprung upon a meeting and accepted rather than risk losing an important reform. The divergence from canoe type in England used to be in beam, depth and ballast, but our American cousins taught us the power gainable by sitting out to windward, we saw the danger that that position would invoke huge sails and deep wedge bodies and lead or heavy plates; so we limited sail area, and thus at one stroke cut off any advantage that might have been gained by the threatened divergence from true canoes. With sail area limited and length limited, beam, centerplate and keel limits are of very minor importance, and could with advantage be simplified in the rule so as to give greater freedom of model. It has been declared on all hands in yachting that under the length and sail area rule it is impossible to build a successful monstrosity—therefore with the canoe all we have further to do is to insure that "canoe nature" is conserved to the craft. The A. C. A and the R. C. C. rule being so very nearly alike, let me suggest that a simplified medium rule might be agreed upon between the three countries, America, Canada and England—otherwise international racing is barely possible.

Americans visiting England would have to comply with the requirements not only of limited sail area, but as to position of center plate, *i. e.*, not abaft mid-lengths, size of well, etc. Englishmen going to America to sail for the A. C. A. and New York trophies are under the disadvantage that, unless they build specially for such trip a canoe simply a racer and which they would not be allowed to test in our English races, they take over a canoe built and fitted and tested under the curb of our "limitations." Neither of us are Romans, so I don't see why, when we go abroad we should "do as the Romans do." It should be legislated so as to be a case of "When Greek meets Greet, then comes the tug of war."

The canoe yawls, to which Mr. Bigelow refers as "big canoes," have come into favor in England in many places where the waters, owing to mud banks, etc., are unsuited to small canoes. But with no guiding definitions or limitations the successive boats of this type have quickly "run to seed" in the direction of small yachts, with heavy lead keels, bowsprits, jibs and gaff sails.

The Royal C. C. does not recognize them as canoes, but has, as the senior authority on canoeing in England, created a definition in order to draw the line between canoe type and yacht nature. The definition is very simple, yet effective: "Length not over 20ft., beam not less than 3ft., depth from upper side of deck to under side of keel, measured anywhere, not to exceed 3ft. No ballast outside or below the garboards, excepting center plates. No transom or counterstern. Rating $\left(\frac{\text{length}\times\text{sail area}}{6000}\right)$ not to exceed 0.5."

Thus, if the "yawl" is 20ft. long she can only have 150ft. of sail, and no expert designer would give such a craft excessive beam or depth or ballast. The far more likely danger would be a shallow saucer-shaped skimmer built to suit particular water.

As yet canoe-yawls have not shown any sailing superiority over canoes. On Hendon Lake the best canoes have beaten the yawls in all kinds of breezes and smooth water, but there has not been a trial between the best canoes and yawls in lumpy water.

Of course the yawl men say "the yawl will yet be built which," etc., etc. Of course it will, but we never intended to be always able to fight gunboats against line of battle ships.

For giving-sailing, of course, a "yawl" is the thing and suits the married member, and so no harm is done to "canoeing;" but harm is done to our sport when "yawls" stalk abroad as "canoes." Railway and steamer companies having agreed to a rate for carrying canoes, then find heavy monsters put upon them. Up go the charges never to come down again.

I cannot doubt but that the present danger to canoe sailing in America is the absence of a (reasonable) limit to sail area, and in England is the presence of (unreasonable) minor limitations. Under the A. C. A. rules, as now existing, model yacht elements must come to the fore and the *bona fide* canoe must take a back seat. Under the English minor limitations (cruising requirements as to fittings) a canoe is at a disadvantage when pitted against the less fettered A. C. A. craft. Whether one or both these evils require amendment is a question to be promptly considered before the "damage is done."

If the majority prefer to let the machine develop, well, let her rip; but don't stop at that; create a second or cruiser class under all the same conditions as the racer class—except that some limitations are added to conserve the *bona fide* canoe of general utility, viz., a reasonable limit to sail area—say 112sq.ft. A reasonable size of hatchway to enable sitting below. Reasonable hatchways in the decks for stowage purposes; and two permanent bulkheads below with space between for sitting in, *i. e.*, 4ft.

It this second class were created there would be cudos in racing a "cruiser" against the "machines" if she won, and admitted fair excuse if she were beaten, whereas at present it would be asinine folly to expect to beat with cruiser fittings a craft solely fitted and designed for racing, which some vulgar people call a "racing machine." W. BADEN-POWELL (Nautilus), R.C.C.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

ROYAL C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

THE race for the challenge cup, postponed from June 14, took place Oct. 18 in a spanking breeze from the northwest, with occasional heavy slammers. The following canoes were entered:

Boat.	Owner.	Boat.	Owner.
Whizz.....	E. R. T. Croxall.	Atalanta.....	R. De Q. Quincey.
Nautilus	W. Baden Powell.	Birdie.....	P. Waterlow.
Stella.....	G. E. Webster.	Vanessa	B. De Quincey.
Selene.....	S. F. Staples.	Roulette.....	C. Livingstone.
Severn	T. H. Holding.	Nemo.....	P. Cox.
Diamond....	H. Church.	Mercury.....	D. Waterlow.

Of these, however, only the Whizz, Stella, Diamond, Birdie, Vanessa and Mercury put in an appearance. Much regret was felt at the absence of Nautilus and Atalanta. The race was under the management of Mr. Herbert, the senior mate, assisted by Messrs. Miles and Ingram, and was started at 12:30.

Vanessa was first over the line, and went off with a good lead, followed by Diamond and Whizz, the others being in close proximity. At the buoy in the bight Diamond was first, but Vanessa soon after passed her, and was never again headed during the race. Diamond's steering gear gave out, and she had to stop for repairs, and was passed by the Whizz. The first round was completed as under:

Vanessa.....	12 51 30	Stella.....	12 55 00
Whizz	12 52 40	Birdie	12 56 00
Diamond.....	12 54 50	Mercury.....	12 56 30

In the second round at the lower buoy Whizz was struck with a squall and capsized, and her example was immediately followed by Birdie, whose plumage got considerably soaked before she was picked up by the Nina, who this year has been much engaged in rescue work. Whizz and Birdie were now out of the race, which was continued by the others, until Diamond, nearing the home buoy, carried away her rudder, and after this second mishap retired. The three canoes now left in the race finished the remaining rounds as under:

	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	Final.
Vanessa.	1 14 00	1 33 30	2 02 00	2 25 00
Stella.....	1 19 00	1 42 40	2 08 00	2 33 00
Mercury.....	1 22 30	1 47 10	2 14 00	2 42 00

The winner sailed remarkably well throughout, and quite deserved her victory, the owner receiving the congratulations of his competitors, and of a number of old sailing canoeists who were looking on. The times of the rounds were very fast, but with the exception of a beat into the bight, it was nearly all reaching.

Vanessa and Whizz will meet to-day (Saturday), Oct. 25, to sail off the final heat, and if there is a breeze we expect to see a good fight.

Oct. 25.—The final match for the £50 challenge cup (sailing) came off on Hendon Lake on Saturday. Two wins out of three races is now the mode of competing for this trophy, and was inaugurated this year in order to prevent the cup being won on a fluke. But owing to want of wind in the early summer the racing had to be postponed to October, and consequently found the racers much more off than on, many being away touring and sporting. Even had the whole racing fleet been at the starting line it must be admitted that the early start and short day appertaining to an October race, together with biting wind and cold water, tones down the allurement of canoe racing, except perhaps to the few known "best chance" men.

On the 18th a hard breeze with squalls lasted well through the ten-mile race (triangular course), which was sailed by the winner, Vanessa, in 1h. 55m. Whiz, the final winner, being third in that race, until Diamond's gear carried away, when Whiz took second place, but soon after capsized and gave up. Nautilus, though entered, was not a competitor, her owner being away in Scotland.

On the 25th the two winners of the previous races met to sail off the deciding match. The start was made at 12:45 in a W.S.W. fresh breeze and drizzling rain, the two canoes were about 3yds. apart beam and beam, with Vanessa in the lee berth on crossing the line to beat to windward. Their sail plans were about equal, large main lug and small mizen lug, total area limited to 112sq.ft. Vanessa carried a heavy centerplate and some 50lbs. of lead; Whiz had a light plate and no ballast. The boats are of same length and beam. In beating to windward Vanessa soon showed out and took the lead, and at the lower mark was 1m. 35s. ahead of Whiz, but the latter gained on the run to the home buoy, a distance of one mile, 42s. This form of sailing was repeated throughout the match, the difference between the boats appearing more marked as the wind fell lighter; Vanessa won the first round by 35s. In the second round the wind fell off, and Whiz on the run up got the lead; but the pair came up beam and beam a long way, Vanessa only dropping astern when near the home mark by declining to gibe her boom over to a shift of wind which took her by the lee. After this Vanessa again got the lead, but working into a calm patch she was passed by Whiz, the latter carrying a strong free puff all to herself well down to the lower buoy. At the end of the third round Whiz was leading by 28s. The wind got more to west and to north of west, and Vanessa made a slight gain the fourth round, or 8 miles, giving Whiz a lead of 14s.

The wind had now got to N.W., and made it nearly all reaching. Vanessa again got level with Whiz, at west end of the lake, but mistaking the position of the buoy luffed far out of the course, letting Whiz round with a good lead. None the less, Vanessa closed a lot on the reach home and made a close finish, the difference being 42s. The whole time elapsed but 2h. 47m. Mr. Croxall, the owner of Whiz, was much congratulated on winning the cup.

The result of the cup racing is that, out of the three races two have been in light wind and smooth water and one in a strong breeze and moderately rough water; and that the light, small, no-ballast boat wins in light weather. Vanessa is the Nautilus of 1887, a comparatively heavy deep canoe, fitted with all cruising appliances; whereas Whiz is essentially, except as to comparatively small differences or lines, of the Charm type; she has no cruising arrangements, such as hatchways for storage, and is of very shallow construction. Possibly, being 10in. longer than Charm, the Whiz might make a better show in American competition than Charm did, but a very general opinion prevails among R.C.C. men, that she is not of a type which can perform well in strong squally winds or really rough water. On the whole, the Royal Canoe Club has enjoyed an excellent season of racing, and the prizes have been well distributed among the best boats. The official table of races sets out the following order of winnings:

Position.	Canoe.	Owner.	1st Prizes.	2d Prizes.	Challenge Cups	Total. 1st	Total. 2d
1	Nautilus	W. Baden Powell	3	2	1	4	2
2	Vanessa	B. de Quincey	3	1	—	3	1
3	Whiz	Croxall	1	—	1	2	—
4	Severn	Holding	2	(mixed)	—	2	—
5	Stella	Webster	1	2	—	1	2
6	Atalanta	R. de Quincey	1	—	—	1	—
SECOND CLASS		Todd	1	1	1	2	1
CLASS		Roberts	1	—	—	1	—
YAWLS..	Nina	Mills	1	—	—	1	—
		Calkin	—	1	—	—	1

Whether the speed of the canoes lately built is better than was got out of a craft ten years back, such as Pearl and Nautilus of 1880, is a question which has lately been asked by several old hands, who no longer are active canoeists; up to half that elapsed time, say 1885, the answer is clearly "Yes." But when we come beyond that date, to 1886, we have Stella (the Nautilus of 1886) and Vanessa (the Nautilus of 1887) still good enough to win in the modern company in good breezes.

Times of performing the course count for little as guides, as all depends on the exact direction, strength and steadiness of the wind.

The fact remains that, so far, no canoe has been produced which has come to Hendon—sailed all the matches—and won each race she sailed in, which was sailed out.

The canoe may exist—but probably has yet to be built—which will be entitled to hoist the "clean-sweep" broom at the mizen.—*Nautilus, R. C. C., in Field.*

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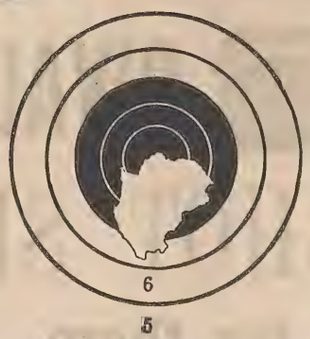
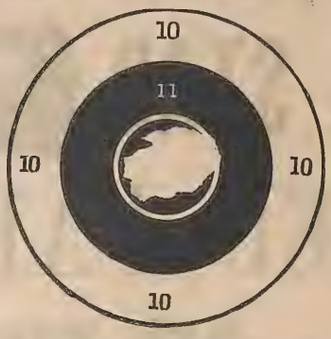
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Readers of FOREST AND STREAM *who are contemplating the purchase of books for Christmas presents will do well to send at once for a copy of our free illustrated catalogue of publications.*

Good Things to Come.

IT is perhaps not too much to say that the most popular writer who ever contributed to the FOREST AND STREAM was "Nessmuk," whose lamented death occurred last spring. We are in little danger of overestimating the gratification that will be caused by the announcement that we have in hand for immediate publication a manuscript written by "Nessmuk," some years ago, and descriptive of his experiences during a winter's camp life in Michigan. It is entitled

Still-Hunting—By Nessmuk.

The narrative is, we think, one of the best things that ever came from his pen; it is distinguished by the terseness, shrewdness, humor and suggestiveness that have made his writings famous. The first chapter will be published next week, and it will run through four numbers. Next week, too, will be given a paper on

The American Woodcock,

by Gurdon Trumbull, favorably known as the author of that valuable book, "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners." For early publication we have

Ice Fishing in Arctic Alaska,

an illustrated article descriptive of the Eskimo methods of taking the little cod of the Polar seas. The recent paper by Alex. M. Reynolds, "A Plea for the Cowboy," was so well received that its author has sent us a supplement, entitled,

Cowboy Reminiscences,

which will prove to be of interest quite equal to the first published. Our well-known correspondent "Chasseur" has written for us a lively account of hunting adventures in

The Great Dismal Swamp,

a weird region which is ever full of fascination for the explorer and sportsman. Not the least noteworthy of the manuscripts in hand to be printed in early issues is one which comprises extracts from a daily diary of hunting experiences years ago in Ohio. It was written by one of the best known sportsmen of that State, and with its pictures of the wild scenes of a half-century ago in the Reserve cannot fail to prove of rare entertainment.

These are a few only of the many good things in store for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

AN EFFECTIVE COMBINATION.

THERE is one combination that works. It is that of a live and brave game protector and a public-spirited anglers' association. There is such a combination in Syracuse, N. Y. The deputy game protector, Edward Hawn, and the Onondaga Anglers' Association have been working in combination against the fish pirates of Oneida Lake, and some of the results are set forth in the report published in our angling columns to-day. It is a record of which all concerned in making it may well be proud.

The class of men engaged in illegal netting on Oneida Lake had by reason of long immunity grown confident and defiant; and they were so powerful that unaided the State authorities could not cope with them. Sustained by the money and moral support of the Onondaga Anglers' Association, Deputy Hawn has courageously waged a war of extermination upon the nets; and he has accomplished so much that unless his resources fail, it is not too much to look for the suppression of this particular form of piracy.

The Onondaga members deserve the fullest and heartiest public support. Their appeal for funds should not go unanswered. The good work undertaken should not be abandoned for lack of means.

Deputy Protector Hawn is deserving of all praise for the courage and determination he has shown. He evidently has in him the making of an excellent State protector; and we trust that when an opportunity offers he may be promoted. Such men were never more needed than at this moment.

The Syracuse *Times* is our authority for the report that the war against the fish pirates of Oneida Lake is still in active progress. There is no hint that the recent change in the office of Chief Game and Fish Protector will cause an abandonment of the campaign; and those who were apprehensive of the supremacy of the lawless elements on the retirement of Mr. Drew will now, we trust, take heart again.

CO-OPERATIVE PROTECTION.

THE discussion by Mr. Seal in the present issue, of the partial failure of protective legislation, merits careful reading by every one interested in the preservation of our fish and game. We know from frequent conversations with the writer of this article that he is heartily in sympathy with all honest efforts to provide and enforce laws for the protection of the useful inhabitants of the waters, as well as of the fields and forests. A considerable portion of his time has been devoted to the study of the conditions favorable to such life and to its multiplication. Abuses similar to those described by Mr. Seal have fallen under the observation of most of us.

The number of violations of our game laws both open and secret is appalling, and the necessity of putting additional checks upon the injury caused by these destructive agencies should be apparent to every thinking person. It is a humiliating fact that man is one of the worst enemies to the animal life around him. In the rôle of fisherman his contrivances for the capture of his prey are often so effective in their action as to accomplish the extermination of the fish or the abandonment of the fishery through its becoming unprofitable. Illustrations of this will occur to every one who has investigated the subject. The haste and greed to take fish induce men to effect their capture when immature and comparatively valueless, or when emaciated and practically valueless for food, and to intercept them when seeking their spawning beds, with utter disregard of the future supply.

We agree with Mr. Seal that concert of action is required on the part of all people who are in favor of the rational use and the wise protection of our fish and game. The masses must be brought to the knowledge of the fact that protection is for them, and not only for a few individuals or a class of the community. They have not yet arrived at this knowledge, indeed there are persons charged with the enforcement of the laws who have doubts as to the necessity for certain protective legislation. In some localities there is an abundance of law, but a great laxity in its application.

The want of uniformity in State legislation is another crying evil. We may cite the lower Susquehanna as an example in point. Pennsylvania prohibits the use of fish baskets which prove so destructive to young shad, herring and other fishes in their autumnal migration. This State has spent a good deal of money and devoted considerable time and thought to the introduction of black bass, rock bass, calico bass, crappie, wall-eyed pike and other valuable species into the Susquehanna, and with the co-operation of Maryland, injurious fishing devices might be entirely removed from the river, with the result of making it one of the finest fishing streams in the East. Maryland, however, refuses to co-operate with Pennsylvania, allows fish traps to be used wherever the avarice of the fisherman suggests their location and thus cripples the efficiency of the well directed efforts of the Pennsylvania people. Clearly then we need a better understanding of the aims and results of protective legislation. We want the hearty sympathy of every man who favors obedience to wise laws, whatever may be their object. The wilful destruction of birds and fishes should be looked upon with as much disfavor as theft and arson and should be punished with equal severity.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT would be pleasing to learn that we were misinformed regarding a Nova Scotia incident, recently alluded to here, where a magistrate, who happened also to be a hotel keeper, made illegal and unwarrantable discrimination between his patrons and others in the exaction of non-resident license fees for hunting. In a note printed in another column Chief Game Commissioner C. S. Harrington assures us that such abuse of official prerogatives if brought to light will not be tolerated. It is possible that Commissioner Harrington has been misinformed of the circumstances of the case; he says that the Americans fled the country before the officers could come up with them and that they so dodged their license fees. As we understand it the Americans returned home, feeling that they had been imposed upon by the landlord of the inn who had required payment from them. The root of the trouble appears to have been their ignorance as to what the Nova Scotia law did and did not require.

Erastus Titus, of this city, who died last week at the age of ninety years, was known to his fellows of the craft as an enthusiastic fisherman, and until he was eighty-six years of age he had made fishing trips to the rivers of Canada. It has never yet been discovered how aged a man must be before he grows too old to go fishing. The taste for fishing may not be more persistent than that for shooting, but because the gentle recreation calls for less physical exertion than to range the covers, we find that men who by reason of the advance of years are compelled to lay aside the gun are apt to take up the rod and reel, and haunt the trout pools.

In the death of Mr. J. A. Hewlett, who passed away last week, the sportsmen of New York have suffered a severe loss. Mr. Hewlett was president of the Narrows Island Club of North Carolina, and his keen sportsmanship, his gentleness and invariable courtesy made him greatly beloved by his associates. Mr. Hewlett had long been a resident of Brooklyn, but did business in New York, and and was universally respected and loved by all who knew him.

We have a letter from our well-informed correspondent "Special" setting forth a condition of things in Maine which calls for prompt attention. It is alleged that jacking out of season and hounding deer are carried on in Maine to a scandalous extent. This letter will be published next week.

Christmas is coming. Would it not be a subject of general congratulations if the warring kennel factions could patch up their differences and unite in the good will of the season?

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HALF-HOURS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

HAVING returned from my annual trip for 1890 to the mountains I will supplement my former articles with this summer's jottings. No one knows what a joy an outing means until they have experienced one in California, somewhere among her mountain fastnesses. Air pure and life-giving; water crystal, clear and cold as the snow that gives it birth; scenery as awesome and grand as the world affords; fishing and hunting good enough to satisfy any reasonable man; and over all the smiling unclouded sky of California. No summer rains to keep a camper or tourist confined to shelter day after day as in other less favored climes. No insect plagues to make one's life miserable, and but few noxious creatures of any description. In some localities there may be found a few rattlesnakes in the course of a summer, but they are not plentiful and not aggressive. In places a few mosquitoes may be met with, but they are troublesome only for about an hour at dark. The chill of the night soon lays them up for repairs. And when night sets in the tired camper can lie down in his blankets under the quiet stars and sighing pines and sleep undisturbed till morning, dreading no untimely rain nor tempest, and with nothing worse than a coyote's yelp to disturb his slumbers. If there is anything on earth that is calculated to make a man indulge in "cuss words" it is to be roused at 2 A. M. out of his blankets with a drenching rain beating in his face.

Many a time, in the Eastern forests, has the writer suffered this experience; and has also spent uncomfortable and unprofitable days, both to health and enjoyment, under bark or canvas, listening to the never-ending drip, drip, of the weeping skies, and fighting the pestilent mosquito.

One summer in particular rests like a nightmare on my memory. It was in the months of June and July, 1874, that with three companions I spent four weeks on and about Lake Megantic, and during the first two weeks of our stay there were just two days upon which it did not rain. It rained for "keeps," too, and no foolishness about it. The Chaudiere River was a mass of seething foam, ditto Spider and Arnold, and not a fin could be captured in any of them. Now and then one or two of us would venture out upon the lake and troll for a "laker" (or a "longe" in the local parlance) to stay our stomachs with. Sometimes we would get him and sometimes we wouldn't, but of one thing we were always sure, we would come in more ill-natured than we set out, and wet to the skin. Still we just had to do it, because it was a case of "muskrat or no meat."

Our cook got sick and quit, two of the party contracted severe colds, our blankets got damp and we could not dry them, so that we were uncomfortable night and day. We all got "broke" at "draw," our reading matter gave out, and we could get no mail without a 13-mile row in the rain, as we were camped on Spider, and if there had not come fair weather we would have had murder or suicide in that camp sure.

In thirteen summers' outings in California, sleeping in the open air the greater part of the time, I have never been wet. Sometimes a thunderstorm occurs in the high Sierra, and quite often at the locality of Echo, but it is always in the daytime. In fact, the weather here is "gentlemanly," and always gives warning as to what it is going to do before it does it.

Of course it does not matter so much to me what the weather is, now that I have settled down to Echo as a constant resort, and have a permanent camp there, but I want my friends (and all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are such) to know the pleasures of a California mountain outing. And by the term "mountain," I mean what I say. One needs to attain an altitude of 4,000ft. and over to be truly in the mountains. There the water is absolutely pure and cold, the air cool and bracing, and the balmy breath of the pines and firs make sweetness in the forest. The waters teem with the gamiest trout, and the "antlered monarch of the hills" stalks proudly over the ranges. The blue grouse and mountain quail call from every ravine, and no matter in what direction one wanders, new scenes of beauty unfold upon the eye. A Sierra stream is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," whether we sit by its side as it sings its way over gravelly beds, or listen to its diapason as it roars through gloomy cañons, hundreds of feet below us. But the crowning beauty of all is a Sierra lake. No swampy shores or tangled undergrowth surround its dimpled waters. Clean-cut rocks and timbered slopes, towering peaks and snow-covered ranges, are mirrored in its pure waters, while no plebeian fish disturb its depths. Trout, and trout alone, reward the angler's skill.

From Auburn to Echo Lake is about 90 miles, which I generally cover with my own team in two and a half days up, and two down. On my way up this year, about 20 miles above Placerville, I met an old French Canadian, with whom I had rather an amusing confab. In the lumber and wood camps around Tahoe are many of these Canucks, who have lived there for several years without becoming Anglicised. In fact, Antoine Bissette would be an accomplished English scholar beside some of them. Virginia City is quite a headquarters for them; and they are so clannish that they trade and do all business with their own countrymen, and consequently remain much as they were when they left their native land. It seems that this old Canuck had concluded to come over into California with his son, induced thereto by visions of greater gain. He was sitting on a pine log by the roadside, where a tiny stream came trickling down the mountain. He was just in the act of wiping the sweat off his forehead with a hooked forefinger as I drove around the bend. His hat and a bundle tied up in an old jumper lay by his side. His heated face and shortened breath showed that that he had been walking far and fast. Rising to his feet as I drove by he saluted me politely, and called out: "*Arretez-vous, s'il vous plait, monsieur.*" I reined up as the old familiar *patois* struck my ear, and entered into conversation with the man. He appeared to be about 50 years of age, middle-sized but strong and wiry, with stiff black hair and beard, and an exposed chest covered with a dense growth of hair. It had been many years since I had attempted a conversation in Canadian *patois*, so I answered in English, pretending not to understand him.

He continued, "*Pardon, monsieur*, but was dis de *chemin pour* Placerville?"

"Yes, this was the road to Placerville."

"How many far she'll be?"

"About twenty miles."

"Mabbee you'll see boy, one 'bout *vingt-cinque* year hol' down dar, *quartre, cinque arpent*, hein? (A Canuck will always ask the distance, if short, in acres, never in miles.)

"Yes, I had met a 'boy' of about that age some two miles back."

"Wal, sah, she 'll mah boy, an' Ah 'll 'fraid Ah 'll goin' lose it."

"How is that?"

"S'pose she 'll come one place where tree, two, four, road come so"—placing his index finger of one hand across that of the other—"she 'll not know which one of it for tak', an' Ah 'll 'fraid she 'll gone scattaire."

I assured him that there was no chance for his son to scatter until he reached Placerville, whereupon he become satisfied and volubly communicative, and I could easily understand, without explanation, how his son walked on ahead, impatient at his father's delay in talking to every passer-by, and so became a source of anxiety to his father, for fear he might "scattaire" at a cross road.

At a mountain hotel, some fifteen miles from where I met the garrulous Canadian, I stopped for a noonday rest, and sat down in the bar-room, office and reading-room combined, to await the preparation of the noonday meal. Presently a "half-shot" individual took a neighboring chair. He sat down in a one-sided manner that attracted my attention, and I took a good look at him. He was dressed, like nearly all mountaineers, in canvas overalls and blue cotton jumper, flannel shirt, felt hat, and strong, coarse boots. He was tall, lithe, and well built, was fairly intelligent looking, and about 35 to 40 years of age. Presently he put his hand on one of his thighs, and running it up and down two or three times in a caressing manner, muttered, "It's dog-goned sore." Then, in a louder tone, "I was struck by a line yisterday."

There being no other person in the room at the time I supposed he addressed me, although he had not looked my way, so I echoed his words in an interrogative tone.

"You were struck by a line?"

"Yep."

"How did that occur?"

"Well, stranger," in a condescending mnnner, "I have prob'ly told the story fifty times already, but I don't mind tellin' of it again."

Just then the proprietor of the house came in, and our mountaineer jumped up and invited me to "take a drink." I thanked him and said I never drank. Well, then, would I take a cigar with him? Yes, I would take a cigar. But had I only known its deadly qualities before as well as after smoking, the deadliest "tarantlar juice" would have been risked instead. He imbibed a full glass of whisky, and leaning against the bar where he would be convenient for another drink, he resumed:

"Ye see, it was this way. I located a piece of land this spring up at Grouse Flat, back of Sugar Loaf. [This is a well-known landmark on the grade.] There'd been a band of sheep 'round my place, an' they'd moved away and left three strays. I see 'em yisterday mornin' as I was goin' over to Brownells, a neighbor o' mine, an' I went back home after my rifle to shoot one uv 'em."

When a band of sheep changes its pasturage in the mountains, if any be left astray they become the legitimate game of the first man that finds them. Otherwise they will soon be destroyed by coyotes, bears or panthers.

"When I came back I had Brownell's dog and my own with me. The sheep wus in the middle of a band of horses and I couldn't get a shot. Seemed as though they knew something was after 'em, and they jist hugged tight to the horses. I circled roun' an' roun' 'em tryin' to get a shot at a fat wether, an' jist as I wus sneakin' roun' a big rock, a line jumped me."

"A what jumped you?" I exclaimed.

"A line, a mountain line."

"Oh!"

This was the first enlightenment I had received as to what a "line" meant. I had supposed all the time that he had been somehow injured by a rope or cable and did not drop on his meaning.

"Yes, sirree! He jist jumped squar' on my back, an' he tuk me a rake on the back with one foot, an' on this thigh (indicating the one he had caressed with his hand while sitting down) with the other. He jest everlastin'ly clawed me, and I expected to feel his teeth in my neck, but as soon as he jumped me the two dogs jumped him, an' I guess that saved my life. At the same time I threw the muzzle of the rifle back over my shoulder an' shot him through the body. Then he quit an' tuk down the cañon, an' the dogs after him. In a minit I heerd 'em at the bottom, havin' a high old time, an' I put after. I had wounded the critter purty bad, an' he cudn't get away from the dogs, up hill, an' I soon settled him. Then I began to sweat an' git scairt, an' the more I thought of it the scairter I got. My jumper an' shirt an' suspenders was clean clawed off. My back, my breeches was ripped to thunder, an' the blood was jest a-runnin' into my boots. I niver stopped for nothin', but jest put-er fur home, an' plastered up the scratches the best I cud, put on a coat, an' cum down here and got some clothes from Dennis. [This was the hotelkeeper's Christian name.] But take another drink with me, stranger?"

"No, I thank you."

"Wal, another cigar then?"

"Oh, no! no! Leave me out this time. Please?"

"All right, stranger, but ye see, the way it is with me, I must drink. They say 'at whisky is a sure cure far rattlesnake bite, an' so I'm a goin' to take it fur these 'ere wounds to keep the pisen outen 'em. But say, aint you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"I thought I heerd 'em call you that. Don't you think whisky is good to keep out pisen?"

I told him that the antiseptic powers of whisky, taken internally, were somewhat over-rated in my opinion.

"Betcher life, whiskey's good fur rattlesnake bite, an' if it's good fur rattlesnakes its good for lines. Say, Doc', what's good to put on these blamed scratches?"

I suggested such remedies as I thought could be procured at a distance of thirty-five miles from a drug-store.

"Now, that's no good! You jist make up a plaster of sulphur an' sody an' honey, an' put that on a sore, an' it'll draw out the pisen every time. That's what I'm a-goin' to get an' put on mine."

I thanked him for his information, and said that my advice was evidently not needed, and for him by all means to stick to his own prescriptions, plenty of whisky internally and "sulphur, 'sody' and honey" on the outside.

Just then the bell rang, and as I entered the dining-room I could see the hero of the lion fight taking another full dose of his "anti-pisen" remedy.

When I came out from dinner I found that either the whisky or the "pisen" had got in its work, and the victim was uncomfortably snoring in an arm chair with his head hanging away down his back and the flies holding high carnival in his open mouth. I asked the hotelkeeper if the man's word was worth anything and he said it was; that the man was truthful when sober and that he had come there in the manner described and had told the story in the same way before getting drunk. Also that he had shot a female panther at or near the same spot that spring and that this one was probably its mate.

If the story be true then a mountain lion will attack man. I advise the reader, however, to take it as I did, *cum grano salis*.

After the tremendous depth of last winter's snows B. and myself expected to find our summer habitation on Echo crushed to the ground. But on our arrival we found it intact and the only damage sustained was the crushing of the bow of one of our boats. The boat house had been crushed at one end and the boat had suffered severely from the immense pressure. We had sent a man ahead of us, however (old "Hatchet" was not with us this year), who had repaired it well and everything was in order. Our new man proved a treasure, as he was not only as good a boatman as old Hatchet but was a good and a clean cook, a handy man in camp, and a man of more than average intelligence and ability, and gentlemanly withal. In fact, "old Bart" proved invaluable, and both B. and myself trust that he may live to be our factotum for many a year.

The fishing at Echo this year was as good as we ever found it. B. and I in a part of one afternoon caught 76 trout that weighed over 60lbs. Every one was caught and fairly killed on the fly, too, with 7½oz. rods. That was our best record, but not a day passed during our three weeks sojourn upon the lake but that the fishing was good enough.

After a hard half-day's toil I secured three specimens of the little chief hare (*Lagomys princeps*), and I trust they have safely reached the Smithsonian Institution before I have penned these lines.

Great drifts of snow, the accumulation of last winter's storms, lay upon the shores, even down to the water's edge, and the surrounding peaks were loaded and covered with vast snowfields. It was the end of August when we left the lake and there was snow even then down to the water in places. And yet the climate was perfection, 78° was the highest and 48° the lowest that the thermometer indicated during our stay.

The writer begs the reader's pardon for the infliction and promises "not to do so no more" if forgiven this time. He pretends no skill in verse and only sings from the heart:

If from cities and towns you desire to run,
Go to Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
Or in business transactions you've been badly "done,"
Go to Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
You can there find employment for rod and for gun,
And your hours can pass in delightfullest fun,
There heat, bores and duns can conveniently shun,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!

Of all places I know, 'tis the dearest to me,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
Its wild glens are sweeter than meadow or lea,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
On its boisterous bosom, so wild and so free,
Where the waves, in their fright, from the storm seems to flee,
Is the one spot on earth where my heart longs to be,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!

Its waters are clear as a maiden's bright eye,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
Or the luminous depths of the o'er-arching sky,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
And mirror the mountains and bluffs standing by,
Bearing pines, firs and hemlocks, with tops reared on high,
Midst whose branches the night winds mournfully sigh,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!

In the morn, on its breast, see the sportive trout flash,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
Where the water's untouched by the wind's stinging lash,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!
At noon, see the waves on its shores wildly dash
To the tune of the tempest and thunderbolt's crash!
Whilst at eve, sleep is wooed by the rivulet's plash,
At Echo! Old Echo! Dear Echo!

AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

MISSOURI'S GREAT GAME YEAR.—Seneca, Mo., Nov. 22.—We are blessed with an immense flight of ducks this fall; and as there is an abundance of rain they are staying with us and we are having some fine sport. A party of three went out last week and camped near the Neosho River. After looking along the river and about the sloughs they did not find many ducks. They went from there to the prairie where some stockmen are feeding 4,000 head of cattle, which waste a great deal of corn. The ducks had found this and were there as thick as blackbirds; but the boys could not go among the cattle to shoot, consequently they had to stay on outside of pasture to do most of their shooting. We are now waiting for the cattle to be taken away to make a raid on the ducks in big shape. We can go to the river and have a good day's shooting any time. I have been out a few times and I must say that I never saw as many quail as there are this season. I can go out for two hours and not go more than a half or three-fourths of a mile from town, and get as much shooting as I could two years ago by taking a team and spending a full day. We find a woodcock now and then on our hunts this fall which is a very rare thing for this section of the county they must get in with the ducks and drop out along the line of flight. A party of hunters camped in town last night on their way home; they had been down on Spavanaugh Creek, in the Territory; they report good success and had with them seven deer.—F.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

By Rev. S. N. McAdoo.

I'M alone to-night in a solemn wood
That murmurs afar like chafing seas,
For the wandering winds, in fitful mood,
Are playing a march on the towering trees,
And the balsam-firs are sighing soft
To the gentle touch of the courting breeze.

I have pitched my tent on a mossy bank,
And kindled a fire before the door,
Where the flames leap up with many a prank
From the pitchy knots that hiss and roar,
While I turn my steak on a wooden spit,
And the grateful odors upward pour.

How sweet to the taste is the simplest dish
When the wood-nymphs pour their flavors rare:
Ye housed-up kings in vain may wish
In a banquet hall so rich to share
As regales the palate of him who drinks
Of the sylvan stream and the tonic air.

But now the evening meal is past,
And the wings of flame have flown away
From their nest of coals, now fading fast,
And drowning deep in the ashes gray,
And to me, when alone, draws nature near,
And talks in a sweet, familiar way.

She whispers love from every breeze,
And laughs in the brooklet soft and low,
And, down through the netted limbs of trees,
She looks on me from the stars that glow
As a mother's eyes, when the beams of love
On her first-born babe begin to flow.

And I, as a child in the mother's arms,
O'ercome with sleep and with love caressed,
Full far removed from the world's alarms,
Lie down in the soft embrace of rest,
While nature chants her lullaby song
And soothes me to sleep on her gentle breast.

Natural History.

NOTE ON THE GRAY WHALE.

THE following extract from a letter recently received from Judge Caton, will be read with interest. This distinguished author is spending the winter on the California coast at Monterey, and takes as great an interest as ever in matters pertaining to natural history and sport. Writing under date of Nov. 22, he says:

I am informed that during the past summer the great Bay of Monterey has literally swarmed with fish of various kinds and especially mackerel, so that a fisherman from a boat could rarely throw a hook into the water without its being instantly seized, usually by a mackerel. This has invited into the bay seals and other marine animals which subsist upon fish; and numbers of the California or gray whale are now frequenting its waters, and are so tame that they sometimes endanger the boats of fishermen.

This whale, it may be remembered, is the fiercest and most dangerous of all the cetaceans, and, being an inshore whale, was formerly pursued from stations on shore, of which there were many between San Francisco and San Diego. Most of these have been abandoned within the last ten or twelve years, owing to the scarcity of the animal, since which time they have no doubt been on the increase. The wreckage of two of these stations which were near here may still be seen.

This is the only whale whose breeding grounds are well known. These are the lagoons, which penetrate the land from the ocean, and here thirty or forty years ago they were sought by the whalers, and terrible and destructive combats took place with these ferocious animals.

The gray whales are rarely seen more than ten miles from shore. They are strictly migratory, passing to the north in the spring as far as Behring Sea, and even into the Arctic Ocean, and returning in the fall. Their range is from the Gulf of California and Cape St. Lucas to the extreme north. They are rather small in size, the very largest not exceeding 70ft. in length.

The weather here is most charming, with every indication of very light rains this winter, which means fine trout fishing a couple of months hence in the streams putting into the ocean from the mountains. Last season these streams were so high that they afforded very little sport for the angler. J. D. Caton.

Food of the American Goshawk.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the past few years I have stuffed and mounted quite a number of American goshawks, and in many cases find the stomach to contain a quantity of the flesh, feathers, etc., of the ruffed grouse. Mr. J. S. Woodworth, of South Berwick, Kings county, N. Y., tells me: "Last fall while out partridge shooting I saw something moving a few feet beyond a brook near by. Thinking it a partridge or some bird about the same size, I fired at it, and on going to the spot found that I had killed an American goshawk. The ground being covered with a light fall of snow numerous tracks attracted my attention, and on looking around I saw in the brook a ruffed grouse, all under the water but its head. A further examination of the tracks disclosed the fact that the grouse had been pursued by the hawk, and had either fallen into the brook or had gone in for safety from his savage enemy. I took the bird from the water, wrung its neck and took it home."—W. L. Bishop (Kentville, N. S.).

Habits of the Horseshoe Crab.—"Some land crabs of the West Indies and North America," says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, "combine in large swarms in order to travel to the sea and to deposit their spawn, and each such migration implies concert, coöperation and mutual support. As to the big molucca crab (*Limulus*) I was struck (in 1882 at the Brighton Aquarium) with the extent of mutual assistance which these clumsy animals are capable of bestowing upon a comrade in case of need. One of them had fallen upon its back in a corner of the tank, and its heavy saucepanlike carapace prevented it from returning to its natural position, the more so as there was in the corner an iron bar, which rendered the task still more difficult. Its comrades came to the rescue and for one hour's time I watched how they endeavored to help their fellow prisoner. They came two at once, pushed their friend from beneath, and after strenuous efforts succeeded in lifting it upright; but then the iron bar would prevent them from achieving the work of rescue, and the crab would again heavily fall upon its back. After many attempts one of the helpers would go in the depth of the tank and bring two other crabs, which would begin with fresh force the same pushing and lifting of their helpless comrade. We stayed in the aquarium for more than two hours, and when on leaving we again came to cast a glance upon the tank the work of rescue still continued. Since I saw that I cannot refuse credit to the observation quoted by Dr. Erasmus Darwin, namely, that 'the common crab during molting season stations as sentinel an unmolted or hard-shelled individual to prevent marine enemies from injuring molted individuals in their unprotected state.'" The crab here referred is the well known horseshoe crab, horsefoot or king crab of our Atlantic coast (*Limulus polyphemus*), which is one of the curiosities of the animal kingdom and a subject of grave speculation as to its proper place in nature. The species has been introduced into European waters and also into San Francisco Bay, Cal., where it is supposed to have been carried with oyster spat from the Atlantic. The breeding habits of the horseshoe crab are extremely interesting and may be found described in Section I. of the Fishery Industries of the United States. This animal is one of the great attractions in the marine aquaria at Washington.

A Snowbird in a Crockery Store.—Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 25.—About the first of this month a slate-colored junco (*Junco hyemalis*) flew into the crockery store of W. E. Jenney & Son, on Main street, this city, and has remained there ever since, excepting one day when it was out for a few minutes. I happened to call at the store after it had been there about a week, and was asked what kind of a bird it was that had taken possession of their store. I failed to see any bird for some time, but finally Mr. Jenney, Jr., flushed it from the rear of the store, and as it flitted past me I saw the two white feathers in the tail and identified the above species. I have called a number of times since to ask about it, expecting every time to be told that it had taken its departure, but after a few moments' search it has always been found, generally perched on some article on the upper shelf. I called again last evening and was directed to one of the many hanging lamps on sale. At first I was unable to see the bird, but finally found it perched under the colored glass shade on the soft wick that was in the burner. A Brush electric lamp was burning within 12ft., and I wondered why it should have taken up the position to spend the night so close to the bright light. But I found that the green shade under which it was perched protected it from the light and brought out the bluish slate color of the head and upper part, and also the white of the bill and the under parts. I stood within 5ft. of it for some time in conversation with Mr. Jenney, and it did not seem to be the least disturbed. I think it is a very queer place for a snowbird to select to spend the winter. It feeds on seeds and crumbs of crackers placed in the window in the back end of the store.—J. L. Davison.

An Ill-Natured Bird.—Dayton, O., Dec. 1.—John H. Mittendorf of this city, who travels for Croft & Allen of Philadelphia, caught a young pelican on Morris Island, South Carolina, and sent it to the National Soldiers' Home near this city. The bill of the bird is about 12in. long, and the pouch beneath has capacity of a gallon. He lives among the miniature ponds and tropical plants in one of the large greenhouses at the Home, is a ravenous feeder on fish, and is an ill-natured bird, snapping his ungainly jaws at everybody that passes.—Brown.

Dayton, O., Dec. 1.—While hunting quail in Logan county, Luther Horn shot and killed a bald eagle that measursd 7ft. 7in. from tip to tip of his wings. The quail season closes in Ohio Dec. 15, therefore there are but nine days more sport for the hunters.

Game Bag and Gun.

The full texts of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

BOSTON AND MAINE.

THE local coot shooters have not had remarkably good luck this year, though the shores have been lined with flying birds on the occasion of one or two storms. At Brant Rock the shooting has been rather poor this fall, but on one of the last gales several good bags were made. Thus far few brant have been killed, a half-dozen covering about the quantity of this year. Still the occasion of another southeast gale will send the gunners down to the Rock in good numbers, though the season is already too late. The gunners have not had as good shooting at Annisquam and the Ipswich River. Birds have seemed to be scarce, and very wild. Their flights, even in stormy weather, have oftener been out of gunshot than close in shore, as on former seasons. At Biddeford Pool the local gunners, who could be on the spot at the moment, have had some good sport, but to sportsmen from Boston and other distant towns there has been only a series of disappointments. The birds have usually flown before the gunners were on hand, though notified carefully—sometimes by telegraph—by the boatmen and hotel keepers.

A. W. Gore, H. B. Plummer, Charles Bradbury, N. C. Nash and C. W. Dimick have recently been on a gunning excursion to Cape Cod, giving special attention to quail. They report the birds small and not as plenty as they expected to find them, though they made some fair bags. Mr. C. E. Bassett beat the record shooting in southern New Hampshire this fall. Together with a companion they have a record of some 100 birds this season; most of this number were woodcock. It is evident that they know where and when to go, for others who have tried to follow in their tracks have returned empty handed. Still one or two others have had luck, Mr. R. Shumway having a record of 43 woodcock in the same State.

There have been one or two good tracking snows in Maine of late, and the reports of deer killed begin to come in. Some have also been smuggled into the market here. Mr. Willie Clark, of Rumford, in this State, recently shot a deer while swimming the river, in a location where a deer twenty years ago would have been unheard of. And so it is, the deer are actually more plenty in the sparsely settled portions of the farming country than in the deep forests, if possible, since they are hunted less in such locations. A deer recently swam the river a short distance from Livermore Falls, and then browsed in the field awhile before taking to the woods. Mr. W. Mills, of Boston, has secured a fine caribou head this fall. It is being mounted by Crosby of Bangor. It spreads 37in. across the antlers. The antlers are 4ft. in length and have twenty-eight points. The caribou was killed Oct. 10, in Jackman Plantation in Somerset county, Me. Three deer have recently been seen in Chesterville, Me., in a field with the cattle. The owner of the cattle is of the opinion that the deer have lain with the cattle at night. But the hunters are now after the deer, and they will hardly lie with the cattle any more.

Hiram G. Blacon, of West Paris, has recently had a funny adventure with a coon. Hearing the barking of his dog one night he went to the scene of the fray and found that the dog had a coon in the corner of the fence, and that the coon, not daring to turn tail to the dog, had showed fight head on. Mr. Blacon put a charge of small shot into the coon, but the charge was not enough to kill the tough little fighter, but sufficient to make him watch his opportunity to turn from the dog. Mr. B. is a tall man, and doubtless the coon thought that he was a tree, or at least that he would do for a tree. He climbed him in a moment and perched on his shoulder, out of the reach of the dog. It was now Blacon's turn to be scared, and he tried to dislodge the coon, but he only drove his claws in the tighter. All this time the dog was greatly excited. In sheer desperation the man was for running into the house, coon, dog and all, when on passing a post the coon jumped for it. Here he was dispatched with the gun. Special.

"A WORD FOR THE ENGLISHMAN."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg space to reply, as briefly as possible, to a few of the points in "C. P. W.'s" criticism of my book, "The Big Game of North America." I am glad to say at the outset that all Englishmen are not game butchers by any means, but so many of those who have visited this country solely for the purpose of hunting have conducted themselves as such, that I deem Mr. Cooke's remarks concerning the particular one of whom he wrote as fair and just. I have met a number of these visiting Englishmen in the Far West myself, and they have told me of killing large numbers of big game animals for which they had no use, and of which they could not save even a part. One of these gentlemen, for instance, whom I met on a certain trip in the Shoshone Mountains, said to me: "I killed eleven elk yesterday, but none of them had good heads and so I did not take any of them."

When I protested against this waste he replied: "It's a long way over here from our country, you know, and when we come we want to have a little sport."

Another Englishman, named Jamison, who has made several hunting trips to this country has left a trail of blood wherever he could find game enough to make it. On one occasion he hired three guides and kept them out for nearly three months. He ordered them to kill everything they saw in the way of game and avowed his determination to break all previous records in that line. In one instance he got a stand on a herd of buffalo and killed twenty-three of them. He corraled a band of elk in the head of a cañon and shot down seventeen of them. He did not take a head, a skin or a pound of meat from any of these animals. He wounded a deer so that it could not get up and then amused himself by sticking his knife in its quarters a number of times and watching its struggles. He became so enraged at one of his saddle horses because it could not carry him up to a certain buffalo that he cut it with his hunting knife, disabling it so that it had to be turned out.

At the end of this slaughtering tour Jamison's score (with that of his guides) footed up 412 head of big game. One of his guides, a man whom I know intimately, whom I have hunted with and whom I believe to be truthful, is Sam Fishel. He is now in the employ of the Government and is stationed at Fort Custer, Montana. I have also heard of Jamison's butchery from a number of ranchmen and business men in the Far West. Possibly he is the same man Mr. Cooke refers to. For the sake of all decent men, of whatever nationality, I hope so, for I should hate to know that there are two such brutes alive anywhere.

A great many Englishmen have left bad names in our Far West for having killed large numbers of our game animals for mere sport, leaving the carcasses to rot—others for killing large numbers and saving only the heads. The most of this work was, of course, done back in the sixties and seventies. No man could slaughter game to such an extent now, even if disposed to do so.

The man mentioned above gave the general excuse of his class when he told me the distance necessary to travel and the expense of coming from England to hunt in this country justified large killing for sport alone.

It is true that all the game butchers are not Englishmen. We have hundreds of them here who should have been banished to some desert island years ago.

Mr. Perry explained in a recent number of Forest and Stream why he and his party killed so large a number of elk in one day, and to his communication I respectfully refer "C. P. W." I am grateful to this gentleman for the candid and fair-minded manner in which he criticises these two of my contributors, and for his kind words concerning the others. G. O. Shields.

Game in North Carolina.—Mr. Benjamin Kuser of Trenton, N. J., has lately returned from a ten days' trip to Littleton, N. C., on the Roanoke River. As Mr. Kuser relates it, the story of his trip, or rather what he accomplished, and what he accomplished it with, is remarkable. His bag for the ten days was 200 quail, 30 woodcock, 6 wild geese, and numerous other birds. The historian says that Mr. Kuser claimed to have used for the geese a gun weighing 25lbs., loaded with ¼lb. of black powder and 150 buckshot.

WILD TURKEYS IN THE OVERFLOW.

"CAN you write a brief diary of our turkey hunt last March, for a letter to FOREST AND STREAM? I want to write it up, and have forgotten the routine of each day's doings myself, and want your aid to freshen my memory."

"Doubt whether I can recount it," replied Lawrence. "We went to so many places, in various ways and at different times, can't recount it in its regular order, but I'll try."

"Well, you recollect what took place on that ridge at Howlett Lake, don't you—how you bumfoozled around there among a drove of big turkeys and killed the littlest hen in the bunch? You also recollect no doubt what took place on the west bank of the river below camp on a very narrow unsubmerged strip of land, where you took a stand at the lower end, while I went above to work down on a drove of turkeys that had been seen mid way? You recollect also about that drove working down in your vicinity, and how you banged away and killed another puny hen, and how I threatened to do something desperate to you for not killing a gobbler, and how you mimiced a crying booby, which you can do admirably, saying you shot the first turkey you saw and didn't see a gobbler at all?"

"Now look here—hold on—if you write that up in your piece, I'll tell about that shot you made at the finest gobbler in the woods at 15yds., and shot a hole through a sapling and never touched the turkey. What d'ye think of a shot like that. Why, I could have killed that turkey with a club."

"All about shot shall go in, Lawrence; I tell that always on myself when recounting that trip."

"Never heard it before," puts in one Conway from behind the counter, who had been overhearing the dialogue.

"Now, Lawrence, let's try the first day in the woods; what did we do?"

"Oh! you went up the ridge above camp, flushed fifteen turkeys, and had them in trees around you for an hour in full view, while you waded and splashed around among them with that superlatively fine .38cal. telescope and didn't even get a shot, returned to camp at 10 A. M., swore you had been among a tremendous drove of turkeys all morning, but didn't kill any because, as you said, 'it was so early in the hunt.' This, in addition to your statement that you had seen 5,000 rabbits, which had been run on the ridge by the overflow, is what occurred up your way, and I think it was enough for your part the first morning."

"Lawrence, you talk well. Your memory is freshening. Now, what occurred in the afternoon? Try that."

"Let's see—let's see—I have it! We got three turkeys that afternoon. The last one killed was the hen I shot from the roost by moonlight."

"Not much, my boy, not much! You're a leetle too fast. That roosting hen was not quite so soon; it was two or three days after that when that little episode happened. Reflect, my child; reflect!"

"Am reflecting, and reflecting right, too."

"Betcher nickel."

"Bet you a nickel."

Money is put up and Conway holds the stakes.

"Lawrence, we'll settle that bet by the moon. We sat up that night waiting on the moon for light to shoot by. We went out for the turkeys about 10 o'clock, the moon then being about one hour high.

"Correct—all right—we'll leave it to the moon."

An investigation of the almanac was made, and next day the scribe was leaning across the counter of Warner & Searles, with Lawrence on the opposite side with a look in his eye indicating restlessness, evasiveness or something of the kind. Before he could evade or elude he was asked:

"Did you write that diary?"

"No, I didn't. I just can't do it. Can't arrange it—couldn't do it to save my life. Haven't got time, anyway."

"And I believe you, since your grand break on that roosting turkey. Where's Conway? I want those nickels. They're mine. That moon settles the bet. You admit the moon was an hour high when the turkey was shot, and that the shot was made about 10 o'clock."

"About half-past 9—well, go on."

"We left Vicksburg for our hunt early Thursday morning, March 6, 1890, reaching the grounds at dark that evening. Friday was our first day in the woods when you claim said turkey was killed. On Friday the moon rose at 7:04, Saturday 8:00, next day at 8:58—"

"Hold on! That'll do. You are having that turkey killed powerful close to Sunday night. You can't put that on me. I never did it. Something wrong about that count. Get a fresh almanac. Guess you killed that turkey yourself. Conway, give this miserly and contentious old quarreler those nickels. Let's have peace."

Lawrence may have faults, but shooting on Sunday is not among them. On that day he knows how to obtain a certain amount of enjoyment by quietly resting about a comfortable camp. I have often wished I could stay in camp on that day, but when camp is in the heart of the virgin forest all my moral resolutions go to pieces. The dense woods and the wild life in them are too much for my poor weak humanity.

Lawrence has one fault, I might as well tell it now. He can't correct it, or at least don't. It has annoyed me often. His attention has been frequently called to it. It is one of no small moment in the woods. It has been the occasion of the loss of more than one turkey. His face is as white as a sheet. It glares and reflects light frightfully in the woods. On a hunt he could be stained a nut brown, but he won't submit to it, preferring to go on frightening game.

And once he deceived me. Not that exactly, but he failed to tell the whole truth. We had been turkey hunting that season in a region occupied by a panther. This animal had signified his presence near our camp on more than one occasion. The teachings of the older members of the party were that this animal, like all others, was a coward, and would flee on the approach of man. Lawrence, then in his teens, apparently acquiesced in this view. At least he did not controvert it, and left that to be inferred. This panther had a habit of making some ferocious and blood-curdling screams along with the first streaks of day. We were generally getting out about that time, and would separate and go in different localities. On our return to camp about 10 or 11 o'clock we would naturally comment on these panther notes. No one, however, suggested the idea of being turned back. It took Lawrence two years to get up courage to do that. He had one morning early paddled down the bayou alone. At a favorable spot he entered the woods, leaving the boat securely tied on the bank. There was yet insufficient light through the timber, with its dense undergrowth, to see well for walking. The vines or leaves were rattled, and the panther near by, probably being disturbed by the intrusion, pierced the woods with one of those distressing screams. Lawrence had immediate use for the boat, which he got into and pushed to the middle of the bayou promptly. It was not a bad thing for a boy to do, in fact, it was natural—would have done the same thing myself under similar circumstances. That is not what is complained of. The ground for complaint is that it took this boy two years to tell it. It is not friendly to keep back experiences so long from boon hunting companions. But to our trip.

For two months hardly a day had passed without a visit to the store and a short talk had on the subject. Mr. W. generally kept one ear open for this conversation, the other being diligently lent to his numerous customers, for while he could not go along he was interested in the pleasures of his boy, and he loves the woods dearly himself. Even in January he had gone with us to our favorite locality, not so much for game as to look over the ground and see if the birds were there. Not being gobbling time then we had indifferent success, but it was a delight and revelation to be in the midst of a dense forest even though but little game could be had. The turkeys were found to be there in fair numbers. In places the woods were being literally scratched to pieces. A few large flocks were seen and four killed. This lent a rosy appearance to our March trip.

Weeks before the turkey calls were brought out and practiced on. The tone not suiting was altered, made worse, and altered again and again, until approximately satisfactory. Other kinds were made and tried, though none were ever obtained that would perfectly imitate all the notes. Some sportsmen claim to be able to make the note perfectly and to call up the sly old chap without fail. We have tried the bone from the turkey wing, the quill, horn, box and slate. At times we would think we had it down fine, but in the woods on an old gobbler it would make a break. Somewhere the glossy feathers would drop, the head and neck shoot up straight and high for an instant only, and a quick *put, put, put* with amazing suddenness ended the controversy.

This year an unexpected and undesired factor forced itself upon us in a flood stage of water in the Mississippi River. Our hunting ground on the Little Sunflower River is a low swamp, and at extreme high water every foot of it becomes overflowed. Especially is this the case when a break in the long line of levees, extending almost all the way from Memphis to Vicksburg, occurs, when the Little Sunflower swamp goes under too deep to talk about. Up to the time of our hunt this year no such break had occurred, though it was daily feared, not only by us hunters who had but an insignificant interest comparatively in the result, but by the thousands of people who were living in the vast delta, extending two hundred miles in length by fifty in width, whose plantations would be submerged, property destroyed and planting seriously delayed if not altogether prevented.

On the day of our departure, March 6, the gauge at Vicksburg marked 46.4ft. Raftsmen and others familiar with the swamp predicted for us the entire overflow of the Little Sunflower country. However, we had an idea of our own, born probably in the hope that some land would still be left to us in that cherished locality. We would go there anyway, and if we could not find hunting ground on the high ridges we would raise steam on the little launch and proceed twenty-five or thirty miles further, through the upper end of Little Sunflower, into Indian Chute, said to be the shortest river in the world, about 100yds., and then into Big Sunflower River, where steamboat men had assured us there was ample land not overflowed, and wild turkeys in abundance. This would put us into unfamiliar territory, but it was vastly better than no territory at all.

At 9 o'clock on that Thursday morning the anchor line was made fast to the buoy and thrown overboard with a splash, the gong was made to clang once by L., as pilot, as a signal to the engineer to come ahead, and soon the Greenwing was under way in the waters of Lake Centennial. Passing the north end of Desoto Island, a stiff wind is encountered, and rather rough water for the heavily loaded little launch, with her over 3,000lbs. of coal and a liberal supply of "duffle" for a stay of two weeks in the woods.

It has never been our creed to leave anything behind that might add to our comfort in camp. A list of the articles taken would astonish some sportsmen who, from necessity or other cause, have made a study of how to travel and hunt lightly equipped. Our boat enables us to carry all we may need without special inconvenience, and it is rarely that our needs while out even to the smallest article go unsupplied. It is easier to take than do without.

Among the things in store were 300lbs. of ice, which had been put up in three sacks packed in sawdust. These packs had been stowed in the canoe Amateur, that the already crowded launch might be relieved to that extent. The thick wadding of sawdust made the ice stand rather high in the canoe, and she was a shade unsteady, but she seemed to follow along very nicely, even in the choppy water of Centennial Lake, until we had traversed two-thirds the length of the lake, when the engineer discovered that the ice had been dumped and was floating 200yds. in the rear. We turned back, and, after considerable tugging, two sacks of the ice were dragged into the launch, the other sack having lost its cake through a hole, both were left rather than suffer further delay in securing them. With the additional ice aboard the Greenwing had all she could comfortable carry, and it was with some relief that the Mississippi River was reached, and we turned up that grand old stream, protected from the high wind by a heavy bar of willows which extends down the north shore from King's Point.

Five miles up we enter Old River, a former bed of the Mississippi, but now a channel for the lower end of Yazoo River. We are now in dead water from the back water of the flooded Mississippi. It is yet seventy miles to our destination, and back water will extend all the way. On either side the lands are principally overflowed, only a small portion of the highest lands on the front being out. Here and there stand cabins of the tenants with water over the floor, others are entirely surrounded by water. In most of the latter the tenants still live, with a skiff or other boat tied conveniently to the door frame or gallery post.

We pass through McKee Pocket in Old River, a famous ducking ground. The Greenwing has had some enjoyable sport here, but there are no ducks to be seen at this season, and she steams on with only the memory of exploits in that line. Two miles further and Old River is left and Yazoo River entered; and two miles above the mouth of that enters Steel's Bayou on our left. That is a glorious stream for game, especially wild turkey; and it is always with more or less misgivings it is passed, fearing that we may travel further and get less. But civilization is beginning to secure too strong a hold up there now for us. Ten years ago we could hunt there all day long without hearing the sound of any but our own guns. Now the tenant's cabin stands on some of the most favorite spots, and if the sportsman calls turkey along that stream to-day a turkey is no more apt to answer that call than a negro with his old musket or rusty shotgun, and as some of them shoot at the shake of a bush it is not strictly safe to hunt there.

The trip itself is monotonous enough. It is through sombre dead woods on the left, vegetation not yet showing perceptibly in the trees of the cold swamp lands, though on the right the prospect is more cheerful, with the Warren county hills looming up well in the distance, from its warmer soil showing a verdure grateful to the eye.

Twenty-five miles above Vicksburg we reach the suspension bridge of the L. N. O. & T. railroad. No need to swing the great span for the diminutive craft; she passes under with two feet to spare. The bridge tender only comes out and gazes after her as she puffs and frets on up the river, with her babes, the Boss and the Amateur, in tow.

Eighteen miles further and the Little Sunflower is entered, the Greenwing now being the only boat that plies on that stream. For the first five miles up the ubiquitous cabins are plentiful enough, but most of them are now standing in water, and the clusters of negroes that come out on the little galleries curiously to gaze after us look sufficiently forlorn and distressed to invite a passing sympathy. Still as a rule they are fed and sustained during these overflows by the owners of the land they till, and they pass through a disaster of this kind comparatively free from trouble. Among these laboring classes, taking the negroes all in all, they comprise the happiest race of people on earth, caring only for the mouthful they eat to-day and the few clothes they wear on their backs.

Ah! here is the mound, and we yet have twenty-five miles to go and the afternoon is well advanced. At this mound we enter a low swamp, and not a speck of land nor a splinter of a habitation will be seen before reaching the hunting grounds, and then no cabins, and it may be not a speck of land.

As to land above we could only conjecture. The general inundation below gave us ominous forebodings of disaster to the turkey ridges on the Little Sunflower. Still it was a case of hope, and a high pressure of steam was kept up in order to gain our destination before dark. One thing was assured, there was sufficient depth of water, and the Greenwing would bump no logs or snags on the way this time.

After a bit the drift is reached, the pilot clangs to the engineer to hold up and the damper to the furnace is closed to keep down the steam. It being not a thousand yards to the bow of the launch the engineer is soon alongside the pilot, and an old bald head and a thick-haired young man are together prospecting for a favorable route through this miscellaneous mass of rubbish. This drift has been in the Little Sunflower for years and every time we go up that way a new road has to be worked through it. The spike pole and cross-cut saw are brought into use, and by dint of hard pulling and pushing, this way and that, and working the engine occasionally to assist, in twenty minutes or half an hour we are through and again under way.

William fired. I came near leaving him out. I have never felt altogether able to delineate him exactly. He is twenty years old and nearly black. Usually L. and I ran the machine alone, but this time we determined to indulge in the luxury of a servant, though our boy was not fully up in the acceptation of the word. At routine work he would do fairly well, doing what he was shown as near as he could and no more. He neither had assumption nor originality. In one way he was a comfort, he never got "too fresh" and did too much. He took no interest whatever in the trip so far as we could see. He could make the fire, boil potatoes, cut wood, in a limited way, wash dishes, and hold the fort when L. and I were in the woods. But if we were out unusually late, beyond the regular meal hour, for the life of him he could not anticipate our needs sufficiently to have dinner or supper under way on our return. We had to be there to tell him.

Nevertheless he afforded us no small degree of comfort and pleasure before we reached home. If he got any out of us or the trip we never found it out, and I don't know to this day whether he would like to renew the experience. My wife, who is a better judge of human nature than I am, especially as developed in those of "colored pursuasion," says he would.

After the mound had been passed William's attention was called to the fact that no ground was visible, that water, water everywhere covered all the land for miles and miles around; that for twenty-five miles no land would be seen, and may be none then; that probably we would sleep that night in mid-stream, and couldn't get to land if we wanted to. William only grinned in answer, and we were at a loss to know whether he had been duly impressed with the solemn situation, but we suspected he had not.

The mouth of Coon Bayou looms up on the left. At this point it is wider and more prominent than the river we were navigating, but up a short distance it narrows, becomes very crooked and full of logs and drift. It leads up through a swamp even lower than that bordering the most uninhabitable part in the Little Sunflower. At certain seasons its banks abound in deer and bear and probably in turkey, but at this time all the regions contiguous to it were inhabited by the festive catfish, cadaverous gar and ungainly turtle.

At Run Out, five miles below our destination, we had

hoped for a speck of land, it being comparatively high there. If so we were O K for Gum Ridge. The hope perished. In the mean time the sun had gone down, and the forests that had been stretching away on either side for the past twenty miles through water alone began to take on a gloomy aspect. Higher yet another ridge was scanned eagerly, and the engineer pronounces "Land!" but the keener eyes of the pilot discern only floating leaves, which are drifted along the timber line.

The lantern is now lit that the water gauge may be the better watched in the fast-growing dim light, and the pilot keeps calling back in unwelcome words, "No land, no land."

"Well, ding on! Blast the luck; if you don't find land soon we will throw over the anchor and go to roost. Cracky! Lawrence, all our turkey range is gone to ruin—ruin."

"Hold! Land! land!" cries the man at the wheel.

"Hurrah!" comes from the engine. "We've got 'em, my boy. If that ridge is out, Gum Ridge, one mile above, is also out."

"So is Howlet Lake Island. So are the mounds. We'll have meat on the Little Sunflower, and don't you forget it."

"Keep her pointed for Gum Ridge, Mr. Pilot, we'll camp there."

And at dark, with light barely sufficient to see, the nose of the faithful little launch was cautiously pushed to bank, the engine backed, came ahead, backed and came ahead again, until a suitable landing having been made, the bowline was made fast, and the stern pulled to bank and tied securely, with the gunnel of the boat barely overlapping the thin bank at what proved a snug and very enjoyable camp.

With buoyant spirits we set to work to put our camp in order. The Rochester lamp was lit, and lantern hung on the outside; the ice was rolled out and snugly stacked against a sapling on a thick bed of dry leaves and covered with blankets; the refrigerator—a 16gal. stone jar, packed in a flour barrel, with dry sawdust, secured with a layer of plaster paris—was removed to land and the interior filled with sundry articles to keep dry; provision boxes were also moved out and stacked one on top of the other and securely covered to keep out rain and varmints. Finally the Greenwing began to look quite roomy, and we could move about in a limited way without stumbling over our traps. Then the two boats, the Amateur and Boss, were gotten ready with the proper oars in each, the former occupying a place at the stern on the larboard and the latter a similar position on the starboard of the launch. Thus they are always tied, and await in readiness any emergency that may call either into use. Steam having cooled considerably, the boiler is emptied of its noisy contents, and the surrounding woods were made to roar.

In the meantime the pot on the oil stove has begun to boil, when a little tea is added and preparations made for supper. The good things that L. always has in his basket in addition to our nice cup of tea with cream and boiled potatoes with fresh butter make an excellent meal, which we all enjoy with especially keen appetites, since, on the way up, but a hasty lunch at noon or thereabouts had been partaken of. William sat apart from us on a snug seat between the engine and boiler, having his plate filled third, and eating at the same time. This is as near social equality as the two races get in this country.

The alarm clock is next wound, set for 4 o'clock, and hung in view. Next is the bed, which is a comfortable one. There is just room for it in the boat. First boards are laid to be flush with the seat running around the sides and rear of the cockpit, then a heavy rubber blanket 7 by 9ft. is spread down to intercept dampness, next is a 5 by 7ft. cotton mattress 4in. thick, and on this are spread several pairs of blankets, to further soften the mattress, and then come the pillows and a light covering. Lastly a good bobonet mosquito bar is put up. Next the curtains are all pulled down and fastened, and our rest and protection for the night are assured. In the meantime William has kept up a lively rattling of the coal forward of the boiler to make room for a cot which has been brought for him. The Rochester is extinguished and the lantern turned partly down and hung to show the little clock, and we all turn in for an enjoyable rest, all being tired with the early preparations for a start and the long journey. In fifteen minutes William is first asleep, indicated by heavy breathing, and he is the first on our trips to turn L. down at that, for L. is a sleeper from away back, putting in his time early, often and late, when we will let him. In time I join the others in unconscious repose, and one day of the trip is at an end. W. L. P.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOVA SCOTIA LICENSES.

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 30 you mention that moose are reported numerous in Nova Scotia. This I am happy to say is quite true, yet if the practices you afterward refer to in the same article were generally and successfully followed, we would not long be able to say so.

"There is reason to believe," you say, "that the license law is not enforced with perfect impartiality. It is said that in some localities it makes a difference what hotels are patronized by visiting sportsmen, immunity from prosecution for hunting without license counting as among the advantages enjoyed by the guests of certain inns."

The charge implied in the above remarks is too serious to be allowed unchallenged circulation in a journal possessing the influence of yours. You are doubtless aware of the great difficulties surrounding the carrying out of these laws. Often they are broken in the solitude of the forest, and no evidence of the fact can be procured. Often lawless people combine to ignore them, and too often they are beyond the reach of the law before their offense is discovered. Frequently so-called sportsmen from your country and other foreigners have not thought it beneath them to slip into our forests without license, and to escape home before discovery. But when you imply that this is done through want of impartiality in the enforcing of the game laws, you convey a most erroneous impression. The officers of the game laws received information this fall that two or three United States citizens were hunting in Nova Scotia without license. Also that a certain hotel keeper had manufactured for them what he called a license, which, though not worth the paper it was written on, might still do duty as a genuine license among those who knew no better. Instantly orders were sent to the locality to have the lawbreakers arrested; but, as too often happens, they had escaped to the shelter of the Stars and Stripes before the officers of the law could lay their hands on them. On their next visit they will have an opportunity of judging whether such immoral conduct is made possible from want of impartiality, or from the mere vulgar possibility of breaking law, which is open to all who like trying the experiment.

In this country it is regarded as a point of honor among sportsmen, to respect the provisions of the game laws. I write to enlist your powerful influence in bringing about the same sentiment among all your sportsmen, which we have found conspicuous among some of them.

The hotel keeper you refer to is now receiving the attention of the authorities. The "advantages" you mention have reached an inglorious end.

C. S. HARRINGTON, Chief Game Commissioner.

FIELD DAYS IN CONNECTICUT.

SHOOTING in Windham county this fall, from a Connecticut standpoint, was successful, but at the same time surprise and forebodings would at times seize the sportsmen. Those who walked the woods in early summer saw unmistakable signs of large broods of partridges, healthy and well along in feather and friskiness. The hayfields and brier patches were filled with the call and scurry of quail, young and old. The rich green of the alder runs was silhouetted with the waving flight of the woodcock. Rabbits and squirrels scampered about everywhere, and, alas! young foxes, thin-nosed but hungry-mouthed, were galore. On the whole, signs indicated good shooting.

October came in good time, and then the reasons for moderate bags. The brilliant scarlets and yellows, and fading greens of the New England autumns, mixed on nature's palette and spread by a bountiful but delicate brush, are unsurpassed elsewhere, yet the hunter, however keen his eye, longs for the biting frost and the northwest wind that will wither and scatter the leaves; for only through the bare brown branches can the noble flight of the grouse be followed with any certainty of aim. This fall the frost hung modestly back in the north and it was not till about the 20th of October that we had what could be called good open shooting. Then the partridges; what had become of the young partridges? Of the 39 shot during the month only a meager half dozen were this year's birds. A friend counted 3 youngsters among his 17 shot. The birds as a whole were old, large and educated in tricks many and bewildering.

Hunting over ground whose every brook and wood, every rock and stump are familiar pages before a reader's eye, we know just what game and how much to expect in each cover. So as the days rolled on the stock grew less and less, and campaigns and sieges had to be planned for the circumventing of the birds now well known but wild and wary. The partridges that led us so many times down the run in the cannonading place (so named by us from a deathless fusilade poured upon a flight of woodcock and a flock of quail once started there years ago by a certain party of enthusiastic but inexperienced sportsmen), then across into the scrub oaks, and then by a run and a dodge behind a friendly laurel away back into the woods, grew careless at last and with a whisk of indifference calmly lighted in a bunch of nondescript bushes across the road. Bang snuffed the battle with trembling lips but firmly held flag and waited the command of "on." Like Bre'r Rabbit the bird "lay low," realizing at last his danger, and Bang had to make two or three exciting dashes and turns before the partridge rose out of the tangle of briers, and then he nearly escaped, for it was not till both our guns were empty that he fluttered to the ground with a broken wing. Bang appreciated the importance of prompt and severe action, and raced after the fleeing bird with eager mouth. A tail hold resulted simply in a mouthful of feathers, but the next grab the dog had him by the breast and then bore him in triumph and oh, so proud, to our feet. All this happened in an open pasture, and every move of the bird and dog was easily seen. Gunners who go out for birds only and are never moved except by score cannot understand the thrilling interest of this incident, nor of the countless others that have chaptered the hills and woods for miles around.

The woodcock shooting was very good for us this year, and from certain cosy nooks a bird or two could be kicked up every few days. We got forty-four. The quail never in my recollection were so plenty, though about two bevies out of three were much too small to shoot when the season opened. The last few days of October, when the woodcock had pretty much gone by and the partridges had been thinned out to an alarming extent, we devoted our time to the quail and shot forty-five.

Retrospectively I think the young partridges were killed by the "tick" and by four-legged vermin to an unusual extent, and what with the large numbers of old birds shot, next fall we shall have to put up with indifferent shooting as far as these birds are concerned. Woodcock are fickle creatures, coming or not as they please. Quail, if the winter is mild and open, next season will be almost voted a pest by the farmers. Every few years, though, a bitter storm of snow and ice kills them off by hundreds, and—well, let others read the goose bone.

Just a word about our dogs. Bang is a nine-year-old Irish setter, and if he ranges a trifle too far for our thick swamps, is an average dog for partridges and woodcock, and an excellent one on quail. At home he is a grand old gentleman and is worthy of all the love that is given him.

Let's new dog, Mont, is a marvel. Gunshy and bought for $5, with care, patience and kindness he has been developed in one short month into the most satisfactory dog I ever shot over. Never deigning to lower his nose proud nose to the ground, he covers the ground slowly but surely. His hunting is almost dogged (excuse the word play), for he brooks no interference from his two-legged companions in the way of interference or directing. He had the power this fall of apparently compelling the partridges to lie awaiting our pleasure, not always of killing to be sure, but of getting a shot. His one fault was his staunchness. Time and time again I have seen him absolutely refuse to "go on" and raise a bird, and a single hunter would often have been in a quandary, but a yell from Let saying Mout was pointing would quickly bring Bang and myself from the other side of a swamp, and then it was an exciting moment as Bang, backing the other dog while I got in a good position for shooting, on the word, would rush in and raise the bird.

Here is an incident: One morning Let and I had walked up either side of a pointed alder run, and starting nothing jumped over the wall intending to walk down the road a quarter of a mile to our hunting cart and then go to another cover. Bang followed us over the wall; but Mont had disappeared, apparently into the bowels of the earth, for he had been with us a moment before. Whistling and calling were fruitless. I suggested that he had sneaked back to the cart, a former habit that had helped to reduce his price to the aforesaid $5. Let shook his head, but we walked down the road only to find Rosa hitched to a tree alone. We got in the cart and walked the pony up the road, whistling for dear life, and after a delay of about twenty minutes were at the place where we had first missed the dog. To our amazement Mont came down the road wagging his tail almost out of joint. Let said, "That dog's been pointing." We got out of the cart and walked up the road fifty feet, when Mont and Bang both pointed toward the brush. Let kicked the brush and we got three quail out of about a dozen as they rose. Mont without the slightest doubt had been standing those birds all the time, and at first with us calling him only a few feet away. Mont can not be bought for $5 now.

F'LIN.

RUFFED GROUSE IN NOVEMBER.

THE season was rapidly drawing to a close, and I felt the desire strong within me for one more day's hunt before the open season expired. In the vicinity of home, however, the birds had got so scarce and wild from constant hunting that to secure a single one was well nigh impossible.

Hearing from a friend that partridges were plenty in the town of Durham, N. H., I concluded to put in the next Saturday there, and the morning of the 22d saw me bright and early bound for the station with gun, dog, lunch and twenty-five cartridges.

On arriving at Durham at 10:15, my friend told me the best place for birds was about three miles south of the station. I loosed my pointer, shouldered my gun and started.

A walk of about a mile brought me through the village and to the top of a hill, from which I could see quite a distance on all sides. To the southward there lay a slope covered with scrubby pines, beyond that a field, then a thick growth of alders and a wooded bluff, and further on thick woods. I concluded that this, if anywhere, was the place for birds, and my instincts did not fail me. I worked through the pines, across the field and nearly through the alders without a rise, and was beginning to grow rather skeptical as to the resources of the place, when reaching the edge of the alders with a rush and roar four partridges got up at about the same moment. I threw my gun to my shoulder and waited. In a second or two a bird broke through the screen of alders to my left, heading straight up the bluff. Just before he disappeared behind the trees I caught him and saw him close his wings as he went out of sight. I heard another making off to the right, caught sight of him just before he reached the woods, some 70yds. away, and downed him, a clean double. I climbed the bluff, the dog retrieved one, I the other, and felt considerably better.

Proceeding through the woods the dog flushed two without my seeing them; they were pretty wild.

Half a mile from the bluff I struck a road, and soon after a small boy with a team, and rode some two miles further south with him through patches of woods about all the way. When I left the team it was 12:30, and I ate my lunch, sharing it with the dog; and then headed back toward the station. About noon the wind commenced to blow, and I had quite a stiff breeze in my face when I started back. Went some half-mile through several wood lots without seeing anything, when I came to a clump of bushes in the lee of a considerable stretch of timber, and where the sun shone warmly. I felt that this must hold a bird or two and sent the dog in. She soon flushed one which came out booming, straight toward me, and so near that I had to let him go over my head, and then turning quickly shot. I saw that he was hit, but he kept on bravely. Just before he got out of range the old Parker spoke again, and this time he heeded the call. It was a cock, and a big fellow.

After this walked along some distance without finding any more. At length, going through a considerable tract grown up with scrub pines and bushes, I started several, and put in two difficult snap shot, without starting any feathers that I could see. Here the dog also jumped a rabbit, which made good his escape back into the brush, closely followed by a charge of No. 8.

By this time the sun had nearly completed his limited circuit, and my ground was nearly gone over. But one spot remained, a lot of some twenty-five acres at the edge of a hard wood growth, well covered with alders. Had worked nearly through the bushes when I heard one get up. When I caught sight of him he was right in the line of the sun, whose beams shone on his plumage and scintillated from his wings as he moved them, so that as he bore down upon me he looked as big as a balloon. I drew a bead on the biggest part of him, as near as I could tell with the sun right in my eyes, and let go. Having no idea that I had dropped him I kept the gun to my shoulder and waited for him to show up, but he didn't come, and I only saw a couple of feathers drifting rapidly down wind. I went into the bushes and found him only about ten steps from where I fired. It was a cock, and by far the largest bird I have got this season, weighing just a trifle under 2lbs.

The sun was not quite down, but I had finished my beat and moved on toward the station across the bleak and wind-swept hills. Neither scenery nor temperature, however, was able to depress my spirits, for my success had been much better than I anticipated, and viewing my game and recollecting several of my shots, which for me were of the phenomenal order, I felt more than satisfied with the result of my day's outing. E. W. L.

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. PLAYING CARDS.—For 15 cents in postage you can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards on application to the undersigned. P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

WORCESTER'S GREAT FUR HUNT.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Thursday, Nov. 20, the day selected for the annual hunt of the Worcester Fur Co., was a "roarer." It was a great day for wind. It was a great day for foxes, a great day for the Worcester Fur Co., and a veritable "corker" for Uncle Nathan Harrington, who had the honor of downing the first and handsomest fox of the day. In fact, it was a red letter as well as a red-nosed day for about every one who participated in the hunt.

A preliminary meeting was held at the Bay State House the evening before, at which the final details of arrangement were perfected. The meet was at the Hayward farm, about three miles east of the city, as usual, and 7 A. M. was the hour.

President Kinney, of the Fur Co., organized the hunt, sending the bands of hunters to the different hills on their arrival at the meeting place.

When the barges which took down most of the out-of-town hunters arrived, the farmyard was completely filled with private teams. A small army of closely-muffled hunters scurried about anxious to be given a location, while some of the more impatient hounds gave vent to their pent up thirst for fox blood in prolonged howls. Everything was animation, the cold north wind keeping horses and men both prancing in a frantic endeavor to keep from freezing to death.

About seventy-five men and fifty hounds were finally assembled and the start was made. The hunt was divided to cover as much ground as possible and keep the driving within hearing of a central point.

Webster Thayer with two hounds went to Burncoat Plain where his black dog Towser soon had a fox up. He ran him for about an hour, taking him in sight, but just out of reach of Judge Clark of Willimantic. Mr. Norcross of Monson also got a good look at him, but he was out of gunshot. The red finally bothered the dog on the ledges, and before he could straighten the trail out the scent was too cold to follow. The fox, however, came to grief. Paul Wheeler of Rutland occupied a stand only a few rods from the meeting point, where he found a sheltered corner in the stone wall. Paul had been holding quite a reception all the morning, and during a lull and while Dick Luther was making a trip to the city for the purpose of replenishing the supply of fuel, a fox appeared and Paul cooly tumbled him over. No dogs came to him, but it was thought to be the one Towser had been driving.

Will Brigham with a party from West Boylston put out their dogs near the Diamond hedges back of Old Pot, and soon had three foxes going at a lively pace. Mr. Brigham killed one, and Mr. Ball and Mr. Newton each had a shot at the others but failed to stop them.

John M. White, of Millbury, the man who gets and makes more fun at a fox hunt than any other man on earth, took his pack to Straw Hollow, putting them out near the cider mill. They soon had two foxes up, both taking a swing north toward Rocky Pond, out of hearing. John and his party sat around a few hours, then kindled a bonfire and camped down beside it to wait for a return of the dogs, who came straggling along toward night. John for once was out of the hunt, his party hearing very little driving.

A. M. French put in his dogs at Rocky Pond. They started a fox, made a few long turns and about 9:30 Mr. French killed him.

Uncle Nathan Harrington and W. R. Dean went to Sewall's Hill, as did John R. Thayer. They put out their dogs near the Harlow place, and in a few minutes Thayer's Guess and Leap, with Uncle Nathan's flyer, Slippery Sal, took up a fox, which made to the westward.

The dogs soon came into hearing again, when it was discovered that Guess now had a separate fox. This one swung over on to East Ridge, the other going south and passing within 20 rods of Uncle Nathan.

About this time Dean's Tramp and Bat were to be heard driving on the east side of Sewall Hill, and Uncle Nathan lit out for his favorite stand on the Rocky Pasture, to guard the crossing by the big chestnut.

By this time Charlie Crompton, with Will and Allie Perry, constituting the "20-bore party," had arrived and taken up positions. A little further north, back of the Shoemaker, were President Kinney, Capt. David Earle, M. D. Gilman, C. B. Hedden, George Newton and a half-dozen others. I was there myself, as you will see.

The dogs soon turned toward Rice's, and every one was on the lookout. Uncle Nathan was the lucky one, however, and bowled him over; what a shout went up when the boys saw that he had stopped him. You would never have dreamed (seeing Uncle Nathan tip-toe up to that fox ready to give him another barrel if he showed signs of getting up) that his seventy-sixth birthday was almost here.

E. T. Whitaker and A. C. White, with Whitaker's dog Tilden, went to the north end of East Ridge but did not start a fox. I went with them (teamster), came back to the shoemaker's to put up the horse, and started down the road to hunt up somebody to talk to. I am not much of a fox hunter, take me alone. I soon came across Cyrus Holden, and together we set out to find a place where we could be in the sun and out of the wind, if possible.

We soon found a place that offered partial protection from the wind, and as we hopped about the road, perfectly "numb" from the cold, we heard a pack driving to the west of us in the sprouts but nearly out of hearing. Soon we heard a dog sing out once or twice a little nearer than the main pack, but just audible in the high wind. All at once a fox jumped into the road about two rods from us and started down the road. I spoke to him as he came along, but he didn't stop. Of course he was a strange fox to me and I didn't know whether he was "red fox," or "dog fox," or just plain "Mr. Fox," so I just sung out at random, but he kept right on, and as quick as I could I put on to him, but I was so clumsy that he got about seven rods away before I could get my gun up. I hit him from the same direction that his tail did, but only skewed him around a little. Cyrus gave him a gun as he went into the brush.

In about five minutes Thayer's Guess came upon the trail, but was bothered in the road, and by the time we got him on right the fox had been gone ten minutes. We followed Guess down through the sprouts, where we met Whittaker and put his dog on. Following after them we soon came to the burrow, where both dogs were in out of sight. So I'd got him, you see, right where I want him. It was lucky I didn't kill him, for you had to show them up at night with pelts on, and I never could have carried that tremendous big dog fox around all day. Will, Cyrus and I went back to our old stand, lit our pipes and waited for the next one.

Soon John R. Thayer came along muffled a la Johnnie Slocum. We told him about our killing the fox ahead of Guess, which pleased him mightily; but when we explained where he was John shook us. Just now another pack came into hearing, and John dusted for the ledge just southeast of the shoemaker's, where M. D. Gilman had been since daylight and just left. Roraback, of Chester, stood there all day a year ago. The fox made a turn or two down toward the pines, where some one shot at him.

Charlie Howe, of Milford, had a stand behind a sapling pine and saw the fox coming straight to him, but when about twelve rods off another party saw him and stood up to get a good look at him, which caused the fox to change his course. Perhaps Charlie wasn't hot when he inquired of that man as to his reasons for standing, etc. Later on Will Perry came across the party and told him confidentially that Howe was the one who scared the fox and that he would have killed him easy if Howe had kept out of sight, which he firmly believes.

After being shot at the fox went east and crossed the ledge John R. was watching. He brought him down with the first barrel, but seeing signs of life gave him the second.

Tilden, Leap, Guess, Bat and Fannie were driving him, and lively music they had been making for a few moments. We all gathered around and congratulated the Senator, who remarked that this was a great year for the Democrats anyway.

By this time it was noon, and the only chance to start another fox was to jump one, so we started for a likely looking piece of sprouts a mile or more to the north. There were about a dozen or fifteen men and half as many dogs. Leaving the road we struck out for the ledges and had not got ten rods into the woods when Tilden winded a fox and sung out. Leap and Bat circled toward him and struck the scent, and in a moment the entire pack were off and such driving as we heard for the next half hour would make a successful day's hunt. Around and round they went, the dogs in full cry, running like the wind, for they were so close up that they carried the scent in the wind and ran with heads up.

The fox was heard or seen by three men, yet no one got a shot at him, the sprouts were so thick. Leaps and Bats led the pack and a half hour's exercise ahead of them satisfied the red and he went in.

Not starting another we turned back to the shoemaker's which had been the center of the hunt all day. Gradually the different parties came along till about 3 o'clock all started for home, but had not gone a half mile when a couple of dogs took a fox across the road right in front of the party and the dogs were all thrown out and men scrambled for crossings and a new hunt was going in a minute. No one got a crack at him, however, though he played around East Ridge for an hour, and at dark the dogs were out of hearing over Rawson Hill and were left driving.

At 7 P. M. came the supper at the Bay State, which though not quite up to scratch, was relished by those who had been out all day. Mr. Kinney presided. Congressman J. H. Walker, a veteran fox hunter, spoke at some length, telling some very amusing incidents of his fox hunting with Uncle Nathan. All the successful hunters of the day were called on and gave their experience during the day's hunt. The post-prandials are not long, as every one is known to be tired from the long day's hunt, and at 11 P. M. the gathering broke up. The Worcester Fur Co. may well congratulate themselves on the success of this year's hunt.

The day was one of the worst imaginable, a cold northwest wind blowing all day, but the record of 5 foxes killed and shown at the supper, pelts on, shows that we have a good supply of foxes. A number of prominent business men were out for their first fox hunt, and had the day been calm they could have heard driving nearly all day. As it was some of them heard scarcely a bark, and probably did not carry home a very pleasant impression of the sport.

Another hunt will be held later in the season, on snow, when we hope that the success of this hunt will draw more hunters from out of town. HAL.

DEER IN MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

F. S. Campbell and myself have returned from our annual hunt in the northern peninsula of Michigan. We were accompanied by Jay Campbell, of Janesville, Wis. We killed only six deer and but very few partridge. Deer were uncommonly wild, but the lumbermen and residents there say the deer were more plenty than they have been in several years past. There were many wolves, and that may account for the deer being so wild. We had a heavy fall of snow during the last ten days of the hunt, and some cold weather, the thermometer indicating at one time 2° above zero.

When the snow first came we contemplated a good time, but contrary to expectation and experience no amount of cautious trailing would put us within rifle range of deer. The snow showed the wolves were trailing also.

The resident hunters accounted for the scarcity of partridge as follows: Last winter there was a heavy fall of light snow, and the weather being cold the partridge, in accordance with their habit, took shelter in the snow; then it suddenly became warm with a slight rain, so as to soften the surface of the snow, and then suddenly froze, forming a crust, confining these birds until they perished with starvation.

We killed one three-year-old buck singularly marked. One of its antlers had four points, the other antler was simply a spike. A company of hunters near our camp killed a spotted four-year-old buck. It face and cheeks were mottled. The spots were white, ranging in size from a quarter of a dollar to the size of the palm of the hand. It was the first spotted grown deer I ever saw.

I talked with an old resident hunter there, and his theory in regard to the cause of the spots was that the deer had been attacked by wolves and its hide lacerated, and when the wounds healed the hair came in white, as we sometimes see in horses where they have been galled by the harness or packs. He said he had seen several deer thus marked.

If any of your patrons should go into the Northern Peninsula by way of Metropolitan, I recommend they call on Swan Anderson, who keeps a livery stable and hotel. His charges are reasonable, and he and his good lady are very attentive for the comfort of their guests. It is but just that I mention the names of Peter McCrimmon, foreman of Camp 8, of the Ford River Lumber Co., and Mr. McGregor, their general superintendent. That company are fortunate in having the services of those men. In short, that company show much common sense in the management of their affairs, at least that part of it which fell under our observation. It treats its employes well, gives them good quarters and an excellent table, thus securing No. 1 men. H. LORING.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving Day was very generally celebrated by the devotees of the trap in this city, as will duly appear by scores published elsewhere. Garfield Club, on the west side, held an all-day shoot at live birds and inanimates, and Excelsior Club, of Morgan Park suburb, also had a full field day. The *recherché* Washington Park club shot live birds all day. Grand Calumet Heights Club shot inanimates, about thirty members being down. At Watson's Park at Burnside, sweep shooting at live birds was kept up all day with two dozen or so entries. By "live birds" turkeys are not meant, though long ere nightfall the birds may have seemed as large as turkeys to some of the faithful. The lower clubs, like Cumberland, Mak-saw-ba and English Lake, had small attendances. The results are not yet in from the field shooters, of whom very many departed on the great fall holiday for widely scattered localities hereabout. Beyond doubt the enjoyment of the day was general and hearty. The weather in this region was cool, but pleasant, and it was a shooting day.

The night before Thanksgiving day was sharp and cold, and apparently there has been a cold storm above us, for all that night there were hurrying hosts of wildfowl passing down over this city, including a good many geese. The big lake has been full of bluebills off Twenty-second street and lower down. To-day reports come in from the lower marshes that the game is in. It is very probable that within the next fortnight we shall have the best shooting of the fall so far, and probably, too, the closing up of all the duck shooting. We hear reports that it is to be a very hard winter, also that it is going to be a very open winter. You take your choice. But at any rate the usual time for serious weather is now nearly upon us.

The Tolleston marsh should be having good shooting now, for a time at least. The trouble with that marsh is that this summer when the marsh was all dried up the cattle got over it and ruined most of the natural feed. The club built its dam and has lately had a good stage of water, but not very good feed, so the ducks have not staid on that marsh so well as usual. At least, so goes the story.

Mr. McFarland, of the Hennepin Club, tells me to-day that he has had very fair shooting down at that plucky and lucky little organization's headquarters, on the Illinois, within the last few weeks. Just below Hennepin, on the old standby, Senachwine Lake, the shooting has been very good, and of late there has been a little exodus of duck hunters for that point, partly, perhaps, excited by one or two good bags made there two or three weeks ago. Last week I mentioned that Dick Turtle had had good luck on Senachwine. I saw Dick to-day, and he told me that in two days he bagged 147 ducks, mostly bluebills, besides 13 jacksnipe. This bag requires very special mention, for nearly all the shooting was done with a 16-gauge gun, and much of the time with No. 9 shot. Dick says he thought he would use the fine shot on cripples, but when he saw how he could knock down the bluebills at 30 and 35yds. with the No. 9 shot he kept on using them for quite a while. The ducks were in then on Senachwine in goodly numbers, and Mr. Turtle sent 15 telegrams up to friends, but not one came down. That's where they missed it. Since then Mr. Turtle has been down at Water Valley on the Kankakee, that was last Saturday, but he only got 5 mallards. He says he counted 16 hunters who got off the train at Shelby, and 7 at Water Valley, a mile further on.

So far, the Illinois River country has had the best of it. Mr. Benton Leiter and Mr. W. H. Haskell have bought 1,000 acres near Chilicothe, including the famous rice marsh known as the "Rice Lake," and will hold entire possession of it after this fall, much to the discomfiture of local shooters. These gentlemen were down trying their new grounds a whirl or two about a week ago. It was quiet weather and the birds were not working much, but the two guns in two days bagged 80 splendid mallards. Chilicothe way is where Fred Kimble and his old field partner Long used to crimp the mallards. It is naturally a great duck country. Abe Kleinman has got his eye on a piece of marsh somewhere down that way, but he won't tell where it is.

Mr. Geo. T. Farmer is the only Cumberland man I have seen lately who has been down on that marsh. On last Saturday and Monday he knocked down 30 mallards, over at the east end of South Island, between the two ditches. That is right near where I had a splendid half-day's shooting a year or so ago, with Alf. Dodd, the Cumberland pusher. By the way, Alf. has long since quit pushing, and is now at work for Charlie Gammon, here in this big and busy city, or was a little while ago. A change from his old life on the edge of the duck marsh.

Another change of that sort has happened. The Mak-saw-ba Club has lost its old and excellent stewart, Ira Pease, who this week retires from the position he has so long and ably filled, and goes out into Iowa to superintend Mr. T. Benton Leiter's big farm. Mr. Leiter is a member of Mak-saw-ba Club, and he saw that Ira Pease was a manager of more than ordinary ability. Mr. and Mrs. Pease therefore go to other fields, more's the pity for the club, and Sam Austin, late keeper of the Pittsburgh club, near neighbor to Mak-saw-ba, will take the vacant place.

Ira Pease is in town to-day, and he tells the boys that just before leaving the grounds to come up he saw large numbers of new ducks circling in over the marsh. There will probably be some parties going down. Lately the boys have not done much shooting at that club. A few days ago Roll Organ got eight quail and six rabbits, and Haskell about the same one day, and a few others of the members also prowled around in the woods and got a few birds and cottontails, but no hard shooting had been done,

Your uncle Jo Card has been down at Toledo, O., again, and has had a barrel of fun on the big club marsh near there. He and his brother and another gun killed 128 mallard and black duck there one day, and they averaged about seventy a day in the better part of their shooting.

Mr. Cy. Clark, of Clark & Neltnor's place on Fox Lake, was at Swan Lake Club, on the Illinois River, a couple of weeks ago, and sent up about fifty ducks to his friends.

From Fox Lake we do not hear such very good reports just now, but there ought to be some shooting there now within the next few days. John Gillespie, of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., was up at the lake a week ago, but says he only got one shot at a duck. Charlie Wilcox, who does most of his shooting at Fox Lake, says he has had poor luck lately, and awaits Ed. Howard's telegram before going up again.

Mr. V. Hicks, son of Valentine Hicks of the Rising Sun Game Park Association, near Ashton, about eighty miles west of here, was in town this week. He says the prairie chickens have been doing very well indeed this year, and only last week he killed a dozen out of the corn in one day. Young Mr. Hicks says they have been expecting Mr. Mussey and the writer out for a fall chicken hunt, but there are so many less pleasant things to do that it is hardly likely we will see the big farm this year. It is with the sincerest regret that we hear of the death of old Mac, the old liver colored pointer that found our chicken for us, the one we killed by moonlight. Poor old Mac. He was a truly gritty hunter, and I hope he's happy now.

Mr. C. McCammon, in company with his friend Mr. Harry Sanborn, had a very pleasant little fall hunt out in Dakota last month. They went to Huron, S. D., and shot in the country thereabouts and around Oaks, further south. They seem to have had better luck than the average North Dakota party and found some sport, although the very dry weather bothered them later. They bagged 113 ducks in one day and got a number of geese also, but say they were all native birds, the northern flight not yet being down. Yet at one point in Dakota Mr. McCammon and his friend saw a field so packed full of geese and "tiger brant" that at first they thought it was a tremendous flock of sheep. On this trip Mr. McCammon was seriously hurt by being crushed between the wheel and the bed of the wagon, and from this he is by no means recovered yet. He had just alighted from the wagon and was caught by the wheel as his attention was engaged elsewhere. These two gentlemen say they saw simply millions of prairie chickens, but they hunted these birds very little.

The Dakota shooting tourists unite in a loud complaint against the rapacity of the natives around Devil's Lake, and indeed pretty much all through the shooting part of Dakota. Ben Dicks says that on their trip to Devil's Lake they had to pay $10 to get their guns and shells hauled twenty-two miles. For a team they had to pay $8 a day, and for a team and driver $8.75 a day. Mr. McCammon says they had to pay any farmer at least $2 before he would hitch up and help move their decoys from one field to another. If a team came to take them in to dinner, a mile and a half, it cost $2 and another $2 to get back to the field again. All this is pretty tough on foreign shooters. A great big healthy, large-sized boycott on just such localities is what is wanted.

Reports come from Fort Smith, Ark., that the country down there is fairly overrun with quail. Things are so torn up in the Indian Nations just now that it is far from advisable to cross the line this fall, unless one is careless about losing his outfit to the military patrol. The land and the game thereof will belong to the galvanized boomers; but after all one cannot regret any action that will keep outside hunters from shooting in the Nations, and so give the little remaining game a chance.

From the wild and woolly locality, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, reached via Kaintuck, Idaho, comes a letter from Mr. S. N. Leck, whom I never met and don't know anything about, but whom I envy right now at this big game season. Mr. Leck writes as follows:

"I take FOREST AND STREAM, and noticing your writing I thought I would write you for information if you will be so kind as to give it to me. I am a resident of Jackson's Hole, on Snake River, directly south of Yellowstone Park, between Teton Mountains on one side and Gros Ventres on the other. This is a great place for game, both large and small, and trout fishing is splendid.

"I have been in the West about 15 years, and have put in a good deal of the time hunting and trapping in the mountains. I would like to get hunting parties to guide through the mountains. Now what I want to know is how to get them. I suppose there are lots of men in the East that, if they knew a good responsible guide, would like to come and have a hunt. If there were several parties who wanted to come at the same time there are a number of men here that I could recommend highly that would like to act as guides, that could furnish all the horses necessary, also camp outfit. We could meet parties either at Eagle Rock on the Utah Northern, or at Cinnabar, and come down through the Park.

"I can give reference as to my character and experience if necessary. If it's not asking too much, I would like to hear from you."

I did let Mr. Leck hear from me, and told him non-residents could not hunt in Wyoming. A good many letters drift in from Western men who would like to act as guides to Eastern tenderfeet at so much a per, but in the lot there are doubtless many who would be trustworthy and valuable guides. For Mr. Leck I want to say it is an almighty good sign that he reads the FOREST AND STREAM regularly.

From Pasadena, southern California, comes word that the coyote coursers of the Valley Hunt, of that burg, are now leaning to the staghound, in preference to the greyhound, for coyote hunting. They can't have seen all the greyhounds in the world, and when they speak so I am forced to remember a deer hunt in the Indian Nations a few years ago, when a few of us saw the two strains tried together, at least to a limited extent. The use of greyhounds in the chase is a sort of hunting without a gun which sometimes results in meat, and a good deal of it.

Speaking of guns. The whole tendency is to light guns nowadays, as we all know, but just how light does everybody suppose double-barreled shotguns are made? There are now in Chicago four shotguns of .44cal. One of these was made to order for F. P. Taylor, a Diamond Daly, and I suppose he has it yet. That is a double gun and a dandy. Mrs. R. B. Organ owns a .44 shotgun, and shoots it too. This is a single barrel, and Mrs. Organ has killed a couple of dozen rail with it in a day. And now I have just seen a pretty pair of little .44cal. double guns, W. Richards, at Jenney & Graham's. These little guns seem like toys, but they say they shoot quite hard. Col. Felton, as is well known about here, shoots a very strong pigeon race with a 20-gauge Scott, and we have just heard of Mr. Turtle's use of a 16-gauge on ducks. *A bas le* ten-bore.

Baked possum suppers are just now interesting our Chicago sportsmen as a form of giddy and delicious dissipation. And hereby hangs something, which FOREST AND STREAM is probably the first paper to get hold of. The early organization is very probable of a social, game dinner-eating, lie-swappling club of Chicago shooters under the name of the Possum Club. The Possum will go. It will be a success, and its history will be apples of gold in pictures of silver. Wait till you hear from the Possum Club, for it will pale the ineffectual stars of all the other Chicago clubs, gustatorial or shootatorial. The list of members is not yet fully determined, and it would hardly be best to publish the probable but uncertain list, already formulated.

Summing up the shooting situation for the immediate present, more especially in regard to duck shooting, the fact must be reached that the season has been a rather poor one. Above, mention has been made of what would seem to be a good number of very fine bags, but it should be remembered that it is only the good ones we hear from. Only success gets chronicled, and meritorious effort receives not half the reward it should. Our ducks are not with us to any tremendously alarming extent. The situation reminds me of the remark of the North Side Hebrew that Billy Mussey tells about. The Hebrew in question was pondering over the dull times, and with a sigh finally remarked, "Vell, if pizness vasn't any bedder last veek as it vas nexdt veek, I'm a sonn of a gun, dot's all I hope!"

We hope for better business next week.

Nov. 30.—The quickest sort of an amendment ought to be made to what I said about the Possum Club yesterday. The lapse of a day has covered a year of event. History moves fast with the Possum Club. Yesterday afternoon the Possum Club was still in the air, and its probable membership was not yet fair news to publish. This morning the Possum Club is fully organized, its charter members are enrolled, and provisions are made for doubling the list at the next meeting. The Possum Club will make swift history in this city. In many ways it will repay watching, and a brief synopsis of its sudden growth ought to be given.

A week ago the first movement of the Possum Club began. Billy Mussey, George Andrews and W. S. Haines went down that Saturday evening to a possum supper at Billy Werner's restaurant on Michigan avenue. Billy Werner is Kinsley's old *chef*, and he made Kinsley's reputation, and staid with him till Kinsley began to serve too much illegal game, and then he left. Billy Werner can cook a boot leg so it tastes good, and as for possum—well!

These gentlemen were the very first movers of the club. They came back to Billy Mussey's hall exuberant. They had revelled in optimistic possumistic possibilities of which they had never before dared dream. When Billy told the boys about it—all the boys are at Billy's Saturday night, and most all of them on any other night—his eyes fairly glared through his glasses and his hair stood up all over his head.

Then some one said, "Why not start a possum club?"

Seventy-five voices yelled, "Possum club!" The thing was done. It was a song that carried the French revolution, a revenue stamp that carried the American revolution, a cow's kick that burned Chicago. It is the little thing that impinges sharpest, and the pointed idea that sticks in the face of possibility. In the heart of each man present there was a certainty that the Possum Club was destined to success.

Last night the Possum Club held its first meeting for organization, and at Billy Werner's board there sat down the following charter members: W. P. Mussey, G. W. Andrews, W. S. Haines, W. N. Low, C. E. Felton, C. B. Dicks, L. M. Hamline, P. F. Stone, F. A. Place, J. P. Hayde, E. Copland, Fred Pfeffer, A. H. Harryman, E. Hough, Billy Werner being chosen charter member *ex-officio*.

The first thing the club did was to eat some possum. Then they ate some possum. There were "sweet 'taters" too, and English muffins and possum, and some glasses and possum. Then everybody ate a little possum, and settled down a little to the necessary business. Just about this time it was that Col. Felton came in with champion Jim Elliott, who is at present the guest and protegé of Chicago, and who was thought to be lost somewhere in the wilds of Washington Park. The club gave Jim Elliott an ovation which made him blush, and then offered him some possum.

Mr. Low was called to the chair. It was decided not to complete any iron-clad organization, and not to recruit the club necessarily from shooters only. It was thought best to elect a permanent secretary, and Billy Mussey was chosen, but it was voted to elect a chairman for only one meeting at a time, each time in advance of the next meeting. Mr. Low will preside at the next meeting. The FOREST AND STREAM representative was called on to recount the history of the club's origin, and pointed out the three who first set the ball rolling. Mr. Low then spoke on call, and said that he could see how the club could unite all the clubs, and indeed bind together all the craft of sportsmen in Chicago, shooters, anglers and all others. He did not think it a wild thought to prophesy for the near future a great meeting room and a great body representing the best of Chicago's sporting fraternity, and he could see the place and the means whereby, on such an occasion as a visit of Kansas City to this city, an entertainment could be offered which should make the Possum Club a name synonymous with the hospitality and generosity of Chicago. He saw in this movement a building better than we all might know at present. It meant a unification of Chicago sportsmen, the wiping out of every clique and faction, and the nucleus of what might be a mighty movement in the matter of more influence for sportsmen as a class, for better game laws and better enforcement of them, for better relations with other States in such matters, for a better and a higher standard yet than even that high one which is now necessary to be attained before one can be accepted into the guild of the sportsmen of to-day.

Col. Felton moved that all the sportsmen of Kansas City should be honorary members of the Possum Club, the honorable guest, Mr. Elliott, first on the list. Carried with cheers. A question: "Is Macalester in it?" and shouts of "Not in it with Jim."

It was moved and carried that at the next meeting each member should propose the name of one gentleman, who should be chosen a member thereupon; further increase of membership to be considered thereafter. All such names were to be handed in to the secretary a week in advance.

Mr. Mussey was called on to say what he thought of the Possum Club, anyhow, and said he thought it was all right. It would be a better idea than most of us here tonight would probably imagine.

Mr. Fred Pfeffer, of baseball fame, was ordered up, and said he would feel proud to see others of his profession besides himself members of the club. Mr. A. H. Harryman, editor of the *Sanitary News*, said he could see a national reputation in store for the Possum Club. The name would soon be as famous as that of the Beefsteak Club of New York, as the Gridiron Club, or any other club. Messrs. Haines and Place and Mr. Copland, general freight agent of the Santa Fé road, also made felicitous remarks. Col. Felton thought the club should be as informal as possible, as that would constitute its chief charm. He did not wish to see names of members mentioned in reports of the club from guests, or long formal speeches. It was the sparkles of the sportsman reporter, the brightness of the table talk, that had made this evening so truly enjoyable. The reporters solemnly promised not to say a word. And indeed it would be impossible to chronicle the beginning of all the bright and apt sayings that abounded through the evening.

It was determined that the next meeting should be two weeks hence, on Saturday evening, at Werner's. It is very probable that these game dinners will be given throughout the winter season by the club, that being its ostensible and immediate reason for existence. It is no merely complimentary belief, however, to think seriously that there is in this red hot little meeting the beginning of quite a noticeable movement. The Possum Club is going to unite Chicago sportsmen in a way they never knew before. It will hold the cream of all the shooting clubs, the most active and prominent sportsmen of the city, and will wipe out every clique and faction, every jealousy and little fear. It will leave us a people united and inseparable, whose platform shall be sweet potatoes, and whose creed shall be baked possum, beyond which there shall be no discussions, and over which there can be no quarrel.

The following will be nominated for admission at the next meeting: Mr. W N. Low will nominate Mr. Chas. Kern, treasurer of this county; Col. C. E. Felton will nominate Mr. M. J. Eich, Mr. W. P. Mussey will nominate Dr. J. M. Hutchinson, Mr. W. F. Pfeffer will nominate Mr. Fred C. Donald, vice-chairman of the Central Traffic Association; Mr. E Copland, Mr. J. A. Hanley, freight traffic manager of the Santa Fe; Mr. J. P. Hayde, Mr. R. B. Organ; Mr. C. B. Dicks, Mr. H. D. Nichols; Mr. L. M. Hamline, Mr. Geo. Hoffman; Mr. G. W. Andrews, Mr. C. E. Willard. Mr. A. H. Harryman, Mr. C. S. Burton; Mr. F. A. Place, Mr. W. W. Foss. Dr. N. Rowe will also be nominated, and Mr. Haines and Mr. Sloan will name their friends later.

The only thing harsh about the club is the fact that the possum dinner is very hard upon the colored waiters, who were nearly in a state of insubordination when the banquet closed last night. "Mistah Wernah," said the head waiter, "Ef these all men keep comin' heah an' eatin' possum thisshер way right befo' mer eyes, I done got to 'sign mer job, that's all I got to say!" This is the only complication which has thus far arisen.

E. HOUGH.

A WINTER CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am asked by a number of readers of FOREST AND STREAM to elaborate my ideas concerning the organization of a winter club, to which I referred in my former communication, and I trust you will allow me to trespass your columns for their information.

I would organize a club with a paid up capital of $25,000, to be divided into twenty-five or fifty shares. With this money I would purchase a plantation with a large, roomy house, capable at once of entertaining a large number, and which could be easily enlarged to accommodate all the members. This plantation should have tenant cabins for negroes as well as servants quarters and other outbuildings already standing. It should be located near a railroad station, and also steamboat navigation with New Orleans. It should be in the midst of a region where quail, woodcock and ducks are plentiful, while larger game like turkeys, deer and bear should be in easy reach. Now this may seem an ideal location, yet I know just where to buy such a plantation. It can be done now at a low price, but every year is curtailing such chances.

I will give illustrations of the abundance of game in this proposed locality. I have had three deer driven to my stand in one morning, and this within half a mile of the house where I was then stopping. I have in one morning's shooting in the fields about the same house, without bothering after coveys that took long flights, brought in 36 quail, and stopped only because I had more than I needed. I have seen in January, February and March mallard and woodducks more plentiful than any Northern sportsman ever sees them except at the great feeding and breeding grounds. Annual bear hunts are carried out once a year in the canebrake with great success. This plantation shall be on the edge of a tangled wilderness hundreds of miles in extent, such a wilderness as only exists in the South, and yet in a country of good roads and good people, though not many of either. The winter climate is delightful, but not warm enough to be enervating, and the land upland, high and dry the year round.

Such briefly are my notions, and although they may seem strained, I know what I am talking about, and it can be done. I am ready to take a share in such a club and to go ahead and acquire the property, but I shall not give away my knowledge except to a club.

ARTHUR M. VALENTINE.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Nov. 27.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION.

THE reference to "The New Iowa Fish Law," by Wm. H. Steele, in FOREST AND STREAM, of July 31, bears directly on the general inutility of protective legislation as at present applied.

That laws for the protection of game have to some extent a value in restraining the useless and wanton waste which the unrestrained impulses of man thoughtlessly engender, and that they also in a measure educate the masses to the necessity of the preservation and husbanding of natural food resources will be admitted by all. But that in a greater measure they are ineffectual in bringing about that general recognition of their necessity and value, and that general sympathy and coöperation in their enforcement upon which their usefulness depends will also be generally admitted.

And why, we may well ask, is this the case? It is certainly not always on account of a determination of any class of our people to destroy wantonly, or in utter disregard of the law, or of the general good. Violations of the laws often arise from the stern necessity of want, which knows no law, but more frequently, perhaps, through a lack of proper understanding of the question in all its bearings. It is true that in the bitter struggle for existence the thirst for gain stamps out of many all but the most sordid considerations.

Still, in every community the great majority may be considered not only as themselves law-abiding, but also in full sympathy with laws which they feel are of general benefit in their tendency, unless they believe that they are enacted in the interest of the few. There is greater excuse for the illegal capture of game by the illy-fed and suffering poor, for it is with them a question of existence which all at least who have endured the struggles of poverty will recognize.

There is, however, another influence actuating the poorer people who are not actually driven by necessity, and that is the belief that game laws are made for the sole benefit of the wealthier classes, the "rod and gun" clubs, angling associations, etc., the sole object of which is the fostering of sport, in which they can have but little share except by stealth.

Whether or not this is the case, the prejudice exists, and must be recognized and treated with intelligent and politic consideration and conciliation, if there is ever to be brought about a general recognition of the necessity and value of the protection of game, and a cordial sympathy and coöperation by all classes and conditions of our people.

The constant lamentations over infractions of the laws will not induce compliance with them, nor any number of game wardens be able to enforce them. Most of the violations occur in the darkness of the night, or in unfrequented places, with snares and nets. Every deep place in a trout stream for a distance of two or three miles will be seined out in a single night with a seine very clumsily formed out of coarse bagging (burlap), by pulling out some of the threads to make it more open, and by constructing a bag-like extension of the net to trail behind. Such a net fastened to a pole at either end will prove destructive at night, as the fish when frightened huddle in the deepest holes. By wading in the water to the armpits these will be completely cleaned out. Gill and fyke nets are also set after dark and removed before daylight. How is the game warden to discover these things unless the community, and particularly the farming and laboring classes, are in sympathy with him? And even where they may be in full sympathy with the spirit of the game laws how many would inform on a friend or neighbor? Either on the score of friendship, business advantage, or dislike of the notoriety, to say nothing of probable retaliation in some way, but few would be found to give information even if much greater rewards were offered. Nor, in the opinion of the writer, are they much to be blamed. For they see constant violations of the laws by those to whom they look for example as well as precept. As well might we expect our hoodlums to be always gentlemanly and decorous while our college youths, the representatives of our culture and civilization, often demean themselves as savages, or worse.

As an example of the apparent disregard of the law or of the thoughtlessness existing concerning the consequences or influences of such disregard on others—especially the young—by those who should be exemplars, an article by the writer published some years ago in a paper devoted to nature will be repeated here, with the names of place and persons changed in the present publication, and for the sole purpose of practically illustrating the point in question: "I want to say a few words concerning a matter in which I think I will have your thorough sympathy, although you may not always agree with me. While waiting for a train at A., in New Jersey, the other day, I was eye-witness to a shooting match in which glass balls were used instead of pigeons. Although not taking any special interest in the sport myself I like to see others enjoy it. Of course I formed a high opinion of the gunners because of the absence of the cruelty attending pigeon shooting. But judge of my surprise when I saw them occasionally drop a swallow, many of which were circling about, low in the air, busily engaged in feeding upon flying insects. The climax was capped when a whippoorwill came swiftly gyrating to the ground, mortally wounded. Possibly in consequence of this sport several broods of young birds will starve.

"The fruit trees in and around A. are richly festooned with the webs of the caterpillar, which some years ago so beautifully ornamented the shade trees of Philadelphia. The mosquito crop about A. is also a full one.

"The English sparrow comes in for much abuse for driving away our native insectivorous birds. What do you think of men who wantonly shoot them? Now, who do you suppose were the individuals engaged in this delectable amusement? Of course you will conclude that they were roughs and hoodlums. Let me give you some of their names, first giving you notice that they are members of the A. Rod and Gun Club. First there was Judge V., with whose name many of you are familiar. It was he who shot the whippoorwill. Then there was Squire C., the justice of the peace of the borough, the man before whom prosecutions for such offense would take place. Among the others were U. I. M., Capt. M. D. and K. N. O. There were others, some of them small boys in knickerbockers, among the shooters.

"You will no doubt be able to imagine the judicial air of severity with which Squire C. would give sentence to a poor laboring man who would shoot a few robins, or a quail or rabbit, out of season as food for his illy-fed family.

"Why did not I make a charge against these violators of the law and of wise policy you may ask? Well, my dear reader, to be frank, I could not afford the time and money necessary, and I question whether I would not have been subjected to much annoyance and animadversion. Another thing, 'it was not my funeral,' not being a New Jersey agriculturist. If the good people of A. can stand it of course I can. I was informed that it is a common occurrence. I would, however, be glad to be one of a grand organization formed to prevent just such violations of the law and good public policy, to say nothing of the wanton cruelty involved, and I would be glad to hear from any of you who feel interested in the subject."

There is no doubt in the mind of the writer that this violation of law was the result of mere thoughtlessness.

What is a bird or two, more or less, is the plea of the inconsiderate. But the aggregate of wanton destruction in a single State, if it could be known, would probably be somewhat startling.

During the spring migration northward of the robins they are killed by thousands in the vicinity of Washington, under the very shadow, so to speak, of the Agricultural Department and the Smithsonian Institution. Scores of hundreds made by single individuals in a day's shooting are recorded in the local Virginia and Maryland papers, and they are treated in all respects as being as much game as the reed bird is in the fall. But while the reed bird is wholly graminivorous, the robin is largely insectivorous and one of the most useful of our birds.

The existence of conflicting sentiments in the different States becomes here a matter of interest, and must be taken into consideration. And now the question arises, how may a general uniformity of protective legislation be secured, and how, also, may a general respect and sympathy for such legislation be promoted throughout the land?

At the last meeting of the American Fisheries Society a paper was read, suggesting, in the case of fish protection at least, the development of that society into a great national organization, having State branches, these again having subordinate branches ramifying through the counties and even to the townships and boroughs, thus to form in every community throughout the land an association of individuals not consisting of anglers and gunners only, but of all classes interested in any way whatever in game protection. In this way a means of disseminating a proper knowledge of the objects of the laws enacted would be afforded, tending to a higher appreciation of their value to all. There would also be a complete system of observation and espionage of the waters of the country, and, furthermore, the necessary means for the apprehension and prosecution of violators of the laws, independent of individual obligations and entanglements by throwing the burden of prosecution upon the broad shoulders of a great association. This is the way in which all reforms in political, industrial, or other matters are promoted, and until some such movement regarding game protection is inaugurated, it is probable that but little except the stereotyped lamentations will be heard. WM. P. SEAL.

PUBLIC AND PRESERVED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this week, speaking of the famous game resorts mentioned by an Ohio correspondent, you ask, "Why should every favored locality where fish and game are to be found be picked up for a private club?"

The reason is simply that as soon as such a spot becomes known to the public, particularly if the foreign element is strongly represented in that vicinity, it is so hunted—in season and out—that a few years only are needed to wipe out everything that lives or moves.

What has become of the pinnated grouse and the wild turkey in the East? Where are the thousands of wild pigeons I used to see a few years ago? And what has become of the herds of antelope, elk and bison that the Indians left on the prairies? And where are our salmon? If you can tell me a single locality where the public has free access and where game is plenty, I should like to know it. The few deer that are killed in the Adirondacks are those bred in private grounds, which escape over the boundaries. If any one in the Raquette Lake region wants venison he goes to the edges of the private clubs for it, for he knows his chances are slim on public grounds.

Until people have to buy a license to kill public game under wise and strict laws, and said license is only issued to those who obey these laws, not until then will game have a chance. I spent two days last week beating through beautiful grounds, where I used to in years past find game enough to satisfy my modest wants, and not one feather did I stir. For the past five years the number of men and boys that swarm over our fields and through the woods of Bergen county is something beyond belief. While I sat in a little piece of woods eating a cracker the other day I counted nine different parties file through there; and I do not believe I sat there over twenty minutes. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

MEAT WE DID HAVE.

HOW many sportsmen come home from a hunting trip empty handed and minus game. The writer recalls to mind an expedition in which he participated a few years ago in Wyoming, where this was reversed.

There were but two in the party—Dick and myself. Starting out one frosty September morning, for a two days' hunt, with a team, we drove past fine herds of cattle on the sage brush plains, occasionally startling and putting to flight a jack rabbit or timid sage hen. With our .40-82-260 Winchesters we were in quest of better game and looked not upon this small fry with any degree of longing. Arriving at the foothills we are soon ascending a cañon characteristic of these regions. The trees grow more plentiful and of larger growth, as we ascend and reach an old deserted tie camp, close to a dancing brook, whose source is among the snowy peaks yonder. Our horses are soon tethered, coats, blankets, eatables, etc, stowed away in the only log hut, which had seen better days.

A band of elk had passed this ground but recently, their tracks were fresh, and we began to have hopes of elk meat for supper. Following their trail was an easy matter. Stealthily we proceeded through the pines, but no big buck jumps up—where is the band? While we are thus meditating, up jumps a blacktail deer scarcely five rods ahead of Dick. Standing motionless it surveys us a few seconds and bounds away into a clump of quaking asp. My main desire is a pair of elk antlers fit to show Eastern friends, but the fates are against us. Night comes and sleeping on the trail, we resume the hunt at sun up. But they are traveling, not stopping to feed, and our chances are slim. Our allotted time is drawing to a close and sorrowfully our steps are retraced to camp, skunked.

Dick, who is an old timer, and up to all the ways of the country, astonishes me by saying, "Meat we must have, meat we shall have, meat we will have." He kept repeating this over and over again until I began to have doubts as to his sanity. Our hunt was finished. Too late to jump any more deer. But Dick was equal to the emergency. Our traps packed up, no time is lost and soon we are out again upon the plains.

"Meat we must have, meat we shall have, meat we will have." That is all Dick can give utterance to. Is he crazy? No. His eagle eyes soon discern a young maverick (unbranded calf). Up goes his rifle and bang the old Winchester talks; 260 grains of lead has sped sure as fate through the brain of that yearling. It being alone, far from other cattle and unbranded, he argued, it has no owner. At any rate, to skin him took but a short time, and meat we did have for a fact. MERRITT.

PHEASANT AND QUAIL BREEDING IN CALIFORNIA.—"California may well boast of its big trees, its waterfalls of the Yosemite, and its mammoth fruit and vegetable products, but it has added another laurel to its crown in possessing the largest aviary in the world," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "An hour's journey from San Francisco by water and rail brings one to the quiet little town of San Pablo, in Contra Costa county, and a short drive from there is the old and well-known Alvarado Rancho, now owned by Henry F. Emeric. Over an area of 2,500 acres of fertile ground are scattered orchards and wheat fields that yield wonderful crops, and near the center of this domain is the old home of Mr. Emeric's father, now deceased. It is a quaint structure, with shaded verandahs, and its roof is robed at present with a mantle of pure white Castilian roses. Fronting the house are parterres of choice flowers of innumerable kinds, bright with color and as fragrant as the breeze-wafted odors of Ceylon. There are, in fact, 310 varieties of roses alone to be seen, and in the conservatory there are rare orchids and other valuable plants. Through the vista of weeping willows and peach and apple trees, heavily laden with bellflowers and winter Nellies, the aviary is seen. This feature of the place is an airy structure of closely netted wire sustained at intervals of fifteen feet by wooden uprights, forming a perfect cage. It is 175ft. long and 60ft. wide. Within its confines is a miniature forest of quince trees, the tops of which emerge through the netting. This, in addition to a covert of thick brush, affords admirable shelter for the birds in summer, while in the winter they have the use of a large house that is in the cage for their protection against the elements. With commendable foresight Mr. Emeric has stocked this aviary with English pheasants and Chinese golden pheasants, and there are also hundreds of quail there, merely as a side issue. Mr. Emeric estimates that he will have over 400 pheasants next season and he proposes to set loose 100 or more of them each year to run wild through the country, and will give many away to those who desire to propagate them. This will, of course, be of great benefit to all lovers of bird shooting, and besides will assist materially in increasing the numbers of what are now a rare species of fowl in this State. The pheasants are fed with wheat and occasionally chopped liver is given to them. They are crossed with bantam hens, the result being game cocks that are as pugnacious as their imported sires, and the pheasant is notably a fighting bird. The golden pheasants are only fitted for an aviary, and occupy the position that a Sevres vase does in a drawing-room. Mr. Emeric has just completed negotations to have a large invoice of Bob Whites sent to him from the East next spring, and then he will increase the proportions of his aviary to three times its present size. This bird is similar to our California quail, only a little larger, and is better flavored. It is a great favorite with Eastern hunters, and will be gladly welcomed by local sportsmen. The same course will be pursued with these birds as with the pheasants. The propagation of these valuable and interesting birds is a hobby with Mr. Emeric, an expensive one naturally, but one that he can afford, and his efforts should receive the earnest support of all who are interested in the introduction of new birds on this coast."

HE STUDIED THE OWL.—Calais, Me.—I thought perhaps some of your readers might like to know of a new way to study owls. Some friends went out shooting a day or two ago. One shot at and wounded the wing of a big Virginia horned owl. He was advised to kill the bird but would not do so. He was going to study the bird alive, so he put the big bird down behind him in the blind. Soon a duck came flying along, and he stooped so low in shooting he sat on the owl. The owl not liking this way of being studied fastened its claws into his back and refused all attempts to make it let go, and the more they tried to get him off the harder he pinched, and from the howling of the man it would appear as if the owl was studying the man instead of the man studying the owl. The bird had to be killed before he would let go, and although the man's back may not be as smooth as usual, and it may be some time before he can sit down, he knows more about owls than he did.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

CONCERNING PLURALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I rise to remark that when the words brace, couple, pair and score are preceded by a numeral they are grammatically used only in the singular number. As, 1 brace, 2 brace; 1 couple, 2 couple; 1 pair, 2 pair; 1 score, 3 score and ten. It would be as correct to say 2 dozens apples as to say 2 pairs of shoes. Macauley tells us of "a garret up four pair of stairs." Yet birds mate in pairs, and hounds hunt in couples, and so on.—Q. E. D.

DAYTON, O.—A note is received from Mr. Wickersham stating that his party, consisting of Al. Zeiner, E. J. Thomas, Wm. Zeiner and himself were the guests of L. J. Voglesang, at Gallia Furnace, O., that Mr. Voglesang had given them the exclusive privilege of shooting over 3,000 acres of furnace land, and that the party had in four days killed 642 quail, 131 rabbits, 2 woodcock, 7 pheasants, 7 doves and an owl.—BROWN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

GEORGE COLE, of Fairhaven, Wash., who has had charge of a Port Townsend Southern party of engineers for some time past, was in the city the other day and talked freely of the experiences the "boys" had with big game in that wild region. One of the stories which he relates is as follows: "During the summer we had a pet bear—one that we caught when it was only a few weeks old, and kept until it got to be a nuisance. We had trained it down to a fine point. You have heard of the educated hog that could read? Well, Ruby couldn't do that exactly, but he could play cards, and when it came to a bluff at poker he simply couldn't be beaten. He was sublime. I've seen him when there was a pot of fifty or more lumps of sugar—we always played for sugar when Ruby was in it—bluff the entire gang and rake in the stakes when it proved he had nothing better than a pair of twos. No, he couldn't talk; but he'd wag his head if he wanted to pass, and his eye stood him in good stead when it came to anything else. Wonderful eye had Ruby, and I don't suppose we would have killed him if we hadn't caught him one day, after he had won nearly all the sugar in the outfit, scratching his ear and pulling out an extra ace from one of the big wrinkles in his neck. Alas, poor Ruby, he was a thoroughbred, but too smart for this country, and we had part of him for dinner that day." Jo.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 20.

Reading the "coon hunting stories" in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 20 reminded me of coon hunt not according to the code, which I witnessed in Spartanburg, South Carolina, while residing there several years ago. Arising very early one beautiful, warm Sunday morning, I took a walk down through one of the principal streets of the town, and came across a party of three darkies trying to capture a coon that had taken refuge in a large shade tree. They had neither weapons nor dogs, but were planning to capture the animal alive. One had a small box to put the coon in, and one went up the tree to shake it down. His coonship was near the top on a small limb, from whence the darky could not dislodge him. Approaching too near, the coon made a snap at the negro, who became so frightened he lost his balance, at the same time dislodging the coon, and both tumbled together. I think it was the most laughable sight I ever witnessed. The limbs and leaves were so thick on the tree that they saved the negro from being hurt, and the two darkies on the ground were making every effort to capture the coon, and when all got mixed up in a general melee it was the most beautiful scrimmage ever seen. It took the coon about three minutes to clean out the three negroes and take a hasty departure, and then the "gentlemen of color," being awful mad at something, went to thumping each other. J. S. H.

WYALUSING, Pa., Nov. 20.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

TROUT FISHING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

II.

ON the morning of the first Tuesday in June a party of four of us started from Osborn's for the upper waters of the west fork of Pigeon River. Osborn was guide and general manager; the Parson, the Professor and your humble servant, the "drummer," made up the party. The Parson and Professor were from Charleston, S. C.; they were spending the summer at Flat Rock, N. C., about forty miles from Osborn's. They came over to Osborn's to spend a few days and get some trout; they had been there the year previous, and informed me that they were "old trout catchers," in fact they gave me the impression that they "knew it all." They were jolly good fellows, and I was very glad to meet such up in those wilds, where people of my own kind were so rarely met.

Well, at 6 o'clock that bright June morning we started up the trail, following the east fork of the river, bound for the mouth of Shining Creek, about five miles from Osborn's, where we were to camp the first night after having fished the creek to its mouth, about half a mile from where the trail crosses it.

The Parson and Professor had each a saddle horse. They came on horseback from Flat Rock. They loaded the horses with fodder, provisions for the party, pork, meal, corn pone, salt, pepper, a little butter and sugar, coffee and pot, etc., etc. We looked very much like genuine mountaineers, and I had been there long enough to feel very like one.

Our path was through dense woods the entire distance, and we did not feel the heat as we should had the country been an open one, but about 9 o'clock, when we came to the foot of the third and last mountain before reaching the creek the perspiration fairly rolled down the sides of my face and my shirt was reeking wet; we rested a little and then commenced our last climb for that day; it was only about 1,500ft. to the summit, not much of a hill in those regions; the natives don't mind such hills as that; they girdle the trees and burn off the undergrowth of those low hills and plant corn and rye on them. Our trail led in a zig-zag course, so that the climb was not a very difficult one, and at the end of half an hour we were on the summit, a gentle descent of about 150ft. and we reached the creek.

Shining Creek is a beautiful stream; it is about 15yds. wide on an average and contains a very large body of water, a great many big rocks, series of deep pools and a few long stretches of lovely ripples; it is the very ideal of a trout stream. It can be fished about three miles from its mouth with good results, provided the angler is an experienced one. After he has followed it that distance it is not worth his time to go further; he had better turn about and fish back to the river, if he has not caught all he can carry; that's most likely to be the case.

Shining Creek finds its course under old Shining Rock Mountain; it springs from several large, ice-cold springs and supplies more that half the water that goes to make up the East Fork of the Pigeon; it is the clearest and coldest brook water I ever saw in any section where I have fished for trout. I fished that creek several times in midsummer and its waters were so cold that unless I wet my head before wading in, it would ache and throb for hours as if it had been beaten.

We fixed up a place to keep the horses, gave them some fodder and then started toward the river, fishing down the creek; we used stick worms on our cinnamon-hackled flies, at least I used such a contrivance, I had too much to attend to just then to notice what the others were using. Osborn sent the Parson and Professor on ahead in order that they might have the "first pickings;" we kept as far behind them as we could; it was slow work with us; we had to take to the rocks in the stream, jumping from one to another and slipping into the water, and frequently we could do no work from the banks, owing to dense thickets of brushes and vines; the water was rather too high for our comfort, but not too high to prevent the trout from biting furiously; the sport was all we could wish it to be, but none of our fish were large ones—from ¼ to ½ of a pound each was about the average. We returned to the water scores of fish under 6in. in length. We reached the mouth of the creek at three o'clock; our young men had reached there half an hour ahead of us, they had caught 25 fair-sized trout, the Professor had fallen off a big rock into a deep pool and got well soaked, the Parson got wet in helping him out, and both of them were badly disgusted with the whole "business."

Osborn and I had caught 90 in all; they were beauties, nearly all of a size and of the most perfect shape, and the most brilliantly colored trout I had yet seen.

It seemed almost cruel to kill such beautiful fishes, but no doubt they were made for man's food and when man is hungry he don't stop to think of beauty before satisfying his hunger. The young men said they would return to camp, clean the fish we had caught, prepare a camp for the night and have things in good order when we came. We waited to try the big pool at the mouth of the creek. The lofty mountains hid the sun from our view and it was more like evening than mid-afternoon; trout were breaking water frequently and we thought we could get a dozen or two good-sized ones before night. The pool is about 150yds. long by 100 wide, and has an average of 30ft. depth of water. It can be fished to the best advantage from the west side, where we then were. I used a white-coachman at first. Osborn did the same, but could get only two rises, one of which I struck and landed. It was a small one and I returned it to the water. Osborn crossed the creek and fished the upper end of the pool. We both fished up stream. The trout continued breaking water, but I could not get a rise. I put on my old favorite cinnamon-hackle again and yet could get no rise. I then tried a worm, but they would not take that, and I began to think that my day's sport was ended.

I had whipped the pool up to the creek without getting another fish; could see Osborn haul one in occasionally, and I made one more effort. I did not want to be beaten after doing so much earlier in the day. I made a cast in the long, swift ripple which forms the mouth of the creek; my hook struck the water near its head, floated down a few feet, and then I saw a big fellow come to the surface, bend his form in the shape of a bow and sink to the bottom, fully 15ft. I struck him gently, and then he started for the big pool; my line fairly smoked for a moment; I gave him at least 40yds. of line, then he sank to the bottom and sulked. That little bamboo rod of mine didn't seem strong enough to bring him from the bottom; but I worked him almost twenty minutes, and at last brought him to the bank, where the water was not more than 6in. deep, held my rod with one hand, reached down and put thumb and forefinger of the other into his mouth and gills and took him ashore. He was 17in. in length and a beauty.

I caught 12 more fine ones from the same ripple before Osborn came; he had caught a dozen very good-sized ones. Could not catch any until he baited. The water was not warm enough for good fly-fishing.

We started for camp as soon as we could put up our tackle. When we arrived there, at 6 o'clock, the Parson was just finishing up the trout. We took those we had just caught and cleaned them; the Professor was putting the last piece of bark on to the roof of the rude camp; a big hard wood fire was blazing on a big flat rock in front of the camp, coffee was all made, and as soon as Osborn could wash his hands he set about cooking some trout. I cut two straight dogwood sticks about the length and size of a ramrod, drove down four crotched sticks before a big bed of coals, put skewers into the fish to hold them open; Osborn cut four thin slices of salt pork, rubbed the trout in meal, salted and peppered them, and then strung them on to the sticks with pieces of pork between them, and hung them before the coals. When they began to cook I placed corn pones under them to catch their juice. About twenty minutes after they were hung before the coals they were "done to a turn," and we fellows fell to and began to destroy them. We ate fifty before we began to feel that we had eaten enough; we had eaten all we had cooked; I think I could have eaten one or two more if I had been called on to do so.

After supper and a smoke we turn in for the night, rather the others did, I was to take the first watch from 8:30 to 11. The young men had laid our camp floor with a thick bed of laurel and hemlock twigs, and with our heavy blankets we could sleep as soundly there as we could in the best bed in North Carolina.

I sat outside the camp wrapped in my blanket, and watched the fire and smoked until it was time for me to turn in. Just before I called the Parson to take my place I noticed heavy, black clouds coming down from the vicinity of old Shining Rock; the wind was also from that direction and I made up my mind that we should get wet before daylight. The Parson said it looked that way to him, but he would go on watch all the same. I went into camp, rolled my blanket about me and in a few moments I was sound asleep. About 2 o'clock A. M. I was started from sound slumber by a fearful clap of thunder. I jumped to my feet, the others did the same, and after making sure that we were all right we sat down and saw the rain fall. I had never seen such a storm as that one was; the thunder rolled incessantly and the flashes of lighting were nearly blinding; the horses became restless and the young men and Osborn had to go out where they were tied several times to keep them from breaking their halters, and, of course, got beautifully soaked. The fire was long since extinguished and we all felt cold, but we could not better our condition unless we could do it with a little whisky. We all drew our pocket pistols and fired good strong charges down our throats, and as the stuff circulated through our cold system we soon felt some relief.

I shall never forget that fearful storm; it was grand beyond description, but I don't want any more such experience. It was rather dangerous, too; those tall hemlocks, under which we were camped, might have been struck and we might not have lived to relate our experience of that night. But "all's well that ends well," the storm spent its fury before daylight, and when it became light enough for us to find kindling wood to start our fire Osborn said we should have a pleasant day to complete our journey in.

It would have been useless to attempt fishing the creek that morning; it was a roaring torrent. We ate breakfast at 5 o'clock, and after packing our wallets with corn pone, fried trout and pork we were ready to start.

The Professor came up and said that he and the Parson were going back to the house, that they had had enough of camp life; it didn't contain a blanked thing worth living for.

He said he'd be blanked if he would go through another such Hades as he did last night for all the trout there were in Haywood county and several counties adjoining. We did our best to persuade them to go with us, but did not succeed; they had been pretty badly frightened, and were very much disgusted with their own luck as fishermen, and really had had enough. We sent back all of our cooking utensils except a tin for baking pones on, made our load as light as we could, bid the boys good-by, and crossing the creek on a log started for a hard tramp of seven miles to the upper waters of the west fork.

The work we had done the day before and the experience of the night had left no bad effects behind, so far as Osborn and I were concerned. The Parson said he would meet us on Saturday at Blacock's Mills, nine miles below Osborn's, near where the two big forks unite, and carry us home in a wagon, and he hoped we would have a big string of fish for him to carry back to Flat Rock. We did not make them any promises, and as they disappeared from our view we commenced climbing a big mountain on our way to our "land of promise," and as we believed, to streams swarming with trout.

At 8:30 o'clock we had covered fully four miles of the seven that laid before us when we started and had reached the upper waters of the east fork. We rested there an hour and refreshed ourselves with lunch. We left the stream then and turned northward, and at the end of an hour or so came to a mountain called the Devil's Court House. I do not know what the devil wanted of a court-house in such a wild place as that is. It struck me that there had never been any inhabitants, either good or bad, in that region. Perhaps some of his imps once lived there and made "moonshine" whisky, and when they tried to avoid paying internal revenue tax they were brought to court.

It is a wild, rocky mountain, one of the few bald ones in the west end of the Alleghany range. The trail runs between the Devil's Court House and another peak fully as desolate looking for two or three miles. The sides of those mountains are covered with a rich growth of balsam, spruce and hemlock. Many of the balsams grow to an immense size. I saw hundreds of them that would measure from 3 to 6ft. in diameter, and from 40 to 80ft. from the ground to their first limbs. They are valueless now, but when railroads find their way through those woods the owners of that timber will reap fortunes.

At 2:30 P. M. we reached the east fork of the West Fork, where we were to spend our first night, and perhaps other nights—that was to be decided by how good the fishing was in two of the three creeks which unite two miles north of where we were, and from the main body of the river, the West Fork.

We found a bear trap, or pen; it could be fixed up easily, and would make a good camp; it was built of logs. We tackled it and cleaned it out, spread about 2ft. of balsam twigs on the floor, pealed three or four large hemlocks and made a watertight roof, covered the sides with bark, and at the end of an hour or so had things in good shape for a permanent residence if we chose to reside there.

We went out to the creek and caught about thirty good-sized trout; had to wade it, as there were too many bushes on its banks. The water was not very deep; the bottom was sandy a good deal of the distance we fished; banks were low, and there were hundreds of hiding places under them. I would put on a worm, cast ahead 20ft. or so, draw the hook toward me, and sometimes get two at a cast. They were very gamy, much more so than they were in Shining Creek. I do not think any one had fished there up to the time of our coming during the season. Probably those creeks are not fished three times a year on an average.

We returned early to camp. We were both pretty tired. I took the fish to the spring near by and cleaned them. While I was doing this work Osborn was baking corn pone, making coffee, etc. Very soon we had a string of broiled trout and pork lying before us upon a piece of clean hemlock bark, and being very hungry, we paid our warmest respects to them. They were broiled "to a turn" and strengthened and comforted the "inner man" wonderfully. My appetite had not served me so well in twenty years as it was then doing. I had come from south Florida less than three weeks before, "chock full" of her poisonous malaria, and had not eaten a fairly good meal for two months when I reached the mountains. People said I would starve to death up there, because the women did not know how to cook, and if they did know how they didn't have anything to cook that a civilized man could eat after it was cooked. Just tell such people that they don't know what they are talking about when you hear them say it.

We did not have many dainties except trout, honey and bushels of the finest wild strawberries I ever saw. The wagon loads of blueberries and blackberries that came later I do not make special note of. There was plenty of milk, fresh-made butter daily, cream by the gallon, corn pone and hot biscuit. These articles might not be considered dainties by some—Bill Nye, for instance—but they just put the flesh on to my lean sides and made my cheeks as rosy as a girl's; and the expense for the entire three months was less than one would have to pay for three weeks at the Rangeleys, including fare from New York.

We sat by the fire and made plans for to-morrow and the succeeding days we expected to spend there, smoked our pipes and then turned in for rest. RUSH.

CHICAGO.

A CROPPIE ROOST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I presume every one has heard of a pigeon roost and a crow roost, but who has heard of the "croppie roost?" Well, we have at Creve Coeur Lake, a lake about twenty miles from this city, what I call a croppie roost, and it is a made roost. Near the shore there is a space in the lake about 40x60ft. where about a dozen large piles have been driven. Between these piles some one has filled in with brush, so that the bottom of the lake is covered therewith to the depth of a couple of feet or more. Here the croppie gather in large numbers, and the space is a veritable roost. The fishermen use only short poles and a few feet of line. Some men have five and ten poles in use at once, hanging over the edge of the boat. Of course, this is pot-fishing of the worst kind, but that has nothing to do with the roost. I presume ten thousand croppie at least have been taken this summer from this small space of 40x60ft. The point I would make is that this roost gives a good hint to angling clubs as to how to protect and build up good fishing grounds.

I was pleased to see the article on the fresh-water drum in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. In Missouri the fish is known as drumfish, rock perch and stone perch, and is found generally in the lakes and rivers and even in the smaller streams. I have caught the fish with live minnows both in Michigan and Missouri, and it makes a good fight equal to any bass, except it does not break water like that fish. If it were more edible it would undoubtedly rank as a game fish. That the fish is eaten I know, for I see it frequently at the fish stands in the Union Market, where it is sold as "rock perch." Some time ago some correspondent to your paper said the fish was very palatable if properly cooked. Suppose he tells how the cooking should be done. IZAAK, JR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 21.

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

RUTLAND, Vt., Nov. 26.—The Vermont Fish and Game League for the purpose of securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of food fish and game, the promotion, culture and introduction of new species of the same, was organized at the Pavilion parlors Monday night with 110 charter members. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, H. R. Dorr, Rutland; Vice-Presidents, M. R. Colburn, Manchester; Henry Ballard, Burlington; Thad M. Chapman, Middlebury; W. W. Miles, Barton; Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans; E. J. Titus, Wilmington; George W. Hooker, Brattleboro; Treasurer, J. W. Brock, Montpelier; Secretary, J. W. Titcomb, Rutland. Executive Committee—Addison county: W. R. Peak, Bristol; Bennington, C. F. Orvis, Manchester; Caledonia, J. Ritchie, St. Johnsbury; Chittenden, Wm. W. Henry, Burlington; Essex, Nathan Hobson, Brighton; Franklin, E. C. Smith, St. Albans; Grand Isle, N. W. Fisk, Isle LaMotte; Lamoille, C. S. Page, Hyde Park; Orange, R. J. Kimball, West Randolph; Orleans, W. W. Miles, Barton; Rutland, Ed. Smith, Pittsford; Washington, John E. Hubbard, Montpelier; Windham, F. W. Childs, Brattleboro; Windsor, F. S. McKenzie, Woodstock. Committee on Membership, H. R. Dorr, J. W. Titcomb, M. S. Colburn. Auditors, E. C. Orvis, H. W. Kemp, W. W. Walker.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the admission fees and annual dues fixed at $5 each.

We start off under more auspicious circumstances than we had anticipated. In the face of the most parsimonious legislature on record we have secured an appropriation of $2,400 for a fish hatchery. This after defeating the World's Fair bill and appropriation for the immigration commission. J. W. TITCOMB, Sec'y.

BLUEFISH AND SPANISH MACKEREL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 27, that Dr. Hugh M. Smith states that the bluefish are known in Rhode Island waters as Spanish mackerel. Will the Doctor kindly inform me through your paper in what section they are thus known? In our vicinity both bluefish and Spanish mackerel are well known, and very large numbers of the bluefish are taken. Several gangs of gill net fishermen are located in the summer on what is known as the second beach, and I think for the number engaged in the fishing that more bluefish are taken at this point than any other in the United States. Several takes of lifts of the nets, which are made twice daily, have yielded over a ton to a gang during the past season, and there are miles of nets used here for the capture of bluefish. Spanish mackerel are taken here, but in no large quantities, in the set nets. They are, however, to be found in all the principal markets during the season, and are received daily from the New York and Boston markets, and are as well known as any variety of fish in this locality. I was much surprised to learn that bluefish and Spanish mackerel should be confounded in any Rhode Island waters. The natives of Rhode Island, that is many of the inland portion, call the bluefish horse mackerel, and in fact I have heard many of the fishermen use that name, but I never heard of their being called Spanish mackerel before. WM. M. HUGHES.

POUND FISHING IN LAKE ERIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Has Cattaraugus any rights in the waters of Lake Erie? The north line of that county joins Erie and Chautauqua about four miles from the mouth of the Cattaraugus Creek, which is about fifty miles long and nearly the whole distance bordering on Cattaraugus county. Large numbers of bass, pike and pickerel used to run up the creek from the lake before the destructive pound net fishing was carried on near its mouth in Lake Erie. Since that has been permitted the fish have diminished from the creek until it is rarely that one is caught in that stream with hook and line. There was comparatively no scale fish caught last season with hook and line within three miles of the mouth of the creek. The pound net which has been set within a mile of the mouth of the creek, is so constructed that almost every fish passing along within a mile of the shore is taken. A bar net is extended from near the shore about a mile out into the lake where it connects with the pound, and the fish running against that turn and work along toward deep water and get into the pound, where they take them by the tons, including scale fish as well as sturgeon.

The rapidly diminishing number of bass and pike ought to admonish the people that it is time to put a stop to pound-net butchery. It was not until Chautauqua Lake was nearly depopulated that spearing through the ice was prohibited. The fishermen pretended that spearing fish increased the number, for the grown fish destroyed the smaller ones, and many were so credulous as to believe it, but a resolute member from that county in 1885 put an end to it by procuring the passage of a law forbidding the use of a spear in that lake. The subsequent increase of fish there has demonstrated the fallacy of such a theory.

The interior of the counties of Cattaraugus and Erie have a right to the natural advantages offered them by their connection by the creek with the lake, and the supervisors of Chautauqua have no right to muzzle the mouth of the creek with pound nets under a pretended authority conferred by Chapter 122 of the Laws of 1878. On the payment of a mere pittance of about $70 a year to the board the fisherman's story is credited that by netting the sturgeon the bass increase, for the reason that the sturgeon destroy the bass spawn. If this is so, why do the bass constantly diminish where pound nets are used? The black bass is the boss of the pool, except as against the bill fish, and has more resources for safety than any other fresh water fish, and their instinct teaches them to keep away from dangerous ground. Besides sturgeon are caught in water from twelve to forty feet deep and bass invariably go in shallow water near the shore to spawn. No man can truthfully say that he saw bass spawning beds in water twelve feet deep.

Again fishermen say their pound nets will not take a two-pound bass. That is not true. Ciscos and pike are taken in by the barrel, not exceeding one pound in weight. There is no scale fish that escape. Last of all the fishermen's argument is that they do not catch any scale fish in their net, that they can prove it by their men who work the nets. This is equally false. Fish carts are supplied almost daily with fish from their net, weighing from half a pound to four pounds and upward.

The lake in Erie county is forbidden ground for pound net fishing, and there is no reason why that part in Chautauqua should not be. It is a parsimonious policy that permits it, and if Chautauqua cannot get along with her shore line of forty miles without blocking Cattaraugus Creek, the State ought to grant the supervisors an annuity to compensate their loss, and leave unobstructed the distance of a cannon shot from the junction of the waters of the lake and creek for what of right belongs to Cattaraugus. It may be that the number of scale fish taken in the pound net does not account for the scarcity in the creek and the vicinity of its mouth, but one thing is certain, the fish are gone, and all agree that that is the cause. The same has proved true wherever pound-nets have been used for any length of time. Even now the report comes from San Diego Bay, Cal., that pound-nets have used up the fishing there for game fish. The same intelligence that tells the wild goose to mount aloft and fly from the approach of the Arctic winter tells the fish that it is unsafe to go where none ever return.

If Chautauqua persists in the barbarous practice Cattaraugus should demand that no pound-net fishing be permitted in the lake within five miles of the mouth of Cattaraugus Creek west of the Erie county line. JUSTICE.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

SMALL RED SALMON.

ON Nov. 26, 1888, and Oct. 8, 1889, Professor O. B. Johnson, of the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., collected for the Smithsonian Institution a series of fishes from the waters in the vicinity of his city. Among them were a number of mature males and females of very small red salmon. Some of the individuals do not much exceed 8in. in length, yet their ovaries were full of large and apparently ripe eggs; the males also had the spermaries well developed. These salmon belong to the form described many years ago by Dr. Suckley as Kennerly's salmon, which is now believed to be only a small race of the red salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*). Professor Johnson writes that the fish were taken in a small stream tributary to Lake Washington, near Seattle. They were not accompanied by any large fish except an occasional silver salmon (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*. Out of a thousand or more taken the females were as plentiful as the males. The Professor further states that the large red salmon (*O. nerka*) is not so common at the mouth of Lake Washington as the others, and does not run up the stream much south of the Noohsack River. Kennerly's salmon was first described by Dr. Suckley from Chiloweyuck Lake near the Fraser River. Mr. Gibbs had the fish from the Nahol-al-pit-kun River, west of the Cascade Mountains. Dr. Kennerly found his specimens in a small stream tributary to the lake. Vast numbers of fish were seen. In company with Captain Woodruff and several men Dr Kennerly went to the brook Aug. 17, and the party caught 180 of these fish. He was informed by an Indian that the fish are common in two other lakes of the region, and that they never descend into smaller streams and never go to the salt water. The Doctor believed the fish to be peculiar to Chiloweyuck Lake, appearing at the mouths of all the small streams emptying into that lake about the 10th of August in such immense numbers that they can be caught with the hand. The chief enemy of the little salmon was the *Chewagh* or salmon trout of the region. In trying to escape their enemies they crowded into shallow brooks, where they are readily caught with hand nets. The Indians of the Chiloweyuck Lake region call them *Tsi-mia*. Dr. Kennerly states that the fish disappear very suddenly about the first of September. The *Chewagh* is the Pacific red-spotted salmon trout of Dr. Suckley (*Salmo campbelli*), now known as the dolly varden or *malma*.

POTOMAC BASS.—Washington, D. C., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Nov. 20 that black bass fishing in the Potomac has been very poor this fall. This has probably been the case; but on Friday last, Nov. 28, Harry K. Hodes, a High School boy, 15 years of age, landed a black bass from the waters known as the Little Falls measuring 23in. in length and weighing over 5lbs. A number of the older fishermen hereabouts were granted the privilege of seeing the fish, which brought out expressions of congratulation from them all.—T.

CHANNEL BASS BY MOONLIGHT.—Mr. B. C. Rude has made a discovery of interest to those who like bass fishing. He says no matter what the tide may be, these large fish bite best in the evening when the moon is shining brightly. Recently when there was a full moon he went down and threw in his hook and took five almost as fast as he could haul them in. On other evenings he was quite successful, on one occasion taking in a 6ft. shark in addition to the bass.—*St. Augustine News.*

FLORIDA FISHING.—The special Florida Number of the FOREST AND STREAM for Jan. 9, 1890, contains an elaborate paper on the fishes of Florida and the fishing for them. There are illustrations of all the chief varieties. Florida tourists should have this number in their gripsacks.

ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

FROM the Syracuse *Times* we take the following very creditable record of the year's work of this live association:

The work done by the game and fish authorities during the past few months toward routing the fish pirates from their stronghold on the shores of Oneida Lake is deserving of more than a passing word. It is highly probable that the determined efforts of the authorities now being put forth will, in the course of a year at furthest, result in the extinction of one of the most dangerous, fearless and determined bands of miscreants that ever existed in this part of the State. For years a bitter war has been carried on between the State game authorities and the pirates, though the former has never made so determined and vigorous attack upon them as it has during the past few months, thanks to the Syracuse Anglers' Association. The pirates, in their crimes heretofore, have proven themselves craftsmen not unworthy of their name and calling. All efforts on the part of the criminal authorities to detect the perpetrators of the ill deeds committed have been ineffectual, and the pirates have escaped from their just deserts at the hands of the law. Such good fortune, of course, had the effect of rendering them more daring in their crimes, and less fearful of detection and the law. So inconstant was the war carried on, however, that latterly the pirates, believing that fear of them would be their protection, have carried on their practices openly and with the greatest freedom. However, they reckoned without their host, for their own acts served to make the authorities more circumspect and wary in their operations. The crimes of the pirates served another purpose. It served to make those who would have otherwise been their friends their enemies, and who determined to route them from the lake. A few years ago many people who are now in favor of exterminating the pirate were just as strongly in favor of letting people fish as they pleased and when they pleased. About five years ago a raid was made on the nets of Oneida Lake, and at the time George Crownheart, who was keeping a hotel on the shores of the lake, was prominently identified with the game officers. As a result Crownheart's hotel was laid in ashes.

Charles Shackelton owns valuable property on the lake shore near Bridgeport. Lately he has been fighting the gang, partly from personal motives, for success to them meant disaster to him in that it depreciated the value of his property, and partly because he is paid by the Onondaga Anglers' Association for doing so. As a result of Mr. Shackelton's efforts to rid the lake of the pirates, an attempt was made to blow up his house with gunpowder. But Shackelton secured the co-operation of the State authorities and began in earnest the deadly strife against the pirates.

The authorities now say that the pirates may burn every house on the lake shore and may resort to even more violent deeds, but they will be pursued until not a net will dip the waters of Oneida Lake or any other adjacent lake. The end is here, they say. Up to the present time the authorities have succeeded in "pulling" 114 nets this season. On the average these nets are worth $40 each. Some of them are worth much more, but the average is fair. At this rate, the value of the nets destroyed this season will already amount to $4,560 and the hunt is by no means at an end. One of the largest nets ever captured in Oneida Lake was taken by Mr. Shackelton and his party one day last week. The net had above 20 bushels of fish in it. Mr. Shackelton, in speaking of the raids on the nets, said to a reporter that all the nets taken had been captured in deep water. "We had to hunt for them," said he, "at least a mile from the shore."

The search for the nets is generally carried on in row boats. The men start out over the water to be searched in boats a few rods apart. If they do not succeed in finding nets they change their course and traverse new ground, and so on until they find that which they are seeking or are satisfied that there are no nets in the water. The smallest number of nets taken at any one raid during the season has been two, the greatest number fourteen. It is claimed that some of the pirates make as high as $100 per week by shipping fish to the New York markets.

It is very doubtful if this determined war upon the fish pirates would have been carried on had it not been for the Onondaga Anglers' Association. The association is not a large one nor is it a rich association. Since the recent raids were started this association has been under a continuous expense which averages $15 per day. They are now threatened with bankruptcy, but they are determined as ever to rid Oneida Lake of the dangerous class that has for years defied the authorities and openly violated the law. The Anglers' Association is young, but it includes some determined men among its members. So hard pressed have they been lately that they have issued the following call for help:

ANGLERS, ATTENTION.

We are doing great work. The association needs money. Our expenses are $15 per day. We want new members and money. Our initiation fee is $2. Any contribution, large or small, will help us, as the few members cannot stand the whole of the expenses. If you do not assist us the work will have to stop.

Send postal addressed to Onondaga Anglers' Association, stating if you will be a member, or how much you will contribute toward the good work. ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

While great credit is due the association for the work they are doing, Edward Hawn, the deputy game protector, who has been working directly under the auspices of the association since July last, is no less deserving of praise. Had it not been for his earnestness and sagacity the association might have expended many dollars in vain. At the present time the association is in need of nothing so much as members and the $2 they will each contribute. A prominent member of the association said last night that it was a shame that so few of the anglers of the city were identified with the work. Auburn has an anglers' club and the club has 5,000 members. The Onondaga Association has but 159 members. Five hundred new members at the present time would put the association beyond want, and secure for the fishermen of the city and surrounding places good sport for all time to come.

It is not generally known, but it has been hinted that in the near future a State hatchery will be located on the lake.

Willis S. Barnum was served with papers yesterday in an action brought by Deputy Game and Fish Protector Hawn to recover a penalty of $125 for having a fish spear in his possession and using it in the waters of Onondaga Lake in the town of Geddes. Mr. Barnum admitted last night that he had speared suckers and bullheads, but claimed that the spearing was done on his own land, which is now flooded. Mr. Barnum is proprietor of Maple Bay.

Fishculture.

PENNSYLVANIA FISHCULTURE.

THE report of the State Commissioners of Fisheries of Pennsylvania for the years 1887 and 1888, recently published, contains the usual account of the proceedings of the board, records of fish and eggs distributed, and of the condition of the hatcheries at Allentown, Erie and Corry. A brief description of the construction and location of carp ponds is drawn from Logan's "Carp Culture." Illustrations are given of the exterior and interior of the hatcheries, and of a number of valuable fishes, which are reared and distributed by the Commission. The appendix is devoted to a compilation of the laws of Pennsylvania relating to fish and fishing, by Frederick Geiger, Esq. This extremely valuable compendium was prepared for the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, now the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, and presented to the Commissioners of Fisheries of Pennsylvania.

The condition of affairs in this State is very encouraging, as may be seen from the following paragraphs of the report:

"It has afforded the Commission much gratification to see the steady and rapid development of public sentiment in favor of the object for which it was created.

"The people realize that fish propagation is no longer an experiment. Hundreds of depleted trout streams now restored to good condition and filled with fish attest the success of restocking. Large numbers of carp ponds, with their prolific tenants, give to our agricultural population removed from the larger streams and rivers of our Commonwealth, food fishes for domestic consumption and profit.

"The increase in the catch of shad in the two great rivers of the Commonwealth, the Susquehanna and Delaware,

bears witness to the beneficial results of artificial propagation of this delicious fish, and indicates a future plentiful supply that will cheapen its price to all.

"Nor must we forget the wonderful increase in the catch of whitefish in Lake Erie, where, as late as the year 1885, the supply was so nearly exhausted that the fishermen most largely engaged hesitated to embark in an enterprise that promised but scant and profitless returns. This result is directly traceable to the great plants of fry in that lake by the hatcheries of Pennsylvania and those of the neighboring States bordering on the lake.

"The yield of whitefish in Lake Erie during the past season has been greater than the yield of any season for the past twenty years, and larger than the combined catch of all the other great lakes, and brought to our city of Erie alone a return of over three hundred thousand dollars.

"So well convinced are the fishermen of that city of the benefits accruing to them from the work of the Commission that they give the Commission their tugs free of expense to plant the young fry in the portions of the lake best adapted to their maturing. When practical benefits like these are the outcome of the Commission's work, it is not surprising that the citizens of the Commonwealth are quick to appreciate the importance of the Commission's efforts and show an avidity to avail themselves of its aid that would hardly have been deemed possible a few years since."

The Pennsylvania Commissioners believe that fish protection should supplement fish propagation. Illegal devices for capturing fish have been destroyed by them in great numbers. The Delaware River was rid of baskets and weirs from the New York State line to tidewater. This was not accomplished without difficulty and danger. Mr. Moses W. Van Gordon, the warden of the Delaware from Port Jervis to the Water Gap, was fired upon while in the discharge of his duties, but the offender was promptly arrested, his weirs destroyed and intended violators of the law deterred from accomplishing their object. From the Water Gap to Trenton Mr. John J. Bruce, of Easton, has patrolled the river and kept it free from unlawful apparatus. From the nature of the Susquehanna its fish baskets have been more difficult to handle than those of the Delaware, but Commissioners Stillwell, Powell and Demuth have destroyed hundreds of them, and the fish weir will probably soon be unknown in that river. Six additional fishways of the Rogers pattern have been constructed in the dam at Columbia, by which means shad have free access to the river as far as Clark's Ferry dam, above the mouth of the Juniata.

Species which have been planted by the Commission include black bass, rock bass, wall-eyed pike, brook trout and carp. In the Susquehanna the work of the Commission is greatly interfered with by the existence of illegal devices in Maryland waters, in the lower fourteen miles of its course. Attempts have been made to secure the coöperative action of the Maryland Commission against these destructive appliances, but so far without avail.

The Commissioners ask for larger appropriations, and for a car for the transportation of fish and eggs.

The following is a brief statement of the chief fishcultural work accomplished by the Commission: The Erie whitefish station planted 14,600,000 fry in Lake Erie. Of brook trout 1,268,000 were distributed, of rainbow trout 491,500, of lake trout 385,500, besides 5,560 yearlings. Through the help of the U. S. Fish Commission 17,186,000 shad fry were planted in the Susquehanna, Delaware and Juniata rivers.

TROPICAL FISH AS A FOOD SUPPLY.

DURING the past month many of our city newspapers have noticed a subject that carries with it considerable interest, inasmuch as it refers to the possibility of an increase, from a new source, of the fish food supply of the future, which of itself demands greater consideration and publicity than a passing notice in the news columns of our contemporaries.

For the last century, perhaps longer, what are known to the trade as fish stuffs—that is, fish preserved by salt for food in a dry and wet state—have been cured in the colder climates and shipped in large quantities to those within the equatorial zones, thus providing the principal animal food of the inhabitants of some countries situated within the tropical belt. This trade has been carried on, year by year, to the value of millions of dollars, and consequently a few of the fish of the northern hemisphere are to be found, in a more or less preserved state, in the markets of every tropical country of the world.

This trade, which up to the present time seemed destined to preserve its monopoly, has been maintained not because the waters of the importing countries lacked in the quantity and quality of their fish, but by reason of the difficulty—hitherto thought insurmountable in warm climates—of curing fish for commercial purposes. We are not aware that any careful and extended trial has ever been made, outside the section we shall presently refer to, to prove the practicability of preserving fish for food in low latitudes; and it would seem that the impossibility of curing has always been accepted *communi consensu*.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them," and the aphorism speaks truly. There are in this city samples of fish, late denizens of the Caribbean Sea, caught and cured eleven months ago that are, to-day, as sound as at the time of capture. That they are thoroughly preserved and in a position to contend, as wholesome and nutritious food, for commercial honors with those of colder regions there can be no denying, and in the fish food supply of the world's future we are prepared to see a very considerable stir at no distant day. The pioneer in this great enterprise is a gentleman who has resided in the island of Jamaica for the last twenty years, during the last half of which he has spared neither time, energy, nor money in bringing to a successful issue the question of fish curing there. Being, to use the words of the leading local newspaper, "a practical naturalist of great ability, and with no lack of common sense or sound knowledge of the subject," he undertook the self-imposed task to ameliorate the incongruities of the fish food supply of the island. This, he felt convinced, could only be done after the enigma, the thorough curing of the local fish, had been solved, and that he has carried his object in this respect there can be no doubt.

The island of Jamaica presents an anomaly in its fish food supply not altogether singular to that country. With a population of 620,000 the yearly consumption of each person aggregates 37½lbs. of fish, of which 35½lbs. are imported at a cost, to the consumers, of $1,695,000 or thereabouts. This abnormal and phenomenal import is not caused by a preference for imported over native fish, nor by any paucity of fish life in the surrounding waters, but by the non-existence of local fisheries and an apathetic indifference to the vast marine wealth living to waste in the encircling sea. In addition to the reality that Jamaicans are peculiarly a fish-consuming people it is positively asserted that the individual yearly consumption would run into extended figures were the native fish placed within the reach of the people; and these facts, coupled with the no longer uncertainty as to the possibility of curing on the spot, go to prove that a great and remunerative industry is open to capital in that section. Accepting not only as possible, but as an accomplished fact, the curing of tropical fish, it needs no argument to show the great and valuable industry that is rising on the horizon.

The Legislature of the island of Jamaica, alive "to the great importance of feeding the people with food procured locally in place of spending annually large sums in its purchase abroad, and the island chemist being of opinion that Mr. Earle's process of fish curing is free from any ingredient injurious to health," has strengthened that gentleman's efforts to form a fishery and fish-curing station by granting him a subsidy of $2,000 yearly for five years; an example that will soon, we fancy, be followed by many other tropical countries.

Mr. Earle, who is now in this city, brought with him a remnant of cured fish, eleven months old, and these, together with his plans for the working of a fishery and fish-curing business in that section, he has submitted to State Fish Commissioner Blackford; and Mr. Blackford has stated that he was "quite unprepared to witness such results from the tropical curing of fish," and furthermore that "Mr. Earle has a great enterprise in hand that will lead to great results;" an opinion that must carry confidence and conviction coming as it does from one of so great a commercial and practical experience.

The utilization of the life to be found in the waters of the tropic zones, as food and manufactured commercial products, must lead to valuable and interesting results, and it is within reason to assert that the future benefits can hardly at the present time be estimated, or adequately realized. Putting on one side the increase in the supply of a nutritious and universal food there are other considerations that commend themselves to the support and hearty coöperation of capitalists, scientists, sportsmen and labor. Science will have added to her wonderful storehouse numerous new and interesting forms, facts and habits of marine life; capital will realize a rich harvest; the lover of sport find new waters over which to roam; while labor will engage tens of thousands of her votaries in a healthful and invigorating employment that will seldom be subject to tempestuous blasts and stormy seas, and never to the freezing temperatures of the northern fisheries.

Mr. Earle, with the enthusiasm of an angler and keen energy of a naturalist, has accumulated during his lengthy sojourn in the West Indies, a large store of valuable knowledge bearing on the fish, fishing, and marine life in the Caribbean Sea section, all of which he has brought to bear upon his projected enterprise; and seeing that he has cleared the path, by his successful method of curing, the barrier that blocked the way at the commencement of his labors, the road over which he has now to travel appears straight and easy.

Denied the support of the people of Jamaica he has paid us a visit to find men with capital capable of grasping his ideas and supporting his efforts in bringing into existence an enterprise that will benefit mankind, and at the same time return a remunerative and handsome profit. A total stranger, unknown personally to or by any one here, he has approached his object in a way that must secure confidence, and proves his appreciation of the difficulties under which he had had to labor, by at once engaging the attention of a thoroughly practical man, and in the person of Mr. Blackford he has found not only a commercial and extended experience of high value, but sympathy and coöperation in his enterprise which he offers to the energy and capital of the American people.

The facts surrounding Mr. Earle's project, supported by his knowledge and experience, must bring about returns of a decided character from all parts of the tropical world, and in the effort he is making here it is not difficult to predict the result.

RESTORING THE WHITEFISH.

FISHERMEN have been having good success in catching whitefish on what is known as the north reef, which extends from Thunder Bay Island to Middle Island. Many years ago that was one of the best fall fishing grounds on the lakes. Thousands of barrels of whitefish were caught there. It was a favorite spawning ground for whitefish. To catch a barrel of fish to a gill-net in one night was not considered very extraordinary fishing. The destructive plan of fishing that was then pursued nearly exterminated the fish. The fish were caught at spawning time and thus the greater part of their spawn was destroyed. Then came many years of very poor fishing, and fishermen met with small reward for their labor. The Fish Commission then began planting whitefish. For several years many millions of young whitefish have been planted in the waters adjoining Alpena. The work of the Fish Commission is now bearing fruit, and whitefish are again becoming numerous in the Alpena waters. The improvement in fishing was very noticeable last year, and the present season fishermen have caught large amounts of the fish. One tug recently brought in 4,000lbs. of whitefish.

The hatchery officials at Alpena have also had less difficulty in obtaining a stock of eggs. In former years they had to depend to a great extent on the Lake Michigan fisheries for whitefish spawn. This year they have gathered and have now in the Alpena hatchery over 200 jars of whitefish eggs, most of which were gathered in Alpena waters, or along the shore between Ausable and Alpena. It is probable that the hatchery will be able to obtain its full supply of 300 jars from the fisheries adjacent and those gathered in Lake Michigan will be sent to Northville for hatching. These facts speak very highly for the success that the Fish Commission has had in restocking Lake Huron with whitefish.

About 2,000,000 trout eggs have been sent to the Northville hatchery from Alpena, about half of which were obtained in Lake Michigan.—*Detroit Free Press*, Nov. 20.

CALIFORNIA SALMON PROPAGATION.—The egg taking season at the Clackamas station of the United States Fish Commission has just closed and the number of eggs secured is 5,859,800. With a view of interfering as little as possible with the supply of salmon in the upper part of the river the Commissioner of Fisheries deferred putting in the rack to prevent the ascent of the spawning fish as late as possible. The rack was not put in place this year until in July. Last year it was put down on April 12, and the station obtained 2,766,000 fry, besides 1,000,000 eggs. In 1888, when there was an unusually large run of salmon in the river, the rack was put down in March, yet the yield of fry from eggs taken that year was only 4,500,000. In all probability, therefore, this season's work will be fully equal to that of 1888, and the inhabitants along the upper portion of the stream have had the benefit of an open river for several months longer than formerly. This plan was adpoted by the Commissioner notwithstanding prophecies of many persons that eggs could not be secured in sufficient number if the penning of the salmon did not begin soon after their first appearance in the river. The result justifies the course taken and at the same time assures the hearty approbation of those who depend on the salmon for food or profit.

CALIFORNIA SALMON FOR MEXICO.—In October, 1890, fifty thousand eggs of the California salmon were sent from the Baird Station of the U. S. Fish Commission in California to Mr. E. Chazari, Superintendent of Fishculture of Mexico. Mr. Chazari is greatly encouraged with his success in rearing rainbow trout and is desirous of adding the California salmon to the list of Mexican fishes if it can be accomplished.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

DOGS OF THE DAY.

THE Collie Club medals which have just been distributed are particularly handsome. In fact they are far ahead of anything I have yet seen, and completely throw into the shade any club medal I have seen. The medal is about 2½in. diameter, and one side is embellished with thistle leaves, a shepherd's crook and the words "Collie Club of America, awarded to," the letters C being rams' horns. This side is oxidized silver, while the reverse is polished and bears the inscription of what it was for and where won.

I won two of these medals with champion Clipper, and I might as well record the sale of this dog to Mr. Geo. H. Sherman of Poughkeepsie. Clipper's home is now at Meadow Brook Farm, Verbank, N. Y., and letters regarding him can be sent either to Mr. Sherman or to Mr. Eugene Ham, Verbank. Clipper is one of the nicest and cleverest dogs I ever owned, and it was with a feeling of regret I had to part with him. He has been in the hands of a good many persons during his show career, Ben Lewis, W. Silvey, Frank Smith and Fred Kirby all having at one time or another had the care of him, and I seldom hear men speak of a dog as they always do of Clipper. He never forgot a man or a place, and is in every sense of the word a gentleman's dog. In writing to me of his whereabouts Mr. Sherman said after he had had him two or three days, "Clipper and I have become very well acquainted, and I regretted very much to have him go to the country, but it is the best place." It was so with every one. Mr. Hinckley writes: I never felt so sorry about a dog going as Clipper," and that is just my case. I know he is in good hands and will be well cared for, otherwise nothing would have tempted me to let him go. Clipper is one of the few sons of Mr. Krehl's Eclipse and out of that wonderful brood bitch Nesta. With his limited opportunities at the stud he yet made an excellent record, siring something fit to show and win out of almost every litter. This sale practically put me out of collies, for there are only a few brood bitches and puppies left at Mr. Hinckley's in which I have an interest.

I was glad to see Mr. Mason's letter regarding the attack on Mr. Krehl. My opinion regarding my best friend abroad is too well known, and being such a partisan of his, known to be such, I may say I rather felt that an espousal of his cause at my hands would not have the same effect than one from an independent pen. I thank Mr. Mason very much for what he has done. I once heard Mr. Winslow say of a friend "He is one of the best men God ever allowed to live." That just fits George Krehl, and to think that one who knows him and knows his reputation in England should have made such an attack on him is most discreditable to the man who penned this statement.

Mr. J. P. Willey advises me that he has a nice litter of black and tan cockers, bred from the dog whose death I spoke of a few weeks ago and which broke up the project of a team of black and tans for New York next February. The whole litter is colored with tan.

And now for another fact to add to several I have given regarding the difference in effect of a voyage to England from one to America on bitches. Dr. Foote doesn't quite agree with me, but this seems to be something of a clincher. The Swiss Mountain Kennels, of Germantown, recently imported two St. Bernard bitches, both of which were bred about the middle of August. One was Donna Silva, from Mr. A. J. Goslin's kennel, and she was bred to his Scout on Aug. 20. She failed to have a litter and last week she was bred to champion Hesper. That is an interval of but three months between the breeding dates. The other bitch Dart was bred to Lord Bute before coming over and she also had no puppies. I believe it is thought that she is coming in, but it is too early yet to speak with any confidence.

As the service to Dart was paid for, with the stipulation of the right to one to another bitch in case of no result with Dart, the English agent of the Swiss Mountain Kennels has purchased the brood bitch Veda for that purpose. I look for something good from this union from the fact that that astute judge Mr. S. W. Smith purchased a puppy out of each of Veda's last two litters, both by Lord Bute. I would not have thought so much of his buying two of one litter, but to buy one and then be so well satisfied with that as to come back for another from the next litter speaks volumes for Veda as a brood bitch. She weighs 158lbs., and it may well be understood that her body is massive and her bone great. Out of her last litter there is one bitch which at four months weighed over 70lbs. J. W.

GREENVILLE SHOW.—South Carolina Kennel Association.—Greenville, S. C., Nov. 24.—H. A. Bridge of Columbus, Ohio, will superintend the show and John Davidson will judge all classes. Our premium lists will be ready for mailing about Dec. 1. For all information address the undersigned.—F. F. CAPERS, Sec'y-Treas.

COURSING AT MERCED.

THE Interstate Coursing Association may justly feel proud of the success they achieved in their three days' meeting on the plains of Merced. Much of the credit for this success is due to Mr. Dominick Shannon, the president of the association, who has coursed in California for twenty-seven years, and to Mr. J. R. Dickson, the secretary, also an experienced courser. Both gentlemen displayed great energy and tact in the general management of the meeting. The most striking evidence of their good judgment, however, was in the selection of the judge, Mr. John Grace. Not a single murmur of disapproval was heard as to any of his decisions, while his quiet, gentlemanly bearing won the admiration of all. Integrity is an essential element in the character of a judge of a coursing meeting, but it is of scarcely greater importance than a thorough knowledge of the rules of coursing, and the ability to apply those rules correctly. Mr. Grace combines these qualities and might well be called the American Hedley. The slipper, James R. Wren, performed his duties admirably.

The Californians are said to be of the opinion that their dogs are the fastest and best in the world, and it must be admitted that they have as yet no reason to change that opinion. If the blue ribbon is to be taken away from them and carried eastward, it must needs be with better dogs than those that strove for the honor this year.

The plains of Merced afford the grandest coursing ground in the world. For several miles on all sides the land is in some places perfectly level and in others gently undulating. There are also creeks wide enough to test a dogs ability to leap, and, in one part of the field, a board fence high enough to satisfy the ambitious of the most agile fencer. There is no wire to injure the dogs, and the soil is for the most part sandy, affording excellent running. Jack rabbits are so plentiful that five courses an hour, including the delay incidental to picking up the dogs, were run without any difficulty or undue haste. The courses were, in some instances, from one to five miles, according as the jack rabbit chose either to run into a hole or to take a straight line and run merrily away from the dogs. If any of our English cousins should think of coming over with their dogs to win on these plains, they ought to be warned that short-winded sprinters, that may do for inclosed coursing at Haydock Park, will be of no use whatever here.

The winner of the Interstate Cup, Al Farrow, a dark-brindle dog, by Menlo Chief out of Black Bess, was whelped in March, 1888, and weighs 65lbs. He has been carefully trained for three months, and came to slips in the pink of condition. He won all his courses meritoriously. Sam Nash, the runner up, is a white dog 3⅛ years old, weighing 60lbs., and is by Chickopee out of Lilly of Killarney. He was unfortunate in that he had several gruelling courses before he met the winner, but in spite of this he ran a good game dog. King John, winner of third place, is a black and white dog 16 months old, by Pat Molloy out of Banshee, and weighs 58lbs. He ran with great fire, and proved himself to be a great puppy. He was bred by Father Mac, the genial Catholic priest at Merced, who is one of the most enthusiastic of California's coursing men.

In the Consolation Stake the winner, Nellie Bly, a red bitch, is a fast and close worker, 2½ years old, weighing 41lbs., by Tullamore out of Lady Cleveland. El Rio Rey, the runner up, was much inferior in speed and did not appear to be especially clever. Drytime, who took third place, is by Britain Still out of Haytime, and ran better than her owner expected her to, considering that her condition was not of the best.

The reception accorded to the gentlemen who came from the East to attend this meeting was a most cordial one and emphasized the fact that Californians are a very hospitable people. If the trip across the continent shall result in establishing closer bonds of sympathy between the coursing men of the East and West the losers should be as happy as the winners. J. HERBERT WATSON.

First Day.

Wolf Tone—Faugh-a-Ballagh.—The latter dog was young and not in good condition, and Wolf Tone won the course with points to spare.

Whip—May Boy.—A long course in which Whip showed superiority in speed and working qualities and won easily.

Prima Donna—Nettlefield.—Prima Donna led and taking the jack and working it well won with ease.

Verdure Clad—Fanny.—A short course. The dogs ran even to the jack; Fanny then took the jack and made three points. The jack ran through the fence and got away too soon for Verdure Clad.

Babazoun—Juanita.—Juanita took the jack at the turn after a long run up, which was pretty even; then Babazoun darted forward and killed too soon, the course going to the bitch.

McGinty—Hoodoo.—The former led by several lengths, and taking possession won easily.

El Rio Rey—King John.—After a long gruelling course King John won with several points in hand.

Baby—Play Boy.—A closely contested course; Play Boy falling, Baby put in some work, but Play Boy recovering himself joined in and won.

Sea Shell—Saturday Night.—Sea Shell led by a little, Saturday Night following was left behind and Sea Shell finished with plenty to spare.

Maud Jones—Norwegian.—Maud Jones came up well clear of Norwegian, and beat him after a course of considerable length in which the bitch did most of the work.

Al Farrow—El Rey.—Al Farrow led to the jack and taking possession easily beat El Rey.

Maid of Erin—Kingston.—Both ran well to the jack; Maid of Erin took possession and won after a good deal of close work.

Snowball—Examiner.—The pair came up on even terms, but Snowball taking possession worked closely and after a few exchanges won.

Brunette—Dan B.—Brunette led by several lengths and won easily. She then sighted a fresh jack and ran a very long course alone, being so exhausted that she died shortly after being picked up.

Catherine Hayes—Susie S.—Catherine Hayes led and won easily.

Jim Corbett—Waterwitch.—Jim Corbett led by several lengths and won the course with several points to spare, Waterwitch doing no work whatever and running a perfect sloven.

Dexter—Bessie.—After a close run up, Dexter took possession and kept it to the finish, Bessie having lost her chance by a bad fall at the turn. An unlucky trial for the bitch.

Lookout—Lady in Blue.—Lookout led and did all the work, Lady in Blue never being in the course.

Sam Nash—Freestone.—Sam Nash came up well clear of Freestone, and after several exchanges won with little to spare.

Ben—Geraldine.—Ben had a slight advantage in the run up, and after several exchanges made a fine kill and won.

Mischief's Last—Joe McCauliffe.—The former led to the jack and did most of the work, winning easily.

Drytime—Nellie Bly.—Drytime led to the jack, took possession and worked the jack for several points in excellent style, when Nelly Bly came in on the second turn and killed too soon, Drytime winning.

Tralee Boy—Dandy Jim.—A long course in which Dandy Jim did most of the work and won easily.

Governor—Bo Peep.—Governor led up to the jack, and made four points before Bo Peep came in and killed too soon to wipe off the former's score.

Second Day—First Ties.

Wolf Tone—Whip.—Whip led six lengths and made first and second turns, kept possession of the jack and finally killed.

Prima Donna—Fanny.—Prima Donna led four lengths and made two turns before Fanny nicked in and made two turns. Prima Donna then got the jack, and showing superiority in speed and cleverness, won.

Juanita ran a bye with Tralee Boy, and after killing went after a fresh jack, thus effectually spoiling her chances of winning the stake.

King John—Play Boy.—King John led in the run-up by very little, but scored all the strong racing points in a long course and won easily, the jack being lost.

Sea Shell—Maud Jones.—Maud Jones came up four lengths in front of Sea Shell and got very little help from her opponent in a long course, in which the jack finally ran into a hole.

Al Farrow—Maid of Erin.—A close fast race to the jack, Al Farrow leading all the way and keeping possession during a long course, in which the dogs killed together.

Snowball ran a bye.

Catharine Hayes—Jim Corbett.—Catharine Hayes led up by a little, turned, and taking command of the jack did not let the dog come in at all.

Dexter—Lookout.—Dexter did very fine work in this course, working his jack perfectly after leading up clear of Lookout.

Sam Nash—Ben.—Sam Nash led up by two lengths and took first and second turns. Ben then came in, and after several exchanges Sam Nash picked up the jack, making a good kill.

Mischief's Last—Drytime.—Drytime led two lengths to the jack and took first turn. In straightening out Mischief's Last took possession of the jack and did considerable work. Finally they got together and made two points each. Mischief's Last then tripped and both dogs were picked up, being too tired to keep the jack. Drytime showed a fine burst of speed, but was not in condition to stand so gruelling a course.

Dandy Jim—Governor.—Governor led to the jack and took first and second turns. Dandy Jim then came in, and after some exchanges they killed together.

Second Ties.

Whip—Prima Donna.—Prima Donna led to the jack fully three lengths, and took first and second turn. Whip then got possession and worked the jack for several points. Prima Donna got a bad fall, and Whip then took possession and turned the jack to Prima Donna, when she fell a second time, and then Whip had it all his own way to the finish.

Juanita—King John.—The weeds were high where the dogs were slipped; each dog was in turn unsighted, the jack taking his course across a ravine, King John leading. The bitch then came in and made a turn. King John then made two turns. The bitch then made another turn, and King John then took possession and in the scramble at this stage the dogs killed together, King John winning with not much to spare.

Maud Jones—Al Farrow.—Al Farrow led eight lengths. The dogs coming together the bitch made a turn and Al Farrow then took the jack, turned and killed.

Snowball—Catharine Hayes.—Snowball led and coming toward a ditch made a drive for the jack but missed picking it up. Both dogs fell into the water, and following the jack Catharine Hayes took possession and worked it for several points. About 300yds. from the place where Catharine Hayes finished with a kill Snowball stopped in the course.

Dexter—Sam Nash.—Dexter was unsighted at the start, Sam Nash made a straight run, the jack being killed before Dexter had a chance to join in. A no course.

Mischief's Last—Governor.—Governor led to the jack and after a closely contested course killed, winning by very little. Mischief's Last fell in the middle of the course.

Third Ties.

Whip—King John.—Whip had a little the better of the run up. The jack swerved toward King John, who put in some good work at close quarters. After an exchange the dogs killed together, King John winning.

Dexter—Sam Nash.—These dogs having run a "no course" were again put into slips. Sam Nash led three lengths and after making first turn a racing jack took the dogs a long distance before Sam Nash made the second turn. Some close work followed, Sam Nash having the better of it and winning easily.

Al Farrow—Catherine Hayes.—Al Farrow led four lengths and beat the bitch pointless.

Sam Nash—Governor.—Sam Nash led four lengths to the jack, making several points before Governor for no apparent reason stopped and watched the other dog go on a long distance to a kill. A very disgraceful performance upon the part of Governor.

Fourth Ties.

King John—Al Farrow.—Al Farrow led six lengths to the jack, and took a turn, keeping possession for several points, and winning easily with a good kill.

Sam Nash ran a bye.

Final Course.

Al Farrow—Sam Nash.—After a half hour's rest these dogs came together for the final course. Al Farrow led three lengths to the jack, and after getting possession made several points and soon widened the gap, and after several points in the racing stretches killed, winning easily. Sam Nash is a fine greyhound, but his feet were badly cut up when he was put into slips for the final course, and he was thus placed at a disadvantage, his opponent coming to slips in fine condition.

SUMMARY.

INTERSTATE COURSING ASSOCIATION, Merced, Cal., Nov. 18 and 19, 1890. President, Mr. D. Shannon. Secretary, Mr. J. R. Dickson. Field Stewards: Messrs. Brady, Butterworth, McDonald, Fleming, Given and O'Brien. Flag Steward, Mr. W. Halpin. Slip Steward, Mr. J. R. Dickson. Judge, Mr. John Grace. Slipper, James R. Wren. International Cup, for all ages, at $10 each. Winner, $500; second, $300; third, $100; winners of two courses, $20 each; 48 subscribers.

I.

Mr. B. Grogan's brindle dog Wolf Tone	beat	Mr. P. Gallagher's black and white dog Faugh-a-Ballagh.
Mr. P. Canty's brindle dog Whip	beat	Mr. A. Tracey's black and white dog May Boy.
Mr. J. Douglass's black bitch Prima Donna	beat	Rookwood - Landseer Kennels' white and black bitch Nettlefield.
Mr. J. Baker's blue and white bitch Fanny	beat	Rookwood - Landseer Kennels' brindle dog Verdure Clad.
Mr. J. Shea's brindle and white bitch Juanita	beat	Rookwood - Landseer Kennels' Babazoun.
Mr. P. O'Connell's white dog McGinty	beat	Mr. W. F. Watson's black and white dog Hoodoo.
Mr. McInerny's black and white dog King John	beat	Mr. P. Kelly's fawn and white dog El Rio Rey.
Mr. P. Canty's blue dog Play Boy	beat	Mr. D. J. Healy's black and white bitch Baby.
Mr. D. Shannon's black and white bitch Sea Shell	beat	Mr. J. E. Watson's black and white dog Saturday Night.
Mr. M. A. Howard's brindle bitch Maud Jones	beat	Rookwood - Landseer Kennels' brindle and white dog Norwegian.
Mr. J. J. Rademaker's brindle dog Al. Farrow	beat	Mr. D. Shannon's brindle and white dog El Rey.
Mr. J. Eagan's white and brindle bitch Maid of Erin	beat	Mr. D. J. Healy's fawn dog Kingston.
Mr. E. O'Connell's white and brindle dog Snowball	beat	Mr. P. Canovan's white dog Examiner.
Mr. J. E. Watson's black bitch Brunette	beat	Mr. T. J. Cronin's black and white dog Dan B.
Mr. M. Tiernan's white and red bitch Catherine Hayes	beat	Mr. E. O'Connell's black and white bitch Susie S.
Mr. J. Shanahan's white and brindle dog Jim Corbett	beat	Mr. J. H. Watson's black and white bitch Waterwitch.
Mr. J. Hough's white and brindle dog Dexter	beat	Mr. J. Eagan's white and black bitch Bessie.
Mr. T. J. Cronin's white and black dog Lookout	beat	Mr. H. Wormington's blue and white bitch Lady in Blue
Mr. T. J. Cronin's white dog Sam Nash	beat	Mr. P. F. Canovan's black and white dog Freestone.
Mr. McInerny's white dog Ben	beat	Mr. D. J. Healy's black and white bitch Geraldine.
Mr. McInerny's black dog Mischief's Last	beat	Mr. T. Hall's black and white dog Joe McCauliffe.
Mr. J. H. Watson's fawn bitch Drytime	beat	Mr. J. Byrne's roan bitch Nellie Bly.
Mr. J. R. Dickson's white and black dog Dandy Jim	beat	Mr. E. O'Connell's black and white dog Tralee Boy.
Mr. J. Eagan's blue and white dog Governor	beat	Mr. H. Boyd's white and black bitch Bo Peep.

II.

Whip beat Wolf Tone.
Prima Donna beat Fanny.
Juanita a bye.
King John beat Play Boy.
Maud Jones beat Sea Shell.
Al Farrow beat Maid of Erin.
Snowball a bye.

Catherine Hayes beat Jim Corbett.
Dexter beat Lookout.
Sam Nash beat Ben.
Mischief's Last beat Drytime.
Governor beat Dandy Jim.

III.

Whip beat Prima Donna.
King John beat Juanita.
Al Farrow beat Maud Jones.

Catherine Hayes beat Snowball.
Sam Nash beat Dexter.
Governor beat Mischief's Last.

IV.

King John beat Whip.
Sam Nash beat Governor.

Al Farrow beat Catherine Hayes.

V.

Al Farrow beat King John.
Sam Nash a bye.

Mr. J. J. Rademaker's brindle dog Al Farrow beat Mr. F. J. Cronin's white dog Sam Nash.

CONSOLATION STAKES.

Babazoun—Nelly Bly.—Nelly Bly led up three lengths and after taking the turn lengthened out a long lead; after her second turn a few exchanges were made, and the jack then ran to a hole, Nelly Bly winning easily.

Maid of Erin—Joe McCauliffe.—Maid of Erin led to the jack one length and made first turn, after which Joe McCauliffe took possession and after several points won easily.

Norwegian—Geraldine.—Geraldine led by a length and made first turn, and Norwegian going around very wide, the bitch went on for a turn, and after a few exchanges the bitch drove the jack to a hole and won.

Bo Peep—Examiner.—Examiner led to the jack by three lengths, serving himself to two turns. Bo Peep then made a turn. Examiner then turned, and thereupon Bo Peep went on to the jack and killed too soon to wipe off Examiner's score.

Wolf Tone—Jim Corbett.—Jim Corbett led four lengths to the jack and did all the work, Wolf Tone not giving him any help whatever.

May Boy—El Rio Rey.—This was nearly a repetition of the course just described, El Rio Rey leading three lengths and doing all the running.

Faugh-a-Ballagh—Dan B.—Dan B. was unsighted from the slips. Faugh-a-Ballagh got on the line of the jack, and when Dan B. was sighted he was fully a quarter of a mile behind. Before Faugh-a-Ballagh could get to the jack Dan B. overtook and passed his opponent, and then made three turns and a kill, winning easily.

Fanny—Freestone.—This was a great race to the jack, Freestone coming up two lengths in front. After a long give-and-take course down the field Freestone turned the jack to Fanny, who killed, Freestone winning.

Bessie—Drytime.—Drytime led to the jack by three lengths, took first and second turns. Bessie took third and fourth turns, after which Drytime took possession and killed, winning the course.

Lady in Blue—El Rey.—Lady in Blue was not in this course, El Rey leading three lengths and doing all the work in a long course.

First Ties.

Nelly Bly—Joe McCauliffe.—Nelly Bly led up three lengths in front of Joe McCauliffe, took a turn and kept possession for three more points. Joe McCauliffe then wrenched strong twice and killed. Nelly Bly won.

Examiner—Geraldine.—Geraldine led two lengths and made the turn. Examiner then came in for possession, and after a long course made two turns and a kill, winning the course.

El Rio Rey—Jim Corbett.—El Rio Rey led up three lengths in front, took first turn and kept possession for second and third turns. Jim Corbett then made a turn and then El Rio Rey drove the jack to a hole and won.

Freestone—Dan B.—Both dogs ran even to a creek; the jack crossing both dogs fell into the water. Coming out together they ran together to the jack, Freestone being the first to score. After exchanging several times Freestone took the jack in hand and killed, winning the course easily.

Drytime—El Rey.—El Rey led and took first turn. The jack then took a straight line and Drytime in a long run made several points before the jack ran to a hole, Drytime winning the course.

Second Ties.

Nellie Bly—Examiner.—Examiner led by a length and made two turns, after which Nellie Bly took possession and made four points before Examiner got a turn. The bitch then got in and kept the jack to herself until he got into a hole, winning cleverly.

El Rio Rey—Freestone.—El Rio Rey led Freestone fully three lengths to the jack, making five points before Freestone got in for a wrench and a turn. El Rio Rey then went on and killed, winning the course.

Drytime ran a long bye with Joe McCauliffe, in which the bitch showed great speed and cleverness in handling the jack.

Third Ties.

Nelly Bly—Drytime.—When slipped Drytime dashed ahead two lengths but was then unsighted, and when she came up to Nelly Bly she came in on Nelly Bly's second turn and made a turn herself. Nellie Bly then getting the jack drove him to a hole and won, an unlucky trial for Drytime.

El Rio Rey ran a bye with Bessie, in which Bessie picked up the jack after a very short course and in which she proved herself a very fast bitch.

Final Course.

Nelly Bly—El Rio Rey.—This was a fast course, Nelly Bly leading two lengths to the jack and making two turns. El Rio Rey then got in for a turn. They then ran into a dry creek, coming out together, the bitch in possession of the jack. Nelly Bly then almost immediately killed and won, a fine performance upon the part of this bitch.

CONSOLATION STAKE, for dogs beaten in the first and second courses in the Interstate Cup Stake at $5 each; $100 added by the Interstate Coursing Association. Winner $95, second $45, third, fourth and fifth $20 each; 20 subscribers.

I.

Mr. J. Byrne's fawn bitch Nelly Bly	beat	Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' red dog Babazoun.
Mr. T. Hall's black dog Joe McCauliffe	beat	Mr. J. Eagan's white and brindle bitch Maid of Erin.
Mr. D. J. Healey's brindle and white bitch Geraldine	beat	Rookwood - Landseer Kennels' brindle and white dog Norwegian.
Mr. P. Canovan's white dog Examiner	beat	Mr. H. Boyd's white and black bitch Bo Peep.
Mr. J. Shanahan's white and blue dog Jim Corbett	beat	Mr. B. Grogan's brindle dog Wolf Tone.

Mr. P. Kelly's fawn and white dog El Rio Rey	beat	Mr. A. Tracey's white and black dog May Boy.
Mr. T. J. Crouin's black and white dog Dan B.	beat	Mr. P. Gallagher's black and white dog Faugh-a-Ballagh
Mr. P. F. Canovan's black and white dog Freestone	beat	Mr. J. Baker's blue bitch Fanny.
Mr. J. H. Watson's fawn bitch Drytime	beat	Mr. J. Eagan's white and black bitch Bessie.
Mr. D. Shannon's brindle and white dog El Rey	beat	Mr. H. Wormington's blue and white bitch Lady in Blue.

II.

Nelly Bly beat Joe McCauliffe. Freestone beat Dan B.
Examiner beat Geraldine. Drytime beat El Rey.
El Rio Rey beat Jim Corbett.

III.

Nelly Bly beat Examiner. El Rio Rey beat Freestone.
Drytime a bye.

IV.

Nelly Bly beat Drytime. El Rio Rey a bye.

Mr. J. Byrne's fawn bitch Nelly Bly beat Mr. P. Kelly's fawn and white dog El Rio Rey.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

CHAMPION STAKE.

THE Eastern Field Trials Club brought their meeting to a close with the Champion Stake. The meet on Monday, Nov. 23, was at the old Holton schoolhouse, consisting of an abandoned log cabin without any sign of habitation around. The first brace,

GATH'S MARK AND ROWDY ROD,

were cast off in a sedge grass field at 9 A. M. The weather, as usual, was pleasant, getting warmer during the day, a slight south wind blowing. Gath started off with a wide range, and had not been going many minutes before he dropped to a good point at the edge of some weeds. Walking in, Stoddard, his handler, put up a covey, shot and killed; dog steady and then retrieved the dead bird. A move was then made to where the birds had been marked down in some woods. Sent in, Gath began roading to the birds, which had scattered. Coming to a point Rowdy backed, when Stoddard flushed three singles in quick succession in different directions. Then some nice work was indulged in by both dogs on scattered birds. Rowdy was the first to drop to a point, when Bradley, his handler, put up two more; Bradley killed and Rowdy retrieved, two singles getting up at the same time behind him. The dogs were then taken up and a move made for the field where they first found. In edge of oaks Rowdy pointed a single. On, both dogs ranging wide, Gath pointed in a ditch, and Rowdy brought to back did so indifferently. No bird being put up Gath roaded on down and a covey flushed 25yds. to one side into the pines. Sent in, Gath pointed where the covey had run; nothing found. After some more work in sedge fields, both dogs quartering their ground well and ranging wide, dogs were ordered up at 9:47. Gath's Mark was the better ranger, though, and had a little the best in style. Gath, for a dog of his age, kept up a good gait all the time.

RIP RAP AND DAISY HOPE.

These two were put down at 9:55 in a field of weeds. Capt. McMurdo handling Rip Rap and Titus Daisy Hope. Both went off well and soon Rip broke in, in sedge grass and flushed two birds, then pointed a brace and several others getting up in different directions, McMurdo fired and killed, and Rip sent on to retrieve did so, and in retrieving, with the bird in his mouth, stiffened on a picturesque point at the top of a deep gully, McMurdo flushed a single, dog steady to wing and then brought the first bird to his handler. This was a piece of work one reads about but seldom sees. On, the dogs parted company, Daisy Hope ranging off into pines, where she pointed and Titus flushing, killed, and Daisy retrieved nicely. Dogs were taken up and moved to fresh ground where, ten minutes later, they were cast off in a stubble field. Rip then did a nice piece of work, roading up to a bevy which McMurdo flushed, dog steady to wing Daisy in the meanwhile had gone off and was seen far ahead on a hill side, Mr. Lorillard and Titus went off after her but it was some time before she was found. After waiting till 11:15 dogs were ordered up and

KING'S MARK AND CHANCE,

put down in sedge. Both started off at a good gait, and ranging over corn stubble and through oak woods, at edge of sedge grass, King's Mark pointed a covey and Chance backing nicely. Barker handling King's Mark, put the birds up, shot and killed; both steady. Mark sent on to retrieve did so in fine style. On in woods Chance got a point on the scattered birds, Avent shot and killed; dog steady, and retrieved the dead bird fairly well. Further on in sedge grass, King's Mark pointed and Chance backed, but no bird was found. Both roading on to clump of trees, Mark dropped to the point, but no bird was flushed, and Chance coming up to the same place, repeated the performance. Mark pointed again further on, but the birds had run on. Down the hill Chance pointed and a single flushed; dog steady to wing. Mark pointed foot scent again. In hollow Chance got on to the bevy and pointed nicely, Avent flushed and killed, but Chance retrieved only fairly well. Dogs were then taken up at 11:46. A few minutes later they were sent on in wheatfield and then into sedge grass, where Mark pointed by a fence, but nothing came of it. Working on over a good deal of ground both dogs were eventually lost. Avent returned and said his dog had been on a point. At 12:50 King's Mark turned up, trotting along the road to the school house. Chance showed more speed and range, style about equal. The judges after lunch consulted for some time and then the second series began with

RIP RAP AND GATH'S MARK

at 2:30 P. M. Alongside some sedge grass Rip had hardly gone fifty yards before he stiffened to a point, Gath having passed ahead and ranging wide. Rip was held on his point for some time for Gath's Mark to be brought to back, but finally McMurdo flushed the birds, killing one and Rip sent on to retrieve, though he made several casts, failed to locate the bird which had fallen some distance away. Rip roaded on in sedge grass and soon pointed a single which McMurdo flushed, dog steady. In edge of sedge, Gath got on to a covey which Stoddard put up, shot and killed, Gath sent to retrieve, though given every encouragement, failed to do so. On, Rip pointed a single some distance away, then Gath pointed a covey, birds flushed, dog steady. Gath then in pines dropped to a point, but birds had gone on, this was repeated, Rip backing; still another no-bird point was made by Gath, evidently where the birds had run through. Sent on in open ground for a while, nothing further being done dogs were taken up at 3:21. Rip was not himself and was not under good control. Gath ranged with his usual vigor.

KING'S MARK AND DAISY HOPE.

Down at 3:32 in sedge. Further on in weeds after winding Daisy roaded to a nice point side of oak woods, King's Mark being brought up to back, did so some distance away. Titus flushed, shot and missed, dogs steady. In woods, Daisy scored another point on a single, which Titus put up. Mark in roading up to some birds dropped to a single which flushed. Outside of woods Mark pointed, no bird. Daisy then pointed, moved on and Mark backed. Mark then pointed the covey that Daisy had been roading, Barker shot and killed and Mark retrieved. Dogs taken up at 3:44. Sent on afterward through scattered pines, Mark came to a point at the edge of some oaks, but Barker failed to flush anything. After working out this ground, Daisy secured a nice point in some pines and Mark backing, Titus flushed a bevy. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:21. Daisy had the best of it in style and range. After some consultation

CHANCE AND GATH'S MARK

were put down for a final heat at 4:30 in some weeds. Chance soon come to a point, but nothing was found, he roaded on, pointed again, and moving on he came up to the bevy, pointed, and birds flushed, dogs steady to wing. Sent on into woods where birds had been marked, Chance, under a bank, pointed a bird which flushed wild. Mark then higher up pointed where birds had run, Chance backed. In woods Mark then pointed a bevy which Stoddard put up, dog steady to wing. Sent on after this covey, Gath, after roading, located the bird, pointed and single flushed wild. Then Chance pointed and Gath backed, a brace got up when Avent shot and several more flushed to one side. Chance then got a single which Avent flushed. Then Chance pointed several times on running birds. Further on a single got up in front of the horses. After a good deal of ranging and several likely places had been worked out the dogs were ordered up and a start made for home, thus ending the meeting for 1890. After supper the judges decided that Gath's Mark was the winner, the decision being received with acquiescence on all sides, as he had really done some sterling work, and for a dog nearly seven years old ranges with wonderful vigor and endurance.

SUMMARY.

H. Hulman, Jr.'s Gath's Mark with G. W. Ewing's Rowdy Rod.
Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap with W. S. Titus's Daisy Hope.
Col. Ridgeway's King's Mark with A. M. Avent's Chance.

Second Series.

Rip Rap with Gath's Mark.
King's Mark with Daisy Hope.
Chance with Gath's Mark.
Gath's Mark won first prize.

The bench show in the evening for the Lorillard medals was judged by Major Taylor and Mr. W. Tallman. There was some little disagreement between the two judges at first, but they eventually decided that Mr. O. W. Donner's Roi d'Or was the best of the dogs, thus winning one of the Lorillard medals, and Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's Annie F. won that for the best bitch, though on Saturday evening Daisy Hunter was the choice, but she did not appear on the Monday evening. Throughout the meeting there was very little kicking, the only murmur occurring when only four were reserved for second series out of twenty-six dogs in the All-Aged; but as this was soon remedied the next day all was serene again, and it was acknowledged that the judges had done their work well. On Saturday evening Mr. Johnson returned to his home in the Far North, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., took his place.

H. W. L.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 25.

THE CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 1.—The trials commenced auspiciously this morning. There are not many visitors present, but as the meeting will last some time, many gentlemen have signified their intention of putting in a few days later on. The owners and handlers began to arrive Sunday morning and by evening those who intend taking part in the trials were all on hand. All the well known handlers are here and among the new faces, that is those who did not attend the Eastern trials, are Messrs. Frank Windholz, D. E. Rose, E. R. Coleman, C. M. Hunt and the judges, John Davidson, J. M. Tracy and N. Wallace. The drawing for the Pointer Derby took place at 8 P. M. last night with ten starters as follows:

DERBY—POINTERS.

First Series.

TAPSTER (Charlotteville Kennels), liver and white dog (King of Kent—Hops),

with

BEACON (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peach'um).

ZIG ZAG (Charlotteville Kennels), liver and white dog (King of Kent—Hops),

with

RUSH OF LAD (T. H. Gibbes), liver and white dog (Lad of Bow—Westminster Gladisla).

PENELOPE II. (Lebanon Kennels), liver and white bitch (Lebanon—Penelope),

with

TRAY (N. L. Rockwell), liver and white dog (Tory White—Lapford Pearl).

NASO BOW OF THE ELMS (The Elms Kennels), liver and white dog (Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow),

with

MAID OF KENT (Charlotteville Kennels), liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Hops).

SPOTTED BOY (Chas. Proctor), liver and white dog (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow),

with

TYKE (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Perdita).

The morning dawned as we have been accustomed to see it for the last two weeks or more, frosty and bright, the sun gathering strength towards noon, when it became quite warm and drying the ground up, as usual, affected the running of the dogs at that time. A start was made from the hotel about 8 A. M. I might as well remark here that the trials are managed, in the absence of Col. Odell, by Messrs. Tracy and Coleman, but as there is a very small field of horsemen to keep in order, the duties of the marshal are not very arduous. About a mile from the town, the first brace,

TAPSTER AND BEACON

were cast off in sedge grass at 8:39, Tapster being handled by C. E. Buckle and Beacon by A. Cameron. Both dogs started off at a slow gait, and in fact the running all through was not at all like the high pressure gait kept up at High Point, but partook more of an ordinary day's shooting, as the rules of the Central Club require. The country traveled over was considerably more open than at High Point and there was little cover work done. Birds were scarce, especially in the early part of the day. After working over a good deal of ground without result, it was 9:07 before the first point was made in weeds by Beacon, no birds being found, Tapster backing indifferently. Then some little time after Tapster pointed a bevy at the edge of some pines. Further on Beacon again pointed false and then pointed a rabbit, afterward adding another point to his score. Going back he pointed again and a single flushed; dog steady to wing. As the dogs had now been down an hour and ten minutes, they were ordered up. Tapster was the better ranger, equal in style, though Beacon did not get out from his handler, pottering around too much.

ZIG ZAG AND RUSH OF LAD.

These two were put down in a cornfield at 9:58. Capt. McMurdo handling Zig Zag and Lott, of Chappard, S. C., handled Rush of Lad. Nothing was found till 10:20, though a good deal of likely ground was worked out. Zig Zag was the first to make game, and roading to an uncertain point a single flushed ahead of him. In pines Rush pointed by a fallen tree and his handler claimed the birds flushed from a tree above the dog; moving on both roaded and then in a swamp, Zig pointed and was held till Rush could be brought to back which he did for an instant and then moved on further into the swamp, Zig following made another point, Rush backing, when birds flushed all round them, both dogs steady to wing. They then roaded on through swamp and pointed, when birds flushed wild ahead of them, both steady. Further on Zig made a good point and McMurdo putting up a single, shot, Zig was steady to wing and shot. After some more work of no moment, the dogs were ordered up at 11 o'clock. Zig Zag showed much better range and style but neither ranged wide enough, though better than the previous brace in this respect.

PENELOPE II. AND TRAY.

Down at 11:02 in corn, both started off well. John White handled Trap and S. S. Barker, Penelope II. In a few minutes both pointed in an orchard, when White flushed and Tray broke in, which unsteadied Penelope, who followed suit. Going on down the field Penelope pointed, but no bird was found. Tray then pointed and birds were flushed, dog steady to wing. Moving on Penelope made a point on a cat, which started, and a single flushed. By the side of a ditch Tray pointed a snipe, and Penelope backing nicely, White shot, and though Tray was steady, Penelope broke in a little. Then Tray at the edge of a road made game and came to a point, but no bird found, Penelope backing to order. Some woods were worked through and then the dogs being moved out, Penelope, in sedge grass, pointed, no bird; moving on Tray pointed and White flushed, when Pen chased for some distance.

The dogs were then taken about three-quarters of a mile further on and put down in an orchard. Working on into pines Tray was seen to point, but no result. Out of woods by the side of a road Penelope pointed where birds had evidently been. For a few yards further on she pointed the bevy and was steady to wing, and Tray coming up to back flushed a single, when balance of bevy got up. Working on after the scattered birds Tray pointed and Penelope backed; White flushed a single; both dogs steady to wing. Tray secured another single. On in high sedge grass Tray repeated and was held on his point till Penelope could be brought up, when he moved on and roaded to a flush, and shortly after pointed again, but failed to locate. They were then ordered up at 12:02. Neither dog showed very good work and were about equal in style and range, and both were unsteady at times.

NASO BOW OF THE ELMS AND MAID OF KENT.

Though near lunch time, these two were called up to work toward the luncheon rendezvous, and were put down at 12:06 in sedge grass, Frank Richards handling Naso and Buckle Maid of Kent. No game was found, and at 12:15 dogs were ordered up until after lunch. After an hour's intermission they were cast off in corn, on into sedge; Maid pointed a covey, Naso backing nicely. Then both pointed in woods and Maid broke in to the flush. Moving on Naso made game along a fence and pointed, but nothing came of it; in woods Maid again made a barren point in the sedge grass, Naso pointed false, and after some more ground had been gone over but nothing more found, dogs were ordered up at 2. Maid had the advantage in range and speed, though very indifferent work was done, the heat no doubt being accountable for lack of scent.

SPOTTED BOY AND TYKE.

The last brace in the first series was cast off at 2:12 in some weeds, Tyke handled by Cameron and Spotted Boy by Richards. It was not very long before the Boy pointed a bevy in edge of pines; Richards flushed and dog was steady to wing. Then in some oaks Tyke came to a point, the Boy backing; a single was flushed by Cameron, both dogs steady to wing. On after the scattered birds a single was flushed by the handlers and the Boy pointed at edge of woods, no bird; roading on he came to a point on a single about 25yds. ahead. Sent on in sedge grass the Boy made a false point, then Tyke pointed again, and at the same time a single flushed wild. Birds were running and points followed in quick succession to both dogs. On in sedge grass the Boy pointed, moved up, pointed again, and Tyke coming up at a gallop backed, and at the same time the covey flushed; both dogs steady to wing.

On through some woods into the open, where the Boy pointed and Tyke backed. The latter was a little unsteady, moving up when Richards flushed two birds, dogs steady to shot and wing. In some woods to the right about 20yds. away, the rest of the covey flushed, just as Spotted Boy pointed; moving on at edge of woods he pointed again, no result. In woods the dogs seemed to get into the thick of the scent, and made point after point and moving on, birds having run. As time was up the first series was brought to a close. Spotted Boy showed the best work, though in range and style they were about equal. Spotted Boy seemed to have more nose for the likely places.

The judges now consulted, and at 3:42 decided that Tapster and Penelope II., Zig Zag and Tray, Spotted Boy and Maid of Kent, Tyke (bye) should remain in and run another hour each.

TAPSTER AND PENELOPE II.

The last heat of the day began at 3:50 with these two dogs. Cast off in sedge grass, they worked on toward some woods, where near the edge Penelope pointed, when the birds flushed wild into woods. Two singles were then flushed by a judge, birds which the dogs, who had passed on, had failed to locate. Sent on, Tapster pointed a single which Buckle put up and shot, dog steady to shot and wing. In woods further on, Penelope made game, but passed on and strangely enough her owner, Mr. Coleman, riding up, flushed the single about 20yds. to one side. In sedge, while roading, a single flushed soon after they had moved on. In an orchard, Penelope was dawdling along just in front of her handler, showing no inclination to get out and range for birds, when a bevy flushed a few yards ahead of her, which would, if she had ranged out, have fallen to her score. Both dogs then pointed foot scent, and coming out of woods dogs were ordered up at 4:51 P. M. Tapster showed far away the better work, Penelope seeming to have no heart in the game. The heat was won by Tapster.

After this we all hurried home thoroughly tired out. In the evening the draw for the Setter Derby took place in the club room and resulted as follows:

DERBY—SETTER.

First Series.

GOSSIP (P. H. O'Bannon), bitch (Roderigo—Belle of Piedmont),

with

DATCHA (Nahmke Kennels), bitch (Roger—Chintz).

OLGA (Nahmke Kennels), bitch (Roy Monarch—Saddlebags),

with

FAN (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), dog (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).

ANDY (J. M. Avent), dog (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van),

with

ATALANTA (L. W. Smith), bitch (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).

RUPERT (J. M. Avent), dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep),

with

TORY LIEUTENANT (F. R. Hitchcock), dog (Jean Val Jean—Princess Helen.

SAM R. (Geo. P. Jones), dog (Dash B.—Daisy Hope),
with
PHŒNESS (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), bitch (Woodhill Bruce—Lucy).

TRAP, JR. (Sam Grant), dog (Ruby's Druid—Trap),
with
WHYTE B. (P. H. Bryson), dog (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone).

PEG WOFFINGTON (Francis S. Brown), bitch (Ben Hill—Nora),
with
MARGUERITE (D. E. Rose, agent), bitch (Gath's Hope—Sue J.).

It is very likely the Pointer Derby will be settled soon after lunch to-morrow, and I shall furnish you results up to press time. H. W. L.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 2.—*Special to Forest and Stream.*—The weather this morning was bright and frosty, but very warm during the middle of the day. The first brace down to-day in second series was Zig Zag against Tray. Zig Zag did the best work and won the heat. Next came Spotted Boy running against Maid of Kent. Spotted Boy did the best work and won. Tyke was a bye. In the third series Tapster run against Tyke and the work done was very poor, but Tapster made fewest mistakes and won. After lunch Zig Zag ran against Spotted Boy. The latter did some good work, finding birds, and rightly won. He will run with Tapster to-morrow for first place and is pretty sure to win, as he is much better class. Two heats of the Setter Derby were run this afternoon, Gossip and Datcha, Ian and Olga. Mr. J. Otto Donner was on the field to-day.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—At a special meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held at 44 Broadway, this city, on Nov. 28, the following members were present: Dr. J. M. Lordly, Dr. H. Clay Glover, F. W. Bennett, Dr. John H. Meyer and L. A. Van Zandt. Dr. J. M. Lordly in the chair, L. A. Van Zandt, secretary pro tem. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Election of officers followed to fill the places of Messrs. H. Malcolm, president, Dr. J. Whitaker, vice-president, and I. T. Norris, secretary-treasurer, whose resignations took effect Oct. 29, 1890. On motion the follow officers were elected: Dr. H. Clay Glover, Pres.; Dr. J. M. Lordly, Vice-Pres.; L. A. Van Zandt, Sec'y and Treas. Election of members followed, and Dr. J. F. Clark and Dr. Geo. L. Lamson were elected. The resignation of J. W. E. Clarke as member of executive committee was read and accepted with regret. Dr. J. F. Clarke was elected a member of executive committee to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of J. W. E. Clarke. The resignation of F. M. Bennett as delegate to the A. K. C. and as a member of the stud book committee was read and accepted with regret. L. A. Van Zandt was elected delegate to the A. K. C. in place of F. M. Bennett. On motion of Dr. Glover, Dr. Meyer was appointed a committee of one to be known as the stud book committee. On motion of Dr. Meyer it was

Resolved, That the club donate the sum of $25 for prizes at the Westminster Kennel Club show, Feb., 1891, to be divided as follows: Ten dollars to best dog in open class, $10 to best bitch in open class, $5 to best dog or bitch in puppy classes.

Resolved, That a committee of one be elected to be known as the bench show and field trial committee, whose duty it shall be to look after the interests of the Gordon setter at bench shows and field trials, and to make all arrangements with the clubs; subject to the approval of the executive committee.

Resolved, That in order to facilitate the business of the club it is desirable that a full quorum of its officers should be voted for who reside in one city or vicinity. It is therefore

Resolved, That the secretary when sending the list for election purposes request the members to have this commendable object in view in making their selections.

Resolved, That the secretary address a circular letter to all owners of Gordon setters requesting them to join our club.

Resolved, That the secretary is hereby instructed to send a copy of the minutes of each meeting to the principal sportsmen's papers, including the *Gazette*.

Resolved, That the secretary is hereby empowered to spend whatever amount of money is necessary to equip his office.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen be elected honorary members of the Gordon Setter Club of America: August Belmont, President American Kennel Club; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., President English Setter Club; Wm. Dunphy, President Irish Setter Club; Dr. J. Frank Perry, President Associate Members; Hon. John S. Wise, President Pointer Club of America; Dr. N. Rowe and J. M. Tracy.

A bill for $10 dues for membership in A. K. C. was voted paid. The treasurer reported a balance on hand of $53.67. The committee then adjourned.

L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y (Yonkers, N. Y.).

MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB.—In November a bill was filed in Circuit Court No. 2 by five of the board of governors against the other five asking that the proceedings of a meeting held on Nov. 15 be declared void, alleging that sufficient notice was not given. The case was to have been heard yesterday before Judge Wright, but the defendants, George W. Massamore, Charles R. Diffenderffer, James Thompson, Wm. C. Farber and W. Stewart Diffenderffer, by lawyers Isidor Rayner and Edwin J. Farber, filed their answer, which will make it necessary to take testimony. The bill admits that the meeting was held, but denies that Charles J. Peshall, who represented H. Malcolm, was ever elected or sent as a delegate to the club, and alleges that Harry Malcolm, at his own instance, had been previously named as such delegate and without the authority of the club sent Peshall to represent him, that Peshall claims to be a resident of Jersey City, N. J., and that he is and at that time was an objectionable person to the members of the Maryland Kennel Club and also the American Kennel Club, having been recently permanently disqualified from membership or from any participation in its proceedings. The answer further alleges that Harry Malcolm has upon more than one accasion threatened to break up the club unless W. Stewart Diffenderffer "got out of it," and has openly stated that the Maryland Kennel Club should never have a "bench show" until Diffenderffer was displaced as secretary, nothwithstanding the fact that Diffenderffer did resign on June 7, 1890, the club refusing to accept the resignation, as the remaining defendants claimed that the acceptance would be detrimental to the interests of the club. The bill denies that Harry Malcolm and Henry R. Von der Horst made any proper demand on Nov. 17 on Diffenderffer, secretary, to show the minutes of the meetings, and avers that they were never denied access to the minutes of the meetings, and asks that the bill of complainants be dismissed with costs.—*Baltimore Herald Dec. 2.*

GLADSTONE, the setter of field trial fame, died at Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 20.

DOG CHAT.

SOME time since we spoke of a dog show being held this winter in Providence in connection with the Rhode Island Poultry Association. We hear now that the judges selected are Mr. C. Fred Crawford for the sporting classes and Mr. T. M. Aldrich the others. If a successful show is held this year a move will no doubt be made to join the A. K. C. and hold a proper show.

We hear that Mr. Wixom has exchanged his champion beagle bitch Myrtle for Mr. Kreuder's champion Rattler (Dan O'Shea's). From a letter we have received we judge the National Beagle Club will see the Wixom dogs at their next trials.

Mr. T. H. Stretch, the noted collie man in England, had three teams out the other week and won with each. What a far-fetched pun one could make on this, but we spare our readers this time.

Stock-Keeper alludes to a letter which Lady Blanche Innes-Ker has written in favor of having whippet racing at dog shows. We have not had time to allude to this sport much lately, but we certainly agree with the above paper in the opinion it advances that shows would be vastly benefited by some such extra attraction as this. It is all non sense to suppose that because it is a sport that is indulged in by miners and working people in the north of England it cannot be made a means of amusement for refined people. What is horse racing but a sport, in which we find the riff-raff of the world engaged? and at the same time we find men of the highest honor and integrity, heart and soul in the sport; and it is such people as the latter who, by just example, have raised the sport from the depths to which at one time it had fallen in this country. Then why, if respectable people wish to indulge in whippet racing, should they be discouraged by the cry of—Pitch! We are more immediately interested in its development as far as dog shows and especially those held at fairs are concerned, and it would not be a very difficult matter to keep the racing of these dogs as clean as the judging in the bench show ring. We should consider bench show committees very short sighted if they do not soon tack this harmless racing on to their list of attractions.

Many of our readers have a faint idea as to the origin of bench shows, so we think it would be of interest to them to look upon the face of the man who, at his own expense, got up the first dog show ever held, which was at Birmingham, Eng., in 1859. We are enabled through the kindness of Mr. Brailsford to copy the face on the solid silver medal which was given to his father in commemoration of the event. The medal is 2½in. in diameter with a solid silver chain 30in. long attatched to it. On the one side is an engraving of Mr. Brailsford, as represented in our illustration, and on



"THE ORIGINATOR OF DOG SHOWS."

the reverse side is the following inscription: "This medal with a purse of £80 was presented to Richard Brailsford as a testimonial for originating and his exertions in carrying out the national shows for improving the breed of sporting dogs, the first of which he carried out at his own expense at Birmingham, in 1859." Then Mr. W. Brailsford, his son, who has charge of Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's dogs at the trials, has another silver medal of the same size with a similar chain attached. On one side is the following inscription: "Presented at the National Pointer and Setter Field Trials, 1889." On the reverse side: "This medal with a purse of £95 was given to William Brailsford as a public testimonial for originating pointer and setter field trial competitions; for establishing the first national field trial meeting in 1866, and for his continued exertions in the management thereof for 24 years." In the case is a paper, on which are written the names of the subscribers to the testimonial, and one recognizes at once names which are familiar to every one interested in English field sports. Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was also a subscriber. Messrs. Brailsford and Cameron have made many friends by their quiet and courteous manner, accepting their defeat with a good grace, and should they succeed in pulling off any of the Central stakes, we are sure they will receive the hearty congratulations of their fellow handlers and sportsmen.

The noted pointer Sandford Mike was claimed at the late Crystal Palace show by Mr. J. Lloyd William for Col. J. H. Allen, of Louisville, Kentucky, who intends to bring the dog over with him. There is nothing said as to his showing him at our shows.

The latest Barzoical question, shall the "Krilutts" of the future have long or short necks? This is quite an important question with a severe winter fast approaching.

Mr. P. T. O'Bannon and Mr. H. Hulman, Jr., have decided to amalgamate their kennel forces and signed agreements to that effect during field trial week. With such dogs as Reverdy, Gath's Mark, Fanny M. and a host of other well bred ones, this kennel will hold a strong hand. They are very much in favor of breeding for dogs that can win on the bench as well as in the field.

In a chat with Mr. Brailford, who has the English dogs in charge, we asked him what he thought of the style of work in our trials and the way the handling is done. The former he calls forehunting or scampering; he says the dogs lead the handlers, the handlers lead the judges and the judges lead the spectators. Is he right? In speaking of the handlers, he describes them as a fine body of men, temperate and men of clear discernment, and men who, if he had them in his hands for six months, he would make of them the finest trainers in the world.

The *Fancier's' Gazette* (Eng.) draws ttention to a clause in the new tariff law dealing with live stock, which says that "no such animal shall be admitted free unless pure bred of a recognized breed, and duly registered in the book of record established for that breed," and surmises that the latter part of that sentence may provide a loophole for the Custom authorities to impose the duty on dogs, as each breed is not provided with a separate stud book. All the same, we think that the separate classification of the English Stud Book covers all this, each breed having to all intents and purposes a separate division of its own, so that we cannot see how this will affect the case at all, and any such interpretation of the law will defeat the end in view—the improvement of our canine stock. If the dog imported is duly registered and a certificate of the same from the secretary of the stud book, together with the affidavit of the owner or importer, that such is the identical dog described in said certificate, be obtained, will, we are informed, be all that is necessary.

Among the dogs sold during the Eastern field trials were Spot and Joy, Jr., owned by Capt. Mears. Spot went for $300 and Joy, Jr. for $150. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., was the purchaser. Mr. Merriam, of Boston, also sold Razzle, Mr. Avent selling two youngsters, Royal C. and Rodney Royal C., both Roderigo dogs, to Mr. Royal Carrol, of New York.

Many of the handlers who were unsuccessful at High Point are looking forward to better luck at Lexington, having faith that the dogs will run at not quite such a high pressure speed at the latter place, especially as the heats are, in the first instance, of one hour's duration.

After the Eastern trials and reports were finished, we journeyed on to Thomasville, a few miles from High Point, putting up with friends Tallman and Bradley, who have been located there for some time preparing their dogs for the trials. No better place could have been selected for the purpose. Birds are plentiful and the land of such varied character that a dog can be fitted to any style of work needed of him. Messrs. Tallman and Bradley are both well know in the field trial arena, and two harder workers it would be difficult to find. This training of field dogs is not the child's play some people suppose, and they only need to put in a dog with either of these men to find that it is real downright hard work; especially when one of those naturally perverse, head-strong dogs, that are sometimes to be met with, has to be brought to a sense of its duty. Three months of this sort of work, day after day, will make the strongest man stale. We had the pleasure of shooting over several bench show celebrities in "Billy's" charge. The first day we had out that smart little bitch Princess Beatrice, owned by Mr. Windholz, and in her own quiet way she gets over the ground and finds the birds without making mistakes. Then there is the great Count Howard, who would be better were he not quite so fond of his own way. A Count Howard—Princess Beatrice pup also shows good promise, and is withal a handsome little fellow. "Billy" has also the renouned Beaumont, who hunts with all the fire and vigor of a two-year-old, though we believe he is close on to eight years old. He is, as all bench show habitué's know, a handsome dog, and we can hardly blame the Gordon men, and especially the owner, Dr. Meyer, over their enthusiasm for their fancy in the field, for Beaumont is very stylish, and his handsome coloring makes a pretty picture as he glides through the short sedge grass. Bendigo is another Gordon, owned by Mr. Hunt, though young yet and one which was what Tallmon styles "a terror" to break, is now coming along nicely, and did quite a pretty piece of work on the way home from the last day's shoot. Gronie, a pointer, is one of the best in Mr. Tallman's string, and ran in hard luck in the Eastern All-Aged, but if he goes ahead and does work like that of Friday last, almost without a fault, he ought to be near the top in the pointer All-Aged at the Central. Mr. Bradley's dogs are all field dogs first and last. Such animals as Rowdy Rod, Harry C. and others doing honor to his ability as a trainer. Rowdy was being trained more especially for the four-hour race, and we trust the result will justify the expectation of his handler. The farmers in this section seem to be the right sort, and it is the exception to him a gruff "Here, you, get off that land." In the first place they are treated considerately, and as soon as they understand that the trainers are not intent on killing all the birds they can scare up, they are always willing to give kindly directions where the birds are to be found. Space forbids more on this subject, but any one bent on having some good sport could do worse than spend a week with these two gentlemen at the Mock House, whose comfortable quarters and bountiful table will be appreciated when the shades of evening drive the sportsman home with a ravenous appetite and tired limbs.

A very handsome picture of Mrs. Fergus and her St. Bernard bitch Coralie appears in last week's *Canine World*, and in speaking of this lady, who occupies the same position to the English kennel world that Miss Whitney does to ours, being the only lady judge of St. Bernards in the ring, if we may use that term without any direspect to these ladies, this paper says she is promoting a society a little ahead of the S. P. C. A. in that she thinks prevention is better than cure and proposes, by the aid of a committee, to watch over the manifest kindness to animals and at the end of the year give prizes ranging from $50 downward to the parties treating their animals kindly. Each recipient will also receive a silver medal to be worn on the coat. This idea is of course chiefly aimed at the drivers, cabmen and so on in her city of Glasgow, but it is a god one and might be carried out in other cities to advantage. Speaking of pictures, that is a clever two-page sketch by George Cruikshank the second in the same paper. It represents different members of the English kennel world and their dogs taking part in the Lord Mayor's show. America is not forgotten, for the "member for Hulton" and "Manhattan" occupy choice seats in the C. W. coach. Mr. Wade looks quite overpowered in a high hat, though he keeps a tight grip on the stars and stripes. We fancy there is a good deal of hidden meaning in the title, "This is not a two-point show."

At the forthcoming St. Bernard show in London, Dec. 10, Mr. L. C. R. Norris-Elye will judge the rough coats and Mr. L. Oppenheimer the smooths. By the amalgamation of the club with the E. K. C. their challenge class wins rank equally with those of the Kennel Club, for it is now what is termed a two-point show.

The noted Irish terrier Breda Rattle has been sold, and as he has sailed from England it is presumed he is consigned to America, though his destination and owner's name are enveloped in strict secrecy. He is described as a grand coated dog and one possessed of the best legs and feet a terrier could possess.

The noted St. Bernard, Prince Battenberg, is dead. This handsome animal was the only dog we believe that succeeded in lowering the colors of the great Plinlimmon, which he did at Birmingham under the judgment of Mr. Betterton. He was unfortunately owned by a man who could not take his defects with the stoical indifference all exhibitors should possess, and consequently he has not been seen on the bench as much as his great beauty and splendid character entitled him to. He died of heart disease and was but five years old.

We hear that Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes at South Carolina dog show at Greenville, S. C., in January next.

"Namquoit" expects four Welsh terriers over on the Rich

mond Hill. They are some of Mr. Boyd's stock, and expected to be clinkers. We are glad to hear Prudence, the St. Bernard bitch, is very much on the mend and out of danger.

WHITE WONDER.

NORTH WILMINGTON, Mass., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following appeared in your issue of Sept. 4:

Mr. Harris's bull-terrier formerly called White Wonder, that was protested against at the Boston show for being deaf, was deaf when born. He was bred by Mr. Pratt, of Oak Hill, Stoke-on-Trent. He is by White Sam out of White Rose. Mr. Pratt thought that the puppy was deaf when born and sold it to Mr. Hughes, a postman at Stoke, for £1. The postman soon discovered that the puppy was deaf but kept the matter as quiet as possible, but in spite of his precautions the dog finally became known throughout the section as the "postman's deaf dog." Mr. Hughes made up his mind to get even with Mr. Pratt and laid his plans very shrewdly. He wrote Mr. Heath, the former owner of Miss Glendynne, now called Attraction, Enterprise and other good ones, and got him to make a date to call and see the dog. He then goes to Mr. Pratt and tells him how wonderfully the puppy has improved and that Mr. Heath is talking of purchasing him. (Mr. Heath and Mr. Pratt were at that time trying to outdo each other.) Mr. Pratt not wishing to see his rival with the best dog in the country and supposing the puppy must have outgrown his deafness purchased him on the spot for £10. Of course he soon discovered that the dog was totally deaf and threatened suit, but as he had first sold the dog when deaf he was advised to let the matter rest. This much I know to be the facts. It is furthermore stated by those who ought to know that the White Wonder was soon after reported dead and the same dog was represented as another dog under another name. I have not questioned Mr. Harris in regard to the affair, but if he paid the price stated, £20, he was badly sold, whether he knew him to be deaf or not. If Mr. Hinks sold the dog to Mr. Harris and did not say anything about the deafness he is a swindler of the first water. Hinks & Pratt are one firm. American readers must not get this Hinks mixed up with James Thorpe Hincks, the Clumber man, at Leicester, or E. C. Hincks. It is Fred Hinks that sold White Wonder.

We desire to say that the above is false in every particular; in proof of which we submit the following letter from Mr. Hinks:

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 9.—Mr. Harris. Dear Sir: Your favor of the 19th ultimo is at hand inclosing a cutting from the FOREST AND STREAM, of Sept. 4; and in reply I can only say that it is absolutely false from the commencement to the finish, as Mr. Pratt never owned or had in his possession White Wonder, and that he never was out of this town until he was sent to you. Moreover, he is by Gully the Great out of Kit, and the story related in the cutting from FOREST AND STREAM respecting White Wonder is an entire fabrication altogether. And it is a pity reporters cannot find something else to do than drag a gentleman like Mr. Pratt into a matter which he knows nothing about. Yours truly, FREDERICK HINKS.

White Wonder is by Gully the Great out of Kit, by Ducrow out of Eclipse; Gully the Great is by Gladstone out of Florrie. Breeder, Mr. Brooks. Whelped June, 1888.

H. A. & W. L. HARRIS.

MR. PESHALL'S CASE.—Chas. J. Peshall, president of the New Jersey Kennel Club, who was recently indicted for libeling A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary and treasurer of the American Kennel Club, in a communication published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 19, in which he charged Mr. Vredenburgh with falsifying and juggling the accounts of the club, appeared yesterday at the bar of General Sessions before Judge Fitzgerald to demand an immediate trial. "I can prove my entire innocence, your Honor," said Mr. Peshall, "and I demand a trial. I have been pursued with the utmost malevolence, and even the gentleman, Mr. Leslie C. Bruce, of *Turf, Field and Farm*, who became my bondsman, has been assailed on account of his friendship for me. I want to put an end to this. My reputation is dearer to me than my life." Mr. Bedford said that the entire week must be devoted to prison cases. "Well," rejoined Mr. Peshall, "if going to the Tombs will help me to get a trial, I am inclined, particularly as I hear the food is good there, to surrender myself and take my chances of trial with the other prisoners there." "You had better not," replied Mr. Bedford. "You might have to remain there longer than you wanted to." Judge Fitzgerald suggested that Mr. Peshall should confer, out of court, with Mr. Bedford, and try to settle upon a near date for trial.—*New York Sun, Dec. 2.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Flossy—John Bull. Tom Caruther's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Flossy (Fred—Hazel Kirke) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' John Bull (champion Loris—May Queen), Nov. 18.

Nun Nicer—champion Kash. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Nun Nicer to his champion Kash, Nov. 15.

Ruby N.—Kash. Mrs. J. N. Newton's (Toledo, O.) pug bitch Ruby N. to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Nov. 5.

Mobie—champion Kash. M. L. Jackson's (Greensburg, Ind.) pug bitch Mobie to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, Nov. 11.

Toody—champion Bradford Harry. G. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Toody to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Nov. 26.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Reginald. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 10, 1890, by Blaze out of Gladys B., by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to C. Bywater, Middletown, Conn.

Duke of Warsaw. Cream fawn pug dog, whelped March 17, 1890, by Sniffles out of Toodles III., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. Carlton Jacks, Rochester, Minn.

Clarissa. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Bravo out of Leonie, by R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn., to F. E. Adams, Middlesborough, Ky.

DEATHS.

Bella Donna. The Niagara Kennels' (Lockport, N. Y.) blue belton setter (champion Rockingham—Donna), Nov. 19. Distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

R. C. M., New York.—My St. Bernard bitch had a litter of 6 last June. They stayed with her 6 weeks, whereupon I began feeding a variety of food with a view to getting her into condition, but my utmost efforts have been unsuccessful. She is still in very poor flesh; has irregular appetite, and stomach rolls violently both before and after eating; coat thin and unhealthy. I have doctored for worms, but without the desired result. Can you prescribe for her through your valuable paper. Ans. Feed generously. Give her a dessertspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day for a week. Give morning and night, either alone or in her food, a table spoonful of cod liver oil. After meals give her a couple of papsin tablets.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB, Nov. 27.—The New York Rifle Club wound up its long range season with the last of five rest matches at Creedmoor, L. I., on Thanksgiving Day. The prosperous season enjoyed by the club this year during the handicap match induced the members to introduce an innovation, a Thanksgiving Day dinner, to which the ladies were invited. The conditions for shooting were not altogether favorable, but, considering the tricky wind, the scores which follow were fair. Twenty-shot rest match, 200yds. distance, any rifle with 3lb. trigger pull or more, Standard American target, possible 200 points: Dr. Chadbourne 188, average 9 40; E. B. Barker 184, average 9.20; T. J. Dolan 184, average 9.20; M. Herrington 183, average 9.15; J. Klein 183, average 9.15; C. C. King 173, average 8.65. The highest scores on the first string of 10 shots were made by Messrs. Herrington and Klein with 96, but Dr. Chadbourne, who was only one point behind, overcame this lead easily in the second string, and won hands down. The club will begin its gallery season at the range of the German-American Society, 12 St. Marks Place, on Dec. 11, and thirteen meetings will be held there altogether. The club began its outdoor competition early last year, meeting first on the Cypress Hill Park range and later at Creedmoor. The earlier matches had been all strictly off-hand on the Standard American target, strings of 10 shots, possible 100 points. The best score on each day was to count only, and of these the aggregate of the five best scores entitled the marksmen to prizes. The match was a handicap contest, the executive committee awarding the necessary number of points and altering the handicap during the progress of the match whenever they thought it advisable. The five best scores as well as the club averages of the shooters during the year were as follows:

	Five Best Scores.					Total.	Average.
T J Dolan	37	90	89	88	85	439	87.80
G A Strong	83	87	85	93	86	434	86.80
M Herrington	82	87	90	85	81	425	85.00
E B Barker	85	78	89	88	84	424	84.80
J S Case	84	89	77	86	83	419	83.80
V B Daly	81	82	81	92	82	418	83.60
A H Isbell	80	77	90	87	84	418	83.60
T Lloyd	81	88	82	81	82	414	82.80
G A Shorkley	90	80	80	76	77	403	80 60
C E Gensch	81	82	81	73	82	399	79.80
J Duane	80	78	81	81	78	398	79.60
Dr E W Chadbourne	65	88	82	80	70	385	77.00

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. A good number of shooters were out, but found very unfavorable conditions for high scores. A strong S to 11 o'clock wind blew all day and a bad light caused low scores. C. H. Eastman won the gold membership badge and J. L. Fowle won the silver military medal. Below will be found the best scores made to-day. Distance 200yds., standard American targets, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

C H Eastman	82	J B Hobbs	66
A B Loring	77	D Martin	62
W Hawley	73	M T Day	61
S C Sydney	72	A S Hunt	60
A S Gunn	68		

All-Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder	106	A S Hunt	98
F Daniels	105	M T Day	98
A H Ballard	105	S T Crawford	96
J N Eames	101	D Martin	95
John French	100	J B Hobbs	93
F W Chester	99		

Pistol Match, 50Yds.

G L Hosmer	83	M T Day	75
A D Stevens	82		

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—Col. G. A. Howe, of the Hawaiian Rifle Association, is at present spending a vacation in this city in company with his wife. He states that great interest is taken at the Islands in regard to rifle matters: They have a fine range there of from 200 to 1,000yds., and often have competitive matches with the visiting men-of-war men, in which the home company usually come out victorious. While here the Colonel will inspect the different ranges around the city and take advantage of any improvement he may notice for the benefit of his association.

CASED BULLETS.—The English army is to have a new ball cartridge for the magazine rifle. The old black powder will be used. The principal change is in the bullet. It has been found that the lead core of the old pattern bullet has been often driven through the envelope in which it was encased, the latter being of course left in the barrel with a probability of disastrous results. In the new pattern cartridge a bullet having a thick envelope and extending further over the base than in the previous pattern has been introduced.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NEWARK TOURNAMENT.

AT Erb's Shooting Park, Newark, N. J., last week, was inaugurated the first of the annual tournaments of the Newark Gun Club. The meeting began on Tuesday and was brought to a successful conclusion on Friday. The first two days was given to the throwing of Keystone targets, about 7,000 being disposed of. On Thanksgiving Day and Friday live birds only were used, and over 1,000 in number were trapped. In the inanimate contests the committee carried out an idea that has of late caused considerable discussion among trap-shooters, namely, the barring of experts. The innovation evidently met the approval of all who attended and certainly proved a success. The meeting coming in the very height of the game season with the shortest of days and a family holiday in the middle of the week, a large attendance was not looked for, consequently the entry list came fully up to the expectations of the management. The club hereafter will give an annual meeting, claiming date in the early fall, and from the experience derived from this, their first attempt, should be able to give the greatest tournament ever held in the East. The grounds at Erb's have been recognized for years as the best live bird grounds in the country, and the targets thrown in this tournament were the first ever shot upon them. Mr. Erb's reputation for furnishing birds of the highest grade did not suffer during this tournament, for a better lot of flyers never were trapped. On Thursday, with the shooting, over 800 birds were shot at; and on Friday fully as many more left the traps. Of the entire number but 14 were called "no birds." This will give some idea of their quality. The weather throughout the entire meeting was all that could be asked for. For this season of the year on Tuesday the weather was perfectly delightful. Wednesday was a trifle colder, with a stiff breeze from the northeast that played pranks with the targets and havoc with the scores. Thanksgiving day opened with snow squalls and the thermometer registering about 20 degrees; however, before the shooting began it cleared away and the enthusiasm of the contestants kept the cold from interfering with the sport. Friday was another raw day, but everything went smoothly. Among the contestants from a distance were noted Al. Spangler and George Mosher, of the Hunter Arms Co., from Fulton, N. Y.; Arthur Du Bray (Gaucho), just from Walla Walla, who is about to enter the employ of Parker Bros.; W. H. Whitney, of Florence, Mass., and his able representative W. H. Skinner, of Chicago; Frank Pidgeon, of Saugerties, N. Y.; Capt. C. W. Minerd, of Atlantic City, N. J.; C. B. Manley, of Danbury, Conn.; H. B. Schumeier, of St. Paul, Minn.; W. S. Gettle, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Mahlon Fox, of Trenton, N. J.; W. C. Smith, of Orange, N. J.; Riss Van Riper and Frank Post, from Cherry Hill; Milt Lindsley and Eddie Collins, from Hoboken; Jack Elliot, of Pelham Bridge, N. Y.; and Fred Quimby, of this city. On Thursday Harvey McMurchy put in an appearance, accompanied by Phil Beakeart, a popular sporting goods dealer of San Francisco. Harvey was the only one of all the experts barred from the artificial contests who put in an appearance to shoot in the live bird events, and said he had just dropped in to see what kind of amateurs there were around. As usual, at the conclusion of each day's shooting there was the regulation amount of match talk and at least two matches was the result. The first, between John Ryan, of Hackensack, N. J., and Jack Elliott, of Pelham Bridge, is to be shot at Erb's, on Dec. 12, at 12 o'clock. The conditions are 50 birds a man, for $100 a side, trap, find and handle, Ryan to stand at 21 and Elliot at 25yds. rise, use of one barrel only. The second match is between Phil Daly, Jr., and Elliot, and is to take place at the conclusion of the first match. The conditions are 100 birds a man, for $250 a side, Hurlingham rules, Mr. Jacob Pentz referee and stake holder. Mr. Elliot is the crack shot of the Washington Heights Gun Club and is considered a good match-maker, and as both the gentlemen he is to shoot against are well to the front in trap-shooting circles an interesting exhibition should be the result. The target events were run on the rapid firing system from one set of 10 traps, your correspondent acting as referee, Mr. Jacob Pentz refereeing the live bird matches, the same being shot under modified Hurlingham rules. All ties div. unless otherwise noted.

First Day, Nov. 25.

Regular No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entrance:

Willey	1110111111—9	Skinner	1111111101—9
Schumeier	1111011111—9	Fieles	1110100111—7
Spangler	1111101110—8	Mosher	0011111011—7
Smith	1011111111—9	Minerd	1111010111—8

No. 2, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance:

Willey	1111111111—10	Minerd	1110100101—6
Schumeier	1111100011—7	Riggott	1111011110—8
Spangler	0111110110—7	Brantingham	1110111011—8
Smith	1000111111—7	Soper	1110111011—8
Skinner	1110111110—8	Simpson	1111111111—10
Fieles	1111011001—7	Van Riper	1100101101—6
Mosher	1101011011—7	F Post	1111110001—7

No. 3, 15 singles, $2 entrance:

Fieles	100110100101111—9	Van Riper	111101011001100—9
Minerd	101111111101101—12	Skinner	011111101001111—11
Schumeier	111010011111111—12	Smith	111110111011111—13
Mosher	100000011001011—6	Post	011111101000111—10
Spangler	100000111111111—10	Soper	111011001110010—9
Brantingham	011100111111011—11	A C Hunt	110111111111111—14
Willey	111110111111114—14	Riggott	111111111110111—14
Simpson	101111101110101—11		

No. 4, 20 singles, four moneys, $2:50 entry:

Simpson	11111111001111110111—17	E Collins	11111111000100111111—15
Skinner	01111111010101001—14	A Hunt	11010101111110111111—16
Willey	10111111001111111111—17	Fieles	10011101110001010001—12
Spangler	00110111100110101111—13	Post	11010001010111010111—12
Schumeier	10111100111111111101—16	Riggott	10111110011111111111—17
Van Riper	01111111100110111100—14	W Smith	11111111111111111110—18

No. 5, 15 singles, four moneys, $1.50 entry:

Hamline	11001011111010—10	Minerd	01111111111111—14
Simpson	10101011101111—11	Willey	11101101110111—12
Collins	11111101111110—13	Spangler	11111011101110—12
Post	11101111111111—14	Riggott	11111110111111—14
Van Riper	11101110001010—9	Gettle	11110011111101—11
A Hunt	10111011110100—9	Brantingham	11111111101111—14
Chetwood	10111101111111—12	W Smith	11110101111110—12
Fieles	01100110110101—10		

No. 6, 10 singles, $1.50:

Simpson	1101101111—8	Gettle	1011011111—8
Collins	1111101111—9	Hamline	1111110110—8
Post	1011001111—7	Riggott	1111111101—9
Van Riper	0101011001—5	Chetwood	1111011111—9
Hunt	1101001011—6	Smith	1111010111—8
Fieles	1111011011—7	Brantingham	1111010111—7
Minerd	1101111011—8	Willey	1111011111—9
Spangler	1111011111—9	Mosher	1001100101—5

No. 7, 20 singles, 4 moneys, $2 50:

Hunt	11111111111111100111—18	Fieles	01110111110011000101—12
Collins	11101110101111111111—17	Riggott	01110111111010111111—16
Post	11111111111111010101—18	Willey	00100111101101111111—14
Van Riper	10110111111111111111—18	Brant'g'm	11011011110111111111—17
Simpson	11101110111111111111—17	Hamline	11111111010111111011—17
Gettle	11111111001101011010—14	Smith	11000110110011011010—11
Minerd	00001011111111110000—11	Spangler	00110011101101111101—13
Lindsley	11001111100111111111—15	Brientnall	11010101011111111111—17
Geoffroy	11011101111110111010—15		

No. 8, 15 singles, 4 moneys, $2:

Skinner	1111111101111—14	Riggott	0111111111011111—13
Chetwood	1111111001101111—11	Minerd	1100110111111111—12
Collins	1111111111011—14	Brientnall	1111111101101101—12
Post	1111111111111—15	"Hamline"	0111111011011101—12
Van Riper	0111111011111101—12	Mosher	0010110110100001—7
Hunt	1011111111111110—13	Smith	0110000110111111—9
Fieles	1011111110111110—12	Willey	1111111101101101—12
Lindsley	1010101110101111—10	Brantingham	1111111110111111—14
Simpson	0011111110000101—9	Soper	1110111111111110—13
Gettle	1110110000111111—10	Spangler	1011101111111111—12
Geoffroy	0011100010111111—9		

No. 9, 10 singles, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys:

Clark	0011001111—6	Chetwood	1001111101—7
Lindsley	1111001111—8	Geoffrey	1111110111—9
Skinner	0111111111—9	Riggott	1111111011—9
Collins	1111011110—8	Brientnall	1001100110—5
Van Riper	0011001011—5	"Hamline"	1111111111—10
Post	1011111111—9	S Tillon	1101011110—7
Fieles	1111111111—10	Brantingham	1011100111—7
Gettel	0111111111—9	Soper	0111111111—9
Hedden	1011111110—8	Willey	0111111111—9
Heath	1101000011—5	Smith	1101001100—5
Simpson	1110111111—9	Spangler	1111011111—9

No. 10, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys:

Clark	1111111011111—14	Fieles	1110011011111—12
Collins	1101111111111—14	Telton	1110111010111110—11
Post	0010110111101111—10	Brientnall	1000111001101101—8
Van Riper	0310110011111101—9	"Hamline"	0111111011111—13
Minerd	1111111111111—15	Geoffrey	1111111011111011—13
Gettel	1110111111111011—13	Willey	0111111011111110—12
Hunt	1110101011011111—11	Chetwood	0010101100101100—6
Simpson	1111100011011113—12	Soper	0111010111111111—12
Hedden	0111101011011110—10	Brantingham	1111001110111011—11
Lindsley	1111111100111101—12	Smith	1111100110011111—11
Skinner	1111111111011—14	Riggott	1111101100111101—11

No. 11, 10 singles, $1 entry:

Skinner	1111111110—9	Fieles	1111101111—9
Lindsley	1101111101—8	Geoffrey	1011111111—8
Spangler	1100010011—5	Brantingham	1111111111—10
Collins	1111011110—8	Minerd	1110111110—9
Van Riper	1101111000—6	"Hamline"	1111110101—8
Post	1111111110—9	Willey	1011100111—7
Clark	0011111111—8	Chetwood	1010101111—7
Gettle	1111111110—9		

Second Day, Nov. 26.

No. 12, 10 singles, $1 entry, 3 moneys:

"Hamline"	1111111011—9	Spangler	1011001111—7
Fieles	1110011011—7	W C Smith	1101111111—9
Blake	1111001011—7	H Sigler	1101111100—7
Collins	1110100111—6	Pidgeon	1011111000—6
Quimby	1010011111—7	Post	1101111110—8
Van Riper	0011111101—7		

No. 13, 10 singles, $1.50 entry, 4 moneys:

Minerd	0011010001—4	F Class	1011011111—8
"Hamline"	1011111011—8	Pidgeon	1119111011—8
Quimby	1101111111—9	S Castle	0001110011—5
Fieles	1111111111—10	Spangler	0111010111—7
Collins	1101011111—8	H Sigler	0101111010—6
Smith	1111001111—8	Blake	1110101010—5
Van Riper	1110111011—8	Ayres	0000101110—5
Post	0000110011—4		

No. 14, 20 singles, $2 entry, 4 moneys:

Quimby	11010011011111—11	Collins	11011100111011—10
Hamline	11111101111101—13	Van Riper	11101110000111—10
Smith	11000100000110— 7	Pidgeon	11011010101011—10
Skinner	11111101111111—14	Sigler	01110100101110— 9
Fieles	10111101101111—12	Minerd	11111111111100—13
Class	11011100111111—12	Spangler	11111001010111—11
Lindsley	10111111011111—12	Mosher	11101111010101—11
Post	11111110111111—14		

No. 15, 10 singles, $2.50 entry, 4 moneys:

Quimby	1101110010101111—14	Post	1111111011111111110—17
Hamlin	1011111101111111111—18	H Sigler	0101111111011000111—15
Fieles	1111111011111111011—18	Skinner	0111011111011011107—15
Smith	1001111111111101111—17	Pidgeon	0010010111011101110—12
Class	1111111111111111111—20	Mosher	1100111101110000001—12
Lindsley	1110111001111011111—17	Spangler	1011111101111111101—16
Collins	1111010111110101011—16	Blake	1110111110101010100—13
Van Riper	0111111110111101101—16		

No. 16, 15 singles, $1.50 entry, 4 moneys:

Lindsley	1111111010110110—11	Class	1111111011111100—12
Collins	0111110101101111—11	Skinner	1111111011111110—13
"Hamline"	1111111111011111—14	Post	1111110101011111—12
Fieles	1111111111111111—15	Smith	1111000100110110— 8
Minerd	1110100101011111—14	Van Riper	1110111101010010—10
Quimby	1011101100101110— 9	Ayres	1110011111011110—11
Mosher	1000011100111101— 8	Pidgeon	1111111101111110—13

No. 17, 15 singles, $2 entrance, four moneys:

Lindsley	1111011100111101—11	"Jersey"	1011101111111111—13
Hamlin	1111111111101011—13	Quimby	1010101111101111—11
Skinner	1111111111111011—14	Fieles	1110111110111011—13
Collins	0011110111111111—12	Post	1010111110111011—11
Smith	0111111110101111—12	Sigler	0101111101111101—11
Pidgeon	1011001111101111—11	Daly	1110001011111111—11
Class	0010011111111111—11	Ayres	1110111011111110—11

No. 18, 20 singles, $2.50 entrance, four moneys:

Hamline	11111111011111111—18	Pidgeon	01100111011100110011—12
Lindsley	01111110111111011111—17	Post	10111110111100111111—16
Skinner	11111101011110111001—15	Smith	11111111101111111111—19
Collins	11111101111101111101—17	Jersey	11111011001111111011—16
Quimby	01111111110101110010—15	Class	10010111111011011111—15
Fieles	11111111111111111011—19	Daly	11011000101101100111—11

Third Day, Nov. 27.

No. 23, 8 birds, 4 moneys, $6 entrance:

Hathaway	1o111220—6	Simpson	11112011—7
Quimby	11111c22—7	Castle	10122101—6
Canon	11011200—5	Daly	21220200—5
Lindsley	10212302—6	E Jones	11120211—7
Hamline	10011110—5	Lurch	10111122—7
Skinner	11121221—8	Hedden	11111211—8
DuBray	11o11o21—6		

No. 24, 10 birds, $10 entry:

Quimby	1001021214— 7	Daley	1112211111—10
Canon	2110021010— 6	Hollis	2121221010— 8
McMurchy	2122112111—10	Lurch	1102211011— 8
Lindsley	1213121110— 9	Manley	11101c0c20— 5
DuBray	1021120111— 9	Skinner	21c22111110— 8
R Schrofft	2202211022— 7	Hamline	1120220110— 7
C M Hedden	1121211011— 9	Castle	1121211121—10
Mack	1203112211— 9	Jones	1111121120— 9
Class	2212222222—10	Mahlon	2121211110— 9

No. 25, 7 birds, $5 entry:

Collins	1212122—7	Mahlon	1111112—7
Quimby	1112210—6	A W Wheaton	1122001—5
Riggott	2221112—7	P Daly	2122121—7
DuBray	1221110—6	Class	2212200—5
Lindsley	1012010—4	"Hollis"	1120211—6
McMurchy	2111210—6	H Leddy	1122211—7
Hughes	c220130—4	S Castle	2221111—7
C M Hedden	1121021—6	Schrafft	0221120—6
"Mack"	1001121—5	C B Manley	1111111—7
"Hamline"	1222110—6	E C "Jones"	1011111—6
Skinner	0211101—5		

First, third and fourth div., second shot off in next sweep and won by McMurchy, DuBray, Hollis and Schrafft.

No. 26, 8 birds, $7:

Quimby	02121212—7	Hughes	01101c11—5
Lindsley	10112211—7	Castle	12121120—7
McMurchy	11111111—7	Hamline	12c20211—6
Mahlon	11220011—6	Riggott	12222222—8
Hedden	21c02111—6	Class	01211122—7
Leddy	22011101—6	Mack	20001111—5
Hollis	11212211—8	Collins	12101221—7
Daly	2121c212—7	Canon	10212011—6
Schrafft	22121121—8	Jones	1211c221—7
Du Bray	12111121—8	Firth	12211011—7
Geoffrey	11120210—6		

For second money Collins and Firth withdrew pro rata, the others shooting miss and out, Quimby, Lindsley and Class winning the money.

Fourth Day, Friday, Nov. 28.

No. 27, 4 birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

Class	1112—4	Quimby	2122—4
Erb	2111—4	Hollis	2122—4
Lindsley	1211—4	Mahlon	0221—3
McMurchy	1111—4	Hedden	2210—3

Ties for first shot off in next event and won by Frank Class.

No. 28, 4 birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys:

Class	1111—4	Mahlon	2121—4
Quimby	1002—2	Riggott	0111—3
McMurchy	1210—3	Erb	0111—3
Lindsley	1110—3	Hedden	0111—3
Hollis	0221—3		

Second shot off in next sweep and won by McMurchy and Hedden.

No. 29, 5 birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys:

McMurchy	11111—5	Riggott	01221—4
Quimby	11112—5	Erb	01202—3
Lindsley	c2020—2	Class	21112—5
Hollis	22210—4	Hedden	22122—5
Daly	22222—3	Mahlon	21220—4

Ties on first shot miss and out and won by Quimby, Daly and Hedden.

No. 30, 5 birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys:

Quimby	111o—4	Erb	01221—4
McMurchy	11112—5	Hollis	11222—5
Class	22211—5	Daly	12221—5
Lindsley	11200—3	Mahlon	22210—4
Riggott	11111—5	Collins	01110—3
Hedden	21222—5	Schrafft	21111—5

No. 31, 15 birds, 4 moneys, $15 entry:

Hollis	111211231121231—15	Quimby	22112 022120212—13
Class	21222102222111—14	Phil Daly	20202211 2o1222—12
Schrafft	20111121211211—14	"Mahlon"	2021102221120—14
Collins	11111112 1c21222—14	C M Hedden	12123002120c2110—11
McMurchy	10111112112011—13	J Erb	11o1101c2112100—10
Riggott	11010 112112122—13	Leddy	0111c0120001111— 9
Lindsley	12101102211112 —13		

No. 32, 8 singles, $7 entry:

McMurchy	21112111—8	Riggott	12111112—8
Pelham	12022021—6	Hollis	c1122120—6
Lindsley	22211112—8	Hedden	1222c121—7
Hughes	02100000—2	Mahlon	10001112—5
Daly	11212102—7	Schrafft	21111211—8
Griffin	12c22222—7	Collins	11112120—7
Howke	10111010—5	Wheaton	12121111—8
Class	11221222—8	Castle	2221111—7

First shot off, miss and out, and won by McMurchy, Lindsley and Riggott.

WALNUT HILL, Nov. 26.—The usual party of shotgun experts assembled at this range to-day for the double purpose of adding to their aggregates in the prize matches and getting up robust appetites for the Thanksgiving dinners of to-morrow. To the eye the weather was all that could have been wished, but a cold and stiff breeze made the attainment of high scores more than ordinarily difficult. In spite of all drawbacks the shooting was very strong, and the scores of Messrs. Nichols and Wheeler in the Keystone trophy match are creditable in the extreme. Mr. Bowker broke one bird more than his nearest competitor in the "diamond pin" match, and his performance enables him to wear the champion medal of the association until the next meeting, which is on the card for Wednesday, Dec. 10.

Diamond pin match, 15th competition, 20 keystone targets, squad system of firing, and 5 pairs standard targets:

Bowker	10111110101111111111—17	10 11 11 10 10	7—24
Gale	11111111110011110111—17	00 10 11 00 11	6—23
Parham	01111111011111111111—17	10 10 10 11 00	5—22
Wheeler	10111101111101111111—17	11 10 10 00 00	5—21
Bradbury	11111111101010101111—16	10 11 00 10 00	4—20
Knowles	11010111111000111101—14	11 10 10 10 10	6—20
Curtis	01101101111011111110—15	10 10 10 00 00	3—18
Black	11111110110011111111—17	00 00 00 00 10	1—18
Nichols	11111100111111111101—17	10 00 00 00 00	1—18
Bumstead	00000000001110101010— 5	00 00 00 00 00	0— 5

Keystone trophy match, 20 single Keystone targets, 5 traps, 10-bores at 18yds., 12-bores at 16yds., squad system, 5th competition:

Nichols	11111111011111111119	Bradbury	10111111011101101110—15
Wheeler	11111111111111101119	Cullis	10010111101110101111—14
Black	10010111110111111111—16	Parham	11001111010011101111—14
Gale	11111010101011111101—16	Knowles	11110011000111001111—13
Bowker	11010111111110111001—15		

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Nov. 27.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

Lyons	5 6 6 9 7 2	Simpson	7 8 8 6 . .
Wyman	6 8 3 6 7 4	Eibsen	2 1 7 1 . .
Sunderman	5 6 7 8 . .	Fussel	. 3 3 4 3
Way	5 4 . 6 . .		

Sweep No. 1, 4 live birds, $2 entrance:

Lyons	2	Simpson	4
Way	3		

Sweep No. 2, same:

Way	4	Lyons	4
Sunderman	3	Eibsen	2

Simpson	3
Wyman	4

No. 3, same:

Lyons	2	Simpson	3
Way	4	Eibsen	3

Wyman	2
Sunderman	1

No. 4, same:

Simpson	3	Sunderman	3
Way	3		

Lyons	2

Nov. 29.—Ten bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

Sigler	10 9 10 9 9 8 9 9 10	Ost'rho't	5 . . 4 . . . . .
Simpson	6 8 9 5 9 8 . . 10 . .	Hunt	. . 7 . . 7 7 . . 7 . . . .
Lindsley	9 8 8 7 8 9 9 7 8	H'thw'y	. 6 . . . 8 8 5 4 . .
Collins	8 9 8 10 8 8 10	Gladwin	. . . . . 9 7 7 7 . .
Clark	. 7 7 6 5 7 9	Moffatt	. . . . . 7 . . . .

Matches at 4 live birds, $2 entrance:

Sigler	1112—4	1111—4	Hathaway	2202—3	2001—2
Simpson	1211—4	2121—4	Clark	2213—4	
Lindsley	1110—3	1212—4			

INTERESTING TRAP QUESTIONS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to correct a statement in your report of the Chicago—Kansas City shoot, which is not quite accurate in regard to my match with Mr. Vories. At the same time I wish to go on record to the effect that the referee made an erroneous decision against me on the second bird I shot at, which was scored lost. The report states that failing to kill my second bird, by reason of a misfire, I was ordered to shoot another bird, using a blank shell in the first barrel and a loaded in the second, and that I "pulled the loaded barrel first." This was the general idea on this matter, but it is not really exactly the case and I wish to state the matter precisely as it was.

My gun, a Scott premier hammerless, was, as I found later, in need of a touch or so at the mechanism of the strikers, and it troubled me with misfires. On the second bird I shot at I hit the bird with the right barrel, but the left barrel failed to fire. The bird lit just within the flags and on a line for the coops. I was afraid to try the left barrel again for fear it would be too long a shot and would start the bird out of bounds. I stood looking at the bird to see what it would do. I claim I had a right to stand and watch it, and to gather it at any time within 3 minutes, under the rules, if I wanted to, but the referee asked what we were going to do, and we agreed to shoot at another bird. Then I did go to the score with a blank and a loaded shell, the blank in the right barrel, which I shot first, and then happened what nobody seems to have just right. I pulled on the right barrel first, the blank shell, but not hard enough to discharge it. My finger slipped to the left, or loaded barrel, and this barrel missed fire and was never discharged at all. So no shot whatever was fired at this second or alternate bird. Yet the referee gave it a "lost bird."

Now, what I claim is that this bird should not have been scored lost, but I should have been given another bird, and if necessary another and another, under just such circumstances. My reason for this is that I was entitled to action on that second bird, as the rules are two-barrel rules. My second shot was unused on the second or on any bird for that bird's score, and I was barred from a right thereby. The referee had no right to assume that I would miss until after I had shot at least, and the fact that I snapped the loaded barrel cuts no figure in the case.

I claim that on my second bird instead of deciding "lost bird," the referee should have decided "another bird." On this point I should be glad to have a decision from the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM. The rules shot under were the new American rules.

A. S. KLEINMAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to raise a question in regard to the action of the referee at a certain point of the Abe Kleinman—Jones match in the Chicago—Kansas City shoot. Many shooters of this city wish further to get a decision upon the authority of FOREST AND STREAM bearing upon a point which was not actually raised during that match, but which came very near being raised, and which may come up at any time in an important match, and indeed often has done so. The matter in question transpired when Mr. Kleinman shot at his second bird. Mr. Kleinman hit the bird with his first barrel and the left missed fire. The bird lit just within the boundary and the shooter stood looking at it. The referee, very widely transgressing his duties, as it seems to me, for a referee is there only to decide questions, and not to raise them, did not call "Dead bird," but called out "What are you going to do about that bird?" The captain of Chicago team did not answer, but Mr. M. J. Eich, who was at the time extending the courtesies of a handler to Mr. Kleinman, said, "We claim another bird." Mr. Kleinman being apparently afraid of the distance, acquiesced with Mr. Eich, and the claim was made and honored for "another bird." Before this was settled the bird began to wobble, and in point of fact, died within bounds before the second bird was in the trap.

On this much of the statement I wish to ask,

1. Was not the referee wrong to ask, "What are you going to do?" instead of calling "Dead bird," and waiting for the shooter or his opponent to raise the question?

2. Was it not the shooter who should be heard from before the referee could act, and not his handler?

3. If Mr. Kleinman had not agreed to handler Eich's call for "another bird," would not his, the shooter's, voice be the deciding one and the one on which the referee should act?

I wish now to raise yet another question on the contingency which did not actually arise, but nearly did so. Now, if the call and agreement for another bird had not been made, and if that bird were still on the ground, undecided, I claim that the shooter had the right, before he forfeited it by calling for another bird to send the gatherer out after that undecided bird, and if gathered, it to be scored "dead bird," and if not gathered, then he had the right still to another bird, with his one blank and one loaded shell, under the new rules of the American Association. Here is where I think Mr. Kleinman let go a right that he could have used. I would formally ask, therefore: 4. In case of a bird fired at with first barrel, the second barrel misfiring, and the bird lighting within boundary, has not the shooter a right to claim any action that may be given him by his first barrel, by sending out his retriever to gather the first; and in the event of the retriever failing to gather has not the shooter a right to claim another bird, with a blank cartridge in his first barrel and a loaded one in his second?

Your decisions on the specific questions asked will please and benefit a number of shooters in Chicago and everywhere else, for these questions are such as arise at nearly every big tournament or match, and no set of rules really covers all the points. The new American rules were those in use in the Chicago-Kansas City match.

W. P. MUSSEY.

KANSAS CITY—CHICAGO MATCH.

THE full individual summaries of the great Kansas City—Chicago match will be given in our next issue, and they will supplement, or put the gilt edge on what is universally conceded to be the best report of that famous meeting of the giants. These summaries tell the story of the scores completely, and will be read with great interest.

MACOMB, Ill., Nov. 27.—Macomb Gun Club's Thanksgiving shoot, 10 bluerocks, 3 bluerock traps, 18yds. rise, Keystone rules, 3 prizes:

Walker	1011001111— 7		1110110001— 6
Brooking	0000011011— 4		0110001000— 3
Watson	0110010011— 5		1001010110— 5
Head	0111110111— 8		0101101000— 4
Knapenberger	0101001111— 6		0110011101— 6
Webb	0001001010— 3		1011001110— 6
Kunse	1111111111—10		0110101011— 6
Cochran	1011011001— 6		0100001101— 4
Cherry	0001011011— 5		1011111101— 8
Wheat	1001011101— 6		1100100111— 6
Peckenpaugh	1010010001— 4		0001000000— 1
Peasley	0100001010— 3		1000010001— 3
D G Tunnicliff	1101111011— 8		1111011110— 9
Geo Tunnicliff	0001010001— 3		0001100011— 4
A Curtis	1000000011— 3		0101111110— 7
Lodge	0101100000— 3		0000000110— 2
D Allison	1011111010— 7		0000101111— 5
T Allison	1011000001— 4		0101000100— 3
Wm Tunnicliff	1001010111— 6		0100001101— 4
Hill	1101110010— 6		0011000101— 4
D Curtis	0001011000— 3		1011011111— 7
E Allison	1110000111— 6		0011111111— 8
Neece	0001000001— 2		1100010110— 5
Mecum	00000000w		1110001010— 5
Holmes	1011101010— 6		1100010000— 3
Bartleson	1010111101— 7		0000111110— 5
Delaney	1111010101— 7		0101011111— 7
Scott	0100100011— 4		
Kerns	0001100001— 3		
Chandler	0000000101— 2		
Wilson	0001000000— 1		
Adkinson	0101000100— 3		
Blaisdell	1110011111— 8		
Rodgers			1000010110— 4

In the first match Kunse first; Head, D. G. Tunnicliff and Blaisdell div. second; in shoot off for third Bartleson won. In second match D. G. Tunnicliff first; E. Allison and Cherry div. second; in shoot off for third D. Curtis won. In justice to the shooters will say that most of the scores were very much poorer than usual.—EN AMI.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—The lessee of the Middlesex Gun Club grounds at Dunellen, N. J., has notified said organization that under the terms of the lease, the fence, buildings and grounds shall be vacated by Jan. 1, 1891, as the premises are wanted for building purposes. At a meeting Nov. 29, a resolution was passed that the property of the club, consisting of club house, office, grand stand, fences, blue rock, Keystone and live bird traps, pulling stands and all other property be offered for sale, and if not disposed of by Dec. 8, the same be offered at public sale on the club grounds at 3 P. M. on the afternoon of Dec. 11.

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., Nov. 27.—Sweepstake shooting, Am. Ass'n rules, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

G Hoffman	2212021222—9	Cap Anson	0102121011—7
Babeuf	1112120010—7	Geo Watson	2000100212—5
A Torkington	2122201100—7	C Burton	2221111200—8
Ike Watson	0222122202—8	G Kleinman	1120121122—9
W D Price	1111201221—9	Abe Kleinman	1222001021—7
Williams	2112122000—7	W N Low	0200021101—5
E M Steck	1222201220—8	W G Payson	1122202112—9
McConnell	1101102201—7	C B Dicks	1220310022—7
Jim Finn	1122211011—8		

On shoot-off first div. by Hoffman, Price, G. Kleinman, and third by Torkington and Williams, second div.

Same conditions:

Dallon	11012—4	Fieldhouse	20212—4
Joe Finn	22012—3	B Rock	12110—4
Jim Finn	11112—5	B Babeuf	12110—4
McConnell	10101—3	Cap Anson	11211—5
Warpool	11222—5		

Ties for first div., second won by Rock.

Same conditions:

Jim Finn	21100—4	Cap Anson	11120—4
W D Price	11120—4	G Hoffman	12211—5
Williams	12020—3	B Babeuf	12120—4
McConnell	20121—4	Ike Watson	12121—5
B Rock	11112—5	Warpool	10220—3

First and third div., second won by Babeuf.

Miss and out: Abe Kleinman 12, Cap Anson 5, Geo. Kleinman 3, G. Hoffman 12, E. M. Steck 4, A. T. Torkington 4, Jim Finn 10, Ike Watson 2, Williams 1. Kleinman and Hoffman div.—RAVELRIGG.

THE DEAN RICHMOND CUP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to have been a good deal of controversy at the State Sportsmen's Convention, at Lyons, last June, as to the conditions under which the Dean Richmond cup was presented to the State Sportsmen's Association, at Batavia, in 1873. Therefore I inclose you a copy of the original conditions presented at the business session of the convention at Batavia, for publication.—CHAS H. FINCH. [*Copy.*] Mr. Peck, of the Dean Richmond Club, after some explanatory remarks, read the conditions under which the State cup was given, in effect, that the club winning it shall give proper security for its production on the following year, and shall not obtain absolute possession till after winning it three times; that the funds obtained from entries shall be set apart to the amount of $1,000 or less for the purchase of another cup when this one becomes the property of some club. The Dean Richmond Club will surrender all right to the cup on the signing of this agreement by the president of the State Association in behalf of that body. The convention unanimously authorized the president to sign the agreement.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the champion pigeon shot, is in town to-day, *en route* from Kansas City to New York, whither he is drifting to complete a few preliminaries to the act of washing off with $20,000 of Mr. Macalester's money, or leaving an equal amount of his own in the long New England's stern and rock-bound shore. It is not thought here that the great match will be shot within a month or so, but it seems certain it will be a go. Mr. Elliott has shipped his guns East, probably in the hope of trying some with Edgar Murphy, or any other gentleman who desires to meet him on the bloody sands. The opinion here is common that Elliott has found $20,000, but the older judges know it is no one's race. To-day Mr. Elliott is shooting live birds as the guest of the Washington Park Club, of this city, and the boys here are doing what they can to entertain the genial Kansas Cityan. Mr. Elliott in his late race with Billy Crosby killed 48 out of 50, Crosby only getting 39. The other day, in trotting a friendly heat with Jim Riley, at 200 birds, he killed 183 to Riley's 170. Elliott is certainly in good shape and dangerous company.—E. HOUGH.

BOGARDUS.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus was married recently, at Lincoln, Ill., to Mrs. Lucy Heimer, of Philadelphia. The Captain has been a widower for several years.

New Publications.

SPORT.

SPORT; OR FISHING AND SHOOTING. Edited by A. C. Gould, and illustrated from the fifteen original water colors by A. B. Frost, Henry Sandham, F. H. Taylor, F. S. Cozzens, Frederic Remington, R. F. Zogbaun and S. F. Denton. Boston: Bradlee Whidden. Published by subscription.

This is a very carefully studied piece of work. Every one knows the extreme difficulty of picturing a hunting or fishing scene in a satisfactory manner, for the conditions are exacting, and those for whose delectation the artist paints are critical to a degree. We have few capable artists in this country who have studied wild life and field sports closely enough to depict them with faithfulness. More than one artist essaying the task has failed miserably. It is to be said for this latest enterprise in the field that rare good sense has been shown in the selection of artists. Those whose signatures appear on these plates are all men of pronounced ability in the special branches assigned to them, and they have filled their commission so well that "Sport" may be pronounced the most satisfactory series of sporting scenes yet produced in America.

The subjects include both large and small game, and the principal game fish. One of the best of the series is the plate of Black Bass Fishing, in which the angler bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Henry J. Thayer, of the Massachusetts Association. Sections 3, 4 and 5, now before us, comprise the Mallard, the Wild Turkey, the Mascalonge, the Bluefish, the Virginia Deer, the Pinnated Grouse, the Big-Horn, the Canada Goose, and the Wapiti. The plates are 12×18 on a sheet 18×24, and are suitable for framing. Each plate is accompanied by a page description of the species and another relating experience in its capture. These are, as a rule, well written and acceptable, but the letter press would be more useful if the publisher had broken away from the traditions of subscription work publishers and had put his text into a handy book—a handbook—to go with the plates.

Sport is deserving of a large sale, and Mr. Whidden's enterprise will no doubt be suitably rewarded.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL.

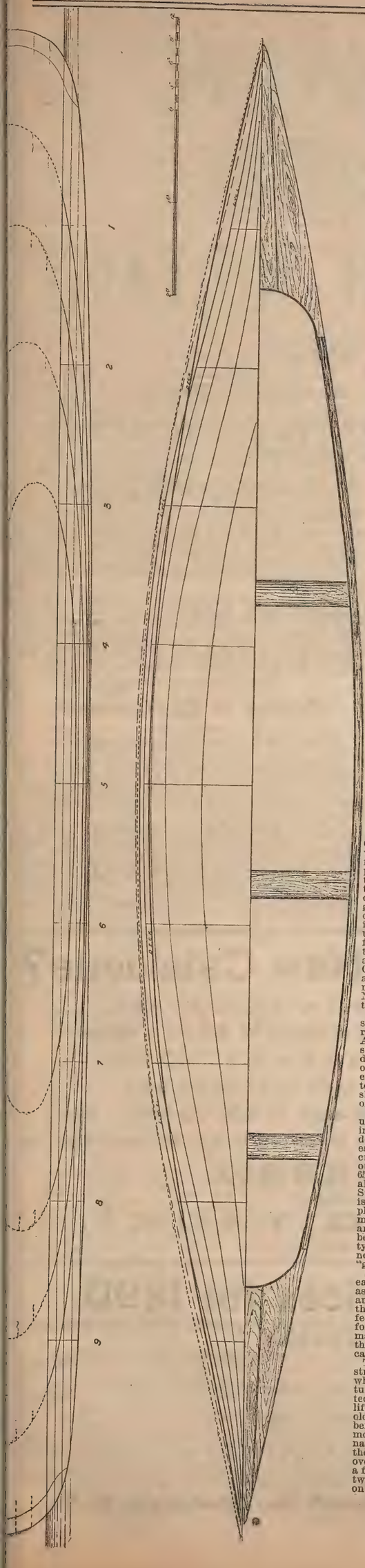
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., of Yale University, Springfield, Mass. G. & C. Merriam & Co. Price $10.

Webster's was the highest court of appeal for our fathers; it is our authority; it will be that of our children. The "Unabridged" has stood for years a monument of learning and practical usefulness. Of late years it has been found wanting. So rapid has been the progress of the age, with its multitudinous inventions and new processes, and new products, its scientific and industrial strides, its social and political changes, that new terms have multiplied, and at a rate that put the old standard dictionary inevitably and irretrievably behind the times. This is not to say that the Merriams—the publishers, whose names have been indissolubly linked with that of the lexicographer's own—were blind to the requirements of the hour. Years ago they set themselves to the gigantic task of modernizing the "Unabridged," and now their work has been crowned by an admirable result. The "International" is the worthy successor of the "Unabridged."

The publishers tell us that the editing has been done under the supervision of the same editor-in-chief, and under the auspices of the same publishers who conducted the previous revision. They have never wavered from their aim to maintain its progressive supremacy. They began this revision, not as a speculative venture, but as a duty to scholars and to letters, before the signal of new rivalries was sounded. They have carried it patiently and suitably through to completion. Their labor has been directed to perfecting what was already acknowledged by eminent scholars to be the best. With what liberal expenditure of time and toil and money this duty to scholarship and to the public has been performed, partly appears in the following statements: Work having direct specific reference to the publication of this dictionary has been in progress for over ten years. The staff of paid editorial laborers has numbered not less than one hundred persons. Besides these, a large number of interested scholars have freely contributed in important ways to its completeness and value. Within the ten years that the work has been in progress, and before the first copy was printed, more than three hundred thousand dollars was expended in editing, illustrating, typesetting and electrotyping. These facts are presented as an assurance, which under existing conditions is due to the public, that Webster's International Dictionary is the rightful heir to the pre-eminent favor which for more than half a century has been given to the great work of Noah Webster and its successive revised editions.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—A tale of the Richardson Lakes with thirty illustrations. By Capt. Chas. A. J. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. Price $1.

FROM LAKE TO LAKE; OR A TRIP ACROSS COUNTRY.—A narrative of the wilds of Maine. With thirty illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price $1.



Canoeing.

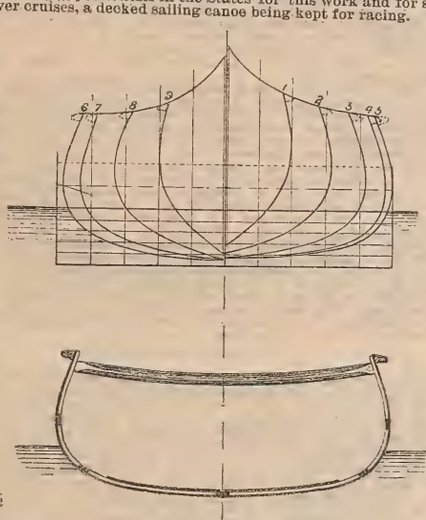
Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE OPEN CANADIAN CANOE.

THE accompanying drawings, for which we are indebted to Mr. G. H. Duggan, of Montreal, were taken from a representative open canoe, of the type commonly known as Canadian, Peterboro or Rice Lake canoes; the latter title being the proper one for this boat, as she was built by the late Mr. Daniel Herald, of Gore's Landing, Rice Lake, one of the principal builders of the open canoe. The origin and history of the Canadian canoe has been very fully given in previous numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, especially in those of Dec. 29, 1887, and Nov. 1, 1888.

Though hardly known in the States prior to the introduction of the English canoe in 1870, with the growth of canoeing and especially through the mingling of canoeists from the States and Canada at the annual meets of the American Canoe Association, the open canoe has become deservedly popular, and is found in every canoe club in the country. In England it is very generally used, there being a large class of canoeists who follow the sport solely in the form of river paddling in these canoes, imported from Canada.

Owing to ignorance and misconception on the part of the early writers on canoeing, the open Canadian canoe was placed in direct rivalry with the decked sailing and paddling canoe of English origin, and at times heated controversies have waged over the respective merits of the two. At the present time, however canoeists have learned that each has its peculiar uses, and that the two are in no sense rivals. For cruising as it is done in Canada, mainly river work with frequent portages, and especially as the most important part of a hunting outfit, the open canoe is as near perfection as can be. Also for afternoon paddling, especially with one or two companions, and for a ladies' canoe, it answers better than the decked craft, being cheaper, lighter, simpler, and in every way more convenient to handle. It is also used by many canoeists in the States for this work and for short river cruises, a decked sailing canoe being kept for racing.



Canoeing in the States is essentially different from that in Canada; about the great cities, the centers of canoeing, the waters are broad and best fitted for sailing; there is little field for gunning and hunting, and no need to use the canoe for this purpose, while canoeists as a rule have less leisure for extended trips than their Canadian cousins, their spare time, outside of a two weeks' vacation, being limited to a few hours of an afternoon or a day a week, on Sunday. Under these conditions racing has grown at the expense of cruising, and the canoe that has been developed is first of all a sailer, either for racing or ordinary sailing, and next to this is fitted for cruising under sail rather than under paddle. The deck and compartments, too, afford facilities for keeping bedding and duffle dry, and it is no disadvantage that the canoe will not carry two or three men and dogs and perhaps a slain deer, as such work is never expected of it. When the first Canadian members of the A. C. A. arrived at Lake George in 1881 and inspected the decked canoes there the first objection they made was that it would be impossible to carry a deer in them. The New York men met this promptly by the statement that for them the chief difficulty would be in getting the deer.

Fitted with leeboards and a large lateen the open canoe is often sailed, and some very skillful work has been shown at times in the races at the meets; but at this work it cannot compare with the American decked canoe with centerboard, rudder and racing sails. In the paddling races, though the single blade has been discarded for the double long since, the open canoe has held its own with the decked racing canoes from the States, but under existing conditions it seems probable that the spoon-shaped bottom of the Canadian canoe will be driven out by the deeper and sharper models of American origin when it comes to a question of speed only, as in the trophy races at the meets.

At the same time, racing has always been one of the principal uses of the open canoe, and more good races have been paddled in just such canoes as the one here shown than in all varieties of decked canoes combined. In Canada a great deal of racing, especially tandem, is done in boats like this, ordinary service craft of good model and light build, but designed primarily for other purposes than racing. The present craft, with a weight of 65lbs., used constantly by her owner as a yacht's tender, has won all the tandem races on Lake St. Louis last year, besides the Lake St. Louis cup, the "blue ribbon" of the single blade racing. There is a danger now that this most useful type of boat may be supplanted by the new 40lbs. paddling shell, the trouble being not so much in the races at the meet as in the ordinary club races which are held under A. C. A. rules; and some special provision should be made for the encouragement of racing in service boats of this type. As sailing is not the special forte of the open canoe, it is not likely to come under the influence of the new definition of a "general purpose" canoe.

So far as the bottom is concerned, with its ample bearings and easy, graceful form, it is admirable for sailing, and has served as a model for more than one decked canoe; but its other features and fittings are not the best, the sheer, the freeboard, the stem, the tumblehome of the sides, and the wide gunwale, though perfect for running rapids, are not those of a sailing craft. Transformed by the addition of deck, centerboard trunk, rudder and mast tubes, the open canoe loses her special good qualities and at the same time is inferior to a regularly built decked sailing canoe.

The material used for these canoes is mainly basswood, a strong, tough wood that can be had entirely free from knots, which cannot be said of cedar. It is liable to decay from moisture, but in a canoe, which can be kept dry and completely protected by paint or varnish, this is no serious objection, and the life of a good basswood canoe is indefinite, some being 20 years old and in good condition. In building the stem and stern, of bent oak, with the keelson, are set up on a last or complete mould, over which the ribs are first bent. The planks are then nailed to the inside keel, stem and stern, and ribs, after which the boat is removed from the last, and narrow battens are nailed over each seam and between the ribs. The canoes are decked for a foot or so at each end, and have two or three fixed thwarts between, as shown, the paddlers kneeling on the floor, partly seated on the thwarts. The dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	16ft.
L.W.L.	15ft. 6in.
Beam extreme	2ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	2ft. 5in.
Draft	4½in.
Freeboard	8½in.
Sheer bow	6in.
stern	5in.
Weight	65lbs.

Station 1, 1ft. 9in. from stem at waterline. Stations 1 to 9 spaced 1ft. 6in. Waterlines 1in. apart below water and 2in. above.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.							
	Gunwale.	Keel.	Gunwale.	B.	A.	LWL	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
0....	1 7⁴	.....	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....
1....	1 3⁴	1⁷	5²	5⁶	5	3⁶	2⁶	1⁷	0³	.....
2....	1 2⁴	1²	8³	9⁴	9¹	7⁷	6⁶	5³	3	.....
3....	1 2	0⁷	10⁷	1 0³	1 0³	11⁶	11	9⁶	7¹	2⁷
4....	1 1⁶	0⁴	1 0⁶	1 2	1 2³	1 1⁷	1 1²	1 0³	10³	5⁴
5....	1 1⁴	0¹	1 1²	1 2⁸	1 3	1 3⁴	1 2	1 1	11²	6⁴
6....	1 1⁴	0⁴	1 0⁵	1 2²	1 2⁴	1 2	1 1³	1 0²	10³	5⁶
7....	1 1⁴	0⁴	11²	1 0⁶	1 1	1 0³	11⁶	10²	7⁶	3⁶
8....	1 1⁶	0⁵	8⁴	9⁷	9⁵	8⁶	7⁶	6³	4²	1³
9....	1 2²	1	5	6	5³	4³	3²	2⁴	1³	.....
10....	1 6⁴	.....	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	0¹	.....	.....	.....

The heights are measured from a base line ½in. below bottom of canoe.

RED DRAGON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fire fiend has again rendered the Dragons homeless: the club house went up in smoke on Tuesday, Nov. 25, fortunately in the day time. The loss will be very trifling compared with our past experience, and is covered by insurance. This style of smoker is entirely original with ourselves, any claims to the opposite will be earnestly disputed. We have obtained quarters in an unoccupied dwelling house until proper buildings can be erected. Luckily none of the fleet were destroyed.—MAX.

BOATBUILDING IN FLORIDA.—A correspondent asks for the address of a competent boatbuilder in Florida; perhaps some of our readers can furnish the information.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

CLYDE YACHT BUILDING.

IT is acknowledged that the annals of Clyde yachting contain no brighter record than that of 1890, and the preparations already rumored for 1891 promise a still brighter record. Perhaps the most startling intimation of what may be expected of the Clyde racing season of 1891 is the changes that have been made in the building yard of Messrs. Fife, of Fairlie. As English yachtsmen will remember who have visited the famous yard, the only hint of having arrived at Fife's was the bow of some famous clipper overlooking the roadway. The Fifes, with their conservative opinions, had some belief that to smooth down the rough ground on which so many really splendid vessels had been built might lead to spoiling the spell that hung over the place. They have avoided any sort of alteration that might endanger the famous hollow bows or any other point which insured the speed of the Fairlie clippers. The Fairlie yard has been modernized as much as the Fairlie clippers have been. Draughting sheds, offices and other arrangements have been completed, besides a new palisade of planks that completely surrounds the building yard—and one is left to doubt whether or not he has arrived at Fairlie.

Messrs. Fife have not commenced the building season, but the firm never had a more promising future. Mr. John Inglis (of Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, Glasgow) has commissioned the firm to build a 40-rater, which will be a fine addition to the class and assist in its resurrection. This craft will be a wooden vessel all over, with enough of lead to keep her all right, and Mr. Inglis has perhaps the best amateur hands in the Clyde at his command. This Fairlie forty will no doubt be a big Dragon, which means she will make a big record. Dragon is for sale, but it is not known whether she will be replaced or not. Besides this forty, a 20-tonner is to be built for an unknown owner. The firm has a 10-rater for a Welsh owner, and another for a St. Petersburg owner of the name of Fansmith.

For Clyde owners, the firm has four new 2½-raters of the Bandersnatch type, which means that all the canvas will be put into the mainsail, with a spitfire jib to stay the boat. With the mast stepped into the bows of these cutters, the rig is simply the old Una rig with a trifle of a jib. The rig is uncommonly handy in the Clyde or elsewhere, except when the mainsail cannot be shaken through a heavy squall. Off Arran, in the famous Ardrishaig match in autumn, the Una mainsail of Bandersnatch was not shaken through a squall, and, as a consequence, the mast and all that was on it went over the side. But the rig and tonnage are in favor as the newest fad, and, as a consequence, four of these 2½-raters have been ordered from Fife. They belong to the particular class in favor at Calshot Castle, and the Clyde amateurs ought to take a few lessons from the fair timoneers of the Castle Club. Other 2½-raters are spoken of at Fairlie, where the keels of these craft are lying about to pick and choose from, as if the saw mill had been running them off by the score.

Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, has completed his design for the new 40-rater which is being built in the yard of Messrs. A. and J. Inglis, at Partick. This forty is for Prince Henry of Prussia, the younger brother of the Emperor of Germany. She will be a composite craft, and her model is represented as being another Creole. The model shows a heavy rake in stern post, a very deep keel, very little camber in the keel, and less forefoot than any of Mr. Watson's cutters, Thistle not even excepted. Mr. Watson is quite satisfied that a deep forefoot has nothing to do with a cutter holding her wind, and of course he can refer to Iverna, which vessel, with her deep forefoot, was no use turning to windward against Thistle, the latter surprising even Americans by her shallow draught forward. Mr. Watson has in hand a 10-rater for the Messrs. Allen to replace their 10-rater Doris, which has won 103 prizes, but, being built under the old rule of the Y. R. A., is getting outruled. This new boat is to be built by Mr. Adam, of Gourock, the builder of the 10-rater Phantom last sping, which cutter showed uncommon qualities in turning to windward in a strong breeze and bad sea.

Of course Messrs. Allan will sail their new 10-rater in the same perfect style their Doris was sailed in. Mr. Watson has got no order for any new 6-rater, but young Fife has, and he will build a sister to his famous Nan of last summer, the fastest 6-rater that was ever built at Fairlie or anywhere else.

But it is in steam yachts Mr. G. L. Watson is most engaged. He has been commissioned to design a new vessel for Mr. Ninian Stewart, of Glasgow, of 900 tons displacement. Mr. Watson designed a previous boat for Mr. Stewart, and the new one is to be finished and fitted up in magnificent style. The vessel is to be built of steel by the Ailza Shipbuilding Company; she will be schooner-rigged, and have triple expansion engines put in her by Messrs. Rowan, of Glasgow, to drive her at 13 knots an hour.

Another steam yacht of 350 tons, designed by Mr. Watson, is for Messrs. Allan, to be a tender to their new 10-rater. This vessel is being built of steel by Messrs. Fleming and Ferguson, of Paisley, and will be fitted with electric as well as a search light.

Mr. Watson has also been commissioned to design a steam yacht of 340 tons for the Hon. F. G. Wynne, of Carnarvon, and which is to be built in first-class style by Mr. David Dunlop, of Port Glasgow.—*Field.*

ORIOLE, schr., Mr. George Gooderham, of Toronto, will have her lead keel and sail plan increased this winter under the direction of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer of the yacht.

A NATIONAL MARINE BOARD.

CONSIDERING the benefits which accrue to every maritime nation from a permanent and well organized pleasure navy, it would seem but natural that private and individual enterprise in this direction should receive at least the passive encouragement and support of the national government. Without asking for special aid or subsidies, yachtsmen have at least a right to just and reasonable laws, and to such privileges as can be granted them without conflicting with other interests. That these are often denied them here is a fact too well known to many yachtsmen, and the recent discussions of the same question in the English and French papers proves that yachting, in spite of an occasional "Queen's cup," receives little more consideration at the hands of foreign governments than our own. Save in immunity from customs duties, granted in 1849, the laws of the United States do not recognize pleasure vessels, either sail or steam, but both come under the ancient and often absurd laws governing the merchant marine. In the case of steam in particular, the laws are so utterly impracticable that if enforced literally they would put out of use nearly all the small classes of steam craft. Fortunately it has been the custom of the supervising inspectors and of the customs officers to interpret and apply the laws in a spirit of fairness and common sense in most cases, but at the same time the power is vested in every petty official to cause unlimited trouble and annoyance to yachtsmen at will.

The greatest sufferers from the enforcement of laws never intended to apply to yachts are the owners of small steam launches, but this year an instance is found in a larger and different class of vessel in the rigid enforcement of the regulation compelling the painting of the yacht's name on a black ground. Although but a small matter, necessitating merely the disfiguring of the yacht to no purpose and some incidental trouble and expense to unwary owners, it is a very good illustration of a useless and unnecessary restriction which should in justice be removed from pleasure vessels.

The spirit, the enterprise and the liberality which has placed the American fleet at the head of the pleasure navies of the world, and at the time, too, when the nation possessed neither a war navy nor a commercial marine of creditable proportions, is at least deserving of recognition in the way of the speedy enactment of special laws for the regulation of steam and sailing yachts; laws that shall be up to modern requirements and as liberal as the circumstances will permit. The importance of a pleasure navy to a nation so situated as ours can hardly be over-estimated. It does not lie in the mere material advantages of the few thousand seamen who would be available for the manning of warships in the case of need, or in the dozen or so of steam yachts that might be utilized as dispatch boats or for similar service, but in the strong pride and interest in nautical matters which it awakens and keeps alive in all classes of the people, not alone on the seaboard, but throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In this latter respect the late international races have had a far-reaching influence that but few have suspected, in bringing home to the whole inland portion of the country, to people who never have seen the ocean or a vessel larger than a river steamer, the facts that our rivals in sport may sometimes become enemies in war, that some day great ships may be necessary to uphold our national honor, in place of mere yachts, and that the vast sums they are now called on to pay are not being wasted on something intangible, but are supplying means of protection to them as well as the dwellers on the coasts.

Unfortunately laws do not make themselves, however just and necessary they may be, and if yachtsmen are tired of the existing condition of things they must combine and work themselves for a change. In this connection they cannot fail to be interested in a movement now under way for a most important reorganization of the departments of the Government in the establishment of a marine board which shall combine in one body the various bureaus connected with the mercantile marine. As is well known, the long existing arrangements have been of the loosest and most unsystematic description; though of no less importance than the internal affairs of the nation, while the latter have long been entrusted to a separate department, with an officer of the Cabinet at its head, the vast maritime interests, in addition to the neglect they have experienced in other ways, have been a mere detail of the Treasury Department, divided in a way that has proved most unsatisfactory in the course of long experience. The delegates from the United States to the International Marine Conference, held in Washington last winter, suggested in their report the establishment of a board to have charge and general superintendence of matters relating to merchant vessels and seamen, and in accordance with these suggestions the Secretary of the Treasury on Oct. 11, of the present year, appointed a committee to consider the subject. The report just made public contains the following proposed bill:

A BILL TO ESTABLISH A MARINE BOARD FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE INTERESTS OF THE MERCHANT MARINE.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there shall be in the Department of the Treasury a Marine Board, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Marine Board shall consist of one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, who shall be ex-officio Chairman of the board, to be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the following named officers, who shall be ex-officio members: The Chairman of the Light-house Board, the Supervising Inspector General of Steam Vessels, the Surgeon General of the Marine Hospital Service, the General Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, the Commissioner of Navigation, the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Chief Hydrographer of the Navy. None of the members of the board shall receive any additional compensation by reason of any services performed under this act, but shall receive mileage at the rate of 6 cents per mile when traveling under official orders.

Sec. 2. The Marine Board shall meet for the purpose of organization within sixty days from the passage of this act, and thereafter it shall meet on the first Tuesday of January, April, July and October of each year, and at such other times as the Secretary of the Treasury shall direct, for joint consultation and recommendation to the Secretary of the Treasury, for presentation by him to Congress, of any changes in existing laws or enactment of new ones that in their judgment may be necessary for the protection of the interests of the Government, and the benefit and improvement of the merchant marine of the United States or for the relief of the merchant marine from any harsh or injurious laws operating to its detriment, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before it. The board shall, upon application, grant hearings relative to any of the above matters to any persons of practical knowledge and experience in the building, repairing and navigation of vessels, the authorized representatives of any organized bodies connected therewith, and any other persons interested in the merchant marine, or receive their statements in writing, or may, upon its own instance, take the examination of any such persons upon any of said matters.

Sec. 3. The said board shall have supervision of all laws affecting the merchant marine not assigned by law to any other branch or bureau of the Government, and the Secretary of the Treasurer shall, upon the recommendation of the board, if he approve, assign to either of the bureaus of offices under the charge of either of the *ex-officio* members of the board the execution of any provisions of law relating to the merchant marine not otherwise assigned. The board shall collect all information and intelligence available affecting maritime interests, and from time to time shall publish for the benefit of the Government and of the merchant marine so much of the same as shall be deemed useful, and all officers of the Government having in their possession at any time such information are hereby directed to furnish the same to the Marine Board when not incompatible with the public interests. The board shall also make an annual report of its operations to the Secretary of the Treasury for transmission to Congress.

Sec. 4. The board is hereby authorized to make all necessary regulations for its government and for the management of its affairs not inconsistent with law, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sec. 5. The Secretary of the Treasury shall furnish all necessary clerks, messengers, rooms for the meetings of the board, stationery, printing and other things necessary for the use of the board, the expense thereof to be paid from any moneys in the Treasury of the United States not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 6. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

As will be seen, the change recommended is in the form of a marine board attached to the Treasury Department, and though the interests involved are of sufficient magnitude to warrant the creation of a separate department, similar to the Treasury and Interior Departments, even the partial measure proposed will be a great advance from the present state of affairs. By bringing together the heads of the various sub-departments connected with the maritime interests, the whole business of amending and enforcing the laws will be simplified, and should it follow out conscientiously the requirements of the second section of the proposed act, the new board will have little leisure time on its hands for some years to come. The creation of such a body, with the specific duties imposed on it of considering complaints against existing laws, and of providing means for their removal, offers a fitting opportunity to yachtsmen for such action as has long been needed, and in view of the probable passage of the bill it is now time to take counsel as to what changes would be acceptable to yacht owners. The matter is one in which the clubs can well afford to interest themselves this winter, and in the meanwhile we shall be glad to give space to any suggestions.

RACING IN NOVEMBER.—The last yacht race of 1890 was sailed on Nov. 21, a private match between Broncho and Sibyl, the course being from Buoy 15 around the Scotland Lightship. Broncho is a 40-footer, designed and built by Capt. Louis Tonns, and Sibyl, 35 l.w.l., was built last spring at Nyack, being copied from a Burgess boat. The former is owned by Messrs. Vredenberg and Hartley; the latter by Mr. Jerome B. King. The start was made at 9:57, Sibyl crossing first, and both running off with a W. N. W. wind with balloon jibtopsails set. These were carried to Buoy 10, when spinnakers were set to the point of the Hook, the balloon jibtopsails being carried again from there to the turn. The times at Buoy 10 were: Sibyl 11:20:05, Broncho 11:25:20. At the lightship the times were: Sibyl 1:03:00, Broncho 1:13:48. The two beat in as far as the South West Spit, there setting clubtopsails and reaching home, being timed thus: Sibyl 3:13:10, Broncho 3:29:50. Sibyl wins by 15min. 35sec.

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FRANCE AND THE AMERICA'S CUP.

A FRENCH yachtsmen, Mr. Phillip Daryl, has lately contributed to the *Temps* a series of important articles on yachting as a national sport in France, in which he has urged an organized and systematic movement on the part of yachtsmen and of the national government as well, for the advancement of yachting and yacht racing. Mr. Daryl evidently realizes how great a benefit, direct and indirect, may be derived by a maritime nation from its pleasure fleet, and especially from successful, or even creditable competitors with other nations. His appeals have met with the most encouraging support from French yachtsmen, as well as from others whose interest is purely patriotic, and as a result a preliminary meeting was held on Nov. 11 at the office of *Le Yacht*, in Paris, at which the first steps were taken toward the organization of a national body whose object should be the advancement of French yachting to such a point that it can enter the field of international racing, thus far held exclusively by America and Great Britain. This body, the title of which is the Comité du Yacht Francais, will include a number of leading yachtsmen, with naval officers and engineers, and its immediate work will be the promotion of yacht building in French yards, and the building up and training of a body of yacht sailors for the formation of racing crews.

It is hardly necessary to say that a challenge for the America's Cup will form a leading feature of this scheme; but as we now understand, there is no intention of challenging in the immediate future. We believe that the promotors of this scheme are sufficiently well informed in the history of international racing to know that the present is no time for a challenge from any nation, and that even if it were, France is in no position at present to attempt the task in which England has so often failed.

The readiness of British yachtsmen to challenge again for the Cup, and the reasons which deter them, are clear enough to all who are not wilfully blind, and it would be foolish in the extreme for another nation to make a trial under conditions which British yachtsmen recognize are so unfair and one-sided as to make the defeat of the challenger a foregone conclusion.

Even if such conditions did not exist, and the America's Cup was as free as its owners intended it to be, it is only too plain that France, thus far without a victory to boast of in such international contests as she has entered against Great Britain, is in no position to throw down a challenge to a distant nation, and for a race 3,000 miles from home. Before this is possible she must win races in the Channel and in the Mediterranean, and only by earnest and laborious work can French yachting be brought to a point where a cutter of 80 or 90ft. will be a natural growth, and not a spasmodic and abnormal effort.

We have no desire to discourage this laudable attempt for the elevation of French yachting, we wish to it the success which it deserves; but such success can only come from a thorough understanding of the many obstacles, and an intelligent attempt to surmount them in detail. It would doubtless be possible at once to raise a sum of money for the construction and manning of a 90-footer, and to have her in New York by next August; but only two results could follow from such a venture, she would be defeated beyond question by the representative of the New York Y. C., and French yachting would receive a blow from which it would not recover for years. The successful advent of a new nation into the field of international yacht racing would be welcomed by both of the present contestants, and yachtsmen here and in Great Britain will watch with interest the result of the new experiment across the Channel.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Admiral has appointed Messrs. Robert Center, Thomas Fleming Day and W. D. Stryker as a Board of Education. This board will carry out the new rules regarding the examination of members for certificates as seamen and navigators. The high standing of the gentlemen forming the board will add weight and value to these certificates, and speaks well for Admiral Connolly's sincerity in carrying out the new act fully and with good intent. Proposed for membership, S. M. Rewey.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

READER, Seabrook, N. H.—We do not know the manufacturers of the gun you name.

C. F. B., Salem, Va.—The strain of the powder on the gun is not considered injurious. Its force depends very largely on the manner of loading. For table of charges and loading instructions send to the manufacturer's agents.

M. D., New York.—In an editorial in your edition of Sept. 11 you speak of a Maine game law preventing the sportsman from taking home his venison. I have understood also that there was a law forbidding the sportsman from taking home the hides and horns of any game killed in Maine, and yet I can find no such law in the *Book of the Game Laws*. Will you kindly ascertain if there is such a law and if it is enforced? Ans The law limiting the number of game animals lawfully had in possession has been held to apply to transportation companies. Deer are taken out of Maine, but as personal baggage, or packed and shipped to pass as something besides deer meat.

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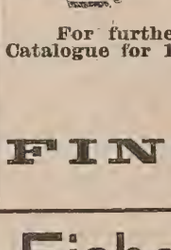
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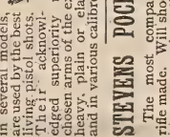
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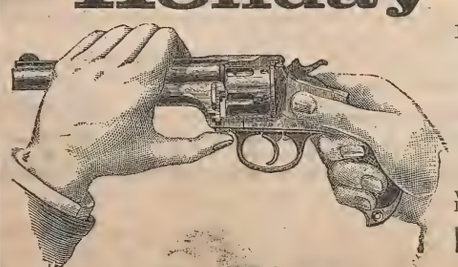
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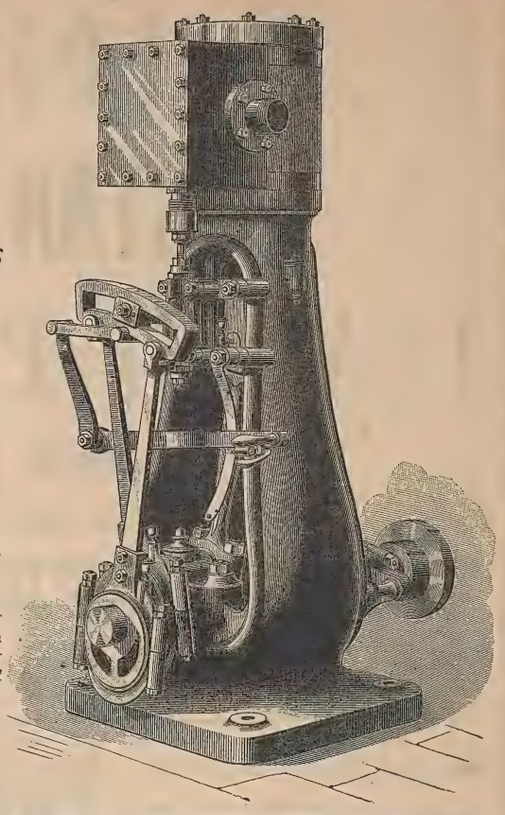
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Readers of FOREST AND STREAM *who are contemplating the purchase of books for Christmas presents will do well to send at once for a copy of our free illustrated catalogue of publications.*

WHAT ABOUT THE PARK?

IN his report just published, the Secretary of the Interior calls especial attention to the value to this country of the forests, and urges that measures be taken for their protection. The forests of Yellowstone Park, which protect the sources of two great rivers, are especially important, and, as we have so often said, their destruction would be a public disaster. It will be remembered that the summer of 1889 was marked by terrible conflagrations in the Park, no less than seventy fires having occurred. Some of these were very extensive, and it was only through the faithful and unremitting work of his troops that Capt. Boutelle was able to prevent the burning over of a very large part of the Park. The danger to these forests is increasing each year and it is only by a strict system of policing and patrol that they can be kept under in dry seasons. The Park needs now, more than ever, a government—a law to warn the careless and to punish the malicious. All this was provided for in the bill which passed the Senate during the first session of the present Congress. This bill, however, went to the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives, where, as usual, it had a railroad amendment tacked on. This amendment, however, has been characterized as an outrage by most of the best papers between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains, and so the bill has been held in committee and has never been reported.

If anything is to be done for the National Park this session it must be done between now and March 4, 1891, and it will be interesting to see which influence is the more potent in the House of Representatives, that of the private interests which long to seize on a part of this wonderful domain which belongs to the whole people or that of public opinion as it has been voiced by the press.

In his previous annual report Secretary Noble very well expressed the way in which the self-seekers attempt to turn to their own advantage this reservation, which belongs to the whole people, when he said:

So long as this tract of country shall remain a national preserve for science, curiosity and pleasure, it will of course be an object of cupidity to the covetous, who will see or imagine countless ways in which its exhaustless wonders and resources can be turned into private advantage and who will invent many artifices to beguile and circumvent the guardians of this national treasure into granting them footholds of one kind or another whereby they can make personal gain out of this great public benefit. If it is not to be thus frittered away, deprived of its most attractive features and measurably lost to science and wonder, if not to pleasure, the best and surest way to protect it is to permit no trimming down, no incursions and no privileges except such as may be deemed absolutely necessary for its protection and regulation, and for the proper accommodation and comfort of visitors.

It is high time that the House of Representatives should pass the bill for the proper protection of the Park, and before it is passed the amendment authorizing the railroad should be cut out. This is the opinion of the Secretary of the Interior, as it is of every one who has studied the subject with an eye single to the public good. In his report he says: "The passage of the bill that is already before Congress is earnestly recommended, without the provision allowing a railroad to be built therein."

We have so frequently discussed the provisions of this bill that it is needless to go into it again. The great body of the people who know what the National Park is wish to see it protected as a matter of patriotic pride, but the preservation of the forests is a more important reason for passing the measure.

ABOUT "STRIKING COLORS."

A CORRESPONDENT, whose views on subjects relating to game protection we highly value, sends us, and we print to-day, an impassioned criticism of the FOREST AND STREAM for what he is pleased to term its "treason," as shown in two recent articles, "Serious Charges" and "On a Runway, Or in the Water?" A friend of "Saint Lawrence" told him that in these editorials this journal had "struck its colors to the netter and the hounder."

This bit of intelligence might be "important if true." It was news to us. We did not know that we had struck our colors to anybody, least of all to two classes whom we have been opposing for, lo! these many years, and shall continue to oppose to the best of our ability for lo! these many years to come.

It does not appear that "Saint Lawrence" read the editorials he alludes to before writing his letter; but manifestly he accepted as true somebody else's statement that they revealed the "treason" he denounces. If he will read them for himself, he will find as will every other intelligent person that there is in them not one word of approval of fish netting, not a suggestion of sympathy with the water-butchery of deer as carried on in the Adirondacks, not a shadow of solicitude for the gratification of the hotel man and his guest.

With respect to the deer law, we pointed out that the Adirondack landlords had in the past proved themselves powerful to shape legislation on the subject at Albany; that an efficient law forbidding killing deer in the water—because it would interfere with their patronage—would not be approved by them; and that such a law would either prove a dead letter, or in due time be repealed by the Adirondack landlord influence. Now, in such a statement of the case, there was intended to be no indorsement of the hotel men's attitude; no approval of water butchery, no satisfaction at the spectacle of the Legislature bamboozled by Mr. Paul Smith and his allies. In short, there is in the article nothing whatever to justify the meaning ascribed to it by our correspondent; and this he may discover for himself by reading it.

It is equally only by an honest misapprehension or a willful twisting of the meaning of what we have said relative to the "Serious Charges" preferred against the New York Fish Commission, that there can be discovered in these one single word in advocacy of the fish netter. Let us look at the facts in this case.

At a meeting of the Commissioners, four of the five members being in attendance, it was voted to make a change in the office of Chief Protector. The four Commissioners present were unanimously of the opinion that such a change would benefit the service. The fifth Commissioner, who was absent, did not agree with them. The Commission thus stood four to one. The one resigned; and a new Commissioner has been appointed in his place. So far from there being any "split," as "Saint Lawrence" avers, the five Commissioners are united; and not only united in a conviction that the change of Chief was wise, but united in an honest, public-spirited solicitude for the cause of game and fish protection. There is no "split." And if the "crisis" depends on a "split," there is no "crisis."

The chief offense of this journal appears to have been that when Mr. Drew was retired to the ranks we did not fall in with Mr. John D. Collins, of Utica, in his slanderous charges that the change had been made because Mr. Drew had interfered with the shipping of illegally netted fish to the President of the Commission. In the article to which "Saint Lawrence" alludes we said—and we repeat—and if there is treason in it our friends and our enemies (if we have any) may make the most of it—that until Mr. Collins shall "substantiate his accusations their acceptance will be confined to those who are ready to believe evil of the Commissioners because they do not know them; while that portion of the public, which now esteems the members of the board, honors them for their public services and trusts them as men of integrity and high character, will demand that these charges against them be proven or withdrawn. Until such proof shall be forthcoming the Commissioners will continue to enjoy public confidence."

THE AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

THE article on the woodcock, contributed to this week's FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Gurdon Trumbull, is perhaps the most important essay on this bird that has ever been published. To the sportsman, and more especially to the sportsman who is a naturalist as well, it is as entertaining as a novel, and holds the attention from its beginning to its end. While many of the observations recorded in this article are merely confirmatory of those which have been made by others it contains several points which are entirely new and would seem to finally dispose of the vexed question as to how the woodcock whistles. Every one who has followed the literature of this subject will remember what diverse views have been held on this point, and how earnestly it has been debated *pro* and *con*, such an eminent naturalist as Mr. Brewster, with a vast number of sportsmen, taking the ground that the sound is made by the wings, while an almost equal number of writers, some of them well-known, have held that the woodcock literally, as Mr. Trumbull puts it, "talks with his mouth."

We do not recollect that any man has ever before stated that he has seen the woodcock curve up the tip of his upper mandible as recorded by Mr. Trumbull, although the bird's ability to do this was inferred from an examination of its boring holes, in a note published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 6 last.

Mr. Trumbull's observations were conducted with the extremest care, and the results will delight all who are interested in shooting, or in natural history. The value of such a study of our game birds can hardly be overestimated.

It must be remembered that Mr. Trumbull is a trained ornithologist, a careful and accurate observer, and thus that his observations are entitled to much more weight than those of a man who—however honest he might be—could not weigh evidence and draw just conclusions with the certainty of a scientific man. Mr. Trumbull's important and fascinating book entitled "Names and Portraits of Birds Interesting to Gunners" has a place in every ornithological library in the country, and we doubt not in most sportsmen's libraries. It is a piece of good work, well done, and is to our mind the most entertaining book on game birds ever written.

IT is not a pleasing picture which is presented this week of the condition of affairs in Maine. The responsibility for the non-enforcement of Maine game and fish laws is rightly to be laid upon the last Legislature of that State. It was only because of changes in the statutes then made that any such outrageous reign of lawless defiance has been possible. Our correspondent has done well to write of the facts that have come to his knowledge. The exposure will accomplish its purpose if it shall lead to a movement to provide a remedy. We do not understand that the Commissioners are at fault. The defect is in the law; and it will rest with the next Legislature to make a change.

THERE are more coon hunters in this country than we dreamed of when we promised a page the other day, and there is material on hand for another page—and more too. It will be given in a week or two.

The Sportsman Tourist.

STILL-HUNTING.

A WINTER IN MICHIGAN.—I.

BY NESSMUK.

SOME 280 miles west of New York city stands the village of Corning, at which point the Corning & Blossburg Railroad intersects with the Erie Railway. Suppose, reader, if you be a dweller in Gotham and have a hankering for fresh woods mold and a natural carpet of gold and crimson—if you have a taste for the rifle and can man the breech end of one effectually—suppose, I say, you leave your ledger for a week and come to the forest with me; it is likely you may not only find pleasure, but ultimately profit thereby.

An all-night ride shall take us from Jersey City to Corning, and here we lay off just long enough for a royal breakfast. We leave Corning on the Blossburg cars and have an exceedingly pleasant ride of twenty-five miles, the country rapidly getting more mountainous and woodsy; also, it begins to wear a look decidedly suggestive of venison.

The last twenty-five miles has brought us to Berry's Bridge, and here we bid adieu to railroads, taking the "covered conveniency" called a stage, and making the next seventeen miles over a very decent plank road, to Wellsboro. Here we may as well decide on taking it easy. For the last twelve miles our road has followed a winding valley inclosed on either side by steep hills, and the face of the country has rapidly grown wilder, until, as we approach within three miles of Wellsboro, you may look off your course to the right, and see, stretching away to the westward for miles, the sharp, pine-crested ridges which inclose the valley of Marsh Creek, or, as the chart has it, "Third Fork." We are now in a game region. There is not a ridge or point in sight on which a man may not find fresh deer sign, but we will not desert the slow-going conveniency yet. Three miles further and we are in Wellsboro, a clean, quiet country village of wide streets and many shade trees. Here, as the stage goes no further, we may as well clamber out, have a wholesome dinner, and a cigar, after which we will make speedy preparation for the woods.

As for me, my knapsack is always at hand with a miscellaneous assortment of small stores ready packed, and yours—you have none? Let me tell you how to make and pack one in fifteen minutes. All country stores have grain bags for sale; buy one, and holding it perpendicularly, drop a small apple or potato into the lower corner of the bag directly under the stout strings which are fastened above; now bring the upper and lower corners of the bag together, tying the strings firmly around the latter, and you have just as good a knapsack as a hunter need carry, with this recommendation, that it may be gotten up on five minutes notice, including the time spent in purchase, and we have need to hurry. Already it is past one, and the Cedar Run "mud-jerker" starts at two with the mail and as many passengers as choose to risk the dug roads between here and Jersey shore.

As it will save us several miles of tedious walking we will chance the "mud jerker" and the dugroads; and now for the packing, and first of all the small stores. First, 4oz. best green tea, 8oz. best sweet cavendish, three or four short-stemmed clays, 1lb. butter, a broad tin cup holding three half-pints, some salt, a compass, a small towel and a bit of hard soap, match-safe, tomahawk and a light, well-made knife, 6lbs. breadstuffs of some kind—rye is best in the woods, but anything in the bread line will answer—your ammunition, blanket, and an extra flannel shirt, a flour sack which you may buy for a dime, with a yard of cotton flannel completes the outfit, and should enable you to keep the woods for a month. Envelop the butter in a wet cloth. press it firmly into the tin cup, wrap the cotton flannel around it, and drop it with the other small stores into the bottom of the knapsack. The lower part of your blanket should be double and sewed up like a bag as high as your armpits, leaving the upper portion free to be wrapped about your head and shoulders as convenience or the weather may dictate. If it be made thus, put your bread in the flour sack and the sack in the bag part of the blanket, wrap the latter snugly together and put it in the knapsack; now don the latter by putting your head and right arm through in such a manner as to bring the mouth of the bag in front, with the weight mostly bearing on the left shoulder. Not a bad impromptu knapsack, you will admit, and it weighs with its contents less than 12lbs., which, with the addition of a 10lb. rifle, is as much as an ordinary man cares to tote on a forest tramp.

But "Hi" is waiting for us, so placing our camp impedimenta in the mail wagon we jump aboard, Hi touches up the ready team and we are heading for camp at a rattling pace. The pace only holds for some five miles, however, when it becomes, for the horses, a weary, muddy drag. We are on Wilson's Creek, going due south down a narrow valley with a high mountain ridge on either side. The ridge on our right separates Wilson's Creek from Stony Fork, while the steep mountainous ridge on our left divides Wilson's Creek from Second Fork or Beaver Creek.

As we pass the last vestige of a clearing and enter the narrow hemlock-shaded valley it becomes evident that walking is easier than riding, and we take to our feet accordingly, leaving Hi to navigate the mud-jerker to the best of his ability. We are willing to pay our fare and then foot it, but we will carry no rails to pry out with.

Five miles of southing takes us out of the woods, and we bend to the last, pass around the end of the high ridge, which has loomed on our left for the last seven miles, and Hi stops in front of a wood-colored building to change the mail. We can ride no further; our route from here lies in a northwest direction, and while the mail is changing let us take the lay of the land. We have made ten miles of southing, one of easting and are now standing on the rustic bridge which spans Second Fork. To the southeast lies a mountain ridge, which terminates in an abrupt spur a mile below where we stand. Just where Second Fork sweeps its base Wilson's Creek empties, and on the lower side of the spur Stony Fork comes in—all three beautiful trout streams of from twelve to eighteen miles in length. To the southeast lies a succession of mountainous ridges, shaggily whiskered to their very brows, on each and all of which deer are yet somewhat abundant. To the eastward is a narrow valley, and down this flows the Blockhouse Run, another good trout stream; between Blockhouse Run and Second Fork is a high ridge, around the point of which the former sweeps, while the eye may trace the course of the latter for miles up and off to the northeast. Of all the many points and spurs in sight from where stand there is none more steep and rugged than the one between Second Fork and Blockhouse Run; it terminates abruptly half a mile to the eastward, and directly up that spur, straight by the jagged, pine-crowned rocks near the top, lies our route; from the highest point of it we will follow the crest of the ridge some four miles to the northeast, then leaving Second Fork to our left turn down the hill a short distance into a basin, where rises a small stream, which empties into Blockhouse Run, and in the head of that basin—at the "utmost spring" of the aforesaid stream—stands the shanty, where for a couple of weeks, more or less, we may hunt and ruralize to our hearts' content.

We will not go there to-night, however, partly because it is capital hunting on the ridge and we wish to "go slow"—partly because we couldn't get there if we tried. Neither will we stay over night at the one-horse tavern on the flat, though to do him justice, Friend Crawford gives a capital spread for a country inn. It happens, however, that we did not come here to sit in conventional chairs at civilized tables, nor to sleep in a bed, or under shingles, or for any tame or civilized purpose whatever; had we cared for such vanities, we had not left the fleshpots of Gotham and the fatness thereof. But across the cleared flat and up the point, by the huge rocks with their feathery tufts of stunted pines, up, still up, and at last we are at the summit. And now, as you are full of short breaths, sit down for a five-minutes' rest while you take a more extended survey of the country. To the east, the west, the south, far as the eye can command the view, forest and mountain; not a clearing nor a vestige of civilization in sight, save on the flat below. Could you get a view for fifty miles to the west and southwest, you would see only mountains and forests, while in other directions the clearings, though somewhat nearer, are mostly from ten to twenty miles distant. Take the hint, and should you chance to wound a deer, do not follow too fast and too far.

And now, as the edge of a mild October sun seems to touch the hazy, smoky ridge to the west of us, we will don our knapsacks again, but only for a trifling walk of some fifty rods, which brings us to the "Rock Shanty," where we are to camp for the night. You might pass the huge rock which bears the above name scores of times without suspecting the "shanty" part of it; even if you noticed the jutting shelf at the southeast end you would hardly think it might afford comfortable shelter for three or four men; it will do so, however, though, from its vicinity to the clearing, it is seldom used as a camp, save by some hunter who prefers the bracing outdoor air and the crisp balmy fragrance of hemlock browse, to a close room with the smell of feathers and cabinet ware.

At the Rock Shanty we have the three indispensable requisites for a comfortable camp, viz.: wood, water and browse. The latter is at hand among the bushy young hemlocks, there is a clear, cold spring in a tiny basin some 20yds. east of the rock, while several uprooted hemlocks of huge dimensions will furnish an abundance of thick, resinous bark, than which there is nothing better for a camp-fire. An hour's busy work with the camp axe and tomahawk gives us an abundance of feathers, and a rousing fire built with green beech sticks, chinked in thickly with dry bark. While the fire is giving out its bright, crackling blaze, let us get out and overhaul the knapsacks; first, take the bread from the flour sacks and envelope it in a newspaper. then take the butter out of the cups, lay the former on the rock away from the heat and fill the latter at the spring, setting them to boil while we get out the tea and slice some bread. When the water boils very hard (not before) take the cups from the fire, let them stand a minute to cool, then add the tea, and putting them back again, let the tea boil fiercely for one minute, take quickly away from the fire and smoke and your tea is made as well as the best French cook could do it.

Much of the discomfort experienced by tyros in camping out comes of not knowing "how to do it," rather than of necessity; there is, as a rule, no need of drinking tea that tastes like a mild infusion of creosote, nor of catching cold through sleeping with your back to the damp earth, nor of tiring yourself out the first day, nor of making yourself miserable and sick in any way or manner whatever. One suffers enough in the clearings—especially in villages and cities—let us at least enjoy freedom in the forest for the few weeks or months it may be permitted us to sojourn therein. Wherefore, having finished our simple meal, let us put the flour sacks to use by filling them with fine picked browse and making pillows of them; not a bad idea you will admit after trying it one night, also, you will find that it pays to spend an hour in picking an extra quantity of browse and arranging the camp so that you are morally sure of a healthful comfortable night's rest. It does one no harm to get well fatigued through the day, but to enjoy the sport one must fairly recuperate his exhausted energies by a good rest at night and rise from his bed of browse in the morning fresh and lively.

And now that we are snugly settled for the night, with the pipes drawing to perfection and the fire burning so cheerily that even I, who delights to poke a camp-fire, am content to let it burn in peace, how shall we pass the hour or two that intervenes between supper and bed time? Shall we spin yarns? Content, though to say truth I have spun them so often that I begin to tire of them myself. Suppose I discourse of a trip that Neil Miller and I once took to the Muskegon in search of sport and adventure—not that anything wonderful in the way of adventure or sport ever came of it, but somehow my mind reverts to that trip more frequently than to any one of the many I have made; also it was "the turning point in life" for one of the parties and came tolerably near being the turning point out of life for the other. We have a spare hour on our hands, let me perforate your patience with a drowsy yarn.

Ned Miller and myself were hunting chums and sworn friends for years. We are friends yet, though Ned hunts but seldom, having "of his own domestic cares" to a pretty considerable extent (*i. e.*, a wife and seven children. It is nine years this blessed autumn since Ned and I climbed the point and stopped at the Rock shanty on our way to the head of Bear Run. All through the long hot summer we had looked forward to the time when the first autumn frosts should have made hunting pleasant as well as practicable and legitimate. Often on a hot summer's eve had we met to discuss the merits of various localities, finally agreeing on the vast forest region lying in the southeast portion of Tioga county as affording the best promise for still-hunting; and just at sundown of a glorious October day we unslung our knapsacks at this very Rock Shanty. Hardly had we got a fire started, when we were joined by Sam Hoover, a man whose life was passed almost entirely in the woods, and who was usually conceded to know more of the deer's habits than any hunter in the country. He had been prospecting the swamps about the head of Bear Run and thence to Little Pine Creek, with the intention of hunting and trapping through the fall and winter, but had "found the sign so sca'ce that he was goin' to peg out for the West. Anybody could have his chances in them woods 'at wanted 'em. He knowed a place in Gratiot county, Michigan, whar ther' *was* bar, an' no mistake. He was jest goin' to tote his plunder out thar, and the devil might hunt Tioge county for him. He had hunted a week an' only got one shot—a runnin' shot at that."

This put a new face on our pet project. If old Sam couldn't kill a deer in a week's hunt we might as well subside on the venison question, and after several conference pipes we decided to take the back track in the morning, go home, take three or four days in which to get a good ready, take our guns, traps, camp equipage and selves to Buffalo, thence to Canada or Michigan as the spirit might move us, and spend the entire fall and winter months in the depths of the forest. That would be something like hunting we both said and thought. In the morning we ate what we wished of our provisions, gave old Sam the rest (he seemed mighty tickled at the gift, somehow), and pulled out for home, where we got laughed at "consumedly," but we kept our own counsel and quietly made our little arrangements for a rather protracted absence.

Now, it frequently happened that it became necessary to confer with Ned concerning said arrangements, and I always had to go over to his mother's for the purpose of finding him. It further usually happened that Ned wasn't at home, but was to be found half a mile further on at the widow Needham's. The widow was a decidedly good looking, well-preserved woman of thirty-six, and her daughter Hannah was a rustic beauty of the first water. Round and shapely about the waist, plump in the bows, a clear, rosy complexion and good teeth, with a dark, wicked looking eye, she was well calculated to upset the mental equilibrium of soft-hearted fellows, such as Ned was at that time. Moreover, she had an appetite, and wasn't ashamed to eat—a good sign of common sense in a young woman, as you may have had occasion to observe. She had a pleasant knack of getting good dinners, too, and was not ashamed of that, either. On the whole, few families got along more pleasantly or comfortably than the widow Needham's, consisting of herself, daughter, and a hired man, one Jonas Sprague from "C'netticut," as he always pronounced it. There was no good reason why the widow and her lively daughter should not get on comfortably and enjoy life to the utmost. They were industrious, healthy, had the good will of the whole country side, and were "well-to-do." Also, they were both indisputably good-looking, and never quarreled. At church you would have taken them for sisters rather than mother and daughter, and premising that matrimony is a predestined and necessary evil (which admits of a doubt) a man might have been excused for falling in love with either, or both.

Deacon Needham, peace to his manes, had made his advent into this wicked world somewhere in Connecticut, had there learned to tan and curry hides and skins, had worked faithfully at it until the age of thirty, at which time he was the possessor of fifteen hundred dollars and a deaconcy in "the Fuust P'esbyteeian Chuuch," as the Connecticut Yankees (who can't sound an r in the middle of a word, though they think they can) usually pronounce it. About this time the deacon's mind became sorely exercised on the high and increasing price of bark—a subject that lay near his heart—and he thought long and deeply on it. The result of his cogitations was, that although bark would not bear transportation, hides and leather would. So the deacon turned his worldly possessions into hard cash, bestrode the ewe-necked old mare that had been the motive power of the bark mill for ten years, and taking his papers from the church, wended his way westward. Land, particularly hemlock land, was cheap on all the upper streams of the Susquehanna at that day, and the deacon bought 300 acres, erected a tannery, sent for his man Jonas, who was then a youngster of sixteen, put out a sign offering "Cash for Hides and Skins," and settled quietly into a thrifty, paying business.

Nearly twenty years of the deacon's life had been passed away in improving his land, enlarging his business, and attending to his social duties like a good citizen and a Christian, when his man Jonas, now advanced to old bachelorhood, received a letter from a niece in the land of wooden nutmegs requesting information as to the chances for a school teacher, or, the letter added, a good housekeeper. She could keep house, teach school, sew or weave. Inclosed was a recommendation from the minister setting forth the good qualities and piety of Hannah Sprague, and declaring her "capable of managing a school, a dairy, or a well ordered household." A pretty strong recommendation for a damsel of seventeen summers, and as it turned out a well-deserved one. Jonas conferred with the deacon and showed him the letter. Now the deacon had, like a true Yankee that he was, built a large shingle palace as soon as the state of his finances would warrant it; for more than twelve years he had "kept house," and one of his chief troubles had been the difficulty of obtaining and retaining the proper sort of person as housekeeper. It seemed to him that the handmaid could not do better than to come on at once and take charge of his household matters, in which case the deacon could promise her good home, and he even hinted something about being a father to her, should she prove equal to the minister's recommend. Jonas wrote back accordingly, and in due course of time arrived at

the deacon's fine mansion, *imprimis*, the handmaiden, Hannah Sprague, rosy, blushing and neat; *item*, one bandbox; *item*, one hair trunk. That was all.

Goody Brown, who had mis-kept the deacon's house for a year, and whom Jonas irreverently styled an "old gnawpost," was discharged at once, and the tidy, quiet Hannah installed as mistress of the house. No plumper, whiter hands were ever seen mixing bread or working butter; no prettier turned arms or ankles ever gladdened the eye of a deacon (supposing deacons ever notice such trifles, which they probably don't), and no lonely deacon's ear was ever cheered by the dulcet notes of Old Hundred from a sweeter voice than Hannah's.

Why spin it out? I am not writing a novel, and the reader has already guessed the sequel.

At the end of a year people had begun to surmise that Hannah Sprague was "settin' her cap for the deacon," when, one fine June morning, the deacon and Hannah put a sudden stop to all further scandal or surmise by standing up in church and being duly married. People talked, of course; they always will. Slatternly mothers with frowsy daughters who would have jumped at the chance of sharing the deacon's bed and board, declared that it was a shame; "a young gal like that to marry a man old enough to be her father, 'cause he had property!" Three old maids of the most husky and primitive pattern left the church and went over soul and bones to the Wesleyans, because they "couldn't conscientiously countenance any sich venal proceedin's;" the truth being that each one of them had been making a dead-set at the deacon any time for the last ten years. On the whole, however, the marriage made less talk than such marriages usually do in a country town, and the deacon took it all so meekly. His youthful, pretty wife took to her new honors so naturally, and everything went on so much after the old style, that, after the conventional nine days were past and each had had his or her say on the matter, people began to see that it was not such a misalliance after all. For my part, I think the marriage was a right and proper one for both parties. If the deacon could become the possessor of such a nice, thrifty piece of calico through being able to support, protect and care for her, it was a fair reward for a life of probity, industry, and self-denying economy. And, on the other hand, if the habits of industry, prudence, cheerfulness and virtue, which had been instilled in the soul of the pretty Hannah, could win a virtuous, upright, truth-loving man for a helpmate—a devoted, doting, well-to-do husband and a most comfortable home—I, for one, think the investment not such a bad one.

I know such things are of a past age—people don't marry for money or position nowadays—not at all. The accomplishments taught at modern boarding schools are doubtless of a nature to add to the comforts of a home and the happiness of a husband in a far greater degree than any old-fashioned out-of-date skill in the vulgar matters of cooking or prudent housewifery. Frederick Augustus is above a low hankering for well-brewed coffee with his morning steak, and Laura Matilda, fresh from boarding school, doesn't own to an appetite at all. Pity that they could not subsist on sentiment and moonshine, and that the appetite should recur sometimes when there is not even bread wherewith to satisfy them.

The deacon and his young wife were not troubled with sentiment—or the want of bread. He was a shrewd matter-of-fact man, and she proved herself a smart, capable woman. The quiet, but resolute and decided manner in which she assumed control over all household matters was well calculated to silence opposition or complaint had there been any, but there was none. The husband was but too glad at being relieved from the cares of indoor arrangements, and as the wife never meddled with outdoor affairs or offered anything that looked like hen-pecking it was no wonder they got on in a pleasant, amicable manner.

Five years after the date of the marriage one of those little accidents which are usually ludicrous, but sometimes serious, happened to the good deacon while working overhead in the tannery. He had taken up a rough loose floor and was replacing it with a better, when, happening to step on the end of a board he was suddenly dumped into one of his own vats—not necessarily a serious affair, as the vat was nearly full of water and hides, but, unfortunately, the adze with which he was working preceded him, and when he scrambled out of the vat the blood was spouting from a ragged gash in the neck—spouting in dark purple jets which kept time in ghastly unison with the pulsing of the heart.

Long ere the doctor could be summoned the deacon was gone and Hannah Needham was a widow; a widow, but not childless, for, in little more than a year after her marriage, Hannah had given birth to a female infant, which I, the present veracious narrater, recollect having seen when it was a few weeks old, and thinking it decidedly the reddest, ugliest little squab my eyes had ever rested on. And this little squalling, ill-looking lump of humanity had grown up to be the rosiest, freshest, smartest young woman in all the country round-about. It seemed but yesterday since she was a little chubby thing of six years, and now she was setting up for herself as a belle and heiress; dressing, doubtless, with an eye to masculine approbation and playing the deuce with such soft-hearted spoons as Ned, who was evidently "head over heels" in love with her.

Deacon Needham had, like a thoughtful, prudent deacon as he was, made a will, in which he had left his young wife the use of the property during her "natural life," to revert at her decease to the younger Hannah. There were no churlish restrictions in the will, but the young widow had been left free to manage her affairs—matrimonial or other—in any way she might choose. Like a sensible young widow as she was, she had chosen to remain single, and had managed the large farm and tannery so well as to have improved the value of the very pretty estate left in her charge. Now, it was but reasonable to suppose that the young and handsome widow would have any number of chances to change her state and name, and, sooth to say, numerous wooers, most of them respectable and some of them wealthy, had paid suit to her charms during the first six years of her widowhood. They had all, however, been steadily and persistently refused, until at last people came to understand that the widow rather preferred her independence and power as mistress of the Needham estate to the soft blandishments of any masculine whatever. It was understood likewise, for the widow had intimated as much, that any likely young fellow who succeeded in winning the younger Hannah to wife would have the use of the estate during the life of the blooming "relict," with the most sanguine prospect of reversion. In the country, where few of us ever get very rich, this made the youthful Hannah rather an heiress, and, as nature had made her a beauty beyond all dispute, it is little to be wondered at that she should cause a commotion beneath the vests of rural Brummeldom.

Thus stood matters at the time Ned and myself were to start westward on a hunting tour. We had arrived at home from the Rock Shanty on Wednesday, and were to set out on the following Monday for an all-winter hunt. So, to make sure that Ned was all right and ready, I stepped over to his mother's on Sunday evening. He was not at home, but as his sister Kate said, "Over to the widow's, as usual." Over to the widow's I went, and I found not only Ned, but one Mr. Enoch Daniels in the field. Enoch was a Vermonter and a most inveterate inventor; he had a penchant for patents and had taken out three of them before his twenty-first birthday, one of which had netted him several hundred dollars. Some nations have a genius for painting; others for music; others for poetry or sculpture. History will decide that the New Englander has a genius for machinery—the intricacies of belts, eccentrics and drums; the complications of cogs and the perplexities of pinions are to him a simple sum in addition, while he reduces the multiples and multipliers of speed and the rule of three. He can poetize too, after a hard, dry fashion, can your genuine Yankee; but poetry is not his forte; his specialty is edge tools and machinery.

It happened that Enoch had invented and patented a "power wheel," as he called it, and his ostensible business at the widow's was to dispose of a "right" to use one of his wonderful wheels in the tannery, a project which Jonas Sprague, who had grown to look on himself as part and parcel of the tannery, had been induced to look upon with favor. So Enoch had made his appearance on the previous Friday with a two-horse load of implements and "fixin's," had gone to work forthwith and was fairly installed at the widow's until the job should be completed. As Enoch's "folks" were old acquaintances of the Spragues and known to be respectable, pious people, it was no wonder the widow received him kindly and invited him to make her house his home so long as he might sojourn in the country, an offer he was not backward in accepting, and one which was evidently much to his taste, whatever Ned Miller might think of it. The latter did not appear to view the arrangement at all favorably, but sat sulky and sullen in the corner while the two Hannahs joined Mr. Daniels in singing "Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Days of Absence" and "When Shall We Three Meet Again." Undoubtedly the course of true love wasn't running any too smoothly with Ned, and I am sorry to say I took a malicious pleasure in joining the party for the purpose of playing into Enoch's hand, to the confusion and distress of Ned, who scowled most savagely at all of us and was in a detestable state of jealousy that greatly amused the widow, who, I could see, with difficulty kept from laughing outright. I could not help thinking that he was not only savagely jealous of Enoch Daniels, but also looked on my visit with distrust. I, who, as he ought to have known, would not relinquish the rifle and tomahawk for any angel in calico that ever wore gaiters. What did I care for his inamorata? Had I not lived within two miles of her for years without caring a straw for her beyond the natural and involuntary admiration we all feel for a handsome young woman? What was the love-sick spoon thinking of? Not of hunting, certainly; for it was with difficulty that I could get him to converse about our intended hunt at all. Nevertheless, he contrived to put in a sulky appearance early on Monday morning, and, "with much heartfelt reluctance be it said," put his traps on board the stage, followed them himself, took a rather lugubrious leave of his friends, and started off much as though he were going to the gallows.

THE STORY OF TWO SHOTS.

A BOY of fourteen, alert, but too full of life to move slowly and cautiously, is walking along an old road in the woods, a road that winds here and there with meanderings that now seem vagrant and purposeless, but once led to the various piles of cordwood and logs, for whose harvesting it was hewn.

Goodly trees have since grown up from saplings that the judicious axe then scorned. Beeches, whose flat branches are shelves of old gold; poplars, turned to towers of brighter metal by the same alchemy of autumn, and hemlocks, pyramids of unchanging green, shadow the leaf-strewn forest floor and its inconspicuous dotting of gray and russet stumps.

How happy the boy is in the freedom of the woods; proud to carry his first own gun, as he treads gingerly but somewhat noisily over the fallen leaves and dry twigs, scanning with quick glances the thickets, imagining himself the Last Mohican on the warpath, or Natty Bumpo scouting in the primeval wilderness.

Under his breath he tells the confiding chickadees and woodpeckers what undreamed of danger they would be in from such a brave, were he not in pursuit of nobler game.

Then he hears a sudden rustle of the dry leaves, the *quit! quit!* of a partridge, catches a glimpse of a rapidly-running brown object, that on the instant is launched into a flashing thunderous flight.

Impelled by the instinct of the born sportsman, he throws the gun to his shoulder, and scarcely with aim, but in the direction of the sound, pulls trigger and fires.

On the instant he is ashamed of his impulsive haste, that fooled him into wasting a precious charge on the inanimate evergreen twigs and sere leaves that come dropping and floating down to his shot, and is thankful that he is the only witness of his own foolishness.

But what is that? Above the patter and rustle of falling twigs and leaves comes a dull rebounding thud, followed by the rapid beat of wings upon the leaf-strewn earth. With heart beating as fast he runs toward the sound, afraid to believe his senses, when he sees the noble grouse fluttering out feebly his last gasp.

He cannot be sure that it is not all a dream that may vanish in a breath, till he has the bird safe in his hand, and then he is faint with joy. Was there ever such a shot? Would that all the world was here to see, for who can believe it just for the telling?

There never will be another such a bird, nor such a shot, for him. He fires a dozen ineffectual shots at fair marks that day, but the glory of that one shot would atone for twice as many misses, and he need not tell of them, only of this, whereof he bears actual proof, though he himself can hardly accept it, till again and again he tests it by admiring look and touch.

Years after the killing of grouse on the wing has become a matter-of-course occurrence in his days of upland shooting, the memory of this stands clearest and best.

Sixty years later the old wood road winds through the same scene, by some marvel of kindliness or oversight, untouched by the devastating axe, unchanged but by the forest growth of half a century and its seemly and decorous decay. A thicker screen of undergrowth borders the more faintly traced way. The golden-brown shelves of the beech branches sweep more broadly above it, the spires of the evergreens are nearer the sky and the yellow towers of the poplars are builded higher, but they are the same trees and beneath them may yet be seen the gray stumps and trunks mouldered to russet lines, of their ancient brethren who fell when these were saplings.

The gray-bearded man who comes along the old wood road wonders at the little change so many years have made in the scene of the grand achievements of his youth, and in his mind he runs over the long calendar to assure himself that so many autumns have glowed and faded since that happy day. How can he have grown old, his ear dull to the voices of the woods, his sight dim with the slowly but surely falling veil of coming blindness, so that even now the road winds into a misty haze just before him, and yet these trees be young and lusty?

As they and the unfaded page of memory record the years, it was but a little while ago that his heart was almost bursting with pride of that first triumph. Would that he might once more feel that delicious pang of joy.

Hark! There is the *quit! quit!* of a grouse, and there another and another and the patter-rustle of their retreating footsteps, presently launching into sudden flight, vaguely seen in swift bolts of gray, hurtling among gray tree trunks and variegated foliage.

True to the old instinct his gun leaps to his shoulder, and he fires again and again at the swift target. But the quick eye no longer guides the aim, the timely finger no longer pulls the trigger, and the useless pellets waste themselves on the leaves and twigs.

The woods are full of grouse, as if all the birds of the region had congregated here to mock his failing sight and skill. On every side they burst away from him like rockets, and his quick but futile charges in rapid succession are poured in their direction, yet not a bird falls, nor even a feather wavers down through the still October air. His dim eyes refuse to mark down the birds that alight nearest; he can only vaguely follow their flight by the whirring rush of wings and the click of intercepting branches.

He is not ashamed of his loss of skill, only grieved to know that his shooting days are over, yet he is glad there is no one near to see his failure. He makes renunciation of all title to the name of a crack shot, too well knowing that this is no brief lapse of skill, but the final, inevitable falling off of the quick eye and sure hand.

Slowly and sadly he makes his way to where the shaded path merges into the sunny clearing. There, from the cover of the last bush, a laggard bird springs as if thrown from a catapult, describing in his flight an arc of a great circle, and clearly defined against the steel-blue sky.

Again the gun springs instinctively to the shoulder, the instantaneous aim is taken well ahead on the line of flight, the trigger pressed in the nick of time, the charge explodes, and out of a cloud of feathers drifting and whirling in the eddies of his own wing-beats, the noble bird sweeps downward in the continuation of the course that ends with a dull thud on the pasture sward.

The old sportsman lifts his clean-killed bird without a thrill of exultation, he is only devoutly thankful for the happy circumstance which made successful the last shot he will ever fire, and that not as a miss he may remember it.

Henceforth, untouched by him, his gun shall hang upon the wall, its last use linked with the pleasant memory of his last shot.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

DUCKS ON THE POTOMAC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I made a little flying trip on Nov. 28, of about 9 miles down the Potomac, as far as Broad Creek, to look for ducks and quail. The only ducks that were at all plentiful were the butterballs (*Charitonetta albeola*) and they were as wild as deer. I saw only two black mallards, or black ducks (*Anas obscura*), and about a half dozen stiff-tails, or pintails (*Dafila acuta*). No decoys were on the river between Washington and Fort Washington for the reason that the ducks had all been driven off by the big-guns, steam launches and Sunday shooting. The unlawful means, however, had been temporarily withdrawn on account of the cruise of the Maryland police boat as far up the river as Fort Foote, in search of these type of law-breakers. A fine king rail, "as fat as butter," fell to my gun in Broad Creek. The head was shown to Mr. Ridgway, ornithologist of the National Museum, so there is no doubt about the identification, although I have rarely seen the species in this locality. Quail were moderately common, but they had been forced into the marshes, and I saw a gunner wading after them with rubber boots and picked up one of his dead birds with the help of my boat. This is an unexpected development in quail shooting and one which I should not enjoy.

T. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE FREE LUNCH MAN AGAIN.—Golden City, Mo., Dec. 3.—The following was clipped from last week's *Lamar Democrat:* "A number of farmers are advertising by signs posted on their fences, 'No shooting allowed on this farm.' In some parts of the county the owners of the land have a monopoly of the fowls of the air and the fishes of the stream. In strange contrast with this sign is that of a farmer living near Verdella; it is as follows: 'Shooting allowed on this farm. Warm dinner at 12 o'clock'." If there are any reserved seats in Heaven that granger will have one with an extra cushion on it. —R. W. A.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

THE AMERICAN WOODCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with peculiar interest, and sometimes with great surprise, the articles that have appeared in your paper concerning the "ways of the woodcock," about which such diversity of opinion exists. The details of the many theories advanced, the various "facts and fancies" need not be entered into here. Your readers must have become already very familiar with the literature of the subject—not to say weary of it. I have earnestly wished for an opportunity, such as I have lately had, of more thoroughly investigating the bird's manner of feeding, its notes, etc.

On Wednesday, Nov. 19, a live woodcock was brought me by a friend. It had, I was told, been already "three or four days" in confinement. It was apparently unhurt, and a perfectly strong, healthy bird, and remained so until the following Monday, when, with my full consent and best wishes, it flew rapidly away. I kept it in a long pine box with a wire netting in front, at a greenhouse near by, where in a bright light I could easily watch its movements. A piece of carpet, however, was thrown over one end of the coop to afford the little fellow a shady retreat. He came into my possession about 11 o'clock in the morning, and from that hour until 11 A. M. Monday, the day of his release, I devoted myself almost exclusively to studying his ways. He ate, by actual measurement, about a half-pint of earth worms during each day (twenty-four hours); the worms being measured without any dirt, of course; each one picked up by itself, shaken clean, and dropped into the measure. A few "white grubs" of different sizes were also supplied: he ate the little ones but refused the larger. None of the angle worms, however, seemed too large for him.

The worms were kept at the brightly lighted end of the coop in a box of earth which afforded a feeding surface of a little over 12x6in., the earth having been flattened down with the hand and sprinkled with water. He fed at very irregular hours, and ate fully as much by daylight as in the dark, and food was accessible to him at all times. I say "him," believing that this bird was a male, but I could not bring myself to determine the matter by dissection—he was such a winning little creature.

The intervals between his meals were perhaps from half an hour to three hours, this very rough estimate being founded upon the day and evening feeding. I did not watch him so constantly during the evening as I did in the daytime. I visited him, however, every evening once or twice, sometimes making him a long call by the light of a lantern. All that I know about the remainder of the night and the early morning was gained by re-measuring the worms and finding how many were gone.

After eating all he wanted—from four to seven worms, let us say—he would sometimes retire to his shady corner, at other times stand or squat exactly where the last worm was swallowed, remaining motionless until moved again by hunger. He took no exercise unless forced to, and was often found with his big head turned backward and his long bill beneath his wing. A dish of water was always by his side, but I never saw him touch it.

I will add to my estimate of the number of worms eaten at a single meal, that there were certain occasions in which he quite regularly ate less than three; for example, when friends or mine called, as many did, to see the bird. I could start him to "boring" by driving him about the coop very gently. He would then get upon the dirt, and with very little of the preliminary teetering, which I describe further along, make a few rather short, hasty, nervous thrusts, and finally extract and swallow a worm—at the most two worms—not hungrily at all, but rather as if he were trying to make sure of a little more of his property before we stole it. He never (to my knowledge) picked up a worm that lay upon the surface, or any worm that was not entirely covered with soil. I have several times seen him walk directly over those that were exposed without paying them the least attention. Once a worm that he had extracted slipped from his bill and lay squirming about in plain sight, but he made no effort to recover it.

His manner of feeding was very nearly like that of Mr. Eldon's woodcock, mentioned in your issue of Nov. 27, 1890, but as corroboration is always a good thing—and my bird did not act precisely like his—I will include my own observations. I am writing in the past tense, but my narrative is a summary of copious notes made daily while the bird was with me; in no instance am I trusting to memory.

When hungry my bird would walk out of his dark corner and step up, or hop up on the wet earth, stand there usually for a short time motionless, then slowly and methodically teeter or swing himself up and down as if trying to throw his fullest weight upon his feet (but I will speak of this further on), then, generally without any preliminary pecking, thrust his bill into the mud, sometimes two-thirds its length at the first trial, but oftener pushing it in by degrees a third of its length perhaps at a time, pulling it a little outward again to give the next thrust greater force, and when probing deeply there was a rooting shake or energetic tremor to the head. If he found a worm—and he almost always did, they were planted so thickly—the bill was entirely withdrawn with the worm held more or less crosswise between the partly opened mandibles; it was quickly worked around, however, until one end—it made no difference which—was started straight and then swallowed. I never saw him pull out a worm by its end, its position always had to be changed, a little at least, before it was worked upward and the swallowing really began. While watching, my eyes were usually within three or four feet of him, and often—after he had become more tame—within eighteen inches of his bill. Sometimes after a momentary and thoughtful pause, he would suddenly pull his beak from a hole that he had made, and hurriedly start another very near it, as though he had located the fellow while in the first hole, but could not quite reach him.

Though no one will claim that all the birds of any species conduct themselves precisely alike upon all occasions, yet it now seems entirely reasonable to infer that no woodcock ever sucks a worm into its throat before withdrawing its bill from the ground; that the term "bog-sucker" is a misnomer, and that Audubon would not have "concluded" as he did, had he not watched his woodcock in a "partially darkened" room.

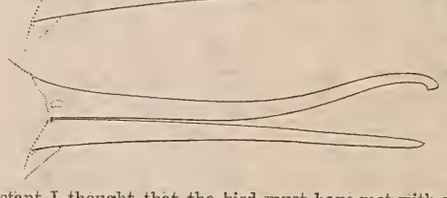
After a worm had been swallowed there was commonly a decided pause during which the bird remained motionless—from forty-five seconds to three minutes let us say—then the preliminary teetering began again. I never saw him "cock his head on one side" in the act of listening, and though he once made a quick little backward jump while feeding, I saw no "dancing" or "stamping." While the teetering was going on both feet remained upon the ground, and his wings were at all times closely folded while standing or squatting, and though while moving quickly or excited his tail was lifted, I never saw it spread while the bird was on his feet.

Whether this preliminary teetering or swinging lift and fall of the body was to cause the worm below to move and thus reveal its whereabouts, or whether the bird was simply pulling himself together for the muscular effort that was to follow—as a boy swings his arms and body before jumping—remains an open question; but the movement was more vigorous when it followed one of his long periods of statue-like repose. A very mild form of the teetering often preceded an evacuation.

When, as sometimes happened, a worm which he had extracted squirmed into a position that seemed to baffle the powers of the bill alone he would lift his foot—as others have described—in an impatient manner, brush it quickly along the side of the bill and knock the worm into place. He also used his toes to wipe the mud from his beak; but I regret to say that my little woodcock was sometimes very careless about his personal appearance, and that he once sat for nearly an hour with a large lump of mud resting on the upper mandible and the pretty feathers of his forehead.

He had no particular position for his feet while feeding; at one time they would be side by side, at another time one or the other would be advanced. His thrusts were made at all sorts of angles; now directly downward or perpendicularly, another time to the front at an angle of forty-five degrees perhaps, or inwardly beneath his breast, almost as far back as his toes. Once while probing in the last-named fashion he lost his balance and was very near turning a forward somersault.

I had heard from Dr. S., who secured this woodcock for me, that he and his friend Mr. B. had seen the bird turn up the end of its upper mandible in a very peculiar and inexplicable manner. I was urged to watch carefully for a repetition of the occurrence. At the time I paid but little attention to the statement, I was watching for so many other events, but while carrying my bird out into the country that last day of its confinement, my friend's remark was most vividly recalled. I was holding the bird in my hand with a handkerchief around him, covering all but the bill, when suddenly, as he was making one of his frequent struggles to get away, I saw that the upper mandible was thrown upward as I have represented it in the lower outline of the accompanying woodcut. For an



instant I thought that the bird must have met with an accident in some way, but as I touched the lifted mandible it was lowered to the usual position. Twice more during my walk he threw up the mandible in the same fashion, and each time I held him directly in front of my eyes and studied most carefully the exact curvature. There was no "dilation," nor any change of form other than that which I describe. He once held the bill in this strange position for nearly, if not quite, half a minute.

After liberating my captive and reaching home, I immediately procured a woodcock that had been recently killed, and found that I could easily curve into the mandible into the precise position into which my live bird could curve his own at will. Though my outline was made from the dead woodcock, it was drawn while the aspect of the live bird was thoroughly fresh in my mind (within two hours after I had witnessed the occurrence). For the purpose of comparison I have also drawn the bill as it is commonly seen.

During the first day with me my bird made no sound of any kind, and was somewhat frightened or depressed, though not as much so as most birds would have been under the circumstances—the woodcock is one of the most gentle and trustful of birds, as every one knows, and so many have testified—but on the following morning he seemed quite reconciled to his surroundings, and but little disturbed by my reappearance. He was so much at home, indeed, that when I reached my hand for the worm box he did not move away as he had done before, but stood his ground manfully, uttering two very positive notes of remonstrance. At this point of the proceedings the owner of the greenhouse (Robert Marchant), who was standing about ten feet from the cage, jumped for the outside door with the exclamation, "Wild ducks going over—don't you hear 'em!" I quickly motioned him to be silent and to come nearer; and when it uttered a few more notes, more squeaky than the first, Robert, who little knew what important evidence he was bearing, said: "That's the noise they make when they jump up in the woods. It sounded before like ducks a long way off."

From that morning (Nov. 20) until I gave the bird its freedom (Nov. 24) I could call forth these or similar notes, day or evening, whenever I chose to do so, and more and more easily as the bird grew tamer, by simply putting my hand into the coop and moving it very slowly and hesitatingly toward him. The notes, though having decidedly similar qualities, varied from an almost dovelike murmur to a positive and almost ratlike squeak. They were sometimes uttered singly and sometimes two or three in succession.

The bird created quite a sensation locally, and a number of sportsmen came to see and hear him, and all these gentlemen agree with me that the notes heard, or rather some of those notes, were undeniably the sounds which have caused so much discussion—the sounds, that is to say, which are made by the flushed cock, and to which the words squeal, whistle, piping alarm note, twitter, jingle, etc., have been applied.

While my bird was "talking," there was not the least movement of the wings nor of the bill, the mandibles remaining tightly closed. The only movement anywhere, with the exception of a very slight drawing backward as my hand advanced, was in the throat or breast; it is impossible to say which, as the bird rarely showed any of his neck while in the coop. He sat, stood, walked and hopped with head drawn in to the shoulders, his breast touching or nearly touching the base of the bill.

The notes were seldom so loud or energetic as those of the flushed bird, nor were most of them like those heard in the cover. Yet at almost every trial there was at least one squeaky enough to be regarded as very nearly the sound we were listening for, certainly enough like it to convince any doubter who happened to be present, that a flushed cock "talks with its mouth."

Some of the notes seemed absolute reproductions of those of the flushed bird as we remember them; it is, of course, impossible to recall them literally enough for nice comparison, no matter how often they have thrilled us. Once as I held the bird pinioned in my hand he made a violent and almost successful struggle to free himself, uttering at the same time two notes so thrillingly like those of his wilder brother that for an instant I was really unconscious of my surroundings, and the words "mark cock" were very near my lips. I have listened many times while my bird was flapping his wings, as I held him (sometimes by the bill and sometimes by the legs) suspended in the air, for those sounds which certain writers have mentioned as being heard at such times. Once—and once only—in over twenty trials I heard two very faint peeps. Upon all other occasions there was no sound but that of rapid fanning, and when the motion was at its highest the cutting *whit, whit, whit* of the wings that would be made by many kinds of birds under similar conditions. The two *peeps* (I do not know how better to describe them) were the only doubtful sounds that the bird was heard to make. They were so very faint that my friend Mr. N., who was with me at the time, heard only one of them, and our heads were as near the bird's wings as we could get them without being hit. Was that little sound, we asked each other, vocal, or was it an intensified, whistling *whit* of the wing?

Two of the sportsmen who witnessed my bird's performances had been lifelong believers in the wing-twitter theory, and they were very watchful critics; but after the bird had been induced to utter a number of its notes, and had been held up for the wing-beating or flapping performance, and each wing had been carefully examined to see if the attenuated primaries and pollex feathers were in place, these gentlemen acknowledged that the sounds about which so much has been said are vocal beyond question, and that the *whit, whit, whit* of the pinions—no matter how loudly and shrilly made in rapid flight—is not liable ever to be confused with the vocal notes by any one with an experience like ours.

When a woodcock "twitters" he squeals, pipes, squeaks, rather than whistles. The sound made in swift flight by the wings of this and other species—many of our ducks for example—is perhaps more appropriately termed a whistle. Frank Forester makes the same distinction. He speaks of the woodcock's flight after the leaves are off the underbrush—of its darting away "on a vigorous and whistling pinion, with sharp-piping alarm note, swift as a rifle bullet."

GURDON TRUMBULL.

HARTFORD, Conn.

THE CHICKADEE.—Number Four, N. Y.—Your correspondent "Hermit" in his notes on the blackcap chickadee carries the idea that it is a migratory bird, which much surprised me, as I have always supposed that the chickadee of the Adirondacks was DOT migratory in its habits. I do not remember a winter in the past forty years but what I have seen these interesting birds at midwinter brisk and lively seemingly to enjoy the cold weather. For many years past they have wintered in my yard, feeding upon meat hanging on the back porch and are very tame. I saw chickadees last winter in the Indian Territory, which induces me to think they might be partially migratory in their habits, as they are naturally a habitant of a colder climate.—MUSSET. [The chickadee is a resident species in our Northern States. That is, the bird may be found here at all seasons of the year, but it is probable that the individuals seen in winter are not usually those which breed with us. The black-capped chickadees have a wide range north and south, and east and west, and there is no doubt more or less of a migratory movement among them as the seasons change.]

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

WILD TURKEYS IN THE OVERFLOW—II.

THAT alarm clock, with its tenacious, hang-on rattle, is a good one to arouse a pair of sportsmen. No one but L. could sleep through that, and he only pretends to. Still on this morning, and I believe every morning during the trip, he was reasonably easy to get up. It is on the duck hunts, in cold weather, with rain pattering on the roof, that he is difficult to arouse, though even then his sportsman's blood brings him to time after a bit.

The lamp is first lit, the pot, which had been filled last night, was put on the little stove, the mosquito bar taken down and put away, the bed rolled up in the oil cloth and pushed well back toward the stern, and the provision and dish box made convenient, when a search is instituted for provender.

"Lawrence, what do you think Allen & Son have done?"

"Why, packed up for us sundry good things as per order, of course."

"Here is our parched coffee—and not ground."

"The deuce!"

"The deuce!"

"Did Allen & Sons send a mill?"

"Not much. Let's have tea." And tea we had.

In the meantime William had busied himself making a fire on the bank of such rubbish as he could find in the dark. It cracked and lit up the surrounding timber and brush with a lurid light. It had a comfortable look.

After breakfast it was still not quite light enough to make out the walk. So we carried out our camp stools and talked over the situation. The unground coffee came in for part of the conversation. There was not sufficient tea. It was soon devised to make a mill of the stew pot and pestle of the engine hammer, using William as a motor. At our next meal the scheme was shown to work very well indeed. It gave William occupation when alone, and so far as we could discover the coffee was as good as if ground in a mill. We let up on Allen & Son.

At the first light L. and I parted, he taking through the woods on the ridge below and I above. I had not gone far when I discovered that there was plenty of water in the vicinity and that the unoverflowed part of the ridge, as to width, was not very extensive, and that all sloughs and depressions were full of water. The overflow on the rear generally reached within 150 or 200yds. of the river. We were on the east bank. It was full seven miles from this ridge east to the Big Sunflower as the crow flies, and it was all overflowed. On that side of the river it was twenty-five miles by water to land on the south at the mound; to the north for miles and miles we knew of no land likely to be out except a small patch or two northeast on Howlett Bayou. Now what had become of all the game we had found in this swamp on our January trip? Might not some of it be on this narrow ridge, 200yds. wide by half a mile long? It was so surmised. It can be put down in your little book that I proceeded cautiously and with some expectation.

The first thing I saw was a rabbit. The next thing I saw a rabbit, and in very short order I saw another rabbit, and in getting through some brush I frightened another rabbit. After this rabbits became quite plentiful, and I had company enough. Most of them ran on up the ridge ahead of me, though occasionally one bolder than the others would break back and take down in L.'s direction. I didn't complain at that; I could spare him a few. Presently I could hear plunges in the water—was that a deer? Not quite, only rabbits. They took to water freely until it began to get too deep to wade; then they would take a circuit through the water, making sufficient noise to frighten forty deer and hundreds of turkeys, could so many have heard it. It is no exaggeration to say that at times three, four, and even five rabbits could be seen at one view. I did not say 500, as L. accused me, but five at once, and I stick to it.

I wade across the slash into a patch of ground of several acres that has been burnt. This I enter cautiously, for there ought to be something besides rabbits here. *Out! out!* quick, short and sharp, greets my ears. Every turkey hunter knows what that is—"Be careful, old fellow, you're too fast." This remonstrance I make to myself. I sit down with my back to a large sweet gum tree and await developments. Even yet the woods are not thoroughly light, and the blackened ground and old burnt logs lend aid to the indistinctness of all surrounding objects. In twenty minutes more some turkeys are seen out of range. I keep still, hoping they will feed up. After a while they disappear. They do not pay a continental to my call. "Thank you, we have all the company we want just now." I wait a long time, and not seeing nor hearing more of them, I get up and proceed cautiously. Suddenly there is a commotion in the woods. One hundred and fifty yards ahead of me they take wing and go off with much bluster and flopping of wings. That's my luck; I can flush turkeys. Crackey! what a drove—fifteen or eighteen. That's our Howlett flock—a grand one. Well, let 'em go. This is our first day. We don't care for a turkey to-day anyway. Could not keep him until we get home if we got him. We will put in the day exploring.

Now these turkeys had gone into the trees not 300yds. away. On moving up some of them could be clearly seen. It soon occurred to me that one would be good for camp use, why not take him in? I got a tree on a couple of fine looking fellows, examined my gun carefully to make sure all was right, and moved on down the line to get in range for a dead-sure shot. I had not gone far when there was another stir in the woods. What was it all about? Would you believe it? A hawk was after them. Could it be possible a hawk would attack so large a bird as a turkey? Indeed it was so. Here came the turkeys down through the treetops directly over my head. It was a grand sight, first one, then another, then two and three, until all had passed overhead and gone behind me. I was a shade rattled, or I could have counted them as they went by. Again I was in bad luck. I had the wrong gun. The premier Scott hammerless was snugly in the rack on the Greenwing. I had my essence of concentrated virtue telescope Marlin. I am not a wing shot with a rifle. With my 10-bore shotgun some of those turkeys would have gone to grass, or rather, in this case, to ashes, on the burnt ground.

Well, I would have one yet. There they were only 200yds. below me in the treetops, except one, which was seen to go to the ground in a thicket. A tree with two in it was again selected, and an intervening tree brought into line. When nearly within range, sure as I live, the hawk pitched at those identical two turkeys. But hold! one lights in the top of a tall tree near me and within range. I'll try him, but before I can aim, in fact as swift as a hawk could fly, this turkey is again put to flight, and so, for that matter, are all the others in view. It beat anything I had ever seen. I had never heard of such a thing.

I next approached the thicket where the nice gobbler was seen to go down. I watched and examined this thicket carefully both with my eyes and sight, but could not find the game. I stirred up rabbits on all sides. I finally entered the thicket and found the further edge overflowed, and was about to abandon the search when the turkey, with considerable splashing, took wing beyond the thicket in water eighteen inches deep. Here again I wanted a shotgun. But, thunder! I forgot, I did not want any turkeys to-day. They had all now gone well back to the east, out of sight, and over water entirely too deep for my hipped rubbers, and sure enough I didn't want any of them.

I went back to L. kicking up rabbits on the way. They annoyed me; I was not in an over good humor. L. had not shot, but I would learn what he had found. William is first met at the camp-fire.

"William, have you seen any rabbits?"

"I seen one," was the laconic reply.

"Lawrence, did you see any rabbits?"

"Rabbits? well I should smile. Rabbits, rabbits, and nothing but rabbits. I went on down the river and the rabbits kept jumping up and running on ahead of me until they got so thick they jammed up, and I could go no further, so I came back. I saw no turkeys."

We then stayed in camp until after dinner trying who could tell the biggest fiction about the rabbits, but those jammed-up woods of L.'s had put me to a disadvantage at the outset, and I had to succumb, in the end, to his magnificent exaggerations.

After dinner L. took the Amateur and paddled down stream on a tour of prospection. He came back in an hour or so reporting a vast layout of water and very little land.

And the writer went back to camp without game and in a state of taciturnity. L. suddenly developed into an inquisitor more annoying than otherwise.

"Old Telescope, what did you shoot at?"

"Shoot at?"

"Yes, shoot at."

"I thought you were going to paddle down stream two miles?"

"I did not get too far away to hear a rifle shot."

"What direction?"

"Oh, up the river where you were. Say, no dodging now, tell about it."

"I shot at a turkey hen and missed her."

"Missed her?"

"Yes, missed her."

"How far?"

"Thunder and blixen! twenty yards."

"Flying?"

"Double thunder and blixen, no, standing stone still. Say L., which way shall we go next?"

"Wait a minute, not so fast. What did you shoot those other two shots at in quick succession?"

"Charles Lawrence Warner, let's go home. This gun is a grand fizzle. I can't hit a barn door with it. Those last two shots were made at a gobbler on the ground, in a perfectly open spot at not over fifteen yards. He must have been disgusted with the overflow or he never would have flown into me after my shooting at his mate; and after my taking the first shot at him have stood for another shot. I strained my eyes to detect a wabble in him as he went away and, when he was out of sight, listened for him to fall. But he went on over toward Hugh L. Foote, at Egremont, whom he knew could kill him. Don't tell this on me at home."

"Will you let up on me?"

"Yes. Hereafter I am a clam."

But L. smiled in a way that boded me nothing good.

Then we got into the Amateur and paddled up stream together, L. occupying the bow with his fine hammerless gun at his side.

When only one boat was used it was always the Amateur. The Boss was also a nice boat in her way. Being short, broad and flat, she was very steady, so much so that it was perfectly secure to shoot from her standing. She was the darling and pet of Mr. Warner, who invariably stood up and propelled her with a single blade. He would stand with his legs akimbo and row vigorously away, down or up stream, to his blind, and woe unto the ducks that turned down to his decoys when he got there. But L. and I preferred the narrower, more unsteady, but swifter-running boat. We always wanted to get there at once, and the Amateur could come as near meeting our wants in that respect as any boat we had ever been in. She was built from offsets obtained from FOREST AND STREAM. But she was rather unsteady, which made a shot from her somewhat uncertain.

Let me relate an incident that took place the first trip of this canoe three years ago. My son Walter and I had paddled down a narrow slough full of logs, trees, etc., until nearly two miles from camp, Walter in the bow and I in the stern. Presently we came to a large cypress log reaching from bank to bank and projecting above water about six inches. Rather than go to the bank, get out, and drag the canoe over by hand, we determined to cross in the channel. The canoe was paddled alongside and we both got out on the log. Then the boat was brought, bow foremost, until half over, when Walter was directed to get in. This he did. I then slid the boat on its keel until within a couple of feet of the stern, and got in myself, sitting on the deck with my feet in the cockpit, as is usual when using a single blade. I took the paddle and began to push on the log, when my son, who was a shade nervous in a canoe, said, "Father, you will turn this boat over."

Now, I had made this boat myself and had done no inconsiderable bragging over its many virtues, and especially its steadiness, and I was a shade nettled at the remonstrance which implied an aspersion on my pet, the Amateur, and I said, with emphasis, "Walter, you can't turn this boat—"

The word "over" was said by the canoe. It was the first I ever knew she could talk, but I let up on her steadiness after that, we both went sprawling into the water, 4½ft. deep, Walter head first, and I with an ungainly motion to the rear in search of the log. Both guns were tumbled out and went to the bottom, and the boat was half filled with water. We were indeed drenched, and took the back course for camp at once, but did not rely on the steadiness of the Amateur to get us over that log. Ever since that accident I have been unable to brag on the Amateur at all in Walter's presence but that I am taken down at once.

One thing about that upset has puzzled me a little. As soon as we recovered ourselves smoke was observed to issue from the water in the canoe. I said, "Walter, look at that smoke, a gun has been fired." "It must have been yours," he replied. "No, you can't shoot off a Scott safety block that way. Your hammer gun did it." And so it proved to be. With the butt resting on the bottom of the boat, and barrels on the coaming, it had slid backward, the hammer striking on one of the ribs. The canoe proved to have a hole in her side about 2in. above the waterline, but we were still able to use it. The discharge took place under water and was not heard by either of us, nor did it burst the gun as one would naturally suppose it would have done under the circumstances.

But to resume with L. When above camp about half a mile, on the west side, we discern land, back a little piece through the timber and bushes. This we scan very closely through the openings, rather limited in number and size. Presently L. in an undertone calls attention to some turkeys at no great distance, in rather an open spot. Three are seen, one gobbler and two hens. They walk about quite unconcernedly, but soon disappear behind a very heavy sweet-gum windfall. Hurriedly the canoe is turned about and pointed for the land, which is overflowed well back in the timber. We get out and cautiously approach the windfall, then peer over and find the turkeys have disappeared. L. sits down with his back to the stump, facing the direction the turkeys are supposed to have gone. I move off to flank them around a thicket near by. Suddenly *cut* greets my ears, the note of the gobbler signifying I had been seen. I move back then, and take the other direction around the thicket. It is not long before the turkey is too smart for me, discovering his danger before I have been able to see him, and takes wing. He flies in L.'s direction, but does not give chance for a shot. He crosses the river a little below the canoe. I go up to L. and find that his keen eyes have marked him in a tall tree well back on the opposite shore. I determine to take a shot, and wade as far as my rubber boots will allow. The turkey is judged to be 100yds., and the rifle having a point blank at 75yds., the cross-hairs are made to intersect at the top of his back. At first shot he shows not the least sign of disturbance. The aim is too low. Another shot and he moves quickly up the limb as if touched and turns around. Evidently he has not caught on to the racket, but soon will; and very quickly another aim is taken, still higher this time, with the left end of the horizontal hair running across his head, which is at an inquisitive elevation. He finds out what is the matter and goes down at an angle of forty-five degrees and falls with a splash in the water. We hasten over and find him quite dead and a very fine bird, weighing fully 20lbs. gross.

We returned to camp, drew the gobbler and hung him up to drip. He gave quite an interesting appearance to camp.

Not delaying we next paddled Howlett Bayou to the high ridge or island. This swamp was so low that water was well up in the limbs of the undergrowth, which was abundantly thick. The bushes on either side of the bayou often overlapped, and several times we were uncertain as to the channel and would lose it for a time. It was a gloomy part of the swamp, mainly a tangled mass of bushes and vines of many kinds, interwoven and knit together. The trees overhead were thickly festooned with gray moss, which luxuriates so abundantly in the swamps of this latitude and adds such a somber appearance to the forests.

During the day several shots had been heard in the direction of Howlett Lake, which led us to suspect that game was being killed there. We anticipated that it would be driven away. However, we were going to investigate.

On entering the lake two men were seen in a dugout a hundred yards off in the timber. We hailed them and made inquiries concerning game. They reported having flushed turkeys on the ridge, but did not state whether any had been killed. We were then asked whether any cattle had been seen on the ridges on the Little Sunflower. Receiving a negative reply, they paddled off through the swamp and were seen no more.

We found no game on the ridge which borders the lake on the east side, though there was plenty of fresh turkey scratching. We had made the entire circuit of the overflowed ground, and were about to return to the canoe, when, on looking through the timber across the lake a fine old gobbler was seen in a tall tree full 200yds. away. An investigation of him with the telescope proved him to be quite a desirable bird. Cautiously stepping behind cover, we discussed the matter. He was too far for anything but a chance shot, and the probability of being able to paddle within range and shoot him from the boat, was not deemed favorable. Evidently we had been seen, for the glass showed considerable alertness on the part of his gobblership. He would stretch out his long neck, displaying a magnificent beard, and move his head about in a rather inquiring way. We did not think that with his suspicious symptoms he could be called to us. We did conclude, however, that others were somewhere out of sight in his locality. It was not at all likely he was monkeying in those big woods alone. We determined to call. On making the second attempt, a hen replied, and very soon she replied again. We felt sure that there would soon be a flight in our direction, and we at once became interested, even animated. We sought favorable locations, some distance apart, and repeated the call, and here came the turkeys, a half dozen of them. It was rather sudden to me. I made a shot, with rather unsteady nerves, through a thick cluster of vines, at a young gobbler, and missed him. L., with his shotgun, did better, and killed a hen, which fell in the edge of the lake. All live turkeys suddenly disappeared. The old gobbler was a little too cautious to venture in. He knew a thing or two, and they generally do. We did not see him again; he had vacated.

As it was growing late, we hurried out of that dismal swamp. It was an easy place to get lost, and would be very hard to get out of should night overtake us before getting back to the river, which was nearly two miles. By sundown we were back in camp.

* * * * *

How restless we were! There we were with two turkeys the first day in two weeks' hunt, and not satisfied. In half an hour we were back of the camp watching and listening for turkeys going to roost.

I had no luck, and returned to camp by the time it was dark. It was twenty minutes or more before L. came. I had gotten to know that boy pretty well. This lingering in the woods was significant. On coming in, with a quick step, he reached his hand across the camp-fire to me and said, "Shake!"

I reached out and we shook. Well, I knew what his "shake" meant. Many times he had done that before, and filled my thoughts with bright prospects for the morning's sport. He is a lucky boy at roosting, and excels me at that two to one. And when he has seen turkeys go to roost, his fear in the woods don't amount to much. I doubt whether a panther's scream could scare him away then, at least until it was too dark for him to disturb the roosting birds, when he would steal away as silently as an owl could fly, and crawl into the launch with his welcome "shake," and then with entire unselfishness turn the game over to me for disposition on the morrow.

Up to this time we had never attempted or desired to shoot turkeys on the roost. It was our choice by far to be within sound the next morning when the first gobble was made. He was awake then with all his faculties, and we considered it fair to bring him to bag in any way we could, using the call, however, by great preference.

Now it was different. The males would not gobble. We had been among turkeys all day and not a gobble was heard. The flood, which was so very high on their feeding grounds, and hourly but slowly rising higher, had taken all the amorous spirit out of them. We felt sure not a gobble would "open up" at the crack of day in the morning, so we determined for once to resort to this more unsportsmanlike way of taking game while at roost.

L. said two turkeys—a hen and a gobbler—had gone to roost just back of camp but a short distance; in fact, the camp-fire was within their view.

We waited some time for the moon to come up over the treetops, so as to have plenty of light. We then tried our sights at sundry dark objects, such as gray moss, bunches of mistletoe, etc., L with his shotgun and I with my rifle, to make sure we could see to get good aim. Then we left the comfortable fire and walked as indicated by L., rapidly at first, slowly when near, and finally resorted to a creep, when L. whispered that the turkeys were somewhere "there," pointing to indicate direction. He then lingered behind and left me to locate. By this time we had reached water probably a foot deep, and it was possible to move about with the least bit of noise. It was not long ere a dark object with familiar form was found. This was observed with the telescope and identified as one of L.'s turkeys. It was doubled up in a knot on a limb half way up a medium-sized tree. A low whistle and a motion soon brought L. noiselessly to my side, who indorsed the location as correct.

"Where is the other?" in a whisper.

"Over there probably in that tree with the heavy moss."

"You remain here to shoot this, while I search for the mate. When I locate I will give a low whistle, and you answer to indicate that you have heard, then at the crack of my rifle put in your work quick. Can you kill it from here?"

"I think so."

I then went slowly and carefully searched the mossy tree, but could not make out a turkey in the hundred forms in its wide-spreading branches; still, he might yet be there securely concealed in a cluster of limbs or behind a heavy bunch of pendant moss, I could not tell. I moved on silently to search other trees. Once I thought I had him, but my useful sight told better than my eyes. On moving further—

Ah! there he goes. Zounds on the luck! So he was in the old mossy tree after all.

Bang! and down comes L.'s turkey. It was done quicker than telling it. We returned to camp and talked the matter over. It was a new experience and the last one of its kind. We had enjoyed it only after a fashion. We preferred to do 'em up in daylight.

We went to bed and slept. W. L. P.

MAINE DEER DOGGING.

IT is not a pleasing duty to complain. Indeed I have had the facts that I am about to state in possession for some time, and have questioned the matter a good deal as to whether it were best that they should ever become public property, by inserting them in the FOREST AND STREAM, where they are sure to be seen by every live sportsman who takes any interest in the literature that pertains to his beloved pastime. I have held the facts mentioned below in hand till after the shooting season on Maine deer was well advanced, for the reason that it was best for the few deer left that it should be so. The outrageous killing of deer in that State out of season, that has been going on all summer, might have been told of early in the summer, or at least a part of it, but it is better that such facts should have been kept back, for the reason that if it had been generally known that sportsmen could go down into Maine and hunt deer without molestation in July and August, it might have induced many to have tried to take part in such hunting who would have otherwise staid at home, and hence a few more of the deer have been saved. But the Maine Legislature convenes in a very short time, and it is possible that if the real facts of the case are made known, it may lead that body to grant such legislation as shall enable the Commissioners to make at least some show of enforcing the deer law. The last Legislature to convene in that State took away all the fines that had formerly gone in part to the game wardens and gave it to the counties, and, worse than this, it left the Commissioners with no money to pay the wardens for enforcing the law. What has been the result? Why, simply that the law has not been enforced. Hunters who were so disposed have hunted deer in almost any locality in Maine, in the close season of this year, without fear of arrest. More than half a dozen improved jack lamps came under my notice as being made and taken down into Maine, some of them In July and nearly all were taken down before the end of August.

I have it from good authority that some fifteen deer were killed in the neighborhood of the Richardson and Beaver ponds at the Rangeleys and twice as many at Cupsuptic and Kennebago before the beginning of October. It also comes from good authority that hunting was carried on at these ponds and lakes almost every night in July and August when the weather was suitable. Deer were plenty around these waters in the early summer, but by the end of the close season they had nearly all been killed. Then, as if to render the case still more aggravated a pair of hounds were running deer into these waters several Sundays in succession late in August and in September. The dogs were owned over in the Magalloway settlement and were kept for hounding deer. They are doubtless there now in spite of anything that the Maine game law has done. Indeed they were hounding deer on the west side of Aziscohos last year, but this season they have run deer over on to the east side and into the Beaver and Richardson ponds, where deer-doggers have killed them. I understand also that there has been an arrangement with certain parties all summer that a pair of hounds were in readiness for dogging deer, owned in the Magalloway settlement, and that hunters had only to engage the dogs beforehand and that they would be put out and taken care of, the hunters only had to shoot the deer. Again I am told hounds have been taken into the woods by way of Upton, then taken in charge by guides and let loose at the right spot for dogging deer, the hunters to come to a point designated by some other route. The deer could be dogged and the hunters not be mistrusted at all. Yet none of this shameful work has been done in such a way that a warden at all fit for the office could not have caught the hunters and destroyed the dogs.

Then the dogging of deer in the open season is not all. Fox hunting has all at once assumed remarkable proportions in Maine. Indeed the fox hunting is really excellent, but nine out of every ten of the hounds employed are good for running deer. The hunters have taken numerous bands of foxhounds into the Maine woods and have come out with a certain number of foxes and a deer or two apiece. Those who know say that these deer have been hounded, run to the water, where the hunters have shot them. Deer have already come back to Boston in the possession of the fox-hunting parties who have gone into Maine with their dogs. It is very safe to conclude that a good deal of deer hounding is being done in Maine this fall under the name of fox hunting.

If the legislators of Maine have any hope of saving the deer in that State they will have to devise some form of statute that will prevent fox hunting parties from hounding deer. Either the dog law will have to be changed or fox hounding will have to be forbidden. If the sentiment among the guides was only as good in regard to keeping the deer law as it is in regard to the trout law, there would be but little trouble. Why, some of the very guides that have assisted parties in getting deer this summer in close time, are strenuous for the enforcement of the trout laws—nay are members of a prominent fish propagating and protective association. They thoroughly believe in the protection of trout and landlocked salmon, but they will guide a man to jack a deer in July or August. The Legislature of Maine refused to add September to the open season on moose, deer and caribou at its last session, though the addition was recommended by the Commissioners, and ever since this refusal the deer law has been very unpopular with the majority of the guides. They argue that the deer are not of any benefit to them, since the sportsmen are all gone before the open season comes. The granting of September as an open month will be received in the light of a beneficence that is just and reasonable, and the gift will redound to the benefit of the giver, so far as the guides are concerned.

The deer have suffered in Maine this season by this shooting in the close time, and, worst of all, the hounding mentioned, to an extent that it will take some years to recuperate—years of protection. Why, venison has been served on many of the camp tables in the backwoods camps—I might enumerate the camps, if it would do any good—in the close season. Deer were plenty early in the summer, and the tables were served in more cases than one dozen, to say the least. Sportsmen visiting these camps, ostensibly for fishing, have, if they have expressed a desire to do so, been quickly initiated into the mysteries of jack-shooting deer, and the deer, provided it is not a nursing doe, has been served on the table. A doe, too thin to be taken back to camp, was killed in August on the shores of a pond well known to me, and the shooters, being a little ashamed of their hunting, buried the deer in the sand on the shore. Later the foxes dug out the carcass and fed upon it for some weeks. A gentleman, who spent several weeks at Kennebago this summer, says that while he had no desire to hunt deer himself in the close season, he was greatly surprised at the boldness with which the guides and hunters got ready their jacks and started off deer hunting. This gentleman got back to business in Boston before the 20th of September. Nobody seemed to think that anything out of the way was being done. If deer were killed, they were not kept out of sight, unless they were does in a state which would make the hunters ashamed to show what they had done. One case is mentioned where two does were killed in the same night, before the hunter got "his buck" that he was not ashamed to take back to camp.

In the above statements I have made known only what I have the best of reasons for believing are facts, and I have written what I have only that the fish and game interest may be alarmed at what is going on in Maine. I candidly believe that there are not half as many deer in Maine as a year ago. This inside news of killing deer in close time does not come all from one section of the State, and in many cases it comes to me from the hunters who have taken part in the shooting. The harm is done. The deer season is about over, and there is nothing to be done now but for the Maine Legislature to make such laws as shall tend to give the Commission some chance to enforce the law. If only July can be thoroughly protected as a close month, it will be much better than what has been going on the past season, only thoroughly enforce the law on the months that are closed by the statutes. I hate to speak disrespectfully of my native State, but I have often thought that if Maine had even considerably less of law, with a little law thoroughly enforced, it would be better for all interested. If the deer of that State can be thoroughly protected from crust and deep-snow hunting and then through May, June, July and August, there will be fair hunting for all in the open season. But right here let me add, in connection with the able editorial published not long ago in the FOREST AND STREAM, that it is mighty discouraging to the honest hunter, who desires to kill game in open season, to visit his favorite hunting grounds, as early as he can legally do so, only to find that the illegal shooters have completely obliterated the game or hounded it away. Such were my feelings when I made my annual trip to the wilds of Maine this fall. Where deer were plenty in May, there were none to be seen or tracked in early October. If game laws exist at all, then let us have them enforced thoroughly. So long as it is a penal offense to kill game out of season, the question of morality falls before the fact that the other fellow is breaking the law unmolested on the very ground that you are only waiting for the open season to hunt over. I will do anything reasonable for the honest enforcement of the game laws of Maine, but if such openhanded breaking of these laws is to go on, right under the very noses of the wardens, as was the case during the close time of last summer, I am afraid than I am no friend of such laws.

Maine venison is also coming into the Boston market in spite of the non-export game law of that State. The old barrel game is again being played this year. It consists simply in cutting the legs off a back-half of venison in such a way that the whole, with the hide, will go into a barrel. The barrel is then securely headed and sent to a receiver here, generally some well-known commission dealer. I saw the other day a barrel unheaded at one of these commission houses. There were pulled out the back-half of a big deer, together with the hide. Excelsior was used for packing, and out of the excelsior were pulled four partridges. A buyer was quickly on hand and soon bid 14 cents for the deer and 50 cents each for the partridges. The salesman owned to me that the deer was from Maine, and I know from as good authority as my own eyes that deer and partridges are constantly being received by this house and others from Maine. The barrels and boxes come by both steamer and rail. SPECIAL.

BOSTON.

THE ALL-AROUND GUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Cleveland's article is very interesting and informing as showing the inventive genius of Dr. Maynard, but I do not think his interchangeable gun fills the "aching void" as well as a "three barrel," because the greater number of effective different loads you have at instant command, the more nearly your weapon approaches the ideal "all-around" gun. If it were not for the weight, a double rifle combined with double shot would more perfectly equip a man than a "three barrel." But there is a limit to effective weight. The auxiliary rifle barrel came into the world with a hurrah, and was thought to have solved the whole problem, but the hurrah is now very faint. The auxiliary sportsman soon found out that he didn't want his rifle barrel at home or in a leather case dangling round his spine when it was needed in front pointed at game. If he kept it in his shotgun the very barrel he wanted very badly for shot was the one filled with the rifle, and he couldn't carry it in his teeth very handily. This interchangeable business is all very well to practice at home or on paper. Your interchangeable gun only affords two shots in the field the best way you can fix it, unless you can slow up your deer or grouse until you can unlimber your other barrel. I'm not arguing that more than two shots are necessary in nine out of ten cases, only imagining a case, and the need of an "all-around" gun is purely imaginary in greater proportion than that.

And herein lies the reason that these perfect all-around guns are not more largely manufactured. There is no demand for them. There is really no need which will warrant their manufacture in sufficient quantities to pay. This appears to me a better reason than Mr. Cleveland's viz.: "The willingness of the great mass of our people to take an inferior substitute at less price." Though that is true, take the country over and ninety-nine shooters use a shotgun where one uses a rifle. If a man lives in a deer or bear country he chooses a repeater, if he wants more than one shot, not a double rifle or interchangeable gun. If he lives in a bird country and wants a rifle now and then when he is after birds, he wants that rifle always at hand where he can "turn loose" without any foolishness, and he can't have it with double shot, other than in a three barrel. The weight is within bounds and accuracy is sufficient. Half a dozen rifle cartridges don't occupy much room, you've got combination a-plenty, and your gun is all there every time. If there is ever occasion to shoot more than twice, then three beats two, don't it? O. O. S.

VINELAND, N. J.

NEW YORK FISH AND GAME INTERESTS.

Forest and Stream:

Salutations! 'Tis long since I've been inside your portals.

But nothing obliterates the memory of past services, nor the gratitude grown of troubles, and trials, and triumphs, in a beloved cause. "The past at least is secure," and we cling to it. Be there apathy, defection, treason, they are but incidents in an advance, and we cling the closer.

"There's a crisis in game and fish protection," said a Stalwart to me just now.

ST. LAWRENCE: A crisis? Please explain.

STALWART: Hasn't FOREST AND STREAM struck its colors to the netter and dogger?

ST. LAWRENCE: And, if so, a crisis, say you?

STALWART: Haven't you read the last two editorials "Serious Charges," and "On a Runway or in the Water?"

So much of the colloquy, in indication that tongues and brains are busy with the situation.

And it *is* a crisis, in full proportions, made as are most crises, by clashing interests and authority.

The commission indirectly charged with the enforcement of laws protective of game and fish, split. What is the significance of it? With the general conceptions of the relationships between market interests, and protection interests, and with reported incidents attendant upon the event, or preliminary, there results uneasiness and distrust. Demoralization in the service is accepted by protective sentiment, as the logic of the fact, and 'tis said either protection, or the commission's relation to it must go.

Quite natural, such sentiments. By common understanding and concurrence of protective sentiment, the market-hunter and the market-fisherman are the active combative forces that threaten the extinction of game and fish. The market—the complement of these destructive agencies—is the receptacle into which, through the tortuous channels of fraud and deceit, the contraband spoils of poacher and netter find safe conduct, and so profitable investment.

Now, with a marketman at the head of a commission charged with a vigorous enforcement of protective fish and game laws, must not demoralization in the service follow? Is it so?

We speak not of persons, but of things. No aspersion of "character," no question of integrity, is made. It would be beside the matters, and so, fol-de-rol—as much an injustice to gentlemen officials as irrelevant to a proper understanding of official fitness. It will occur to many thinking people that interest is the crucial test of fitness. Somehow that has got into the big popular cranium. Old-fashioned folk always query how men can hold the balance even between the conflicting claims of public and private interest. At the suggestion of interest does not the judge step down from the bench? How much—or how little—"character" would retain him there? and how such action conciliates a public sense that pervades like an instinct. It is a decent thing to do.

Now is there not absolute parity in the public relationships of all public functionaries? And will FOREST AND STREAM explain how, putting that and that together, 't possible to avoid painful impressions of inefficiency in the administration of fish and game protective laws? There is no essence of distrust or reserve in this request, believe there is not. We covet explanation and understanding-

with entire concession of high character to the *personnel* of the Commission.

A broader view may suggest organic defects in our Fish Commission, which must disappoint any hopes of effective protective service from it. Is it overloaded with the work of propagation and distribution? Is the *personnel* of any commission, charged with such duties, as the principal end of their organization, likely to possess gratifications and experience in so opposite and foreign direction as the practical enforcement of the game laws? It is significant that at the last meeting of the Codification Commission, at Albany, a very decided expression was given to the necessity for a new Commission.

But, as to the crisis: It will be met by steps in advance. The history of game and fish culture, and protection, in the State makes that a safe prediction. No sentiment of economic reform has a more flattering history, nor a steadier development, in its first ten years. Its first authoritative expression was in the town game constable. The game constable was a failure, and worse. It was an attempt to set the dog on his master. Public sentiment soon resented the burlesque and created the game protector.

Results have been admirable. The source of his authority, his statutory line of duties and his responsibility to supervisors make him in the public judgment stand the representative of the impersonal authority of the law always respected by the best citizens. Hence the moral support at his back.

Legislation has steadily advanced. Don't mistake this fact. The Curtis non-hounding law was not a protectionist triumph, but a tentative effort, shorn of a section (in the bill), compelling accomplices in the crime to testify against each other. So made impossible of enforcement the doggers cared nothing for it.

The triumph came after, when, the following session, they mustered for a repeal. Protection lost nothing by the repeal, but gained everything in the record the hounders made for themselves and their cause. That record is the first and last attempted justification of the use of dogs in deer "protection."

Gentlemen—to mention names would belittle controversy—aired ideas and preferences in the press and in pamphlet too ridiculous for serious refutation and now treated with utter contempt. Remember that with the repeal came shortening of the open season. This was in advance. Other restrictions have been enacted and more are demanded by the popular sense, notably the shortening of the open season and prohibition of water slaughter. 'Tis gratifying to notice that "firm advocate of deer-hounding," the gentleman from Albany, yielding to prohibition.

So far as appears, not a voice was raised at Albany against water-slaughter. You should know the pain given the stalwart protective sentiment by your utterances in "On a Runway, or in the Water?" Did FOREST AND STREAM ever before disparage protective effort by even a seeming concession to the morbid tastes of its worst enemy?

I hate implication, and to make a clean breast of it, ask what does this mean: "With such a law" (a law against water-slaughter) "one of two results would follow. The statute would be a dead letter, or *if enforced*, the hotel men would quickly cry out for its repeal. A large portion of their patrons, for whom the landlords wish to preserve the privilege of hounding, are, *as we have said*, wholly incapable of killing a deer anywhere else than in the water. If the privilege of water-killing is taken away from them, that will in effect be taking away the privilege of hounding. This class will no longer frequent the Adirondacks, * * * and his allies will again appear at Albany asking permission for their guests to kill game in the water."

Add to this your suggestion of their "hundred thousand dollar" interest in the matter, and that hotel men with accruing "board bills" will "*see to it that a non-hounding law shall not be enacted*," and point and purpose can hardly be mistaken. The italicising is not in the original.

What! abandon Adirondack deer to be made merchandise of? Egad, do not sportsmen guests who pay "board bills" there have their surfeit of "mountain mutton," in season and out? Would you have the game absolutely sold out to them on the hoof by men who don't own it, with every circumstance of cruelty and brutality in its destruction, guaranteed in the contract?

Zounds! Think of this, with all the revolting history of water-slaughter, and blood yet boiling at the atrocities of that Chateaugay Lake horror, that illustration of depraved and debauched tastes in the supreme act of their gratification. You applied to that infamy the epithet "brutal," and I would have you recant that cruelty to animals. Call the creature who perpetrated it a brute, at the expense of apologizing to the swine that lifts a snout from the gutter and challenges you with a grunt.

But, solicitous for the gratification of the hotel man and his guest, is there no manly way of its accomplishment? And if there is, should exceptions be made to other than manly and sportsmanlike tastes and practices?

Your familiarity with the Adirondacks (?) tells you that shooting "on a runway" is just as feasible there as in the South and other sections." The runways are well defined, and practical knowledge of them is illustrated in the tactics of the guide when he appoints the watchers to their stations. He knows where the game will take the water no better than he does the route it will take to get there. Occupation of the runway involves nothing more than a short walk up the hill, along the cozy margin of the brook, or to the ridge dividing marshes, or leading to the water. Would this be too severe a strain, perhaps the "faithful guide" could extemporize a sedan that would discount exertion and afford the luxury of a nap, betimes.

Does your solicitude still insist the sportsman has not the skill to hold a rifle true on a bounding buck?" Ha! Let me confess you. Did not a tinge of pride and possession thrill your nerves, and flash along the steel when you penned that sentence; and that, too, without a particle of alleged contempt, for 'tis to be born so, you know. Perhaps the scatter gun, with splutter of buckshot, may help the difficulty. It is in great and growing demand just now.

It is admitted, gladly, that with best facilities, and venue and luck, the runway is not so fatal as the water. From a protective standpoint, that's its recommendation; from a sportsman's, that's its glory. There, in the battle, it wains against speed and instinct, chances are nearly equal, and with every clean miss a sportsman sends his hearty greeting. Prohibit water-slaughter and shorten the period for dogs, is the sentiment asking recognition. The dead letter threat is ungracious in advance. As a prophesy it assists its own accomplishment. With proper administrative provisions, restraining laws would be living letters against the water dogs.

Fish protection, in its advancement, excites a round of gratulation everywhere. It has passed the crisis of every nascent reform, and confronts now only the abuses incident to healthy progress. Following the banishment of nets comes the abuse of night-lines or set-lines, traversing the waters in every direction. The supplemental use of nets, so safely practiced by the night-line watchers, day and night, insure destruction unlimited. Angling with hook and line "held in the hand" is a restriction now confined to Jefferson county and to Lake George. It ought to be general, and night-lines and set-lines prohibited. And may not an angler right here confess that organized protective sentiment requires hygienic treatment? One of its early struggles was to subvert the parent, that selfishness is its active principle. There was excuse, if not some justification for it.

Professed protectionists indulged (indulge) so ostentatious display of fin and fur and feathers as justifies the belief of reckless slaughter and wanton waste. Hog expresses the reprobation of sportsmanlike and manly sentiment, but what does hog care for that? He has an ally, and a helpful one, and his ravenous greed has no better ambition than to adorn, in name and figure, the "biggest string" in the shop window of the tackle dealer. Waste exposes quantities of our best game fishes, dead and stinking, along our water courses; snobbery having all to do with it. How long will it be before public sentiment will restore netting as a sovereign remedy?

Notwithstanding the best conception, and the clearest and most direct expression the codifiers may give protective statutes, their efficiency must depend upon their administration being made possible. The State officials, limited in number, have been unable, with the best support given them by local organizations and sentiment, to bring to justice but a small percentage of the most notorious offenders.

Deer-doggers and netters in organized gangs concert secrecy in their movements with every facility in the woods and on unfrequented waters and with unlawful spoil in their possession confront the officers of the law with mendacity and defiance. Conviction would be easy could proof be obtained. There is no lack of witnesses could they be made to testify. Why can they not be? Simply because the Legislature has not secured their constitutional immunity against self-crimination by a provision that shall exclude the use of an accomplice's testimony in any action or proceeding against himself. A provision compelling accomplices to testify is familiar in criminal statutes—always with the saving clause, to be sure—and the reasons that justify it in other cases make it a necessity in offenses against the game laws. It is a necessity that cannot be ignored without bringing protective legislation into contempt and so paralyzing effort to enforce it. Will not the Codification Commission realize the necessity and meet the demand?

Now, to recapitulate, it is submitted that,

First—Dogging deer should be prohibited, or if that is now premature, prohibit water butchery by the severest penalties, and shorten to a minimum the open season for the dogs. And herein, as absolutely essential to practical results, make the use or presence of any dog or bitch, of a breed or kind used in the pursuit of deer, in any territory inhabited by any wild deer, in the close season, a misdemeanor by the owner, harborer, or person, or persons in possession of such dog or bitch.

Second—Prohibit any angling, except by hook and line held in the hand, and prohibit the use of night lines and set lines.

Third—Abolish spring shooting of ducks and waterfowl.

Fourth—Provide that accomplices shall be witnesses against each other as follows: No person other than a defendant shall be excused from testifying as a witness in any criminal or civil action or proceeding, under any of the statutes or laws of this State, designed for the propogation, preservation or protection of game or fish, on the ground that such testimony would criminate, or tend to criminate or convict, or tend to convict, such witness of a crime or misdemeanor, or prove, or tend to prove, any act or omission by such witness, to which a penalty is attached by law, but no testimony to be given by any such witness shall be used against such witness in any civil or criminal action or proceeding.

Fifth—Muzzle the fish-hog. SAINT LAWRENCE.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Dec. 5.

VERMONT INTERESTS.—Rutland, Vt., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At the last session of the Legislature much was accomplished in the interests of fish and game protection. In fact, there was an unusual number of sportsmen among its members. The deer law was amended (Act 54) to read: "A person who, prior to the first day of November, 1900, pursues, takes or kills, within the State, a wild deer, or has in his possession a wild deer or part thereof so taken or killed, shall be fined one hundred dollars, and the possession of the meat or hide or any part of a wild deer shall be presumptive evidence that the person having it in his possession is guilty of a violation of this section." The law protecting deer previously extended to Nov. 30, '90, and the fine was $50 instead of $100 as above. It is a matter of great satisfaction to a large majority of the fishermen of Vermont that the so-called "6in." law for the protection of trout was not repealad, and that the close season on trout was changed back to Sept. 1 and May 1. The law which provided that no person should use a dog in hunting the ruffed grouse or partridge has practically been a dead letter, but sportsmen are pleased that this clause was stricken out by the last Legislature.—WHEELOCK.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 6.—The association of gentlemen who have for a few years had a meet each year for the purpose of hunting the fox, have now formally organized as the Worcester Fur Company and elected officers as follows: President, A. B. F. Kenney; Vice-Presidents, Hon. John R. Thayer and N. S. Harrington; Secretary and Treasurer, Elisha S. Knowles; Committee on Constitution and By-Laws—C. H. Howe, A. H. Perry, John R. Thayer; Executive Committee—W. R. Dean, E. F. Snow, C. E. H. Higgins.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3.—As was anticipated, the present cold wave has driven the ducks down from the North in great numbers, and such marshes in this section as have any feed have birds on them now. Ed Howard is in town to-day, and says the mallards are not at Fox Lake and have not been there this fall. No ducks of any consequence at Fox Lake except a lot of greenwing teal a few days ago. There were three or four bunches of those, 400 or 500 in a bunch. Below here, however, at Cumberland, Water Valley and other points on the Kankakee, the birds have been in for a few days in large numbers. There were thousands of mallards on the marsh between Cumberland and Water Valley last Sunday and Monday, and probably on Tuesday, but no bags were made. The birds are very crafty, and do not come in on the marsh till after dark. They go out early in the morning to feed, just where, no one knows, but as the flight is nearly all mallard and greenwing teal it is no doubt the case that the birds have some distant fields located, where they hold up all day and only attempt the dangerous marsh at night. The only shooting possible is just at dusk or dark, when they come in. At this sort of work Charlie Gammon got a little over a dozen birds during his short visit at Cumberland Club.

Henry Ehlers went down to the Diana Club, at Thayer, early this week in response to a telegram notifying him of the abundance of mallards. I hear to-day that he killed 26 rabbits in the woods around Thayer, and from this infer that the mallard shooting was not good.

C. S. Burton announces his intention of going rabbit hunting next Saturday, in company with a friend or two, to some point in Illinois, about 100 miles from here, where somebody or other killed 119 rabbits in one day two or three years ago. It is one of these places where you get there about 3 o'clock in the night, and have to get up at about 3 o'clock the next morning to catch the train back, and 119 rabbits guaranteed wouldn't tempt just everybody to make the trip.

It was Charley Burton, by the way, who first told me about the Fuller Island rabbit story, which is attracting some attention here this week. He said two shooters, whose names he did not know, had been down to Fuller Island—but I suppose everybody knows that Fuller Island is about six miles north of Shelby, Ind., in the middle of the Kankakee marsh. Good snipe shooting on the edge of the marsh about there, in the right season, and good duck shooting all around it, in ordinary duck weather. The island itself is a high timbered ridge, with plenty of short cover, and is much affected by camping parties of hunters. It has a house or two on it. There are a few ruffed grouse there, and a good many rabbits. The marsh runs around the island for miles in every direction. Well, Charlie Burton told me that somebody told him that two shooters were down at Fuller Island last week, and they couldn't get any ducks, so they thought they would try for rabbits. A farmer near by said he would fire the weeds and rushes on his field, at the upper end of the island, and if they would stand at the lower end of the field, where the rabbits would run out, they could shoot them as they ran out. So they did this, and the two men, names not known, shot and shot and shot, and the rabbits came out so fast they just couldn't kill them all, but they got two wagon loads. If I didn't believe this, I could ask Abe Kleinman. It was Abe's story. So I saw Abe and told him about the story, and told him Charlie had credited the bag to two guns.

"Did he tell you that?" said Abe. "Well, he's all off. There was more'n two guns, I don't know just how many, and they burned off a whole lot of the marsh above the island, and not just one little field. But that story about their killing two wagonloads of rabbits is all wrong. They killed a blame sight more'n that. If you want the exact truth, I'll tell you. The fact is, they sent up to the farm for teams, and they hauled off two wagonloads of rabbits; but I never said that was all they killed, I don't care who told you so. They killed thousands of them. The rabbits came out of that marsh in flocks, so thick they often killed five or six at one shot. Dick Turtle told me about it, and he said he heard it over to Hank Smith's. It ain't my story, but if you're going to say anything about it, you want to get it right, and I never told Charlie Burton nor anybody else that they only killed two wagonloads. I said that they hauled off two wagonloads."

So I went over to Hank Smith's, and Hank was there, and I said, "Hank, how about this Fuller Island rabbit story?"

"Oh," said Hank, "yes, I believe some of the boys did get a few. Dick Turtle was saying somebody was telling him about it, I don't know just who. I don't remember who was in the gang that did the shooting, either, but there were seventeen of them in all, and they set the marsh afire for ten miles around. Every rabbit on that whole marsh started straight for Fuller Island. They came out of that marsh like flies. There was a roaring sea of flame came down the marsh, and before it was a gray wall of nearly solid rabbit. The fellows kept on shooting till the fire drove them into the sand hills, and the rabbits were so thick that one follow killed thirteen at one shot. They gathered up two wagonloads of them. I believe Dick Turtle said Abe Kleinman told him about it."

This is the Fuller Island rabbit story or a part of it. It didn't seem best to attempt to run it down any closer, for I should not like to get hold of a story which bore on the face of it marks of improbability. As it is, the unit of measure, viz., two wagonloads of rabbits, seems to be adhered to so closely as to entitle the story to belief as it stands. Of course all that business about the rolling sea of flame and the madly bounding forms of the terror-stricken game fleeing before it could be worked up into a great picture, and some people would seize the chance to exaggerate and color Hank Smith's description into a picturesque but unfaithful account; but I wouldn't do that, so I stopped following the Fuller Island rabbit story any further.

After this rabbit battue the event of next greatest importance for the current week seems to be Charlie Gammon's quail hunt, which certainly is a rather remarkable affair in some ways. Charlie Gammon and Harry Loveday, and Mr. Robbins and Mr. Smith started for Pekin, Ill., where the latter said quail were a nuisance. The train that was carrying them ran out on to a bridge, somewhere above Streator, on the Santa Fé, and the engineer learned just in time that the bridge was on fire. They put the fire out with dinner pails and things, but

couldn't get across the bridge and had to lie there for several hours. Finally another train came up to the other end of the bridge and they transferred to it. This was a slowish sort of train, and at one of the stations Mr. Smith got off to walk around a while, and leaned against something thinking till the train pulled out and left him. He being the only one who knew where the grounds were the remaining two spent about $50 telegraphing for him at every station where they stopped. They got no word till they reached Streator, where they were wired to wait for the next train. The thoughtful man got in about midnight, and they all went up to Alf Kennedy's and got supper. They hadn't gotten to Pekin yet, and finally they concluded they didn't want to go to Pekin, so they took the early morning train back to Chicago. But they didn't like to face their friends so soon after starting on a quail hunt, so they took the next train down to Cumberland marsh on another road and in another direction and went fifty miles on that trip. Everybody knows there are no quail on Cumberland marsh, and so Charlie Gammon didn't see a quail or come anywhere near seeing one on his eventful but not very restful quail hunt. The boys annoy him a good deal about this hunt, and it took a good deal of persuasion to get him to say anything about it for publication.

There are beginning to be a good many indications that the hunting season is about over and the lying season just beginning. Now there's Eddie Price, the gray-haired criminal who told that story about the duck that he filled so full of shot that it sunk. This season Mr. Price has had another singular experience, which goes to show how wonderfully skilled one can by long practice become at shooting, and other things. This is the story of Eddie Price's two teal holes, as now current.

"I was shootin' down on the Kankakee marsh, above English Lake," said he, "an' there was pretty good chance o' teal coming down the river. They would leave the river and skate across one bend, right where the rice and flags were the thickest. I got out in there, me an' another fellow, an' knocked down a few, but we see it was no use, for the cover was so thick no man on earth could find a duck after it was knocked down. Out to my left was two little pond holes in the marsh, 'bout as big as a room, each one of 'em, and 'bout eight or ten yards apart. The teal was a-flyin' right over them little water holes, and I see if I could knock 'em down in there, I could get my birds. So I crawls up so'st I was about 45yds. from the first hole and 50 some from the second. I begun to shoot and the birds begun to fly, and every time a flock flew over them there pond holes I knocks one bird down into the first pond hole with my right barrel and swings on ahead and knocks down a'other one into the second pond hole with the left barrel. By that way I saved most of my ducks, I s'pose, for in the evenin' I picked up 31 teal out of the first hole, 'n 30 out of the second. I allus thought I held a little too far ahead on one teal that was goin' across the second hole. I only shot 64 shots and I got 61 birds, but I hadn't if been particler to drop my birds in them there pond holes, I wouldn't have found two dozen out of all I killed, though mebbe I'd a killed more in the 64 shots, 'cause I could of bunched some as they went over."

Mr. Price has another story about a greyhound of his that used to set prairie chickens, "an' bein' so rangy, you know, was the best chicken dog you ever saw;" but that is quite another story by itself.

Dec. 4.—From the St. Clair Flats Mr. U. G. Huff writes again that last week plenty of ducks were in but were lying out in Anchor Bay and not moving, so that no shooting could be had.

Mr. F. A. Howe and a party of friends will take their regular winter mallard hunt in February. They go to a piece of land near Fountain Bluff, Ill., below Cairo on the Mississippi, where they think they have about as good mallard country as can be found.

At their business meeting Tuesday last the members of the English Lake Club elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, A. M. Fuller; Vice-President, J. R. Adams; Secretary, A. W. Cobb; Treasurer, R. W. Hosmer; Executive Committee, A. M. Fuller, W. B. Chatfield, Abner Price. English Lake Club had the misfortune to have their marsh burnt off three years ago, killing down the feed badly. This fall they will plant a large quantity of wild rice. John Gillespie tells me that they obtain this rice in Chicago and pay $2.50 a bushel for it. As was earlier announced, this club has had out policemen on their marsh this fall, and these did great service in warning off camping parties and pulling up muskrat traps. Muskrats must be preserved if a good mallard marsh is wanted, for they cut out holes in the dense reeds and give the birds better chances to use on the marsh. There are three natives near the marsh who are the worst troubles in trapping rats. Many of their traps are confiscated, but that won't stop their spearing rats through the houses after the marsh freezes. It is likely that English Lake Club will try diplomacy and hire these men as patrols and guards next season, paying them more than they can make elsewhere.

Mr. Sam Booth, in company with Mr. Alex T. Loyd and a number of others, will spend the holiday season camping out, probably in a cabin boat on the Missouri River, down South, and they should have a very enjoyable time.

We are having snow here now, it has been intermittent for three days, and though the weather is not unpleasantly cold, it would seem that the ducks would largely pass on south from here before long. It has not been much of a duck season. The boys have not gotten excited very much over duck hunting for some reason. There has been an exceptional interest among Chicago shooters in live-bird trap shooting this season. The stir of the Kansas City match has not yet died down. The boys up at "Billy's" talk of it still. A day or so ago, up there, I found a group of them gathered around big Ben Dicks, who had just received from Andy Thomas, his opponent in the Kansas City shoot, an elegant embossed card showing the score, similar to that presented Col. Felton by Jim Riley. Everybody is talking trap, and this saves the ducks, which is all very well. As is known, there was to be an effort made this next session of the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting live bird shooting at the traps, but it is not thought now that such a law can be passed as the Legislature now stands.

The quail also have gotten off easy this fall, and if we do not have so terrible a winter as it is predicted we will have, the stock for next year bids fair to be very good. I do not hear of any very startling bags. A son of Mr. J. J. Jeffreys got 30 on a late trip into Indiana, below Newton, last week.

Some few deer have been killed by Chicago men, doubtless a great many that we do not hear of. I believe I have mentioned that the W. L. Shepard party got two deer in their trip in the North Peninsula in October. Mr. S. B. Chase got a fine buck in early November north of Oconto, in Wisconsin. Mr. Thos. Dennaha also got a good buck in his northern Wisconsin hunt.

Mr. Wm. Mitchell, a druggist of Oconto, Wis., has just sent down to his friend Hank Smith, of this city, a very fine head for mounting. It is a four-year-old buck, and a beauty. Dick Turtle, who will mount it, says it has been skinned in the neatest and most careful way he ever saw. The skin of the head and neck has never been split at all, but just rolled back over the neck. A head for mounting should never be split up the neck for skinning. The best way is to cut up the back of the neck to a point midway between the horns, and then make a cross cut from the base of the one horn to the other. The skin should then be stripped off entirely, and salted well. The bones can then be cleaned more thoroughly than when the skin is left attached at any point. This is what a taxidermist told me, at least, one time when I took a buffalo head in for mounting. This head had been skinned off all except a little strip between the horns, where the salt couldn't get, but the bugs could. In the winter it would not make so much difference.

Dec. 6.—A member of a prominent South Water street commission firm told me yesterday that the receipts of game for this fall had been the lightest known for a long time, if not the lightest ever known. Ducks have come mostly from western Minnesota, and a few from the great freezers around Spirit Lake and other points in northwestern Iowa. The non-export laws of all these northwestern States are simply dead letters. "Last fall," said this gentlemen, "the supply of venison, quail and prairie chickens on the market was the largest for 15 years. Game was very cheap and much of it was put down in the freezers. The deer that you see displayed on the street this fall are nearly all out of the last year's cold storage. We think that last fall's unusual abundance was due solely to the opening up of the Oklahoma territory, at least the bulk of our shipments came from there."

In other words, the game of the Indian Territory is practically gone already.

Mr. T. S. Boykin writes from Arkansas City, on the line of the Nations, to Mr. A. Hirth of Spalding's, this city, that he has within the month of November killed 1,500 quail to his one gun, and states that 20,000 quail have during the past month of November been shipped from that one station to the markets of St. Louis and Chicago. Would all those birds have been killed if they could not be sold? And if they can be sold are they not going to be killed?

The gentleman above named has also a letter from his friend, Mr. Wm. Flaccus, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is lately back from a very pleasant trip in Germany. Mr. Flaccus has two brothers-in-law, who are both oberforesters on estates, the one in the Rhone district and the other in the Spessart Gebirge, and he writes very entertainingly about the abundance of game in their districts. The deer are so abundant as to cause serious damage to the crops of the peasants, for which the latter always exact payment, both parties resorting to arbitration when the amount can not at once be agreed upon. One keeper had sold 400lbs. of brook trout in one season to a Baden hotel, the trout, shame to say, being taken in nets and sold alive. The system of forestry practiced in Germany, Mr. Flaccus thinks, is admirable, and should be followed by every civilized land.

Ex-Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana is in town this week, and states that himself, Gov. Wade Hampton and Senator Quay, will start shortly for another tarpon trip in Florida. It is to be presumed that Gov. Hampton's recent gun shot accident is not proving so serious as was feared.

Mr. L. D. Webster, of this city, left hastily on Thursday with 500 shells in his pocket, in response to a wire from Henry, on the Illinois River, that ducks were in by the millions, or maybe anyhow by the dozens.

On Thursday also it was that Sam Austin, the new keeper at Mak-saw-ba Club, sent up word to Joel Kinney that the mallards were in on that marsh in very large numbers. There must have been some splendid mallard shooting on the Kankakee and Illinois yesterday and today, but it is too soon yet to hear the results.

Mr. Wm. Werner, chief conspirator in the Possum Club, left last Wednesday for Cedar Lake, Ind., on the Chicago & Erie road after quail, but has not been heard from at this date.

An early meeting of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will be called for the purpose of formulating a plan of action in the matter of having some more game laws passed. Incidentally they may say a word or two about the next State tournament.

Speaking of game laws, or thinking of them, or needing to know anything about any of them reminds me of FOREST AND STREAM'S new *Book of the Game Laws*, a copy of which I now carry in my pocket, an action that any sportsman would do well to imitate, if he wants to know he is right to a moral certainty on any game law question in any State of the Union. Some sporting papers, and some sporting goods dealers, and a good many other people have of late been rendering sportsmen very questionable service by putting out what they purport to be tables in condensed form showing the open seasons of all the States and Territories. I have been led by the use of one of these condensed form businesses into making one or two miserable blunders in game law dates, and unquestionably others have also been victimized in that way by "the little cheap slip that a dealer can give away to a customer." It is a sort of "give away," especially to the customer who depends on one of these things. Suppose he wants to get it right and goes to the local statutes. Ten to one he cannot make head or tail out of the enactments, and even a lawyer may err about it. Suppose he wants the law of another State and sends to a friend, an officer in some gun club, for it. The friend may mean well, but be ignorant. I have been through all these stages myself, and until this book was published I was ready to say that a man could not, anywhere in America, get reliable information that would cover all the country in game law matters. But that is just what one can get here, easily and quickly, and in the assurance that the information is absolutely correct. I would recommend law-drafting committees to look through these pages and compare local laws with those of adjoining States and *vice versa*. The total collect of the laws, which must have made gray-haired and bowed down the man who did it, shows a mass of reading which is valuable in a good many ways besides that of telling a man when he may go shooting in such and such a State. I don't believe many people know how verbose, how complicated, how ingnorant and ineffectual *per se* the bulk of our game laws are. May the *Book of the Game Laws*, itself built up by intelligent hard work, begin the millennial work of inaugurating a clearer and more sensible state of affairs. It is a labor done simply for the love of accuracy. Let us hope it may grow into much more than that in the way of its unprophesied accomplishments.

Dec. 7.—The boys have quit shooting and gone to story-telling, I am afraid. I said something about Eddie Price and his teal holes. Now that veracious gentleman is around again to-day, and is once more insisting on the accuracy of his old statement—which I believe was once before published in FOREST AND STREAM—that during a certain hunt on the Kankakee he one day killed so many ducks he couldn't put them all in one pile! This is one of the standard Chicago lies, and any ambitious newcomer is always steered against it.

I suppose no question has agitated the sportsman mind of the whole country so much as the old one of "holding on" and "holding ahead." Many and bitter are the discussions over that old difference, and many the geometrically figured impossibilities which experience says are possible on that topic. Apropos of all this, they tell a pretty good story on Mr. George Smith, a well-known Board of Trade man here. Mr. Smith is a trifle English, very well to do, and much addicted to the vice of buying fine guns. He is said to have $5,000 worth of Purdys, Westley Richards, Lancasters and the like, and couldn't think of wearing the same gun twice in the week. He never shot so very many ducks, however. Mr. Smith was up at Fox Lake duck shooting, once upon a time, and the veteran pusher, George Beckwith, had him out, and got him into a pass where there was good shooting. Mr. Smith had a lot of fun, but he wasn't getting many ducks. "You don't hold ahead far enough," said George; "you want to throw away far ahead of 'em, three or four feet at least, you'll never get any till you do."

"I don't like this way of shooting air," said Mr. Smith, "especially when I'm out shootin' at ducks you know; but if you say three or four feet ahead, here goes!" So he blazed away in the air, and knocked down his next duck. Much gratified at this, he pursued that method further, and before long was getting them down in pretty good shape. "This way of holdin' ahead is a bloomin' success," said he.

By and by the flight stopped and George piled the birds into the boat, and they started home. On the way they passed a big rat house, on the top of which a big muskrat was lying fast asleep. George stopped the boat and pointed out the rat. "Do you see him?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Smith; "see me tumble him!" So he blazed away, and never touched the rat, which jumped off and swam away.

"Well, now, how on earth did you manage to miss that rat," said George, in his disgust forgetting his pusher's discretion. "He was lying there fast asleep and I could have killed him with a club."

"By Jove; I can hardly believe it meself," said Mr. Smith, "but do you know, I'm positive I did just as you said, and held about 4ft. ahead of him, I did really, you know!" E. HOUGH.

[In last week's report of the Possum Club, Col. Felton is made to say that he admired the "brightness of the table talk, the sparkle of the sportsman reporter, etc., etc." Doubtless all sportsman reporters will be pleased at this unconscious tribute from the intelligent compositor, but what was really written was "the sparkle of the spontaneous repartee." Which is a good deal different. As it stands, the statement looks just a trifle remarkable.—E. H.]

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 231 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

REARING SEA FISHES.

UNDER date of Nov. 27, Mr. Vinal N. Edwards, of Woods Holl, Mass., informs the U. S. Fish Commission that codfish are still abundant in Vineyard Sound. Edgartown boats are taking them in considerable numbers off the mouth of Edgartown Harbor, in about six fathoms of water. From 75 to 90 good-sized cod are taken on a tide. None of the fishermen can remember that cod were ever taken there before and they agree unanimously in the belief that these are the result of the cod planting from the Woods Holl station.

The following important experiment in rearing sea bass and scup is also mentioned by Mr. Edwards:

"In June, 1890, while we were hatching sea bass and scup, I put one jar of young sea bass and one of young scup into the eel pond in this place. There were about 50,000 of each. I think all must have lived, for during the month of November large schools of scup and sea bass have been passing out under the bridge from the pond. Nov. 7 I seined in the pond, and caught thousands of both sea bass and scup. The smallest was 2in. long, the largest 4½in. We have one of our aquaria full of them, but they will die when the water gets down to 40°. I seined day before yesterday, and also found the sea bass and scup plenty in the pond, but not so abundant as the first part of the month. All the young scup I have caught seining in the harbor the last month, no doubt, came out of the pond, for no scup or sea bass are found anywhere else. Spring before last I put in a few young sea bass into the pond, and they lived through last winter and are now 10 and 11in. long. I got some of them a few days since. I also sent two or three by the Fish Hawk to Washington alive; these were taken from the eel pond,

ICE FISHING IN ARCTIC ALASKA.

THE little cod of the polar seas, although a pigmy compared with the true cod of the Grand Banks and George's, stands to the Esquimaux in as important a relation as its bigger relative to the people of New England. As this fish is one of the subjects of a communication—from a valued correspondent, we present first a sketch of its distribution and the brief record of its life history. The polar cod, called in Capt. Herendeen's letter the tomcod, is the polar coalfish of Richardson and the saida cod of the "Fishery Industries." Greenlanders know it as the *misarkornak*.

The polar cod inhabits the region around the North Pole. It is recorded from Archangel, Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen and Greenland. In the White Sea it is very abundant, being captured there, according to Collett, in great numbers and sold in Archangel.

This fish does not appear to have been taken in Alaska south of St. Michael's. In Plover Bay, Siberia, we found it sufficiently common in August and September. The species is very common in Arctic waters of the east coast of North America. Mr. Ludwig Kumlien found it in Cumberland Gulf in January, 1878. He states that it forms the principal food of one of the Greenland seals in the winter. On Sir Edward Parry's first voyage it was taken among the surface ice in Baffin's Bay, and on his second voyage multitudes of the fish were collected from rocky pools in Duke of York's Bay, Southampton Island, where they had been left by the ebb tide. In Prince Regent's Inlet Parry found it equally common during his third voyage. Sir John Ross took it abundantly in Batty Bay in July and occasionally in winter in Felix Harbor. Parry found the polar cod as far north as latitude 82¾° in abundance in small bays at the mouths of fresh-water streams. Richardson records it as a common winter inhabitant of the northern bays of Greenland.

Lucien M. Turner, writing of his experience in Alaska, has the following about the species:

"The specimens of Arctic cod collected by me were obtained in the latter part of February, 1877, the coldest month during a nearly four years stay at St. Michaels. Some natives had made holes in the ice in the bay and were fishing through these holes when I visited them and obtained several specimens. This species was not observed at any other than the winter season. The natives informed me that they only occur in winter. They were obtained in about 3½ fathoms."

Mr. E. W. Nelson, who is also a well-known Alaskan explorer, collected specimens late in November on Norton Sound, where it was abundant for a few days in company with the *wachna*, a small cod known in the books as the *Gadus navaga*. Natives told Nelson that the polar cod occurs every year on one portion of Norton Sound, but is rarely taken at St. Michaels.

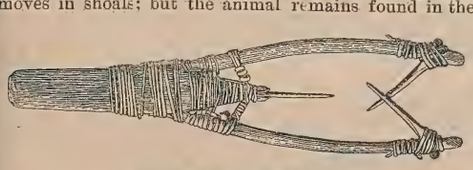
The length of the polar cod is said to reach a maximum of 14in.; the average length, however, is about 1ft., and the weight less than ½lb.

The fish, according to Richardson, spawns on sea weeds along the shores in February and under the ice.

On the 19th of August, a little above the Arctic Circle, not far from the coast of Alaska, while sailing along in the Coast Survey schooner Yukon, Dr. Bean saw large numbers of swimming jelly fishes, very much like the common sun jelly (*Cyanea*) of the Atlantic, and under the jelly fishes were frequently seen small fish, of which we caught a great many with a dip-net. We found these fish to be the young of the polar cod. This little fish was as common under the medusæ as the young butterfish of the Atlantic (*Poronotus triacanthus*) is under the jelly fishes in all the quiet bays of New England.

Prof. Robert Collett, in describing the fishes of the Norwegian deep sea expedition, records the following facts concerning the species:

"The individuals obtained on the expedition, contrary to the experience of former observers, were taken in the intermedial strata of the ocean, having on no occasion been met at or near the surface. In Magdalene Bay seventy-two individuals, all of them young, the total length averaging about 100 millimeters [4in.], were brought up together in the trawl net, showing beyond doubt that this species, in common with its congeners, moves in shoals; but the animal remains found in the

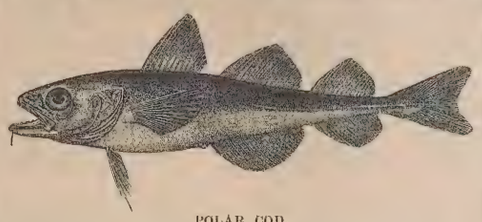


ESQUIMAUX FISH SPEAR.

viscera of the specimens examined belonged chiefly (in some instances exclusively) to *Calanus finmarchicus*, or consisted of fragments of *Themisto libellula*, along with *Calani*, accordingly pelagic forms, occurring at all depths, from the surface to the bottom."

On the gills of one specimen was found an example of a *Hæmobaphes;* two other small parasitic crustaceans had attached themselves to the skin of the same individual."

Richardson mentions the polar cod, or coal fish, as the principal nourishment of the sea fowl which frequent the Arctic regions in summer, its habit of swimming at the top of the water making it extremely easy of capture. He includes the beluga, or white whale, among its enemies, since this animal drives the fish upon the ice in shoals. In summer he found attached to the gills a parasite similar to the one referred to by Collett. "The polar coalfish," he writes, "is of so curious a disposition that it is readily attracted to the surface by agitating the water, especially in the evening. Sometimes it leaps upon the ice, when it becomes the prey of the Arctic fox, which lies in wait for such a chance, and is even



POLAR COD.

said to know how to bring about this desired event by stirring the water with his foot through a crevice. The Greenlanders take it in a similar way with their hands, having learned the art, according to Fabricius, from the fox."

Captain E. P. Herendeen, the well-known Arctic traveler, and member of the Signal Service party at Point Barrow from 1881 to 1883, promised us in the spring of 1889, when he was about to start on a whaling expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, that he would give to FOREST AND STREAM some observations on the animals encountered in his Arctic journeyings. The Captain was at Point Barrow during the winter of 1889-90, but could not remain in the Arctic because of failing health and was obliged to return to San Francisco, from which place he has forwarded the following interesting letter:

"I am back in San Francisco one year sooner than I expected. My health was not good and I thought I had better return and not hazard another winter in the north. We did not get east to Herschell Island as we hoped to do, consequently I cannot give you any information in regard to the fishes of that region, although I am informed by natives who have lived in the vicinity of the Mackenzie River that fish are very plentiful and of many varieties. They also tell me of a lake that is fed by a stream flowing from a mountain, and that the temperature of this stream is so high that the ice does not freeze to a greater depth than six to ten inches, and often in moderate weather melts entirely. In this lake there are many varieties of fish which can easily be taken there with hook or spear; as many as desired, and, in fact, according to the report, it must be an Indian paradise about there, since fish, reindeer and mountain sheep are very abundant. Ptarmigan are plentiful in winter and ducks and geese in summer. In the sea there are whales and beluga in great numbers, and seals, also, are plentiful. No doubt if I had got there I could have sent you a pretty good account of the fish to be found, together with specimens.

"We were unable to get east of Point Barrow and consequently were obliged to winter at that place, in Elson Bay. No fish are taken there in winter except tomcod. These are jigged along the coast in from 10 to 15 fathoms of water. They are caught mostly by the women and children. Fishing is done through holes in the ice, which is from 4 to 6ft. in thickness. The ice pick represented in the sketch is used for drilling holes. It is a piece of pointed iron fastened upon a wooden shaft. The spoon, about 5¼in. long, made of two thin pieces of reindeer horn, curved into suitable shape and fastened to a wooden handle about 2ft. in length, is used to clear the surface water in the hole of scum ice. The natives use a whalebone line made from strips of baleen, which they are very expert in getting out of the required size. With this line they can fish in any temperature, often 40° below zero. A line made of this material does not ice up like a twisted line of cotton or linen. They never put their hands to the line in cold weather, but haul it in with the stick on which they reel the line and the spoon used for keeping the hole clear of ice. With these two implements they raise the fish and lower the line, and they do this with wonderful rapidity.

"A gill-net used by the Esquimaux for taking small whitefish and salmon trout is very skillfully made by months of hard labor. The net is 12 fathoms long and 1 fathom deep; it is made of strips of bone from yearling whales.

"The fish spear or native grains I was assured is very old. I obtained it from an old doctor, who was very loath to part with it, and I think there is no doubt about the age of this implement, because in these latter days the Esquimaux have plenty of iron and steel, and this spear is made of bone. It was used in the capture of fresh-water fishes.



ESQUIMAUX BOY JIGGING POLAR COD.

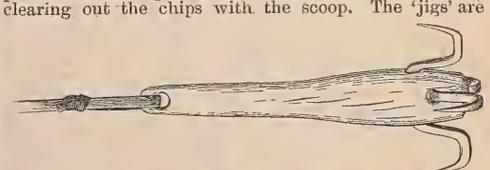
"During the past spring whaling was unprecedentedly bad. Only one whale of any size having been taken on the entire coast and none on the Siberian coast or St. Lawrence's Island."

In a paper read before the American Fisheries Society in May, 1884, Mr. John Murdoch gave a description of fish and fishing at Point Barrow, Arctic Alaska, based upon his observations two years preceding among the Esquimaux of the region. In this article he gave a sketch of the fishes used for food and the methods employed in capturing them. After describing the hunting and fishing of the natives, who go off to the large rivers to the eastward to catch whitefish and burbot, he tells in the following language how those who stay at home obtain their supplies of fish food: "In the meantime those who have remained at home have not been without a supply of fish food. There is a small species of codfish, the polar cod (*Boreogadus saida*), which appears along the coast in large schools about the end of January, or when the sun again begins to rise. We were unable to find out whether the fish really leaves the coast to return in January, but at all events the Esquimaux do not fish for them until then and say there are none to be found. They would be likely to fish for them were any to be caught, because just at this season of the year they are apt to be pinched for food, as no deer are to be had, and if the ice happens to be unfavorable seals are very scarce.

"Wherever there is a level field of this season's ice inclosed by lines of hummocks, the fish are sure to be plenty. Such a field as this, about half a mile long, practically afforded a living to most of the people in the village during the season of 1883, because that year the ice was very unfavorable for sealing, and food was pretty scarce in the village.

"The fishing is carried on mostly by the women and children, though one or two old men generally go out, and one or two of the younger men, when they cannot go sealing and food is wanted at the house, will join the fishing party.

"Each fisherman is provided with a long-handled icepick, which he frequently leaves sticking in the snow near the fishing ground, a long line made of strips of whalebone, reeled lengthwise on a slender wooden shuttle about 18in. long and provided with a copper sinker and two pear-shaped 'jigs' of walrus ivory armed with four barbless hooks of copper, and a scoop or dipper made of reindeer antlers, with a wooden handle about two feet long. Hardly an Esquimaux, and especially no Esquimaux boy, stirs out of the house in the winter without one of these scoops in his hand. To every party of two or three there will also be a good-sized bag of sealskin, generally made of a piece of an old kayak cover, for bringing home the fish. Arriving at the fishing grounds each proceeds to pick a hole through the ice, which is about 4ft. thick, clearing out the chips with the scoop. The 'jigs' are



POLAR COD JIG.

then let down through the hole, and enough line unreeled to keep them just clear of the bottom where the fish are playing about. The reel is held in the right hand and serves as a short rod, while the scoop is held in the left hand and used to keep the hole clear of the scum of new ice, which, of course, is constantly forming. The line is kept in constant motion, jerked up quickly a short distance, and then allowed to drop back, so that the little fish that are nosing about the white 'jigs' after the manner of codfish, are hooked about the jaw or in the belly.

"As soon as the fisherman feels a fish on his hook he catches up a bight of the line with his scoop and another below this with his reel and thus reels up the line on these two sticks in loose coils until the fish is brought to the surface, when a skillful toss throws him off the barb-

less hook on the ice, where he gives one convulsive flap and instantly freezes solid. The elastic whalebone line is thrown off the sticks without tangling and paid out through the hole again for another trial. If fish are not found plenty at the first hole the fisherman shifts his ground until he 'strikes a school.' They are sometimes so plenty that they may be caught as fast as they can be hauled up. One woman will frequently bring in upward of a bushel of little fish—they are generally about 5 or 6in. long—from a single day's fishing. This fishing lasts until about the middle of May, when the ice begins to soften. A good many are also caught along the shore in November in about a foot of water when there are no tide cracks in the ice. At this season the Esquimaux use a little rod about 2ft. long, with a short line and a little ivory squid, at which the fish bite."

CO-OPERATIVE PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest all your articles on deer hounding and the unsportsmanlike butchery of game. I have observed the course of things regarding these matters for many years and have come to this conclusion. We need an association to propagate right ideas on these subjects, and to develop and direct public intelligence and sentiment regarding them. The work needed would have to be partly the enactment and enforcement of suitable laws, and partly the education of the American people. Neither kind of work would accomplish the object alone. Both are indispensable. It would take money. There would have to be an organization on a simple, sensible plan, and an executive committee of intelligent and public-spirited men who would serve without pay. But it would require one man, an agent or secretary, who would devote his time to the work, and he would have to be paid a competent man's salary and some other expenses would have to be provided for.

There are men who believe in the preservation of game who have money. Well, they will have to go about the business in a practical and businesslike way. They must not give all their money to found miserable little colleges where there are too many now. The preservation of our mountain forests and streams, and of their fish and game, is a necessity of civilization, and it is full time that we should set about it seriously. When men become serious about anything they do something besides talk. We shall have to study the art of getting things done here in America. The method of work for all such objects by means of voluntary associations of citizens, with simple arrangements for the diffusion of knowledge and the propagation of ideas, is a natural product of existing conditions. It is sensible and practical, and yields larger results for the means employed than any other plan that has been tried. J. B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK.

ANGLING NOTES.

AN angler complains in one of the weekly sporting papers that American fly tyers copy only English patterns of flies, whereas our natural insects should be imitated instead.

While undoubtedly many dealers do sell foreign patterns almost exclusively, yet some of the manufacturers of flies make up a number of patterns that are copied from our natural insects. Besides which there are very many fancy flies that are exclusively American.

Among the imitations of our own flies to be had are the following: Bee, Seth-Green or Gen. Hooker, Beaverkill, Abbey, queen-of-the-water, great-dun, Cahill, olive-gnat, claret-gnat, sand-dun, dark-coachman, black-fly, yellow-May, orange-miller, orange-black, red-fox, dark-fox, bright-fox, royal-coachman, etc., etc. Among the fancy patterns the famous scarlet-ibis had a wide reputation. Then there are the dark and light-Montreal, Canada, blue-jay, Romeyn, toodle-bug, Roosevelt, Holberton, Tomat-Joe, Lord-Baltimore, Lottie, Brandreth, Beatrice, Imbrie, Rube-Wood and a host of others too numerous to mention. Many of these have proved to be exceedingly killing.

Some of the Enlish patterns, such as the grizzly-king, professor, gray and green drakes, hawthorne, alder, coachman, March-brown, red-spinner, stone and the various hackles have been favorably known for years and have proved to be great killers from Maine to California.

The list of flies is so great that we doubt if the angler can be benefited by any new designs, and it would be hard to find a natural fly that could not be very nearly duplicated in any of our principal tackle stores.

SCARLET-IBIS.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York was held last Tuesday, all the Commissioners being present except Mr. Blackford, who has for several weeks been confined to his bed by serious illness.

Memorials and petitions were received from residents of Syracuse and vicinity asking the appointment of George Crownheart as game protector for the Tenth District; and similar claims were preferred by others in favor of Edward Hawn. The Commissioners, however, explained that there was at present no vacancy in that district, F. P. Drew still holding office there; his removal from the office of chief game protector did not affect his subordinate position, he had simply been retired to the ranks, and was still protector in the Tenth District, and until he should resign or should be discharged for cause, the Commissioners could do nothing toward appointing a successor.

A synopsis of the reports of the several protectors was presented, from which we take the following:

Robert Brown, Jr., First District.—"On the 22d of this month I arrested five men for shooting on Sunday. Their trial was adjourned to the 4th of December. On the 29th I caught a fellow selling trapped partridges, at Manhoe, Suffolk county. Their cases will come up next month."

Willett Kidd, Second District.—"Miles Parker paid $50 and costs, Nov. 6, to settle a suit commenced against him for pollution of streams. The defendant Parker owns and operates a saw mill in Ulster county and ran the sawdust into the stream. An action for penalty was commenced in Orange County Supreme Court on the June 18, 1890, and resulted as above stated."

Matthew Kennedy, Third District.—"A suit was commenced in Greene County Justice Court against William Friend, who is charged with shooting birds in closed season. The offences were committed in May and July."

Isaac Kenyell, Fourth District.—"An action was commenced in Warren County Supreme Court Nov. 13 against Randall MacKinn of Hamilton county, killing a deer in July last."

Peter R. Leonard, Sixth District.—On Nov. 8 arrested Abe Davis and Charles Mandigo for illegal fishing. The prisoners were tried in Justice Court, at Pope's Mills, St. Lawrence county, on the 18th, and acquitted. An action for penalty was at once commenced against the parties. Suits were also commenced in St. Lawrence County Supreme Court against Samuel Davis and James H. Mandigo for a like offense."

George Moyer, Seventh District.—"I have five cases to be disposed of at the present term of court, which convenes at Lowville, Dec. 1. Further allow me to say that I have not been idle the past two months. I have picked up ten cases of violations which I hope to be able to prosecute and report next month."

Sherman F. Snyder, Ninth District.—"Nov. 13 at Millsburgh, Schoharie county, seized and destroyed an eel rack. It was of little value. Spent several days on Otsego Lake during the month but discovered no new violations."

Fred. P. Drew, Tenth District.—"Was on duty ten days, four of which was spent in Albany before Codification Commission. Have attended to suits now pending in the counties of Jefferson, Lewis, Herkimer and Oneida."

Daniel Staring, Eleventh District.—"In Jefferson County Justice Court, Nov. 12, David Shannon plead guilty to illegal fishing, and was fined $15 and costs, Moiety received $8. Nov. 12, at Clear Lake, Jefferson county seized and destroyed one gill net valued at $10."

Henry C. Carr, Twelfth District.—"Suits were brought in Cayuga County Supreme Court Nov. 6 against Christopher Peterson, Schuyler Peterson, George E. Peterson and George R. Peterson. All charged with spearing trout on the 8th and 13th of November, instant. Nov. 29 an action was commenced in Tompkins County Supreme Court against Stephen R. Jones for catching game fish with an eel rack. Seized and destroyed two gill nets on Owasco Lake, three fyke nets on Cayuga Lake and two trap nets on Oneida Lake, of the aggregate value of $250. In the past two months I have given all the spare time I had to the waters of Oneida Lake. I have raided every bay and inlet upon that lake and seized many nets and destroyed them. I have commenced several actions in Supreme Court and have many more to commence. While doing the work upon that lake through mud and storm, night and day, and threats of violence, who should have the credit? I, with the good help I received from the oarsmen at South Bay, who stood by me in cleaning out the worst gang on the face of the earth."

John Sheriden, Thirteenth District.—"Seized and destroyed 32 gill nets as follows: Five at Hammondsport, 4 at Gibsons, 2 at Keuka, 4 at Grove Springs, 3 at Bluff Point, 9 at Haddens Point and 2 at Lewis Point, on Lake Keuka; 1 at Dresden and 2 at Long Point, on Seneca Lake. Aggregate value, $1,675."

George M. Schwartz, Fourteenth District—"A suit was commenced in Ontario County Justice Court, Nov. 26, against Dr. Behan for shooting quail illegally. In Monroe County Justice Court, Nov. 29, Charles Loyer was convicted of illegal fishing and fined $8 and costs. Nov. 6, at Irondequoit Bay, seized and destroyed 2 gill nets; Nov. 22, 1 fyke net and 3 leaders at Wide Water; Nov. 24, at Braddocks Bay, 5 fyke nets and 2 leaders. Total value, $140."

Charles Ripson, Fifteenth District.—"The case of the people against the Buffalo Fish Company was settled Nov. 11, on payment of $50 penalty and $17.50 costs. Moiety received $25. This action was commenced in Erie County Supreme Court on the 29th May, 1890. The complaint charged the company with having in possession and exposing black bass for sale on the 3d day of April, 1890.

With respect to the choice of a candidate to fill the place of ex-protector Bradley (who, by the way, was not reappointed at political dictation nor any other), Chief Protector Pond reported that the inquiry on the subject had not yet been completed by him, as his constant attendance had been required at the court terms of Clinton and Franklin counties.

LARGE MUSCALLONGE.—Clayton, N. Y.—I inclose a tooth from a muscallonge I caught here last year, also mail you a photograph of the fish and another caught by a friend (Mr. Solon Johnson) on the same day. My fish weighed 50lbs. when I landed him, and on weighing him on my return from camping, four days later, he weighed 47½lbs. The fish was sent to Mr. Blackford, Fulton Market, and exhibited by him several days. I think it was as large a fish as has been brought in from the St. Lawrence.—J. GRA. FRASER.

A HYBRID SALMON.—One of the State Fish Commissioners of Oregon in 1888 crossed the quinnat and blueback salmon, the former being the largest of the Pacific salmon and the latter next to the smallest. The eggs hatched without difficulty, but all of the embryos were blind. They were kept until the egg sac was absorbed, when all of them died because they could not see the food offered to them.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—They are catching bait and getting ready for the ice fishing up at Fox Lake now. The lake is expected to freeze over and offer a long season this year. This ice fishing destroys more fish in Fox Lake than anything else, and ought to be stopped. The market fishers come from miles around.—E. H.

ANGLING MEMORIES.—Of Mr. Samuels's "With Fly-Rod and Camera" Mr. W. A. Brooks writes: "I cannot say too much of it as a specimen of book-making, and the pictures appeal to me strongly. They bring back a hundred reminiscences from my own experience; and no book in my library will be more highly cherished. Mr. Samuels is a man of probably twice my age, and I only hope that if I live so long I may have as many pleasant days by flood and field to look back on as he has."

Fishculture.

ABUNDANCE OF YOUNG COD.—Mr. Vinal N. Edwards of Woods Holl, Mass., has communicated to the U. S. Fish Commission the following interesting note on the occurrence of young cod in Vineyard Sound and vicinity: Codfish are very plentiful in Vineyard Sound; some are taken also in Buzzards Bay; they are good fish and weigh from 5 to 10lbs. each. One boat went off Nonemessett last Saturday tautogging, and they caught 18 good-sized cod in one hour: they also lost a good many, their hooks being too small. A week ago last Monday, a boat went just outside of Nantucket Bar and drifted 2 hours, and caught 90 cod; this is the first time cod were taken there. All the smackmen from Nantucket Shoals report young cod very abundant; they never saw the like before. They are reported very common off Cape Cod also; the fishermen all seem to think these are the young cod turned lose by the U. S. Fish Commission.

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. PLAYING CARDS.—For 15 cents in postage you can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards on application to the undersigned. P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

A MOOSE PORTRAIT.

WE have received from Mr. Lucius L. Hubbard, of Boston, a gravure-etching of a portrait of the American moose, by W. L. Taylor. The plate is 24×16in. exclusive of margins, and is intended for framing. Mr. Hubbard writes: "I suppose moose, like other beings, differ a good deal *inter sese*. They certainly do in their bell and horns. I am not surprised then when this man tells me the bell is too scant in my picture, or that man that the ears are not at the proper angle. I have verified both points from nature. My object has been to preserve the moose from the misfortune of being idealized, and if this fate shall have been arrested from him I shall feel well repaid." In this he has so far succeeded that although the pictured moose are legion, in books and magazine papers, we recall none so faithful to nature and on the whole so satisfactory as that now before us. In most respects it is beyond criticism; and those who are so fortunate as to possess copies of the reproduction are under obligations to Mr. Hubbard and his artist for the good work they have done. Without intending in the least invidious criticism we suggest, in response to Mr. Hubbard's request, two or three points in which we think the drawing might have been improved.

The common idea is that a moose stands very much higher at the withers than at the hindquarters, and it is almost invariably so represented in drawings or pictures. As a matter of fact, the difference is very much less than is commonly supposed, and in full grown animals is sometimes scarcely apparent.

Another feature that strikes one at once upon seeing a moose is the squareness of the rump. The animal has no tail, so to speak, but looks very much as if "sawed off." Has not Mr. Taylor drawn his moose with too much droop to the hindquarters, that is to say, both as to general depression of the entire hindquarters and the slope that he has given to the rump, which is now arranged something like that of a horse? As to the bell we suppose the animal from which Mr. Taylor made his studies had simply a long tuft depending from the throat, much in the style of a turkey's beard. Such tufts are frequently seen on moose, but so far as our observation goes, the most of these animals have the pouch extending 6 or 8in. along the neck. Of course where a study is made from life, the animal has to be shown with whatever sort of bell he happens to have, whether the pouch or the simple tuft.

The most noticeable defect, and one which gives to a person who never saw a moose an erroneous impression of his locomotive powers, is in the hoofs. The moose is represented as standing on his heels, and the hoofs are to our notion much larger in proportion than any we ever saw on a moose, being rather over one-twelfth of the animal's height at the shoulders.

Among the measurements of moose, made by our careful correspondent Col. Cecil Clay and his brother, Capt. Clay, and sent to us, were the following:

One moose, height 6ft. 10in., tread of hoof, 5½in.
One moose, height 6ft., tread of hoof, 4½in.
One moose, height 6ft. 6in., tread of hoof, 5 in.
One moose, height 6ft. 1in., tread of hoof, 5¼in.

Showing a tread of hoof running from one-fourteenth to one-sixteenth of the height of the shoulder, with the leaning toward the smaller tread. We suppose Mr. Taylor in making his study from life had for his model an animal in confinement, the hoofs of which were not worn, as are those of a wild moose, by constant travel. To see what effect the feet he has given the animal have in the general impression of the beast, take a sheet of paper and hold it so that its upper edge just covers the hoofs so as to keep them out of sight. Running your eye down the animal's legs, you imagine he is standing on four moderate-sized, firm, well-set hoofs, such as you think ought to belong to that kind of leg; on which an animal could with great facility make remarkable time, especially if he got a whiff of your scent, over anyand every kind of country. Slip the paper down and you will then see what we mean: that he is standing on his heels as though he were trying to imitate a caribou walking on the snow and spreading his toes out so as to us his feet as snowshoes.

But when all is said, the fact remains that this portrait marks the best effort yet made in picturing the moose as he is found in the forest.

Mr. Hubbard in his circular says that the moose is the most uncouth and ungainly member of the deer family in the world. That is in a certain sense true. The more wild moose a man sees, the less uncouth he comes to consider the beast, for the latter very well suits the wild and rugged surrounding of the sort of spot in which he is ordinarily found. There is a sort of weird mysterious aspect about him at all times that makes him very interesting. When he takes a notion to travel, he can often do it with so much dexterity as to almost approach grace, and is, perhaps, somewhat disappointing at times to the man hunting.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

POINTER DERBY.

Second Series (Continued).

LEXINGTON, N. C., Tuesday, Dec. 2.—I have already given the details of the first day's running at this meeting, and a brief synopsis of this day's work by telegraph. The morning opened as usual, bright and frosty, getting rather warm during the middle of the day. Birds were quite plentiful in certain localities, so that a fair estimate could be formed of the dogs' work. The first brace,

ZIG ZAG AND TRAY,

were put down at 8:18 in high sedge grass, about half a mile out of town. McMurdo handled Zig Zag, and John White Tray. Wind northeast. Considerable ground was covered before any scent was found when Zig Zag pointed in fence side, Tray backed, but nothing came to it. Both dogs then pointed, one each side of the fence. Moving on a bevy



SOME FIELD TRIAL "POINTS."

flushed in woods near Zig Zag. Afterward Tray pointed but no bird was found. Moving on through woods Tray pointed and White flushed a single; dog steady to shot and wing. After some further traveling with no result, dogs were ordered up at 9:23, and Zig Zag won. There was little work done in the way of finding birds by which to decide the heat.

SPOTTED BOY AND MAID OF KENT.

These two were slipped at 9:30 where the others had been taken up, in sedge grass. After working out a lot of ground S. Boy got on to the scent and roaded toward some pines. Then in pines Maid dropped to a point, S. Boy backing stylishly. Buckle flushed the birds and fired; dog steady to shot and wing. Sent on, S. Boy pointed a single which Richards flushed; dog steady to wing. Sent on, Maid moved lame, her foot having been trodden on by her handler, but she dropped as a single flushed. In a strip of woods, Maid pointed a single and Boy backed, Buckle then flushed the birds; both dogs steady. On in sedge, S. Boy soon after got a good point on a bevy at edge of pines. Richards flushed and shot; dogs steady. The dogs were then taken up and heat awarded to Spotted Boy. This was a good decision, for Spotted Boy showed better range and style and found his birds well. In the meanwhile Tyke had run his bye.

Third Series.

TAPSTER AND TYKE.

Cast off in a cornfield both started off well. Working on into young pines Tapster pointed four birds, which Buckle flushed, dog steady to wing. Then in sedge grass Tyke pointed but failed to locate birds. This was followed by Tapster roading to a flush in woods, several birds getting up when dog dropped to wing. Coming to the edge of pine wood Tyke made a good point on a bevy, Tapster backing. Cameron flushed and both dogs were steady. On in woods Tapster roaded to a point on a bevy which flushed wild. Then Tyke got in two more points on scent only and at edge of some oaks Tapster followed suit. Dogs were then ordered up at 12:06 and the heat given to Tapster. Neither showed much merit in this heat, both were equal in style and range, but somehow neither could find the birds. A move was now made for lunch.

ZIG ZAG AND SPOTTED BOY.

After lunch these two were put down in weeds at 1:07. On, in woods, Spotted Boy made game and flushed a bevy down wind. In pines Spotted Boy pointed foot scent only, Zig backing, dogs moved on and some time after, in a corner of woods, near the dogs, a bevy flushed, both steady to wing. Spotted Boy pointed, moved on and roaded to a point again, Zig backing each time. Then Spotted Boy located the birds and pointed, when Richards put up a bevy; Zig backed, and dogs were steady to shot and wing, this being a nice piece of work. Spotted Boy then found a single and bird flushed. Then in pines Spotted Boy pointed, but birds had gone on. Dogs were ordered up at 2:12 and heat awarded to Spotted Boy. He showed the better nose, speed and range. As the next heat in this stake would be to decide the winner it was decided to give Spotted Boy a rest and go on with the first series in the Setter Derby.

SETTER DERBY.

First Series.

GOSSIP AND DATCHA.

The first brace down at 3:13 were Gossip, handled by Stoddard, and Datcha by Smith. Soon after starting, dogs passed some birds in sedge grass which flushed wild. Taken back another bird got up close to the dogs, this may have been excusable, it was quite warm about this time of the day. In edge of corn Datcha pointed, drew on, pointed again, Gossip backed, then drew on and went on in front of the other and a single flushed, this unsteadied both dogs, but they dropped to Smith's shot. On in woods, Datcha on the other side of fence, pointed again and Gossip backing, Smith put up a bevy, to which dogs were steady. Datcha then roaded through a swamp after these birds and soon both dogs pointed, Datcha getting wind first over a dry patch of sand banks, birds were flushed and both were steady to wing. In sedge grass further on, Datcha pointed again, Gossip backing, and Smith shot over single, both steady. This was quite quick work on these birds. Dogs were ordered up at 3:20. Both ranged well, Gossip being an especially active, merry-working bitch, though Datcha had the luck of the birds.

IAN AND OLGA.

These two were cast off at 3:24 in some corn. Soon after, Olga in sedge grass pointed false, Ian backed, moving on Ian almost flushed a covey, but dropped at once to wing. Making for the birds which were marked down in woods, Ian pointed and Olga backed, but nothing came of it. Olga got a single and Ian was brought up to back. Further on Ian stopped again and Olgo backed, but Cameron could find no birds; dog ordered on, he roaded to another point with the same result. After going over a good deal of ground and with one or two more no-game points for Ian, he at the edge of the field pointed again, when Cameron flushed a single, this was no doubt the bird he was making for all the time. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:25 and a start made for town. Neither shows very good work, though Ian is the better, but will have to get on to his birds a bit more confidently.

Wednesday.

POINTER DERBY.

Final Series.

SPOTTED BOY AND TAPSTER.

The first heat this morning was to decide the winner of first place in this stake, and a ride of about four miles brought us to Grimes's place, where game was found in abundance during the day. The wind was east and the morning was raw and drizzling. Dogs were cast off at 9:05. Soon after starting Tapster whirled to a handsome point and moved on. Spotted Boy coming up a moment later pointed same place and got the birds; Richards flushed. At the edge of woods Spotted Boy pointed and Tapster backed, when a bevy flushed. Further on in woods Tapster pointed same birds and Boy backed, when Buckle flushing, dogs then dropped to wing. After working out of woods into some grass Boy came to a point, but did not hold it, roaded on some distance and pointed bird in a ditch. Tapster then pointed and Boy backed and Buckle flushed the birds some distance ahead; both steady to wing. In a patch of corn Boy then came to a stylish point, Tapster backing nicely, Richards put up the birds and shot, dogs steady to shot and wing. This was a very pretty piece of work. On in pines Tapster pointed just in time to save himself, birds getting up all around him. Just before this Boy had flushed a single. Then Tapster in woods flushed a single, and a yard or two further on another flushed just as he came to a point. On, Boy pointed a single nicely, and Tapster coming up did his duty creditably; bird put up by Richards, who fired, and both were steady. Dogs were ordered up and the heat and first prize given to Spotted Boy. He deserved it, as he had better range and style, and had the pull on birds. The first series of the

SETTER DERBY.

ANDY AND ATALANTA.

The Setter Derby was then resumed. Dogs were turned down at 10:30 in weeds. Andy was handled by Avent and Atalanta by Nesbitt. Soon after starting, across a ditch in weeds, Andy pointed and a single flushed wild ahead, Atalanta backing. Moving on, another single flushed wild to Atalanta's point, Andy backing nicely. On, Andy dropped to a flush of birds which Atalanta was pointing lower down. In weeds to one side, Andy pointed handsomely and Atalanta backing. Avent flushed a bevy, fired, killed and both dogs were steady. Further on a single was flushed by Avent. Atalanta roading on, a single got up well ahead of her. Further on Andy flushed a single and chased a yard or so, stopping to order. In thick grass Atalanta pointed a single, Andy backing quite a distance away. At edge of woods Andy whirled to a nice point on a bevy which Avent flushed. On, Andy flushed a single. In corn Atalanta pointed a bird and Andy backed. In ragweed Andy came to a point without result. Dogs ordered up at 11:30. Both ranged well, Andy being a little the speedier.

RUPERT AND TORY LIEUTENANT.

Cast off at 11:35 in open field. Rupert, handled by his owner J. M. Avent, and Tory Lieutenant by John White. Ranging on through woods, Tory was the first to find and pointed a covey. After a good deal of ground had been covered Rupert came to a point but nothing found. Then further on Rupert pointed again and Avent flushed and shot. Working out of woods, Tory pointed at the edge and two birds flushed wild. Sent on in weeds, in the open, singles flushed in quick succession. Dogs were ordered up at 12:30. Both are wide rangers, especially Tory Lieutenant; he has also the speed, style about equal. A move was now made for lunch. Then came the run off for second place in

POINTER DERBY.

TAPSTER AND ZIG ZAG

being cast off in stubble at 1:25, both went off together at a good gait. After some ranging Zig, in the open, came to a point and Tapster backed. McMurdo put up a single close to and fired, both dogs steady to shot and wing. In edge of oaks Tapster pointed a single and further on Zig got on to the main bevy, which was a large one. Tapster backed and both were steady as McMurdo flushed. Coming out of woods Zig whirled to a point in some grass and Tapster, backing prettily, McMurdo flushed a single. The dogs were then ordered up and heat and second prize given to Zig Zag, and Tapster was awarded third. The first series and names of owners have been already published.

POINTER DERBY SUMMARY.

First Series.

TAPSTER (Charlotteville Kennels), King of Kent—Hope,
with
BEACON (A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale), Ightfield Dick—Polly Peach 'um.

ZIG ZAG (Charlotteville Kennels), King of Kent—Hops,
with
RUSH OF LAD (T. H. Gibbs), Lad of Bow—Westminster Gladiola.

PENELOPE II. (Lebanon Kennels), Lebanon—Penelope,
with
TRAY (N. L. Rockwell), Tory White—Lapland Pearl.

NASO BOW OF ELMS (Elms Kennels), Naso of Kippen—Lass of Bow,

with

MAID OF KENT (Charlotteville Kennels), King of Kent—Hops.

SPOTTED BOY (Chas. Proctor), Trinket's Boy—Nellie Bow,

with

TYKE (A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale), Ightfield Dick—Perdita.

Second Series.

Tapster beat Penelope II.
Zig Zag beat Tray.
Spotted Boy beat Maid of Kent.
Tyke a bye.

Third Series.

Tapster beat Tyke.
Spotted Boy beat Zig Zag.

Final Series.

Spotted Boy beat Tapster and won first prize.
Zig Zag beat Tapster and won second prize.
Tapster third prize.

Mr. Chas. Proctor's Spotted Boy, by Trinkett's Bang—Nellie Bow, is a handsome-looking, heavily marked liver and white, is a good and speedy ranger, and is a stylish looking dog altogether. Zig Zag, by King of Kent—Hops, is another handsome liver and white, and is a litter brother to the third prize winner, Tapster, both owned by the Charlotteville Kennels. The Setter Derby was then continued.

SETTER DERBY.

First Series.

SAM R. AND PHŒNESS.

The fifth brace in this stake was cast off at 2:28 in thick grass. Sam R. handled by Titus, and Phœness by Cameron. Both got off well, and a short time after both pointed in rag weed and a bevy was flushed by Cameron, which was marked down in woods. On after the scattered birds, Phœness pointed in the woods, then roaded to several birds; further on Sam pointed and Phœness backed, when a single flushed; then Sam pointed but nothing was found, though a few yards further on a single flushed just in front of him, when he dropped to wing. Sent on, out of woods in sedge and oaks, Sam pointed, roaded on and a rabbit started. Lower down in woods Sam pointed and was backed by Phœness; then in swamp Phœness drew on to a point and a bevy flushed wild. Sent on out of woods, Sam made a fruitless point, Phœness backing. After another no-game point by Phœness, dogs were ordered up at 3:28. Sam R. is a little the wider ranger; style about equal. It is probable both will remain in.

TRAP, JR. AND WHYTE B.

The next brace was put down at 3:30 in corn. W. E. Gray handled Trap, Jr., and W. S. Titus had charge of Whyte B. In edge of corn Trap started his score with a point, to which nothing being found he was ordered on, and roading, pointed again, but no birds were found. Over a swamp in woods Whyte B. then pointed a bevy and Trap backed. On, Whyte B. pointed again; nothing found. In the same field Trap made the same sort of point, when he was taken up to wait for Whyte B., who had ranged off. On, in corn Whyte B. just saved his point as a bevy flushed. Sent on, Whyte B. pointed and Trap backed, when a single was flushed by Tucker. Then a yard or two further on Whyte B. pointed again, Trap backing. Dogs were ordered up after some more ranging at 4:35. Whyte B. seemed to have better range and style.

PEG WOFFINGTON AND MARGUERITE.

Cast off at 4:38 in clover field. Peg handled by S. C. Bradley and Marguerite by D. E. Rose. Peg started off the faster. Soon after starting Peg pointed; nothing found; pointed again and moved on. In sedge grass Marguerite pointed handsomely, and Peg brought up to back, did so, when Rose flushed the birds, shot and killed, dogs steady. On through oak wood, Peg pointed footscent, Marguerite backing. Dogs moved on and Peg repeated her previous performance; and as it was getting dusk, dogs were ordered up at 5:07 to be put down again in the morning.

Thursday.

PEG WOFFINGTON AND MARGUERITE.

The meet this morning was at Grimes's place again, distant about four miles from town. The weather was an agreeable change from that of yesterday, and though rather cold the morning was clear and bright, becoming much warmer toward noon. The undecided of last evening was resumed at 8:49, dogs being put down in weeds. Soon after starting a bevy was flushed by the judges. Outside of pines Marguerite dropped to a flush and another bird flushed just after. Then a false point for Marguerite, both dogs making game, but nothing was found. A good deal of ground was covered, but beyond a point on foot scent by Peg nothing more was done. Dogs ordered up at 9:20, this ending the series. Peg Woffington was the faster bitch and more stylish, but the other had the best nose. The judges then consulted and decided that the following should remain in.

Whyte B. against Tory Lieutenant.
Sam R. against Ian.
Rupert against Marguerite.
Trap, Jr., against Phœness.

Second Series.

WHYTE B. AND TORY LIEUTENANT.

Cast off at 9:26 in open fields. Soon in high weeds Tory pointed and birds flushed wild in every direction, Tory was steady to wing. Then a single got up out of high weeds, where Whyte B. had been roading. On, in corn, a bevy flushed and above where the bevy flushed Whyte B. came to a point and Tory backed, but nothing came of it and dogs moved on; several false points were now scored by each till, after some time had elapsed, Tory pointed a single, which flushed wild, then at the other side of field Tory picked up another single. Sent on Tory pointed another single in thick grass and then pointed the main bevy as he moved across the field to look for Tucker. Dogs were then ordered up and the heat given to Tory, who proved the faster and wider ranges, though the High Point winner did not show the form he is capable of.

SAM R. AND IAN.

Cast off at 10:55 in weeds the dogs made toward the woods, when Ian at the edge of them pointed false; working through the cover Ian came to a nice point, when Cameron flushed a single, Ian steady to wing; further on a few yards Ian again pointed and Cameron flushed the birds. On, through some oaks, and then Ian, going down a grass field, whirled to a point, moved on but could not locate game. Some distance further Sam R. pointed in weeds and Ian backed, but nothing found. After this Ian did quite a pretty piece of work; coming to a point which Sam R. sustained he was ordered on to flush, and roading to game in good style a single flushed, both dogs steady. In woods Sam R. pointed and Ian backed, but nothing came of it; further on he pointed again just in time, Ian backed and birds flushing Titus shot, dogs steady. Sent on Sam R. scored another fruitless point and then moved on. Dogs were then ordered up at 11:56 and Ian was given the heat. Ian showed the best work on birds, Sam R. the wider and faster ranger. A move was then made for lunch at the Grimes farm.

RUPERT AND MARGUERITE.

These two were put down after lunch at 12:52 in sedge grass. Working into woods Rupert pointed and a single flushed wild. On in high weeds at the edge of woods Rupert pointed another single, which flushed, dogs steady to wing. Some open ground was then worked out, and passing into woods by the fence Rupert bagged another single, Marguerite backing him nicely. Further on in sedge Rupert pointed, but no bird was found. This he repeated, and roading on he came up to another single, which flushed wild, at least so it was said. In sedge grass Marguerite then pointed a bird, which flushed ahead, a bevy having previously got up in front; then she bagged another and two birds flushed wild, both handlers claiming a point. Rupert then did a stylish piece of work pointing a single in a thicket in good shape; Avent flushed. Moving on Rupert secured a point on a bevy, Marguerite backing nicely. Avent flushed the birds and both were steady to wing. Dogs were then sent on after these birds, when several singles flushed some distance from them. This was a busy heat, and considering the warm day some good work was done. Rupert showed himself the wider and faster ranger and deservedly won. Dogs up at 1:52.

TRAP, JR. AND PHŒNESS.

Put down at 1:59 in ragweed, they were ordered toward woods, in edge of which Phœness pointed without result; lower down Trap Jr. followed suit. Then Phœness repeated in some corn. Working on Trap, Jr. pointed in some briers, Phœness backing, when Gray shot, both dogs steady. Then near a cotton patch Phœness pointed, but no game was found. Then Trap did the same stylishly, and Phœness backed. Trap, ordered on, a yard or two further he stopped on a point just in time to save a flush. As the bevy rose, Gray shot, both steady. Sent on Trap again got on to the bevy and Phœness sustained him. Then in sedge Trap pointed another bevy, which rose all round, Phœness backing. Sent on, Trap made a stylish point, Phœness backed, and Gray put the bird up some distance away. This was one of the prettiest points yet made. Then Phœness scored a point, Trap doing his duty too. Cameron fired, both dogs steady. Working in open, dogs were ordered up at 3 P. M. Trap showed the best work and was given the heat. This ended the second series.

Third Series.

TORY LIEUTENANT AND IAN.

A good deal of interest was evinced in this heat, as the dog which had shown the best work according to the rules of these trials was to be pitted against the winner of the Eastern Derby and the pronounced favorite among the sporting element. They were cast off at 3:08 and both got off well. After some ranging, Ian pointed by a fallen tree, and repeated in grass with no result, and then Tory did the same. Neither dog ranged far from handlers. Ian pointed false in edge of woods and was followed by Tory, Ian backing, when a single flushed behind them. On in woods Tory pointed and White flushed, shot, and dog steady. Going out into some sedge two birds were flushed by handlers, thus the points made near here had evidently been made on running birds. At the edge of some high weeds Ian came to a good point and Cameron flushed a bevy; going on after the singles he picked one up at the foot of a holly tree, and shortly followed up the good work by another point to a single, which Cameron flushed. Tory had been ranging off to one side and was only brought up to hear the dogs ordered up at 4:17 and the verdict given in favor of Ian. Tory did not show himself at his best by any means; dogs like men have their day, and this was not Tory's day. Ian proved himself under good control, and though he is no ranger he finds the birds just the same.

RUPERT AND TRAP, JR.,

were the next two down and were cast off at 4:30, at edge of oaks. Shortly after starting both dogs got covered with burrs, which took the handlers a quarter of an hour to get rid of. After this crop had been picked, Rupert soon pointed a single in edge of thorns, Trap backed; shortly after several birds flushed and then Trap pointed scent and Rupert backed. In open field Rupert pointed and Trap backing, a single flushed wild some distance behind. Another point by Trap and a back by Rupert, in cotton patch, result nil. In pines Rupert pointed and was backed by Trap, but it proved to be foot scent only and dogs moved on. They were ordered out of woods and after covering some more ground, twilight coming on apace, dogs were ordered up at 5:30 and a start made for home after a good day's work.

Friday.

The same two were put down again about a mile and a half from town at 8:40, in corn. Trap started off at a good gait, but Rupert was the first to get scent and pointed, Trap backing, but nothing was found. Taken out of woods Trap at once walked into a single, dropping to wing. After a while Rupert pointed, Trap backed, and a single got up ahead; afterward Avent put up two more birds, fired, and both were steady to shot and wing. In some thick grass in an orchard Rupert pointed a bevy which Avent flushed, when Rupert broke in a yard or so but stopped to order. On, Rupert roaded to a fence and Trap backed, nothing found, and further on the order was reversed, but with the same result. In pines, Rupert then pointed a single which Avent put up, Trap passing on ahead. In edge of woods Rupert pointed on a bush, and judges ordered Trap to go in and point, which he did ahead of the other dog, and Gray flushed a single; both steady to wing. Avent naturally claimed the point and there ensued a long discussion, in which judges, reporters and Avent took a hand, the rule saying that no dog shall be interfered with on his point. The rule is distinct, and there should be no departure from it. Dogs were then ordered up at 10:28, Rupert winning. Rupert had done the best work and showed himself the speedier and wider range. It was decided to run the heat for first place between Ian and Rupert the next morning, and the first heat in the All-Aged Pointer Stake was proceeded with, the draw for which had taken place the previous evening and resulted in 17 entries filling.

POINTER ALL-AGED STAKE.

First Series.

HICKORY'S STAUNCH AND MOONSHINE

were the first brace to be put down at 10:42 in sedge grass. John Lewis handled Staunch and McMurdo Moonshine. Soon after starting Hickory pointed a bevy, Moonshine backing nicely; Lewis flushed, Hickory a little unsteady to wing. Both dogs marked game at side of woods, but did not strike the bevy, which was flushed by the horsemen a few yards to one side. Then Hickory pointed a single in pines, which was put up by Lewis, another getting up behind. Moonshine went in ahead and pointed, Lewis shot and killed, both steady to shot and wing, Hickory retrieving in good style. Moonshine tried a change and pointed a rabbit outside of woods. Passing through some woods Hickory made game and roaded to a single, which Lewis flushed. Further on he pointed again and Moonshine backed, but nothing found. Some more roading was indulged in, and dogs were ordered up at 11:46. Hickory did the best work; Moonshine showed more style, but neither hunted far from the gun. After lunch

MAID OF KENT AND TRAY OF MONTEREY

were put down at 12:48 in sedge and weeds. C. E. Buckle handled Maid and John White Monterey. A good deal of ground was ranged through, but singularly enough no game was found, and at 1:51 the dogs were ordered up. Maid of Kent had the better range and speed.

KING OF KENT AND DUKE OF HESSEN.

Cast off at 1:57 in stubble. King of Kent handled by McMurdo and Duke of Kent by John White. Both started off at a fast gait. A lot of ground was worked through without result and then in woods Duke repeated his High Point performance by flushing a bevy, dropping to wing. On the scattered birds in woods, King pointed a single at the foot of a holly tree; Buckle flushed and dogs steady. On, Duke pointed in some leaves and White flushing birds, shot and missed, dogs steady to both. Then Duke pointed a single which flushed wild, then dropped to a point again without result. Working out of woods into sedge, Duke struck a stylish point but White failed to find; dog ordered on roaded round for some time but failed to locate his bird. Weather was very warm and bad for scent. Dogs ordered up at 3:10, Duke had the speed, too much if anything, getting beyond his handler several times. Both were stylish workers.

IGHTFIELD GUELPH AND FRANK W.

These two were cast off at 3:19, going off at a good pace. Brailsford handled Guelph and T. Aldrich Frank W. After nearly an hour's ranging, in oaks, in some fallen branches, Guelph flushed a single and dropped to wing. Then Guelph got a good point on a bevy, Frank W. backing. Brailsford flushed, shot and winged the bird; both dogs steady. Then Frank pointed the wounded bird, Guelph backed; sent on to locate, failed, and Guelph pointed it and Brailsford flushed it, when Frank W. chased and caught it, bringing it to Aldrich. Guelph was steady through it all. Needless to say Frank felt the whip. On, Frank flushed three birds. Guelph then pointed and moved on; Frank, instead of backing, drew in ahead of him. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:35. Guelph showed better speed, range and nose.

ZIG ZAG AND TEMPEST.

Down at 4:46 in sedge grass, McMurdo handling Zig Zag and John White Tempest. In about a quarter of an hour Zig, in a field, came to a stylish point, and Tempest coming up did his duty very prettily; McMurdo then put up a bevy, shot and missed; both steady to shot and wing. On, a few yards further, Tempest pointed, evidently where these birds had been, and Zig coming up whirled to a stylish back. Dogs then ranged on for some time, but as it was getting dusk dogs were ordered up and a move made for town and supper.

After supper a meeting of the board of managers was held and a change of rules made. The handlers were requested to assemble in the club room, when President Coleman read the following:

CHANGE OF RULES.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Central Field Trials Club held this evening (Dec. 5) it has been decided to suspend that portion of the rule which reads as follows: "No heat shall be less than one hour's duration" and to adopt for the remainder of these trials the following: "After the first series in each stake the heats shall be not less than one-half hour's duration.—EDWARD F. COLEMAN, Pres. C.F.T.C.

This met with general satisfaction, as it was thought a great waste of time in the succeeding heats to make the dogs run for an hour whether they showed merit or not. Then Lousiana trials coming on next month the handlers need some little time to get their dogs in shape, but at the former rate of going we should have been still running when 1891 made its appearance.

Saturday.

SETTER DERBY—*Final Series.*

IAN AND RUPERT.

This morning opened cloudy and misty, clearing somewhat toward noon, a good day for scent. The meet was at Grimes's place, which is now looked upon as a sure find for birds, though the distance from town precludes an early start. Dogs were cast off at 9:02 in weeds and sedge grass. This heat was to decide the winner of first money and was watched with renewed interest. Ian was the first to get on to the scent and pointed by a fence, Rupert backing very prettily, a covey was flushed, both dogs steady. On in woods, Ian whirled to a point, when Cameron walked round but could not find, dog ordered on to flush, roaded very carefully and a large bevy flushed a few yards further on; meanwhile Rupert had been brought up to back, both steady to wing. In open fields where scattered birds had gone, neither dog did well, as singles flushed in every direction, which ought to have been picked up. Then a point or two were made by each. In open Ian pointed again, ordered on he roaded some distance but failed to locate. In ragweed Ian stopped on a point and Rupert ordered to back, did so nicely, and Cameron flushed the birds. On, in some oaks Ian pointed foot scent, Rupert backing; roading on, Ian pointed again and Rupert backing. Sent on alongside a stream, Rupert pointed and Ian backed but Avent failed to find. A false point by Ian alongside a ditch and a back by Rupert from the other side was the next work done. At edge of woods Ian pointed and Rupert backed; Ian ordered on he roaded to a point where a bevy flushed wild. In woods Ian pointed a single, then both dogs scored a point on the scattered birds; when dogs were ordered up an 10:02. After a little consultation the judges decided that Ian, the English dog, had won the Setter Derby, and Messrs. Brailsford and Cameron received the congratulations of the company present.

The All-Aged Pointer Stake was then proceeded with.

IGHTEIELD DEUCE AND TAMARACK.

Deuce was the bye dog, but owing to the illness of Devonshire Don, he was moved up into his place. Dogs down at 10:06 where the others were taken up. Deuce handled by Brailsford and Tamarack by Stoddard. Moving on into pines and over considerable ground, it was some time before Tamarack pointed false. Ordered on to find, he roaded for some distance, but birds were not around. In woods he came up with the covey, pointed, and the birds flushed ahead, Deuce backing. Further on Tamarack pointed but failed to score. In pines, Deuce pointed and Tamarack backed, and dogs moving on, shortly after a rabbit was started. Tam in woods, he pointed false, repeating shortly after, Deuce backing. Further on Deuce pointed a single, Brailsford shot and made a neat kill, dogs dropping to shot and wing. Bird was not retrieved. Then in corn, Deuce pointed and Tamarack brought up to back, moved across in front and pointed but nothing could be found. Dogs were then ordered up at 11:18. Deuce had best style, speed and range.

DOCTOR AND SHOT.

Doctor, handled by Anderson, and Shot by Tucker, were cast off at 11:20 in grass field. Both started off fast. Shot in galloping along in high sedge whirled suddenly to a point, dropped, and Doctor coming up went in a little ahead and pointed too. Shot ordered on roaded down the strip of sedge and pointed again, when Tucker coming up he moved on again, finally coming to a point, when Tucker put up a single, killed and Shot retrieved. In stubble Doctor stopped to another point, Shot backing. Anderson then flushed a large bevy, which was marked down in woods, shot and missed. Following birds both pointed, Anderson failed to find and Doctor moved on a yard or two and flushed a single, which Anderson killed and Doctor retrieved in good style, both dogs steady. Near edge of woods Shot pointed a single and Doctor part of the bevy, which flushed wild. Edge of woods Shot roaded and a single got up behind him, he dropping to wing. On, Doctor pointed a single in a strip of brush and Shot backed on the other side. In woods Doctor got another point, Shot backing. Anderson flushed a bevy. Out of woods Shot dropped to a flush of two birds. Edge of sedge grass Shot dropped to a point on a single, then to the left Doctor pointed footscent and Shot backed. Then Shot did good work in pines pointing a bevy, one of

which Tucker shot and dog retrieved nicely. Dogs up after this at 12:21. Shot has best speed and range, Doctor the style. After lunch

LASS OF BLOOMO AND ROCK II.

were put down in stubble. Richards handled Lass of Bloomo and Bradley Rock II. Both started fast, and after working through stubble Rock stopped and winded in edge of thick trees, and Bradley going to him he roaded through the briers to a small pond, through which he swam, his handler following, though the water was almost hip deep, to cornfield and pointed nicely. Bradley flushed, killed and dog retrieved. This was a capital piece of work, and was seen only by Judge Tracy, who followed through the briers. Dogs were then taken to another stubble, where Lass pointed larks, Rock backing. After a long run a bevy was flushed by one of the judges. Birds marked down in woods and followed into cover, where Lass flushed, but stopped to wing. Rock flushed and then Lass flushed the balance of birds. Going on both pointed different birds. Richards flushed and killed, and Lass broke in; she then retrieved. Rock's bird rose at shot. Dogs were then ordered up at 2:08. Rock has the best pace and range, and did some good work. This finished the first series, and the ruling of the judges was as follows: Hickory's Staunch against Frank W., Ightfield Guelph against King of Kent, Zig Zag against Lass of Bloomo, Shot against Rock II., Duke of Hessen against Ightfield Deuce.

Second Series.

HICKORY STAUNCH AND FRANK W.

Down at 2:35. In woods Frank W. pointed false, Staunch backing indifferently. Through woods into a large stubble a single was flushed by Frank W. Then after half an hour's work a creek was crossed and some time after Frank W. was found pointing a bevy, which flushed as handler came up. Dogs then ordered up at 3:35 after an unsatisfactory heat. Frank best in range and pace.

IGHTFIELD GUELPH AND KING OF KENT.

Cast off at 3:38 in stubble when Kent soon pointed a covey which was flushed and marked across the creek. Going back to birds flushed in last heat a number of birds were flushed by handlers and soon after the balance of them were run into by Kent. Sent on Guelph pointed, but no bird flushed. She soon after flushed a bird and then made a good point on another single. Soon after a covey flushed in high sedge but it was impossible to tell the cause. In woods Kent pointed and Guelph passed and located some of the same birds. Then Guelph flushed and Kent pointed bird that flushed wild. Dogs taken up. Down 35 minutes. Judges consulted and dogs put down again. A bird was flushed by handler and Kent pointed nicely where it got up. Leaving these birds Kent soon found another and was awarded the heat. Kent was the best in pace and range, about equal in style.

ZIG ZAG AND LASS OF BLOOMO.

Down at 4:25. Zig Zag was a little wild at first. Lass roaded and flushed a single, then pointed without result, Zig then flushed a single down wind. On, Lass pointed a rabbit, Zag backing. Zag seemed to be fond of fur, for he picked up another, Lass backing this time, and then chased bunnie which was started. They both then received a drubbing. Zig then pointed but failed to locate birds, Lass backing. Zig then moved on to locate, when Lass ran in and flushed ths covey. There was nothing more of any consequence done and dogs were ordered up at 5:12, when the heat was awarded to Zig Zag.

This ended the running for the first week, and now that the new rule has been made it is to be hoped that next week will see us well into the four-hour race at any rate.

Monday.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 8.—Sunday was a pouring wet day, and every one was content to sit round the stoves and talk dog. The prospect for fine weather for to-day was not very bright. To-day dawned cold and wet, ice hanging from every limb and leaf. A start was made about a quarter of a mile from town in sedge, dogs down being Tempest and Sam R. for second place in the Setter Derby. Both handlers rode, as the woods and grass were covered with ice and everthing was wet and soggy. After going for half an hour without any prospect of game, and as it was beginning to rain, we all returned home. The weather has cleared a little toward evening, and it will very likely be fine to-morrow.

The drawing last night for the All-Aged Setter Stake resulted in twenty dogs filling as follows:

NATALIE II. (Bert Crane), Roderigo—Queen Bess,
with
GENE (Chas. E. Gray), Druid—Barley.

FRED GATES (Hamilton & Jackson), Bob Gates—Lilly B.,
with
CASH BOY (H. A. Waldrow), Cashier—Flake.

EDGE MARK (Francis S. Brown), Skidmore—Flo Maclin,
with
FANNIE M. (Blue Ridge Kennels), Gladstone's Boy—Flame.

HARRY C. (Elmwood Kennels), Roderigo — Countess House,
with
ANTONIO (J. M. Avent), Roderigo—Bo Peep.

NOBLE COUNT (Mrs. S. A. Elliot), Mac D.—Lady Mack,
with
PRINCESS BEATRICE (Frank Windholz), Royalty—Kate Westmoreland.

LILLIE BURGESS (Frank Richards), Gath's Mark—Esther,
with
DAISY HOPE (W. W. Titus), Gath's Hope—Gladys.

BAILIE GLADSTONE (N. B. Nesbitt, agent), Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.,
with
IGHTFIELD ROSA (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), Ross—Pitti Sing.

KATE MILLER (N. B. Nesbitt, agent), Roderigo—Lufra Cross,
with
REVERDY (P. H. O'Bannon), Gath's Mark—Rosa.

NANNIE B. (J. A. McLeod), King Noble—Queen Vashti,
with
KING'S DAN (Elmwood Kennels), King Noble—Elsie Belton.

IGHTFIELD RANGER (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale), Dick Windem—Fern B.,
with
PRINCE LUCIFER (J. I. Case, Jr.), King Noble—Elsie Belton.

SIMONIDES (D. E. Rose), Gath's Hope—Gladys.
with
SAM R. (W. W. Titus), Dash Bryson—Daisy Hope.

JANE MILLER (W. T. Hunter), Roderigo—Dixie,
with
CASSIO (J. M. Avent), Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 9.—*Special to Forest and Stream.*—Judges decided this morning without further running that Rupert wins second and Sam R. third prizes in Setter Derby. Started to-day at edge of town with Ian and Spotted Boy down for absolute winner of Derby Stake. After running an hour and fifty-four minutes, in which Boy made four points to Ian's two points, two false and a single flush, the judges decided Spotted Boy the winner.

Then we proceeded with the All-Aged pointers. Shot against Rock II., down thirty-two minutes, scores were about equal when Shot was given the heat; it ought to have been run longer. Then Ightfield Deuce beat Duke of Hessen in forty-two minutes by two points to nothing. This ended second series.

Third series, King of Kent beat Frank W. in thirty-five minutes; work on points about equal, but Frank made several mistakes breaking in. Then Zigzag beat Shot after running forty-two minutes, getting most points and doing work in better style.

Natalia ran against Gene in first series All-Aged Setter Stake. Neither did very good work but Natalia the better.

Deuce beat King of Kent in pointer stake, fourth series, in thirty-nine minutes, two points to nothing, Zigzag a bye.

Fred Gates and Cash Boy ran in Setter Stake for thirty-five minutes, one point on bevy for Fred, when darkness set in, finishing over six miles from town.

Weather fine and frosty. Zigzag and Deuce run for first place to-morrow.

Mr. Meyer has sold the champion Gordon setter Beaumont and Bellmont to C. M. Hunt, owner Claire-Reeta Kennels, Palmyra, New York. Doctor reserves right to run them in the Gordon trials. H. W. L.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 10.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Ightfield Deuce won the pointer All-Aged. King of Kent beat Duke of Hessen and will run for second with Zig Zag. Weather fine.—H. W. LACY.

THEY SAY

That though we are not moving at quite such a high pressure of speed as at High Point, there are just as many birds found by the dogs.

That it is easier to go slow than fast, but that it is very monotonous to follow two "duffers" for an hour; so the half hour amendment rule is a move in the right direction.

That Mr. "Rip Rap" Dexter is a sportsman of the right kind, follows the trials every day, and takes defeat or victory with equal complacency.

That Tom Aldrich must look to his laurels, for another "lawyer" has appeared on the horizon, furnishing the boys with much amusement.

That Frank Richards can handle the violin almost as well as he handled Spotted Boy in the Pointer Derby. That those who forsook the attractions of the club room for the greater charms of the hotel parlor, had no reason to regret it when Frank took up the bow and our genial hostess, Mrs. March, accompanied him on the piano.

That the judges at the Central Trials are painstaking and careful but that toward Saturday there was hardly so much enthusiasm as at the beginning of the week. The novelty and the skin sometimes wear off together.

That the reporters though tired are still in the running.

That the Gordon men are out in force, comparatively speaking, and that Dr. "Beaumont" Meyer and "Bendigo" Hunt are delighted with the condition in which the genial "Billy" has their dogs.

That no one begrudged the Englishmen Ian's win in the Setter Derby, and that this sort of hunting just suits them. That Cameron is a past master at the business and can always put his dog just where he wants him to go.

That there was wailing and grinding of teeth when Tory Lieutenant went down. He was an overwhelming favorite and many pockets are lighter because of their owner's misplaced confidence, and Bendigo Hunt's doggerel scored immensely.

That "Reverdy" O'Bannon, Dr. Meyer, R. H. Hoy, Samuel Crotters, E. E. Cullen and L. Fisher are welcome visitors at the trials.

That the club room at Lexington is just what is needed at a gathering of this sort, affording means for social intercourse that helps to pass what would otherwise be a dull hour.

That the weather Monday morning was enough to daunt the enthusiasm of the kennel sportsman. That a little rain won't hurt any one, but the ice was a little too much.

That W. S. Titus's picture of Smith's "shoo" flush was a great hit.

That S. C. Bradley has no need of a horse to see his dogs work.

That we are all glad of a rest.

That our apologies are due to *Canine World* for this heading, but we could think of nothing more appropriate.
H. W. L.

DOG CHAT.

THERE is little doubt but that with two prominent doggy journals advocating whippet racing that this exciting sport will soon find many friends in England who will raise it to a standing where it will find the indorsement of men of influence and position. From the *Canine World* we learn that a number of gentlemen have an idea of forming a club at once to foster the sport, running the dogs of course among themselves for the time being, so as to keep out the "ringers" and objectionables. There are so many men in this country, and especially in this city and Brooklyn, who are fond of greyhounds and indulge their dogs in a run across field or along a straight bit of road whenever they can get the chance, therefore it would not be much of a step for them to indulge their fancy in this respect, by the training and running of a whippet or two, dogs which can run any greyhound off its legs in a distance of 200yds. The sport is harmless, interferes with no existing laws, and is devoid of the slightest element of cruelty, the dogs themselves showing, by their eagerness to be slipped, their appreciation of the fun. If some one will make the first move there are many, we are certain, who will follow suit.

Referring to Benbow's run against time at London, Ont., last September, in which this dog did the 206yds. in 12¾, "Peto," in *Canine World*, says that this is by no means a world's record, and adds that the owner of Benbow would be surprised to know that his dog would be beaten by about 12yds. by some of the dogs in England, and that 205yds. in 12 seconds must be done before a world's record can be claimed, this being the time made by a big dog, Bonnie Boy. He further states that a dog called Jim that was sent over to this country and did some winning is now back again and doing some winning in the Lancashire handicaps.

This word of recognition of the services of the Spratts people from *Canine World*, is as true of America as of Great Britain: "The growth and improvement of dog shows and of matters pertaining to them have, in fact, been entirely due to individual effort. And among the many factors in the development and improvement of our system of dog shows, one, and perhaps the most powerful of them all, is never, or hardly ever, mentioned in any way. The *Kennel Gazette* in one of the earlier issues of this year did indeed mention this matter, in terms which are as follows: 'Fortunately for our dogs, the work of benching is largely in the hands of one firm—a firm that has done much for dogs and for dog shows, and which will, undoubtedly, as a matter of business, take the necessary steps for proper disinfection, as soon as it is made quite clear what is actually needed.' No truer words were ever written, for Spratts Patent have, indeed, done much for dogs and for dog shows. In fact, when we consider the trouble and expense attached to the proper benching, and feeding, and caring for 1,000 dogs, for three or four days, it is easy to see that average committees would have hesitated about taking on so heavy a task. So that it is but faint praise to say that the firm which, as a matter of business pure and simple, is always at hand, ready to undertake and to carry out this heavy work, has done much for dogs and for dog shows. And it is certain that the assistance thus given has had a great deal to do with the improvement of dog shows."

THE "DEAL" OF THE RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND ELSIE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please allow me to say that the statements of Mr. Huscroft on Dec. 6, as far as they affect the bitch Elsie, Mr. Lloyd and me, are strictly correct, barring a strict interpretation on the word bargain as incorporated in Mr. Huscroft's censure of Mr. Rosseau, there having been absoluteiy no bargain whatever. Having succeeded in demonstrating his ignorance of the breed, and that the progeny of the despised Elsie and Krilutt can beat his pet Zloeem, "the best Barzoi out of Russia" I hope Mr. Rosseau will subside.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Dec. 6).

LYNN SHOW.—The following gentlemen will judge at the coming bench show to be held March 24 to 27, 1891, at Lynn by the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass.: Mr. James Mortimer will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, collies, fox terriers, bulldogs and bull-terriers. Dr. H. Clay Glover, pointers, setters and spaniels. Mr. R. F. Mayhew all other classes.—D. A. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.—Boston, Mass., Dec. 6.—A regular meeting of the National Beagle Club will be held at the Quimby House in Parlor G (annual election), Boston, Jan. 2, at 7 P. M.—F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

THE PESHALL-VREDENBURGH CASE is set down for Dec. 22.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Sir Rondo and Manola. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1890, by Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Lalla Rookh.

Chappie, Old Boy, and Thora's Daughter. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1890, by Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) out of Lady Thora (Santa Claus—Almah).

Nixie II. By F. H. Herrick, Detroit, Mich., for black and white and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1890, by Colonel G. (Nixie—Gardner's Nellie) out of Gladys Noble.

Dictator. Mr. H. Pape, Hoboken, N. J., claims the name Dictator for white, black and tan English setter dog, whelped Nov. 10, 1889 (Ben Hill, A.K.C.S.B. 10,158—Daisy B., A.K.C.S.B. 10,244).

Queen E. For black, white and tan bitch, same litter.

Rockhampton. For blue belton English setter dog, whelped April 26, 1890 (Roger, A.K.C.S.B. 8,252—Cora of Wetheral, A.K.R. 3,862).

Chancellor. For blue belton dog, same litter.
Prince Paul. For blue belton dog, same litter.
Stella North. For blue belton bitch, same litter.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jean—Roslyn Conway. F. R. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Jean (Rutland—Maid) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Conway (Edgbaston Fox—Edgbaston Bess), Nov. 15.

Beauty II.—Roslyn Wilkes. C. H. Akerley's (Tonawanda, N. Y.) collie bitch Beauty II. (Victor Hugo—Gypsie) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes (Scotilla—Bertha), Nov. 20.

Lady Moll—Roslyn Wilkes. F. R. Carswell's (Wilmington, Del.) collie bitch Lady Moll (David—Jean) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes (Scotilla—Bertha), Oct. 18.

Roslyn Lottie—Scotilla. J. I. Souther's (Hurley, Wis.) collie bitch Roslyn Lottie (Great Alne Charlemagne—Louisa) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Oct. 26.

Haidee—Scotilla. Dr. McAlpin, Jr.'s (Littleton, N. J.) collie bitch Haidee to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla (Dublin Scot—Flurry II.), Oct. 4.

Ailsa—The Squire. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Ailsa (Eclipse—Nesta) to their The Squire (Charlemagne—Flurry), Nov. 24.

Roslyn Gaylass—The Squire. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Roslyn Gaylass (Scotilla—Luella) to their The Squire (Charlemagne—Flurry), Oct. 14.

Ladybird—Roslyn Wilkes. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Ladybird (Shelah—Lady) to their Roslyn Wilkes (Scotilla—Bertha), Nov. 14.

Trusty—Roslyn Wilkes. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Trusty (Metchley Star—Peggy Lass) to their Roslyn Wilkes (Scotilla—Bertha), Nov. 26.

Pitchdark—Roslyn Conway. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Pitchdark (Eclipse—Matchless) to their Roslyn Conway (Edgbaston Fox—Edgbaston Bess), Oct. 19.

Wellesbourne Flurry—Roslyn Conway. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Wellesbourne Flurry (The Squire—Active) to their Roslyn Conway (Edgbaston Fox—Edgbaston Bess), Nov. 26.

Cozzie—Bradford Ruby II. Ben Hey's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Cozzie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Dec. 4.

Bonnie—Eberhart's Cashier. J. E. McDonald's (Ligonier, Ind.) pug bitch Bonnie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Dec. 2.

Jessie Jones—Jerry Jarvis. The Loup Kennels' (Broken Bow, Neb.) Irish setter bitch Jessie Jones (Lee Grouse—Mag) to their Jerry Jarvis (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid), Nov. 14.

Corrinne—Jerry Jarvis. G. E. Everett's (Grand Island, Neb.) Irish setter bitch Corrinne (Sarsfield—Nino) to The Loup Kennels' Jerry Jarvis (champion Elcho, Jr.—Maid), Nov. 24.

Moera—Doc. F. H. F. Mercer's spaniel bitch Moera to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc, Oct. 3.

High Rock Pink—Doc. M. M. Hill's spaniel bitch High Rock Pink to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc, Oct. 30.

Daisy—Black Prince. Fred Smith's spaniel bitch Daisy to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince, Nov. 25.

Rescue—King of Obas. T. H. Doutny's (Minneapolis, Minn.) cocker spaniel bitch Rescue to G. Bell's King of Obos (champion Obo II.—Darkie), Nov. 30.

Madam Obo—Obadiah. G. Beli's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Madam Obo (King of Obos—Sensation) to his Obadiah (champion Brant-Bonita), Nov. 30.

Rose—King of Hearts. P. J. Kennedy's (Peabody, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Rose (Pemberton's Ned—Lill) to North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' King of Hearts (Silver King—Matchless), Nov. 24.

Miss Gladstone—Hinks. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Gladstone (Dutch—champion Maggie May) to his Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Dec. 1.

Edgewood Belle—Regent. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Belle (Prince—Nell) to Fred Hinks's Regent (champion Ambition—Queen of Spain), Oct. 15.

Day Venus—Hinks. C. L. Wetmore's (New York) bull-terrier bitch Day Venus (White Sam—Queen Bendigo) to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Nov. 19.

Edgewood Fly—White Duke. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Fly (Duke—Alice) to his White Duke (Huss—Nell), Nov. 16.

Venom Queen—Hinks. E. R. Thompson's (Troy, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Venom Queen (Trentham Baron—Venom) to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Nov. 2.

White Daisy—Hinks. R. Carnahan's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Daisy (Bendigo—Rose) to F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Oct. 26.

Royal Rose—Bendigo. C. A. Stevens's (Hoboken, N. J.) bull-terrier bitch champion Royal Rose (Randolph—Nell) to F. F. Dole's Bendigo (Marquis—Kit), Oct. 5.

Grove Duchess—Hinks. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Grove Duchess (champion Baron—Dutch Rose II.) to his Hinks (White Sam—Duchess III.), Aug. 21.

Starlight—Bendigo. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch champion Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May) to his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit), Aug. 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Nan. Woodward & Herrick's (Chicago, Ill.) bull bitch Lady Nan (champion Harper—Charmion), Dec. 2, five (three dogs), by their Bo'swain (champion Grabber—Susan; one dog and one bitch since dead.

Flossie II. C. V. Griffith's (Anderson, Ind.) pug bitch Flossie II., Dec. 3, five (two dogs), by Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora).

Spinaway II. The Loup Kennels' (Broken Bow, Neb.) pointer bitch Spinaway II. (Winslow's Bang—champion Spinaway), Nov. 15, six (four dogs), by B. F. Seitner's Luck of Idstone (Planet—Lily Bang).

Starlight. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch champion Starlight (champion Grand Duke—champion Maggie May), Oct. 18, eleven (seven dogs), by his Bendigo (Marquis—Kit).

Roslyn Eileen. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Roslyn Eileen (Gilford—Girl), Nov. 15, eight (six dogs), by their Roslyn Murphy (Dennis—Breeda Tiney).

My Lady Betty. Dr. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) spaniel bitch My Lady Betty (champion Black Pete—Doris), Oct. 7, eight (four dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's champion Doc.

High Rock Jet. Wilmerding & Kitchel's spaniel bitch High Rock Jet (Pearl Lake Obo—Black Flash), Nov. 9, eight (three dogs), by Mr. Wilmerding's champion Doc.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Christopher—Active whelps. Sable and white collie bitches, whelped July 23, 1890, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to H. Windrim, same place; G. W. Greer, Germantown, Pa., and Mr. Bogen, New Ulm, Minn.

Roslyn Conway—Furry II., whelp. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped Aug. 26, 1890, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. L. Boughton; Catskill, N. Y.

Scotilla—Roslyn Primrose whelp. Sable collie dog, whelped Sept. 18, 1890, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. A. Watson, New York.

Roslyn Lottie. Sable collie bitch, whelped Jue 6, 1889, by Great Alne Charlemagne out of Louisa, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to John I. Souther, Hurley, Wis.

Count Howard—Donna Juanita whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to J. W. Homer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prince Bendigo. White bull-terrier dog, whelped March, 1889, by Bendigo out of Gipsey, by F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn. to H. Fred Church, Taunton, Mass.

DEATHS.

Gathlit. Black, white and tan English setter (Gath—Lit). Owned by J. Shelly Hudson, Covington, Ky., Dec. 1, 1890, snake-bitten.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NEW YORK STATE.—The following tables show the record for rifle practice for the entire State for 1890 in comparison with the records for last year:

First Brigade.	No. of Marksmen. 1889	No. of Marksmen 1890
7th Regt.....	1043	1014
8th Regt.....	76	75
9th Regt.....	273	170
12th Regt.....	200	237
22d Regt.....	174	157
69th Regt. ..	156	86
71st Regt.....	150	156
Headquarters	7	8
Troop A.....	...	41
	2079	1944

Second Brigade.		
13th Regt.....	277	180
14th Regt.....	140	85
23d Regt.....	642	536
32d Regt.....	63	57
47th Regt.....	161	135
17th Sep Co...	37	23
Headquarters	7	10
	1327	1026

Third Brigade.		
10th Batt..	100	117
Sep Cos.....	1062	910
Headquarters	6	5
	1167	1034

Fourth Brigade.		
65th Regt.....	142	102
74th Regt	156	162
Sep Co's.....	320	288
Headquarters	6	6
	624	557
Gen Staff, Staff Dep and supernumeraries.	21	23
Recapitulation.		
1st Brigade...2079		1944
2d Brigade...1327		1026
3d Brigade...1167		1034
4th Brigade... 624		557
Gen Staff, etc. 21		23
5229		4584

It will be observed that there is a falling off of 639 in the number of marksmen qualified. This decrease is due of course to the more stringent rules adopted this year than those in force last season. The standard has been raised 10 per cent., and the loss in the number of marksmen has been about 10¼ per cent.

BOSTON, Dec. 6.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot at its range to-day and, as on last Wednesday, the riflemen had to shoot through the falling snow, which at times made it very difficult to see the bullseye, and under the conditions Mr. Wilder's score of 113 at rest was very fine. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds., Standard American target:

†Record Pistol Match, 50yds.

H Severance.....90 M T Day.....83
A D Stevens.....86 S C Sydney.....74

*Champion Rest Match.

S Wilder.....113 M R Barter.....105

*Champion Off-Hand Match.

S C Sydney.....8 8 9 9 10 7 6 8 9 8—82

(R) All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

S E Sydney.....80 M T Day.....69 A S Hunt.....66
F B Thomas.....77 F F Lowell.....68 S L Long.....65
A B Loring.....72 D Martin.....68 J B Hobbs.....64

(R) All-Comers' Rest Match.

F Daniels.....110 M T Day.....102 A S Hunt.....92
F W Chester.....107 S W Cook.....101 J B Hobbs.....87
M R Barter.....106 John French.....98 E G Marshall.....86
W Peters.....104 J W French.....96 D Martin.....82

†Only one entry allowed each week. *Only one entry allowed each shoot day. (R) Re-entries allowed.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 5.—Nine good and true members of the St. Louis Pistol Club put in an appearance at the last shoot, held Wednesday, Dec. 3. G. Alexander quit high with 90, and will hold the club's trophy for the coming week. For all shooting the club uses a 12½yd. standard American target. The score:

G Alexander.....8 8 9 8 9 10 10 9 10 9—90
W Bauer.....10 10 10 10 9 9 9 7 6 9—89
M Billmeyer.....10 10 8 6 10 10 9 7 10 8—88
A McBean.....6 10 10 8 10 10 7 8 10 10—87
H Stussell.....9 10 10 6 8 10 8 6 8 10—85
A E Bengel.....6 5 8 7 10 7 8 10 7 9—77
F A Podde.....10 6 10 7 7 7 7 8 6—75
W C Mackwitz.....5 7 8 4 6 5 9 9 9 10—72
O Waller.....8 5 6 7 6 6 8 6 4 8—64

UNSER FRITZ.

AURORA, Ont., Dec. 4.—The following is the result of the first match of Aurora rifle team for the current series under the Ontario Off-hand Rifle Association, for Association prize, 5 shots at 100 and 200yds. each: Dr. Stevenson 93, E. Braund 90, A. Neilly 82, D. Eade 80, R. Cull 78; total 423. Association practice match: Dr. Stevenson 95, E. Braund 90, A. Neilly 82, A. Love 80, D. Eade 80, S. Tinline 79, H. Ross 79; total 583.

TRAP ARRANGEMENT.—I should like to suggest to trap-shooters a novel method of arranging the traps. How would it do to place the traps at unequal or irregular distances from a path—on both sides of it perhaps—and concealed from the view of the shooter by brush, so that the birds could be thrown from the traps as the shooter walked the path? Would not this plan give the shooter better practice? Would it not approximate more nearly to upland shooting where the quail or partridge springs unexpectedly from under the feet of the sportsman?—RAY SPEARS Northwood, N. Y.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 16-17.—Union Gun Club Tournament, at Springfield, N. J. Address E. D. Miller.

TRAP QUESTIONS.

In our last issue two contestants from the Chicago-Kansas City shoot presented interesting questions growing out of the circumstances of that shoot. In all such questions it would be easy to reach a fair decision, provided the essential spirit of the rules be kept in view and all quibbling loopholes be disregarded. In a general way a match is a record of shots made or shots missed. To make a record a man must fire his shot or shots depending upon whether it be a single our double-barrel contest, and until he has made his shots fairly and freely, unembarrassed by any balks, his record has not been made. The tendency all along has been to eliminate all the catch clauses from the rules and disregard all but fair open shots.

It has always been the practice to disregard birds improperly trapped or sprung, but the rules formerly penalized the shooter for his failure to have his gun in good order, and this brought into vogue the whole matter of misfires where so many of the misunderstandings now arise. It has long since grown to be the practice except in matches specially shot under the old rigorous rules that misfires do not count against the marksman, but in order to prevent an abuse of the privilege of another shot, the marksman is put back as near as may to the stage of the shoot where the misfire came in. This is the origin of the blank cartridge in the first barrel, though it is a question after all whether with an incomplete shot it would not be better to go back and fire the entire bird over again. Still, be that as it may, when another bird is ordered it is for the purpose of completing the shot, and if the second bird for the same or any other reason does not do it, then another bird is in proper order and so on down the list until the marksman has had what he is entitled to, a fair shot at a fair bird. On this ground it is that the claim of A. S. Kleinman is entirely just. He was entitled to bird after bird provided it should turn out that the same seemingly unpreventable misfires were repeated.

But the query which Mr. W. P. Mussey presented marries this rule past the bounds of reason, and becomes manifestly unjust when he asks: "In case of a bird fired at with first barrel, the second barrel misfiring, and the bird lighting within boundary, has not the shooter a right to claim any action that may be given him by his first barrel, by sending out his retriever to gather the first; and in the event of the retriever failing to gather has not the shooter a right to claim another bird, with a blank cartridge in his first barrel and a loaded one in his second?"

In this case the shooter rests upon the result of his first barrel shot by sending out his retriever to bring in the bird. Most certainly he may not, after the failure to gather, ask to be put back into a position for another go at that bird by placing in a substitute bird. It is not obligatory to use the second barrel. He may use it or waive its use, he cannot do both, as the query of Mr. Mussey would seem to imply, otherwise a match would become a series of one barrel tries, since the shooter has everything to gain and no corresponding sacrifice by holding his second shot through a convenient misfire of the second barrel. As to the entirely anomalous conduct of the referee in asking "what are you going to do" there can be but one opinion. He forgot the propriety and dignity of his position in his anxiety to further the match. Also, the line should be drawn close and sharp as to who may challenge the attention of the referee to what is going on. Only those interested as contestants have a proper right to speak up and be heard, since the moment this door is opened what a chorus of friends, backers, handlers and what not would din above the referee's ears.

RAHWAY, N. J.—The first regular shooting meeting of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club occurred at Rahway Thursday last. In response to invitations sent out by Dr. Lyman Clark, president of the club, the following enthusiasts put in an appearance: M. Lindley and E. Collins, of Hoboken; Dr. Zigler, of Bocking Ridge; Dr. Hunt "Clarke," of Metuchen; Frank Lamott, Aaron Woodruff, Wm. Dockermann and Charley Dodd, of Elizabeth; Charley Smith, Neph Apgar and the writer from Plainfield, and Jacob Pentz, of Fanwood. The day was raw and cold in the extreme, and no one but a trap-shooting gun crank would have thought of seeking pleasure in outdoor sport. The home contingent, Messrs. Clarke, Daly, Lawrence and Wallace McGrath, endeavored to make things pleasant for their visitors, and fully succeeded in doing so. The forenoon was taken up with the banging away at bluerocks, which were shot from one set of three traps, placed in an open field in front of a cosy little club house. The live birds were shot on the inclosed athletic grounds which had been kindly put at the disposal of the club by Dr. Pentz Daly. The five traps had been brought out by Charley Smith, and with the assistance of Neph Apgar the events were run off. Previous to this occasion the members had never used live birds. They managed, for beginners, to put together a good strong lot of flyers, evidently gathered in the neighborhood, for almost every one of them were off like a flash. As usual, when he is present at a live bird contest, Jacob Pentz acted as referee. In event No. 7 it is worthy of mention that Mr. Lindsley stood at 30yds. rise.

First event, 9 single bluerocks: Tee Kay 7, Smith 7, Greener 5, Wallace 4, Clark 3.

Second event, 9 single bluerocks: Wallace and Smith 7, Greener 5, Tee Kay and Clark 4.

Third event, 10 single bluerocks: Wallace, Clark and Greener 8, Smith 8, Tee Kay 5.

Fourth event, 10 single bluerocks: Wallace and Tee Kay 8, Smith 7, Clark and Greener 6.

Fifth event, 10 single bluerocks: Wallace, Clark, Greener, Smith and Collins 8, Lindsley 7, Tee Kay and Clark 6.

Sixth event, 15 single bluerocks: Lindsley 13, Wallace 12, Smith and Apgar 11, Collins 8, Tee Kay 6.

Seventh event, 10 single bluerocks: Collins and Apgar 8, Smith 8, Tee Kay 6, Lindsley 5, Wallace 3.

Eighth event, 10 single bluerocks: Tee Kay, Lindsley and Clark 8, Wallace and Smith 7, Collins 5, Apgar 4.

Ninth event, 10 single bluerocks: Wallace and Clark 8, Collins and Smith 7, Tee Kay and Lindsley 6, Apgar 4.

Tenth event, 10 single bluerocks: Smith 10, Collins 9, Lindsley 8, Tee Kay 7, Wallace 6, Apgar 4.

Eleventh event, 10 single bluerocks: Smith 10, Collins 9, Tee Kay 6.

Twelfth event, 4 live birds, $3 entry, 2 moneys: Collins 4, Smith 3, Lindsley 3, Wallace 3, Greener 2, Dockermann 1.

Thirteenth event, 7 live birds, $5 entry, 3 moneys: C. Smith 7, LaMott 7, Greener 6, Wallace 6, Dockermann 6, Woodruff 6, Collins 5, Lindsley 5.

Fourteenth event, same conditions: Wallace 7, Lindsley 6, Collins 5, Greener 5, Dockermann 5. Smith 3, LaMott 3, Woodruff 3.

Fifteenth event, 4 live birds, $3 entry, 2 moneys: Lindsley 4, Smith 3, Wallace 3, Collins 3. Second money was shot off, miss and out, Collins dropping his first bird, Wallace and Smith div.—TEE KAY.

TORONTO, Dec. 4.—An enthusiastic gathering of sportsmen met on Stark's grounds on Wednesday and Thursday, the occasion being the second annual shoot of Stark's Eastern Gun Club at live birds. The prizes offered were many and valuable, and the competition very keen. The following are the scores:

First class, use of two barrels, first to score, 25yds. rise:

F Peterson ...1111101011111101—12 G Rennardson 1022012122221222—13
H Page.....1111111010111100—11 A E Dixon ....1122020121121121—13
G Links .....2122111101111121—14 H Herring .....2211113102202202—12
C Ayre.....0100111111110010—10 Jas Blong .....0101202021010010— 8
Geo Henry ....2212211212111122—15 Geo Platt.....0210201012011101— 9

Second class, use of two barrels, 24yds. rise:

C Campwell...1110111110111111—13 W B Poulton..1000110111011111—10
H Hoffman....1110111010101011—11 N Burton.....0010110100111100— 7

Third class, use of two barrels, 21yds. rise:

Ed Harrison.....1001110001—5 Ed Page. .. ..0010001110—4
John Page,.... .....0100100101—4 F Heintzman.....0000110110—4

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 5.—The Riverside Gun Club held its regular shoot on the new grounds this afternoon. The targets were bluerocks, which were sprung from five traps. A match at 10 live birds for $25 a side, between Albert Ivins, of Little Silver, and Wm. H. Little, of Red Bank, opened the day's sport. Long Island rules governed the match, one barrel only being allowed. The score stood 7 to 2 in Ivins's favor. The second event was a shoot at 10 single bluerocks, John Cooper winning with 9. The final event was also a shoot at 10 single bluerocks. Throckmorton secured first money with a clean score.

TORONTO, Dec. 3.—J. Kennedy, of the Franklin House, at Markham, gave a live bird shoot on Tuesday and to-day. The purses given were liberal and should have called out a larger attendance, but with the assistance of a number of sweepstakes Mr. Kennedy came out about even and those present enjoyed a good shoot. The use of one barrel only was allowed in all events. Scores: First event, sweepstakes, 7 birds:

W McDowall	7	D Grant	5	W Peardon	4
D Blea	6	T Boyd	5	P Wakefield	4
J Bell	6	W Beldam	5	F Andrews	4
H Beatty	5				

Second event, sweepstakes, 7 birds:

P Wakefield	7	McDowall	5	Roberts	5
H Beatty	6	Bell	5	Collins	5
Blea	6	Grant	5	Peardon	4
Beldam	6	Boyd	5	Andrews	4

Third event, guarantee purse, $150, 10 birds each:

Peardon	8	Grant	7	Wakefield	6
Bell	8	Sawdon	7	Beatty	5
Boyd	8	McDowall	7	Andrews	5
Beldam	7	Blea	6	Bennett	5

In shooting off the ties at 8 Boyd won first prize, Peardon second and Bell third.

Fourth event, sweepstake, 7 birds:

Beatty	7	Blea	6	Peardon	5
McDowall	7	Boyd	5	Beldam	5
Wakefield	7	Winfield	6	Mason	4
Reeves	7	Bell	6	Kennedy	4

On the second day the first event was a sweep 7 birds each. Mitchell, Wakefield, Reeves and Beldam had clean scores, while Beatty and McDowall killed six each. Winfield, Kennedy, Singer, Glendenning and Read retired.

Handicap, 10 birds:

Mitchell	10	McDowall	8	Milne	8
Beatty	9	Wakefield	8	Winfield	8
Beldam	9				

Retired—Singer, Glendenning, Reeves, Magill, Kennedy.

Handicap, 7 birds:

Wakefield	7	Miller	7	Beldam	6
Mitchell	7	McDowall	6	Beatty	6

Retired—Glendenning, Reeves, Franklin.

Team match, 10 birds each man.

McDowall	9	Beatty	7
Beldam	9—18	Mitchell	7—14

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 6.—At the regular meet this week, at Coal Mine Brook Range, of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, this was a continuation of the Merchandise Contest. The wind was troublesome and small totals was the result. The work of each man who had a possible 25 clay pigeons resulted as follows: Gilbert J. Rugy 21; W. L. Davis 19; W. R. Dean, M. D. Gilman, E. T. Smith and E. W. Johnson each had 17; A. L. Gilman and H. W. Webber each had 16; A. B. Burbank 12; and Fred Forehand 9. The remaining events were with strings of 10 clay pigeons, the work of each event follows: 1st. G. J. Rugy and A. B. Burbank each 9; M. D. Gilman 8; W. L. Davis 7. 2d. E. T. Smith, M. D. Gilman, W. L. Davis and G. J. Rugy each 9; then followed a shoot-off, Smith and Davis dropped and the three div. first honors; W. R. Dean with 7 was second; while A. L. Gilman, A. B. Burbank and E. W. Johnson held third place. 3d. E. T. Smith 9; M. D. Gilman, A. L. Gilman, A. B. Burbank, W. L. Davis each had 8; and on the shoot off the second place was taken by Rugy and Burbank; while E. W. Johnson was given third. 4th. E. J. Smith and G. J. Rugy each 10; E. W. Johnson second with 9; A. B. Burbank third.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 6.—The Forester Gun Club, of Chicago formally adopted the American Shooting Association rules, *vice* the old-time Illinois State rules. The Fort Dearborn Club will also adopt the A. S. A. rules at their next meeting, and it is thought that all the clubs will follow. It is the old challenging clause of the Illinois rules that causes their abandonment. Chicago is very conservative in trap matters, and the old Illinois rules have had a long vogue. Messrs. W. P. Mussey and C. B. Dicks are matched to shoot Messrs. W. G. Payson and R. A. Turtle a match sometime soon, probably Dec. 14, 50 live birds, $50 a corner.—E. HOUGH.

THE CHICAGO-KANSAS CITY RECORD.

BELOW are the individual summaries in the great contest between Chicago and Kansas City, Nov. 11, 12 and 13. This detailed report is the most graphic presentation of such a contest ever presented by any sportsman's paper in this country. Here is shown every shot, with full particulars as to what trap it was sprung from, its direction of flight, and the shooter's score. Read

R, right quarterer.
L, left quarterer.
D, driver.
I, incomer.
T, Towerer.
RD, right-quartering driver.
LD, left-quartering driver.
RT, right-quartering towerer.
LT, left-quartering towerer.
RI, right-quartering incomer.
LI, left-quartering incomer.
1, killed with first barrel.
2, killed with second barrel.
0, missed.
o, dead out of bounds.

Kansas City. E. Bingham.				Chicago. P. F. Stone.			
No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..5	1	RD		1..4	0	D	
2..2	2	R		2..1	2	L	
3..4	1	RI		3..4	o	LT	
4..3	2	LD		4..2	2	LD	
5..4	1	TD		5..1	2	LD	
6..4	1	LD		6..1	1	LI	
7..4	2	L		7..4	2	RD	
8..4	1	RI		8..5	1	LD	
9..4	1	I		9..1	2	L	
10..3	2	LD		10..4	2	LD	
11..3	o	D		11..3	1	RI	
12..1	2	R		12..4	2	R	
13..3	2	D		13..4	2	RI	
14..5	1	L		14..5	2	R	
15..4	2	R		15..3	2	R	
16..2	1	D		16..3	1	RI	
17..1	2	L		17..2	1	R	
18..1	2	RD		18..5	o	LD	
19..3	1	R		19..4	2	R	
20..4	2	RD		20..4	2	RI	
21..2	2	RD		21..1	1	TD	
22..1	1	R		22..3	1	RI	
23..4	2	D		23..4	1	D	
24..2	2	LD		24..4	o	R	
25..3	2	R		25..1	2	LD	
26..4	0	D		26..4	2	D	
27..1	0	L		27..5	2	TD	
28..3	1	LI		28..4	0	L	
29..1	1	D		29..2	2	LD	
30..4	1	RD		30..2	2	R	
31..3	1	LD		31..3	2	LD	
32..1	1	LI		32..3	1	T	
33..5	1	RD		33..3	1	R	
34..1	2	LD		34..4	1	RI	
35..3	2	LD		35..2	1	RD	
36..5	2	RT		36..5	1	RI	
37..4	2	R		37..4	1	T	
38..4	2	L		38..3	1	LD	
39..2	2	LD		39..4	2	LD	
40..5	2	RI		40..4	o	RD	
41..2	1	LD		41..2	2	LD	
42..4	2	LD		42..2	o	L	
43..2	2	LD		43..3	0	LD	
44..1	2	LD		44..1	2	D	
45..4	2	RD		45..5	1	RI	
46..3	1	RD		46..4	1	RI	
47..1	1	I		47..4	0	LD	
48..4	1	RD		48..4	2	RI	
49..1	2	LD		49..2	2	LD	
50..2	1	LD		50..1	1	RI	
Total 47				Total 41			

Kansas City. W. S. Halliwell.				Chicago. W. P. Mussey.			
No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..4	2	R		1..1	2	L	
2..5	1	RI		2..5	2	RI	
3..3	1	LD		3..5	2	RD	
4..4	2	R		4..3	0	RD	
5..2	o	LD		5..5	0	LT	
6..1	1	LI		6..1	2	LD	
7..3	1	RD		7..3	2	TD	
8..4	o	RI		8..2	o	RI	
9..3	1	R		9..3	1	L	
10..4	2	RI		10..2	2	D	
11..2	1	D		11..3	1	RI	
12..3	2	R		12..5	1	RI	
13..3	2	RI		13..1	2	LD	
14..3	0	RD		14..2	2	R	
15..4	1	RD		15..3	2	RD	
16..2	1	TI		16..5	1	R	
17..3	2	D		17..4	2	R	
18..3	2	TI		18..3	1	R	
19..5	2	T		19..2	2	RI	
20..2	2	I		20..5	1	RI	
21..2	1	D		21..5	2	T	
22..3	1	R		22..3	2	L	
23..4	2	D		23..2	1	RI	
24..1	2	L		24..4	2	T	
25..4	1	RD		25..4	2	R	
26..5	1	R		26..2	1	R	
27..3	o	D		27..3	o	D	
28..5	2	RI		28..3	o	R	
29..5	1	R		29..4	1	R	
30..1	2	R		30..1	2	L	
31..5	2	LD		31..1	1	D	
32..1	1	T		32..2	1	LD	
33..4	2	LD		33..1	1	L	
34..4	1	R		34..4	1	D	
35..2	2	LD		35..3	2	D	
36..5	2	I		36..4	1	RT	
37..2	0	LD		37..4	1	D	
38..4	2	R		38..3	2	LD	
39..3	2	D		39..3	1	R	
40..3	1	R		40..5	1	RI	
41..3	o	R		41..3	2	D	
42..5	1	LD		42..4	1	D	
43..4	2	LD		43..4	1	L	
44..2	1	LD		44..2	2	L	
45..4	1	R		45..5	0	R	
46..3	2	D		46..1	2	LD	
47..1	0	I		47..1	1	R	
48..2	0	D		48..1	1	L	
49..5	1	RD		49..5	1	I	
50..2	2	R		50..4	1	R	
Total 43				Total 44			

KANSAS CITY. Ed. Chouteau. — CHICAGO. M. J. Eich.

No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..5	2	I		1..4	1	R	
2..4	2	RD		2..1	1	RD	
3..3	0	D		3..2	1	RD	
4..5	1	L		4..3	1	L	
5..2	1	LI		5..1	1	L	
6..3	2	R		6..4	1	LD	
7..2	2	LD		7..2	2	R	
8..1	2	R		8..1	1	R	
9..4	1	R		9..1	1	RD	
10..1	1	D		10..5	1	I	
11..2	2	RI		11..5	2	LI	
12..2	1	D		12..2	1	D	
13..4	1	R		13..5	1	R	
14..4	2	RI		14..3	1	RD	
15..4	1	L		15..5	2	RI	
16..3	1	D		16..5	2	RD	
17..5	1	LD		17..2	2	RD	
18..2	1	D		18..4	1	LD	
19..3	0	LD		19..5	2	RI	
20..3	2	L		20..4	1	RI	
21..1	2	L		21..2	1	T	
22..4	2	RI		22..4	1	RI	
23..1	1	R		23..3	1	R	
24..3	2	D		24..3	2	RD	
25..3	1	RD		25..5	1	I	
26..4	1	R		26..5	2	LD	
27..3	1	RD		27..3	0	LD	
28..4	1	R		28..4	1	RD	
29..3	1	RD		29..1	1	R	
30..4	1	R		30..3	2	R	
31..3	1	R		31..2	1	R	
32..1	2	LD		32..2	1	R	
33..4	2	LD		33..1	0	L	
34..5	1	R		34..1	2	LD	
35..2	1	RI		35..5	1	T	
36..4	1	R		36..3	1	D	
37..5	0	RD		37..4	1	LD	
38..2	1	R		38..2	2	D	
39..5	2	R		39..2	2	RD	
40..1	2	RD		40..1	2	D	
41..5	0	RT		41..3	2	D	
42..2	2	LD		42..5	1	D	
43..4	0	LD		43..4	1	RD	
44..1	1	D		44..5	1	RT	
45..5	2	I		45..3	1	LD	
46..1	2	LD		46..2	1	R	
47..1	1	L		47..2	2	T	
48..2	1	R		48..1	1	R	
49..1	2	D		49..5	1	RI	
50..4	2	L		50..2	2	L	

Total 44 — Total 48

W. B. Twitchell — J. E. Price.

1..3	0	R		1..1	o	I	
2..5	1	TI		2..4	2	RI	
3..3	2	L		3..3	0	D	
4..4	1	RI		4..5	1	RI	
5..4	2	RD		5..2	1	D	
6..4	2	LD		6..4	2	LD	
7..2	1	L		7..3	2	RD	
8..3	1	R		8..5	2	RI	
9..1	1	LI		9..4	2	LD	
10..2	0	L		10..2	2	I	
11..1	2	RI		11..3	2	R	
12..4	2	R		12..3	1	RI	
13..1	1	T		13..2	1	R	
14..1	2	TI		14..4	1	I	
15..4	0	D		15..5	2	R	
16..3	1	D		16..5	1	LD	
17..3	o	D		17..3	0	D	
18..3	1	D		18..5	2	D	
19..3	o	LD		19..4	2	R	
20..4	2	D		20..2	0	LD	
21..1	2	T		21..5	2	TD	
22..5	1	L		22..3	2	D	
23..1	2	RD		23..4	2	D	
24..3	0	R		24..3	o	D	
25..3	2	L		25..3	o	D	
26..5	2	LD		26..2	1	L	
27..3	2	RI		27..4	2	L	
28..4	2	R		28..1	1	RD	
29..1	2	I		29..4	1	RD	
30..4	1	R		30..4	2	RD	
31..1	0	L		31..3	2	RD	
32..1	2	LD		32..1	1	R	
33..4	o	LD		33..1	0	L	
34..5	1	R		34..1	2	LD	
35..2	1	RI		35..5	1	I	
36..4	1	R		36..4	o	R	
37..5	0	RD		37..4	2	LD	
38..2	1	R		38..2	2	D	
39..5	2	R		39..3	2	D	
40..1	2	RD		40..1	2	D	
41..5	0	RT		41..3	2	D	
42..2	2	LD		42..5	1	D	
43..4	0	LD		43..4	1	RD	
44..1	1	D		44..5	1	RT	
45..5	2	I		45..3	0	RD	
46..1	2	LD		46..2	1	R	
47..1	1	L		47..2	2	T	
48..2	1	R		48..1	1	R	
49..1	2	D		49..5	1	RI	
50..4	2	L		50..2	2	L	

Total 41 — Total 39

J. K. Guinnotte. — G. Kleinman.

1..4	1	LD		1..3	o	D	
2..3	0	RD		2..3	2	R	
3..2	0	RD		3..5	1	T	
4..4	2	L		4..5	2	RI	
5..2	0	RD		5..5	1	RI	
6..5	2	LI		6..4	0	LD	
7..3	2	D		7..4	2	RD	
8..2	2	RD		8..2	1	L	
9..1	2	TD		9..4	2	RD	
10..3	2	L		10..1	1	LI	
11..3	2	LD		11..5	2	R	
12..2	o	RD		12..5	2	RD	
13..4	2	D		13..4	2	TD	
14..1	2	D		14..1	2	D	
15..4	o	RD		15..3	2	D	
16..4	2	D		16..4	2	L	
17..5	2	RI		17..3	2	LI	
18..4	2	R		18..1	1	RD	
19..3	2	RD		19..2	2	LD	
20..4	2	R		20..5	1	RT	
21..3	2	RD		21..4	o	RD	
22..1	2	I		22..3	0	D	
23..5	2	LD		23..2	2	LD	
24..4	2	LD		24..3	2	LD	
25..5	2	RI		25..2	1	L	
26..3	2	R		26..4	2	R	
27..2	2	LD		27..1	2	RD	
28..2	2	RD		28..2	1	I	
29..3	2	RI		29..5	2	L	
30..4	2	RD		30..1	2	LI	
31..3	2	I		31..4	2	RD	
32..1	2	RI		32..2	2	RI	
33..3	2	LD		33..1	1	R	
34..1	2	D		34..2	2	TI	
35..4	2	LI		35..4	2	LD	
36..0	2	L		36..3	2	LD	
37..3	2	D		37..4	2	RD	
38..4	2	RD		38..5	2	L	
39..1	2	RD		39..1	2	R	
40..5	o	R		40..4	2	RD	
41..3	2	LD		41..2	1	R	
42..5	2	L		42..1	1	L	
43..4	2	D		43..4	2	I	
44..4	2	LD		44..1	2	I	
45..5	2	R		45..4	1	R	
46..2	2	D		46..5	2	RI	
47..3	2	RI		47..3	2	LD	
48..4	2	D		48..5	2	RD	
49..2	2	LI		49..4	2	R	
50..5	2	RI		50..4	1	R	

Total 43 — Total 46

KANSAS CITY. L. H. Vories. — CHICAGO. Abe Kleinman.

No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..4	1	R		1..1	1	R	
2..3	2	RD		2...	0	L	
3..1	2	D		3..1	1	RD	
4..2	0	D		4..4	1	L	
5..2	1	R		5..3	2	LD	
6..5	1	L		6..3	2	D	
7..3	2	D		7..4	2	RD	
8..4	2	RD		8..5	2	RI	
9..3	0	D		9..4	1	R	
10..3	1	D		10..3	2	L	
11..1	2	RD		11..3	1	RI	
12..1	2	LD		12..3	1	RI	
13..1	2	L		13..2	1	L	
14..2	2	L		14..3	1	LD	
15..4	0	D		15..4	2	D	
16..1	0	LD		16..4	1	R	
17..1	0	LD		17..5	2	RD	
18..5	2	RD		18..4	1	D	
19..1	1	RI		19..4	2	RD	
20..3	1	R		20..3	2	RD	
21..1	2	L		21..2	1	LD	
22..2	2	RD		22..5	1	I	
23..4	0	L		23..5	1	R	
24..1	o	LD		24..1	1	RD	
25..4	2	D		25..3	2	R	
26..3	o	D		26..2	1	R	
27..3	2	LD		27..4	2	RD	
28..5	1	L		28..3	1	TD	
29..3	1	LD		29..3	2	TD	
30..4	1	L		30..1	2	L	
31..3	2	RD		31..4	2	RD	
32..1	2	R		32..4	2	RD	
33..3	1	R		33..2	2	RD	
34..3	1	RD		34..5	2	D	
35..2	1	L		35..1	2	LD	
36..4	o	R		36..4	1	RI	
37..3	2	LD		37..1	2	R	
38..5	2	R		38..3	1	L	
39..3	2	D		39..5	2	D	
40..4	1	L		40..3	1	D	
41..4	2	RI		41..4	2	RI	
42..5	2	L		42..3	2	L	
43..1	2	RD		43..2	1	R	
44..5	1	RI		44..2	1	L	
45..5	2	D		45..5	2	R	
46..1	2	LD		46..3	1	R	
47..1	1	L		47..5	2	LD	
48..3	2	RD		48..4	2	LD	
49..2	2	D		49..4	2	L	
50..3	2	LD		50..3	2	L	

Total 46 — Total 46

J. B. Porter. — Abner Price.

1..3	1	R		1..4	2	RD	
2..2	1	D		2..1	1	L	
3..2	2	D		3..5	1	RI	
4..4	1	RI		4..1	1	L	
5..4	2	LD		5..1	2	RI	
6..5	2	I		6..3	o	RD	
7..4	1	LI		7..1	2	I	
8..2	1	LD		8..3	1	L	
9..4	1	L		9..3	1	LD	
10..4	1	RD		10..2	2	RD	
11..2	0	D		11..2	2	RD	
12..4	2	RD		12..1	0	D	
13..5	2	LD		13..4	2	D	
14..4	1	L		14..3	2	RD	
15..2	1	L		15..3	1	L	
16..4	2	RD		16..4	2	L	
17..3	2	D		17..2	1	L	
18..4	1	D		18..4	0	R	
19..3	2	RD		19..2	2	RI	
20..4	2	D		20..3	2	RI	
21..3	1	L		21..4	2	RI	
22..2	2	I		22..1	1	R	
23..1	2	L		23..3	1	RD	
24..4	1	RD		24..1	2	RD	
25..4	1	RI		25..2	2	RD	
26..2	0	R		26..4	1	RD	
27..4	2	RD		27..4	0	RI	
28..5	2	R		28..3	2	R	
29..3	1	I		29..3	1	RD	
30..3	1	LI		30..3	0	LD	
31..3	o	D		31..4	2	R	
32..5	2	RI		32..3	2	RD	
33..5	0	D		33..2	o	R	
34..5	2	D		34..4	1	RI	
35..5	1	RD		35..5	1	R	
36..4	2	L		36..2	1	LI	
37..5	2	RD		37..4	2	L	
38..5	2	D		38..1	1	LI	
39..3	1	I		39..1	0	RD	
40..5	0	R		40..4	2	RD	
41..1	1	L		41..1	1	L	
42..3	1	L		42..1	2	LI	
43..1	1	LD		43..1	1	TD	
44..5	1	I		44..3	1	RI	
45..3	1	D		45..4	2	RI	
46..1	1	LD		46..1	1	LI	
47..1	o	D		47..4	2	RD	
48..3	2	D		48..3	2	D	
49..3	2	D		49..5	1	L	
50..3	1	L		50..4	2	R	

Total 43 — Total 43

KANSAS CITY. A. E. Thomas. — CHICAGO. C. B. Dicks.

No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..3	1	R		1..4	2	RI	
2..3	2	LD		2..4	2	RD	
3..4	2	R		3..3	2	D	
4..1	2	LD		4..2	2	I	
5..3	2	RI		5..3	2	I	
6..2	2	LD		6..4	2	L	
7..4	2	RD		7..3	2	LD	
8..4	2	R		8..2	2	R	
9..3	2	LD		9..2	1	RI	
10..3	1	D		10..4	1	RI	
11..1	2	RI		11..4	0	LD	
12..2	2	LD		12..2	2	R	
13..1	2	TI		13..5	1	L	
14..5	2	TD		14..4	2	L	
15..1	2	D		15..5	1	R	
16..4	2	I		16..3	2	L	
17..3	2	L		17..4	2	RI	
18..4	2	RD		18..4	1	RI	
19..3	2	RI		19..4	1	R	
20..4	2	LD		20..5	o	RD	
21..3	1	LI		21..4	1	I	
22..3	2	D		22..3	2	RI	
23..1	2	L		23..3	2	RI	
24..1	o	L		24..5	0	RD	
25..4	2	D		25..3	1	RI	
26..3	o	D		26..2	1	R	
27..3	2	LD		27..5	1	L	
28..3	2	R		28..5	o	LD	
29..3	1	RD		29..5	2	D	
30..1	2	L		30..3	2	D	
31..4	2	L		31..5	1	T	
32..5	2	RI		32..2	2	RI	
33..3	2	RD		33..4	2	RI	
34..5	1	RI		34..3	1	RI	
35..5	o	RD		35..4	2	RI	
36..1	1	RT		36..4	2	D	
37..4	2	LD		37..1	2	R	
38..2	2	LI		38..3	1	RD	
39..3	0	R		39..5	2	LD	
40..4	1	L		40..3	2	LD	
41..4	2	RI		41..4	2	RI	
42..5	2	L		42..2	2	L	
43..1	2	LD		43..2	2	L	
44..3	2	L		44..2	1	RI	
45..5	2	RI		45..5	1	R	
46..1	2	D		46..3	2	RD	
47..5	1	R		47..5	2	L	
48..3	2	RD		48..4	2	LD	
49..2	2	D		49..4	2	L	
50..3	2	LD		50..3	2	L	

Total 46 — Total 46

H. Kleinman.

1..1	1	RD					
2..1	2	L					
3..5	2	R					
4..4	o	RD					
5..5	1	RD					
6..5	2	R					
7..3	2	I					
8..3	1	T					
9..3	2	T					
10..4	2	RD					
11..3	o	L					
12..3	2	D					
13..2	1	RI					
14..3	2	RD					
15..4	2	RD					
16..3	2	RD					
17..3	2	I					
18..4	2	RD					
19..1	2	L					
20..2	2	RD					
21..4	2	R					
22..1	2	LD					
23..1	2	LD					
24..3	2	D					
25..3	2	D					
26..4	2	R					
27..3	2	RD					
28..4	2	D					
29..4	2	RD					
30..1	2	L					
31..3	2	RD					
32..4	2	RD					
33..2	2	RD					
34..1	2	RD					
35..3	2	RD					
36..4	2	L					
37..1	2	L					

Total 48 — Total 43

Second Teams.

D. S. Gordon. — Geo. T. Farmer.

1..5	1	L		1..4	2	D	
2..3	1	L		2..5	2	RI	
3..5	2	R		3..4	2	D	
4..2	1	L		4..5	1	RI	
5..3	1	LI		5..3	2	LD	
6..4	0	D		6..5	1	RD	
7..4	2	RD		7..2	0	LD	
8..4	2	RD		8..1	1	LD	
9..4	0	I		9..3	2	LD	
10..4	1	RD		10..3	2	RI	
11..1	1	LD		11..5	2	RI	
12..4	2	D		12..4	1	RD	
13..5	2	RD		13..5	2	I	
14..5	1	I		14..1	2	RD	
15..4	0	D		15..1	o	RD	
16..1	2	LI		16..4	2	L	
17..3	1	L		17..4	o	L	
18..3	2	D		18..4	0	R	
19..3	2	RD		19..2	2	RI	
20..4	2	D		20..3	2	RI	
21..3	1	L		21..4	2	RI	
22..2	1	I		22..4	2	RD	
23..1	2	L		23..3	1	RI	
24..4	1	RD		24..1	2	RD	
25..4	1	RI		25..2	2	RD	
26..2	0	R		26..4	1	RI	
27..4	2	RD		27..4	o	D	
28..5	2	R		28..3	2	R	
29..4	1	I		29..3	1	RD	
30..3	1	LI		30..3	0	LD	
31..3	o	D		31..3	2	R	
32..5	2	RI		32..3	2	RD	
33..2	1	LD		33..2	1	L	
34..3	2	L		34..3	o	RD	
35..3	o	RD		35..1	1	RD	
36..4	o	RD		36..1	0	RD	
37..1	1	L		37..2	1	RD	
38..4	1	RD		38..1	0	L	
39..3	2	R		39..4	1	RI	
40..1	2	LD		40..2	1	R	
41..1	2	R		41..4	2	L	
42..2	0	D		42..4	2	R	
43..3	2	L		43..4	1	R	
44..3	0	LD		44..2	1	L	
45..1	1	LD		45..1	1	RD	
46..4	2	RD		46..5	0	R	
47..1	1	L		47..5	0	D	
48..3	1	LD		48..2	2	L	
49..4	2	RI		49..5	2	L	
50..2	2	L		50..3	1	LD	

Total 41 — Total 37

KANSAS CITY. G. Schroeder. — CHICAGO. J. M. Hutchinson.

No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.	No. of Bird.	No. of Trap.	Dead or lost.	Direction of flight.
1..3	1	L		1..5	1	LT	
2..3	0	RD		2..4	1	R	
3..1	2	LD		3..1	1	TR	
4..4	2	LD		4..4	1	L	
5..2	2	D		5..2	1	LD	
6..1	2	D		6..4	1	RI	
7..4	1	R		7..3	1	LD	
8..5	2	LD		8..4	2	R	
9..3	2	RD		9..4	0	D	
10..5	1	R		10..5	2	R	
11..4	1	RD		11..3	o	D	
12..1	2	LI		12..3	1	R	
13..4	2	D		13..4	2	D	
14..3	1	LD		14..1	2	L	
15..1	2	D		15..2	1	LI	
16..1	2	D		16..1	1	R	
17..2	1	I		17..4	1	R	
18..5	0	D		18..2	2	T	
19..1	1	R		19..3	1	LD	
20..3	1	R		20..2	2	LD	
21..5	1	RD		21..1	0	T	
22..4	2	LD		22..2	o	D	
23..2	1	LD		23..2	1	LD	
24..1	1	R		24..1	1	RD	
25..4	o	D		25..3	1	RI	
26..3	o	D		26..1	1	RD	
27..3	o	R		27..4	0	R	
28..4	2	R		28..4	1	RD	
29..4	2	D		29..3	2	R	
30..3	2	RD		30..2	0	L	
31..3	2	D		31..2	1	R	
32..1	2	D		32..3	1	R	
33..2	1	RD		33..4	1	RD	
34..1	0	LD		34..2	0	LD	
35..1	1	RD		35..2	0	D	
36..4	2	RD		36..5	0	R	
37..5	o	LD		37..4	1	D	
38..4	0	RD		38..4	o	D	
39..4	2	RD		39..1	2	RD	
40..1	2	RD		40..3	1	R	
41..5	1	L		41..2	0	D	
42..3	2	L		42..2	2	LI	
43..3	2	L		43..2	1	L	
44..5	2	R		44..3	2	RD	
45..5	2	RD		45..2	1	R	
46..3	1	R		46..2	1	RD	
47..4	1	L		47..4	2	RI	
48..1	2	LD		48..2	1	LD	
49..4	1	L		49...	0	...	
50..4	o	LD		50..3	2	LD	

Total 41 — Total 38

F. J. Smith. — Geo. Hofman.

1..3	1	R		1..5	0	L	
2..1	1	L		2..5	1	RI	
3..3	2	RD		3..2	2	LD	
4..3	0	D		4..1	0	D	
5..4	2	D		5..2	2	D	
6..5	0	R		6..5	2	D	
7..3	2	I		7..3	2	D	
8..3	2	L		8..5	2	I	
9..3	2	T		9..4	2	RD	
10..5	2	RI		10..1	1	RD	
11..2	1	D		11..2	1	L	
12..3	2	D		12..1	2	RI	
13..2	1	LI		13..5	1	RI	
14..1	2	RI		14..3	2	D	
15..4	1	RI		15..4	2	R	
16..1	2	RI		16..1	1	R	
17..3	1	L		17..2	2	T	
18..4	2	RD		18..3	1	D	
19..4	1	R		19..3	2	I	
20..2	1	RI		20..1	2	I	
21..2	2	D		21..3	2	I	
22..1	2	LI		22..4	2	R	
23..1	1	LI		23..4	1	T	
24..4	2	R		24..4	1	RI	
25..2	1	T		25..4	1	RI	
26..1	2	LD		26..1	2	R	
27..4	1	I		27..1	1	RI	
28..5	2	RI		28..2	o	RD	
29..5	1	L		29..1	1	I	
30..1	2	RD		30..3	1	I	
31..5	1	RD		31..2	1	RI	
32..1	2	LD		32..1	2	D	
33..4	2	RD		33..5	o	LD	
34..1	2	LI		34..4	2	RD	
35..4	1	R		35..5	0	T	
36..2	1	R		36..1	1	D	
37..4	1	R		37..2	0	D	
38..4	1	RI		38..3	0	D	
39..1	1	I		39..1	1	RD	
40..1	2	R		40..3	0	T	
41..2	0	D		41..3	1	RD	
42..2	2	LI		42..4	1	RD	
43..2	o	LD		43..2	2	RD	
44..4	1	L		44..2	2	RD	
45..5	2	D		45..2	2	RD	
46..2	1	R		46..3	1	L	
47..2	2	D		47..1	1	RD	
48..1	2	LI		48..1	1	LD	
49..5	1	I		49..1	2	I	
50..4	2	RI		50..5	2	RD	

Total 45 — Total 44

W. G. Eads. — A. W. Reeves.

1..4	1	RI		1..1	1	L	
2..2	1	RD		2..4	1	R	
3..1	2	RD		3..4	1	RI	
4..4	2	LD		4..4	1	RD	
5..1	0	D		5..3	2	L	
6..1	1	LD		6..4	0	L	
7..3	2	D		7..4	2	L	
8..3	0	LD		8..5	2	R	
9..3	2	LD		9..4	1	RD	
10..5	1	D		10..3	1	L	
11..3	1	R		11..1	2	I	
12..5	1	R		12..4	2	RI	
13..3	2	LD		13..1	0	L	
14..5	1	D		14..4	2	RI	
15..3	1	LD		15..2	2	D	
16..5	1	RD		16..1	2	LD	
17..2	0	RD		17..4	1	R	
18..2	2	LD		18..3	0	D	
19..5	1	LD		19..4	1	RD	
20..3	2	D		20..2	1	R	
21..3	2	LD		21..5	2	R	
22..3	1	I		22..5	2	RD	
23..1	1	RD		23..5	2	RD	
24..5	2	RI		24..3	2	I	
25..4	2	R		25..2	o	LD	
26..5	2	R		26..1	1	R	
27..2	1	RD		27..1	1	I	
28..3	2	RD		28..4	1	LD	
29..1	1	I		29..5	2	LD	
30..2	1	I		30..3	0	R	
31..1	1	I		31..4	1	R	
32..4	0	RD		32..3	2	I	
33..4	1	R		33..3	1	LI	
34..4	o	RD		34..5	0	I	
35..2	1	RI		35..3	2	I	
36..1	1	RD		36..1	1	L	
37..4	2	RD		37..3	1	LD	
38..4	2	RD		38..2	2	L	
39..2	1	LD		39..1	1	R	
40..2	1	RI		40..5	1	RD	
41..3	o	RI		41..2	1	RD	
42..3	1	R		42..3	1	RD	
43..5	2	LD		43..3	2	RD	
44..1	2	LD		44..3	0	L	
45..2	1	RI		45..2	2	R	
46..4	2	RD		46..1	1	RI	
47..4	1	D		47..5	1	RD	

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., Nov. 29.—Score made by the Gun Club at 10 live pigeons, Illinois State rules:

C E Willard	1221210222—8	Edbrooke	2222120222 – 9
B Rock	1110121112—9	J O'Brien	2111112222—10
Babeuf	1121112210—9	Cap Anson	1022221210— 8
C B Dicks	1122222220—9	L M Ham	1002000022— 4
Ed Stack	1221112201—9	R B Wadsworth	2122212222 –10

On shoot-off Wadsworth won first, Stack second.

At 20 Peoria blackbirds:

Wadsw'h	01011110110111010110—14	L M Ham	10111010111000010110—11
B Rock	11101111111110101111—17	E Willard	11111000011111000100— 9
Ed Steck	11001111001100011110—12	C Anson	01100111001110110110—12
J O'Brien	11110111111000011110—14	B Babeuf	01011110111011001110—13
C B Dicks	01001111010110101111—14		

Dec. 2.—Scores made here to-day by Chicago Shooting Club, Illinois State rules:

G Kleinman	11212121112122—12	E Steck	11122112211—11
M J Eich	20121211112—11	Smith	11002110111— 9
A W Reeves	22122110111—11	Cap Anson	12201220112—10
R B Wadsworth	21212122011—11		

G. Kleinman and E. Steck will shoot off tie for medal in next club shoot.

Same day, 25 Peoria blackbirds:

E Steck	1110111110111111111101101—21
R B Wadsworth	1000001011110111111111011—18
G Kleinman	1111111011111111111111110—22
M J Eich	1101011111100110101011111—18
A W Reeves	1110011101100101111111111—18
Cap Anson	1010111111010111101111111—20

Sweep, same day at 5 live pigeons:

R B Wadsworth	21112—5	E Steck	10221—4
A W Reeves	01121—4	G Kleinman	11111—5
Smith	00101—3	Ike Watson	11212—5
Cap Anson	12112—5		

Tie for first won by Wadsworth with 13 straight.—RAVELRIGG.

NIAGARA, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Niagara River Gun Club. Match No. 1, at 7 live birds, entrance $2, ground trap, 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, use both barrels, money div. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Geo Margetts	1111121—7	S M Brooks	1120001—4
Patterson	2121011—6	John Few	0021201—4
Case	2221110—6	P Ellis	2110101—5
McBean	1120111—6		

Shot off tie on second in next match.

Match No. 2, same as No. 1:

Kellogg	1121211—7	McBean	1101111—6
Margetts	1111112—7	Brooks	2000110—3
Patterson	0121111—6	John Few	0111111—6
Case	1111111—7	Ellis	1010100—3

Ties all div.

Match No. 3, at 5 live birds, money div. 60 and 40 per cent.:

Geo Margetts	11111—5	McBean	11111—5
Patterson	11122—5	Brooks	11210—4
Case	12111—5	Ellis	11220—4

McBean and Margetts div. first on shoot-off; second div.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 6.—A pewter cup match was opened at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day to take the place of the monthly merchandise match. The conditions of the match are that the man making the highest score at 15 single and 5 pairs bluerocks is entitled to a cup each Saturday, and that the shooter winning the greatest number of cups by the last Saturday in February will receive $50 in gold or its equivalent in plate. In this match to-day Perry and Gore tied with 20 each, and in the shoot-off Perry won. The other scores in this match were: Moore 19, Dill 18, Hooper 16, Cowes 15, Stone 12. Ten rockets, shot at in the dark: Perry and Bradstreet 9, Dill 8, Hooper 7. A practice match, at 15 bluerocks, from 3 unknown angles, will be opened at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club next Monday. This match will close on the last Saturday in February and the 10 best scores are to count for the prizes: The first prize $25, second $20, third $15, fourth $10, and six prizes of $5 each.

"LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN."—Years ago when a farmer lost a sheep or colt from his pastures it was the custom to write out notices similar to the heading above and then nail the notices along the road side, where the papers would be apt to catch the eye of those passing along. In these days we do matters better, and catch the eyes of thousands of readers by a single notice in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. Jack Elliott, of Barlow-on Sound, the man who is known to all as "Happy Jack Elliott," is in trouble. His Parker gun is "lost, strayed or stolen." At Erb's Park on the last day of the tournament some one exchanged guns—we will say unintentionally—taking Elliott's "mascot" gun and leaving a Parker, it is true, but not Jack's. His was a nearly new one; this is well worn. As Elliott is to shoot two races this week he is naturally worried. The number of the missing gun is 60794, so if any one has it not knowing the owner it can be returned as above. Elliott wants to win his matches with Daly and with Ryan, but will lose the forfeit rather than shoot with a strange gun.—JACOB PENTZ.

Canoeing.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—V.

TENTS AND CAMP OUTFITS.—There were tents of all styles and sizes, and in large numbers too, at the camp; but among them all was nothing especially new or striking. The ordinary army wall tent, from the 7×9 to the 12×14 size, was very generally used and served fairly well, thought devoid of any original or especially meritorious features. The men either bought or hired them of tent makers as the easiest way of procuring a tent, and with no regard to their fitness. Being large and unwieldy, and offering a good hold to the wind, they furnished excitement and exercise on many a breezy night, all hands turning out for tent peg drill, perhaps to extricate some sufferer from the ruins of his home, and to pitch it anew for him. The maddest man in camp during the entire meet was one whose tent *did not* blow down, though he was called away in a hurry from the minstrel show by the news that it had. The larger of these tents were in many cases very neatly and tastily furnished, and through the half open flaps a very cosy interior was displayed to the passer by. One of the Mohican tents in particular attracted general attention. The smallest ferm of wall tent, the serviceable little Clyde, with its floor sewn in, was used by many of the less pretentious campers, those who carried to camp little save the simplest and most essential articles. The single pole square pyramidal tent was also used by many of the same class of campers, among them the Ianthe and Brooklyn men. The little "Mini" tent, described in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 24, 1889, was represented by a very neat piece of handiwork, built from the published drawings by Mr. J. S. Wright, of New Bedford. The tent is so neat and compact, and so easily set up, that it is excellently adapted for canoe use; while it needs no pegs, and so may be pitched on a rock or a wharf or any level place.

Of canoe tents proper, to fit over the canoe, but few samples were seen, and these showed no improvement over the original ones at Grindstone in 1884. In fact it is undeniable that so far as the meets are concerned, improvements in tents and camp outfits have practically ceased within the past three years. Men waste little time or thought over tents or camp furniture, but take what is easiest to be had of the regular dealer. Most of the tents are more completely furnished than in the past, board floors, rugs, curtains, cots, chairs, etc., considered mere matters of necessity now, where once they were looked upon as the highest degree of luxury. There were a number of simple cooking kits about the camp, used by those who were fortunate enough to be independent of the mess tent, but they were little different from the many which we have described at various times.

Most canoeists are ingenious enough to improvise all needed camp furniture from common pine boards, tables, chairs, etc., being quickly thrown together, and for this purpose a good supply of cheap planed boards is necessary. This year the supply was limited and the prices high. A very handy addition to a camp chest is a saw handle with three interchangeable blades, the largest being heavy enough to cut thick plank or timbers, the whole taking up practically no room. With such a saw, a sharp hatchet, and a few sizes of wire nails, which the canoeist should carry with him, the tent floor can be quickly built and table, etc., rigged up. There are always carpenters to build the floors and do similar work, but they are in such demand at times that it is worth while to do one's own fitting up. The men who obtain the greatest amount of enjoyment, and experience the fewest vexations at an A. C. A. meet are the ones who go with the smallest, most compact and complete camp outfit, everything carefully packed to save weight, bulk and number of packages; thus lessening the inevitable difficulties of expressage and transportation. At the same time this outfit should be so complete as to make the man entirely independent of outside aid save in the furnishing of raw materials. If the Association can give reasonable transportation, sufficient cheap lumber for floor and float, and such supplies as milk, meat and bread, they ask nothing more. A man so equipped is not likely to worry over the shortcomings of the camp caterer, or to spend a day in the rain because he has no floor to pitch his tent on; nor will he be troubled with an avalanche of baggage when he breaks camp. One model camper of this sort is that old campaigner Capt. Ruggles, whose innocent looking camp chest contains wonders in the shape of a tent, a bed, and even a whole portable camp floor.

A. C. A. FINANCES.

THE following abstracts of the treasurer's and purser's reports, for which we are indebted to the *Sail and Paddle*, complete the financial reports of the Association, the reports of the camp site and regatta committees having already been published:

A. C. A. TREASURER'S REPORT, 1890.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from former treasurer (see Year Book)	$131 04
By purser Atlantic Division, full income	329 26
By purser Eastern Division, 30 per cent	135 90
By purser Central Division, 30 per cent	60 00
By purser Northern Division ($75 due, but unpaid)	——
By camp dues at meet, 248 members @ $1.00	248 00
By camp site committee account	636 00
By interest to date	1 87
	$1,542 07

EXPENDITURES.

To expressage on box from ex-treasurer	$3 30
To postage stamps	58 15
To stationery	16 55
To membership certificates	16 50
To stamps and printing, commodore's use	32 10
To badges for camp use	41 37
To secretary's expenses	25 00
To regatta programmes	2 50
To buoys lost at camp (replaced)	11 50
To regatta committee's account	63 23
To camp site committee's account	1,223 24
Balance	48 60
	$1,542 07

Bills to the amount of $153.65 on camp site account are still unpaid, but provided for by an advance from the Atlantic Division. If the Northern Division had paid its dues to the A. C. A. treasury the expenses would still have exceeded the receipts by $30.08.

F. L. DUNNELL, Sec'y-Treas.

Audited and found correct, JAMES R. STEERS,
MORTON V. BROKAW.

ATLANTIC DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

By cash from former purser	$217 12
By dues and initiation fees, 1890	376 00
By dues from 1885 to 1894	32 00
	$625 12

EXPENDITURES.

To office expenses	$61 24
To A. C. A. treasurer (By-Laws, Chap. I., Sec. 2)	329 26
To balance (Nov. 7, 1890)	234 62
	$625 12

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership Nov. 4, 1889		231
New members	89	
Reinstated	1	
Transferred from other Divisions	4—94	
Dropped for non-payment	23	
Resigned	5—28	gain 66
Total Nov. 7, 1890		297

WILLIAM R. HAVILAND, Purser.

Audited and found correct, THEODORE S. OXHOLM,
ROBERT J. WILKIN.

CENTRAL DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

By balance from former purser	$130 77
By dues of members for 1890	162 00
By back dues	5 00
By dues for 1891	1 00
By initiation fees	22 00
	$320 77

EXPENDITURES.

To office expenses	$34 75
To expenses of Division Meet	98 45
To A. C. A. treasurer	60 00
To balance Oct. 1, 1890	127 57
	$320 77

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership December, 1889		184
Dropped and resigned	44	
New members	22	loss 22
Total membership October, 1890		162

JAMES K. BAKEWELL, Purser.

Audited and found correct, THOMAS W. BAKEWELL,
C. F. HOLDSHIP.

EASTERN DIVISION PURSER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

By balance from former purser	$52 23
By dues of members for 1890	296 00
By initiation fees	146 00
By back dues	11 00
	$505 23

EXPENDITURES.

To office expenses	$75 18
To expenses of Division meet	150 06
To A. C. A. treasurer (30 per cent. of income, $453)	135 90
To balance Oct. 1, 1890	144 09
	$505 23

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership Oct. 11, 1889		168
New members	146	
Reinstated	9—155	
Dropped for non-payment	23	
Transferred to other Divisions	2	
Resigned	2— 27	gain 128
Total membership Oct. 1, 1890		296

RALPH F. BRAZER, Purser.

Audited and found correct, R. F. HEMENWAY,
FREDERICK F. WALSH.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

The report was not forwarded in full, but from memoranda sent on by Purser Chas. M. Whitlaw the accounts stand as follows:

RECEIPTS.

By balance from former purser	$50 20
By dues of members for 1890	180 00
By initiation fees, 71 new members	71 00
	$301 20

The expenses of the meet and office expenses used this up and left a deficit to be made up by the subscription of members. The Division was unfortunate in holding the meet during bad weather and arranging for many more members than attended.

Income, $251, 30 per cent due A. C. A.	$75 30

MEMBERSHIP.

Number of members on roll at end of 1889		171
New members	71	
Dropped	62	gain 9
Total at end of 1890		180

BROOKLYN C. C.—On Dec. 2 the Brooklyn C. C. gave a very pleasant smoker at which a number of guests were present. The subject of camp fire and canoe cooking, with practical illustrations by Messrs. Wilkin and Weeks, filled the entire evening.

IANTHE C. C.—On Dec. 6 an informal smoker was held at the clubhouse.

"GENERAL PURPOSE" CANOES.

ditor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 27, "Pecowsic" says: "In my opinion the A. C. A. is entirely on the wrong track in trying to encourage what is termed an 'all around canoe.' Who ever heard of an all around horse."

Several millions of people have heard of the "all around horse," and quite a number have owned him. I am one of them. This horse was 6 years old, a bright bay with very heavy black mane and tail. He stood nearly sixteen hands and weighed 1,200lbs. He was so gentle a child could handle him, and in driving it made no difference whether the reins were tight or loose. He feared nothing, and could be driven alongside of a moving train. He could draw a big load, or could cover forty miles of hilly country road in five hours, and go the last mile as free as the first. On a good level road he could cover eleven miles in an hour. He was a splendid "all around horse." What has a horse to do with a canoe? Nothing, only that the writer considers "Pecowsic" is wrong on both.

There are many good all around canoes at the present time. Take one of them, Vesper. This canoe was designed by Mr. Gibson in 1886 and won the trophy race against thirteen of the best American and English canoes, including Pecowsic. Next day she lost a 2½ miles to windward and return, being beaten by about two minutes by Pecowsic; and Pecowsic was built to go. Since '86 a great many Vespers have been built and all have given good accounts of themselves, whether in races or on the cruise.

Who will say that Vesper is not a good "all around canoe." And Vesper is but one of the many good models that can be obtained within a 16×30in. limit.

In fixing the limit of the cruising canoe "Pecowsic" suggests 15×30. Make it 16×30; 15×30 will shut out many good canoes; and when you take subscriptions for a cruising trophy put the writer down for $25, if agreeable to the committee in charge.

CANTON, N. Y., Dec. 1. J. H. RUSHTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your edition of Nov. 20, giving an interesting account of the proceedings of the late executive meeting, there is an error which I write to correct. Under the head of changes proposed by myself you print "The foregoing rules of measurement * * * shall not disqualify any canoe built prior to Jan. 1, 1891," etc.

The letter press copy of my letter shows that I wrote 1890, which on examination will be found to be the same as incorporated in the 1890 year book. The reason why it was inserted in the year book still holds.

I also proposed that under the head of "Races" should be inserted "All races, with the exception of the sailing and paddling trophy and Pecowsic cup races, shall be open to such canoes only as shall come within the definition of the general purpose canoe."

I believe that my letter as written would not lead any one to suppose that there would be any partiality shown to the racer of 1890 and denied to that of 1891, and that the objections of Mr. Quick as published in the FOREST AND STREAM are without foundation. My intention was that the A. C. A. should recognize what we already have, viz.: paddling racers, sailing racers and general purpose canoes, and show by their programme that they wish to encourage the general canoe. Some object that the proposed changes are too radical. In answer would ask: Would the attractions of the meet decrease? Would the interest in the races be lessened? Would the annual attendance be diminished? The answer to all can be given in a decided no.

I was pleased to read in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 27 a letter from "Pecowsic," advocating among others these proposed changes. His proposition to institute a cruising trophy should recommend itself to many who believe that the cruising canoe has not had its just share in the programme.

I hope your readers may be favored by letters from others on the points raised in "Pecowsic's" letter. J. N. MACKENDRICK.

GALT, Ont., Nov. 30.

COLD CANOEING.

THE reader must not expect an account of a journey in an Eskimo kayak. The writer has never seen the Arctic zone nor experienced anything more frigid than a last summer's bill for ice. This is an account of a trip in our own latitude, but a cold one, nevertheless.

I was living in Rochester, N. Y., then. Being an inveterate canoeist and having friends equally affected—I won't say afflicted—we could not allow a holiday to pass any time of the year without, if possible, indulging in our favorite sport. We had been counting on Thanksgiving for an all-day's cruise up the Genesee River. We were to leave our boat wherever night should overtake us, and the following week take a day from business to go up on the cars and leisurely run down with the current. Luck was against us, frost set to work long before we could start. Unseasonable and unreasonable weather we thought it, despite the satisfactory remarks of the poultry dealers about an "old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

Our holiday dawned clear and sharp. "Never mind the temperature," said Harry Gordon, the friend whom I had invited. "I guess if people can take rides in a sleigh, where they can't exercise, we can, with warm clothing, brave the weather in a canoe where one of the conditions is to keep moving like a windmill."

From the boat house we carried to the Erie canal, up which we intended to go for a few miles until we could portage into the Genesee above the rapids. The canal boats, after some unprofitable buffetings among the ice, had a day or so previously laid up for the season, and the cakes made by their movements were now connected by a thin sheet nearly half an inch thick. Though our canoe, an open one, was one of the best that Rogers of the Peterborough Canoe Co. could turn out, and had withstood many a strain, we looked upon this test of strength with misgivings.

Finding an open spot we got afloat; I took the stern paddle while Gordon in the bow with a tough maple blade adroitly thrust aside the impending cakes in the open water or as vigorously cast about him as we advanced on the new ice, which reached in many places from shore to shore and obstructed our progress.

The boat proving its honest Canadian workmanship by many a hard knock we at last got safely into the river, where fortunately the strong current had prevented the ice from forming to any extent.

Good, steady work until noon made our mid-day meal very welcome. There were few that day that did not sit down to a more elaborate Thanksgiving dinner; but there could have been none that enjoyed with a more hearty appetite what they had than we did, as we partook of the few simple viands in our canoe moored along the snow-clad banks.

The river flowed through an alluvial bottom with many a bend and twist. The banks, lined with a fringe of tall trees which every now and then multiplied into a grove, was of a uniform height just sufficient to prevent us from seeing beyond them. We had hoped that night to have reached Avon, twenty miles above Rochester, but the windings of the river and the frequent acceleration of the current into miniature rifts, combined with our being necessarily encumbered with considerable clothing, made our most vigorous efforts unsatisfactory.

Before we knew it the early winter twilight was upon us. The holding of these Genesee bottom lands by a few wealthy men, and their leaving them in a state of nature, while making charmingly picturesque scenery, keeps the houses remote from the river. We had encountered hardly any one all day. Now night was approaching. We could not see further than the banks, no house was near, no person within hailing distance.

It became dusk. The narrow river, with its gigantic trees reaching their branches to each other on the opposite banks, was nearly inclosed. We traveled through the frame work of a summer house. The night was clear. The ground was covered with snow. The reflection of the trees and of the whitened ground was perfectly reproduced in the placid waters over which we moved. So sharply defined was the imagery on this mirror that we could not tell the counterfeit from the genuine, and would frequently run aground in our gropings for the channel.

The silence of death hung over the deserted scene. Paddling swiftly onward without a word, impressed with the sense of isolation, we suddenly felt a shock and heard a rush of water against the canoe, and into it, as we supposed. We were sure we must have struck a snag, and already were anticipating an icy plunge. We pushed ashore at our best speed, to have our fright allayed by the discovery of a branch across the bow.

We were in for it now. We knew we could not get back that night, and so determined to take to-morrow from business and push on to Avon. The river soon ran close to a hill. A light appeared. We left the canoe, and found several houses; the small hamlet of Rush. Applying at several places we at last found one that was willing to accommodate us, and we soon became a part of the party of holiday merrymakers that the old farmhouse contained.

The morning dawned threateningly with a much higher temperature. We had been under way but an hour or so, when a drizzle commenced. We donned our rubber coats and covered up the gun. This did not prevent us from taking it out immediately and killing a gray squirrel. The game lay dead in the top of a high tree entirely devoid of branches until the top was

No.	Date.	Club.	Meas. and Clas.	Knots.	Palmer, K.	Merlin, C. B.	Sea Fox, C.B.	Mayflower, C.B.	Marguerite, C.B.	Iroquois, C.B.	Œnone, K.	Quickstep, C.B.	Viator, C.	Azalea, C.B.	Gevalia, C.B.	Agnes, C.B.	Elfin, K.	Leona, C.B.	No. of Starters.	Wind and Weather.	Notes.
		L.W.L....	.....	.....	104.	89.6	89.5	85.	80.	80.	75.	65.	62.	61.4	58.	53.11	48.	46.4			
1	May 31..	Larchmont, *m.*.....	C.L.	31	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 *d.*	.....	2	.....	.....	2	Mod., clear.....	Azalea lost foretopmast.
2	June 7..	Larchmont, Spring..	C.L.	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	3	2	3	Mod., clear.....	Agnes wins by 18m. 41s.
3	June 17.	Larchmont, *m.*.....	C.L.	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	1	2	Mod., clear.....	
4	July 4...	Larchmont, An.....	C.L.	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	2	1	.....	.....	.....	4	Light, clear....	Lotus finished third.
5	July 4...	Larchmont, *m.*.....	C.L.	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	Postponed match decided on result No. 4.
6	July 7..	American, An.....	C.L.	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	2	.....	.....	.....	2	Fresh, clear....	Azalea wins by 7m 24s.
7	July 5..	New Rochelle, An...	W.L.	22	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	s.o. 1	.....	.....	.....	1	Strong, clear...	Mean length rule, l.w.l. classification.
8	July 11..	Eastern, An.....	W.L.	24	.....	1	2	4	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	Strong to mod..	Rough water. Merlin wins by 7m. 30s.
9	Aug. 1..	N. Y. Goelet Cup....	W.L.	39	*w.*	1	3	2	*n.t.*	.....	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	Light, clear....	Sow and Pigs course.
10	Aug. 5..	N. Y. Cruise.....	W.L.	34	s.o. 1	1	2	3	.....	1	2	s.o. 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	Strong, clear...	Run from Vineyard Haven to N. Bedford.
11	Aug. 7..	N. Y. Cruise.....	W.L.	27	.....	1	.....	*n.t.* 2	*w.g.*	*n.t.* 2	1	s.o. 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	Light, clear....	Calms, run—New Bedford to Newport.
12	Aug. 8..	N. Y. Cruise...	W.L.	24	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	2	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	Light, clear....	Special race—Newport.
						$1,400	$100				$150	$200									
		Starts.....	.....	.....	2	4	3	4	2	3	5	3	2	4	3	2	2	2			
		Firsts.....	.....	.....	s.o. 1	4	.....	.....	.....	1	1	1	.....	3	2	1	.....	1			
		Seconds.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....			
		Total.....	.....	.....	1	4	1	1	.....	.....	1	1	.....	4	2	1	.....	1		Full faced figures indicate prizes.	

Nos. 10 and 11, races on runs of New York Y. C. Cruise, count as one race. Merlin wins first and Mayflower second prize in 90ft. class; Œnone first in 80ft. class; over 90ft. and under 70ft. have but one starter in each—no prize.

S, $\frac{L+\sqrt{SA}}{2}$; C. L., classed by corrected length; W. L., classed by waterline; *s.o.*, sail over; *g.*, grounded; *d.*, disabled; *w.*, withdrew; *n.t.*, not timed; *p.*, disqualified; *m.*, private match.

reached; but Gordon was bound to have it. By the aid of an entwining grape vine, after repeated efforts, he at last succeeded in getting the squirrel down and himself wet into the bargain.

The rest of our trip had better not be told. "The rain descended and the floods came." We drove ahead at our best speed, but not so fast but that we landed in Avon in a driving rain. There we stowed the canoe, and there it remained until the grass and the leaves replaced the ice and the snow. But we never regretted our journey. It afforded us novel experiences and showed us that while less approachable nature is beautiful in winter as well as in summer. The reverse side of the picture has many colorings which tell as much of the artist as the completed work, carefully prepared for the indolent eye. RALPH K. WING.

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held on Dec. 3 at the residence of Com. Nadal. The new constitution lately drawn up was adopted. The following officers for 1891 were elected: Com., William Willard Howard, Vice Com., Dr. B. F. Curtis, Secy-Treas, Charles J. Stevens, Board of Trustees, William Whitlock, Schuyler Schieffelin, M. T. Bennett, Jr. Com. Nadal has perfected a plan for a series of meetings through the winter, and a committee was appointed of which he is chairman, to carry out the scheme. The first meeting was held on Dec. 5 at Capt. Nicolas' fencing rooms, 19 West 24th st., about 25 canoeists being present from the New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers and other clubs. Mr. C. K. Munroe, one of the old members of the club, was also present. The evening was passed in discussing various points of canoe sailing, a light supper being served at 10:30. The entertainment was a decided success.

ROCHESTER Y. C.—The officers elected at the annual meeting last week were: Com., J. R. White; Vice-Com., E. N. Walbridge; Fleet Captain, William Wood; Sec'y., C. S. Davis; Treas., G. H. Briggs; Surgeon, Dr. F. H. Sawers; Meas., J. H. Pillow; Executive Committee, George H. Newell, R. K. Dreyer, A. T. Hagen, J. F. LeClaie. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring officers for their successful management of the club for the past year. H. S. Tomer on behalf of the club presented to Com. Newell a handsome yacht gun suitably inscribed as a token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by the members of the yacht club. Among the new yachts for next season are a schooner of 48ft. l.w.l., purchased in Boston by Com. White, and three new yachts 23ft. over all from a Burgess design, building by J. J. Leary.

PASSAIC RIVER.—The canoe clubs have taken up tug-of-war since the season has closed. The team of the Ianthe C. C. has lately taken part in several contests with teams from the Passaic rowing clubs, and has now challenged the team of the Orange C. C. The Ianthe C. C. has also purchased ground for a new club house. Its first smoker was held on Dec. 6. The Arlington C. C. housed its float on Nov. 30. The Bayonne C. C. has two new Ruggles canoes, Mr. F. B. Collins having purchased the Wraith from Mr. D. D. Gessler, and Mr. J. L. Collins having a new 16×30in. built for him by Capt. Ruggles.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.—Vice-Com. Dorland has appointed the following committees: Regatta, M. V. Brokaw chairman, H. E. McCormick, F. E. Moore; camp site, B. H. Nadal, chairman, W. C. Lawrence, R. N. Peebles. Suggestions as to suitable camp sites are invited from members of the Division as an aid to the committee.

BOWDISH CANOES.—On Oct. 9 Mr. E. R. Bowdish severed his connection with the Bowdish M'f'g Co. as designer. We understand that he proposes to establish a new plant for the building of fine canoes and boats in season for the spring trade.

MASSASOIT C. C.—The present address of the secretary is J. J. Brooks, 218 Tremont street, Boston.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Chas. Lane Poor New York.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please lookunder the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

YACHT PORTRAITS.—Mr. N. L. Stebbins has now ready a supplement to his book "Yacht Portraits," published last year. It consists of 16 new plates, intended for insertion in the book in place of the blank leaves now there. The price is $1.75.

A NEW SCHOONER.—On Dec. 3, the new schooner Orinthia was launched at Bedell's yard, Glenwood, L. I. She was designed and built by Joshua Bedell for Mr. Wm. Walker, of New York, and is a keel boat 65ft. over all, 16ft. beam, 9ft. hold and 8ft. 6in. draft, with an iron keel.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—A lecture will be delivered at the Hotel Marlborough, Broadway and 36th street, on Dec. 11, at 8 P. M. by Com. Robert Center, S.C.Y.C.

CHOCTAW.—Mr. Arnold Thayer has sold his Burgess 40 to Messrs. C. F. Brown and H. C. Higginson, of Newburg. Mr. Brown formerly owned the Burgess boat Bonita.

AWA.—This Burgess 40, built in 1889 for Providence yachtsmen, has been sold to Mr. Frank Benson, of New York.

SULTANA, steam yacht, Mr. T. L. Park, sailed from Bermuda on Nov. 24 bound for Madeira.

FLEUR DE LYS.—Mr. George Trotter's new schooner arrived at New York last week.

SCHOONER RACING IN 1890.

WHEN, some four years since, as a side result of the America's Cup contest, the 90ft. schooner class blossomed into life with such buds of promise as Sachem, Sea Fox, Merlin, Mayflower, Elma and Alert in quick succession, with the remodelled Grayling and the imported Miranda, there seemed good reason for the belief that schooner racing, which at one time held a monopoly of yacht racing, was to regain some of its old-time glory, and that the fame of America, Sappho, Magic, Fleetwing, Henrietta, Columbia, Idler, Montauk and Halcyon was to be dimmed in a measure by these newer celebrities. Unfortunately these roseate anticipations have fallen very far short of a realization, and in the course of two or three seasons the promised schooner revival has not only run out entirely, but left a dreary void. In 1885, the last year that the old boats had the entire field to themselves, the racing seemed poor enough, but it was lively and exciting to a degree compared with the past season, or, so far as is now probable, with the coming one. At that time there were still signs of vitality in the class, and while none of the boats were really up to the times, they at least entered the races and furnished a fair amount of sport to contestants and spectators. Though shorn of a part of their former glory, the great club regattas still made a goodly showing in the way of lofty spars and acres of kites, and had by no means reached the very low ebb of the past year.

The most noticeable thing about the accompanying table of the year's races is the lack of well-known names, the few boats that raced are far surpassed in numbers, and especially in tonnage, by those that were tied up at their docks or spent the summer in doing houseboat service; Mohican, Fortuna, Alert, Montauk, Grayling, Elma, Ramona, Sachem, Constellation, Miranda and Gitana. Of the dozen that made all the racing, nearly half were small or ancient craft; while of the cracks not one started more than four times. The programmes of the various clubs included over 20 separate events open to schooners in nearly all of them first prizes of about $150 to $200, and second prizes of about half these amounts being offered for schooners in three or four classes; the prizes in some cases being of greater value. Of these regular club events but 9 received any entries at all, the dozen others, in which were included the annual regattas of such clubs as the New York, Seawanhaka and Atlantic, the fall regattas of the New York and Eastern, and other equally good opportunities for racing and prize winning, being abandoned entirely for lack of entries.

The promise of the early season was not bad considering the general dullness of racing in the larger sizes of yachts; Merlin was ready for the fray, Sea Fox and Mayflower had both changed ownership, going to the east of Cape Cod and into good hands, Marguerite had been purchased by an owner who proposed to race her, and who expended considerable money in various alterations, Miranda also had been overhauled, and proposed to renew the fight. That Grayling was out of the racing for one season promised rather to help the sport, leaving the field free for a new champion. Just how it happened that after all there was no schooner racing is even now a hard thing to describe; the Eastern yachts did not care to come to New York, Marguerite's alterations were greatly delayed, and the big craft, such as Montauk and Ramona, though still plenty good enough to make sport with their fellows, had no stomach for racing. One by one the spring regattas went by without a schooner race, the only *bona fide* starter coming to grief at the start of the New York Y. C. regatta by drifting stern first on to the West Bank before the gun fired.

The usual prizes were offered, and if it had been a mere matter of money the club would have gone further in this direction to secure entries. The work undertaken by the various regatta committees in the way of a personal canvass of owners is not generally known, but no effort was spared to induce them to enter for the sake of the clubs; but to no effect. No one wanted to race, and no one would enter to please the committees, so there was no racing. The only club which made any showing at all was the Larchmont, the racing atmosphere which pervades the locality of the club house being stimulating enough to induce half a dozen races which made good sport for all concerned, albeit the craft were noted rather for a flavor of age and respectability than for speed or good looks.

The first race of the year was a match over the Stamford course of the Larchmont Y. C. between Azalea and Agnes, in which the former won easily, though losing her foretopmast. Following this was an amusing race between Agnes, Leona and Elfin, the sequel to which was a match between the latter pair, which was chiefly remarkable for the numerous mishaps which befel one of the competitors and the dire straits to which her crew were reduced in the efforts to repair damages. So far as these little races are concerned, they show that if men really care for sport they can get it out of yachts that are by no means first-class, and that the owners of many of the larger and really fast boats, which are considered out of the racing, might still find plenty of sport if they wished it by entering in some of the many races where none of the new cracks are present. There were enough schooners in the Lower Bay on the occasion of the New York Y. C. regatta, not one of them of the modern type but all on a fair plane of equality, to have made a fine sight for the spectators and a creditable showing for the club, had their owners possessed the spirit to enter them. It is perfectly natural that the owner of an old boat after being defeated by a new one should decline to race further; but the case is very different when no new boats are present, and when a boat is no worse off because she has no lead keel nor white topsides than half a dozen of her old competitors.

It was not until the middle of July that the small surviving fleet of modern schooners really essayed a race; the occasion being the annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C., when, after a day lost in a drift, the fleet started out with a strong N.E. breeze and a tumble of a sea to sail the short twenty-four knot course to Harding's Ledge and back. As far as a test went this was most unsatisfactory, a short course for 90ft. yachts, a start under spinnakers followed by a reach part of the way out, and a long leg for most of the way home, with hardly any real windward work. The race was chiefly remarkable for the poor pilotage on nearly all of the boats, Sea Fox and Mayflower losing considerable on the way home. Merlin won all the more easily on that account, beating the Fox by a margin of 7½ minutes.

It was intended and expected that the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. would make amends for the dullness of the spring racing, in fact many have ascribed the decline of the regattas in part to the influence of the New York cruise, which has certainly gained much in importance of late years. While nothing was left undone on the part of the regatta committee and the officers of the club to make the cruise a success, it was apparent long before the rendezvous to every careful observer that there was little more life and interest in racing than had been shown in June, and that the cruise was likely to fall below rather than to surpass its immediate predecessors. The fleet assembled at New London was a fine one in point of number as well as in the character of the yachts, but it was not a racing fleet, as was evident from the first. The sudden death of Mr. Schuyler, in the middle of the fleet, and on the eve of the first race, robbed the cruise of what vitality it had; several of the races were abandoned, the yachts sailing at will from New London to Newport on the day after Mr. Schuyler's death, and from Newport to Vineyard Haven on the day of his funeral in New York. This left but two runs in place of four, destroying the interest in one feature of the cruise, though it does not appear that in any event the racing would have been up to that of 1889.

The Goelet cups were sailed for off Newport, over the famous "Sow and Pigs" course, but in a light wind that carried the forty-foot Gossoon out of the Sow and Pigs, 18 knots, ahead of the schooners; in fact, Volunteer and Gossoon monopolized most of the honors, the schooner racing being very tame, Merlin winning without an effort. Palmer started in the race, but in such weather was soon hopelessly out: Marguerite also started, but on the run from New London she had grounded and injured her keel so that the board could not be lowered, and in spite of her 11ft. draft she was nowhere to windward in such weather.

The best day's sailing of the year for the spectators was on Aug. 4, when the fleet, 50 odd yachts, ran across from Newport to Vineyard Haven, over as fine a sheet of water as there is on the coast, and with a strong S.S.W. wind driving on the quarter. It was a real pleasure to see the hypochondriacs hump themselves and get over the ground, proving that some of them could race at times if they only knew it. While the new ones, Merlin and Volunteer, led the way, Montauk hung to their heels in a way that must have astonished herself, while Palmer, Norna, Crusader and Intrepid were within hailing distance of the leaders. As they sped through Vineyard Sound, with balloon sails, both jibtopsails and maintopmast staysails, all drawing, they made a picture such as is seldom seen now. The keenest and most exciting form of yacht racing is a struggle between two or three picked and evenly matched boats such as Puritan and Genesta or Minerva and Gossoon; the size has nothing to do with the interest so long as the boats are closely matched. At the same time such a duel can never present the imposing spectacle of a fleet of racing schooners under balloon canvas, such fleets as were once common on both sides of the Atlantic, but are now seldom seen here and never abroad. Unfortunately, as before stated, this run was not timed, and does not go on record as a race.

After such a day as this it is disappointing to find that on the morrow, with the same fine S.W. breeze to order, the mere name of a race frightened over 40 of the fleet through the short cut to New Bedford by the way of Quick's Hole, leaving but 15 to make a race by way of the Vineyard Sound Lightship. Sea Fox gave Merlin a rub for a time, but the latter shook her off when beyond Nobsca Light, beating her in by 15min. Mayflower was beaten another 10min. on top of this. Miranda had met with a mishap in Newport, her boom dropping on the wheel and crushing it, so that she missed the Goelet Cup race, but she started on this run though making but a poor showing. Iroquois did some very good work, beating Œnone very handily all day. The second and final run was on Aug. 7, a drifting match without any decisive result, Merlin winning, however, while Marguerite again went ashore.

The final race of the cruise, and as it proved, of the year, was on Aug. 8, the classes and prizes being: Keel schooners, open to all, $200, first class $200, second class $200, third, fourth and fifth classes $200. The day was clear and bright, with a light wind, nothing to frighten the most timorous racer, the course being but 12 knots to windward and return, but out of the fleet only three of the smaller yachts started, Quickstep, Œnone and Iroquois. The former won easily, beating Œnone over 20min. This ended the schooner racing; the fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. found nothing larger than the 46ft. singlestickers at the line, the Larchmont Y. C. fall regatta fared as badly, and the projected fall regatta of the New York Y. C. was finally abandoned at the last moment, after all preparations were made, because no one would enter in any class.

It is not possible to obtain a full list of prizes won, as the values are often not announced in the race programmes, and in the case of the schooners it makes little difference. We give in the table several amounts. A table of all prizes offered, but not raced for would be an interesting appendix, but we have not the information. The table of starts and totals is based on positions in part, and not on actual prizes; the two runs of the cruise were separate races, so far as the merit of winning goes, though but one first prize was given in each class. We have credited each first place as a win and also each second place, when from the number of starters, four or more, it would be equivalent to a second prize. The heavy-faced numerals in the main table show where prizes were given. When we come to the records of the singlestick classes it may be worth while to attempt some sort of an average record, but such would obviously be impossible with so few races as the schooners have sailed. So far as honors are concerned Merlin comes out ahead, having beaten both Sea Fox and Mayflower in every race, though this of itself is not much, considering the way the latter two were sailed at times. In the other classes there were not enough entries to warrant any definite conclusions save that Quickstep is a very fast little boat, which all knew last year.

In the races on the Lakes and in other localities than New York and Boston the schooners were hardly seen, on Lake Ontario Ori-

cle was the only representative of the rig, Idler and Countess doing no racing. The small schooners of under 50ft. that were once found in such numbers in the East have disappeared entirely from racing.

It is too early yet for any definite forecast of next year, but the outlook for schooner racing is very poor; if boats would not enter this year there is no apparent reason for them entering next. The largest racer in the class, the 106ft. Constellation, may join the singlestickers, a fact which is not likely to have much influence on racing, one way or the other. Fortuna is being fitted with a more modern rig, and may choose to take a hand in the keel class and the races of the cruise. Two or three new yachts of Quickstep's class are promised, though whether for racing or cruising is not yet announced; if for the former they will have their work cut out to beat the little steel flyer. Comparing this year with last we find that the 12 races of 1889 had 93 starters, while the same number of races this year had but 43.

The reason and remedy for the present condition of schooner racing is something for committees to puzzle over this winter. A few would have it that the trouble lies in the amount and character of the prizes, that yachtsmen tire of accumulating silverware and that cash prizes of large value will restore racing. Against this view is the experience in England, where the once prosperous schooner class has long since entirely disappeared, there being but one schooner, Amphitrite, in the British racing to-day. That this is not due to lack of cash prizes is shown by the following table, from a late number of the *Field*, showing the amounts given in prizes each year:

Year.	Prizes.	Year.	Prizes.	Year.	Prizes.
1855	£2,732	1867	£5,100	1879	£10,250
1856	3,800	1868	6,210	1880	12,700
1857	3,670	1869	6,723	1881	11,650
1858	3,900	1870	7,897	1882	12 000
1859	3,700	1871	7,987	1883	13,720
1860	3,400	1872	10.551	1884	11,600
1861	3,724	1873	11,312	1885	13,079
1862	4,000	1874	13 264	1886	10,410
1863	4,540	1875	12,498	1887	13,510
1864	5,400	1876	13,542	1888	9,320
1865	5,800	1877	13,220	1889	11,150
1866	5,600	1878	13,300	1890	12,020

While the totals have held their own very steadily from year to year, schooner racing, and in fact the single-stick racing in the large sizes, have steadily declined, until one is dead and the other in a very moribund condition, with but two recognized racers of over 70ft. l.w.l.

One thing must not be forgotten in considering large cash prizes, a few of them, for half a dozen or so of races would not make winning profitable, or induce men to race for the chance of making their expenses; in order to show a balance on the right side in September it is necessary to start and to win, too, in 20 to 40 races. This year Iverna made 38 starts, winning $5,220; Thistle made 41 starts, winning $5,150; Valkyrie, 34 starts, $1,550; Dragon, 40 starts, $2,405; Velzie, 40 starts, $1,615; Yarana, 40 starts, $3,500; and in the smaller classes a number of yachts have started 40 times. In order to make yacht racing so profitable an investment as to induce men to follow it, the entire American system would have to be changed, the number of races being trebled. As one great trouble now is that men are too busy to give their time to yacht racing even in the ordinary regattas, this remedy would hardly avail.

One reason for the absence of the older boats is their inferiority compared with the latest craft, but this does not explain why the new boats keep out of the races, nor why the old ones fight shy of races in which none of the new ones are entered. One trouble undoubtedly is the cost of racing a large yacht in proper form, and the loss of the boat for other purposes so long as any racing is in view. This is a serious difficulty, and keeps many boats out of the races, but it is the inevitable result of advance and improvement. It seems like a retrograde movement to clip the wings of the racers and make them go slower in any way.

One of its effects is seen in the increased number of racing craft of small size, and the greater number of races sailed by them; and so far as the sport is concerned this a gain rather than a loss, as the small craft are certain to bring in more men than the large. None of us are ready, however, to stand by and see the large yachts disappear entirely from the racing. There still remains one remedy to be tried, and though a difficult one it may not be beyond the powers of the regatta committees. This is the creation of a class limited to what is commonly known as "cruising trim," or in other words, the limitation of light sails, of stripping the boats, and of other extreme racing features, thus lessening the labor and expense of entering a race. If such a class could be established it would take away the excuse that many now have for not entering, but it is impossible to say just how successful the result might be. As long as a depression of this kind in yachting is not due to some specific cause, such as the influence of a bad rule of measurement, which is not now the case, the remedy must be moral rather than material, men must be stirred up to a renewed interest in the sport and to a pride in the achievements of their clubs, and if anything can be done now in this direction it is likely to do much more good than the offering of larger prizes or any changes of rules.

HURRY UP THAT CHALLENGE.—Thus far there is no news of a challenge for the America's Cup from England, Scotland, Australia or anywhere else, and the chances are very poor for an international race next year. Under the existing conditions a challenge must be received by the New York Y. C. at once, in order to comply with the ten months notice, and unless one is well on its way now all hopes of a race under the terms of the new deed are at an end for another year.

NEW STEAM YACHTS.—It is reported that Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, owner of Vidette, has ordered a 200ft. steam yacht from the Cramps, to be designed by them. Mr. Watson has an order from M. Konsnezoff, a Russian yachtsman, to design a steam yacht of 1000 tons, to be built by Messrs. Scott, Greenock. The length will be 240ft., beam 30ft. 6in., depth 20ft. 6in. A speed of 15 knots is expected.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. H., City.—We would not advise the use of the cartridge in the rifle you name.

A. E. W., Shady Nook, Pa.—Will you please tell me how long it is lawful to kill deer in this State? Ans. To Dec. 15.

S. L. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Of what use are wads in rifle cartridges? Ans. They confine the gas and if of right material, act as lubricators.

K. H. O.—Will you kindly let me know the best place to go to shoot partridges somewhere comparatively near New York. Ans. Try Mountainville, in Orange county, on the Erie; or Woodbury, on the same road.

NOVICE.—Will you kindly let me know in the next edition of your valuable paper the name and address of the gentleman who is to judge the mastiff classes at the next New York bench show? Ans. The judge has not yet been selected.

A. C. JR.—If in your power will you kindly tell me how or where I can find out if the pedigree of a dog given me is a true and if a good one? This will greatly oblige a reader of your paper. Ans. Write to the American Kennel Club, No. 44 Broadway, this city, giving all the particulars you have about the dog.

F. E. W., Jackson's Hole, Idaho.—Do antelope shed their horns; if so, at what time of year? Are the animals known in this part of the Rockies as the mountain lion the same as the Eastern panther? Ans. 1. Yes, they shed them annually, from October to January, the older ones earlier than the young. 2. They are the same.

M. M. B., Ogontz, O.—Do minks climb trees? I was told by a reliable man that he shot one from a tree which his dog had put up at a height of about 50ft., in the night, while coon hunting. Ans. We have never heard of a similar case, but it might well occur. Of course some members of the weasel tribe, e.g., marten and fisher, are great tree climbers and pursue and catch in the tree tops such active animals as squirrels.

P. M.—1. Where can I buy colored portraits of fish and game birds from 10, 25 or 50 cents each. Please give address of company that sell same. 2. In which volume of FOREST AND STREAM can I find how to cook fresh-water mussels? 3. Best oil to use in oiling inside of barrels after a day's hunt, and where can it be bought? Ans. 1. Perhaps of Currier & Ives, Nassau street, New York. 2. Vol. XXX., pp. 308, 431 contain references to edibility of fresh-water mussels, but there is no receipt for cooking them. One writer says he ate them raw. 3. Use vaseline.

OBSERVER, Ellenburgh Centre, N. Y.—I observed the other day, with a flock of sparrows that are around the barns here, a bird as black as black can be with them feeding, and when they were disturbed this African flew up with them. He did not seem to be afraid of them or they of him. In size he was a trifle larger. Can you or any reader tell of what species it was? Ans. A bird slightly larger than a sparrow and black in color! Impossible to say what it was. We might guess, but so can you. We guess a blackbird, but of what species? Possibly a rusty, possibly a cowbunting, though both of these have head lighter than body.

H., Edgar, Neb.—Are there two kinds of mountain sheep? That is, the sheep known as the big horn and of a dark color, and also one with smaller horns and entirely white? Or is it the regular big horn sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat? One party claims that there exists (1) the big horn sheep, dark color: (2) the mountain sheep, white; (3) the Rocky Mountain goat. Ans. The big horn (*Ovis canadensis*) and the so-called white goat (*Mazama montana*) are the only two wild animals called sheep in the United States between Canada and Mexico. The female big horn has small horns and so have the young males. These animals are dark in color—*i. e.*, nearly deer color—in summer and autumn, but get much paler, sometimes almost white, at the approach of spring. The so-called goat, which is really an antelope, is white or cream color at all seasons. It is called sheep in some parts of the Northwest, especially toward the coast. In Alaska there is another kind of big horn slightly smaller and somewhat lighter colored than the more southern form. This is known as the Dalls sheep.

INFORMATION WANTED.

C. J. W., Longmont, Col., writes: Can some of your numerous readers tell me where I can get good shooting in Texas, near the line of the Denver, Texars and Fort Worth Railroad, sometime during next month?

Can any of your readers give me the address of Mr. Edward Hamilton, reported to have lived at Deering, Me.? Any information will confer a favor.—JAS. F. JOHNS, 419 Eastern ave., Lynn, Mass.

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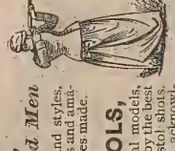


Pawnee customs and beliefs are richly illustrated by the folk-tales and in the copious notes Mr. Grinnell gives an uncommonly spirited account of Pawnee life in peace and in war. There is an account of the defense of a Pawnee village by 200 sick men, cripples, old men and squaws, against 600 Sioux warriors, which for sheer gallantry and indomitable pluck will match almost anything in military history. The Pawnee warriors were all away at the time, and the Sioux counted upon an easy victory. But the Pawnee cripples and women actually beat them off after a hard day's fighting, and at last so terrorized them that the bold assailants fled in panic and sustained a heavy loss. Mr. Grinnell also has written a picturesque and vivacious sketch of one of the last Pawnee buffalo hunts, in which the Indians commonly reverted to primitive weapons and usages, often hunting quite naked with no other arms than their bows and arrows. A particularly interesting part of the book is that which treats of the Pawnee doctors or medicine men. The statements of Mr. Grinnell show the possession by some of these men of a kind of skill in sleight-of-hand far beyond that usually attributed to Indians; some of the facts here described are as puzzling and unaccountable as those performed by the famous jugglers and fakirs of Hindostan, while one of their tricks is a close parellel to the East Indian mango feat. . . . Those who desire to learn of the many other wonders done by the Indian doctors must refer to its pages for themselves. As it is certainly one of the best works on Indian life, legend and character that has been written for a long time, it should obtain a wide circulation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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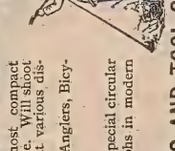
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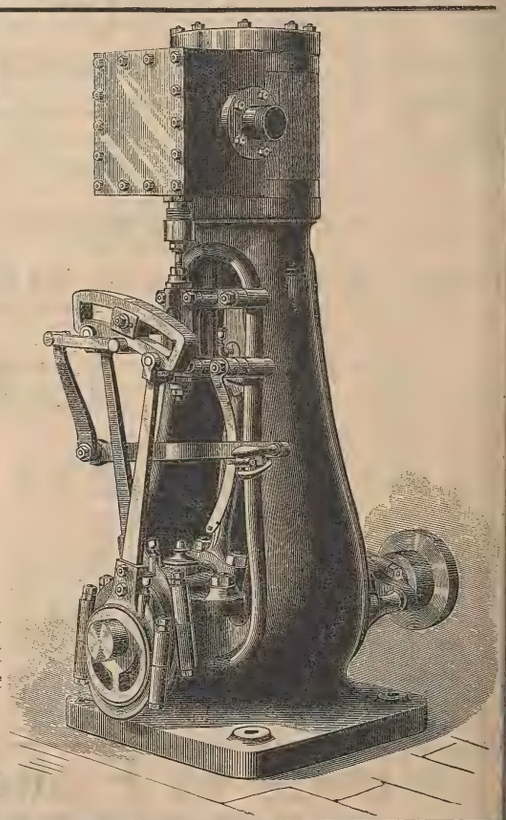
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IS THE GOLDEN TROUT A HYBRID?

IN an article on the "Saibling in New Hampshire," we have mentioned the principal characteristics of the cross between large-scaled and small-scaled members of the salmon family. It is suggested by several writers, among whom are Von W., of Charlestown, N. H.; Mr. A. N. Cheney and Dr. J. D. Quackenbos, that the golden trout of Sunapee Lake and Dan Hole Pond may be a hybrid between the landlocked salmon and brook trout, or between the saibling and brown trout of Europe. Fortunately we have already published a good figure of a hybrid between the saibling and brown trout in our issue of June 6, 1889. This figure is accompanied by a moderately full description of the fish. These gentlemen, and others interested in the subject, will at once appreciate the peculiar coloration of this cross. The pattern of coloration is known among fishculturists as the zebra marking. It is entirely unlike both its parents in the whitish vermiculations which cover the head and body. The sketch does not show the large size of the scales, although the number in the lateral line is correctly given. The brown trout has about 120 scales in the lateral line, while the saibling has about 220. In the hybrid, however, the size of the scales constantly follows the brown trout parent, whichever way the cross is made. This holds true in all the many specimens which we have examined.

Another fact of very great importance in connection with this subject is the reported uniform sterility of the hybrid between the saibling and brown trout. None of the examples seen by us show any development of the reproductive organs, and the Norwegian fishculturists, who have artificially produced the cross for many years, mention the sterility in their accounts of the fish. We believe that the theory of hybridism between the saibling and brown trout prior to the shipment of brown trout to New Hampshire may be fairly set aside as untenable on account of this well-known sterility of the primary cross. We do not know whether any one has attempted to cross the saibling and landlocked salmon, but as the landlocked salmon is a large-scaled species of the genus *Salmo*, and the saibling is a small-scaled species of the genus *Salvelinus*, we consider it safe to predict that the result of union between these two species would be a large-scaled and sterile fish. There is in New Hampshire a fertile cross between the saibling and brook trout, of which we have received a fine three-year-old specimen from Col. Hodge. This we hope to describe shortly. In our issue of Nov. 20, 1890, Dr. Bean described another fertile hybrid between the golden trout and the brook trout. Referring, therefore, to Mr. Cheney's remarks upon the "possibility that the imported saibling eggs were improved by a previous cross with the trout in Germany," we are bound to conclude, owing to the above-mentioned circumstances, that no such cross was made, and that we received eggs of saibling pure and unadulterated. As to the saibling eggs which were sent by Professor Baird to Mr. W. L. Gilbert, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1880, and which he reported as having died, we must here express a doubt concerning the additional eggs said to have been received from Mr. Stone. Mr. Gilbert was unable to distinguish the product of these eggs, when they had reached the length of eight inches, from the common *fontinalis*. If Mr. Gilbert, with his experience, could not distinguish his trout of this size from the *fontinalis*, there is a very strong probability that he really had *fontinalis* and nothing else.

NEXT WEEK.

OUR next number will contain another chapter of "Nessmuk's" "Winter in Michigan," giving a highly interesting story of the heroic treatment to which, when desperately ill with fever, he was subjected by his Indian friends. There will also be the concluding part of Mr. Polk's entertaining account of wild turkey hunting in a Mississippi overflow. The same number will have a paper of "Cowboy Reminiscences," by Alex. M. Reynolds. These are not all the good things in store for FOREST AND STREAM readers in Christmas week.

SNAP SHOTS.

"BUCK-FEVER," that nervous excitement which takes possession of the sportsman just at the critical moment when the game appears, causing his heart to thump, his breath to come short and his limbs to quake, is a stock subject for laughter and jocularity; and funny enough it is. But there is a serious side as well; we have in times past noted cases of its fatal termination; and a fresh one is just reported fram Dauberville, Pa. A young man went rabbit shooting. He did not return by dusk and members of the family went out to look for him. After a prolonged search he was found lying dead under a chestnut tree, with his empty gun beside him and a dead rabbit, which he had evidently shot, a few rods away. His death was caused by heart failure, induced by the excitement of shooting the rabbit.

A correspondent who was at Alexandria, Va., last week, where he had occasion to visit the lighthouse at that place, found in an outbuilding belonging to the keeper two "big-guns," which were evidently kept in readiness for the annual slaughter of ducks. Before the Potomac became infested with these pot-hunters canvasback ducks and redheads came up to Washington in large numbers, but at present they are very scarce. A few years ago our informant saw fifty-three canvasbacks killed at one discharge of a big-gun, off the mouth of Broad Creek, near Fort Washington, and a great many others were crippled and eventually died. This is a rather sad commentary on the integrity of the Government's servants, and it is to be hoped that the practice is not general.

In the *American Naturalist* for September, Mr. Robert C. Auld has an article entitled, "A Means of Preserving the Purity and Establishing a Career for the American Bison of the Future." Mr. Auld reviews the buffalo situation as delineated in Mr. Hornaday's book, and, taking that gentleman's estimate of the number of living individuals of the race, concludes that there are only about 250 specimens that can be used for breeding purposes. The worth of a race of domesticated buffalo is acknowledged, but it is evident that with this small number of breeders the utmost care in breeding must be exercised or else the race will die out, either from too close inbreeding or else from continued out crossing, by which the pure blood of the original race shall be lost. To avoid these dangers Mr. Auld advocates the establishment of a buffalo register, which shall be conducted on the same plan as the herd books of the various breeds of cattle. The idea is certainly a good one, and was suggested to Mr. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kansas, by the FOREST AND STREAM some two years ago. Mr. Jones at that time appeared to think well of it and promised to keep such a register of his herd, and we sent him a book for this purpose. Whether this register has been kept up or not we can not now say, but we presume that it has for Mr. Jones has displayed so much intelligence in his efforts at breeding buffalo cattle that he would not be likely to neglect so important a matter.

The National Park bill came very near being brought up in the House last Friday, when the Public Lands Committee had a day given it. The greater part of this day was devoted to the consideration of a bill in relation to public swamps and meadows. It was understood that the Yellowstone Park bill would be called up next, and the railroad people worked hard to bring this about, but were unsuccessful. Within the past week an excellent article has appeared in *Garden and Forest*, which shows clearly the injury which would be done by a railway in the Park, and the *Times* and *Tribune* of this city have again given very positive expression to their editorial opinions against the railroad. The more the people think over this matter the more general will be the feeling against giving up to a greedy corporation this fair bit of nature in which each one of us now has some title.

An angler is an angler the world around. Our long-time contributor "Piseco," Capt. L. A. Beardslee, of the Navy, who is now in command of the U. S. Receiving Ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has on the walls of his cosy cabin photographs of Walter Brackett's famous salmon paintings. In the midst of the service routine "Piseco" has but to glance at these suggestive pictures, and in a trice he is transported to the Adirondack waters, where, as he has unblushingly confessed in the FOREST AND STREAM, he takes his trout with the worm.

The Maine deer question is a topic which promises much interesting discussion this winter; and we trust that its consideration may not be profitless. We are glad to promise a series of papers from the pen of Miss Fannie P. Hardy, whose "Out-of-Door Papers" were so well received some months ago. Miss Hardy has had unusual opportunities to learn the feeling of the people of Maine who are most nearly interested in the game and fish protection problem; and her suggestions will, we are sure, have a decidedly practical value.

The late Surgeon-General Jedediah H. Baxter, U.S.A., was a devoted salmon angler, having for years maintained a fishing lodge in Canada. He was one of the warmest admirers of Mr. Robinson's books "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps," and in the years when the successive chapters were appearing in the FOREST AND STREAM there were weekly gatherings at Dr. Baxter's home, where Senators Edmunds, Frye and others came together to hear the sketches read aloud.

The defect of the present New York law, pointed out by our correspondent "St. Lawrence" last week, by which accomplices in offenses cannot be compelled to testify without incrimination, is one which we hope the codification committee will remedy. It is the testimony of more than one official that if such accomplices were permitted to turn State's evidence, a decided advance would be made in the direction of enforcing the laws by bringing offenders to punishment.

That was an excellent suggestion of Prof. Putnam's at the Massachusetts dinner last week that the State Fish Commission should maintain a pound, in order actually to determine just what the season's record of pound fishing may be. Laws and fishery regulations based on the dishonest and misleading returns made by the fishermen, in their pretended compliance with the law, cannot reach the end desired.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

STILL-HUNTING.

A WINTER IN MICHIGAN.—II.

BY NESSMUK.

FROM Dashville to Corning, from Corning to Bath, Bath to Buffalo, Buffalo to Detroit, Detroit to Grand Haven; and, in a small "ornery" tavern at the latter place we halted for rest and consultation. Ned—I blush for him as I record it—was for taking the back track incontinently; "the season was too wet, deer getting scarce, no use going so far from home when there was just as good hunting ground nearer; Michigan was marshy and unhealthy anyhow, and we were used to hunting in a healthy, mountainous region, etc., etc." To all this I answered, "If the season was wet we could get about more silently, if deer were being thinned out the more reason why we should go far back to find them. As to deer being just as plenty nearer home why didn't he think of it before? And as to the health of the country did he feel himself getting bilious or homesick, or lovesick or anything?"

Moreover, at Grand Haven I came across old Gillett, the wolf-trapper and still-hunter, whose word on forest lore was law. To him I propounded my stereotyped question, "Where could a good hunter be sure of one fair shot a day hunting on wool moccasins and without a dog?" His answer was short and to the point, "Anywhere within twenty miles of Muskrat Lake. He had killed fifty deer in two weeks himself, besides attending to his wolf traps; he could kill a dozen deer a week anywhere on the upper Muskegon and not half try."

This silenced Ned and decided us to try the upper Muskegon. At the bay we found a band of Chippewas and one of them called Pete was recommended to us for a guide. We offered to employ him, and he not only entered our service willingly but brought two shaggy diminutive ponies with him, which turned out to be a most judicious move and a lucky thing altogether. It was really surprising to see the load these little rough, clumsy looking animals would manage to travel under. One of them, a pepper-and-salt hairy little fellow, scarcely larger than a sheep, I can hardly call to mind without a smile yet. His load consisted of two bags of pilot bread, each holding a trifle over two bushels, a couple of kegs, one holding two gallons of syrup, the other a like quantity of old Jamaica rum, and a two-bushel bag containing tea, coffee, sugar and a lot of trifling but indispensable things appertaining to camp life. As he was the leading or "bell" pony old Peter mounted him (or his load rather) whenever he chose to ride, the general *tout ensemble* being laughable beyond description. Even Ned, who was not in a laughable mood by any means, could not repress a smile as the ludicrous vision met his lovesick eye, while the writer, who happened to be in spirits, shouted jubilantly as the odd-looking cavalcade wound up the banks of the Muskegon in Indian file. Our order of march was, first, the writer with a 10lb. double-barreled rifle; next, Indian Pete with the pepper-and-salt pony, then the sorrel pony, laden with ammunition, kettles, blankets, salt, axe, etc., etc., and lastly Ned, who had no heart to shoot, but had meekly volunteered to bring up the rear and look that nothing went amiss or got lost through slipping off the ponies and being left behind. We left the route entirely to Peter, and he, with a sublime contempt for lumbermen and their roads, took the old Indian trail, whence it happened that we scarcely saw the face of a white man on the route, and knew little more of the "lay of the land" at the end of our trip than at its commencement.

All along the trail I managed to keep on the lead for the chances of a shot, and to say truth the chances were well worth the taking. Almost every half mile we flushed the ruffed grouse, hare, or the beautiful American quail, while, after the first day, it was but little trouble to get a shot at deer. I killed six of the latter with but slight effort, during our five days' march on the trail, and also a two-year-old bear, while Ned, who was usually all eagerness for a shot at a deer, killed nothing at all, nor did he make an attempt to get a shot, but shambled along behind the sorrel pony in a maudlin, babyish manner that fairly made the toe of my moccasin itch.

It must have been about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the fifth day, when we halted at a very good spring near the right bank of the Muskegon, and Peter announced our journey at an end. This was not according to contract, for Peter had agreed to pilot us to the banks of Muskrat Lake, which he now utterly refused to do, saying, "Dis good place, plenty deer, plenty elk, plenty bear, plenty fish; Muskrat Lake no good; too much mash, too much mud, white man get lost." Perhaps he was right, at all events a pleasanter place than he selected for our camp it would be hard to find. It was in a valley, the general course of which was south of east, and through which ran a considerable stream, fed by numerous springs; near one of these we had halted, and there, after a little prospecting, we concluded to make a permanent camp. On either side of the stream the land rose in handsome swells, covered by the grove-like growth of timber, known throughout the west as "oak openings," while along the banks of the stream the timber was much heavier, much of it being black walnut and elm—many of the latter trees being prostrate. Against the trunk of one of these—a giant elm nearly 7ft. in diameter—we built our camp after the fashion sometimes called a "coalman's shanty," and, as it makes a good winter or summer camp, perhaps I may be pardoned a brief description of the mode in which it is made:

Cut two strong crotched posts, the one 10, the other 4ft. in length; these with a stout pole 18ft. long constitute the timbers. Set the posts firmly in the ground 12ft. apart and lay the pole in the crotches, letting the small end, which should be sharpened for the purpose, into the ground a foot or more, so that it cannot slip. Fell a straight basswood, poplar or pine; cut into proper lengths and rive these into shakes; place the shakes on each side of the pole, letting them diverge some 8 or 9ft. at the front or highest end of the shanty, the shakes being shorter and the shanty growing lower and narrower as you work back to the far end. Set the shakes edge to edge as closely as possible and cover the whole with earth to the depth of a foot, not forgetting to place a layer of grass or dried leaves beneath the dirt to prevent its sifting through the chinks. Place a foot log across the broader end of the shanty and fasten it with pins driven in the ground. This is essential, as without it the shanty is pretty certain to take fire sooner or later. If the shanty is only intended for autumn weather you will hardly need a fire-place; but if to be occupied during a part of the bitter northern winter make a snug fire-place and a close chimney by all means. To do this, build the chimney of sticks chinked with clay, let it be of the width of the shanty at bottom, carried up at the same angle, or nearly so, with an oblong opening at top 8in. wide by 20in. deep, and fitted closely to the end of the shanty by "chinkin' and daubin'." An aperture at the side of the chimney 14×20in., to close with a close-fitting shake, will be all sufficient for a door, and in such a camp with a good camp-fire and plenty of browse, blankets and furs, a man may defy the weather with the mercury at 32° below zero, as I happen to know.

It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day when the shanty was finished and pronounced all right; Peter, who—whether from curiosity, affection for us, or a hankering for blackstrap—had remained with us during the four days, gave a most emphatic grunt of approbation as the newly-made fire roared, and the smoke went straight up the chimney, giving out plenty of heat in the den-like cabin, but no smoke. In justice to Peter, I ought to mention that he furnished us most liberally with fish, ducks and venison while we were engaged on the cabin, though truth obliges me to state that he utterly refused to lend a hand at the work in any manner whatever. He could hunt, but toting sticks, shakes, and clay for chinking—that was squaw work.

After the shanty was finished, a nice pile of browse stowed back of the footlog and a merry fire roaring in the new fire-place, we all smoked the pipe of peace and contentment, took a temperate nip of blackstrap, and turned in. I have slept well in camps of all descriptions; in camp-tents, in open camps, double-faced camps, browse camps, and even on the ground beneath a low-spreading cedar or hemlock; but I do not recollect having slept more soundly or sweetly than on the first night in that lonely cabin on the Muskegon. Not that Indian Peter was a desirable bedfellow; on the contrary, I feel bound to state that his habits were not cleanly, and that there was a greasy suspicion of entomology about his scalplock and old mackinaw blanket, most repugnant to a civilized mind. However, he had on the whole acted fairly by us, we concluded not to let any trifling matter break friendship, but to extend to him the rites of hunter hospitality so long as he might choose to stop with us. His stay was not a long one; on the morning of the fifth day he caught up his ponies, took the two cotton, two woolen shirts, and two dollars in silver which we had agreed to give him, and wended his way in silence on the upper trail toward Muskrat Lake. Just as he was on the point of leaving I made him a magnificent present of a pint flask filled with blackstrap and a large plug of Cavendish. His dark face broke into a smile at this, and he held out his hand, saying with emphasis, "Good; me come agin—see you more bimeby." Subsequent events led me to the conclusion that the present was a most fortunate one.

Ned and I were left to ourselves and our own resources; our stores consisted of pilot bread, sugar, syrup, tea, coffee, ammunition, tobacco and rum, with some quinine by way of medicine. We had also about forty traps—most of them small—of the "Newhouse" pattern. On the whole the prospect pleased me, and I was in the best of spirits.

I have mentioned that our camp was built on a small tributary of the Muskegon, which was not so small, however, as to preclude good sport with the rod within a biscuit toss of the shanty, where I have taken bass which must have weighed more than 6lbs. and pickerel of twice that weight. Half a mile below the shanty this stream emptied into the main river, forming a sort of marshy cove which was a very paradise for wildfowl and pickerel. I have seen but few places which could equal it for sport. Deer were extremely plenty, bear were tolerably so, and there was an occasional elk to be seen among the openings, though the latter animal seemed rather to affect the extensive swamps and marshes—places which the hunter who is a stranger to the country had best keep clear of.

For two or three days after the camp was finished and Peter had gone, Ned was in capital spirits and joined me in hunting and prospecting with sportsmanlike zeal. Then, as the last day of October came on dull, cold and cloudy, with indications of snow, his spirits flagged, he moped about without the heart to go a mile from camp, and gave unmistakable signs of homesickness. Here was a nice fix. If his heart failed him so early in the season when we had everything comfortable about us, with fish and game as plenty as we could ask or expect, how would it be in the dead of winter with the snow several feet deep and wood to cut, split and back to camp, when the mercury was at zero? We had made rather extensive preparations for an all-winter trip, had "declared our intentions" rather audibly to all our acquaintances and friends, had dwelt on the pleasures of hunter life and communion with nature to a garrulous extent, had promised to add important facts to the natural history of the country, and had (at least one of us had) taken several quires of foolscap into camp on which to record these facts and keep a general summary of our Crusoe-like proceedings, for the benefit of any one who chose to be bored with the reading thereof.

All this and much more I pressed on Ned's consideration in a rather extended lecture, and he took it all meekly—did not offer a word in rebuttal until I chanced to remark that "a man who would leave such a camp and such hunting grounds for a giggling, apple-faced girl, ought to trade his rifle for a set of knitting needles and join a sewing society." This brought matters to a focus. "I might abuse him to my heart's content, but I shouldn't abuse a decent girl on his account; he was his own master; when he wanted my advice he would ask it," etc., etc., etc. In short, we quarreled. It was a foolish thing to do, and we have both been heartily ashamed of it for years; nevertheless, quarrel we did, and nearly came to blows. I made some rather pointed observations on basswood men generally and lovesick spooneys in particular, which Ned took to heart; and he gave his opinion pretty freely concerning "bush vagabonds, who were of no account in society, and the height of whose ambition was hunting and fishing. For his part, he expected to do something in the world besides hunt and fish."

"Ah, really? Marry a farm and tannery, perhaps join the church, and become a stump candidate for deacon," I retorted.

Ned thought it quite possible. "There was a sort of respectability about farms and tanneries, which was not the case with hunting that ever he heard of."

I advised him, if he was so out of sorts with hunting, to go home by all means; also, I suggested the propriety of taking herb tea and soaking his feet in warm water regularly; with this, and the precaution of flannel nightcaps, I thought he might manage to pull through the winter alive. I really intended, when I began, to give the particulars of our quarrel *verbatim et literatum* as nearly as I could remember, but it was so confoundedly ridiculous that I am getting ashamed.

Let it suffice, that after bandying sarcastic hits to the best of our ability for some time, one of us gave the lie. There was an instantaneous "recognition of belligerents," a mutual grasping for reciprocal windpipes, a mutual missing of the same and a seizing of coat and collars instead, a violent shaking and hustling of some seconds' duration—in which I, being much the lightest, got the worst of it—and we stood still gazing defiantly in each other's faces, two of the biggest fools that ever shouldered a rifle.

I wish I could add that we shook hands and laughed at our foolishness, as we ought to have done; but we did not. I knew that Ned was dying for a sight of Hannah Needham's pretty face, and that nothing else ailed him. He knew that I was aware of this, and also that I despised love-sickness beyond any other weakness or illness that flesh is heir to; likewise he felt to resent my remarks on his dulcinea, and I felt a trifle sore at the unmerciful shaking I had got, so it happened that neither of us chose to make any remarks of a conciliatory nature, but Ned commenced packing his knapsack at once, while I watched the operation in surly silence.

There were two adjuncts to our camp, which I ought to have mentioned before; these were a mongrel dog, which Ned had seen proper to bring with him, and a handy little dugout or log canoe, which Peter had mysteriously brought to light from some hidden recess on the day after our arrival in camp. The dog had turned a promising venture for still-hunting—as almost any dog will when taken out every day and properly instructed—while the canoe was indispensable for trapping, fishing, or crossing the river.

I had opposed the dog at first, but finding he was to be an inmate of the camp had finally taken him in hand for a course of instruction, and as he was not only eager and plucky, but tractable, had ended by taking a fancy for him.

When Ned had got his hardtack, tobacco, blanket, rifle, hatchet and a pint flask of rum all in marching order he led the dog ostentatiously into the cabin, sprung the snap of the chain into a ring on the collar and then marched stiffly toward me, holding a cent on his curved forefinger with his thumb nail under the edge of it, saying, "This is for the canoe—heads or tails?" I took at once; and as the cent spun high in air said, "heads!" Down it came and heads it was; the canoe was mine.

"As to the dog," said I, "if he is worth anything to you take him along, I can get on without him very well."

"He is worth nothing to me," said Ned, with a majestic air, "if you don't want him, shoot him; I am done with hunting." He slung his knapsack with great deliberation, whistling all the while, then filled a pipe leisurely, lit it with a friction match which he ignited by rubbing on his trousers leg, shouldered his heavy single-barreled Billinghurst, and turned his back on the camp.

I watched him until his gray coat tails disappeared down the trail and then went into the shanty, built a rousing fire, caressed the dog, wiped the rifle, and tried to convince myself that I didn't care—in fact was glad he was gone. I tried the quarrel over again in my own mind, and made out a wonderfully clear case for myself. I took the shaking into consideration and waxed irate exceedingly, but it would not do. The little monitor which lurks in the bosom of every decent man espoused Ned's cause, reminding me of many little items, such as bitter sneers, unkind remarks, and surly sarcasms, offered to an old and tried friend, for what? Just because he had not the heart to enter into my schemes with spirit and ardor; because I mistrusted him of giving way to a boyish lovesick whim, and wanting to go back. What then? Was he not his own master? Had he not proved himself on many occasions a reliable friend, a plucky hunter, and a true-hearted fellow? And I had taken the liberty of calling him in plain words a booby! a lovesick spoon, and no hunter!

The mental mercury in the psychological thermometer sank rapidly from wrath to reflection, from reflection to reason, and from reason to repentance. The more I reflected the more I grew ashamed of the foolish quarrel, and ere Ned had been gone two hours I would have given much to have shaken hands with him, told him I was sorry, and parted with him, if part we must, in a decent manly way, as friends should do. I remember feeling an almost irresistible impulse to follow him down the trail, find him at his first camping place, and own up like a man. As the sun was less than two hours high when he started and there was a good moon, I could easily have done this, but self-love, wounded vanity and pride all conspired to keep me back, and I did not go. I wish I had gone; it would have saved some heartburning on both sides, and would have been more pleasant to reflect on in after years.

Left alone in camp I set myself actively to work hunting, fishing, studying the habits of the various animals which came under my observation, and trying various experiments with traps, outlines and snares. I succeeded in taking game and fish by nearly every mode in use with hunters. I caught not only ducks but wild geese in small traps, as well as on outlines. (The latter mode was cruel poaching, and I only tried it by way of experiment two or three times.) As the season grew cold I set the traps for otter and foxes, but, although I was in possession of the "hunters' secret," my success in trapping was not remarkable. Also my traps disappeared at the rate of half a dozen per week, and, from the occasional print of a moccasin along the bank of the river, I got to surmising that the abducted traps might be in some manner attributable to the band of strolling Chippewas to which our guide Peter belonged—a belief in which I was afterward

somewhat strengthened by seeing some of the identical traps in the hands of the aforesaid vagabonds.

The loss of a few traps, however, although I felt certain that each of the stolen traps held a fur animal of some kind at the time of its abduction, did not much disturb me. The hunt was not for profit or for the purpose of seeing how much game might be destroyed by one rifle in a season's hunt, but just for pure, ardent love of forest life and sylvan sport. Many a deer passed me that autumn and went away scatheless, which I might have knocked down with certainty, and I spent days in traversing the country, rifle in hand, with no wish or attempt to shoot a deer, although I think I have never hunted a region where they were more abundant than there. I could not make out the exact whereabouts of the camp by the aid of a pocket map at the time, and I have never visited the spot since, although often promising myself to do so. It certainly was not the point to which Peter was hired to pilot us by thirty miles or more, and must have been near the eastern line of Osceola county, where the river crosses it from Clare county. At all events, the location was a most satisfactory one for a sportsman, and during the crisp, frosty autumn weather nothing could be finer. I still think that such a camp, with good health and an eternal succession of glorious Octobers would be all the heaven I should ever require.

I killed but few deer, and those nearly all bucks, as I chose to let the does and fawns for the most part go clear—a mode of hunting which I venture to recommend in any country where deer are yet plenty. The hams, "lines" and skins of those I did kill were carefully "tended," and I began to ask myself how the long winter days and nights were to pass, when it was too stormy or cold to hunt, and the snow lay deep all over the vast northern wilderness of Michigan—when, steady cold weather having set in, a full supply of meat being on hand, the deer having become thin in condition and scarce by reason of wolves and Indians—there would be no one to talk to at night and nothing to interest a man by day. It did look a little, just a little dreary. But then, couldn't I find my way out of the forest should it become unendurable? There were lumbering establishments at no great distance below, whence, doubtless, there would be a good road to Muskegon Bay, and it would be time enough to think of leaving camp when sport gave out. So I took it easy and enjoyed the sport hugely.

A friend of mine who was selling sporting kits in the quiet little village of Gotham had besought me earnestly to procure him an elk's head with antlers at least six feet long; and another friend had commissioned me to get him a bear skin with claws, jaws and teeth entire—trifling jobs, which each of them seemed to imagine could be accomplished by any man who had a few spare days on hand. In fact the Gothamite had expressly mentioned that he "wouldn't trouble me if he could afford to leave his store for a few days."

As they were both good fellows, and as I rather liked the notion of sending an elk's antlers for exhibition in the windows of a Broadway shop, I did my best to get the articles as requested.

Now, it is a fact that, while deer were plenty and easy to bring under the bead, bear and elk were somewhat scarce and hard to be got at. The elk seemed to delight in large open pine swamps, reed beds and marshes; while bruin affected the dense thickets and chose to hide himself therein, issuing thence for his quotidian acorns mostly by moonlight. After a particularly dark, rainy night, however, bear are sure to feed early in the morning; and on such a morning I got a beautiful shot at one in the openings. I discovered him busily at work among the acorns, and taking due heed of the wind, cautiously approached him under cover of the oak trunks until within thirty yards, when I got a good ready and waited for him to show. This he presently did, moving unsuspiciously among the fallen leaves for choice acorns, having found which he sat up on his haunches and was munching away leisurely when the sharp crack of a rifle rang through the openings, a pea ball fitted him snugly at the butt of the ear, and he subsided as calmly as an infant.

He was an ursine beauty; otter-legged, glossy black, and very fat, with a splendid set of claws and teeth—decidedly the finest animal that has ever fallen to my rifle. It took me the best part of two days to dress and dispose of him properly, for, be it known, a fat bear in camp at the commencement of winter is no slight acquisition. The meat keeps sweet longer than any other, the fat is not only valuable for burning in a "witch light," but makes a good substitute for butter, and a well-furred bear skin is invaluable in a winter camp for sleeping purposes. Moreover, there is no exaggeration in saying that a man while living mainly on bear meat will endure fatigue better, can travel faster and further, and will find himself much stronger, than on any other diet whatever. If two men of equal powers and skill were to engage in any trial of strength and physical endurance, the one having trained on beef and the other on bear meat, I should most certainly consider the latter a good investment at two to one. I cannot be mistaken in this; I have tried it on myself and seen its effects on others too often, and I only wonder that the fact—for fact it is—has not not been observed and acted on by some trainer among the athletic "profession."

During the latter half of November I hunted for the most part about the swamps and marshes in the hope of getting another bear or two and an elk—particularly the latter. This kept me too much about wet muddy places, and I usually came into camp late, wet and tired; also, I often got lost, and was obliged to lie on wet leaves, with little or no fire, and without supper. Such a course of life could not fail to affect the most robust, and I soon began to feel the effects of it in cold streaks and flashes, which ran along the limbs like electricity and were immediately succeeded by feverish heat. I took the hint, and resolved to hunt the swamps and marshes no more. The resolve was a good thing, but it came too late; I was already booked for a severe run of "fever 'n' ager," and neither saltpetre nor quinine could save me—I tried both.

"A Map of the United States.—A large, handsome map of the United States, showing North and South Dakota, mounted and suitable for office or home use and issued by the Burlington Route, will be furnished responsible parties free on application to the undersigned. Playing Cards.—For 15 cents in postage you can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards on application to the undersigned, P. S. Eustis, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—*adv.*

Natural History.

PELAGIC BIRTH OF FUR-SEALS DENIED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several years ago, 1880, in my published "Monograph of the Seal Islands of Alaska," I called attention to several erroneous statements made by James G. Swan, who asserted in a letter to Professor Allen that he knew by his "own personal observation that fur-seals had their young in open ocean off the entrance to Fuca Straits." I said then that "it was a physical impossibility for the fur-seal (*Callorhinus*) to bring forth its young in the water; the pup would sink like a stone instantly after birth, and the mother be wholly helpless to save it."

Curiously enough, the aditional evidence of the truth of what I then stated appears in the form of the sworn statements of a number of British sealing vessel masters, which is appended to a reply of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, to Mr. Blaine, dated April 30, 1890. (51st Cong., 1st Sess., H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 450), pp. 57-60.

Fred Gilbert: "I am a seal-hunter. I never shot or saw pups with the cows in the water, nor have I ever heard of such a case."

Wm. O'Leary: "I am a master mariner, and have been seal hunting on the Pacific coast four years, three of which I was in Behring Sea as well. I never saw cows in the water with their young with them."

H. F. Sieward: "I have been a master sealer for two years. I never saw a female seal with her young in the water beside her."

George Home, a pelagic sealer: "I never saw a young pup alongside its cow in the water."

Wm. Fewings, a pelagic sealer: "I never shot, nor have I ever seen, a female seal with a young one beside or with her."

Walter House, a pelagic sealer: I never saw a cow seal in the water with her young beside her or near her, nor have I ever heard of such a case."

James Wilson, a pelagic sealer: "I never saw a cow seal with her young beside her."

J. D. Warren: "I am a master mariner, and have been actively engaged in the deep-sea sealing business for twenty years. I never saw or heard of a cow having her young beside her in the water, either on the coast or in Behring Sea." (Statement Aug. 10, 1889, Victoria, B. C.)

I am moved to make this fact prominent, that what I stated as a fact, in 1874-1880, is to-day declared true by the practical sealers themselves, since Mr. George Dawson, D.S., F.G.S., F.R.S.C., F.R.M.S., assistant director of the Geological Survey of Canada, says in a recent letter to the Hon. Mr. Tupper (pp. 49 of Doc. cited above) that he thinks Mr. Swan's statement should be received with respect, although I "stoutly deny" it. The above citations of Canadian sealers amply confirm my ground. I leave Mr. Dawson and Mr. Swan to settle the sealers—but the more these gentlemen look into the matter the better their understanding of the truth of my declaration will be.

Henry W. Elliott.

Smithsonian Institution, Dec. 8.

A SKELETON OF THE IVORY-BILL.

A FEW months ago the writer was engaged upon a general review of the osteology of the woodpeckers of the United States, and for this purpose it was necessary that there should be at hand the skeleton of a species representing at least every genus known to our avifauna.

It was a year and a half before a specimen of *Xenopicus albolarvatus* was secured for this purpose, but finally a fine male (in the flesh) of this species was sent me from Klamath, Oregon, by Mr. Samuel Parker, and a good skeleton was obtained from it.

Campephilus principalis, our far-famed ivory-bill, however, defied my best efforts to procure, and at last all hope in that direction was abandoned, and I satisfied myself with a study of the imperfect skeleton of the body of one, and the skull of *Campephilus imperialis*, both loaned me by the U. S. National Museum. The largest museums in this country were communicated with, but none possessed in their collections the skeleton of this bird. Even skins of it are now high-priced, it being found only in certain restricted districts in the South, where every year it is becoming rarer, and no doubt is on the high road to extinction.

It seemed a great shame, almost amounting to a disgrace that this, so distinguished a form in our avifauna should, by those interested in scientific ornithology in this country, be allowed to pass out of existence without a single example of the most important part of its anatomy left to grace any of the collections in our museums. Not a single skeleton of the ivory-bill to pass down to our naturalists! Nothing but skins!

As these thoughts possessed my mind, I wrote to my talented ornithological friend Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History of New York city, who was then collecting in Florida, but in his reply little or no hope was held out in so far as securing *Campephilus* was concerned. Later on, however, it was my good fortune to meet Mr. Chapman in Washington at the last Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union, and in his account to me of his Floridan experiences, my estimation of his knowledge of the demands and requirements of our common science was fully confirmed, and it was very evident that he for one did not believe that the sole aim of ornithology was "to shoot a bird, skin it, and then throw away the characters."

Mr. Chapman saw but one specimen of the ivory-bill on his Florida trip—an old male in full plumage—and bringing his woodcraft into play he promptly bagged it. It is not difficult, even for me, to picture the various dubitations, perplexities and waverings that entered his head as he handled that elegant bird in the flesh, and cogitated upon the real value of the capture in its varied aspects. Think of the mute look of horror that must have crept over Mr. Brewster's visage, who was with him on that occasion, when my friend finally suggested that he meant to utilize the specimen for its skeleton!

Be it recorded with honor that his good judgment finally prevailed, and his prize was duly sent to Mr. H. A. Ward's science establishment in Rochester with the view of having the skeleton prepared in their best manner for final disposition in its proper case in the American Museum of Natural History in New York city.

Judging from what I have already seen in the skull of *Campephilus imperialis*, there will be found some very interesting structures at the base of that part of the skeleton in the ivory-bill, and so it is to be sincerely hoped that the specimen will fall into the hands of Mr. Ward's best preparateur, that these delicate parts may be most carefully preserved. The writer is not an advocate of Professor Huxley's and Professor Parker's saurognathism of the *Pici*, and the more I see of the skulls of woodpeckers, and take the general structure or morphology of their skeletons into consideration, the more I am compelled to believe that the *medio palatine* of Parker is, when present, the *vomer* in these birds. The skull of the ivory-bill will throw additional light upon this important point in classification. R. W. Shufeldt.

Takoma, D. C., Dec. 8.

CHINESE PHEASANTS.

LAST winter the snow was at one time 9in. deep and the weather pretty cold, about 6° above for a few nights, and in looking about to see how the ringnecks were getting along, I found where they had been hunting weed seed and scratching down to the ground under the bushes and other places in their search for food. They roosted on the ground like prairie chickens. When there is no snow they roost either on the ground or in trees, as their fancy suits. The snow lay on the ground for more than three weeks, yet I don't think the birds suffered much. They will come into the feed yards and eat any grain that they may find there. From what I saw of them last winter, I think that they would stand the winters in the States east of the Rocky Mountains all right. The winters would be longer and colder, but there is a great deal more feed for such birds there than there is here, such as corn, wild sunflowers, etc.

When spring came the cocks began crowing and they are occasionally heard even yet. They begin the crow and the flapping of their wings at the same time and make a few flaps of the wings after the crow has ceased.

They are polygamous. I have seen as many as five females with one male and many of them had two wives. The hens lay from 13 to 18 eggs about the size of those of the prairie chicken and of the same shape, but of a light brown color. They make their nests in stubble fields and along fence rows and such places. In plowing 90 acres of stubble this spring we found four nests. The fewest that any hen was sitting on was 13 eggs. On one nest of 8 eggs the hen had not begun sitting. They will not come back to a nest when it is removed to the plowed ground.

The 18 eggs from the first nest found were placed under a domestic hen, and in 25 days 11 of them hatched. The nest was not in a very favorable situation, which may have had something to do with the time of hatching and strength of the birds. We put the hen in a pen about 12ft. square on the ground, for a couple of days until the birds learned her language, then we let them out. But the hen was of the idiotic kind and would take them out in the wet grass and weeds in the chill morning dew and they would get wet and cold, then get lost and die. Three of them grew to be large enough to fly a little when two of them disappeared. The remaining one got to be nearly as large as a quail when one morning it was found in the yard almost dead and was taken into the house and cared for, but it died.

Of six others that were hatched by a domestic hen on a farm near here, two grew to be large enough to take care of themselves, when they went off with their wild brothers.

It has been stated that they raise two and three broods a season, but I must see more evidence than I have seen this season before I can believe that. I think that there was not a hen in this neighborhood that reared more than one brood last summer.

They increase in this State, though, much faster than the Bob White quail which were introduced here more than 15 years ago, and I have not seen one of them here yet, though I have heard some calling. J. F. L.

Wheatland Ore., Nov. 29.

Yellow Rail in Chicago.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While spending an evening near the last of September with a friend, a teacher in one of the high schools, he chanced to remark, "One of my boys brought in a 'corn crake' the other day." Investigation developed the fact that the "corn crake was a yellow rail (*Porzana novebo racensis*). By a somewhat singular coincidence, while snipe shooting the next day with this same friend, I shot another of these rare little birds. Although I am not certain of the fact I have the impression that the two birds were killed in the same marsh. I am sure they were from the same locality. Both specimens were secured in one of the grassy marshes within the city limits of Chicago. We have hunted the same ground several times this fall and this is the only yellow rail we have seen. Possibly other Chicago marsh-trampers may, in their wanderings about our city streets (!), have met this odd little dweller of the sedges. Although I have neither "met with the nest of the yellow rail" nor "observed its habits" further than as above stated, perhaps Dr. Gibbs, or others, may be interested in this hasty note of the occurrence of the species as a city resident!—Korax (Irving Park, Ill.).

Evening Grosbeak in New York.—Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While walking through the Cornell University campus to-day, I noticed a female evening grosbeak feeding in a box elder tree. My brother, who saw the bird, had seen three of the same species apparently near the same spot several days previous. The grosbeaks were recorded here last winter, but their returning for a post graduate course was a genuine surprise.—Morris M. Green.

Recent Arrivals at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.—Purchased—Two pronged-horned antelopes (*Antilocapra americana*), four yellow ammers (*Emberiza citrinella*), and two cardinal redbirds (*Cardinalis virginianus*. Presented—One rhesus macaque (*Macacus erythræus*), one Derby's opossum (*Didelphys derbiana*), two common opossums (*Didelphys virginianus*), one red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), one short-eared owl (*Brachyotus palustris*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), two water moccasins (*Ancistrodon piscivorus*), one green snake *Cyclophis vernalis*) one common hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinus*), one box tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*), two diamond-backed terrapins (*Malaoclemmys palustris*), one red-bellied terrapin (*Pseudemys rugosa*), and two menobranchus (*Menobranchus maculatus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

WILD TURKEYS IN THE OVERFLOW—III.

[*Continued from Page 414.*]

I CANNOT write of all the incidents of our stay in the woods—it would take too long to detail the doings of each day. We enjoyed it all. I will sketch in a few more, only confining myself to those which I may deem of most interest to the general reader.

The rabbits were a part of us on this trip. We never saw the like of them before and never expect to again. They were everywhere that there was land, and often far out in the overflow a half-mile or more from land, on logs and stumps. On our approach, one would sit until we were quite close, when he would leap off with a noisy splash and swim lustily away. They are good swimmers and fully capable of living through an ordinary overflow, if not preyed upon, getting their food from leaves, bark, etc. The woods were thick everywhere with their carcasses. It hardly seemed possible that hawks and owls could eat so many. Probably the varmints joined in the destruction.

The disturbance of turkeys by the hawks continued throughout the trip, time and time again were they seen to drive them from tree to tree, though the warfare was never continued to the ground. One day we flushed a large flock of turkeys from near the mound. They took to trees 200yds. away in the overflow. Generally it will be half an hour or more before turkeys will return to ground after having been flushed to trees, so a position was taken where we were sitting against a large tree facing the turkeys, and a long wait was expected. In less than five minutes, however, we heard rapid, sharp clucking and, on looking down through the treetops, saw the hawks making war on the apparently defenseless turkeys, which took rapid flight and came pouring back to the mound, where it is needless to say one or two were shot. On the ground the hawks never bothered the turkeys so far as we saw and but one turkey carcass was found, and it is believed it was that of one that had been wounded in that vicinity a couple of days before. We noticed, however, where hawks were seen flying overhead that almost invariably turkeys were to be found feeding beneath. So often did this prove to be the case that, after the two or three first days, we would watch for hawks, and on seeing them cautiously go in and look for turkeys.

One day I was calling above camp where the large flock on the first day had been found. Soon a large hawk flew over and took perch on a tall limb, probably 75yds. away. I had not forgotten that first day's experience, and his hawkship offered a capital shot, and as he appeared to be my previous tormentor, I determined to sacrifice the turkeys that I knew to be within hearing and measure arms with him. The rifle having been gotten well in hand, I felt sure of success. I used a rest from the tree at my side. At the crack of the gun he came spinning to the ground with one wing open. He proved also to have a broken leg. With his sound leg and beak he fought ferociously for his life while being dispatched with a stick. He was of the largest species and unusually large. I felt revenged. This is the only one shot at, though every day we could have killed several by devoting some attention to them, and it is the one regret of our trip that we did not kill a score or more of them. It is now our belief, with all the lights before us, that the hawks preferred to have the turkeys on the ground, where, in feeding, the rabbits would be made to stir, so they could sail down and enjoy a feast.

William did not develop into a sportsman. There being but little to do, except when L. and I were in camp, we thought to give him some enjoyment. After the first two days we practically abandoned the camp ridge as a hunting ground and went further away. The big flock continued to use it, though cautiously, as a feeding ground, William was duly instructed as to the manipulation of the hammerless shotgun and though not showing a profound comprehension of the weapon, we thought he would be able to use it. He was told to go up the ridge about halfway, select an open place, where a view could be had for some distance around him and sit down with his back to a tree, to keep his body still and his eyes open, that surely he would get a shot at a turkey if he remained long enough. He was warned not to open up on the rabbits, as no shooting not strictly in our line was wanted. But he never got his turkey.

One day while L. and I were on Howlett we heard a shot plainly in the direction of camp. That was William, as no one else was at that time in that part of the woods. We put it down that William had at last got in his work. But on our return he said he had no turkey, and denied having shot or heard a shot. Generally, William was truthful, and we were inclined to believe him, though we could not account for the shot. Later, one barrel of the gun was found to be foul and we began to surmise. Always, on going to camp, William was found to be in. This was at all hours of the day. We further noticed that when he had seen turkeys as he had on several occasions, they were seen from camp. We then put it down that our boy was afraid of the woods, and though professing to go out and look for turkeys, he had not done it. Toward the end of the trip, on clearing away a rifle range, a bush near the launch was noticed to be mutilated with shot. It was riddled at short range. But why the shot was made or how made we could only guess. Probably William saw something or heard something and let fly from the launch.

One day I made a horrible shot. I promised L. and Conway I would tell it, and I guess I'll have to do it, though I'm not feeling well and am in no trim for writing.

We had gone to the mound. It was a favorite place. We loafed around there so much that after a while we found another mound, not over 300yds. away, with a flat, thickety swamp between, mostly covered with overflow. As to location, these mounds are somewhat of a mystery, except to a few old raftsmen and a limited number of others. They comprise the highest ground on the Little Sunflower. They lie back in the woods somewhere, off of the river. The amateur woodsman might spend two weeks in their vicinity and not find them, so completely are they hidden away. We stumbled on one by accident on our first trip, and then the other in the same way on this trip. We always found them inhabited. At the time I write of three head of cattle were found on one. They were half-starved, and surely would starve on this limited range. As we moved about their eyes followed us, looking demure and sad enough. But we could not rescue them. The mounds were already liberally strewn with the bones of animals starved or drowned in former overflows. The bones of these cattle would no doubt go to join the others. It was sad indeed to watch the poor brutes. But that shot—yes, yes; I was about to forget. Excuse me.

On the whole trip it was the only day a gobbler had opened for us. It was a bright day, and the woods, at least in that part about the mounds, took on a beautiful aspect. On the east mound, he probably had ranged away from the water, and, having short memory, had forgotten about the great overflow which day after day continued to rise and encroach on his domain; so, after we had called quietly and bewitchingly for some time, he made attempt to reply. But he had not done such a thing for many days before, and he was young anyway, and his voice cracked. He improves somewhat presently and L. and I move over in his direction to see if he means business. He proves to mean not much, for he makes but slow progress toward us. However, we'll await his pleasure, having learned by sad experience the great virtue of patience in turkey hunting. While working faithfully on this fellow for some time, we get an answer from the direction of the other mound. We listen for his next note to get him located. We get it. We also get another point—this second chap talks to our notion. He has an excellent voice. Strong and coarse as a base viol or dumb-bull. It begins to sound like old gobbler times. We hasten to take a new position between the little and the big gobblers. We wade through water and locate on a clay root, on the knob of earth projecting above the water, L. lying face down and I sitting on one leg and hip. Soon I change to a large log twenty or thirty yards toward the younger turkey, leaving L. on the clay root, thus affording greater chance for a shot from the two positions. The gobblers are acting nicely, the big one coming up fastest.

I looked at L. and would give a nice note for his photo. He is all aglow, and fairly sinks into the yellow earth to keep hid. I like his style very much. There is spirit in it. It is all good—except his face. To the four winds with that face! It will play havoc if that old fellow gets a glint from it. Then I'll take L. off in some lonely and secluded spot and do something desperate to him.

The young turkey quits. Guess he thinks the mastodon too close. Probably he has met him before, and just now would like to gobble to him afar off. The other is still bellowing—is now close. He seems to be opposite L. not 20yds. away. Why don't he shoot? I steal a glance at him and find he has gone down in the earth two inches more, and has only his forehead and eyes above. I would now give two notes for his photo. It will be his first gobbler. Why don't he shoot? Won't the boy ever shoot? I can't see the turkey for a dense thicket near me: surely L. can. Now he has passed L. a little.

"Ah! What a beauty" as he steps in view. "What glossy rich feathers! What lordly mein!—and L. does not shoot!" My heart is in my mouth—the Marlin that has been lying across the log is pressed to my shoulder and the trigger touched.

Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, history is history. Falsehood is not history. Any coloring leading the mind away from the exact and cold facts, may be an approximation, but not true history. I make a faithful record—that gobbler was missed. He stepped lightly—even daintily away without a stagger. I tried to get in another shot, but if successful, that would have been remarkable with a rifle. As a rule Mr. Turkey is never rattled. In such emergencies, his course is taken as though previously mapped out—and it is the best one, all things considered, for his safety. He simply disappeared suddenly—that's all I know about it.

I had to meet L. who, coming up, said: "I would have given a dollar had you waited two seconds. In three or four steps more I would have downed him."

"Crackey! Are you bankrupt? Haven't you got more money than that? I would raise you a few chips on that gobbler. Why didn't you shoot? I wanted you to kill him."

"I could not for the thicket. You have played didledy-be-hob-hob. How did you miss him? You used to shoot."

"Well, now, let's see whether I missed him. There ought to be some feathers there. I certainly had the gun on him."

We hunt and hunt for feathers. Abandon them and then look for ball. We get the course, we get the distance (shall I tell it? 17yds.) but find no sign and start to go.

"Here it is. Now, what kind of a shot was that? Why, here's a 5in. sapling between you and the turkey shot through and through."

"Lawrence, we have looked too long. Let's get out of these woods. This sight is too strong, I saw through that sapling."

It took me two days to recover from that shot; and as to hearing the last of it, I never expect to in L.'s day and generation.

Two days afterward I paddled back to the mound alone. I was not at all satisfied with my record down there and wanted to even up. I left the canoe 100yds. or more back in the overflow and waded out to the south and bluff edge of the west mound in water 2ft. deep. This mound is only 4 or 5ft. above the surrounding swamp, is probably 25yds. wide and oval in shape. It is covered with some undergrowth. On reaching it I stopped for a short rest and to steady my nerves. I wanted to be calm and cool this time for any emergency. To the north of this mound the ridge extends for 200 or 300yds. to the overflow. Having had one day without disturbance I was certain that turkeys would be seen. I kept a little in the water, so as not to rattle the leaves and moved around the edge very cautiously to the right, watching closely every spot as it appeared on the ridge beyond the mound. I was some time making the quadrant of the circle, when my eye was attracted by a motion a considerable distance down the ridge. I stood perfectly still and watched for some time to make out what had made it. I was afraid to raise the rifle and solve the question with the sight lest I be discovered. As usual I found turkeys.

Up to that time not a deer had been seen. We had expected to find some of them on the ridges. In January we had noticed considerable signs though we saw none. And this time there was not even a track. They had proved up their reputation for sagacity and departed for higher territory.

On making out the turkeys I slowly got down to earth on my knees in shallow water. Soon it was found that I could not manipulate myself satisfactorily in this position and, with due regard for the situation, I proceeded to change it by crawling forward to a rather small tree. This afforded me an opportunity to further investigate, which was done with as little motion outside of the tree as possible. The loggy look that I always carry in the woods was decidedly in my favor and I did not much fear being made out. The telescope was again brought to use and the game could be distinctly made out a little out of range. There were no less than twelve or fifteen, and they certainly formed an interesting spectacle as, without the least suspicion of danger, they scratched and fed among the leaves. They were watched for a full half-hour before they began to move closer. Soon they were within range at 80 or 90yds. I then nervously watched the flock through the sight in search of a long beard. They seemed for a while to be all hens. I was anxious to renew the contest with my former vanquisher, but could not find him. I concluded that any other one of his proportions would answer, but I could not find such a one. Where in the deuce had all the big chaps gone? While asking myself this question two young gobblers worked into view, and I watched them closely. Presently they stepped in line—this was my chance—and as I was pulling the trigger—I shall never forget the grand view as the third rusty-brown back ranged in line, one just a little above the other. It was a rare opportunity, and one that comes to few even among old turkey hunters. When I fired the woods in that vicinity at once became animated. There was a great stir. One gobbler was down, and another was cutting lively antics, all the rest took rapid wing and flew to timber in the overflow. I hastened to retrieve, when the bird of gymnastic proclivities rose and flew after the others, but was heard to fall in the overflow. A long search failed to find him. I then devoted myself to the turkeys in the trees, and in half an hour killed two hens, not missing a shot. I felt avenged, though I had not gotten my big gobbler. Then I shouldered the game, went to the canoe, and paddled to camp in a cheerful frame of mind.

W. L. P.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—This morning, while still engaged in the details of the toilet and hardly yet fully awake, I was startled by a sound which, even in the closed room, penetrated the muffled clang of the cable cars and the drone of the busy streets which at that hour fill the neighborhood of Michigan avenue and Eighteenth street, it being only about a mile from the very heart of the city of Chicago. There was no mistaking the quality of that strident voice, and on the instant I knew it was the honk of the wild goose. Running to the nearest window, I threw up the shade, and there, passing directly over the house, I saw a magnificent wedge of genuine Canada honkers! It was almost past belief, but when the window was thrown open, and the splendid music of that wild chorus came pealing down, there was no doubt possible, and all one could do was to gaze open-mouthed at what seems to me one of the most remarkable incidents that could happen to any shooter. The geese, there were 43 of them, swung west over the city, against the wind and climbing slowly, and I presume they headed south after they got their altitude. From the point in question over to Lake Michigan is hardly half a mile, and it is probable that the travelers had just been routed out by some passing boat from their resting place in the lake, where they had dropped in during the night on their way south. Wild geese often drop into Lake Michigan in this way, but it is usually much lower down the lake, and I never heard of a flock crossing the city this high up the lake. It so happens that from my office window, down town, I have a view of a window in a tall building a block or so away, in which there is a printing press. All day long there is visible the tireless flap, flap of the white paper as it passes over the press, and I have always found this printing press very good company, because it never gets tired. But to-day I have seen goose wings in that paper all day long. I am sure I hope the travelers will get south in safety, and they have my best regards.

If the geese are coming down, the ducks are all down, and our shooting has probably closed for this year. All last week, or up to Thursday, vast quantities of wildfowl were on the Kankakee. Hathaway, the oldest pusher at Mak-saw-ba Club, says he has not seen so many ducks for years. They were in on the river, in the timber, the marsh being frozen to great extent. We do not hear of any bags of ducks being made, however, though the local market hunters along the Kankakee and Illinois must certainly have taken full advantage of the great flurry of wildfowl that came down with the cold snap. It is freezing weather now, and the mallards will hug the timber or quit the country.

On Dec. 1 Mr. Geo. T. Farmer killed 12 jacksnipe on Cumberland marsh. This is something that never was done before and probably never will be done again, and it is not known here that snipe have ever been found in this latitude at that date. The birds were fat.

Mr. W. W. McFarland is lately back from Hennepin marsh, with a dozen ducks, some rabbits, etc. He reports quail plenty, though illegal now. In his hunting earlier in the season on Hennepin marsh, Mr. McFarland bagged 196 ducks in three days, the daily score being 81, 75, 40. On another day he got 40, and on yet another day performed the seemingly impossible feat of killing 50 mallards and greenwing in one hour. This was on a pass, just where the ducks turned in the wind to draw to a piece of water beyond, so the bulk of the dead birds lay very close together. Mr. McFarland says that over 1,000 ducks have been killed on Hennepin marsh this fall, but the shooting has been irregular.

Mr. W. K. Reed, also of the Hennepin, lately showed me a device in use by that club on what they call a "pull over" in the West, and would probably call a portage in the East: anyhow, it is a place between two lakes where the duck hunters have to drag their boats across by hand. The "pull over" in question is thirty rods long, bu

is now made easy by a system of maple rollers, 3½in. by 3ft., which are mounted at each axis end on the head of stakes driven down flush with the ground. The rollers are about 3½ft. apart, and a loaded boat slips along over them the easiest way in the world, whereas formerly the crossing was one of great labor and delay.

Hennepin Club built a $20 dam this fall which has done them a world of good, and put out 200 bushels of corn as feed, with results which are thought satisfactory in the extreme.

At their recent business meeting Mak-saw-ba Club showed a wish to take up this matter of putting out feed, and instructed the new board of managers to take measures looking toward feed and protection in the fullest sense of those words. At the meeting the following officers were elected by Mak-saw-ba Club for the ensuing year: President, T. Benton Leiter; Vice-President, L. R. Brown; Secretary, C. S. Petrie; Treasurer, W. R. Smith; Board of Managers, T. Benton Leiter, L. R. Brown, R. B. Organ, W. H. Haskell, J. A. Sharp.

Dec. 12.—Mr. P. F. Stone is just back from a short trip through Kentucky and Tennessee. He had one day of quail shooting near Paducah, Ky., about fifteen miles down the newly completed line of the Paducah, Tennessee & Alabama Railway. They struck new country, plenty of briers and plenty of birds. Percy got thirty-six birds and says they flushed eighteen bevies. His companion was Mr. Rheiner, of Paducah, a very good field shot, whose two dogs had a large interest in the results.

Mr. Geo. I. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind., is in town to-day, for the purpose of attending the business meeting of the Grand Calumet Heights Club to-night. The lessors of the club property have served notice to vacate, and all club members are asked to be present at this important meeting of the club, which may result in the temporary disbandment of the club while another property is being looked up.

Dick Turtle and a local gun or two killed forty-six rabbits on the islands above Shelby by firing the marsh for a drive one day last week. The rabbit battue seems to be having a vogue. E. HOUGH.

SHOT COUNT AND WEIGHT.

IT will be recalled by readers of FOREST AND STREAM that some time ago we made a careful exhibit of the vagaries of chilled shot as to uniformity of count and weight of a certain charge between the various makers. The variations, it will be remembered, were very large, and at the close of the publication of the tables the several makers were invited to express their opinions as to the feasibility of a standard. The circular letter sent out by FOREST AND STREAM read:

GENTLEMEN—In several recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, copies of which have been sent you, the question of variation in count and weight of shot nominally of the same size was taken up and illustrated by a complete set of tables covering the more popular sizes. The wide divergence shown would seem to indicate that there is need of a standard set of grades. Should this be attempted? Can it be accomplished? are questions which you as interested makers can discuss with particular profit and weight to the shooting world. Will you kindly give us your opinions on the matter, which, in view of the popular attention drawn to the subject by the tables, would be particularly appropriate at this time.

Yours, FOREST AND STREAM.

Responses came from many of the companies and indicate that the makers are much at variance in their explanations of the differences shown.

The Collier Shot Tower Co., of St. Louis, replies: "Replying to your favor of July 23 we have noticed in several recent copies of FOREST AND STREAM the variation in count and weight of shot nominally of the same size from the different towers of the United States and England. There is a standard set of shot gauges, which, if used by all the towers, would enable them to make the same size shot, and in consequence would save the wide divergence which is shown by your table. The only cause we can attribute this wide variation in sizes to is the wearing of the holes in the separating screens. We have recently added to our tower new steel shot screens made from the standard gauge, and we are now prepared to turn out better shot than we have ever before made. Trusting the above will prove satisfactory I remain very truly yours, EDW. M. FLESH, Sec'y.

Bailey, Farrell & Co., the large Pittsburgh makers, say: "Answering your favor of the 23d ultimo, there is now a standard grade or size for shot known as 'American standard' to which we think all the shot manufacturers conform. Using ordinary care in the manufacture of the shot, there should not be a variation of over 10 per cent. from the standard. With 'chilled shot,' however, the case is different. While all the manufacturers may make and number the shot the same size, the shot made by the different manufacturers may not be all of the same weight, owing to the difference in the quantity of antimony used for hardening, antimony being but little over one-half the specific gravity of lead; hence, the larger the quantity of antimony used in the shot the lighter the shot. The name 'chilled shot' is a misnomer. Lead is not chilled, *i. e.*, hardened, to an appreciable degree by rapid cooling. Yours truly, BAILEY, FARRELL & Co."

The LeRoy Company, of this city, who have heretofore struggled with this question of a standard, reply as follows: "We are in receipt of yours of 23d inst., relative to the 'variation in count and weight of shot, nominally of the same size.' Also as to the necessity of 'a standard set of grades,' and 'should this be attempted can it be accomplished?' In June, 1873, the same question came up before the New York State Sportsmen's Association at their meeting held at Batavia on the eleventh of that month. After full discussion, the matter was referred to a committee, consisting of Messrs. R. Newell. N. M. Smith and F. G. Skinner, who reported that 'Upon the most critical examination, your committee have decided to adopt as the American standard the scale presented to us by Messrs. LeRoy & Co.' The scale referred to was based upon the English standard of sizes, the only foreign make that in those days in any way approached regularity in grading, the Spanish, French, etc., being hopelessly mixed. The scale as then adopted was in hundredths of an inch, from dust at .04, to T at .23, the dropping-pans and test-gauges being graduated accordingly. The sizes, so arranged, were made by T. O. LeRoy & Co., and from 1876, by their successors, the LeRoy Shot & Lead M'f'g Co., down to the present day, and regularity and uniformity are now, as then, claimed for them. Rivalry among the various manufacturers then, as now, interfered with uniformity and no important result followed. Whether any better result could be accomplished now it is difficult to say, human nature running in about the same groove. There is, however, this advantage at the present time, that sportsmen know, when they use any special brand, the number of pellets of each size, etc., so that, by all parties to a trial using the same brand, a fair comparison of results can now be made. Yours truly, E. A. LEROY, Vice-Pres."

The Chicago Shot Tower Company takes rather a pessimistic view of the situation, saying: "Your favor of the 23d came duly to hand, and has received our consideration. Without doubt, there would be many advantages in having the various sizes of shot made by different manufacturers correspond, but at the present time we think it would be practically impossible to get the manufacturers to alter over their separators to make them all correspond. Yours respectfully, CHICAGO SHOT TOWER Co."

From Baltimore comes the response of the Merchants' Shot Co., as follows: "Yours of 23d to hand. I think it would be more satisfactory to shooters in general if sizes of shot were uniform among all makers, but at this time I hardly think anything can be done. There should be no difference in size of shot from the following towers, as they use the same machinery for separating: Collier Shot Tower Co., St. Louis Shot Tower Co., Chicago Shot Tower Co., Raymond Lead Co., W. G. Price & Co., Bailey, Farrell & Co., Gulf Shot Co., Colwell Lead Co., T. W. Sparks, Merchants' Shot Tower Co. As to the weight of shot it depends a great deal on the mixture of the metal and the height from which it is dropped. Yours truly, WALTER T. HARVEY, President."

The Cincinnati Shot Works Company express a willingness to work toward a uniform standard in their reply: "Your favor 23d received. We have examined your tables with much interest and certainly could not have believed there were such wide differences between manufacturers' sizes. Of course in the manufacturing of drop shot it is unnatural to expect and absolutely impossible to secure absolute uniformity from very natural causes, but there need not exist any great variation. We would be willing to join with other manufacturers in getting to a uniform standard in sizes and numbers throughout the list, and hope you can bring this about. Yours truly, CINCINNATI SHOT WORKS."

The president of the St. Louis Shot Tower Co. alluded to the recently formed shot-makers' pool in his reply, but as yet we have not heard of a standard output from the combination. He says: "Yours of 23d inst. to hand and contents carefully noted. We have been aware for a long time of the great difference in weight and count of the shot made by the manufacturers of the country, but while the trade made no complaint there was no need of any change; but now that the attention of the trade has been called to the fact the trouble should be remedied; and that it can be done there is no doubt, if the manufacturers would take hold of it with the right spirit. At present there is very little harmony among the shot manufacturers, and while that state of affairs exists little could be done, as each one claims to make what is called standard sizes, an effort is now being made to get all the manufacturers together, and if that is accomplished the remedy is easy, we think.—Respectfully, G. W. CHADBOURNE, Pres."

Tatham & Bros., of this city, give a thoughtful critical reply, going back to the well-known New York State Sportsmen's endeavor at a standard in 1873. As chilled shot is now so generally used, we thought it proper to make our comparative table of this variety, and did not take any note of the decreasing soft shot production. Tatham & Bros. say: "We have your favor of the 23d ult. calling our attention to your examination of chilled shot and suggesting that there is need of a standard set of grades, and asking whether this should be attempted, and if so, whether it could be accomplished. At a convention held at Batavia, N. Y., June, 1873, by the New York State Sportsmen's Association a standard of sizes (diameters) for shot was adopted, to be known as the 'American standard,' commencing with No. 12, to measure five one-hundredths of an inch, and each size increasing one one-hundredths of an inch to the largest. The object of their action was to induce all manufacturers to conform to that standard, so that a certain number should mean the same size throughout the country. It would appear from the results of your experiments that that standard is not absolutely adhered to by the different manufacturers. We think, however, that you would have found the result more uniform had you made the examination of soft shot, as chiled shot undoubtedly varies in weight for the same size more than soft shot, by reason of the greater or less quantity of hardening material used in its manufacture. The use of a *measure* is also largely a source of error, as no two persons will fill the measure exactly the same: and not more than three charges agree either in weight or count out of the ten furnished you of each size by each manufacturer, although undoubtedly the whole ten charges were measured out by the same person. Again, an ounce avoirdupois contains 437½grs. Troy, making for 1¼oz. 546¾ Troy grains; but we believe that in all but one instance that weight was exceeded by the measured 1¼oz., which according to your tables varied from 637 to 541 Troy grains. We would suggest that the proper mode of comparison would be to measure the length of a given number of pellets placed in a line, of each size from each manufacturer, which would show the variation from the standard. It is quite possible for the manufacturers to produce sizes which would very closely conform to the American standard, but it is probable that this would entail considerable expense upon some of them. Yours very truly, TATHAM & BROTHERS."

EDUCATED DUCKS.—Longmont, Colo., Dec. 2.—Ducks are very plentiful here, but it is about impossible to kill any, on account of the higher education of the wildfowl. The weather here is more like summer than December, and consequently when the ducks do move they go so high no shotgun can reach them.—C. J. W.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

BRITISH SPORTSMEN IN AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue for Nov. 13 contains some strictures by a correspondent, "C. B. W.," on statements of mine in "The Big Game of North America," relative to acts of cruelty by an English sportsman in the mountains. The writer puts another man's name for mine, but the reference to the book designates me as the man he criticises.

On the facts referred to he expresses disbelief, so that there is no occasion for remark on that point. His main censure is on my mention of him as a "foreigner" and an "Englishman." That was the fact in the case, and I so stated it; but I did not state that the man was a butcher because he was an Englishman, as I did not state that the wretched skin-hunters were butchers because they were Americans. In either case they were a disgrace to the common nature they bore.

Englishmen have been more prominent than others in the shooting of game because they have more money than others, have crossed the ocean to shoot, and have no commercial interest in the game they kill, the plea that our own skin hunters and meat hunters make for their waste and havoc. And so they have been more noticeable than others, carrying out that love of outdoor adventure and the love of arms which we have derived from them, and which makes both nations so manly a race. Your correspondent feels, naturally, sensitive to my mention of his nation, and I regret to have wounded the feeling. I am proud of the race from which I have my blood and name, and "C. B. W." has no greater pride than I have that the man at the head of the whole human race to-day is an Englishman. I share in the honor and I share in the pride, and I should feel that intentional defamation of Englishmen, as such, on my part would be to "file my own nest."

As to the "after all," I simply meant that, nothwithstanding this act of a single Englishman, he would be denounced by the press and by his own people at home. All England and the civilized world are horrified to-day by the atrocities of Englishmen in Stanley's rear guard. Major Bartelotte ordered a hundred and forty lashes on a native for a minor offense, and caused his death, and while himself furiously kicking a chief's wife was shot dead by the chief. Jameson—of the same name with the man in the mountains, and, it is to be hoped for the honor of human nature, the same man, that there may not have been two—was charged with furnishing a young girl for a cannibal feast; the proofs of the charge are in the balance, but it is in actual proof that he sat by, saw the knife passed into her body, saw the slices cut from her limbs, made drawings of the whole scene on the spot, sent them home to his wife and they are in her possession now. And the London *Times* and the English press call a halt on African exploration, if, instead of being carried on for science and commerce and philanthropy, it is to be conducted in a spirit of butchery and atrocity; and that by Englishmen.

Of course, the bare truth in the matter is that they might have been Frenchmen, Germans or Italians; they happened to be Englishmen, and England is thrilled with shame.

Your correspondent and myself are not really at variance in this matter. I should speak of an American with all the more feeling, for such deeds, that he was an American. I meant no invidiousness when I specified the actual nationality. I share with him in the pride for England and a Gladstone; I share with him and the whole English people in humbling for the fierce severity of Bartelotte and the morbid atrocity of Jameson. And I do not doubt that your correspondent would join me in that higher feeling, either for pride or for shame, than of Englishman or American; the feeling of the nature we bear, and say, *Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum puto*—I am a man, and I hold nothing foreign to me that pertains to man. JOSHUA COOKE.

P. S.—"Boone" has no need to take up the defense of "Silalicum" in any matter; that gifted writer can answer for himself. But if "C. B. W." will notice, Mr. Perry distributed the meat of the elk killed to the Indian tribe on whose ground they were hunting by permission of the chief. Such a gift is an event to a tribe, a boom, a windfall. The one great necessity of an Indian is food, and his whole life is a struggle to get it, and when they do get it not a pound is lost, the tendons themselves are made into soup and the bones are pounded for marrow. B.

AN INDIANA REPORT.—Michigan City, Ind., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game in northern Indiana, as far as I can learn, is most plentiful. We have had two days of good tracking snow, and bags of ten rabbits to a man and dog were very common. Quail were most numerous, but have been killed to a very great extent. It is good for them that the law expires soon, although I am sorry to say that the game laws are neither enforced nor obeyed in this section, and I am afraid there will yet be a great deal of illegal killing. Partridges are rather a scarcity; very small bags have been made. It is hard to give a reason for the small number of birds. This is not a very good place for ducks, although they can be killed on stormy days from the pier extending into Lake Michigan. A short while ago I bought an American-made gun, $50 grade. It is a very neat gun, of strong shooting qualities, but I wish the manufacturers had put locks on that would click alike. The right spring clicks clear and nice, but the left lock makes very little click when I draw the hammer back. I enjoy the articles of E. Hough in your journal. Michigan City, thirty miles from Chicago, does not compare with other shooting places much nearer Chicago.—F. L.

A DEER KILLED BY CONCUSSION.—City of Bayonne, N. J., Dec. 8.—I append an extract from a letter received from my brothers, of Marquette. The hunting spoken of was in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, near that place. He writes: "Richard and I got each a fine buck by still-hunting this fall. I had the head of mine mounted and the hide tanned and gave them to Minnie; the skin makes a very nice rug. Dick made a remarkable shot on his buck, which, by the way, was a very large one, the bullet from his rifle struck it on the horn close to the head and it dropped dead. It was found that it was killed by concussion of the brain, the covering membrane of the brain being ruptured. Is not this a unique occurrence? Has such a case come under the observation of any of your readers before?—RICHMOND.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BANQUET.

THE annual banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held in the large dining hall of the Parker House, Boston, last Thursday evening. The change from Young's, where the dinner was to have been held, was made necessary by the unexpected and unprecedented number of those in attendance, there being 212 members and guests present. This was the largest meeting of the kind in the history of the society, and taking it all in all the assemblage at Parker's was a magnificent representation of the sportsmen of New England—the "outdoor men," as Mr. Murray put it so felicitously. The propitious weather, the season and other causes no doubt contributed to bring out the attendance, but we are perhaps not far from the truth in thinking that the great gathering is to be accepted as a hearty indorsement of the enterprise of the Massachusetts men in their important effort to stock the covers with native species and introduced game. Because of this public-spirited work the society holds a stronger place than ever in public esteem. Not only was the meeting of last week the largest, but it was in every respect one of the most enjoyable in the Association's record, and one of the most happily conducted.

MENU.

OYSTERS ON DEEP SHELL.

SOUP.

Purée of Game à l'Anglaise. Bisque of Lobster.

FISH.

Boiled Bass, Hollandaise Sauce. Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce.

REMOVES.

Canada Goose. Boiled Leg of Southdown Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Saddle of Venison, Jelly Sauce. Sirloin Beef aux Champignons.

ENTREES.

Vol au Vent of Black Bear. Croquettes of Game, Sauce Reform.
Fried Bananas, Benedictine.
Fricassee of English Hare with Dumplings.
Apple Fritters, Glacé au Cognac. Macaroni au Gratin.

Roman Punch.

GAME.

Black Duck. Bluebill Widgeon. Sharp-tail Grouse.
Larded Partridge. *Dressed Lettuce.*

SWEETS.

Omelette Soufflé. Grape Meringues. Charlotte Russe.
Frozen Pudding. Wine Jelly.

DESSERT.

Bananas. Oranges. Apples. Grapes. Assorted Nuts.
Raisins. Ice Cream. Sherbet. Coffee.

Among the guests were ex-Gov. Long, State Treasurer George A. Marden, W. H. H. Murray, Fish Commissioners Brackett, of Massachusetts; Hodge and Riddle, of New Hampshire, and Brainerd, of Vermont, ex-Commissioner Putnam, Gen. N. A. M. Dudley, Fred Mather, superintendent of the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery; Senator Dwinell, of Winchester; Gen. J. H. Reed, of Cotuit; E. S. Tobey, Jr., F. G. Peabody, Hon. H. H. Sprague, president of the Senate; Judge Asa French, J. Russell Reed, Q. W. Adams, Chas. B. Reynolds, of the FOREST AND STREAM, I. O. Woodruff, president of the Megantic Fish and Game Association.

Letters of regret were received by Secretary Richard O. Harding from ex-President Cleveland, Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett, Senators Aldrich and Hawley, Congressman Greenhalge, U. S. Commissioner Marshall McDonald, Hon. Wm. E. Barrett, Hon. Wm. S. McNary, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, Hon. Harvey H. Pratt, Hon. H. M. Knowlton, Hon. Nathan Matthews, Jr., Mayor-elect of Boston; Messrs. A. N. Cheney and John W. Titcomb, Commissioners H. O. Stanley, E. M. Stilwell and B. W. Counce, of Maine, and Commissioners Wm. M. Hudson and Jas. G. Bill, of Connecticut. Senator Frye sent the following:

LEWISTON, Me., Nov. 26, 1890.—Mr. J. W. Adams, Boston, Mass.: My Dear Sir—Yours of the 25th instant, extending to me an invitation to attend the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, is received, with thanks for the courtesy. If there is any one thing I am proud of, it is my experti-ness as a fisherman, and if there is any one accomplishment I have acquired, it is that of fishing. In the presence of forty pounds of leaping, glistening salmon, shaking from his silvery sides water-diamonds into a magnificent river, running at the rate of ten miles an hour, all honors, all emoluments, all hopes and expectations, even presidential bees in the bonnet, sink into utter insignificance. Next to killing a fish, is a good chance with an appreciative audience to tell fish lies; but I am compelled to flee the temptation, and in doing so to take as much credit to myself as Joseph did when escaping from the wife of Potiphar. In view of the desperate contest which is to take place in the Senate immediately on its opening, it ought to be impossible for any Republican Senator to absent himself for an hour, and if Senator Aldrich does enjoy your hospitalities I shall hold him as a recreant Senator. Again thanking you and your committee, I am, yours truly, WM. P. FRYE.

The Association numbers among its members Myron W. Whitney, and it has come to be recognized as the correct thing at the annual dinner for the president to call on Mr. Whitney for a song; the response was an ingenious and taking parody on the "Three Fishers." Then President Edward A. Samuels reviewed the work of the Association and explained its purposes as follows:

Old Father Time, by a strict attention to business and a series of persistent turnings of his hour glass, has moved along the great procession of days and weeks and months, and we are again assembled to do honor to our Association by partaking of our annual dinner. We have paid our *devours* to it corporeally, and after I have inflicted upon you a few minutes' torture in the shape of a brief introductory address, you shall partake of a feast of mental pabulum that will send you home not only good and wise and, I trust, sober, but fully imbued with the determination to make not only our annual dinners but every effort that we make as a society a success.

In the first place it is my duty and pleasure to, as your representative, extend a cordial welcome to our friends who are with us as guests this evening, and I propose to you now that we drink to their best health.

It now lacks but about three months of being seventeen years since that little coterie of anglers met in this city and formed the Anglers' Association, the parent of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and during the period that has elapsed much good has resulted from our work, much that will be of lasting benefit to this Commonwealth; and we may well be proud of it, for it has been a philanthropic work, a disinterested and unselfish work; a work involving much labor and many sacrifices, and a work that should receive a greater consideration, a better appreciation, a kinder recognition, than it sometimes receives from those who have been most benefited by it.

As you know, we have made every possible effort to procure suitable laws for the protection and preservation of food-fishes, bivalves, lobsters, game and song and insectivorous birds, and I think I may say that, although we have not always succeeded in obtaining all we desire, we have been instrumental in securing most of the beneficent legislation in the direction I have named that has gone upon our statutes; and all the unwise and detrimental laws that have been enacted in relation to our birds and fish and game have been made in spite of our most earnest protests, our most strenuous efforts.

If we have done much to secure good laws we have also done much to enforce them; many, many hundreds of dollars have we expended in this direction, and we do not propose to discontinue this work.

Unquestionably our laws for the protection of our game and fish are not properly enforced by the appointed authorities; undoubtedly there might be a better enforcement of them.

We have machinery enough; for, in addition to the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, it is the duty of all officers qualified to serve criminal processes, to arrest without warrant any person whom they shall find taking or killing, or who has in possession the game birds and animals that are protected by law. And any officer who neglects or refuses to do so shall be punished by fine not exceeding twenty dollars; the officers must do their duty, the law is mandatory, and it is for us to see to it that transgressors shall no longer go unmolested, that the authorities no longer continue apathetic.

It has been sometimes said of us by the ignorant and prejudiced and designing that our efforts in the direction I have named are selfish and for our own aggrandizement and pleasure, that we endeavor to procure a monopoly of our game and fish.

Such astonishing assertions have been made, and it is one of the common stock charges against us at the State House, made by some of our most unscrupulous opponents, that we are a body of wealthy, aristocratic city sportsmen with nothing to do but clip off our coupons, go shooting and fishing and eat quail on toast which we have deprived others from obtaining. Now, that such statements should be made concerning us is less astonishing than that they should be listened to and credited by legislative committees. For what are the facts?

It is true we have in our ranks a few wealthy gentlemen, a very few compared with the number that I wish we had; but we are not a society of what can be fairly called wealthy men, men of leisure. No, we are workers; almost all of us busy men in the various walks of life, with rarely ever more time to spare for recreation than have our neighbors, and most of us do not clip many coupons or eat quail on toast. Now let me for a moment review a little of the work that our association has done for the benefit of the people of this State.

In the first place we have enforced the laws for the protection of the lobster. Until we took the matter in hand the law was practically a dead letter, and short lobsters were caught and sold openly, and there was a good prospect of the speedy extermination of an article of food which had been hitherto in common use with us to rich and poor alike, but which in other countries had already been classed among the expensive luxuries.

What was the result? After the expenditure of a great deal of hard labor by your efficient chairman of the committee on the enforcement of the laws relating to fish, Mr. Shattuck, and the sacrifice of a large share of our funds, the laws were enforced and are to-day respected, and the extirpation of the lobster is now among the very remote possibilities. Of course the entire credit is not due our association, for in later years the Commissioners have done good work in this direction; but if we had not adopted the measures we did the lobster would now be much less plentiful than it is.

Now, in doing this work were we striving for our own aggrandizement or were we laboring for the good of the community?

Since no one has gone so far as to accuse us of struggling for a monopoly of the lobster trade, even the most prejudiced must admit that our action was entirely disinterested.

Again we have made earnest effort for the better protection of our song and insectivorous birds. We knew that unless those birds were protected from the awful slaughter to which they were subjected, slaughter by the tens of thousands for millinery and other senseless purposes, extermination was sure to come. Members of our association took the initiative in the great agitation that ensued. I, alone, wrote scores of essays and articles which were printed in various agricultural reports and journals, and others among us have done individual efficient work. The agitation thus begun resulted finally in the formation of hundreds of societies for the better protection of birds throughout the country; and what has been the outcome, who have reaped the advantage?

The birds are saved and the farmers have received the benefit. Myriads of their best friends, the insect-eating birds, are left to destroy the pests of the farm and gladden us in the fields and forests with their sweet songs and lovely plumage.

In this work, also, we strove for the benefit of the community and not for our own selfish purposes.

In addition to all this we have made the effort to restock our woods and coverts with game birds which had become almost or quite extinct. In the present year for this purpose there has been contributed to be expended by our committee, which has proved most efficient, and which has done an immense amount of very hard work, the large sum of $1,500. Of this money our Association contributed outright from the treasury $350, and the balance was subscribed chiefly by individual members. The fruits of this liberal appropriation are already apparent, and quail which were in many sections almost extinct are now becoming plentiful. Who reaps the benefit? Assuredly not our Association, for if any of those quail have been shot by individual members—I say if any of them have been, which, who can say? and undoubtedly for every bird that has been thus killed I am safe in saying that scores and scores have been taken by others who were not members.

The farmers have also again been benefited by the addition of hundreds and hundred of insect-eating birds, for the quail is by naturalists well known to possess the insectivorous habit. And so the work goes on. We are building up where others have pulled down. Time was, and many of us can well remember it, when the farmers with huge traps baited with grain, captured whole coveys of quail at a time, and exhausted the entire stock in their localities. They took no thought of the morrow; just as the early settlers extirpated the salmon so did they destroy the quail and other game, and it was left for our and kindred associations to replace that which had been removed and give it for the benefit, without cost and without favor, of the entire community.

I have said that our association originated in the Anglers' Association, which was incorporated in 1874. Since that year it has had its changes both favorable and unpropitious. I was not one of the charter members, but I joined it in the first year of its organization, in which year there were 302 paying members. This large number soon began to gradually fall off, however, and in 1879 there were but 192 who paid assessments, and in 1883 there were but 108 paying members. Since that year there has been a gradual annual increase, more marked perhaps within the pass two or three years, and we have to-day the large membership of 425.

Now, I would like to see our association ten times as strong as it is, and I believe it can with proper effort be made so, for there is no reason why all who are interested in our objects, and there are thousands all over the State, should not enroll themselves under our banner. With such a membership what could we not accomplish? We could make our power felt, and when we asked for wise and salutary laws they would be given us.

We asked of the last Legislature that an appropriation be given the Commissioners—the Commissioners on Fish and Game, not our society—to be used in restocking our living brooks and streams with trout. We believe this to be something absolutely practicable, and if it is done and generously maintained, it will place within the reach of the people an abundant supply of delicious food to be had for the taking; but the appropriation was not made.

Let us ask for it again; and if the Commissioners cannot devote time to the work, let our Association have the appropriation and we will see it done, and done faithfully, too.

We asked also for a wise change in the close season on game birds, and we got a change with a vengeance, but not what we aimed for. Now the pot-hunter may kill the half-grown, half-fledged quail, poor little things hardly strong enough to fly, on the 15th of September.

Now, if our Association, comprising as it does 425 as respectable gentlemen as there are in this Commonwealth, men prominent in literature, commerce and all the professions, is not powerful enough to accomplish its object, let us increase it until it is of such a magnitude and strength that its demands, which are and always have been in the best interests of the people, shall be satisfied and its mission be crowned with success.

There is no other word painter like W. H. H. Murray, and on no other theme does he speak more eloquently than of the woods and the trout streams. His speech was a feeling plea for freedom in the woods, a protest against the control of the wilderness by clubs and individuals. "In the Adirondacks, where I used to roam," said he, "one family owns 100,000 acres. Those acres don't belong to that family. They are God's acres, I regret that to prevent the extermination of the fish and game we are driven to buy and own what ought to be free to all. I would be the last man to vote that this association, or the Megantic, or any other should acquire or grant a title to the woods and the mountains. It is like buying the sky, the stars and the winds. It is fencing in God's birthright. But we fall on evil times, and it seems as if only this recourse is left us if we would preserve the forest growing and the streams with full banks. I confess I am in a quandary. If the land is left alone the careless building of fires, the shooting of game that no one can eat, and the catching of fish that no one wants will destroy the pleasures of out-door life in a few years. If we buy, surely we are establishing class ownership and aristocratic privileges. We cannot but be saddened by the thought that the time is soon coming when all we have now will be in private hands. Little by little they have driven me back from my wanderings. I hate to be warned off from a pond or stream. It makes me sassy and ugly. I will not vote for or agree to that manner of settling the question. But I am in hearty accord with your efforts to protect the food fishes, the game and insect-eating birds, to preserve them not for the rich man's pleasure, but for the poor man's daily fare, and to preserve the songs over the fields, among which the farmer boys are being raised. It is sweet to think that there is nothing sour in our remembrance of nature. We deal with men, and they cheat us. And we cheat them. That is human nature, hard, grinding, bigoted human nature. It may have come down from the fall, as they say. I hope so. I hope it was not bred in us. But we never cheat a man in the woods. We point out the pool where fish will nibble and the thicket where the big buck will run by. The out-door life cultivates the manliness that is at the core of us all, the one imperishable thing that death can not destroy and the grave cannot smother."

H. H. Sprague, president of the Massachusetts Senate, responded to the president's introduction with brief and commendatory reference to the Association's work at the State House and its semi-official connection with the Government. Hon. John D. Long protested, "I am hardly prepared to talk to an audience of fishermen, as by nature and the profession which I follow I am limited to the plain truth;" and then recounted his last summer's experience in Maine in a way that provoked the warmest applause.

Prof. Putnam, late of the Massachusetts Fish Commission, read from the stenographic report of a conversation with a veteran fisherman in his office. The old fellow's answers showed that veteran fishermen were in the habit of reporting far more fish than they actually had caught, in order to prevent the Fish Commission from knowing the scarcity of fish and ordering a close season. The pounds and weirs, as this report showed, were annually catching and destroying great numbers of young fish. Prof. Putnam proposed that the Association should urge the restriction of pound and weir fishing; and also, in order that a reliable basis might be had for estimating the changes in the fish supply, that the Fish Commission should own, at some good location on the coast, a pound of their own, which should be put in operation as early as possible in the spring, and kept open till the ice in the autumn. Other speakers were Hon. Geo. A. Warden, Commissioner Brainerd, Pres. J. O. Woodruff, and Commissioner Atherton and Mr. Fred Mather.

SURE ENOUGH GOATS.—We take the following from the Great Falls (Montana) *Leader*, and wonder if it is founded on fact. If it is we should like to know what the goats were taken for: "Wm. Ulm, of Ulm, was the fortunate owner of several Angora goats, which he prized very highly. In order that they might become fully acquainted with the country he allowed them to go where they pleased over the mountain ranges adjacent to Ulm. A few days ago a party of hunters, under the guidance of Lieut. Ahern, of Fort Shaw, came across these goats feeding on the mountain side, and taking them for mountain sheep opened fire upon them with their Winchester rifles, and the result was that four of the Angoras fell victims to the deadly shots of the soldiers. The goats were taken to the fort and properly dressed and divided up among the boys, who soon made way with the supposed mountain sheep meat. Mr. Ulm missed the goats, and after a vigilant search for two days found the spot where they had been slaughtered, and from there the trail was followed to the fort. When the Lieutenant receives Mr. Ulm's bill for four Angora goats he will discover that there is a difference between mountain sheep and Angora goats, not only in appearance, but in price."

A SEAL'S COLLAR.—Conwell Bros. took from their fish-trap one day last week a seal which had an iron lobster-pot ring firmly fixed around its neck. The ring was embedded in the flesh, making it quite difficult to remove; after removal the seal appeared to experience great relief.—*Cape Cod Item.*

THE MAINE DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Special's" article in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM has just come to my notice. While not agreeing with your correspondent that deer are growing scarcer in Maine, or that the number killed before the open season makes any marked difference in their number, I do believe the law as it now stands is so unpopular as to be impossible of enforcement. In the Maine Legislature of 1889 the effort to open the season on Sept. 1 or 15 was defeated by the lumber interest The lumbermen fear fires in September especially, that being usually a dry month; and reasoning that opening the game season in that month would increase the number of sportsmen in the woods and consequently the danger of forest fires, they lobbied against the bill and killed it. And the law as it now stands on the statute books is an attempt of the minority to rule the majority, and except in a few places where sporting interests especially center, it is as dead as the blue laws of Connecticut. The Maine game is in prime condition during the latter part of September. Nature's law makes it open season. If the Maine game were unmolested after the snow becomes deep in winter, I should have no fears of their decreasing in numbers.

It is not the sportsman, either within or without the State, who destroy most of the game. It is the hunters and trappers who travel the woods all winter and kill every animal they can, if able to use no more than the hide. One such man I have in mind. His line of traps extend over a circuit of about 200 miles. This man travels his line for four months every winter and kills every animal he can. A hundred sportsmen hunting in September would not kill so much game as this one man in a season.

If the Legislature of Maine desire to protect the game in the State they will surely pass legislation that shall meet the approval of a majority of their people who are disposed to obey the laws, and will then provide means for its enforcement. We have often seen that unpopular laws cannot be enforced in this country, and any attempt of a small minority of the people to control the majority will always fail, even though that minority represents much wealth and social position. F. T.

PROVIDENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I feel a deep interest in an article which appears in our issue of Dec. 11, "Maine Deer Dogging," and no doubt many of your readers will also feel an interest in your special correspondent's account of the illegal killing and wanton waste of large game.

On Sept. 20 of this year I passed over a tote road near Long Pond, in northern Maine, and my attention was called to a big cow moose that lay rotting on the ground near the road. It had been shot in August by jack hunters, who had probably taken it for a deer, getting but one bullet just back of her forequarters. She had run quite a distance and fallen where she was not discovered till worthless for food.

From observations which I made in October I am satisfied that jack-hunting is carried on to a great extent in northern Maine, and that more game, especially deer, are killed during August and the first of September by that mode of hunting than are killed during the open season.

The time is ripe to make jack-hunting a State prison offense. I shall visit the Moose River and Spencer Valleys in December, and may take occasion to write you concerning big game. L. A.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

THE OHIO SEASON.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 15.—The open season for quail and pheasant shooting ended in Ohio to-night, and the thousands of hunters who oiled up their guns, put them away on the rack, rubbed their dogs' feet and joints with neatsfoot oil and fed warm gruel and wholesome meat, good-naturedly vote this the greatest bird season they ever knew. All of the sportsmen devoted every spare moment to the field; yet while it would be difficult to compute the number of quail that these hunters have bagged in the thirty-five days since Nov. 10, it is believed by observers that farmers' boys and pot-hunters trapped, murdered and marketed more quail in the few days of snow last week than were killed on the wing during the entire season. Village, town and city markets have been glutted for five days. Live quail and pheasants were brought into Cincinnati by the wagon load, probably from Kentucky. A farmer hauled into Toledo, this State, a wagon load of dead quail and rabbits that he got in the snow.

The first day of the snow the farmers, young and old, hunted on horseback, shot right and left, and annihilated covey after covey. One of the market hunters of this city bragged that on Tuesday he had a ground shot, killed seventeen quail and but one got away; and another saw a covey under the snow, fired and killed thirteen in one shot. Slaughter like that all over the State has shamefully thinned out the birds. Had the snow come this week instead of last, the law would have been ample protection. What birds are left will go through all right now unless the winter is too severe Quail were selling at $2 to $2.25 per dozen after the season opened, and to-day can be had for 75 cents to $1. Pheasants held at one price through the season, 50 cents per pair at Chillicothe, 30 cents per pair at Fort Recovery, Wapakmeta, Toledo and Kent, $1 at Dayton, Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati. The pheasant season opened Sept. 1, but there was very little hunting until cooler weather, about Nov. 1. After that there was no let up until the season closed to-day. Pheasants were so sly, and so protected in the thickets, that a bag of four birds was counted a big day's work. Therefore, there is an abundance left over. In Indiana there is talk of passing a law forbidding the killing of pheasants for five years, but the proposition is not approved by a majority of sportsmen.

Thomas Hannah, of this city, and his brother Reuben, of Yorkshire, have been the most successful pheasant hunters of this vicinity. Since the first of December they have bagged 94. In four days last week they killed 6 pheasants and 150 quail. William G. Lyman, of Kent, shooting at King's Creek, Champaign county, bagged 87 quail, 3 snipe, 12 rabbits and 2 squirrels; and in one day in his own county killed 4 pheasants, 6 quail and 4 rabbits. The best individual record here is 100 quail in three days' shooting. Pheasants are quite plenty in Portage county. Warren T. Timberlake writes from Fayette county, West Virginia, that there is fairly good wild turkey shooting in the mountain forests, and that pheasants are plenty. Sportsmen of Ohio will now give their attention to rabbits, squirrels, foxes, coon and opossum. Pointers and setters will go into their kennels for well-earned rest, and the dachshunde, foxhounds and beagles will be put to work.

Not all of the farmers in this valley annoy the hunters by posting trespass notices. There has not been such unpleasant clashings as last year, though the area of forbidden territory has been vastly enlarged. We have one farmer here who has done the clever thing, and the hunters want the FOREST AND STREAM to make mention of it. Joseph Miller, who owns a large, rich bottom farm 4 miles south of here, was critically ill last summer, and some of the hunters occasionally sent him a bird, and Mr. Miller did not forget it. When the quail season opened he planted a large sign board, "Hunters Welcome. Put your horse in the barn and feed him. Enjoy all the shooting you want on these farms, and when the bell rings come to the house for dinner." The hunters propose to have some handsome signs painted for him to read just that way. BROWN.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Whitesboro, N. Y., Dec. 15.—Dogging was not confined to the open season this year in certain parts of the Adirondacks, as I know from my own observation. Not only that, but salt licks and various other schemes are practiced openly, all of which, with timber cutting, will soon drive the deer into parts unknown. I sat on a runway myself and heard the sound of axes and falling timber all day. There were, within a radius of five miles, at the least 50 dogs and 75 men at the time I speak of, namely Oct. 1, and I was told 55 deer had been killed by dogging on Jock's Lake alone up to Oct. 1.—C. T. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

THE GOLDEN TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is in evidence that the golden trout (*Salvelinus aureolus*) has been taken in Sunapee Lake, N. H., with hook, spear and net years before 1883. No saibling have ever been put into Dan Hole Pond, and the *aureolus* are certainly there, as Mr. Dey and I caught them this fall, and *Shooting and Fishing* had a sample of the same fish sent to it this summer, from the same pond, before we took ours. From conversations with old residents around this pond I was told that they had been speared there in the fall for so many years that the "memory of man runneth not to the contrary." There is a pond in the town of Warren, N. H., upon the mountain side, which is said to contain a few very large and highly-colored trout. I visited it some twenty-five years ago; but, as the day was very hot and sultry, I did not get any. From the description I got of them at that time I should judge that they were the *aureolus* or golden trout. Commissioner E. B. Hodge is of the same opinion. There is also a lake in the town of Madison, N. H., called Silver Lake, where this same kind of highly-colored trout has been speared in the fall for many years past. Mr. Hodge gives it as his opinion that these trout also are the *aureolus.* Now I do not think Professor Garman can for an instant contend that saibling have ever been introduced into these waters.

Landlocked salmon were introduced into Sunapee and Newfound lakes at about the same time, and have done equally well in both places, and have been caught in each in large numbers.

No saibling have ever been seen in Newfound since their introduction. I have been on the spawning beds with Col. Hodge taking lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) for the hatching house, and we have never seen either *aureolus* or saibling. I do not think the saibling put into Newfound have been seen since. I am inclined to think with Col. Hodge, the *aureolus* one of the oldest fish in our inland waters, and that it is becoming gradually extinct. You will ask if so old why have they not become known before and been caught? They have been taken with the spear for years on the spawning beds, but the people taking them were not versed in trout lore. They could tell a brook trout from a fork-tailed lake trout and that was about as far as their knowledge of trout extended. They did not fish in the summer time in deep cold spring water where these trout lie. They did not know where to look for them. It is only within a few years that we have found out where they are in Sunapee Lake in the summer. There are only a few places there where they can be taken, and one might fish until doomsday 50yds. away from those places and catch nothing. You may ask why I think they are becoming extinct. In some of these ponds pickerel, perch, shiners and redfins have been introduced, and as the *aureolus* spawn on reefs or rocky shores, the spawn and young fry are destroyed by these robbers. This with indiscriminate spearing for years is doing its work.

I can give you examples in my own experience. There is a pond in Andover and Hill, N. H., called Poverty Pond. A long brook runs from it into the Blackwater River. Years ago this pond and brook were full of brook trout. I have caught many thousands there. Some one put hornpouts and shiners into the pond, and to-day it is almost impossible to find a trout in either pond or brook. The pouts destroyed the spawn and fry. There are two communicating ponds in Sanbornton, N. H., called Rollins and Calley ponds, which used to be famous for large brook trout. Some one put pickerel into them and they now swarm with pickerel, but the trout have disappeared. Under similar conditions the *aureolus* will do the same, and, as they exist in but few waters unless they are protected and artificially propagated, their days are numbered. WALTER AIKEN.

FRANKLN FALLS, N. H.

During a visit to New Hampshire, in October of this year, the writer first met his friend and correspondent Col. Elliott B. Hodge, a gentleman whose name is thoroughly identified with fishculture and protection in the State which he loyally serves as Fish and Game Commissioner. We were at Plymouth and Sunapee Lake together, and discussed many subjects of mutual interest, among them the golden trout, which Col. Hodge first brought to the notice of ichthyologists and which was introduced to the general public through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. From him I learned many interesting things relative to the history and habits of the new trout, and, as they have an important bearing upon the inquiry now being made into the relationship of the golden trout to the introduced saibling, I think this an opportune time for making the information public.

Mr. Pike, who was born and brought up at Sunapee Lake, says that about twenty-five years ago he and his father saw a great school of trout in the lake. They caught a good many of them, but never looked for them again because they supposed it to be a mere chance occurrence.

Mr. Nat. Lear, of Newbury, N. H., told Col. Hodge that when they were building the Concord & Claremont railroad, in 1872, shortly after the introduction of smelt, he and some others were catching smelt at the mouth of Beech Brook one night (this brook is a tributary of Sunapee Lake), when they saw what they supposed to be a large sucker and dipped it up. It proved to be a white trout of 4lbs., and looked to him, as he remembers it, just like the *aureolus,* which he has seen since. It was very white and silvery.

Mr. Moses Gould, of Bradford, N. H., who was one of the earliest trout fishermen on the lake and fished from boyhood, claims that in 1873 he caught two large trout of this kind in Sunapee and showed them to a number of persons as a very peculiar trout.

About 1873 or 1874 Thomas Roach caught two trout through the ice in Sunapee, one of which weighed more than 7lbs. Up to 1871 Sunapee Lake was practically unknown as a fishing lake for trout, and there were scarcely any boats on the lake. The little fishing that was done was chiefly for pickerel. No one fished in deep water for trout until their accidental discovery in great depths about 1881 or 1882. The *aureolus,* being a very late spawner, came on to the shoals at a time when there was little or no travel across the lake.

A Mr. Peabody stated that in 1881 or 1882 he saw a big school of suckers on the shoals south of Loon Island, Sunapee Lake. Of course, there is little doubt that these were golden trout.

The golden trout have sometimes come on the spawning shoals by the ton at a time. They do not pair to any noticeable extent, and a female is sometimes attended by five or six males. They make no nest, but move around continuously like the lake trout. The lake trout voids the eggs by rubbing the belly over the coarse rocks, and the males sometimes lean down on top of the females. At Loon Island Shoals the fish have spawned in waters so shallow that their backs were not covered. The usual depths range from six inches to four or five feet, but some of the large ones doubtless spawned in deeper water. Since the trout have become so numerous they are coming into shoaler water in the spring and summer in a few places. They are never seen in the brooks at any time of life so far as observation goes. Col. Hodge accounts for the rather sudden increase of the golden trout by the destruction of the yellow perch, which breed on the trout spawning grounds at the time when the embryos are making their appearance. The prohibiting of the drawing off of Sunapee Lake in such manner as to expose the breeding shoals contributes to the increase of these trout; and he believes that the black bass helped to destroy the yellow perch.

When the *aureolus* was first sought for by Col. Hodge as many as thirty would leap for the trolling spoon at one time. Now it is impossible to catch one with the spoon, as they will pay no attention to it even if pulled right over their noses. The Colonel caught 75 in one afternoon. Seven or eight consecutive casts took a trout each time. The two-year-old *aureolus* have scarcely ever reached more than 8 or 9in. in length, but the next season they will reach 1 to 1½lbs. A male *aureolus* fully 12in. long, at the Sunapee hatchery, showed parr marks very distinctly. One man caught a hundred of the young in a day, in 50ft. of water, and sold them as blue-backs. On this account the law was framed limiting the catch to trout of 10in. or over. Mr. Walter Aiken caught 32 young trout of this species, in deep water, last summer, but only one of them reached the legal limit of 10in.

In 1879 the fry hatched from 5,000 eggs of blue-back trout were planted in Sunapee Lake. They should have been deposited in the brooks and not in the lake. There is nothing to show that the planting was successful.

The statement of Mr. Carl Peyrer, translated in Report U. S. Fish Commission, Part III., page 611, that the saibling "leaves the lakes during the spawning season," differs from what is usually recorded of the species. Dr. Goode, for example, in the "Fishery Industries," page 503 writes: "At the spawning season they come into shallow water near the shores or in the mouths of streams and may be taken with the greatest of ease." Peyrer's remark on page 605 of the Fish Commission report on the lack of confirmation of the fertility of the cross between saibling and trout (*S. fario*) should be considered in connection with the question of a hybrid origin of eggs sent to America. T. H. BEAN.

RHODE ISLAND STRIPED BASS.—Where I go every summer in Rhode Island we, who are fond of that finest of fishing, catching the striped bass with rod and reel, have excellent chances for the sport. The biggest catch made by any of us was made by a boy eleven years old. He caught in one morning's fishing three bass of 16lbs., 15lbs. and 6lbs. Many of us made catches slightly inferior to this one; I, however, "came out the very small end of the horn." Some made remarkable catches, one in particular catching three fish which weighed together 110lbs. This was done in one afternoon.—T. DE C.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The fish commissioners, or fish census takers, or some other learned body, has been sending out circulars asking for details about illegal netting, etc., etc. One of these circulars was sent to the Mak-saw-ba Club, on the Kankakee River. The only thing singular about that is the orthography of the sender, the name of the club being made to read "McSawby." The boys of that club have no right to laugh, however, for it is a well known fact that one of their leading members spells it "McSorby." Mak-saw-ba is pure heathen, anyhow.

FISH ROOSTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "Isaac, Jr." describes how fishing grounds were made in a lake in Missouri which he calls a croppie roost. In Pennsylvania there is a lake containing black bass and other fish. All the land surrounding the lake is cultivated and there are no streams flowing into or from it, being entirely spring water. There is no refuge or shelter for the fish and for some time lately the fishing has been unsatisfactory, the fish could not be found, they were apparently scattered.

On one side of the lake there was a clump of small willows, which during the winter were cut off and thrown on the ice as the easiest way of getting rid of them. When the ice broke up in the spring the wind carried the ice and branches to the lower end of the lake, where the latter were dropped on the bottom together in one mass, about 50ft. in diameter, in about 15ft. of water. The branches were soon covered with animalculæ and spawn and they have made the best fishing grounds in the lake. A dozen black bass were caught out of the brush, while others near by not knowing the reason were unable to get a fish.

I send you this with the hope that it may cause those who would be interested in a "fish roost," during the proper season for fishing, to exert themselves a little with the hand axe at this the proper season for its use; thinking of the pleasure they will give themselves and others in this season of good will, in addition to making a feeding place for the fish. J. M. T.

A COMPANION OF THE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We mountaineers of Pennsylvania have to do our trout fishing in small streams as a general rule, and our experience is that the sport in the waters on the western slope is just about a compromise between hunting and fishing. Nevertheless it is great sport, and we have many good people who seem to enjoy it. After reading Dr. Sterling's articles, it occurs to me to try to find out what kind of fish it is that travels with our common speckled mountain trout. They are shaped exactly like trout, have the same peculiarity in the position of fins, no scales, etc.; but instead of the red spots of our native trout or the brown spots of California trout, they have a single red line on their sides. I do not want any one to think I refer to the rainbow fish, because I know them also. The fish I refer to is often met with in our streams where the water is cold, and undoubtedly associates with our mountain trout. I have never seen one over six inches in length. Is this fish a hybrid? Unless I obtain an answer sooner, I shall send Dr. Sterling a specimen when I fish next spring, provided he should be willing to examine it.

HILARY S. BRUNOT.

GREENSBURG, Pa.

[If a specimen be sent to the FOREST AND STREAM office we can readily tell what the fish is. We are at a loss to know whether it is a trout or not. The male of the California trout, also known as rainbow trout, has red bands along the sides in the breeding season. If the species be not a member of the salmon family it may be one of the dace, which abound in clear cold brooks and mountain streams in company with the brook trout. The best way to determine the question, however, will be to send us a specimen of the fish, either in alcohol or in strong brine. The brook trout has scales, but on account of their small size they are often overlooked.]

"AS TO AUREOLUS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A private letter received from you under date of Nov. 21, breaks off very suddenly with these words, "As to *aureolus*," and the sentence is unfinished, so I know not what you meant to suggest. Taking up your words, "as to *aureolus*," I do not knew what to say or think; the letter of Mr. Garman, identifying the fish with the *Salmo alpinus*, or European saibling, is very interesting, but it is certain that the fish could not have come from the saibling sent to New Hampshire by Prof. Baird in 1881, and equally certain that no European fish of that species had ever been introduced in these waters before. The finding of these trout in Dan Hole Pond in 1889, in no way disproves the "hybrid" theory, for Commissioner Hayes, of New Hampshire, put 10,000 landlocked salmon in Dan Hole Pond, as he informs me, in 1883. This was the first place I ever heard of the "new trout" in New Hampshire, and information came from the late A. H. Powers, at the meeting of the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, at Manchester, in April of that year. In 1885, Mr. Powers and Commissioner Hodge found them on the spawning beds. The white trout said to have been caught in 1887 may have been one of the landlocked salmon introduced in 1877 or '78.

I place very little reliance on any of the reports of these fish having been known for 60 or 70 years.

It has been well known that very large trout have existed in both Dan Hole and Sunapee, for that length of time, for I saw one myself from Sunapee 60 years ago which, as I remember it, must have weighed 3 or 4lbs., but it was a genuine, red-spotted and mottled *Salmo fontinalis*.

Now the ruling characteristics of the trout, to the rustic angler, are these distinctive markings, and I cannot believe that a fish so entirely different in all external appearance should have passed without notice, if it had ever been seen. I think if it had been, it would be more likely to have been called a "whitefish" than a trout.

I hope it may be clearly proved that the *Salmo alpinus* of Europe is also a native of our waters; but to do so it must be procured from some waters in which no other variety has ever been introduced, as they have been both in Sunapee and Dan Hole Pond.

Winter is on us early and strong. The thermometer has been 10 deg. at sunrise for two mornings, and people are crossing the Connecticut on the ice. Luckily the springs and brooks were all well filled, and I hope the trout will come out strong in the spring. VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 9.

[The published reports of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, which we have consulted for the period from 1866 to 1886, show that landlocked salmon were deposited in Dan Hole Pond in 1882, 1883 and 1884, the total plant having been 20,000 fish. No record is made of the introduction of any other species into this pond. At the time of the planting of landlocked salmon, trout were said to occur in this body of water. If, therefore, the large trout collected for Col. Hodge in 1889, and by Mr. Aiken and Mr. Dey in 1890, and identified with the *aureolus* of Sunapee Lake, be a hybrid, it would presumably be the result of the union of landlocked salmon and some form of trout. It is a well known fact, and has been stated in these columns, that a cross between a large-scaled salmon or trout and a small-scaled trout will produce a large-scaled fish, no matter which way the cross be made. The golden trout does not correspond with this definition, and on this account we cannot regard the landlocked salmon as one of its progenitors. In our issue of Nov. 27, in commenting upon Mr. Garman's article on the golden trout, we stated that the first saibling eggs sent to New Hampshire by the U. S. Fish Commission were received at Plymouth in 1883. This error is perfectly unaccountable to us, for the complete record was in our possession at the time, and we knew that a very large consignment of saibling eggs was forwarded to Mr. Powers in February, 1881, and the resulting fry planted in Newfound Lake in May of the same year.]

THE SAIBLING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE first saibling introduced into America by the U. S. Fish Commission appear to have been the lot received Feb. 1, 1880, of which only about 6,000 eggs survived the ocean voyage. These were sent to Mr. W. L. Gilbert, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who reported that all of them were lost in hatching. The next invoice of saibling eggs is referred to in the report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1881, page xlv., in the following terms:

"On January 10, Mr. Schuster, Burgomaster of Freiburg, Germany, announced that he had sent 60,000 saibling eggs by the North German Lloyds steamer Mosel, of January 8, consigned to the United States Fish Commission. These reached New York January 22. Mr. Fred Mather took charge of them and forwarded them the next day to Mr. A. H. Powers, Plymouth, N. H., which point they reached on the 24th. The entire loss while crossing the ocean and being transported to the hatchery was but 5,000 eggs. Mr. Powers was directed to hatch them and place them in Newfound Lake, located 7 miles from Plymouth. The eggs were all hatched by February 28, with a loss in hatching of 6,515 eggs. Mr. Powers deposited 30,000 fry in Newfound Lake, May 18."

In the report of the New Hampshire Fish Commission for 1881, page 20, we find the following acknowledgment of the reciept of eggs of the saibling:

"GERMAN RED TROUT.—We have also received a very valuable present from U. S. Commissioner Baird, in the form of 60,000 eggs of the saibling or *Salmo salvelinus*, the red trout of Upper Austria, the Tyrols and Switzerland. * * * After correspondence with Prof. Baird, it has been decided to place the young fish which we obtain from these eggs in Newfound Lake, as being particularly adapted for them, from its deep cold water, and its freedom from other predatory fishes, such as black bass and pickerel, which might destroy the young saibling."

The best account yet written of the saibling is that prepared by Dr. G. Brown Goode, shortly after the introduction of the species into America, which was published in FOREST AND STREAM, and is quoted in the New Hampshire report above cited. Dr. Goode's sketch is given on pages 14 to 20 of this report, and from it we make the following extract:

"In selecting a place in which to deposit the saibling eggs just received, the Commissioner of Fisheries has endeavored to find a body of water as similar as possible in depth and temperature to the larger Swiss lakes, and he has therefore sent them to Newfound Lake, New Hampshire. Here the whole 60,000 will be planted with the hope that by placing so large a number together in a lake of moderate size the experiment of introduction may be a success."

It may be that some of the saibling of the first shipment were retained at the Plymouth hatchery, for in report of Mr. A. H. Powers, superintendent of the hatchery, printed in the report of the New Hampshire Commission for 1881, pages 67 and 53, we find the following statements:

"Jan. 24 I received from Germany some 50,000 saibling eggs, a present from Prof. Baird, which have hatched, and I have some 35,000 or more young saibling to plant.

"We wish to preserve at the hatchery a few hundred each of these new varieties, such as the saibling and the carp, for breeders, and separate ponds are necessary for that purpose."

In the report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1883, page lxxix., we find the following additional history of the introduction of the saibling: "Among the most highly esteemed species of the trout family of Europe is the saibling, known in England as char and in France as *ombre chevalier*. Through the courtesy of the president of the Deutsche Fischerei-Verein a number of the eggs were received in January, 1881, and sent to the fish commissioners of New Hampshire, at Plymouth, for development. They proved hardy and grew satisfactorily, and on Dec. 3 of the present year about 600 eggs were taken by Commissioner Hodge. These will be transferred to another station, to be hatched and reared, and it is hoped that the species may in time become well-know in this country. The fish is specially adapted to the deep waters of cold lakes, being very abundant in the Geneva and other lakes of Switzerland."

Col. E. B. Hodge, now one of the Fish and Game Commissioners of New Hampshire and thoroughly acquainted with the history of the species under discussion, became superintendent of the Plymouth hatchery in 1882. He was familiar with the work of the late Mr. Powers and is entitled to speak with authority concerning the attempts to acclimatize extralimital fishes in New Hampshire. In 1883 Col. Hodge had under his charge at Plymouth some of the saibling above referred to. He begun a series of experiments in hybridizing various species by impregnating the eggs of the brook with the milt of the saibling, and undertaking other operations with the Atlantic salmon, brook trout and California salmon. In the New Hampshire report for 1884, page 34, Col. Hodge says: "I am in hopes that the cross between the brook trout and saibling will produce a fish that will breed."

The New Hampshire report of June, 1888, mentions the receipt of 3,000 saibling eggs from Germany, which were hatched and distributed from Plymouth, N. H., in the spring of 1888.

The published reports of the New Hampshire Commission have no reference to any introduction of saibling into Sunapee Lake, and they point clearly to the introduction in Dan Hole Pond of no species of the salmon family except the landlocked salmon. In addition to these statements we have the positive testimony of several persons who are entitled to speak with authority to the effect that saibling were not introduced either into Sunapee Lake or Dan Hole Pond.

For the above reasons, which appear to us conclusive and in every way worthy of acceptance, the golden trout of Sunapee Lake and Dan Hole Pond could not be identified with the European saibling. We have already pointed out certain differences between the specimens of golden trout, which we have examined, and examples of the saibling from Norway and Germany. It would afford us intense gratification to look upon the splendid trout of Sunapee and Dan Hole Pond as one of the triumphs of fishcultural effort; but under the circumstances above set forth in detail, we could not do otherwise than consider it a native species.

A DAY'S FISHING AT HOME.

IN western Pennsylvania the stream, known as French Creek or Venango River, flows quietly through the city of Meadville, and betrays to the stranger no signs of the fact that hundreds of game fish make their home in its clear water. This creek is not navigable for large boats except in very high water, and it is a rare occurrence to see what is called a "flat boat" on its way to Pittsburg moving along in the current with a speed of about four miles an hour. The bed of the stream is very much inclined in many places, however, and there are many strong rapids between Meadville and Franklin, which give the fish the necessary exercise that makes them muscular and plucky in a fight for life. When the water is at a proper stage, preferably low water in summer, an ordinary flat-bottomed skiff will float down any of these rapids without difficulty, and it is in this way that we make our weekly journeys down the creek for a distance of eight miles, casting a minnow on every side for game.

As I am to describe a day's sport at home it will be pardonable if I give a short description of the "outfit" in which I am so often a guest and companion. My friend, Mr. F., has spared no pains in making things comfortable; and as he casts a bait for the very science of it, he declares that every trip more than pays him for the expense and trouble he has had in fitting up so elaborate and serviceable a craft. The wagon on which the boat and belongings are hauled from place to place is of unique pattern and is perfectly adapted to this use. The axles are bent at right angles at the wheel and the bed is thus brought much nearer the ground than that of an ordinary road wagon. Good substantial springs rest on the axles and on these a board bottom, to which the boat is fitted.

The boat is quite different from the usual flat-bottomed skiff, being built like a scow, but narrowed at each end. This gives better standing room in front, and as speed is not a requisite, every purpose is served as well by this arrangement. The boat is built of thin boards and is completely covered with sheet iron. This makes the boat very heavy, but it adds a feature which is much more desirable than lightness, namely steadiness. A man can stand on the edge of the boat without sinking it below the water. This property of steadiness is very essential when fish are taken in a rapid part of the stream or under circumstances when unseen snags and bars are struck. A paddle, oars, cushions, oilclothes and blankets, gaff hook, lantern, sponges and nets, make up the complement of fixtures. Our rods are of light cane, about 16ft. long, and mounted with large wire loops for guides, and a ring, of wire, fully three-quarters of an inch in diameter, for a tip. This mounting enables us to throw a long line and to loosen a hook should it get fast in any way. First-class reels, lines, leaders and hooks are always used, as it certainly never pays to economize at these points. We catch our bait from the little creeks and are constantly supplied with over a hundred chubs.

On the day which I have in mind, equipped as above described, with the addition of a lunch, we started at 7 in the morning, and drifted slowly down through the town. A mild south wind was beginning to assert itself and a few clouds appeared to check the heat of a September sun. The omens were favorable and we confidently looked for a large catch. We had gone a distance of one and a half miles to a point where a railroad bridge crosses the creek and where there is a very deep pool caused by the water being forced to flow through between two abutments. Thus far we had been unsuccessful and were going around the abutment a second time, trying to entice a fish to try our bait, when a loud splash announced to my companions that the wary bass had at last selected my minnow. It had jumped clear out of the water as it saw my bait approaching and sank at once with it. A moment of suspense, a sharp strike, and I have him racing up and down, while a few strong strokes of the paddle carried us out of range of the drift wood which had collected against the pier. With a taut line always ready to yield but never to slacken, he was very soon safely landed in the boat, the first fish of the day. He was still on my hook when the boat started forward. Mr. F. had made a cast or two, when I heard a rush, and looking up I saw the last move of a very large fish as he slowly settled down into very deep water. "A pike!" exclaimed three of us, and we all stood waiting further developments. This time we did not have to wait very long, for the bait was small for pike, as we were fishing for bass, and we soon saw the line slowly moving toward the lair from which his pikeship had lately sprung.

The hook was skillfully fastened and the fight commenced. The pike gave a wild leap into the air and was let back into the water by Mr. F. in so easy a manner that the fish gained nothing by this or by any subsequent move of the same kind. The line was small and both leader and hook light; yet skill and care tired the game in a reasonable time and he was soon safe in the bottom of the boat. This was indeed a good beginning, and the 12½lbs. pike made us very confident and happy.

As we floated on we caught several small bass and a few fish which are commonly called in this locality "salmon." They are wall-eyed pike (*Stidostedium vitreum*). At last we reached the long line of slack water eight miles from home, where our horse and wagon had been taken by a boy awaiting our arrival. This deep

water is the best in the creek for fishing, and as we had three hours to spend here we were able to add a few large bass to our string, which brought the weight of the day's catch up to 30lbs. With light hearts and tired muscles we loaded the boat and made everything snug. The boys started for home with the boat and my friend and I took the evening train and were soon in the city.

We do not always get so many pounds of fish, but we never fail to catch some, and we consider it much superior sport to that we get in Canada or in Michigan, where we cannot have the comforts of home and must fish constantly for a few days, while here, at home, we may go as often as we like and need not neglect business. M.

MEADVILLE, Pa.

WORLD'S FAIR FISHERIES EXHIBIT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—Local and political squabbling and the inevitable scrambling among those in place to get the last dollar obtainable without giving an equivalent in brains or labor, have disgracefully retarded progress in World's Fair matters here. At last, however, the commissioners and the directors have gotten about where they should have been at the end of one week of hard work, and have announced a decision on site and general plans for the big exposition. In view of all the recent discords, it is pleasant to record the harmony and businesslike method of the sportsman element in its bearing upon the exposition. Within the week we have had here fish commissioners from a dozen different States, and they have worked together rapidly and unitedly to the end of making the fisheries exhibit in 1893 everything that it should be and all that it can be. The method to be followed is now outlined as follows: Each State will build a large aquarium of its own, showing therein the fish life native to its territory, and in addition there will be the great Government display of the sea fishes, which latter of course will be largely supplemented by the exhibits from the coast States of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Secretary Butterworth thinks much of the importance of the fish hatcheries, and is of the opinion that Congress should make a large appropriation for an exhibit of that kind. Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Fish Commissioner for Illinois, introduced the following resolution at the joint meeting of the fish commissioners, and it was carried unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That a committee of the commission be appointed by the chair to make a proper statement of the needs of the United States and various commissions in making a fish exhibit, and asking sufficient appropriation to make an exhibit commensurate with the occasion."

A committee of five was appointed, composed of the following gentlemen: Herschel Whitaker, Chairman; Captain J. W. Collins, William H. Bowman, Elliott B. Hodge and W. S. May. The committee was ordered to meet at Detroit Dec. 4.

The space to be apportioned to the fisheries, under the first rough plans of the exposition buildings as now submitted, appears very considerable, in view of the endless claims upon the acreage. On the chart it appears as 125×1,000ft., and the location assigned is prominent. There will be every reason in the world for anglers and sportsmen of all kinds to attend the World's Fair, and no reason for this prophesy is stronger than the evident disposition of the fish commissioners to unite harmoniously and act with energy and purpose. E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

CONSIDERABLE confusion seems to exist in the minds of people as to the difference between a "pole" and a "rod." Of course an expert angler would never be guilty of calling his rod a "pole," but beginners are very apt to use the term "pole" when they mean rod. A pole is the rough article in its natural state without mountings. For instance, the Calcutta bamboo, the Japanese cane and the southern reed are called poles, and are used for fishing. They are really gigantic grasses. Split-bamboo rods are made from Calcutta bamboos; these grow very large and are often imported up to 20ft. in length. They are easily recognized by their dark mottled appearance. Why these canes are so scorched no one seems to know, but the most plausible reason given is that it is done for the purpose of burning off the creeping vines, which cling so closely that it is impossible to get rid of them in any other way.

The Japanese canes are yellow in color, and while they make very fair fishing "poles" they are not so tough as the India article and seldom made into "rods."

There used to be a black bamboo pole in the market, sometimes called "pepper cane." These made fine rods and were much sought for by our striped bass anglers, but for some reason they are not now to be had of good quality.

When these poles are cut into joints and mounted with ferrules and guides, or even when mounted and finished in one piece, they become fishing rods and should be no longer called "poles."

Sportsmen and anglers should strive to use sportsmanlike terms and educate others in this respect. We have no wild "rabbits" in this country, they are "hares." Neither have we partridges or pheasants, excepting a few turned out in private grounds. Yet the term "partridge" is applied to four different birds, viz., ruffed grouse, Canada grouse, willow grouse and quail, thereby creating great confusion. SCARLET-IBIS.

ON FISH FOOD.—It is surprising how quickly animals can accustom themselves to a change of diet. Along the Newfoundland coast the people feed their cows, goats, pigs, etc., on fish, mostly herring and capelin. Of course pigs and goats will eat anything, but it seems a strange diet for cows. Newfoundland bacon and milk smell and taste very fishy in consequence.

ABUNDANCE OF SMELT.—There has been a wonderful abundance of smelts in New Brunswick. A storm on Dec. 1 brought an extraordinary run of these fish into the shallow bays, and among them were a large proportion of fish of unusual size.

DEATH OF SALMON AFTER SPAWNING.—In our comments on the death of salmon after spawning in the issue of Nov. 27 we referred to having seen dog salmon in fresh water near the sea. We intended to say silver salmon (*O. kisutch*).

THE "LIARS" CHANGE THEIR NAME—LET US HOPE THEIR NATURE.—Boston, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the evening of Dec. 15, the third annual dinner of the Liars' Club was held at Weber's, this city. For two short years the gentlemen composing the membership of this lively organization have struggled along under the incubus of a name, a name so distasteful and suggestive as to impair an otherwise healthy appetite, and last evening resolved to quash forever any aspersions, by making such a radical change in the nomenclature of their club, as would cause the father of it to disown his offspring as an alien. Here's what they've got it now: "The Quannapowitt Angling Association of Wakefield." [N. B.—Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Waste of Anglo-Saxon Words, please take notice.] With the burden of a name like this, it was deemed expedient to elect a treasurer, in addition to a re-election of former president and secretary, that there might be a man in the middle to help prop up both ends. The officers are as follows: Col. W. S. Greenough, president; Mr. Jacob C. Hartshorn, treasurer; Mr. A. T. Bond, secretary. A membership of some fifty men (only a few of whom are obliged to put shot on their leader when making a cast) insures permanency of organization and method of their madness. —A. T. BOND, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Tuesday, Dec. 9.—A good deal of interest was evinced in the first heat run to-day, as it would decide the absolute winner of the Derby Stake. Both dogs had done good work and their chances were considered about equal. After yesterday's inaction owing to the inclement and rainy weather, it was quite a relief to get into the saddle again, especially as the morning was one which left nothing to be desired, if one was well wrapped up. Frosty the air was, but the warm sun served to temper it somewhat and the scene in the fields was one long to be remembered. Every blade of grass and every shrub had a thick coating of ice, and as the slight breeze swayed them to and fro in the sun, the icicles flashed out in all the colors of the rainbow. Such cutting stuff was a bit hard on the pointer, but he worked through it bravely and seemed none the worse after going nearly two hours. The start was made just at the edge of town in sedge grass at 8:43 A. M. The dogs cast off being

SPOTTED BOY AND IAN.

Spotted Boy is a handsome-looking liver and white pointer and would not make a bad showing on the bench. Ian is an English setter in every sense, is built much after the style of our field dogs and looks a native setter all over. His color is black and white. Neither dog ranged off fast or far at starting. Soon after being cast off, Ian winded game, stopped, then moved on and some yards further finally came to a staunch point, when Cameron put up a bevy. After this, at the edge of a clump of trees, Ian pointed false. Then ensued a long tramp over all sorts of ground, which was only enlivened by the roading of Ian to a point in pines. Moved on he roaded round some time but failed to locate birds which had evidently been there recently. In some pines both dogs pointed and Cameron was allowed to move in, but he failed to flush anything. S. Boy then, further on, pointed and Ian backed, Richards flushed and shot, both dogs steady. Then both dogs made game, but nothing definite was done. Then Richards walked into a covey, with Boy working to one side of him; dog dropped to wing. Then near some dense pines Spotted Boy pointed a couple of birds, which Richards put up and Ian backed, Richards firing and both steady to shot and wing. On in thick pines, Spotted Boy pointed a single just in time to save a flush. Then Ian roaded to a single flush by a fence. A field further on dogs were ordered up; down 1h. 54m. After some consultation the judge decided Spotted Boy the winner, which seemed a popular verdict. This is Frank Richards's (his handler) first experience in trials down here, and he has certainly made a good beginning, capturing prizes amounting to $600.

ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

SHOT AND ROCK II.

The All-Aged Pointer Stake was then taken up, the second series not yet being finished. Dogs cast off at 10:57 in woods. Soon after starting Rock pointed a single; steady to flush. In edge of pines both handlers claimed points, but Tucker was allowed the privilege and flushed, fired and missed; dogs steady. Then Rock, roading on, picked up a single a yard or two away; Bradley flushed, but could not shoot, reporters and judges being in the way. Sent on in sedge, one of the prettiest pieces of work yet seen in the trials was done. Shot pointed in grass, and Rock coming up made a very stylish back two or three yards away. Tucker walked in, but failed to find. Dog ordered on, roaded a yard or two, then dropped to a point again, when Tucker flushed a single, fired and killed. Shot sent to retrieve, did so after making several wide casts. Dogs were then ordered up at 11:29, Shot winning the heat. There was hardly enough work done, as there was little to choose between them when taken up, and another quarter of an hour would not have been wasted. Both show good speed and range, and Rock has the advantage in style.

DUKE OF HESSEN AND IGHTFIELD DEUCE.

These two were put down at 11:28 in sedge grass. Both dogs started off well, Deuce being especially fast. Soon after starting a single flushed in woods ahead of them. Then Deuce pointed a bevy when Brailsford shot and killed, dog steady. Sent on to retrieve, he did so indifferently. Duke coming up to back pointed where birds had got up. Then Deuce, in pines, pointed and Brailsford flushed, several birds getting up all round. Sent on, Duke pointed near brier patch, and Deuce backed. Duke roaded on but could not locate. A lot of ranging then ensued without any result. Dogs up at 12:20, when judges consulted and declared Deuce the winner. Both are fast, wide rangers, with plenty of style. An adjournment was now made for lunch.

Third Series.

FRANK W. AND KING OF KENT.

This brace was then turned down at 12:26 in stubble, King of Kent off the faster of the two. Going on toward some woods, King, at the edge of them, pointed a large covey which Buckle flushed, shot and missed, Frank backing meanwhile and acting somewhat unsteady at shot. On in woods, after the scattered birds, King pointed a single which Buckle put up and killed, when Frank in his enthusiasm broke in and retrieved King's bird. Frank then got a single which Aldrich flushed, Frank proving unsteady again as the bird rose. Further down in hollow, King pointed but nothing came of it, Frank backing to order. Near some firs, Frank pointed a bevy and King brought up to back did so nicely, when Aldrich flushed the birds, shot and missed, Frank breaking in a little again but checked. Then Frank got another point on two birds, King backing him up handsomely, when Aldrich flushing them, shot and killed. Frank sent to retrieve did so indifferently. The dogs were then ordered up at 1:01 and King of Kent won. Frank needs better control when he would take some beating as he can find the birds and is a good worker. King ranges well despite an enlarged gland on the neck, which must bother him. A move was then made for the luncheon place near by.

ZIG ZAG AND SHOT.

After lunch, at 2:07, these two merry workers were put down in stubble. In oaks Zig chased some birds, which flushed wild, for a yard or two and then redeemed himself a few yards off by pointing balance of bevy, some flushing behind and the others in front, dog steady to wing. Shot then in open pointed, drew on and pointed again, and Zig Zag coming up backed stylishly, but Tucker failed to put up anything; Shot was ordered to locate but could not do so. Zig Zag, down the side of a ditch, pointed and then drew on to a single flush, then flushed another single. Sent on in woods Zig pointed a bevy which McMurdo put up, shot and killed, and Zig sent to retrieve did so after making several casts. Then Zig pointed one of the singles, Shot backing nicely. Dogs were then ordered up at 2:49, Zig Zag winning the heat. Zig Zag has better style, both about equal in range and pace. This brought the third series to a finish, and to give the dogs a further rest before the fourth series a heat in the

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE,

NATALIE AND GENE,

was run off, dogs being put down at 2:54 P.M. Almost immediately Gene began operations with a flush on a bevy. Then further on Natalie pointed birds at edge of woods, Nesbitt flushed, shot and missed. On in sedge grass a single flushed to one side of Natalie, who dropped to wing. Gene then broke in on Natalie's point and flushed a bevy. Then in woods Gene pointed a single. After this, in sedge grass, Gene pointed again, a single flushed wild and Aldrich put up another. Gene steady to wing. In some corn Gene pointed again and Natalie backing, Aldrich flushed, shot and killed, but Gene did not retrieve the bird very well. Higher up in pines Gene secured another single which Aldrich flushed. To the right Natalie then pointed and Gene backed this time, when Nesbitt put up a nice bevy, fired and missed, both dogs steady. Natalie then pointed and bird was flushed from a tree; then in sedge grass she pointed a single, another getting up just after. In sedge bottom Gene pointed again and Natalie backed, but nothing found. Dogs were then ordered up at 3:54. Natalie has better style and range, though Gene found the birds. It is doubtful if either remains in. Then

KING OF KENT AND IGHTFIELD DEUCE

ran against each other in the fourth series of the Pointer All-Aged Stake at 4:04. Soon after starting Deuce was lost and was found pointing a bevy, which Brailsford flushed as he came up, Deuce steady to wing. After covering a good deal of ground, Deuce pointed again at edge of a clump of pines, where Brailsford put up a bevy, King backing nicely. Dogs were then ordered up and the heat given to Ightfield Deuce.

FRED YATES AND CASH BOY

were then put down in All-Aged Setter Stake, running until dusk with the result of a flush and a point on a covey for Fred Gates.

Wednesday.

This morning opened frosty and bright, wind south. A start was made two miles from town, the first brace down being

FRED GATES AND CASH BOY

of the unfinished heat of last night, cast off at 8:42. Just after starting a bevy flushed wild which might have been winded had the dogs ranged further from the guns. Soon after, to the left, Cash Boy pointed a single, then pointed again and the balance of the bevy flushed, when Aldrich shot and killed, Cash Boy breaking in several yards, when he was punished and brought back; Gates meanwhile had been backing and was steady to shot and wing; then Cash retrieved the bird. A good deal of varied country was traversed without further result, when the dogs were ordered up at 9:12. Neither ranged fast or wide. Fred Gates has better style and is under good control. Will most likely remain in. Then the final in the All-Aged Pointer Stake was run off with

ZIG ZAG AND IGHTFIELD DEUCE.

The former, as usual, was handled by Capt. McMurdo, and Ightfield Deuce by W. Brailsford. Cast off at 9:17 both started at a fast gait, keeping together like greyhounds from the slip for some distance. In stubble, Deuce dropped to a point, Zig Zag being brought up to back did so very stylishly; nothing was found and dogs ordered on. Then Deuce pointed again at edge of briers and pines, roaded on and pointed again when a single flushed and Brailsford shot and missed. Soon after on a fallen tree in pines, Deuce dropped to a point on a single which Zig coming on seemingly flushed; both steady. Further on, Deuce pointed another single. In ragweeds, Deuce pointed again, when Brailsford flushed a bevy, Zig Zag backing; Brailsford shot and wounded. Deuce, sent to retrieve, did so after a good deal of casting round, as it was a wounded bird and ran off. Then Zig showed what he could do by pointing a bevy in weeds, Deuce backed nicely and birds flushed into woods; Zig a bit unsteady to wing. At the edge of some pines Deuce pointed then roaded on, Zig Zag backing prettily across the field; working through pines, dogs were ordered

up at 9:50. Deuce is the faster, but there is little to choose between them in other respects. Ightfield Deuce was awarded the first prize, as I informed you by wire from the field. To decide which should run with Zig Zag for second place.

KING OF KENT AND DUKE OF HESSEN

were put down at 10:01. John White, as usual, handling Duke, and C. E. Buckle the King. King of Kent has an enlarged gland just under the jaw, and this may affect him in his work. In thick pines Duke came to a point but nothing found. In sedge, near some woods, Duke pointed again, moved on, pointed and a single flushed; dog steady to wing. Then in the woods, King pointed a single which Buckle put up, shot at and missed; King steady as a rock. Then Duke picked up a single which White shot at and missed. An exchange of false points then ensued, when dogs were ordered up at 10:50. A good deal of cover work was done in this heat, and both dogs ranged fast and wide, King of Kent under better control than the other. King of Kent won. The All-Aged Setter Stake was then resumed with

EDGEMARK AND FANNIE M.

Cast off at 10:53 in sedge, both started at a good clip. Edgemark was handled by S. C. Bradley and Fannie M. by Stoddard. A good deal of ground was worked out before Edgemark made a false point in woods, being backed by Fannie M. Then the order was reversed, but with the same result. Then Edge pointed a single in briers, Fannie backing. Bradley flushed, both steady to wing. Fannie M. now got in her work, pointing a single, which flushed, followed by two more; Fannie then pointed another. On, at edge of pines she pointed again, and Stoddard flushed the birds, shot and missed; dog steady. Sent on, Edge pointed in sedge, doubtless where birds had just left, Fannie backing. Edge then pointed an outlying bird, roaded on and pointed same bird again, Bradley flushing, shooting and missing. Fan then pointed in sedge grass, Stoddard flushing the bird, shot and killed, when Fannie retrieved nicely. Then Edge pointed false at edge of woods. After roading on, Edge pointed again, roaded on, but failed to locate birds. Fannie then made a similar point in briers, Edge backing. Dogs were ordered up. Range and pace were about equal, but Fannie M. was best on birds. Every one was now ready for lunch, and after this had been duly discussed,

HARRY C. AND ANTONIO

were put down at 12:51 in stubble field. In pines, soon after starting, Antonio pointed false. In thicket Antonio repeated, Harry backing. Then in woods Harry pointed a single, which Bradley flushed, fired at and missed. The weather was now very warm and hard on the dogs. In ragweed Antonio pointed again and Harry backed dutifully, but nothing came of it; roading on, he stopped again, moved on and pointed once more, and though scent seemed hot, no birds were found, Harry being meanwhile held up. Soon after Harry C. pointed a bevy in sedge, Antonio getting on at the same time; both handlers fired and Bradley killed his bird. Harry C. sent to retrevie, did so indifferently. In pines Antonio repeated his no-game point act, Harry C. backing; then roading, he came up with his game, pointed, and Avent flushed, shot and missed. Further on in sedge grass Harry pointed, when Bradley flushed a single. Then Antonio pointed footscent. Dogs were then ordered up at 1:51. There work was about equal in style, range and pace. The heat to decide second in Pointer Stake was now run, with

KING OF KENT AND ZIG ZAG.

Both belong to the same kennel, King being the sire of the other. Cast off at 2:04. Zig was the first to stop, pointing and King backed, but no result. After covering some more territory the dogs were ordered up and Zig Zag awarded second prize. Shot was to have run with King of Kent for third money, but in the evening, as the handlers were willing, the judges divided third between them.

SUMMARY.

The drawing in first series, owners' names and pedigrees have already been published.

Second Series.

Frank W. beat Hickory's Staunch.
King of Kent beat Ightfield Guelph.
Zig Zag beat Lass of Bloomo.
Shot beat Rock II.
Ightfield Deuce beat Duke of Hessen.

Third Series.

King of Kent beat Frank W.
Zig Zag beat Shot.
Ightfield Deuce a bye.

Final

Ightfield Deuce beat Zig Zag and won first prize.
Zig Zag beat King of Kent and won second prize.
King of Kent and Shot divide third money.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE (*Continued*).

NOBLE COUNT AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.

These two were cast off at 2:54 in wheat field. In sedge grass Beatrice pointed some distance from birds, roaded in woods, and located birds, when Tallman flushed, shot and missed, Beatrice steady to shot and wing, Count lost some distance behind. Found, Count pointed to one side of the woods. In woods, after marked bevy, Beatrice soon picked one out by a tree stump which Tallman flushed, shot and killed, Beatrice retrieving nicely. Count pointed a woodcock at the same time, and Judge Wallace varied the monotony by shooting it. Both then pointed in fence, but nothing found. Count in sedge grass, after being lost again, pointed, drew on and pointed again but without result. Then after a good deal of ranging Beatrice pointed again. Dogs were ordered up at 3:58, Beatrice shows best speed and range and did the best work of the two. She is pretty sure to remain in.

LILLY BURGESS AND DAISY HOPE.

Cast off at 4:03 in weeds, Lilly Burgess was handled by Frank Richards and Daisy Hope by W. W. Titus. A few minutes after starting Daisy began her High Point tactics again, for getting away from her handler, was lost and not brought in till just nine minutes before the hour was up. Lilly, after waiting a quarter of an hour or so, was sent on, when she at once pointed a rabbit in bottoms; on, along the bottoms, Lilly pointed larks. After ranging some distance Lilly pointed by a fence, roaded on and pointing again another rabbit was started. Then Hope appeared on the scene at 4:55. Sent off together again in sedge, Lilly soon pointed a single, and still another in corn and sedge; Richards shot and killed and the bitch retrieved well; Hope meanwhile backing nicely. Lilly then pointed false, drew on and pointed again. Dogs up at 5:06, Daisy rambling off once more. This will surely cost her any further chance in the stake. Lilly ranges well and will doubtless remain in. As it was still light,

BABE GLADSTONE AND IGHTFIELD ROSA

were put down at 5:09 in stubble. Nesbitt handling Babe Gladstone and Brailsford the English bitch, Rosa soon pointed false, Babe backing stylishly. Babe then pointed in corn, Rosa sustained her; Babe drew on but could not locate. After some further ranging we turned our faces homeward after a hard day's work.

Thursday.

The meet this morning was at Grime's place. Weather quite mild and balmy, and as the day advanced becoming uncomfortably warm. The wind was south. The running opened with the unfinished heat of the previous evening between

BABE GLADSTONE AND IGHTFIELD ROSA,

at 9 A. M. in ragweed field. Both dogs started out a good pace. Rosa was the first to claim the attention of the judges, making two false points in woods. Passing out of cover, a bevy was flushed by Rosa. This was followed by a false point on Babe's part. Then in high sedge grass Rosa got a point on a single which Brailsford flushed. At the same time higher up the field Babe pointed where bird had been, as nothing was found. There was here an opportunity to do good work on the singles had the dogs been up to the business, as they were flushing continually while the dogs ranged around them. Several false points were made by Rosa, Babe backing most of them. Dogs were then ordered up at 9:31. Neither did work that will entitle them to a place in second series, though Rosa was the best of the two.

KATE MILLER AND REVERDY.

This brace was cast off at 9:34, both starting off fast. Kate Miller was handled by Nesbitt and Reverdy by Stoddard. Soon after starting, even the oldest sportsman on the ground was astonished to see three turkeys get up in a grass field by the side of a wood. Two flew into the woods and the other soared away far over the tops of the highest trees, looking like an eagle in its flight. This happened within 200yds. of the railroad track. Further on in long sedge grass Reverdy flushed a bevy as she galloped along; then in bottoms, pointed, moved on and pointed again. Kate pointed too. Stoddard put up a single, shot and killed, and Reverdy, sent to retrieve, did so, but poorly. Then Kate pointed, moved on and a single flushed. Kate pointed again and birds got up all over the place, scattering in every direction. Then in some cover at the top of a bank Reverdy pointed and Kate backed, but nothing found. On after the marked birds, Reverdy flushed, dropped to wing and Kate backed. Kate pointed higher up, Reverdy roaded in and pointed, drew on, but birds had evidently run. Lower down, by the side of the R. R. track Reverdy picked up another single which flushed ahead of him. Over the track Reverdy pointed again but Stoddard failed to flush anything, but birds had run on, as judges put up birds ahead. Kate meanwhile was backing nicely Further on Kate pointed false, Reverdy backing. Then both dogs roaded on in sedge and into oaks, when Kate stopped on a point, Reverdy backing, and a single flushed wild ahead of the dogs Sent on a few yards further, Kate winded another single and Reverdy backed, when Nesbitt put up the bird, shot and wounded. Reverdy then made a false point to one side. In open, edge of R. R. track, Kate scored another single, Reverdy doing his duty. Nesbitt flushed, fired and missed, both dogs steady. Kate, in pines, made another false point, then, after a good deal of ranging, Kate pointed a bevy, Reverdy backing. Nesbitt shot and missed. Dogs were then ordered up at 10:35. Both are about equal in range and pace. Reverdy's flush at the start seemed to rattle her. Kate was the better on birds.

NANNIE B. AND KING'S DAN.

Nannie B., handled by S. S. Barker, and King's Dan by S. C. Bradley, were cast off at 10:41 in grass and ragweed, both starting off at a good gait. In woods King's Dan pointed and Nannie B. backed, but though given every opportunity Bradley failed to flush anything and dog roaded on, pointed again several, making a series of pretty pictures, as he is very stylish, but no game. Then Nannie pointed larks. In swamp Nannie picked up a single, then scored a point at the edge of some oaks, King's Dan backing nicely, roaded on, stopped, moved on and pointed again, when Barker flushed a bevy well ahead of him and shot, but only wounded his bird. Both dogs steady to shot and wing. Dogs were then ordered up at 11:37, Nannie B. proving the best of the two.

IGHTFIELD RANGER AND PRINCE LUCIFER.

These two started off at 11:42 in weeds. Ranging on into woods Prince Lucifer pointed nicely, when Barker flushed a covey, shot and missed. Higher up Prince pointed again, Ranger backing, then the dog moved on, pointed and a single flushed before the others, Barker shot and wounded bird. After the singles Prince scored again, when Barker shot and killed, the dog retrieving well. At the edge of the woods Ranger got on to a single, Prince backed, and Brailsford flushed the bird and killed, Ranger making a poor retrieve. Near a log cabin, a few yards further on, Prince pointed and Ranger backing, Barker put up another single Then after we had scoured several fields Ranger pointed an outlying bird by the side of some oaks and Brailsford flushed, dog steady to wing. Then several yards further on Prince pointed the balance of the bevy, Ranger backing. Barker flushed, shot and both dogs steady. Ranger then in some pines came to a point, moved on, pointed again and Prince backed, nothing was found just then, but a single flushed afterward at edge of woods to one side of where the bitch had pointed. Further on Prince pointed a single which Barker put up, but gun missed fire. In corn Prince made a stylish point, left it and roaded on, but failed to locate game. A fresh point was then made by Ranger in thorns and another by Prince in cotton patch. Then the dogs were ordered up at 12:42. Prince Lucifer showed far better style, range and pace, besides doing most of the work on birds. As we were all by this time pretty hungry lunch came as a welcome diversion. After lunch as Sam R., who should have run with Simonides, was reported sick, Simonides ran a bye, and the next brace,

SAM MILLER AND CASSIO

were put down at 1:27 in sedge grass and weeds. J. M. Avent handled his Cassio and Frank Richards Sam Miller. Both dogs ranged off very fast and wide. In corn, Cassio pointed, but Sam went in ahead and would not back, then Cassio moved on and at edge of corn Cassio pointed again, Sam backing this time, quite 75yds. away, when a bevy flushed wild before Avent could get up, both dogs steady to wing. Further down, in the corner of some oaks, Cassio pointed again, Sam backing, and Avent flushed a bevy, shot and missed with both barrels. Then Sam pointed and Cassio backed, but nothing was found. Sam redeemed himself shortly after by pointing in a clump of firs, Cassio backing slightly, when Richards flushed a large bevy, shot and killed, Sam retrieving well. On in open, Sam secured another bevy which Richards flushed, Cassio backing; both steady to wing. Ranging on in open, Cassio pointed this time and Sam backed, when coming up Avent flushed two birds, shot and killed, Cassio making a good retrieve. In some woods Cassio then pointed a bevy which Sam backing, Avent flushed, but did not shoot. Dogs were then ordered up at 2:27. Some good work was done by both dogs. Cassio especially, and there is little fear but that both will be seen again. This concluded the first series in this stake, and the Gordons were then ordered on the scene to show their vaunted prowess in the field.

GORDON STAKE.

KING ITEM AND BELMONT.

These were the first two down on the list, Samuel Fisher handling King Item, Tallman handled Belmont. Cast off at 2:43. Both are handsome dogs, well known on the bench, but we cannot speak very highly of their field merits, as it was 3:22 before anything was done, and then Belmont walked into a bevy and was not very steady to wing. Going on, she flushed a single and then another in high sedge grass. Moving on into pines, King Item pointed false, and then Belmont pointed a single, which Tallman flushed, shot and missed, King Item backing, neither quite steady to shot and wing. In sedge grass Belmont came to a good point, King backing unsteady; Tallman flushed a large bevy; both steady to wing. Then in some sedgy swamp Belmont pointed, and Tallman flushed a single, shot and killed, and Belmont sent to retrieve, did so after a little casting round. On, after these birds, King Item flushed twice. Dogs up at 3:54. Belmont redeemed herself somewhat by finishing better than she started; but King Item will hardly be heard of again in this stake. Neither ranged out much from the gun nor showed any speed.

BEAUMONT AND GORDO.

Beaumont handled by W. Tallman, and Gordo by A. Cameron, were cast off at 4 P. M. in ragweed field. After some trotting round Gordo, in woods, flushed a single but was steady to wing. Then coming down a field Gordo made game and a single flushed to one side. Beaumont then flushed a bird, and Gordo moved on, meanwhile Beaumont also thought he had something, and not showing any disposition to "hie on" when ordered, as there was nothing there, his gentle handler caused much amusement by helping him with his foot. Then after awhile Gordo pointed false, Beaumont backing nicely. Further on Gordo pointed birds, which Cameron flushed, shot and killed, Beaumont backing. Gordo, sent to retrieve, did so fairly well. Gordo, in woods, then roaded to a single flush. Beaumont then pointed, and ordered on to flush did so a few yards away, then pointed again, when bird flushed ahead of him. Gordo, in sedge grass, came up with some birds, pointed and Beaumont backing, Cameron flushed; both dogs steady to wing. They were then ordered up at 5:04. Gordo was the faster of the two, but in justice to Beaumont, we must say that Mr. Tallman, not expecting to run him to day, had given him several miles run behind a wagon in the morning, besides some work in the field. Belmont has been in season, and having been shut up a good deal was therefore not in the best of shape. As twilight was coming on apace a move was made for town some miles distant.

Friday.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Second Series.

The meet this morning was at Smith's place, distant 7 miles from town. Birds were not very plentiful. The weather was cold, and most of the running being on high ground we felt the full effect of the raw northeast wind, which blew hard all day, making it the coldest day yet experienced in the field. Commencing with the second series the first brace down was

FRED GATES AND NATALIE II.,

at 9:06 A. M. Before the dogs had fairly started they both ran into a bevy of birds, which dropped 30yds. away. Nesbitt shot and killed, when Natalie retrieved, Rose missing; both dogs steady. Then on scattered birds each made a point on singles. Fred Gates then flushed a single, when birds got up all around him. Moving on Natalie pointed foot scent. Going on down the hill into bottom Fred pointed a bevy and Rose flushed, shot and missed. Then both pointed singles of the scattered birds. In sedge grass Natalie picked up another single. Further on Fred pointed a bevy, Natalie backing; birds flushed and Rose shot and missed. Moving on toward woods Fred at the edge pointed by the side of a fallen tree, then roaded on some time, but failed to locate birds; Natalie backed. Then Natalie pointed in sedge grass, Fred backing nicely, but nothing came of it. Further on Fred pointed and drew on, then pointed again, when a bevy flushed wild. Dogs ordered up at 10:42, Fred Gates winning the heat.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND SAM MILLER.

Down at 9:47 in sedge grass; both got off well and fast. Soon after starting Prince pointed by a ditch very stylishly; Sam backed, when Barker put up a bevy, shot and missed, Prince not quite steady. In edge of woods Sam pointed, Prince backing nicely. Sam moved on and out into the open, nothing found. In ragweed in bottom, Prince pointed a single in good shape, which Barker shot at and missed, dogs steady. Then further on Prince pointed in a ditch, Barker flushed birds, fired and missed. Sam backing some distance away. Sam in a bunch of ragweed pointed and Richards flushed two birds, shot and missed. Further on Prince pointed false. In stubble Prince then pointed a lark. Dogs up and heat given to Prince Lucifer, who excels the other in pace, range and style.

ANTONIO AND KATE MILLER.

Cast off at 10:24 in stubble. Soon after starting, in a swamp, Kate pointed, moved on and pointed again, when Richards flushed a single, shot and killed, Kate retrieving nicely. Higher up in sedge grass Antonio pointed, Kate backing, but Avent failed to find anything. Dogs were then taken up, and a half mile further on put down in a grass field, near where a bevy had been flushed by horsemen. In sedge and weeds Antonio then pointed, Kate backing, but no result. Lower down the field Kate came to a good point, and while being held on till Antonio could come up to back, a bevy flushed wild. Antonio was ranging off in another direction, Kate steady to wing. Dogs were then ordered up at 11:26. Kate won.

SIMONIDES AND LILLY BURGESS.

Off at 11:34 in corn stubble. Simonides shortly after in edge of woods pointed a single, which flushed; dog steady. Further in woods Simonides picked up another single, then he pointed another, but birds had run on. Further in woods Lilly made a good point on a single, which Richards flushed; dog steady. Across a stubblefield at edge of woods, Simonides pointed, Lilly Burgess backing, when Rose put up a bevy, shot and missed; both dogs steady. In edge of woods Simonides pointed birds which Richards put up, shot and wounded. Dogs were then ordered up at 12:04, Simonides getting the verdict. He has the pace and range of the other.

NANNIE B. AND CASSIO.

Cast off at 12:09 to work toward luncheon place. Down in hollow Nannie pointed a single which Barker flushed, shot at and missed. Then by some woods Cassio pointed, but nothing found. Going on some distance and into woods Nannie pointed again, and Barker going in flushed, shot, but did not kill. Dogs were ordered up at 12:55. A good deal of ranging was indulged in, but few birds found. Cassio had the pace and range. Nannie B. got the verdict. We than galloped a couple of miles toward town to a farm where lunch was served.

HARRY C. AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.

It was 2 P. M. before we got to work again, the above brace being cast off in ragweed field. Harry started off the faster, maintaining a good gait throughout, but somehow did not get on to the birds like his slower opponent. In a cornfield Beatrice was the first to score, pointing a bevy. Harry, called up to back, came up as birds flushed wild; both steady to wing. At edge of woods Beatrice pointed again, Tallman flushing, Harry backed stylishly; both steady to wing. Following up the scattered birds, Beatrice, a little distance further up, pointed a single at edge of woods by a creek, then roaded on and dropped as the balance of birds flushed, then pointed another single just after. Harry then, in woods, thought he had something, but it proved delusive. On ahead in high sedge Harry pointed and a bevy flushed wild before handler could get up. In edge of oak Harry pointed just as dogs were ordered up, and judges allowed him to try and locate, but he failed; the birds may have run on as he was held on the point some time. Dogs up at 2:40 and the heat given to Princess Beatrice, much to the relief of her owner who had been an anxious spectator, as she was drawn against one of the best dogs in the stake, but whose nose seemed to be off to-day. A heat of the first series in the Gordon Stake,

MONT AND BENDIGO.

was then run. Cast off at 2:56. Some time after starting Mont, in stubble, pointed and Bendigo backed, when Aldrich put up a bevy, shot both barrels and killed, but Mont could not find. Then Bendigo at edge of woods pointed, when a bevy flushed wild almost at the same moment. Birds were followed but could not be picked up, for the only work done was a false point by each dog. A great deal of pottering work was indulged in, both dogs backing and filling too much, neither getting out and ranging far ahead, though Bendigo had the pace and range of the other. The Setter Stake was then resumed with the

Third Series.

FANNIE M. AND FRED GATES.

Down at 4:30, both started off well in marked contrast to the dogs in the preceding heat. In thick grass in firs, Fannie pointed fur and a rabbit was started. Fred then got a good point on a bevy, Fannie backed, when birds flushed wild. Then he got another in the firs, when Rose flushed the birds, shot and missed. Further down in woods, in swampy ground, Fred pointed, Rose flushed birds and shooting, missed again. As it was getting dusk, dogs were then ordered up at 5:15. Fred Gates won. Both ranged out well and are about equal in style. Home was now the welcome order, the finish being some two miles from town.

Saturday.

GORDON STAKE.

Proceedings opened with the second series of this stake, all dogs with the exception of King Item being left in.

BELMONT AND COUNTESS ROXEY

were the first two down at 9:05 in a field near the Grimes house, four miles from town. The weather was pleasant, though frosty, and pretty cold for slow riding. After ten minutes' traveling at edge of woods where the turkeys got up the other day. Belmont pointed and Countess backed, when Tallman flushed some birds, the balance of birds flushing as the judges came up. A move was made after these birds which had flown over the railroad track. Countess was the first to catch up with them, pointing at edge of woods, then moved on, and pointing again, a single flushed. Belmont backed unsteadily. After going through woods, dogs being unable to locate birds, we moved on into the open, and after trotting round for some distance dogs were ordered up at 9:35, when Belmont won the heat.

BEAUMONT AND MONT.

This was the most tedious heat we have so far experienced. Down at 9:41 in ragweed and sedge, Beaumont ranged off the best, showing that his rest had done him good. We turned hither and thither, the judges doing almost as much searching for birds as the dogs, who seemed most of the time to be imbued with the idea they were out for a little pleasure exercise, making rings round their handlers most of the time. This sort of thing continued over an hour, when Beaumont managed to walk into a bevy, but dropped to wing. As there seemed no chance of them finding birds, dogs were ordered up at 10:57 and the judges reserved their decision till the dogs could be put on birds

BENDIGO AND GORDO

were then put down at 11 o'clock in cornfield. After a lot of ranging without a sign of birds, dogs were taken up at 11:20 and put down further on, when Bendigo pointed a single, Gordo backing. Tallman flushed, shot and killed. Bendigo at the flush broke in a yard or two, but stopped to order. Bendigo sent to retrieve bird, failed to find. Tallman eventually picked it up. Then Gordo flushed birds in bottom, and dogs were ordered up at 11:31. Bendigo showed better range, style and nose. The Setter All-Aged Stake was now continued. Mr. Nesbitt had Kate Miller ready to run, but Mr. Barker, who was handling Prince Lucifer, protested her being allowed to run, as she was in season. Protest allowed and Kate Miller withdrawn. This brought the bye dog Princess Beatrice, who had already started off to run the bye, up with Prince Lucifer.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Cast off at 11:51 in stubble. Prince soon pointed and was held on his point to give Beatrice a chance to back, when a single flushed, and then Barker put up the balance of bevy, shot and killed, and Prince retrieved nicely. Further on in bottom Beatrice made game and despite the whistling of her handler would not be denied, and working into some briers pointed and birds flushed, Tallman going in put up another bird which he killed. In swamp, covered with bushes, Beatrice was lost when Judge Wallace found her on a point and a single flushed, then the rest of a bevy got up. Prince was brought up and both turned into woods after birds. High up in the woods Prince pointed twice on singles and Beatrice flushed a single. Dogs were ordered up and heat awarded to Prince Lucifer. Every one by this time felt as if some lunch would not be amiss and all turned toward the farmhouse, half a mile distant. After lunch

SIMONIDES AND NANNIE B.

were put down to conclude the third series at 1:15. Soon Nannie pointed a bevy, left her point, and coming up to the other side flushed. In woods Nannie pointed false, Simonides backing indifferently. Simonides then flushed a single and Nannie pointed false again. In stubble Simonides pointed a bevy and Nannie backed nicely. Then Simonides in the open pointed another bevy, which Rose put up, shot and missed. Dogs were then ordered up at 1:43, Simonides being returned the winner.

GORDON STAKE.

Second Series.

BEAUMONT AND MONT.

These two were put down again at 2:01 on the scattered birds from previous heat to decide their heat of the morning. Beaumont was the first to get scent and pointed a single, acting somewhat unsteady. They were then ordered up and a decision rendered in favor of Beaumont.

Third Series.

BELMONT AND BENDIGO.

Down at 2:30. Soon in some woods Bendigo on dry leaves flushed a bevy. Birds were followed but dogs failed to locate. Each then pointed a single, when dogs were ordered up and Bendigo was given the heat. Beaumont had run a bye at the same time.

Final Series.

BENDIGO AND BEAUMONT.

Cast off at 3:24, they ranged around here and there for a long time without finding anything, when at last Bendigo pointed a bevy, and sent on he flushed a bird. They were ordered up at 3:54, when the first prize was awarded to Bendigo, owned by C. M. Hunt, of Palmyra, New York. He is a big, rangy-looking dog with fair speed for a Gordon, and quite young yet, some eighteen months old only. Gordo and Beaumont were selected to run for second place on Monday.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.—*Fourth Series.*

SIMONIDES AND PRINCE LUCIFER.

These two were cast off at 4:07. Simonides soon pointed in a cornfield. Moved on and two birds flushed. Then he stopped either to a point or a flush, which, could not be decided, then rest of bevy flushed wild. Some distance further Simonides pointed a single. Then Prince pointed a dove. In some pines Simonides pointed, drew on, but failed to locate. Both dogs were roading when Simonides flushed a bevy and then pointed. Then he pointed again and roaded about 20yds. to the left, turned, and going back flushed a bevy. In bottom Prince pointed false. Then Prince scored two good points on singles. At the same time as Prince's last point, Simonides pointed a bevy: Rose flushed, shot and killed, Simonides retrieving nicely. After this Prince pointed, but failed to locate. Dogs were then ordered up at 5:07. Judgment was held over till Monday, though sufficient work was done to show a little balance in Simonides's favor. Range and pace about equal, but Simonides hunts out his ground with more judgment; but style is in Prince's favor.

LEXINGTON, N. C., Monday, Dec. 15.—The meet this morning was at Irvin's farm, seven miles distant from town. Weather was bright and frosty, wind northeast. The first brace down was

PRINCE LUCIFER AND SIMONIDES,

the undecided of Saturday evening. Both dogs started off at a good gait, quartering a very large field in good style. After ranging around till 9:37 without finding birds, the dogs were ordered up and judges consulting gave the heat to Prince Lucifer. The judges based their decision no doubt on account of Prince's better speed and style. The heat for second place in the

GORDON STAKE,

BEAUMONT AND GORDO,

was then run off, dogs being cast off at 9:45 where the others had been taken up. If an ordinary day's shooting means to go slow, these two filled the bill, for they just trotted round their handlers never more than a few yards distant. Then ranging out somewhat better they passed a bevy which was flushed by the handlers. Mr. Davidson then grew sarcastic and suggested that Cameron give his dog his gun and hunt for the birds himself. Beaumont in woods then pointed and moved on. Dogs roaded on but failed to locate. Taken out of woods and put down in ragweed again, the dogs then passed another single which judges flushed. Gordo flushed one at edge of woods and then stopped when another got up; Beaumont backed to order. Tallman then stumbled across a single. Dogs then pottered around in some briers, and were taken up and put down at edge of woods. Working through woods without finding anything, dogs were ordered up at 10:15 and judges consulted, but no decision arrived at, and dogs ordered on in woods after the first scattered birds. After a lot of nosing around Beaumont pointed a single in a heap of sticks which Tallman flushed, dog steady to wing. Dogs were then ordered up at 10:31. Gordo having strayed off to one side was brought up later. Beaumont was awarded the heat and second prize, Gordo and Mont dividing third.

SUMMARY—GORDON STAKE.

First Series.

KING ITEM (Item Kennels), Little Boy—Roxie,
with
BELMONT (Beaumont Kennels), Dasher—Blanche IV.

BEAUMONT (Beaumont Kennels), Ronald III.—Floss.
with
GORDO (J. L. Campbell), Royal Duke—Norah.

MONT (Dr. Tillinghast), Tom—Perley,
with
BENDIGO (Claire-Reeta Kennels), Ben Nevis—Blanche IV.

COUNTESS ROXIE (Item Kennels), Little Boy—Roxie, *a bye.*

Second Series.

Belmont beat Countess Roxie.
Beamont beat Mont.
Bendigo beat Gordo.

Third Series.

Bendigo beat Belmont.
Beaumont a bye.

Finals.

Bendigo beat Beaumont and won first prize.
Beaumont beat Gordo, winning second prize.
Gordo and Mont divided third prize.

ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

Final.

PRINCE LUCIFER AND FRED GATES

were put down in ragweed to run for first place. Cast off at 10:46, Prince Lucifer started off the faster. It was not more than five minutes when Prince pointed, and Fred coming up backed stylishly, making a pretty picture. Barker flushed the birds, shot and wounded; both dogs steady. On, after scattered birds in wooded hollow, Prince retrieved the bird Barker was thought to have missed. Fred, at edge of woods further on, pointed and Prince backed in good style; nothing found. On in woods Prince pointed, then moved on. Dogs were then taken up out of woods, when directly Prince pointed in fine style, Fred backing; Prince was ordered on and found the bevy a few yards ahead, flushed; both dogs steady to wing. Dogs were then held up to cross a ravine. Put down on other side Prince pointed a bevy and Barker flushed, though Fred looked as if he had it, as he went in and stopped first. Dogs then held up, and passing through some sedge in a hollow, judges flushed a bevy of fully twenty birds. Cast off again some distance further on in sedge, and after ranging over a field or two, dogs were ordered up at 11:26, and judges consulting awarded the heat and first prize to Prince Lucifer. Princess Beatrice, Antonio and Simonides were to run against each other to decide which should run with Fred Gates for second place.

PRINCESS BEATRICE AND ANTONIO

were then put down at 11:40 in open field. Beatrice ranged off wide on start and was lost to handler for a few minutes. On in sedge Antonio pointed, and Beatrice coming up, backed, when Avent flushed a bevy, shot and missed; both steady. After scattered birds, Antonio pointed in briers. Soon after, lower down in same patch, Antonio pointed and Avent flushed two birds. Sent on Beatrice dropped in grass and then moved on, at same time lower down Antonio pointed, but Avent could find nothing. Then dog roaded on, and afterward, to one side, pointed again and moved on. Ranging out, dogs were soon after ordered up at 12:12. Judges consulted some time and then announced both dogs thrown out of second place. Antonio did the best work, Princess Beatrice not paying sufficient heed to her handler, ranging off to please herself, in contrast to the work she had so far done in previous heats. To run for second place Simonides and Fred Gates were then selected.

SIMONIDES AND FRED GATES.

Cast off at 12:20, neither started off fast. Both dogs were handled by D. E. Rose. Soon after starting Fred Gates was lost for ten minutes or more, eventually coming to handler. Both on again in sedge. Fred was soon lost again. This time he could not be found, and we all had lunch in the open. Then after the judges had tried to find Fred they returned at 2:05 and announced Simonides as the winner and Antonio and Fred Gates divide third prize, though for hunting off like that and not having been found yet at 6 P. M., he ought to have been thrown out.

The heat for absolute winner of All-Aged Stake between

PRINCE LUCIFER AND IGHTFIELD DEUCE

was now run. Dogs being cast off at 2:59 in stubble, both started off fast. After ranging over several fields Prince Lucifer at the edge of woods pointed, then drew on, pointed again, Barker failed to find the birds, Deuce backing. Then Deuce winded these birds at the other side of a branch in oaks, pointed, then roaded on to a staunch point, when Brailsford coming up a single flushed and he shot, the balance of bevy rose; in the meanwhile Prince Lucifer backed nicely. Sent on after scattered birds, in briers at edge of woods, Deuce dropped to a point and Prince following up nearly stepped on him before whirling to a back. A single was flushed and Brailsford shot and missed. Then Deuce outside of woods, in grass dropped to a point, then moved on again. Then in swamp and thick brush Prince pointed a bird, Barker shot and missed. Sent on in sedge grass, then into pines Prince pointed, but nothing found and Deuce coming up pointed to one side of him, Prince ordered on to locate, his handler refused because Deuce was pointing the birds, then Deuce moved on to locate himself, though ordered held, and some birds were flushed.

Then Prince came up and pointed again almost in same place as Deuce, and sent on the balance of bevy flushed ahead. Then Deuce roaded to a flush at edge of wheat, a few yards further on. In corn Prince then pointed false. On in some fields Prince pointed again in ragweed, drew on, pointed again, moved up and finally located the birds, which Barker flushed, shot and killed, Prince retrieving in good style. At edge of woods Deuce dropped to a flush on a bevy, then moved on, and working across the field again, dogs were ordered up at 3:41 and the heat and All-Aged Stake awarded to Prince Lucifer. There was hardly enough work done to decide so important a heat, though I suppose Deuce's last flush spoilt her chance.

Prince Lucifer is a big, rather coarse dog, good bone, good action and is a free ranger, making few mistakes.

SUMMARY—ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The first series with names of owners and pedigrees has already been given.

Second Series.

Fred Gates beat Natalie II.
Prince Lucifer beat Sam Miller.
Kate Miller beat Antonio.
Simonides beat Lilly Burgess.
Nannie B. beat Cassio.
Princess Beatrice beat Harry C.
Fannie M. a bye.

Third Series.

Fred Gates beat Fannie M.
Prince Lucifer beat Princess Beatrice.
Simonides beat Nannie B.
Kate Miller thrown out, being in season.

Finals.

Prince Lucifer beat Simonides.
Prince Lucifer beat Fred Gates and won first prize.
Simonides beat Fred Gates and won second prize.
Antonio and Fred Gates divide third prize.

At the bench show for the Lorillard medals Mr. Tallman judged and awarded the medal for best dog to Geo. Ewing's Rowdy Rod, and that for best bitch to Frank Windholz's Princess Beatrice.

To-night the drawing for the four-hour race takes place.

H. W. L.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

LEXINGTON, N. C., Dec. 16.—The first brace down this morning was Rowdy Rod and Chance. Weather raw and chilly, wind northeast. Bradley handled Rowdy and Avent Chance. Dogs cast off at 8 A. M. in field near town. Both dogs ranged well out and kept up a good steady gait till near the finish, when doubtless the heavy rain affected them. Rowdy showed best sense and picked out the birds better than his opponent. A great deal of ground was covered, chiefly in the open, and the race resulted in Rowdy finding five bevies and four singles to Chance's two bevies and four singles. Chance showed best style, and if anything was going the stronger at finish. Both pointed false several times. Ordered up at 12 o'clock. After consultation Rowdy Rod was awarded the heat.

It began to rain about 11, and as after lunch it showed no signs of clearing, the welcome order for home was given. Nannie B. and Daisy Hope will go down in the morning if it clears up. Fred Gates was found at 6 o'clock last night, having returned to the home he started from.

AS TO WHITE WONDER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed last week in your paper a communication from the Messrs. Harris in regard to the bull-terrier White Wonder, which dog I protested against at the last Boston show on account of deafness. The letter inclosed from Mr. Fred'k Hinks, of Birmingham, Eng., in reality proves nothing that is pertinent to the case. I should like the Messrs. Harris to answer fairly and honestly a few questions. Why was the dog entered at Boston as Beryl on April 1–4, and then at Buffalo two weeks later as White Wonder? Did the Messrs. Harris purchase the dog knowing him to be deaf, or did they buy the dog believing him to be sound? Do they claim now that the dog is not deaf, or that he was not deaf at the last Boston show (leaving aside the decision of the know-nothing Boston vet.)? Does Mr. Hinks claim that the dog is not deaf? By making an explanation, which I trust will be a satisfactory one, the whole matter can be settled once and for all. At present matters do not look right. I trust that the Messrs. Harris will understand that I bear them no ill will and that I give them credit for owning, in my humble opinion, the best bull-terrier ever in America, barring the one defect—deafness.—E. SHEFFIELD PORTER (New Haven, Dec. 12).

"GYPSY."—The story of a stray puppy, which blundered into a home happier than it had any right to hope for, which lived a brief life of canine felicity and died a death all too early—there would not seem to be anything in that of especial human interest, and certainly not enough to warrant the writing of a volume of canine biography. Yet "Gypsy," a plain Chicago dog, neither a Napoleon nor an Adonis among dogs, has reached the fine immortality of a monument in black and white, and is the subject of an obituary tribute, in the little book of the above name, of which neither the departed dog nor the living authors need be ashamed. Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett and Mrs. Frances Power Cable, both Chicago ladies, are the authors of the little book marked plain "Gypsy," Mrs. Cable contributing the introduction to the work. It is a graceful way in which these two ladies ask us to pause a moment in the hard business of life and reflect what there may be in so common a thing as the life of a little dog. Few books are more unusual, we may well think, than this one, and perhaps many would be forgotten sooner by such readers as have ever looked into the one fathomless, unspeakable and unalterable affection—that which lies deep in the eyes of a dog.—E. HOUGH.

STOLEN.—On Friday night, 12th inst., five dachshund puppies, about six months old, four of which are tan color and one black. One of the tans has a short, crooked tail. The thief came here in a wagon, broke open the stable door and took the lot, nothing else, and left his "jimmy" behind. If any fellow fancier should see or hear anything of them, he will confer a favor by wiring me.—J. M. FRONEFIELD, JR. (Wayne, Pa.).

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the most inconsistent letters I ever read was that of your correspondent "Gothamite" under the above title. Before going further I want to say that it is not only unfair, but it is taking a mean advantage, when one man attacks another under a *nom de plume*, and when he attacks my dogs unfairly he attacks me. Fair criticism I am always glad to receive. If "Gothamite" has any pecuniary interest in the dogs he lauds at the expense of others, let him boldly sign his name, that we may know the true value of such opinion, and what interest the defamer has in making them. But I, for one, object to having my dogs criticised by every Tom, Dick and Harry, who, because he cannot breed a winner cries out for "the working cocker."

Red Jacket is not perfect, and I have never held him up as such. Short and somewhat thick in muzzle, he is best from his ears back to the tip of his tail, and to the pads of his feet he is as near perfect as any dog in America. I wish I had half a dozen like him. "Shallow bodied and over long" "Gothamite" says. Why, man, he is the best ribbed and has as round a barrel as any dog in America to-day.

He quotes Doc, Cherry Boy, Rabbi and Black Duke as being nearer perfection in regards measurement. I inclose you the measurement of Red Jacket and ask you, Mr. Editor, to hold them until similar ones are supplied of Doc and Cherry Boy, which I challenge him to produce, to be published side by side. Comparison will be interesting.

Again he wants a dog that "will be well able to jump across the street gutters or on to the bench." I challenge him to produce any of the above named dogs to run a race at any distance from 100yds. up to one mile, with as many 3ft. ditches or 2ft. hurdles as he likes—the more the better for me—against Red Jacket for any stake and at any of our large shows the coming winter. Why, there was not a show last season at which Red Jacket could not leap lightly into the stall, as Ben Lewis can verify.

How about "Gothamite's" pets?

How many cockers on the bench to-day could claim when eighteen months old to having won eight firsts, two of them in the challenge class, and special for the best cocker in the show five times, at such fixtures as New York, Chicago, Rochester, Baltimore, Cincinnati, London and Toronto, under all sorts and conditions of judges? Still more misleading is it for him to quote other dogs who are actually longer and lower as being nearer the working type than mine.

But enough; I get thoroughly out of patience when I read such absurdities, which come either from ignorance or are made purposely to mislead—lies.

CHAS. M. NELLES (Brant Cocker Kennels).

BRANTFORD, Canada, Dec. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been waiting (not very patiently I must confess) for five years for the change which I knew must come, and now that my hair is getting gray I feel almost like going into the ring again and trying to win back the laurels which I lost when the long low craze set in. I have always stood by my friend "Uncle Dick," and will do so. He has fought the battle while we sat looking idly on. The aspersions on our old friend "J. W." I think are uncalled for. I have been to several bench shows with large spaniel classes, in which I have failed to see any good specimens except of the long low type. Even friend Fellows showed some, I suppose because he found the proper type would not take. What could any judge do but give the prizes to those he thought best, although they did not come up to his ideas. But one decision of many judges I could never swallow, that was putting Jerry in the first flight: and the critics, even "C. M.," went wild over him. No doubt he had a good body and coat, but where were the legs to carry them?

Now that the reaction has set in, I hope sincerely that the cocker spaniel as a useful animal will take his proper place, and be, as he always was, a pleasure both at home and in the field. J. S. NIVEN.

TORONTO, Ont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I always like to have a hand in a discussion on spaniels, and "Uncle Dick" particularly requests me to "say my say," I shall do so, although not directly interested in the question under dispute.

It is no wonder that "Dick" is riled at "Gothamite's" statement that the cocker spaniel of the future will not be the "Fellows type," for none can deny that he has for several years been fighting against the "longest and lowest" fad.

I agree with "Dick," for what I remember of it, that most of your anonymous correspondent's statements are correct, especially as applied to Mr. Bell's bitches. It would be hard to find a better bodied bitch than Blushing Rose that he showed here in September, and Idea, now owned by Mr. Bush, is a rare good-bodied one, too. I saw Rufus and Bambo, that he refers to, at our show here and cannot for the life in me see how Mr. Oldham could have put that black and tan puppy over Rufus, unnoticed; Obadiah (née Kildare) I have not seen, but Mr. Geddes recently showed me his photo, and if it is to be relied upon he is indeed a nice dog.

Turning up your issue in which the "Gothamite" letter appears, I see that he says my book ("The Spaniel and its Training," recently published by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.) "deals with the spaniel question in a way that I [he] think is just about right, though certainly it is very severe." So that your readers who have not read the book in question may judge for themselves whether it is "very severe" or not I copy out one or two pertinent paragraphs for their perusal:

"The prevailing craze for spaniels so low that their stomach feathering sweeps the ground and so short of limb that they can barely waddle, has sounded the death-knell of some varieties, at all events in the show division, in so far as ability to work goes. Why it has been done is a mystery to all, and the only reason to be adduced is that 'fancy' is to blame. Even upon the score of beauty the crocodile spaniels are behind. What unprejudiced man can look at an engraving of Kaffir and then at Moonstone and hesitate for a moment as to the former being the handsomer dog? I cannot see why 'low' in a standard should be construed into meaning lowest, and 'long' into longest. If the craze goes much further an extra pair of legs will have to be grafted on amidships to help the poor seal-like spaniels to crawl along. * * * A spaniel is a sporting dog; so are pointers, setters and hounds. Would it not, then, be as sensible to breed 'long and low' setters as spaniels of that type? Common sense experience must convince any thinking man that a long, low dog, with comparatively weak loins, cannot possibly work so long or with such activity as a shorter-backed animal on straight legs and with good feet, and a more perfect concentration of muscular power."

I really think that the exhibition of abortions of the Moonstone and Glencairn order is largely to blame for the decadence of English show spaniels. At present there seems to be a reaction all around and indications show that in a few years our spaniels will be not only able to "jump across the street gutters," but on to their benches from the floor. Both the English *Stock-Keeper*, *Canine World*, and *Shooting Times* are interesting themselves in the spaniel question, and FOREST AND STREAM, I know, wants a sporting dog to be able to sport. Our most popular spaniel judge, Mr. Wilmerding, is bent upon bringing about the change, while I agree with "Gothamite" that Mr. West placed the cockers very well at Boston, except that I should have liked to have seen Dolly Obo placed over Jersey in the challenge class.

To give Mr. C. H. Mason his due, he "spotted" champion Doc for a good one several years ago, repeatedly saying that were he in condition the prize money was at his mercy. At Boston, where I took him for Mr. Wilmerding, his coat was very bad, but Mr. West very properly did not allow it to interfere with his placing of him as the best in the challenge class. At the show here in September I got his coat into first-rate fettle and he won over all the 26 cockers with consummate ease. He is indeed a splendid little dog, and only needs plenty of grooming to keep his coat straight. But with all his good points where would champion Doc be in the field?

I trust Mr. Mason is right in saying that "Gothamite" "is not quite through with the cocker spaniels of 1890." Just at present we can do with all we can get on that subject, and I trust Friend Wilmerding will steal a few minutes of the Obrig Camera Co.'s time, while Friend West does the same by the Colburn Co., to give your readers their views on the complex question of "what is the type of a cocker spaniel?"

F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Can.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note in your issue just to hand that Messrs. Mason and Fellows are quite excited over my article on "The Cocker Spaniels of 1890." To Mr. F. would say that Velda was all right, and that if she is his "type" he is all right, but as she is the only good one he has turned out for some time, although he boasts of having the biggest kennel of cockers in America, it is only to be expected that people will judge his stock by their general appearance and not by one good one here and there in many years. "One swallow does not make a summer," neither does one Velda make the "Fellows type." I don't presume as it ever strikes Mr. F. that it is about time he did a little more judicious breeding and a good deal less talking and with his large and old-established kennel was breeding a fixed type.

To Mr. Chas. H. Mason would say that I don't propose to spend several hours looking up his writings to convict him, and don't need to, because it is a well known fact that he has borne a leading a part in encouraging the "long and low craze." I hope we are not through with the cocker spaniel subject, though as far as he is concerned we will probably hear no more.

Mr. Watson may be a judge of working cockers, as Mr. Fellows says, but all the same he refused to judge them for the "working" special at Buffalo in 1888. GOTHAMITE.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just a parting shot at "Gothamite." A private letter just received says: "I do not want to tackle any one that fires from behind a fence like 'Gothamite,' but he nor ten like him could make me believe you are wrong in your position. I do not know where the line is that divides the Fellows type from the 'Gothamite' type that he is driving at. You certainly deserve credit for what you have done, for when I was a member of the Spaniel Club you were even then fighting against the long and low craze; that was in 1882."

I find in the English *Kennel Gazette*, November, 1890, Judge G. S. Lowe's report of the cockers; he says: "This class I found the greatest fault with, as toys were brought before me, but not working cockers. I knew a good deal about this breed at one time of my life, and neither Stubbs, famous picture of the cocker now in the possession of Mr. Walter Gilbey or any evidence from Devonshire or Wales will make the cocker what the Spaniel Club made him. He was wanted to work from morning until night through brambles and brushwood of the thickest, and will the black spaniels called cockers do this? I tried to pick out the one that looked like moving about the sharpest, but probably it had not the points supplied by the Spaniel Club. I was neither at home with the so called field spaniels, perhaps I have forgotten all I knew."

Mr. Lowe, let us shake, those are my sentiments exactly, and that's a Fellows type working cocker. It would do my dear old friend Dr. Boulton good to see you in the ring sending out the crocodiles one after the other and giving the ribbons to the working cockers.

Well, every dog has his day, and the crocodile spaniel has had a long inning, but his day is past now and the Fellows type has the floor, but you will not now find a judge or a breeder who will admit that he ever did like the long and low style; all will hedge and say they always wanted a happy medium. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

A THANKSGIVING BEAGLE RUN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of those who "were not in it" but who may be nevertheless interested in this sport, I will give a short account of the Thanksgiving runs of a small portion of the National Beagle Club's pack. Thursday morning saw five of us and six of our dogs, Don, Mollie, Cora, Twintwo, Topsey and Dot on our way to the hunting grounds, which were some two miles distant from Salem depot, N. H., our temporary place of abode. When we left the Peabody farm at 7 A. M. the cold was intense, and after riding a short time we began to think that we should have more hunting than game, as it was not only cold, but very dry. However, by ten o'clock, the weather moderated so that the trailing was very fair. After having driven about a mile and a half we alighted, and tying our horse to a tree by the roadside, we unchained the dogs.

To our right was a wall, which we jumped and made for a piece of woods about 200yds. distant. Here the dogs found, and after they had worked about ten minutes the rabbit was spied going through a brush pile and Brown, bringing his gun quickly to his shoulder, fired and stretched him out. Leaving here we went to a swamp at the foot of the hill, and on our way flushed three partridges. Peabody fired at one of these and brought down a good-sized bunch of feathers, but the bird kept on and escaped.

In the meantime Don had found on the hillside and Topsey and Twintwo in the swamp, and a moment later Cora gave tongue away over to the right. Five minutes later we had three rabbits up and running at once, and one could not tell which way to turn to shoot, as the air was loaded with melody and the dogs seemingly in a hundred places at once. At any rate, we were so much confused that every dog ran his rabbit to earth without our once getting a glimpse of our prey. From this place of abundance of rabbits but almost impenetrable underbrush, we adjourned to a country of small scrub oaks, which grew from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and here started our first rabbit in less than a minute; he gave us an exciting run of twenty minutes before he was shot down, and proved to be a large one. Three others were shot here. After running about seven and finding it was getting near noon, we worked over toward the team. On our way we had to pass through a patch of juniper, and started and shot two more, as well as a couple of partridges. As we were now within half a mile of the team, and felt as if a little lunch would do us no harm, we left the woods, and putting on our "field trial" strides took to the road and were soon there.

Our lunch eaten and the horse fed, we climbed in and rode to a place called Hoyt's Hill. This hill consists of many acres of rough country entirely covered with a thick growth of scrub oak and is a perfect paradise for rabbits, and let me say, that from the time we started our first rabbit until the time we quit there were not ten minutes that the dogs did not have a rabbit, or rabbits running, excepting of course when they were in the team with us. On this hill the rabbits stayed out longer, making runs from twenty minutes to an hour and three-quarters, and if one stands well up the hill he can see the entire chase from start to finish, and my only regret is that we were not here during our trials.

I must describe one run that occurred on this ground. After this particular rabbit had run for over an hour and was seen several times to play the tricks for which rabbits are famous, such as running back on his track and jumping to one side, running up wind till he had a good trail laid and then jumping to one side and lying perfectly still until the dogs had run by and then going down wind on his back track like a flash, etc., he was seen to come over the hill directly toward us closely pressed by dogs; when about 75yds. off, and jumping from side to side in his vain efforts to fool the hounds which were on his track, Peabody raised his gun and gave him the contents of the right barrel closely followed by the left-hand charge. Both shots stirred up the leaves behind the rabbit but he still came manfully on "into the jaws of death," and now Vice-President Rutter seeing the effects of Peabody's shot, or rather the lack of effect, raises his own handsome hammerless to his shoulder with the calm assurance of a man who has been there before, and proceeded to wipe the eye of his friend. He fired, and with startled leaps bunny strains every muscle to increase his speed, still keeping, however, his fatal direction. He is now so near that at the vengeful crack of Rutter's left barrel he tumbles all in a heap fairly "sunk" with shot. Four shots and we have secured the best runner on the hill, and strange to say the smallest one shot that day.

On talking over this run I said to one of our party, who by reason of his better position should have had the first shot, "Why did you point your gun and then not fire?" He said, "Well I did take careful aim and pull both triggers, but on 'breaking' my gun down I found it was unloaded." He had forgotten to load after firing the last shot, having run to pick up his rabbit which was getting into a hole. He was not, however, alone in misfortune, for another of us forgot to push up his "safe" and missed a fine shot at a rabbit in the open.

Looking at my watch I saw that to catch the train for our several homes we should have to leave at once, so calling to the dogs we started for the team and were rapidly driven to the station.

During the whole day we only bagged 10 rabbits and 2 partridges, but were all thoroughly satisfied and ready to return home, carrying with us the firm conviction that for downright pleasure you can get more to the square inch from one pack of beagles than from any other source.

F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

SOME A. K. C. MATTERS.

IN a contemporary which publishes a weekly contribution from Mr. Mayhew, reference is made as follows to an addition to the stud book and certain alleged omissions on my part:

I omitted last week to mention an important addition which Mr. Vredenburgh intends shall be included in the next volume of the stud book. It will contain all the shows held during the year under A. K. C. rules, at the same time giving a table of awards, as well as the names of the gentlemen who officiated. In the E. K. C. stud book only prize winners are recorded, but the secretary at "41" will go further and embrace all dogs who gained a mention. This new innovation, is, I am proud to say, the outcome of some remarks of mine, which appeared a few weeks back.

It is some time since Mr. Watson complained bitterly of his duties on the stud book committee being a sinecure, and I then suggested that his anxiety for action could be attained in this direction, but a silence has since fallen o'er his burning desires, and he seems to have dropped them like hot cakes. Perhaps he had good reasons for not referring to the subject again. Perhaps he is undemonstratively compiling such a record, but whatever reason there was for his silence I certainly regretted it, as I had cajoled myself that "here is a man of all others—and an official, too—who will fulfill my dream of compiling a perfect stud book," and he has proved a snare and a delusion. I know under the A. K. C.'s existing "intentions" Mr. Watson would be powerless to execute any such scheme, but I did expect he would make some move in the right direction.

If Mr. Mayhew would keep posted on what is being done and what is announced as accomplished, in place of drawing upon his imagination for his facts, he would never have made as many blunders as are contained in the foregoing. He says that what he is pleased to call this new innovation is due to his remarks of a few weeks back. I am sorry to have to undeceive him, but truth is better than fiction. At the stud book committee meeting, held three months ago, the subject of recording prize winners in the body of the book was discussed, and Mr. Vredenburgh then showed to the committee a record which he had compiled for publication in the *Gazette*. The committee decided that it would be better to incorporate this with the stud book, and a very brief discussion as to the merits of the two plans proved conclusive to Mr. Vredenburgh. This is not a committee room secret, for I am certain it is set forth in my official report as secretary of the committee, which was published in the September *Gazette*. Mr. Vredenburgh must certainly have begun the work of compiling this record a month before the committee met, for he had it fairly completed to date. Hence Mr. Mayhew's idea that something he wrote a few weeks back suggested the work which Mr. Vredenburgh must have begun in July does not hold good.

This will also account to Mr. Mayhew for the silence which has since fallen o'er my burning desires and my dropping the subject, though I might add that people don't drop hot cakes—they eat them—it is 'taters that are dropped. So also it will account for my being a snare and a delusion—in Mr. Mayhew's eyes. As for my inability to do anything in view of the A. K. C.'s existing intentions I can state that the members of the committee were unanimous in the opinion that the stud book should contain all prize winners. Mr. Vredenburgh suggested that applications should be made by owners for the free registry of prize winners, but I remember very distinctly that the committee held otherwise and would have so ordered had it not been that Mr. Vredenburgh had gone so far toward completing his exhaustive record. If Mr. Mayhew will turn to the committee's report I think he will find something to the effect that the committee decided that this would do for the present year if the club did not order otherwise. I have mislaid my copy of the *Gazette*, so cannot quote the exact phraseology of the report.

Mr. Mayhew will also observe that the very important alteration of "listing" dogs, in place of "registering" them in the *Gazette* is due to a recommendation of the stud book committee, proposed at this same meeting of August last. So we seem to be neither dead nor sleeping, and I think the work done by the present committee will compare very favorably with that of any of its predecessors.

I think that I may personally lay claim to something else quite as important in connection with the work of the A. K. C. Not that it was new so far as being an idea of my own, only new in connection with the A. K. C. The idea was borrowed from the National Trotting Association's method of setting for cases upon which decisions were rendered. In the cases that came before the committee for discussion a concise report was made. Giving each a title for reference, then a statement of the facts of the case and then the decision. The merit of this manner of placing cases on record seems to have been at once recognized by the advisory committee for the cases which came before that body at its meeting of Nov. 1, and are set forth in a nearly similar manner. That is a third point to score to the credit of the stud book committee.

Regarding that advisory committee meeting and in view of my comments of last week on the proposed amendment to enlarge the scope of the committee's work and power, I would draw attention to the fact that but three members were present. That being a quorum of five, I do think that the committe should be enlarged to nine. Three are not sufficient at all times for the thorough elicitation of all the points of a case. Take for instance the one in which I was interested. I showed Clipper at Rochester in 1889, and he was defeated by Metchley Surprise for some specials. If I am any judge of a collie at all, the decision was a bad one, but any way Metchley Surprise was ineligible and was subsequently disqualified by the A. K. C. I saw in the papers of Thursday of the show week, that Metchley Surprise had won in the challenge class, and knowing that she was entitled to go in that class, I wrote to Frank Smith, who had charge of Clipper, that if the newspaper reports were correct to please make a protest and ask for reserve number for the specials. On Friday afternoon I got a catalogue, which confirmed the newspaper reports, and at once sent a lengthy telegram to the show secretary, making protest and again asking that a reserve number be secured. I did everything a person could, and as promptly as possible. Now the club did nothing, it even disallowed the protest (a similar one to which the Boston committee at once allowed), which on appeal to the A. K. C. was at once reversed without even calling upon the Rochester club for an explanation. Then, when the question of the reserve number was subsequently brought before the A. K. C., I produced a letter from the Rochester secretary, in which he asked by what right I said the reserve number had not been obtained. Letter after letter was written by the A. K. C. secretary to the Rochester people on the subject, until he finally asked the club, in his report to the September meeting, to discipline the Rochester officials. That was the case as presented to the advisory committee, and this is the decision rendered:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee, reserve numbers should be given in all cases, but in the case of the collie special at Rochester in 1889, the judge having left the show, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, on the first day of said show (Tuesday), and the request from Mr. Watson for a reserve number not having been received by the club until the fourth day of said show (Friday), that it was not within the power of the club to accede to the said request.

Admitting that the result arrived at could not be otherwise, yet I hold that the reasons assigned are faulty. The judge it is said left before 5 oclock on the first day of the show, and because he was not present when the protest was received, "it was not within the power of the club to accede to the said request." Now, I submit that this is faulty for the following reasons: It implies that after 5 o'clock on Tuesday nothing could be done to alter an erroneous award. It places the power of correcting an erroneous award solely in the hands of the judge in place of the show committee. It ignores the show rule that in the absence of the judge the committee shall have power to appoint a substitute. It makes invalid such rulings for instance as that at Chicago last spring, when two terriers were overlooked by the show employes, and were not passed upon by Mr. Belmont, whereupon the committee to do justice to the innocent exhibitors asked Mr. Mortimer to rejudge the classes. That was equity, even-handed justice, but it was wrong if the Rochester ruling is correct.

At Rochester it will be seen that nothing so extreme as the Chicago rejudging was called for. Mr. Mortimer had already chosen all his class winners, and between them for the specials he had selected Metchley Surprise. No reversal of this verdict was asked, but simply that it should be supplemented by some one saying which of the other first-prize winners ranked best. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Mortimer had left without deciding the collie specials, then under the advisory committee's rulings they would have gone by default.

I believe one of those specials was for the best collie owned by a member of the Collie Club, and I was much surprised a few days ago to receive from the Collie Club secretary a medal with the following superscription: "For the best collie, Rochester, 1889." If that is so then the medal does not belong to me, and Mr. Shotwell will please consider that it is at the disposal of the Collie Club should the committee hold that the advisory committee's ruling must be followed.

On this case the *Fanciers' Journal* comes to my aid with the following editorial comment:

Mr. Watson being in Philadelphia could not make his request until he learned the result of the awards, after which he immediately wrote and telegraphed the club to have the reserve number taken, which could have been done by appointing another judge, the regular judge having left the city.

The A. K. C. should always protect the helpless exhibitor, and when there is any doubt he should be favored, rather than the dog show. If clubs are allowed on quibbles to avoid adjusting prizes, as in the Rochester case, the precedent now established will be quickly taken advantage of.

It is not the loss of the specials I am "kicking" about, but the failure to discipline a club that acted from first to last in the most discourteous manner not only of myself, but of the A. K. C., besides announciating a ruling which I conceive to be erroneous for the reasons set forth.

DOG CHAT.

WE hear that Rifleman, the fox-terrier, is coming to New York after all. We know that Mr. C. L. Wilton was nibbling at him but thought he had given up the idea after purchasing Suffolk Risk. The new purchaser's name is not given by "Cheerful Horn," our informant. Rifleman was bred by Mr. Doyle, and is a son of Result and Distaffine.

The noted pug Prince Victor is dead. This is the dog that Mr. Houlker, the well-known English pug breeder, gave $500 for a short time since. The death of this dog is a great loss to pug breeders, as he was as near perfection as it is possible to attain. He was by champion Royal Duke out of Lady Grace, thus combining the rarest blood. Distemper was the cause of death.

Mr. Cruft, who has made such a name for himself as a promoter of terrier shows in London, announces his intention of holding a grand show at Islington, London, in February next. It will be a three days' show and will not only embrace terriers but all other breeds.

Stock-Keeper (Eng.) publishes a letter on a subject of moment not only to mastiff breeders, but breeders of other large dogs. It is as follows: "Is it not strange that nearly all the best dogs die comparatively young? Speaking from memory I cannot call to mind any really first-class show mastiff that has lived to be ten years old during the past fifteen years or so. Most have died at from five to eight years, at ages when they should be just about their prime. I think the artificial manner in which they are prepared for the bench, together with excessive stud work, are the factors accountable for this state of things. It is a well-known fact here that the majority of show dogs are forced with unsuitable foods, and saturated with arsenic and other drugs to get them into what is called condition, which simply means fat. This tells upon their constitution, and as a natural consequence weakens their progeny. I am afraid this will not be altered until judges recognize the difference between fat dogs and those in good work-a-day condition to the latter's advantage. Some of the tallest and worst language I have ever been guilty of using has been uttered by the ring side at seeing good, useful and sound dogs passed over in favor of the veriest cripples, dogs not having a sound leg to stand upon, and whose only recommendation was fat and a good head. This is unvarnished truth learned from experience, for my own dogs have at times been placed above better specimens, for, as the judge remarked, 'being in better condition'."

In commenting on this the above paper speaks of the use of arsenic which it is said is the cause of the impotency of many of our stud dogs. There is no doubt that too much of this sort of dosing is done, though not nearly so much here as in England, where many dogs are shown artificially, so to speak, not faked, but so stimulated that unless in experienced hands they soon go to pieces. Minting died young, but we do not think arsenic had anything to do with it, as from what we have seen, good, sound beef and plenty yellow grease has much more to do with the blooming condition Mr. Moore's dogs are shown in.

Colonel North's greyhound City of Paris must be a veritable gold mine. We are told that, though he cost his owner $4,000, he won his purchase money back in less than three months' coursing. Then the first year at stud his owner took the pick of the litter in lieu of stud fee, and thus accumulated forty pups. Now he stands at $150 fee, and has had already thirty bitches.

A. R. Crowell, "Namquoit," has joined the order of Benedicts and will make his home in San Francisco. We wish him and his fair partner every prosperity and happiness for the future.

Mr. Hacke, of Pittsburgh is not to be beaten, for it is reported he has sent a commission for the best Barzoi that can be bought. Apropos of this it would not be out of place to refer our readers to the following interesting letter which appeared in the *Canine World* on Russian wolfhounds: SIR,—As a resident of Russia it affords me great pleasure to notice the growing interest which doggy men in England are taking in the breed of Russian wolfhounds. Until now I have read but two letters on the subject in your esteemed paper. However, the knowledge of the breed seems to be very vague as yet, and I should feel very happy if I could do anything to enlighten the English public on this point. In reference to color, I must say that the information given in the article you re-published from the German paper (which also got it through Mr. Kareev and myself) is right. Black markings are not desirable, but still they are not counted as a fault, as dogs with black markings got prizes at Moscow and St. Petersburg last year. Wolfhounds have nearly all colors imaginable, except all black and all brown, and even those might exist, although I have not seen any and certainly they must be very rare indeed. Most dogs are white, with brindle, yellow, sable, or grey spots. Some of the most beautiful dogs that I have seen are of the Gordon setter color. "Cheerful Horn" is right in what he says about breeding for size. For coursing hares the large dog is no good whatever, and at wolves middle-sized dogs are also preferred. I have seen dogs, or rather bitches, of the size of a collie tackle a wolf, and stick to him like a leech. The coat is generally better in smaller dogs, and this is becoming a weak part in our breed. Old friends of this breed say that about fifty years ago the coat was much better, and the head used to stick in a muff. There was a dog with such a coat at the Moscow show last year, and was sold for 400 roubles. You must take into consideration that a wolf develops decidedly more speed than a hare, and it is sometimes as much as a greyhound can do to catch him up. (That is a point where I have my doubts about the Irish wolfhound. If he was anything like, or even heavier than a Scotch deerhound, he would never get near a wolf). There are very few wolves that will attack a dog, only those that have been coursed about a dozen times do not run away any more, but sometimes go straight at the dogs or the people. In a wild state the wolf always runs away as quickly as his legs will carry him. The neck must decidedly be shorter than that of any other greyhound, so that the head is carried low, giving the dog an appearance of looking downward. The head must be of a shape like a sheep's (as the Russians say). That means to say, there must be no stop, and the line between the occiput and the point where the stop ought to be must form an angle with the line from that point to the nose. Between the ears the head must be as narrow as possible, and the ears must be so small that in a dog with a good coat they are hardly seen; besides they have to be carried well back, coming to the front only when the dog is excited. The fault that Krilat (as he ought to be spelt) seems to have, of his elbows standing outward, and, consequently, the feet inward, is very common among this breed, and ought certainly to be got rid of, as well as legs standing the other way about. Russian breeders have an extraordinary idea of what the back ought to be like. They say that the back of a dog ought to be curved, whereas the back of a bitch ought to be straight, so as to be able to carry the pups and leave more room for their development. I do not believe in this, and am sure English breeders will be of my opinion that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander as well." So, after all, "Cheerful Horn" has some very sound ideas about wolfhounds, and "Knight Errant" need not be so very sure about his theory of the long neck. Hoping you will find room in your paper for these few lines, I am always ready to give any information on any breed that is only to be found in Russia.—Yours very truly, RUSSIAN BEAR (Moscow).

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read the report of the National Beagle Club trials in your paper, and hope the club will be successful in creating a greater interest in the beagle as a working hound. It is a fact well known to those who use the hound that the training he gets determines his value as a hunter. How often we see good dogs that have been spoiled by ignorant men who did not know how to handle them. After ruining the dog by improper usage they raise a great hue and cry against the breed and condemn the dog for faults for which the man is responsible. There is a great quantity of literature devoted to the training of setters, pointers and spaniels, but when we look among sporting papers and books for information on training the hound, we are surprised and disappointed to find it so scarce.

We are compelled to follow the traditions of our fathers or the examples of hunters older than ourselves, and among these we find the old colored man who picks up each member of his pack and throws it into the briers in order to get the dogs warmed up to their work. And there is another fellow of a paler hue who, when a rabbit appears, rushes after it, shouting and yelling like a broker in the stock exchange. He belongs to that class who think the more noise they make the greater the sport.

Now it seems to me that the members of the National Beagle Club, and others who are engaged in breeding hounds and hunting with them, might do a good thing if they would publish their ideas on training these dogs for their work. Let them tell us what a hound may be taught to do and what not to do. How to bring the stubborn, self-willed one to your side when you want him; how to keep him from working off a mile or more, and making you split your throat and lungs trying to call him out of the woods. They might tell us how hounds can be taught to retrieve wounded or dead game instead of destroying it when found, as some of them do. Some of us would like to know how to make a dog stand by and give tongue when he has run a rabbit to earth or tree; and how to make a lazy dog hunt. Why can not the hound be brought under discipline so that he can be controlled by his master as easily as is the pointer or setter?

You will say, perhaps, there is a fellow that wants his dog to run the rabbit and shoot it too. Not a bit of it. But we do want to see less of the man who tramps around all day with a couple of good dogs, spoiled, and then shoots them because they fail to work to his satisfaction. There are too many people who think all a hound needs is to be turned loose and left to roam the woods at his pleasure. When he gets so that he can trail a little they call him a broken dog. If some of our beagle men would give us their experience and methods of getting the best work out of the little hound it would pay them in the end. The demand for beagles would be increased and much more pleasure derived from keeping them. That this may bring out the views of others on this subject is the wish of one who sometimes spends a day in the BRUSH.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE meeting was held at its rooms, 44 Broadway, New York City, Thursday, Dec. 11. In the absence of both the president and vice-president Mr. James L. Anthony was elected as chairman. There were present: Associate Members, J. L. Anthony and A. P. Vredenburgh; American Fox-Terrier Club, W. Rutherfurd; American Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; American Pet Dog Club, Dr. M. H. Cryer; American Spaniel Club, J. Watson; California Kennel Club, Max Wenzel; Gordon Setter Club of America, L. A. Van Zandt; Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, A. H. Vanderpoel; Maryland Kennel Club, Jas. Thompson; National Greyhound Club, L. C. Whiton; New Jersey Kennel Club, A. C. Wilmerding; Rochester Kennel Club, W. Whitney; South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Dr. H. C. Glover; Toledo Kennel Club, Dr. H. T. Foote; Westminster Kennel Club, H. B. Cromwell. On motion, association meeting took a recess for thirty minutes.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mr. August Belmont, Jr., presiding. Present: All the delegates named above.

Credentials of delegates to represent their different clubs were read as follows: Jas. Watson, A. H. Vanderpoel, Jas. Thompson, W. Whitney, Dr. M. H. Foote, H. B. Cromwell, L. A. Van Zandt, Maj J. M. Taylor, Wilson Fiske and John A. Logan. On motion the credentials were accepted.

A communication from Mr. C. J. Peshall, of Dec. 11, 1890, was read, and on motion of Mr. Watson, placed on file.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Max Wenzel stated that Mr. Peshall had said to him that he had been disqualified at a meeting of which he had no official notice, and no opportunity to defend. Mr. Wenzel stated further that he asked President Belmont at the meeting of the executive committee (at which Mr. Peshall was disqualified) if Mr. Peshall had been notified to attend, and that Mr. Belmont replied that he had, and for that reason he had voted for his disqualification.

Mr. Belmont stated that if he did make that statement he considered that Mr. Wenzel's question referred to the meeting of the advisory committee, which meeting he was positive Mr. Peshall had been invited to attend, and not to the meeting of the executive committee.

On motion of Mr. Anthony the meeting of the executive committee adjourned, and the meeting of the association resumed. Mr. Belmont retired after requesting Mr. Anthony to take the chair.

The reading of the amendments to the constituton and by-laws was taken up. Moved and seconded that the constitution and amendments be read, and if no objection is made to any particular article, they be deemed adopted as amended, and when objection is made to any article, it be discussed and voted on. A call for the ayes and nays resulted in the following vote: Ayes—Messrs. Anthony, Shellhass, Cryer, Watson, Van Zandt, Vanderpoel, Thompson, Whiton, Wilmerding, Whitney, Glover and Foote. Nays—Messrs. Wenzel and Cromwell.

The amendments to the by-laws were also read and adopted.

On motion of Dr. Cryer the association adjourned and went into executive session.

The secretary read his report as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1890.—To the Executive Committe, American Kennel Club: Gentlemen—I have to report that since the last meeting of this club the following applications for admission to membership have been received:

Central City Kennel Club, Jackson, Mich.; Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Binghamton, N.Y.; Indiana State Poultry Association, Indianapolis, Ind.; South Carolina Kennel Association, Greenville, S. C.; the Bulldog Club of America. These applications were received in proper form. The clubs are eligible to membership, and are recommended for admission. The Central City Kennel Club has arranged to hold its show Jan. 13 to 17, 1891, this being the same week as the show to be held by the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, and the Indiana State Poultry Association has fixed upon Jan. 20 to 25, 1891, the same week as the show to be held by the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association. These dates were selected in order that the shows might be held in connection with State fairs. The request is made, that in case the applicants are admitted, that this club will permit the use of the dates arranged for, upon the grounds: First—That said dates were advertised before applications were made for admission, and second, that the distance between the places, in which the dates conflict, is so great that one can hardly interfere with the other. It is very desirable that action upon this matter shall be taken at this meeting.

Since the last meeting complications arose regarding a conflict of claims for show dates between the Maryland Kennel Club and the Duquesne Kennel Club, and also the New England Kennel Club and the Cleveland Kennel Club, but I am happy to state that through the medium of this office these matters have been satisfactorily arranged by the courtesy of the Duquesne Kennel Club and the Cleveland Kennel Club, both having withdrawn their claims, although legally entitled to them. Such spirit of accommodation and good fellowship between our members, clearly showing that the management of these clubs is in the hands of gentlemen, speaks well for our kennel world and is conducive of much good. The matters referred at the last meeting to the advisory committee with full power, have been acted upon, and the proceedings of that committee have been published in the *Gazette* and other sporting papers, and I would report that in compliance with the demands of this club the Maryland Kennel Club has withdrawn its vote of July 10, censuring the American Kennel Club, and duly apologized for its former action. The officers, except its president, also apologized for said action. In the matter of Jacobs vs. Oldham, the defendant has failed to make any defense within the required time, although he notified me under date of Nov. 1 that he would do so, before under the resolution of the committee Mr. Oldham has been disqualified.

The committee passed a resolution that on and after Jan. 1, 1891, all *Gazette* entries shall be known and published as "Listed," the only registered dogs acknowledged are those entered in the stud book. This action has been highly commended by the sporting press and by individuals. I have a letter from one of the former presidents of this club, suggesting that it might be well for the American Kennel Club to determine as to the expediency of taking some steps toward a bench show at Chicago during the World's Fair, and I would recommend the appointment by the chair of a committee of three to examine into the matter, and to report their recommendations at a subsequent meeting. We will complete our fiscal year before the next meeting of the club, and I would respectfully request the privilege of publishing my annual statement in the *Gazette* for January, and also the appointment of a committee to audit my accounts before their publication. I beg to inform you that I have condensed into thirteen short rules so much of the bench show rules as instructs bench show officers what is required of them in matters appertaining to their obligations to this office, and will furnish all clubs with copies of them for their guidance. I would also inform you that I have made arrangements to procure the photographs of all the officers of the American Kennel Club since its organization, and will, by a certain process in photography, be able to hang upon our walls these pictures of a uniform size, style and finish. I beg to lay before you the resignation of the Rhode Island Kennel Club, and ask your action regarding its disposal. I beg to report that charges have been filed with this office as follows: Mrs. J. Grant against Mr. Frederick Emken; Mr. W. E. Sandars against Mr. William A. Bruette; Mr. E. H. Morris against Dr. J. H. Meyer; Mascoutah Kennel Club against Mr. F. W. Sheldon.

I desire to submit a suggestion from Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, that this club should adopt a scale of the value of wins at our different shows, so that a win at a small show may not be of equal value as one at one of the leading shows. During the past year a number of the delegates have expressed the opinion that it would be advisable for the annual meeting of this club to be held at the building of the Westminster Kennel Club show. This meeting is always ordered for the third day of the show, and as a large number of our delegates are in almost constant attendance at that

show I would respectfully recommend that our next meeting, being the annual meeting of the club, should be held on Thursday, Feb. 26, 1891, at the Madison Square Garden, instead of at the office of the club, as heretofore. The annual dues of our active members are now due and payable, and bills were mailed to each member of the club on Nov. 29 last. Bills and circulars have been prepared for each associate member for the payment of the annual dues of 1891, which are due and payable between Jan. 1 and 20 next, and the same will be mailed on the 15th of this month. The Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association made application for readmission, but I was obliged to return the application and dues to that association, for the reason that notwithstanding plain instructions to them regarding the proper manner as required by the constitution to file its application it did not send the papers in proper form. I have not received any further communication from them on the subject. I have just received a communication from Mr. E. M. Oldham, requesting a reply to his letter of the 28th ult. asking for an extension of time to enable him to make his defense. This letter of Nov. 28 has never reached me and I would respectfully recommend that Mr. Oldham be granted an extension of two weeks before the penalty be enforced. Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

Accepted.

Secretary Vredenburgh also read his treasurer's report, which is as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1890.—To the Executive Committee, American Kennel Club: Gentlemen—I herewith submit my report of moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1890 to date:

Receipts from all sources from Jan. 1 to date	$8,679 33
Expenses for same period	6,192 18
Balance on hand	$2,487 15

I beg to report that every obligation has been met, we have no outstanding indebtedness, and we are now closing a satisfactory and prosperous year. Respectfully submitted, A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

Accepted.

The report of the advisory committee was also read and accepted.

Relative to the appeal in the matter of the setter special taken by Max Wenzel against the Westminster Kennel Club, which was acted upon by the advisory committee, held Nov. 1, 1890, Mr. Wenzel protested on the ground that the decision was in direct conflict with a former decision rendered in the Thompson case at the Richmond show, and moved that the decision of the advisory committee be overruled. Motion lost.

At this point Mr. C. J. Peshall appeared and addressed the meeting and then withdrew, the chair permitting him to proceed, there being no objection made by the delegates, and no further action had in his case.

MR. ANTHONY: I have a resolution to offer. I offer it with great pain, but as a duty. Our President, Mr. Belmont's father, was years ago known to me very well, when I was a younger man, and when the entrance to his house, when Mr. Belmont, Jr. was a mere boy, was thought to be the making of a young man in society. Many years ago I had occasion to be away a long time in Europe, and I ceased to have any social intercourse with him; but in course of my business as a banker and broker I have had many business transactions, years ago, not of late years, with him. In all that time I have never known a man of stricter integrity or honor in business transactions, or in any other; a man whose example, if followed more by men of affairs of the present day, would do more to raise the business standard of the community than anything else that could be imagined. I have prepared the following resolutions, which I ask may be engrossed and placed on the minutes:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life Mr. August Belmont, the honored father of our honored president, and

WHEREAS, We are mindful of the high public character and worth of the deceased, it is fitting that we should place on record this token of our public appreciation of the many excellent traits that have rendered his name a synonym for honor among the business community of the world.

Resolved, That we tender to our president our sincere sympathy in this the hour of his bereavement.

Resolved, Further, that these resolutions be suitably engrossed and placed on the minutes.

The resolutions as read were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Watson (withdrawing as a delegate) called attention to his appeal in the matter of reserve numbers against the Rochester Kennel Club and asked for a change in the wording of the decision of the advisory committee, and on motion the decision of the advisory committee was amended to read as follows: "Resolved that in the opinion of this committee reserve numbers should be given in all cases, but in the case of the collie special at Rochester in 1889, the Rochester Kennel Club having declined to accede to Mr. Watson's request for a reserve number for the reason that the judge had not awarded any reserve number, this club cannot give relief in the case."

The following applications for membership were read and accepted: Central City Kennel Club, Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Indiana State Poultry Association, South Carolina Kennel Association, and Bull Dog Club of America.

Concerning the conflict of dates on which the Central City Kennel Club and the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association have arranged to hold their shows, Mr. Anthony moved that as these clubs hold their shows in such widely separated places in the United States no conflict of dates on this occasion would work any injury to either of them, therefore they be permitted to hold their shows, provided there is no objection made by the competing club.

The resignation of the Rhode Island Kennel Club was, on motion of Mr. Anthony, accepted.

The request of the secretary to publish his annual statement in the *Gazette* for January, and also for the appointment of a committee to audit his accounts before publication, was, on motion, granted.

Regarding the suggestion of a former president of this club that it would be well for the American Kennel Club to take steps toward a bench show at the World's Fair at Chicago, and the recommendation of Secretary Vredenburgh that a committee of three be appointed to examine into the matter, and report, on motion of Mr. Anthony, the recommendation was adopted.

On motion, the charges filed with the secretary as stated in his report against Mr. Frederick Emken and others, was referred to the advisory committee.

The recommendation of the secretary that the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club be held at the Madison Square Garden during the Westminster Kennel Club Show, was, on motion, adopted.

The request of Mr. E. M. Oldham for an extension of time to enable him to make his defense, was referred to, and on motion of Mr. Wilmerding, his time was extended until Jan. 1, 1891. Adjourned. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

MR. PESHALL AND THE A. K. C.—At the meeting of the advisory committee of the A. K. C., last September, President Belmont announced that Mr. Peshall must be put down. The club presumably put him down, but he refuses to stay put. One of the unexpected incidents at the A. K. C. meeting last week was the entrance of Mr. Peshall, who stood up before the delegates and addressed them fiercely, denouncing them in unmeasured terms for their action in having disqualified him without a hearing, in secret session and at a time when they knew he was to be put under arrest. Having said his say he departed. The Vredenburgh—Peshall suit is down for next Monday.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Otero. By G. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1890, by Jersey (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Novel (champion Black Pete—Miss Nance).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Juno W.—Brant. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch champion Juno W. (Obo II.—Darkie) to their champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), Sept. 24.

Tiney—Brant. R. Russel's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tiney to Brant Cocker Kennels' champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.), Nov. 16.

Busy—Red Jacket. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Busy (Mike—Nancy) to their Red Jacket (Brant—Woodstock Dinah), Sept. 16.

Cenone—Bounce. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Cenone (Obo, Jr.—Tough) to W. H. Morgan's Bounce (Bob Obo—Tough), Dec. 3.

Belle Obo—Cherry Boy. T. H. Brownell's (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle Obo to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Nov. 18.

Hornet—Cherry Boy. Wm. West's (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornet (Doc—Lady Pluto) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon), Nov. 29.

Nellie Bly—Cherry Boy. J. E. Rothwell's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie Bly to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy.

Bijou—Cherry Boy. W. H. Walton's (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Bijou (Obo II.—Darkie) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Oct. 29.

Brown Bess—Cherry Boy. G. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Brown Bess (Doc—Lady Pluto) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Oct. 15.

Rochelle Lassie—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Lassie (Dick—Rochelle Lass) to their The Senator (Patrick—Cosgrove's Pink), Dec. 7.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Monday. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Monday (Brant—Bonita), Nov. 10, seven (five dogs), by their champion Mike (Frank— ——).

Pearl. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Pearl, Oct. 4, four (three dogs), by their Red Jacket (Brant—Woodstock Dinah); all solid red.

Brantford Dora. Brant Cocker Kennels' (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Brantford Dora (champion Brant—Bonita), Oct. 1, four (two dogs), by their champion Brantford Red Jacket (Brant—Woodstock Dinah).

Woodstock Dinah. Brant Cocker Kennels's (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Dinah (imported Tippo—Testminster Jet), Sept. 28, eight (six dogs), by their champion Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.); one red dog.

Rochelle Nadjy. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Nadjy (Vortigern—Meersbrook Maiden), Nov 30, six (four dogs), by their The Senator (Patrick—Cosgrove's Pink).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Brantford Red Jacket—Brantford Dora whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 16, 1890, by Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Ont., to H. G. McCullough, Kingston, Ont.

Brant—Woodstock Dinah whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1890, by Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Ont., to E. A. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brant—Woodstock Dinah whelps. Black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Sept. 28, 1890, by Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Ont., one each to T. S. G. Pepler and W. C. Boyle, Toronto, Ont.

Adonis, Jr. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1890, by Adonis out of Fashion, by Geo. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., to A. F. Tripp, same place.

Dixey. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1890, by Adonis out of Fashion, by Geo. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., to Tellico Johnson, same place.

Trumps. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 19, 1890, by Bob Obo out of Tough, by Corktown Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to Dr. A. E. Garrow, same place.

Broomfield Dick—Meersbrook Maiden whelp. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1890, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Dr. F. C. Ewing, Kansas City, Mo.

Rochelle Pepper. Black and tan terrier dog, whelped Aug. 11, 1890, by Broomfield Sultan out of English Lady, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to R. B. Adams, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rochelle Lassie. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 27, 1890, by Dick out of Rochelle Lass, by Rochelle Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Wm. Fies, Marion, O.

THE BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS.

IN this book of 228 pages Mr. Reynolds has given information of the utmost value to every man and woman—for women are not exempt from the operations of the fish and game laws—in this country that catches fish or kills game. The different States which go to make up this Republic have in recent years given greater and more serious attention to framing laws for the protection and preservation of animals which serve both as food and game; counties in the States and townships in the counties have procured special legislation in the same direction, until there is a network of laws, general and local, covering the forests, the plains and the waters, a knowledge of which is indispensable to every sportsman if he would avoid fine or imprisonment, or both.

Newspaper men should join in presenting Mr. Reynolds with the freedom of every sanctum in the land, in a gold box, for he has dispelled some of the terrors of journalism, particularly sporting journalism. Now, when a correspondent in California writes to a newspaper in New York or Boston to ask about the close season for fishing in the mill pond back of the house, the weary editor can turn to the *Book of the Game Laws* and give a correct reply. The old method was to consult law libraries for the session laws of the State, look over the newspaper file at a venture, write to the Secretary of State and Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the county, and at last find the particular law pasted in the scrap-book; and its provisions were sent to the inquirer with the fear that the reply would get him in jail, because the law had been amended or repealed.

The volume before us contains the complete laws, general and local, of all the States, Territories and Provinces that have enacted fish and game laws, and the laws which govern Yellowstone Park; and after close examination we are surprised at its completeness and accuracy. Under suitable headings, easy of reference, the different sections of different laws, and their provisions, are made as plain as a turnpike through a forest—provided it is possible to make them plain, for there are a few laws that cannot be made plain by the men who made them.

This is the first complete work of this kind, that is reliable, in this country and we wish it the success that it deserves as an educator.—*Shooting and Fishing.*

Dan'l was the biggest liar in town and Dan'l always appealed to his father to verify his fearful yarns. Dan'l's father was old, a little deaf and belonged to the Methodist Church. It was not to be supposed that the old gentleman would indorse lies, and thus the neighbors concluded. But here is how Dan'l got around his poor old dad. "Went down ter t' brook yesterday," Dan'l would relate. "Caught tew hundred and four pick'ril, say, didn't I dad?" And the old man, benignantly listening, would hear "four" and meekly reply, "Yes, Dan'l." Then the able liar would edge around "back to" his father, and with the edge of his hand measure off the length of his arm before the eyes of his astonished guest. "Caught one pick'ril, a whopper, longen that, say, war'nt he, dad?" The old man would gaze upon the six inches of scrawny wrist and forearm as wily Dan'l whirled and measured for his benefit, and humbly but firmly assert, "Yis, my son, sh'd say as how he was summat longer."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Always Needed Rescuing.—Scollops—"That's a fine dog you have there. What do you call him?" Taggs—"Emin Pasha." Scollops—"Why do you call him that?" Taggs—"Because I've had to spend so much time finding him."—*Boston Courier.*

I'm going fishing, wife: give me some doughnuts." Going to use them for bait?" "No, for sinkers."—*Ashland Press.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE ARM.

THE London *Times* has opened a most vigorious attack upon the new service arm which has been adopted for the use of the British regulars. The main charges of the *Times* are, first, that the "bolt action" which is adopted in the new service rifle, is far inferior to the "block action," the only merit of the former being that it lends itself conveniently to the requirements of a repeating rifle; secondly, that however good the original Lee rifle submitted to the Small Arms committee may have been, it has been rendered very defective by the alterations of an official at Enfield on whom the members of the committee, not being themselves practical mechanicians, were, it is suggested, virtually dependent of guidance. Thirdly, we are told that the committee ought, before finally deciding on a new weapon, to have investigated the question as to the possibility of satisfactorily adapting the block principle to a repeater, being put upon such an inquiry by the admitted production to them, two years ago, of Major Godsal's beautiful and ingenious rifle, in which this combination is effected. The main argument of the *Times* is, however, that which was so vigorously enforced years ago against the late Col. Fletcher's committee—viz., that such a committee has no right to take upon itself "constructive functions," and should limit itself to those which are "judicial." It is also asserted that the Government have been fully warned by numerous competent authorities, including a late Chief Instructor of the School of Musketry, that the new rifle was not satisfactory, and that the Indian Government were unwilling to accept it. In answer to these serious charges, the Secretary for War replies in effect—first, that the Small Arms committee, presided over by General Philip Smith, had carefully examined every magazine rifle that could be obtained, but that Major Godsal's rifle was not at that time produced; that the rifle recommended by the committee had been tried in various parts of the world with satisfactory results; and that subsequently a large number of officers and officials, including General Anderson, Director of Artillery, Mr. Anderson, Director of Ordnance Factories, and Mr. John Rigby, Superintendent of the Small Arms Factory, unanimously recommended that the manufacture of the rifle selected by the committee should be proceeded with. This was done, and exhaustive trials were made by certain troops. All the reports upon these, including that from the late Chief Instructor at Hythe, were carefully considered, and in consequence, certain alterations in detail were recommended for adoption. Mr. Stanhope then quotes a statement officially laid before him by the Adjutant-General of the Forces, according to which the continuous trial of about 15,000 stand of the new arm at Aldershot for ten weeks had shown that, although certain defects have appeared, none of them are such as to prove that the rifle is other than a good military arm—being indeed those incidental to early manufacture, and not greater than those which attended the first issue of the Martini-Henry. The Adjutant-General's statement concludes by saying that, "judging from the experience of that issue [that of the 15,000 rifles], we have every reason to believe that we shall have in the magazine rifle a thoroughly useful weapon." With regard to the objection to the "bolt action," Mr. Stanhope points out that that form of action has been adopted by the experts of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia. He also alludes briefly the allegations of the *Times* that the rifle was not thought fit for use by the Government of India. *Broad Arrow* says: "The .303 magazine rifle has no friends—other than official friends, culpable accessories before and after the fact. The country is in presence of a failure, a huge, colossal, costly failure. Rifle, powder, projectile are unsuited the one to the other, and unsuitable severally and collectively. The mending process, which at the best is unsatisfactory, has broken down, and the sooner the end begins the better it will be for all concerned." The *Army and Navy Gazette* lays great stress upon the exhaustive and damaging criticism made by the *Times*, and for its own part adds: "There is one matter connected with the rifle which 'jumps to the eyes' of every one who sees a soldier of the modern average height shouldering or trying to shoulder it; it is that arms cannot be shouldered nor carried at a slope in consequence of the magazine catching under the man's arm or on his shoulder, and that when the magazine rifle is used the manual drill is all out of gear. In effect, hoping for the best, we have come to the conclusion that, whether as regards the mechanism of the rifle or magazine action, the ammunition or the projectiles, there is reason for anxiety and uneasiness, and that earnest efforts at a satisfactory solution of difficulties are imperatively and instantly demanded." The British Government has, so far, expended upward of a million pounds on the Lee rifle.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—At the last meeting of the California Schuetzen Club Philip Jacoby, the well-known marksman, and who has been for many years President of the club, extended an invitation to all members and their families to visit the new park. The object of the visit was to see the work which had been accomplished by the Board of Park Directors, and that many of the new members might become better acquainted with the workings of the club. About 200 persons took advantage of the fine weather and availed themselves of an outing in the country. In addition to the dancing and games indulged in a bull's eye shoot was had by the members, and much sport and merriment was indulged in as some of the well-known crack shots of the Coast would take deliberate aim, fire and miss the black. President Jacoby had during the week collected several prizes from the friends of the club, and in order to make the shoot to-day successful and one to be remembered by the participants, placed the prizes as mementos to be contested for by members.

At Harbor View to-day George Helm showed that he is not falling behind, and that he intends to keep up his recent good shooting. He fired 50 shots at the 25-ring target and did not at any time miss the black—12in. in diameter at a distance of 200yds. In his first 20 shots he scored 444 points, and in his second twenty 440 points.

The rifle range at Shell Mound Park was well patronized to-day, it being the occasion of the regular practice and medal competition for several companies of the National Guard. The event of the day, however, was a match between the active and honorary members of Company C, Second Artillery Regiment, ten men on a side, the losers to pay for a dinner to be served at the park immediately upon the close of the contest. Score:

Active Members.		Honorary Members.	
Capt A Hubner	40	F Vauls	41
Sergt H Huber	35	L Siebe	35
Sergt C Vibroch	40	L Haake	42
Sergt W Tobin	42	H Mangles	35
Corp R Richter	40	O Tierboch	42
Corp H Menke	36	O Lemke	41
Pvt L Ringer	41	D Schonfeld	36
Pvt C Wilkinson	36	F Hagemann	36
Pvt H Wiegmann	37	C Schures	36—356
Pvt F Koch	40—389		

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the New York Rifle Club: Major Shorkley, president; T. J. Dolan, secretary and treasurer; Dr. E. R. Chadbourn, J. Duane and A. Isbel additional members of the executive committee. The club has increased its membership from 26 to 38 since Dec. 5, 1889, and, as by Secretary Dolan's report, the interest taken in the different matches has greatly increased. The averages of the members were published in the *Sun* of Nov. 30. The treasurer's account showed a handsome increase in the assets, and the club was never in a more prosperous condition than now. The rest-match at Creedmoor, L. I., 5 competitions, 200yds. distance, American standard target, 10 shots, possible 100 points, best 4 scores to count, ended with the following competitors as winners:

	Four Best Scores.				Totals.	Avges.
Dr E R Chadbourne	96	95	95	93	379	94.75
T J Dolan	97	94	92	92	375	93 75
E B Barker	93	93	92	91	369	92.25
J F Klein	96	91	91	88	366	91.50
C C King	90	89	88	85	352	88.00

This season's gallery match will again be a handicap competition, allowances being based on last year's averages, subject to revision by the executive committee. Ten handsome prizes will go to the men making the five best scores each during the fourteen shoots, the highest score made each evening to count only. The following scores were made last night on the 25-ring target, possible 250 points: T. J. Dolan 240, Herrington 240, King 234, Lloyd 234, Gensch 234, Isbell 228, O'Donnell 227, Barker 223, Dr. Chadbourn 222, Duane 220, Shorkley 218. The club proposes to hold an outdoor shoot either at Wissel's Park, Cypress Hill, or at Creedmoor, Long Island, on alternate dates with the the gallery competition. The American standard target will be used. Any man making ten scores of 75 or better out of the possible 100 points will receive a bronze medal; ten scores of 80 or better, a silver medal; ten scores of 85 or better, a gold medal.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 13.—The annual meeting of the St. Louis Pistol Club was held last Wednesday evening at the Crescent Gallery, Broadway and Pine street. Nothing of importance was transacted. The following gentlemen were elected to serve for the ensuing year: S. Dorman, President; A. McBean, Vice-President; J. H. Bost, Secretary; L. V. D. Perret, E. Mohrstadt and M. C. Billmeyer, Directors. At the last shoot the medal was won by A. McBean, with a score of 91. For all shooting the club uses a 12½yds. standard American target. The score:

A McBean	8 10 9 10 10 10 10 7 7 10—91		
M Summerfield	9 10 8 10 10 7 8 7 10 10—89		
G Alexander	7 10 8 10 10 8 7 7 10 10—87		
J Bast	7 7 9 10 8 10 8 10 7 9—85		
M Billmeyer	8 7 9 8 8 9 8 6 6 7—76		
J A Lee	6 7 4 7 7 10 7 9 7—70		

UNSER FRITZ.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day at its range. A good number of riflemen were on hand, but the strong 7 to 11 o'clock wind was too much for high scores. W. M. Foster won the silver victory medal, and P. S. Killam won the bronze and silver military medal. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds., Standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Shot.

S Wilder	100	F W Chester	93
F Daniels	107	J French	93
J Francis	106	M R Barter	93
A H Ballard	105	M F Day	93
		W Peters	100
		J B Hobbs	91
		A B Loring	97
		D Martin	86

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	83	M T Day	80
N C Nash	83	C M Bridge	78
C H Eastman	81	J B Hobbs	73
W Charles	81	A S Field	73
S C Sydney	81		
		D Martin	71
		B Thomas	70
		O Moore	67
		F W Hart	61

DORRLER VS. SNELLEN.—A gallery match has at last been arranged between M. Dorrler, of the Our Own and Zettler clubs, and G. Snellen, of the Lakeside Club, Newark. They agree to shoot a 200-shot gallery match. The first half of the match to be shot on the German-American ranges, at 12 St. Marks place, New York; the second half to be shot on the Lakeside range, 130 Aqueduct street, Newark. The man making the highest aggregate number of points in 200 shots to win the match and the stake of $100. The principals have agreed upon Charles G. Zettler as stakeholder, and they will meet at the Zettler range in a short time to settle the preliminaries, fix dates, etc. The matches will be shot on the Massachusetts 12-ring target. This will be one of the most interesting contests ever shot in America, as the two contestants are conceded to be at the head of the list of gallery riflemen. Each of them has made 1,167 out of the possible 1,200 in 100-shot matches. This is the record for this country.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 11.—The following were the best scores made at the range of the Cuyahoga Rifle Club this afternoon. Rest, 200yds.:

Lane	12	7	6	9	8	7	8	8	10	9—84
Bosworth	12	8	8	9	11	9	6	8	11	8—90
Clare	8	10	10	10	10	11	9	11	10	8—97
Brush	10	7	9	10	6	6	9	9	6	6—78
Webster	9	2	9	6	6	5	4	9	8	7—65

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—A shoot of the Empire Rifle Club took place this evening at headquarters, 12 St. Marks place; 100ft. range, 1¼in. bullseye, possible 120 points:

W Miller	110	W Maisenholder	106
W Overbaugh	108	A Stahl, Jr	103
C Zettler, Jr	106	J Zettler	99
		F Diehl	88
		G Hillmyer	78

NEW YORK REVOLVER AND PISTOL CLUB.—New York, Dec. 16.—On the 13th inst. several lovers of the sport of pistol shooting met at Zettler's gallery, 12 St. Marks place, and organized the New York Revolver and Pistol Club, the following gentlemen being elected officers: President, H. Oehl; Vice-President, M. Herrington; Secretary, F. Hecking; Treasurer, V. B. Daly; Shooting Master, A. H. Isbol.—F. HECKING, Sec'y.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Dec. 20.—Claremont, Jersey City. Shooting Saturday, Dec. 20, at live birds and targets. Open to all. 2 P. M. Claremont Shooting Association.

NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 11.—The attendance at the monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club at John Erb's to-day was rather light, but what was lacking in numbers was fully compensated for by good shooting, 261 birds being killed out of 289 shot at. The sport was opened with "Jersey sweeps," 4 birds per man, $3 entry. In five of these the scores were as appended:

Cramer	4	4	4	4	4	McCaull	3	..	..	4
Class	4	4	4	4	4	Hedden	4	..	..	..
Campbell	4	4	4	4	..	Hughes	..	2	..	3
Castle	..	3	3	4	3	Heath	..	..	..	2
Hollis	4	4	4	..	4	Schraft	..	..	..	4
Griffin	4	4	..	4	4	Koezel	..	..	..	3

In the last sweep the ties for first money were shot off, miss and out, McCaull winning by killing 8 straight. Class and Cramer each missing their eighth bird. The regular club shoot at 10 birds each resulted as follows:

Class	1111111111—10	Cramer	1011111111—9
Hollis	1111111111—10	Castle	1100111111—8
McCaull	1111111111—10	Heath	1101011111—8
Scharff	1111111111—10	Griffin	1001101111—7
Campbell	1111111111—10	Hughes	1111101100—7
Hedden	1111111110—9		

Dec. 13.—The two matches between Ph. Daly, Jr., and W. J. Elliott and the latter shooter and J. Ryan of Hackensack, which should have taken place at Erb's grounds at Newark to-day, did not take place, Elliott's two opponents failing to put in an appearance. To console themselves for the loss of the two interesting races some of the sportsmen present entered into two sweepstakes, which resulted as follows: First sweepstakes, at 8 birds each man, Newark Gun Club rules, $5 entry, two prizes—F. Class 8, W. G. Elliott 8, C. Hedden 7, Terwilliger 7, Wright 5, Secor 3. Second sweepstakes, same conditions, three prizes—Leddy and May 8, Class, Riggott, Disbrow and Capt. Jones 7, Elliott, Hedden, Wright, Gehring and Griffin 6, Secor 4. In the meantime a match for $50 a side had been arranged between F. Class and W. J. Elliott, both men to shoot at 25 birds. The contest resulted in a tie, with 22 killed to the credit of each participant. Then the stakes were doubled, and on the shoot-off Class beat Elliott by 1 bird only, the latter being considerably handicapped. The total score was Class 45, 14 killed with the first barrel, 5 missed; W. J. Elliott 44 killed, 30 of them with the first barrel, 6 missed, with one dead out of bounds.

Mr. W. J. Elliott addressed the following letter to the newspapers: "To the Editor—Will you kindly insert the folling challenge in your paper: To P. Daly, Jr.—Sir; As you did not see fit to inform me personally of your inability to meet me at Erb's grounds, as per agreement, I take the greatest pleasure in refunding to you the forfeit posted, hoping the money will add to your Christmas joys. I challenge you herewith to a match for from $100 to $1,000 a side, any rules you wish to name, and give you choice of the following grounds: Jeannette Gun Club grounds, at Guttenberg, N. J.; I. Hide's shooting grounds, at City Island, N. Y.; Washington Heights Gun Club grounds, New York city; Mount Vernon Gun Club's grounds, at Mount Vernon; West Farms Gun Club's grounds, at West Farms, Westchester county. On acceptance of this challenge I will post any forfeit you wish to name. W. J. ELLIOTT."

MARION, N. J., Dec. 9.—The Eureka Gun Club closed its season of 1890 with a shoot to-day. In the club shoot at 7 live birds per man, club handicap rises, 50yds. boundary, the following scores were made: Schultze, 25yds., 7; Strope, 25yds., 5; Swindell, 27yds., 4; Eisenhardt, 23yds., 3; J. H. Ficken, 23yds., 2; D. Ruthfer, 25yds., 3; Schmultz, 23yds., 4. In a 4 bird sweep Schultz and Circile killed 4 each; Strope, Swindell and Schmultz 3 each. At 15 targets per man Schultz broke 11, Swindell 8, Ruthfer 9, Ficken 7, Strope 7, Schmultz 7, Chase 9. Schultz made the highest average for the year, the gold medal in Class A becoming his personal property, while Chase retains the silver medal in the class for second highest average. Schmultz won the gold medal in Class B for the year, and J. H. Ficken the silver trophy.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 10.—The Freehold Gun Club came to New Brunswick to-day, and for the second time defeated the New Brunswick Gun Club. Each team was composed of 9 men and each man shot at 20 clay birds. The Freehold team shattered 115 targets and the New Brunswick team scored 101.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 11.—The Cleveland Gun Club is going after the honor of champion shooting organization of the State. Recognizing the Niles Club as at present holding the pennant—if there be any—a challenge has been issued by the Cleveland Gun Club to the gentlemen of Niles to meet in three contests for glory and honor. The conditions are ten men from each organization and 50 birds per man. The first shoot will be held at Niles and the second at Cleveland. The third is to be decided by the respective captains of the two organizations. A challenge has been drawn up and sent to the Nies team. There is scarcely any doubt of its acceptance.

The contest for the Smith gun among the local shots has rapidly narrowed down to two men. Prior to to-day the gun had been won once by Wherry, Sweetman and L. O. Jones, and the latter had tied for it with Poplowsky. The last named gentleman failed to arrive on the scene of combat until too late to compete to-day, and the gun went to L. O. Jones a second time by default. That gave Jones a lead in the race, and the lead lasted about three hours. At the end of that time Levi Wherry, the old reliable, with that steady swing which rivals the rhythm of pendulum beats, had knocked over 40 birds out of a possible 50, and with a handicap of 6 to his credit, had for the second time placed the gun to his credit. L. O. Jones and Wherry have each won the gun twice. Still, with that lead it is not impossible that some person may take it away from either of them yet. North has been the only man with "sand" enough to try for the gun from the scratch. To-day he made 44, which was splendid shooting considering that part of it was made in the twilight. It is well to remark in this connection that Wherry's last 14 birds were shot at when the haze seemed thick enough to be cut into slices and passed around, with a little gunpowder smoke for sauce, and plenty of fresh air for an appetizer. The targets did not fly any of the best. The left quartering bird tried to mount above the tree tops several times, and the driver pointed for earth before it had passed more than 20ft. from the traps.

Taking all things into consideration the scores of the members were good. W. H. Tamblyn won the first club badge and "Fritz" the second. The score of the shoot is as follows: In the first column of totals is the actual score and the second the score with handicap added:

North	01110111011111111111111101111111011111111101111111—44	
A B Jones	11110011000111111110100100011111101111010001111101—32	—36
W Tamblyn	11101011111111111111011110111111010011111100101111—40	—42
L O Jones	11100101101001110110011001100001011110001010011000—25	—33
Fay	11101010011111001111111010110110010110100011100010101—31	
Fritz	11110010111111101100011010001101111010000101110111—31	—39
Rach	01100000010010010010010010011100000001000100111100—17	
Marbach	01110011101111011100011010111111111111010110011001—33	—39
Roberts	01011010111110000030010	—12
L Wherry	11111101111101101101111101111111011111111100101—40	—46
Alexander	01000011110100111101101101	—17
E Williams	10110000111000101110101	—13
Poplowsky	11101110001100001010110000	—12

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.

I HAD the pleasure of attending Elliott's great tournament at Kansas City. I think it was one of the grandest meetings ever held in America, and such was the verdict of all the sportsmen that I met while there. The banquet given in honor of the Chicago shooters was, as the boys would say, "simply immense." The race between Kansas City and Chicago was exciting from start to finish, especially the match between Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, and J. E. Riley, of Kansas City; Col. Felton shoots a wonderful race for a man of his years. When the scorer announced the score a tie, 46 out of 50, the spectators went wild with excitement. We have hopes of getting up a Kansas team some day and to give the Missouri boys a whirl. Here are scores of our last shoots. Match at 20 single bluerocks: Allen 16, Dodds 16, Little 16, Currens 15, Young 12, Rupel 9, Shears 6.

Team match, 10 live pigeons per man:

Young's Team.		Allen's Team.	
Young	0121121211—9	Allen	1102112011—8
Dodds	1021221121—9	George	1121211021—9
Little	2021011201—7	Currens	1021201120—7
Rupel	1210121011—8—33	Shears	1002010121—6—30

At 15 bluerocks: Currens 14, Allen 11, Young 10, Shears 6. At 10 bluerocks: Young 9, Allen 7, Downs 7, Rupel 4.

Nov. 7.—Team match, at 5 live birds each:

Young	11112—5	Allen	11111—5
Rupel	11121—5—10	Webb	01111—4— 9

Same conditions:

Young	10121—4	Allen	11012—4
Rupel	21011—4— 8	Webb	00000—0— 4

Same conditions:

Young	11110—4	Allen	12112—5
Bartlett	02101 -3— 7	Webb	10c01—2— 7

Tie won by Allen and Webb.

Nov. 17.—Medal match, at 15 singles and 5 pair bluerocks:

Little	111111100110111	11 11 10 11 11—21
Currens	111111101110111	11 10 10 01 11—20
Young	011111111111111	10 11 11 10 00—20
Allen	110101111111001	11 11 11 10 10—19
Rupel	101111111111011	11 00 10 10 10—18
Dodds	110110111110010	11 10 10 11 10—17

Nov. 27.—At 10 single bluerocks: George 10, Rupel 8, Little 8, Young 7, Allen 7, Dodds 5, Webb 4. At 9 singles and 3 pairs: George 14, Young 12, Dodds 12, Allen 9, Rupel 10, Little 8. Walking match, at 6 singles: Allen 5, Young 5, George 4, Webb 4, Little 4, Rupel 3, Dodds 3. At 15 singles: Young 14, Allen 13, Dodds 13, George 10, Currens 18, Rupel 8, Well 7, Little 6.

Team match, at 10 live birds each:

	Tie.		Tie.
Young	0210221101—7 1	Allen	1122221001—8 2
Dodds	2302021222—8 2	Webb	1111122021—9 2
Little	3002122211—8 2	Currens	1110220022—7 1
Rupel	1001101121—7 0	George	1001201010—5 2
Underwood	0001020102—4 2	Jacks	0100011101—5 0
	34 4		34 4

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 14.—I herewith inclose scores of the Riverside Gun Club shoot of Dec. 12, also scores of the match shoot at 25 bluerocks between L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, and E. W. Throckmorton, of this place. The conditions were 25 bluerocks, 5 traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules, $10 a side. Throckmorton shot in his usual fine form and won easily. The weather was intensely cold, with a gale of wind blowing directly in the shooters' face:

J Cooper	0011101101—6	Throckmorton	1011111101—8
Hesse	0111011010—6	Cornwell	0111010111—7
Ed Cooper	1031101000—4		

Event No. 4 at 10 bluerocks, entrance 50 cents, two moneys:

Throckmorton	1111110100—7	J Cooper	1010100100—4
Cornwell	1011011011—7	Ed Cooper	1011011010—6
Hesse	1010000100—4		

Match at 25 live birds, $10 a side, unknown angles:

Campbell	1001111011101100010011110—16
Throckmorton	1111110011111111010101 —18

YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Dec. 13.—Conditions 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance;

Sigler	8 9 10 6 9 9 10 7 7	Clark	10 7 4 2 6 7 .. 6 .
Hunt	8 5 2 9 5 6 8 6 4	Hathaway	8 6 7 6 8 5 6 7
Du Bray	8 6 6 5 9 9 9 9 8	Simpson	8 8 7 10 9
Ferris	8 7 10 8 8 8 6 7 ..	Collins	9 1 9 6 8
Tatham	3 5 5 6 5 5	Rose	7 6 ..

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 13.—A match for $100 a side was shot today between J. E. Hagerty and Peter Kling. Bluerock targets were used and the rules of the A. S. A. governed the affair. Both gentlemen shot L. C. Smith 12-gauge guns. The weather was quite favorable for the affair, and a large crowd of enthusiasts witnessed the struggle for the supremacy, which was won by Mr. Hagerty. Following is the score:

Hagerty	1111011111111011111111111111

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.	NORTHERN DIVISION.
Officers:	*Officers:*
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Officers:	*Officers:*
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PURSER: R. Appollonio, Winchester.	PURSER: R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.	EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division purcers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 180 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

A PERMANENT CAMP.

THE following suggestions were contained in the letter from the retiring commodore, Mr. Henry Stanton, to his successor, read at the meeting of the executive committee:

"The experience I gained as chairman of the regatta committee in 1887 and as commodore during the past year leads me to the conclusion that the time has arrived when the executive committee should take into serious consideration the question of establishing a permanent camp at which to hold the meets of the Association. The waste of money under the present migratory camp system is very great. At each camp large sums of money are necessarily expended in ice-houses, docks, landings, improvements on the grounds, tent-floors, out-houses, wells, restaurant buildings, servants' quarters and the like, all of which is lost to us at the end of the meet. This expense not only falls upon the A. C. A., but also directly upon the individual members. If a permanent camp was established these expenses would have to be incurred but once. At a permanent camp we could have a substantial restaurant building, with kitchen and servants' quarters built of wood, which during the winter could be used as a storeroom for the property of members, thereby saving to each member large annual freight expenses.

"It has been suggested that a permanent camp might lead to a cottage association, but this could easily be avoided by the adoption of a by-law that no buildings shall be erected on the grounds except the buildings of the Association proper, and that the members must live in tents as heretofore. No one will know what the labor and expense of one of our meets are until he attempts to conduct one, and I think he will then be surprised, as I have been, at the great amount of labor and money that is necessarily wasted because of our inability to benefit by this labor and expense for more than a single camp. I do not think I exaggerate the fact when I say that, of the money expended by the Association and the members for transportation during the last meet, $1,000 could have been saved if the Association had a permanent camp. The expense at the last meet attending the restaurant aggregated more than $2,000. At least one-third of this sum could have been saved under a permanent camp system, and our inability under our migratory camp system to have good restaurant facilities, including kitchen and comfortable servants' quarters, occasions discontent among our employes, which results in a poor restaurant no matter how much money may be expended."

SUMMER AND WINTER.

"HOW is that for a bow, old man?" said I to Jud. "Fine," was the answer. "Should think it was fine," said I. The above conversation took place between Jud and I as we walked down the south pier of Lewis's Wharf, in Boston. This was in July and the bow alluded to was that of the Hesper, Pilot Boat No. 5, Boston, one of the largest and finest schooners in the country. She is the largest pilot boat in the world, being 114ft. over all, a regular cutter, with 14ft. draft and 23ft. beam.

The tide was low, and it was necessary to go down a ladder to the Hesper's deck. Bags, banjos, camera and a few other belongings were passed down and were soon all snugly stowed in some of the lockers. Soon two other young men came down, armed with bags and bundles, giving us a surprise party, as we had expected to be the only guests. We introduced ourselves and found that they were sons of a minister. "A sure Jonah," whispered Bill, the boat keeper, in my ear.

Genial Captain Lawler came aboard and welcomed us to his floating home. The provisions were taken on board, and the boat worked out of the dock. The slip was soon cleared and the sails hoisted to place. The day was calm and the "shanty" of the men raising the sails, the bells from the clock striking twelve and the steam whistles from factories sounding noon, made a *toute ensemble* not easily forgotten. "Belay," shouts Bill. "Mainsheet," and a couple of hands tail on to the sheet, and the big mainsail is soon trimmed in place. With a steadily increasing breeze the Hesper slipped quickly by vessel after vessel until she was well out of the harbor. There was quite a roll on outside but we did not notice it.

Says Jud to one of the ministers: "Ever been on the water much?" "Well, I should think so," is the respone; "been across twice, always been in yachts." "Ever sick?" "No" (scornfully).

"Maintops'l!" shouts Bill, and quick as a monkey a man is aloft and has that sail cast loose and it is soon flattened out in place.

"Jibtops'l" is the order. "Jibtops'l, sir," echoes one of the men on his way to remove the gaskets. Soon she is dashing along at a rattling pace, and we all seek comfortable places.

Suddenly the noisy clanging of the dinner bell brings us to our senses, and a peculiar activity enters our feet as we make for the mess room. I was on the bowsprit end when the bell sounded and was in consequence a trifle late. As I was descending the companion ladder into the cabin a pale-faced youth shot by me and rushed to the rail. I followed out of curiosity, and there beheld the younger minister paying tribute to Father Neptune over the weather rail.

"Fried cod for supper," remarked Capt. Lawler, as he boxed it. "Cod, cod, by fish—cod, cod, fish—fish cod fish—fish, fish cod—fish by cod, fish." After supper a cigar on deck is enjoyed and then a game of whist. The watch is called and topsails taken in. We soon turn in all standing, except shoes, ready to see all there is to be seen.

About 1 o'clock in the morning a sudden call for "all hands" brings every one to the deck. What a change from a few hours before, from a good sailing breeze from the southwest to a howling wind from the northwest. The captain stands by the port rigging shouting his commands, "Main halliards!" "Slack away!" "Belay!" "Reef pennant!" and the men "shanty" the huge, wet and stiff sail out till a couple of reefs are down; then all hands turn to and knot in the reef. The jib is in and stowed, the foresail snugged down, the staysail hauled to windward, and the big boat is hove to on the starboard tack. The water is thrown over her bow in sheets, wetting everybody and everything.

Just as things are all straightened out, the masthead lookout reports a light five miles on the leeward bow. The rocket stand is put up in the cockpit, a rocket placed in it and lighted. With a rush and stream of golden fire the rocket speeds upward and breaks, throwing a dozen silver stars. The head sheets are eased off and the boat is bounding toward the steamer, which is burning bluelights. "Burn a light, boys," says the captain, and in answer to the steamer we burn a bluelight. Now we approach the steamer, her green and red side lights are shining, the dim black outlines of her huge black hull are visible. "Get out the canoe!" "Turn her!" "Let go!" and the yawl is alongside, two men are in her at the oars, the captain bids us good-bye, and by the lights on the steamer we can see him go up the steamer's side. The canoe is again taken aboard, and with spinaker set No. 5 runs home one hour and a half behind the Buffalo in a seventy-five mile run.

This is a pretty picture, you feel the warm winds, the water is warm, the sails are all set and the moon shines brightly over the heaving sea.

Now let us look through the other barrel of this marine glass and see another picture.

As I called for Jud on Jan. 3 I said, "I'm afraid we can not make the boat." "Why?" he asked. "Because the harbor is nearly frozen over and the boat won't be able to make her berth in this breeze." Down at the Pilot Office, however, we found Capt. Lawler, and learned that he was going to provision a tug and we would all go down to the boat in the Elsie. We were not long in getting aboard and up into the pilot house, where it was warm, for out of doors it was bitterly cold. With her iron-shod bow the Elsie cut her way out through the ice and we soon found ourselves aboard of No. 5. Her mainsail was double-reefed, the bonnet was off the staysail, her foresail was hanging loose. As soon as the grub was aboard the foresail was hoisted, the boat swung off and dashed out of Boston harbor before a strong nor'west breeze. Night came on, she was kept off, and throwing the spray from her bow she reeled off her ten knots handsomely. The air was full of sleet, the thermometer registering 10° below zero. Jud and I sought the cabin, which was as hot as one could stand, and turned in. Strong wind all night long had kept the water flying, so that a foothold was difficult on deck.

A steamer is sighted and wants a pilot, so the canoe is launched; the men, clad in heavy flannels and oilskins, man the oars, the pilot is put aboard the steamer and the men with difficulty get the canoe alongside and on board. They are drenched and badly frostbitten. The boat is run in and picks up her mooring near Boston Light, her crew more dead than alive. Her deck, so nicely cleaned in summer, is now hidden by a thick coat of ice, the rails are frozen up, there is a covering of ice 3ft. thick on the forward deck, the bobstay and all ropes under the bowsprit are as large as barrels and the boat is hung with huge icicles, making a fearful though beautiful sight. Such, then, are the two sides of piloting, yet through all phases, be it summer calm or winter gale, No. 5 is always at her post, and blow high or blow low, it is immaterial to her.

JAMES WELD CARTWRIGHT, JR.

A PRETTY TALL YARN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Passing over the bridge to the ferry boat, a jovial, talkative old fellow at my elbow remarked: "Did you notice anything peculiar in the face of the man that just passed us?" "Yes, but I can't define it." "Come in the cabin and I will tell you. That man and a younger one, evidently an athlete, were talking canoe. They sat nearly opposite to where we now sit. The young man was telling the other about his cruise in a canoe, which was about like this: 'Yes, I sailed 4,800 miles in an 81o. canoe, making the run in 28 days, 8 hours. I got away in a snow storm that lasted 8 days, then it blew a gale 8 more, and ended with 8 days rain, then a dense fog set in lasting 8 days, then,' 'Hold on!' said the other nervously, 'that makes 32 days already.' 'All right,' was the ready reply, 'you see I was heading longitudinally.' Consult the nautical almanac and you will find I am not more than 8 seconds out of the way. Well, one dark night I unexpectedly ran into a rapid with a fall of 8ft. in 8yds. I felt the canoe shooting through the air and when she dropped in the water I was 8 miles down stream, and I made the distance in just 8 seconds by a stop watch.

The next morning I discovered the canoe had jumped a rock 8ft. high. This was ascertained by carefully manipulating my nautical instruments. But you should have seen the little thing trot when I got out on the ocean. When 80 miles off shore on the 8th encountered heavy seas, and at 8 bells sighted a huge steamer wallowing about like an old sow in the "coffee grounds," an 8-masted schooner close-reefed lay to and rolled worse than the old sow in a latter patch. Say, I didn't I? Why, it cleaned my face of hair as completely as a barber could do it with a razor. The canoe just lit for a second as she jumped from one sea to another, but the little thing carried all her cotton like a daisy. Nothing like a canoe in that kind of weather. When 888 miles from the terminus of the ocean cable, ran into a cyclone, took in the jig and reefed the lat; and my, oh my, how she flew. Ran in a circle for eight days and nights, when I was thrown off at a tangent like a pear from a flywheel and with such velocity that—But here the story ended. The tension on his listener's nerves was so great that he became unconscious. One eye had sunk deep in the head, from which fire flashed, while the other lay languidly and peacefully on the cheek, the brows stood up like bristles and the mouth was so contorted that it seemed out the wrong way. It was horrible, but he came to, but his face never resumed its normal condition, as you noticed. Then in a solemn voice he addressed me (the young man had suddenly disappeared): "Canoeist?" "No." "You can thank Heaven, when that youngster tells them kind of lies as often as I have he'll be dead or wish he was." Just then the bell on the Camden Ferry Slip that seemed to be tolling a funeral dirge told us the boat was in, and with a "good-bye, old man," he made for Joe Lippincott's and a tumblerful of his best Jersey apple.

POINTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[Our correspondent has evidently encountered the *Mail and Express* canoeist on his triumphal return from his 7,000-mile cruise from the Atlantic to the Pacific by rail and canal boat. As proof that canoeists are not the only sailors given to long yarns, we quote a little incident that came under our notice about a year since. We chanced to sit beside two men on the Central R. R. ferryboat; one an innocent and mild gentleman of advanced years; the other younger and more active, a sailor man of some sort, even without the corroborative evidence of a gilt wheel or tiller that he wore as a scarf pin. He was holding forth on the subject of a small skiff owned and sailed by himself, telling how she accompanied the canoe fleet of the Atlantic Division on its run from Amboy to Chesequake Creek in 1888, sailing around the racing canoes, and distancing them on all points of sailing. The account he gave of the canoes was as absurd as the yarn of our correspondent, and entirely without foundation. As to his identity or wonderful performances that day, we have never been able to learn anything.]

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pursuant to the call of Com. D. H. Crane, the annual meeting of the executive committee of the W. C. A. will be held at the Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, on Jan. 10, 1891.

The business meeting is announced for the afternoon of that date, and will be open to all visiting canoeists, as the executive committee is always glad to get a general expression of opinion regarding any topics that may be brought up for discussion.

In the evening a complimentary banquet will be tendered the visiting canoeists by the Chicago C. C., at the Richelieu. Invitations have already been issued and good delegations are expected from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton, and Jackson, Mich.

J. H. WARE, Sec'y-Treas. W. C. A.

Our Chicago correspondent writes as follows:

The elegant cards of invitation are out for the fifth annual meeting and banquet of the W. C. A., which will take place at the Hotel Richelieu, this city, on Jan. 10, and will be an elegant affair in every way. The attendance at previous meetings, at Cleveland, Dayton and Cincinnati, has been from 20 to 35 members, but it is thought 40 or 50 will be seated at the Chicago board, and the resident members do not wish the bigger city to suffer by comparison. There will be an elaborate *menu* and a very cheerful time. Among the speakers of the evening will be Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, of Cincinnati, O.; Judge J. R. Bartlett, of Fremont, O.; Mr. T. G. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, O., and Messrs. M. G. Nixon, P. F. Munger and J. B. Keogh, of this city. If it is to Purser C. W. Lee that the credit for the get-up of the invitation card is due, he certainly deserves congratulation, for neater and more tasty ones would be hard to find, including the French in the corner. There is a very neat lithograph on the upper page, showing a tent with the Chicago faithful grouped in front, in all sorts of *negligé* attitudes, and all very comfortable and natural. The lower page bears the following inscription: "To all members of the W. C. A. and fellow campers a hearty greeting. The Chicago tent will be pitched at the Hotel Richelieu January tenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, and you are cordially invited to the 'feed.' All hands to mess at seven bells. R. S. V. P. D. Q. to the purser."

ROCHESTER C. C.—Officers, 1891: Captain, W. Stuart Smith, Jr.; Mate, H. S. Moody; Purser, Geo. H. Harris; Meas., Wm. H. Marten. Executive Committee: A. B. Dodge, chairman; S. B. Perkins, Geo. J. French. Regatta Committee: Wm. C. Seward, chairman, H. D. McVean, H. M. Stewart.

RAILROAD CANOEING.

ANOTHER has been added to the long list of useless and impossible cruises attempted from a love of notoriety or as an advertisement, and like the cruise of the Dark Secret, the *Outing* cruise "around the world," a recent rowing cruise from New York to Boston, and several canoe cruises, the present one has proved a complete failure. The venturous cruiser, who was not a canoeist but wished to become one, was equipped by the New York *Mail and Express* last spring, and sent off with a flourish to make a canoe voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance, as stated in the first reports, of 7,000 miles. After starting from New York and paddling a few miles up the Hudson, the canoe was placed on a canal boat and continued her journey across the continent, at times afloat on her own bottom, but oftener by rail, wagon, canal boat or any other means of transit which was available. In time he arrived at the Pacific coast; not a very difficult task considering the facilties for comfortable travel which the railways of to-day afford. If the "*Mail and Express* canoeist" did any serious amount of canoeing he has carefully refrained from mentioning it in his voluminous letters, which deal with such a wide range of facts, historical and ethnological, as to lead to the suspicion that he carried a cheap encyclopedia in his canoe.

In view of his expected arrival in New York this week, the New York canoe clubs have been approached in regard to a reception and dinner, which would be an indorsement on their part of the cruise. To their credit be it said that there was no dissenting voice in their reply, "Rather a thousand times pipes and beer with canoeists about the club house fire than a Delmonico dinner to meet the hero of this trans-continental cruise."

The cruise, as advertised, was as impossible as useless, no boat can pass by any direct water route from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and even though this could be done by the waste of much time and energy, no good would result from it. Had the "*Mail and Express* canoeist" made the cruise from the Atlantic to the Eastern watershed of the Rocky Mountains, unassisted by cars and canal boats, and then launched on the highest waters of the Western slope, he would have accomplished something useless but notable; but after starting in April he would be eating his Christmas dinner near the Rocky Mountains, and not in New York. What he has actually accomplished, making a trip across the continent by more or less conventional modes of travel, and taking a canoe with him, must place him on no higher level as a cruiser than the renowned Capt. Glazier occupies as an explorer and discoverer.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.—A canoeist lately applied to Mr. N. G. Herreshoff for a design for a fast canoe, but Mr. Herreshoff declined to undertake the task, being too busy with larger craft. At the same time he said: "The model of a canoe is the smallest factor in her performance, the rig the next, and the skill and weight of the man the most important by all odds. The canoeist should practice sailing, cultivate his agility, and keep up his weight; and if it were not for the danger, it would be wise for him to wear trousers of sheet lead, and particularly to have the seat double-lined with that material." There is a great deal of truth in the above statement, and it bears out what we have always taught, that perfection of detail and personal skill and dexterity are of far more importance than excellence of model in so small a boat as a canoe; consequently men will do better by working up a boat in her second or third season than by discarding her at the end of the first in favor of the latest fashion in models. At the same time the lead pants are not to be overlooked; with these and a boat well balanced in hull and sails the mere fineness of the lines is a very small matter.

GENERAL PURPOSE CANOES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to "Pecowsic's" remarks concerning the all-round canoe in your issue of Nov. 27, may we call your attention to the canoe Bat, designed by W. P. Stephens and built by ourselves for Lincoln B. Palmer as a "general purpose" canoe. She is fitted as a most complete cruiser. Is 16ft.×30in. During the 1890 season she carried off 12 first and 3 second prizes. Senior sailing, cruising, hurry scurry and upset, maneuvering and club-tour paddling races, also the A. C. A. gymnastic competition. Our canoe Passaic, owned by Geo. P. Douglas, also a 16ft.×30in. "general purpose" canoe, this year captured 11 first and 10 second prizes, as well as the A. C. A. record prize. The records of both canoes are well known and surely speak well for the all-round canoe. We shall be pleased to be allowed to subscribe toward a cruising trophy.—THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER S., C. AND S. L. CO

COMMENTS ON THE MEET.—The *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* alludes to our comments on the late meet, but has evidently read them rather hastily. The quagmires we mentioned were filled up entirely before camp opened; the blowing down of tents was due to fine breezes, which made such good racing, and partly to the dry, loose soil which, though not made to hold small tent pegs, was never wet or muddy and was always smooth and pleasant to walk on. The two weak points of the camp were the transportation and the mess; the grounds, the water and the winds were as nearly perfect as can be had. In one point the Jessup's Neck camp was ahead of all others, the sanitary arrangements were of the best and gave no trouble.

MASSASOIT C. C.—The Massasoits, of Boston, have held their annual meeting and have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., Allen Hurd; Vice-Com., V. F. Perry; Sec'y, James J. Brooks; Treas., Emile Johnson; Meas., J. F. Ball, and a Board of Directors. The annual supper will take place at the club house on Jan. 12.—JAMES J. BROOKS, Sec'y Massasoit C. C.

GLIMPSES OF THE A. C. A.—For a permanent souvenir of the meet of 1890 there is nothing better than the handsome book of photo-gravure views just issued by Mr. Stoddart and advertised in another column. The selection was made from one hundred exposures made at the meet, twenty of the best pictures being used to make up the volume.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please lookunder the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

SINGLE-STICK RACING IN 1890.

90FT. TO 46FT. CLASSES.

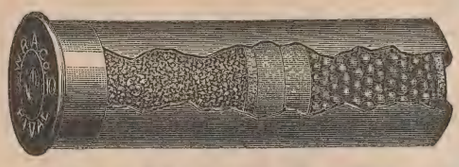
THE accompanying table shows at a glance what was done, or more properly what was not done, in the single-stick classes above 40ft. in the past season. Its meagre figures call for little comment and afford no basis for comparisons in any class. Beginning with the largest class, the sole survivors, Puritan and Volunteer, were both in commission; the former under her old skipper, Captain Haff, after a year's rest in Lawley's basin. Neither did any racing to speak of, Volunteer starting three times and Puritan twice, Volunteer won the Gorlay cup very easily, beating Puritan by 28min. on the run to Vineyard Haven, three days later, the unofficial timing, no official times being taken, made a difference of 16 minutes between them; and on the first racing run of the cruise, on the following day, Volunteer reached New Bedford half an hour in the lead. This ended the racing for the year in the class.

One of the remarkable incidents of the year was the presence of a yacht in Class 2 of the New York Y. C., a class that came into nominal existence a few years ago simply to fill the interval between two existing classes, the 70ft. and the largest class, from Puritan of 81ft. upward. The limits of Class 2 are over 70 and not over 80ft. l.w.l., and no yachts have ever been built to it nor were there any existing racing craft. The sloop Florida was grown after the accepted rule o' thumb fashion for years ago and happened to be a foot or so over the 70ft. class, a little too much for even the very elastic exemption clause of the New York Y. C. so she has the honor of being the sole representative of Class 2. Her first essay as a racer was in the New York Y. C. regatta of 1890, in which she started but withdrew.

The 70ft. class offered a fair promise of sport at the opening of the season, but, sad to say, it was not realized; not one decisive race was sailed. To begin with, Titania and Bedouin were not raced, the former being in commission all the season, but under her small rig; while Bedouin lay ashore in her berth at Newburg, Captain Pittuck confining his ministrations to the 30ft. Tomboy. The other three boats in the class were all more or less altered during the winter, so that a new interest was infused into the racing. Katrina had her mast shifted and a small piece added to her forefoot to correct the faults in her steering; Shamrock was rebuilt under Mr. Winfringham's supervision, being lengthened about 2ft. forward to bring her up to the full limit of her class, while Gracie had a general overhauling and refitting, with the intention of racing through the season.

The first race, the Atlantic Y. C. regatta, found only Katrina and Shamrock at the line. The race was fluky and uninteresting,

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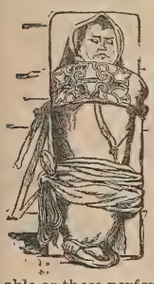
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would be taken in crossing the bows of any vessel at anchor. The fact that she was following the course safely taken, at a reasonable distance from the markboat, by competing yachts which had preceded her, would be evidence in favor of a boat.

In regard to the liability of the committee, in the third question, it must be bound by the acts of its agents, even though it has acted in good faith and to the best of its judgment, and has used the best means available to secure the correct mooring of the marks. It seems perfectly plain that a yacht should not be penalized in any way through the error of a boatman which has caused her to commit a foul.

In answer to the fifth question we should say that with a light chain, or even a rope cable, it should be possible to moor the boat in question with a shorter scope so as to avoid any special danger of fouling, and certainly to give the same opportunities to every competing boat.

From the statement of the case the mooring line was a very light straw rope, that swung much nearer the surface than a manilla cable, and was the prime cause of the trouble; the weakness of the rope probably necessitating a long scope in addition. The blame for this probably rests with the boatman, but he does not appear in the case at all, the only interested parties are the regatta committee on the one hand and the fouling yacht on the other; and between these two, if it be admitted that the foul was caused by improper mooring, there can be no question that the responsibility rests with the committee. From the facts as stated, and from the diagram accompanying them, it appears to us that the yacht was not to blame, she came from under the stern of the mark boat, at a reasonable distance from it, and in the course safely taken by preceding vessels, and she was justified in assuming that the course was clear for her, as it had been for them.

We recall no question of the kind which has arisen here, but there are few records of decisions in this country. In Great Britain all important questions go on appeal to the Yacht Racing Association, and the records of that body for the past 15 years contain a number of decisions. Fortunately protests are not very plentiful here, but a body of this kind, which could decide all such questions as might arise is already needed.

A very similar question to this is likely to arise at some time in the Larchmont Y. C. In the frequent races of this club four or five oyster sloops are used as mark boats, answering the purpose very well; the men are regularly employed and know what is expected of them, and thus far, out of a great many races sailed, we know of no trouble on this account. At the same time it is highly probable that sooner or later, through the presence of a stranger or the carelessness of a regular man, a markboat may be misplaced or improperly moored. In such a case no blame would attach to the committee, as they employed the regular means of marking the course, but at the same time the result of the race would probably be open to question.

One point in this connection that is likely to make trouble is the practice of the sloop men mooring two or three small boats in a string astern. A racing yacht, perhaps in a crowd, as often happens at the first mark, rounds the markboat with room to clear her, but finds at the last moment a string of two or three small boats in the course. Under such circumstances we believe that the yacht could not be disqualified for fouling a boat attached to a markboat, but it would be well to have an understanding in advance as to the rights of a yacht in such a case.

Another question of rounding marks has lately agitated the sailor men of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and for a number of nights the discussion as to who fouled who was warmly waged at the club house. The facts were as follows, the positions being shown in Figure 2: Two prominent racing men of the club, one representing the 40ft., and the other the 30ft. class, repaired to Tuxedo late in the season, their yachts being laid up, and sought the danger and excitement of yacht racing in the chromatic vagaries which float on the bosom of Tuxedo Lake. These beautiful craft are all of one model, nearly one beam to length, and cat rigged, being distinguished solely by their varied hues, one being the red boat, one the blue, etc.

Mr. Thirty-footer, who may be called A, sailed one boat alone, and Mr. Forty-footer, B, sailed another. The two were close on the wind for a mark, A to windward, but B having an unquestioned overlap. A was fetching the mark easily, but B was to leeward as they neared it, and could not clear it as he was heading. He claims, however, and it was conceded by the other side for the sake of argument, that he could have made a "pilot's luff" following the course *b*, *b*, *b*, and gone to windward of the mark, had not A been close on his weather. Rule XXXIV. of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., Sec. 13, reads as follows: "If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark." With this in mind B hailed A for room to make his "pilot's luff," but was met with a very pointed refusal, following which B luffed and struck A. Of course a protest resulted, giving rise to the question who fouled who.

The points involved seem so clear as to leave no grounds for B.'s view. This was, as we understand it, that in the first place the terms rounding and passing apply only when the mark is bearing abeam, and that until this position is reached the operation of the rule does not begin. As it is conceded that, though quite close to the mark, neither was as yet abreast of it, the claim is made that the rule quoted does not apply to the case, and that a yacht must have an overlap *on the mark* before she is entitled to the rights secured to her by Sec. 13. Further than this, it is contended that, as a matter of equity, A has a good berth and B a correspondingly poor one, and that no rule would be made to reverse these positions, giving all the advantage to B at the expense of A.

The first claim we consider a very poor one, the only support it has is the title, "Passing and Rounding," which is construed, as above stated, to apply only to the actual turning of a mark. This subject is treated at some length in Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing" under the title "Approaching a mark for rounding," which is obviously the correct wording, and one that if adopted would prevent any such discussion. The object of the section is to secure certain rights to boat which is as yet close to a mark, but not actually passing it, as by the time the mark bears abeam from her it will be too late for the rule to have any effect; she will have been forced inside of the mark or be in actual collision with the other vessel.

Applied to the case at point, it is claimed by A that the mark had not been reached, that as it did not bear abeam from either vessel neither was "about to round," and that practically they were sailing in the open and A was not forced to consider the mark as yet. This being the case there is no rule which permits the leeward boat to hail for room and perhaps force the other about. Looking at the common sense of the rule, which is a very old one and used by all clubs, if it is to have any effect at all it must come into operation shortly before the mark is reached, at some distance which cannot be laid down in feet or furlongs, but which is clearly understood by racing men. For instance, B on nearing the mark sees that while he has an overlap, and is entitled to a clear passage from A, he will be shut off from the mark and forced inside it in a very short time. He hails A in season to be heard and for A to luff and give him room before he, B, is in actual danger of fouling the buoy.

Just when this time is, and how far away B must be when he hails, is a matter for his judgment, as in most other points of sailing. If he calls for room some time before the mark is neared, A will refuse to give it, as B has no right to it merely to work to windward in; but if, on the other hand, B waits until he is close on the mark, it will be then too late for A to luff and for him to follow, and he goes against or inside the mark. If B hails in proper season, A must give him room to pass clear so long as B can do this without filling away on the other tack. The facts that A is compelled, as he considers very unjustly, to give up an advantage he may have gained by better sailing; that he may be compelled to lose time by tacking in order to give room, while his opponent does not tack; or that B cannot go clear with a good full or even by nipping close, but must shoot in stays in making his "pilot's luff," do not affect the case in the least. B's rights are limited only on the one hand by the buoy, which he must not touch, and on the other hand by his filling away on the other tack, which is forbidden by the rule quoted. As long as he does neither, he can pass the buoy in any way he pleases. If, however, B calls for room and A gives it, and then in making his luff B fills away on the other tack, he can be protested by A for wrongfully compelling the latter to alter his course.

It may make the case clearer to consider B's position alone, A being at some distance away. With clear water about the mark B comes for and makes his "pilot's luff" on the course *b*, *b*, *b*, going by without fouling and immediately filling away on his original tack. This he has a perfect right to do, and if while doing it A comes up to windward of him, and a foul ensues, A will be at fault. If neither boat can weather the mark, or if A can weather and B cannot, then B has no redress, but must tack under A's stern or be forced inside the mark.

The main point is that the rule comes into operation some time before the boats are actually abreast of the mark, long enough to allow time for B to hail for room and A to give it in season to prevent B fouling the mark. In making this point clearer the rule or section should properly be entitled "*Approaching* a mark for passing or rounding," which would give no grounds for such claims as have been made in this case. If the rule can in any way be interpreted by sailor men as giving A a right to hold his course until he is squarely abreast of the mark, then its usefulness has departed, and had better be dropped overboard.

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

THE Gas Engine and Power Co. are busy at their extensive works at Morris Dock, N. Y., and in addition to their regular open launches have lately turned out several novel craft. One of these is a 40ft. l.w.l. cruising cabin launch, for Charleston, S. C. The boat is of handsome model, with a long cabin house containing a large cabin, pilot house, toilet room, w. c. in separate compartments, pantry and galley, and refrigerator and ice chest. The whole house is lighted by large windows along each side. The after end of house, for a length of about 7ft., is given up to four compartments, with a central passage from cabin to engine space. To starboard on the forward side is the w. c., abaft it being the compact little pantry and galley with oil stove. To port is a toilet room, with dressing case, across the passage from the w. c., while abaft it and opposite the galley is the ice box. The joiner work is most elaborate, the finish being quartered oak, which with handsome curtains and hangings makes a very luxurious interior. The motive power is a 10 H. P. engine placed in the stern. The boat makes a perfect cruiser of the type under discussion in our columns some time since.

Another cruiser of a different type is now in frame, a 35ft. auxiliary, similar to the Etcetera, but of improved model. She will be fitted for a long cruise, being built for parties on the Great Lakes, who will cruise west from New York next season. The engine will be 10 H.P., and she will in addition have a yawl rig. A keel with a small lead steadier has been added for sailing. The cabin is rather small and well forward, leaving a large cockpit in which the party of four intend to spend much of their time in summer, using an awning. Another new craft is intended for pilot service about Wilmington, N. C., and is 25ft. over all, 6ft. beam, and with a 3 H. P. engine will make 7½ miles per hour. She is decked over for 12ft. from stem, with an open cockpit aft. Sleeping accommodation for two men is found below.

The first paddle boat built for a naphtha engine has just been tried at the works, a stern wheeler 27ft. long and 6ft. 6in. beam, for the U. S. Government, to be used in the improvements of Mobile Harbor. The regular naphtha engine is located aft, with a second short shaft parallel to and about 2ft. above it. The two are geared by means of sprocket wheels and chain, the regular bicycle gearing. The upper shaft carries a bevel gear which engages with a similar gear on a main shaft extending across the stern of the boat on projecting arms, and carrying two ordinary paddle wheels of 4ft. drain, side by side. The boat will draw only 20 inches, and promises to give a fair rate of speed. The new 10 H. P. engine has proved a most useful size, and several are being fitted to oyster boats along the Long Island shore. The boats have proved very useful, as they carry a load forward, and at the same time can be used for towing a fleet of sailing sloops in a calm. The steam yachts Tillie and Oneida are laid up at the company's docks, where both are being overhauled.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

SOME twenty years since, Yale College issued a famous "Naugh-tical Almanac," not under the direction of Prof. Loomis, but containing a good deal of student wit, partly in the form of prognostications after the manner of the ancient almanacs. Without pretending to the gift of prophesy, but relying only on experience in the past, we venture a few similar forecasts that may interest yachtsmen.

Dec. 20-31.—About this time look out for numerous challenges.

Jan. 1-10.—Several English, Irish, Scotch and Australian millionaires order 90ft. centerboard yachts from Watson, Fife, Reeks, etc.

Jan. 15-30.—Messrs. Gardner, Burgess and Smith receive many orders for 90ft. sloops.

Feb. 1-15.—Lookout for alleged "lines" of challenger.

Feb. 15-28.—Exposure of deep-laid plot of Watson or Fife to capture America's Cup.

And after all, there will be no Cup race this year.

ICE YACHTING.—The promise of a cold winter, for the first in several years in the latitude of New York, has awakened the ever hopeful ice yachtsman, and he is again alert and ready for a race. The Scud is on hand, as usual, to represent the Shrewsbury yachtsmen, the Orange Lake Club has a new flyer, the Lady of the Lake, owned by Thos. Higginson, 51ft. long and 760ft. of canvas, while the Hudson River, Newburg and Lake Champlain clubs are making preparations for early races. On Dec. 9 the Orange Lake I. Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., H. C. Higginson; Vice-Com., Dr. Willett Kidd; Sec'y, Capt. W. H. Smith; Treas., Gardiner Van Nostrand; Meas., Charles A. Dixon. The secretary stated that the challenges of the Carthage Landing and the Shrewsbury Yacht clubs, to compete for the Gardiner Van Nostrand challenge cup of America, would stand over from last year, the races not having been sailed.

BERNARD WEYMOUTH.—On Nov. 25 Mr. Bernard Weymouth, secretary to Lloyd's Register, known to yachtsmen through the handsome and complete Yacht Register which has grown up under his able management, died very suddenly while addressing the committee. Mr. Weymouth had been connected with Lloyds since 1854. He was a naval architect and had designed several yachts, and in his capacity as chief surveyor and afterward as secretary he has done much to promote the interests of yachting, taking an active part in the establishment of the Yacht Register, and framing the rules for wood and iron yachts.

DOUGLASTON Y. C.—An organization which will be known as the Douglaston Y. C., with club house and headquarters at Douglaston, L. I., on the famous Little Neck Bay, was formed on Dec. 8, with a membership of 35 and fleet of 20 yacht and naphtha launches. The club will go into commission about May 10, and intends giving several cup races during the season, to which the principal yacht clubs will be invited. The following gentlemen were elected to office: Com., W. C. Newman, sloop Ada; Vice-Com., G. A. Corry, sloop Mai; Rear-Com., Fred A. Parsons, steam yacht Gipsy; Sec'y, A. Ducret; Treas., R. Sperry; Meas., H. Ely; Board of Directors, Howland Leavitt, Jabez Harris, William Corry, John Harway, William Benz.

FIXTURES FOR 1891.—It is none too soon now for the selection of dates for next year, a calendar and tide table are easily had, and the first in the field have the choice of dates. As soon as they are decided on they should be made public, as a guide to other clubs, and we shall be glad to have early notice of all fixtures. The racing season will be opened by the Biscayne Bay Y. C. with its annual regatta on Feb. 22, at its station, Biscayne Bay, Florida. The only other dates yet announced are those of the Lake Yacht Racing Association: Hamilton July 14, Toronto, Royal Canadian July 16, Queen City Y. C. July 17, Rochester July 20, Oswego July 23.

THE SCHOONER RECORD.—We were in error in regard to the winners in the schooner class in the Larchmont annual regatta. We are informed that the protest lodged by Azalea against Gevalia on the ground that her helmsman was a professional, was allowed by the committee, as was a counter protest by Gevalia against Azalea for carrying a professional in her crew. This gives Lotus first prize instead of third place, and alters the totals somewhat, making Lotus's record 1 start and 1 first prize; Azalea's 4 starts and 3 firsts, and Gevalia's 3 starts and 1 first.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The lecture committee have announced the following entertainments for the winter, the first of which was given last night: Dec. 17.—Music, etc. Jan. 27.—The use of electricity on vessels with a practical explanation of the principles involved, the application and the terms in common use. Feb. 3.—Annual club dinner. March 10.—What can be seen in the night sky from the deck of a yacht and how to see it.

BISCAYNE BAY Y. C.—We have received the year book of this club for 1891 from Secretary Munroe. The club has now 18 members and 19 yachts. The officers are: Com., R. M. Munroe; Vice-Com., P. F. Rose; Sec'y, C. K. Munroe; Treas., W. H. Browne; Meas., Jean de Hedouville. The annual regatta will be held on Feb. 22.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—On Dec. 11 Com. Center, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., entertained the members of the Corinthian Navy with a very interesting talk on the care of yachts, laying up and fitting out, his remarks being practical and very much to the point.

TIGRESS.—Owen Fergusson has sold his new 35-footer to James Weir, owner of Hypatia.

WINDWARD, schr., has been sold by George Duryea to A. W. Sewell for $6,000.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. P., Boston, Mass.—Take the .40-60.

S. T., Philadelphia.—The Pennsylvania deer season closed last Monday, Dec. 15.

F. M. H.—We have not the dimensions you ask for. The plans are not quite accurate, but were made as nearly as possible to scale.

D. B., Toronto.—The sneakbox was described in issue of Jan. 7, 1885, but you will find a number of designs in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs."

H. D. W., Andover, Mass.—Will you please tell me, through your next issue if you can, where I can get some good hare shooting near New York city? Ans. Long Island is full of hares. Go to Central Islip or Smithtown or some station in that neighborhood. Much of the land is protected, but there is considerable free range.

G. B., New York.—Would you kindly inform me where I could get some quail shooting in the vicinity of the city—I mean down near Jamaica or some points on Long Island or near by? You can also let me know, please, where there can be had any shooting at present. Ans. There is practically no free shooting on Long Island now. It is nearly all preserved for clubs. You had better write to Joe Reynolds, Katonah, N. Y. He is said to have good quail and ruffed grouse shooting.

C. A., Hamilton, Ont.—I am recommended to you for information about fishculture. I have completed a pond—an acre—and as it is fed by springs in the bottom I think I can raise trout, but would like to do so under best possible conditions as to depth of water, shade, shelter, gravel in bottom, aquatic plants, etc. Can you recommend me an author or send me printed information? Ans. We have for sale several works on fishculture, two of which are especially devoted to the trout, "Trout Culture," by Slack, and "Domesticated Trout," by Stone. Both of these contain detailed information concerning the laying out of ponds and the rearing of trout.

W. H. P., Memphis, Mich.—Ans. 1. Eels are caught in great numbers in many places along the east coast. In Great South Bay, L. I., they are very common and grow large. The same is true in most of the shallow bays of the coast. The mouths of rivers falling into Chesapeake Bay are celebrated for the size and numbers of their eels. Address V. N. Edwards, Woods Holl, Mass., or Lewis B. Thurber, Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y., who can furnish the skins or information where to get them. Any of the fish dealers in Fulton Market, New York city, E. G. Blackford and Middleton, Carman & Co. could no doubt place your order in proper hands. 2. The firm that sells the thermometers are responsible people. There is no book on beagle training. 4. We can supply "The Trees of Northeastern America" and "Training for Strength, Speed and Agility." 5. It has been said that the Colts have acquired the right to the Giffard gun in this country.

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MAINE FISH AND GAME.

JUST as we go to press we are in receipt of the report of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for the years 1889–90. With respect to the fish supply the report makes a favorable showing; notwithstanding the large increase of anglers visiting the State, say Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley, the fish have generally held their own, and many localities show a decided increase both in size and numbers—a condition due not alone to the favorable stage of water during the past two seasons, but to a more general appreciation and observance of the protective statutes, and to the practice of returning fingerlings to the water. The Commissioners touch upon a very important phase of the subject when they point out that good fishing means increasing tourist patronage, better market for home produce, and many-sided revenue to Maine people.

That which is perhaps most worthy of note in connection with the fish and game interests of Maine is the growing tendency of individuals to unite in associations for organized systematic effort toward keeping up the supply at the great angling centers. We have already noted with warm appreciation the plan and work of the Franklin County Association with headquarters at Rangeley; the report makes record of this organization and its work, as well as of the one formed at Lewiston and Auburn, which has raised a fund of $1,000 to build a hatchery for stocking Auburn Lake. Those who are familiar with the conditions at the Rangeley outlet, will applaud the public-spirited enterprise of two gentlemen from other States who have rescued the famous spawning grounds at that point.

Fred S. Dickson, Esq., a gentleman from Philadelphia, who owns and spends his summers with his family, on a beautiful island in Rangeley lake, and Capt. R. A. Tuttle of Boston, an owner in Lake Point cottage, have at their own expense, leased the dam of the Union Water Power Company at Rangeley outlet for the purpose of controlling the old hatching ground at that place and to so govern the water that it will be favorable for the fish to spawn as they did before the dam was built. Also to arrange a series of dams that the fish can have a free passage from, or to the lakes below. This was formerly one of the best breeding grounds for large trout in that vicinity, which was ruined when the dam was built.

With this brief notice, we must defer, to be given next week in our fishculture columns, a more detailed notice of the work of the Commission.

In that part of the report devoted to game interests, there is substantial confirmation of the report given in the FOREST AND STREAM the other day of the lawlessness prevailing in certain sections of Maine with respect to the killing of deer. This game, the Commissioners tell us, is far more abundant than ever before, and those who have been in the Maine woods this year will fully bear them out in the statement. Never, within the memory of residents and visitors, have the deer been so numerous. With this increase of the supply, there has grown up in certain localities absolute indifference to the law and defiance of it. All through last summer and into the autumn—we are not now drawing information from the report—hounding and jack-hunting were practiced, in most instances we have reason to believe for the benefit of visitors repairing to Maine for trout—and venison. The number of deer so killed, carcasses accidentally stumbled upon by a single fishing party would indicate, in the aggregate must have been large. Whether or not such destruction has had an appreciable effect on the supply may be a subject of debate; but there is not the slightest question that if hounding and jacking are to be carried on in the future as they have been in the year 1890 the effect must be disastrous.

The reason for such unrestrained license is set forth by the Commissioners to be the want of an appropriation for the wardens. Without means to enlist the services of trustworthy and efficient officers, in short without any funds at all to employ officers, the Commission was powerless to enforce the statute when public opinion failed. The responsibility for the present state of affairs, then, rests with the Legislature. We trust that the representatives of the people at Augusta do not fairly express the public sentiment of the State. Maine can never expect to conserve her fish and game resources without a competent warden system. There is sound sense in the recommendation of the Commissioners. Our laws are good, say they, but if they can be improved change them; then give us the means to see that they are carried out.

Skin hunting, which is destined to destroy the finest game animals of Maine, can be readily put to an end, if our Legislature will only give us the means. It is not the restoration of the moiety of the money penalties for infractions of the game laws to the wardens that we ask for. But it is that they will give us the means to hire good and faithful men as wardens; to pay them fair per diem wages when ordered on duty, and a bounty for all convictions. Twenty such men sent into the forests in certain sections of our State in March and April would effectually suppress skin and crust hunting. The skins and property seized should be forfeited to the State. Let the pay be generous, and fair, and proportioned to the duty, and the bounty for convictions equally so, and deserving of the State that pays it to honest and deserving citizens. A few such men could patrol the State the whole year, and cost less than an army of men who fear to offend when assigned to duty near their own homes. These men would be unknown to sight where stationed, and could not be followed or watched. No one interest has our State that pours into her lap so large an income, and one that is shared by all, as our fish and game; not accumulated into the pockets of one to be spent in other States or climes, but dividing its portion to every home. Give us the means to enforce the laws and protect it.

The Commissioners urge that September be made an open month for moose, caribou and deer; that the principle involved in the fish law limiting the amount of fish—transported by one who has caught them—be extended to apply to every species of game; that the law against spoons for catching fish be repealed; that the law respecting posting notices on streams and ponds protected by special laws be changed to apply only to private waters; that a bounty be paid on seals; that a law be passed to protect young salmon, thousands of which are now destroyed on the boarded floors of weirs that are left dry at high tide.

As was to be expected, Mr. Trumbull's paper on the woodcock and its ways has been read with decided interest. Further notes on the bird are given in our Natural History columns to-day, the most notable contribution being from the pen of Mr. William Brewster, who is unconvinced by Mr. Trumbull's records respecting the bird's whistle.

PROTECTION OF PICKEREL.

A MOVEMENT is now reported to be in progress in northwestern Pennsylvania to accomplish the repeal of the Act of May 22, 1889, so far as relates to the catching of pickerel from Dec. 1 to June 1. The portion of Sec. 4 of this Act directly involved in the controversy reads as follows: "And no person shall by any means or device whatsoever catch or kill, in any of the waters of this State, any pike or pickerel between the first day of December and the first day of June in any year. Any violation of this section shall subject the offender to a penalty of ten dollars for each and every fish caught." (*Book of the Game Laws*, 148.)

The law is obnoxious to some residents of the region mentioned because they are deprived of the opportunity of enjoying fresh pickerel during the winter, when they most enjoy fish food and have leisure for fishing, and because they believe the legislation to be wholly in the interest of the summer visitors. It is admitted that the law was enacted "ostensibly" to protect the fish; but the complainants are positive that pickerel need no such protection, and, to use the outspoken language of a Montrose newspaper, "the man or boy who catches a half-dozen two-pound pickerel from a lake this winter does more toward stocking that lake than does the man who next spring dumps into it a can of 5,000 young fry furnished by the State."

Has it occurred to these opponents of the pickerel legislation that this period of protection is intended to cover the spawning season of this common fish, so highly prized by the farmers and their boys and so little thought of by the summer visitors to northeastern Pennsylvania? Are the objectors to this close time not aware that several really valuable food fishes, such as black bass, wall-eyed pike, brook trout, lake trout, and other members of the salmon family, are liable to capture in winter under pretense of fishing for pickerel? We can see the application of most commendable common sense in any measure looking toward the protection of fishes during their reproduction, and, unless some better reason is advanced for repealing the section than the one mentioned above, we hope the law will remain in force.

SNAP SHOTS.

UNIFORM game seasons are excellent in theory, but it sometimes happens that uniformity is secured at the expense of reasonable protection. The Massachusetts sportsmen had a notion last winter that an uniform season for all upland shooting would work advantageously; but it proved impracticable to open the season later than Sept. 15. As this applied to quail the result was that the birds were shot long before they were in fit condition, and in consequence everybody was disgusted. Now, the proposition is to change the opening day to Oct. 1. That is better for the quail by fifteen days; but another fifteen days would not bring the opening at all too late. A movement is under consideration for making uniform game seasons for New England. The plan is an excellent one; there is no reason why Massachusett, Rhode Island and Connecticut at least should not be governed by similar game laws. We have always believed in and urged the uniformity of game laws for contiguous States which are in practically the same latitude.

It is not always the man who spends the most money and goes furthest away from home who finds the most fun with a gun. We have repeatedly urged the common sense methods of stocking home covers and enforcing laws for the conservation of home game and fish. Such efforts may cost money, but there is often more profit in them than in expensive journeys to distant game grounds, which some people seem to think are more rich in game the more distant they are.

There will probably be a creditable display of America's fish resources at the World's Fair in Chicago, The New York Commission has been in conference with other Commissioners, and there is every promise that an excellent showing will be made.

Secretary John W. Titcomb, of the Vermont Fish and Game League, reports that the new society is meeting decided approval, and gives promise of a decided influence in the future.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal the name of that friend.

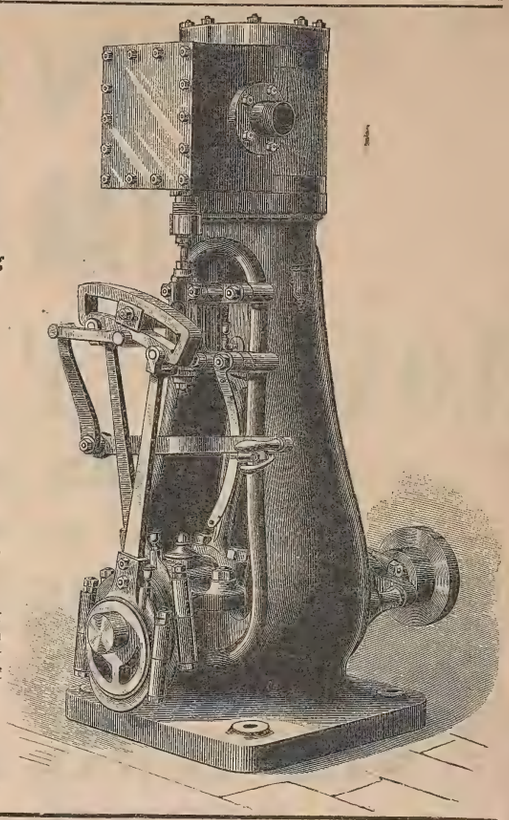
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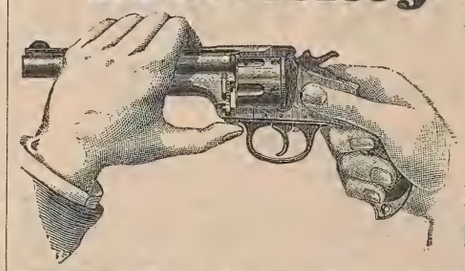
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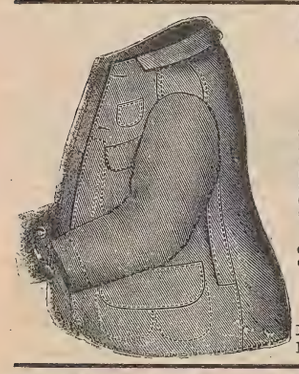
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He introduced them as "Ole Blackbird squaw and he gal; pooty young squaw—great medicine."

The elder of the two was about as tough, leathery-looking a specimen of aboriginal ugliness as I have ever fallen in with, and making due allowance for difference in age the daughter was the perfect moral of her. They both cast their loads unceremoniously aside and the elder proceeded at once to business. Watching me closely as she did so she rolled a large handful of leaves in her hand until they were partially pulverized, then passed them over to the younger squaw who soon made a pint of very bitter tea from them which I was told to drink. I managed to gulp it down, hot and bitter as it was, and the old squaw then seized me without ceremony, packed me snugly in bearskin and blankets, after which she and her daughter, wrapping their own blankets about them, lay down on either side of me, crowding me in a manner more close than pleasant.

'Tis written in the Hebrew chronicle:

> "How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
> Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
> When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
> And that the medicine answered very well."

I trust King David's medicine, which answered the purpose so well, was not a squaw—or, if she were, that she was young and good looking.

My leathery belles, however, answered to help get up a copious perspiration, which was just what they intended, and when I awoke from the first sound refreshing sleep I had enjoyed for weeks it was with a cool, clear head and limbs free from pain.

With the rise of the sun the confounded ague began to threaten me, and Mrs. Blackbird, with the help of her interesting daughter proceeded to take measures for expelling it in a manner quite as novel and original as her treatment of fever. First, she undid a bundle of dirty blue cloth, and took therefrom several bundles of neatly bound, minute twigs. I had heard some hard stories of "whippin' out the ager," and smelt a pretty extensive mice immediately; but on the whole concluded to go through, so I suffered them to divest me of my clothing and seize me firmly by the wrists, and made no objection even when Mrs. Blackbird began to apply the switches gently to the bare skin. Gradually the blows increased in rapidity and severity; old Peter, who had stood by as spectator at first, stepped forward and seized a wrist firmly in each hand, so suddenly that I had no time to object; and the whipping immediately became energetic and general. Each of the squaws with a switch in each hand vied with the other in rapidity of hitting, and, as the sluggish, torpid blood strove to dash with answering speed through the tingling veins the pain became unendurable. I had resolved to bear all that was asked of me in hope of a radical cure, but the torture was too severe; and I ordered them to desist, trying at the same time to wrench myself loose from Peter. They only laughed and laid on the harder. I became mad with pain and went in on my muscle, biting and butting furiously at old Peter and giving the leathery females ungallant kicks about the ribs and abdomen—a proceeding that made them laugh all the more, and brought down the switches with increased vigor. I entreated and cursed by turns, tried bribery and flattery, begged for a resting spell, and threatened death to the party of conspirators immediately I got loose, but all in vain. They flogged me for a time that seemed an age, and only let me off when I was too exhausted to stand alone. Then I was again enveloped in skins and blankets, when, strange as it may seem, I almost immediately fell into a deep slumber from which I did not awake until evening. When I did awake it was with a general sense of soreness all over the outer man; but where was the ague? Gone. Completely cured, as well as the fever, although I had some slight returns of the latter occasionally, which always yielded to Indian treatment, however.

COWBOY REMINISCENCES.

RAYMOND BROOKS, my cowboy "pardner," and I were just back from a long trail drive that had led us by weary stages hundreds of miles from the home ranch. We had crossed the plains of Texas, been through Kansas and, pressing our way still further north, had reached the grand land of Montana, where our herd of 2,500 jaded cattle were delivered to the buyers and the outfit disbanded, some to remain where chance had led them and others, among whom were Ray and I, to return by way of the railroad home.

We had seen the usual number of vicissitudes, had had a stampede and lost some cattle while crossing the waterless tract of the plain, but all in all ours had been a fairly successful drive; and thoroughly satisfied with the work and with an unusual number of dollars jingling in the pockets of our leather leggings we were now going to enjoy ourselves in the manner that seemed best to us and after the fashion most in accordance with cowboy tastes. So after the trip by rail had been suffered in silence, and endured by Ray with far more apprehension and fear than he would have experienced amid the wildest herd of untamed cattle, we finally reached the station nearest our range, and mounting the horses that were awaiting us rode another 50 miles to the little frontier town that was the last settlement in going to the ranch. It was a real cowboy town, possessing all the requisites and conditions necessary to the full and perfect happiness of a socially inclined puncher; here he could enjoy the variety of the half-barbaric orgy that is known in local parlance as a "tear" and, provided he did not extend his recklessness too far, he had very little to fear from the too strict enforcing of the rather dormant law.

Here Raymond and I stopped to have one royal time before settling down to the monotony of the winter's drift line-riding. So we ate quantities of canned oysters, the cowboy's idea of luxury, slept every night, or rather a part of every night, on clean sheets and on soft mattresses, played pool and billiards, dallied a little with the "tiger," and drank, I am very sorry to say, very little water; in fact, save for occasional washing purposes, water was not at all included in our calculations for amusement. For one solid week we were virtually the owners of the town; barkeepers were glad to hob-nob with us, gamblers sought our society, and men picked up the stray crumbs in the way of chips that fell from our table; and even the sheriff, who was usually not on good terms with members of our crowd on account of their frequent proclivities for shooting out his street lamps, thawed out under the influence of our liberal treatings, and diplomatically began to feel our political pulse in regard to the approaching county election.

But one day it got whispered about the little frontier town that "them there two cowboys just home from Montany had about blowed in their pile," and our reign, based on the influence of the mighty dollar, began to wane. The barkeeper, seeing in us probable solicitors of credit, ceased to be the genial soul of the past week; the blacklegs having no time to waste on well picked chickens, turned their attention to fresher game; while that ever cautious sheriff, scenting a possible repetition of the usual antics of our boys when leaving town, swore in a couple of deputies, and let it be generally known that he had said that 'if them two trail cowboys tried to shoot up his town like some of the others of the same outfit had done, there would sure be trouble." These threats, however, had not much effect on our spirits, and we continued to enjoy ourselves as long as there was a dollar in our pockets. But there must come an end to all things, even to affairs of such unlimited possibilities as tears, and late one night, urged rather by necessity than choice, we saddled up our bronchos and prepared to begin the twenty-mile ride to the ranch.

I do not know whether it was owing to a slight influence of vegetable over animal spirits, or if it was merely recklessness born of a passing tinge of remorse over the hundred and fifty good American dollars that it had taken us half a year to earn, but just as we rode away from the horse track, Ray with a yell of defiance, began emptying his six-shooter into the air and gave other evidences of his intention of taking the town. We were fast pardners in those days, pardners in peril and privation, and pardners in any reckless pleasure that either of us chose to inaugurate, so I followed his example, and together we enjoyed that classic amusement of "shooting up the town." Down the one long street of the village we rode, yelling like Comanches, and fusilade after fusilade from our smoking pistols. It was no unusual incident in that lawless little frontier town, where the law was regarded more as an experiment than as a settled institution, but on this particular night the sheriff had been rather on the look out; and just as the open prairie was gained and we were preparing to rein our furious steeds, a hail followed by a shot in the air, warned us that we were being pursued, and looking behind the forms of three mounted men could be discerned through the gloom, while the sounds of galloping hoofs came to our ears over the hundred or so yards of level prairie. Raymond calmly began reloading his Colts.

"Hold on, old man," I said, as we urged our bronchos to redoubled efforts, "don't let us have any trouble, it's all fun you know; our horses are fresh and let's try a run for it, and leave all that kind of thing to the last."

So giving our mustangs spur and quirt, we rode through the night. At first we had hoped that after a mile or so the posse, on seeing that there was no surrender, would turn back; but as mile after mile was passed over at a killing pace, we began to realize that the race would be a long one. Twice our pursuers hailed and several times they opened fire, but we had had a fair start to begin with, and steadily gained on the gang until the sound of their horses hoofs gradually died away in the distance and their shouts grew inaudible. We did not stop, however, but kept steadily and silently on, only slacking up occasionally to give our panting horses a breathing spell; and just as dawn began to break the long hill was gained, on the summit of which stood the ranch house. We had made the twenty miles in something like three hours. Up the slope we rode while a volley of pistol shots brought out our comrades to welcome us home, after an absence of six months. From the elevation on which the ranch stood we could see, four or five miles away, our pursuers; but whether it was owing to the proximity of county elections, or to the fact that we were at home and surrounded by a dozen or more comrades, the posse came no further, but after a short rest retraced their steps to town, leaving us victors of a well won race.

So ended one of the many incidents in which Raymond and I were pardners. Disreputable? I grant you that; but you who know no greater sensations than those furnished by a tame Eastern life, surrounded by orderly crowds and ruled by a series of laws that work like some piece of well fitting machinery, can form no idea of what the life of a cowboy is, and cannot appreciate the devil-may-care spirit of mischief that takes possession of him when he again comes into contact with something that approaches civilization after months of danger and privation. The doings such as I have just related are the result more of a love of mischief than any desire to do real harm. And so they are regarded by the generality of Westerners, who look on the freaks of a lot of cowboys as they would on the doings of a set of overgrown school boys, and notice is very seldom taken of them by the officers.

On the particular occasion of which I have written, however, the sheriff, piqued perhaps by the distancing that he received in that twenty-mile race, "laid for" us, and one night a few weeks after the affair he had his revenge.

I had been obliged to come into town to receive a registered letter; and knowing that the officers were on the lookout for either Ray or myself I waited on the outskirts of the town until after dusk, and then staking my pony, walked to the building that served as post-office and general rendezvous for the socially-inclined gossips at the place. My enemy was not there; so stepping to the window I received my packet of mail and was about to go, when, as luck would have it, in came the wretched sheriff, who covered me immediately with his six-shooter and gave the order "hands up," with which command I lost no time in complying. There was nothing else to do, for a man does not think much about resistance when looking into the muzzle of a Colts revolver held only a few feet from his head. So I had tamely to allow myself to be disarmed, and then we went in search of bail, which fortunately I soon procured and again became a free man. After this my captor and I got on the best of terms, he expressing his regret over the necessity that had compelled him, etc., etc., in all of which condolence I rather the more feelingly of the two, I fancy, quite agreed with him. The next morning, after going through the usual formula of State vs. cowboy, I was obliged to pay out $35 as a solace to the wounded feelings of the law. Revenge is sweet, however, and when a few weeks later, and just before election, a small keg of excellent spirits and a couple of boxes of fair cigars were sent to the ranch by this same sheriff with the hope that he would see us all at the polls, we complied with his request by drinking and smoking up the offering, and then riding to the town in a body we defeated the donor by casting a solid fifteen votes for the other man.

Take them as a class, however, the sheriffs of the West are a wonderful well qualified set of men. The position is no sinecure, and requires no ordinary combination of qualities. The popular sheriff must be a man of not only a nerve and determination, but above all must have the requisite caution and discretion in the handling of the rough, devil-may-care classes that compose the bulk of the population of frontier counties. He must never let a real crime go unpunished, and must be ready to follow at all hazards the trail of the criminal; but he must also have the discretion not to draw the restricting bands of law too tightly down over men who have been a law unto themselves. The sheriff who is ever ready to exact the observance of the letter of the law in regard to trifles, and who is most sure in restraining the antics of cowboys, is not always the one that is most successful in bringing criminals really guilty of grave offenses to justice.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FISHING TRIP TO THE ISLAND.

THE past summer was in more ways than one queer. We had an abundance of rain, but a scarcity of wind, and threatened storms without number; in fact the west coast, which beats the world in the way of threats, has the past season beaten its own record.

Scarcely a day has passed but we have had all the indications of a tornado. Wind banks and thunder heads would pile up in one quarter or another. The thunder would rumble and grumble away, getting nearer and nearer. The black blanket of clouds would be torn and ripped by vicious and almost incessant flashes of lightning. But it was all threats. Just as we would think the crisis at hand, and that something terrible must happen, the sun would boom through the black sky, the ominous-looking clouds would break up into littly fleecy white patches and scatter away only to bank up somewhere else and repeat the farce over again. Boat sailing was out of the question. If there was wind enough to get clear of the land it was sure to die out before we could get back, and no one cared to risk the almost certain result—pulling home.

But we all know what one will do to go fishing, particularly when he knows the bay is alive with grouper and redfish.

And so it came about that we organized an expedition to the island—object, fish. An early start was imperative. So after a hurried breakfast we let go the wharf, and with good cypress poles started down river. It was getting gray in the east, but the cloud bank was so thick that old Sol had a hard struggle to get above the trees. He accomplished it at last and burst out with a fierce blinding glare that was, to say the least, uncomfortable. But a breeze came with the sun, and when, after a due amount of work and perspiration, we reached the river the fair wind was duly appreciated. With everything set, ropes coiled away and skipper at the stick we stand out by the pier head.

Off to the no'rd were some half dozen spongers working up to their anchorage inside the keys; just dotting the horzion were several more, all bound in, for the water was thick and it was no use to work. "Yes," said the skipper, "yes, this is the best harbor on this part of the coast, and greatest resort for spongers. They have been coming here now regularly since the war. Some of the vessels which come here now as spongers were here in the sixties for a far different purpose. There's the old C——; now, I've seen her lying in under the keys here more than once, masts down and her deck load of cotton covered with bushes, while not far outside was a Yankee gunboat."

"Did they catch them often?"

"Bless you, no! Guess they didn't want to. We used to unstep our masts and pole down along the coast, inside where we could, making easy reaches through the night, and lying well hid through the day. Oh, yes, it paid well. I know one man that made $4,000 in one trip to Nassau. Do him any good, did you say? I reckon so. He's got the money now all stowed away—good bright Confederate notes every one of them.

"That's called the South Key—the one with the lighthouse, I mean; quite a settlement there once, fellows that couldn't stand conscription.

"The next one is Hog Island; been settlers there once too; didn't stay there long, I reckon. A man started a ranch there once. What hogs the fishermen and spongers didn't steal the 'gators gobbled, so I guess he didn't make much. No! the South Key is where the money is buried. How do I know it is there? How do I know anything? Didn't a sailor, dying in the hospital in New Orleans, tell all about it, and didn't the boat come ashore here right north of the river, and in a few days the wreck drifted in by the mouth of the Coolie. Of course I know it's there, $85,000; somebody'll get it yet, see if they don't.

"Why don't I get it? So I would only it was so long ago that the land marks are all gone. The sailor who died in New Orleans said there was a crow foot on a cabbage palmetto right over it; but the thing is to find that cabbage palmetto. I believe it's there though, if I can't find it.

"But here we are at the No. 2 buoy. Now, gentlemen, you might risk a line astern; perhaps we'll get a kingfish 'tween here and the island. We'll run the beach down, and it will be strange if we don't hook something. I think we'll run down to Big Pass, then we'll slip in and land on a sand beach there is just inside. Some of you fellows will want to go over to the Indian mound; and the rest can fish while they are waiting. Yes, there are lots of these Indian mounds on this coast. Most of them have been overhauled though. I made a big find once myself. It got me into the worst scrape I was ever in, too. You see, I was down on Tampa Bay. I had had poor luck and was getting mighty hard up. I landed near the mouth of Bull Frog River, and close by was a large mound that, as far as I could see, had never been molested. I got there about two o'clock in the afternoon, and after looking the mound over, made up my mind to see what I could find. Well, I stripped and went at it, and I hadn't worked ten minutes when—Great Scott! look at that squall over the land!"

We all looked and the skipper and his story were for the time forgotten. On our lee beam and nearly the whole length of the eastern horizon, was the blackest

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WINTER CAMP-FIRE.

ABOVE the mountain, bleak and bare,
Below the noisy stream,
The few soft snowflakes in the air
Are diamonds in the ruddy gleam
That flashes from my fire.
And, from the blaze, bright, silvery lines
Flit in and out among the pines.
Sorrow and pain are put to flight,
And all the cares and fears of night
Are laid upon the pyre.

But at the charmed circle's bound
Grim Winter stands, with icy hands;
And from the barren, frozen ground,
Their lair, leap darkness and despair.
Threatening now, and now deciding,
Never stops their ghostly gliding;
Never ends their awful moaning,
Triple curses oft intoning.
While, anon, their goblin shrieks
Are re-echoed by the peaks.
Thus, with eyes foreboding danger,
Keep their watch upon the stranger.

Up to heaven leaps the flame,
And the spectres, put to shame,
Backward fly. From the sky
Softly steal, with many a blessing,
Shades of dreamland. They, caressing,
Bring lotus and Falernian wine,
Olympian nectar, all divine.
And, while I sleep, they vigils keep,
Till, from the valley, rosy day
Has chased the sprites of night away.

SHOSHONE.

STILL-HUNTING.

A WINTER IN MICHIGAN.—III.

BY NESSMUK.

IT was, if I mistake not, the first day in December on which I got a most beautiful shot at a large buck elk, and it proved my last shot for that season.

Nearly a mile above the camp there was a most notable crossing place for deer, and half a mile further up was another one nearly as good. These two runways were merged in one at the distance of a mile or so from the northwest bank of the river, the point of convergence being a gap between two high knolls, where there was a well worn path some 10in. wide and several inches deep, cut into the soil entirely by the hoofs of deer. After passing the gap the path branched again and again, until at the distance of two or three miles it was lost in the multitude of trails which crossed the openings in all directions. The practiced hunter will see at a glance that the gap aforesaid must have been rather a promising runway to watch when deer were stirring about the openings—as they always are during the acorn season.

The few last days of November had been cold enough partially to close the river, but had moderated considerably on the first of the succeeding month. I had been keeping camp for a few days through feeling agueish, but on the day above mentioned I took the rifle and sauntered out to the gap for a shot. How vividly I remember every little incident of that day's hunt—because, I suppose, it was my last in that region. First I went to the runway, took a seat on the log by the thick clump of hazel bushes, where I had already killed some ten or twelve deer, and had a meditative smoke; then a flashing glimpse of something white bobbed along the trail at the distance of 100yds. or more, and along came a fawn, large and in good condition. I did not want him and he went on his way scatheless. Then an hour or two of patient watching and waiting, at the end of which a plump, short-legged buck came trotting unsuspiciously along up the trail, still wet from his swim over the river. He was what we call in the backwoods a "swamp buck," and had a symmetrical, well-branched pair of antlers. I wanted him for something besides the meat; so a short, sharp cry stopped him, the pea ball whistled through his lights, high up and well back, that he might have life to give the trail a wide berth in his dying struggles, and he ran out into the opening a few rods, where he turned over and I shortly cut his throat *secundem artem*.

An hour, two, three hours passed with nothing save the numerous black, gray and fox squirrels to vary the monotony of a dull, cloudy December day, when, far down the trail I caught sight of an enormous pair of antlers above the bushes, and wagging toward me at a rate which would have speedily left the little bay mare nowhere. I am not subject to panic, or buck fever, but my heart did give an extra jump as he broke from the hazel thicket into the open, and I saw before me the finest buck elk I had ever seen. He had most likely been frightened by wolves or Indians and was laying his course at a rate that promised to take him far enough out of harm's way in an hour, but the sharp yell that every hunter knows how to give brought him up standing, and he stood staring at me, the wildest, gamest looking animal imaginable. All varieties of the genus *Cervus* have a peculiarly game look, but none more so than the elk. The two sunken dead-eyes below the real eyes give him a strange, wild appearance, and his odd-looking movements as he trots off with the speed of a locomotive, his nose sticking straight out and his antlers lying along either side of him—the trick he has, too, of staring at you like a statue for two or three seconds, then, just as you were beginning to touch the trigger, wheeling like lightning, and at a few tremendous steps placing himself beyond your reach; all lend such a fascination and gaminess to elk hunting that I have seldom known a hunter who did not prefer a shot at a buck elk to any animal which runs the American woods.

I did not give him time to dodge. As he came to a full stop the bead filled handsomely on his breast and I pulled, sending a small, sharp cone of lead directly into "the sticking place," which must have ranged nearly the whole length of him. Away he went over the opposite knoll, and I loaded quickly, whistling meanwhile to convince myself that I wasn't a bit excited. He bled most profusely from the start, and I would not have given a man one shilling to have insured the saving of him; but "there's many a slip." An elk with a small, sharp, conical ball in his breast may keep his feet strongly for half an hour, or even more; likewise, he can do his little mile in two minutes over rough ground and fallen logs; "hinference is hobvious."

Mile after mile I followed the trail, finding plenty of blood all the way, but seeing nothing of the elk, and at last the sun (which went down at a preposterously early hour on that day) gave indications of sudden leave-taking—it began to grow dark. I still hurried on as best I could, feeling hot and anxious, until, at the edge of an immense swamp, night overtook me and I could keep the trail no further. Here I decided to let the dog go; he had been showing unwonted eagerness all the way, and I was sure he could find the elk in a few minutes—also having found it he was sure to notify by howling long and loud; so I sent him in. For some five minutes after he started all was silent; then came the howl I was waiting and wishing for. Good! the elk was safe and within half a mile of me.

There was no use attempting to penetrate such a swamp after dark—a man would be a fool to try it—so I commenced collecting wood for a fire, and making other little arrangements for passing the night endurably. Hardly had I begun to fix a rough camp, however, when from the swamp arose such a series of yells and howls as few nervous persons would care to hear in close proximity on a dark night; and in a marvelously short time Pete, the dog, was cowering and growling at my feet in an agony of terror.

The swamp seemed literally alive with wolves. They collected about the carcass of the elk, and in the stillness of the night I fancied I could hear the bones crack under their powerful jaws, as they fought, snarled, gormandized and howled by turns. It was in vain that I went as far into the swamp as I could get, shouting myself hoarse and firing toward them repeatedly. The rascals seemed to know I was impotent to do them any harm, and only howled the louder.

The opportunity which this incident afforded for observing the traits and peculiarities of the sanguinary cowards would have been worth the sacrifice under other circumstances, but I was very anxious to possess the head and skin of a buck elk entire, and I knew the brutes too well to expect anything more than the bare antlers after they were done with it; so I gave up trying to scare them and listened to their beastly snarling and wrangling as they gobbled and tore at my elk, inwardly swearing that while I lived I never would let slip an opportunity for taking a wolf scalp. They soon finished the elk, and after that kept up a hullabaloo at intervals all night, to the extreme terror of Pete, who shivered and watched incessantly.

Some time after midnight it commenced raining most furiously, the wind blowing almost a hurricane at the same time, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep the fire alive. To make matters worse, the weather grew rapidly colder, and before morning I was shaking to the point of dissolution with the ague. I had nothing to eat, had left my half-pint flask at the shanty, and had neither blanket nor axe. On the whole, it was one of the nights to be remembered, and more or less of them are chronicled in the memory of every genuine still-hunter. But for the confounded ague I could have managed to extort some fun from it, too.

After the fire got low and gave out but very little light, the wolves grew very bold, coming within a few rods and howling as if for a wager; at every fresh yell Pete would shiver with redoubled vigor, pressing his ribs against the log and whining piteously; at last, in the very extreme of cowardice and fear he jammed himself as far under the log as possible, where he lay whining and shivering until daylight. Few hunting dogs will face a wolf singly—very few indeed but will cower when near a pack of them. In justice to Pete, and as I may not have occasion to mention him again, I will say that he turned out, all things considered, the best still-hunt dog I have ever owned or trained.

Morning dawned at length, and, sick as I certainly was, I determined to have a look at the scene of the previous night's carnival. Taking a large pine for a guide I found the spot without difficulty, but there was nothing left of my elk save the antlers—gnawed and broken apart—a few fragments of bone and part of a jaw. The antlers were very long and heavy, but badly mutilated; still, as they might "adorn a tale," I lugged them with much labor to the openings and deposited him in the branches of an oak for safety, intending to call for them some time when I felt more like packing. I never saw them afterward, nor the buck which I had left in the morning.

Late at night, and in a blinding snowstorm, I managed to stagger into camp with reeling senses and the delirium of fever in my veins; I was sick. All day I had been trying to reach the shanty through the driving snow, setting the compass every half hour and finding myself on the wrong course nearly as often, wandering in a kind of absent stupor hither and thither, conscious that to miss the shanty in such a state and in such weather was little better than death, yet unable to keep on the right tack for an hour without the aid of a compass. Weak from sickness and the loss of food, and half delirious as I was, it was a mercy that I found the camp at all. To say truth, the dark little den did not look over cheerful as I crawled in, but a roaring fire and dry clothes, with a hot dish of tea and a nip, improved matters a little, and if I could have shaken that fiend of the West from my vitals, the prospect was not at all a bad one; but I could not.

Late in the evening the fever left me and was succeeded by a dull, spiritless stupor, which was not so much a positive distress as an effectual bar to all enjoyment; this lasted for hours, and was followed in its turn by that "quotidian tertian," shaking me until my backbone seemed a huge string of loose beads and my neck threatened to dislocate itself with the violence of the exercise. This in turn again was followed by delirium and fever, during which the little den of a shanty would dilate and expand before my very eyes like a living, breathing thing, until it grew to palatial dimensions, then, taking a sudden turn, would contract and shrink, shrink toward the ground, until I would spring toward the door to avoid the fate of the man in the Iron Shroud. Strange, weird shapes flitted about the fire at night, grinning and mewing at me; owls, with immense wings like a bat's, peered at me from the rude fireplace, and even poor Pete seemed changing to a wolf and to be waiting a chance for throttling me. In vain I took double and treble doses of quinine through very desperation; the disease would not be balked nor checked, but worked me up with a systematic regularity that would have done credit to an eight-day clock. Every day from early morning until near midday the detestable shakes racked me to the verge of human endurance; then came on the fever accompanied with delirium, which reached its height during the early part of the evening, and was followed by great weakness and languor, during which I dozed and slept until the never-failing chills warned me to make a rousing fire, roll up in blankets and bearskin, and get to shaking.

Of all the twenty-four hours, the hour or two in the evening when the fever was at its height was the most horrible. I knew that the weird sights and sounds which I saw and heard were but illusions for the most part, yet I did see and hear them to all intents and purposes, and how long would I be able to distinguish them from reality? Suppose I should become so far delirious as to rush out in the bitter winter air and wander off into the wilds, to perish alone miserably when the fever left me, or worse, have strength sufficient to reach the shanty by backtracking, to die by inches with frozen feet and hands? Not a pleasant reflection, but one that was ever tormenting me, and I think the dread I had of such a fate tended to keep me from leaving the shanty when I was really unconscious of my acts.

I cannot say how long this state of things lasted—all through the month of December certainly, and, I think, through the first half of January. The weather got intensely cold, the days were short, chilly visitations of ghastly sunlight, and each night seemed at least a week long.

I was so feeble and nerveless as to be under the necessity of taking advantage of the strength afforded by high fever to back wood enough for daily use, and daily getting weaker. I knew there must be a lumbering establishment at no great distance below, but how was I to reach it? I, who could not go a mile from the shanty with the certainty of having strength to return? So I shook and burned by turns, toted wood when I had strength to do it, and wrapped myself in the bear skin in a spiritless stupor when exhausted. I was becoming a moral Micawber—waiting and hoping for something to turn up.

Something did turn up—in the shape of old Peter the Indian guide, who stuck his copper-colored mug through the rat-hole of a doorway one cold January evening, saying as he did so, "Ugh! you Nessmuk—you 'live, eh?"

I jumped from the bear skin and seized his hand with a heartfelt joy and thankfulness that I cannot describe. I was dying for human sympathy and companionship, and, had he been an own brother, I could hardly have been more rejoiced to see him. It would not do, however, to show it by acting childishly pleased, so, after the first greeting was over, I brought out the blackstrap, hard tack and bear meat, after which we filled a couple of pipes and smoked in taciturn mood, although I was burning to talk. The pipes finished, Peter, quite as a matter of course and in true Indian fashion, gave a terse account of his doings, and incidentally the doings of his band, since he had left Ned and I in October. They had killed much deer, some elk, a great many bear, and had caught mink and otter enough to buy plenty of blankets and powder for two years; the squaws had much corn and berries laid up on which to feast in the sugar season. He was a great hunter—had killed his fingers ten times over with deer, besides six full-grown bear and three elk. He could keep two smart squaws skinning and packing all the time, but he was tired hunting so much, and had come to visit his white brother and hear of his success. Had Nessmuk (Pine Marten) been lucky in the fall hunt? Had his traps fastened on the otter with a sure grip?

I have taken the liberty of mending his broken English, but the above is the substance of his speech, and in answer to his queries I replied that Nessmuk had killed as many deer as he wished, but, having no one to share the meat with, had killed only bucks for the most part, letting the does and fawns go free—the one to grow up, the other to breed. As to the traps, some evil spirit had taken them away with the otter in them, and the Pine Marten had been very sick—too sick for hunting—for a long time. It was doubtful if the Pine Marten ever saw his wigwam beyond the lake again.

He looked me steadily in the face for some moments, with glittering but expressionless eyes, such eyes as none but an Indian head ever carries by any possibility, and then said, "Umph! me know—know all 'bout it. Know when you hunt; how much deer, how much bear; kill one buck elk, let wolf steal 'um—dam fool! Know when you sick; come mos' every day; come to stay now. Take care you—hunt with you rifle. How you like that? Bimeby ole Blackbird squaw come—he great squaw doctor, make you well in leetle while. You say yes?"

I said yes most gladly. Not that I had much faith in Indian honesty; I thought it quite likely to be a plan for stealing my gun and whatever else could be handily got at, but, as I was likely enough to die anyway and felt that I could not hold out long as I was, it seemed to offer a chance worth taking, and I took it. I did the Indian wrong. He kept faith with me nobly.

From early dawn until dark, when the weather was favorable, he hunted and tended traps, for his own benefit as it turned out (though he offered to divide fairly), but he never left me at the shanty without a fair supply of wood, which he hacked up with infinite labor—for he was no axeman—and he made it a point of conscience to be present when the fever was on me. This, I have little doubt, saved my life. For several days succeeding Peter's arrival I was much worse, raving about the shanty insanely at night, rushing out into the frosty air half naked, with the snow waist deep, cutting up wild in various ways, and trying insanely to pummel him when he found it necessary to restrain me by force or to lug me back into the shanty after a crazy attempt to start down the river barefoot, with the thermometer at zero.

After a week or ten days the fever somewhat abated and Peter, taking my double-barreled rifle by way of armament and half a dozen hard biscuit by way of grub, gave notice of 'two days' absence, and buckling his blanket about him went off up the trail.

Late in the evening of the second day, while I was lying on the bear skin with swimming brain and a fevered brow, he came back, but not alone. Two strong, athletic squaws, each toting a large pack, were his companions.

brush, under and over fallen logs and out into an open field, where his statuesque attitude announced the game at bay.

[*En passant*: A shooter, not to say sportsman, from Jackson was recently telling a friend that down his way they paid little attention to the prohibitory clause in the game law concerning quail, and that he and a game warden had been out shooting them. There is another warden who does the honors for the State in a massive mansion in that city, with whom they should be made acquainted. The brown beauties are fairly plenty, and it would be exceedingly gratifying now and then to spend a day in the fields after them, especially because a severe winter plays greater havoc than many guns, but since our chosen representatives have said "Thou shalt not," gentlemen will respect the fiat; others should be compelled to. If the open season were made the same as for grouse or woodcock, two years would suffice to replace the prohibitory clause, for many half-fledged broods would fall easy victims in September and October to the farmer and the hunter "for revenue only;" while the same besom of destruction would sweep the huddled bevy when tracked in the snows of December. Therefore, if sportsmen would preserve for themselves a reasonable amount of quail shooting yearly in this State, let the "open" be after the birds are strong of wing and before the treacherous snow renders it possible for anything with a gun to exterminate a bevy at a single shot. The month of November would seem to answer the requirements, and it is believed that an amendment to the law now in force, making that month open for quail, would meet the approbation of free-trader and protectionist. The law is very generally respected in this section, and the mild winters have conspired to enable Bob White to multiply very rapidly, so that one rarely spends a day with dog and gun without being sorely tempted by the rush and whirr of half a dozen large bevies. If the winters continue propitious we shall one day have quail shooting galore, and the vials of ridicule will be uncorked on him who fails to bag his twenty couple from sun to sun.]

As we approach the western limit of this little preserve the alder growth disappears and before us lies a meadow of small extent, through which meanders the little stream along which we have been shooting.

Hark! What's that? *Scaipe, scaipe*, and a fickle wing disappers through the alders; *scaipe, scaipe*, and another erratic shadow disappears in the same direction. Can it be our old friends *Scolopax wilsonii*, on which we had our first field experience on the flats out Union avenue, between Saratoga and the lake, as the full-fed Fancy bowled along to game dinners at Moon's or Crum's? Yes, the same. How they twist and dive and swerve to puzzle the marksman and elude the shot! And how well they succeed is attested by the number of empty shells after four of the six flushed have joined their ox-eyed cousins in the bag.

Take a well-conditioned woodcock, pluck, sever head and tarsi and lay breast up on the palm of your hand, and what have you? A miniature turkey. Take a fat snipe, treat it the same way, and what have you? A miniature goose. Now take four of each so prepared and minus the trail, and have your good wife bake them in a pie, having an aperture in the upper crust for the occasional introduction of such a sauce as she knows how to concoct with a slight dash of *eau de vie*, and when you see it brown and smoking hot and pass your plate the second time, your gustatory nerves will tingle and you will acknowledge it a fitting finale to a good day afield.

Do I hear some one exclaim, "Avaunt, barbarian! Would you so treat a woodcock?" Aye, aye, sir; and so would you, had you once a finger in the pie. No need to invoke Epicurus; his shade will beam benignantly upon your board.

Have brother sportsmen noted that cock migrate earlier in the autumn than formerly?

Ten years ago when with Raymond, Rich and Hodgman, the Adirondacks, a few miles from the terminus of the railroad of that name, used to be our favorite shooting ground for grouse and woodcock, we always counted on the "flight" coming on during the last week or ten days of October; two years ago, what time in sadness we buried "Peter the Hermit" on the banks of the Hudson, H. and I fagged early and late over the same ground at the same time of the month, but the cock were not there. Last year they left central Michigan unusually early, and this year we have not moved one since the day herein chronicled.

From cover where in September one could guarantee to put up from ten to fifteen couple in a day, by the middle of the following month not a bird remained. Since the birds bred there they must have migrated during or before the first quarter of the October moon.

The rich find of the 18th is accounted for on the theory that the birds moving from their breeding grounds in the neighborhood and along the river, dropped into this ideal shelter, and finding a warm, sweet soil containing an abundant supply of their favorite food, were loath to leave and so tarried to our delectation.

After thoroughly beating the open pasture for more snipe, an empty stomach, a few pattering rain drops and the rumble of distant thunder warn us to seek lunch and shelter in the hayloft of the barn where our conveyance was left five hours before. Faster falls the rain as we cut across lots, and entering a piece of woods a small covey of ruffed grouse flushed with a roar of wings from a brush pile, and each man dropped his bird. If it had rained Greek-fire we would have followed the fugitives; and it was worth the effort, as the lightning lit up the now darkening forest before each crash of thunder, and the rain was swept by the driving wind in drenching sheets about our shivering frames, to see Stephens make a clean kill at long range on a grouse going like a rocket before the gale.

Ah, what a day! The fun was fast and furious!

"Yes," remarks the perpetrator of that pie, as by the light of the library lamp she fastens a button on my shooting coat, "but you were a thoroughly saturated and dejected trio as you drove home through the storm; now confess that you were utterly miserable!" I answered, "You know we always refer to it with a smile."

And further deponent sayeth not. L. A. S.

MICHIGAN.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

NOTHING that I have read for a long time has interested me so much as Mr. Trumbull's account of his captive woodcock. It certainly deserves the encomium which you bestow on it editorially, for it is a fascinating story as well as an important piece of evidence. Nevertheless, I cannot think you justified in saying that it "would seem to finally dispose of the vexed question as to how the woodcock whistles," or in assuming that those "who have taken the ground that the sound is made by the wings" are now proved to be wholly in the wrong. Mr. Trumbull, it is true, appears to entertain the same opinion, but he is less positive, and his article affords internal evidence either that his conclusions are not wholly sustained by the observations on which they rest or that he has failed to express these conclusions with entire clearness and precision.

For example, he says in one place that the vocal notes of his bird were so like the whistling of ducks' wings as actually to deceive his companion, Mr. Marchant, into the belief that wild ducks were passing over at the time; yet in the closing paragraph of his article he affirms that "when a woodcock 'twitters' he squeals, pipes, squeaks, rather than whistles," and adds, "The sound made in swift flight by the wings of this and other species—many of our ducks, for example—is perhaps more appropriately termed a whistle." Again, while asserting quite positively in two different connections that he, as well as several friends who were fortunate enough to participate in the observations, were convinced that some of the vocal notes were identical with those made by free birds during ordinary flight, he admits that they "were seldom so loud or energetic as those of the flushed bird, nor were most of them like those heard in the cover. Yet at almost every trial there was at least one squeaky enough to be regarded as very nearly the sound we were listening for, certainly enough like it to convince any doubter who happened to be present that a flushed cock 'talks with his mouth.'"

I do not call attention to these passages in any spirit of idle controversy, nor with the least intention of discrediting the observations to which they relate, but simply because they appear to me to furnish some grounds for suspecting that Mr. Trumbull's observations have not proved quite all that he, as well as you, Mr. Editor, seem disposed to claim.

In a letter that appeared in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Aug. 22, 1889, I called attention to the marked variation of the woodcock's whistle, and, in concluding, said: "That while I believe most firmly that all the various modifications of whistling and twittering which the woodcock makes while flying are produced by the narrow, stiffened primary quills, I do not wish to be understood as denying that at least some of these sounds may be vocal." I confess that these words were added at the close of my letter more with some vague idea of guarding against possible error than from any real expectation that they might come true; but during the two shooting seasons that have passed since they were written I have been struck repeatedly by the apparent vocal quality of some of the sounds accompanying a woodcock's flight, and more than once have felt strong suspicions that my original position in the matter might be partly wrong. Mr. Trumbull has now shown conclusively that it *was* partly wrong, for I no longer doubt that some at least of the sounds which I believe to be made by the wings are really vocal. But has he proved that *all* are vocal? What becomes of the testimony of those of us who have held slightly wounded birds by the bill and heard the ringing sounds of the flushed cock coming directly and unmistakably (as we have thought) from the beating pinions; at first, as the wings moved rapidly and vigorously, in a continous silvery trill, then, as the bird became tired and relaxed its efforts, more faintly and disconnectedly, each note exactly accompanying a downward stroke of the wing. Were our birds also "talking with their mouths" and deluding us the while by idle pantomime? What, moreover, can be the function of the attenuated primaries (I suppose we may no longer call them whistling quills)? How does Mr. Trumbull explain the fact (attested by several good observers) that moulting woodcock who lack these quills *never* whistle, and the still more significant fact (which I have noted repeatedly, especially during the last two seasons) that birds which have nearly finished the moult and have the stiffened primaries nearly but not quite fully grown whistle *more faintly* than do birds in perfect plumage? Is the woodcock dumb when moulting and does he afterward graduate his vocal twitter in nice accord with the different *stages* of growth of his curious primary quills?

These and similar questions have occurred to me in thinking over Mr. Trumbull's testimony. I do not see how they can be answered if we must conclude that Mr. Trumbull is wholly right and we of the other side wholly wrong. It is as if some high authority on dogs were to assert that pointers and setters depend wholly on their sense of hearing in searching for game, and in proof of such assertion were to narrate a series of the most convincing experiments. A dog was first hunted with his eyes and nose bandaged in such a way that it was impossible for him to see or smell anything. He made a number of staunch points and was observed to pause and listen attentively while drawing on his birds. When pointing there was a slight but significant raising and lowering of the ears. Then his nose and eyes were freed and his ears stuffed tightly. While in this condition he ran over bird after bird and evinced unmistakable surprise and disgust at flushing them. None of the motions of the nose or lips which have been mentioned by writers as accompanying the act of drawing on game were detected, although they were carefully looked for. It was ascertained, however, that the nose was of some use in finding a piece of meat. These experiments were made in the presence of a number of well-known sportsmen, all of whom expressed astonishment at the result, but acknowledged it no longer possible to deny that a dog discovers the presence of game solely by his sense of hearing.

Such a comparison may seem absurd on first thought, but is it really so after serious consideration? In the two cases there is of course this difference; the dog has been so long and closely associated with man that the precise nature of the functions performed by his eyes, nose and ears may be assumed to be very perfectly understood; whereas, the woodcock, despite the fact that it is so generally hunted, is certainly known intimately but to few, if indeed to any one. Nevertheless I confess I am almost as ready to believe that my pointer's nose is a mere ornamental appendage and that I have to thank his keenness of hearing for the many birds that he has enabled me to bag, as I am to credit the assumption that the woodcock's attenuated primaries are used merely to produce sounds similar to those "made by many kinds of birds," and that a flushed cock talks *only* "with his mouth." I admit that dogs are occasionally guided in the direction of a bird by some noise that it makes and that at times they point game which they see but do not smell; but I have abundant proofs that scent is the faculty on which they chiefly depend.

So with the woodcock I have had experiences which have convinced me that the sound ordinarily made by the rising bird is produced by the wings. Mr. Trumbull, on the other hand, has heard this sound or something very like it given by a captive woodcock which, at the time, was standing on the ground with its wings tightly closed and which accompanied the notes by a slight but evident movement of its throat or breast. Sure of the correctness of his own impressions he not unnaturally concludes that the senses of other observers must have deceived them, and accordingly passes over their testimony in silence in drawing his final conclusions. If it must be admitted that the sounds which he has shown to be vocal are *identical* with those which some of us believe we have traced to the wings, the question is indeed settled, for, however good our proofs, Mr. Trumbull's are obviously better, and it is idle to claim that the same sounds are produced in radically different ways. But may there not be two sounds *seemingly* much alike but really of different character and origin?

It becomes evident on close reading of Mr. Trumbull's article that he is not quite sure of his identification of these vocal notes; in other words he hesitates to assert that they were positively the same as those of the flushed bird. They "were seldom so loud or energetic * * * nor were most of them like those heard in the cover," but were sufficiently similar "to be regarded as very nearly the sound we were listening for," while others "seemed absolute reproductions of those of the flushed bird as we remember them; it is, of course, impossible to recall them literally enough for nice comparison, no matter how often they have thrilled us." In any ordinary case the very frankness of these admissions would prevent the critic from using them against a writer who shows such evident determination to be entirely fair and accurate at possible expense to his argument, and it would be manifestly unwarrantable to claim that the mere opinions of an ornithologist and sportsman of Mr. Trumbull's standing and experience are not entitled to much weight.

But the case is not an ordinary one, and the entire confidence which otherwise might be reposed in Mr. Trumbull's convictions must be more or less affected by the fact that other sportsmen have recorded directly opposite convictions based on evidence which cannot be lightly disregarded. In this connection it also seems fair to insist that if the importance of a direct comparison of sounds be conceded, the advantage lies with the supporters—perhaps I should now say the defenders—of the wing theory, for their experiments have been made in the covers and immediately after listening to the sound of the flushed bird. As far as my personal experiences of this kind are concerned, I will say that I have no doubts whatever that the sound made by the wounded bird as I held it in my hand was identical with that which it had given on rising only a minute or two before. It may be objected that I was deceived as to the origin of this sound, even although I held the bird within a few inches of my face. I admit that this is possible, but it is not to my mind more probable than that Mr. Trumbull was also deceived, and that his captive really made its various twitters, squeaks and murmurs by an undetected rubbing together or "stridulation" of its stiffened primary quills—a theory which I am not, of course, disposed to maintain.

What I do maintain is simply this, that some of Mr. Trumbull's conclusions relating to the flight sounds of the woodcock are not satisfactorily proven by his own observations, while they are directly negatived by the experience of certain other sportsmen, whose testimony should not be arbitrarily dismissed. If, however, it can be shown that some of these conclusions have been a trifle too broadly drawn and that Mr. Trumbull, in common with others who have written on the subject, has fallen into error in supposing that all the characteristic flights of the woodcock are produced in the same way, most of the difficulties of the case will at once disappear. In other words, why may it not be that the "twitter" ascertained by Mr. Trumbull to be vocal has in some of its variations so strong a resemblance to a *twitter-like whistle* made by the wings that the two have been generally, if not universally, confused by ornithologists and sportsmen?

At first thought this suggestion may not seem to differ materially from that advanced in the closing paragraph of Mr. Trumbull's article; but Mr. Trumbull apparently indorses the idea expressed in his quotation from Frank Forrester that the "twitter" and "whistle" are habitually given simultaneously by birds of perfect plumage, and in this and other connections he distinctly implies that the "whistle" is at best a slight and in no way characteristic sound, and that it is usually drowned by the vocal note, the latter being the sound ordinarily heard from a rising woodcock.

Now what I have found to be the characteristic sound of a full-feathered woodcock on rising and afterward during vigorous, protracted flight is a clear, continuous, pulsating whistle closely similar to that made by the wings of certain ducks, but louder (perhaps because the woodcock is usually nearer than ducks are apt to be) and rather more silvery and musical in tone. It is not subject, so far as I have observed, to marked modifications of tone, but the pulsations vary in distinctness with the speed at which the bird is moving. In very rapid flight they are often so run together as to be inappreciable. This whistle I believe to be made by the wings, or rather by the well known specialized outer primaries. I have never heard it from a bird which lacked these quills, nor on the other hand have I known a bird in which they proved to be fully developed rise in the ordinary manner without whistling, although a crafty old cock will not infrequently steal off close to the ground, moving its wings in a peculiar quiv-

cloud I ever saw, the upper part barely above the tree-tops, tumbling over and over toward us, like the surf on the beach, but without the noise. Every few seconds we could see the glare of lightning behind the cloud which was moving toward us with frightful velocity.

Soon our wind was gone, and we lay rocking on the long swells in perfect silence, save for the slatting of the sail as the boat rolled. The oppressive silence was broken by the skipper, "Down with jib! Let go throat and peak and down with that mainsail! There's wind there, and lots of it."

The jib was soon stowed, the mainsail tied up, and with an oar the boat was hove around for the squall, which by this time was close aboard. Now comes a low rumble of thunder, the clouds bend toward us, the lightning is almost incessant, big scattering drops of rain patter on the water. The clouds bend lower and lower, between the flashes of lightning the darkness is intense, then for an instant a hush like death, and then the very firmament seems torn asunder. A blinding flash that seems to tear the eyeballs, a rending, rattling crash of thunder, and the squall was on us. Lucky for us that our sail was down and that we had headed the boat for the squall, for had it struck us abeam we would have been blown out of the water or under it.

Right on the heels of the wind came the rain. And such a rain. Nothing could withstand it. We had rubber coats, but they were as useless as cobwebs. We were drenched in an instant and for perhaps five minutes were nearly smothered. One could not tell spray from rain, the air was full of both.

But though intense the squall was soon over, the wind dropped almost as soon as it came, the rain grew less, pattered feebly here and there, then ceased altogether. The sun, brighter and hotter than before, shone with a new beauty, and the face of nature, wet, but smiling, was once more ours.

But what a drenched crowd we were, we were not only wet, we were soaked. Everything in the lunch basket was soaked to a pulp, except some hard boiled eggs, and they were beginning to be soft.

"Boys," says one, "do you want to go to the island with that mess of water-logged grub, I don't." And the rest of us thought so too.

Sadly we took our poles and slowly headed back toward the river. It was ebb tide and low water, but hard work took us wearily up the river. Time wi ll accomplish any thing, and an hour or so later we reached the dock, and wet, hungry and discouraged we plodded our several ways home.

"No, we didn't get any fish." TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Florida.

OVER THE OLD "SQUIRREL ROUTE."

THE late Frank Forester, in one of his breezy delineations of the glories of autumn shooting, rather went out of his way to attack Bryant for inaccuracy in his beautiful little poem on "The Death of the Flowers."

He quite forgot that Bryant wrote of a later season, of "wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere," and of "the cold November rain," and not of the bright October with its clear, crisp mornings and balmy days, and its woodlands yet gorgeous with the many colored livery of the ripening foliage. Had Herbert lived to this year of grace, 1890, and passed it in New England, the slur on Bryant would hardly have been written, for of all the Octobers I remember, and they are many, I had hardly recall one so generally wet and cheerless. There were two or three bright days in the first week of the month, and one or two more sandwiched in about the middle, but I was busy during the first ones, and the latter ones came in so unexpectedly that I did not take advantage of them, and my gun has never left its case in the closet this year.

I did take a tramp, however, on the 18th, when a bright afternoon broke out of a dark, foggy morning, over a favorite old "squirrel route" among the hills, which many long years ago I was wont to follow with my brother when we were both young, and which, twenty years later, I often traversed with my sons.

Leaving the village about 3 P. M. with no weapon but an Alpen stock I struck out on a long disused road at the base of the hills, said to have been used in the early days of the settlement, when the roads through the meadows were impassable from mud in the spring, and climbing a steep, stony pitch soon reached one of the few bits of "old woods" left near the town. Half a dozen tall pines, as many big butternuts, a score of chestnuts and a hundred oaks, with a few small hemlocks and minor trees, have been spared to cover six or seven acres and to afford a pleasant and convenient woodland retreat for visitors in the summer days. Beyond them a "pair of bars" and the remnants of an old farm gate, open to a long stretch of pasture land, which separates the steep wood-covered ridge on my left from the level meadows 200ft. below.

Down through this pasture the old road makes its way, slowly climbing the hillside, until two miles away it turns a branch sharply to the left and crosses the ridge to some farms behind, or rather it did once, for it has not been used for years, and is now obstructed by rail fences and stone walls. I leave the road, however, after passing the bars, and bear sharply to the left up a rough ravine or gully, which comes down from the northerly crest of the ridge, and down which trickles a little brook, lost in the summer among the broken stones which form its bed, but full enough now to make it necessary to keep up on the slope, stepping among the wet leaves, over the broken stones, which are half-covered with soft vegetable mould and moss. I soon reach a point where the major part of the little brook comes pitching down 60 or 70ft. over a precipice to the right, first with a clear leap of some dozen feet and then shattered into spray, tumbling over the broken stones in foam till it meets its companion and partner coming from the left at the bottom of the gully. Climbing the steep walls of the ravine I come to an old wood road, which once followed up the little brook to its source behind the ridge, but it is so grown up with witch hazel and swamp maple I can hardly follow it, and now I meet the brook coming down the roadway. A broken pine branch, thick with its clusters of leaves, has fallen across the channel at a narrow gorge between two big stones, and other twigs and leaves have been stopped by it until it has made a complete dam and turned the waters into the path.

The hook of my staff soon removed the obstruction, and the waters return to their course, while I go on mine. Here at the foot of the ridge is a well-remembered spot. A great white stone at the foot of a huge pine recalls the mornings when I have sat on it and listened to the bark of the gray squirrel, or the "swish" which marked his spring among the branches of the surrounding beeches and chestnuts, or the nestle and patter of the grouse among the dry leaves. But I cannot stop here now, I have a long walk laid out and must keep on. My way leads me right along the foot of the cliff, where here and there I see the last decaying rails of an old rail fence, once a favorite "runway" for game, but it is almost gone, and I have often to diverge from the old path, where the branches of some old chestnut on the ridge, shattered by storm or lightning, has come crashing down across the way.

Now I reach another old landmark. An old chestnut "stub," 4ft. in diameter and 40ft. high, long stood here, a favorite hiding place for the gray squirrels when disturbed among the surrounding beeches. How many years ago its top went I can't remember, but now the whole trunk lies across my path, split open by the fall. The axe marks at the butt show that it has been cut down, and the deep hollow disclosed tells the story, "coons or honey," I do not know which, for wild bees are occasionally found in New Hampshire and tracked by the local "Sam Lovels" in the same way as so well described by Mr. Robinson.

I mount the fallen trunk, light my pipe, and look around me. There, on that huge beech, are four sets of initials, somewhat grown out of shape; for they were cut twenty years ago by my sons and their comrades. Thank heaven, the boys are all well yet; but how they are scattered! One is at the head of a large machine shop on the shore of Lake Erie, and another in a like position in New Jersey; one is superintending the U. S. Fish Hatching House in Oregon; and the other is exploring in Alaska!

"The world do move," and so must I, for I have loitered along till the dark clouds are coming up in the west, and as I emerge from the woods into a long stretch of open pasture sloping to the south, the distant hills are losing their color.

I hasten on, still keeping the ridge to my right, under the lee of the last really big oaks and chestnuts left in town, till I reach the other end of the old road on which I started out, and climbing the wall follow it into the woods. But the woods do not last long, for soon after I cross the summit I come to a great clearing, cut in from the river side last spring apparently. The big oak logs lay around in huge piles, ready to be "sledded" down to the village and worked up into furniture and baskets as soon as the snow comes, and the piles of firewood made from the tops and branches are thickly studded between them.

Some of the trees are old enough to cut, and I do not care if the owner will only let the land grow up again to wood, and not burn it over for unnecessary pasturage.

The Vermont hills opposite are in deep shadow now; the river bank, full from the autumn rains, sparkles in the fading light, which shows its sinuous course through the meadows, up all the swales and low places, of which it sends long "setbacks" of quiet water, and the village shows two miles away in the distance. It is all down hill work now, and I strike a racing gait down the old road, splashing through the little rivulets which trickle from every spring on the hillside, trusting to my hob-nailed shooting boots to keep my feet dry, and coming out where I went in at the "Old Gate," and reach the village just as the lights are beginning to sparkle in the windows, with my legs well stretched and my lungs well filled with the mountain air, just in time to put on dry shoes, pick the cockle burrs out of the legs of my trousers, and be ready for a hot cup of tea and a hearty supper.

VON W.

OCTOBER 18.

Woodcock in the valley,
Grouse upon the hill,
O, take your trusty dog and gun
And your game pockets fill. —*Pennyson.*

HEADQUARTERS, Alma Association Knights of the Trigger, Oct. 17, 1890.—*Comrade Sir Knight:* Information has just been received at this office that a detachment from the main army of Philohela Minor, in its annual migration, has swooped down upon the lowlands to the west of the town and is boring the ground full of holes and otherwise affecting the property of the honest yeomen. You are therefore required to present yourself armed and equipped for duty to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock. (Signed) HISRAL, High Muck-a-Muck.

THE members of the association are all officers, numbering three; and besides the official signing the above order, there are Stephens, Muck-a-Muck; and the writer hereof, just plain Muck.

We had been anxiously awaiting the order for some time, knowing that our superior "kept tab" on several likely pieces of cover; and bright and early the following morning we repaired to the rendezvous—the Wolf's Den—and from the lookout discerned Hisral far down by the river advancing stealthily, gun in hand, toward an old stump for a shot at what appeared to be an otter sitting motionless behind it. Now he is in short range, and raising the gun to his shoulder, stands erect to sight the quarry. No booming gun salutes the rising sun; no otter dangles at his belt. It was the cat.

Sparing his blushes as he joins us in the wagon, and with old Dan, a pointer of shady pedigree but good field record, under the seat, we bowl along in the crisp autumn air, each moment adding to the feelings of relief from business cares and anticipations of a rare day in the woods. Only when an outing is the fruition of days of hope does one experience the full witchery of such a morning ride. Each wayside clump of alders invites, and every rushy, willowy margin of meadow brook pleads to be explored; but we tarry not, knowing that a short half-hour will find us on ground which last year yielded ample satisfaction to dog and gun.

Stabling the horse with a farmer friend we are soon three abreast and Dan quartering before, beating up the margin of a woodland stream. Up jumps a woodcock and twists away on whistling wing, as Stephens opens the ball with both barrels; and the rest of the line continues the volley as he again flushes wildly, but as he tops the alders a shot directed more by faith than sight drops him in the bosom of the brook, whence Dan retrieves to our satisfaction but not to his own, for he hopes to mouth it outrageously as soon as he is out of the water, but we anticipate that little "aside" and relieve him of his burden at the brink. How like some people—commendable when deprived of the opportunity to be otherwise. Then we did just what you would have done—took the bird by the bill, shook the glistening drops from drooping wings, watched for an instant the bright eye lose its lustre, smoothed the ruffled plumage and admiring his unusual size, consigned him to the deep recesses of the shooting coat. A "ground keeper" sure, and full eight ounces. Finding no more birds for a few rods, we traverse the chord of an arc made by a big bend in the stream, and strike it again in a neighboring meadow. What a striking contrast is presented by the woodlands in June and October! Then each blade and branch was clothed with living green and fragrant flower, and every bough melodious with the song of birds. Now, gone the floral train and forest choir, and the silence in nature's great cathedrals would be oppressive were not the eye, and through it something within, satisfied with a glory of sunshine and varied foliage. See that maple robed in yellow plush, that sumach in crimson hue, and there by the river bank a lang syne king among forest kings has lost his crown, his stalwart trunk and broken arms entwined by a vine of rainbow tints, whose tendrils swinging gracefully soften the outlines of the picture mirrored at his feet. What a rich possession is a taste for that sport which makes a man a lover of forest and field and all that is in it.

Having reached the meadow brook almost concealed by rank weeds and graceful willows, Stephens and I take the outer edges of the cover, while Hisral takes old Dan to beat close to the brookside. Soon a cock flushes and as I pull the trigger the report of his gun assures me that I might have saved my ammunition, for the bird falls ere the recoil in felt. Then a wily fellow tried to sneak off through the bushes, but a charge of No. 10s through a patch of briers sent him to grass. Passing on the dog stood staunchly by an old log some distance from the margin of the stream and we all drew up in company front about 10yds. apart, every nerve strained in momentary expectation of a flush and each counting on getting in a shot instanter. That bird might just as well walk out and say, "Don't shoot, but put me in your little bag and reserve your ammunition for my sisters and my cousins and my aunts."

What a picture! Three men and a dog motionless, breathless, fingers on triggers, intently regarding an old root at the end of a decayed log! There we stand, and stand and stand, till the suspense is painful and a blue-jay laughs discordantly as he flits overhead; he must have been sounding the key note for the symphony in Q that followed. Hisral can stand it no longer, and as he steps in front of the dog the cock springs from his very feet and straight as Tell's arrow comes directly for my head. Shades of Herbert defend us! If I move not that long bill will bisect my right eye. My companions dare not shoot, as the bird is directly between us, and as a wing brushes my face I dodge and strike with the gun which discharges at an angle of 45° with the horizon, and whirling, the other charge is thrown away as he disappears in the brush.

Something funny must have happened, as my friends gave free rein to explosive merriment, offering as a reason therefor that in the scene above described, facial expression, attitude, action and result were too much for human nature to view unmoved. And when it was intimated that the grand old forest aisles, fit temples for druid or fairy, should not be profaned by such boisterous mirth, they danced in fiendish glee, waking the echoes with a perfect rage of laughter. "*Et tu, Brute?*"

"Chickens will come home to roost" was thought deeply but breathed softly, as following the sinuosities of the little stream soon brought us to the edge of the woods and into an old swine pasture of possibly two acres grown up to patches and clumbs of alders, with cow paths winding in and out, making a perfect picnic ground for woodcock; and there they were in numbers exceeding anything we had ever seen before in grounds of like extent.

Frank Forrester says in his "Field Sports" that he never found a flock of them but once; and happy is the man who thus finds them once in his lifetime!

After two or three had been properly perforated and my companions were by themselves in a little cripple, the cock began springing about them, one, two, three, six, ten, a dozen on the wing at once, and what were these erstwhile hilarious hunters doing? There they stood like animated weather vanes, each succeeding instant pointing their guns at different points of the compass as the birds jumped from their feet in front, at the right, left and behind them, and never firing a shot.

What's the matter with Stephens? him of the unbridled merriment and "light fantastic toe" on the greensward, rattled? Yea, verily, shattered.

And was Hisral rattled too? He of the explosive laughter, who in bygone days in these self-same glades wooed the wild turkey to his doom with a leaf of evergreen brier, and from yonder knoll dropped a buck of seven points as he cleared this stream at a mighty bound; Hisral, who flinched not when old bruin turned on him at ten paces; was he unnerved by the whistle of a dozen woodcock? "Tell it not in Gath." Yes, Hisral was rattled too.

Under such circumstances was it not pardonable to retire behind a huge tree and quietly chuckle? And a little red squirrel on a branch overhead jerked his tail toward those marvelous marksmen and chuckled too. Honors are easy.

A council of war was now held, and one was stationed at a pass formed by a wood road between the alder swale and timber, and one proceeded to systematically hunt the swarm by keeping them moving back and forth; and as old Dan drew gingerly and stood staunchly on bird after bird, the currency of the realm—No. 10's—was put where it would do the most good; and bird after bird came to bag until only one out of sixteen escaped to carry the tidings to his fellows in the sunny South. Woodcock rarely take wing after a death shot, but as we were going quietly along about 50yds. apart, Stephens called out "There goes a woodcock, and he dropped in near that large beach tree just in front of you." Hisral stepped to the spot and there lay a plump bird in the last gasp, a drop of blood at the base of the bill indicating that he had bellows to mend.

Just before us was a fallen treetop, and as a bird flushed he was quickly cut down not 6ft. above the ground. Stephens saw him fall and ejaculated, "By the powers at Lansing, it's a short-billed woodcock! Who would have expected to find one here!" A strange diffidence seemed to have seized us all; no one claimed it, but Dan did a very pretty piece of work, trailing with the relentless persistence of a life insurance agent, through

and paddled up to camp, leaving the coon. Probably he was dead and resting on the bottom somewhere.

By Monday night L. and I began to cogitate. The little water gauge which we had notched off into inches and carefully put out on our arrival at Gum Ridge, showed the water to have risen just one inch every day. An inch in that flat country, almost already entirely overflowed, meant a great deal. In two or three days more every foot of land except the mounds would be under. Then we would not care to continue the hunt. And again, we already had just twelve turkeys, certainly a good bag and enough to satisfy all reasonable desires. It was L. who first suggested that we should not stay our appointed time. As for myself I have never been known to take the initiative in conversation leading up to a subject of this kind.

"Mr. Telescope, don't you think we have got about enough game, and hadn't we better go home shortly?"

"What put that idea into your head? Don't you know that on our way up the launch consumed about nine boxes of coal—over 1,000lbs.—and that she can carry all the game we can kill up here in a month yet?"

"How will you keep the game? The refrigerator is full, and I haven't great faith in keeping game long lying on the bare ground and covered with dry leaves. I think we are running some risk even now."

"Look here, L., what's the matter with you? Didn't you come up here to stay ten or twelve days at the shortest? We have abundant provisions, we still have some land to hunt on, and we are just having a royal time and you want to break it up. You surprise me. You have always been able to be away from your mother longer than than this. Maybe it's the girls that are bothering you?"

"It's not the girls, either."

"Need not color up, my boy. If that's it, of course you are a little in bad shape for a protracted hunt; but they won't get away, be plenty of them when you get back to Vicksburg. By the way, L., I notice you passing under our electric light pretty often now. Am keeping my oggles on you closely. Rather nice young lady that. But I would think you would need some beard before proceeding to serious matters."

"Oh, I can stay up here as long as you can, but there is no use in it. As to girls, it is Lent now, and there are no parties, anyway."

"I'll tell you, L., if we have luck to-morrow we will go home Wednesday. You know we want more gobblers. We have almost too many hens. You won't help me get gobblers. If you'll promise not to shoot another hen, I won't."

"There is no law against shooting hens, is there?"

"No, but gobblers are larger and finer for the table, and it is more sportsmanlike to kill them."

"Well, what have you been tumbling over so many hens for then? You have not paralyzed yourself killing gobblers."

"Now, L., can't you help me a little—please kill a gobbler to morrow."

He promised and we shook hands on it. In the morning before it was yet light L. and I were on the way back to the mounds, that charmed spot where we had found so much game, and felt so sure of finding it again. On the way a large gobbler was flushed from a tree overhead. He had gone in there the evening before, after having been shot at with the rifle. It was yet quite dark and we gave him no further attention. Arriving in the vicinity of the mounds we fastened the Amateur 200yds. away, and began to wade toward the bluff side.

"Take your choice, L., I think we had better separate this time."

"Either will do me."

"There are turkeys on both, I'll wager; take your choice. To the right or left?"

"Choose yourself."

"Well, then, you go to the right. I know there are turkeys there. Now take your time, and if necessary spend an hour in wading in, and don't flush the turkeys whatever you do until you have a sure shot."

"I'll try."

"Oh, that face."

"Wish you'd let up on that face."

"It'll ruin you sure. Wrap it up in moss—cover everything except your eyes."

"I'll do it."

"L., a gobbler this time."

"A gobbler yourself."

"When this telescope draws a bead, a gobbler it is."

"And when this shotgun throws its seed, a gobbler it is."

The mound I was approaching was bluffer and better covered with undergrowth than the other and consequently easier to approach; but L.'s was the more prolific in game as a rule. My anxiety as to how he would approach it was relieved, when on reaching my mound I looked back and away off through the timber and saw that he had not made more than half my progress I felt then that something good awaited him.

On circling my mound to the right I saw turkeys beyond range, and watched them for a long time. Finally they fed to the other side, and I moved around under cover; then very cautiously with some large trees between us I moved, stooping very low with my face to the ground to one of these trees. Here I rested to steady myself for a shot, expecting to get one in a minute. On peering around I failed to see the game. This was repeated several times without seeing or hearing anything. Then I moved around to one side of the tree and sat down on a lot of dry bark, which I had silently broken up and placed in a fork of the roots, with my feet in the water. A tree near and behind gave me a splendid location. A bunch of moss had been put on my head and my cap pulled over it. The moss was then pulled down in a string on either side and tied around my neck. In this way, aided by a heavy growth of beard, my face was concealed and protected from the mosquitoes, which on this day were annoying—except my nose and eyes. With a small piece of bark, with my elbow resting on my knee, I fought the insects from there.

And all the time the woods down from the mound were watched for a motion of the turkeys. After a while L. shoots—and shoots again, in quick succession. I feared that my turkeys would fly, but there was not a stir in that part of the woods. I began to wonder whether they had not fed away, but dismissed the thought promptly on reflecting that land did not extend very far away and they were not likely to wade the rather deep water over to L. What could L. have shot at? ran through my mind. Had he another hen, or had he made a clean miss, or had he got in his work properly, with a gobbler with each barrel? Hardly.

Just then two hens stepped into an opening not over 40yds. away. I moved to raise my rifle but suddenly recollected that L. had instructed me to get a gobbler, so the rifle remained on my lap, but I quit fighting mosquitoes and bathing my eyes. Presently more hens worked into view, but not a male could be seen. I determined to have a gobbler unless the hens made me out, when I would take what I could. I watched them closely, the mosquitoes in the meantime enjoying an unmolested meal. Several times a hen would straighten up and take a survey of the surrounding woods, but I was ready, if the alarm was suddenly given, for the emergency and believed I could get a hen even at that late stage of the proceedings. But nothing of the kind took place, though the hens finally worked within 25yds. of me and I felt sure my presence would be detected.

At last a gobbler exposed himself. He was not so large nor so fine as I had desired, but he would do. It would not be quite safe to delay on him. I could not trust him to go behind a tree. Too many already had done that to me. He looked innocent and unsuspicious enough, it is true, but such appearance goes for naught with a gobbler at such times. Just as he was about to walk behind a tree I made a rather hasty shot.

There was a great flight. Turkeys took wing, it seemed, all around me. They seemed to get up everywhere. I had not the least idea that there were so many. I would not like to hazard a guess as to their number, lest I be laughed at. One turkey made me feel sick, as he took wing from behind the tree I was sitting against, not over 10yds. away. He was the one I wanted. He looked every inch as big as a barrel, with a beard swinging from his breast a yard long. I watched his flight eagerly; but he went, and went, and went, until he was a long way beyond the depth of my rubber boots in the deep overflow. I did not even know that the little one had been killed. Indeed I feared for the worst and felt not the best.

I did not move from my bark seat, but sat there for three-quarters of an hour, and saw nothing except some hens away off in the timber.

When at last I ventured to call, they only answered by flying further away. After a while I abandoned all hope of calling them back. They had seen too much of us about these mounds. I then slipped off down there and got two shots. This settled the business—the turkeys, so far as could be seen, flew to Europe.

On wading back, I again became interested as to whether I had killed that gobbler. After firing I had not seen nor heard a thing of him. Did he beat the ball to the tree and save himself? Certainly he was close enough to me—but those were the ones I generally missed. I wished I had waited longer for the big one.

Presently I found him, not where I had expected, but a little further on, with a ball through just behind the butt of the wing: he had forgotten to stop behind the tree. An 18-pounder—not so bad after all.

Having covered my game carefully, I then waded across to L.'s ridge and gave a low whistle, and, receiving no answer, repeated it a little louder. His peculiar note came back. I would know that whistle in the wilds of Africa.

"Well, L., what have you done; did you tumble 'em?"

"I got only two."

"Only two? Thunder, how many did you expect to get? You shot but twice."

"I shot but twice, but you ought to have seen the flock."

"But you don't expect to get more than one with each barrel?"

"Why, man, I killed two with the first barrel and missed with the second."

"Two with one barrel? Both hens?"

"Both gobblers."

"Both gobblers? Ain't you joking?"

"Look for yourself, here they are," lifting his coat and exposing to view a couple of magnificent gobblers.

"L., shake! Get up, and let's look at you. Bless me, how you've grown. Two inches taller. You're all right now. You are in for gobblers after this. And your beard will put out. You are a man. We go home to-morrow and you can see your girl and—"

"Well, say, let up on that, will you? What have you done? You shot three times."

"Well, I didn't get two at one shot."

"I hardly expected that with a rifle."

"I did do it the other day."

"But you left one in the woods—that don't count. We want the game in camp. Say, how many did you kill?"

"Three, two hens, one gobbler."

On our way back to camp, three hen turkeys were seen in trees on the right. Before getting into the canoe we had voted unanimously not to kill another turkey, especially a hen. But here they were. It was rather an early test of our resolution, and we were not quite prepared for it. Did L. want to try one with his shotgun? He would not mind doing so. But the birds were wrong for a shot from the right shoulder.

"Don't appear to notice them," in a whisper. "We will paddle up out of sight and turn round. I'll steer the canoe while you shoot." Thus I spoke to L.

The turkeys were back a little from the river, so after turning I kept the boat under cover on that side until we came in full view opposite them. Then L. fired, once, twice, quick.

"Why did you shoot the second time? Your turkey was falling then?"

"Could not help it; wanted to make sure."

The others flew of course, but to our surprise one lit but a short distance away.

"L., I believe I'll try that with my rifle. Paddle down a little further and she will be in easy range."

"Thunder, the cross-hair goes all over and around her; sit still, I can't shoot; couldn't hit a meeting house."

Directly the sight starts to cross the body and I pull.

"Good; that was a splendid shot."

"An accident, my boy, a pure accident."

"I like to see accidents like that from a tottery boat. It was good."

"L., we'll go home to-morrow."

"Agreed."

"And you shall see your girl."

By 11 o'clock we were in camp with our seven turkeys, which we had killed in eight shots, one shot having been made at an already mortally wounded one. It was rather a clean day's work. I do not think we could have done it except for the overflow. Their range being limited rendered the birds easier to find. It also seemed to disturb them and make them less wild. We would rather have called the big puffy old gobblers and shot them as formerly. Still we found every day that they had legs, eyes, ears and wings. They also had an unlimited woods to fly through. The big flock on our camp ridge proved rather too smart for us, and I believe we got but one out of it. My first day of grand fizzles among them educated them away out of our reach.

In the afternoon William was given ten cartridges and the shotgun and told to bring in ten rabbits, and left on his mission. L. also went after them with a .32-caliber Winchester. He had been anxious to get some game with that, and as I had persuaded him not to risk it after turkeys, why, he would try it on rabbits. At the target he could make some very good shots. Shortly there was sufficient noise to frighten everything wild out of the woods. The rifle and shotgun both opened up lively, and I knew that a new element of destruction was among the persecuted long-ears. L. was first back in fifteen minutes with one rabbit with a great hole in his back.

"Gracious! Did you shoot all your balls through him?"

"I didn't shoot him but once, thank you, sir."

"Where are the others?"

"Out in the woods."

"How many times did you shoot?"

"Something the matter with the gun."

"How many times, L.?"

"O, seven. But the barrel's got something in it."

"Take a club. You can get 'em with a club. Or take a bag—there's an ice sack—set it and chase them into it. You can get it full."

Presently William came in with five. He was given more ammunition and told to get himself five more, which he did in about ten additional shots. He did not show much marksmanship, but seemed greatly to enjoy it, as he was too near camp to be afraid.

We drew our seven turkeys and hung them up on the outside of the launch. There were five in the refrigerator—the first killed—and seven on the bare ground, covered with dry leaves and then with the Boss, which had been turned upside down over them.

We then set to work to prepare for an early start in the morning. The boiler was filled, furnace cleaned of ashes and cinders, and kindling and coal put in. Sundry other things were done to facilitate getting away for home by daybreak. It was almost as much of a delight to us as the preparations for starting on the trip. We were feeling good over our success.

Toward night a fearful rain and wind storm set in. Everything was fairly protected, and this did not disturb us very much. Before dark the storm ceased. About 9 o'clock it commenced again, and, so far as we knew, raged with unabated fury all night. Many times on awaking it could be heard roaring through the tall and thick timber. Trees could be heard crying as they chafed each other, and the heavy winds appeared to come and go in great waves, chasing each other over the vast forests, the one rushing in with great fury ere the old one had ceased to sigh in the distance. Immediately over us the canopy of the Greenwing kept up a great clatter by the heavy rain fall. It was, indeed, a fearful night. The more so upon reflecting that the vast delta, already flooded, was being more deeply inundated by this tremendous downpour.

In the morning we were up an hour before day for the early start. It was still raining, though not heavily. Everything about camp was under water and our rubber boots had to be used.

The turkeys under the Boss and the rabbits were all in water. It was more than we had expected, even for so heavy a rain. The gauge indicated a 4in. rainfall.

Our journey home was one of no particular interest, except that the water was about one foot higher and the country in just so much more distress. On one ridge, three miles below our camp, we saw several head of cattle standing knee deep in water. It was the highest ground in that locality, and, on that day, there was no land out on the upper Little Sunflower except the mounds. Unless rescued those cattle would perish along with hundreds more in other places. We could do nothing for them, could only pass on leaving them there to their fate.

The day was cool and dark, with an occasional spattering of rain, a not unpleasant day for the run home.

The last killed turkeys were left hanging around the forward part of the canopy. It was with pardonable pride, we hope, they were left there, to be seen by many persons as we steamed down to Vicksburg.

In about ten hours we reached the Greenwing's buoy in Lake Centennial and blew the whistle for Douglas, the watchman, to help us ashore with our traps.

The little launch had behaved herself very nicely all the way up and back, not cutting up a single caper as she is wont to do. A nice little boat indeed, and may she bob and splash in Lake Centennial until we go again, when we fully contemplate having another grand time in the woods, Lawrence and I. Even as we write we learn that the turkeys have passed through the overflow without great disaster, and that large broods of the young are being reared to replenish the ranks thinned out by their numerous and destructive enemies, including the great overflow, which, even after our return to Vicksburg, rose several feet higher over their favorite range and feeding grounds. Long may they flourish to thrill the heart of the sportsman as he listens to their notes and endeavors to cope with them in their native wilds. W. L. Polk.

Pennsylvania Trespassers.—At the meeting of the State Grange, held at Harrisburg, the committee on resolutions passed the following: "Resolved, That this State Grange recommend to the Legislature that a bill be enacted that hunting or fishing without permission from the owner of the grounds be made a criminal offense." It looks very much as if those who framed this movement were sadly deficient in their knowledge of law, for had they referred to the trespass laws of Pennsylvania they would find that they have now the same redress as they would have in the passage of this bill. Col. R. H. Thomas, secretary of the State Grange, being interviewed by your correspondent, said: "We will put forth every effort to have the bill passed, as it is high time for the farmers to have better protection against the useless idlers who shoot their domestic fowl, break down their fences and trample their crops."—Minnie Mingo.

ering way, very like that of a rail, or mount straight upward with slow, lazy flapping, much in the manner of an owl and quite as silently.

The sound to which I should restrict the term twitter is so difficult to describe that I find myself unable to characterize it briefly and aptly. It is shriller and more metallic or steel-like than the whistle, and very much more varied, the key rising or falling sharply. Unlike the whistle it is rarely uniform and never, I think, continuous, the notes being given in an explosive volley or succession of volley, with abrupt pauses between. This sound has been compared to the twitter of the kingbird, to which, at times, it certainly bears some resemblance. It has also reminded me of the outcry of a chipmunk squirrel. According to my experience woodcock twitter oftenest when circling over a cover preparatory to alighting or when in the act of alighting they flap their wings a few times to check the speed of their descent. I have also frequently heard the twitter from a bird which had been only slightly startled and which, at that time, was flitting irresolutely a few yards before dropping to the ground again. I have heard it oftenest at night or in the evening twilight, when birds were coming into a cover or moving from place to place on leisurely wing in search of feeding ground. I have never heard it, so far as I can remember, from a startled woodcock in swift vigorous flight. Despite the differences just noted the twitter resembles the whistle so closely in general tone and character that until very recently I have believed it to be merely a variation of the same sound. But since reading Mr. Trumbull's article I am convinced that whatever the origin of the whistle the twitter is certainly vocal.

I trust that no one will misconstrue either the spirit or the letter of what I have just written. It would have been much easier and pleasanter to accept Mr. Trumbull's conclusions *in toto* than to try to pick flaws in them. But as I cannot believe them to be wholly sound, I have felt constrained to point out wherein they seemed to me incompatible with known or assured facts. It will be observed, however, that even if my objections and counter-conclusions are sustained, the general accuracy of Mr. Trumbull's observations and deductions will be but slightly affected. To those of us who have supported the other side, the alternative is less flattering, for with respect to our position the question is now simply whether we have been wholly or only partly in the wrong. Nevertheless, I am sure that we cannot but feel grateful to Mr. Trumbull for the flood of light which he has cast on a hitherto obscure subject. WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial comments on Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's article on the woodcock, in your edition of the 11th inst., you say that no one had remarked on the curving of the upper mandible of the bill. I have had but little opportunity for studying the woodcock, never having lived in a section where the bird is more than a casual visitor, but I have had the good luck to see the bird curve the mandible while I held him, entirely uninjured, in my hand.

Back in the early 80s (I cannot say which), while stationed at the Boston Navy Yard, some men of my department saw a woodcock light on the ground and run into a pile of lumber; they secured him without starting a feather, and brought him to me. I put him in a wire house in which my children had had some rabbits and kept him four days. I did not have the time to give to a close study of his habits, but one thing I did have my attention called to and that was the curving of the bill. I had the bird in my hand before putting him in the inclosure and while examining the head and eyes I took hold of the tip of the bill and immediately on my letting go he curved the bill exactly as shown in Mr. Trumbull's sketch. I was uneasy at first, thinking I had injured the bill, but in a short time the bill was in its proper shape. I repeated the thing three or four times and always with the same result.

I did not see the bird feed, although I have no doubt that he did so, for after four days' confinement he was as plump as any bird I ever saw, there were plenty of worms in the earth in the inclosure and I kept a place very wet, but did not examine for borings.

At first the bird was quite wild, and when I would go into the inclosure would start to fly, but would bring up against the screen and fall back. I thought at first he would kill himself, but the hard knocks did not seem to hurt him in the least. In all of his quick short flights I did not hear the peculiar noise the woodcock makes in flight; I did hear the noise noted by Mr. Trumbull when I approached the bird.

He got very tame, and on the fourth day when I took him out of the cage to set him at liberty I had no trouble in catching him, he allowed me to pick him up without trying to get away from me, and when I reached the open fields and let him out of the basket he walked around, with my wife and me just standing within 10ft. of him, for at least a minute before he took flight.

The bird was very interesting, and I was sorry I did not have the time to observe him more thoroughly.

As to the sound made by the woodcock when in flight, I do not believe in the "wing theory" any more than I believe that the *skeep* of the snipe is made by the wings. U. S. G. WHITE.

NORFOLK, Va., Dec. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's article on the "American Woodcock" that recently appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM is one of the most vivacious, concise and beautiful monographs that ever graced a sportsman's journal. This is saying considerable, but it is a fact nevertheless. Mr. Trumbull is a practical ornithologist—by this I mean one who does not deal in any guesswork or hearsay evidence, but one who studiously finds out all the "whys and wherefors" himself. He knows how to express his views as a naturalist so that one need not be a graduate from some university or college to understand what subject is being treated. Mr. Trumbull being a sportsman and knowing the needs of sportsmen, has done more in an ornithological way for them than all other writers combined. Mr. Trumbull's book, "Names and Portraits of Game Birds," possesses more real merit, intrinsic value and common sense to the square inch than any other work on these birds ever published. With that work you have no use for nine dead languages, keys, charts and other entanglements usually dealt in by those who have attempted to write about birds. What Mr. Trumbull writes about birds is written while in close contact with his subject, he having traveled thousands of miles to study some of his subjects. Nothing goes forth from his pen but what can be relied on to the fullest extent. Mr. Trumbull is a close student of bird life, and his opportune article on the American woodcock deserves more than a passing notice—it is a diamond of the first water. A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

SNOWY OWLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have been having a regular epidemic of Arctic owls in this portion of the State lately. They have been seen in large numbers everywhere within a radius of at least thirty miles. They are wary birds, and seem able to see in the day time as well as anybody. However, some twelve or fifteen have been killed in this section, your correspondent getting two. Those killed averaged about 4lbs. in weight, and a spread of wing of about 5ft. Some were nearly all white, with a few gray or blackish markings on head and back. Others have considerable dark color above. Most of them were sold at prices from $1 to $3.50, the whitest birds bringing most money. Dealers say these birds in former years were worth $15 to $20, but this year the market is bearish, owing to their great plenty. They are the toughest birds I ever saw, because of the great mass of feathers upon them, it being nearly impossible to kill them outright. E. W. L.

PINE POINT, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two of the largest owls seen in this locality of late years were killed yesterday by a vessel captain at Little Creek. They were choice specimens of the Polar owl, a rare bird on these shores. The larger bird measured 54in. from tip to tip; had talons 2in. in length, and weighed 5lbs. The plumage was mostly pure white; the hackle and wing and tail feathers, with a few on the breast, having delicate brown bars. The legs and feet were heavily booted, the feathers being more hair-like than fluffy. The birds are supposed to have come ashore from some iceberg floating near the Atlantic coast.

I inclose you some feathers taken from the breast of one of these owls. DEL. A. WARE.

DOVER, Del.

[These are feathers of the Arctic owl (*Nyctea nyctea*).]

THE GROUSE IN THE WATER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 4 Mr. Bishop, of Kentville, N. S., gives an account of finding a ruffed grouse submerged to the head in water, whither it had dived to escape its cruel pursuer, the goshawk. That was a very interesting and rare occurrence we may believe, and whatever others may think of the possession by animals and birds of anything higher than what is termed instinct, I am firmly of the opinion that the action of the bird in question was the result of intelligent reasoning. It did not dash itself on to the hard earth, but into a medium that it knew would receive and cover it, and there it remained, though in a situation totally foreign to its natural habits. We can easily understand why a duck should take to water to escape the eagle, for there it is at home, but a grouse in water is all abroad. Whether grouse bathe as birds do, I know not. They seek the streams and pools to drink, and in so doing this grouse may have received in some way the impression that this medium would prove a refuge in time of danger. Why didn't the hawk plunge in after the grouse? It is as reasonable to claim that it is as natural for one to understand the harmlessness of the water as for the other to believe in its protective power. We are just going to believe that this individual grouse put reason into his action. It's better that way. If we were more accustomed to look at such matters in this light, it might lead us to temper love of slaughter with mercy. And the cruelty which is inseparable from field sports struck me with much force when I read that Mr. Bishop, after shooting the hawk, took that trembling, terrified bird, which had in such a trusting and admirable way escaped the wicked beak and talons of its cruel enemy, and now with pleading eyes just above the surface of the water besought its other enemy to spare its life; Mr. Bishop, I say, took the bird from its refuge and coolly wrung its neck.—O. O. S.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

APROPOS of the "Free Lunch Man" in your last week's edition, I may tell you a story applied to our posting laws here.

Two neighbors, whose farms adjoined, and through whose farms a fine trout brook ran, each posted their section of the brook at the fence which separated their properties. One poster read, "No fishing on these premises." The other poster read, "Fish and be dashed! Worms behind the barn." WHEELOCK.

RUTLAND, Vermont.

There were five of us seated in Ely C. Taylor's confectionery establishment on Pike street, one evening, discussing the merits and demerits of our present game laws. While thus engaged a young man entered the store, and presenting Taylor with his card, stated that he represented a certain city daily, and that if anything of interest had happened during our recent hunting trip in the Olympics, he would be glad to record it.

"Well," said Taylor, (with a knowing wink at his companions) "nothing occurred worthy of special mention, but one incident did happen that I have always thought unusually strange. I will tell you about it. One day I had wandered into a dense forest, about three miles from camp, and was keeping a sharp lookout for deer. Suddenly a monstrous elk burst from cover at my right, and started to cross in front of me. Hastily throwing my Winchester to my shoulder, I sent a .45-70 speeding in his direction, and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop apparently dead. I then set my gun against a tree and started toward him. Judge of my surprise and alarm, when near him, to have the elk bound to his feet now thoroughly infuriated and bent on mischief. The only thing I could do was to fly for a tree, and around the butt of a big fir tree we circled. My coat tails barely cleared the mad beast's horns, and had I ever slipped—well. After several minutes of this hide and seek game, like a good old political party I began to 'want a change' and determined to have it. Recollecting that I had about me a long buckskin thong, with a running noose at one end, which I used in pulling dead deer into a tree out of reach of wild animals, a scheme flashed through my mind. Quickly securing one end to the tree, I made a lasso of the other, and after several ineffectual casts succeeded in lodging it over his horns. Then a row. As a matter of course the elk followed until the rope drew taut, when down he went, accomplishing a series of evolutions that was truly remarkable. When matters had quited down some, I could scarcely believe my senses to find that elk standing on his head. Yes sir! actually standing on his head, and the worst part of it was that he could'nt get down again. His branching antlers, you know, formed such a broad base that to recover his equilibrium was utterly impossible. After viewing the curious sight for a while and concluding I would know where to find his elkship when wanted, I departed for camp. Early the next morning we took a sled and went to bring in the game."

"Did you find the elk still in this upright position?" queried the now suspicious reporter.

"Yes," responded Taylor, "that is what remained of him, for during the night something had eaten every scrap of flesh from the bones. The bones however were still standing, and for that matter stand there to-day—a monument marking the spot where I shot my first elk. If you"—but here an explosion of laughter took place that shook the house, and amid the confusion that ensued the reporter escaped. It is needless to say that a report of the interview did not appear in the next morning's papers.

Mr. Taylor subsequently informed us that he knew beforehand of his questioner's coming and had loaded himself accordingly. H. M. V.

SEATTLE, Wash.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

WILD TURKEYS IN THE OVERFLOW—IV.

[*Concluded from Page 432.*]

ON Tuesday, down below camp, L. found a turkey hen among the buzzards, sitting with them in a tree as though among boon companions. We were in the canoe and about to pass this hen at close range without noticing her, so closely did she assimilate with her disgusting associates. L. "let drive," and her henship flew on down the river as though untouched. L. tried to find he had fired the 000 barrel at her head but failed, his No. 5 barrel being empty. We paddled on down and quarreled about the place the turkey was supposed to have stopped. It is easy to pick a quarrel with a fellow just after he has made a bad shot. We had gotten out of the canoe and were standing on a narrow strip of land.

"I say she came in here."

"I say she didn't. She flew further down."

"You are mistaken, young man. Recollect you are a shade addled after such a shot as that—about as bad as my miss at the gobbler, worse with your splatter gun."

"If I were you, I would certainly sing low as to that gobbler shot; no one ever did worse than that. It was the most abominable shot—"

Flop-flop-flop, and away went the hen from a tree almost overhead.

"Now what do you say—gone down further, eh?"

"Yes, further—that's another turkey."

And just then the turkey was heard to fall in the water. L. waded out and found her dead. On coming back he had two feelings; one glad that he had killed the turkey after all, the other mad that she was not down further, as he had claimed.

The next day, on a narrow strip of land two miles below camp, L. found himself in the midst of a flock of turkeys and killed one. On going up to him, I was shown one in a tree at considerable distance away over the overflow. I got in line of as much rubbish as possible and waded stealthily forward. When half way, and, while watching the tree closely, I noticed a peculiar looking object in a prominent fork high up. Could that round, fuzzy lump be a knot, or was it a bunch of gray moss which had fallen there? The latter most likely. On reaching better cover, I determined to examine it more carefully. By looking through the sight it proved to be neither a knot nor moss. There was a pair of small, snappy eyes rolled up in a snug clump of hair, and a jet black sharp nose projected from between the eyes and the whole was well pressed down in the crotch.

"Ah, ha! Hid, are you old fellow? I'll see you later."

The turkey was sitting on a limb over to the right, at this time in a spot quite open, and it was only by the greatest care that I got within 75yds. of it. I could get no rest without shooting through a mass of vines that I was now in, so I had to step cautiously to one side and take the shot off-hand. That is the correct way to shoot, but then I am not—but I needn't explain after recording some former shots. Nevertheless, at the report of the rifle the turkey fell into the water with a splash, dead.

On turning to the fork the animal was still there, and watching me intently, though not making the slightest stir. It was a coon. All darkies are fond of coons, and I would try this one for William to take home. It was a thin mark to shoot at, and when I pulled the trigger the animal got out and went hurriedly up the right limb for 15ft. He then stopped short and turned around and meditated, but not long. He was feeling uncomfortable. He went back to his fork and turned out on the body of the tree, and started down. Here I fired at him again. He moved down about 10ft. further, hung to the bark for a moment, and fell. He could be heard, but not seen, splashing in the water at the root of the tree. Going up, I failed to find him. L. came up, and together we waded about the spot in water up to our knees in search. Presently there was a big splash near us, and for a moment we thought it was occasioned by the coon. No, it was a rabbit, which had leaped from a log and swam vigorously away.

We shouldered our two turkeys, returned to the canoe

all, but thought I would as soon as I got the hang of the thing. One day when shooting at some ducks skimming the surface of the water, I noted the furrows the shot cut in the water away ahead of the game. Then I went back to my old way, and in the open have used it ever since. In cover shooting I generally shoot straight at some spot ahead of the game where I think I will make connection. I remember making a double on bluebills once, killing one by each method. I swung the gun on the head one and pulled, then raising it a little snapped one that was about 6ft. behind.

I noted the communication of "Sinkboat" in your paper some two years ago. It was good sound sense and a plain statement of the wing-shooting question. Then followed that of "Ancient" in reply, which I cannot compliment quite so highly. Next came one from "W.," dealing with the mathematics of the question. I am not an expert on Book VI. of Euclid, but venture the opinion that few "loose links" will be found in "W.'s" demonstration. It did, however, I think, ignore the air resistance to the lateral swing of shot.

After all this, it was peculiarly refreshing to read the testimony of a man like Mr. Kleinman, who is beyond dispute a good shot, "that he holds dead on or nearly so;" that "he scarcely knows that he doesn't kill the bird by crooking his finger."

It ought to convince any unprejudiced person that, as "Sinkboat" very properly stated, the same end may be attained in two different ways, or as the Irishman put it, "There's more ways of killin' a dog forninst hangin' him."

While gossiping about shooting, I would like to say that I was much pleased with the points on the drop of a gun stock in the recently-printed conversation between Mr. Hough and Billy the gunsmith. I have seen guns with a drop of 3¼in. that were none too crooked for me, yet I have found tolerably good fits (notably among Colts and Spencer repeaters) in guns with a drop of only 3in. The wherefore of this, which I never could fathom, appeared in the communication mentioned above, and the writer has my thanks. L. I. FLOWER.

THE ALL-AROUND GUN.

THE all-around gun is again to the fore in your columns. It is about as hard to find as the all-around fishing rod. It seems to me, however, that this impossible arm is more nearly approximated in the three-barrel gun than in any other. With one charge of bird shot, one of buck shot and one rifle cartridge, all ready to be fired, one ought to be well enough armed for any emergency. Or substitute birdshot for the buck shot in a bird country and still there is something left for large game. I have a gun, two 12-bore shot barrels and a .38 rifle barrel, the whole weighing less than nine pounds. It is a splendid arm. I have used the gun in a deer and turkey country and found it all that could be desired. The rifle is as accurate as the repeaters which I have tried, up to a hundred yards. May be beyond that, but I have not tried it. In a duck and goose country the rifle cartridge is a good thing to have ready for use. It is a very comfortable thing when a flock of geese come honking over just out of reach of shot to be able to drop one of them with a bullet from the ever ready third barrel. I know this to be true from personal experience, and would never dream any more of taking anything but my three-barrel on a duck hunt where brant and geese are likely to appear occasionally. RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

LOADING SHOTGUNS.

I HAD thought the recent tendencies to be toward lighter rather than heavier loading. I suppose all agree in the thing to be desired, *i. e.*, that the gun shall only kill at one end. So far as my experience goes, recoil seems to be effected chiefly by three things—the weight and boring of the gun, the proportion of shot and powder, and the fineness of the grains of powder, supposing other qualities to be equal.

As to weight of gun, I am not an invalid by any means, but 7½lbs. of gun is as much as I am willing to carry. With a gun of this weight more than 3½drs. of powder makes a disagreeable recoil. If the gun is properly bored and then well handled 1oz. of shot will give satisfactory results. With this charge of shot as little as 3drs. of powder may be used. This with No. 8 shot makes a pleasant and effective load for anything smaller than ducks. For ducks, use 3½drs. and 1¼oz. of No. 6 shot. More shot than this seems to be an outrage both on the shoulder and the game. This is for FFG powder. I have wished to experiment with coaser grained powder, but in this part of the world we take what we can get, not what we want. I believe coarser powder would give equally good and more comfortable shooting. To load as some do, with 3 or 3½drs. of powder and over an ounce of shot, gives an unpleasant kick, the load being badly proportioned. In the matter of recoil, however, tastes differ. Some want to "feel" their gun. They had rather pad their clothing, have their arms beat blue and their brains addled, than allow any risk to be run by decreasing the load. But the fact is, the lighter load is often more effective. Both the padding and the dread of recoil prevent confident handling of the gun. And if anybody thinks game can't be killed with the loads recommended above, let him try it once, or come over and go hunting with

AZTEC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am something of a gun crank and am always greatly interested in opinions of practical shooters concerning loading, etc. I observed in your issue of Nov. 27, a correspondent signing himself "H. L." recommends heavy charges and says he shoots 4 to 4½drs. powder in a 12 bore gun. He does not state what kind of game such charges are intended for, but I presume it is used in duck or goose shooting. But even for game so difficult to kill as ducks or geese such charges seem all out of proportion to the bore and usual weight of a 12-gauge, and unless a very poor quality of powder is used, or a very coarse and slow-burning kind, such charges are not only extremely unpleasant to use, but useless and dangerous. Useless because no 12-bore gun I ever saw with barrels of the usual length, 28 or 30in., would burn so much powder; and dangerous, because while good guns will stand as heavy a load as can be put into a shell, yet there are many guns which will not stand such loading when new, and many other old guns weakened by rust and pits that would certainly explode under such heavy charges.

I use a 12-bore gun and Schultze powder, and when loading for quail never put in more than 2¾ drams. This seems like a very light load, but from two year's experience in the field, and from careful experiments made to test pattern and penetration, I am convinced that it is amply sufficient. I do not change the powder charge for late quail, but I do change the size of shot, for early shooting I use 1⅛oz. No. 9 chilled shot, and later in the season the same quantity of No. 8.

I believe in using all the powder necessary but no more, and fully believe that if the shooters who are now so much in favor of very heavy charges, would experiment a little with a view of getting at the facts concerning the amount of powder actually needed in a 12-bore gun we would find more sportsmen using Schultze powder about 2¾ drams for quail, 3 drams for prairie chicken, and 3½ drams for ducks, with perhaps ¼ dram more of good black powder, firing all day with perfect comfort to head and shoulder, and without padded jackets or recoil pads. JASON.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME AND LAW.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 19.—The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association met at the Thorndike last evening. Secretary Harding read a letter from C. B. Cory, curator of the department of ornithology in the Boston Society of Natural History, in which the writer spoke of the introduction of some and the probable success of introducing certain species. He said that quail and ruffed grouse would both do well in Massachusetts, but the latter especially are difficult to purchase, and it would be still more difficult to breed them in confinement. The English pheasant could be introduced with success here, but they require to be bred in coops and the chicks are delicate and somewhat hard to raise. English partridges are not a success. Prairie chickens will perhaps do well, or, better still, the sharp-tailed grouse.

The prairie chicken was once found in Massachusetts, but the few which are now left on the island of Martha's Vineyard have become differentiated by environment so that they are now a different species and not found elsewhere. Wild turkeys, if procured in the mountains of North Carolina, would probably do well here. California quail might be introduced with success, but as a game bird they do not compare with some species, but they are hardy and prolific. If once successfully introduced they would make a valuable addition to our game birds.

Regarding the shooting of water fowl and the attempt of certain people to repeal the present laws, Mr. Cory said that the laws should remain as they are, or they should be made stronger, to encourage men who are willing to stock private grounds with game so that the overflow from these places will restock the surrounding country, and it may be that in time the State can be induced to establish breeding stations in different parts of the State.

President Samuels suggested that as the Legislature would convene before the next meeting of the Association, it would be well to then and there instruct the committee on legislation as to their work and decide upon the changes to be asked for. The open season at present begins on the 15th of September. At that time many of the young quail, he said, are not half grown and are wholly unfit to be killed. Something should certainly be done to prevent the shooting of the young birds. Mr. Samuels referred to a proposition from an official of the Rhode Island Fish and Game Protective Association to arrange for a conference of the Rhode Island and Massachusetts associations to see if uniform laws for the protection of game birds could not be secured in the sister States. He thought it would be advisable to ask for a general conference of the associations in all of the New England States, and mentioned Boston as a good place for holding such a meeting.

Mr. Thayer said that it seemed to him that the law on quail shooting should be changed, and the sooner the better, for a law that will allow the shooting of such birds as early as Sept. 15 is an abominable one. He favored the holding of a conference.

Mr. Fottler, of the legislative committee, stated that the recommendation of the committee before the Legislature last year—that Oct. 1 be settled upon as the beginning of the open season on all game birds—was met with opposition by the Fish and Game Commissioners and the committee was forced to yield to their views on the matter. The Commissioners favored Sept. 15 as the opening of the season, and such is the law. Mr. Fottler strongly urged the appointment of a committee to represent the Association in the conference referred to, that should favor a uniform law in the several States conforming to that of Connecticut, where the open season on game birds is from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Dr. Stetson moved the appointment of a committee of three "to confer with an equal number of men from other State associations and endeavor to obtain, if possible, by their united efforts, uniform game laws."

The president named Dr. Morris and Messrs. Roberts and Mixter as that committee.

E. E. Hardy urged that something be done to help the committee which has the power to prosecute the offenders of the law, but which has found it impossible to convict a man for breaking the law in the open season because of the strange rulings of the courts. He said the courts required that it should be proven that a man who had snared partridges set the trap with the deliberate intention of ensnaring the birds caught. He thought that legislation to cover such cases should be secured.

CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—New York, Dec. 19.—I have received a letter from a friend in Newfoundland whom I left in camp when I returned to Pilley's Island to take the steamer home. He says that the snow lasted three days after I left, and during that time the caribou were continually traveling south, and that they remained five days longer on the marsh, during which time they killed six more caribou, making eighteen for the trip of two weeks (I was only there eight days); a good score for four of us. We killed only two cows, all the rest bulls with good heads. None of the meat was wasted excepting one old bull that I killed and which was too strong. It was all put on scaffolds, each guide having six of them. These are enough for their winter supply, and they take it out on dogs sleds as soon as snow comes to stay. My friend saw six big gray wolves in one band, an unusual sight, as it was supposed they were nearly extinct. I would also add that we did not lose a single wounded caribou on the trip. We could have killed certainly a dozen more, but had no use for them.—W. HOLBERTON.

LA GRANGE, Ky., Dec. 12.—The fishing rod has been laid aside till spring and the interest of sportsmen is all centered in the gun and game bag. Beside a few pheasants, the game consists of quail and rabbits (hares). The latter are to be found anywhere in this county in great abundance, and the former have been more plentiful this season than for many years past. Local sportsmen and farmers are greatly annoyed by pot-hunters from Louisville, who go out on all the railroads for fifty miles and kill anything they see and in any way. I think this county, as it abounds in woods and cover, would be splendid territory for the Chinese pheasant, I shall make an effort to secure its introduction. We are having much sport with red foxes. One day this week P. S. Head took out our pack of hounds south of town, and to encourage the dogs concluded to kill a fox and let the dogs have it. He shot one and crippled it, and thinking the dogs were coming up let it limp away. It happened the dogs were running another trail and the wounded fox got into the ground. A singular coincidence is that Joe Clore, who was with Head, did exactly the same thing in another part of the field, and both foxes got away. Interest in dogs is increasing.—J. S. M.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

INDIANA BASS FISHING.

FROM Mr. C. L. Hanford, the famous fly-fisherman of Indianapolis, we have recent informatian concerning the scores of parties of which he was a member during the past season. One of the objective points in White River is Broad Ripple, and Catfish Pool is one of the noted fishing grounds on the route. The fishing is done by casting from a boat or the shore in suitable places. The species of bass is the small-mouth black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*), and Mr. Hanford's party kept none weighing less than ¾lb. On account of excessive rain the past season was a rather bad one.

Following is the score in detail:

First	trip, 2 in boat, 12, ranging ½ to 1	lbs.
Second	trip, 3 in boat, 3, ranging ½ to 2½	lbs.
Third	trip, 2 in boat, 9, ranging ½ to 1	lb.
Fourth	trip, 3 in boat, 12, ranging ½ to 1½	lbs.
Fifth	trip, 3 in boat, 10, ranging ½ to 2	lbs.
Sixth	trip, 2 in boat, 9, ranging ½ to 3	lbs.

The fly locally known as the "bucktail" was one of the most successful, and Mr. Hanford found the Lord-Baltimore also a killing lure.

The large-mouth black bass also occurs in White River, and specimens were taken, but in the estimation of these parties they were far inferior to the small-mouth species in game qualities.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER FISHING.

IN a recent letter Mr. H. C. Demuth, secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, writes me that the bass fishing in the Susquehanna has not been very good this year on account of the heavy rains, which have kept the water high and cloudy, especially during September and October. At Washington and Mud Island many wall-eyed pike have been caught on set-lines or out-lines. On a recent trip to Fite's Eddy Mr. Demuth says he caught a "large-mouth" black bass which weighed 4lbs. 9oz. He made a cast, with a chub about seven inches long, from a flat-boat anchored in the river, and the bait had just settled in the water when the line started to run off the reel in a manner which indicated that a good fish was hooked. Mr. Demuth landed him in about ten minutes, after some spirited fighting. Several days previous to this Mr. Wm. Axe, of Christiana, Pa., caught one at the same place which weighed 6lbs. 2oz. This was the largest fish taken at Fite's Eddy during the present season.

Members of the Red House Club, Harrisburg, Pa., have been faring well during the past fall, as will be seen by the following letter received from my friend "Stehman," who wrote up the Red House Club for FOREST AND STREAM last July. "Stehman" writes from Harrisburg under date of Nov. 28: "The weather is quite cold here now, the coldest of the season. The fishing is good at the Conewago Falls. From the 18th of the present month Messrs. Jerome Long, Harry Bach, John Bolsler and Dr. T. S. Hollinshead, all members of the Red House Gunning and Fishing Club, spent five days at the club house on the island above the falls. They caught 80lbs. of 'salmon' (pike-perch), one of which measured about 27in. in length and weighed 7½lbs., and eight which weighed 3lbs. each. Besides the fish caught, these gentlemen shot one large white swan, thirty-six ducks, two dozen quail and ten rabbits. This is not a small score, but only the bad state of the weather which followed prevented a larger record. This is a quartette of the best gunners and fishermen from this city.

"Nov. 24 Mr. Fred Edel, president of the club, in full view of the club house, caught a bass which weighed 6lbs. and a 'salmon' weighing 5lbs. The two were caught in the course of two or three hours' fishing, and the president was a very well satisfied man. The club is in a very flourishing condition, having at present thirty-six members. They are about to buy fifteen acres of the adjoining ground."

The success of the Red House Club is due to the fact that the members are among men what the little insect known to the small boy as "eye-bunger" is among humble bees—stickers. When they undertake a thing they do the work well. Success to them! BAB.

DEER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Franklin Falls, N. H. Dec. 18, 1890.—Deer are getting quite plentiful in this State. Mr. Frank Buriel and Mr. Cilley, of Laconia, went up to Waterville, N. H., last week and killed three fine ones.—WALTER AIKEN.

LARGE CONGER EEL.—In November last, while cod-fishing, our correspondent, Willard Nye, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., caught a conger eel weighing 14½lbs. This was a large fish of the kind for that locality.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—At the meeting of the Grand Calumet Heights Club last night nothing definite was accomplished in the matter of the attempted eviction of the club by the landlord. The ground is held under indefinite leasehold, about the only thing the lessor binds himself to do being to purchase the buildings at one-third their cost upon closure of the lease. The land, by reason of the south district boom consequent upon the location of the World's Fair, has become more valuable, and the owner wants the club out of the way. It is not likely, however, that the club will be evicted so easily as all this. At present, at least, the matter is still in the air, and the boys are practically saying, "Come and take us."

Dec. 14.—The Possum Club of Chicago, the great and only Possum Club, held its second regular meeting Friday night at Billy Wörner's banqueting halls. The Possum Club was bigger this time, nearly twice as big, and it talked more and if possible ate more than it did the first time. It also showed a disposition to reach out and embrace a few more members from the *élite* of Chicago. Annexation is the watchword of Chicago and the Possum Club. The latter will probably annex the World's Fair in due time, and unquestionably it could run it better that it is being run now, for whatever the Possum Club touches goes, unless it is nailed down.

Promptly at the appointed hour of 7—the Possum ought really to make its dining hour a trifle later than that, if it would be really *chic*—the high contracting parties appeared and amid the peals of thrilling music began the march up the central aisle. At a signal all was still, until, as the waiters placed before each guest a plate of smoking, savory brown, adding a vast platter in the center of the board, a wild shout of exultation arose as there fell upon the air the stirring notes of the old Scotch air, "C'yarve dat possum, chillen!" They carved it some, and then they carved it some more; and then all the outside world was forgotten and not a wave of trouble rolled anywhere near Billy Wörner's place. The *menu* was baked possum, sweet potatoes and possum, possum and genuine Southern hoecake, cocktails, claret and possum, champagne and possum, coffee, cigars and possum. The *menu* was voted a success.

At the first meeting of the club it was decided that each member should bring a friend to the next meeting, thus doubling the membership. It was soon discovered, however, that the scope of the club would necessarily be curtailed in this way and the admission postponed of many men between whom there was no choice, but all of whom ought to belong to the organization. In other words, the Possum Club found itself a more important body of sportsmen than it had thought. The resolution was therefore stretched and members added to their lists of invitation somewhat. A few of the former members were unable to be present, but following are the names of those who actually sat at the table, all of whom, except as earlier qualified, were by an omnibus bill admitted to full and absolute membership in the one and only Possum Club:

W. N. Low, C. S. Burton, J. J. Gillespie, Abner Price, H. W. Loveday, L. W. Hamline, J. P. Hayde, F. A. Place, Geo. Holden, R. A. Turtle, C. E. Felton, A. H. Harryman, E. Hough, Wm. Wörner, N. F. Pfeffer, E. J. Grass, N. Rowe, R. S. Cox, Jr., O. F. Malcolm, W. S. Shepard, Geo. I. Maillet (of Crown Point, Ind.), C. E. Willard, G. W. Andrews, C. R. Babery, E. Copland, H. W. Jenney.

Mr. Low, chairman-elect for this meeting, took the head of the board. Mr. Low was seized with a violent attack of modesty, and said it was in a fit of absent-mindedness that he had violated the rules and accepted the chairmanship a second time. He was making his speech just when the first relay of possum was served, and was promptly told to sit down and wait till after supper before he resigned. Mr. Low then ate some possum, and forgot all about the previous question.

A little business was transacted in a leisurely way. Col. Felton was chosen chairman for the next meeting. Mr. Geo. I. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind., was elected an honorary member. It was observed that some definite system of increasing and regulating the membership would finally need to be adopted, and a committee on membership was appointed, consisting of Messrs. C. E. Felton, Ab. Price, W. L. Shepard and W. P. Mussey. A collection was taken up *pro rata* for the purpose of procuring some appropriate stationery. It was decided that the next meeting should be held one week from the following Tuesday. Mr. Wörner announced that one week from that date he should do himself the honor of offering to the Possum a complimentary banquet, the same to be a game dinner of his best ability. This game dinner he proposed to make an annual fixture. His remarks were received with great enthusiasm and applause.

Chairman Low, in his usual felicitous way, succeeded in extracting a speech from nearly every member present, two or three or four or five from some of them. An interesting discussion arose between Abner Price and Col. Felton, both of whom objected to being called "old" sportsmen. Mr. Price declared that he used to read of Col. Felton's wonderful shooting when he himself was a boy in copper-toed boots. Col. Felton was equally certain that he had heard of Mr. Abner Price, the famous ground sweater of ducks, when land was worth $2.50 an acre in Chicago, and he himself had a rattle and a tin savings bank. Mr. John Gillespie, who in his ignorance before the supper had declared that he "would just as soon eat cat as possum," was called upon for an expression of opinion up to date, and publicly apologized to the club, saying he would rather eat one possum than two cats.

Through all the fun of the meeting, however, there was apparent the tone of a very steady purpose. Let no one think this club only a gathering of the boys for a "lark." It is already much more than that. It will soon be, if it is not so already, the centralization of the diverse branches of the sportsmen's craft in this city and vicinity. Chicago as a shooting city has long been in many ways ultra-conservative, and therefore behind the times. It may not be known to the outside world, but there have been cliques in the body general of Chicago shooters. The Possum Club, lucky accident, is ignorant of this fact, and it and all its members will remain forever ignorant of it, so that by and by everybody will forget that ever there was such a thing as a division of opinion, or will refer any small difference to the ultimate arbitrament of the wish-bone of a good fat possum.

Dec. 15.—Mention was made in these columns a short time ago of some shooting done by Mr. T. Benton Leiter and Mr. W. H. Haskell, on the Rice Pond near Chilicothe, Ill., and it was stated that these gentlemen had acquired title to a large tract of marsh there. The full facts in regard to the matter are interesting, and are as follows: The marsh about Chilicothe has always been a fine one, and Mr. Haskell was well acquainted with it in boyhood, when his father lived at Rome. The Rice Pond was great mallard ground, a fact entirely well appreciated by the crew of market shooters who hung about it. For years these market hunters, prominent among whom were Dick and Bill Beebee, Shinn, Wilkie, Jo Davis, Ed. Eaton and the two Carrolls, have run a close combine on this coveted bit of marsh, and have effectually shut out all competitors and all sportsmen. They were sometimes hired as pushers, but even then they were careful to take their men into a part of the marsh where no ducks were to be had, thus keeping the real resources of the marsh as much a secret as possible. Any one whom they could not thus fool away they tried to bluff out, under a claim that they had leased the marsh. The fact was that a man by the name of Lester, the dealer who shipped all their ducks to Philadelphia for them, and who made something on their trade, had a lease on a part of this duck farm, and what was not leased was claimed. This Lester asked Mr. Haskell down to shoot, and Mr. Haskell, on the invitation, or rather on the advice of his friend Jake Worth of that town, went over in the Rice Field and began to shoot. At once there was a great uproar among the market shooters. When Mr. Haskell got in at evening, Mr. Worth informed him that he had heard the complaints of the market shooters, had found that no valid lease really existed, and in short, had leased the Rice Field himself. At once Mr. Haskell re-leased the property from Mr. Worth. Mr. Leiter at once went in with him. Some of the land has been bought and more will be picked up quietly. It is probable that a little club of ten or a dozen Chicago men will own or control the old Rice Field, if all goes well. This will disgust the market hunters, whose special mallard preserve it has been so long. The market shooters would never kill anything but mallards in there, because they got more money for them. The territory is good.

I observe the following item of news in the daily press of a late date: "A Wickford (R. I.) man recently killed eleven out of thirteen quail at a single discharge of his fowling piece." I presume that in the eyes of the daily press this is a piece of news worth recording, perhaps as a feat of daring, or heroism, or of skill. Noble Rhode Island man! Noble daily press!

From accounts of the late Cincinnati elephant hunt, it seems that it takes twenty-four Springfield rifle bullets to kill a mad tame elephant. I hear they shot old Chief till it got dark, and then began again in the morning.

I was in at Jenney & Graham's the other day, and met there Jim Wheeler, of Freeport, Ill., an old-timer of the old-timest sort, who was picnicking around with his friend, Mr. G. W. Baltsley, of this city. Freeport, it is well known, is the home of Mr. C. E. Cahoon, who was one of the Western team in last winter's tour of the U. S. Cartridge Co., and who is better known through most of this Western country as "Cooney." Jim Wheeler and "Cooney" are great friends, and while we were talking he told a story of which "Cooney" was the hero, concluding the story with the injunction that it should never be published. The narrative runs as follows:

"Cooney," Jim Wheeler and a friend or two were duck hunting up in Dakota this fall. They struck a clear, mild sort of a day, and as usual the ducks banked up out in the middle of the pond and refused to "work." There was a big raft of birds out in the open water on the lake where the boys were camped, and do all they would, they could not get them started up to moving. They fired shot after shot out over the water, but the birds seemed well enough contented where they were and refused to go out. Finally "Cooney" came down from the wagon, carrying his big 10-gauge and a handful of goose shells. He walked down to the edge of the bank as close as he could, for it shelved off very sharply there, and putting a couple of shells into his big gun, remarked:

"Youse fellows' guns aint any good, that's what's the trouble with you. You want a gun that'll reach 'em. Now you just watch them ducks!" This last with a look out of the corner of his eye, which anybody who knows "Cooney" can imagine.

Doubtless everybody knows what a start it gives one, when, after bracing to meet the recoil of a heavily-loaded gun, the discharge does not take place at all. Well, "Cooney" had in a heavy load, and he knew it; and so put on a good deal of brace. There was a dull click, and no discharge. Consequently there was no kick, and therefore the brace was altogether unnecessary. As a result of all these things, "Cooney" took a convulsive step forward and walked right into the water, the shelving shore landing him clean up to the neck! It was cold water, too.

History does not say whether or not "Cooney" made splash enough in the water to scare the ducks, but at any rate he didn't do it with his goose shells, and of this fact I am inclined to think his friends sometimes remind him. "Don't say a word about this in the paper," said Mr. Wheeler, "for if you do, somebody will have to get licked in Freeport, and I don't want that to be me."

Mr. Jas. Bird, of the Grand Calumet Heights Club, while hunting on the grounds of that organization a few weeks ago, made two shots which for uniqueness deserve a chronicle. The truth of the story is vouched for by Mr. C. W. Lee, who gave it to me. Mr. Bird was out after ducks, and was fortunate to see a flock of redheads passing over, though so high that he had no thought of dropping one. He, however, fired, and much to his surprise knocked one out of the flock. The duck fell directly into the top of a tall dead tree, and was impaled by a dead limb which was sticking up. The weight of the bird broke off the limb, and Mr. Bird picked up his game neatly skewered, with the broken stick showing at back and breast, in which condition he put it in his game pocket and later showed it to his friends.

After this shot Mr. Bird had gone on only a short distance when he discovered a large owl sitting on the top of a tree. He fired at it, and it came to the ground apparently unhurt, excepting that one foot was bleeding. Mr. Bird attempted to gather his owl, but the result was that the owl nearly gathered him. His owlship was strictly on the fight, and Mr. Bird saw he would have to resort to strategy. His strategy consisted in throwing his rubber coat over the owl, and thus attempting to embarrass its movements. It didn't embarrass the owl in the least, for in about two swipes of his claws old Mr. Owl was wearing a sadly-split-up rubber coat for a necktie. Mr. Bird did not care to risk any more of his wardrobe with this belligerent fowl, and so undertook to complete the taking off by means of a pole. But at the first blow of the pole the owl caught it by the end and refused to let go. This gave Mr. Bird an idea, and shouldering the pole he marched off to the club house, and entered the room with the gritty owl hanging on to the end of the pole and the speared duck in his pocket, the hero of as singular a pair of shots as one often hears about.

Dec. 18.—Nobody has been duck shooting, and nobody knows anybody who has been, or who wants to go. The duck season is over. Hank Smith threatens to go rabbit shooting at McHenry. Charlie Burton threatens to go rabbit ferreting at some mysterious place or other, but he won't go. Charlie Gammon and Al Hofmann got 31 quails and a lot of rabbits one day last week, about 9 miles about Shelby, Ind., and Charlie and the writer are threatening to go down there again and try for the quails on the last day of the Indiana season, the 20th, which falls on next Saturday.

Mr. J. H. De Long, of New York, accompanied by his wife, is in the city this week, en route east after a long and delightful trip through Cuba, Yucatan, Mexico and the West. They started from New York by steamer for Cuba, and have made a leisurely journey of it. Mr. De Long put in a little time in Missouri hunting quails and rabbits. This may be the reason he declines to hunt some more quails and rabbits with us in Indiana, though he says he must get home.

Sporting matters here will soon settle down into an intense activity of talk. It is pretty cold for fun here after winter once gets its legs on. I believe the "winter club" in the South, which our Wisconsin friend has mentioned, could be put on its feet by proper handling in Chicago. We have great people here for clubs. E. HOUGH.

MORE ABOUT SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is two months since I came into the woods for the forty-second consecutive season. Have not taken much fur, as infirmities incident to old age prevent my covering much ground; but I have two caribou hung up, all I need for the winter, besides a full stock of supplies, and, best of all, plenty of dry, hard wood under cover. Some three weeks ago a kind young friend made the long, hard trip to camp and sacked in my mail (not a light load), and of course there were several editions of FOREST AND STREAM. Now, I have been a constant reader of the paper since its initial number and note its constant improvement, and would rather miss my dinner every day than be without it; but it is never so fully appreciated as when I am alone in the woods.

In a paper by Mr. Orin Belknap I note his views on the Lyman combination sight, and although I have not experienced the like difficulty that he has, yet I find "outs" that are as objectionable. Here I digress to state that until two years ago my hunting rifles have always had the common rear open sight with some little improvement; for instance, I cut down the horns to a level with the top of the V, rounding off the outer corners; then with a flat, thin file with square edge file to the bottom so the slot represents three sides of a square. This hint I got from an article in "our paper," and is a great improvement for old eyes. For many years this enabled me to get a good sight, but at last even this caused a blur. I had tested the combination sight at a mark on rifles owned by friends, and found it all right as to clearness of vision, and the front head sight I have used for years and there are none I like so well.

Now I come to the "outs" as I find them by experience in timber shooting. One cannot carry the combination sight in position for shooting, as it is constantly catching on brush, so there is danger of wrenching it out of plumb if not breaking, and when turned back on the tang it is constantly filling with snow when the brush is loaded, and it is a constant care to free the disc by the breath. Sometimes in very cold weather it requires several puffs to dislodge the ice, and will even freeze down so a knife blade is resorted to to free it. Every one who is at all familiar with hunting big game in the timber knows there is constant liability in a good game region to have to make a quick shot to secure the game. Now, in such a condition, with the Lyman combination sight frozen down, or filled with ice or snow, the game would leave and the hunter "get left." With failing vision that will fail even more. I shall use this "sight" as a *dernier ressort* and allow all credit for this one merit (aid to old eyes), but were my sight normal no money would induce me to give up my old open sight for the new one for timber shooting in winter. HUNTER.

HOLDING ON GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When any one is especially pleased with an article in a paper like FOREST AND STREAM, it is not a bad idea to speak out and say so. It is rather, therefore, with a desire to state my appreciation of a thoroughly good article than to open an old controversy, that at this late date I write a few words concerning "Hints and Points on Duck Shooting," by Mr. Henry Kleinman, published in your paper last June. The novice will find it replete with valuable information which will repay careful study, while those who, like myself, have shot ducks in a desultory way for the last fifteen years, will see some things that they knew long ago, with much more that they wish they had known a little earlier.

When I was a boy, fired by the stories the "old country" people used to tell about cutting down partridges on the wing in Old England, it was my chief wish to become a good shot on flying game. I adopted the plan of swinging the gun with the flight of the game and holding dead on, pulling the trigger while the gun was in motion. I killed, too, sometimes, but not often enough to convince me of the infallibility of my method. I grew to man's estate, and still as a wing shot was not a bright and shining success. I subscribed to FOREST AND STREAM, and there made the acquaintance of the hold-ahead theory. Now I thought I knew what was the matter. The killing I had done the other way was merely accidental. If I held ahead from 2 to 6ft. I would snap them—well, nearly every time. I tried it and did not kill at

best and free in running; go in for extra length if you have the choice, and a spare one or two won't be amiss; remember insular civilization has not yet produced a tackle shop in that region. Of course for this last reason you must carry with you reels, lines, gut, hooks (take those with eyes), swivels, leads, floats, and the little etceteras. With these you will be on the right side and ought to be comfortable and easy in mind. Tropical fish in their habits are much the same as their brethren up north; it is a fact that they take the bait in their mouths, and when hooked try their level best to sever the connection.

When moving about, or shifting position, nothing beats a spoon or other spinner, natural or artificial, trailing in your wake; you may spin deep or near the surface, you will find willing mouths at all depths. Tropical fish are like others, capricious, what suits to-day may be rejected to-morrow, so keep your eyes and wits about you. In deep water and in the strong current outside, off shore, a rod is useless for bottom fishing, and in this case you must have recourse to hand lining—be sure you have by you a strong thick pair of gloves, and no style surpasses what is known across the water as the Kentish rig, a crossbar of stiff wire, the lead in the center, the snoods at the ends. But after all, minute instructions as to tackle and method of fishing are not absolutely necessary.

Of course, when you have caught your fish you will wish to take them on shore in the best condition. Fish micro-organisms develop rapidly and wonderfully in tropical temperatures, and if you want the best results remember the following and act accordingly: Kill your fish quietly, quickly and effectually by a tap on the head (one tap is better than two); handle it gently as if you loved it; do not allow it to bruise itself by flapping and jumping; quiet the nervous system by destroying the brain—an easy matter; if large, disembowel, wipe clean and dry, apply an antiseptic—there is one that I use that shows best results—inside and out sparsely, and lay the body in a quiet place where it can drain and be out of reach of the sun's rays. You won't regret the trouble you have taken.

You will want to know where to go and how to get there; but there will be no difficulty. In Kingston harbor fish are plentiful and at times superabundant, but they are seldom angled for. Boats and canoes with men may be had for a consideration, with a native as captain, philosopher, friend and guide. You will find his philosophy and guiding power much on a par, and his friendship—well, it will last and intrude so long as there is anything to be made out of you. A thorough understanding at the off-go is advisable, and you will realize that upon the density of its thoroughness and reality so will be your enjoyments and results. Your best plan (and my advice) is, write to the secretary of the Exhibition, or call on arrival, for information to cover boatmen, boats and charges, etc.; doubtless some one will be tolled off to supply you.

Off-shore fishing, as may be expected, will be attended with a greater expenditure of time, energy and cash, but the equivalent will be forthcoming for splendid fishing is to be had around the cays and over the feeding banks. A writer in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine* writing on "Tarpon Fishing in Florida," states that in his opinion tarpon fishing is the most magnificent fishing sport in the world, and in partial support of his conviction compares the relative weights of the silver king and *Salmo salar*. We are all peculiar to our idiosyncrasies and it is fortunate that it is so, but the experience of a lifetime annihilates, in my mind, the theory that great weight enhances sport. I have yet to experience the sensations consequent on the killing of a leviathan silver king in Florida waters; but if the heart-throbs produced by a tarpon can exceed or were equal those that have been mine with a *salar* on Loch Tay and the kingfish off Jamaica, then I must cry *peccavi* and be silent.

Years ago (alas!) on a February day on Loch Tay, amid a storm of snow, wind and waves I hooked a salmon in the forenoon. Long after dark, three miles distant from the point of connection a 28-pounder paid the penalty, after one of the most glorious and determined fights ever fish made, without one minute's sulk or rest. The *finale* was tragic, some will consider it amusing, the curious may be gratified by turning over the pages of the London *Field* of Dec. 29, 1889, for "A Long Fight on Loch Tay."

In the Carribbean Sea there is a fish that may lay claim to be classed in the same category with the salmon and tarpon as a sporting fish. The giants of his race—I have seen one of 102lbs.—are not far behind in weight those of *Megalops thrissoides*, and I have on record a Goliath that pulled the beam at 200. His every day individual weight, anything up to 60 and 70lbs., is, however, far below that of the silver king (of which, so far as I know, only the big ones are recorded), but I dare assert that the "dimmed total," as Mr. Mantilini expresses it, of a morning's fishing will place the Carib king long ahead of the silver monarch, and the sport? well, that is a matter of opinion. If the reader will follow me into the middle of next week we will meet again in FOREST AND STREAM and have a morning's sport with *Cybium solandri*.

Something must be said about baits. In a country where sea angling is almost unknown and hand-lining the rare exception instead of the rule, the bait question, so momentous in northern fisheries, has not yet been considered. As a rule the conch will be considered as entitled to premier rank, but there is a little crustacean to be found under the weed that grows on the rocks along shore and upon which the waves beat that surpasses all others. By lifting the weed or removing a loose piece of rock they may be seen and gathered and will keep well and happy—apparently. These little crabs are very delicate and consequently troublesome to keep on the hook, but when on and fast their attractive powers—due entirely to their bouquet—is unlimited. They have the misfortune of developing when dead putrefactive micro-organisms with wonderful rapidity; within three or four minutes after death they are useless. But if a number be procured and kept handy a single prisoner may be sacrificed as wanted. Prawns and shrimps in or out of their crust are also effective; sprats are common—to preserve them use the antiseptic already alluded to—and other impromptu lures are not difficult to obtain in a tropical climate and country. If I were asked to place in the sequence of their value the available baits I should write the first four thus: The little rock (not sand) crab, the conch, prawn, and sprat; of artificials the sand eel, the spoon and the phantom (Brown's) surpass all others I have had to do with, but a silvery-sprat on a baby-spinner will hold its own with anything. Of sea-flies, white, red, yellow, or a mixture, will satisfy the sea mullet and mackerel when they are in the mood and you in their way.

The rivers of Jamaica, and they are many and tempting, ought to afford excellent sport, but I cannot write that they do. In many instances their upper waters—and in some even down to the mysterious and ever lapping wavelets—must strike the expert's eye as the natural home of the Salmonidæ (it is thought temperature forbids, but that has yet to be proved. An Esquimaux can live on the equator, a Nubian at the poles, they might not be happy in their first generation it is true, but life is tenacious, *vide* Succi), with their pools and shallows, sandy, gravelly and rocky bottoms, and sparkling waters with the yet unborn love of sport in the native, the over-development of the illicit practices of the poacher, and utter disregard of past legislature, it is beyond a wonder that their waters hold fish at all. And yet they do, their productive and recuperative powers are wonderful and satisfying sport may be had at times and places with fly, spinner and with bait at bottom and in midwater. At a fly the mountain mullet, no longer adults, rises with the flash of a grayling but without the endurance of *S. fario*; and the hog-nose of that ilk will test the strength of the gossamer-cast and skill of the hand that wields the rod. Five snook, with an average of five pounds each, within the hour may not be considered as below the capabilities of a phantom—not long ago it was done and may occur again at a certain spot. The ripe berry of the sweet-wood tree, or a dice-sized piece of a not-over-ripe avocado pear has been the cause of the last struggle of many a black-snapper. The worm, the maggot, the cockroach have oft in the past, and will in the future, be the innocent cause of *rigor mortis* in a mudfish.

The lover of the trigger will not find many opportunities for using his shotgun during the early and middle months, for with the close time approaching and the ravages of that ubiquitous pest, the mungoose, there will be little to shoot. If the early months be wet—a rare occurrence—fair wildfowl shooting may be had over the Great Peco Ponds in the Parish of St. Elizabeth and a few other localities; but as the drought season will be on the outlook is not encouraging. There will be more play for a rifle, especially at alligators, which are to be found in numbers at a certain spot—a sure find—not far from Kingston, and in other districts; but alligator shooting is not to my mind sport or an enjoyable recreation in the tropics. Its surroundings are decidedly disagreeable, except when a boat may be used. There are a few large sheets of inland water and two or three rivers upon which an alligator slayer may paddle his own canoe and have an occasional shot at a saurian and pick up a few good fish by way of variety and *pour passer le temps*.

The Norman rifle range, about three miles from Kingston on the windward road, will afford target practice for those inclined to indulge or try conclusions with local marksmen of whom there are many that can give a good account of their prowess and skill in planting a bullseye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING NOTES.

THE early cold weather has put a stop to all angling in this part of the country, for pickerel fishing through the ice, though excellent fun, can hardly be called angling. There is nothing left to do now but to look back and enjoy the recollections of last season's sport, or what is almost as great a pleasure, plan new trips for the coming year.

Outsiders are greatly mistaken when they think that angling means only catching fish. They little know what a stock of enjoyment for future use can be laid up on a two weeks' fishing trip into the woods and mountains.

Many an overworked business man finds rest and relaxation after a long day of worry, in recalling the events of some such trip. As he sits before the fire in the evening, with the fragrant smoke of the "weed" curling upward, he again sees the cool lake in the forest, or wades the rippling trout brook overhung with bright green foliage, and remembers the killing of that big trout with all its exciting incidents. Or perhaps his vacation was spent on the far away waters of Maine or Canada, and delightful visions of camp life, with its freedom from the irksome restraints of society, pass before him, and he glances at the calendar to count the weeks that must pass before he can again enjoy the delights of "going a-fishing."

The early advent of winter ought to make a good season for Florida; already many tourists and anglers have departed for the "sunny South," and many more are prepared to start. Nearly every one hopes to kill a tarpon, but unless they remain till spring they will most likely be disappointed—nothwithstanding Senator Quay's success in that direction with his handline fishing.

Very many people, particularly those who have had no experience in Florida, seem to think that any kind of tackle will answer for tarpon fishing. One season's experience generally convinces them that they are wrong; that is if they happen to strike one of those big herring. The tackle for these great fish must be of the very best quality and sufficiently strong, or they will smash it and leave you disconsolate after perhaps many hours or even days of patient waiting.

Therefore the most successful tarpon anglers use special rods, reels, lines and snells. Noibwood makes the best rod and so far they have stood the strain of the heaviest fish (Mr. Hecksher's 184lbs.). They should be made with a long tip and short butt, something like the Cuttyhunk style of rod, only stiffer. The next best material is the plain Calcutta cane, made up in the same shape.

Split-bamboo rods are more expensive and do not stand the climate of the Florida coast.

The line should be of the best hand-laid flax, 18 or 20 threads and 600ft. long. These lines require big reels and they must run on steel points. One good run of a big tarpon will tear an ordinary reel to pieces.

The best snells of the many kinds that have been tested are the flat braided linen, mounted on special hand-forged steel hooks. These snells are tough, will stand the grinding of the tarpon's jaws, yet a shark will cut it at once and you will be able to save the line. The gaff must be made very strong and of the best steel. It should have a spread of from 4 to 5in. Thumb stalls of knitted linen must be used, and it is even safer to have a small leather apron on the reel, to act as a drag. It is not unusual to have the boatman squeeze water from a sponge on the line to keep it from burning when being run off by a lively tarpon. Rigged in this manner, and well supplied with patience and a good boatman, the angler will, sooner or later, enjoy great sport. But he must remember that the great run of tarpon does not begin until April or May. In the mean time he can amuse himself with 25lb. cavalli and channel bass, or 60lb. drum or hordes of smaller fish, many of which will take a fly and afford the best of sport.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THOSE SUNAPEE TROUT AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You certainly give *Salmo aureolus* or *alpinus*, whichever he may finally prove to be, a good space in your columns, but I must ask for a word or two more to correct misinformation, or misunderstandings. First, deep-water fishing in the Sunapee is no new discovery.

I have personally been informed of it at Sunapee Lake as far back as 1844, when I reached the lake in June, too late for shore fishing, and was told that I must use "live bait, long lines, and go out into deep water," and the only trout then known were the regular red spotted *Salmo fontinalis*.

With regard to hybridism, I can only say that the likeness to the landlocked salmon suggested the idea to me in 1883, and if the plant of '77 had not produced them, Dr. Fletcher's plant of '65 might have done so, should such a crop be possible.

There is yet another point, which no one has noted, should the fish prove to be *Salmo alpinus*.

The shipment to this country called for 60,000 eggs. 5,000 were said to have been lost on the voyage, and Mr. Powers reported a loss of 6,515 in the hatchery. This left 49,485, of which only 30,000 were reported to have been placed in Newfound Lake. This leaves 19,485 unaccounted for. Some were kept as breeders, but I always believed that Mr. Powers, from his well known affection for Sunapee, put part of them in there, and this impression was strengthened by his reticence and refusal to express any opinion on the subject, when it was discussed in his presence. Should he have done so in 1881, it would easily account for their appearance on the spawning beds in 1885. Of course this is only conjecture, but in such an investigation, all causes and chances should be considered and weighed.

This, however, would not account for their appearance in Dan Hole, and if they are the genuine saibling, the only way they could have got there, would have been by getting mixed in the hatching house, and it was always a mystery to me in my visits to the house, that the fry did not get so mixed, with the constant flow of water, through those shallow trays, in which they were always huddled at the lower edge.

Landlocked salmon were planted in Silver Lake, in Madison in '78, but if these fish can be found, as Mr. Aiken suggests, in the pond in Warren, it would be pretty positive proof that they are an aboriginal and hitherto unknown variety, which I hope for the sake of my friend Hodge may prove to be the case. VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 20.

THE CALIFORNIA SARDINE.—San Francisco Bay is said to be fairly swarming with sardines at the present time. "On clear nights they come to the surface in such myriads as to set the water fairly ablaze with their silvery, phosphorescent light, and their leaping and playing produces a sound that resembles the patter of hailstones. All the quiet coves of the bay are infested with them." Most of the fish are as large as the herring and cannot, therefore, be utilized for sardines. This is the California sardine (*Clupea sagax*), and it resembles the well-known sardine (*Clupea pilchardus*), but grows larger. It abounds in winter on the California coast, especially southward. At San Diego Drs. Jordan and Gilbert reported its capture from the wharves with hook and line. As a food fish the sardine is preferred to the herring. It is believed that the species forms an important part of the food of the salmon.

ACCIDENT TO EDGAR SMITH.—Boston, Dec. 21.—Mr. Edgar Smith, proprietor of the Round Mountain Lake fishing camps in Maine, while in Boston, last week, buying some horses, met with a most unfortunate and painful accident. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 17, while crossing the city in the blinding storm, he was struck and thrown down by a horse car that turned a curve and came suddenly upon him, the wheels then passing over the toes of one foot and the other ankle and leg, inflicting injuries of such a nature that at the present time the result is doubtful. With good care it is hoped that amputation will be unnecessary. The many friends of Edgar and his father, who is so widely known among sportsmen as the pioneer of the Dead River country, will feel a deep sympathy and interest in his recovery.—M.

CUTTYHUNK BASS SCORE.—The score of the Cuttyhunk Club for the season of 1890 shows a total catch of 154 fish aggregating a weight of 216¼lbs., an average of about 1¼lbs. The largest fish pulled down 4¼lbs., and the smallest was a diminutive specimen of 4¼lbs. The year's record for 1889, it will be remembered, was practically *nil*.

Fisheculture.

HATCHING BLUEBACK SALMON.—Mr. W. A. Wilcox, of the U. S. Fish Commission, informs us that in the fall of 1889 Mr. G. W. Williams hatched 300,000 eggs of the blueback salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) and kept them in a pond at the Cascades of the Columbia River. The young fry it is said were kept in the pond two months and were fed twice daily on oatmeal mush, with the addition of liver twice a week. The pond in which they were kept is only about one acre in extent and has an outlet into the Columbia River. Its temperature was from 40 to 45 degrees and its depth 30ft. At the age of two months the fry had reached a length of from 2 to 2½in. and were allowed to escape into the Columbia. Mr. Williams hatched, also, eggs of the red-throated trout (*Salmo purpuratus*) successfully.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $3.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FISHING IN THE LOWER POTOMAC.

THE last thirty miles of the course of the Potomac are to the angler the most interesting portion of that noble stream. Below Blakiston's Island it averages five or six miles in width, gradually increasing in size until at its mouth it is over twelve miles from Point Lookout, on the Maryland shore, to Smith's Point, on the Virginia side. The river is quite deep and so saline that almost all the desirable marine fish which enter Chesapeake Bay find congenial haunts in the lower Potomac and its tributary creeks, coves and bays. There is scarcely an acre included within the 250 square miles of water just defined that does not at one season or another afford fine sport to those who take enjoyment in enticing with the baited hook the scaly denizens of the deep.

Among the more important species that abound suitable for capture with the rod and hand line may be mentioned the spotted sea trout, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel, bluefish and striped bass, and such minor fish as croakers and spots.

The region is visited annually by hundreds of persons from Washington, Baltimore and other places for a few days' or weeks' outing; but is not so well known or so highly appreciated as the case would seem to warrant. It is easy of access from the cities mentioned, and hotel accommodations can be had at various points, among them Blakiston's Island, Colton's, Kinsale, Piney Point, St. Georges Island, Cornfield Harbor and Coan River. Boatmen are numerous and can be secured at rates that are only nominal.

Hand-lining is the method most usually followed; but of late years the use of the rod has been growing in favor among the native boatmen, who are here, as elsewhere, averse to new forms of tackle, and a larger number of the adherents of Walton have annually been enabled to enjoy their wonted sport in a more sportsmanlike way. There are times and circumstances, however, in which the hand line will probably always yield better results, notably in deep-water fishing for sea trout.

The preëminent bait throughout this entire section is the blue crab, which, either as a peeler, softshell or hardshell, is a never-failing article. The crab in the two first-named conditions is preferable in that almost the entire animal can be employed; but it is much more difficult to obtain, and is, therefore, commonly supplemented with the hardshell variety, which can always be taken on the fishing grounds when required. For special fisheries other forms of bait may be employed, as fiddler crabs and manninoses for sheepshead; but for all-round fishing the blue crab is the standard bait.

One of the most highly esteemed and popular fish frequenting this region is the spotted weakfish, known universally among the native fishermen as "trout." It occurs throughout the summer in greater or less abundance. Early in the season most of the specimens captured are under ½lb. in weight; but toward the middle of August there appears to be an advent of much larger fish, ranging from 1 to 3lbs., and it frequently happens that after their arrival no smaller individuals are taken during the remainder of the season, except a straggler now and then. The larger fish are present in great numbers well into October.

The "trout" go in scattered schools, and when they once appear in the vicinity of your boat and begin to take the hook they bite with great avidity. Every member of a large party will frequently be pulling in at the same time, and this may continue for hours, until weariness overtakes the angler or the school moves off.

Fishing is done with hand-lines in water from 10 to 30ft. in depth, on various kinds of bottom. A smooth sandy or gravelly bottom will often yield fish when a trial on an adjacent oyster bed or grassy area was barren of results. Whether this is anything more than accidental is not known; but it does appear that the idiosyncrasies of the fish at times cause it to frequent particular places to the exclusion of all others. The success of a boatman sometimes depends entirely on his knowledge of this point, and there is a strong incentive to him to keep well informed in fish lore, so far at least as "trout" are concerned.

The sea trout is not what I should consider a very hard biter; but it makes up in promptness and energy what it lacks in strength. Very often your hook is taken before it reaches the bottom, and you may find your line running off in a direction at right angles to that in which you dropped it, sometimes in front of you, as often under your boat.

The mouth of the trout is apparently quite tender, and a sudden jerk of the line by the interested individual at either end will sometimes cause the hook to tear out and the fish is lost. Your boatman will no doubt lay considerable stress on this point, and will tell you that the trout should be landed with the greatest deliberation. The novice at first will certainly lose many of his fish on this account.

Some very creditable and exciting work has been done on numerous occasions by parties of which the writer was a member. Catches of over 200lbs. of large trout, as the result of three or four hours' work of three persons, have not been infrequent, to say nothing of greater or less quantities of striped bass, bluefish, spots, etc.

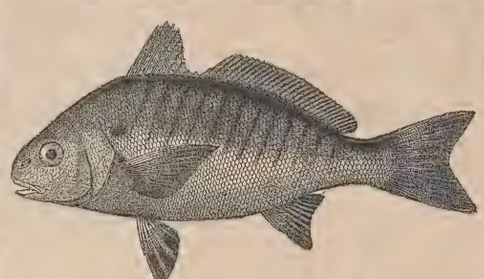
Under the name of tailor or salt-water tailor, the Potomac boatmen recognize that incarnation of gaminess, restless activity, and insatiable gluttony, the bluefish. Proverbially erratic in movements and abundance, of late the species appears to have had a special fondness for the broad expanse of water in the region under consideration, and during the past few years larger bodies of fish have been observed by the writer than were ever before known to appear. At times the entire river has been over-run with them, and there have been few days during the summer months when they could not be seen playing havoc with the luckless menhaden, or when their thunderings could not be heard as a school rushed into the shallow waters near the shore.

The near presence of large schools of bluefish, however, offers no encouragement to the angler, for the fish are difficult to approach and do not readily take the hook under such conditions. But the schools are continually breaking up and the fish are widely disseminated, and herein does the sportsmen have his opportunity. As often as not they are caught without previous intimation of their presence. Sometimes a small scattered school will be seen cutting the water near by and possibly approaching your boat, when the judicious use of scraps of crabs —"chumming" appears to be the proper word—will draw them around you and lead to lively work for a while; but usually such sport lasts only during a brief period, for the school moves off almost as rapidly as it came, and you have to content yourself with the less exciting, but more enduring, pastime of enticing the stragglers and the gleaners following in the wake of the main body.

The name "tailor" is not an inapt designation. An interesting habit of the fish will be repeatedly observed, which bears out the vernacular. You feel a prodigious tug at your line; you pull hard, and are disappointed to find no resistance, and you think you have lost your fish; but look! there he is, 30ft. away from your boat on the surface, head toward you, biting at your line in a thoroughly businesslike way, and if you do not soon put an end to his sartorial exploits you will lose him.

The bluefish which ascend the Potomac are similar in size to those which frequent the Chesapeake; that is, they normally range from 1 to 3lbs in weight. Sometimes a large body of six or eight-pounders will make their appearance (as they did in 1888); but fish of this size rarely fall to the lot of the sportsman.

Provided with a stout line, armed with a well-tempered hook and a supply of fiddler crabs, manninoses and crabs you are ready for a day with the sheepshead. Sheepshead are anything but scarce; but owing to the difficulties incident to finding their feeding grounds on any particular morning the fishery is more uncertain, than that for any

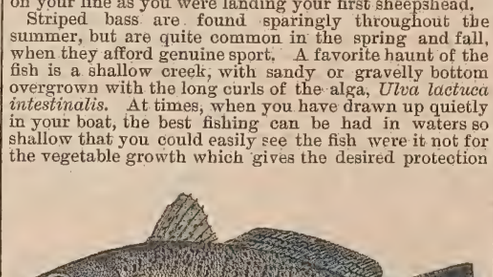


THE SPOT OR GOODY.

other species. Day after day may find you returning in the evening empty-handed, without even the reward of a bite; but when the latter does come he must have a stony heart who does not feel well rewarded for his patience, unless of course he mistakes the few characteristic preliminary nibbles for a bite and pulls too soon.

Your boatman may take you to his hurdles, around which the fish will often be very plentiful, provided a good growth of barnacles has formed on the stakes; but most likely he will lead you to a "sheepshead rock," which being interpreted is an isolated bank in deep water overgrown with oysters. Likely as not you will find the fish in goodly numbers, and you will return home with three or five 6-pound beauties as the result of half a day's work. If it is your initial experience with the fish, you will probably never be able to completely eradicate from your mind the idea which you formed of a thresher shark on your line as you were landing your first sheepshead.

Striped bass are found sparingly throughout the summer, but are quite common in the spring and fall, when they afford genuine sport. A favorite haunt of the fish is a shallow creek, with sandy or gravelly bottom overgrown with the long curls of the alga, *Ulva lactuca intestinalis*. At times, when you have drawn up quietly in your boat, the best fishing can be had in waters so shallow that you could easily see the fish were it not for the vegetable growth which gives the desired protection



THE CROAKER.

to the bass. Experience has demonstrated the greater efficacy of the rod under such circumstances. The striped bass is always gamy, and the excitement is intense when a lively three-pounder insists on making away with your hook at a rapid rate of speed, darting here and there among the algæ and taxing your rod and line and hook to the utmost.

Toward the end of August a run of large-sized spots and croakers appears in this region, and while the capture of these fish is not attended with any excitement, they make up in numbers what they lack in gaminess. They bite with promptness, and give more sport with the rod than with the more prosaic hand-line, to which your boatman will be strongly attached, and will not personally discard. There is scarcely any limit to the size of your string of spots and coakers under favorable conditions. Over 400 are known to have been taken by one man in a day. In the early summer, when other more desirable species are scarce, these fish add to one's enjoyment; at times, however, when larger game is sought, they become nuisances on account of their abundance.

Spanish mackerel are not rare, but are very seldom taken. Strangely enough trolling is never followed in this region for any species. It is thought that the method would be productive of satisfactory results, both in the capture of the Spanish mackerel, which is usually averse to taking the baited hook, and of the bluefish. The rapidly moving canoes, which are almost exclusively used in the fisheries, are admirably adapted to this method, and there seems no reason why, when the lower river is full of bluefish and Spanish mackerel, as it very commonly is, the very best of fishing could not thus be had. Magnificent examples of this species, that were taken in nets in this section, have been seen by the writer; some specimens weighing as much as 9lbs.

HUGH M. SMITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROD, LINE AND HOOK IN JAMAICA.

WITHIN a few weeks Jamaica, the island of woods and streams, will throw open the portals of her first exhibition to admit, with a right hearty welcome, the tread of the visitor who may travel to her beautiful shores. Of the many that will go to the Pearl of the Antilles—and may their name be legion—not a few will be disciples of old Izaak Walton, of revered memory to those who like him of old incline to the gentle craft with its agreeable associations and loving memories. For these, and the lovers of the trigger, I write that their sojourn may be pleasant and their homing thoughts a happy remembrance.

A trip to Jamaica must be productive of unbounded pleasure to a stranger, especially at this season of the year, when the cool zephyrs from sea and land carry with them a pleasant temperature and invigorating ozone. In no quarters of the round world is to be found a more beautiful and healthier country, and yet it would be difficult to name a spot—for after all it is but a spot—that has in the past been more traduced. With an exhilarating climate and beautiful conformation, with mountains and plains, rivers and ravines, Jamaica long since should have been recognized as one of the principal health resorts of northern America and Europe. But her time will come; it is even now nigh at hand.

In the first month of 1891 she holds a carnival—her first—to inaugurate a joyous future, and to wish peace and prosperity to her sister colonies and the peoples of the earth, a jubilant and fitting wish wherewith to induct her New Year's jubilee, and attract a few, perhaps a many, from lands afar off. Among these there will be some who love the rod, the hook, the line and the gun, and to these I say leave not your sporting impedimenta behind, or at least not all, for if you have the will you will be able to make some use of it and enjoy many a pleasant day.

To offer a few brief hints is the aim in view, in the hope that they may be of service to those of the sporting brotherhood who may steer to Jamaica during her festivities.

By all means take rod and reel, hook and line, and the *et ceteras* that go to make up a moderate fishing kit, for you will be unable to procure either or any of the articles on the spot for money—love may help you a little, but infinitesimally. It would not be advisable to take a quantity of any particular article, a superabundance would be unnecessary. A few artificials—spoons, phantoms, sand eels, *et hoc genus omne*, if you like—will be found useful and at times handy when the natural bait fails, an occurrence not altogether isolated in a fisherman's experience.

The sea around Jamaica abounds in fish life of every tropical and some northern varieties, and with hardly an exception they are not proof against a shiny tempting morsel even through adorned with tempered wire and holdfast barbs. They are as fond of taking as the fisher is of offering a bait, *au naturel*, or of the deft work of skillful hands, at bottom, midwater, and surface, according to their various varieties and habits. They may be had, too, from the size of a sprat almost to that of a whale—a small one—with mouths big and mouths little, great fins and small fins, tails convex and concave. Of course they are, like animals ashore, noble man included, predacious more or less, the more predominating; some are cannibals and cruel, others vegetarians with mild and even tempers—a natural result. Some are fast of movement, others slow, mental and physical; pugnacity and a dogged obstinacy to the gentle and insinuating attentions of hook and bait, must be looked for in the many, others, again, the few, give in with a gentle submission indicative of an assuring and lovable confidence in the society of man (irrespective of his color), that suggests indifference to the terrors of gaff and landing-net so long as they may escape their ever anxious and uncertain life in their native element. And as to their color? Well!

> There are fishes of every color known,
> Fishes of gold, blue, and brown;
> Fishes of red, gray and black
> With stripes of purple down their back.
> Fishes spotted, pink and green
> With various hues in between.
> Fishes blotched, blurred and barred
> As if the scales had just been tarred.
> There isn't a tint in the heavenly bow
> That can't be licked by a fish below.
> In that Carib sea the fish, for color,
> Just pass the cake from one to the other.

As edibles they will run the gauntlet with those of northern and other waters, and more than hold their own at an epicurean feast of ichthyologists.

The harbor of Kingston holds a great variety and number of fish, and there is room for thousands of fishers without interference with each other. At times the waters of the harbor are fairly alive with fin-life, at others there is somewhat of a scarcity, and the ebb and flow are caused by the outside conditions of wind and waves. Of the fish to be found the lover of variety may be satiated, except his love of change be unlimited. I have watched, basking in the sun's vertical rays, the devil—not he of Satanic fame, but the great sea monster—and seen gamboling and sporting in mirth and jollity the porpoise, the dolphin, the bonito, the baracouta, the king, the tarpon, the mackerel, the calipever, the mullet and a round or square dozen of others. There are sharks, too, in the water, but they are also found on land—as a rule the worst type—and it will be advisable to be cautious when either are in your vicinity. Occasionally, by way of variety, an alligator shows his hideous self; he is not a lovable sort of creature, an animal one likes to caress and play with for instance, but then opinions and tastes differ.

I am not going to recommend any particular kind of tackle; it would be invidious. The gear that will take fish in the American waters and around the coasts of Britain will be equally successful in the tropical brine, at least such is the result of my experience. Of rods—did ever any two men agree upon that point? Every man's particular angler or maker is the ideal—take what you have or can lay hands on, honestly of course, for bottom fishing and spinning. For king-fishing on the off-shore banks, of which more anon, the new typical tarpon (perhaps a trifle longer) will answer admirably. If you are going to indulge in the fly, suit your own ideas as to the length, weight and make, then you will be happy and your catch none the less. Let your lines be of the

best and free in running; go in for extra length if you have the choice, and a spare one or two won't be amiss; remember insular civilization has not yet produced a tackle shop in that region. Of course for this last reason you must carry with you reels, lines, gut, hooks (take those with eyes), swivels, leads, floats, and the little etceteras. With these you will be on the right side and ought to be comfortable and easy in mind. Tropical fish in their habits are much the same as their brethren up north; it is a fact that they take the bait in their mouths, and when hooked try their level best to sever the connection.

When moving about, or shifting position, nothing beats a spoon or other spinner, natural or artificial, trailing in your wake; you may spin deep or near the surface, you will find willing mouths at all depths. Tropical fish are like others, capricious, what suits to-day may be rejected to-morrow, so keep your eyes and wits about you. In deep water and in the strong current outside, off shore, a rod is useless for bottom fishing, and in this case you must have recourse to hand lining—be sure you have by you a strong thick pair of gloves, and no style surpasses what is known across the water as the Kentish rig, a crossbar of stiff wire, the lead in the center, the snoods at the ends. But after all, minute instructions as to tackle and method of fishing are not absoluely necessary.

Of course, when you have caught your fish you will wish to take them on shore in the best condition. Fish micro-organisms develop rapidly and wonderfully in tropical temperatures, and if you want the best results remember the following and act accordingly: Kill your fish quietly, quickly and effectually by a tap on the head (one tap is better than two); handle it gently as if you loved it; do not allow it to bruise itself by flapping and jumping; quiet the nervous system by destroying the brain—an easy matter; if large, disembowel, wipe clean and dry, apply an antiseptic—there is one that I use that shows best results—inside and out sparsely, and lay the body in a quiet place where it can drain and be out of reach of the sun's rays. You won't regret the trouble you have taken.

You will want to know where to go and how to get there; but there will be no difficulty. In Kingston harbor fish are plentiful and at times superabundant, but they are seldom angled for. Boats and canoes with men may be had for a consideration, with a native as captain, philosopher, friend and guide. You will find his philosophy and guiding power much on a par, and his friendship—well, it will last and intrude so long as there is anything to be made out of you. A thorough understanding at the off-go is advisable, and you will realize that upon the density of its thoroughness and reality so will be your enjoyments and results. Your best plan (and my advice) is, write to the secretary of the Exhibition, or call on arrival, for information to cover boatmen, boats and charges, etc.; doubtless some one will be tolled off to supply you.

Off-shore fishing, as may be expected, will be attended with a greater expenditure of time, energy and cash, but the equivalent will be forthcoming for splendid fishing is to be had around the cays and over the feeding banks. A writer in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine* writing on "Tarpon Fishing in Florida," states that in his opinion tarpon fishing is the most magnificent fishing sport in the world, and in partial support of his conviction compares the relative weights of the silver king and *Salmo salar*. We are all peculiar to our idiosyncrasies and it is fortunate that it is so, but the experience of a lifetime annihilates, in my mind, the theory that great weight enhances sport. I have yet to experience the sensations consequent on the killing of a leviathan silver king in Florida waters; but if the heart-throbs produced by a tarpon can exceed or were equal those that have been mine with a *salar* on Loch Tay and the kingfish off Jamaica, then I must cry *peccavi* and be silent.

Years ago (alas!) on a February day on Loch Tay, amid a storm of snow, wind and waves I hooked a salmon in the forenoon. Long after dark, three miles distant from the point of connection a 28-pounder paid the penalty, after one of the most glorious and determined fights ever fish made, without one minute's sulk or rest. The *finale* was tragic, some will consider it amusing, the curious may be gratified by turning over the pages of the London *Field* of Dec. 29, 1889, for "A Long Fight on Loch Tay."

In the Carribbean Sea there is a fish that may lay claim to be classed in the same category with the salmon and tarpon as a sporting fish. The giants of his race—I have seen one of 102lbs.—are not far behind in weight those of *Megalops thrissoides*, and I have on record a Goliath that pulled the beam at 200. His every day individual weight, anything up to 60 and 70lbs., is, however, far below that of the silver king (of which, so far as I know, only the big ones are recorded), but I dare assert that the "dimmed total," as Mr. Mantilini expresses it, of a morning's fishing will place the Carib king long ahead of the silver monarch, and the sport? well, that is a matter of opinion. If the reader will follow me into the middle of next week we will meet again in FOREST AND STREAM and have a morning's sport with *Cybium solandri*.

Something must be said about baits. In a country where sea angling is almost unknown and hand-lining the rare exception instead of the rule, the bait question, so momentous in northern fisheries, has not yet been considered. As a rule the conch will be considered as entitled to premier rank, but there is a little crustacean to be found under the weed that grows on the rocks along shore and upon which the waves beat that surpasses all others. By lifting the weed or removing a loose piece of rock they may be seen and gathered and will keep well and happy—apparently. These little crabs are very delicate and consequently troublesome to keep on the hook, but when on and fast their attractive powers—due entirely to their bouquet—is unlimited. They have the misfortune of developing when dead putrefactive micro-organisms with wonderful rapidity; within three or four minutes after death they are useless. But if a number be procured and kept handy a single prisoner may be sacrificed as wanted. Prawns and shrimps in or out of their crust are also effective; sprats are common—to preserve them use the antiseptic already alluded to—and other impromptu lures are not difficult to obtain in a tropical climate and country. If I were asked to place in the sequence of their value the available baits I should write the first four thus: The little rock (not sand) crab, the conch, prawn, and sprat; of artificials the sand eel, the spoon and the phantom (Brown's) surpass all others I have had to do with, but a silvery-sprat on a baby-spinner will hold its own with anything. Of sea-flies, white, red, yellow, or a mixture, will satisfy the sea mullet and mackerel when they are in the mood and you in their way.

The rivers of Jamaica, and they are many and tempting, ought to afford excellent sport, but I cannot write that they do. In many instances their upper waters—and in some even down to the mysterious and ever lapping wavelets—must strike the expert's eye as the natural home of the Salmonidæ (it is thought temperature forbids, but that has yet to be proved. An Esquimaux can live on the equator, a Nubian at the poles, they might not be happy in their first generation it is true, but life is tenacious, *vide* Succi), with their pools and shallows, sandy, gravelly and rocky bottoms, and sparkling waters with the yet unborn love of sport in the native, the over-development of the illicit practices of the poacher, and utter disregard of past legislature, it is beyond a wonder that their waters hold fish at all. And yet they do, their productive and recuperative powers are wonderful and satisfying sport may be had at times and places with fly, spinner and with bait at bottom and in midwater. At a fly the mountain mullet, no longer adults, rises with the flash of a grayling but without the endurance of *S. fario*; and the hog-nose of that ilk will test the strength of the gossamer-cast and skill of the hand that wields the rod. Five snook, with an average of five pounds each, within the hour may not be considered as below the capabilities of a phantom—not long ago it was done and may occur again at a certain spot. The ripe berry of the sweet-wood tree, or a dice-sized piece of a not-over-ripe avocado pear has been the cause of the last struggle of many a black-snapper. The worm, the maggot, the cockroach have oft in the past, and will in the future, be the innocent cause of *rigor mortis* in a mudfish.

The lover of the trigger will not find many opportunities for using his shotgun during the early and middle months, for with the close time approaching and the ravages of that ubiquitous pest, the mungoose, there will be little to shoot. If the early months be wet—a rare occurrence—fair wildfowl shooting may be had over the Great Peco Ponds in the Parish of St. Elizabeth and a few other localities; but as the drought season will be on the outlook is not encouraging. There will be more play for a rifle, especially at alligators, which are to be found in numbers at a certain spot—a sure find—not far from Kingston, and in other districts; but alligator shooting is not to my mind sport or an enjoyable recreation in the tropics. Its surroundings are decidedly disagreeable, except when a boat may be used. There are a few large sheets of inland water and two or three rivers upon which an alligator slayer may paddle his own canoe and have an occasional shot at a saurian and pick up a few good fish by way of variety and *pour passer le temps*.

The Norman rifle range, about three miles from Kingston on the windward road, will afford target practice for those inclined to indulge or try conclusions with local marksmen of whom there are many that can give a good account of their prowess and skill in planting a bullseye.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANGLING NOTES.

THE early cold weather has put a stop to all angling in this part of the country, for pickerel fishing through the ice, though excellent fun, can hardly be called angling. There is nothing left to do now but to look back and enjoy the recollections of last season's sport, or what is almost as great a pleasure, plan new trips for the coming year.

Outsiders are greatly mistaken when they think that angling means only catching fish. They little know what a stock of enjoyment for future use can be laid up on a two weeks' fishing trip into the woods and mountains.

Many an overworked business man finds rest and relaxation after a long day of worry, in recalling the events of some such trip. As he sits before the fire in the evening, with the fragrant smoke of the "weed" curling upward, he again sees the cool lake in the forest, or wades the rippling trout brook overhung with bright green foliage, and remembers the killing of that big trout with all its exciting incidents. Or perhaps his vacation was spent on the far away waters of Maine or Canada, and delightful visions of camp life, with its freedom from the irksome restraints of society, pass before him, and he glances at the calendar to count the weeks that must pass before he can again enjoy the delights of "going a-fishing."

The early advent of winter ought to make a good season for Florida; already many tourists and anglers have departed for the "sunny South," and many more are prepared to start. Nearly every one hopes to kill a tarpon, but unless they remain till spring they will most likely be disappointed—nothwithstanding Senator Quay's success in that direction with his handline fishing.

Very many people, particularly those who have had no experience in Florida, seem to think that any kind of tackle will answer for tarpon fishing. One season's experience generally convinces them that they are wrong; that is if they happen to strike one of those big herring. The tackle for these great fish must be of the very best quality and sufficiently strong, or they will smash it and leave you disconsolate after perhaps many hours or even days of patient waiting.

Therefore the most successful tarpon anglers use special rods, reels, lines and snells. Noibwood makes the best rod and so far they have stood the strain of the heaviest fish (Mr. Hecksher's 184lbs.). They should be made with a long tip and short butt, something like the Cuttyhunk style of rod, only stiffer. The next best material is the plain Calcutta cane, made up in the same shape.

Split-bamboo rods are more expensive and do not stand the climate of the Florida coast.

The line should be of the best hand-laid flax, 18 or 20 threads and 600ft. long. These lines require big reels and they must run on steel points. One good run of a big tarpon will tear an ordinary reel to pieces.

The best snells of the many kinds that have been tested are the flat braided linen, mounted on special hand-forged steel hooks. These snells are tough, will stand the grinding of the tarpon's jaws, yet a shark will cut it at once and you will be able to save the line. The gaff must be made very strong and of the best steel. It should have a spread of from 4 to 5in. Thumb stalls of knitted linen must be used, and it is even safer to have a small leather apron on the reel, to act as a drag. It is not unusual to have the boatman squeeze water from a sponge on the line to keep it from burning when being run off by a lively tarpon. Rigged in this manner, and well supplied with patience and a good boatman, the angler will, sooner or later, enjoy great sport. But he must remember that the great run of tarpon does not begin until April or May. In the mean time he can amuse himself with 25lb. cavalli and channel bass, or 60lb. drum or hordes of smaller fish, many of which will take a fly and afford the best of sport.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THOSE SUNAPEE TROUT AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You certainly give *Salmo aureolus* or *alpinus*, whichever he may finally prove to be, a good space in your columns, but I must ask for a word or two more to correct misinformation, or misunderstandings. First, deep-water fishing in the Sunapee is no new discovery.

I have personally been informed of it at Sunapee Lake as far back as 1844, when I reached the lake in June, too late for shore fishing, and was told that I must use "live bait, long lines, and go out into deep water," and the only trout then known were the regular red spotted *Salmo fontinalis*.

With regard to hybridism, I can only say that the likeness to the landlocked salmon suggested the idea to me in 1883, and if the plant of '77 had not produced them, Dr. Fletcher's plant of '65 might have done so, should such a crop be possible.

There is yet another point, which no one has noted, should the fish prove to be *Salmo alpinus*.

The shipment to this country called for 60,000 eggs. 5,000 were said to have been lost on the voyage, and Mr. Powers reported a loss of 6,515 in the hatchery. This left 49,485, of which only 30,000 were reported to have been placed in Newfound Lake. This leaves 19,485 unaccounted for. Some were kept as breeders, but I always believed that Mr. Powers, from his well known affection for Sunapee, put part of them in there, and this impression was strengthened by his reticence and refusal to express any opinion on the subject, when it was discussed in his presence. Should he have done so in 1881, it would easily account for their appearance on the spawning beds in 1885. Of course this is only conjecture, but in such an investigation, all causes and chances should be considered and weighed.

This, however, would not account for their appearance in Dan Hole, and if they are the genuine saibling, the only way they could have got there, would have been by getting mixed in the hatching house, and it was always a mystery to me in my visits to the house, that the fry did not get so mixed, with the constant flow of water, through those shallow trays, in which they were always huddled at the lower edge.

Landlocked salmon were planted in Silver Lake, in Madison in '78, but if these fish can be found, as Mr. Aiken suggests, in the pond in Warren, it would be pretty positive proof that they are an aboriginal and hitherto unknown variety, which I hope for the sake of my friend Hodge may prove to be the case. VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 20.

THE CALIFORNIA SARDINE.—San Francisco Bay is said to be fairly swarming with sardines at the present time. "On clear nights they come to the surface in such myriads as to set the water fairly ablaze with their silvery, phosphorescent light, and their leaping and playing produces a sound that resembles the patter of hailstones. All the quiet coves of the bay are infested with them." Most of the fish are as large as the herring and cannot, therefore, be utilized for sardines. This is the California sardine (*Clupea sagax*), and it resembles the well-known sardine (*Clupea pilchardus*), but grows larger. It abounds in winter on the California coast, especially southward. At San Diego Drs. Jordan and Gilbert reported its capture from the wharves with hook and line. As a food fish the sardine is preferred to the herring. It is believed that the species forms an important part of the food of the salmon.

ACCIDENT TO EDGAR SMITH.—Boston, Dec. 21.—Mr. Edgar Smith, proprietor of the Round Mountain Lake fishing camps in Maine, while in Boston, last week, buying some horses, met with a most unfortunate and painful accident. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 17, while crossing the city in the blinding storm, he was struck and thrown down by a horse car that turned a curve and came suddenly upon him, the wheels then passing over the toes of one foot and the other ankle and leg, inflicting injuries of such a nature that at the present time the result is doubtful. With good care it is hoped that amputation will be unnecessary. The many friends of Edgar and his father, who is so widely known among sportsmen as the pioneer of the Dead River country, will feel a deep sympathy and interest in his recovery.—M.

CUTTYHUNK BASS SCORE.—The score of the Cuttyhunk Club for the season of 1890 shows a total catch of 154 fish aggregating a weight of 216¼lbs., an average of about 1¼lbs. The largest fish pulled down 4¼lbs., and the smallest was a diminutive specimen of 4¾lbs. The year's record for 1889, it will be remembered, was practically *nil*.

Fishculture.

HATCHING BLUEBACK SALMON.—Mr. W. A. Wilcox, of the U. S. Fish Commission, informs us that in the fall of 1889 Mr. G. W. Williams hatched 300,000 eggs of the blueback salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) and kept them in a pond at the Cascades of the Columbia River. The young fry it is said were kept in the pond two months and were fed twice daily on oatmeal mush, with the addition of liver twice a week. The pond in which they were kept is only about one acre in extent and has an outlet into the Columbia River. Its temperature was from 40 to 45 degrees and its depth 30ft. At the age of two months the fry had reached a length of from 2 to 2½in. and were allowed to escape into the Columbia. Mr. Williams hatched, also, eggs of the red-throated trout (*Salmo purpuratus*) successfully.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.

Tuesday, Dec. 16.

THE last stake to be run at the Central Field Trials began this morning, with the Free for All or Four-hour race. The drawing took place last night and resulted as follows:

ROWDY ROD (Geo. Ewing)—CHANCE (J. M. Avent).
NANNIE B. (J. A. McLeod)—DAISY HOPE (N. S. Titus).
PITTI SING (T. Johnson)—KING'S MARK (B. Ridgway).

The amount of money given for first, $1,000, is a great inducement to handlers, but well they know that it must be a sterling good dog and a stayer to be able to run consistently throught heats of 3 or 4 hours' duration, which he must do to win the money. The runner-up is consoled with $100. Rowdy Rod is the favorite, Daisy Hope and Chance coming next.

ROWDY ROD AND CHANCE,

the first brace down for the Four-hour race, were cast off at 8 A. M. in the large sedge grass field at edge of town. The morning opened bright and frosty, but the south wind brought rain about 11 o'clock, making it most uncomfortable work for both dogs and all concerned. S. C. Bradley handled Rowdy and J. M. Avent, Chance. Not long after



JUDGE WALLACE.

starting Chance pointed a bevy, which Avent flushing, shot and killed; Chance retrieving. Then Rowdy pointed a small bevy, secured a single on scattered birds, which Bradley flushed, shot at and missed. Moving on to pine woods, Rowdy pointed and Bradley flushed the bird out of a pine tree. Then Rowdy pointed, and drawing on failed to find anything. Chance pointed further on in sedge and small pines. Rowdy backed to order, when Chance moved on, roaded but failed to locate. Further up the hill he pointed false again. Then he pointed again, then drew on but in the wrong direction, and Rowdy being let go, at once drew to the left and found the birds within a few yards, dropping as the birds flushed wild. Chance making off to one side further up the hill, dropped to a point again, but Avent not finding, he drew on and ranged off. Rowdy, who had followed flushed birds in the bottom, failed to score, and coming up both pointed, but Rowdy drawing on pointed at foot of fir tree where a single bird had just flushed. Out of woods in sedge, dogs were held up and taken to another farm where they were put down in cornfield. A lot of varied country was hunted out, when Chance had a welcome rest, Rowdy having ranged off in woods where he was found on a point, Bradley flushing a bevy, shot and killed. Rowdy retrieving well. Then Chance was lost, and Rowdy had his turn, and after waiting about twenty minutes, dogs were brought together and shortly after Rowdy got a good point on a bevy, which Bradley flushed but did not shoot; both dogs steady. Then Rowdy pointed foot scent near by. In high sedge, further on, Rowdy dropped to a point, but Bradley failed to find anything. Then on in edge of woods Chance pointed false, Rowdy backing. In some dense pines Rowdy then made a good point on a bevy, which Bradley put up, shot and missed. It was now raining hard and rubber coats were in order. In ragweed field Chance pointed false, and Rowdy coming up did not care much about backing. Chance was then held up, as Rowdy had secured a bevy in woods. After ranging on some distance, at edge of woods, Chance got a good point on a bevy; Avent flushed, shot and missed. After the scattered birds, Rowdy pointed a single, which Bradley shot and wounded, Chance backing. Bird was hard to retrieve as Rowdy had to chase, eventually bringing it in. Then Chance pointed false. Further on in woods, in a patch of sedge grass, Rowdy pointed, and Chance passing him failed to back, when Bradley flushed a single, shot and missed. Shortly after Chance pointed stylishly in pines and a single flushed wild ahead, Rowdy backing nicely. Going on through the pines, Chance secured a single, and Avent flushing, the balance of birds got up. Dogs were then taken up at 12 o'clock, Rowdy winning the heat. Rowdy did the best work on birds, and both were going fast at the finish considering the wet and heavy nature of the ground, as it was still raining hard and showed no sign of stopping. After lunch, which was eaten before a welcome wood fire in the farmhouse kitchen amid steaming leggings, a halt was called for the day and a wet ride home ensued. Snow fell during the night, some three inches deep, and as the weather was still unfit for work on Wednesday, it was decided to lay up for the day.

Thursday.

NANNIE B. AND DAISY HOPE.

After the blustering snowy weather of yesterday this morning opened frosty and clear, the sun coming out toward the middle of the day, when it became quite warm. The above brace was put down at 8:05 in the sedge field near town. Daisy was the first to point, Titus putting up a bevy, shot and killed, Daisy retrieving. Following the scattered birds each pointed singles, and Nannie retrieved to Barker's kill. Then all the birds flushed wild. Daisy soon located a bevy in sedge field, making a good point; Nannie backed and Titus flushed. Following the scattered birds into woods Nannie pointed false, then roading on she pointed false again. Daisy having been brought up pointed as well, but nothing came of it. The dogs were then taken up and put



JUDGE DAVIDSON.

down at edge of woods about half a mile away. Working into woods Nannie pointed, moved on and stopped again, then roaded on, but could not locate. A good deal of varied ground was now hunted out, and it was upward of an hour before Daisy was lost again. She then redeemed herself by pointing in a strip of cover, but her handler not flushing she drew on and finally located the birds several yards further on, birds flushing wild; Titus shot and missed. Following the scattered birds Nannie picked up a single which Barker flushed, but did not shoot, Daisy meanwhile backing. Daisy then pointed a single and Titus flushing, Titus's gun missed fire. Both dogs then roaded on carefully and out into the open sedge. Then Daisy at the corner of woods began roading, stopped, moved on, when Titus flushed a single as the bitch was coming toward him from the left. Daisy dropped to wing. Then Daisy pointed foot scent, Nannie backing. Daisy secured another single which Titus shot at and missed, Nannie backing nicely. Daisy followed this up by a good point on a bevy at the edge of woods, but Titus failed to score. For some time Nannie had begun to show signs of giving up, and Barker asked permission to withdraw her, but the judges would not allow it. The bitch took it into her own hands, however, and laid down, handler and dog taking a rest. Her feet were sore and she seemed generally out of shape. It may be said that this bitch is very open footed, and this country if any where needs a dog with good sound limbs and good close feet, thick through the pads. Finally Barker took the bitch up at 11:05. Going back in woods Daisy pointed, and judge Davidson to vary the monotony thought he would take a shot. After due preparation a single was flushed, when the judge let fly, missed, and followed suit with the other barrel, but with a shake of the tail "Bob White" flew contemptuously away. At edge of woods Daisy pointed again but nothing found. Little else was done before 12:05, when Daisy was ordered up and the heat of course awarded to her. Daisy did nearly all the work on birds, besides ranging out well, and was at the same time under pretty good control. Lunch was eaten at the edge of some pines, and a crackling fire lent warmth and a charm to the scene. The next brace,

PITTI SING AND KING'S MARK

were put down at 12:48 in corn. Pitti Sing was handled by A. Cameron and King's Mark by W. S. Barker. Both started off at a good gait which on the part of Pitti Sing was kept up pretty well to the finish. At the edge of some pines King's Mark was the first to point, but nothing came of it; then further on Pitti pointed and Mark backing, Cameron flushed a bevy, shot and missed, both dogs steady. Working out into the open, Mark, in sedge, pointed and Pitti backed stylishly, but Barker could not find. Dog sent on, roaded round, pointing several times but failed to locate birds. Mark further on indulged in another false point. Then Pitti, at edge of pines, pointed and Mark backing, Cameron flushed a small bevy, dogs steady to wing. Mark then pointed false and followed it up soon after by stopping to a single, Pitti backing nicely. Then Pitti false pointed, backed by Mark; both dogs then roaded through pines, but failed to locate, handlers flushing a single. Out of woods Mark pointed fur, Pitti backing, Barker started a rabbit. In sedge Pitti pointed a large bevy which flushed before Cameron could get up to them, Mark backing nicely. Then by the side of some sedge Mark pointed and Barker flushing a single, shot and missed. Mark further on, where bevy had been marked down, pointed and Barker raised a single. Pitti meanwhile pointing, but nothing found. Mark pointed again and a single flushed ahead near the road. In grass and weeds Pitti pointed but nothing was found, and moving on to the left Cameron flushed two birds ahead of Pitti, who was pointing again, and just as Cameron came up several birds flushed, he shooting to no effect. Moving on, in sedge, Mark pointed, drew on, and pointing again Barker flushed a single, shot and missed. After half an hour's quest, Pitti secured a good point on a brace of birds at edge of sedge. Birds flushed wild and Cameron shot and missed. Then Mark pointed where birds had flushed. Afterward a single flushing, Cameron put his dog on, when she pointed and a single was flushed. To the right Mark then pointed false and moving on some distance pointed a bevy at the edge of ploughed field. Pitti backing Barker flushed, but somehow failed to shoot. On, over a swamp to some woods where birds were marked down, Mark pointed a single, then another and Pitti also secured one. Working on through sedge grass Mark pointed again and Pitti backing, Barker flushed a bevy, shot and killed, Mark retrieving bird nicely. Then Pitti pointed a bird in pines, then pointed again, roaded on but failed to locate. Here Mark showed signs of distress, the going was heavy and his weight began to tell, he seemed to collapse all at once and settling down to a walk would not leave his handler. Dogs were then, at 4 P.M., taken up to be put down about a quarter of a mile further down a road. Pitti started off gaily, but King's Mark refusing to budge. Barker was compelled to take him up for good and Pitti went on alone. Pitti galloping through a field pointed a big flock of doves. Then going on through stubble Pitti, catching scent, roaded prettily to a point on a bevy at edge of some briers, birds flushed just as Cameron came up, when he shot and missed. In pines she got on to the scattered birds but failed to hold them, one bird flushing after she had pointed and been sent on. She was ordered up at 4:48. She did not show much signs of distress, often, when she thought she had a likely bit of ground, starting off at as good a gait as ever. We finished the day's work several miles from town.

Friday—Second Series.

ROWDY ROD AND DAISY HOPE.

Much interest was centered in this race, as both were favorites, but Rowdy was not to be denied. The morning was bright and frosty, becoming uncomfortably warm toward the middle of the day, making it pretty hard on the dogs and handlers. Rowdy, as usual, was handled by Bradley, and Daisy by her owner, W. W. Titus. Cast off at 8:23, both started well, keeping together for some time. Daisy was the first to point in oaks, Rowdy backing, but nothing came of it. On entering woods Daisy found a bevy which Titus flushed, shot and killed, Daisy making a good retrieve. After going thirty-five minutes dogs were taken up, and about ten minutes after put down in cotton patch. Then in a clump of pines Rowdy pointed a bevy which Bradley flushed, Rowdy retrieving nicely to the kill. In dense pines Rowdy pointed and Daisy backed, but nothing found. Rowdy roaded on carefully and located birds which flushed wild; Bradley shot and missed. On, in pines, Rowdy pointed false; then Daisy pointed a single, Titus shot and missed. Working through the pines Rowdy secured a good point on a bevy, which Bradley put up, shot at but missed, Daisy backing. Leaving these birds, dogs were taken out into open sedge, where Bradley flushed a bevy, Rowdy dropping to wing. In sedge Daisy pointed then moved on, repeating in some pines, roading carefully but could not locate. Higher up on the hill birds were located by Rowdy, and pointing staunchly, Bradley flushed, Rowdy retrieved to his kill Lower down meanwhile, Daisy had come up with her bird and pointing, Titus put them up, shot and Daisy retrieved In pines further on Daisy pointed a single, which Titus flushed. Taken out of the woods Rowdy in some corn then pointed a bevy, Bradley flushing, shot and missed. On scattered birds up the hill, Daisy picked up a single, which Titus shot, others getting up in every direction. Then Rowdy pointed a couple of birds, Daisy pointing some others to one side. Roading on Rowdy picked up the birds and Bradley killed; dogs steady. At the foot of a pine Daisy pointed, but nothing found. In some sedge Rowdy was found on a staunch point, but not finding anything dog ordered on to locate, which he did after some careful roading, birds evidently on the move some distance ahead. A single flushed to Rowdy's point, and Bradley shot and



JUDGE TRACY.

killed, others flushing ahead. Rowdy retrieved in good style from the high sedge grass. In bottom, by a creek, just before the finish, Rowdy pointed, but nothing came of it, and as time was up the dogs were secured at 12:24, and after some consultation judges decided in favor of Rowdy Rod. Rowdy was going much the stronger at the finish, but the almost summer-like heat must have affected the dogs considerably. Meanwhile Pitti Sing ran a side heat with the guide, Cameron killing three birds.

Saturday.

ROWDY ROD AND PITTI SING.

The morning opened cloudy and a raw sort of frost prevailed, making it very cold, and the frost lying on the ground so long materially affected the scent for some three hours of the heat. Both dogs at 8:38, in stubble and cornfield about two miles from town, started off at a good speed. Soon after starting, in sedge and ragweed, Pitti came to a point and a bevy flushed wild. Then Rowdy pointed, moved on, pointed again and a single flushed. In high sedge Pitti, after some ranging, pointed false, moved up and pointed again, nothing found. Further on Pitti galloped into a bevy, birds flushing and Pitti dropping to wing. Sent on Pitti pointed and Cameron not finding anything, dog was ordered on and flushed a single, which Cameron shot at and missed. Rowdy then in sedge stopped, but roading on came up with the birds which flushed wild ahead, Rowdy dropping to wing. Across the track, Rowdy going down wind was said to have flushed a bevy and stopped to wing. In pines Pitti pointed and a single flushed ahead of her and being held on the point some time, another single flushed to one side. Sent on, she pointed again and Cameron flushed a single. Pitti then in ragweed flushed a bevy on the hill, Rowdy backing to the drop. Roading up the hill she pointed again but nothing found. Another point was made by this bitch and Rowdy backing to order, Cameron flushed a single, shot and missed. Calling his dog into stubble side of sedge patch, she pointed a bevy which Cameron flushed. Rowdy seemed off nose and was not hunting with his usual confidence, a single flushing quite near to him. Then he pointed a bevy at the edge of pines, which Bradley flushed, shot and

killed, Rowdy retrieving the bird nicely from the high sedge. Then Pitti false pointed. The weather getting warmer and the frost disappearing Rowdy seemed to come to himself and pointing a single at edge of plough, Bradley shot and killed, Rowdy retrieving in good style. Then Pitti pointed further on, moved up, pointed again, but Cameron could not find; Rowdy backing nicely. Pitti then moved on to order, but failed to locate. Rowdy then pointed stylishly in grass field, Pitti backing nicely, when Bradley coming up, birds flushed; Bradley shot and missed; dogs steady. Then at edge of woods Rowdy pointed, and Pitti coming up to one side pointed also, but nothing found. Dogs were then ordered up at edge of woods at 12:39. A dead bird was thrown for Pitti to retrieve, but she failed to do so, and judges consulting some minutes decided in favor of Rowdy Rod, much to the satisfaction of nearly every one present. Both dogs were going well considering the bad state of the ground. This ended the trials for 1890, after a very successful meeting, although every one was by this time pretty well tired out and in need of a rest.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Rowdy Rod beat Chance.
Daisy Hope beat Nannie B.
Pitti Sing beat King's Mark.

Second Series.

Rowdy Rod beat Daisy Hope.
Pitti Sing a bye.

Final.

Rowdy Rod beat Pitti Sing and won first prize of $1,000.
Pitti Sing second, winning $100.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS

EVERY one who attended these trials are loud in their praise of the management, and Mr. Francis S. Brown showed conclusively that he was the right man in the right place. Though the trials were held at an out-of-the-way place, Dentonsville, Va., six miles from the railroad, the arrangements were so perfect that this inconvenience was scarcely felt. The meeting was held at Judge Farrar's residence, and everything was brought from Philadelphia that could conduce to the comfort of the guests. Among those present were Ezra Comfort, the president of the club, Francis S. Brown, the secretary, Dr. John A. Hartmann, Francis G. Taylor, Col. B. Ridgway, Lawrence Shuster, Jr., W. B. Smith, Jr., H. Winslow, C. E. Connell, B. F. Hall, N. B. Thomas, Aleck Wolstencroft, J. Shubrooke, Prof. Schuyler, Polk Miller, R. G. Southall, A. W. Miller, Rev. Mr. Downman, Dr. P. E. Anderson, Dr. Jas. Southall, W. Tallman, Jacob Pentz, V. Haldeman and Maj. J. M. Taylor, judges W. A. Coster and Herbert Merriam; Mr. Taylor-Rich, the other judge, being absent.

Messrs. Winslow and Connell kept the company in roars of laughter with their quips and jokes, and were the life and soul of as merry a party of field trial men as ever got together. The trials were run through in good time, everything being run off by noon on Friday last.

Monday, Dec. 15.

The first day was a perfect one for the club's field trials, weather clear and cool, with very little wind from the south. The arrangements made by the efficient secretary, Francis S. Brown, were perfection, so that an early start was made, the first brace being sent away at 8:02, near Judge Farrar's homestead. In this, the Members' Stake, the dogs were handled by their owners. The first brace down was

EZRA NOBLE AND ROCK II.

Lawrence Shuster, Jr., handled Ezra Noble and Mr. Connell handled Rock II. The ground was frozen and rocky, and Rock II., being lame, got off slowly; in fact, at no time in the heat was he able to show himself the dog he is, and no one seeing him here would have recognized him by his work when compared with that at the Central Trials last week. There is no doubt that his lameness caused him to show up as he did. Ezra Noble is a good field dog, a good worker, staying out at his work well, hunting his ground with good judgment, and he has good pace and range; he backs well, and was generally steady. Ezra soon dropped to a point on a bevy, Rock backing. Mr. Shuster killed and the bird was retrieved by Ezra. Bevy followed to pines, where each scored a flush. They were ordered up at 8:46. Ezra had the best of the heat.

PERSEVERANCE AND BEN HUR OF FRANKLIN.

Ezra Comfort handled Perseverance and Walter B. Smith handled Ben Hur of Franklin. They were cast off at 8:53 in open stubble. After a short run a rabbit, starting in front of Mr. Comfort, ran through bevy, flushing it. The scattered birds were not found. Perseverance pointed a bevy in good style and was backed well by Ben Hur. Mr. Comfort flushed and killed a bird. Perseverance broke shot, then retrieved in good style. Going to where birds settled, each dog quickly made points on singles, both dropping on their points. The bird pointed by Ben Hur was killed and he retrieved a few feet away. He then made another point and was steady to flush. Ben Hur was fastest at first, but at end of the heat Perseverance was his equal in pace and range, and hunted her ground with best judgment. Dogs up at 9:46.

FLASH AND FAN FAN.

The Gordon setter Flash was handled by his owner, B. F. Hall, and Fan Fan was handled by Chas. Connell. They started at 9:50. After a run on new ground while crossing where last scattered birds were left, Fan Fan made game and flushed a single bird she should have pointed. Flash next pointed a bevy, Fan refusing to back, and pointed in ahead; birds flushed around them. Fan afterward made a good point, following with a flush. Flash pointed and Fan put up the birds. Fan showed fair pace and range, but seemed off in nose, and would not back well, and only fairly obedient. Flash, the Gordon, has fair nose, pace and range, doing better work than any dog of his breed I have seen lately. The dogs were ordered up at 10:36.

KATIE NOBLE AND ROSA LEE.

Francis Noble handled his Katie Noble and Rosa Lee was handled by her owner, Dr. John A. Hartman. At 10:41 this brace started, and after a sharp run Katie pointed in heavy grass weeds, nothing found. Moving on she roaded some distance but failed to locate. No birds were found until a reporter flushed a bevy. Following to woods Katie pointed a single, steady to shot. Katie was best in pace, range and hunting qualities, working ground with good judgment. Dogs up at 11:42. Lunch was now ordered and eaten, pending the arrival of Tempest, expected at any moment from the Central trials.

TEMPEST AND EDGEMARK.

Tempest, to be handled by I. H. Winslow, F. S. Brown handling Edgemark. This was the last brace of first series, but Tempest had not arrived from Central Trials and Edgemark was put down to run 45 minutes. He was in good form and ran a fine trial, making one flush and pointing three bevies. He is stylish in work, was steady to wing and shot, and is a good retriever. His work was superior to that done at High Point or Central trials.

Second Series.

Five dogs were left in the second series to run as follows: Ezra Noble against Ben Hur and Flash against Katie Noble, Edgemont a bye.

FLASH AND KATIE NOBLE.

This brace were sent off at 2 P. M. Katie Noble best in speed, range and style and hunting ground with much better judgment. Flash went well, though in open stubble he flushed a single bird, but stopped to wing, when he pointed balance of bevy; Katie backed. Following the bevy, Flash flushed a single. Dogs ordered up at 2:27.

EZRA NOBLE AND BEN HUR OF FRANKLIN.

This heat lasted 2hrs. and 2min., and then not much work was done. Ben Hur pointed a rabbit. After a long run Ezra Noble made game, and after casting round put up a single, which settled a few feet away, dropping to wing he remained on point to balance of bevy; Shuster flushed, when Ezra broke in; he retrieved the bird well. Ben Hur backed in good style, following scattered birds he made two points; steady to wing. Dogs were then ordered up. There was little difference in speed and range, Ezra slightly the better.

BEN HUR AND EDGEMARK.

This was the final for first money. Running for some time both dogs were out of sight behind a hill. Mr. Brown called point, soon afterward bird rose; following them birds were not found. Edgemark afterward flushed a bevy, and in woods on scattered birds Ben made two points on singles, and after a short run Edgemark was declared the winner of first prize, Ben Hur of Franklin second prize, Ezra Noble third prize. This was a good decision.

DERBY STAKE—*Tuesday.*

Morning opened cloudy and cool with a westerly breeze blowing somewhat stiffly, making it uncomfortable for the horsemen. Ice had formed and the ground was well frozen. The Derby closed this morning with eight entries and the running created considerable interest. The running was not high-class, except that done by the winner, Dr. J. A. Hartman's black, white and tan bitch Albert's Duchess. This bitch running the series through without a mistake and doing good work—in fact very high-class work.

JEAN AND OLD SMED.

J. B. Ellison's Jean was handled by A. Wolstencroft and L. Shuster, Jr.'s, Old Smed handled by Geo. Green. A start was made near the house and the puppies had not run long before Old Smed scented birds and began roading, Jean joining in soon, when he pointed and put up a rabbit and chased a short distance, Old Smed roading to a flush. Working over the hill Jean made game and soon pointed but was unsteady, birds flushing. Following the birds, Old Smed made an uncertain point, stopping, but with stern moving about and head looking around. They were ordered up at 9:16, Old Smed had the best of range and pace, with better style, neither doing work good enough for future recognition.

CLEMENTINE AND ALBERT'S DUCHESS.

Lawrence Shuster, Jr.'s Clementine, handled by G. W. Greene, and Dr. J. A. Hartman's Albert's Duchess by J. C. Schuyler, were sent away at 9:21. Going at a good pace, it did not take long to convince all that Duchess was a superior puppy. She quickly made a staunch point on bevy. Clementine, called up, refused to back, and flushed the bevy. Schuyler put up the birds and killed, Duchess retrieved splendidly. The bevy was not followed. Dogs ordered on, Duchess soon found another bevy, which Clementine roaded up; Duchess steady. On the singles she pointed one in good style. After running till 10:06 they were ordered up. Duchess proved herself in this heat a first-class puppy, having good pace and range, hunting in a very independent manner and thoroughly staunch, and under perfect command. She is stylish in work, doing it in a very snappy way, and loses no time in pottering. Clementine under good command, but not broken sufficiently.

PEG WOFFINGTON AND BEVERLY.

Francis S. Brown's Peg Woffington, handled by owner, and Francis G. Taylor's Beverly, handled by N. B. Thomas. This brace was put down at 10:21, and were taken up at 11:07. Nothing was done on birds except a flush of a bevy down wind by Beverly. Both showed good pace and range, but Beverly was much the superior, showing much quality; he has a stylish way of going and is a hard worker, covers a great deal of ground, and hunts out his ground in good form; in fact all his natural qualities are of a superior kind. Peg Woffington is stylish in work but hasn't the speed of Beverly, but is a merry good worker all the same.

LUCY NOBLE AND BOB TOLAND.

W. B. Smith's Lucy Noble was handled by Mr. Sherbrooke, and John B. Ellison's Toland, handled by Alex. Wolstencroft, were the last brace of the first series. They started at 11:14. After a short run Lucy Noble flushed a bevy. At the edge of pine woods near by she made a false point. Bob backed indifferently. Bob was next to do some work, flushing an outlying bird of a bevy, stopping a moment, moved in to send off the balance. Lucy afterward made a false point. Ordered up at 11:59. Bob Toland had nothing of merit about him, slow and without style. Lucy had fair pace, but kept herself busy within limited range. This ended the first series and lunch was announced. The judges, after a short consultation, announced that four dogs would be kept for next series to run as follows:

Albert's Duchess against Beverly.
Peg Wolffington against Old Smed.

Second Series.

BEVERLY AND ALBERT'S DUCHESS.

This brace went away at a good pace, Duchess quickly finding bevy. Beverly called up, refused to back. Birds flushed by Schuyler, Duchess staunch. Birds not followed. A few minutes afterward Beverly flushed a bevy and dogs were ordered up. Down ten minutes.

PEG WOFFINGTON AND OLD SMED.

Peg was first to point, but no bird was flushed. She afterward flushed a bevy roading down wind in short cover. Following scattered birds in woods, she pointed a single. Mr. Brown coming up, she moved on and bird flushed. Peg afterward flushed.

BEVERLY AND OLD SMED.

This brace was put down at 2:24. After a short run Beverly pointed a bevy in good style, but was a little unsteady to flush. Dogs then ordered up.

PEG WOFFINGTON AND CLEMINTINE.

This brace had a short run, Peg getting a good point, Clementine pointing a moment after, flushed and was unsteady. Dogs ordered up and the Derby was decided as follows: Albert's Duchess first, Beverly second, Peg Woffington third.

Albert's Duchess is a black, white and tan bitch weighing about 45lbs., has a fine nose, with good movement and has a merry way of going. She was well handled, is very obedient and a thoroughly independent worker, hunting her ground with judgment and was thoroughly staunch throughout her race. She won easily here and would be a formidable opponent at any field trial. Her owner, Dr. John A. Hartman, of Latrobe, Pa., is to be congratulated on owning so good a bitch.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

This stake closed with twenty entries, which were drawn as follows:

White Fawn with Inspiration.
Perseverance with Countess Roxie.
Edgemark with Sue Noble.
Prince with Shot.
Silk with Fan Fan.
Ezra Noble with Hazel.
King Item with Flash.
Katie Noble with Sleepy Noble.
Rock II. with Victor the Blue Stocking.
Tempest with Rosa Lee.

Wednesday.—Rained hard all day and nothing was done.

Thursday.

The day was cloudy and cold, raining early in the morning. A late start was made about one mile south of Judge Farrar's house. A cold and strong breeze was blowing from the northwest, making it very uncomfortable for us all.

WHITE FAWN AND INSPIRATION.

J. H. Winslow's pointer bitch White Fawn was handled by J. Sherbrooke and F. G. Taylor's pointer dog Inspiration was handled by W. B. Thomas. They were cast off at 9:31. White Fawn was first to find and pointing bevy she was handsomely backed by Inspiration. Handler not flushing, White Fawn moved on and located birds. On scattered birds she pointed a single, Inspiration backing; Sherbrooke flushed and killed, both dogs broke, Inspiration got the bird and retrieved it. While neither dog showed more than fair pace and range Inspiration had the best of it, his style in backing and pointing being the best. Inspiration made a point, but White Fawn refused to back; ordered up at 10:16.

COUNTESS ROXIE AND PERSEVERANCE.

H. F. Smith's Gordon setter bitch Countess Roxie was handled by Fisher and Ezra Comfort's English setter bitch Perseverance was handled by J. Sherbrooke. They were sent away at 10:17 and but little work was done by them. Perseverance had the best of it in pace and range, but she was badly handled. Countess Roxie found and pointed a bevy, Perseverance breaking shot and retrieving bird. This was poor work.

EDGEMARK AND SUE NOBLE.

F. S. Brown's English setter Edgemark, handled by owner, and B. Ridgway's English setter bitch Sue Noble, handled by J. Sherbrooke, were cast off at 11:08. In stubble at edge of woods Edgemark pointed a bevy and was backed by Sue Noble. On, after scattered birds in woods Edgemark pointed a single, and then made a flush. Sue pointed; sent on, failed to locate. Going to open again, Edgemark after a short run pointed a bevy, after which dogs were ordered up at 11:53. Edgemark was best in pace, range and style. Sue Noble had the disadvantage of bad handling, as Mr. Sherbrooke has much to learn in the business. His dogs were allowed by him to rely on their own judgment and merit to pull them through.

PRINCE AND SHOT.

J. A. Stovell's setter dog Prince, handled by R. Voshall, and B. F. Hall's Gordon setter dog Shot, handled by Ed. Martin, were cast off at 11:55. Shot pointed a bevy, Prince not caring to back, birds flushed. Following them Shot pointed a single, which he flushed and chased. Going on Shot found another bevy, dropping to a point, Prince backing, but nothing found to the point. Afterwards each dog made point and moved on. Prince then made a point and flushed the birds. Going on a while, both dogs while roading through bushes flushed a large bevy wild.

SILK AND FAN FAN.

G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Silk, handled by N. B. Thomas, and Cornwell & Cullen's pointer bitch Fan Fan, handled by Wm. Tallman, were sent away at 1:30. After a short run, and while dogs were in thicket a large bevy flushed on to pines. Going on, each made a flush of birds. Silk followed with a flush of a single; after roading it she jumped in. Fan Fan was best in pace and range. Ordered up at 2:17.

EZRA NOBLE AND HAZEL.

Lawrence Shuster, Jr.'s English setter dog Ezra Noble, handled by Geo. Greene, and John B. Ellison's English setter bitch Hazel, handled by Alex Wolstencroft, were cast off at 2:23. No birds were found during the heat. Hazel did nothing to commend her to notice. Ezra started rather slowly, but soon got to good pace and range, hunting his ground well.

KING ITEM AND FLASH.

H. F. Smith's Gordon setter dog King Item was handled by Fisher, and B. F. Hall's Gordon setter dog Flash, handled by E. I. Martin, were started at 3:12, some time elapsed before finding. Flash making a point on bevy in a weed field, he was unsteady to shot; he was indifferently backed by King. The bevy settled in pine woods, where Flash made three points on singles in good style; to one flush he was unsteady, but retrieved a bird well killed by Martin. King had much better pace and range than he showed at the Central trials, but was not the equal of Flash in either.

KATIE NOBLE AND SLEEPY NOBLE.

Francis G. Taylor's English setter bitch Katie Noble; handled by N. B. Thomas, and Lawrence Shuster, Jr.'s English setter Sleepy Noble, handled by Geo. Greene, were cast off at 4 P. M. Katie was not long in finding a bevy in a stubble field, dropping to a point, Sleepy Noble backing to command. The scattered birds were not found. Passing through pines to stubble, Sleepy Noble was roading to point and had almost stopped when Katie, crossing several yards in front of him, dropped to a point near the birds; Sleepy Noble was entitled to the find. Following the bevy Sleepy pointed another bevy about 60yds. from last find. Afterward Katie pointed a single; crossing ravine to hillside. Katie pointed a bevy in stubble. The bevy was not followed. Near by she made a point on another bevy, and some distance further on pointed again. Dogs were then ordered up at 4:43. Katie had pace and range and was the more stylish in ranging. Sleepy the more stylish on point. Both were under good command.

ROCK II.—VICTOR THE BLUE STOCKING.

Connell and Cullen's pointer dog Rock II., handled by Wm. Tallman, and John B. Ellison's liver and white pointer dog Victor the Blue Stocking, was handled by Aleck Woolstencroft. This was the last brace of the day, and they had a spin in the open. Pace and range about equal. They first got on single birds. Victor first made a point and was well backed by Rock. Rock then made a flush and then pointed where birds had flown from. Going up a ravine Rock pointed, when Tallman flushed and winged a bird. Rock broke shot to retrieve, but failed to find. After a short run to woods, Victor pointed a single, which his handler flushed and killed, and bird was well retrieved by Victor. Rock pointed then, evidently on scent of running birds, but failed to locate. This ended the work for the day.

Friday.

This was a clear day with bracing air and light breeze from the northeast, a nice day for the close of the trials. At 9 o'clock the last brace of the first series was put down.

TEMPEST AND ROSA LEE.

J. H. Winslow's pointer dog Tempest, handled by J. Sherbrooke, and Dr. J. A. Hartman's English setter bitch Rosa Lee was handled by J. C. Schuyler. They started in open grass field; the pace was not fast. After a short run a bevy of birds was flushed by horsemen, and they settled in the open. Dogs ordered on, Tempest made a point first and was backed by Rosa Lee, both steady to flush. Following into pines, Tempest flushed a single bird, and then a fresh bevy down wind. Following on Rosa Lee pointed a single and was indifferently backed by Tempest. After running till 9:45 they were ordered up. This completed the first series, and the judges after short consultation announced the following to run in

Second Series.

Katie Noble with Edgemark; Flash with Sleepy Noble; Ezra Noble with Countess Roxie.

EDGEMARK AND KATIE NOBLE.

This brace was cast off at 10:02, both going well, Katie the faster and covering the ground in better form. After a short run at edge of pines, Katie was lost; when found she was on a point, her handler flushing, she was steady to wing. Moving on to scattered birds, each dog made a flush, Katie down wind and Edgemark cross wind, both in difficult places to get a point. Dogs were taken up and carried to open fields half a mile away and put down in stubble, Katie first false pointed, and Edgemark refused to back, but soon after found a bevy, pointing it staunchly, Edgemark backing in good style. During most of the heat Katie, being the best ranger, was working ground most of the time ahead of Edgemark, increasing her chances of finding before him, and this defeated him. The dogs were ordered up at 10:52.

FLASH AND SLEEPY NOBLE.

At 10:54 this brace was put down in the open and shortly afterward Flash pointed a bevy, getting well into them as they were flushed by handler on all sides of him. Following them to ravine, Sleepy Noble got two points. Several birds flushed from the last point and he was unsteady. This ended the heat at 11:22. Flash was the better dog in all except style, in which they were about equal.

EZRA NOBLE AND COUNTESS ROXIE.

At 12 M. this the last brace was put down, and they ran for 22 minutes. Just before they were taken up Countess pointed a small bevy, Ezra at first blinking on the back, but finally settled down to it. Following scattered birds, Countess flushed a single, which ended the heat.

After a short consultation the judges announced their decision. Katie Noble first prize, Edgemark second, Flash third. The judging throughout the week was most commendable and satisfactory.

SUMMARY—ALL-AGED STAKE.

White Fawn with Inspiration.
Perseverance with Countess Roxie.
Edgemark with Sue Noble.
Prince with Shot.
Silk with Fan Fan.
Ezra Noble with Hazel.
King Item with Flash.
Katie Noble with Sleepy Noble.
Rock II. with Victor the Blue Stocking.
Tempest with Rosa Lee.

Second Series.

Edgemark with Katie Noble.
Flash with Sleepy Noble.
Ezra Noble with Countess Roxie.

Final.

Katie Noble first money.
Edgemark second money.
Flash third money.

DOG CHAT.

THE Central Field Trials have finally dragged their weary length to a close. Judges, handlers and all connected concur in the opinion that something must be done to curtail the time which it takes to run these trials, and we were informed that some step will be taken in this direction by the Board of Governors before the next trials. A great many dogs are run a full hour, and are kept in the second series, when it is plain that they have little chance of getting into the money, from an exaggerated idea of giving every dog a fair chance. That is all right to a certain extent, but handlers and others grumble at the extra expense that this incurs for board and horse hire. The running at High Point was done in clean-cut, sharp style, and it was admitted that, though little time was wasted over the "duffers," there was no doubt whatever that the proper winners were picked, according to their style of trials. The half-hour amendment at Lexington was a good move, and a still further reduction of half an hour in the preliminary series would no doubt be welcomed by every one. The judges showed a commendable zeal and thoroughness in their work, and very few decisions were given hastily, nor until it was palpable to all which was the better dog. It has been a matter of remark that the pointers have, considering the hard country they have had to travel over, done remarkably well, and the English setter men must look to their laurels or they will be snatched from them. The work of Ightfield Deuce, the English pointer; Spotted Boy, winner of the Derby at Central Trials; Duke of Hessen, second in All-Aged at High Point; Zig Zag, Tapster, Tray of Montery, which was afterward purchased by Mr. E. Dexter; Shot, Rock II., was all of a high order and was quite on a plane with the setters. On Monday night, Dec. 15, Mr. Brailsford, having been able to get the heat for absolute winner of the All-Aged Stake off his mind, decided to go home in time for Christmas, and left on the evening train, to sail on the City of Berlin, Dec. 17. To show the estimation in which he was held by the handlers at these trials, they decided get up an address testifying to the esteem they felt for him, in the following words:

To Mr. W. Brailsford and A. Cameron:

The undersigned owners and handlers participating in the trials of the Central Field Trial Club, now in progress at Lexington, N. C., beg to express to you on your departure for your home across the ocean, our lasting esteem of yourself for your gentlemanly and endearing qualities and appreciation of your courteous bearing and fair handling in the competitions. We sincerely hope that this visit to America is but the first of many, and that we will have the pleasure of welcoming you again as a friend and competitor. May your journey be safe and pleasant, and prosperity and happiness attend you, is the fervent wish of Edward Dexter, D. E. Rose, W. W. Titus, J. B. Stoddard, Chas. W. Barker, Frank Richards, J. M. Aldrich, Geo. Gray, T. M. Aldrich, N. Tallman, S. C. Bradley, Chas. Tucker, N. B. Nesbitt and J. M. Tracy, N. Wallace, John Davidson, the judges.

We all went in a body to see him off at the train, where the address was read to him and Mr. Cameron by the flickering light of the lamp on the platform of the depot by Mr. J. M. Tracy. Mr. Brailsford made a neat speech in return, expressing his thanks for the courtesies and kind treatment he had received in this country, and trusted that this would not be his last visit; if it was, he would still have this kind testimonial to remind him of the friends he had made in America. Three cheers were then proposed by "Billy" Tallman and were given with a will that must have effectually roused this sleepy little town from its dormant state. Mr. Cameron will follow later, as he had to run Mr. Johnson's Pitti Sing in the four-hour race.

Several dogs were taken sick at the trials, notably Mr. Hitchcock's Tory Lieutenant, which after running in the Setter Derby at Lexington was taken down with pneumonia and was a very sick dog for some time, but through the careful nursing of John White, his handler, he showed signs of a rapid recovery when we left. One could see that he did not range with his usual snap at Lexington, nor could he be expected to, when doubtless he was then a sick dog. Mr. Dexter's Rip Rap had an attack of inflammation of the bowels and had to be declared out of the four-hour race, for which he stood a good chance. Maid of Kent had a touch of distemper at the same time, but both are now convalescent under the good care of Capt. McMurdo. We hear that Mr. F. R. Hitchcock purchased the English setter Roi d'Or, which dog won one of the Lorillard medals at High Point.

Our illustration this week is Gath's Mark, owned by the newly-formed Blue Ridge Kennels, owned by Messrs. O'Bannon and H. Hulman, Jr. Gath's Mark is by Gath out of Gem, and is a finely-formed animal, has great bone, and, in fact, has a look of great strength all round, which is completely carried out by his vigorous action in the field, as proved by his winning the Champion Stake this year at the Eastern Field Trials, beating several crack dogs, such as Rip Rap, Chance, Daisy Hope and others. This dog won the All-Aged Stake in 1885 and the Members' Stake in 1890, besides the championship at the Eastern Trials. He has never been shown on the bench, but will most likely be seen there now, when he will beat more than beat him. He is sire of such noted dogs as Lilly Burgess, Reveler, Reverdy, Jubilee, El Rio Rey and others. This dog will not run again in trials, but will now rest on his well-earned laurels.



BLUE RIDGE KENNELS' "GATH'S MARK."

We hear the price paid for the two champion Gordons, Beaumont and Belmont, was $1,050.

There was considerable friction over the decision which placed Fred Gates equal third with Antonio in the All-Aged Setter Stake at the Central Trials. It was maintained, and with justice, that a dog lost had no right to receive a prize, and should have been thrown out. The ground taken was that at the time the decision was made, Fred Gates was lost and no one knew anything of his whereabouts; he was to all intents and purposes a dead dog, and might have been in reality, for anything the judges knew to the contrary. Mr. Windholz felt that his bitch Princess Beatrice was thus hardly treated with due consideration under these circumstances, as she came next to Antonio, with Fred Gates out of the way. This was the only serious kick of the trials, and it is very pleasing to all to know that with this exception everything has passed off pleasantly.

We hear that the noted St. Bernard Prince Regent has arrived safely at Mr. Sydney Smith's kennel in England, having been repurchased by that gentleman. It is a pity this dog could not have stood nearer the center of St. Bernarddom in America, as he was considered one of the best stud dogs in England, and had already made a record as the sire of Princess Florence.

At Rockford show in Illinois, Mr. Geo. Bell's Obediah (late Kildare) won first in open class for cocker dogs. Amazement won in open bitches, his Madame Obo taking vhc.

Mr. Mercer writes us that Mr. Holmes, the noted Clumber man in England, has just had his streak of ill-luck, losing such noted bitches as Honesty, Hilda and Lady Gaunt, and now "Clumber" is trying his best to deprive him of Holmes's Hotspur, the very best young dog in England and a noted winner. *Canine World* in "They Say" says that "Mercer has gone mad over Clumbers." Tell us some news.

We have received a fine photo of Mr. Geo. Bush's cocker spaniel Idea, which we shall shortly illustrate.

The National Greyhound Club intend holding a show of greyhounds, deerhounds and Barzois at the American Horse Exchange, Jan. 17, for one day. Prizes will be ten dollars in each class. Particulars can be had from H. W. Huntington, 148 South 8th street, Brooklyn.

We received, just as we are going to press, an excellent photograph of friend Mercer with four of his champion Clumbers—Johnny, Drake, Bromine and Boss III., with the following greetings—"H. W. L, with Xmas greetings and many waggles of the hinder parts from 'five' Clumbers—'United we lie, unsundered we die.'" Byron, Shakespeare, Mercer (after dinner).

We regret to hear that, owing to a fight with Master Rich, Mr. Phister came very near losing his greyhound Norwegian. Norwegian on his way East from the recent coursing meetings out West, stayed, with his Nettlefield, at the Rookwood-Landseer Kennels, in Kentucky, and was kenneled with Master Rich. They seemed to be the best of friends until a neighbor threw a bone over the kennel fence and both dogs going for it, had an argument over its possession, which resulted in Norwegian being terribly mangled about the throat and flank. The best veterinary in the State is attending him and says that if his intestines are not cut there is hope for his recovery. His leg is badly crushed as well, but it is not known yet whether it is broken or not. Should the dog die it will be, if only the breeding of the dog is considered, a severe loss to Mr. Phister and greyhound men generally. Latest advices seem favorable, though inflammation may, if great care is not taken, make recovery extremely difficult.

From little causes come great effects sometimes. Mr. Wade writes us that the letter in *Stock-Keeper* about mastiffs, their early failings and the effect of arsenic, which we alluded to recently was part of a letter written to Mr. Wade by Henry Clay, of Liverpool, Eng., and which he forwarded to the above-named paper. It does not take much to start a ball nowadays, as witnessed by the cocker controversy now going on in our columns. Such discussions, when they are kept within courteous bounds, will surely tend to enlighten the novice and stir up the faculties of the older breeders. We are not so much in love with the "long and low," and would therefore like to see the subject so thoroughly discussed that good may arise from it and a more serviceable cocker rise Phœnix-like from the ashes of the discussion.

Owing to our protracted absence at the trials, kennel matter has accumulated to such an extent that it is impossible to publish everything this week or even next. We therefore claim the indulgence of our numerous correspondents and promise that they will receive due attention as soon as possible. Visits, breeding notices, English notes, etc., are crowded out by the trial reports this week.

Another Birmingham show is past and gone. This show, although there may be lots of grumbling at the management, their autocratic methods and poor accommodations, still seems to the bulk of English exhibitors what our New York show is to the American fancier, a place of rendezvous, and where dog men are sure to congregate. We are told that the show of setters has never been equalled and that the same may be said of pointers. Spaniel men showed their feelings in regard to a poor classification by keeping their best at home. Bull-terriers were not up to former years in point of quality or numbers. Black and tan terriers were poorly represented. Other breeds are about as usual. Two crack young St. Bernards came out; one is a son of Sir Bedivere and another is one of Lord Bute's offspring out of Baroness Cardiff. The Sir Bedivere pup Lord Dunlo won the special for best in show, although only fourth in his regular class, Mr. Halsey judging him on the what-he-promises-to-be principle.

A new kennel of greyhounds has been started out at Hutchinson, Kan., to be known as the Thistlewood Kennels. Mr. Geo. McClaim is the manager and trainer.

The National Beagle Club have placed Messrs. W. S. Diffenderffer, Joe Lewis, R. F. Mayhew and H. W. Lacy on their list of judges, and have notified leading show committees of the same. They intend offering substantial special prizes at shows when their judges are selected. It is the intention of the club to raise the subscription to $5 to enable them to carry out their plans to advance this handsome little hound, and such a move should receive no opposition, for it cannot be expected that two or three men are to go into their pockets every time, so we hope the beagle men will stand true to the colors even if they do fly a little high.

Mr. F. E. Lamb, who recently lost his St. Bernard bitch Lady Valentine, intends replacing her at once, and has purchased in England a prize-winning Pinlimmon bitch that he expects to hold her own in any company. She will be bred to a native dog on the other side before importing her. After being bred we should advise him to get her over as soon as possible, if he wishes to have luck with the expected litter.

Kash, the champion pug, has made a record as a stock getter, for Mr. Pitts writes us that, from December, 1889, to the present month, he has served 37 bitches, with a result of 96 dogs and 65 bitches, or in round numbers 161 puppies. That little tale about the goose and the golden egg occurs to one when reading this Kash account.

We hear that Baroness Cardiff, the noted St. Bernard, will soon find a home this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. E. B. Sears writes us in sending a list of the new additions to his already strong kennel that he has purchased a farm in Melrose, Mass., on which he intends erecting in the spring one of the finest kennels in America. When we visited this gentleman's kennels recently we thought that he would soon have to make an extension somewhere. The importation of such a bitch as champion Plevna is another important event in the lively series of St. Bernard bitch importations we have been startled with lately. Our assertion in a transatlantic journal that America would be sending stock to the Crystal Palace show of 1895, and winners too, would seem to be hardly so illusionary as a critic would have us all believe, if our breeders are only favored with as much "breeders luck" as they have pluck and enterprise.

A. K. C. SUGGESTIONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Watson devotes considerable space in your last week's issue anent some remarks of mine which appeared in the *Fanciers' Journal* concerning the A. K. C adopting the system of registering prize winners "free" in the stud book. He (Mr. Watson) takes exception to my claiming to be one of the "motive powers" which brought about this action. He may be right, but in conversation with Mr. Vredenburgh prior to the publication of my paragraphs, the latter gentleman referred to what had appeared of mine in the *Fanciers' Journal*, and said he had adopted some of my suggestions, "the free registration business" being mentioned among other subjects. Therefore I considered I was not overstepping "my imagination" when I claimed to have had something to do with this new departure. I would also refer Mr. Watson to some notes of mine in the *Turf, Field and Farm* of over a year ago, in which I advocate what he claims the "stud book committee" adopted "three months ago." In this at least I have a priority over the "trio," of which Mr. Watson is one.—R. F. MAYHEW.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. J. S. Niven has recently stated in these columns that "one decision of many judges I could never swallow, that was putting Jerry in the first flight; and the critics, even 'C. M.,' went wild over him." I wrote all reports signed "C. M.," and a large number that were not signed, but have no recollection of having gone "wild" over any spaniel I have ever seen in this country.

Dr. Niven, unlike several of our dog men, is an honorable man and a gentleman. He would not wilfully make a statement he could not verify. As I do not remember having said Jerry was typical or first-class I must ask Dr. Niven for proof in support of his statement.

I wish to keep Dr. Niven and Mr. Mercer as far apart as possible, because the former has been a lover of dogs for many years and ought to know something about spaniels and one or two other breeds. Mr. Mercer, on the other hand, is a beginner, and ought to know very little about dogs. What is more, he does know very little, and this statement is conclusively proved by Mr. Mercer himself.

In case your compositor "set up" Jerry instead of Jersey I will ask Dr. Niven to prove that I "went wild" over Jersey. CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What we all want is a short-bodied dog, well stationed, with a good loin; the color is not so important, for by breeding, black and tans, livers, white and liver, solid ruby, liver and white and solid blacks can be obtained. I call to mind Frank Hollin's bitch, that I think won first at the Centennial show and was in the money at the early New York shows. This bitch was liver and white and a trifle "low on the leg," but looked more the proper sort than any of the long-bodied specimens that of late have been so popular. So far as short-faced or nosed specimens not being able to make useful workers, on the contrary I have a black and tan toy spaniel that will raise rabbits and run them as quick as any of the larger breeds. I have owned some handsome liver and white cockers and some solid ruby colors, but when I learned that the "low and long" were the prize takers I made up my mind to drop breeding. If the old style comes in fashion I intend to own a kennel of what I consider the most useful dog that ever licked man's hand.

A. W. LUCY.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the publication of my letter on the above the change of a word somewhat alters the sentiment.

In the second paragraph you make me say of Red Jacket: "Short and somewhat thick in muzzle, he is best from his ears back to the tip of his tail, etc." Change the position of a comma and put "but" for "best" and you have what I wrote: "Short and somewhat thick in muzzle he is, but from his ears back to the tip of his tail, and to the pads of his feet, he is as near perfect as any dog in America."

CHARLES M. NELLES, Brant Cocker Kennels.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Dec. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your young critic Mr. Mercer says in his last attempt that "To give Mr. C. H. Mason his due he 'spotted' champion Doc for a good one several years ago, repeatedly saying that were he in condition the prize money was at his mercy." It is true that I gave Doc a first prize before Mr. Mercer became known as a dog man, but it is, I believe, untrue that I "repeatedly" said prize money would be at Doc's mercy if the dog were in good condition. Therefore I call on Mr. F. H. F. Mercer to produce evidence to show that I repeatedly said anything of the sort.

Mr. Mercer proposes to give me my "due" for having "spotted" Doc for a good one, but he says not a word about giving me my "due" for having downed those white and red monstrosities which he attempted to force on to the fancy as typical Clumber spaniels. It is here that credit is really "due" me, and I got it in the shape of an insulting letter written over a *nom de plume* to *Sports Afield* and in an equally insulting letter mailed to me and marked "personal." I judge from this that Mr. Mercer gives a man his "due" only when it is to Mr. Mercer's advantage to give it. Let me assure Mr. Mercer once and for all that I will accept my "due" only from a tribunal of experienced and fair-minded dog fanciers who are capable of rendering a just and intelligent decision, and whose opinions when expressed are worth having.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will attend to "Gothamite" next week. It's hard work to keep these two ("Gothamite" and Mercer) separate, because their methods, statements, style of writing, lack of knowledge of dogs, etc., etc., are identical.

"Gothamite" stated in these columns that Mr. Watson and myself "started the long and low craze" in cocker spaniels. I demanded evidence to support this outrageous falsehood and "Gothamite," instead of giving this proof or apologizing, says that it is a well-known fact that I have "borne a leading part in encouraging the long and low craze." This is a deuced sharp curve, but none too sharp for a man who can be in two places at the same time. Unfortunately for "Gothamite" Webster does not say that starting means encouraging or that encouraging means starting.

"Gothamite" vainly supposes that "we (is this "Gothamite," "Clumber" and "Dogwhip?") will probably hear no more" from the writer of this. Don't go too fast young man. You will hear more than you bargained for when you imposed upon FOREST AND STREAM by sending to them for publication a letter containing statements that you knew to be false, and which you have not had the manliness and good sense to withdraw. CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

NEW ST. BERNARDS.

MR. E. B. SEARS, not to be beaten in the race for good St. Bernard bitches, has recently imported and purchased the following noted ones:

Una.—Whelped 1887, by champion Grosvenor out of Minnie. Never shown, but said to be a good brood bitch.

Nanctbel.—Whelped September, 1889, by Alton out of Alice. Never shown, but has left a very promising litter of pups by Young Plinlimmon on the other side.

Kilmenny.—Whelped 1887, by champion Plinlimmon out of Effie. Won 2d at Snaith, 1890; the only time shown.

Ellen Terry (A.K.C.S.B. 18,105).—Whelped March 10, 1887, by champion Plinlimmon out of Yorke. Her wins are as follows: Ayr and Edinburgh, 1888; Cannock, 1889; Aberdeen, 1890.

La Pucelle (A.K.C.S.B. 18,422).—Whelped Oct. 14, 1886, by champion Save out of Faultless. She has won 2d and 3d, St. Bernard Club show, 1887; vhc., Kennel Club show, Barn Elms, 1888; vhc., Kennel Club show, Olympia; vhc., St. Bernard Club show, Windsor, 1889; reserve, beaten only by Lady Sneerwell and the new wonder Andromeda, Tunbridge Wells, 1890. She is the dam of Mr. Trague's Zenith and Mr. Ruthergien's Rienzi.

Jael (E.K.C.S.B. 20,821).—Whelped July 5, 1885, by champion Plinlimmon out of Deborah. Her wins include St. Bernard Club show, 1885; Brighton: Kennel Club show, Aquarium; St. Bernard Club show, Albert Palace, 1886; Barn Elms; Hull; St. Bernard Club show, Brompton, 1887; Warwick; Barn Elms, 1888. Her progeny include the well-known bitch Proselyte and Mr. Moore's new importation, Lady Sneerwell, and is also the grand dam of Argonaut, who made such a stir at Brighton and Crystal Palace.

Lady Adelaide II.—Whelped May 5, 1889, by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Adelaide. She has won 1st, puppy class, Ayr; 3d, novice class, Edinburgh, 1889; 3d open and 2d novice classes, also gold medal, Glasgow, 1890.

Champion Plevna.—Whelped May 17, 1885, by champion Plinlimmon out of champion La Mascotte. Her wins conclusively show that she is quite at the top in St. Bernards, having beaten such dogs as Queen Jura, Pegotty, Princess Florence, Bellegarde and other cracks; but we have not space to give her full list of winnings, which among others embrace the 100 guineas challenge cup.

HAMILTON KENNEL CLUB.

THE following is a critical report of the cocker spaniels shown by the members of the Hamilton Club at their initial members' show, Dec. 15:

There were thirteen cocker spaniels, three dogs and ten bitches. The first to come before my notice were three black dogs, D. McPhie's Russel, W. McDonald's Bront, M. O'Neil's Sport. After a careful examination of the dogs I decided to withhold all diplomas for the reason that it would have been unjust to the owners of these dogs to have given them a diploma, for they would have left the exhibition with the idea that they possessed good dogs, and this would have been an unjust thing for the judge to have done. I fully explained to the owners of every dog my reason for doing so: for every dog was a bad specimen, and if there was more of this business done at most of our shows, the result would be that the owners would try to improve their stock. Every judge should explain to the exhibitors his reasons for withholding the prizes.

The next class contained ten bitches, nine black and one red. C. Searle's Topsy won first prize. She is a black bitch and a very good specimen; head a little inclined to the field spaniel type, neck and shoulders very good, legs perfectly straight, with grand bone and good feet, well sprung ribs, good flat coat, grand hindquarters and a well carried tail, and is a good mover.

W. McDonald's Queeney, second, is a red cocker. This is the best bitch of her color I have seen yet. Unfortunately she has lost some half dozen of her front teeth, which makes her look a little weak in muzzle. She has a good stop, nice skull, ears set on low and a very pleasant expression. Neck and shoulders good, good straight legs and feet, good average bone, well sprung ribs, deep chest, flat coat, good hindquarters, with a correct tail, and is a very fine mover. I should have placed this bitch first had it not been for the loss of her teeth.

F. Dominey's Sally, third. A black bitch very weak in muzzle, not too good in stop, good straight legs, very flat-sided and lightly made all through, very nervous and will not show herself. The balance of the class was only a very moderate lot.

The Hamilton Kennel Club have in Dr. Mole a man of whom every member ought to be proud, for he possesses great ability, both in diseases of dogs and how they should be cared for. This he has proved by several cases intrusted to him by the canine fanciers of Hamilton. I should strongly recommend some of our important kennels in Canada when they have a bad case of sickness or accident with any of their valuable specimens, to seek the advice of this gentleman. A doctor of his experience of the canine tribe has been very much wanted in this country. I put several questions to him myself referring to different diseases and the modes of treating dogs, and he answered me quickly and promptly, and to the point. I hope that fanciers of Canada will bear this in mind when they have a bad case in their kennel and place it in the hands of Dr. Mole.

Just a word in reference to A. D. Stewart. The worthy president of the Kennel Club is the right man in the right place. Too much cannot be said in favor of Mr. Stewart for his energy and perseverance in the Hamilton Kennel Club. This will be one of the strongest clubs in America in a very short time, if things go on as they are at present. All the members of this club are confined to the residents of Hamilton only. G. BELL.

TORONTO, Canada, Dec. 18.

RED COCKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago "J. W." questioned the ability of red cocker spaniels breeding true to color. I beg to place on record at least one case which recently happened in my own kennel.

On Aug. 6 last my red bitch Pearl (C.K.C.R. 10) was served by my champion Brantford Red Jacket. Both are solid red in color, without a white hair. On Oct. 4 Pearl whelped three dogs and one bitch, all of a beautiful dark red—unusually dark for puppies—and not a white hair on the lot.

I consider this the more remarkable since all the grandparents are solid black. Jacket is a son of my champion Brant out of Woodstock Dinah, and Pearl is by the black dog Hector (A.K.C.S.B. 5866) out of Black Meg (5875).

A study of the ancestry may throw some light on the strains most likely to produce reds. Woodstock Dinah is by imported Tippo out of Toronto Jet, and I have never known her to be mated to an Obo dog without having one or more reds in the litter. Champion Little Red Rover was the first of these to attract attention in 1886, followed by Robin, Rory, and finally Brantford Red Jacket.

Pearl traces back through Hector to Woodstock Flirt, another Tippo—Toronto Jet, so that in this present litter we have an inbreeding of a cross of the Obo and Tippo—Toronto Jet stock. CHAS. M. NELLES.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Dec. 15.

A LITTLE DOG SHOW.

A BENCH show of sporting dogs at the Philadelphia Kennel Club trials was held Wednesday afternoon, and was judged by Maj. J. M. Taylor. The class of dogs was fine, and this will be made a feature of the meeting hereafter.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* B. Ridgeway's Clipper W.; L. Shuster, Jr.'s, Ezra Noble; F. S. Brown's Edgemark; F. G. Taylor's Beverly; F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone; W. B. Smith's Ben Hur (absent). Breeze Gladstone won and Edgemark second.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Bitches:* Dr. John A. Hartman's Albert's Duchess; F. S. Brown's Peg Woffington; F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble; W. B. Smith's Lucy Noble; Dr. Jno. A. Hartman's Rosa Lea; Ezra Comfort's Perseverance; E. E. Connell's Belle of Lexington. Albert's Duchess first, Katie Noble second.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs and Bitches:* F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble II.; F. S. Brown's Bert Winslow; H. Merriam's Cherrie, Lem, and Lucia; C. T. Thompson's Miss Lillie (absent). Katie Noble took first prize and Bert Winslow the second.

POINTERS.—*Dogs and Bitches:* C. E. Connell's Fan Fan and Rock II.; F. G. Taylor's Inspiration; J. H. Winslow's Tempest, White Fawn and Golden Rod. The winner was Fan Fan, and second Rock II.

GORDONS.—*Dogs and Bitches:* H. F. Smith's Countess Roxie and King Item; B. F. Hall's Shot and Flash. Countess Roxie beat King Item, he taking second prize.

DEATH OF LADY VALENTINE.—Baltimore, Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with great regret that I inform you of the death of my rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Valentine, on the 6th inst. Cause, consumption, which was brought on by undergoing the great difference in climate between Baltimore, her home, and Menominee, Mich., where she had gone to receive the attention of Mr. R. J. Sawyer's Mascot Bernard, and to whom she was in whelp at the time of her death. She was bred by Mr. Thomas Hall, of Liverpool, England, and was whelped March 27, 1887. She was by champion Valentine out of Bessie II., the dam of Plinlimmon, and was a bitch 31in. at shoulders and weighed between 155 and 160lbs. Although shown but twice she won third at Baltimore, 1890, being beaten by Manon and Blodwin in the order named, and first at Buffalo, 1890, in good company. As a brood bitch she had few equals in this country. In her last litter were Mr. W. S. Diffenderffer's Lord Baltimore, winner of first in puppy class and St. Bernard Club medal for best American bred dog in Baltimore show, 1890, and Mr. Otto W. Volger's Mountain Queen, who won first in a puppy class of both dogs and bitches and St. Bernard Club medal for the best American bred bitch in Buffalo show, April, 1890. Both of these pups are doing finely and will be heard from before the winter is over. Lady's disposition was perfect, and she was never more happy than when my little girl, not yet two years, would pull or drive her about the yard in her play. I have owned a number of dogs but never had the attachment for any equal to that I had for Lady Valentine.—F. E. LAMB.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Beau Brummell and Concha Juanita. By Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for blue belton English setter dog and lemon belton bitch, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena) out of Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna).

Prince Howard. By J. W. Hamer, Beverly, N. J., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena) out of Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Beauty Spot—David of Delphos. J. W. M. Cardeza's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Beauty Spot (Half and Half—Favette) to his David of Delphos (Dick of Delpnos—Westmoreland Bessie), Nov. 22.

Brunette—Bradford Harry. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Brunette (Bob—Judy) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Nov. 29.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Snyder. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age not given, by Ringwood out of Gypsy Queen, by A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to H. E. Burkmar, same place.

Dan V. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped February, 1888, by Glen Graphic out of Jeanette, by H. E. Burkmar, Rockland, Me., to A. M. Gerry, South Paris, Me.

Count Howard—Donna Juanita whelp. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to W. P. Booth, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

E. T. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Have a fox-terrier 7mos. old, who seems very uneasy, cries in his sleep, and seems to be in pain. Will you kindly inform me what I can do to relieve his trouble? Ans. Your dog no doubt is troubled with worms. We have found G over's vermifuge an excellent specific. Address, 1,293 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSTANT READER, Cambridge, Mass.—What would be the effect of castration on a foxhound? I knew of one that this has been done to. He is now two years old and he seems to hunt well with other dogs. Ans. We do not see what harm it would do the dog, as far as his hunting is concerned, neither can we perceive what would be gained by such an operation.

F. W. P., Mebane, N. C.—I have repeatedly tried to relieve my setter dog, 18 months old, of tapeworm, by giving him castor oil and areca nut as directed in your columns, and he invariably vomits both. Please advise treatment Ans. See answer to E. G. S. in this issue. This vermifuge is much milder in its action but is nearly always a sure cure.

LANCEWOOD, New York City.—On a black and tan, 7 years old, three months ago a small lump appeared under the right eye; after a time it broke, and despite all my efforts it will not heal. She seems in good health, although her appetite is poorer and she has grown thin since the lump broke. Ans. Apply two or three times a day an equal mixture of Friar's balsam and tincture of mattico. If it is possible to keep a small bandage on, saturate one with the mixture, otherwise paint it with a soft brush.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

EMPIRES.—A shoot of the Empire Rifle Club took place at Zettler's rifle range, 12 St. Mark's Place, Dec. 16. The Massachusetts 12-ring target was used, possible 120 points, 1²/₁₆in. bullseye, 100ft. range. Following are the scores:

W Overbaugh	111	W Maisenholder	107
W Rosenbaum	111	C Zettler, Jr	106
A Stahl, Jr	108	W Miller	106
J Grimm	108	W Alborn	104
J Zettler	95	E Smith	93
E Hilmyer	85	F Diehl	75

The annual meeting and election will be held Jan. 6, at the hall of the German-American Shooting Society, in St. Mark's place. The Empire Club will meet, on the same evening, the team of the Hudson Rifle Club in a match.

.22CAL. WORK.—Mr. Lloyd, of Queens, L. I., has made the following offer for the purpose of deciding what results may be obtained with the .22cal. short cartridge at 115yds.: A gold medal to the shooter making the best and a bronze medal to the marksman with the next best score of 10 shots, 15-ring target, ¾in. rings, 6in. bullseye, each contestant to shoot not more than ten strings. The competition will open on Jan. 3, at Queens, and be continued each Saturday until Jan. 31, the participants to be allowed to make their entire number of strings on one date. Any .22cal. rifle may be used without restriction to weight, sight or trigger-pull, but the ammunition must be the .22cal. short cartridge.

INTER-STATE RIFLE LEAGUE.—At a meeting held in Jersey City last week four clubs entered and paid their necessary dues, and the Inter-State League of Riflemen took a new lease of life. One of the most important changes in the constitution was that any club joining the League inside of six months need not pay an initiation fee, but all organizations have to pay six months' dues in advance. Admission is open to any organized rifle club in the United States, and each club is entitled to three delegates, from which the officers of the League are to be elected. As the League stands now, D. Mahoney, of the Lakeside Rifle Club is the president, and C. H. Townsend, of the Our Own Rifle Club, secretary. The League adopted a target with a 1½in. bullseye and ¾in. rings, the center to count 15, as its standard. This will be known as the "Interstate 15-ring target." No schedule of matches has been arranged thus far, but this will probably be done at the next meeting, the first Wednesday in January. The clubs that are to be represented at this first business meeting are the two Newark organizations, the Hudsons of Marion, and the Zettler Rifle Club, of this city. If no more New York clubs join the League, the Zettler Rifle Club will be the only representative of this city. In case a series of home and home matches are arranged the Zettler team will visit Newark twice and Marion once, while the three Jersey organizations need to make the trip to Gotham but once

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day at its range, with a large attendance of riflemen. A perfect winter day greeted the shooters. The light wind from 7 to 11 o'clock made the conditions good and yet the scores didn't run as high as usual. Mr. P. S. Killman won the silver military medal. Next Wednesday the trap-shooters of this association hold their last prize and sweep shoot for 1890. On Christmas day there will be an all-day shoot for rifle and pistol, with prize and practice matches. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds, standard American target:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H L Lee	85	A Maynard	78
W Charles	82	T B Mason	76
H Cushing	81	D Martin	75
W Hawley	79	G B Warren	74
S C Sydney	78	W D Palmer	71
A S Hunt	70		
L B Thomas	69		
D Ames	68		
A B Strong	56		
F D Hart	65		

All-Comers' Rest Match.

J Francis	110	M T Day	96
T Warren	109	J W French	93
M R Barter	103	F W Chester	93
A H Ballard	101	J French	90
A B Loring	89		
D Martin	86		

ZETTLER PRIZES.—An interesting prize shoot at the gallery of the German-American Shooting Society, 12 St. Mark's place, ended Dec. 21 very successfully, with Mr. Hinz as winner of the first prize. The scores made were far above the average, and are proof of a sharp competition. The shoot was open to all comers, 3 shots, entries unlimited, twenty-five prizes and five premiums, given by C. G. and B. Zettler. The scores were as follows: Hinz 75, Janzer 75, Flach 74, Rosenbaum 44, F. Falk 74, Ahlborn 74, Lloyd 73, Dorrler 73, Meier 73, Walther 73, Dorrler 73, Kalin 73, P. Zimmermann 73, Coppersmith 73, Steinbach 72, Grimm 72, Wm. Weber 72, Kishel 72, Engel 72, Stuart 72, W. Zimmermann 72, Vogel 72, Klein 71, Lant 71, Sassenberg 71. The first premium for the first shot in the half-inch center was won on Saturday by M. Tropp, and the last premium by B. Walther. Mr. Falk captured the first premium to-day, and Knochenhauer the premium for the last center shot to-night. The premium for the most center shots, presented by Mr. Berrins, was awarded to Mr. Lloyd of Queens. The consolation prize, a silver match case, was taken by President Uehlein of the German-American Shooting Society.

GALLERY MATCH.—The return match between M. Dreher, of the Zettler Rifle Club, and W. Rosenbaum, of the Empire Club, took place at the latte r organization's headquarter in St. Mark's place, on Friday evening, Dec. 19, each man firing five strings on the Zettler target and three on the Massachusetts 12-ring target. Drehr won in both contests. Scores on the 25-ring target:

W Rosenbaum	235	228	225	235	230—1,153	92.24 per cent.
M Dreher	237	240	234	233	236—1,192	95.28 per cent.

Scores on the 12-ring target:

M Dreher	114	111	109	—334 92.78 per cent.
W Rosenbaum	109	108	107	—324 90.00 per cent.

Rosenbaum scored in the first fifty shots nine 25s, sixteen 24, ten 23s, seven 22s, all in the 2in. bullseye, and five 21s, one 20, two 19s and one 17 outside the black. On the 12-ring target he made six 12s, fourteen 11s, ten 8s, two 9s, the 12 and 11 rings constituting the 1¾in. bullseye. In Dreher's first score were fifteen 25s, eighteen 24s, eleven 23s, five 22s, and only one shot off the black, a 21. In the 30-shot score he had twelve 12s and thirteen 11s in the bullseye, and two 10s and three 9s outside.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Jan. 1.—Germantown Gun Club, New Year's Day Tournament, at Germantown, Pa. Address Harry Thurman.

Jan. 1,—All-Day Tournament, at Auburn, N.Y. J. Henry Kerr, Secretary.

KANSAS CITY TRAP EVENTS.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 18.—Since the Chicago-Kansas City contest the trap shooters of Kansas City have been confining themselves to the regular club shoots, the only individual contest having been a 200 bird race between J. A. R. Elliott and J. E. Riley, and a 50 bird race between W. G. Eads and D. S. Gordon.

Elliott defeated Riley by a score of 184 to 168. The latter's work was a disappointment, as he was expected to be good for 180 at least. Mr. Riley used some shells loaded by local people, and they seemed very defective, as he lost some 10 birds dead out of bounds that were hard hit. Eight of Elliott's lost birds fell dead out of bounds. The match was for the price of the birds, and was shot under American Shooting Association rules. The birds were a good average lot, Elliott drawing a shade the easiest birds.

The race shot by Eads and Gordon was about an average performance for them, each shooting about his expected score. It resulted in a victory for Eads by a score of 45 to 40. Eads lost one dead out of bounds and Gordon three. The score:

W G Eads ..... 11212022111211222121211111111111101122112221o1—45
D S Gordon .. 22221122221222202120112021322121c212600x21c211—40

The club shoots of the past month resulted as follows:

Kansas City Club—November Shoot.

G W Youmans	1212211221—10	Geo Dugan	2222220020— 7
D W Williams	1020220220— 6	B H Nephler	2201001222— 7
A B Cross	0203002100— 4	J A R Elliott	2202101002— 6
Benj Holmes	1002210000— 3	J K Gwinotte	2112110111— 9
Geo B Orr	0115121100— 6	D Hughes	1111121130— 9
F J Smith	1200112222— 8	G Schreiber	1212111121—10
W S Halliwell	12c1121200— 7	M Dunlap	2100022102— 6
J B Porter	1021221112— 9	C F Holmes	2200010220— 5
J Lee Porter	1021111222— 9	J E Riley	1121012101— 8

G. W. Youmans won the medal on the shoot-off on 3 straight.

Gate City—November Shoot.

L W Scott	1210112120—8	W B Cosby	12c0c11201—6
J B Porter	1221211120—9	J R Elliott	2222221202—9
J W Self	o220020022—5	D S Gordon	1211210010—7
F E Orvis	0012211221—8	A F Rickmers	1222110211—9
F Lewers	o020022102—5	F S Casey	1022c21222—8

J. B. Porter won the medal in the shoot-off, grassing 11 out of 12 more birds shot at.

Gate City—December Shoot.

J B Porter	2102221211—9	A F Rickmers	2112120012—8
E Chouteau	2101111201—8	J K Gwinotte	0212112211—9
E Cadman	1201120120—6	W B Cosby	2100021011—6
F Lewers	1100200001—4	L W Scott	2000111211—7

J. B. Porter won the medal on shoot-off with 3 straight.

O. K. Club—November Shoot.

F J Smith	2120120c12— 7	W B Cosby	2102112001— 7
J A R Elliott	0212211222— 9	J Lee Porter	1222122c2— 9
Ed Hickman	1212111221—10	Chas Bassett	1111120201— 8
J B Porter	2110121011— 8	R Ricketts	1110100111— 7
Fred Lewers	2212c1112c— 8	D S Gordon	0122012212— 8
J K Keene	121c222100— 7	John Thomson	1110012220— 7

Hickman also won December shoot.

Ed Hickman	1112211201—9	F J Smith	1120210222—8
J B Porter	2021222202—8	H B Preston	2002000122—5
J L Porter	2101021010—6	J Thomson	1222000220—6
C E Bassett	1012102212—8	D S Gordon	0102111100—6

The Foresters.

The Foresters December shoot at live birds was largely attended. There were twenty contestants, C. F. Holmes winning the first medal on ten straight, and J. H. Kisoche shooting out the ties on 9 straight for the second trophy. The score:

W G Eads	12112c0121— 8	L S Mohr	1200c210c0 — 4
F K Hoover	1c01112221— 8	I G Mitchell	2002220200— 5
A A Whipple	0120c22220— 6	J T Sears	2102222022— 8
J H Knoche	22122c1211— 9	W H Holmes	0221221111— 9
C A Young	0202101211— 6	C F Holmes	1111221121—10
Max H Vincent	1121c01022— 7	E W Schauffler	1002c00101— 4
J P Knoche	502c201222— 7	F L. Groves	2002200020— 4
J S Harrison	1222202221— 8	G J Schmelzer	2221012030— 7
N Scarritt	1110112212— 9	A E Ashbrook	1012020200— 5
L N Buck	0021001101— 5	Geo H Jones	0011100111— 6

The Foresters' Target Shoot.

The November shoot of the Forester Club, at 15 singles and 3 pair of Peorias, was won by L. S. Mohr on a score of 20, as follows:

A A Whipple	111000010011— 7	01	10 11—11
J H Knoche	111111011111—11	01	11 11—19
C F Holmes	111011111101—13	11	01 11—18
F R Hoover	011010011111—10	10	11 10—14
A E Ashbrook	000110101110—8	00	01 11—11
L M Buck	101010010111—8	10	11 00—11
L S Mohr	111111111111—15	11	10 11—20
C A Young	001011010000— 6	00	11 11—10
E W Schauffler	001001110010— 7	10	10 01—10
G J Schmelzer	110010100010— 6	00	10 10— 8

The Metropolitan Shoot.

The Metropolitan Club, which uses only Peorias, held their shoot Dec. 6, A. F. Rickmers winning on a score of 28 out of 30 as follows:

J K Keene	1111111001111110111	10 10 10 11 01—23
W Crosby	1111111101111011111	11 11 10 11 00—25
W Kelly	1101110111111010101	00 10 01 10 00—18
W Moore	1111101011011031101	10 11 00 00 00—18
A F Rickmers	1111111111111111111	11 10 10 11 11—28
E Cadman	1111111011111011111	10 10 10 11 10—23

The Independent Club held a double shoot Nov. 25, and F. C. Maegley won both events, killing 10 straight in the first shoot and 9 in the second.

J. B. Porter, Con. F. Holmes and J. K. Guinnotte shot a three-cornered 50 bird race last week. Holmes's score was 47, Porter 44 and Guinnotte 43. K. C.

CHICAGO TRAP.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 17.—This is turning out to be a great week at trap shooting, there having been live-bird sweeps and matches of considerable importance about every day of the week, with a prospect of a continuance of hostilities throughout the week. Most of the shooting is in honor of Mr. Elliott, who is tarrying here a while prior to his return to Kansas City. There were good sweeps on Monday, and on Tuesday a very interesting team race, 50 birds, $50 a corner, in which Mr. Elliott and Capt. A. C. Anson ("Old Anse") shot Mr. R. B. Wadsworth and Mr. Geo. Kleinman. The score was a tie, Messrs. Elliott and Organ getting each 49 out of 50, and Messrs. Anson and Kleinman 46 each. To-morrow, Friday, Capt. Anson shoots a 100-bird, $100 race with Geo. Hofmann, and Mr. Elliott will shoot 100 birds, $100, with Mr. Geo. Kleinman. If he beats George, he may have to tackle Abe on Saturday. All in all, it makes some shooting, adding the Ft. Dearborne Club shoot, and such private matches as may yet arise. Percy Stone is on the warpath some now, and he and Billy Mussey are holding a sort of ghost dance. The management of Watson's Park has kindly promised detailed scores of all these events.

Occasional mention is heard of the Washington Park Club, but their scores are never seen in print, and it is their boast that no paper ever got hold of any match that was ever shot on the grounds, the seclusive aristocracy of the club quite necessitating, of course, that everything should be kept very private. They are all high parties, so to speak, but a mighty good lot of men, barring their constant fear that a newspaper man, disguised as a gentleman, may some day break into their fold and carry off a score or so. Well, on Tuesday last a little live bird race was shot down on the Washington Park Club grounds between Mr. Lester, Mr. Seaverns and young Walter Dupee, 50 live birds a corner. Score: Mr. Lester 36, Mr. Seaverns 38, Walter Dupee 42. A pretty good showing for the boy, especially as he shot a 16-gauge gun. Young Dupee is one of the best shots in the club. He is past 16 years of age, but looks not over 13, being very slight and small. He wears glasses, looks and acts like a diffident school boy, and appears about the reverse of what one would expect a shooter to look like, though he is a shooter and a good one. An amusing incident happened when Edgar Murphy was out at Washington Park last week. Mr. Murphy is about 6ft. 8in. in height and Walter is about 3ft. 6in. Roll Organ led Walter close up to Mr. Murphy when he was not looking, and as the boy stood down under Mr. Murphy's overcoat, said to the tall guest, "Mr. Murphy, I want to introduce Mr. Walter Dupee." Mr. Murphy looked in front of him, to both sides and all around him, but couldn't see anybody. Then he looked down, found Walter and shook hands with him from above.

It is not believed here that the Brewer—Elliott match will be arranged. Talk of all sorts of matches. Now certainly is the season for a heap ghost dance among the trap-shooters.

E. HOUGH.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Dec. 4.—Score made here to-day by Ft. Dearborn Gun Club, Illinois State rules. Those designated thus * are not members:

Geo Kleinman	12112311111121—15	*C R Babeuf	02212101122221—13
C D Gammon	11112211220121—14	*W D Price	12220102120101—10
Geo Airey	11200010101122—10	*Will	20202011202101l—10
Abe Kleinman	11221220102121—14	*Cap Anson	01121102111121—13
C E Willard	11212212122211—15	*W S Cutler	11112121111020—13
W P Mussey	22112212111212—15		

Same day at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

GKleinm'n	10111111111111111110—18	*C Anson	01101011111011110111—15
Geo Airey	11111101111101111011—17	*W Cutler	11001110001111010101—12
*Will	11103011001111111010—13	AKleinm'n	11100011001111111010—13
*C Babeuf	00101000101001000111— 8		

Dec. 6.—Score made here to-day by Forester Club, Illinois State rules:

Ed Price	01121121111121 - 14	Ed Steck	12112001111012—12
Gib Cun'gham	22101111111102l—13	J O'Brien	11221110221100—12
C E Willard	11112111110112—14	A Weaver	12102220121122—13
Abner Price	21221112121121—15	*M J Eich	22120111211111—14
Walter Price	21101111121112—14	*G L Deiter	21112111111002—13
W D Price	20221111001111—12	*J Wilcox	11110101022111—12
J J Gillespie	11201200120212—11	*Cap Anson	11111111111111—15

Dec. 11.—Scores made here to-day for *Sporting Review* trophy, American Association rules, one barrel:

I Watson	11110060011111011100-12	CE Willard	11111111101000000101-12
AKleinm'n	11101100101011111111-14	G Airey	01111011011111111101-15
Torkingt'n	11111100011111010110-14	L Willard	01011010011101111111-14
GKleinm'n	10111110110101111010-14	W W Foss	01101101011111111100-12
Anson	11101000101010101111-11	Babeuf	11110100100111111000-12
F Willard	01110111111111111111-18		

F. Willard won cup, Geo. Airey won second, after shoot-off Geo. Kleinman and L. Willard div. third on 14, the 12s div. fourth. Messrs. Wadsworth, Wilcox, Atwater, Deiter, Booth, Price, Ford, Williams, Eich, Ehlers, Loveday and Hutchinson withdrew.

Dec. 12.—Scores made here to-day by Gun Club of Chicago, Illinois State rules:

R B Wadsworth	2012222012— 8	Capt Anson	1202210111— 8
B Rock	0211112121— 9	I Wilcox	2212221110— 9
E M Steck	2201220101— 7	G Airey	2211121211—10
W D Price	0121211201 - 8	W W Foss	2022012122— 8
L Willard	1121122212—10	G Marllette	2222010w.
H Ehlers	0201011221— 7	I Watson	2222210w.
F Willard	0101112201— 7	G Holden	1222220122— 9

Same day, at 20 Peoria blackbirds:

B Rock	01111101111111101110—16	Anson	11100701011111101111—15
E Steck	11111111111110111009—16	Wilcox	01100100100110100111—10
Willard	11000011111111011011 -14	Kleinman	11111111011101111101—17

Dec. 13.—Scores made here to-day by Pullman Club, Illinois State rules:

L Warpole	1221101102—8	A T Torkington	21121201210—9
Joe Finn	0201011210—6	C Soleth	0201012022—6
W McConnell	2220120002—6	F Teeple	2120101101—7
W Dallon	1100022201—6	R Runsten	2202100221—6
C O Williams	0121120212—8	E M Gardner	2002111110—7
J K Finn	0.01020212—6		

Same day at 15 blackbirds:

L W Warpole	001110011101110 - 9	C Scleeth	100000100000001— 3
Joe Finn	010101001001000— 5	F Teeple	010011001100000— 6
W McConnell	101000110110000— 6	R Runsten	111101000100600— 6
W Dallon	010111010111110—10	E M Gardner	011001111011101—11
C O Williams	100000001000010— 3	Schoetler	010000110010110— 5
Jim Finn	101110111111101—12		

Dec. 15.—Sweepstake shooting, Am. Association rules, two 7-bird matches, all ties div.:

G Kleinman	2112112l—7	1111212—7	E Steck	2021221 6	0112111—6
W P Mussey	2221102—6	1220012—5	AKleinman	2111111—7	1211211—7
C B Dicks	2210222—6	2120112—6	C Burton	2211061	0102011—4
A Price	1101110—6	1211001—5	G Holden	0201220—4	1020210—4
J A R Elliott	1211110—6	0110111—6	H Smith	0112012—5	0211020—4
Cap Anson	1120112—6	1122121—7	GHoffman	2223001—5	1211110—6
M J Eich	2121121—7	2222101—6	R B Wadsworth	2110212—6
J W Budd	2111210—6	0202222—5	E Howard	2201011—5
Heklers	1102201—5	2012121—6	J P Card	1021012—5

Dec. 16.—Match at 50 live pigeons, $50 per man, A. S. A. rules:

Geo Kleinman	11112211232111021101102	
	11121212111211211222021—46	
R B Wadsworth	22111212221022112122222	
	12111111222221212121212222 - 49—95	
Capt Anson	12221212121201212121212	
	10121112102021202122222111—46	
J A R Elliott	20112112112211211212221	
	12111121112221111212112122—49—95	

Tie was not shot off. RAVELRIGG.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Trap shooting circles in Chicago have been all excited during the past week over the visit to the city of Capt. J. A. R. Elliott, the celebrated champion wing-shot of America. Capt. Elliott arrived in Chicago on Monday morning, after an unsuccessful trip to the East in search of matches for large money; and for his benefit, or rather in his honor, a shoot was arranged for that afternoon at Watson's Park. On Tuesday Elliott and Capt. Anson, the famous ball-tosser, shot a 50-bird race against R. B. Organ and George Kleinman, the scores being: Elliott 49, Anson 46, Organ 49, Kleinman 46. Totals 95 for each side. The tie will probably not be shot off at present. On Wednesday Elliott was entertained by the Washington Park Club and shot four matches with various members, winning all. On Thursday he attended the meet of the Fort Dearborn Club, and shot in excellent form. However, he had been unable to arrange a match for money, and the Chicago boys not wishing him to leave here, as he did New York, without a race, pitted against the redoubtable champion their old favorite, George Kleinman. George has not been shooting much lately, but he said he might catch on, and as he had about a hundred that he didn't need, he imagined that he might be able to show Elliott how the boys of the Kleinman family used to shoot on the Calumet in years gone by. And as Jim Elliott had quite a lot of wealth around his person, he acquiesced in George's proposition, and the match was made. It was shot to-day in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, and, as somebody said, "crack shots." Among the notables present were F. A. Ruble, H. W. Jenney, W. L. Shepard, C. D. Gammon, H. W. Loveday, A. C. Anson, W. P. Mussey, George, Al and Val Hofmann, R. S. Cox, Jr., Frank Place, George Andrews.

The first event of the day's programme was a race between Capt. A. C. Anson and Geo. Hoffman at 50 birds, for a little consideration of $50 a side. This race was close and exciting, resulting finally in a victory for Anson by the following score:

A C Anson	00212212222122122201202022212022212121101020221l—42
G Hoffman	20111200202021200222221212012121111222102102001111—39

Directly at the conclusion of this match Capt. Elliott, clad in his old familiar yellow shirt and trimmings, stepped to the score to shoot his first bird in the match with Geo. Kleinman. This race was a most noteworthy one. In the first place it was Elliott's first defeat since he became famous as a shot, and in the next place it proved that Chicago possesses in the Kleinman family a lot of shooters very hard to equal. We have many good shots here, but at present and for years past we have not been able to bring forward men that can defeat any of the three brothers, George, Abe and Henry Kleinman. There are more of the Kleinmans, notably John (who is at present sick in bed) and we pin our faith on anybody that bears that name, and it will always take a shooter to beat them. Henry, Abe and John were good shots before many of the latter day cracks were born, and they have always been good shots, while stars of lesser magnitude have flashed in the firmament and then disappeared. Geo. Kleinman is the youngest of the brothers, and he shoots a gun that might fairly be called a freak, but then George knows where that gun shoots, and George himself is a daisy (at least that's what all the boys are saying to-night). Well anyhow, here goes for the score in detail. I'd like to say, though, that Elliott shot a 7½lbs. Greener gun and used some E. C. powder and some No. 8 and No. 7 shot, while Kleinman pinned his faith and all Chicago's gall to a 7½lbs. "Prize Machine" gun and used some Schultze powder in the first barrel, a handful of Dead Shot in the second and No. 8 shot in both. The referee as selected was Mr. R. B. Organ, the scorer W. P. Mussey; gatherer for Elliott M. J. Eich, and gatherer for Kleinman his brother Abe.

The birds were an exceptionally good lot even for John Watson to furnish, and it is to be doubted if either man ever pulled a trigger at as good a lot of flyers as he got to-day. But one bird was refused, and that was by Elliott when he had already lost the race and was impatient for the finish. In the first half Kleinman clearly had the easiest birds, but he got many good ones toward the end and killed them clean and well, scoring 48 out of his last 50. Elliott shot in poor form throughout, hitting all his birds, but failing to stop many of them. The detailed score below indicates the flight of the birds. In the second column, R indicates a right quartering bird; L, a left quarterer; R D, a right quartering driver; L D, a left quartering driver; R I, a right quartering incomer; L I, a left quartering incomer; I, a direct incomer; D, a straightaway driver; T, a towerer, or bird killed at the trap. o indicates a bird lost, dead just out of bounds:

J. A. R. Elliott.

No. of birds.	Direction.	Killed or missed.	No. of birds.	Direction.	Killed or missed.	No. of birds.	Direction.	Killed or missed.
1	D	2	35	D	2	69	LI	2
2	D	2	36	D	2	70	D	2
3	D	0	37	RD	2	71	R	1
4	R	0	38	D	2	72	T	1
5	R	2	39	D	2	73	LD	2
6	L	2	40	D	2	74	RD	2
7	R	1	41	D	1	75	LI	2
8	D	2	42	D	1	76	D	2
9	D	2	43	RI	1	77	RD	0
10	R	2	44	D	1	78	T	1
11	LI	1	45	R	2	79	D	2
12	RI	1	46	RI	1	80	D	0
13	D	o	47	R	1	81	LD	0
14	D	2	48	L	1	82	D	2
15	D	2	49	LD	0	83	RI	2
16	D	2	50	L	2	84	I	2
17	D	2	51	D	0	85	LD	2
18	T	1	52	RD	1	86	RI	1
19	D	2	53	D	2	87	RI	2
20	T	2	54	D	2	88	RD	0
21	T	2	55	T	2	89	RI	2
22	RD	0	56	D	2	90	LD	2
23	RI	0	57	D	2	91	D	2
24	D	2	58	RI	1	92	D	2
25	RI	0	59	RI	2	93	R	2
26	T	1	60	LI	1	94	L	1
27	D	2	61	L	0	95	D	2
28	T	1	62	D	o	96	I	1
29	L	2	63	D	o	97	R	2
30	D	o	64	D	1	98	D	1
31	D	2	65	RD	2	99	D	2
32	LD	2	66	I	1	100	L	1
33	RD	2	67	L	1			
34	RD	2	68	D	2			

George Kleinman.

1	RI	2	35	L	2	69	R	1
2	T	2	36	D	2	70	RI	1
3	I	1	37	D	2	71	RD	1
4	R	1	38	RI	1	72	R	1
5	D	2	39	RI	2	73	D	1
6	D	2	40	L	1	74	LI	2
7	L	1	41	RD	2	75	R	2
8	L	1	42	D	1	76	RD	2
9	D	2	43	I	2	77	R	1
10	RI	2	44	T	1	78	RI	1
11	RD	2	45	RD	1	79	RI	1
12	R	2	46	LD	2	80	RD	1
13	RD	1	47	LD	0	81	LI	1
14	LD	2	48	I	1	82	LI	1
15	T	2	49	LD	1	83	RD	1
16	LD	0	50	R	2	84	D	2
17	D	0	51	D	2	85	LI	1
18	D	1	52	D	2	86	LD	2
19	L	1	53	T	1	87	LD	1
20	RI	1	54	L	1	88	D	2
21	L	2	55	D	1	89	LD	o
22	D	2	56	R	2	90	L	2
23	L	0	57	D	1	91	R	1
24	LI	0	58	LD	1	92	RI	1
25	D	2	59	RD	1	93	R	1
26	R	2	60	RI	1	94	L	1
27	L	o	61	LD	2	95	L	2
28	RI	1	62	RD	1	96	D	1
29	RD	0	63	D	1	97	D	1
30	D	2	64	L	1	98	R	1
31	LI	1	65	R	1	99	LI	2
32	D	2	66	RD	1	100	L	1
33	D	2	67	LI	2			
34	D	1	68	LD	0			91

At the conclusion of the match Elliott expressed himself as desirous of a chance for revenge, and a match was promptly arranged to be shot to-day under the same conditions except that Abe Kleinman will take the place of George. This match will be of exceptional interest and should attract a large crowd. It will commence at 1 o'clock this afternoon, and an especially hard lot of birds is promised. Considerable money will change hands on the result. M.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—I send you detailed scores of match between Abe Kleinman and J. A. R. Elliott, shot at Watson's Park, Burnside. A large crowd witnessed the race. The birds were a good lot, but not quite so quick flushing as in the match with Geo. Kleinman on Friday. Abe Kleinman shot a 12-gauge Premier Scott and Elliott a 12-gauge Greener. As on Friday, Elliott was clearly outshot from the beginning, and was at no time in the lead. Elliott leaves for Kansas City Sunday night, but will return next month and will probably arrange a series of matches with the Kleinman boys. American Association rules governed, 12-gauge guns, 100 birds, for $100 a side. Referee, R. B. Organ; scorer, Geo. W. Andrews; gatherer, P. F. Story:

Abe Kleinman.

No. of trap.	Direction.	Killed or missed.	No. of trap.	Direction.	Killed or missed.	No. of trap.	Direction.	Killed or missed.
1..5	R	1	35..1	LI	2	69..3	R	2
2..3	LI	1	36..5	RI	2	70..4	LI	1
3..3	R	2	37..1	R	2	71..4	R	1
4..3	LD	2	38..2	LI	1	72..4	I	2
5..3	R	1	39..3	TD	2	73..2	I	1
6..1	LD	1	40..1	RD	2	74..4	LI	2
7..2	LD	0	41..1	D	1	75..1	LI	1
8..3	D	2	42..3	D	1	76..1	RI	1
9..1	D	1	43..5	LD	2	77..5	RD	2
10..4	LI	1	44..2	R	2	78..4	RD	2
11..1	R	1	45..3	RD	0	79..4	R	1
12..2	LI	1	46..1	R	1	80..5	LI	2
13..3	D	2	47..4	I	2	81..2	LD	1
14..3	R	2	48..1	R	1	82..1	RD	2
15..5	RD	2	49..5	RD	1	83..1	I	1
16..1	RD	2	50..1	LI	1	84..2	D	2
17..1	RI	1	51..3	RI	2	85..1	RI	2
18..3	I	1	52..3	D	2	86..1	R	1
19..5	LD	1	53..2	D	2	87..1	LD	2
20..1	LI	1	54..4	R	1	88..3	R	1
21..2	RI	2	55..4	LD	1	89..1	D	1
22..5	LD	2	56..2	I	1	90..5	RI	1
23..4	RI	2	57..1	L	2	91..4	D	1
24..3	RD	1	58..4	R	1	92..2	LI	1
25..4	RD	2	59..5	RI	1	93..3	R	2
26..3	I	1	60..5	D	1	94..4	RI	1
27..4	RD	2	61..5	RI	1	95..5	RI	1
28..5	LI	1	62..3	D	0	96..3	LD	0
29..1	LD	2	63..5	RI	1	97..2	LD	0
30..2	LD	0	64..4	D	1	98..3	D	2
31..5	RTD	2	65..4	LI	1	99..4	L	1
32..3	D	1	66..5	RI	2	100..1	LD	1
33..4	RI	2	67..5	I	1			—
34..1	LI	1	68..2	D	1			94

J. A. R. Elliott.

1..2	LD	0	35..5	LD	2	69..2	R	2
2..5	R	1	36..5	RI	1	70..5	LD	2
3..3	RI	1	37..4	D	2	71..4	D	0
4..2	R	1	38..5	RD	2	72..3	R	1
5..4	RD	2	39..3	LD	2	73..3	R	1
6..5	RI	2	40..3	RD	1	74..4	R	2
7..2	D	2	41..4	RI	1	75..2	LD	2
8..2	RI	2	42..4	RI	1	76..4	RD	0
9..4	RI	1	43..2	LI	2	77..3	D	1
10..3	LD	2	44..5	R	1	78..4	RI	2
11..4	D	2	45..3	LI	2	79..4	D	2
12..5	LI	1	46..5	RI	2	80..5	RI	1
13..2	D	1	47..5	RI	2	81..3	D	2
14..2	R	1	48..4	RI	2	82..2	LD	2
15..3	RI	2	49..1	LD	2	83..1	LD	2
16..4	RI	1	50..2	R	1	84..4	LI	1
17..4	LD	0	51..2	I	2	85..3	LD	2
18..4	D	2	52..3	D	2	86..2	L	1
19..5	RI	1	53..4	R	1	87..3	R	1
20..4	RI	1	54..3	I	1	88..3	D	2
21..2	LI	2	55..2	LI	1	89..1	D	1
22..5	LD	2	56..2	RD	2	90..4	RI	0
23..4	RD	2	57..5	RI	1	91..4	R	2
24..3	LD	2	58..3	LD	2	92..3	R	1
25..3	RI	2	59..1	R	1	93..1	L	0
26..5	RI	0	60..2	R	2	94..3	R	1
27..3	D	2	61..1	R	1	95..3	D	2
28..2	LI	2	62..1	R	1	96..2	R	2
29..2	RI	1	63..2	I	2	97..3	R	1
30..2	LI	2	64..2	R	1	98..2	I	1
31..2	RD	2	65..1	LI	2	99..2	LI	0
32..5	LD	2	66..4	LI	2	100..5	LI	2
33..2	RD	0	67..3	RTD	2			—
34..3	D	1	68..1	LD	2			91

COMING MATCHES.—Excise Commissioner J. Schliemann, of Brooklyn, and P. Leibinger will shoot a return match at Dexter Park in the near future. On the same day and place a team match will take place between E. Helgans, of the Parkway Gun Club, and P. Leibinger on one side, H. McLaughlin, the president of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, and Mr. Schliemann on the other.

A friendly match will take place on Christmas Day, at Belleville, N. J., between the teams from the South Side and Woodside gun clubs. The return match will take place on New Year's Day at the South Side's grounds.

A handicap live-bird match has been arranged between W. J. Elliott, of Pelham Bridge, and H. Kuhnast, of New York, to be shot at Guttenburg under the following conditions: 100 birds each, trap and handle match, for $500 a side, Elliott to allow his opponent 20 birds in the hundred, otherwise old Long Island rules to govern. A forfeit of $50 was put up by each man.

Louis Davenport, the well-known member of the Fountain Gun Club, will meet J. Riggott, of the Newark Gun Club, in two matches, one to be shot in New Jersey and the other on Long Island. The conditions are 100 birds each man, for $100 a side on each contest, Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise, 12-bore guns to weigh less than 8lbs.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 20.—The attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day was larger than usual and the conditions were favorable for good scores. Cady won in the cup match, breaking 23 out of 25 bluerocks. The other scores were: Melcher, Bradbury, Perry and Wkeeler 21, Stone, Cowee, Stanton and Dill 20, Gore 19, Bond 18, Moore 17. A dozen sweepstake matches followed.

PHILADEDPHIA, Dec. 15.—This afternoon a party of five sportsmen and crack shots had plenty of fun at a crow shoot, Hurlingham rules, 5 ground traps, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The weather was fine and the shooters were in good form, as only a few crows were lett to tell their tale of woe. Wm. Hooper 18, W. Wilson 17, J. Rothacker 17, Ed. Ennis 18, Wm. Wolstencroft 20.

POWDER COMPARISONS.—A recent trial at the FOREST AND STREAM testing screen brought into direct comparisons from the same gun a series of cartridges loaded with black, Schultze, E C, wood and the new Lyman compressed powders. The results speak well for the newer makes of explosives. The detailed report, with target cuts, will probably appear in our next issue.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 18.—The monthly live bird shoot of the Riverside Gun Club took place to-day, there being a large attendance of members. The wind blew a gale from the northwest and the air was keen and biting. Five ground traps were used and the American Association rules governed: First event, at 7 birds, $3 entrance: White, Ivins and Cornwell first, second and third respectively. Second event, at 5 birds, $3 entrance: Ivins first, White second. Third event, miss and out, $1 entrance: Won by White.

DOVER, N. J. Dec. 20.—A match for $200 a side, at 100 live birds, under Hurlingham rules, was shot yesterday at Danville, between John Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J., and L. Duryea, of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn. Although the day was unfavorable Riggott missed but one bird out of the first 80 that rose before him. When each had shot at 91 birds Duryea retired from the contest. Riggott killed 88 birds, and of the three he lost two fell dead out of bounds. Duryea killed 78 and missed 13.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please lookunder the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

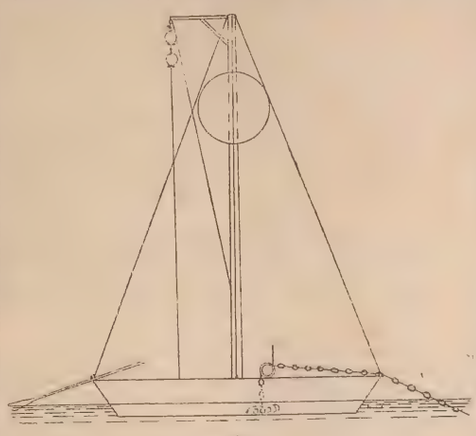
HARLEM Y. C.—At the annual election of officers of the Harlem Y. C. for the ensuing year the following gentlemen were elected: Com., T. H. McDonald; Vice-Com., A. W. Warner; Rear-Com., F. G. Pauley; Fleet Captain, F. I. Fitch; Meas., J. A. Lalor; Fleet Surgeon, H. M. Cox, M.D.; Treas., S. J. Cauley; Fin. Sec'y, A. G. Austin; Cor. Sec'y, J. J. Roeth; Steward, G. Waas.

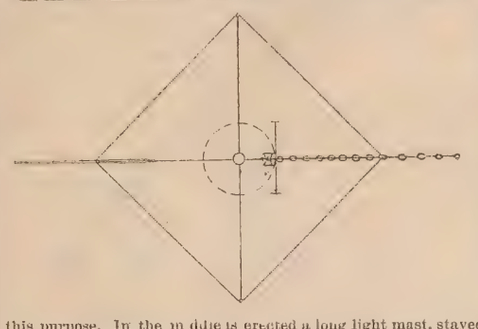
YACHT RACING CALENDAR AND REVIEW.—We have received the third volume of this useful reference book, containing a reprint of all the yachting news in the *Field* during the past year. It is published by Horace Cox, *Field* office.

A PLAN FOR A MARKBOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The accident at Yokohama has suggested to me the following craft for a markboat that offers many advantages over the ordinary oyster sloop, with her long head booms, poor ground tackle, uncertain visibility, etc. The craft is a scow, 18 to 20ft. long and the same width, and 2½ or 3ft. deep, according to the waters in which she is to be used. The four sides should be flared at an angle of 45 degrees. The boat should be made of spruce or hemlock, either of which is a very good timber for





this purpose. In the middle is erected a long light mast, stayed to the four corners, and around this mast is built a large globe of raffan, or other suitable material, covered with canvas painted, to be hoisted as far as possible with a light halliard. On the masthead is secured a crane with signal halliards attached, so that lanterns or flags can be hoisted clear of the ball. Have on one of the corners a good heavy iron chock for chain to run over and in corner diagonally opposite a rowlock. Put close to mast a good single wildcat windlass. Provide scow with heavy chain and anchor, chain going through hawsepipe in deck to make ballast in the bottom. A small shelter house may be provided aft the mast in case a man is left in charge. Such a vessel would live out any thing, could be towed to place by committee boat, etc., and would be visible much before a small oyster boat. The chain if heavy would lay up and down, as the vessel would not have an unusual windage. The cost should not be great, as nothing but straight cheap stuff need be used. R. CENTER.

THE TWO DEEDS OF GIFT.

AS might be expected, American papers are criticising the conditions attached to the Royal Victoria International Challenge Cup with a free hand; but at least it should be required that the critics should show they had formed an intelligent conception of the meaning and scope of the conditions. This, however, they have, with a few exceptions, entirely failed to do, the main object seemingly being to discredit the cup and the conditions attached thereto in the eyes of the Americans, or to make it appear to be an exact copy of the "new deed of gift" attached to the America Cup. As might be expected, Boston (which is mainly responsible for the objectionable clauses in this deed) leads the way with the adverse criticisms; and the New York *Spirit of the Times* indorses them as follows:

* * * * *

In the "new deed of gift" attached to the America Cup it is enjoined that the following dimensions must be given: Length on loadline, breadth on loadline, and extreme breadth, draft of water and Custom House registered tonnage; and it is further enjoined that the dimensions stated in the challenge must not be exceeded. All the Royal Victoria conditions ask for is the length on the loadline and the rating, and enjoins that the length must not vary more than 5 per cent. from that stated in the challenge, nor the rating by more than 10 per cent. This, we presume, is what is ignorantly referred to as a "small margin;" but as a matter of fact the margin is so great that by no reasonable possibility could a yacht designer want to exceed it; in fact, a challenger could comply with the conditions and practically give no information at all. For instance, supposing a challenger stated his yacht would be 84ft. on the loadline, with a rating of 140, the sail area of which would be 10,000sq. ft.; he could increase that length to 88.2, the sail are to 10,476sq. ft., and the rating to 154; and no objection whatever could be taken to it. And if he chose to keep the length of load waterline to that stated in the challenge—84ft.—he could add 1,000sq. ft. to the sail area. In fact, there is practically no limit as to the variations admissible under the "small margins" of 5 per cent. on the length and 10 on the rating; in short, as we have already observed, a challenger has practically to give no particulars at all of his yacht which would be of service to the parties challenged. The *Spirit of the Times* states that under the America Cup deed a challenger is required to give up the cardinal dimensions of his yacht, but he can alter his spars and sails as he wishes. It will now be seen that, under the Royal Victoria conditions, not only is a challenger relieved from giving up the cardinal dimensions of his yacht, but also that he can alter his spars and sails as he pleases.

The Royal Victoria conditions enjoin that the rating of the defending yacht must not exceed the rating of the challenging yacht, as stated in her challenge, by more than 20 per cent., and this is construed into giving "the holding club a very strong advantage!" Apart from the fact that in the America Cup deed there is no restriction at all on the size of the defending yacht, it is grotesquely absurd to construe this guarantee of fair play to the challenger into a strong advantage to the club holding the cup. As a matter of fact, the holding club will not be able to exceed the rating of the challenging yacht by more than 9 per cent. It can be taken for granted that the challenging yacht will take full advantage of the 10 per cent, allowance for variation; that is to say, if the rating is put at 140, in her challenge it will be found to be 154 on measurement—a challenger is practically bound to take the full advantage of the allowance. Then the defending yacht could be made to exceed the stated rating (140) of the challenger by 20 per cent.; or, in other words, the rating of the defending yacht must not be more than 168, which exceeds a rating of 154 by 9 per cent. and a time allowance would have to be conceded for the difference.

Limiting the size of the defending yacht was, however, really imported into the conditions for the protection of yachts of small rating. With yachts of 88ft. waterline and 140-rating their size protects them, as they cannot be exceeded to any unfair extent. The case, however, is very different with a yacht of about Valkyrie's size. Her length is 69.2ft., her sail area 6,708sq.ft. and her rating 78; of course she would bo overwhelmed by a yacht of 90ft. waterline with a rating of 170, as would be allowed to meet her under the America Cup deed, but under the Royal Victoria conditions the rating of the defending yacht could only be 85, and the difference between a yacht of 78-rating and 85-rating is so small that a race between such boats would be a perfectly fair and level contest, with the Y. R. A. time allowance. Of course if any one owning a Valkyrie of 78-rating challenged under the Royal Victoria deed, he would give the rating in the challenge as 70, and avail himself of the privilege of raising the rating to 78, so as to secure himself against being met by a yacht of 20 per cent. larger rating.

We are in a position to say that these matters were well calculated and thought out by the committee appointed by the Royal Victoria Y. C. to draw up the conditions, and the main object in view was to insure that the challenging yacht should not be placed at a disadvantage through having to disclose cardinal elements in her design or through being met by a defending yacht of overwhelming size.—*Field*.

The *Field* should make some allowance for the position in which the Boston *Herald* is placed by the Royal Victoria Y. C. deed; it would not be possible for the *Herald* to criticise this document fairly and truthfully, as this would at once show how widely different it is from the lawyers' deed of the America's Cup, and thus would bring to confusion not only the *Herald*, but all the Boston commodores whom it has called on to bear testimony to the fairness and generosity of the pretty abused deed. The two deeds have been widely published and are within reach of all, and we believe that American yachtsmen are fair-minded and intelligent enough to form an independent opinion of their own, uninfluenced by the *Herald* or other partisan journals. In comparing the two documents it must be considered that in the case of the Royal Victoria Y. C. the club had purchased from its own funds a certain cup, and was at liberty to attach to it any terms. In the case of the New York Y. C. the club was in possession of a cup intrusted to it on certain conditions, which conditions it has deliberately violated by setting up others of a very different nature.

PAID TIME-KEEPERS IN THE LAKE Y. R. A.

THE recent report of the discussion and action of the executive committee of the Lake Y. R. A. in the matter of a paid officer who should have charge of the regattas of the circuit is criticised by the *Field* of Dec. 6, which quotes, apparently with approval, some adverse comments in an American journal, adding some remarks as to the functions of club delegates in the L. Y. R. A. Like the journal in question, the *Field* does not understand the facts of the case, and consequently has fallen into error.

The conditions and surroundings of yachting on Lake Ontario are totally different from those of yacht clubs about the Thames, the Solent, the Clyde, or even Boston, Newport and New York. The racing is limited mainly to the two weeks' cruise in midsummer, and of the seven clubs composing the L. Y. R. A. only two or three hold sufficient races during the year to justify the more than nominal existence of a standing regatta committee. In some of the clubs, though there is cruising in plenty, but one race a year is sailed, and when the time comes for it the sailormen proper are probably all afloat, as every boat in the fleet is out and most of them entered.

The labor and responsibility of managing the regatta is apt to devolve on some one whose chief qualification is good nature rather than any experience of regatta work, and the chances are nine to one in favor of some serious blunder through either ignorance or neglect. Beside this, the sun is very hot on the lake in summer, the watcher on the pier head from early morn until the late finish of a drifting match is generally wiser by far than that other ancient mariner, and has probably taken precautions that in addition to "water, water all around," he has a "drop" both large and strong to drink; and instances have been known where, when the last yacht finished, some of the most important functionaries could not tell the Oriole from a fishing smack, or a split second chronograph from a Waterbury watch, in fact were as royally drunk as the judges in one noted race on the coast last year. It is seldom that matters are quite as bad as this, but the racing on the lake is often close and exciting, yachtsmen take a deep interest in the results of the series, and it is due to all who enter that the starting and timing shall be accurately done, which is only possible in experienced hands. We have heard of a case quite recently, though we cannot vouch for it personally, where a race was started between two pier heads on the lake, in half a gale and a heavy sea, with a five minute preparatory interval and a one gun start. One yacht in a class came flying for the line on time, but the others were scattered and in very bad shape. The starter was evidently familiar with the turf rather than with the usages of yacht racing, and as he saw that the start would be a very uneven one, a single yacht going over and the rest far astern, he very considerately held the gun, the leading yacht being compelled to jibe and come again for the line, and when he saw the fleet fairly in line he gave the signal.

Any one familiar with regatta committee work will realize that it is by no means easy, but requires a great deal of judgment and experience; a thorough familiarity with sailing rules, a knowledge of the courses in order that the buoys may be properly placed, and above all a certain amount of training in timing the fleet. As competent men are no more available on the lake than in places where yacht racing is conducted on a larger scale, the question of placing all of the details in the hands of one man, who shall manage each race of the circuit, has been under discussion for some time, and was only introduced formally at the late general meeting. It is probable that a salary would be necessary, as a good deal of labor is entailed, and there would be little of a vacation for the officer; but beyond the expense we know of no objection, and the advantages are obvious to all familiar with the present state of affairs. The objections urged by the American journal are purely sentimental, that it "savors of the counting house," would "reduce the glorious sport to a mere mechanical business," etc., all of which applies as much to the official measurer who is paid in all clubs as to the proposed time-keeper or whatever the title may be. Moreover, the nearer the details of starting and timing are reduced to a mere mechanical business the better satisfied the racing men will be.

This matter of conducting races is one that is badly managed in clubs far off from Lake Ontario; a crowd of judges, starters, time keepers and committee men are appointed, one of them being chosen because he happens to own a yacht which can be used for the excursion, the capacity of the bar of said yacht considered before her speed or sea-going powers. The judges and other chief functionaries are too often chosen from their eminence in local politics rather than from any technical knowledge of yachting. With such a staff as this it is no wonder that mistakes are frequent, bringing disrepute on the club which countenances such proceedings. We have seen, in the vicinity of New York, a judge's steamer making circles inside the harbor while the regatta committee mixed a big pail of punch in the pilot house, the fleet meanwhile standing out miles away with a good breeze. All that is needed in any club is a regatta committee of three or five, the smaller number being preferable, who shall have entire charge of the races. This committee should be chosen solely for its qualifications, and should be kept in office as long as it will serve. In cases where the work must be done partly from a steamer and partly on shore, one of the committee, with a reliable man to help him, will be at each place. All the complimentary lumber of judges, etc., can well be dispensed with.

On the Lake the sailor men who are best fitted to run the races are apt to be afloat, leaving the most important work of the day to the civilian contingent of the club, who are, with no disrespect to them, not fitted to manage it. The appointment of the proposed officer would take this part of the work from the hands of a very busy committee, who have a thousand other things to do in connection with the reception and entertainment of the fleet, and place it under the direction of one competent man. His previous experience would enable him to lay out a course that would be acceptable to the contestants, his measurements of the fleet would make the calculation of corrected times a simple and speedy matter, and in his hands the timing would be carried out methodically and accurately. The need for such an officer is perfectly plain, whether he should give his services freely, or like club measures should be paid a certain sum, is a question that must be better understood by the members of the L. Y. R. A. than by critics at a distance from the lake.

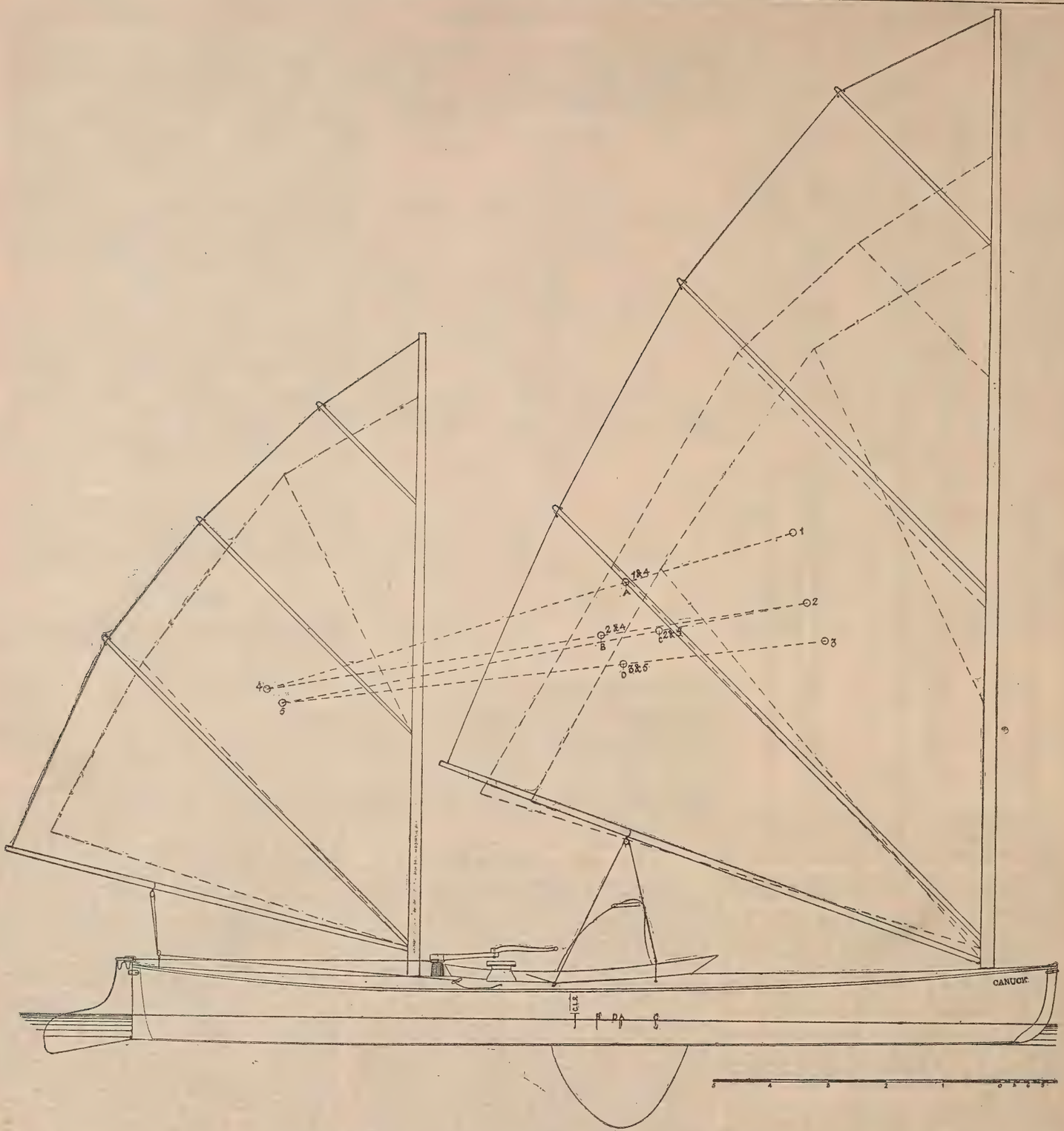
In regard to the comments on the powers of the delegates, as mentioned by the *Field*, they are no more limited than is usual in similar bodies, each being at liberty to vote as he desires, but it usually happens that matters of this kind are dismissed more or less informally by the members of a club proir to the meeting, the delegate being in accord with the general feeling in the club. At the same time he is at perfect liberty to vote as he pleases; there is no rule to prevent him from so doing.

NYDIA, steam yacht, Dr. R. V. Pierce, after sailing from New York on a Southern cruise, was run into on Dec. 19 while at anchor in Newbern (N. C.) harbor by the schooner J. R. P. Moore. The yacht lost her masts and bowsprit, in addition to injuries to bulwarks and upper part of hull.

CINDERELLA.—Through the misplacing of a figure in our table of last week Cinderella is given a second prize in place of a first.

IROQUOIS, schr., Rear-Com. Ellis, S. C. Y. C., is fitting out at Wintringham's for a cruise to the Windward Islands.

"SOME POINTS ABOUT MARKBOATS."—A letter on this subject has been received too late for publication this week.



SAIL PLAN OF CANOE "CANUCK."—Owned by Mr. Ford Jones.

THE WRECK OF THE URANIA.

LORD CANTELUPE'S body was washed ashore by Tuesday night's storm within a few feet of the spot where the crew of the Urania had been landed by the rocket apparatus. The body has therefore been in the water for nearly a month, and the features were not recognizable.

An inquest was held on Dec. 3 by Dr. Parke. The first witness examined was William Blizzard, the master of the Urania.

You say you can identify that body as the body of Lord Cantelupe? Yes: I can identify it by the clothing and the boot.

The Coroner: When did you leave Gareloch? On Nov. 5. We ran down the Irish coast, with the wind changing from north to south-south-west, as far as the South Light. The weather then became heavy in the Channel, then we turned and ran for Bangor Bay. This was on the morning of Nov. 6. The wind was then blowing from the south. We put into Bangor Bay about midday. It was still blowing hard and raining, and we anchored a mile off the shore. About midnight the wind shifted to the north-north-west. When the wind changed I gave the yacht more chain, and got the other anchor out and let it go. We gave her more chain when she began to drag at 12:45.

Did she continue to drag? Yes, and none of the chains gave way. The vessel went ashore about half-past two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and struck several times. We took to the rigging. Lord Cantelupe and his valet were first on the rigging, and some of the crew were on one side of the vessel, and some on the other. We were in the rigging about a quarter of an hour, when deceased was washed off, and several very heavy seas washed over us. We had a job holding ourselves on. One of the men who was alongside the deceased sang out, "His Lordship's gone." There was a man below his lordship.

Had any of you lashed yourselves to the rigging? We hadn't time to do anything of the kind. It was two or three hours before we were rescued.

Did it never strike you, when the wind was blowing so strong from the north-west, to let go your anchor and run? The change of wind came on too suddenly.

Could you not have slipped your chain and run? The wind changed, as I have said, too suddenly, and there was a great sea running at the time. It was also very dark.

You were not aware there was no holding ground there? No.

The Coroner: I am asking you these questions only with the view to elicit the fact why you did not make an effort "to run" when the wind veered round to north-north-west.

Witness: The reason why I could not do that was because the change in the wind was so quick, and also it was very dark at the time.

Do you think you would have been rescued sooner if the apparatus had been on the spot? Yes; there was the whole length of the vessel to fire over. We had a barometer and I noticed it falling in the afternoon. In the evening it began to rise, and it kept rising all the time until the wind flew round.

The Foreman: Well, I think a master of a vessel should take notice of a circumstance like that, especially when he is lying in an open roadstead like Bangor Bay. A master of any steamer, or coaster, or yacht when he comes into an open roadstead, with wind blowing from south-south-east, should know that the first change after that will be a gale from the north-east. As an old seamen myself I think that the proper place for you to have run into would have been either Carrickfergus or Whitehouse Roads. Bangor is far too open a roadstead to enter with a wind blowing from the south-east, as the first time such a wind veers round it is sure to turn to the north-west unless the vessel carries sufficient sail to enable her to slip out. I don't blame the captain, because of his ignorance of the place. The only thing to be deplored is the loss of a valuable life all from the fact of the captain not knowing where he placed his vessel.

The Mate: You must remember other persons ran the risk of their lives as well as Lord Cantelupe; and would we have run the risk we did if we could have helped it?

The Coroner: I don't blame anyone.

The Mate: By the way you are expressing yourself you are blaming this man (the captain).

The Coroner: I don't want any argument in my court.

The Mate: Very well, sir.

Witness: After she struck the last time she went down directly, and that was the time his lordship was washed off. I was in the rigging when she sank.

Did you throw anything to Lord Cantelupe? No; it was such a heavy sea.

The foreman of the jury (Mr. W. McCormick, master mariner) commented on the danger of yachts seeking shelter in Bangor Bay during the winter months.

The jury, after considerable deliberation, came to the following verdict: "That the said Lionel Charles Sackville, called Lord Cantelupe, was accidentally drowned at Bangor by his yacht the Urania coming ashore on the morning of Nov. 7; that the body was found on the morning of Dec. 3 at Seacliffe; and we, as a jury, say that if a rocket apparatus had been in Bangor deceased's life would have been saved."—*Field, Dec. 6.*

FLEUR DE LYS, schr., Mr. Geo. Trotter, has gone to Piepgrass's yard, where she will be hauled out for the winter.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

CANUCK.

THE accompanying drawing shows the sail plan of the canoe Canuck, whose lines have appeared in two previous issues of the Forest and Stream, Sept. 18 and Oct. 16. Though not so large in area as some other rigs, these sails are noted for the longest and probably heaviest masts carried by a 30in. canoe, the mainmast of the largest rig being 17ft. 9in. from heel to truck, 2¾in. diameter at deck, and 1½in. at truck, a grown spruce stick. The rig has a double interest as being the largest and most objectionable example of the standing rig, and at the same time the best and most successful sailing representative of Canada and the Northern Division. While derived directly from the Pecowsic rig, Canuck's sail plan differs in many details which are original with Messrs. Jones and Sauvé, her owner and builder.

The lower batten joins the boom at its fore end, but the others are parallel to this batten, while the cotton of which the sails are made has its bights parallel to the battens, and not to the leach of the sail; there being one seam or bight between each pair of battens. The battens are of spruce or pine, about ¾×⅜in., oblong in section, and of necessity slip very easily into the pockets. Owing to their position it is impossible to fold the boom and battens close against the mast, and in order to stow the sail it is necessary to remove or loosen the battens. In setting sail each batten, which has been rolled up with the sail, is slipped into its pocket, the sail is hauled out and made fast to the end of the bolter. In order to do this quickly and securely a saw cut about ⅛in. deep is made in from the end of the batten, while in the sail is a loop of cord about 4in. long, rove through two grommets, one on each side of the pocket. One side of this loop is slipped over the end of the batten into the slot, then the other end is hauled on, making a purchase to draw the sail taut, and also slipped into the slot.

The full outfit includes five sails, as follows:

	Mast.	Boom.
No. 1, mainsail..... 92sq. ft.	17.9	10.6
No. 2, mainsail..... 70sq. ft.	15.2	9.6
No. 3, mainsail..... 50sq. ft.	13.9	8.6
No. 4, mizen..... 43sq. ft.	12.2	5.3
No. 5, mizen..... 38sq. ft.	11.2	4.9

The various combinations of these sails are as follows, being shown in the drawing:

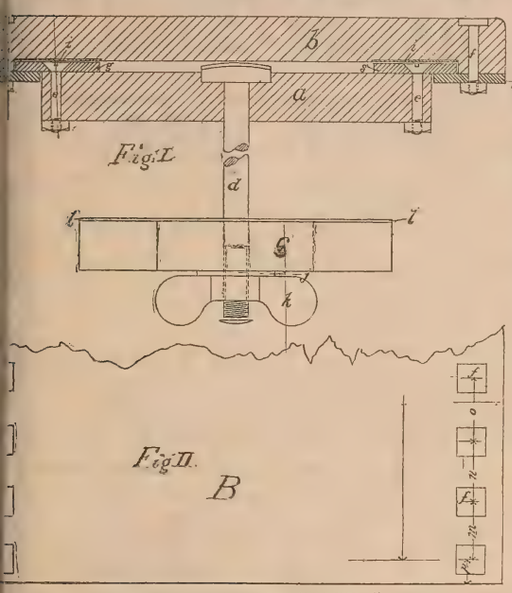
	Area.	C. E.		Area.	C. E.
A.	Nos. 1 and 4.....	135	7.56	C. Nos. 2 and 5.....	105	7.00
B.	Nos. 2 and 4.....	113	8.00	D. Nos. 3 and 5.....	94	7.58

The sails not all interchangeable, as Pecowsic's were, the mainmasts being 2¾ and the mizens but 2⅜in. at deck. The mast tubes are square at bottom and nearly up to deck, but circular in the deck plate.

The loadline was carefully measured with the big rig, A, the one used in the final race for the New York C. C. cup, was found to be 4¼ and 5⅜in. above the base line, making the C.L.R. 8.40ft. from stem, with full board. With rigs C and D the draft forward would be less, owing to the lighter masts, and the C. L. R. would be a little further aft. A calculation of the displacement to a 5in. level line and to the draft above given shows the displacement to be practically the same, 327 and 324lbs., but in the latter case, which is the correct sailing trim as nearly as this can be determined, the forebody becomes longer and finer, the midship section being 9ft. from stem instead of 8ft., while the after body becomes proportionately fuller. The large rig, A, is used only in very light winds, most of the sailing being done, we believe, with B and D. The weights as given by Mr. Jones are: Hull, seat, rudder, floor boards and paddles 112lbs., board 20lbs., crew 155 to 160, or say 292lbs., leaving 32lbs. for weight of the A rig.

The board, before described, is made from a circular saw blade ⅛in. thick, of dipper shape as distinguished from the ordinary triangular board. The rudder is a single steel blade not fitted to drop, with a 9in. brass yoke on head, connected by lines of $\frac{3}{16}$in. braided cord and turnbuckles, with a similar yoke on deck. The rudder yoke is not concentric with the rudder irons, and consequently there is considerable lost motion when the helm is hard over, but at all ordinary angles the runner lines are strained very tight. The tiller is of very light construction with a jointed part.

The deck seat is an addition this year, Mr. Jones never using one before, either in Canuck or Ramona; in fact his usual position in sailing has been with body over the side of boat, but as low as possible, in order that its windage may not offset the mizen.



SLIDING SEAT—"CANUCK."

The sliding seat, shown in the drawing (Oct. 16) is very strongly constructed of hard wood, with steel slides, being fastened down by two bolts through a crossbar under the coaming. The following drawings and description of an improved construction of the same seat were sent us by Mr. George C. Forrest, canoe Dimple, who measured Canuck's seat this summer and afterward worked out the construction shown. Mr. Forrest writes as follows:

Before considering the construction of the seat let us look at the merits of this appliance, which probably never would have been disputed if the standing sail question had not arisen at the same time. While the standing sail may have some forcible arguments against it, the sliding seat is a totally different affair, and the objection raised to it seems to be mainly due to prejudice owing to its use by the racing men.

Taking first the *cons:* In the majority of seats as they were made last season, the slide did not always work, and frequently failed when most needed in rough water, due to swelling; and further, the extra weight is a disadvantage.

Now for the *pros:* The difficulty of the seats sticking can be overcome by Mr. Ford Jones's principle, which works to perfection, as will be seen by referring to the half size cross section, but with the weaker parts strengthened.

It is a great comfort to have one's weight held up by a springy seat instead of by the legs and tired muscles of the body, also the canoeist is kept dryer than without a seat.

Now as a fact with a very few exceptions, a sailor hiking without a seat can carry as great an amount of sail for a short time as with; and it also stands to reason that in racing without seats the contestants are going to carry the maximum driving sail, therefore the sliding seat does not admit of overcrowding.

Secondly, the extra weight of the seat is not to be compared with the severe and exhaustive labor saved.

Now, why should those who have never used what is now called a properly constructed sliding seat, even at this imperfected state of the invention, legislate against what will soon become one of the greatest factors of canoeing, thanks to Mr. Paul Butler.

The following are the materials and dimensions of the improved seat.

Fig. I. Stationary part *a* is of some hard wood, perhaps best of oak, is 5in.×⅝in. The slide *b* say of hickory, is 6^{15}_{16}in.×$^{5}_{16}$in. The clamp *c*, also of hickory, is at ends 4in.×⅝in. under coaming, but across cockpit 2in.×⅝in., *d* is a $^{5}_{16}$in. bolt with a special head of size in cut; *e* and *e* are ⅛in. bolts, *f g* and *h* are ¼in. bolts with special heads and nuts the size of drawings; *i* and *i* are of brass $^{1}_{16}$in.; *j* is a washer, *k* drumb screw, *l* and *l* rubber packing attached to *c* (by copper tacks or otherwise) to aid in clamping seat securely.

Fig. II. B is a top view of part of slide; *f* and *f* centers of bolts *f* and *f* in Fig. I. This seat is 40in. between the center of end bolt at this shown end, and center of corresponding bolt at the other end.

Since the strain decreases on the bolts from the end to the center of the seat, taking the distance between the centers of the bolt nearest the end of the seat as shown, and the next bolt toward the center as ¾in., then $^{1}_{32}$in. should be added to each succeeding distance over its predecessor. A bolt can be omitted at the center, thus about evening up the maximum distance between bolts at the center, which would be about 1^{10}_{16}in.

For example of the way in which to add $^{1}_{32}$" m=¾", n ¾"+$^{1}_{32}$"=$^{25}_{32}$", o=$^{25}_{32}$+$^{1}_{32}$=$^{26}_{32}$, etc.; p is the distance from the center of the bolt nearest to the end of the seat, as is shown, to the end of the seat, this distance together with the corresponding distance at the other end, is exclusive of the 40in. of seat between the extreme centers of the bolts, as before mentioned. By putting the bolts in the sliding part only where they are needed, considerable weight is saved. Now take the distance between the centers of the bolt in the stationary part nearest the end and the next bolt toward the center, as 1^{3}_{16}in., then decrease each succeeding distance toward the center over its predecessor by $^{1}_{32}$in. until at the center the minimum distance between centers of bolts will be just about ¾in.

This will make a very strong seat that will slide with sufficient freedom and will never jam, the bearing surfaces being all of metal, and so arranged as not to be affected by the swelling of the wood. The crossbar is made wide at each end to give a good bearing under the coaming and to preserve the strength where the bolts pass through, but inside of the bolt holes the size is reduced about one-half.

REMINISCENT—A. C. A., 1890.

FAIR JESSUP'S NECK! Born of some rock-burdened iceberg from the distant north, waxing lusty with myriad sands swept in on ancient tides and ever shifting with the vagrant winds; sharp-pointed like an Indian arrow-head, broad at the base and edged with gleaming shells—the memory comes back a dream of wholesome rest. Few were the days and stormy many, but the dripping skies were but as a dun background to thy sunny hours. Dimly, and as things of no account do we remember what seemed unpleasant then. The friendly greeting, the hearty handshake and the benison of good fellowship united all. From the morning plunge until the last drowsy good-night there is little that we could wish effaced.

I give you pictures here, but only faintly do they suggest the legion that comes trooping over memory's canvas. I see again the land sloping from the high sand dunes of the south to where like a thin wedge it enters under the cobalt waves away beyond the Vesper camp. Along its backbone stretches the village of white tents, and over all, like gay butterflies fluttering on the air, float the colors of all nations. Again I see "Squawland" with its circle of picturesque white wigwams under the sturdy red cedars, the tribal totem, and the amphitheater with its pile of faggots ready for the fire; again the sunny Sabbath midday, with its little knot of worshippers gathered beneath the trees, is before me, and I hear the earnest words and reverent songs; again the homelike tents on the bluff and the courteous master of the land, our guest, made welcome on his own domain; and there, low down in the hollow—the one uniovely object of the place, allowable because of its need—the supply store, where thrifty natives make good point of our necessities. Higher up is the great tent o'ertopping all, and further, the line along the eastern slope looking out across the water, each with its slender staff where at "colors" bright flags shoot up, and floating outward show many curious forms and odd devices; and—focal point of color—"Headquarters," with its signal gun, its talking flags and its great waving signal of authority. There, also, the busy steamboat landing, where fresh-water sailors grow very salt indeed; the little steamer coming with veterans and friends; the circling beach with its innumerable shells and queer relics of wrecked aquatic life; the windy bluff with its boundless views of stretching shore, of changing sea and sky; the quiet depths of cedar forests where silence reigns supreme, where peace—well, come to think of it, now there were mosquitoes there.

Of scenes and incidents how many, how indescribable! The gathering of the white-winged fleet around the starting buoy, the excitement of the races, the bounding canoes, the gallant sailors in good-natured rivalry, while cheering partisans on the shore urge on their favorites; the grand march to be photographed, where in stately splendor with lock-step and hand on shoulder the variegated throng winds over the hill in triple file, headed by "Little Mac" and "Puss in Boots" and "Ko-Ko," briefest canoeist of them all. Then with mixed feelings comes memory of the gatherings in the mess-tent, where stately Bave struggled with his wild-eyed Bedouins, where Perennial Hope thrice daily warmed to life and froze again; of "visitor's day," with its fleet of friendly sail that came up out of the unknown from all quarters; of its crowd of rustic sightseers; of the queer scenes on rainy days; of the dog, "Brooklyn," arrayed in rubber coat, trousers and gum boots to keep him dry, indicative of the protective care of his youthful masters; of the arrival of the "Ko-Ko-Ko-Ho" from distant Sag Harbor, with the captive Coon band, of the clarion voices that could be satisfied with nothing less than "De wattah melin' growin' on de vine," and the triumphal march of the augmented crew through camp, headed by Seavey, of the fertile imagination; of the brilliant ball that night, the alarm, the marshalling of the guard, the valiant Night Patrol and its search through the darkness for pirates and the final capture of the notorious disturber of the peace (of which fact, however, but few have knowledge unto this day); of the amateur minstrel show, where the audience united in rendering familiar songs while waiting for the duly authorized performers, and guyed them good-naturedly when they finally appeared; of the various camps in close communion joined—the Vespers, the Brooklyns, the Knickerbockers, the Yonkers, the Mohicans, the New Yorks condensed, the Springfields, the Hartfords, and the Ianthes, with the Canadian contingent in the rear, modest and retiring as to camp, but with sail and paddle triumphantly at the front.

In silent procession come noted figures of the meet—the grim commodore, filled with cares of state and sustenance, unsounded of pocket and content, for whoso leads the dance must pay the fiddler; the purser, busy with many things; Winné, master of the games; Burchard, prince of good fellows and father to the meet; Bennett, the wholesome "ghost," most restful of men, pondering problems of transportation, seated at his tent door all day long and making welcome all who would; "Vauxie" and "Stephie," once sleepless o' nights, now model benedicts, and others, a long line and glorious fellows all.

With night comes healthful rest and social pleasantry, when kindred spirits form in little coteries or unite in the larger gatherings around the camp-fires, where with song and story—not always new but welcome—the evenings pass, then comes the final sorrowful day when the white tents melt away as dew in the morning sunshine, when the last good-bye is said and we hear for the last time the whimsical, dear familiar cry, "All Over."—*S. R. Stoddard, in "Glimpses of the A. C. A."*

NEW YORK C. C.—In the heavy storm of last week the new floating house of the New York C. C. was driven from its moorings and washed up on the adjoining bulkhead in the old Seawanhaka Basin, at Stapleton, where it lodged with several large piles through the planking of the bottom. The canoes were removed without injury, but as the house partly filled with water some injury was done to articles stored in the lockers. After some hard work on the part of several of the members and the janitor, with other help, the piles were cut off and the house set afloat. The damage will necessitate docking, but is not in itself very serious. On Friday evening about twenty canoeists sat down to dinner at the fencing rooms, 19 W. 24th street, and after dinner others dropped in. The evening was passed in an informal talk over canoeing matters, enlivened by several exciting bouts with the gloves and foils. Members of the Yonkers, Brooklyn, Knickerbocker, Ianthe and Cleveland clubs were present.

A MID-WINTER MEET.—At the camp-fire of the New York C. C. on Friday Com. Seavey, K. C. C., proposed that an entertainment should be arranged by the various local canoe clubs to be held in New York next month, which should serve as a reunion of those who had met in camp last summer. As all present approved of the scheme it was decided to begin work immediately and an informal meeting was held, the result being that a committee was appointed, consisting of the commodores of local clubs, with Com. Seavey as chairman. The plan is to give a reception in the latter part of January, with a programme made up of camp songs, tableaux, lantern views of the meet, etc.

NEW CANOES.—We learn that Mr. Butler has lately launched his new canoe and tried her in a trial sail against the Vesper fleet, with the result that she promises to be very fast when in proper trim. The first new boat announced for next season will be built for Mr. C. J. Stevens, owner of Tramp and Vagabond, and will be a most decided novelty. With the idea of carrying the larger sail aft, this canoe has been designed with a draft of but 2in. forward and 10in. aft, making her unlike any existing boats. She will be built for racing solely, with a very light hull and a small bathtub cockpit, and in addition to her deep keel will have a 4ft. centerboard; the sails will be about 45 and 55ft., the latter being the mizen.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division—Louis H. Fitch, Herbert N. Colby, Geo. C. Ketchum, E. F. Coburn, Andrew C. Stone, James B. Robinson, Frank P. Hart, Harry R. Dow, Fred G. Dyer, Robert P. Webber, James E. Simpson and L. Saunders, Lawrence, Mass.; J. T. Ball, 32 Pembleton Square, Boston, Mass.

TEASER.—This canoe, the lightest and one of the handsomest that Capt. Ruggles has turned out, has been sold by Mr. Anderson to Mr. C. V. Schuyler, of the Arlington C. C., who will race her next year.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

READER, Denver, Col.—I wish to breed for size and head properties. Which of the two described dogs would be the better sire, No. 1 or No. 2? Ans. Better breed to sire No. 1. Disposition means a good deal in a St. Bernard and it is no use running any risks.

J. M R., Duncannon, Pa.—Will you please let me know in the next issue of your paper where I can get a thoroughbred coach dog. Ans. We do not know of any for sale. You had better advertise for one. In choosing a Dalmatian remember that the spots should be clear and distinct, and not larger than a quarter.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Emerson, Mich.—Have seen advertised by English gun makers wildfowl guns guaranteed at 100yds. of 8 and 10-gauge. Is it possible to obtain from such guns good shooting at the above distances? Can American gun makers make as good shooting guns as those of the best English makers? Ans. Heavy guns, similar to above, may be bought here. They are the pot-hunter's gun and carry heavy charges long distances. Many of the English arms are choked for ball as well. Our gun test shows that American guns do quite as good and rather better work than the English arms.

READER, New York City.—Could you inform me what the feeling is in regard to judging a mastiff dog with chocolate-colored points in the same class with those having black point? I have a grand puppy with chocolate-colored points, out of Salva (A. K. C. S. B. 6,853), by Sears' Monarch (A. K. C. S. B. 8,827). Judges of this breed tell me that he very much resembles Crown Prince, both in markings, build and in being undershot, but also add that if brought into the ring would be unceremoniously hustled out. I would like very much to enter him in the coming New York show, but cannot see any sense in doing so upon being told that he will not be judged. Ans. If the judge knows his business, the fact of your dog having chocolate points should make no difference in his judgment, though, of course, the black points are generally preferred.

CONSTANT READER.—Kindly oblige me by replying in the next issue of your paper to the following question: Is a dog entitled to registration where ancestors have never been registered, but who has a lawfully kept pedigree extending eight generations in mother's and seven on father's side? I have some puppies, but never having had to register am somewhat at a loss to know how to proceed in the matter. Ans. Yes. The following are the conditions under which dogs can be registered in the A. K. C. stud book: 1. Where sire and dam are already registered, or are directly descended from the dogs already registered in said book. 2. Where dogs possess an authenticated pedigree extending back three generations. 3. Where dogs (not eligible under the provisions as above required) have won not less than two first prizes in the regular classes at any show, or have been placed at any field trial recognized by the American Kennel Club. Novice, miscellaneous and selling classes not included. 4. After Jan. 1, 1890, all dogs winning a prize at any American Kennel Club show or field trial, may be registered in the stud book without charge, provided they are eligible under above conditions. Write A. P. Vredenburgh, 44 Broadway, New York city.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

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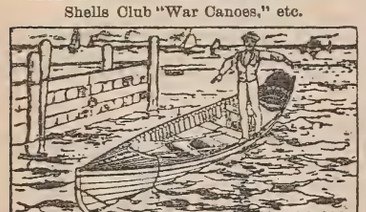
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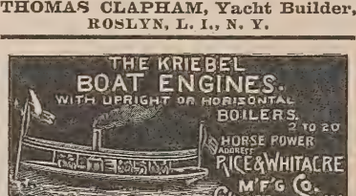
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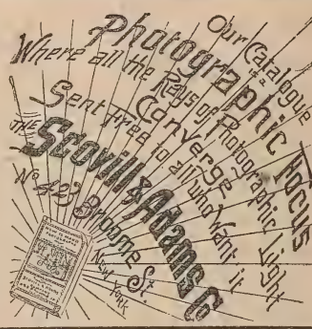
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Address all communications

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No. 318 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

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FISH DEALER AND FISH COMMISSIONER.

WE print to-day a card from Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, the President of the New York Fish Commission. It is short, concise and explicit; and sufficiently definite in its statements to be plainly comprehended by Mr. John D. Collins, of Utica, to whose recent charges against Mr. Blackford's integrity and honesty of official actions it is an answer. One of these charges was that Mr. Blackford had secured the repeal of the six-inch trout law, because that law interfered with the sale of fingerling trout in Fulton Market, where Mr. Blackford does business. A more serious charge was that Chief Fish and Game Protector Drew had been removed at Mr. Blackford's instigation because the chief's vigilance had interfered with the shipment of illegally caught fish to Fulton Market.

As we pointed out at the time, these accusations were of altogether too grave a nature to be made by an irresponsible accuser or without due proof to make them good. Several weeks have now elapsed and the proofs have not been forthcoming. Meanwhile the person accused has been ill. The first act of Mr. Blackford on his recovery from a sick bed is to send us his reply. That reply is that the charges are absolutely false, and that Mr. Collins knew them to be false when he wrote them. This makes it incumbent upon Mr. John D. Collins to do one of two things, either to bring forward the proofs which he has alleged he has in his possession to establish the truth of the charges, or failing this, to acknowledge his mistake and make due apology. No third course of action is open to a man who wishes to enjoy the respect of his fellows.

While he meets thus without reserve or mincing matters, as every self-respecting and honest man must meet, the direct accusations of dishonorable conduct preferred against him, Mr. Blackford has apparently thought it not worth while to consider at length the inuendoes and insinuations made by Mr. Collins, which are in effect that a fish dealer is by reason of his business an unfit person to be a commissioner of fisheries.

This is a point of which good taste forbids extended discussion by the President of the New York Commission. It is, however, a perfectly legitimate subject for expression of opinions, and diverse opinions have been expressed respecting it. One opinion is this one of Mr. John D. Collins. Another opinion is that which was expressed by the late Spencer F. Baird, as contained in the following note, only this year sent to Mr. Blackford by Mr. Churchill H. Cutting. The two notes explain themselves:

NEW YORK, April 9, 1890.—Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Brooklyn, N. Y.—*My Dear Mr. Blackford:* I now have the honor to hand you Prof. Baird's letter of April 23, 1886, which I promised some time ago to give you, but until a day or two have been quite unable to find. I had put it away so carefully that it was out of my own reach. Yet at this late day it will be enriched to you by the fact that it is one among the last of his testimonials to his cherished friends and scientific co-laborers. Permit me to congratulate you for the place that you occupied in the esteem of this gentleman. I beg to remain, cordially yours, CHURCHILL H. CUTTING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 23, 1886.—*Dear Churchill:* We consider Mr. Blackford to be the model fish dealer of the world, certainly of the United States, by his scientific acquirements and methods, his intelligence, and his energy. As Fish Commissioner of New York, he has a thorough appreciation of all the problems of fishculture, and the best methods of restoring the supply in depleted waters. He is a most invaluable coadjutor of the U. S. Fish Commission, always ready to help to the utmost of his ability, and to sacrifice time and money in doing what he can to advance science in every way. We cannot speak too highly of him either in his personal relationship as a man, or in connection with business matters. He is known all over the world by naturalists and persons interested in fishculture; and is really the medium of communication in this connection between America, France, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Germany, etc. Sincerely yours, S. F. BAIRD.

Of these two opinions—that of John D. Collins and that of Spencer F. Baird—each must be taken for what it is worth. The former we have reason to believe is shared by a large class, whose lack of information is more than made up by its prejudice, while the latter embodies the deliberate verdict of those who are most familiar with the record and services of Mr. Blackford in the work of fishculture.

Holding by reëlection the office of President of the American Fisheries Society (one of the oldest and most effective national organizations for the promotion of fishculture and fish protection), the recipient of gold, silver and bronze medals from the French, Holland and German governments for his services in the cause of fishculture, honored by the Commissioners sent to this country by Japan, France, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Holland, Ireland and Scotland, who have sought his counsel, advice and practical assistance, and have made ample acknowledgment of the same, by the present United States Commission held in a like esteem as by Prof. Baird, respected by his associates in the State Board of Commissioners of Fisheries, Mr. Blackford, it may quite readily be understood, does not deem it needful to discuss with ignorant and prejudice-blinded carpers the question of his fitness for office and of his discharge of official duties.

There remains one thing more to be said. Many well meaning and honest people appear to believe that a fish dealer is of necessity a rogue; that he cannot do business without buying unlawfully captured fish—equivalent to receiving stolen goods—and that he is therefore inimical to the enforcement of the fish protective statutes and to the punishment of those who violate the laws. This belief found expression in an article sent us by a correspondent the other day when he wrote: "Now, with a marketman at the head of a commission charged with a vigorous enforcement of protective fish and game laws, must not demoralization in the service follow? Is it so?"

As a general proposition, discussed theoretically, such a question admits of argument on both sides. In this case, however, the reference was directly to Mr. Blackford, who is a fish dealer, and as a Commissioner of Fisheries is also charged with directing the enforcement of the fish protective laws. Assuming that "Saint Lawrence," who put this inquiry, is sincere, and we believe him to be, we will reply to his question, Yankee-like, by asking another.

Mr. Blackford is a fish dealer; he is also President of the Bedford Bank, of Brooklyn; Chairman of the Finance Committee of the City Savings Bank of Brooklyn; Chairman of the Executive Committee of the People's Trust Company, of Brooklyn; president or director in numerous other organizations. The presumption is that a person holding such positions of trust is regarded by his fellows as a man of integrity and honorable business character. Now does "Saint Lawrence" believe, as his question implies, that a man of such standing in the community is likely to forfeit his reputation by an abuse of his official position as Fish Commissioner to encourage the illicit trade in fish? Is the brand of honesty required in a Fish Commissioner so refined and rare in its nature that we cannot safely trust our bank presidents to fill the office? And if the business of a fish dealer is of necessity a rogue's calling, is it not high time that the fact were made known in commercial circles, that fish dealers may no longer be permitted to fill offices of trust?

THE STATUS OF FISHCULTURE.

FROM time to time we have published in our columns communications from Mr. Peirce upon the failure of trout culture and fishcultural methods in general. We have given place to these articles, not because they represent our own opinions on the subject, but because we have long known of the existence of opposition to public fishculture under the present organizations. As Mr. Peirce represents the extreme of this adverse element, and has always expressed himself without reservation in opposition to generally accepted methods, we have given him an opportunity to present his views in the fullest and clearest possible manner, believing that the untenability of his position will be made evident by such free discussion of the subject as might arise from his sweeping criticisms. We have a very extensive acquaintance with fishculturists and know something about the results of fishcultural work. We have read the published statements concerning the successful restocking of trout streams and have believed them, because of our confidence in the gentlemen who have given the facts to the public. We have supposed it to be capable of ocular demonstration that landlocked salmon have been successfully introduced into Sunapee Lake and other lakes in New Hampshire, and that the fish caught in Sunapee in 1890 were equal in value to one-sixth of the entire fishcultural appropriation for the year; we will throw in the fine brook trout and golden trout taken during the same season for good measure, although we know that some parties caught from 100 to 150 small golden trout in a single day. We know that Mr. Robert D. Hume, of Ellensburg, Oregon, now of San Francisco, Cal., has supported a private salmon breeding station on Rogue River, Oregon, by means of which he has kept this river in a profitable condition for many years while adjacent salmon streams, which are not artificially stocked, have long ago been fished out. We believe that Eastern brook trout have been successfully introduced into the little Laramie River, Wyoming, where they have been known to reach a weight of 3lbs. in four years.

Our correspondent, Mr. Byers, in a communication on the results of fishculture, furnishes a long list of Colorado streams in which various exotic species of the salmon family are now flourishing, even more than in their native habitat. Other localities not mentioned by Mr. Byers are: Chalk Creek, in Chaffee county, Colorado, stocked five years ago with brook and brown trout, both of which are doing well; Morraine's Lake, on Pike's Peak, which was said to contain no fish of any kind till trout were introduced last year and in which they increased from 2½in. to a weight of 1¼lbs. up to August of the present year; Echo Lake, near Idaho Springs, stocked in 1889, and this season fish of 1½lbs. have been taken. In Nebraska, Long Pine Creek and Shadron Creek were stocked several years ago with brook and rainbow trout; many of each were caught in 1889, including a brook trout of 17in., which weighed over 2lbs., and has been personally examined by us. Rainbow trout sent to Verona, in southwest Missouri, have grown wonderfully and increased rapidly, furnishing some of the finest specimens of their kind. Mr. William Montgomery, of Verona, can give full details of the experiment.

We could multiply instances indefinitely if it were necessary. It is well known to anglers that the trout streams of the Pocono range in northern Pennsylvania and the headwaters of the Delaware River, as well as those of the western slope of the Alleghanies, have been completely restored by the excellent work of the Pennsylvania hatcheries at Allentown and Corry. The Bushkill and the Tobyhanna are among the streams which have been so improved.

As for raising trout for market we know at least a few

people who have done this successfully. We have previously referred to Dr. John Law, of Leadville, Colorado, whose establishment is well known and reasonably profitable, so much so that he is constantly increasing his facilities. He does not sell eggs and fry, but only marketable trout. Mr. P. P. B. Hyerson narrates, in the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society for 1890, his successful experiment with trout in Arkansas. Mr. Geo. A. Starkey, of Troy, and Mr. Charles Dickerman, of New Hampton, N. H., sell adult trout, and the former believes the business can be made profitable if conducted on a large scale. We know of one man who has a thriving business of small proportions in the sale of brook trout in this city; but he does not seek to compare notes with experts in trout culture. We have no expectation that the evidence brought forward by Mr. Byers or the testimonials to the adequacy of fishculture methods conveyed to the ends of the earth by an independent press will suffice to soften the asperity of critics who will deny the unequivocal success with shad and whitefish, and disparage the grand achievements with trout and salmon. But intelligent people everywhere will distinguish sharply and clearly between the men who have labored by scientific and practical methods to establish a system of fishculture which has won the praise of the world and those who dispute the universal verdict while advertising some occult processes peculiar to themselves.

THE interest in the habits of that game little bird, the woodcock, increases and notes printed to-day bring out a new suggestion. Is it not possible that, in talking about the "whistle" of this bird, the advocates of what may be called the wing and the vocal theories are referring to different sounds? We know a number of men, who, when they talk about the woodcock's whistle, refer to the twittering sound which it makes when flushed, and which, as Mr. Brewster says, has been compared to the note of the kingbird. That the bird makes, or can make, a whistling noise with its wings, as do some of the ducks, is we presume beyond question, but to get at the truth, it would be well for the debaters first to settle as clearly as possible what they themselves mean when they speak of the woodcock's whistle.

The Sportsman Tourist.

STILL-HUNTING.

A WINTER IN MICHIGAN.—IV.

BY NESSMUK.

I got on much better for the rest of the winter, although still very weak and utterly unfit for anything requiring exertion or likely to subject me to exposure. I had a fancy to try for the clearings as I got better, but old Peter declared it so decidedly imprudent, and refused so emphatically to go with me or furnish ponies until the sugar season was over that I concluded to wait.

The sugar season came at last, and a part of the band moved down to an extensive tract of sugar maples within six or seven miles of my shanty and commenced operations. They had a merry time of it; the season was an unusually favorable one, and big kettles, little kettles, tin pots, pails and pans, were in great demand for collecting sap, boiling down, and sugaring off.

One pleasant afternoon a pony was sent to me with an invitation to ride over to their camp for a visit—an invitation which I gladly accepted, and the visit proved an interesting one. They were very busy, and had ten or a dozen kettles, large and small, seething and bubbling over hard wood fires. Their mode of reducing the sap to sugar did not differ in the least from that practiced by the white settlers, save in the utter disregard of cleanliness exhibited by them. The young Indians were continually scouting the woods with their little half-starved curs, and any unlucky coon, hare, squirrel, or even a muskrat, which fell into their hands, was sure to be skinned and thrown into the boiling sap for cooking, without further dressing or cleaning. This rather cooled my appetite for warm sugar, and tended also to prejudice me slightly against Indian cookery—a prejudice which much after observation has only confirmed. They are, almost without an exception, most disgustingly filthy in all their personal habits.

I hung about the bright cheerful fires until late at night, going from fire to fire, chatting with such of them as spoke English and refusing liberal offers of sugar; but at last Peter, who acted as cicerone, said it was time to sleep and led the way to old Blackbird's tent, where we went to spend the night. The tent was a large one with a dull, simmering fire in the center, a big smoke-hole at top, and a loose, ragged blanket by way of a door. The fire gave out much smoke and very little heat, the ragged blanket ventilated the structure most efficiently, and what with young Indians, dogs, young and old, smoke and filth, the whole affair was well calculated to knock the romance out of Indian life effectually. My own little den of a shanty was bad enough considered in the light of a domestic institution, but it was warmth and comfort compared to this.

For an hour or two I tried to delude myself into sleep, but the tent grew smokier and colder as night waned, until I was fain to take my blanket and seek the nearest fire, where, seated on a piece of dry bark, I nodded and dozed the night away. The Indians treated me kindly. Such as they had, and the best they had, was offered freely; at parting they pressed me to accept of divers small fawn-skin sacks filled with dried berries, corn, beans and nuts, which, to an invalid who had passed through a long spell of sickness with no vegetable food other than "hard tack," were most grateful.

Just as I was on the start for a return, a pretty little squaw, whom I had spoken to the day before without eliciting any answer save the unmeaning Indian stare, came up and presented me a small, tastily worked doe-skin pouch filled with cranberries, saying in very good English: "Here, you take these and stew them with sugar; they are good in fever—birch is best for ager." And she dodged into a tent, laughing loudly, as did all the squaws, who seemed to think whipping out the ague a capital joke. Perhaps it is.

A few days after my visit to the sugar camp a warm south wind stopped the flow of sap, and the Indians to the number of twenty returned my visit, making themselves at home jovially, ransacking the shanty, examining my hunting kit with eager curiosity, and stuffing themselves with dry ship biscuit until I dared not treat them to warm toddy for fear they might burst. The nymph who gave me the cranberries was of the party, and had lost all her reserve—showed a desire in fact to be rather communicative. "Her father was no Indian," she said, "not he. He was a British officer in Canada, and her mother was Peter's sister. She could live with white folks if she chose, but she did not choose. Her father was not ashamed of her; he had taken her at one time to Detroit and sent her to school for a year where she learned to read, but she did not like it. What did she want to read or write for? What good was it? She did not like the white girls, or their mothers. They had made her wear a dress like themselves, with corsets, and belt so tight that it hurt her to breathe, and shoes which pinched her feet. What did she care for such things, or for the pale, sickly girls at school who laughed at her, and who were too feeble to carry a bucketful of water or an armful of wood? She was not going to be pinched up or kept indoors by them, and so when the band came down to trade at Pontiac, and she heard of their whereabouts, she ran away and joined them, to be free again and go where she pleased. Afterward, her father came all the way from Malden to Port Sarnia for the purpose of finding her and taking her back again; the band had left Port Sarnia before he arrived, and he followed them to River au Sable, where he found them, but she had utterly refused to go with him, although he promised to take her to England and give her any quantity of nice clothes. She did not want the clothes, nor to go to England; she chose to be free—to go and come when she pleased; to gather berries and dress skins; to go in a canoe and catch bass and mascalonge. It would kill her to live as white women lived." This and much more she told me, with flashing eyes and a voluble earnestness that carried conviction of its truthfulness. As I watched her expressive face and native beauty, I could not help a misty speculation which crossed my mind as to how such a spicy piece of calico—I beg her pardon; blanket—would perform as mistress of my hunting establishment. Beautifully, no doubt, so long as one might be content to lead the nomadic life of a strolling band of Chippewas, but that sort of thing would hardly answer for the clearings.

One would hardly like to introduce an Indian beauty to a respectable white mother and sisters as a newly acquired relative, or to receive a visit from a dozen or two of breech-clouted, blanketed vagabonds, each with a backload of baskets and moccasins for sale—not in a civilized town, at least. Nevertheless, the pretty Ta-wis-na-gatch-ee would have been worth half a dozen white beauties to a man willing to forswear all civilized clearings for the term of his natural life—but I digress.

It was in April when, the sugar season being over, the remainder of the band came down from Muskrat Lake, and all prepared for a journey down the river. They had been rather successful in the winter hunt, the squaws had improved their time in making moccasins, fancy baskets, pouches, etc., and the whole tribe were jubilant at the prospect of much trade. The trip down the river was a merry one for the Indians, but to me it was a cheerless succession of chilly days and chillier nights. I was free from ague or fever, but very weak, and coughed almost incessantly, and I rather thought old Peter right when he told me, "Bimeby fall come agin, then you die."

It was on a cold, raw afternoon that we landed at the bay, and I sought food and shelter in the little tavern from whence I had started the previous October for a grand hunt. The hunt had fizzled down, down to the small end of nothing, and I, with just the breath of life in my body, was trying to reach home once more—probably to make a die of it. He who has been forced to play the "give up game" among strangers, and has sought his home with little hope of anything better than finally closing his eyes among friends, can easily imagine my feelings when, having given my Indian friends everything save what clothes I needed for present use, I turned my face feebly homeward.

At Grand Haven I looked for letters and papers from home, but they had been forwarded by order to Muskegon, and I did not care to go back for them. I had not heard from home since the previous October, some six months back, and like the matrimonial experience of Mr. Bumble, "it seemed an age."

From Grand Haven to Grand Rapids, thence to Kalamazoo, and I was once more behind the iron horse, speeding homeward at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Two days of puffing, whistling, plashing confusion, during which the little pallid, and not over-well-or-cleanly-dressed hunter got unceremoniously jostled by flunkeys, waiters and baggage smashers, a quiet ride of 25 miles on a side-cut, and I left the cars to get on board the rickety stage which was to put me down at my mother's door.

All through the spring and early summer I crawled feebly about, racked with a distressing cough, and unable to gain tone or strength; but the man who has been toughened by years of exposure in the open air, whose lungs and muscles have been braced and hardened by exercise in the mountains, and who has a strong constitution, does not die so easily. In July I began to mend, and in company with two or three friends, ventured on a visit to a favorite camp on the headwaters of Pine Creek.

Blessed be the pine-crowned mountains with their balsamic breezes and crystal trout streams. If there be anywhere on earth a Gilead wherein the worn invalid may find a balm and a physician it is there. The trip which had been projected for a few days extended to as many weeks, and I returned home almost a well man; bought a light double-barreled rifle, overhauled my neglected hunting kit, replaced what was missing, got my off-hand shooting up to a respectable pitch, and just a year from the time Ned and I camped at the rock shanty, I again unslung my knapsack and wakened the echoes with cheery blows as I cut wood for a camp-fire at this very spot.

And Ned Miller? Married the blushing Hannah of course. I saw him a few hours after my return home, and knew he was a benedict at a glance, for he was smoking a penny clay, and the inevitable dinginess encompassed him as a halo—a dinginess that may escape masculine observation; but ask any shrewd spinster in a mixed assemblage to single out the benedicts from the eligible; she can do it as by intuition.

Ned and I did not meet very cordially; I had good reason to think his desertion the cause of much suffering to myself, and something hard would rise in my throat when I tried to feel friendly and forgiving in spite of me. However, as Ned came often to see me and we talked matters over I came not only to forgive but to sympathize with him. He had led his inamorata to the altar on Christmas Eve, starting on a bridal tour immediately thereafter. On his return he found to his consternation that another wedding had come off during his absence, and one that he little dreamed of.

Mr. Enoch Daniels, the man of many patents, had gone and done it! Married the elder Hannah, relict of Deacon Needham, deceased, and was in fact a sort of father-in-law to Ned—a relationship that I fancy did not inspire Ned with any great amount of respect. However, the widow had a perfect right to marry whom she pleased, so Ned took his pretty young wife home to his mother's snug fifty-acre farm, and Mr. Daniels took charge of the Needham estate, including the buxom relict, all of which he managed and still manages, as a temperate, thrifty Vermonter should do. As for Ned, he got a present of a fine young horse from the widow and his wife a nice "setting out" in furniture, besides the two best cows on the farm, which is all they are likely to get at present, as the widow—I beg her pardon—Mrs. Daniels, has already presented her husband with three healthy boys and is herself more buxom and healthy than ever.

Something more than a year after Ned's marriage, as he and I were celebrating the advent of his first boy in my little snuggery over some old Glenlivet, Ned asked, "Do you happen to know how confoundedly old Sam Hoover fooled us at the Rock Shanty more than a year ago?"

"I didn't really; as how?" I answered.

"Why," said Ned, "he had a snug cabin built and his traps set about the head of Bear Run, at the very time he told us a cock and bull story about there being no game in the woods. He leave the woods because he couldn't find deer! Why he was just going out to the clearings after provisions, and we were just green enough to save him the trouble by emptying our knapsacks for his benefit. He killed over fifty deer in that range before the season was over, besides taking I don't know how many bear. If I ever —." But here a red-headed urchin broke in upon us, to notify Ned that "Miss Miller wanted him right away; suthin the matter with the baby." And, seizing his hat, the bran new father broke for home like a quarter horse; another melancholy instance of a promising young hunter spoiled by matrimony.

But I have talked you into drowsiness, and it is past 9 o'clock. Let us mend the fire and draw our blankets about us; on the morrow we will hunt the ridge from here to the head of Bear Run, where, if we but hunt carefully and patiently, we may chance to eat venison with our bread at supper.

COWBOY REMINISCENCES.

[*Concluded from Page 451.*]

FOUR of us were on a camp-hunt near the headwaters of the Brazos River in Texas. There were "English Jack," the "Captain," Raymond and I—all cowboys from the same ranch. We had taken advantage of that period of inactivity that extends between the fall round-ups and drift line riding, and were engaged in putting up our winter's supply of meat. The country swarmed with deer, antelope and turkey, and in addition to these there were a few bears, but though we potted the former inoffensive beasts to our hearts' content bruin always managed to give us the slip, and had it not been for the abundance of tracks we might have supposed his species extinct among the mighty cañons that sheltered somehow his shaggy hide. One morning a day or two before the time set for our return home Raymond shouldered his rifle, and whistling to his hound Bose, strode out of camp, remarking that he would "try one more whack at them bears," and that "if they were in them cañons they sure had to come out that day."

That night my pardner did not return to camp, and the next morning all of us set out in different directions to look for the missing member, feeling sure that he had met with some accident. Nor were we wrong. After six hours of fruitless search I was returning to camp to exchange my nearly exhausted steed for a fresh one, when I heard a faint hail from a hillside, and spurring my pony to the spot rode upon my missing comrade. He presented a ghastly sight, being literally covered from head to foot with congealed blood, while his neck and face were scarred and scratched to such an extent as to be almost unrecognizable. It was not necessary to ask many questions—he had evidently found the bear. At the bottom of a sink near by lay a large she bear, her head battered almost to a jelly and still clasping in her fatal hug the dead body of the hound Bose. I did not waste any time talking, indeed my pardner was too much exhausted from loss of blood and exposure; and aiding him to mount my horse I walked by his side, supporting him as he rode into camp. It was fully three days before the wounded man was able to talk, and quite a fortnight ere he was convalescent. The long claws of the bear had cut deep furrows on his back and sides and one stroke had made a gash on the cheek that Raymond will carry to his dying day as a reminder of his adventure, one of the most gallant of all combats between unarmed man and beast.

It seems that after leaving camp he proceeded at once to a valley, in which we had often noticed bear sign in great abundance, but where, owing to the rocky nature of the ground it had been impossible, even with the aid of the hound, to follow any of the numerous trails. That morning, however, was peculiarly favorable, owing to a slight rain on the night previous, and Bose successfully trailed a most promising lead into a high rocky cañon. Keeping the hound that always ran silently close to him, Ray moved cautiously through the maizes of jungle and rocks, and after some time of stealthy advance, on round-

ing an angle in the cañon he came face to face with the object of his search, standing not 30yds. away.

A quick shot broke the under jaw of the beast and with a growl of pain away went the bear, closely pursued by the dog up the trail that led to the plain above. Raymond followed as quickly as possible, and on emerging from the cañon, found that dog and bear had disappeared in one of the caves that are quite common in that section. This particular one was nothing more than a sink in the ground perhaps sixty feet deep, having a very steep slant and terminating in a kind of tunnel. Down in this hole Ray could hear the dog and bear having what may best be described as a monkey and parrot time, but owing to the branching off at the bottom, he was unable to see what was going on. Not wishing to have the dog killed, for he valued it highly, down he slid to the bottom of the slope and entered the cavity. What followed I had best let him describe in his own language. "As soon as I got to the bottom of the slope I cocked my gun and carefully peeped around the rock, intending to fire from where I stood, but the cave turned off at an angle and there was nothing to do but go right in. So in I went and was greeted by a terrific rush from the bear, which turned me heels over head, knocking the rifle out of my hands and breaking the stock against the rocks. I managed to regain my feet and then the ball opened, and Bose and the bear had a right lively time of it for a little while. I saw that he could not bite on account of his broken jaw, and when he rushed on me I grabbed him and we tussled together like man and man; then Bose came in on the rear and drew his attention while I tried to climb back up the slope, but it was very steep and the sand slipped from under my feet so that I could not make much headway; and before I was half out the bear was on me and down we rolled together to the bottom of the pit.

"Seeing that it would be of no use trying to get out, I faced about and put up the best fight I knew how. We had a regular boxing match; he would slug me and over I would go, then I'd hit him and in his turn down he would roll, but the beast was so confoundedly quick on the recover that I never had a chance to reach the gun barrel before he was again on me. Every time he would strike me his claws would cut through my clothing and into my flesh, and I was soon blood from head to foot. At last he caught me across the face, and I was so blinded with blood that he got the advantage, and grabbing me around the body began what came pretty near being a death hug. I was too played out to offer much resistance, and guess the jig would have been up if it hadn't been for old Bose coming up in the rear and nipping the bear in the flank. This made him drop me, and he got the dog in a corner and grabbing him squeezed the life out of the poor beast, but it gave me time to reach the barrel of my broken gun, and as he came at me the last time I brought the steel down with all my remaining strength upon his head. That settled him, but I continued to rain blows as long as there was the least sign of life. Poor old Bose was stone dead, with his teeth clenched in the cold meat of his enemy, and I, dripping with sweat and blood, had just time to crawl out of the hole when I fainted. When I came to it was night and the fight I had to keep from freezing to death was almost as bad as the circus with the bear. I can tell you I was mighty glad to see you riding by, but it took every last living bit of strength that was left in me to hail loud enough to get you to look my way."

Several years have passed since that event, Raymond has at last joined the majority—no, not died, but married—and is, or rather was, living in a one-roomed rock cabin, every stone of which was hewn and set by his own hands, and which stands on the cliffs of one of the remote headwaters of the Brazos. It is not very far from the spot where his famous fight occurred, and is in the region where, in the wild days of the frontier, we, so to speak, "fit, bled and died together." I visited him a year or so ago. There are two or three young Brooks now, sturdy young fellows that give promise of emulating their father's mighty deeds, and in the evenings we would all sit around the big fireplace, crouched on the skin of that very bear that came so near making an end of the chapter before it was well started.

What a man Raymond was! I have passed my life among college athletes and frontiersmen, but I can remember no one who ever approached him in point of strength. He was six feet four inches in height and weighed two hundred and tweny-five pounds, every ounce of which was solid muscle. To this strength and his brave heart, aided by the devotion of the hound Bose, must be attributed his victory over the bear. No unarmed man is a match for an uninjured bear, and it is very probable that had the first shot, which broke the beast's jaw, been less fortunately placed, the tragedy of Bear vs. Ray would have had another termination.

ALEX. M. REYNOLDS.

SEATTLE, Wash., June 5, 1890.

AN ADIRONDACK OUTING.

ON Aug. 25, with my wife and two boys, aged two and four years, we boarded the 8 A. M. train at Canton, N. Y. A change at Philadelphia, another at Carthage, and at 12:20 we were at "the Crossing," or Oswegatchie. A stage ride of three miles brought us to Star Lake. Here are two hotels and quite a number of cottages of more or less pretention. I owned one of them, but when they erected a hotel within 100ft. of my house I thought it was too thickly settled and sold out.

Star Lake is quite a summer resort, the lake being a very fine body of water and very irregular in shape, as its name indicates. It is about two miles in its longest line and has some six miles of shore line. Its general depth is 20 to 25ft., but it has its shallow bays with sand and stony bottom and in one place the bottom is found at a depth of over 75ft. It is fed mostly by springs and has a hardly visible outlet.

The afternoon of our arrival was spent in getting rested and looking after a team to take us on to the "Inlet." The next morning at 8 o'clock we left the lake, one team took our boat (a 15×30 Canadian model) and baggage, the other ourselves. The latter rig was a buckboard, though to stand the rough road it had to be very heavy and the spring was not enough to speak of. One mile of good road and we turned into an old clearing, thence into the forest. For two miles the road was so that we could keep our seats by a vigorous use of both hands and feet. Then Madame said "Let me walk," and 4-year-old Harry said "Me too." I had to keep to the wagon and hold the 2-year-old. I've toted a 50lbs. pack over this road, and it was fun compared with this ride. Everything has an end, and at 10:30 we arrived at Sternburg's on the Inlet. Sternburg's is a quiet little hotel. Nearly new, and though unpainted, is clean and neat. The house will accommodate about thirty people, and is a halting place for those bound further into the woods. From half a dozen to twenty were about the number of guests during our stay; and each day saw its arrivals and departures. The house is well kept and guests are made as comfortable as possible.

On the afternoon of our arrival it rained, and the five succeeding days were more or less off the same piece. Madame and the children kept pretty close to the house, but I went fishing more or less. The water was high and there was no hunting on the river. However, the house was well supplied, as Mr. S. and his stalwart son and son-in-law are all good hunters. The Monday following our arrival was bright and warm, and I took a tramp up the Albany road some three miles, hunting ruffed grouse—or partridge as we call them. At this place on the road a brook crosses and there is a little beaver meadow, alders and an old camp ground, grown up to a thicket of birch, spruce and briers. I found no birds and pushed on up the brook to another little patch of grass some thirty rods above. Coming out from behind the trunk and roots of an upturned tree I stopped within three or four rods of a small oblong piece of tall grass nearly surrounded by alders. Something red, with white spots on it, below the tops of the grass, attracted my attention. The first thought what is it? The next it is a fawn. Just then it raised its head. For the next ten seconds there was pantomime on both sides. I broke open my gun, pulled out the fine shot shells and went for my pocket for a shell loaded with buckshot. Out in the grass another fawn put up its head, the old doe stuck hers up out of the alders at one side and all three bounded away.

Well, I came hunting for partridge—not for deer, besides it is against the law to shoot a spotted fawn, and it would be too bad to have killed the mother doe and broken up such a happy family. So after the first moment of regret I am glad that my gun was loaded with fine shot.

Patiently I hunted every foot of ground, but only saw two birds, and they flushed wild. As one parted the thick undergrowth of the camp ground I followed it with a charge of shot. Not knowing whether I had hit it or not I followed. It was on a side hill, the ground plentifully strewn with old half-decayed logs, and I had to look sharp to my footing to avoid an ugly tumble. I reached the place where I last saw the bird and looked for bird or feathers. Seeing neither I raised my head, and on a dry limb not fifteen feet from my face sat the bird; but as my eyes touched her she was off like a rocket. So long as I was not looking toward her she let me approach almost near enough to touch her. An hour more of hard hunting gave me but one bird, and I returned to the hotel more tired from my tramp than I cared to own.

Several fine days followed, and on one of them madame, children and myself followed up the river some five miles, and ate our dinner on a large rock overlooking the alder meadow. Near this rock thirty to forty years ago one Charles Marsh had a trapping shanty. Wolves and panthers were quite plenty in those days and Marsh used to trap them. One day he landed at the foot of the rock and leaving the carcasses of a deer and a fox in his boat he went back a few rods to set a trap. Stooping down at his work he heard a little move near his boat, but saying to himself, "Steve has come up the river and is trying to scare me," he went on with his work without looking up. Presently, however, a fierce yell brought him to his feet, and he saw standing on the rock looking down at his boat and gun a full-grown panther. At a startled cry from Marsh the animal vanished in the bushes.

This meadow is a mixture of alder beds and tall grass, and may be three miles long by nearly a mile wide. The river is very crooked and its course through the meadow would probably measure five or six miles. This is the best hunting ground on the river, and fishing for small trout is very good. During our run down I held the boat and madame fished, catching about forty, the largest being a better one than I caught on the whole trip. I thought so at the time, and have heard it so stated since my return. Well, madame took kindly to the sport and only falling darkness could induce her to lay aside the rod. And "the kids" enjoyed it too. The other guests were duly informed, "My mamma caught a whole lot of trout."

The wet weather interfered sadly with the sport, though I got in several good days' fishing and hunted two nights without seeing or hearing anything. In a day or two our outing would be over; and I had not killed a deer. So one fine morning, with George Nunn in the stern, we paddled up the river some twelve miles and fished down. Under a floodwood I got a glimpse of a broad red side and a strong tug at the hook. Too eager, I struck; and though I pricked I did not hold my fish. Then I spent a full hour trying to tempt the prize to take a variety of tempting baits. No use; so we left him. How long was he? I don't know, but the week previous a party caught three at this place weighing respectively 1¾, 2½ and 3½lbs. When we had caught enough fish we landed, built a fire, and cooked and ate until we were satisfied. Then we took to the boat again, and dusk found us with a goodly number of fish at Government Camp. Here we landed, got supper and waited for dark. It was a splendid night, dark, still and warm.

Taking off my boots, I wrapped my feet and legs in a heavy blanket and settled down to business. Up the river we went some two miles. Then after waiting half an hour we started down stream. Mile after mile was passed over with no sound of game. About 1 o'clock, and just above the rock referred to, Nunn turned the bow of the boat into a shallow cove. Back at the further end I see a white bunch in the grass. It has no particular shape, and may be only a bunch of grass; but I am suspicious, and watch it. Directly two bright spots appear near the water and are raised as the deer raises its head. It is too far away for a sure shot, and as I whisper to Nunn, who has not seen it, to push the boat ahead, there is a splash and a crash and the game is away.

Again we drift on by the mile and hour. We are now but little over a mile from home and but a quarter of a mile above a large camp. Just here is a chance, however, for there is a small cove on the right, a large one on the left, and just below the latter, with a narrow tongue of land between, is the outlet of Otter Pond, here spreading out two or three rods wide; the bank covered with thick alders near the mouth, but a little further back spreading out in grass marsh.

Nunn hears a deer on the left, and the boat glides slowly and silently down the stream. Directly we can see the upper cove, but no deer. Now we are passing the cove on the right, and there is heard splash, splash at our side, and then behind us, and out goes a deer. Following that immediately is a plunge in the mouth of the brook, and we know that the deer on the left had been alarmed and started out.

Quick work, now, or no game. A couple of quick, hard strokes of the paddle and the bow of the boat rushes past the point, and I can see up the brook.

In the center of it is a dark object. I have been in it before and know this is the deer. She is standing quartering from us and looking some other way; so I do not see the eyes.

The gun has been brought to a ready, and now it touches the shoulder. A glance along the barrel shows it where it should be and the trigger is pressed. From mountain to mountain the report roars and rolls, and when the echoes have died away we hear a kicking in the alders a couple of rods from the shore.

"You have got her," says Nunn, "though you shot so quick I thought you had missed. I did not see the deer at all."

"I had to shoot quick. That deer had started to go and only stopped an instant to see what was coming."

A few minutes' search among the grass and alders found a very large doe dead. We loaded her into the boat and paddled quickly home. As we hung her up daylight was breaking in the east.

The next day we left the inlet, coming out by Benson's Mines, a much better as well as shorter road.

And now I would like to add a few words on jack hunting, my favorite method. This is the usual method of killing deer early in the season, and so much is against it. There are ways to prevent that, and an active man can "salt" with sulphur every watering place for miles around; and this repeated occasionally will keep deer from watering and to a great extent prevent that kind of killing.

But let us suppose that it is Aug. 15 and we have a right to kill. The law-makers are willing we should kill as we please so long as our method is not cruel nor too destructive. Killing is killing, and I do not suppose it makes any difference to a dead deer whether it dropped to a shot from a still-hunter or by jack-light. What we want is to give the game a chance. Let us see what its chances are in floating. First, natural chances.

The shore area of stream, pond and lake is but a small percentage of the whole woods. Many ponds and streams have little or no feed and deer do not water there. This then limits the hunting ground of the jack-hunter to a very small territory.

Again, hunter and deer must meet at one time and place. You cover miles and miles and of all the deer that come to the shore you see but one, perhaps, because not at the right place at the right time. Deer are not likely to come to water on cold or rainy nights. On windy nights they scent you long before you get within sight. On foggy nights you cannot see and on moonlight nights the game can see you.

Now, don't you see that from natural causes we bring the jack hunter into very narrow limits?

Some say it requires no skill to kill a deer this way; that the guide does it all. The guide must do his part; he must propel the boat in absolute silence; no matter whether the current is swift, or grass, sticks and lily pads obstruct. But the hunter must also do his part, or the most skillful guide will not avail. The light is uncertain and he must many times guess where to aim. Hundreds of shots are fired without result. The guide has his pay, the hunter his chagrin, and the deer a good scare that makes him harder for the next man to approach. It is a fact that if a pond or stream is hunted much the deer become "educated," and the average hunter might as well roll in his blankets and go to sleep as to hunt.

As regards so many being wounded and escaping, I think the stories are overdrawn. I have hunted off and on for thirty years. I have perhaps killed fifty deer, most of them with the jack. I can count some clean misses, but not half a dozen wounded that escaped. If a deer is hit at all hard, a good guide can follow the trail and the deer is pretty sure to be found and killed.

We have this positive evidence, where hounds are used deer become scarce; where dogs are not used, all the "floating" does no harm, though some of it is done early in the season.

By this I do not mean I approve of early hunting. I believe in living up to the law, and I maintain that jack-hunting after Aug. 15 is not more destructive than the natural increase of game will permit. J. H. R.

CANTON, N. Y.

THEY LOVE THE MUSIC.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Dec. 22.—Fox chasing in W. Va, however others may regard it, I call it a strange sport, if sport it may be called, that is sometimes engaged in here. To call it hunting may be a misnomer. It is engaged in only by those having a fine musical ear; I mean the ear that can appreciate the symphonic baying of the pursuing pack howling over hill and dale, now near now far away. Not only do the more common class, but the *élite* of the town take interest in the sport. I have seen them with their hounds, without a gun with them, go over the river into Ohio as the sun was setting, to enjoy their royal sport. Why without a gun? ask you. Just to sit down, perhaps by a fire and let off the dogs and wait for the music, which of course begins as soon as the dogs strike a trail. Whether the fox is caught they know not, they care not; but is the concert good? To them it doubtless is. But give me grouse, woodcock and quail shooting and they may have their sylvan canine concerts. I want to see the chips fly when I chop the wood. Quite a few foxes are hunted, the huntsmen riding on horses pell mell, in ye olden style, and "nary a gun wid em," and he loses caste who dares to fire upon reynard at such times.

There is a queer custom here of trailing a dead fox through the streets of a city on Christmas or New Year's day. The man who trails the fox rides helter skelter through town, up one street and down another. Presently a pack of hounds is put on track and follows the trail with great gusto—with all the eagerness and uproar that might be expected in a "live" hunt in a veritable forest.

N. D. ELTING.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in all your woodcock bird whistle papers, and as my experience has extended over more than half a century of woodcock shooting) and many seasons' shooting I have bagged from 100 to 150 birds) and the bird always interesting me, I have spent many pleasant hours in studying its habits in spring as well as in fall and summer shooting. I want you to put down my vote to the wing theory.

I know the bird has a little mouth talk, or note, which I have often heard when the birds were mating and strutting on the ground in the spring, and the same note I have heard often from the old bird when I have been catching the young chicks; but the sound or note is not the same as the whistle of the continuous-flying, full-plumaged bird, and I have so often had the slightly wounded bird in my hand, and held by the bill or feet, make, as I am sure, the same whistling with his wings, that I cannot be mistaken; and the bird when not in plumage, held the same way, does not make the whistle. I know we do not all hear, see or think alike; but any person who will take a full-plumaged woodcock that is lively, hold it by the bill or feet and let it have full use of its wings, cannot but be convinced the whistle is made with the wings.

Audubon should be pretty good authority, and he records the noise as made by the wings; and among all my bird acquaintance I do not remember one bird that has a continuous mouth note when flying, but very many have a wing whistle when flying, such as the golden-eye duck, whistling swan and many others, that can be heard a long distance. The drumming ruffed grouse, noise of the wings of the flushed quail and many others talk with their wings as well as their mouths.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

CALAIS, Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the many articles that have appeared in your paper concerning the ways of the woodcock and have added to the list myself. In looking over your paper for the past year I find about three to one in favor of the wing sound, and all give good reasons, while a few who have had a woodcock in confinement claim that the sound is produced by the bill. I have also asked every sportsman (and they are many) from Maine to Florida and have never fouud one who did not think the sound was produced by the wing on its flight.

On looking over my paper on my return from the field trials I find Mr. Trumbull out with an article in your issue of Dec. 11, in which he contends that the woodcock makes its sound by the bill or throat only. I think any one who writes on this subject should find as near as possible the true habits of the bird, and if possible how the sound is produced, and the last place to find the true habits or nature of man, beast or bird is to confine them in close confinement, which seems to be the only way that Mr. Trumbull or any of his supporters have ever studied them.

I was very sorry that I was not at home to see my papers so as to answer Mr. Trumbull before, but as Mr. Brewster has already done this in your issue of Dec. 25, I will content myself by writing now and trying to show that Mr. Trumbull's article is misleading to the beginner in ornithology.

Now, I don't want Mr. Trumbull or any other man to think that I deprive him the privilege to think as he pleases, but I do think, as I say above, that treatment of any subject of this kind should be as correct as possible, as it goes as recorded fact, and his way of finding the true habits of woodcock I think to be all wrong.

It is time the sportsmen and the ornithologists of this country came out in force to prove if possible which is right. The expense would be light, and if every lover of these birds (and their names are legion) would contribute a small amount to pay a man or a committee of three men to go South now and study them, I think it would be a move in the right direction. They could follow them from Florida to Maine on their trip north and east, and by August we could get a full report of the woodcock, his habits, mode of feeding, the way he produces the sound, and mode of rearing the young.

My article in your journal of Jan. 22, 1890, gives in a rough way my idea of the woodcock. At that time I did not claim he had a note by the bill, but after a close study of them in Febuary I found they had, and wrote your journal to that effect, which you published on March 6. Every observation reported in these two articles was made on the bird in his natural element. I claim that the woodcock does fan its tail and strut like a turkey gobbler, and is one of the proudest things I ever saw, notwithstanding Mr. Trumbull to the contrary. I also say and know by observation, that they do in mating or breeding season have a continuous twitter of the bill and wings combined on their ascent, and that on their descent they have as perfect a song as any lark or bird I ever heard. Also that when on the ground after their ascent and decent they make a very sharp *spate* five or six times, as I described in issue of March 6, and which I cannot describe as other than like that of a drake, only much sharper, and it can be heard for a quarter of a mile on still nights, and as I said in that paper, they keep it up from early sunset until daylight in the morning. This is the sound, as near as I can make it, that Mr. Trumbull's bird made, which deceived the greenhouse man.

But I do say, Mr. Editor, to you, to Mr. Trumbull, and to all unbelievers, that I have on many occasions tried the woodcock by holding it by the bill, also by the feet, and have had it make the pure metallic jingle or whistle with its wings which it invariably makes when flushed by myself or my dogs in cover or open, and I can prove it by plenty of men who would not perhaps wish their names drawn into this controversy.

I will now add to my letter of March 6, that after mating and hatching the young, the woodcock through May and June cease their spiral ascent, also their song note, and after the young bird gets large enough to feed and take care of itself, the last of June or first of July, they begin again the ascent and song, which lasts then until the last of July or first of August, when they begin to molt. Then they are quite dormant and stir very little; and from the middle of August to the middle of September they seek the most secluded spots on sidehills, in briers and bramble, and a dog has to be an extra good one and to know his business to find them, as they will lie and let any one step within a few inches of them without offering to flush, and when they do fly on this occasion they produce no sound by bill or wing, which goes to show that the feather that makes the whistle is not there or is not strong enough to produce the sound.

If I have added anything to the ways of the woodcock I am very glad; and again, if I have hurt any one's feelings by my way of putting things, I am sorry. I am sorry I cannot handle this subject as Mr. Brewster has, but will try to keep up my end in my way, and as I say above I hope the sportsmen of this country will second my motion and put out some men and make a close study of the best bird I ever shot at, and one that is fading away very fast, and let them say how the woodcock produces the sound, and if I am wrong I am willing to put myself into bondage and let Mr. Trumbull study my habits as he has the poor little woodcock, in a dungeon cell.

T. M. ALDRICH.

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island.

SURROUNDED BY SNOW BUNTINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This afternoon while in pursuit of a large owl abont the field just outside the city limits an immense flock (at least 4,000) of snowflakes (*Plectrophenax nivalis*) came into a buckwheat stubble field, through which I was passing. I was near the center and they settled down to the east of me. I noticed that those furthest from me would fly over the others and alight on the side nearest to me, and concluded that if they were not disturbed they would soon surround me. I sat down on my heels in the snow, and keeping perfectly quiet awaited their coming. I had not long to wait before I was completely surrounded and had an excellent opportunity to watch them. There was a continual jumping up to secure the heads of grapes, which they would hold down with their long toes and claws while eating from them. My position was not an easy one, and I finally had to stand erect. My first motion was the signal for my surrounding company and they seemed to rise as one. The circling motion, which they always make when alighting or starting, brought many of them over my head, and so close were they that I felt the rush of the wind caused by the motion of their wings. I thought I had seen large flocks of snow buntings, but had never seen any that compared with this. It covered acres. From my position I have no doubt that I might have shot a hundred birds with the two barrels of my gun. But I was after a larger bird and knew that the report would be the signal for him to take his departure.

I followed him around that farm of 192¼ acres for three mortal hours, and the last I saw of him was at five o'clock, and so dark that I could just make him out as he passed over the residences in the south part of the city.

Before seeing the owl I saw another interesting occurrence. About a quarter of a mile from me I saw a black object moving about on the snow, and turned in that direction to ascertain what it was. When within forty or fifty rods the object disappeared. As the field was level and free from stones, I could not understand what had become of it. Keeping my eyes on the place where I had last seen it, I approached the spot, only to find the tracks of an animal which I thought to be those of a skunk, but they looked too large. On following the tracks about two rods, I found that they also disappeared in a hammock of the snow. Passing within six feet of it to the opposite side I found an opening, and looking in saw the black fur of some animal. I was now convinced that it was a skunk, and as I was not looking for "Sir Mephitis," I did not walk up and give it a kick and shoot at it as it ran away. I stopped back two rods, and making a small ball threw it at the hammock, when, to my surprise, out jumped a black and white cat, that bounded across the field. I have seen cats crouch and hide in the grass, but did not know they would force themselves under the snow for concealment.

J. D. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Dec. 6, 1890.

THE PORCUPINE.

"I SING of arms and the hero," says the poet. He who chooses for his subject the porcupine has abundant excuse to sing of arms, for no legion of oldtime knights had half so many lances at rest as he; but were one in search of a hero he might go a long distance further without much risk of faring any worse. True, I did once read in a boy's paper, generally accounted one of the best and most reliable in the country, a description of a reckless and even heroic charge by a band of porcupines, to avenge the death of one of their number at the hands of a Maine hunter; but to say I believed it would be putting a very heavy strain on the truth. I think the author of the story went as far in the latter direction as was desirable.

Inasmuch as he deals swift and sharp, as well as severe punishment to any animal that meddles with him, the porcupine has long been held up as an embodiment, as well as an emphasizer of the great principle, that every one should mind his own business and not meddle with that of other people. But as example is better than precept, and he of all animals is oftenest found nosing around hedges, orchards, outhouses, lumber camps and back shanties—places where he would seem to have no earthly call, I think it would be fitting to look elsewhere for a practical illustration of that important truth.

Some people speak of the porcupine as an animal that "is always right side up." If by "right," they mean the prickly side, many of us have seen them in another position; and I for one believe that if the whole race were "wrong side up" there would be no great hiatus in the welfare of the world. To me a pocupine seems a sort of an animated Canada thistle, or if you prefer it the thistle is a vegetized porcupine. The beauty of both the plant and the animal may very well be questioned, while their utter worthlessness has never to my knowledgle been a subject of dispute.

I first heard of the animal from the old settlers as having the power of "shooting its quills." As it can strike quick and dexterous blows with its tail, always planting the harpoons where they will do the most damage, I can readily forgive this inaccuracy. It is usually credited with being a vegetarian in diet, but if we can believe half we hear, it is not at all particular what it eats. Like the bibulous individual who has recorded his later life preferences in not altogether faultless verse, it will "take most anything." One day in '87, while the cook in a Maine bark camp was out, one of these brutes entered, rooted the lid off a butter tub, and when the cook returned, was literally "up to his eyes" in the contents.

Mr. Samuel Pugsley, a gentleman living near here and one whose word passes at par with the writer every time, assures me that he killed one in his hen house in the act of destroying his poultry. Indeed, I saw one last summer making very suspicious advances on a flock of young turkeys, and had not the owner of them declined to sacrifice a fowl in the interest of science, and insisted on my shooting the marauder forthwith, I could probably have offered some direct evidence on that point to-day. As it is, it is an open question whether he was rustling for a dinner, or was under the impression that his "plumage" entitled him to associate with fowls, and engage with them in a one-sided game of "tag."

It is a well known fact that one "quill pig" will do as much injury in a field of buckwheat as any like-sized individual among his shovel-nosed brethren, while the damage these animals do in the State of Maine alone by girdling trees amounts to so much that it is a wonder a bounty is not offered for their scalps. Two years ago a valuable horse pasturing near here was badly injured by getting a blow on his nose from a porcupine's tail. The number of dogs that get hurt in the same way is simply enormous. When I state that the porcupine is on the increase, in that vicinity at least, I have summed up the case for the prosecution. Now, can any one tell us of any good this animal does, or state any sufficient reason why it should not be killed on sight?

L. I. FLOWER.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A QUEER GOOSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. John H. Sherard, a planter of this county, described to me a goose that he captured last Feburary or March on his plantation, which was a unique bird for these parts and defied the erudition of local sportsmen to determine its status among the genus *Anser*. The colors of the body were similar to those of the common wild goose that resorts to this latitude in the winter months, but the head and neck, down to the body, were perfectly white, with pink bill, feet and legs, like the domestic goose. The specimen captured was a solitary bird, and alighted in the clover lot not far from the barn yard. Mr. Sherard made a long shot at it with No. 2 shot, and "wing-tipped" it, hurting it but slightiy. He placed it with the domestic geese in the barn yard, but it showed no disposition to affiliate with them, keeping entirely aloof. I believe it died after a month's captivity. It is described as being taller and more slender in its proportions than the wild goose.—COAHOMA. [You do not tell us what is the common wild goose of your neighborhood in winter. The bird you speak of may have been a blue goose. The description given is so vague and general that we cannot conjecture as to the species of the bird. And guessing in matters of science is not permitted.]

HOW TWO FAWNS TOOK THEIR RATIONS.—Amos Patterson, of East Valley, Wash., has two fine young deer that he has raised on his place. He was out hunting one day and killed a doe with two young fawns. The creatures were very small and ran away in terror at the death of their mother. In a few days Mr. Patterson caught them and brought them home. They steadily refused to imbibe the lacteal fluid through a regulation nipple attached to a nursing bottle, and other artifices tried were in vain. What was to be done? If they were much longer without food they would perish. A bright idea struck Mr. Patterson. Taking the hide of the mother that had been butchered previously he inserted the nipples through the skin. When the fawns felt the warm coat of the supposed mother, they commenced to drink at once, and for a good while after no trouble was experienced in giving them their regular rations.—JO. (Seattle, Wash.).

GOLDFINCH IN CAPTIVITY.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being an interested reader of your paper, I would like to ask you or some of your readers for information. For years I have taken a great interest in our American goldfinch yellowbird (*Carduelis elegans*), but in spite of my efforts I have not succeeded to keep them in captivity. I have used the various bird foods, seeds, tonics, greens, etc., have taken the birds before and after moulting, kept them singly and in numbers, inside and out, but to no use. I understand that they can be kept in captivity if you know how to treat them. Any information will be thankfully received through your journal.—D. B. [We have seen many yellowbirds (*S. tristis*) in confinement which seemed to do well on such food as is given to canaries. Canary and rape seed were the foundation of the diet, but of course the greater the variety given the more likely the birds are to do well and thrive.]

VIRGINIA DEER IN AUSTRIA.—Berlin, Dec. 20.—The Count Brenner, father-in-law of the hereditary Prince of Ratisbor, some years ago imported six pairs of Virginia deer and set them loose in his domain, Grafinegg, in Austria. They have wonderfully increased, and at a recent aristocratic hunt three of them were killed. This meat is considered superior to that of the native animal. —*The Washington Post, Dec. 21.*

BLACK FOXES.—Mr. Fred Burke, of Barronsfield, who, as reported a few weeks ago in the Amherst *Sentinel*, shot a black fox, was successful in capturing another of those rare animals a few days ago. He has shot thirty-one foxes this fall, and the other day sold the skins to Messrs. Black & Co., of Truro, for about $225.—*Truro, Can., Sentinel.*

SNOWY OWLS.—Edgar, Neb., Dec. 5.—The snowy owl has again appeared in this vicinity. A farmer brought me a very large one yesterday, and another has been seen east of here a few miles.—H.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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THOSE NOVA SCOTIA LICENSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 4, under the heading of "Nova Scotia Licenses," Mr. C. S. Harrington, chief game commissioner, intimates that certain American sportsmen fled the country from fear of arrest for shooting moose without a license. I have reason to believe that Mr. C M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., and myself are the persons referred to. In justice to us both I trust you will give space to the following:

Mr. Stark and myself were strangers to Nova Scotia and its moose hunting grounds. Upon inquiry we were referred to Mr. John Daley, of Digby, who we were informed was the game warden for Digby county, a thorough sportsman and one who could outfit us. After corresponding with him we intrusted him last May to make the necessary arrangements. We arrived in Digby Sept. 12. Each took out a license to hunt big game (which I herewith inclose). It reads:

License is hereby granted Robt. D. Gould, Esq., of Fitsburg, Mass., U. S., to shoot large game in Digby county for one year from 1st September, 1890, to 1st September, 1891, subject to conditions of game laws as now in force in Nova Scotia.

JOHN DALEY, Game Warden, Digby Co.

DIGBY, N. S., Sept. 12, 1890.

We then started for the interior as soon as we could get our traps together. Upon our return to Digby some three weeks later we learned from Mr. Daley that a complaint had been made to the Association that we were shooting without a license, that word had come back to send officers to arrest us, and that he had interfered and stopped them. Later we were fortunate enough to meet the gentleman who made the complaint, and upon our showing him our license we learned for the first time that Daley was not at that time game warden; that he had previously held that position for a number of years, but it had recently been tranferred to the County Clerk.

Now, Digby is a small town. We remained there from Sunday at 9 P. M. until the following Tuesday at 11 P. M. waiting for the steamer. The gentleman who made the complaint, appreciating our position, said he did not care to make us any trouble, and that the Association would investigate the matter. Mr. Daley is proprietor of the Hotel Royal and is considered responsible, and if he had no authority to issue licenses, why have not the Association stopped him before this, as there have been several parties who have taken out licenses through him since he lost the office? Mr. Daley, in signing a license as game warden without authority, must certainly lay himself liable to arrest for obtaining money under false pretenses. From what I can learn, this whole matter seems to be the outgrowth of some local trouble, and before passing judgment Mr. Daley's story should be heard. ROBT. D. GOULD.

FITCHCURG, Mass., Dec. 22.

MAINE—ITS GAME AND LAW.

I AM very sorry to be obliged to say that the hounding of deer in Maine continues. Maine papers are full of items of deer killed. During a couple of weeks I have collected items showing the slaughter of some 16 deer in different sections of that State. This would be all right, and every honest sportsmen would rejoice with the happy hunters, were the fact established that the hunting was fairly done. But such is not the case. The fox hunters have increased, and these fox hunters bring home deer. A party of respectable merchants and business men left Boston on Monday night, for a hunting trip in Maine. They told their friends that they were going for deer and caribou, and that they should stay as long as the open season lasts, or until Jan. 1. This looks fair on the face of it, and as though the hunters had some respect for the game laws of the State were they propose to hunt. But on the express team, on its way to the depot of the Boston & Maine Railroad that afternoon I saw a handsome hound. Was that hound the property of the hunting party? I had the curiosity to make inquiries and found that he went with them.

I learn from perfectly reliable sources that the hounds, mentioned in my former article, as dogging deer on the side of Aziscohos, have twice since my first information been over to the West Arm of Richardson Lake, each time running a deer into the water, which the hunters did not get, for the reason that the deer swam the lake, and neither the dogs nor the hunters had time to follow. This pack of hounds is said to be owned in the Magallaway Upper Settlement.

In the report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, extracts only of which I have seen, the Commissioners frankly admit that the illegal hunting of deer is carried on in some parts of the State. Would that it were a few parts only! The report makes use of this paragraph: "Yet there is a portion of the State where they have put the law at defiance, and have killed them in and out of season, and with dogs. This is at the expense of the law-abiding portion, and is unjust and unmanly, taking the rights away from the law-abiding citizen. Owing to our meagre appropriation for so large an interest as our fish and game, we have been unable to give them the necessary protection they deserve."

This is an honest statement, and it is worthy of the honorable gentlemen who are the authors of it. It also fully vindicates what the FOREST AND STREAM has had to say in advance of the report. But the idea is shameful, and goes to show how men can bemean themselves, when it is possible to hunt or fish in spite of laws designed for the good of all. Will the State of Maine respond promptly to the needs of the hour, so clearly pointed out by the able Commissioners? Let me say here that it is the one hope of my love for forest sports that the coming session of the Maine Legislature will give the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game the power to enforce the laws of the state, with such wholesome changes as those gentlemen recommend in their able and honest report. I have not a word of fault to find with a single change that they suggest in that report, which report I hope that the FOREST AND STREAM will publish in full. The changes they suggest seem to me to come from deep thought and long experience, and with such changes, and then with as nearly absolute enforcement as the able Commissioners would bring about with a reasonable sum of money at their command, the State of Maine would be about as near the hunters' paradise as it is possible to find in this country where game has been so shamefully wasted. I am glad that the FOREST AND STREAM has led in this work, and I am glad that the experience of gentlemen so amply qualified as the Maine Commissioners are at the helm to direct. Will Maine grant the necessary funds? Can she, as a State, see on which side of her bread the butter lies? Is she not aware that thousands of sportsmen are only too anxious to visit her borders—her very inward forests? Is she aware that no other interest, not even that of timber, is as great, as productive of actual wealth, as the interest of fishing and hunting might be made to her citizens? Will the lumber interest in that State again be allowed to spoil wholesome fish and game Legislation at the last hours of the session of the Legislature his winter? Look at what the Commissioners have already accomplished in the way of the increase of deer; the improvement in fishing, even with the miserable pittance that the Commission has been allowed! Talk about State aid to railroads in that State, why State aid—State backbone—in the enforcement of wholesome game and fish laws will prove one of the greatest boons to the railroads in that State.

The Commissioners of Maine again propose that the open season on moose, deer and caribou be made to commence on Sept. 1. I believe that this can be done without harm to the game interests of the State. They also propose that the same principles involved in the fish law limiting the amount of fish to be transported to his own home, by the person who has legally caught the same, and with his name legibly marked on the property, and accompanied by him in person, shall apply to every species of game. The Legislature to fix the amount thus to be carried including grouse or partridge. This is right. It is sensible, it is even magnanimous. The hunter who has legally killed game in the open season has stolen nothing. He is entitled to his property. For the good of all the State should limit the quantity, however.

But others are to write on this important question in the FOREST AND STREAM. Will they handle the question as sensibly as the honest Commissioners have done in their report? Cranky ideas must not come in here. Only broad-gauge sentiment will answer. The man who would "make jack shooting a State prison offense" must stop and think that the jack shooting of a deer in the proper open season is no more a crime than still-hunting; that the deer are not dogged out of the country by the act; that only one deer is destroyed, if the hunter is a man fit to be in the woods. A method of hunting is to be condemned only when it is found that by it the game is being driven away or destroyed by wholesale. SPECIAL.

A GOOSE HUNT IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About the 20th of October the writer, in company with W. S. Parker, a druggist of Lisbon, N. D., and Dr. O. G. Winters, of La Crosse, Wis., left Lisbon, via Fargo, for Devil's Lake for a few days' sport among the wily wild geese. Taking the morning train from Fargo, a six hours' ride upon the finely equipped Great Northern Railway through a portion of the Red River Valley brought us to the lake with the satanic name, where, by previous arrangement, a team and driver were in waiting to convey us to the hunting grounds. We made our headquarters at the house of a substantial German farmer.

We were up betimes the next morning, eating breakfast by lamplight, and having carefully loaded our ammunition, decoys, etc., into the commodious two-seated buggy, were soon off into the thick darkness of the early morning, headed for the lake where the geese had spent the night. A lively ride of three miles in the crisp morning air behind a span of cranky bronchos managed by a reckless driver brought us to the lake just as the first faint streaks of daylight began to show in the eastern horizon.

Stringing out along the shore at intervals of 20 or 30 rods, and securing such cover as best we could behind the high grass and small bushes that fringed the high banks, we anxiously awaited the morning flight. We had not long to wait; small flocks soon commenced to rise from the center of the lake and start for the feeding grounds, but they seemed to fly in all directions except ours, and the few that came our way kept safely out of reach; finally, just as we were beginning to get chilled and discouraged, a nice flock of "honkers," or Canada gray geese, came within our reach; and, waiting until they were fairly past, we gave them the contents of our trusty Parker ten-bore (charged with 5 drs. of powder and 1⅛ oz. of No. 2 chilled shot), and had the satisfaction of seeing two fine birds come down with a "swish" upon the prairie. In the meantime the other boys were banging away with good success, and the firing became general all along the line. By sunrise the geese were nearly all out of the lake, and, gathering up the results of our morning shoot (a dozen fine birds), we loaded into the buggy again and followed in the direction of the northward flight. About three miles out we found a stubble field thickly covered with geese and brant feeding, and driving them away without shooting, we proceeded to dig our pits and put out our decoys and dead geese. By the time this was fairly accomplished, our empty stomachs warned us that it was "high twelve," and we adjourned to a neighboring house and partook of our noonday lunch.

Getting back into the pits about two o'clock, we awaited the afternoon flight from the lake. It was nearly three o'clock before the first triangle appeared on the distant horizon; soon the honk, honk, squawk, squawk of the coming flocks was heard, and the order is given, "Down there," and we prepare for action. Soon they are over us and taking the decoys beautifully; all ready—one, two, three; bang, bang, bang; whizz, swish, thump; five fine birds as the result of the first volley. From this time on until dark they kept coming at irregular intervals, the short waits adding zest to the sport.

Space will not admit of a detailed account of our three days' hunt; of the crack "double shots," nor of the many misses; of how one old "honker" when he was struck took a bee line at an angle of about forty-five degrees for the pit where the writer was ensconced, and only missed his head by a scratch; nor of the sharpened appetites with which we devoured the baked goose and other goodies of the good German *frau*, nor of the yarns spun around the evening fireside amid wreaths of smoke from our cob pipes.

Suffice it to say that we returned with a bountiful supply of geese and brant, and with minds and bodies refreshed for our respective duties. I purposely omit specifying numbers, fearing that it may overtax the credulity of your readers, and fearing also that the story might not be as large as some one else has told.

We all thought that we had seen large numbers of geese and brant together before, but when we saw the ground literally covered at times for half a mile wide and two miles long, and when we stood on the banks of the lake at evening and saw them coming in, drove after drove, and heard the honking and squawking of from five thousand to six thousand geese and brant in unison until it mingled into the indistinct roar that was simply deafening, we concluded that this was indeed "The Goose Hunter's Paradise." GEO. F. GOODWIN.

LISBON, N. D., Dec. 19, 1890.

A GUN FROM NORTHERN KANSAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend "P. M. F.," of Burlington, desires to hear from others in this State, and that we may become better acquainted with game in different parts will venture a few words.

We do not live in a good locality for the migratory birds, as we have no lakes, and very few even small ponds. Still living upon the banks of the Solomon River we always have a visit every spring and fall from a limited number of geese, ducks and other wildfowl that follow closely the water, though they do not congregate here as in localities well supplied with ponds and small lakes. Sandhill cranes frequently stop in this vicinity, and one pair at least took up their abode along the river for several weeks the past summer. Whether or not they nested I cannot say, but the writer has often seen them on the wing in the neighborhood, as have also several others.

One morning, two years ago, I shouldered my gun before daylight and started for the river in quest of ducks. The stream is only three-quarters of a mile from town. So I was there and carefully ensconsed among friendly bushes before dawn, waiting for the flight to commence. Just as the first gray streaks broke the gloom, allowing objects against the sky to be seen, though somewhat indistinctly, I observed five large forms on the wing coming down stream straight for my hiding place. I supposed them to be white geese, though they were flying noiselessly; and when slightly past gave the leader one barrel of my duck shot, and the next in line the other. I had the satisfaction of seeing one tumble into the water, and upon getting it ashore found it to be a pelican. I was quite surprised, as I had never known of these birds flying about here, and was entirely unprepared to find them following our stream, apparently searching for a suitable place to drop into the river.

Quite pleased with the turn of affairs and fired with the desire to procure such fine specimens for mounting, I fished some stronger shells, loaded with No. 1 shot, out of my hunting coat, and commenced the task of following up the other four, which comprised the remainder of the flock. They did not appear very wild, and after raising them from the water I adopted the plan of crouching low in the bushes, and if they circled within range, rose and gave them the contents of my gun. After several repetitions of this course, and by persistently following them up, I at length had them all floating dead upon the water. I was obliged to secure the services of a boy with a boat, as I had gone considerably up stream, and we landed the five large birds at the mill near town. The obliging miller, finding that one man was not equal to the task of carrying them, kindly hitched up his team and took me home.

My morning's work was quite a surprise to my friends, especially one sleepy individual (I trust he will not see this) whom I had urged the evening before to accompany me on my early stroll. As he gazed upon the five mammoth frames, covered with beautiful white feathers and the softest of down, and the ten powerful white wings with their gray and black markings, he assured me in classic language that he felt like "kicking himself" to be droning away his time asleep when such game was in the air. The largest bird measured 8ft. 4in. from tip to tip, and the others were only a little smaller.

At some future time I hope to say more to my Kansas sporting friends, and especially upon the subject of our game laws and their enforcement, which with regret I am forced to admit with "P. M. F." are a dead letter, and it is time we awakened to the fact. H. A. R.

KIRWIN, Kan, Dec. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has not been a flake of snow seen here this winter, and the weather is very fine. There is ice on the river, and one can skate along close to the bank and scare up lots of rabbits, or going back a short distance in the brush get some quail. Quail, ducks, some prairie chickens and lots of rabbits are to be seen in the meat markets now, but he who has only a day or two at his disposal must know just where to go to get a fair bag of anything better than cotton-tails. At this season of the year, when the streams and ponds are frozen over, a great many ducks are killed on the river where the water is too swift to freeze. This year, however, water-fowl of all kinds have been very scarce, on the whole, and I have not heard of any being killed, except in one case; two men were hunting on the Pottawatomie and came on a flock of ducks in an open spot; they fired three shots and killed sixteen.

Around this city is the finest imaginable ground for both quail and prairie chickens, and a few years of real protection would give us an abundance of game.

OTTAWA, Kansas, Dec. 18. F. B.

MICHIGAN SPORSTMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—The 16th annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will be held at the Morton House, Grand Rapids, Mich., on Jan. 7, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M. All game protection clubs are requested to send delegates, all individual members and others interested in the propagation and conservation of fish and game are requested to be present and take part in the deliberations. By order of Board of Directors.—E. S. HOLMES.

COMPARATIVE POWDER TESTS.

FIVE RIVAL EXPLOSIVES AT THE FOREST AND STREAM GUN TRIAL.

ON the day after Thanksgiving of last year (Nov. 28) a trial of more than ordinary interest took place at the FOREST AND STREAM testing screen at Claremont, N. J. The Lyman powder has recently been placed upon the market for the use of shotgun men, and it was desired that FOREST AND STREAM should make a trial of and report upon the new compressed and slow burning powder. The cartridges as they are made, show a compact mass of closely packed powder in the shell. Through the center of the mass reaching down to the flash anvil of the fulminate cap, runs an open duct. The powder starts its ignition up this small shaft or passage, and burning rapidly outward toward the outer portion, gains constantly a broader surface of ignition with a consequent greater supply of propulsive gas until the charge is sent on its way from the gun muzzle. This is the new material which Mr. Lyman has placed before the gunners of the country. In comparison with it were tried charges of black powder, Schultze powder, and the new E. C. powder so nearly akin to the Schultze product. These three charges came from Von Lengerke & Detmold's loading laboratory, and the evenness of these test cartridges is something specially noteworthy. The wood powder charged cartridge was purchased over a shop counter. It was a U. M. C. ready loaded charge, No. 127 of their numbering, and ran more even on analysis than it did from the gun.

The Lyman cartridges were of two lots; No. 1 came from a box of twenty-five purchased by a lad at the shop of Dannefelser, the Chamber street agent of the Lyman Company. The Lyman No. 2 was of a lot offered for test by the maker of the powder. Just what each variety did on test and just how it was loaded so far as weight and quantity of powder and shot may be concerned, the analysis will show. The variation in the results, especially as to pattern, is so wide as to bring the two Lyman powders at the bottom and top of the percentage tables respectively. The gun used in this comparative powder test was a Colt arm which E. A. Summers had just received from the Dannefelser shop. The right barrel had been modified so far as its choke was concerned, but the left barrel was still at full choke and its results ought to show the several explosives at their best. The day was not a particularly pleasant one for a several hours' test on a boggy, springy, salt-water bottom such as prevails at Claremont, but the weather conditions were quite uniform from one end of the test to the other, and upon the whole the day was a very fair one for a test of this sort, and fully as good as those when other arms had been put to test. Mr. Summers was the gunner of the day, firing over a bag rest and doing careful justice to each set of cartridges. Black powder was the first used at the 40yds. range, then followed the Schultze, E. C. and wood, with the Lyman No. 1 closing up the series; at 60yds. the same order was followed. Lyman No. 2 or that specially prepared under a later manufacture, was tried last of all at 60yds., and then the ten trial shots fired at 40yds. closing up the day's work.

In our tables of results the composition of the cartridge is most fully given, and just how the several wads were used in order and quality is noted at length. They were in each case loaded by experts, and in four out of the six cases loaded with special reference to their work as test cartridges. The exceptions being the store-bought wood and Lyman charges. The charges of shot, so far as size, weight and count are regarded, ran very even, the number of pellets ranging from 328 to 333 in the averages. It is, therefore, very easy to strike percentage of performance and note that at 40yds., the standard testing distance at the standard 30in. circle, for three best circles out of five struck for greatest pattern from each barrel, the percentage stands as follows:

Powder.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
Lyman No. 2	61 per cent.	67 per cent.
E. C	60 per cent.	65 per cent.
Black	60 per cent.	64 per cent.
Schultze	57 per cent.	62 per cent.
Wood	41 per cent.	65 per cent.
Lyman No. 1	51 per cent.	51 per cent.
Gun average	55 per cent.	62 per cent.

This showing is not a very brilliant one for the gun, but on comparison between the several charges tried it is entirely fair. The factory-loaded wood powder's work seems to justify all that is heard as to the uncertainty of action of this explosive, and the variation in the two Lyman charges also has a bearing on the growing question of factory vs. special loads for effective work.

When it came to work at the long range of 60yds., especially with the left barrel, where it is alone fair to make the comparison, the black and the two English nitro powders show up in very good shape. This same group of three also stands very closely together in the matter of penetration, with the Lyman following and that unlucky wood powder practically nowhere in a comparative sense. When it comes to hitting at 60yds., there is practically a uniformity all along the line, which simply goes to show that where any work is to be done at these long distances it is a waste of ammunition to try doing it with the smaller sizes of shot.

In the tables and diagrams following the result of each shot fired is noted as to pattern and penetration. In each shot a circle is struck about the bullseye as a center. The sheet of paper is 4ft. square and the scribing circle is then pushed over to include the best possible pattern shown on the sheet. The three best of these selected circles at each distance is taken in making up the average for the gun. With the results taken from the aimed circle there is always a chance of irregularity or slip on the part of the shooter; but with a selected circle struck on a 4ft. square sheet the gun is enabled to show its very best work. If the charge does not manage to get upon such a sheet as this it is time to try another gun or charge or both. In the diagrams A is the point aimed at or the center of the aimed circle, while C is the center of the struck or selected circle. In some few instances the points C and A are identical, but generally it is found possible to improve the pattern somewhat by moving the center of the 30in. circle. The penetration in all the other tests was taken on Dennison's pads, specially prepared for this purpose.

The diagrams of targets will be given next week.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1890.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 70°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—U. M. C., Von L. & D.
Powder, Brand—Dead Shot FFG.
Powder, Quantity—3½ drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛ oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; light card, P. E. wad and heavy card over powder.	1...	101 grs.	517 grs. 333 pellets.
	2...	101 grs.	517 grs. 333 pellets.
	3...	101 grs.	518 grs. 333 pellets.
	Average	101 grs.	517 grs. 333 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 144 pellets.	17 sheets.	1. 157 pellets.	16 sheets.
2. 162 pellets.	18 sheets.	2. 155 pellets.	17 sheets.
3. 189 pellets.	16 sheets.	3. 184 pellets.	15 sheets.
4. 188 pellets.	17 sheets.	4. 161 pellets.	15 sheets.
5. 189 pellets.	14 sheets.	5. 211 pellets.	20 sheets.
Av. 174 pellets.	16 sheets.	Av. 178 pellets.	17 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 196 pellets.	1..... 220 pellets.
2..... 197 pellets.	2..... 215 pellets.
3..... 207 pellets.	3..... 212 pellets.
Average 200 pellets.	Average 215 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 91 pellets.	9 sheets.	1. 96 pellets.	3 sheets.
2. 93 pellets.	9 sheets.	2. 74 pellets.	5 sheets.
3. 52 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 68 pellets.	9 sheets.
4. 93 pellets.	9 sheets.	4. 100 pellets.	12 sheets.
5. 95 pellets.	7 sheets.	5. 115 pellets.	9 sheets.
Av. 85 pellets.	8 sheets.	Av. 90 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 97 pellets.	1..... 101 pellets.
2..... 96 pellets.	2..... 100 pellets.
3..... 101 pellets.	3..... 115 pellets.
Average 98 pellets.	Average 105 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1890.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of Gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 80°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—U. M. C., Von L. & D.
Powder, Brand—Schultze.
Powder, Quantity—3 drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛ oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; light card, P. E. wad and heavy card over powder.	1...	40 grs.	522 grs. 334 pellets.
	2...	41 grs.	518 grs. 333 pellets.
	3...	42 grs.	514 grs. 332 pellets.
	Average	41 grs.	518 grs. 333 pellets.

TEST AT 400 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 172 pellets.	14 sheets.	1. 164 pellets.	18 sheets.
2. 156 pellets.	13 sheets.	2. 165 pellets.	15 sheets.
3. 123 pellets.	19 sheets.	3. 114 pellets.	19 sheets.
4. 141 pellets.	15 sheets.	4. 199 pellets.	19 sheets.
5. 144 pellets.	16 sheets.	5. 196 pellets.	19 sheets.
Av. 147 pellets.	15 sheets.	Av. 167 pellets.	18 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 195 pellets.	1..... 210 pellets.
2..... 192 pellets.	2..... 206 pellets.
3..... 193 pellets	3..... 211 pellets.
Average 193 pellets.	Average 209 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEET BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 50 pellets.	.. sheets.	1. 85 pellets.	10 sheets.
2. 49 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 95 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 69 pellets.	6 sheets.	3. 70 pellets.	9 sheets.
4. 95 pellets.	13 sheets.	4. 86 pellets.	8 sheets.
5. 51 pellets.	6 sheets.	5. 89 pellets.	5 sheets.
Av. 63 pellets.	8 sheets.	Av. 85 pellets.	5 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 79 pellets.	1..... 94 pellets.
2..... 96 pellets.	2..... 121 pellets.
3..... 55 pellets.	3..... 91 pellets.
Average 77 pellets.	Average 102 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1890.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 70°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—U. M. C., Von L. & D.
Powder, Brand—"E. C." English.
Powder, Quantity—3drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot; light card felt wad, heavy card over powder.	1...	43 grs.	521 grs. 333 pellets.
	2...	43 grs.	520 grs. 333 pellets.
	3...	44 grs.	522 grs. 333 pellets.
	Average	43 grs.	521 grs. 333 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 161 pellets.	20 sheets.	1. 186 pellets.	18 sheets.
2. 150 pellets.	17 sheets.	2. 223 pellets.	19 sheets.
3. 165 pellets.	17 sheets.	3. 161 pellets.	16 sheets.
4. 74 pellets.	18 sheets.	4. 207 pellets.	17 sheets.
5. 206 pellets.	17 sheets.	5. 183 pellets.	17 sheets.
Av. 151 pellets.	18 sheets.	Av. 192 pellets.	17 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 191 pellets.	1..... 233 pellets.
2..... 189 pellets.	2..... 227 pellets.
3..... 222 pellets.	3..... 198 pellets.
Average 201 pellets.	Average 219 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 48 pellets.	4 sheets.	1. 89 pellets.	9 sheets.
2. 78 pellets.	8 sheets.	2. 49 pellets.	9 sheets.
3. 64 pellets.	7 sheets.	3. 99 pellets.	12 sheets.
4. 24 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 86 pellets.	7 sheets.
5. 68 pellets.	5 sheets.	5. 130 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av. 56 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 90 pellets.	9 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 86 pellets.	1..... 97 pellets.
2..... 64 pellets.	2..... 100 pellets.
3..... 74 pellets.	3..... 133 pellets.
Average 75 pellets.	Average 110 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1889.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 70°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—U. M. C. Club.
Powder, Brand—Wood.
Powder, Quantity—3¼ drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛ oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.
U. M. C. loaded No. 127; card over shot; two B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	38 grs.	499 grs. 331 pellets.
	2...	37 grs.	502 grs. 329 pellets.
	3...	37 grs.	511 grs. 336 pellets.
	Average	37 grs.	504 grs. 332 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 39 pellets.	.. sheets.	1. 183 pellets.	8 sheets.
2. 132 pellets.	11 sheets.	2. 223 pellets.	10 sheets.
3. 67 pellets.	3 sheets.	3. 158 pellets.	7 sheets.
4. 163 pellets.	8 sheets.	4. 79 pellets.	3 sheets.
5. 38 pellets.	.. sheets.	5. 199 pellets.	3 sheets.
Av. 88 pellets.	7 sheets.	Av. 170 pellets.	6 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 162 pellets.	1..... 200 pellets.
2..... 73 pellets.	2..... 239 pellets.
3..... 183 pellets.	3..... 222 pellets.
Average 139 pellets.	Average 217 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 73 pellets.	5 sheets.	1. 69 pellets.	2 sheets.
2. 24 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 29 pellets.	2 sheets.
3. 27 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 63 pellets.	2 sheets.
4. 63 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 69 pellets.	2 sheets.
5. 90 pellets.	3 sheets.	5. 78 pellets.	6 sheets.
Av. 55 pellets.	4 sheets.	Av. 61 pellets.	3 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.	LEFT BARREL.
1..... 76 pellets.	1..... 74 pellets.
2..... 74 pellets.	2..... 77 pellets.
3..... 94 pellets.	3..... 78 pellets.
Average 81 pellets.	Average 76 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1890.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 70°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—Rival Winchester.
Powder, Brand—Lyman.
Powder, Quantity— — drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛ oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.	
Card over shot; 3 B. E. wads and card over powder.	1...	68 grs.	533 grs.	329 pellets.
	2...	65 grs.	520 grs.	325 pellets.
	3...	64 grs.	538 grs.	331 pellets.
	Average	65 grs.	530 grs.	328 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

	RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1.	139 pellets.	11 sheets.	1. 181 pellets.	15 sheets.
2.	133 pellets.	11 sheets.	2. 146 pellets.	13 sheets.
3.	148 pellets.	12 sheets.	3. 154 pellets.	15 sheets.
4.	128 pellets.	13 sheets.	4. 159 pellets.	16 sheets.
5.	144 pellets.	10 sheets.	5. 166 pellets.	19 sheets.
Av.	138 pellets.	11 sheets.	Av. 161 pellets.	15 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
1.....	169 pellets.	1.....	172 pellets.
2.....	173 pellets.	2.....	170 pellets.
3.....	174 pellets.	3.....	173 pellets.
Average	172 pellets.	Average	172 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Four Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

	RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1.	39 pellets.	5 sheets.	1. 51 pellets.	3 sheets.
2.	45 pellets.	6 sheets.	2. 53 pellets.	7 sheets.
3.	51 pellets.	.. sheets.	3. 45 pellets.	.. sheets.
4.	63 pellets.	10 sheets.	4. 67 pellets.	9 sheets.
5.	39 pellets.	9 sheets.	5. 67 pellets.	.. sheets.
Av.	47 pellets.	7 sheets.	Av. 56 pellets.	6 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
1.....	46 pellets.	1.....	59 pellets.
2.....	75 pellets.	2.....	67 pellets.
3.....	61 pellets.	3.....	71 pellets.
Average	60 pellets.	Average	65 pellets.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Nov. 28, 1890.

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Colt Hammerless. Cost, $60. No. of gun, 1,337. Weight, 7½lbs. Length of barrels, 30in. Gauge, 12. Right barrel, modified choke. Left barrel, full choke.
Weather—Clear. Direction of wind, 4 o'clock. Force of wind, 10 miles per hour. Thermometer, dry, 28°. Do., wet, 23°. Humidity, 70°. Barometer, 30.12in.
Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.
Shell—Winchester Rival.
Powder, Brand—Lyman Compressed.
Powder, Quantity— — drs.
Shot—*Make*— —; *Quantity*—1⅛ oz.; *Size*—No. 7 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.

Loading.		Powder.	Shot.	
Card over shot; P. E. and felt wads, card and perforated card over powder.	1...	67 grs.	506 grs.	328 pellets.
	2...	67 grs.	510 grs.	329 pellets.
	3...	63 grs.	506 grs.	329 pellets.
	Average	66 grs.	507 grs.	329 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

	RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1.	155 pellets.	13 sheets.	1. 204 pellets.	14 sheets.
2.	150 pellets.	21 sheets.	2. 203 pellets.	14 sheets.
3.	196 pellets.	14 sheets.	3. 138 pellets.	15 sheets.
4.	169 pellets.	17 sheets.	4. 219 pellets.	14 sheets.
5.	224 pellets.	21 sheets.	5. 201 pellets.	16 sheets.
Av.	179 pellets.	17 sheets.	Av. 193 pellets.	14 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
1.....	181 pellets.	1.....	206 pellets.
2.....	196 pellets.	2.....	236 pellets.
3.....	230 pellets.	3.....	219 pellets.
Average	202 pellets.	Average	220 pellets.

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

	RIGHT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	LEFT BARREL. Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1.	54 pellets.	10 sheets.	1. 46 pellets.	6 sheets.
2.	71 pellets.	.. sheets.	2. 91 pellets.	8 sheets.
3.	65 pellets.	4 sheets.	3. 81 pellets.	10 sheets.
4.	99 pellets.	7 sheets.	4. 88 pellets.	6 sheets.
5.	58 pellets.	5 sheets.	5. 82 pellets.	8 sheets.
Av.	70 pellets.	6 sheets.	Av. 77 pellets.	7 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
1.....	85 pellets.	1.....	93 pellets.
2.....	114 pellets.	2.....	84 pellets.
3.....	68 pellets.	3.....	91 pellets.
Average	89 pellets.	Average	89 pellets.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—Thus far the weather predictions have failed as usual, and instead of the severe winter we were led to expect, we have had one of the most exceptional mildness. This will be good for the game, unless we are treated to blizzards later on. To-night it is threatening snow, and we may have a taste of the hard weather which at this date prevails all about us. Christmas day here was mild and pleasant.

There has been little hunting going on, not enough to determine whether or not the ducks have been with us all along. A good many mallards have doubtless been along the Kankakee, and last week they were rising in some open ponds near Koutts in very considerable numbers. Last week also a half dozen mallards were killed one day on Mak-saw-ba marsh by Dr. Buechner and L. R. Brown.

Quail have been a good crop, and offered better shooting than most of our shooters knew or took advantage of. Speed the mild winter, so that next year we may gain an occasional sight of Bob White.

Dec. 28.—The third meeting of the Possum Club transpired last Tuesday evening, and like the previous assemblages was a pronounced success. There were present between forty and fifty members, old and prospective, among others Messrs. Abner Price, W. L. Shepard, John Heiland, M. J. Eich, W. P. Mussey, C. S. Wilcox, C. B. Babeuf, G. W. Andrews, R. A. Turtle, C. K. Herrick, Geo. T. Farmer, C. D. Gammon, O. F. Malcolm, L. W. Stevens, J. W. Sheehan, W. A. Mitchell, F. A. Place, L. W. Hamline, Fred Pfeffer, C. B. Dicks, R. S. Cox, Dr. J. M. Hutchinson. Col. Felton was in the chair and presided with great *aplomb*, *éclat* and *finesse*, insomuch that everything was soon *en rapport*, with a good deal of *jeu d'esprit* and that sort of thing. The committee on organization reported a constitution, which was read and adopted, though nobody knew what was embodied in it. Everything goes in the Possum Club. Only one clause met objection, and the argument over that nearly led to the mobbing of the committee. It was proposed to make the corporate name the "Opossum Club of Chicago." Cries and jeers met this clause when it was read, and shouts arose of "Why not call it the McPossum Club?" "No hyphenated foreigner here," "No Irish need apply," etc., etc. The committee hurriedly apologized, and today the name remains just plain Possum Club.

Letters of regret were read, purporting to come from Mayor De Witt C. Cregier, Bill Nye, Grover Cleveland, James G. Blaine, Chauncey M. Depew and Benjamin Harrison. All these gentlemen will attend later, if they can get away. Mr. L. H. Vories, of Kansas City, and Messrs. Maillet, Hayward and Hart, of Crown Point, Ind., all sent letters of compliment and regret at not being able to come and see possum at the highest branch of the tree. Mr. Abner Price was chosen chairman for the next meeting. It is probable that some sort of regular programme will be formulated by that time, a fact which is highly desirable. Mr. Werner's complimentary banquet to the club is on the first Tuesday in January. The club secretary, Mr. Mussey, had some striking invitation cards out for this meeting, and has designs for something better yet next time. Mr. Werner's possums remain succulent as ever.

Some one or other has mailed to me an unkind clipping from the Louisville, Ky., *Commercial* which alleges that Mallory Davis, of the Galt House in that city, and Virgil S. Wright lately went out bear hunting near Louisville and killed a calf, for which they had to liquidate to the extent of $10. The accuracy of this is not vouched for. It probably cost them more than $10.

Messrs. Wolfred N. Low and Sam Booth have started south on the Missouri trip mentioned some weeks earlier.

Mr. Geo. E. Marshall and his friend Mr. Metcalf have started south, for Tennessee or Mississippi, they don't care which and don't know where. They made up their minds on about five minutes' notice to-day that they needed some quail shooting, and it is now too late for that in Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri—or will be in the latter State by Jan. 1. E. HOUGH.

MISSOURI GAME NOTES.

SENECA, Mo., Dec. 15.—Big snow, heap big hunt, big Injun kill buck. On the 7th of this month we got our first snow storm and it was a good one, being 8in. on the level. On Monday it was very cold; "not much hunt," so said the Injun; but on Tuesday it turned warmer, and the woods were full of hunters that day after all kinds of game. I have only heard of one deer being killed, that was a buck, a very fine one weighing 180lbs. I have not heard of any turkeys being killed, and not many quail; the price of quail is so low that pot-hunters cannot make much by shooting.

Jones, Workman and Harman pulled out on Monday morning for Council House Bottom, about sixteen miles from here. They arrived there about 12 o'clock, and pitched their tent and got things in shape for a few days' stay and then went to the river, put in their boat and set out the decoys, but alas, the ducks had left the river and gone to the spring branches or gone further south, for they only killed thirteen. After waiting and watching all day Tuesday for ducks they left the river and went out on the flat woods to hunt quail, which they found there in abundance. Jones says if it had not been for a covey of quail getting up just as they did he would surely have killed a fine buck, but he shot at the quail and the deer got up about 40yds. ahead, and just behind a treetop from him, and he could not shoot it.

Indian Joe Bigknife was in yesterday. He says, "I killim one buck." The writer was out on Wednesday and killed ten quail in a couple of hours. I have also had some fine shooting at prairie chickens this fall; on two trips I got forty-two chickens, and could have killed more each time, but I always go down on the train and that only gives me a short time in the fields; but for all that it is fine sport to follow my old pointer Rover and see him do the work just as intelligently as you or I could do it. Nothing is more pleasing to a sportsman than to watch his dog approaching a covey of chickens out in the open prairie when they are lying close; it is a beautiful sight. F.

ANOTHER PAGE FOR THE COON HUNTERS.—Next week we shall devote another page to the hunters of the musical coon. Why musical? Because his squeal is not altogether unmelodious, and as "leader" of a band of yelping mongrels and true-voiced thoroughbreds he is a provoker of music sweet to the ears of the followers.

BROOME COUNTY, N. Y., GAME.—Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 13.—I have been pleased to note the efforts that have been put forth to introduce foreign game birds into this country, and it seems to me that this interest on the part of a few persons certainly calls for an interest on the part of the many that will protect the work that has been done along the lines. About one week ago a young man brought an English pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) to a taxidermist of our city to be mounted. In answer to questions, that were answered reluctantly, it was found that the bird (a very fine male) had been sent to him by his father, who had shot it and did not care to give it into the hands of a taxidermist near where it had been killed. It was also claimed that the law allows no shooting of these birds until Dec. 15. Now this is indeed news to me, and if there is any such law I am ignorant of it. I have been unable to find out where the bird was sent from, but am quite sure that it came from some point east of us. The young man admitted that it had been shot near a private park. If there are those who are destroying the game that has been placed here at such an expense in time and money, they should be tracked down and exposed if it can be done. While I am writing I will also refer to the recent action of our supervisors (Broome county) in refusing to pass a law prohibiting the sale and marketing of ruffed grouse and woodcock. These birds are being indiscriminately slaughtered in our neighborhood and shipped to different markets. In fact, there seems to be an almost total disregard for game law around here. Bass and other game fish are speared in warm weather, and only a short time since a party of thirteen were seen "snatching" them through the ice. Robins, scarlet tanagers, rose-breasted grosbeaks, and other song birds were shot during the summer in large numbers without any apparent excuse, except an hour's sport. Some action should be taken, some interest awakened and the law enforced for the protection of these interests in this locality. What can be done?—WILL A. HAKES. [Why was not the game protector advised of these things?]

QUAIL IN TOWN.—Bob White—Bob—Bob White—Bob White. The merry whistle of the partridge, so dear to the ear of every hunter, attracted the attention of the early risers in the vicinity of Fourteenth and K streets this morning just as day was breaking. Among the passengers in the first car of the Fourteenth street line which left the stables was Mr. H. M. Dickinson, a prominent member of the Columbia Athletic Club, a born hunter and a first-class shot. Now, the whistle of a partridge is to him sweeter music than the jingle of money on pay day. As the car in question reached K street judge of his surprise, when on looking out of the car window he saw a whole covey of partridges, fourteen in the bunch, promenading up K street. Now, Mr. Dickinson is in charge of the District sand yard, and the car he was on would just get him there on time. But the temptation was too great, and he had to get off, as he told the conductor, "just to see them fly." Picking up a clod of dirt he threw it at the birds and killed one. The remainder flew into Franklin Park, where he lost sight of them. Later in the day he presented the bird to the superintendent of streets. This is not the first time partridges have been seen in the city. About five years ago the writer shot two in his back yard near Pennsylvania avenue. The birds were evidently traveling and selected the night as the best time. They probably came to Washington to spend Christmas.—*Washington Evening Star, Dec. 24.*

LOCKED ANTLERS.—Metropolitan, Mich., Dec. 24.—Some men working for the White & Friant Lumber Co. found last Sunday two bucks dead with their antlers locked. They were locked on only one side and one buck's neck was broken; the other could not get loose and perished. The boys cut their heads off, and they are now lying on a stump in front of the camp locked together just as found. Both heads have five prongs, and are fair size and shape. They are locked together in such a way that if the horns were scalped off the heads the horns would come apart readily. Their noses being firmly fixed across each other holds the horns together. Anybody interested in such things I presume could get those for a small sum.—B. BRISTOL.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 26.—The game laws of this State are very deficient in many respects, and there is a movement on foot among local sportsmen to ask the lawmakers when they meet this coming session to amend them. At present there is no closed season for ducks, and as numbers of wood ducks breed in this State, it is proposed to introduce a bill protecting them during the summer months. All the sportsmen that your correspondent has spoken to in reference to the question agree that the webfeet ought to be protected, consequently there is no doubt if the matter is properly presented to the Legislature, there will be no difficulty whatever in passing such a bill.—UNSER FRITZ.

SCENTING QUAIL.—The question has occurred to my mind why the dog trails the running, hiding quail instead of pointing. That, according to Herbert, the quail does withhold his scent, voluntarily, or necessarily through fright, is certain. But if the dog trails the bird it follows that he smells something. Is it not the scent left by the feet of the bird and which is different from that of the body, else he would point as usual. I conclude, therefore, that there is a body scent and a feet scent, the latter given out while the former is withheld, the two scents differing in character. But I don't claim infallibility.—N. D. ELTING.

A DEER'S TENACITY.—Huntington, West Va., Dec. 22.—The death of a deer caused by a bullet striking its horn, mentioned by "Richmond" in the Dec. 18 number of FOREST AND STREAM, reminds me of a case equally surprising—surprising that the deer of which I shall speak was almost unharmed. Moses Freer, an old hunter, now dead, who lived in Ohioville, N. Y., whose veracity I would not question, said in my hearing that a deer was shot by an acquaintance of his, and against a bone of one of his legs a ball was flattened, the wound thoroughly healed and the bone uninjured.—ELTING.

A BELATED WOODCOCK.—Dec. 23.—While walking to-day through a clump of small pines my dogs flushed a large woodcock. This was about thirteen miles from Boston, and the only way I can account for his being there is the warmness of the weather during the last few days.—J. H. B.

SOME MENAGERIE BABIES.

THE young of all animals are attractive. Those of wild animals are especially so. In a recent number of the London *Globe*, Miss Catherine C. Hopley, well known to our readers, has an interesting article on some of the young creatures in the London Zoo. She says:

Between the Esquimaux puppies, the young African antelopes, and the infantile bears, rival attractions at the Zoölogical Gardens at the present time, it would be difficult to say which are the popular favorites. The puppies entice the lovers of canine pets, the antelopes are an attraction because everything African is the fashion this year; but the two little American grizzlies receive the chief attention because they are most in evidence. They are so demonstrative, and as amusing as kittens. Speke's antelope, however, is a distinguished stranger, rare, and little known; this is the first specimen that has reached England alive, and claims now the prior attention. It is to be found in the gazelle sheds, close to the hippopotamus house, and in the next shed to the very pretty "harnessed" antelope, with its white stripes arranged exactly like harness over its back and sides. This also is African. Speke's antelope was brought from Lake Ngami last spring, by Mr. James A. Nicholls, who presented it to the Zoölogical Society. It was captured by Mr. Nicholls and his companions in the marshes on the north of Lake Ngami, when it was only a few days old, and was carried in a wagon 800 miles to Kimberley. It was an anxious little charge, the species being extremely difficult to rear; and this baby, taken from its mother, was fed on milk during its long journey. It has been spending the summer in the Duke of Marlborough's park, where it enjoyed its aquatic instincts and fed on such aquatic plants as it chose. It arrived at the Zoölogical Gardens on Oct. 14, and for some days would eat nothing. It is now indulged with a daily handful of reeds from the Three Island Pond, but is gradually partaking of dry and more nourishing food, and is growing tame enough to accept a biscuit from a visitor. Coming from just within the tropics it is likely to suffer from an English winter, two South African antelopes, which arrived in October, having already succumbed to congestion of the lungs.

Speke's antelope, *Tragelaphus spekii*, was first known in 1864, and was named by Dr. Sclater, F.R.S., after its discoverer, and described in the "Records of the Zoölogical Society" after the account given by Speke in his work, "The Source of the Nile." Speke had a young male specimen which he was able to keep alive for some days by feeding it on the tender tops of the papyrus, the only thing it would eat. The animals frequent the beds of papyrus on the borders of the lake, live in the swamps and are much in the water. On this account it is difficult to shoot them, as they remain immersed to the nostrils. The Kaffirs paddle their canoes near enough to use their assegais and kill them that way; or they fire the reeds and so frighten them out on to an open space. The natives set great value on the coat of this antelope, the hair of which is long, thick and of excellent quality, the skins being used only by the sable kings and their chief officers. It is of a uniform mouse color, rather reddish on the head, and with a faint dark streak down the back.

The very peculiar hoofs of this antelope attract immediate attention, being long and claw-like, reminding us of the long toes of the wading birds. These excessively elongated hoofs are adapted for traversing the reedy swamps which are the habitat of this antelope. On hard ground it walks with difficulty; and its shed here is strewn with soft peat to make it feel more at home. It legs are also very long and slender, feeble of movement in a walk rather like that of a giraffe, but capable of amazing swiftness where space invites it. The exceptionally long legs, long hoofs, and a coat especially adapted to a moist element, proclaim this antelope so distinctly aquatic that one fears it will suffer for the want of its native lake, and one wishes it could enjoy a spacious lake of lukewarm water, like its neighbors, the tapirs and the hippopotamus.

In form the antelope is like the deer, and seems to be a connecting link between the deer and the goats. Like the latter, it has simple, annulated and hollow horns, permanent, while the former shed their horns annually. Our present specimen, being a female, has no horns, but in the adjoining sheds are other African antelopes whose horns, though varying, indicate the type. Watchful, timid and retiring, are characteristics of the deer and antelope tribe, and some time elapses before they venture to the front of their dens and accept of food from the hand.

Quite the reverse are the bears, who, ever so wild and strange, keep close to the bars and quickly learn to look for and accept a morsel from the hands of visitors. In the two little grizzly bears this habit has been quite noticeable. In a very few days they recognized the keeper, soon they discovered that not he alone was the dispenser of biscuits; and within a week they were accomplished beggars. With remarkable aptitude they have learned the civilized form of requesting favors. Standing erect in front of their dens, with their arms thrust through the bars to the utmost, their long finger-like claws displayed with a supplicating action—so like extending the palm—the dumb show is eloquent as words, "Give, do give us biscuits." Their amusing gesticulation and child-like eagerness draw a continuous crowd; their appeal is irresistible to those who are happily supplied with provender, while those who are not are as disappointed as the suppliants themselves. *Ursus horribilis* is their name; and though their parents and grown-up relatives are, no doubt, very terrible animals, these young scions of the tribe present, thus far, a by no means horrible aspect, but invite caresses rather than horror. Their bright little eyes have an appealing and almost pathetic expression, with something of truthfulness, too. Only over an extra-sized biscuit is their natural ferociousness aroused, when a short, sharp skirmish ensues. Soon over, however, for they lose no time in coming to the front again, and on their hind legs resume their observations and entreaties. They come from the State of Montana, and arrived on Oct. 4, presented by Mr. Ewen Somerled Cameron, F.Z.S.

Bears are admittedly among the more intelligent of quadrupeds and possess abundant native cunning; but these two little grizzlies seem precocious in comparison with some other infant bears that have been in the gardens only a short time. A few cages off there are three very small and young Arctic brown bears from Russia. One of them that arrived only two or three weeks ago lies crouching and moaning as if for its mother, and as yet barely distinguishes the keeper until he presents it with food. It looks up pitifully from under its shaggy brows with a shy, sly glance, but evinces no interest otherwise, though keeping close to the bars. There is yet another very young *Ursus arctos* that behaves similarly, though it has been here since Sept. 24. We may conclude, therefore that the little "horribles" are more adaptable, as they certainly are more lively and amusing than their cousins from Russia.

It was in about two weeks that the young lion, presented by Her Majesty the Queen, learned the dinner hour. At first he was too busy playing with his ball or his tail to take any notice of the sound of the meat truck or of the keeper until the food was given to him; but now he is just as conscious of the time of day as the other lions, and like them, listens for the approaching wheels, leaping to and fro in the same eager fashion.

Those very audible truck wheels are a signal to outsiders as well as to the felines. An interesting example of intelligence and of drawing inferences (which biologists argue is a proof of reasoning in animals) is seen among the canines, who are fed soon after the lions. In warm weather, when the doors of the lion house are open, the noise of wheeling the meat truck can be easily heard at the kennels.

With remarkable keenness the occupants quickly learn to associate the sound with their own coming food, and, in an instant, you see their restless pacing to and fro changed into frantic leaps and bounds. The little foxes are up and down, springing upon the parapet, and the larger animals stretch themselves upward to look for the keeper; all, in fact, are full of excitement, knowing their turn has come. In winter, when the lion house doors are closed, the canines still listen intently for the welcome sound, their quick ears detecting it when to human ears it would be unobserved.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

We invited Messrs. Knapp & Van Nostrand, well-known game dealers of this city, to give the readers of the *Book of the Game Laws* their opinion as to the present New York law. They wrote as follows:

All reputable dealers in game desire its preservation as much as conscientious sportsmen. It is against their interest to destroy any line of goods handled by them. Their co-operation in upholding a law just in its action is an assured fact.

From the dealer's standpoint the wild duck law is perfectly satisfactory.

The quail, woodcock, hare and rabbit laws are as nearly correct as they can be made; also the partridge or ruffed grouse law, since after Jan. 1 the supply has been drawn from the far north where the birds eat poisonous berries, and their flesh is therefore dangerous to the consumer.

The pinnated grouse or prairie chicken should be allowed to be sold here until March 1. The birds are killed during the lawful period and are shipped here frozen. The law stops the sale Jan. 1 in New York. In Boston they are sold all the year, and thousands of birds pass through New York in transit for Europe during the close season. No birds of this species are killed in New York State; and while the sale is allowed elsewhere the citizens of this State are deprived of the privilege of eating this delicious article of food.

The venison law is very unjust to dealer and consumer. Not one person in ten thousand can go to the mountains in New York State and shoot their deer. No dealer cares to handle New York State venison, for it is, as a rule, thin and dark colored. The fine deer meat does not commence to arrive from Minnesota until Dec. 1. The market hunters have fifteen days to kill in. They hang the deer up and freeze them; and ship them at that time. The sale stops here Dec. 15. After that the meat is sent out of the State, put in freezers, and kept until Aug. 15 of the following year, when the same meat is sold that under a more sensible law might have been consumed when in its best condition the previous season.

The dealers would be pleased if the killing of deer in New York State was prohibited entirely, and only meat allowed to be sold that was proved to be lawfully killed in the West from Nov. 1 to March 1.

With the amendment of the pinnated grouse and wild deer laws, as mentioned above, the laws as they now stand on the statute book are as near correct as it is possible to have them, but we heartily advise and hope that the two exceptions will be corrected. KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF THE DOG.

THIS work, "The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun," is by a well-known English sportsman, and is a very well written treatise upon the subject, containing some new ideas and much that is interesting and instructive to the new beginner as well as not a little that will be beneficial for even old hands to study.

The chapter devoted to kennel management is a short one, but it is very nearly complete, and is alone worth many times the price of the work to any one that will heed its teachings.

Considerable space is given to the training of retrievers, and the instructions given are excellent; indeed, they could hardly be improved upon, especially those that treat of the rudiments.

In the chapter devoted to pointers and setters, the author gives very plain directions for teaching the dog his duties, and better than this, he advocates the humane system and tells how to bring out his better qualities and intelligence without the use of the whip or spiked collar. We quote a portion of the first chapter on pointers and setters. After giving his method of teaching a puppy to point a bit of biscuit, he says, "When quite perfect at this, go into long grass, and here, at all events to start with, have a drop or two of melted cheese on the biscuit to produce more scent, and if you have got an intelligent pupil and are an intelligent master, you will most likely have a genuine point to scent the first time of asking. Don't overdo this business; remember it is only a means to an end, but I can assure you it is a means, and a wonderful means, to make the real thing very simple by and by. When you have got this dodge perfect with your pup singly, take two out together, let them stand side by side as you throw the biscuit, then touch one dog, it is better than calling him by name, and let him draw on, leaving the other one backing in a standing posture at the point of departure.

"It is a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see this trick done perfectly with half a dozen or more pups out; they should all drop after you have lifted the biscuit, and you should then quietly walk round, at all events the first time or so, and give them a little bit apiece.

"Mind this, if you are unable to teach this performance to any pup without using a whip or even striking with your hand, don't do it at all.

"But, supposing that it is accomplished, what is it that you have done during the past five months, say, of a puppy life. You have got him perfectly obedient; you have got stamped upon his mind his rational instinct—to point, and then slowly to draw on, and to stop at the end of the draw, and more than that, 'to back' in a standing position, and to 'drop' with the certainty of a quick reward, and over and above, and far beyond, in my opinion, you have been making him 'think' all the time, and have never disturbed the perfect confidence that he reposes in you. Look on this system and then on the insane idea of 'walking pups' and then thrashing out of them the bad habits they have contracted through your fault, and physicking out of them, if you can, the thousand and one diseases they have contracted by insalubrious conditions, atmospheric hardships and cur contact. Why, the man who would go in for the latter must be either without experience of any sort whatever or else—well, 'not wise.'

"Ah, but there is danger here of 'overbreaking,' says some one. Bah! What is over-breaking? The whip, exhaustion from overwork and arbitrary, unintelligent forcing at the hands of an ignorant and tyrannical taskmaster."

Part IV. of the book tells how to train the spaniel, and is by far the best work upon this subject that we have yet seen.

The author is a pleasing writer, and interspersed through the pages of the book are numerous anecdotes and lots of sketches of shooting that at least have the merit of being well told, and are well worth perusal. He is a firm believer in animal magnetism, and some of his statements as to the results accomplished by the help of this agency are marvelous. Now, we have lots of faith in the efficacy of "will power," but there is a limit to the distance that it will be effective, and we draw the line at much less than a "quarter of a mile away," although the author states that the magnetic influence can be relied upon to restrain a dog from doing evil even at that distance.

GAME PROTECTOR BRADLEY.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As your paper seems to have taken up the defense of the State Fish Commissioners in the changes they made in the game protector force this fall, and as you have always given impartial hearings to both sides I deem it but fair that you should publish a few lines reviewing the record of Protector Bradley and the circumstances of his removal. The records show that, while his district is probably the worst one in the State for public sentiment in sustaining the game laws, still he has successfully prosecuted and collected more fines than any other protector on the list. When he found that the Grand Jury of Hamilton county would find no indictments for violation of the game laws, by aid of friends he got a law passed making Fulton county indictments applicable to Hamilton county offenders, and then when he found Fulton county juries were not to be depended upon he prosecuted for penalties in Herkimer county, and has won every time. Until now no officer in middle New York has the reputation of pluck and shrewd ability to follow up a case that Mr. Bradley has. In 1884 I met him at Sageville, the county town of Hamilton, in the heart of the wilderness, when the Grand Jury was in session, and used every influence I could to help him get some indictments. When the foreman of the Grand Jury told me how impossible it was to talk about indicting their neighbors, when every man on the Grand Jury had violated the game law probably every month of the year, I was discouraged, but Mr. Bradley was not; and he told me then and there that he would find a way to enforce the law, and he has done so. Not that I think that all violators are caught; far from it; but great improvements are made, and with proper help he would soon hold sway to a minimum.

It is an old saying that "governments are heartless," and the Fish Commissioners illustrate this by their action regarding Mr. Bradly at this time, when he had barely recovered from almost total blindness, caused by his lying out last May on the Mohawk River all one wet night trying to catch netters. While he lay at the Albany hospital of course he could not watch his district, but when, by aid of a surgical operation that cost him the most of his year's salary, he regained his sight, his vigilance at once brought many cases for his shrewd management, probably to bring to judgment penalties this winter. I dislike to publicly criticise the Fish Commissioners, as I know that theirs is a thankless office, and it is impossible to please everybody, but I do think that under the circumstances they should have let Mr. B serve his year out, and if they had any charges against him, at least have given him a chance to be heard in his own behalf. Mr. Bradley's age is the only valid plea against his keeping the position, but age, to such men as he is, fetches little physical weakness, but by adding to his experience makes him really more capable in the collecting of evidence and a knowledge of what is necessary to convict. The indorsement he has of every district attorney in his district shows their appreciation of his ability in preparing cases.

I certainly have no personal interest in this matter beyond my great desire to have the game laws enforced as well as is possible, and I certainly would not urge Mr. Bradley's being the protector of this district if I knew of a better man for the position. But having no confidence in the men whose names have so far been mentioned for the place I shall stand by the man who I know can be relied on until a better man shows himself. M. S. NORTHRUP.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ROD, LINE AND HOOK IN JAMAICA.—II.

KINGFISHING.

[*Continued from Page 459.*]

ALONG the south coast of the beautiful island of Jamaica, down below her deep, blue waters lie valleys, banks and shoals, east, west and far away to the south, and these form the hunting and breeding grounds, and the happy homes of myriads of fish life. The banks, of calcareous formation and densely covered with marine vegetable growth, are located at from two and three to thirty miles and more from the coast line of the verdant plains and lofty hills that are covered along their flats and to their loftiest points with a tropical vegetation, dwarfs and giants. In the deep and shallow waters of this beautiful sea sport countless millions of finny life, from the blowing and portly *Iricheus americanus* to the small crustacean whose frail construction scarce seems capable to repel the force of wind and waves as they beat over his delicate back and rocky home. In these waters may be found the sea scavenger, dusky in color, prowling about devouring all that comes in his way, side by side with the silvery babies too numerous to individualize. There are turtles of all kinds, notably those of the hawk's bill with its valuable shell, and they of green fat fame. Snappers may be found by the tens of thousand, and of many varieties of all sizes and colors; doctors of polished blackness with their lancets, keen of edge, hinged on to either side; parrots of red, blue and green, with pretty poll heads. There are anglers with their innocent faces, porgies with their vent bone, a perfect quill equal to goose or steel for writing purposes. The monster Jew fish running up to 400lbs., the racing barracouta, the fast-swimming bonitto; the dolphin; the rainbow with its prism tints; the gloomy grouper with its delicious liver, large and fat; silks of the deep; jacks with their name legion; the queer triangular trunks; the hinds with their vermillion spots; the calipever, the mullet, the mackerel, the snit, the herring, and a thousand and one others all waiting to be taken, all ready to be eaten. From the sandy beach, and, in places, rock-bound coast, to the deep marine caverns, and valleys, and banks off shore, all willing, waiting, longing to be caught.

Omitted in the list but greatest of them all for sport and value of flesh is the kingfish, the *Cybium solandri*, in whose company, by the invitation in my last, we are about to spend a few hours. The kingfish around Jamaica, principally on the south side and to the west, is, I believe, the *Cybium caballe* of Cuv. and Val. Günther, and *Scomberomerus caballa* of Jordan and Gill, but with his scientific appelation we have nothing to do to-day. He is a remarkable fish of the mackerel tribe, grows to a large size, boneless except the vertebra, flesh firm and delicate, possessing a high percentage of oily matter, and a keeping quality unsurpassed by any fish in the same waters, while as a sporting fish he surpasses all others, and may take rank among the *Salmonidæ*. In color the back is dark, sides silvery and belly a dullish white, and in the juveniles a few vertical stripes or bars will be found on either side. Where he resides for nine months of the year is a matter of conjecture—at least to Jamaicans—but from the middle of March to the middle of June in each year he is to be found in multitudes over the submarine rock formations located in considerable numbers and area along the south side of the island, paying his periodical visit for the purpose of reproduction. Although they come like a flash and disappear as suddenly, they don't entirely leave the coast, for individuals are to be caught all the year round, and these are the youngsters, for it is rarely a large fish is taken, except at the times above written. That they come from the west and north I feel confident, but we need not enter upon that point here.

The Santa Cruz range of hills, one of the health resorts in Jamaica, run north and south, and at their southern end fall precipitously almost perpendicularly into the sea from elevations fifteen hundred feet above. At one point, under the towering and vertical walls, nestles a fishing village on a narrow strip of sandy land, forming a mimic bay of crescent shape guarded from the waves that come from the south and east by a rocky bluff. This little bay —our starting point—some 400yds. across lies glistening under the scraggy walls of the mountain heights, its shore guarded by a dense growth of the *cocolaba* or seaside grape, which assumes the proportions of a large evergreen, and every cool tree under their spreading branches note the dug-outs high and dry, through the foliage see the fishers' huts. In one of these huts—the best—I have passed a few of the hours that form the night, for it was too lovely to be cooped up in a windowless room of small, very small, proportions. I was the guest of the village boss (agriculturist, shop-keeper and fisherman), and the moon blazed forth in all her glory and in her full; dinner was over, eaten under the spreading branches of the *cocolaba*, pipes were fuming and stories oft and true of fish and water were the order of our vigil.

I had slept, dreamed and was awake again. Consciousness brought to me voices mingling with the wavelets and the peculiar croak of the gecko. I am called. I strike a light and find that it wants but a few minutes to 1. After a moment more and I am on the golden sand to find my canoe partially afloat. A cup of coffee, a biscuit, and ten minutes more we are afloat, and away we go as fast as four light oars and a paddle can drive us. In five minutes we are clear of the bay and the bluff, another ten and the cool land wind strikes our faces as it curls down from the heights on our leaving, and the sails are set; unerringly we go on our three hours' pull and sail to the Outer Guinea bank, twenty-five or more miles away. The morning is delightfully cool, the inland wind fills the sails, four oars and a paddle bend merrily and in time, no sea gull flits more rapidly, our dugout is a blithesome craft and dances o'er the waters.

An hour passes, a delightful sixty minutes, during which, while smoking and chatting, I fix up my rod—a stout 10ft. bamboo—attach the reel—of the Nottingham make, carrying 200yds. of a plaited silk line—and fix up the trace with a light boat-shaped lead, wire with two swivels, a large-sized spoon with two triangles, from the lower of which I hang three silvery sprats as tails, and I am ready. Presently my friend the cap'n says: "'Quire, we are passing over McDonnell (a feeding bank): you may get a fish," but we don't, it's too early; and another hour passes. Again the boss informs us: "We are now over Little Guinee (another bank); you must get a king," and we do, a lively beauty of some 27lbs. The bank is narrow, and crossing it at right angles we are soon in deep water on the other side; four miles more and then for the Soho or Greater Guinea, the bank we are bent on fishing.

At last we are there, and our chronometer tells the hour a little past the four; half an hour to rest the men, give them a drink, and let them smoke a pipe is sufficient to show the first signs of light in the east; the time has arrived, we must prepare for action. The canoe's bows are turned to the west, the oars dip and away we go at racing speed. On my side disappears my spoon and trio of sprats, over the other the cap'n flings his double hook baited thus: The first hook, size about No. 20 cod, is bent on to a length of wire, a few feet, and over its barb is placed a second hook attached to a short loop, the points of the two hooks, when in position, being reversed, and upon each hook are strung three sprats; there are no swivels, no leads. The kingfish is a surface feeder, and has not yet learned to prefer a spinning to a wabbling bait. He will be educated one of these days.

Hardly had we attained full speed when my reel sounded and a battle commenced, but the work was not to haul on my side, for scarce had a hundred yards of line left the spindle when I noticed our captain hauling in, and ere many seconds came on board a king of about twenty-five pounds. Quickly the double hooks, freshly garnished, were again cast forth; meanwhile my fish went traveling west, heading the canoe by about one hundred yards. Again and again we shortened the distance that separated us; the tackle was good and there was no doubt about the strain that was on; still the fight continued, and ere it closed fish number two was credited to our boss. Three fish in about twenty-five minutes, not bad to start with thought I. My spoon and the captain's arrangement were soon astern again, and another forty or fifty yards had us fast in what proved in my case to be a beauty. The fun went on without slackening until about 7 o'clock, when a leviathan seized the spoon, and the fight of the morning began; the sport he gave was considerable, the excitement great, but after an hour's play he yielded to the gaff and was drawn on board to join his fellows. After 8 o'clock the feed went off, at 9 was gone, and for the first time since we began we lit our pipes and had a look round and at the beauties that monopolized considerable space in the bottom of our spacious dug-out, much to the inconvenience of our nether limbs; seven and twenty kings, not one less. Nothing more was to be done, so the canoe's bows were pointed north, the lines still trailing astern, and on crossing the inner bank three other victims fell, one to the spoon, the others to our captain's cable.

Merrily pass the three and a half hours' run back to land, the morning was beautiful, the sun bright, our recollection vivid, and the sea breeze cool and strong. Gaily danced our cotton-tree boat as she crested and passed wave after wave. Spirits went down, narcotic fumes up, tongues were garrulous until somewhat past the meridian we rounded the little bluff and glided into the still water, a few moments later our bottom grated on the sandy beach; the slain were counted—thirty—the weight recorded—a pound or two under six hundred. Now was the sport, in comparison with, well say tarpon, worth the candle? Let us consider: Up at 1 A. M., a beautiful night, the lunar light making it almost day. A glorious sail over a placid sea, a balmy zephyr fanning all the way. Sport fast and furious for four hours and over with a fish that has the heart of a salmon, the pluck of a sea-trout, the endurance of a porpoise and the speed of a baracouta, added to which, flesh second to none. When sport is over another delightful run in as buoyant a craft as ever showed stern to a freshening breeze, cheerful companions, and the slain! place them on the golden strand side by side in the sequence of their size and contemplate. Have you thought it out? Well! own up. Yes! it will take many a candle made from mammoth tarpon fat to outweigh the sport that can be had with the Caribbean king. But! I have tried the one, not the other; such is my opinion—*sans peur et sans reproche*—take it for what it is worth. After all, comparisons are very objectionable. One can't have kingfishing, with its many pleasant surroundings, far up north, and more the pity, leviathan tarpon and the *Salmonidæ* are denied to those who live in or visit the islands of the Sea of the Caribs. We must be satisfied with what we have got without comparison with that of others; it is placed within the power of a very few to decide by actual experience which takes the cake.

EDWARD M. EARLE (of Jamaica, W. I.).

NEW YORK CITY, December.

A CARD FROM MR. BLACKFORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have already noted in your journal, I have been laid aside by a serious illness for the last six weeks. During the larger portion of that time I have been unable to receive any mail or read newspapers. Now that I am sufficiently recovered, I have been reading up the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I find that a great deal has been written and published regarding the removal of Mr. Drew from the office of Chief Fish and Game Protector. On this point I think nothing more is necessary to be said, except that the New York Fishery Commission took such action as they were perfectly competent and had the right to do. The four Commissioners who voted to make the change did so because they believed that a great improvement might be made in the administration of that department having charge of fish and game protection. But this action of the Commission seems to have greatly disturbed and wrought up the feeling of one John D. Collins, of Utica. In various communications that he has sent to the newspapers, he has seen fit to attack the Commissioners collectively, and the president of the Commission individually. The Commission needs no defense at my hands. Its record is before the people of the State of New York; by that they are willing to be judged. As to the personal attacks make upon me, permit me briefly to make the following statements:

The charge made by Mr. Collins, that I procured the repeal of the six-inch trout law, is false. I have never made any effort for the repeal of any law for the protection of fish and game; on the contrary, I have spent a great deal of time and some money in promoting legislation for the better protection of fish.

Next, the charge that I had some sort of an interest in receiving or selling fish illegally caught by the netters is a lie, and Mr. John D. Collins knew it to be false when he uttered it. I have never received any fish from Oneida Lake whatever, and I challenge Mr. John D. Collins to produce the proof or evidence for his statements, or stand convicted of being a willful and malicious slanderer. I also challenge him to produce any evidence that I have ever done anything as a buyer or seller of fish that has been inconsistent with my position as a Commissioner for the State of New York.

And now, Mr. Editor, there has been considerable said as to the propriety of a fish dealer occupying the position of Commissioner of Fisheries, and if it were not for occupying too much of your valuable space, I should like to spread before your readers copies of correspondence that I have had with the Fishery Commissioners of foreign governments, with the United States Fish Commission, and with the different State Commissions, which I think would clearly demonstrate that so far from the two positions being incompatible, my occupation as a dealer in fish has made such services as I have been able to give to the cause of fishculture and fish protection of more practical value than they would have been if I had been engaged in any other business.

EUGENE G. BLACKFORD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 27.

COD FISHING FOR SPORT.

OF course, the idea strikes one as rather tame, but when followed under the right conditions you will find excitement lurking around on all sides, as well as underneath. About the first of October, as cool weather comes on, schools of cod work in toward the land, and numbers are found in the traps, pounds and gill nets. These shoal water fish, when taken with a hook and line, act much livelier than when they are in deep water, so that a 10 or 15-pounder makes considerable fight before he is landed. The right conditions for this kind of fishing are the four nights before and the two after the full of the moon in the months of October and November, with a clear sky and not too much sea running.

In the outfit, any kind of boat not likely to drown you will do; linen tautog lines, with rather small-sized Harrison bass hooks, two on each line, with respectively 24 and 30in. snoods, sinker weighing 3 or 4oz. In bait, fresh menhaden, herring, small fish, lobster or clams. Start in the evening, soon after daylight has gone and as the moon is well up. Go from one-third to two-thirds as far from the shore as you would fish in the daytime. Keep the hooks about 3ft. from the bottom in from 5 to 10 fathoms of water. There is a weird excitement in this kind of fishing found in no other. You hear the distant cry of the bittern and night heron, notice the phosphorescent trail made by some stray shark or big fish as he plunges by, watch the long ground swell, until it seems as if it were really alive, and with the swash of the sea on shore you by this time have a mighty sharp bite from a cod and he does not at all resemble a log as you pull, but tries his best to get away until landed. During the fishing a spine dogfish or so investigates; then comes a peculiar kind of bite and, as you look over, there is something alongside that reminds you of the mouth of an old-fashioned carpet bag with nails on end stuck around the edge; this is a goose or bellows fish, whose use, as yet, has not been found out. Now you think you have got fast to the bottom but soon find it is a skate about 4ft. across, which comes up slowly in circles, having by prowling around got a hook in one of his numerous outer edges. Then by fishing about half way to the bottom you can catch quantities of frost fish or whiting. Codfish are more numerous inshore and bite better during the night than in the daytime. If after you are through fishing you still wish for more excitements just catch a sea wrong, or rather let it catch you right, as you land on the beach, and you will get enough in the next few seconds to last well into the morning.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. WILLARD NYE, JR.

"WITH FLY-ROD AND CAMERA."

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FOREST AND STREAM, the weekly gentleman sportsman's journal, comes to hand every week rich in reading that is not only real in its delineations of those noble, invigorating and health-giving recreations of which it is the advocate, but clean and pure in its tone. The dog jockey and fish liar extraordinary having been eliminated from its columns, there remains only meat for the true sportsmen. Its natural history department is always entertaining for both young and old; and the ladies often find a diversion in its columns. This journal can go into any household. The last number announces some very clever articles in the near future.—*Readers' Union Journal.*

While one of the guests at Innimore Lodge, Mull, Scotland, was salmon fishing in the Colleader River, a grouse rose behind him as he was casting back his line. He hooked the bird, and, after playing it for some time, succeeded in bagging it.

THE WOLF OF THE WATERS.

A FAR off, in the extreme northern part of the State of Wisconsin, secure from ordinary intrusion, lie the cluster of small lakes that have become famous among the members of the angling fraternity as the home of the lordly muskallonge. They are scattered in bewildering profusion over a territory many hundreds of square miles in extent, and comparatively few have become well enough known to acquire distinctive titles, and, owing to the absence of an accurate record of such observations and christenings as have from time to time, in desultory ways, been made, several have unhappily received the same name, which fact rather tends to confuse the pilgrim from other lands.

The great majority of them, however, are so remote from the confines of civilization and take such little part in the active affairs of every day life, being seldom looked upon or traversed except by the adventurous sportsman, that they are very likely to remain in their present state of obscurity for some time to come. They represent an immense variety of sizes and shapes, some being bound together in the most fantastically constructed groups, while others stand out isolated and lonely, as though lost and deserted amid the tangled, almost impenetrable mass of forest growths that surround them.

Many have their outlets into the numerous tributaries of the Wisconsin River, being connected in their descent by hundreds of cold, clear, and for the most part shallow little creeks which serve as excellent guides from one to the other. A great many empty, through like channels, into rivers flowing northward on their placid way to Lake Superior. Although there is great irregularity in respect to their various formations, comparative depths and other characteristics, there seems to be considerable order in the distribution of the different groups as far as their relative position to one another is concerned, for there is just about the same amount of space between them all, and the traveler can feel almost assured that three or four miles in any direction will take him to one of these lakes or to the stream that immediately empties into or flows from it.

In size they range from an average width of 200yds. up to five or six miles, the majority being from a half mile to a mile in diameter. They are all, almost without exception, hemmed in to the water's edge by dense forests of spruce, pine, hemlock, maple and birch, with here and there the clean-looking Norway towering in stately majesty above its less favored rivals.

They are all well supplied with game fish of several varieties, and here, whether trolling between high, picturesque bluffs or tramping with gaudy fly along the wooded, secluded banks of the trout streams, the gentle art can be enjoyed in all its perfection. There is an element of primeval, untainted wildness in the surroundings that lingers long in the memory of the enthusiastic devotee, and which lures him back to these lonely spots with an irresistible fascination. He is so far away from the influences of his past existence that he truly seems to move and have his being in a separate and distinct world, and the feeling, while it lasts, is delicious. But the ties of civilization have too firm a foundation in his nature to permit him harboring a very strong desire to lead the unfettered life of the roving woodsman, and when the time comes he gladly returns to the conventionalities of home life.

The yearly immersions in forest depths, the many silent interviews with the inquisitive red squirrel on some obscure runway, the noiseless tramp through deep woods or over the treeless plains, in the dim half light of early dawn, the pleasant reveries in some open glade smoothly carpeted with the soft, yielding pine needles, the long pulls through the white-capped waves of some distant lake where the weird, human-like cry of the wary loon mingles in sweet accord with the light plash of the oars, the sudden flight of the timid duck startled by the appearance of the light canvas boat as it floats silently around one of the numerous bends in the shallow stream, the *honk, honk*, of the wild geese passing high overhead in their swift journey to the south—these are the scenes that appeal to him so strongly and to which he hastens to return with an ever increasing affection. And aside from the matter of refined sentiment, who can estimate the amount of physical benefit received? He leaves almost broken down under the demands of a busy life and comes back tanned, strong and healthy, with a strange, enjoyable feeling of elastic endurance, as though the pure air, fresh from the balsam boughs, had given him new life.

In the course of a year many people find their way to this lake region, some equipped only with hook and line, some in search of the elusive deer, and others to combine these pleasures with the enjoyment of sleeping for weeks in the open air. Quite a number go up during the summer, oftentimes taking their families along, and camp on some convenient lake close to the railroad station where supplies can easily be obtained. But others, whose main object is to secure good hunting and fishing, will penetrate the wilderness as far as possible with the aid of horse and wagon, and, when the limit of this sort of travel is reached, push on to more remote points in their boats or over game trails. In trips of this kind a folding canvas boat is almost indispensable, as it can readily be carried from one point to another, and at the same time is very staunch on the water.

Now and then some rich old fellow, strong in his love of the woods, will come up alone with a single small tent, and, accompanied only by the guide that he has probably engaged in advance, travel from one group of lakes to another, fishing and hunting as he goes, disturbed in his solitary devotions by none.

A few years ago muskallonge were very plenty in all the lakes of this region, but, as the destructive axe of the lumberman cleared the way through the trackless labyrinth, all those lakes at all accessible from their rough wagon roads were soon depleted, and at the present time they are rarely caught except in waters far removed from these points. Many were taken to supply the immediate wants of the voracious lumbermen, but their destruction, for the most part, is due to the despicable desire for so-called "fame" that actuates many unsportsmanlike anglers. Some of this class seem possessed of the idea that the more fish they can kill in a certain length of time, even though they are allowed to spoil by the barrel, the higher they stand in the estimation of their brothers of the craft, and in consequence of this childish delusion thousands of these noble fish were killed and then thrown out on the bank to rot in order that these butchers might gratify their barbarous ambitions. They are one and all sadly lacking in the essentials that enter into the appreciation and enjoyment of manly sport, else they could but realize how lowly they appear in the eyes of the humane sportsman.

As an outcome of this wholesale destruction, hardly a muskallonge can be found in any of the lakes lying at all close to the lumber roads, and as good fishing grounds have become more and more remote and difficult of access, the inexperienced in this part of the country have much trouble in securing reliable information as to the best points at which to locate, and greater trouble in reaching these points after such information is obtained.

Plenty of good sport can yet be had with the muskallonge in these waters, but they can no longer be captured without hard, tiresome marches through thick forests and long journeys over out-of-the-way lakes and their connecting streams. However, the pursuit of this sport justifies all the preliminary work and expense involved, and to many its value is far greater than this.

One dark night in the early part of October, not many years ago, found us plodding along almost at the end of our journey in the very heart of a Wisconsin wilderness. We had traveled since 2 o'clock that afternoon, and if there had been light enough to make our tired faces and drooping forms visible, a single glance would have convinced the most skeptical observer that we were certainly in need of immediate and long-continued rest. Eighteen miles! At home, on the smooth, well-kept highways, this would have seemed a very short distance for a day's journey on wheels, but in the north woods a mile is one of the most indefinite of quantities, and it is almost impossible to find any two inhabitants who will agree as to the exact location of or distance to even well-known points. It is, therefore, better for one not to place too much confidence in the off-hand replies to his anxiously delivered questions. A mile in these woods may mean an hour's hard work or it may be a matter of only a few minutes' exertion, and as hope is a great incentive to action, it is probably better to be without exact knowledge as to the distance to one's destination.

We had virtually been sustained by hope for the last hour or two, as it was now nine o'clock and we had long ago ceased to rely on the teamster's frequent and voluntary assertions that we would soon be there. We would walk awhile to keep warm and then climb upon the sturdy road wagon that carried our outfit, to procure momentary respite for our weary limbs. It was not pleasant riding, to be sure, nor was it for an instant to be considered in the nature of a luxury, but it was a much easier mode of motion than incessant tramping at that particular time.

To those who have passed through these nearly trackless wilds on four wheels probably nothing can be said that would render their reminiscences of such moments more vivid or painful, as they have taken the last degree, but to the uninitiated there might be conveyed a faint, inadequate idea of the wondrous torturing properties of one of these rough vehicles on its natural track—an old, abandoned logging road. The peculiar and characteristic sounds they give out while in motion remain an indestructible element in his memory. It is a continual, unceasing bump, bang, crash, rumble and creak from one end to the other, and the dull, monotonous jar on one's ears becomes in the course of a few hours almost unbearable. When the horses stop occasionally to drink and the dense forest again resumes its habitual silence, a great sense of relief is experienced. The road is always full of fallen logs, chunks of wood, rocks, gullies and holes of every shape and description, and the typical woodsman never for a moment thinks of turning to avoid them, but strikes these formidable obstacles with a straight-forward persistency that is, to say the least, inspiring. They time and again drive over logs over two feet in diameter, and jolt down into those frequent deep openings characteristic of corduroy roads, not only with apparent unconcern, but with a very perceptible feeling of delight.

The one we had engaged was in no wise different from the others, and for seven long tedious hours he had been instilling into our minds many new and startling ideas as to the endurance of wagon material in general and of the human frame work in particular. We began to feel as though we would be deeply grateful to somebody if we could only catch sight of his shanty and know positively that it would not be necessary to bump through this vast forest the night through.

The trail descended into a deep ravine, and we passed down into an almost impenetrable darkness; the sounds made by the wheels were muffled in the yielding sand, and as the bump, bump, crack, ceased for a moment we were surrounded by a silence so deep that it could almost be felt. The trees interlaced their crooked branches overhead and shut out even the pale gleam that would have come from a few stars, of which we had a glimpse now and then through some little opening. A slight splashing noise immediately in front informed us that the horses had entered one of those cold numerous little trout streams that thread the country in all directions, and we dismounted to stretch our stiffened limbs and allow the tired animals to refresh themselves with large draughts of the pure water.

It had been pleasantly warm during the day, but as night came on the air grew chill and penetrating and it was only by frequent brisk walks taken in the dark at the risk of a hard fall that we could keep up sufficient circulation to feel comfortable.

At length, after passing a bend in the Wisconsin River, which flowed in a dark, noiseless, snakelike line between thick growths of pine and hemlock rising straight from the water's edge, we entered a chopping or open place in the forest caused by cutting out the heavy timber, and when the driver gave vent to a long, peculiar cry that rang weirdly out on the night air, we knew that the much needed relief was close at hand.

And so it proved, for near the other end of the clearing we saw a gleam of light that appeared to come through a window of some kind, and soon after drove in between two long, low, heavy-looking log houses that had evidently served as a lumberman's camp in days gone by. The teamster's good wife had wakened at his call and gave us a hearty welcome as we entered the rude but comfortable interior, where a roaring fire in a big sheet iron stove was throwing out welcome rays of condensed sunshine. We ordered supper for two, and then proceeded to thoroughly toast ourselves on all sides while enjoying the savory odors of hot coffee and broiled venison that floated in from the kitchen and served to whet our already ravenous appetites to a keen edge. It would be a useless task to attempt to describe our intense appreciation of that simple meal. We cannot think of it without a glowing sense of satisfaction as of some long-felt wish fulfilled, and to this day it stands preëminent among a host of other but minor feasts.

And the beds! They were soft and clean, a fit resting place for tired out mortals; and while the fire burned lower and lower and the sharp north wind with mournful voice swept swiftly by the rough hewn corners of our rustic retreat, we thankfully closed our eyes and sank into that sweet oblivion which is the just reward and natural result of a clear conscience and a long march through the pure, clear, health-giving air of the pine woods.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast and photographing for future reference the rude looking stucture where we had been so hospitably received, we crossed Little Germaine Lake, on the east side of which we intended to camp, and were soon busy in the pleasant occupation of erecting tents and getting our equipage in good order. Our strong canvas house was soon up, and a few boatloads of short hemlock boughs from the lake shore a little further up were evenly distributed along one side and served as excellent bedding. We placed the large sleeping tent and a smaller one, under which we intended to eat, face to face and about seven feet apart, and over a pole which united the two we stretched a stout convas fly. Our camp stove was placed under this, and by opening the flaps of the tents it was an easy matter to heat the whole space thoroughly, and we were thus enabled to keep everything nice and dry and sleep comfortably even during the coldest weather.

Big St. Germaine, some two by five miles in extent, lay to the west of us, and although there was no water connection between it and the lake on whose shore we were camped, the strip of heavily-timbered land dividing them narrowed down at one point to about twenty-five yards, and this place afforded a short and convenient portage from one to the other. There was a large rugged boulder right in the center of this pathway, and one seated on it, commanding a view of both lakes through the fantastic archway of entwining branches and clinging vines, enjoyed as picturesque and beautiful a scene as he could well wish for. The water was very shallow along close to the shore, gradually deepening until the rays of light could no longer penetrate to the bottom, when it assumed an appearance of almost inky blackness. Both were surrounded on all sides by alternating groves of northern pine, hemlock, maple and birch, in some places growing down close to the high-water mark and in other places standing back far enough to show strips of firm, white sandy soil, which the waves had washed clear of all objects not deeply imbedded in it.

A few years ago these lakes were famed far and wide, among the angling fraternity, as the home of the gamy muskallonge, and it was here that we had come to enjoy our first experience with it.

We were not novices in the gentle art, and many a black bass, salmon and trout had fallen to our trusty rods, but, it should be confessed at the start, that we had never hunted the muskallonge and had never before been on the Eagle waters. If such had been the case, we most assuredly would not have settled down so comfortably and with quite so much self-satisfaction on the shore of St. Germaine. For the most part, we were ignorant of the habits of this denizen of wild waters, and had but faintly outlined ideas as to the best manner in which to pursue the sport, but we had full confidence in our ability to master the details in a short time.

We remained in this camp two weeks, and not a day passed but what we were out scouring the lakes in all directions, yet with all our care and perseverance nothing larger than a five pound lake trout was ever brought in from these waters. It is true we were enjoying ourselves immensely, and, if our expectations had not been pitched so high in a certain direction, we should confessed that the fishing we did have was first-class. We caught many fine large-mouthed black bass with live bait, to say nothing of the great number of good-sized, gamy lake trout, but we had not come six hundred miles for these alone, and we felt that there was still an aching void that had as yet remained unfilled.

Ruffed grouse were plenty, and it was only necessary to take the shotgun and wander along the old lumber roads in the morning and evening in order to secure from six to a dozen fine fat fellows. They were not hard to kill if one preferred to take them as they sat with bobbing heads on a low limb or strutted proudly before him in the open trail; but should he wish to adopt the more sportsmanlike method of shooting on the wing, he would soon find that he stood in need of all his skill. They generally lie quite still until the intruder is almost upon them, when they rise from the ground so suddenly and with such a whirr of rapidly beating wings that unless one's nerves are unusually steady he is apt to be slightly startled. When a few feet from the ground they start off with the velocity of a cannon ball, and it requires a good snap shot to bag this noble bird where the surrounding timber is at all thick. The flesh of the grouse is palatable in the extreme, being juicy, tender and richly flavored, and when one is split open on the back and broiled to a turn, with proper seasoning, there are few things so pleasing to the taste. H. LYNDE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES ON MASSACHUSETTS FISHES.—I have caught two brook trout in my fyke net in Great Harbor, Wood's Holl, lately, and they were full of ripe eggs. I put them in the aquarium and one of the fish deposited her eggs there. The trout lived only a few days in the aquarium. The sea bass and mullet died Dec. 20. The temperature of the water is down to 35°. We are doing well taking cod eggs, having already taken more than 30,000,000. From present appearances, if the fish live two or three weeks longer, we ought to obtain 50,000,000. Cod were very plentiful throughout Vineyard Sound during last fall. The tomcod are now spawning here.—VINAL N. EDWARDS (Wood's Holl, Mass.). In the small streams flowing into Cape Cod and Wellfleet bays large numbers of eels are now being caught. W. P. Burnham, of Essex, Mass., caught twenty-two pickerel through the ice in Chebacco Lake on the 9th inst. Some of the fish exceeded 2lbs. in weight.—*Gloucester Daily Times.*

ANGLING NOTES.

ONE of the weekly sporting papers, referring to an article published in FOREST AND STREAM last week, asks for information regarding the American imitations of trout flies, particularly as to the originals of the General-Hooker and royal-coachman. Unfortunately the writer is ignorant of the big latin names by which scientific gentlemen designate the various flies and bugs used by anglers, but has seen the flies many a time along the brooks and in the fields and woods.

Miss Sarah McBride, daughter of the late famous fly-dresser, wrote an article on this subject some years ago for this paper. She had made a scientific study of the matter; this article was widely copied, and it can now be found on page 602 of "Hallock's Sportsmen's Gazetteer."

One early spring day some twenty years ago the writer of these notes happened to be fly-fishing on a little pond in the western part of Ontario county, N. Y. My companion, A. L. Williams, a famous sportsman and exc l-lent fly-fisherman, had given up casting in disgust and taken to his pipe for consolation, for though the trout were rising in a provoking manner, we could not coax them to look at our flies. We had tried the usual assortment of hackles and wing flies in vain and it certainly looked as if we were going to be badly left. I had about come to the same conclusion as my friend, when I happened to capture a little fly that was fluttering past me, and to which they seemed to be rising. It had light brown wings, a greenish body and no tail. Looking over the leaves of my fly-book I found an old General-Hooker of McBride's make, which was almost an exact copy of the fly I had caught.

As soon as I commenced casting with it the fish began to take, and in less than an hour I had fourteen fine fish in my creel. I lost it on the fifteenth, and as it was the only one and they would not take anything else, we had to give it up. So much for the General-Hooker.

The royal-coachman resembles a moth with white wings and black and red body, often seen about the fields late in the season. This fly also resembles the clay or soldier-fly.

It is to be regretted that some of the manufacturers of trout flies will change the old patterns. If they wish to stick a tail on to the coachman or in any way alter the accepted standard flies, they ought to give them some other names. None of the flies that imitate the moth, for instance, should have tails, and the wings should be dressed rather flat. The gnats and the cowdung also lack tails, and to tie them with them is absurd.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE QUANNAPOWITT ANGLING CLUB, at its last annual dinner, chose a committee consisting of Messrs. J. P. Hartshorn, A. H. Binden and John McQuinn, to coöperate with the fish committee of Wakefield, Mass., in their appeal to the Legislature for authority to regulate fishing in Crystal Lake. The lease of the lake expires next spring. The season for bass fishing opens by law July 1 of each year, when a grand onslaught will surely be made on the fish, it being generally understood throughout the State that the lake is well stocked and the fish abundant. During the past summer camping parties from other towns were quietly ensconsed on the island, having been told that the lease was off. It is not hoped nor desired to prohibit fishing by the public at large, but simply to restrict it to two or possibly three days in the week, and to prohibit fishing on Sundays. The bearing of the whole matter on the continued purity of our domestic water supply was the chief subject of debate, and it is one which ought to interest all the people.—B.

Fishculture.

RESULTS OF FISHCULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is probable that to those of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are not particularly interested in fishculture, and are therefore not acquainted with the facts, the statements of Mr. Milton Peirce, which have recently been made concerning the present aspects of trout culture will appear to be quite frank and plausible. Therefore, in view of the attitude he holds toward present methods of fishculture in general a little further dissection of them, as evidence of his competency as a critic, may be advisable. And first, what does he offer to sustain his statements? Simmered down it might be formulated into the following declaration, viz.: "I, Milton P. Peirce, an eminent authority on fishculture on my own showing, say that is so, and therefore it is so." Mr. Peirce's egotism is apparently unconscious, to do him justice. The gist of the controversy between Mr. Peirce and myself is well set forth in the following from the *American Angler* of Oct. 4:

"A MAD FISHCULTURIST.—We print the annexed communication in full at the request of Mr. Peirce, whose main trouble seems to be restlessness under opposite opinions to his own. His dictatorial style is offensive, and discussion of any subject with him appears to lead to personalities that are always avoided and condemned when gentlemen exchange views on public questions. Our editorial, 'A Mad Fishculturist,' published some weeks ago, was suggested solely by the humorous element contained in two public assertions by Mr. Peirce, that Byers (an old veteran) was a callow youth and that he (Peirce) 'knew it all.' We had no special design to belittle Mr. Peirce's abilities or ridicule his pretensions, and cheerfully accede to his somewhat modest request that we should allow him to blackguard us in our own columns.—ED."

I very respectfully decline to accept controversy upon Mr. Peirce's terms. Trout culture is not being abandoned, but is keeping step with other branches of fishculture and needs no very urgent defense. Mr. Peirce states that trout culture has been discontinued in France. Now the papers by C. Raveret-Wattel, F. Muntadas and Frank H. Mason, Consul at Marseilles, in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1887, are direct evidence to the contrary. Mr. Peirce's observation appears to be of the period when very young fry were deposited as food for the cottoids which inhabit trout brooks, instead of the past four or five years during which the output has been yearlings, which are not only able at once to defend themselves against their enemies but also to devour the smaller of them, and which policy is producing such marked results in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Peirce is willing to admit that if his methods are followed there is still some hope for fishculture. (This appears to be the main trouble with him.) In trout culture it consists in increasing the meanderings of the streams. Even if there were anything in this, those who are at all familiar with trout streams are aware that they will insist upon laying out their own courses.

There is a vague hint of some experiment in shad culture by "Peirce's methods" now being made. This is certainly interesting news and the result will be awaited with great expectations. But let us take up the shad and whitefish culture as tests of Mr. Peirce's fairness and reliability as an observer, since these are commercial fisheries, the statistics of which are regularly and accurately collected, and cannot be controverted by vague and unsupported assertions. Any reasonable person would be convinced by their growing abundance and cheapness that there is a constant increase in the numbers of shad. In spite of the fact that by reason of the wonderful improvements in methods of refrigeration by means of which they not only can be shipped to any distance, but are kept in fresh condition for any length of time, and also notwithstanding the rapidly-increasing population, fine roe-shad were sold in the cities of the Atlantic coast States during the spring of 1890 for twenty-five cents each. Further, so great was the glut that for the first time in twenty-five years the salting of shad was begun on a commercial basis on Chesapeake Bay. Still further, as many as one hundred barrels of shad have been caught at sea recently at one haul of a purse net by mackerel fishermen. These evidences would be explained by Mr. Peirce by the assertion of "a year of plenty." To this I will refer further on.

Mr. Peirce's qualified admission as to the value of artificial stocking as shown by the population of Pacific waters with shad may be supplemented by some statistics of interest. The shad catch of California in 1888 was 151,871lbs., or about 45,000 fish. In many places where the largest runs occurred, notably in Monterey Bay, there is no special apparatus used for shad and more are taken by accident than otherwise. The catch, therefore, while large for a new fishery, probably gives no real idea of the abundance of the species. During 1887 as many as one or two tons of shad were shipped from Santa Cruz, Cal., in one day. They are found as far north as British Columbia and Alaska, and certainly furnish, to a reasonable mind, sufficient evidence as to the beneficial results of artificial stocking. If the one or two hundred thousand delicate little fry carried in cans from the Atlantic coast to California, and deposited in waters to which they were until then unknown, would live and multiply at such a rate, what must be the result of work so much more extensive and constant.

Now to return to the Atlantic coast. If Mr. Peirce were to ask shad fishermen at Gloucester, N. J., Alexandria, Va., or on the Susquehanna above Havre de Grace, whether the shad fishing is improving or declining, he would probably be told with a mournful shake of the head that shad fishing is "played out." It is very evident that it is from such sources that Mr. Peirce draws his inspiration. What are the facts in the case as shown by the carefully collected statistics of the Fisheries Division of the U. S. Fish Commission? Why, that at present the shad catch of the Atlantic coast is increasing at the rate of about one million per annum, that since 1884 this increase has finally resulted in an addition of $1,200,000 a year to the food supply of the country (at the moderate estimate of twenty cents each) in this one species. And to show that this is not mere vogue, guesss work or speculation let us take what statistics are available for the purpose. The first statistics which were taken after the commencement of the artificial propagation of shad, which were those of the census of 1880, which showed the catch of that year to have been 4,140,968. It was not until 1885 that a systematic collection of statistics of the Atlantic coast fisheries was begun. In that year, although at that time as compared with the present the output of fry was but meager, the catch had increased to 5,173,931, an increase of 1,032,963, representing an increase of value of $206,593 over 1880. In 1886 the catch was 5,584,368, an increase in number of 1,443,400 and in money value of $288,680 over 1880. In 1887 the catch was 6,715,405, an increase in number of 2,574,437, and of money value $514,887 over 1880. In 1888 the catch was 7,660,474, an increase in number of 3,519,506, and of money value $703,901 over 1880. The statistics for 1889 and 1890 are not yet complete, but a coservative estimate places them in the neighborhood of 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 respectively. The money value is based on a rate of five shad to the dollar. It will be seen by the above statistics that in the four years of 1885-88 the aggregate money value of the increased production was $1,714,061, and the average annual increase in value $428,515. Now it is well known that it was due to the rapid decline of the shad fisheries and the threatened extinction of that fish, more than to any other cause, that the U. S. Fish Commission came into existence, and to the work of that great organization, supplemented to a small extent by some of the States, alone can be traced this gradual and regular increase in the shad fisheries. How, then, are we to account for the impressions which prevail in some localities that the river shad fisheries are on the decline and which are undoubtedly the basis of Mr. Peirce's erroneous conclusions. Here comes in the value of statistics over the conjectures of disappointed fishermen and the local "*Veritas*" or "*Pro bono publico.*" The explanation of it all will be found in the development of the pound-net or gill-net fisheries of the Atlantic coast. Let us take Chesapeake Bay for example. The number of pound-nets in these waters in 1887 was 973; in 1888 it was 1,414. The statistics for 1889 and 1890 are not yet available, but it is estimated that there are now at least 2,000 of them. By reason of these great pound-nets, some of them stretching two and three miles out from the shore, the bulk of the shad catch is now taken in salt water and finds its way to market to a great extent through new channels. As four men operate as many as ten pound-nets, there is great economy in this method of fishing. The gill-nets also requiring but little capital, have greatly increased in number, and so the fish which find their way into the rivers are apparently less abundant because the catch is divided among a greater number of fishermen.

The proportion of fish taken in the bays and lower portions of rivers is becoming greater each year, and thus the great and expensive shore seines in fresh water are becoming less and less profitable. As a matter of fact, however, there is a constant increase in the number of shad caught in the rivers, as the statistics show. During the season of 1890, which was regarded by the fishermen of the Potomac River as a poor one, 100,000 more shad were caught in that stream than in 1889, as shown by the statistics of Health Officer Addicks, of Washington, D. C.

It is well known that certain of the salt fish industries of New England are declining, simply because, by reason of improved refrigeration, more fish are finding their way to the markets of the country in a fresh condition, and this, to some, has the appearance of a decline in the fisheries themselves. During 1888, '89 and '90 the output of shad fry was many millions greater than during the entire previous history of the work, and this great output will probably be heard from 1891 to '94, showing, it can be safely predicted, a still greater ratio of increase.

Mr. Peirce complains of the meagre shad catches of the New England waters. This can be traced to the meagreness of the output in those waters. The total output of 1886 was 34,659,000. Of these but 5,500,000 were deposited in the Hudson and New England waters. In 1887 the output was 108,425,000, and 5,250,000 of these were placed in the Hudson and New England waters. In addition 6,644,000 eggs were sent to Cold Spring Harbor for hatching and deposit in the Hudson and its tributaries. Here we can trace out cause and effect very clearly. Perhaps in this connection the following concerning the shad fishery of Florida will prove interesting: Compared with 1880, the catch in Florida in 1889 was 1,000 per cent. greater, while the number of fishermen employed was only 200 per cent. greater.

The output of shad fry by the U. S. Fish Commission is now nearly 150,000,000 per annum. The survival of 7 per cent. of these would equal the shad catch of the Atlantic coast. "Does any one suppose that one in fifteen of the plant of young shad made in the waters of the Delaware last season will ever be seen again by mortal eye?" asks Mr. Peirce in the late *Journal of Carp Culture and Rural Hydraulics.* Well, judging by the results on the Pacific, some of them do live in spite of the wails and lamentations of the "prophets." And would the survival of seven out of one hundred of these fry be an unreasonable expectation?

And now, concerning the "years of scarcity and abundance" which prevailed generally before the statistics were regularly and systematically collected, and which are still used as an argument by those who view the question from a purely local standpoint, or are not well informed. Regarding seasons of plenty and scarcity of shad it has become recognized as a law of the species that years of plenty in certain rivers are superinduced by a high temperature of the water in the early season. Thus while the run of shad in southern rivers and coastal waters south of Virginia may be exceptionally large, the passage of these migratory hordes into the Chesapeake and Delaware basins, as well as into the Hudson and Connecticut, is controlled entirely by the temperature of those waters, while as often is the case, the waters of the Chesapeake may be of suitable temperature, a reverse condition may exist in the Delaware, in which case the run in the Chesapeake and tributary streams is usually greater than in the Delaware. Reverse the order and like results are obtained. The movement of these migratory species in spring along the coast from the time of their appearance in Florida rivers is wholly a matter of condition of environment. If the waters are not suitable the migration continues until proper conditions present themselves. A perusal of the reports of the Canadian fishery officials for the years in which the shad were least abundant in our waters shows that they were the most prosperous years in these regions.

Regarding the abundance of whitefish, it is acknowledged by all the leading dealers and fishermen of the largest shipping center on the lakes (Sandusky) that artificial propagation is the only means of maintaining a supply of that species. Again, the facts adduced from the shad hypotheses are applicable to the whitefish. There are seasons of bounteousness in the United States, while the opposite extreme applies to Canada; yet an evenly distributed supply is more generally the rule. With this fish partial returns for 1888 indicate a marked increase in the abundance in localities where artificial propagation has been systematically carried on on a large scale. This is especially noticeable in the fisheries of the western end of Lake Erie. In the region embraced between Toledo and Vermillion, and including those towns, together with Port Clinton, Sandusky, Bass Islands and Huron, the increase in the quantity of fish in 1888 as compared with 1885 amounts to about 12,000,000lbs., having a market value of over $300,000. The catch in 1888 in the region named was nearly as large as that of the entire lake in 1885. Now let us see how the increase of fishing appliances would be likely to affect the individual catches of the fishermen and create the impression among them that the fishery is declining. It is hardly likely that declining fisheries would offer inducements for a rapid increase of fishing appliances. In Lake Erie there were in 1880, 758 pound nets; in 1885, 928. Of gill nets there were in 1880, 5,775; in 1885, 22,664. Of haul seines there were in 1880, 18; in 1885, 71. Persons employed in 1880, 1,620; in 1885, 4,298. Steam vessels in 1880, 9; in 1885, 53. Other vessels and boats in 1880, 593; in 1885, 1,483. Total of primary products of the fisheries in 1880, $29,087,000; in 1885, $57,556,517. This shows the increase for five years, and the succeeding five years, when the statistics are completed, will show still greater increase. If Mr. Peirce is wrong in these matters of shad and whitefish culture, where is he likely to be right?

My purpose in taking the trouble to produce these statistics is not with an expectation of convincing Mr. Peirce of the fallacy of his position, I am well aware that that is impossible. But they will enable the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to form an intelligent opinion on the subject, as they represent not only the carefully collected statistics of a great government bureau, but also reflect the opinions of the great fishculturists of the country, not one of whom will be found to agree with Mr. Peirce. His charge is that they are all self-interested, and in fact no better than robbers. I leave that element of the discussion to your readers. I will stop only to correct one of Mr. Peirce's misstatements. He attempts to make it appear that the publisher of the "Journal of Carp Culture and Rural Hydraulics" was in some way attacked by me. This is not so. That gentleman has my sympathy. The case still remains the same, Milton P. Peirce vs. the world of fishculture. If he was right Prof. Baird was wrong, and all the living lights of modern fishculture are frauds or victims of delusion. And further, if he is right the sooner we know it the better. The country is going to destruction rapidly enough now, according to the "prophets."

Mr. Peirce has some special personal grievances against me

First, he thinks I am not a fishculturist—as he is. I hasten to say that I am not, and never pretended to be.

Second, because some months ago I said that I had recently had an application to lease certain premises for a trout hatchery, he has since persistently advertised me as the malevolent owner of a trout stream with which I wanted to victimize some poor deluded fishculturist, who had not consulted Mr. Peirce. I am not so fortunate. The fact is, I own a little tract of land on which there is a group of springs, such as are used in this neighborhood for hatching and rearing trout. The State Hatchery has a similar group and its enterprise is a wonderful success. I know of five such plants near this city. I spoke of the application simply to show that another enterprising citizen wanted to embark in the business. The land was already leased and used for another purpose.

Third, I said early in this controversy that trout planting had greatly improved the fishing in many streams of this State, I think using the number "a hundred." Ever since Mr. Peirce has been in mortal distress because I would not give him the names of those hundred streams. I desire now to amend by saying "hundreds." I think the Platte alone has a hundred tributaries above where it leaves the mountains, and all its waters, accessible to trout, have been improved by planting, in the main stream and its larger branches, trout fry from the State hatchery. But only a few of these streams have been named as yet, and hence it is impossible to satisfy the consuming curiosity of Mr. Peirce upon that score. Besides the Platte, plantings have been made in a dozen other great river systems, or water sheds, viz.: The Arkansas, Rio Grande, Las Animas, San Juan, Gunnison, Blue River, Eagle River, the Boulders, St. Vrain, Big and Little Thompson, Cache-a-la-Poudre, North Platte, and others. I may as well amend again and change "hundreds" to "thousands." And, bear in mind, the Eastern brook trout is not a creature of accident—*vide* Mr. Peirce's theory of "years of plenty and years of scarcity"—in this region. It is an exotic, introduced here but a few years ago through the State hatchery—the best investment the State ever made.

In order that Mr. Peirce may not stumble over any more imaginary obstacles on my account I wish to repeat that I am not a fishculturist; that I have no trout brook to lease, and am not a competitor in his line of business; that I never caught a fish for the purpose of selling it; that I never sold a fish first or second hand; that I know what I see, believe many things I hear and a goodly portion of that which I read. I know that trout hatching and trout planting in the waters of Colorado have been a marvelous success; I am convinced that fishculture in other lines in many parts of

the world has been no less successful, and that the science is gaining ground every day to the incalculable benefit of nations and peoples. I have lived long enough to see its beginning (in this modern age), to follow its history and to glory in its magnificent triumphs. I do not believe that Mr. Peirce's calling me "callow" in all the sportsmen's papers of the country, as he seems determined to do, will either stop or turn back the wheels of progress in this great industrial enterprise. Nor do I believe that all its disciples are fools and that Mr. Peirce is the only living creature who knows all about it. WM. N. BYERS.

DENVER, Colo.

FAILURE OF TROUT CULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of Oct. 9, page 229, under the head of "Angling Notes," you copy certain notes from the Springfield *Republican* and apparently add some of your own, among which I find the following: "Because a few people have made a failure of their attempts to raise trout for the market, it does not follow that all artificial trout breeding is a failure, as some cranks would like us to believe." And you further say that there are numerous instances where restocking of old and fished-out waters have been followed with excellent results, and you quote the Castalia Club waters in Ohio in proof, saying that "there were absolutely no trout in those waters originally," etc.

Now, as I am one of the few who seem to have the courage to state in cold type my convictions on this question, I suppose that the "crank" paragraph is intended, in part at least, for me. Well, I am rather complimented than otherwise by being denominated a crank, for a crank used in this sense is becoming to be considered by intelligent people as a person who makes some subject a specialty, and becomes an acknowledged authority thereon.

Now I wish to repeat what I have before said, in substance, in your columns; namely, that I have repeatedly investigated these alleged cases of success in artificial restocking of trout streams and have in every instance found that there was no foundation in fact for the statements thus published. Doctors Ackley and Garlick, the originators of fishculture in America, were in the habit of trout fishing in "Cold Creek," near Sandusky, 35 to 40 years ago, and I saw the results of their angling. The Castalia Club preserve embraces the headwaters of this stream. There is at this writing an extra session of the Ohio Legislature convened here and, besides the members of the Legislature, a large number of people from various parts of the State are now here. Upon inquiry I find some who were born and raised in the region of Cold Creek, near Castalia, and each of them, together with others who have fished those waters from time to time, assure me that the stream with its little tributaries have from time immemorial been noted trout-producing waters. That portion of the waters cited by you is an inclosed preserve, where only limited fishing is permitted, the same as in the case of the Long Island preserves. Their present fine supply of trout is due to this fact and that the waters have been specially prepared as per plans stated by me in your issue of Sept. 4, page 134, and I here repeat that this is the only efficient mode of trout culture now known, and that artificial hatching is entirely unnecessary. Give the trout the proper facilities and they will produce a healthier offspring than can be produced artificially, and ten times as many as their habitat will support.

In conclusion, I venture the assertion that you cannot furnish any reliable and conclusive evidence that there are any open waters in this or any other country that have been perceptibly improved in an angling sense by artificial hatching. During my personal recollection of more than fifty years, there has always been a constant variation from year to year in the trout supply of scores of streams with which I am personally conversant, the supply decreasing for a term of years to a phenomenal scarcity, and then gradually improving (where natural, favorable conditions remained) until reaching a condition of phenomenal plenty, like the present, which is about the best I remember of; and further, artificial stocking has not in the least changed the result, for the most of the streams referred to have never been artificially stocked and they are fully as prolific as those which have been so stocked in the same regions and some of which have formerly been among the best trout waters of the region. And finally, I will ask you to kindly name a solitary person in all the hundreds or thousands who have tried trout raising for market that has made the least success beyond the "fry stage." I very confidently make the assertion that the individual cannot be found. MILTON P. PEIRCE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

SOME FOREIGN FISHCULTURISTS.—In a recent letter to Dr. Bean, Corresponding Secretary of the American Fisheries Society, the following information is given concerning some of the foreign corresponding members of the society: Mr. Arthur Feddersen is now living at Copenhagen and is the Secretary-General of the Danish Fisheries Society. Dr. S. A. Buch, of Bergen, Norway, is Secretary-General of the Norwegian Fisheries Society. Capt. Niels Juel, of Horten, Norway, is no longer President of the Society for the Development of Norwegian Fisheries. Professor-Doctor Malmgren is now Governor of Finland, and Professor-Doctor G. O. Sars is Professor in the University and not Government Inspector of Fisheries. Mr. Feddersen compliments the American Fisheries Society on the excellence of its transactions recently published.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 30 to Jan. 3, 1891.—First Dog Show of the Buckeye Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Canton, O. James Sterling, Sec'y, 39 North Market street.

1891.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Four weeks have elapsed since I called upon "Gothamite" to prove his groundless assertion that Mr. Watson and the writer of this "started the long and low craze" in cocker spaniels. A person who wilfully or otherwise makes a statement which he cannot substantiate, and who upon being shown that he is in error refuses to retract and apologize, is not a gentleman. It goes without saying that he is not an honorable man. A person who intentionally sends for publication to a public journal malicious and untruthful statements, sneakishly conceived under the visor of a *nom de plume*, is dishonest; and it follows that the writings of such a person should be forever placed beyond the breastworks of ground where upright and manly discussion can only be successfully assailed by upright and manly discussion.

I do not suppose that Mr. Watson would blame you for having permitted "Gothamite" to impose upon your goodness and willingness to allow a full discussion of the cocker question in these columns. For myself, I can say that instead of feeling ruffled I am disposed to thank you for allowing this "Gothamite" to give us an insight into his character and the motives which prompted him to open out this discussion. The more space you give to correspondents of the "Gothamite" class, and the sooner such fellows are placed exactly where they belong, and the better it is for the dog and his genuine lovers. A few lies about myself do not matter at all. They run off me like water from a duck's back. My reputation was not made in a week, and it cannot be tarnished by a person whose statements and motives are moulded on the lines of a dog's hind leg. I do not now write to defend myself against "Gothamite's" falsehoods, because my record can do that. The object I have in view is to rid the fancy of an unreliable and altogether unworthy critic, and to get at the bottom facts about the cocker spaniels of 1890. Nobody who has read "Gothamite's" letter can believe him sincere, because he makes it as clear as crystal that he wrote: (1) To bolster up the cocker spaniel Doc, now owned by Mr. F. H. F. Mercer. (2) To belittle Jersey and other dogs that can beat Doc. (3) To push into prominence judges who will place Doc over Jersey. (4) To keep in the background judges who consider Johnny and Drake, also owned by Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, unfit for competition in a class of real Clumbers. (5) To get a free advertisement for Doc. (6) To advertise a book.

A friend says you are never happy unless you see a row going on, and for this reason printed "Gothamite's" letter. I think it far more probable that you published it as a means of drawing out something interesting (of course "Gothamite" could not write anything interesting) about the cockers of 1890. Devilish sly this, Mr. Editor, and I have got you down as always being particularly obliging and lenient when a correspondent starts in to "kill Watson and Mason." Your motto at such times seems to be "rope." Pray pardon me if I add that your apparent liking for a dog critic's funeral is not commendable.

How is it, sir, that the moment a man, or a boy, becomes the owner of a dog he imagines himself a judge? It is not so in England, except in rare cases. I would be willing to wager $2.50 against a white and red dog called John that "Gothamite" has just purchased a cocker spaniel and that he has not been to six dog shows in his life. It's the old, old story, a man (or a boy), a dog, windy effusions in the papers for a few weeks, then a funeral. As a rule, the man and the dog die on the same day. One seems to kill the other. I tell you what it is. The unvarnished impudence of the young American dog man of to-day cannot be approached by a beginner in any other business or fancy. For downright, cold, petrifying, pure black cheek he leads the world and wins in a trot, hands down. Of course there is a reason for this, and the American dog man is responsible for it. The beginner has read about Meersbrook Maidens, Rubicons, Robin Adairs *et al.* He argues with himself, when he is capable of arguing, that men who have no records except for cheek are put into the judges' ring and are written up as judges. Says he to himself, "That man never had any dogs. His cheek it was that got him made a judge, and I'll become a judge through the same channel." He seizes a pen, writes a few articles (mostly copied) for the different papers, buys a dog, and in six months appears on the scene as a correspondent for three or four papers and a judge and authority on anything and everything from a black and tan toy pup up to a Plinlimmon. These are the chaps we must come into contact with or keep out of a controversy altogether. No wonder that, as a rule, we keep out.

I well tell you of a case that came under my notice not a long time ago. A boy of 16 or 17 summers sent a letter asking if I would meet him on a matter of important business. I did meet him by appointment, and learned that he wished to buy a spaniel. He would not, he said, purchase any dog that I did not consider a good one, told me he was no judge of dogs and asked if I would accompany him to a certain well-known kennel to look at a dog he had had offered. I assured him that some of his friends in the Spaniel Club would gladly advise him. He would not listen to this, and so I finally promised I would go with him. Arrived at the kennel, I examined the dog and advised the purchase only at a low price, because the dog was not good enough to win in select company. A sale did not take place. On the way home we talked dog, and it was apparent that our young friend could just about distinguish a cocker from a King Charles. We parted at New York, and a short time after I had the pleasure of meeting the dear child at the Philadelphia dog show. He wanted to be a man because he was going to own some dogs, so we had to have a drink. Nothing else would satisfy him. We adjourned to a suitable hotel and the young critic (to be) called for something stronger than milk. I got mine, but the critic got left, the bartender informing him that he could not serve drinks to a minor. When questioned later that worthy said he didn't propose to lose his job through serving drinks to an infant! I felt sorry for the lad, and as a means of consoling him remarked, that if he didn't have a drink he had a dog. Judging, I suppose, that dog meant critic, and that critic meant judge, he braced himself up, and five minutes later he was strutting around and looking as wise as our good friend Mortimer judging a class of black and tan terriers. There was soon to be a show not a great distance from Buffalo and the writer was chosen to judge spaniels. Our young friend turned out in great style, but his dog did not win because he met a better one, which in my opinion was a sufficient reason for pegging him back. Then there was weeping and wailing and lashing of tongues. It was bad enough not to have the drinks at Philadelphia, but a thousand times worse to lose a first prize under the judgment of "the only man in America whose opinion about a dog I value." The poor boy's good opinion of me died that same day, and strange to say, I am as well off without it as with it. What did the child do? Did he examine the winner to see if he was a better dog than his own? Did he get somebody to point out to him the defects in both dogs? Did he think it possible that the judge might just possibly have made a correct decision? Not he. He made a wild rush for a pen, charged on his sister's sweetly perfumed note paper and then wrote out what he considered a very sharp and bright criticism. He condemned the club for not appointing a better judge, told how his own dog should have won, and hoped that another year a competent judge of spaniels would be selected to pass on this neglected but useful breed. He didn't write to blackguard the judge or the club, but simply as a duty and to protect the spaniel. Poor, dear boy, did ums ill-use it? Well, after this there was a calm, which was followed by a clap of thunder and a hustling about for an overcoat. Then the critic (?) and the dog were quickly put to rest in one tiny grave.

And such are our critics (?). These are the chaps who are given full scope to write of us as "self-assured gentlemen." These infants of the fancy are permitted to give points to men who were judging dogs while they were hard at work on a bottle with a rubber tube; and you editors look on and enjoy the fun. Mr. Watson was judging spaniels in this country ten years ago. The writer of this was an exhibitor of spaniels in England exactly twenty years ago. I am informed that five years ago "Gothamite" had never seen a dog show and had never owned a dog. To-day he has the cheek to term me a "self-assured gentleman." If I am "self-assured" with an experience covering twenty years, and if I have attended more dog shows in one week than "Gothamite" has seen in all his short life, what shall we say about "Gothamite's" impudence? It is well for him that he is firing from behind a haystack. Let him raise his visor and we will find him smaller than a microbe in a twenty acre lot.

"Gothamite" commences by saying that "it is with sincerest pleasure I have noted the general improvement in the cocker classes during the past year." May I ask when, where and how did "Gothamite" learn to note "improvement in the cocker classes during the past year?" There has been no general improvement in the cocker classes during the past year. The best classes of cockers were at New York, Buffalo and Toronto. The reports and catalogues go to prove this. While New York was no better than the other two shows a critic (?) like "Gothamite" would surely consider it very much better, because "Gothamite's" dogs (not cockers) were there. For this reason I will take the New York shows of 1889 and 1890, and by comparison endeavor to show "Gothamite" the folly of writing about a breed he knows nothing about. It will be soon enough for "Gothamite" to criticise cockers when he has learned the points of Clumbers.

At New York, 1889, the challenge class for dogs contained Black Pete and Doc. Black Pete won. The corresponding class for bitches had Miss Obo II. and Chloe W. Miss Obo II. won. In 1890 the challenge class for dogs had Jersey, Doc and Hornell Silk, but Doc was "not for competition." He was probably afraid of Jersey. Jersey, who outclasses Hornell Silk, won. In bitches there were Dolly Obo and Bene Silk. Dolly won. Therefore there were four champion dogs and bitches in 1889 and four in 1890. But "Gothamite" says that Doc (winner of second in 1889) is a vastly better dog than the "fish-headed, sway-backed, weak-jointed, almost coatless and lifeless Jersey and Dolly Obo" (winners in 1890). So according to "Gothamite" the champion dogs of 1889 were decidedly better than the champion dogs of 1890. Dolly Obo (first bitches, 1890) is not at all the thing, says this erratic critic, yet bad as she is she beat Bene Silk (second bitches, 1890). The merest tyro in cocker lore, even a man ignorant of the breed as "Gothamite" undoubtedly is, would not say that Dolly Obo and Bene Silk (winners in 1890) could compare with Miss Obo II. and Chloe W. (winners in 1889); so the champion bitches of 1889 were away ahead of the champion bitches of 1890. Taken as a kennel, Black Pete, Doc, Miss Obo II. and Chloe W., the winners of 1889, could easily beat Jersey, Hornell Silk, Dolly Obo and Bene Silk, the winners in 1890. So that any way one looks at it the champion cockers of 1889 were a much better class than they were in 1890. I have fully criticised these dogs time and again in FOREST AND STREAM, and their good and bad points have been carefully noted in "Our Prize Dogs," so I will not go over old ground.

In the open class for black dogs, 1889, that good but by no means perfect dog, Jersey, won well from Baby Obo, a little one showing much true type. The rest (5) were very weak. In 1890 Rabbi was first and Nebo (price, $75) was second. The rest (5) were a long way from being a strong lot. That Jersey (1st, 1889) is a better dog than Rabbi (1st, 1890) no man who knows the first thing about cockers will deny, and Baby Obo should certainly beat Nebo. Taken as a whole, the dogs shown in 1889 would beat the same class in 1890. In 1889 there were thirteen bitches headed by Sensation, Dolly Obo (1st challenge class, 1890) and Lacco. In 1890 there were fourteen, and the order of things was Bessie Beard, Novel, Bessie W. Outside of the winners, the classes were about equal, but the three winners of 1890 would beat the winners of 1889, yet with little to spare. Novel, in my opinion the best bitch in 1890, could not beat Miss Obo II., the best bitch in 1889; and Mr. Willey has in the past shown far better specimens than Bessie Beard, his first prize winner of 1890. I may name Shina as one of these; but she was shown before "Gothamite" went in for dogs. Rabbi, favorably mentioned by "Gothamite," is not a cocker of 1890. I have a distinct recollection of having given him a vhc. card in 1888. Obo II., in his time, could smother many of the best dogs that are running to-day, and Brant, another of the old winners, beat Doc, I think, on more than one occasion. The truth is, there has been no general improvement of late, and "Gothamite," as usual, cannot support his statement with an atom of evidence. The most careful, intelligent, thoughtful and by all odds the most successful breeder and exhibitor in this country has of late devoted much less time to dog shows than he used to, and the cocker classes have suffered as a consequence. I refer to Mr. J. P. Willey.

"Gothamite" alludes to Doc as "that grand little cocker champion Doc." Very well. Doc won his first prize under my judgment at New Haven, 1886. I brought him to the front and he has stayed there ever since. If Doc is of the right sort and was placed over very long and low ones how can "Gothamite" reconcile this with his statement that I started the "long and low craze?"

"Gothamite" concludes by saying, "Our spaniel men have learnt by now what a cocker spaniel should be, and will no longer allow themselves to be led by the nose by Masons and Watsons, who really started the 'long and low' craze. The reason was that six or eight years ago they were to all intents novices." Methinks one or two of them are still novices. But which are "our spaniel men?" The Spaniel Club judges are J. P. Willey, James Watson, A. C. Wilmerding, E. M. Oldham, S. R. Hemmingway, C. M. Nelles, Wm. West, C. H. Mason. Which of these has "learnt?" Mr. Willey considers Jersey a good dog and paid a long price for him. Jersey, we are told, is a "fish-headed" wastrel, so Mr. Willey has not "learnt." Mr. Watson "posed" as an authority and "started the long and low craze." Although "Porcupine" was breeding spaniels when "Gothamite" was trotting around with a ba-lamb at the end of a string, he has not "learnt." Mr. Wilmerding put the "fish-headed, sway-backed, weak-jointed, almost-coatless and lifeless Jersey" over "that grand little cocker, champion Doc." Mr. Wilmerding has not "learnt." Probably this is why he is so popular. Mr. Oldham judged spaniels at Toronto in worse style than "Gothamite" had ever seen, and he bought a half interest in the "fish-headed, sway-backed" Jersey. He has not "learnt." Mr. Hemmingway, who bred Rabbi, the wonderful cocker described by "Gothamite," told me he considered that dog a

long way removed from high-class form. Mr. Hemmingway has not "learnt." Mr. Nelles says "Gothamite" writes deadly rot, perverts the truth and knows nothing about cockers. He further states that Red Jacket is a good little dog notwithstanding that "Gothamite" has pronounced him an "Irish-setter-headed, cheeky, shallow-bodied and over-long" animal. (I didn't know that Irish-setter-headed dogs are cheeky.) Therefore Mr. Nelles has not "learnt." The writer started the "long and low craze," "posed" as a judge, placed the "fish-headed" Jersey over the wonderful Doc, relegated Johnny and Drake to obscurity, and has not "learnt." This disposes of the Spaniel Club's judges, with the exception of Mr. West. This gentleman bought a puppy that Mr. Watson and myself said was a good one—Doc. He placed Doc over Jersey, and is the only spaniel judge who has "learnt" (something). Mr. Mercer got a couple of dogs from Capt. Vieth, about four years ago. These dogs were terribly poor specimens of the breed they were supposed to represent, but Mr. Mercer didn't know it. After reading, digesting and profiting by certain reports which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Mercer withdrew these dogs from competition. This showed excellent judgment on his part, because the dogs could no longer win. Yes, Mr. Mercer has "learnt." Mr. West "learnt" which was the right type of a dog to purchase and exhibit. Mr. Mercer "learnt" which was the right type to keep at home. Neither, of course, was "led by the nose" by Mason. They followed the advise of FOREST AND STREAM and "learnt." "Honor to whom honor is due." May they never forget.

"Gothamite" is not led by the nose by Mason; he does not ape Mason in anything. Not he. But he tells us just the same that Jersey is a "fish-headed, sway-backed, weak-jointed" animal. Pray tell us, "Gothamite," is that criticism original? Is it just your style or is it mine? I thought I had written almost exactly the same criticism in these columns months ago. It is all right, only you have tacked it on to the wrong dog. This may make little difference to you, but it makes a great deal of difference to the dog.

You, "Gothamite," have refused to retract an outrageous falsehood, meanly conceived. Before I retire you to the obscurity enjoyed by Johnny and Drake, I will prove to the readers of this journal that I neither started nor encouraged the "long and low craze" in cocker spaniels. "Our Prize Dogs" was written in 1888. The notes on the dogs criticised were made in 1887. Now turn to page 434 and you will find the following comments on the cocker spaniel Black Pete: "* * * Undoubtedly a good-looking dog, yet not of the type we like. His owner has managed to show him in fairly good condition and under the weight limit for cockers; and, of course, he is eligible to compete in the cocker class. But it seems to us that he has an equal right to compete in the field class; the formation of head and length of body indicate that the latter is actually where he belongs. For the cocker class we want a shorter and more compact body and a head of entirely different formation. Briefly described, Black Pete is a long, low and handsome spaniel, but not a typical cocker." Is that starting a "long and low craze" in cockers? Is it "encouraging" a "long and low craze"? Now read the concluding lines on Helen, page 450: "* * * This bitch has a beautifully formed body, but it is too long in proportion to the length of her limbs. She lacks liberty and is too near the ground; in fact, is not of correct type." This is the starting I gave the "long and low craze"; this is the encouragement it had from me.

Permit me to suggest that for a New Year's gift you give us "Gothamite's" name, that we may shun him as we would a "Brittle" or a "Wildfowler." Happy New Year!

CHAS. H. MASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I hope the controversy going on at the present time as to what constitutes a cocker, will bear fruit, and not end in smoke; and that, as several of the gentlemen engaged in the dispute often act as judges at our Canadian bench shows and those held in the United States, they may not adjourn until they agree among themselves what a bench show cocker is, and ought to be, giving to the public his measurement, from the end of his little nose to the end of his little tail. I think that the majority of spaniel men are of opinion that the judging and awards in the cocker classes at the several dog shows held in Canada in the fall of the present year were a farce and an absurdity. A smile invariably comes to my face when I read the reports of the cocker classes in the various papers, at such terms as—"a worker, evidently a worker, he looked the worker all over, etc." How many of the cockers thus commented upon know the scent of a woodcock from a sparrow? I hardly think I would be far wrong if I say one out of ten, and even at this I would be favoring the cocker. Would it not add to the number of entries at bench shows if a class were made for cockers to trail by scent and retrieve, also retrieve from water? As for work, it does not matter one cent whether a cocker is long or short, high or low. It is the breed the dog comes from and the pluck the dog is made of that tells.

As good a cocker for the field as I ever owned, and an all-day dog, was 12½in. high and 30in. long. As a woodcock shooter for the last twenty-five years, with the cocker and field spaniel, and one that has in all probability killed as many woodcock during that period as any man in America, I would say to those wanting a cocker for the field, pick a pup from hunting stock, one with a good-sized head, long, broad nose, long neck, deep chest, strong back and loins, and straight forelegs. The more bone the better. It matters not whether or not the hocks are much bent, as the hocks look rarely straight behind the dog, and do not turn in too much. Now as to coat, avoid a fine, silky-coated cocker, as in nine cases out of ten he is useless. Let the field cocker have a nice, black, glossy coat, with the hair not fine, with lots of feather on chest, legs and between the toes, and a good thick tail. I say avoid the silky-coated cocker. Why? Because if the dog is at all cold or wet, after an hour or two you will have him in at your heel. When you stop to get your lunch he will be found lying shivering and shaking on your coat, or coiled up on a bed of leaves or grass, and when you make a start again to hunt you will have to pull your coat from under him, or if not on your coat, you will have to whistle and call him for several minutes before he can be got to move, and then follows shivering with his tail between his legs.

In the meantime what has the coarser haired little fellow been doing, sitting up alongside of his master watching his every motion, and partaking of his justly earned share of the lunch, and ready to resume the hunt the moment you lay your hands on your gun. This is no imaginary picture, but one that has happened to me again and again, and I dare say others have had the same experience as myself with these silky-coated lap dogs. I do hope that spaniel men and spaniel judges will unite and lay aside all jealousy, abuse and personalities, and come to a thorough understanding between themselves, and give to the public a clear and precise standard, and having agreed upon, and formed the same, stick to it when judging. The records of the awards made by the different judges at Toronto, London, Ottawa and Kingston bench shows, 1890, certainly say we have no standard, so we go it blind. HARRY B. NICOL.

COOKSTOWN, Canada, Dec. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Gothamite" has committed a most serious blunder in stating that Messrs. Mason and Watson started the "long and low craze" in cocker spaniels. He has already made a double somersault and it is any odds that when he comes down he will break his young neck. If "Gothamite" had been a careful reader of the FOREST AND STREAM during the past eight or ten years he would have learned that only a strong and lucid argument, courteously put forth, could have any chance of beating Mr. Mason in a discussion on dogs. To start in with a misstatement is simply to insure the annihilation of the man who is foolish enough to try it, and "Gothamite" has already half acknowledged he did it, for has he not said "to start" and "to encourage" are one and the same thing? I have heard Mr. Watson say a score of times that a cocker should not be long in body and that we were breeding them too near the ground, and the very best and most conclusive proof that Mr. Mason never favored extreme length can be found in his clever reports in this paper and in his splendid book "Our Prize Dogs." It is well known that Mr. Mason was always a great admirer of Miss Obo II., in fact he was largely instrumental in bringing that good bitch to the front and keeping her there. Yet he says in "Our Prize Dogs" that Miss Obo II. is too long between the couplings. It is rather late in the day for "Gothamite" to apologize, but he should do it, and then get out, leaving the field to those who are content to write the truth and nothing but the truth. If Messrs. Mason, Willey, Kirk, Watson, Laidlaw, Niven, Wilmerding, Nelles, Oldham and "Uncle Dick" will join in the discussion it may be fruitful of good results and "Gothamite's" misstatements will do no harm except to himself. OBO.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I NOTE that "Ashmont," in a Western weekly, advises that when a dog swallows some foreign substance he be fed some substance that will adhere to the intrusive object and make it up into a ball, suggesting flour; I will add squash, pumpkin or any of the fruits of the curcurbitæ, they all being largely composed of stringy indigestible matter, admirably adapted to catch on anything and round up into a ball. I suppose that "Ashmont" intends at some early date to issue either a revised edition of his work on canine medicine or a second volume of it. This would seem to be demanded both by the interests of dog keepers and his own reputation. Such "hints" as dressing an irritating spot with carbolic acid to paralyze the local nerves; the efficacy of cocoanut meat as a tanacide, and his directions to facilitate the expulsion of foreign matter from the bowels, are of too great value to be left lying round loose in back numbers of any paper.

Another writer who would serve the doggy public by publishing a book is "Hibernia." Sarcastic, even cutting, as much of his writings have been, I don't know where one will go to pick out more nuggets of solid, useful information, of the most practical kind than to his varied streams of amusing writings. How to recover a stolen dog; how a dog dealer ("Lyin Tommy") knows when a dog is stolen, etc., etc., has been given us by "Hibernia" among his jokings. Add to this his thorough experience with dogs and his scientific attainments, and a book by him would be most valuable and immensely interesting.

So also, many of the suggestions of "R. W. S." were most valuable, not exactly trenching on "Ashmont" but admirably supplementing him. It strikes me that it would be a good notion to gather up the fragmentary articles of solid and permanent value that drift round in back numbers of our kennel press and publish them in permanent form. How often in a discussion of some fundamental question in dogdom will we see some master hand like Dalziel, Lee or Boulton referring back to something that appeared in some paper? By the memory of one man this matter has been saved from obscurity for a time, but how soon it will be lost again? It is a duty somebody owes the doggy public to gather these jewels out of the dust heap of general newspaper articles.

Why is it that dogmen are so contentious? I suppose that question has been asked hundreds of times and, for all I can see, will be asked many more hundreds of times. It is hardly worth while attempting an answer, which must be pretty much a guess after all, but dogmen would do well to bear in mind Lord Mansfield's remark in the trial of the famous "Running Rein" case, that "If gentlemen will race with blackguards they must be judged by the company they keep." So as long as dogmen will recognize "bums" and knaves as on the same plane with themselves in doggy matters the "bums" and knaves will flavor the soup.

In some paper I recently saw a regret that the most notorious knave in dogdom, a man whose name was a synonym for the most unblushing fraud, was not present at some show! THE LOOKER-ON.

REVIEW OF PREMIUM LISTS.

WE regret that we had not an opportunity ere this to review the premium list of the Charleston bench show, to be held Jan. 13 to 17, particularly as this is the first show of the Southern series next month. There are in all 155 classes, with prizes of $10 in the challenge and $5 and $3 in the open classes in most of breeds. Every breed with the exception of bloodhounds, Dalmatians, foxhounds, poodles, Chesapeake Bays, Airedales, Bassets, wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish, Welsh, Bedlington and black and tan terriers, Italian greyhounds and Mexican hairless have challenge classes, and this we hardly think is a wise provision, as it is very certain, so far away from the kennel base, the open classes will fill much better and consequently ought to have had the most money. Numerous cash specials are given, and each breed has a special kennel prize of $5, and this with a $10 special for best kennel of any breed will materially increase the money that can be won. The judges, as we have before stated, are Dr. H. Clay Glover and H. W. Lacy, both of New York. Judging will commence Jan. 14, 1891, and no dog may be removed before Saturday, Jan. 17. Puppies may be taken home the second night. The classification is a liberal one and should be well supported by exhibitors, especially as this is the first stopping place of the circuit, Charleston, S. C., New Orleans, La., and Greenville, S. C. In connection with the dog show, a grand poultry show will be held, styled, owing to its importance, the Crystal Palace Show of America. Exhibitors are promised a Southern welcome in its full sense, and we hear that several prominent kennels from the North will send representatives. All wins count toward the challenge classes, that goal all blue-blooded canines aspire to attain. Entries close Jan. 1, with Benjamin McInness, secretary and treasurer, Charleston, S. C. Entry fees are $2, and New York exhibitors can obtain extra entry blanks at this office.

The New Orleans show will be held Jan. 20 to 25, 1891, at the Washington Artillery Hall. The premium list sets forth quite a tempting array of prizes. The challenge classes for most of the principal breeds have $15 and $10, and the open class prizes range from $10 and $5 to $5 and $3 in the smaller breeds. The spaniels are well provided for by Classification No. 1 of the American Spaniel Club, with prizes of $8 and $4 in the open and $10 and $10 (first and second) in the challenge class for field, and $10 each for dog and bitch cocker spaniels. There are thirty-four specials, cash and otherwise, already promised, besides a special of $25 for the best dog in the show, second getting $10. The judges are Messrs. John Davidson, Hermann F. Schellhass and Hon. N. D. Wallace. Coming just after the Southern Sportsmen's Association's field trials, the show is sure to be well patronized. The entries close Jan. 15, 1891, with Mr. A. E. Shaw, secretary, New Orleans, La., the fee being $2 only. The show being under A. K. C. rules, all wins will count.

The Greenville, S. C., bench show is the last of the Southern circuit, and takes place Jan. 27 to 30. As this club, now known as the South Carolina Kennel Association, has been admitted to the A. K. C., their wins will now count. For the principal breeds there are challenge classes for each sex, with $10 and $5 as prizes. Then in the open classes, all breeds with the exception of greyhounds, deerhounds, foxhounds, Chesapeake Bays, spaniels, poodles, bulldogs, bull and all other terriers, pugs, dachshunde, Bassets, beagles and miscellaneous, have $10 and $5, those named having $5 and $3. The cash specials are quite numerous, showing that a good deal of money can be picked up at this show. For instance, $10 is given for the best pair of mastiffs and St. Bernards (rough and smooth each), there are also several kennel prizes of $5, and a silver cup valued at $20 is offered for the best kennel of all breeds. Mr. John Davidson judges all classes. The entry fee is $3, entries closing Jan. 20 with Mr. F. F. Capers, Greenville, S. C. Great interest is said to be taken in this their inaugural show by the residents of Greenville, and nothing will be left undone to make every visiting exhibitor welcome.

DOG TALK.

I WAS both surprised and disappointed to read in the late papers of the return of the St. Bernard Prince Regent to England. Surprised, because I had not thought American St. Bernard breeders so blind to their own interests and disappointed, in their judgment. Possibly my opinion is not much, but I have seen nearly all the St. Bernards of England and America and I consider him the best living stud dog. It is rumored that he was not a success here as a stock getter. Possibly not, in fact probably not. Have the breeders not yet learned the fact that but one imported dog in twenty is a success the first year. A few get acclimated quickly, but most of them take from six months to a year. I do not wish to provoke controversy or cause any hard feelings or I would name a few specimens in proof of my statement. But to return to Prince Regent. Before he was two years old he had sired the two best St. Bernards of the day, Princess Florence and Scottish Prince. I may be a little premature in calling Scottish Prince better than Sir Bedivere, but he is at least the best of his age. These two specimens are from two different bitches of entirely different breeding, Moss Rose and Lady Ida. Many dogs throw good bitches and many throw good dogs. Many more throw good pups to only a few bitches. Prince Regent has proved his ability to throw good puppies of either sex from different bitches. The two dogs I have mentioned are only the best of his get, he has sired many good ones. Sydney Smith told me this summer that he meant to get him back but I did not dream that my countrymen were so blind to their own interests as to allow him to return.

The Massachusetts Kennel Club have secured a neat club room at 34 Central avenue, Lynn. The boys are beginning to talk about the coming show, and predict a success.

In further confirmation of "J. W.'s" statement *re* imported bitches coming in season some weeks late, I will say that all of those imported this fall have been from three weeks to two months late.

I notice in the *Stock-Keeper's* list of St. Bernard bitches, that Mr. E. B. Sears owns champion Plevna. Whew! Isn't that rather a staggerer for Mr. Moore? I congratulate Mr. Sears on his purchase. She is queen of all the bitches in America. Now let Mr. Moore or Mr. Diffenderffer purchase Princess Florence, and New York show will rival the Windsor St. Bernard Club show.

Messrs. H. A. & W. L. Harris state in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM, published Dec. 4, that my statement regarding White Wonder, in issue of Sept. 4, is false in every particular, but in their so-called "proof" they simply make an assertion without giving the first atom of proof of their statement. I repeat that White Wonder, now owned by Messrs. Harris, is by White Sam out of Rose, and that every word of my statement is true and that I can substantiate every word of it. The gentleman who accompanied me during my investigation lives within a few miles of Mr. Harris. Those who gave me my information are gentlemen of far better standing than Mr. Hinks, and saw the dog almost daily for months. I do not misunderstand Messrs. Harris. I consider them gentlemen, but I can prove that they were badly swindled if they bought White Wonder (Beryl) for a sound dog, and if they did not, still they have purchased a false pedigree. I never yet made a statement in print that I could not substantiate, and until they can prove what they say I would thank them not to call my statement false. NAMQUOIT.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE POINTER CLUB SPECIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Pointer Club of America offer the following cash prizes, open to dogs owned by members of the club.

New York Show—$25 to best pointer dog in open class, $25 to best pointer bitch in open class.

Chicago Show—$10 to best pointer dog in open class, $10 to best bitch in open class.

Pittsburg Show—$10 to best pointer dog in open class, $10 to best pointer bitch in open class.

The Pointer Club is in a thriving condition, and proposes to do something handsome in the way of offering cash prizes at bench shows and field trials. It is now in order to become a member and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

GEO. W. LARUE, Sec'y-Treas.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.

DEATH OF FORD LASS.—Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 7th inst. I had the sad misfortune to lose my fine imported Dandie Dinmont bitch Ford Lass, under very distressing circumstances. She was due to whelp on Nov. 30, but was six days behind when she delivered seven fine lively puppies, but it was plain to be seen that she was still to whelp another. I paid no particular attention until night time, when she appeared to be sufferiag, and upon examination I found the pup was dead and turned around. I worked with her till 3 o'clock next morning, but still no relief. Next day I saw my family doctor, got advice from him, gave medicine all day and sat up with her all night. Next day I had Dr. Forbes (a good V. S.) and another doctor to examine her, and they found an operation necessary. As a last resort they took it from her by means of the knife, when it was found to be at least three times as large as any of the others. By that time she had become so weak that she could not stand the operation and died at 11 P. M. In her death I lost the kindest and most affectionate dog I ever saw, and one that can never be replaced. Besides quite a heavy loss from a financial point of view, as I could find no mother for the other seven live puppies, I lost her and eight puppies of as highly bred stock as there is in the United States. Of one thing I am certain; if there is a heaven for dogs, Ford Lass is certainly there, as a better one never lived, and as I laid her in the grave I carefully made for her, I felt a tear roll down my cheek and am not ashamed to own that I wept for so good a friend.—WM. E. HOFF.

A BARZOI MISSING.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Hacke's Barzoi Czar strayed away on last Thursday night and I would ask sportsmen to be on the lookout for him. He is a white dog, with gray sides and edge of ears lemon, which are small and lay like a greyhound's; head smooth and rather heavy for a barzoi; eyes hazel; coat long and silky like a setter's; forelegs feathered and tail fringed. One of his hindlegs had been broken and has a lump at point of fracture on the inside above the hock joint. He stands 29in. at shoulder.—J. B. GRIMES.

A RETROSPECT.

THE shade of the old year will be upon us when these lines are read by the fancier, and when he turns over in his mind the events of the past year, the lover of dogs and he who counts himself a member of our kennel world, will doubtless reflect upon the vast strides the fancy has made, not only in the last ten years, but in the year of 1890, just departed. And as he speeds the parting year he turns inconstant to welcome the new one, and reflections give place to anticipation as he wonders what new lights in the kennel world will have reached these shores when 1891 in turn gives place to another. In mastiffs there has been little progress made. The breed seems rather at a standstill as far as importing new stock is concerned. At the same time our breeders have not been idle and one hears of wonderful youngsters which will make their debut at Madison Square Garden next February. There is little doubt but that Beaufort will leave his mark, for from personal knowledge we are aware that several are coming on, short-faced enough to please the most ultra mastiff man living, and besides having typical heads they are also well found in body, and this of itself must be counted an advance to be proud of. The sires, Minting and Ilford Caution, have left progeny that will serve to perpetuate their names and especially the latter. So taking everything into consideration, though importations have been few, the home industry bids fair to keep pace with the age.

It is to St. Bernards that the breeders of America must look for that great advance toward perfection. When we add, and we think it is not stretching a point to say so, that we only need two more, Sir Bedivere and Princess Florence, to be able to claim the best specimens in the world, and judging from the past it would not surprise us in the least to have the opportunity of welcoming even these two high-priced jewels of the breed, such is the enterprise and pluck possessed by some of our breeders. With such animals as Watch, Hesper, Alton, Plevna, Lady Livingstone, Altona, La Pucelle, Prudence, Lady Sneerwell, Jael, Donna Silva and other lesser lights making their appearance during the past year, there is little prospect of the breed losing its popularity. That we can also breed them is proved by one kennel's success in breeding two such fine animals as Lord and Lady Melrose, undoubtedly the two best native-bred ones we have yet seen. The future for St. Bernard breeders is bright—very bright. The only question is, will our breeders make the best of the great opportunities they now have to produce something that may hold its own with those of England?

Another breed that, thanks to the specialty club and the coursing of the past year, has sprung rapidly into popular favor, is the greyhound. New men are coming into the ranks, and though breeders are depending more upon the blood already here, the year has not passed without some new foreigners putting in an appearance. Drytime, which ran so well out West recently, is one of them. Champions Charley Davis and Maud Torrington, Conspirator and others whose names escape us at this moment, will all no doubt do good in the cause. The new specialty club started this year is full of life and evidently, as witnessed by the elegant trophy presented at Great Bend, and the coming specialty show this month, intends to do all in its power to encourage the breed.

Deerhounds and Newfoundlands have made little progress, nothing of any note has been imported, and the interest taken in these breeds by the general public is unfortunately almost nil.

Great Danes are fast coming to the front in popularity, and the splendid show of these animals at New York and Chicago in 1890 must have done a good deal for the breed. In Melac, imported last spring, we have a great Dane that any country might be proud to claim.

In setters we have nothing new to speak of, these breeds having in a great measure arrived at a point where we are almost independent of the mother country, when we can count such dogs as Rockingham, Count Howard, Monk of Furness, Sir Tatton, Princess Beatrice and others, among our cracks. Irish setters have not made much improvement. Several dogs have been imported, notably Inchiquin, Stella IV. and one or two others of less merit. In Gordons nothing new has been brought forward, Beaumont, Little Boy, Belmont, Countess Roxie, etc., still reign supreme, though now that Beaumont and Belmont have changed hands their late owner contemplates getting something over that will astonish us and dwarf all former efforts in this direction, so perhaps we may yet see a "Heather Grouse" over here.

Pointers have had little or no help from across the pond, breeders being content to use the material they have at hand, though we hear of several parties on the lookout for cracks to take the place of past and passé celebrities. The good showing made by the pointers in the late field trials will no doubt cause an increased demand, and what was still more a matter for congratulation, the pointers competing had, with very few exceptions, special claims to bench show form, showing conclusively that the two styles are compatible.

In spaniels, the only importations of moment were the field spaniels Baron and Beverley Negus, both handsome specimens and calculated to improve a style of spaniel in which we are at present acknowledged to be rather weak. Not so with cockers, for never have such a fine lot, taking them all round, been shown as we have seen at some of the shows during the year. This is a breed that, once loose from the long and low craze, we have little need of outside help; a little judicious care in mating and concerted type to breed for, is all that we require, and we trust that the discussion now taking place in our columns will be the means of accomplishing this.

Beagles have, owing to the advent of the National Beagle Club, been brought more prominently forward than in late years. The field trials served to stimulate this interest, and though, with the exception of Blue Belle II., no new cracks have appeared, several promising youngsters have been bred. Our breeders fancy they have, and with some reason, little to gain by the importation of new stock.

Collies are still advancing, the most noteworthy importation being that of The Squire, who comes with a big reputation in the stud, which, from all accounts, he is sustaining since his arrival. Several good ones have been imported by the noted Canadian breeders. The Collie Club is in a flourishing condition and is intent on advancing the best interests of the breed, So the cry may go forth that all is well along the collie lines.

Bulldogs have spurted finely this year, that is if such stolid fellows can be said to have a spurt in them. Though these may be content nowadays to take life as they find it, their owners are not, for what with the new Bulldog Club and the several importations, they have shown themselves very much alive. Among those imported this year we find the names of Harper, Duchess of Palma, African King, Princess Crib, Dolly Tester, Dimple (since dead), Mr. Cugle's lot, and several others whose names we cannot remember just now, nearly all good ones and well calculated to help the breed along. The bulldog men will make a strong muster at New York this spring.

Bull-terriers have added to their already well-filled list such dogs as Prince Bendigo, White Prince, White Wonder, Diamond King and several others. We hear of others to come in time for the spring shows, and though we seem hardly able to breed anything very startling, our breeders are ever ready to purchase a good thing when they hear of it. Irish terriers are coming fast to the front, and the importation of Breda Bill, Mr. Comstock's Mars, Ballymoney, and others will strengthen the breed, and although only in the hands as yet of a few breeders we think that as they become better known this game terrier will soon occupy the position he does in England, in quality if not in numbers.

Fox-terrier breeders have not done anything during the past year to excite any comment. Very few new dogs have come over, the notable exceptions being Raffle, Brockenhurst Quick, Rifleman, Dudley Slave, Ebor Nettle, etc. The year is notable in one sense, in fox-terrier circles, owing to the showing of a team of these terriers in England, and the placing of two of them, home bred ones, showed that the nick for champions has not yet been struck. The young dog Suffolk Risk being far the best home bred one. Several new breeders have taken hold of these terriers, and we fancy that even in this breed the small breeders stand just as much chance of pulling out a plum from the breeding lottery as the larger kennels, judging from past results. Wire-haired terriers are coming more and more into favor, especially in Canada, that country being able to make quite a respectable showing.

Black and tan terriers are booming, too, though nothing has been bred at home that will take the place of the imported ones; still with the new dogs that have come to us this last year there are several noted winners. The Senator: Madge, Beauty, Salisbury, Queen III. and two or three dark horses, and with these and those we already have, it is safe to say that New York show of 1891 will see such a collection of black and tans as has never been seen here before.

Among the small breeds several good Yorkshires have been imported, and this year's shows of this handsome little terrier have far surpassed any yet seen in this country. Dogs have been shown that are correct in type, and the miscellaneous assortment of wooly dogs we have been forced to put up with, have been relegated to the place they belong to—oblivion. King Charles spaniels are also looking up, and the importation of Royal Duke and several Blenheims and King Charles for a Brooklyn kennel will surely contribute to their advancement.

A new breed to us has in the year 1890 received considerable attention. We refer to the Russian wolfhound. Handsome in the extreme, they are bound to make themselves felt when seen in greater numbers. Though no really first-class specimens have as yet been imported, though this has not been through any fault of the Americans, still those which are already here give us a very good idea of what we may expect when the real good ones come. This breed being under the care of the National Greyhound Club will also receive due encouragement. There is little else to add about the dogs of 1890. The A. K. C. is in a flourishing and prosperous condition. New members are joining our kennel world almost daily, and the amount of money now invested in dogflesh would have astounded the fancier of 1880. At this rate what shall we have to say in the year 2000? Shall we? dare we? hazard the supposition that we may be shipping dogs to England, or will our climate, as it is claimed, forever keep home bred dogs, as a whole, in the background?

We trust that when another year has past a better feeling may prevail among some of our controversially inclined breeders and fanciers. Such contentions serve no good purpose, but rather the contrary, giving the outside public a false idea of the real workers in the hive. Field trial men must look back with pleasurable feelings, that their trials so far this year have passed off quietly and successfully, besides being memorable for the visit paid us by the English dogs, who, on our own ground, succeeded in wresting some of the laurels from our dogs. We don't begrudge them, but rather shout, come again! We must now draw this somewhat more lengthy review than intended, to a close, wishing our kennel readers, and friends of dogdom in general, a prosperous and a Happy New Year.



MR. GEORGE EWING'S "ROWDY ROD."

ST. LOUIS WILL HAVE A DOG SHOW.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been several years since a bench show has been held in this city, but if surface indications go for anything the prospects are exceedingly bright that one will be held here in the near future. Mr. George Munson, who managed the last show of the kind held here, is what might properly be termed a "hustler." He has succeeded in enlisting a number of prominent sportsmen in the enterprise, and being perfectly familiar with the duties expected of him will surely make the thing a success. The show will be held in one of the naves of the Exposition building, which will afford ample room for 1,000 dogs. A liberal prize list will be made up, and none but thoroughly competent persons will be engaged to judge the canines. There are plenty of dogs owned here to make the affair a big show, and with the number that would be entered from a distance the number of entries should be large.—UNSER FRITZ.

"TRAINING VS. BREAKING."—Kirwin, Kan., Nov. 17.—I have this evening returned from the field with a fine bag of quail and grouse (prairie chicken), shot over a setter less than 17 months old, trained by Hammond's system, and each bird was brought carefully in and delivered without hesitation. Not dropped on the ground after the old style, but with the dog sitting on his haunches and head reached up to meet my hand. I think the method described in "Training vs. Breaking" is perfect, and have no desire to try any other again.—H. A. ROYCE.

DOG CHAT.

WE were unable last week to more than briefly allude to the recent St. Bernard show at Islington, London. Considering the number of dogs imported to this country we think it would be a good plan to keep our readers posted as to the dogs that make their debut at such shows. Sir Bedivere is still the king, and is spoken of as the best St. Bernard they have ever had. Of course, he won the 100 guinea challenge cup and the Halsey trophy, which is worth a little fortune in itself. In the open classes, Mr. J. F. Smith showed a new one called Salvator Rosa, by Lord Bute, which is described as a rich orange, beautifully marked, skull, ears and stop very correct, might be a little deeper in foreface, stands high, with plenty of bone, but is not furnished up yet. He just beat the Birmingham winner, another new one, Lord Dunlo, by Sir Bedivere, who is described as having more depth below the eye, better feet, but does not move so well behind. In roughs between six and twelve months, Mr. Raybold brought out Sir Hereward, who is another son of Lord Bute, described as a capital young dog, very sturdy in body and with best of legs and feet, walking capitally behind with splendid quarters, his worst feature being a short, curly tail. He beat Lord Dunlo, however. In rough bitch challenge class, Plevna, Mr. Sears's new bitch, beat Pegotty. In smooths, Mr. J. F. Smith had a good innings, taking ten first prizes, two seconds, two thirds, one reserve, six cups, the 100 guinea cup for best bitch in the show, and reserve for the 100 guinea cup for best dog. A good youngster by Watch won in the six to twelve months class; he is said to resemble his sire in many points. In bitches Sans Peur won the challenge prize and the 100 guinea cup for best bitch in the show. In the six to twelve months class Houri, a promising young bitch by Watch out of Sils Maria, took the honors. In the novice class, dogs, Sir Hereward beat both Salvator Rosa and Lord Dunlo after a hard tussle. Keeper won the stud dog prize, Angelo coming second, judged by their progeny. A prize given for the keeper of the best conditioned team was won by Mr. Gosling's keeper. This is a prize that might be given with beneficial results at some of our principal shows. Altogether the show was a pronounced success, and especially so among the younger classes. The number of dogs benched was 230, an increase over last year, so there is evidently no diminution in the interest still taken in this fashionable breed.

We fancy that the *Fanciers' Journal* has hardly seen the end of the Krehl-Brittle controversy, and we are not alone in thinking that their duty is not ended with their editorial saying that, as both had had their say, the subject would be of no further interest. When such serious charges were advanced by a correspondent, in common courtesy to a fellow editor and especially one who occupies such a prominent position as Mr. Krehl, some proof should be demanded for the epithets made use of. That this is the feeling on the other side of the pond is evidence by the scoring they get from the *Fanciers' Gazette*, a journal which all know has not too much love for the paper of which Mr. Krehl is the editor. They devote several paragraphs to the subject and the last one is: "We would point out to our American contemporary that its obligations do not cease here. It has allowed a charge to be made without 'any rhyme or reason,' and the mere denial of the fact on the part of the person charged does not end the controversy, because it has no interest to 'our readers.' Mr. Krehl occupies a somewhat prominent position in this country, and whether a man is friend or foe, we, for the protection of the public, intimate it as our opinion that to the English public such charges as have been made in our contemporary are of interest 'to *our* readers,' and that an editor has no right whatever to admit them in his journal until he is beforehand satisfied that they are absolutely correct. We consider that the *Fanciers' Journal* must substantiate the charges it has allowed to appear in its columns, or offer an ample apology to Mr. Krehl. We may also call attention to the fact that it is not an American who does this 'dirty trick,' but an Englishman." Mr. Krehl has asked for proofs, so let them be forthcoming.

Our illustration this week is the noted Rowdy Rod, owned by Mr. Geo. Ewing, of Cincinnati, O. He is by Roderigo out of Juno A., and was bred by the Memphis & Avent Kennels, but afterward sold to Mr. Ewing, it is said, for $3,000. His winnings are: First, Eastern Field Trials Derby, and first, Central Field Trials Derby, in 1889, and it is still fresh in our minds that he succeeded in winning the great Free-for-All Stake at the Central Trials this year. That his good looks also entitle him to consideration is evidenced by his winning one of the Lorillard medals at the Central Trials this year.

The show to be held at Jackson, Mich., by the Central City Kennel Club, promises to be a good one, as exhibitors from all parts have signified their intention to send their stock, especially as the show will be held under A. K. C. rules. Dr. E. L. Kimball, Jackson, Mich., is the secretary, and of him all information can be obtained. Major J. M. Taylor judges all classes.

The National Beagle Club will hold their next quarterly meeting, at which officers for the ensuing year will be

elected, at the Quincy House, parlor G, Jan. 3, at 7 P.M. A good attendance of members is expected.

Mr. W. K. Taunton's mastiff champion Beaufort has proved a great success as a stud dog while in America. We have seen some very good ones by him. Mr. Winchell tells us he has two or three which he believes are better than anything yet bred in America. Some of the best bitches bred in America have been sent to Beaufort since his arrival. To give some idea of his demand as a stud dog Mr. Winchell has at his kennels the following mastiff bitches to be bred to him or ready to be returned: Mr. W. Wade's Emma, by champion Orlando; Mr. Chas. C. Cook's well-known Pharaoh Queen, her second litter by him; another very large bitch, a noted breeder of the West, Mr. Colvin McLean's Media; Dr. Derby's Albion, by champion Hotspur, almost the only Hotspur blood in America, and with as grand a head as her sire. It will be remembered she is the bitch presented to Mr. Derby by Dr. Sidney Turner, the breeder of Beaufort and many other grand ones. A well-known bitch of Dr. Turner's is on the way from England to be bred to Beaufort and will arrive within a few days. The English breeders are just tumbling to the mistake they made in letting him go, but the American breeders are making the most of him while here, as it is rumored Beaufort will return after the spring shows.

At the recent Cadet fair, held in Salem, Mass., in the new armory building, we are told that the Northfield Kennels had on exhibition their interesting collection of Yorkshires and other terriers. Mr. Thomas, the manager of this kennel, must have had his hands full with this collection, which included their well known Yorkshires, two of which have been held in reserve as a surprise for New York in February, bull-terriers, black and tans, King Charles spaniels, Irish terriers, Russian poodles and a Barzoi pup. Over 1,200 people paid a dime each to see this little dog show and from this our correspondent concludes that the town of Salem would not be a bad one to hold a regular dog show in. There are several of these Massachusetts towns where a dog show would be a success and help to interest others in the fancy, though the "men of Lynn" are the only ones who have had the pluck to try it so far.

A Mr. Hughes, of New York, has purchased through a brother of Dr. Niven, in Ireland, two Irish terrier dogs and one bitch. They were to have been shipped three weeks since.

In sending us the list of judges selected by the National Beagle Club, our informant was in error in saying Mr. R. F. Mayhew was one of them. Mr. Mayhew is not a member of the club.

Our acknowldgments are due to Mr. Poag for the excellent photograph of his St. Bernard dog watch. We are told this grand dog weighs now 225lbs.

Mr. Percy C. Ohl writes us that the English Setter Club will make a new departure at bench shows, commencing with the New York show, by engaging an attendant to look specially after the breeds. They think this will prove a great benefit to owners of fine dogs, as they are thus assured their favorites will receive every attention. A member of the club will be appointed who will see that the attendant discharges his duties properly. This is a good plan and might be followed by all specialty clubs. The National Greyhound Club has already, we believe, done the same thing.

A peculiar transaction was brought to light recently in England which may form a precedent for action in some similar case which might arise in this country. Mr. A. M. Hodgson, it seems, is in the habit of giving away bull bitch pups under certain conditions. When the pup comes to maturity he selects a sire and has the pick of the first litter, after which the bitch becomes the absolute property of the person to whom he gave it. He has asked the English Kennel Club to settle his standing in a case where a person to whom he gave a pup, under those conditions, chose the sire himself and then advised Mr. Hodgson of the litter. As the sire of these pups was objectionable to him, instead of taking his pick he purchased one of the pups and now awaits the bitch coming into season again, so that the original conditions may be fulfilled. He wanted to know whether, under the conditions given and imposed with the bitch, he was the breeder of this first litter. The Kennel Club decided that, until the original conditions are complied with, Mr. Hodgson is still the owner of the bitch and as such is therefore the breeder of the litter he objected to.

We have received several inquiries about the coming specialty show of the National Greyhound Club, which proves that the event is looked forward to with interest by the ever increasing body of greyhound men. Such a venture on the part of this young but energetic club we trust will be well sustained by a goodly entry, and, as the show is only for one day and in a warm and well ventilated building, averse as we are to the showing of puppies as a rule in the ordinary dog shows, a goodly show of saplings would be very pleasing to dog men, so that we can judge of the progress made in the breed in the past year or two. The fact of Mr. Mason judging insures the dogs being put in their proper order. The prizes are liberal and the club medal will be an object well worth the winning.

We have only space to briefly allude to a subject which has been touched upon by several dog men in the course of conversation. We allude to the altogether too easy manner in which charges against persons are allowed to be made before the A.K.C. No matter what merit the case may have it is not investigated at once, but is placed on record in the minutes of the A.K.C. or the *Kennel Gazette* as so and so brings charges against so and so. Now we think that the rule in vogue at bench shows, to insist upon a deposit in case of a charge being made and this forfeited in case the charge prove frivolous, would be a protection for reputable men against those who may use the good nature of the A.K.C. as a lever for their own ends. We have one case in our mind of those now on the list, which, according to what we have heard, is simply an imposition, but still the name of a reputable man is put down in a list the readers of which presuppose that his actions have been reprehensible.

The English Kennel Club has shown itself not too old or obstinate to learn, and the numerous proddings it has received of late from the *Canine World* and others as to its arbitrary actions in the matter of disqualifications for mere clerical errors have evidently had good effect. The secretary of the E. K. C. at the St. Bernard Club dinner, spoke of the mild measures which they will henceforth adopt. The secretary after going through the catalogues will mark the "wrong 'uns," then ask to see the entry forms: if this does not prove satisfactory the exhibitor will be called upon to explain. Should this fail to acquit, the cases will be laid before an "advisory committee," which idea is doubtless a leaf out of the American book. This committee will then investigate, and finally advise the club what to do in the matter. According to *Stock-Keeper*, this is passing from Draconian severity to mild maternal indulgence with a vengeance!

Judex nascitur, non fecit, that's very catchy and like a good many other terms of like nature, is used with an abandon that shows a not too intimate knowledge of its meaning. Judges are born, not made, is the wisdom set forth by "Nutcracker" in the English *Stock-Keeper*, in his American notes, which consist mainly in reproving Dr. Wesley Mills for his audacity in writing a report of a dog show. The term we speak of arises of course from the more or less true saying that poets, artists, etc., are born, not made. A man can draw and sketch simply from the talent that is in him, a poet can rhyme without attending a rhymery, a musician may through his peculiar gifts produce harmony, though practice alone makes him perfect; but can, for instance, a surgeon, perform a difficult operation without a long course of previous study and experience? So it is with the dog judge. Does one suppose for an instant that a man, however much the "dogly intuition" is bred in him, can be set down in a ring of say fox-terriers or spaniels, and without previous training, experience and study of types, and so on, correctly or even approximately place them according to merit? All moonshine! Judges are made to a great extent, though of course, like good mechanics, engineers, doctors, lawyers, etc., the good judges have a love and a natural leaning toward their hobby. It is not necessary that a man should have been a breeder to be able to place the dogs correctly; that is another fallacy that is fast being exploded. "Any one," says Scotch Baillie, "with an observant eye and a ready brain can become a judge of dogs," and we quite agree with him.

Mr. Charles S. Hanks, of Boston, on his way to Siberia, is on the lookout in London for some fox-terriers to bring back with him when he returns to this country.

Mr. C. L. Wilton's new purchase, the fox-terrier Rifleman, arrived last Saturday on the Italy after a sixteen days' voyage. His new owner is well pleased with him, head and body being particularly good, we are told.

The noted bull bitch, The Graven Image, has been purchased by one of our countrymen through Mr. F. Hinks, of Birmingham. She has won numerous prizes and will be a decided acquisition to the bulldog ranks over here. Another importer is Mr. Andrew J. Hatch, of New Haven, Conn., who has purchased Bloater Girl, the noted dam of Mr. Pybus Sellon's Dorinda. Bloater Girl is a well known winner, so that the competition in the bitch class at New York will evidently be a hot one.

As a warning to those who are in the habit of feeding their pets with the bones of birds we may say that Mrs. E. Forder has had to pay dear for her carelessness. She has just lost her famous King Charles champion Jumbo II., who was choked from this cause. He was by Don Carlo out of Mrs. Forder's Queen of Bow, and his death means a great loss to the breed generally.

Fanciers' Gazette is the only English paper to hand this week, and this is their first Christmas number. Though it contains no kennel news, it is replete with interesting articles by well known writers, sketches of dogs and a colored print of Ormskirk Amazement and Ormskirk Excelsior, two of Mr. Stretch's crack collies. In their "Prologue" one paragraph interests American fanciers, they say: "Remembering our Antipodean brethren, we do not wish to forget those across the Atlantic, both in Canada and the States. The former are the good, the latter the bad boys of to-day. How we should like to get at those McKinleys and have a few moments talk with them so that we could let off a little of the pent up steam!! Ah well! We must leave them as they are. May their Christmas turkey be scraggy! their plum pudding give them indigestion! their mince pies be sour! No more pleasant trips for our judges to trans-Atlantic shores; for that contract is an infringement of protective laws, and even the modest fowl must pay 1½d. per pound ere he can enter, even though his advent is to raise high the standard of pure bred stock, unless as many formalities are gone through as is necessary to win a seat in Parliament. Then there are the fees to be paid. Veritably, American consuls in England must worship at the shrine of McKinley, and sing songs of praise to the new divinity discovered by our American cousins. Only one consolation can be found, and that is they have to pay the piper." And doubtless he will be paid.

We see by the *Stock-Keeper* just arrived, that Mrs. F. Smyth has added to her already strong kennel by the purchase of the St. Bernard brood bitch Veda II., by Lord Nelson out of Margrave Winnifred, from Mr. A. Little, of Workington, England. Veda sailed on the steamship Queen, Dec. 18, after having been served by Lord Bute.

NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB SHOW OF 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The premium lists of the show of greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds will be ready for distribution on Tuesday, Dec. 30, and prospective exhibitors can obtain them from Mr. H. W. Huntington, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., by application. The lists will be mailed to all owners of the breeds represented by the club, and it is hoped the show will receive the support of the entire fraternity and admirers of the breeds. Mr. C. H. Mason will judge all classes. The liberal prizes offered, coupled with the fact that the show will be for but one day, ought to be appreciated, as no doubt it will. The premiums will be $10 in champion classes, $10 and $5 in open classes, and $5 and $3 for puppies, each sex having its own class. The feeding will be looked after by Messrs. Spratts. The effort of the club to bring these breeds promptly to the front where they justly belong, will, I feel sure, meet the hearty approval of those owners and exhibitors who have their improvement at heart. Owing to a misunderstanding with the committee, and the fact that the original date, Jan. 17, conflicts with the Charleston show, another date will be chosen, of which I will advise you at the earliest opportunity.—H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 29).

THE POINTER CLUB OF AMERICA.—New York, Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America will be held at the New York show, Feb. 24, at 4 P.M., at which meeting matters of much importance will be presented. By order of the president, GEO. W. LARUE, Sec'y-Treas.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Abbess of Kent. By Frederic Joy, Detroit, Mich., for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 9, 1890, by King of Kent (Priam—Kent Baby) out of Lonnie Bijou (Foxchase—Diablesse).

Yale Howard and Daisy Howard. By Geo. W. Neal, Westville, Conn., for blue belton English setter dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1890, by Count Howard (Sir Alister—Mena) out of Daisy Foreman (champion Foreman—Jolly Nell).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Susie Gladstone—Dad Wilson. J. S. Hudson's (Covington, Ky.) English setter bitch Susie Gladstone (Gladstone—Jessie Turner) to his Dad Wilson (Cambridge—Dido II.), Dec. 12.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Elf. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Elf, Dec. 12, six (five dogs), by their Royal Krueger.

Sunrise. John Poag's (Toledo, O.) St. Bernard bitch Sunrise, Dec. 24, nine (five dogs), by his Watch.

Lady Snowflake. Geo. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Lady Snowflake (Prince Noble—Cassandra F.), Dec. 22, seven (three dogs), by P. H. Gotzian's champion Monk of Furness (champion Sir Alister—champion Belle of Furness).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jack—Lone Star Zip whelp. Liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 10, 1890, by J. Leicht, Beeville, Tex., to A. Lipper, Eagle Pass, Tex.

Colonel J.—Dilly J. whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Oct. 10, 1890, by Geo. C. Jones, Emporia, Kan., a black, white and ticked dog to Geo. Clark, Omaha, Neb., and a liver, white and ticked bitch to Chas. Brown, Lincoln, Neb.

Staunch Bob—Flash whelps. Liver, white and ticked pointers, whelped Oct. 14, 1890, by Wm. H. Case, Lockport, N. Y., a dog to H. A. Bishop, Bridgeport, Conn., and a bitch to W. H. Gordon, Ellenburgh Center, N. Y.

Dad Wilson—Dixie whelps. Black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped April 26, 1890, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to F. J. O'Connell, Coal Grove, O.

Dad Wilson—Daisy Cambridge II. whelp. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 6, 1890, by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to J. C. Hankins, Hebron, Ky.

Dad Wilson's Boy. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 15, 1888, by Dad Wilson out of Dolly S., by J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky., to G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.

Susie Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 2, 1886, by Gladstone out of Jessie Turner, by Geo. H. Hill, Maderia, O., to J. S. Hudson, Covington, Ky.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

J. H. H., Schuyler's Lake, N. Y.—I have a setter dog that is partly blind in one eye. I think he stubbed it early in the hunting season. Under the sight there is a small speck or blueish skin formed over it. I have dressed it with morphine and ten grains of vitriol in a half pint of water. He can see a little out of it, and it does not get any worse. Can you tell me in your next issue of anything that will clear it, it looks like a felon. Do you think it will be all right again? Ans. This is a cataract, and the surgeon's knife is the only sure remedy.

M. F. S., Troy, New York.—I have a St. Bernard puppy which is five months old and weighs 92lbs., and which has grown proportionately well, except that his forelegs are bent and appear weak. His bones are very large and I don't understand why his forelegs do not straighten out. His body is heavy, which may be the cause. What should I do to aid development? I give him exercise daily. Ans. Continue to give gentle exercise, and as your pup is young yet, his legs will, more than likely, become straighter as he gets stronger. There is no remedy unless you care to try a sort of carriage to sustain the body when walking, as Mr. Gosling, of England, did with his noted young dog Scout, with beneficial results.

MULTNOMAH, Portland, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM whether there is any reliable remedy for rheumatism in dogs? The sporting dogs of this country seem to be unusually afflicted in this respect. My Irish setter Mike, not yet seven years old, has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for over two years; and as much might be said of many of our best dogs. Ans. Open the bowels with a dose of syrup of buckthorn, and administer the following:

Sodii salicylatis	ʒij.
Aqua	ʒiij.

Dose one teaspoonful in a little milk every two hours until the dog improves and then at longer intervals. Keep the dog warm. If local treatment is necessary, if joints are swelled, paint the afflicted parts with tincture of iodine. Keep the system up but do not feed too rich food, and give the dog plenty of excercise.

J. H. G., Jamestown, N. Y.—I have an English terrier bitch, 15 months old. When she was about 8 months old I had her spayed, and several months later I noticed that she favored her right hind leg, and since that time she has gone on three legs. I have tried several liniaments used for sprains, etc., but with no satisfactory results, and owing to the fact that her half sister also showed the same tendency to favor her hind leg after being spayed, I cannot but think that the operation in some way caused it, notwithstanding the fact that she did not go lame until several months later. She seems to be well in every other respect and plays a great deal, apparently suffering very little if any pain. I wish you would reply in your next issue. Ans. We should advise you to have a veterinary surgeon examine the bitch. No doubt a blister would be beneficial. These cases are apt to become chronic if not attended to in time.

M. B., Franklin, Ind.—Will you please tell me what should be given to a fifteen months old pug dog for tape worm? Also can you suggest any easy method of giving him medicine, as it is almost impossible to administer it to him. The dog in question is very lean and poor. His head looks entirely too small for his body. Do you think it is because he is young? Will his proportions be right when he is older? His colors are good and I have no reason to suppose he is not of a pure breed, unless that is a sign. Ans. Beat ten drops of oil of fern into a raw egg and give after a twenty-four-hour fast. Follow this, in an hour or so, with a spoonful of castor oil. The dog has no doubt been dwarfed through the irritation and pain caused by the worm. Rid him of this and he will doubtless soon be all right. The best way to administer medicine to a dog is to clasp it firmly between the knees, and with one finger make a sort of cup of the corner of the dog's mouth, then pinch the nose to compel him to swallow; the latter only in case of obstinacy.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEW ARMY RIFLE.

THE board of United States Army officers ordered to report on a small caliber rifle suitable for the army of the United States, met during the early part of the past week at the Army Building in this city and adjourned to Jan. 20. It consists of Col. A. V. Kantz, 8th Infantry, President; Lieut.-Col. R. H. Hall, 6th Infantry; Major G. W. McKee, Ordnance Department; Capt. H. B. Freeman, 7th Infantry; Capt. G. S. Anderson, 6th Cavalry, and Capt. S. E. Blunt, Ordnance Department, Recorder.

The board is directed to select a magazine system for rifles and carbines, and also to test and report for adoption such smokeless powder as is deemed most advisable to use. In its sitting of a few days' duration the board has drafted its rules to govern the test of small arms. The arms to be tried may be submitted from any source, only they must not exceed a .30cal., and must be adapted to the Frankfort Arsenal cartridge. The smokeless powder to be used in the tests has already been contracted for with Belgian establishments. Other grades of nitrate powders will be open to acceptance. All tests will be competitive. The session of the board is not limited, and in all likelihood will be prolonged until a desirable arm is obtained. The tests will be made at Springfield, Mass., and will be inaugurated during the early part of March. The delay is necessited because of the non-receipt of the nitrate powders. This delay, however, will afford inventors more time in which to prepare specimen weapons.

The necessity for a small caliber rifle has long been felt in the United States. To-day the army and marine are using the Springfield singleshot breechloading piece. As a serviceable weapon there is, perhaps, none better in the world than the Springfield. On the other hand, the low initial velocity of its shots make it in point of fighting efficiency immeasurably inferior to the new German rifle, to the new British or to the new Austrian rifle.

The Austrian rifle, the Mannlicher, has a caliber of .315in. It weighs 9.681bs. and has a vertical fixed box magazine holding five cartridges. The Mannlicher has a muzzle velocity of about 2,000ft. per second.

Denmark has a rifle, the Krag-Jörgansen, of .315cal., and a velocity of 2,099ft. per second.

The Belgium Mauser rifle of .301cal., working on the bolt system and using a bullet encased in a German silver envelope, has a velocity of about 1,800ft. per second.

The new English rifle of .303cal., working on an improved Lee system, has a muzzle velocity, using ordinary powder, of 1,800ft. per second.

The German infantry rifle, pattern 1888, of .311cal. has an estimated initial velocity of 2,034 foot seconds. Its sights are graduated to 2,242yds.

The new Swiss rifle, the Schmidt, of .295cal., has a muzzle velocity of 2,362 foot seconds. Its estimated rate of fire is 30 shots per minute. The Schmidt is operated on a bolt system.

The new French Lebel rifle is of .3228cal. maximum and .3142cal. minimum. It has a muzzle velocity of 2,194 foot seconds, and it is said that a Lebel bullet can pierce over 15in. of oak at 220yds. The powder is a secret compound of gun cotton and collodion, which is reported as producing no smoke, little noise and very slight recoil.

The new Portuguese rifle is the Kropatschek of .315cal. It has a muzzle velocity of 1,745 foot seconds.

In comparison with the above the United States Springfield rifle is found to have a .450cal. and a muzzle velocity not exceeding 1,300 foot seconds. It is at the same time a single loader, while all of the above pieces are magazine guns.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot for rifle and pistol at its range to-day. The shooting conditions were very good for winter weather. The special event of the day was the directors' gold medal match, which after a very close contest was won by Mr. H. Severance. Following are the scores in detail, distance 200yds., Standard American target:

H Severance	7	7	8	8	8	7	9	6	10	8—80
S C Sydney	5	9	6	7	9	10	8	8	8	10—81
W Charles	9	6	8	6	9	10	7	5	10	7—78
H Cushing	6	6	7	6	10	6	10	7	6	10—77
O M Howard	6	9	8	6	9	7	7	9	7	8 6—74

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H Severance	82	M T Day	72	J B Hobbs	68
W Charles	81	D Martin	71	S T Paul	65
I B Thomas	81	F W Chester	70	A S Hunt	63
S O Merville	77	O Moore	69	C Clark	61
S T George	74				

All Comers' Rest Match.

J Francis	111	M T Day	102	A S Hunt	85
S T Crawford	103	F W Chester	93	J B Hobbs	80
A H Ballard	102	J French	89		

The Massachusetts Rifle Association have just completed their programme of matches to be shot at their range at Walnut Hill during 1891. This list includes 10 prize matches, to be open every shoot day for rifle and pistol, besides the practice and all-comers' matches, as follows:

1. Victory medal off-band match, six prizes. 2. Victory medal rest match, six prizes. 3. M. R. A. seal medal off-band match, six prizes. 4. M. R. A. seal medal rest match, six prizes. 5. Military medal match, six prizes. 6 Record off-hand match, six prizes. 7. Record rest match, six prizes. 8. Record pistol match, four prizes. 9. Three hundred shot off-hand match, six prizes. 10. Two hundred shoot rest match, six prizes.

Also a special gold medal will be given to the shooter making during the year the highest score of 10 shots, either at off-hand or rest. The standard American target will be used in all of these matches except the military medal match, which will be shot Creedmoor count. Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 matches will each close June 30 and the other Dec. 31.

CREEDMOOR EXTENSION.—The Creedmoor Commission has at last taken definite steps to acquire more land about the Creedmoor Rifle Range. The addition which is to be made consists of between forty and fifty acres on the west and north of the present range, and most of which has heretofore been leased by the Commission and the association before it. At a meeting held this week at Albany by the Commission a resolution was adopted authorizing the purchase, and Gen. Robbins was directed to open negotiations with the owners. Said owners now ask $100 per acre for the land, which the Commission will not pay, and if Gen. Robbins cannot effect a compromise then the Commission will take the matter into court and begin proceedings to acquire title to the land by the right of eminent domain.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 30.—The bullseye match projected by Our Own Club opened on the club ranges, at 136 Springfield avenue, this evening, and should attract many visiting riflemen, as well as the best of those belonging to local clubs. The bullseyes will be 4in. in diameter, and the prizes will be awarded for the first to sixth best center shot, by machine measurement. Each ticket will entitle a shooter to three shots on one bullseye, and he may purchase an unlimited number of tickets. The match will be open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings of each week until 200 tickets have been sold.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The bright light this afternoon interfered somewhat with the efforts of the marksmen to make good scores at the range of the Onondaga Rifle Club, yet several remarkably high scores were made, as well as some poor ones. The first match, off-hand, 10 shots, possible 120, resulted: Barnum 67, Stillman 76, Ball 50, Cately 24, Seely 70, Smith 69, J. N. Knapp 58, Grossman 59, Robotham (rest) 89. The second match off-hand resulted as follows: Barnum 77, Stillman 84, Ball 67, Smith 70, Knapp 56, Grossman 78, Seely 77, Lathrop 58, Cateley (rest) 96, Robotham (rest) 82.

THE TRAP.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Jan. 1.—Germantown Gun Club, New Year's Day Tournament, at Germantown, Pa. Address Harry Thurman.

Jan. 1.—All-Day Tournament, at Auburn, N. Y. J. Henry Kerr, Secretary.

DEATH OF ANNIE OAKLEY.—London, Dec. 30.—Much regret is expressed at the news of the death at Buenos Ayres of congestion of the lungs of Miss Annie Oakley, the celebrated female rifle shot, and one of the most popular members of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show during its sojourn in London.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Dec. 20.—Boiling Springs against Leonia Gun Club, of Leonia, N. J., at 25 bluerocks from 3 traps at unknown angles, American Association rules:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.	
B James	0011100011111011000101111—15
Louis Lane	1100111110101111101101110—18
Frank Post	0110001011010000110001100—11
M F Lindsey	1100011101111110101111110—18
Ed Collius	1011110110001010100110010—14
Theo Meyer	1000011010100110910011011—12—88
Leonia Gun Club.	
Banta	1100111010110011000111100—14
Gladwin	0011101011101011011101001—15
Walker	0100110011010000011010111—12
Beam	0100111011010111110100011—15
Dr Wells	0010000100100100101001— 8
Goesser	0010010000030101001010001— 7—71

Sweep No. 1, 4 moneys, all ties divided, 10 bluerocks, 16 and 18 yards rise, American rules, $1 entrance:

Outwater	1100010111— 6	Gladwin	1111101110— 8
Lindsley	1010111111— 8	Walker	1001110101— 6
Collins	1001011100— 5	Banta	1111011101— 8
Hunt	1100111000— 5	James	1101111100— 7
Van Riper	1001010000— 3	Ely	1101011111— 8
Post	1101011101— 7	Chaffee	0010010010— 3
Klees	1011000111— 6	Lane	1111111111—10
Beam	0111101110— 7	Goesser	0011000111— 5
Wells	0010100011— 4		

Sweep No. 2, same:

Ed Collins	1111110111— 9	Gladwin	0100100011— 4
Beam	1111010111— 8	Outwater	1110010011— 6
Post	0111110111— 8	Lane	1111011111— 9
Walker	1011111111— 9	Van Riper	1010101000— 5
Dr Wells	0101111001— 7	Klees	1011111010— 7
Ely	0000101001— 4	Hunt	1101110001— 6
Chaffee	0110100011— 5	Banta	1011110101— 7
Lindsley	1111111111—10	Taylor	1101100111— 7
Goesser	1111111111—10	Hollister	0001001100— 3

Sweep No. 3, same:

Klees	1111010111— 8	Collins	0011011101— 6
Chaffee	0010000110— 3	Beam	1011011111— 8
Van Riper	1111111111—10	Post	1110011111— 8
Ely	0011011011— 6	Outwater	1111000101— 6
Goesser	0111111001— 7	Green	1111111111—10
Hunt	0000000000— 0	Dr Wells	1011011010— 6
Banta	1111111101— 9	Lindsley	1111111101— 9

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Dec. 27.—Conditions, 10 bluerocks:

Lindsley	10 6 9 8	Simpson	8 8 7 8
Collins	5 10 8 9	Osterhout	5 9 9 5

Six live birds:

Collins	112221—6	Lindsley	111220—5
Simpson	112121—6		

Five birds:

Burnhoef	01011—3	Lindsley	10111—4
Brickner	21012—4	Collins	22111—5

Same:

Burnhoef	21010—3 21021—4	Lindsley	11121—5 10211—4
Brickner	12011—4 00211—3		

SPARROWS AT THE TRAP.—Mount Vernon, N. Y.—There was a novelty in the way of trap shooting at our club on Thanksgiving. It was found shooters would not come down and have to pay 30 cents every time they went to the score, consequently the attendance was meagre. English sparrows were thought of and now the problem is solved. They were tried and proved an undoubted success, and as they are very cheap every one can shoot live birds without blowing in a big pile of money. I believe they will even supersede pigeons entirely, for they are out of the trap like an arrow, no duffers among them. I write the above for the benefit of clubs similarly placed, and any one writing to me can have the address of the party selling them.—W. Cox.

WALNUT HILL, Dec. 24.—Santa Claus stopped at this range to-day on his way toward Boston and left some of his presents with the gentlemen who make up the trap-shooting wing of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. To-day witnessed the close of all the matches which have been running during the past season, and the knowledge that the prizes were to be awarded brought out a large number of contestants. The most important match of the year has been the diamond pin match, in which the winners were decided by taking into account not only the excellence of the shooting but also the regularity of the attendance. Those who won choice of prizes were as follows: Mr. Bowker qualified at 15 shoots and won first prize, $20 in gold; Mr. Parham, 15, second prize, a set of table cutlery in plush case; Mr. J. Nichols, 15, third prize, diamond scarf pin; Mr. W. Gale, 13, fourth prize, split bamboo trout rod and fly book; Mr. O. R. Black, 12, fifth prize, $10 in gold; Mr. T. Curtis, 12, sixth prize, Lovell pearl-handled, double-action revolver; Mr. M. Sergeant, 11, seventh prize, $5 in gold; Mr. G. Wheeler, 9, eighth prize, pair of opera glasses; Mr. Hosmer, 9, ninth prize, $5 in gold; Mr. Stanton, 8, tenth prize, $2.50 in gold; Mr. Bradbury, 8, eleventh prize, $2.50 in gold; Mr. M. Knowles, 7, twelfth prize, $2.50 in gold; Mr. W. Bennet, 6, thirteenth prize, whist set. Mr. Nichols was awarded the gold medal for the highest aggregate in the total number of competitions, 17. The match for the Keystone trophy also closed to-day, with the leaders well bunched. Mr. Nichols again came to the front, however, and is now the owner of the handsome badge. The management of the Association evidently meant that no contestant should go unrewarded, for every one present who had competed in the main event of the year was presented with a souvenir prize, in addition to those above noted. The summary of the day's sport follows: Diamond pin match, 20 Keystone targets and 5 pairs standard targets: Wheeler 27, Stanton 24, Black 22, Cady 21, Bradbury 18, Parham 18, Barrett 17, Nichols 16, Curtis 16, Knowles 15, Gale 14, Needham 15. Keystone trophy match, 20 Keystone targets: Stanton 19, Parham 17, Swift 17, Johnson 16, Black 16, Cady 15, Needham 12, Wheeler 12, Knowles 12, Gale 10.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 25.—The cold, raw wind kept the shooters in a shiver, as well as causing the scores to be low, at the combined shoot of the South Side and Woodside gun clubs at Newark to day. The shooting was all at bluerock targets and the South Siders were present on invitation of the Woodsiders. Lunch was served by the latter club, and all the sweeps from 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., were well filled. The winners as follows:

Event No. 1, 5 singles: Miller, Geoffrey, Brientnall, Heller and Walters 4.

Event No. 2, 10 singles: Miller 9, Hunt 8, Walters 7, Osterhout 6, Lee and Sickles 5.

Event No. 3, 10 singles: Hunt 8, Brientnall and Heller 7, Geoffrey 6.

Event No. 4, 10 singles: Brientnall 8, Hunt and Heller 7, White 6, Geoffrey 5.

Event No. 5, 20 singles, $2 entry: Hunt 19 Geoffrey 17, Brientnall 16, Phillips, Thomas, Heller and Miller 14, Walter 10.

Event No. 6, 15 singles, $1 entry: Hunt 13, Brientnall 12, Heller, Geoffrey and Miller 11, Phillips 10.

Event No. 7, 15 singles, $1 entry: Geoffrey, Brientnall and Miller 13, Heller 11, Phillips 10, Hunt 9.

Event No. 8, 10 singles; Sickles and Miller 9,T. Dukes and Walters 8, Geoffrey 7, Hunt 6.

Event No. 9, 20 singles, $2 entry: Miller 20, Hedden 17, Geoffrey 15, Dukes 14, Walter 12, Sickles 10.

Event No. 10, 15 singles, $1 entry: Hunt, Miller and Brientnall 12, Heller and Geoffrey 11, Phillips 8.

Event No. 11, 10 singles: Geoffrey, 9, Hunt 8, Sickles, Cottrel and Miller 7, Walters, Hill and T. Dukes 6.

Event No. 12, 15 singles, $1 entry: T. Dukes 14, Miller 12, Sickles 11, Geoffrey and Cottrell 10.

Event No. 13, 10 singles, $1 entry: T. Dukes 9, Sickles 8, Miller 7, Osterhout, Cottrell and Walter 6.

Event No. 14, 10 singles: Walters, T. Dukes and Miller 8, O. von Lengerke and A. O. Hedden 7, Osterhout and Geoffrey 6.

Event No. 15, 15 singles, $1 entry: Hedden 14, Hunt 13, T.Dukes and Miller 10, Sickles and Von Lengerke 6.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 25.—Shooting by the Riverside Gun Club was well attended to-day and the sport proved very interesting. The marksmen shot at both live birds and bluerocks, under American Association rules. The programme opened at 10 o'clock and lasted until dark. Following is a summary of the events:

First event, 10 bluerocks: Fred Bealle and Oscar Hesse, 7 each; Edmund Throckmorton 6; John Cooper, Ten Broeck, Davis, Jacob and John Worthley and Leander Campbell; 5 each; Edward Bussell and Nell Campbell, 4 each; Walter Parsons, 3; John Dey, 2; Albert Ivins 1. Bealle won first money in the shoot off.

Second event, 10 bluerocks: Bealle, Throckmorton and John Cooper 7 each, Dey, Bussell and John Worthley 6 each, Leander Campbell, Davis, Daniel Kearney and Ivins 5 each, Jacob and C. Worthley 4 each, Parsons 3. Bealle won first money in the shoot off, and second and third moneys were divided.

Third event, miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance: Bealle and James Cooper 1 each and divided; Henry White and John Cooper nothing.

Fourth event, miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance: Bealle and James Cooper 2 each and divided: White and John Cooper 1 each.

Fifth event, miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance: White and Bealle 3 each and divided, Ivins 2, James and John Cooper nothing.

Sixth event, 8 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys: M. F. Cornell and James Cooper 7 each, White, Ivins and Dey 6 each, Bealle, Davis and John Cooper 5 each, John Bergen 4, James Bray 3. Moneys were divided.

Seventh event, 5 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys: Cornell, James Cooper and Bussell 4 each, Bealle, White and Dey 3 each, Wm. H. Little and Davis 2 each. Moneys were divided.

Eighth event, miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance: Bealle and White 2 each and divided, Cornwell 1, James Cooper, Ivins and Throckmorton nothing.

Ninth event, miss and out at live birds, $1 entrance: Cornwell 2, James Cooper and Bealle 1, White nothing.

IMPORTED ARMS.—The Board of General Appraisers in New York handed down a decision last week of considerable public interest. Schoverling, Daly & Gales protested against the rate of duty which the collector assessed on twelve finished gun-stocks, with locks and mountings. These articles were complete and ready to be attached to barrels which had come by another steamer. The collector had assessed the stocks at the rate of 35 per cent. ad valorem, with a specific duty of $1.50 each, under paragraph 170 of the McKinley tariff law as "double-barreled sporting breechloading shotguns valued at not more than $6 each." The importers alleged that a gun-stock did not constitute an entire firearm and should be assessed as "manufactures in part of steel under paragraph 215 of the new tariff law, at 45 per cent. ad valorem." But ex-Judge Somerville, who made the decision, said that gun-stocks or other parts of guns separately imported would be ordinarily classified as manufactures of wood or metal. But this was a case unlike any that had been considered by the board or decided by the courts. In deciding the case the appraisers take the view that the stocks and the barrels were imported to be put together in this country. Therefore, the importations should pay duty as breechloading shotguns.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Oneida Gun Club annual side shoot for supper. Captains, Maxwell and Markham, 25 single kingbirds, 18 and 16yds. rise, 3 traps, unknown angles, American Association rules:

Maxwell	11111110110111111111111111—23
Dr Cavana	11101111111111111111001011—21
W Devereux	00110110001101001111000011—14
Markham	11111101111101011001001—18
R Clark	11111011111110111111011111—21
Myers	11101100000001101110000010—11
Bailey	01011111110001001111110 –17—125
Markham	10111111111011111011111—22
T Devereux	11101101111100101111101—19
Erenwein	00111111011001001011111—17
Hefner	01111101100001101010111—15
Dr Carter	10101111000101101111001—16
S A Clark	10001111000010111011000—15
Moot	01011111010101111001101l—17—121

BROOKLYN, Dec. 25.—E. C. Maginnis, of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, shot a match with Henry Brown, of Brooklyn, at the Prospect Heights Gun Club to-day. The match was for $100, 30 birds each, 30yds. rise, under Hurlingham rules. The former won, killing 30 straights. Brown killed 29. Woodlawn Park, L. I., did not have a very large attendence of members to-day, and the shooting also was poor. Four sweepstakes of 5 birds each were shot. The first was won by Dr. Van Sell. He divided the second with Dr. Schurz. Dr. Schurz won the third, and Dr. Van Sell the fourth. the two shooters making a clean sweep of the board. Dr. Van Sell shot from the 25yds. mark, and Dr. Schurz from the 30yds. mark.

THE SOUTH SIDES.—South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., New Year Day reception, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. The pleasure of your company is requested. Load for bluerocks and clay-pigeons, and come prepared to stay all day.—W. R. HOBART, Sec'y; I. H. TERRELL, Manager.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., Dec. 25.—The gunners of the New Jersey Athletic Club held their annual Christmas anniversary clay-pigeon shooting carnival to-day on the organization's grounds here, the forenoon and early part of the afternoon being spent before the traps. The card for the day's sport comprised eight events for prizes, the matches and results being subjoined:

First event—A walking match at 10 birds each for two prizes. First prize, George W. Purdy, 10; second, G. DeWitt Smith, 9.

Second event—A shoot for three prizes from unknown angles at 10 birds each: Henry M. Popham, first prize, 10; A. F. Compson, second prize, 9; Charles A. Pope, third prize, 8.

Third event—A match for three prizes at 20 birds each: George W. Purdy 20, first prize; Major James M. Taylor 18, second; G. De Witt Smith 16, third.

Fourth event—A shoot for three prizes at 5 singles and 5 pairs each: First, George W. Purdy, 10; second, G. DeWitt Smith, 9; third, Charles A. Pope, 8.

Fifth event—A match at 30 singles and 5 pairs each for four prizes: First, a handsome ivory-handled pistol, George W. Purdy, 31; second, G. DeWitt Smith, 26; third, John Newman, 25; fourth, Edward L. Vredenburgh, 23.

Sixth event—A competition, Keystone system, at 10 birds each, for two prizes: Major James M. Taylor first, 8; Edward L. Vredenburgh second, 7.

Seventh event—A walking match at 10 birds each, for three trophies—For first G. DeWitt Smith and Major James M. Taylor tied at 8 breaks each, Elmer E. Bigoney secured second with 7 hits, George W. Purdy captured third with 6 smashes.

Eighth event—A walking match for two prizes at 6 pairs each: First, Major James M. Taylor, 5; second, E. L. Vredenburgh, 4.

Dec. 27.—Six inches of snow covered the rifle range of the New Jersey Athletic Club's grounds at Bergen Point to-day, but did not deter the gunning detachment of the organization from holding its regular weekly competition during the afternoon. The marksmen were clad in tarpaulins, oilskins and gum boots. They cleared a calendar of sport numbering half a dozen prize events at clay-pigeon targets, the results of which are summarized below:

First event—The twenty-third competition, at 20 birds each and class handicap allowance, for the club's gold emblem: Edward L. Vredenburgh first with 15. The other principal scores were: Major James M. Taylor 14, Charles R. Pope 13.

Second event—A shoot, Keystone system, at 20 birds each, for two prizes: First, George W. Purdy, 18; second, Edward L. Vredenburgh, 15.

Third event—A walking match at 10 birds each for two prizes: George W. Purdy captured first with 10, Charles A. Pope secured second with 8.

Fourth event—A competition for three prizes at 10 birds each from unknown angles: Elmer E. Bigoney got first with ten; with 9, George W. Purdy gained second.

Fifth event—A walking match for three prizes at 20 birds each: Edward L. Vredenburgh 20, first; George W. Purdy 19, second; G. DeWitt Smith 18, third.

Sixth event—A shoot at 5 pairs each for three prizes: First, Charles A. Pope, 10, second, George W. Purdy, 9; third, A. F. Compson, 7.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 22.—Inclosed find scores of the Riverside Gun Club's regular monthly shoot at live birds, which was held on Friday, Dec. 19. The wind blew a gale from the northwest, causing a great number of birds to come in either direct or to the right. Many birds that were killed dead in bounds were carried out by the force of the wind. Sweep No. 1, at 5 live birds, 3 ground traps, A. S. A. rules:

Beale	1112110—6	E M Cooper	1221111—7
White	1111111—7	Dr Crater	21c0110—4
Ivins	0111112—6	Bergen	2010c0—3
Cornwell	12c1220—5	John Cooper	0221111—6
Throckmorton	2111260—5		

White and E. M. Cooper div.; ties on 6 and 5 shot off in No. 2.

Sweep No. 2, at 5 birds:

White	01111—4	Ivins	12111—5
E M Cooper	10111—4	Little	02102—3
Beale	11011—4	Worell	02011—3
Throckmorton	1c012—3	John Cooper	0c122—3
Cornwell	11120—4		

Ivins first in No. 2 and second in No. 1; White second in No. 2; Cornwell third in No. 1; Throckmorton third in No. 2. c Dead out of bounds. 2 Killed with second barrel.

THE WAYNES ON THEIR NEW GROUNDS.—Philadelphia, Dec. 20.—To-day, for the first time since August last, our gun club held a shoot on our own grounds. In our late quarters we had to give way to improvement. Where we scattered lead from out shotguns the Midvale Steel Co., in their extended works, will soon be turning out the immense steel tubes and rings for Uncle Sam's heaviest rifled breechloaders. After a lively skirmish for grounds, in which one disappointment followed another, we at length dropped into our present quarters, which we think second to none in this neck of the woods. We are located at Sixteenth and Wingohocking streets, on a knoll overlooking the Wingohocking Creek, a little breezy at this season but very pleasant in the summer, as we shoot with our backs to the sun, with plenty of shade trees in the rear. We have eight minutes walk east from Wayne Junction, and no mud holes, in fact, paved sidewalks extend to within one block of the grounds. The attendance to-day was slim and shooting somewhat rocky. Cheyney took another lease on the gold badge. Full score appended. Match at bluerocks, 5 traps, 16 and 18yds.:

Kane	1111001010101010010—11
Davis	0000100100000011001— 5
W Ulary	1110111111110010011—14
Searglе	1001100110000101010— 8
Lindsley	1111111111111110001—15
A Ulary	1000111100010011100— 9
T Mack	0100110010100000001— 6

New Publications.

PENNSYLVANIA BIRDS.*

IN our issue of Jan. 31, 1889, we called attention to an exceedingly valuable report upon the birds of Pennsylvania by the State Ornithologist, Dr. B. H. Warren, and announced that a revised and enlarged edition would doubtless be provided for by the State Legislature at an early day. The new edition is now in process of distribution through the Pennsylvania State officials and other persons mentioned in the act providing for the publication. This new edition, however, instead of being limited to 10,000 copies, as we anticipated, includes 19,000 copies, 15,000 of which will be distributed by members of the present Legislature. The first edition of the work contained 272 pages and 20 plates; the present edition contains twice as many plates and 176 additional pages of text. By copying the plates from Audubon's "Birds of America" the expense of original drawings was saved. The plates were colored from specimens either in Dr. Warren's collection or belonging to the National Museum. As a measure of economy the lithographer was again restricted in the number of colors to be used, but the reproductions have suffered little, if at all, on this account. While the number of plates is but 100, there are 160 species figured, and, as a rule, the two sexes are shown, and in many cases the young as well. We may repeat what we said about the contents of the first edition in order to convey an idea of its scope. The introductory pages are devoted to brief explanations of the topography of a bird and the descriptive terms used in the accounts of the species. The descriptions are clear and concise, sometimes limited to a few lines when the species is figured. Full notes are given on the habitat in the State, the time of arrival and departure, the nest and nesting habits, the size and color of the eggs, the feeding habits and the food as determined by the records and the examination of thousands of stomachs. Dr. Warren endeavors, by demonstrating the nature of the birds, to foster public sentiment in favor of protecting those that are really serviceable to the farmer and the fruit grower, as many useful birds which are now destroyed would be rigidly protected if their true character were known. The appendix has been notably increased by statements as to the food of hawks, owls, crows and the English sparrow, as well as by some shorter papers. It contains also a glossary of the technical terms used in describing the species.

The work of Dr. Warren and those associated with him in the painstaking investigation of the birds is deserving of the highest encouragement and the most unstinted praise. The text of his Report is clearly and neatly printed on good paper, the binding is half morocco, and altogether the superiority of the new edition over the first may be taken as an index of the increased sympathy with the author's efforts in behalf of the birds of Pennsylvania.

*Report on the Birds of Pennsylvania, with Special Reference to the Food Habits. Based on over Four Thousand Stomach Examinations. By B. H. Warren, M.D., Ornithologist, Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture. Second edition, revised and augmented. Illustrated by one hundred plates. Harrisburg: E. K. Meyers, State Printer, 1890, pp. xiv+434.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please lookunder the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

22. Biscayne Bay, Annual, Biscayne Bay.

JULY.

14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.
16. Lake Y.R.A., R.C.Y.C., Tor.
17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.
20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester.
23. Lake Y.R.A.,Oswego,Oswego

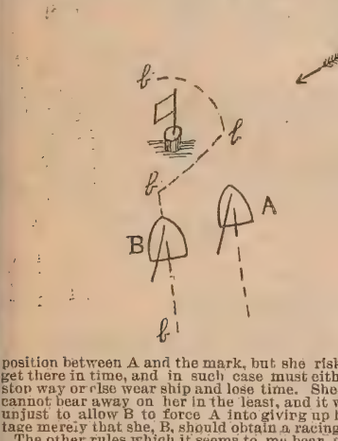
A DISPUTED QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to take exception to the somewhat summary manner in which you decide a question so extensively discussed and on which so widely different opinions are held, as the second one referred to in your issue of Dec. 18, under the head of "Some Points About Markboats." It seems to me that the editor, while at perfect liberty to criticise and discuss, should not arrogate to himself the right to judge and decide a point which at the very time is announced to come before the race committee of the club to which the contestants belong at its next meeting for decision, and where opinions contrary to the one expressed are held by representative yachtsmen and practical helmsmen.

As to the point in question, if you will allow its discussion, it seems to me that while it may be judged by the rule you give (Rule XXXIV., Section 13), that other rules also apply, and must be considered as regards their bearing on the main rule, and I also object to your setting forth what you term "the common sense of the rule" against the custom which I and others claim to be universal, viz., that to claim the allowed rights at the mark the leeward and overtaking boat must have the mark.

This is the main question: As the boat A is on starboard tack, leading and to windward, she is in nowise bound to grant, by anticipation, to B rights which do not yet exist. It may be B's misfortune to have got in a position where she hopes to obtain a



position between A and the mark, but she risks not being able to get there in time, and in such case must either slack sheets and stop way or else wear ship and lose time. She well knows that A cannot bear away on her in the least, and it would, therefore, be unjust to allow B to force A into giving up her weather advantage merely that she, B, should obtain a racing advantage.

The other rules which it seems to me bear on this case are as follows: Rule XXXIV., Sec. 6. "An overtaking yacht shall in every case as long as on overlap exists keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken," and Sec. 12, same rule, "When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to leeward shall keep clear."

You quote Dixon Kemp; on referring to page 180, fifth edition "Yacht and Boat Sailing" I find Rule 21 of Y.R.A., the concluding clause of which I quote: "The overtaking yacht if to leeward must not luff until she has drawn clear of the vessel she has overtaken."

Rule 21, Y. R. A. (page 182) headed "Requiring a yacht to tack when approaching a shore or other obstruction closehauled" expressly excepts a mark vessel, I quote: "If two yachts are standing toward a shore or shoal, or toward any buoy boat or vessel and the yacht to leeward is likely to run aground or foul of such buoy, boat or vessel (a mark vessel excepted) and is not able to tack without running into collision with the yacht to windward; the latter shall at once tack on being hailed," etc.

In the case under discussion there is no question of going ashore or of any dangerous obstruction if B should be forced to the leeward of the mark. Even if holding a better wind she is bound to keep clear, and what B might do in the way of luffing if the coast was clear is outside of this discussion, as she is bound, being the overtaking vessel, to keep clear in any case.

I respectfully submit this, which to me and others seems the rational view of the case in question, although having a wholesome respect for the last word which is the editor's prerogative when differed with.

GUENN.

We are very glad to give space to a further discussion of the question, and only hope that others who are interested in it will follow "Guenn's" example and state their views. We were aware that the abstract question of the construction of the rule had been laid before the race committee of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., but as the actual race, which has created a good deal of interest through this foul, was in itself a very trivial one, being sailed entirely outside the club, and long since settled so far as the two contestants are concerned, there can hardly be any impropriety in discussing it in public.

The main question is very clearly stated by "Guenn," but in arguing it he limits it to one special case, in which the leeward vessel, B, is the overtaking one, and also holding the better wind. As a matter of fact, in the Tuxedo race B had come up on port tack and gone about to leeward of A a short time previous to the collision, but whether or no she was the overtaking yacht we cannot say, nor does it matter in the least. The rule under discussion is a general one, and covers a wide range of position. In order to discuss it thoroughly we will take "Guenn's" statement of the question, but assuming that the boats are merely in the relative positions given; A to windward and B having an overlap on A as the two near the mark. We may assume that the two started the race in the same relative positions; that they came evenly together in cross tacking, neither being positively in the lead, or even that A is the overtaking vessel. The main question would be precisely the same under any of these prior conditions, and yet neither of the sections, 6 and 12, quoted by our correspondent, would bear on the case. The same applies to the Y. R. A. rule No. 20, as also quoted.

Rule 21 of the Y.R.A. is practically embodied in sections 13 and 14 of the S.C.Y.C. Rule No. XXXIV., though the wording is different. As we read this rule in connection with Sec. 13, it only strengthens our argument; it expressly says that a yacht shall not compel another to tack in order to give her room at a markboat; but, if the former can go clear without tacking, the latter must give her room to do so. This is precisely B's claim, that he could pass the mark without tacking; he did not hail A for room to tack, as he might have done had there been an obstruction to sea room in place of a mark in the course, but he hailed for room to pass the mark on the same tack. As we understand the position of the other side, the case would have been the same if B, instead of making a pilot's luff, had been sailing just enough freer to have gone by the mark with sails full.

It may be that a case might arise in which B is clearly the overtaking vessel and at the same time holding the better wind, so that the two converge, and that the sections 6 and 12 would enter into the discussion; but this we think is very doubtful and in any event may be deferred until the main question is settled.

The Y. R. A. rule No. 18 is clearer on the main point than the S. C. Y. C., reading as follows: "When rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course, if two yachts are not clear of each other at the time the leading yacht is close to and actually rounding the mark the outside yacht must give the other room to pass clear of it, whether it be the lee or the weather yacht which is in danger of fouling the mark." Under this rule it is clear that the following yacht need not be abreast of the mark, in fact, he may be a considerable distance away. A would probably be considered to have what has been termed in this discussion an "overlap on the mark" as soon as any part of her hull and spars actually lapped it. Now if she were a big schooner, with a sail base of 175ft. from bowsprit end to boom end, B might be over 150ft. from the mark and yet have the right, through overlapping A, to hail for room. The distances would be vastly different, but the principle is the same as in the case of the smallest catboats or canoes. The S. C. Y. C. rule is less definite in not specifying that the leading boat must be actually covering the mark.

We cannot promise "Guenn" the very last word, but we will be glad to hear from him further, and especially in regard to what we unfortunately termed the common sense of the rule. If our reading is incorrect, and B must actually be abreast of the mark before she can claim room to round, of what possible use is the disputed section 13, and how has it so long survived the rigid scrutiny of committees on the revision of the rules?

THE SEPTEMBER GALE OF 1889.

ALL things must come to an end, and I passed out into the night on the memorable evening of Sept. 7 with regret. I closed the door on a cheerful picture of rooms made bright with all that taste and refinement can command, in vivid contrast with the outer darkness. As I crossed the lawn Bruce Price's many-gabled masterpiece rose in dim and fantastic outline behind me, relieved only by the warm and brilliant light streaming from the windows, while below me, the pier stretched out its shadowy length. The wind that for two days had been quietly moaning in the east had now changed the character of its song, and with a crescendo of portentous meaning was telling the sailor of streaming decks, plunging and groaning hulls, shrieking cordage, and cold and sleepless nights. The sea was clattering noisily on the beach, and every sign of nature pointed to what the mariner quaintly calls "a spell of weather."

The gig lay awaiting me in the shelter of the breakwater, and after a long wet pull the black high side of our 31-ton British "coal wagon" loomed up before us. We were quickly on deck, with the boat on the davits, and soon the anchor light and the two red lights swinging gently on the flagstaff aft had charge of the deck. "All hands," with that sweet confidence in Providence or "the old man" which characterizes the sailor, speedily joined Mr. Murphy.

The increasing sea before long, however, aroused the "old man" (not Providence), a glance on deck demonstrated the necessity of more ground tackle under foot. The crew was called; in a short time we were riding to both anchors, and repose again descended on the little ship.

Morning brought with it a moderate gale from the northeast, but the sea running more easterly had increased enough to set our craft rolling uncomfortably, as she lay tide rode. At a little after eight bells the small manila parted where it pressed across the bobstay. As quickly as skillful and eager hands could do it, the trysail and storm jib were brought on deck. Stopped upon their luff, they were bent on and hoisted, sheets rove off ready to shoot home and fully prepared for setting at an instant's notice. Owing to the subcellar construction of our craft and the shoal water of Black Rock Harbor, we were anchored far from the shore, yet with but little water under our keel. Any further accident to our ground tackle sending us adrift, would, therefore, prove disastrous, and naught but prompt and skillful action could prevent our stranding. With the sea then running and the increasing gale evidently upon us, this meant serious damage, if not the loss of the vessel and our lives. From this moment the deck could not be left, and the crew remained there night and day until the storm was over on Saturday morning, going below for their meals only.

And such meals! Aft, with the solitary comfort of a swinging table, I did well enough, as dishes preserved while on it some stability; but forward, the fo'castle floor and nature's implements, the fingers, did duty for those invented by civilization. Skill born of long practice enabled me to accomplish a tubbing on that morning, but it was the last effort until quiet again reigned, and a razor was ornamental only during the same period. The noises developed by that eternal roll were as disagreeable as numberless, and time was passed in recovering the articles continually breaking adrift.

As the day wore on it grew worse on deck, for a small rain added its mite to the discomfort. In the afternoon an enormous flood tide, bringing with it an increasing wind and sea, threatened the destruction of the Pearsall breakwater, its solidity and strength alone saving it. All the lighter structures up in the harbor, although less exposed, were much damaged, and their wreckage was soon floating on the agitated waters of the Sound. The steam yacht Unquowa, anchored inshore, by this time was rolling so violently that we feared she would turn turtle, and in our discomfort we consoled ourselves with the thought that if we were badly off she was "wusser."

Our lot was like that of the policemen in the "Pirates of Penzance," an unhappy one, and with longing eyes we gazed upon the soft green of the lawns as it rose from the very edge of the foaming waters to the cottages, framing them in with an effective background for their varied outlines and warm coloring. With a glass the ladies could be seen on the verandas watching the tossing vessels. Behind the shelter of Fairweather Island the smaller yachts lay in greater security, but vieing with their larger sisters in the violence and eccentricity of their movements. An unlucky naphtha launch broke adrift and started off on an independent cruise that ended disastrously on Penfield Bar. Willing hands went to her rescue and she was dragged ashore in a very demoralized condition. We understood afterward that one of my guests dubbed "Matie," who, unable to get on board on his arrival, had been stopping at the cottage, here distinguished himself. With a courage worthy of imitation he took off his shoes and stockings, dashed into the water at least a foot deep, and, painter in hand, stimulated all hands to concerted action by singing "Captain Ranzo" in the teeth of the gale. Naught but the stern discipline maintained on the quarterdeck of the flagship, the thorough instruction there obtained and the superior quality of the whisky dispensed on board could breed such mariners, and I hope in time to reach the standard of Annapolis with my pupils.

Night settled down with a dreary monotony of noise and discomfort which banished all sleep. The men, wrapped up in the clew of the trysail, passed an unhappy night, while I below spent the time, with pillows in hand, in search of a quiet corner. Four nights did I unsuccessfully, and nailing my ears fast to the floor, with staples driven down over my great toes, is the only scheme that has presented itself to my liveliest flights of imagination.

On Wednesday morning the sea had gone down a little. A boat sent on shore brought off some books, a few gastronomic delicacies and a kind note from the chatelaine, begging the commodore to desert his lonely watch for the comforts and companionships of the cottage. The weather was still so threatening that I did not dare to leave the vessel. In a short time the sea again arose in its might and further communication was cut off. Another one of my afterguard had now arrived on the scene and was quartered at the cottage, being unable to get off, at least, so they sent word with many protests of loyalty; but their commander has always thought that the charming presence of the chatelaine, the skill of the "chef," the excellence of the wine cellar and the downiness of the beds proved too much for their fealty. The books were my only solace during the dreary monotony of the following days.

On Friday the steward found that our supplies were giving out and it became absolutely necessary to reach *terra firma*. This looked to be impossible, for the surf, higher than ever, was dashing up over the breakwater even at low water. The boat was lowered with the greatest difficulty and, with the skipper and two men in her was started for the shore.

The skipper, like many good sailors, is an indifferent waterman, and I therefore gave him careful instructions how to proceed. By rowing diagonally across the sea, head to wind, the shelter of Fairweather Island could have been reached in safety. This he failed to do, and steering straight in for the land was soon in shoal and breaking water. Away went the boat, mounted on the crest of a big comber, at incredible speed; the oars were tossed from the broken oarlocks, and becoming unmanageable, she disappeared from view in a smother of white water.

Up to this time the green hillside had for days been drearily void of life. The rain had kept every one indoors. The cottages and hotel wore a deserted, dreary, water-soaked look, and a good glass alone revealed any signs of humanity behind the dripping eaves of the verandas. As if by magic, the scene changed, people came running from every where, the lawn was like a race course, and even the gentle sex hurried to the beach, in spite of wind and rain. A most curious effect they produced, rushing about in seemingly purposeless manner, like so many ants! Presently they congregated in one spot; the boat arose from the water, and was carried up on to the green sward. Then a conclave held counsel around the derelict, and three yellow clad forms, our unfortunate men, went off to the house, shaking themselves like so many Newfoundland dogs. The group lingered around the boat, held by some occult fascination until a cart came down and trundled her off to the head of the harbor. The ants all crawled away into their nests, and the wind and rain again reigned supreme over the scene.

This interesting pantomime coming to an end our own situation forced itself on my notice, and sad to say, for a moment I became panic-stricken; and as the ancient mariner says, "there was the devil to pay and no pitch hot!" We were left with one ablebodied seaman, an undersized cook, an invalid steward and a feather-weight commander. With the latter at the wheel what could one and three-quarters worth of man do with those trysail and storm jibsheets in a hurry? Our old craft would have run away with us with disastrous results. Our gear held on, however, and the boat was seen after a while coming out from under the lee of the island. The ducking had evidently washed some of the cobwebs from the skipper's brain, and shaping a proper course he brought the boat safely alongside, riding the seas so buoyantly as to ship but little water.

It was no easy matter, however, to get her to the davits with the crew on board. She plunged frantically, threatening destruction to herself at every instant. Skill and activity triumphed, however, and without damage she was secured and the stores landed in the icebox. A lost oar, several broken tholepins and a ducking for the men was the total damage done. The "afterguard" sent off a message expressing great concern for my safety and an enormous desire to join me; this latter part being delivered by the skipper with a skeptical smile. Their anxiety soon manifested itself, for they hoisted signals on the pier flagstaff, asking me to accept assistance. This I declined, knowing that none could be rendered in such a sea, and having by this time regained confidence in our ground tackle. They nevertheless telegraphed to Bridgport for a tug. One started, but two or three plunges outside the harbor light nearly swamping her she turned back.

Left alone in our discomfort, night closed down with as large a sea, and its attendant noise and motion, as during any part of the week. Toward morning, however, a sensible decrease in the motion was felt, and the wind blowing more fitfully showed signs of going down. Saturday's sun rose smiling, nature quickly resumed her usual aspect, and naught of her ruffled temper could be seen but the discolored water stirred up in her angry mood. An hour spent dragging for our lost anchor and chain secured it. The warmth of the sun soon dried our sails. A vigorous morning toilet applied to our little ship removed all traces of the storm, and by noon we were all ataunto, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." Lunch on shore served to relate our several experiences. The "afterguard" told of their heroic efforts to rescue or to join the commodore. The chatelaine related her many pangs and fears as she gazed on the little ship madly tossing on the waters. The commodore told the chatelaine's "wusser half" what a poor harbor he had. The half retorted with a violent tirade against blarsted British cutters, contending that his American harbor was a first-class shelter for sensible American boats, for which alone the Lord intended it.

The commodore promised to reform, and to build his next boat with the keel on top of the mast, thus bringing peace and an adjournment to the sideboard. The usual result taking place, they were seen together for the rest of the day wrapped in American flags, chock a block with patriotism, and the September gale of '89 became a thing of the past.

R. CENTER.

OLD AND NEW STYLE YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Podgers" must have had doughnuts and cheese for dessert, or he could not have written such a blue grumble as you printed lately about modern yachts. I wish some yacht sharp would give him a description of all the admirable improvements over old styles seen in most modern built craft. I had a sail in one of his wave smashers not long ago, a beat to windward in a moderate sea in a 33ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam, 6ft. draft., with good lines and sail plan. The lee drift was astonishing, the water flew all over the cockpit, the lee bow spanked the head seas savagely every plunge. Well, we arrived—in the afternoon—with the kerosene and hard-tack mixed. I have made the same passage under like conditions in my cutter in half the time, without leeway, spray, spanking or more heeling, and *sans* flavored biscuit. She is 28ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 3in. beam and 7ft. draft. I have outsailed many well-modeled, larger-sized country craft, because mine would hold on to the water, part the seas like a knife, make small lee waves, drag no water, stand up to the wind and sneak close to the wind's eye. Modified cutters, such as Williams, Gardner, Smith, Burgess and others design, are the nearest perfection for comfort, safety, speed and beauty of any craft in the world. They are so nearly perfect that only a practical eye can detect any difference in a new craft from its predecessor. Whether they resemble English or Turkish, they have enough about them to be distinctly American, and that have come to stay. Compare the Shona and Saladin or the Minerva and Milicete, for example. A 28ft. l.w.l. yacht is a little fellow after all; dock her overhanging ends and you may as well put in rowlocks and stick to the harbor; leave them and she is a seagoing craft of some dignity.

The clipper-bow gives much room for handling anchors and sails, improves appearance and lines, lessens pitching, supports the bowsprit and increases room below. There is little objection to the forward overhang, the fogies all howl over the fan-tail. My yacht is 37ft. over all. Suppose I cut off the after overhang four feet. I then have a fairly wide stern, and an old-fashioned stub-tailed craft. Room around the cockpit and in it could be gained only by increasing the beam, and we know how that diminishes speed and draft. The fan-tail gives just as much additional room, as it extends beyond the mainsheet traveler. The cut-tailed yacht has less deck room and less stowage room below; the mainsheet is troublesome and must be handled in the cockpit; it is difficult to pass the reef earing and to tie outer reef-points; there is more liability of being boarded by following seas, and by raging seas when anchored in an exposed roadstead; there is more drag in rough water, and she is open to the suspicion of having been built by the mile and chopped off when wanted. Bob-tails ought not to be encouraged on this side of the ocean.

The after overhang is a graceful finish to the sheer and the run and refines the underwater lines so that the drag is diminished; it gives the mainsheet space for kinks, coils and capers; its foot room is invaluable in handling the mainsail; it splits following seas and lets them heave the yacht ahead, and lessens the settling in the trough of the sea; it makes the mainsail look in better proportion, and enables one to carry a larger one for racing; it will not be abandoned by any one who cruises, "blow high, blow low," outside or in.

What is the golden ratio between beam and draft? Generally the greater beam the less draft. We have wisely avoided the extremes of English dimensions. A beam of 9ft. on 28ft. waterline is enough to afford plenty of deck room besides the skylight or trunk and permit the most exquisite lines of entrance and exit under water. A boat sails with bow deep, stern deep and side half buried part of the time, hence the necessity for the long overhang forward and aft to permit the banishment of bumps and the drawn-out delicacy of lines, as well above the water as below, to cheat the water of its friction and force. A 7ft. draft is about right for the other dimensions given. This allows 6f. 6in. head room under skylight or trunk, space for trim ballast under the floor, low-hung outside ballast with great leverage and consequent stability and safety, and a grip on the water more comfortable and effective than any centerboard gives.

These dimensions and features are the essentials of such a craft as "Podgers" has condemned in his sighs of sentimental aspiration for—he don't know what. They represent the smallest yacht possible for one to live aboard of comfortably and to cruise safely up and down the New England coast. This ideal has been built and used in all kinds of weather; and though I should like a larger yacht—just as one finds his house getting smaller and smaller as his goods increase and wants another—I cannot see any improvement desirable after comparison with the best of the Marblehead fleet. Heavy with stores, with sails stretched by many a gale, with no experience in racing or in the tides off Marblehead, we went into the Labor Day race of the Corinthian Y. C. with three chopped off stubtailed yachts, having advantages of special preparation, large harbor sail areas and expert yachtsmen with knowledge of the course. Notwithstanding these, Orinda came in second, beaten only by a much larger yacht. Away with the old type sloop and "Podgers's" lamentations.

DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Board of Education will meet at an early date and form plans for the carrying out of the new laws regarding the granting of certificates to amateur seamen and navigators. Com. Robert Center is chairman. A dinner to celebrate the birthday of the navy will be held during January. Members who would like to attend will send their names to Jas. W. Gibson, 757 Broadway. Proposed for membership Geo. W. Johnson.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. John B. Paine, who has been so successful in his two designs, Swordfish and Hornet, has completed a design for a 40-footer which Lawley will build this winter. Three new thirties are reported as ordered from Mr. Burgess.

NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last meeting of the year of the New York Y. R. A. was held at O'Neill's on Dec. 26, with Com. A. J. Prime, the president, in the chair. Delegates from the following clubs were present: Bayswater, Columbia, Hudson River, Jersey City, Newark Bay, New Jersey, North Shrewsbury, Staten Island Athletic, Williamsburgh, Yonkers Corinthian and Oceanic yacht clubs. In addition the owners of the winning yachts of the regattas of 1889 and 1890 were present to receive souvenirs and prizes.

The financial report of the regatta sailed Sept. 1 was submitted by the regatta committee and showed a balance of $107 net profit; there will probably be added to this about $75 more, which will bring the grand total up to nearly $200, which, with the balance in the treasury after paying the prizes, will leave the Association $500 to the good. This sum does not include over $500 used in the purchase of prizes for the recent regatta and for souvenirs for that of 1889.

A committee appointed at the last meeting to consider the advisability of having a dinner, submitted their report. They informed the Association that each club belonging to the Association would be limited to the use of eight tickets; three to its delegates and five at large. Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1891, was fixed as the date, and covers will probably be laid for 150. The place has not yet been selected, but will possibly be O'Neill's if accommodation can be obtained there.

The executive committee, to whom was referred the question of the Just Woke Up protest, submitted their report. In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16 this matter was discussed at length, but we will again refer to it. At the recent regatta of the Association on Sept. 1 last, the yacht Just Woke Up, sailing in Class 3, appeared at the starting line without a number and requested permission to sail over the course, and was directed so to do by one of the judges. Although being handicapped the Just Woke Up finished first, beating all her class. A protest was filed, claiming that the rules were infringed by her in not carrying a number. This protest was upheld by the regatta committee, and the Just Woke Up was disqualified. From this decision an appeal was taken to the executive committee. The executive committee overruled the decision of the regatta committee, giving as their reasons that the judges who were delegated by that committee instructed the yacht to start, and while they may have and probably did exceed their authority, their error should not be visited on an innocent party, viz., the owner of Just Woke Up. The executive committe recommend, however, that in future races of the Association the rules be rigidly enforced, and that their decision on this point is not be taken or construed as creating a precedent.

It has been said that there is too much red tape about the proceedings of some of these regattas; that judges are in the way in nine out of ten regattas at which they serve; that a regatta committee is sufficient to manage a race; that its members arrange the preliminaries, see that the boats are entered in proper form, and being familiar with the event at which they serve, the management of the race is a simple matter and can be accomplished far better without judges than with them.

Our experience has been, that while the above may prove true in some instances, in the majority of races that we have attended where judges have acted, they have been selected not for "figure heads" but for their known ability and as experts in the matter of taking the correct time of a great number of starters. On the other hand, in the smaller clubs of which this assotiation is composed, different committees are selected each year, and while they attend to the detail of the regatta, they select men of experience to aid them in the important duty of timing the race. Of course the recent regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be pointed out as an example, but if our friends will only delve a little they will find the fault rested entirely with an inexperienced regatta committee.

After some miscellaneous business was transacted, the presentation of prizes took place.

The following are the winners in their respective classes with the prize awarded to each:

Class C, Dolphin, walkover, one-half value prize, a pair of marine glasses.
Class D, Avalon, an oil painting, by Butterworth.
Class E, Mergus, two bronze statues with table lamp.
Class F, Forsyth, an oil painting, by Butterworth.
Class G, Christine, two bronze figures.
Class 1, open sloops, Eagle Wing, bronze clock.
Class 2, open sloops, Cameron, pair marine glasses.
Class 3, open sloops, Just Woke Up. (This prize is withheld, as the committee have not looked into other protests entered, as they did not deem it necessary until the appeal from their decision disqualifying her for not carrying a number was decided.)
Class 4, cabin cats, Edna, marine glasses.
Class 5, cabin cats, Ripple, marine spirit compass.
Class 6, open cat Norah, diamond charm.
Class 7, open cats, Nadeya, oxidized silver cigar box.
Class 8, Undine, oil painting by Butterworth, in which 19 yachts are shown in the race.
Class 9, Bon Ton, piano lamp.
Class 10, Galawater, walkover, one-half value, gold locket.

In addition each of the above received a champion pennant.

Souvenirs—gold watch charms—containing on one side the flag of the Association in colors and on the other the name of the winning yacht, were presented to the winners of the 1889 race as follows: Gertrude, Mergus, Forsyth, Lurline, Amateur, Corlett, Rival, Lone Star, Bessie, Norah L., Alida, Pauline B. and Bon Ton. After the presentation the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting of the Association will be the annual one for the election of officers and will be held at O'Neill's on Feb. 4, 1891. It is expected that at this meeting application for membership will be made by two or three of the larger clubs. X.

EASTERN Y. C.—The Eastern Y. C. has a committee out which is considering the advisability of making additions to the club house at Marblehead Neck. The lot to the northward of the club house having been recently purchased, it was thought at one time that the club house might have to be moved forward to prevent the view from being interfered with. But C. S. Eaton, the new owner of the lot in question, very considerately decided to build his new house in such a position that it will interfere very little with the view from the club house veranda, so that there is now no necessity of moving the house. Several plans are being considered, and the matter will not be decided till it is brought before the next meeting of the club. The most probable plan at present is one which includes a two-story addition to the south of the present house and connected with it by a covered walk which will bridge over the driveway. On the ground floor of this addition there is a ladies' reception room and a billard room, both of which are lacking in the present house. The second story will be used for rooms for the servants, with some additional rooms for members.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.	NORTHERN DIVISION.
Officers:	*Officers:*
VICE-COM.: C.V.Winne, Albany, N.Y.	VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.	REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, NY	PURSER:
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.	EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.
EASTERN DIVISION.	**ATLANTIC DIVISION.**
Officers:	*Officers:*
VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.	VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington
REAR-COM.: G. L. Parmele, Hartford.	REAR-COM.: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: R. Appolonio, Winchester.	PURSER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark, N.J.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.	EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.
27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

CANOEISTS' WINTER QUARTERS.

THE evenings at the New York Canoe Club winter quarters, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, have so far proved to be successful and popular that it has been suggested by many that the membership be made more general. The location is central and the fencing rooms, presided over by Capt. Nicolas, are unique in their way, being decorated with pictures of canoeing, duelling, etc., and handsome weapons and curios. In addition to the canoeing talks, contests with foils, single sticks and gloves have been much enjoyed on these evenings.

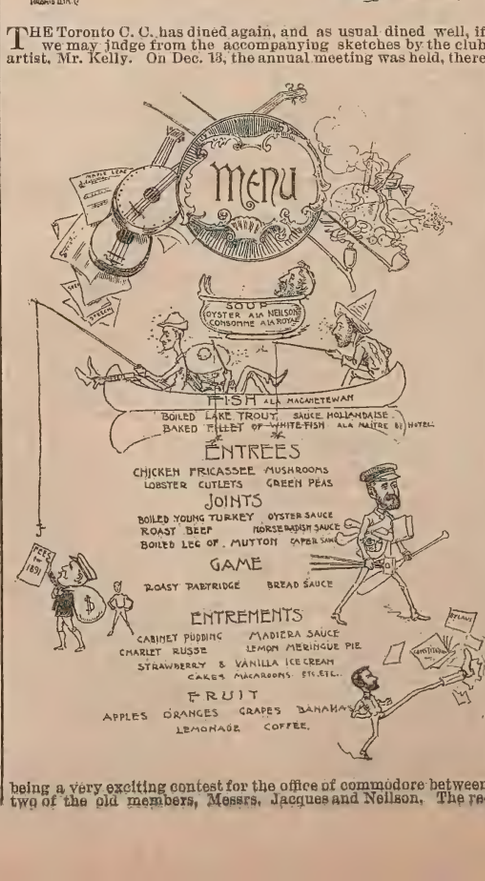
Although the subscribers have so far been solely members of the New York Canoe Club who have engaged the rooms and assured the success of the scheme, it is the desire of the club that the meetings should benefit and entertain as large a number as possible. With this end in view the privileges of membership to the winter quarters is thrown open to all, subject to such restrictions as govern all social organizations.

If liberally supported by other clubs and canoeists these informal meetings can be made at slight expense still more attractive, and may grow into a permanent organization. The subscriptions for the winter are $5 and applications may be addressed to B. H. Nadal, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, who has been appointed by Com. Howard as committee in charge of the winter quarters. The next meeting will be held on Friday, Jan. 9. The rooms will be open on every Friday thereafter during the winter. It is the intention to provide every other Friday some special programme or attraction. It is especially understood that all canoeists and their friends, whether subscribers or not, are cordially welcome on any of these evenings. On last Friday week Capt. Nicolas, who can do many things besides fencing, served an excellent plain dinner to sixteen men, and these dinners may be made a feature of the meetings.

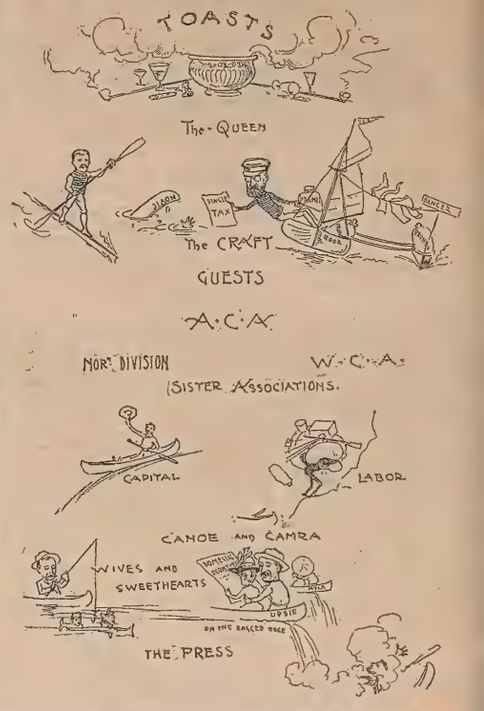
TORONTO C. C.



THE Toronto C. C. has dined again, and as usual dined well, if we may judge from the accompanying sketches by the club artist, Mr. Kelly. On Dec. 13, the annual meeting was held, there



being a very exciting contest for the office of commodore between two of the old members, Messrs. Jacques and Neilson. The result was as follows: Com., D. B. Jacques; Vice-Com., W. H. P. Weston; Rear-Com., Harry C. Fortier; Sec., W. C. Jephcott; Treas., Hugh C. McLean; Committeeman, H. R. Tilley; Regatta Committee, Colin Fraser, W. C. Lee and Harry C. Fortier. The dinner took place Dec. 15.





MOHICAN C. C. SMOKER.—The camp-fire of the Mohican C. C. on Dec. 10, given by George G. Plyer, a member of the club, at his residence on Broadway, was a great success. After the elaborate repast long clay pipes were handed around and soon the room was blue with smoke. Mr. Will Wheeler, Mr. Titus, Mr. Ransom and Mr. McLaughlin entertained the company with mandolin and banjo music, songs were sung, speeches made and yarns spun. Prof. Goewey told some capital stories and Captain Winne quite sustained his reputation in that regard, keeping the table in a roar. The camp-fire ended with the presentation by Captain Winne in a graceful manner of the handsome silk banners made by deft and fair fingers and won at the Labor Day regatta. Among those present were the following: Samuel Anable, Perry W. Babbett, Max Bender, Wm. S. Egerton, W. D. Frothingham, Wm. D. Goewey, Wm. S. Hackett, E. Darwin Jenison, Fred G. Mather, Harry S. Miller, Fred Mix, Cuyler Shaw, Edwin J. Sipple, Albert T. Smith, Wm. C. Titus, Wm. B. Wackerhagen, Wm. A. Wheeler, Chas. V. Winne, George G. Plyer, S. Howard Ransom, John Holmes, Alfred McLaughlin.—*Albany Journal.*

BROOKLYN C. C. OFFICERS, 1891.—Com., Joseph Rudd, Jr.; Vice-Com., M. M. Davis; Purser, M. V. Brokaw, 64 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Meas., D. A. Nash; House Committee, H. C. Ward, D. A. Nash, W. T. Wintringham. Regatta Committee, R. J. Wilkin, John Johnson, M. M. Davis.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. S. B., North Platte, Nev.—We do not see how we can assist you in the matter, though we should think you could breed the dogs named without any bad effects. The person you speak of bears a good reputation, as far as we know.

J. C., New York.—Central American game includes deer, turkey, curassow, quail, plover, partridge and prairie grouse, ducks and geese. For modes of getting there consult the shipping guides of the *Journal of Commerce* shipping columns.

L. W. F., Manchester, Conn.—In the FOREST AND STREAM of June 3, 1875, there is a cut of three dogs which in their days were noted. The one in the center of the group (a jet black) was owned, I think, by a Mr. Fred Schuchardt, and was bred at the "Suffolk Kennel Club's" quarters, on Long Island, and the strain had been kept pure for a great many years. Can you tell me whether they are still bred there, and, if so, will you kindly give me the address of the party who has charge of the kennel? Ans. We do not think this kennel is in existence at the present time, perhaps some of our readers may be able to enlighten you.

G. M. N., Boston, Mass.—If it would not be too much trouble for you, I would be greatly obliged if you would kindly decide the following bet for me: Given, a bitch with a good strain of fox-terrier blood; let her be covered for the first time by a mongrel and have pups; let her be covered the second time by a full-blooded fox-terrier. A bets that the second litter of pups will be full-blooded; B bets to the contrary. If you will give us your opinion on this question at your earliest convenience, I will esteem it a great favor. Ans. A wins, as it would hardly be correct to give the credit for the second litter to the mongrel which sired the first.

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No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted ..... " 3 32

No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8½, 9, 9½, 10ft. weight 9, 10½, 12, 13oz. ..... Price 2 72

No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted ..... " 3 32

No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. ..... " 2 75

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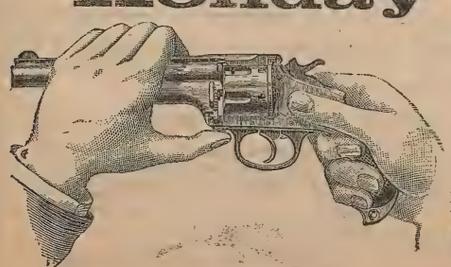


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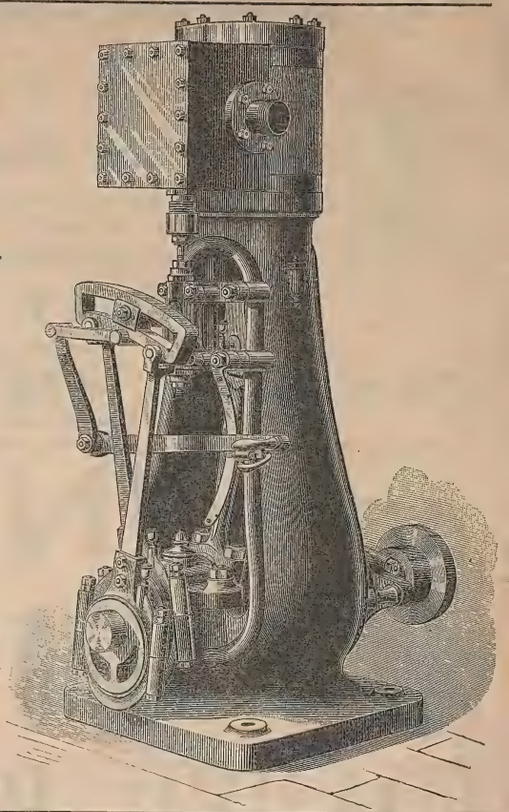
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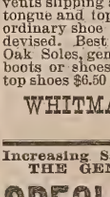
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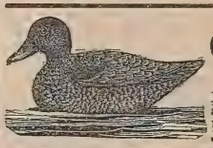
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ATLANTIC SALMON IN WINTER.

THERE was published in the New York *Tribune* of Dec. 13, 1890, a statement to the effect that Mr. Blackford was displaying in Fulton Market, this city, some enormous salmon, captured in nets off Cape Cod. Since the capture of the Atlantic salmon at sea in winter on our coast has not heretofore been recorded, so far as we are able to learn from the published accounts, we doubted the correctness of the report and supposed that the salmon were really the species now found so abundantly in the markets of Eastern cities under the name of Kennebec salmon, although it is really a Pacific river trout, known as Gairdner's trout or steelhead salmon. We, therefore, applied to Mr. Blackford for further details concerning the subject and have from him the following letter:

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1890.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The statement you saw in the *Tribune* was correct. On Nov. 26 we had two salmon weighing 10 and 12½lbs. They were shipped from Provincetown, Mass. On Dec. 5 two more specimens weighing 7½ and 24½lbs. were received. One was taken at Provincetown and the other at Truro near by. The last two fish were taken in a mackerel seine with about 200 large mackerel and a large number of small ones, being a late run of mackerel which strike this coast every year within a few days of Dec. 1. These were the handsomest salmon I have ever seen and were perfectly stiff in *rigor mortis* when taken from the barrel.—WALLACE E. BLACKFORD.

Commenting on the unusual occurrence a correspondent writes: "It seems to me to be very important as tending to solve the problem of where the salmon go in the winter. I have never read or heard of our salmon being netted at sea before, and from their entering the northern rivers (in Labrador) earlier than the St. Lawrence, Bay Chaleur and Maine rivers, it has been supposed that they winter in the northern seas."

We have said that we are unable to find any record of the taking of *Salmo salar* at sea, in the winter, in the western Atlantic. Mr. Charles G. Atkins has recorded his belief that large salmon, in prime condition, are running into the Penobscot from the sea every month in the year. He has also stated that the salmon which spawn early are believed to return at once to the sea, while the late spawners often remain all winter and are carried out by the spring freshets. The same authority has noted that Capt. Treat, at Eastport, Me., has found herring as long as five inches in the stomach of salmon, and salmon are known to bite occasionally at the baits on cod and hake hooks on soundings. This is about the extent of our information as to the marine life of our salmon, consequently the appearance of the species off Provincetown is a distinct and important addition to our stock of knowledge concerning the migration of *Salmo salar*.

We have long believed that if suitable methods were employed salmon might be found in winter in the Gulf of Maine at no great distance from the estuaries of the rivers, which they periodically visit for the purpose of spawning. There is a regular winter fishery for the same kind of salmon in various parts of the Baltic. Elsewhere we have given a brief description of the methods pursued in this fishery, and it is highly probable that if similar means of capture were employed in the seas adjacent to our salmon rivers the winter habitat of the species would soon be discovered.

The salmon, while in the sea, is said to frequent localities in which the bottom is sand. Those portions of the Baltic which have a successful winter fishery for the salmon are characterized by such a bottom. Here the conditions are favorable for the production of the food which the salmon requires.

Investigations of our own waters might be carried on in localities possessing this qualification.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT would be difficult to say which is received with the more enthusiasm, the woodcock or the coon, as demonstrated by the way in which each is adopted as a subject for communications to the FOREST AND STREAM. When we promised a page for the coon hunters the other day, they straightway sent in enough for two pages. An installment of the coon hunting experiences is given to-day, and others will follow. As for the woodcock, there is in hand a most interesting mass of testimony for and against the wing theory. All this will be published next week.

It is a pleasure to note that the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who has charge of the National Zoölogical Park at Washington, has adopted the plan suggested in these columns some time ago, and will seek to make use of the advantages afforded by the surplus of certain species of wild animals in the National Park for stocking the Washington collection. As we then pointed out, there is a better way of disposing of these creatures than to kill them. The Government has a zoölogical garden to fill, and the National Park has an over-supply of game. The natural and sensible thing is to transfer the bears and other specimens from the Yellowstone to Washington.

The Forestry Commission will shortly report on its scheme for making a great State forest preserve in the North Woods. Meanwhile the Adirondack Park Association has been engaged in a similar work, although quite apart from the State Forestry Commission; and, according to a recently adopted programme, it will ask for legislation on the subject. The plan of campaign will be: To secure as early as possible the passags of a law preventing the building of railroads across State lands in the Adirondack forests, except upon the consent of the Commissioner of the Land Office and State Forest Commission, after hearing and due notice; also the submission to the people at the general election in 1891 of a proposition to allow the State to issue bonds to cover expenses.

Dr. James A. Henshall sends us the draft of a bill prepared after extended correspondence and consultation with farmers and sportsmen. The bill is simple, explicit, readily understood and free from prolixity. It is in these respects a model specimen of legislation. The changes suggested commend themselves as wise and such as will secure the desired end. It is worthy of note and commendation that game and fish legislation is in many States characterized by haste and want of due consideration and preparation in a much less degree now than formerly. In Ohio Dr. Henshall has followed what is in effect the course adopted by New York when the Legislature of this State appointed a game law commission. By enlisting the views of intelligent persons throughout the State Dr. Henshall has, it is to be presumed, prepared a bill embodying the wishes of the majority; and having been prepared in this intelligent way, the bill, if it becomes a law, will be likely to have a stronger public indorsement than if its provisions had embodied merely the opinions or wishes of a single society or club or coterie.

We shall begin next week the series of papers already announced, from the pen of Miss Fanny Pearson Hardy, whose "Out-Door Papers" are pleasantly remembered by so many readers. The chapters are descriptive of an expedition in the Maine wilderness, and they deal with the question of game and fish protection from the standpoint of one who is familiar with the feeling of Maine people on this subject. Miss Hardy's former contributions were so well received that we hardly need assure those who read this paragraph that in the new series a treat is in store for them. We have also several letters descriptive of some Maine fishing resorts, less celebrated than many others, but offering decided attractions to anglers. With all this the FOREST AND STREAM for some weeks to come will be of special interest to those who are so fortunate as to go "down to Maine" on pleasure bent.

The average person regards the hunting grounds of East Africa as practically inexhaustible; but measures have recently been adopted by the British East Africa Company to forbid the further indiscriminate slaughter of large game in the territory under its control. The reason assigned for this action is that the game animals will be required for food to support the multitudes of workmen who will be engaged in East African enterprises. If reports be true the officials in charge of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad through Maine are possessed of the notion that the game and fish of that State have been preserved for a similar purpose there; for the gangs of laborers on that line have systematically killed trout by dynamiting and spearing on the spawning beds. In some respects we are not so very far behind the heathen of the Dark Continent.

If the Connecticut Legislature would create the office of State Game and Fish Warden, with a salary attached and a reasonable allowance for expenses, and put Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, into the position, the people of the State would get their money back, and more too, the first year. As things go now the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen, of which Mr. Collins is the head and heart, is doing most excellent work for the public good at private expense. Its record shows what might be done with adequate means and an officer who could give more time to the work.

We have not yet received from Mr. John D. Collins, of Utica, anything in the way of what he may have considered proofs to make good his charges against Commissioner Blackford. As already suggested in these columns Mr. Collins has no time to lose if he would justify his course and relieve himself of the odium which among all honorable men attaches to one who makes false accusation against another.

The report of the game laws codification committee of this State will be in the form of a bill which will contain six titles as follows: (1) Providing for the Game and Fish Commission; (2) for parks and game preserves; (3) relative to quadrupeds; (4) relative to birds; (5) regarding fish; and (6) for game protectors.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal the name of that friend.

DEATH OF DR. E. STERLING.

READERS of FOREST AND STREAM will learn with sincere regret of the death of Dr. Elisha Sterling, of Cleveland, O., on Dec. 29. For many years, indeed from the establishment of the paper to within a week or two before his death, Dr. Sterling was a frequent contributor to our columns. An intelligent student of natural history, an ardent sportsman of the old school, and having a memory richly stored with reminiscences of early days in Ohio, he drew from an apparently inexhaustible fund of observation and experience.

One of the last manuscripts sent to us by Dr. Sterling is one which is still unpublished and to which reference was recently made. It is descriptive of hunting scenes in Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, being extracts from the camp diary of a well-known Ohio sportsman. Dr. Sterling's interest in outdoor sports and woods life seemed never to flag. The following appreciative notice of his life and character is from the Cleveland *Leader:*

The death of Dr. Sterling places another bright name in the galaxy of eminent Cleveland men who won distinction and have passed away. Dr. Sterling was born in the State of New York, Aug. 15, 1825. His parents came to this city in 1827, when there were not more than a few hundred persons in the village. The site of the old Sterling homestead is now the Andrews mansion at the corner of Euclid and Sterling avenues. Young Elisha early evinced mental vigor of an unusual degree, and having a desire to study medicine, he was taken into the office of the celebrated Dr. Ackley. At an early age he graduated from what was then the Cleveland Medical College, showing great promise as a surgeon. That was during the rioting and bloodshed in Paris in the reign of the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon. Dr. Sterling at once proceeded to Paris and went to work in the hospitals, where he found abundant opportunity to develop his ability and observe the methods of the best French surgeons. He studied directly under Jean Victor Coste, a surgeon of wide fame. The skill of the young American was so apparent that the court physician invited him to perform a surgical operation upon Louis Napoleon.

He became acquainted with many celebrated men while abroad, and among them Baron von Humboldt, the great naturalist. In that manner Dr. Sterling's innate love for natural history, afterward so prominent, was undoubtedly stimulated. The young doctor, while in Europe, traveled more than twenty-five hundred miles on foot, studying the habits and customs of the people and pursuing his investigations in botany and natural history. In 1852 he returned to Cleveland and took up the practice of his profession.

In 1854 he married Miss Mary Hilliard and the same year joined a Government expedition sent to California and Oregon. Through the influence of his friend, Dr. John S. Newberry, the eminent geologist, he was appointed the naturalist and surgeon of the expedition. In the party were Generals Sheridan, McCook and George Crook, the Indian fighter, then young army officers. When the war broke out Dr. Sterling went to the front with General Barnett's light artillery as surgeon.

Dr. Sterling spent much time in his favorite pursuit—that of naturalist. He was an expert taxidermist. His interest in fishculture is well known, and his name is recorded as one of the benefactors of the country whose efforts brought the Government Fish Commission into existence. He was one of the founders of the Kirtland Society of Natural History, and a frequent contributor to magazines and periodicals of a scientific character. His love of birds and animals and his close observation of their habits made him an authority on the subject. At the same time his early promise as a surgeon was fulfilled. He practiced his profession, natural history not being his main pursuit in life. Some of his surgical operations gained for him a national reputation as being the first and most successful of their kind—notably the amputation of the tongue followed by the recovery of the patient.

Dr. Sterling was one of the original members of the Ark, which will always remain one of the most prominent and striking figures in the history of Cleveland's vigorous young days. The father of William and Leonard Case had a little wooden office building on the Public Square back of where the postoffice now stands. He gave it up to William, who became the agent of the Connecticut Land Company. William Case was a naturalist and began the task of collecting specimens of every American bird. His friends who were interested in the project enthusiastically aided him, among them Dr. Sterling, himself a naturalist and taxidermist, R. K. Winslow, who is a taxidermist, Colonel Stoughton Bliss, who was a good hunter, Captain Ben Stannard, who was a fine taxidermist, Leonard Case, George Stanley, J. J. Tracy, Edward Scoville, John Williamson and a number of others whose names shine in the history of the city. They were a company of congenial spirits and they called the little wooden office building the Ark, and became known themselves as the Arkites. William Case's collection of birds was completed to his satisfaction, but became damaged in later years and was deftly restored by Captain Stannard. Part of it is in the possession of the Kirtland Society of Natural History and part remains in the present Ark. A collection of minerals was begun and the Arkites took up the study of horticulture. The old Ark where Dr. Sterling was a frequent visitor has long gone the way of all temporal things, but when Case block was transferred to the trustees of Case library, the Arkites had rooms in it, and a life lease was given to fifteen of them. Of these fifteen, eight are now living and the Ark still flourishes.

Twelve or thirteen years ago Dr. Sterling suffered from blood poisoning contracted while performing a surgical operation, and for a time his life was despaired of. He never recovered his former health. During the last years of his life he suffered greatly from an injury to his ankle, received while getting off a street car, and entirely gave up the practice of his profession. Though he was not known to the younger generation, he will be missed by the older men, with whom he had active interests in the days that are gone.

Dr. Sterling leaves a widow, a son, Richard Sterling, of Colorado, and four daughters, Mrs. Y. P. Morgan and Misses Agnes, Dora and Katherine.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A GUN, A TRAP AND A FRYING-PAN.

I.—HOW THEY WERE LOST.

THE famous Lake St. John and the surrounding country was historic ground as early as the beginning of the present century. The incidents in the first part of our story happened there and then. At that time there were no pleasant farms stretching back from the lake border. No roads. No shrieking locomotive. No steamboat. No village church spire. But there was the same treacherous lake. The same Grand Discharge with its wonderful rush of water. The same mighty tributaries. The Ouiatchouan, with its 280ft. fall as it enters the lake. The Grand Peribonca with its succession of chutes, beautiful to the eye but dangerous to approach in any kind of boat. One isolated trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company was there, and that was the only indication of civilization. The power of the mighty tribes, the Nasquapees and the warlike Montagnais, was on the wane. Continued war and internal dissention had thinned their ranks, but they held possession of the soil and brought many a pack of fine fur to the trading post.

Among the Montagnais was one Massepa, an Indian of mighty stature, not a chief, though he might have been had he but exerted his natural powers as hunter, trapper and, above all, warrior. Massepa was the story teller of the tribe. Their only literature was tradition. Massepa knew every old legend, and could weave fact and fiction into such an entertaining web as to hold his listeners entranced for hours. This story telling became a passion with him. He would neglect everything for the sake of an audience, were it composed only of women and children. So it happened that he became a drone. Seldom meat or fish in his wigwam, although the moose and caribou were plenty, and the waters contained then, as now, a full supply of pike, doré, ouitouche and, above all, ouananiche.

One spring when the country was young, in May, things came to a bad pass with Massepa. There was nothing in his wigwam to eat. No supplies of any kind. Even the women and children were tired of his stories, and the warriors of the tribe declined longer to support him and his family. Worst of all, he had only two charges of powder for his gun, and powder could not be begged or borrowed. He had a small pack of furs which he had accumulated during the winter. In his necessity he said to himself: "I must take the furs to the post and get, at least, powder and lead." The winter quarters were up the Peribonca, many miles from the lake where the trading post was. The snow was going out and the river was a mighty torrent. But his canoe was in good order. His arm was strong and he did not fear the rushing water. "I will go to the post," said he, "and when the winter nights are again long they shall beg in vain for their stories." So, in bad humor, he started, taking with him only his gun with his two charges of powder, one trap, his frying-pan—a great luxury in those days—and his pack of furs. The current bore him with great rapidity toward the lake. First, twenty miles of rapid smooth water. Then, five miles of rough water. Then, past the beautiful lake Tshitagama—an offset from the main river, down fifteen miles of rapid smooth water. Here begins the succession of cascades or chutes which brings the mighty river on a level with Lake St. John. At the head of the first cascade Massepa halted for the night on an island. He was hungry and very cross. He had expended his last two charges of powder on his way down. One on a caribou, the other on an otter. He had missed them both, and this added to his ill humor.

The situation was now becoming desperate. His gun was now useless. He could not stay to set his trap and wait, and even then, had he caught anything, it might not have been fit to eat. So after some trouble he caught a large pike, which would at least serve for supper and breakfast. Then he laid himself down under his canoe, with his pack of furs for a pillow. He could not sleep. He was vexed because he was obliged to think of work again. His vanity had received a severe blow when he was made to understand that stories were very well for long winter nights, but the tribe could not afford to have one of its best hunters and warriors, with his finest gun and the best traps, sit idle in his wigwam either sleeping or story telling. So he laid awake making plans.

He said to himself, "My gun is now useless, for I have no ammunition. I can't wait while some animal is getting into my trap, and my frying-pan is of no good now, as I must live on fish till I get to the trading post, and there I can cook on a forked stick. The river will carry me to its mouth by sunset to-morrow in spite of the many portages around the chutes. I can sleep at the mouth till early dawn and then paddle quickly across to the trading post before the wind rises and makes the lake unsafe for a canoe. As I come back I shall be loaded with provisions as well as powder and lead. It is hard work to paddle against this mighty water. I will leave my gun, trap and frying-pan here on this island safely hidden and recover them on my return."

Thus reasoned Massepa with himself. At daybreak he rose and, after cooking some of his fish for breakfast, procured several sheets of birch bark. In these he carefully wrapped his gun, trap and frying-pan and covered them with moss at the foot of a large tree, then he carried his canoe and furs across the island to the foot of the chute, and started on his journey down the river. The first of the falls that he approached he passed without difficulty, as the portage begins some way above the quick water and ends at a safe distance below it.

The second chute is now called "Devil's Chute," because it is so dangerous to pass. The water rushes through a long cañon. The portage begins in the quick water just above the fall and ends at a point where the water is still dangerously rough. What cared Massepa. His arm was quick and strong. He had passed this chute many times and was perfectly familiar with it. He steered his canoe boldly toward the cataract. When it seemed as if he must be carried over, he directed the boat by a quick movement close to a certain rock well known to him. On this he leaped lightly, took his pack on his back, his canoe on shoulders, and proceeded rapidly over the barren rocks and around the falls. On the other side he launched the frail boat in the turbulent water at a well-known spot and proceeded down the river.

The next chute was easily passed, and the next. Then came a short portage where it was necessary, as at the Devil's Chute, to approach close to the fall and, by a quick motion, turn the canoe into a little offset or lagoon which opened into the river almost at the edge of the cascade. Massepa had done this many times and approached the quick water with perfect confidence. He was really a little careless, for his ill-temper had not subsided. The quick water began to hurry the canoe with great rapidity. As he approached the little opening he saw, to his horror, that he was too far out in the stream. He should have been close to the bank, but he was out quite a distance in the river. His brooding over his fancied wrongs and impoverished condition had made him careless of his course. He saw this too late. With frantic strokes of his paddle he strove to head the canoe into the narrow opening by the side of the fall where he would ride safely in smooth water. The awful power of the mighty river was too much for him and he saw that he was lost. With true Indian stoicism he headed his boat straight for the terrible cataract and calmly awaited his fate. In an instant boat and man were lost to view in the rushing, seething, toiling waters, lashed into foam by the sharp cruel rocks.

The other falls, lower down, completed the ruin worked by this one. Down the last sixteen miles of rapid water to the Great Lake St. John there were borne, a little later, some remnants of a pack of furs, fragments of a birch bark canoe and the mangled disjointed remains of Massepa, "the story teller of the Montagnais." These were carried far out into the lake where the water swallowed them up, except some fragments of the boat, which were at last still further splintered on the rocks of the Grand Discharge.

Massepa was greatly missed. No one ever knew how he died. No one ever took his place. But his gun, and trap and frying-pan remained snugly wrapped up in their birch bark covers. The moss grew thickly over them, hiding them more securely. As the years passed by the lumberman came and cut the tree, but he did not disturb them. In this way it happened that the gun, trap and frying-pan were lost.

II.—HOW THEY WERE FOUND.

As the century grew old the traces of man's progress began to show along the Peribonca River. The lumberman came yearly. The portages around the chutes became worn paths. Stray logs and remains of temporary camps were here and there to be seen. The usual course of events took place to show the near approach of civilization. The sportsman appeared at length.

One of these, from the City of Churches, made his way along this river in the year '89. He was in haste to reach Lake Tshigama, not, as yet, visited by one of his kind. Night overtook the party—sportsman and guides—as they reached the island where Massepa laid his treasures over fifty years before. As the party reached the end of the carry every man bustled about to get comfortable for the night. Tents were pitched, fire built, supper cooked, bed prepared, etc. Moss or browse was necessary to make the bed softer and more level.

One of the guides found a beautiful bed of moss at the foot of an old stump. On removing this, the long-hidden treasures of the old Indian story teller were exposed. The frying-pan and trap, after the rust was removed, proved to be in fair condition. But the once beautiful gun was beyond hope of repair. It was an old flintlock. The wood of the stock extended to the end of the barrel. The flint was in place ready for use. The hard wood of the stock crumbled at the slightest touch. The ramrod fell in pieces from its loops. It was a rare old treasure to take carefully home and preserve as a souvenir. The sportsman appreciated this, and told the guides to take great care of it. The guide who found it, however, was a headstrong fellow, who believed that to find was to own. He had never owned a gun, and conceived the insane idea of having this old king's arm restocked and otherwise repaired to make a gun for himself; so he ruthlessly tore off the old rotten wood and disjointed the gun completely. When the sportsman saw this, some hours after it was done, he said, "Well, I declare!" or words to that effect. But the choice relic was ruined; and thus it happened that the gun was found and at once lost again and forever.

L.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 1.

Natural History.

FOR THE NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

SECRETARY NOBLE has sent to Capt. F. A. Boutelle, the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, the following letter: "There is herewith transmitted to you a copy of a letter just received from the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in which he says that he will be glad to receive for the National Zoological Park buffalo, deer and elk at any time, and any other park animals, with the exception of bears and pumas, for which it will not be practicable to provide proper accommodation before the 1st of May next. He further states that as rapidly as the larger animals are captured they may be forwarded by freight and the smaller ones by express and that he will on notification make arrangements at Cinnabar, Mont., to receive and forward them at once. The attendant expenses, such as boxing, transportation and food for the animals, will be defrayed from the Zoological Park appropriation. He adds that a male puma will be exceedingly acceptable at once. Several pairs of the wolverine and badger would be very desirable also. I have consulted the assistant attorney general as to my authority to have animals of the kind named captured and transmitted to the National Zoological Park and find that the statutes give me all the power necessary to perform this action, and I may add that it is in my opinion a most desirable thing to do for the good of the people and one in which I shall take great pleasure in having hearty co-operation. I wish you would write me your views as to what animals can best be taken and when. I suppose that you are not prepared to send any buffalo, although about this I may be mistaken. I judge that the elk and deer must be sufficiently abundant to spare a pair of each, together with a number of smaller animals, with which you are more familiar than I am. If your men are to be exposed to any particular hardship in accomplishing this purpose I will expect to make them comfortable to a rea-

sonable degree out of the contingent fund of the Park, about which you can advise me. If you are prepared to proceed with this business and think that it ought to be done without delay to any extent you are hereby authorized to act. All expenses will be carefully noted and if they have to be paid in advance I will furnish the money from here and get it repaid from the National Zoological Park. Knowing that you will understand this business thoroughly without further comment from me I submit the matter to you. This will accomplish one of the purposes for which the Yellowstone Park was established."

The following reply has been received from Capt. Boutelle, who is now in the field near Fort Keogh: "As you will observe, I am a little off my beat, having been called out by the Indian disturbance. I hope that as soon as it is known that my services will not be required for active operations to be ordered to return with my troop to my special duty in the Park. I have a fine organization and came out very cheerfully, but somebody ought to be in the Park at all times. If these Indians in the Bad Lands come in I can see no reason why I should be kept out longer, unless there are plans of which I know nothing. I am very glad that you have decided to send specimens of our Park game to the Zoo at Washington, and I shall be a very willing agent in the work. I and my men will do it at just as small expense as possible. It will be a very hard matter to get some of the animals, the puma particularly, as from their habits of the males destroying their young they are rare everywhere, but the elk, deer, antelope, buffalo I can get surely. The carnivora will probably have to be taken in the winter in box traps, which will cost something, but the buffalo, elk, etc., can better be taken young and kept in the Park until fall and then shipped. The Park should supply buffalo, elk, black-tailed deer (there are a few in the southern part of the Park), moose (with difficulty and expense), grizzly and black bear, wolverine, puma, badger, porcupine, beaver, perhaps otter (hard to get), woodchuck, squirrel; coyote, Canada lynx, timber wolves (very scarce), three varieties of rabbits or hare, several varieties of the little chipmonk, several varieties or kinds of birds. I sent a cage to the Smithsonian last spring.

"Rumor has it," the writer continues, "that my regiment will exchange with the Sixth Cavalry in the spring. This will naturally carry me away from the Park, unless an exception is made in my troop. I shall leave the charge with great regret. I have hoped to remain until I could see an abundance of fish where fish had never been before, the Zoo at Washington filled with animals branded Y. N. P., the hotels commodious and well managed, and some law established through which the scoundrels who violate the laws may be punished. As it is now, they say that the Park is the safest place in the country, as there are no game laws there. As a matter of fact I manage to keep them out almost completely."

THE WOODCOCK'S TWITTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 25, Mr. Brewster says, referring to me and my woodcock narrative of Dec. 11: "The vocal notes of his bird were so like the whistling of ducks' wings as actually to deceive his companion, Mr. Marchant, into the belief that wild ducks were passing over at the time; yet in the closing paragraph of his article he affirms that, when a woodcock 'twitters' he squeals, pipes, squeaks rather than whistles, and adds, 'the sound made in swift flight by the wings of this and other species—many of our ducks, for example—is perhaps more appropriately termed a whistle.'"

Mr. Marchant's exclamation to which Mr. Brewster refers, was this: "Wild ducks going over—don't you hear 'em!" his idea being that the "two very positive notes of remonstrance" came, not from the wings, but from the mouths of his imaginary ducks. The notes were instantly recognized as vocal by us both. Mr. Brewster's inference is, of course, a very natural one, as ducks do so little talking while on the wing, and having thus inferred, it is not strange that he, and many who read his kind and courteous review of my narrative, should imagine that these and the other vocal notes were more like the sounds produced by the wings of birds than the facts of the case really warrant.

In the original draft of the narrative I included a detailed account of the bird's actions when liberated, but fearing that my paper would occupy too much of your space, I reserved this and certain other minor details for publication in another form. I think, however, that I had better add here a brief account of his good-bye flight. I took him into the country—as I told you before—and into a field in which there was underbrush, and kneeling placed him on the ground. He stood for a moment looking backward inquiringly, then lifting his head walked slowly into a patch of dead grass, picking his way through the tangle with most astonishing ease, and causing scarcely any noticeable movement of the dried blades and stems through which he passed. After he had proceeded two or three yards I sprang to my feet suddenly for the purpose of frightening him, and at my movement he flushed, making a short flight of perhaps twenty yards, feeling probably a little stiff at first from want of exercise. He lighted in the next field and stepped off with more animation than before, though not more rapidly, following the course of a cow path. When I had climbed the fence and approached to within about a rod of him, he again jumped, this time more energetically, and flew rapidly over a hill and out of sight, though not so rapidly as I have often seen and heard woodcock fly. In neither of these flights did I hear any sound other than that of very faint, scarcely perceptible fanning. The narrow outer primaries, it will be remembered, were fully developed and intact in this specimen. GURDON TRUMBULL.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer has hunted woodcock many years, killing hundreds of them, and could hardly help becoming somewhat familiar with their habits and many peculiarities. That the sharp metallic whistle of a flushed woodcock is made by the wings is my firm belief. Mr. Brewster's article in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 25 gives so many good points in support of this theory that I wish to thank him for coming to the support of the "wing whistlers." How many times I have seen a sly old cock flop up as silently as an owl, steal off to some out-of-the-way corner, and when followed up and flushed to a point spring from the ground with a whistle so loud and sharp that there could be no mistaking the manner in which the sound was produced. It is a pretty good vocalist that can execute as rapidly and with the volume of tone that a plump October woodcock will bid you an adieu with when flushed. In a long flight it always seems that the whistle continues as long as the bird increases its speed; when the limit is reached it flies silently and finally alights.

It is taken for granted that Mr. Trumbull has visited the woodcock in the breeding season, witnessed their circling in the air and listened to their notes. Here you have their vocal powers to perfection and not to be confounded with any sound made by the wings. Will he kindly state if the notes of his captive bird were the same as those made at this time? There are so many interesting things about this bird that the many articles appearing in FOREST AND STREAM from time to time have afforded much pleasure, and some amusement. They will doubtless stimulate sportsmen to a clear observation of the woodcock's ways, thus adding to the knowledge of all.

W.

ENCOURAGING THE WINTER BIRDS.—"Hermit's" suggestion in regard to chickadees for public parks seems to me worthy of both consideration and a thorough trial, and I give my mite of experience toward a practical solution. Three years ago chickadees and woodpeckers were only occasionally seen about the house. At about that time I put a few pieces of pump tubing in the trees; that and each subsequent winter I have constantly kept pieces of beef suet fastened to the branches. As a result, while the birds do not remain constantly, still from November to April the following birds are almost daily visitors: Hairy and downy woodpeckers, chickadees and white-bellied nuthatches, while I have seen an occasional black and white creeper and one pair of brown creepers. I have not been able to discover whether they use the tubing for roosting in or not. Last spring a pair of blackcaps acted as though they were about to build in one, but were prevented by the bluebirds.—M. E. H. (Jefferson, Ja.)

JAPANESE PHEASANTS IN OREGON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In September, 1888, while traveling by stage in the vicinity of the Umpqua River, Oregon, I had a striking illustration of the absolute fearlessness and adaptability for domestication of the introduced Japanese pheasant. Passing through the timber not far from a clearing we first saw these birds and they were not at all alarmed by our presence, but disappeared leisurely into cover. Soon afterward we emerged suddenly from the timber and the stage reached a farmhouse in the clearing. Here, to my astonishment, I saw a considerable number of the same birds feeding with the domestic fowls. I was glad then that I had not tried to train my revolver on the pheasants, for, as I remarked to the driver, I might have accidently killed one.—W. A. WILCOX (Washington, D. C.).

THAT GROUSE IN THE WATER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Dec. 25 a short comment by "O. O. S." on my article ("Food of the American Goshawk") which appeared in your issue of Dec. 4. If "O. O. S." will read that article more carefully he will see that Mr. Woodworth wrung the bird's neck and not I, as he has stated. I will freely admit that it was very cruel to take the grouse from the water where it had gone for protection and kill it as he did. Had the bird fell into my hands he would have received different treatment from that meted out to him by Mr. Woodworth.—W. L. BISHOP (Kentville, N. S.).

THE CURLEW'S BILL.—In writing you the other day the woodcock paper I intended to speak of the power curlews have of inflexing the upper bill same as the woodcock, so as to run along the groove of the lower mandible and to clean out whatever may be adhering there. Prof. Baird told me this and a Jamaica man, a Mr. Hill, said the ibis also do the same.—GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

A DECEMBER ROBIN.—Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 30.—A robin seen in December! You would hardly believe it, but such is the case. One was seen by the well known attorney William C. Greene, yesterday in his yard, and was seen again this morning by Mr. Greene and his family. Mr. Greene could scarcely credit his eyes, but there could have been no illusion.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Purchased—One red-bellied spider monkey (*Ateles rufiventris*), seven rhesus monkeys (*Macacus erythræus*), one pig-tailed monkey (*M. nemestrinus*), two vervet monkeys (*Cercopithecus lalandi*), four green monkeys (*C. callitrichus*), one ostrich ♀ (*Struthio camelus*), one yellow hanguest (*Cassicus persicus*), two red-backed hangnests (*Cassicus harmorrhous*), two golden-crowned conures (*Conurus aureus*), two European crossbills (*Loxia curvirostra*), two melodious finches (*Phonipara canorum*), one crested ground parrakeet (*Calopsitta novæ-hollandiæ*), one lesser sheathbill (*Chionis minor*), two blue-bearded jays (*Cyanocorax cyanopogon*), four Greek partridges (*Coccabis saxatilis*), and one anaconda (*Eunectes murinus*). Presented—One wildcat (*Lynx rufus*), one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), one Cayenne rail (*Aramides cayennensis*), one red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), two ring doves (*Turtur risorius*), one robin (*Turdus migratorius*), two alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), and one banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*). Born—One zebra (*Bos indicus*). Exchanged—One painted box tortoise (*Cistudo ornata*), and one snowy owl (*Nyctea nivea*).

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A PROMINENT lawyer and sportsman of this city, W. C. G, who generally spends a few weeks during the fall among the ducks in Canada, was out a few days since after rabbits, which are very plenty this season in this county. The next morning Mrs. G. gave one to the Irish man-servant and told him to clean and dress it for dinner. After waiting an hour and no rabbit putting in an appearance she started out on a hunt for the servant, and on finding him asked how long it would be before the rabbit would be ready, and was informed that he had got it about half picked. He had picked the feathers from the ducks given him to clean and supposed the rabbit had to go through the same operation. J. L. D.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 30.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

FOUR MEN AND A BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing once in a while an account of a bear hunt in your columns, I thought perhaps one more would not be amiss. Several years ago I had been in the Adirondacks fishing, and stopped, as usual, on my way out at Corey's, at the head of Upper Saranac Lake. Corey came home that night from Follansbee Pond, where he had been fishing for muscalonge, and reported them very plentiful; so we decided to stay over another day and try them. We started next morning—Geo. B. Durfee and his guide, Ed Flagg, myself and my guide, Rob W. Nichols. We crossed Indian Carry, down the Ampersand Creek and out into Raquette River for the pond. In going down the river we came to quite a wide place with a long, narrow island in it. Just before reaching the island I saw something swimming in the river, and asked Rob if it was a dog. He looked and said, "No, it is a bear." We were in a pretty fix, with neither gun, pistol, hatchet nor axe in our boats. "Well," said I, "let's have some fun anyhow." So we changed places with our guides, we taking the paddles and the guides standing up in the bows of the boats, each with an oar in his hands. We paddled down, one boat each side of that bear, and then the fun began. First one and then the other would bring down the butt of their oar with all their might on that bear's head till the blows resounded far and near. Still he kept swimming, the blows kept falling and he constantly crowding toward the island. When I found he was going to land and had reached within a dozen feet of the shore, I thought I would change the order of exercises, and shoved my boat directly between him and the shore; he just raised one paw and made a strike for the boat; I only avoided the blow by swinging the bow nearer the shore. As it was, he just missed us, but scraped his claws down the side of the boat, leaving marks that always remained. Then he dived, went under the boat and came up the other side on to the island. We were out of the boat about as soon as he landed, and, dragging it after us, were in the water on the other side about as soon as he was. Then the pounding operation recommenced. He crowded us toward the shore in spite of all we could do. I kept calling to my guide to hit him on the nose if he wanted to curl him up, but he couldn't seem to find any place except the top of his skull. He crowded us to the mainland and just before he reached it Ed gave him an extra blow, breaking his oar, and he went down, and we thought we had him; but he was so near shore his feet touched bottom and that gave him courage, and, coming up, he blew the water from his nostrils, took a few more steps, and went lumbering off into the woods. Well, we landed. We didn't follow that bear. We had no further use for that bear. In fact we didn't want that bear any more. Don't think we would have taken the gift of him. We sat down and talked it over. Tried to find out which of us was the biggest fool. Told how we might have given him a shove with the oar and sent him under water and when he came up shoved him under again and soon drowned him. Also how a few raps over the nose would have fixed him, and several and various other ways in which we might have captured him. If any of your readers think they could have captured a big bear in the water with nothing but a couple of fish poles and a couple of oars, I should like to see the fun. Well, we continued on to Follansbee Pond and had the best of luck fishing, I got one muscalonge weighing 22lbs. Durfee one of 18 and one of 15, besides some sixty more from 2 to 10lbs. We reached Corey's safely that night, where the women folks made us a present of a leather medal, cut from the leg of an old boot, for going bear hunting without a gun. WALTER AIKEN.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., Dec. 22.

CONCERNING SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the Dec. 25 number of your paper that "Hunter" has some trouble with my combination sight. His experience is not an usual one, and I imagine he carries his rifle in a peculiar way or else he has a sight of my first design with a weak spring.

In timber shooting in the snow there is more or less attention required to keep the snow off the rifle and from its getting into the muzzle. When the rifle is carried so as to be ready for a quick shot, the barrel is more likely to be covered with falling snow than any part back of it. Neither is the combination sight often touched by twigs, much less knocked out of place by them.

If "Hunter" will use the extra large aperture, *i. e.*, $\frac{1}{8}$in. diameter, such as I recommend in my catalogue, he will have no trouble with the frost filling the aperture.

One of your correspondents of some time since complained that at dusk he could not see distinctly through the aperture. If he would use this size aperture and shoot with both eyes open, he will not only be able to shoot better than with any rear barrel sight, but much quicker also.

I conclude that "Hunter" leaves the rear barrel sight on his rifle, as he speaks of often having the combination sight folded. If one has the crotch sight on the barrel he cannot get the best results from the combination sight.

My wind gauge sight is a better hunting sight than the combination sight. One of its advantages is, that it cannot be folded back on the tang of the rifle, and consequently is always ready for use. The top of this sight moves forward by very slight pressure and comes back of itself. It can be turned down forward when the rifle is put away. This sight can be elevated to known distances instantly and without taking the eyes from the game. I will venture to say that this improved sight will meet the wishes of "Hunter" in every respect if he will give it a trial. WILLIAM LYMAN.

MIDDLEFIELD, Conn.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

COONS BY DAY AND NIGHT

A THANKSGIVING HUNT.

LAST Thanksgiving Day my copy of FOREST AND STREAM, of the issue of Nov. 20, reached me, and as I sat enjoying its perusal, the coon stories reminded me of my first Thanksgiving Day in California. I determined then and there that when I got time I would commit the events of that day on paper, for my own amusement as well as (I hope) for that of my readers. In accordance with that mental promise, although somewhat late in the day, I will now attempt the task:

The scene of my hunt was in Colusa county, on the banks of the Sacramento River, about 15 miles below the town of Colusa; and the time was Thanksgiving Day, 1877. I was a newcomer to the State, having only arrived the previous spring, and was just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, with which my new home had greeted me. Everything was new to me; country, climate, scenery, people, game, everything! Even the typhoid fever was a brand new article, and one that did not impress itself upon me as being at all a desirable article to have in the house.

By Thanksgiving Day I had partly recovered my strength, and being anxious and eager to get a chance at the geese, which were clamoring in all directions, night and day, I took a riding horse and went down the river a couple of miles from where I was stopping at the ranch of a friend. The horse they gave me was a Splendid Old Ruin, and ought to have been called Baalbec, like Mark Twain's. He was given me as safe, and warranted not to buck if I shot from his back. He turned out to be like many other old ruins, however; you never know what you are going to meet with in them until thorough exploration has been made. He looked as if all in the world he wanted was to lie down somewhere and be forgotten. If ridden without spurs he would go ten hours in a mile easy, and never sweat a hair. If you got off his back, he needed no tying, as he would just stand there and meditate until your return.

But the sequel will show what was left in the S. O. R. when once awakened.

The geese were all over the country in countless thousands, and one would think, to look at them from the ranch house, that they could be knocked over with a club, so I mounted the S. O. R. and started out to gather in a few dozen.

I was at this time the proud and happy owner of a full-blooded pointer that had been given me a few dayf previously. I did not want him at all, but my friend, the donor, thought I was suffering for a dog more than he was and sent him to me per express, charges prepaid, so there he was and what could I do? Especially as the dog adopted me at once, and killed and brought to me no less than three chickens the very first day of our acquaintance. I rather discouraged him in that pursuit by means of three feet of trace-chain and afterward, if he killed any more chickens, he never brought them to me. He was a good dog, spoiled by bad training, and despite his many failing contrived to wag himself pretty deeply into my affections. His tail had met with an accident in his youth and he had only a six-inch stump left, but this he used with such effect that it looked like a halo around his stern when he was putting in his best licks with it. When I was a boy I had a little dog with only about an inch of a stump—"but that's another story!"

By the way, all dogs ought to have a name, and mine was called Sport. I didn't want Sport's assistance in goose hunting but that made no difference to him. Just as soon as he saw me mount with a gun in hand he determined to go along and help, and all hands on the ranch, together with all the discouraging remarks I could think of at the time, couldn't prevent his doing it. He just went out half a mile or so on the ranch and sat down and waited to see what direction he was going to have to take, in order to be along and have his share of the fun.

After we got started he kept about half a mile ahead of me and didn't leave a goose in that part of the country. To say that I was angry wouldn't do justice to the occasion. I coaxed and commanded, wheedled and scolded to no purpose, and finally lost my temper and yelled cuss words enough at him to paralyze any common dog, but they never paralyzed him, and he kept right on hunting geese.

I finally gave it up in despair and turned toward the timber lining the river bank, determined to give the dog a chance at his legitimate game—quail. Many spots of the banks were thickly timbered with oak and sycamore, with a dense tangle of undergrowth, consisting of wild rose bushes, briers and grapevines, in which dwelt many varmints of all kinds, and in local parlance, a "right smart chance" of quail.

The old dog now retrieved his lost character a little, and it was not long until the pockets of my hunting coat began to bulge with birds retrieved in excellent style by Sport, and handed up to me as I sat on the S. O. R. with such a proud delight that I could do no otherwise than forgive the old scamp.

Here and there along the river, at varying distances from its banks, little mottles or islands of timber exist. In one of these, I marked down a very large bevy of birds, and when I had finished with those I was then engaged with, I went in quest of them. Before I reached the spot every last bird of the lot took wing and flew to the river. I shot two as they passed, which Sport handed up to me, and while I was reloading he entered the timber. In two or three minutes he commenced a most excited baying in the heart of the wood, and presently he became intensely excited, as I could tell by his loud and almost continuous yells. There was only about two acres of ground in the patch of timber, but it was so dense that from no side could I get a view into it of over ten yards in extent. I tried to call the dog out, supposing he was baying a wild hog, but he would not come. My voice seemed only to excite him further, and he got fairly frantic.

At last I dismounted, and leaving the S. O. R. in a deep train of thought, attempted to penetrate the thicket. The dog heard me coming, and redoubled his yells. After infinite labor, and at the cost of many a painful scratch, I reached a point near the center of the wood, and straightened up and gazed around. Some twenty yards away stood an oak stub, about 35ft. high, with two or three branches near its top, covered with a grape vine. Clinging in this vine were three large coons, and a gray fox stood at the top of all, with his feet spread wide apart, resting on the swaying branches of the vine. At the foot of the tree was old Sport, frantic with excitement. He would spring from the ground as high as he could leap, grab a mouthful of the bark of the oak, and fall back into the briers, immediately to repeat the performance. My gun was a muzzleloading Greener (but few breechloaders were in use here then), and both barrels were loaded with No. 9 shot for quail. After viewing the novel and interesting sight for a moment, I threw up my gun and fired one barrel at the lowest coon in the bunch. This failed to knock him down, and only set him to drawing for a higher seat among the congregation. I then gave him the second, which knocked him down, and from the yells and squalls which immediately arose from the foot of the tree, I knew that Sport and he were having a picnic.

I commenced reloading as fast as possible, using coarse goose shot for the charges, but before I could get the caps on the largest coon of all backed down the tree and escaped, taking advantage of the dog being engaged in another direction. I tried to force myself through the thorny tangle to the foot of the tree to stop him, but being still weak from the effects of the fever, had to desist. I lost no time, however, in reloading, and was just in time to tumble the second coon as he was following his companion down the tree. All this time the fox stood without a motion, as beautiful a picture as I ever saw. He would glance at me and then at the scrimmage still going on among the briers as unconcernedly as though he had no personal interest in the affair. I finally gave him the other charge and dropped him after the coons. I again loaded my gun, not knowing but all the surrounding trees were festooned with coons and foxes, and slowly forced my way to where first the snarls of the coon and then the howls of the dog showed that the battle still raged, and that first one and then the other was getting the best of it. My presence incited the dog to greater efforts, and soon he got a "strangle hold" on his opponent and "brought his shoulders to the carpet," and won the match and all the gate money.

Old Sport was not born with blue blood in his veins for nothing. He "stayed with" his man in grand style and won the fight against a heavy male coon, only slightly wounded, in a way to shame many a boasted "coon dog."

After great effort and two trips I got the game out to where the S. O. R. still stood busily thinking, and proceeded to tie it to the saddle. While thus engaged, a large flock of geese came clamoring over, and much to my surprise I brought down one with each barrel.

Gentlemen! but wasn't this luck? Twenty-three quail, two geese, two coons and a fox, all in one afternoon! If any one can beat that on an every-day common goose hunt, let me see the color of his hair! After tying on the game, I mounted and broke into the S. O. R.'s train of thought with a dig in the ribs with the butt of the gun. Right there was where I made the mistake of the day. The Splendid Old Ruin awoke to his surroundings, took one sniff at his odorous burden, and in just one minute and a half by the clock had bucked himself clear of everything, saddle and all, and was making Salvator time for his stable.

It was interesting while it lasted, but, thank the Lord! it didn't last long. Talk about riding a trip hammer! Why, that would be comparative fun to the way this old fiend bucked! First my hat came off; then the game began to come up and hit me in the face and the small of my back; then I had to throw away my gun so as to have both hands to hold on with; next it began to rain dead quail out of my pockets; and finally he got me to coming down as he was going up, and that settled it. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground, with my teeth all loose and a kink in my spine, my game, gun, saddle and blanket scattered around, and the horse nearly home. Old Sport was sitting in front of me, spatting the ground with his stump of a tail, and now and then licking his wounds in a manner that showed he was proud of them.

I was demoralized, there's no use denying it; and weak and sick I sat there until my friend, alarmed by the S. O. R.'s return riderless to the ranch, hitched up his team and came down the river hunting for me.

Thus ended my goose-quail-coon-fox hunt—the first I ever made in California, and the only one I ever made anywhere that yielded such a variety of game on such short notice. AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

ONE KIND OF COON HUNT.

The writer participated in an unsuccessful coon hunt recently—not the regulation night hunt that one reads about with the setting of yelping dogs and flaring torches, but an impromptu, daylight affair.

It was in the Newington woods, a few miles south of Hartford. A light snow, which had fallen the day before, covered the old crust and made tracking possible, though not very easy. I had been amusing myself by untangling the windings of various animals' tracks; squirrels, rabbits, foxes, etc., when about three in the afternoon I came on the trail of a very large coon. The coon had been walking in the bed of a tiny stream, which, being spring water, had melted the surrounding snow and so made a path where he could walk without leaving any tell-tale tracks. Just at this point, however, he had reached the end of his tether in the spring which gave rise to the stream, and his trail was doubly plain by reason of the mud which had clung to his paws.

I followed the footprints across a road, and then down an old wood trail to a place where trampled ground and broken bushes showed that a horse had been tied. From scattered oats and human footprints leading further into the woods, I concluded that some one had left his horse here while hunting; but why this man, whoever he was, had not noticed the coon tracks I cannot tell. He had crossed the trail several times before; at the foot of a giant hemlock it abruptly ended. No doubt he was after rabbits, and didn't know a coon track from a cow track.

The hemlock had low branches, and it did not take me long to make up my mind to climb it. About two-thirds of the way up was a nest of dead leaves and branches, and just as I reached this the coon, an enormous yellow old fellow, raised himself out of it and began climbing the tree. I started down, the other way, as fast as I could. Up to this moment I had not seriously expected to see a coon. I was out for a walk more than anything else, and had not even brought a pistol—which was probably the reason of my luck. I remembered a farmhouse, however, within half a mile, and at once set out for it as fast as I could go, with the intention of borrowing a gun. It was growing dark and there was no other house near. I knew that coons had an unexcelled reputation for toughness, but I thought I could kill this one with a large enough club—and it was my only chance to bring it to bay. Accordingly, having cut a stout stick about 2ft. long, and having slung this to my wrist by a piece of cord, I again climbed the tree. The coon was just where I had left him, and allowed me to get within a few feet before he moved. Then he started for the top of the tree and I after him, climbing hand over hand as fast as I could, for I wanted to reach the top at the same time as the coon. Up the coon went till I thought he would never stop. The tree grew so small that I could clasp it with my hand, and finally bent under the coon's weight. Then he stopped, probably realizing that without wings he couldn't mount higher, and began turning.

Cornered coons are said to be much worse than cornered rats, as they are bigger. This old yellow codger, gritting his teeth in my face, looked ugly against the sky, but I was ready for him and did not allow him to open the ball. I had a good grip on the tree with my left hand, and leaning back I hit him over the side of the head with all the force I could bring to bear. He hung for an instant and then fell. I dodged, and as he passed struck him a second blow.

I heard the coon fall through the branches and then strike the ground like a thousand of brick. Then all was still. I waited thirty seconds or more breathlessly, and then, uncertain whether he was dead or not, I threw the club in the direction he had gone. At once there was a commotion. The leaves cracked, and the next moment the coon shot out from the shade of the tree and began climbing the hill above at a "do or die" rate.

I did not wait further developments, but descended the tree as fast as I could well fall out of it. But though I found the trail, and though I followed it until dark, up ledges and down ledges, I could catch no sight of the coon. The trail headed straight for Hartford, where no doubt the coon was hastening to get out an "assault and battery" warrant. B.

HARTFORD, Conn.

IN COLD WATER STYLE.

Here it is the middle of November and we of the Western slope are just perusing FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16. The first article that strikes my eye is "The Coon Hunters" and your query as to whether they have been idle or unsuccessful.

Now I am not a coon hunter either by profession nor choice, for, as Judge Whalley says of the wild goose, if there is any living thing for which I entertain a supreme contempt it is a coon. But there are coons and coons nevertheless, and we knights of the rod and gun have our experiences with this noble beast of the forest and henhouse at intervals, whether we hold him in contempt or *vice versa*. An old coon has quite a chunk of brain and what he has is just the right kind for his business. He is cunning, quick-witted, discreet, pugnacious in a pinch, tenacious and resolute.

Well, as I was about to say, one night in October Harry Beal, Bill Story and myself, with our dogs and duck guns, started on foot down the Willamette River for Dowes Lake. We started about 3 o'clock A.M. in order to get the early morning flight of ducks. It was a fine starlit night, but no moon. Shortly before reaching the lake the dogs commenced to raise merry Cain off to the left on the bank of a little round wapato pond. Our first thoughts were of cougars and wildcats, and we hurried down to help the dogs. One side of the pond was fringed with scrubby willows, and on our approach some "varmint" dropped out of one of these and ran out into the pond. The dogs, all ambitious to immortalize themselves by some heroic act at the beginning of a day's hunt, and each urged on by the assumed ferocity of his companions and our hurried advance, rushed in after his unknown highness. Then there was considerable "fuss and feathers" and some fighting; but it was so dark that we could only discern four dark objects bobbing around at a lively rate some 20ft. away. We could not take a hand in the *melée*, even had we desired (doubtful), on account of the depth of water and the miry bottom, and firing was out of the question of course. But the preliminary skirmish did not last long and my setter struck out for the shore, his ardor considerably dampened and his ideas of heroic conduct materially modified. Close in his wake came Harry's dog with the appearance of having received satisfaction.

Storey's dog, a powerful red Irish, would not give up the fight, and came up smiling for the second round. We then and there passed judgment on the respective merits of the dogs. Pat's staying qualities were admirable. He was the hero of the hour. We all admired his pluck, but the sequel condemned his judgment.

Now a coon may be a suck-egg and a thief, but he is nobody's fool, and an old coon knows that he is more than a match for any ordinary dog in deep water where neither has a foot rest. So this varmint struck out for deep water, and Pat after him; but no amount of urging could induce the other dogs to aid their brother in distress. Away went varmint and away went dog, while we circumambulated the pond to prevent the victim's escape. By lying close to the ground I could dimly see two dark objects on the gloomy waters of the pond. Time rolled on. The victim found he could not safely leave the pond, for wherever he sought a landing he found a man with a gun. From where I was stationed the glimmer of the starlight on the water gave me a better opportunity to observe the movements of the contestants than either of my companions had. We could not shoot on account of the dog; in fact, I alone could see the objects, and only dimly. So we waited, watched and listened.

Presently Pat either got mad or his second wind, or both, and with a spurt overtook his supposed victim right at the center of the pond. Whew! spit! bang! razors in the air! Well, we have all heard of geysers, boiling springs, volcanic eruptions in mid-ocean, but this was the first thing of the kind I had ever observed by starlight. "Brief and sanguinary" are the correct words I believe. Then all was still. The silence was even more oppressive than before, and I could see but one dark object quietly leaving the field of battle. I looked in vain for the pursuer. He had met the enemy and— "What's the trouble?" called Storey from across the pond. "Nothing," said I,

"except that I guess your dog is a goner." He and Harry started to come around, when presently I was relieved by seeing dark object No. 2 emerge from the water and pull straight for shore. It was Pat, about the worst done-up dog I ever had the pleasure of pulling out on dry land. His strong constitution is all that resurrected him. He staggered and fell, and probably knew how it felt to drown. But in five minutes he was as good as ever, and, no doubt, had more respect for coons than he had before the lightning struck him.

The coon needed rest by this time too, and, as luck would have it, he tried to make a landing within six feet of where Pat and his master stood, and the old dog had the satisfaction of seeing his coonship conquered at last. He was a monster, an old settler, a regular old moss-back. He had undoubtedly been sucking eggs, breaking up birds' nests and devouring wounded wild fowl in that neck of the woods ever since Mt. Hood was a hole in the ground. He was a proficient and a thoroughly educated coon in coon-lore.

Whether the raccoon or Indian "arrathkune" derived his European name from a curious habit he has of dipping or washing his food in water before eating it, as is claimed, I do not know, but he certainly is almost as much at home in water as on dry land, and is a most formidable foe when pursued by a dog to deep water. I know of an instance where a coon drowned two dogs that followed him into the Columbia River. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

TREEING COONS BY SIGHT.

I think beyond a doubt that the so-called "good coon dog" does just as much looking overhead as he does smelling under foot. At any rate, I own more than one dog which carries with him this sterling quality as well as one of the best of noses.

It was a cold night in February, 1890, when I had an undeniable demonstration of this fact. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and after a fairly successful hunt we had started for home. The horn had been sounded and the pack was at our heels. After tramping about two miles in the direction of our headquarters, one of the hounds jumped a trail and started off at full cry. Of course he was followed immediately by the rest of the pack with the exception of one old black hound (old Ben), who in the last coon fight had been severely bitten through the foot. It had been my intention to keep him back if the other dogs started a trail, but it was not necessary, as he stayed quite willingly, no doubt on account of the pain in his foot.

The wind was blowing in fast gusts, and as we trudged along with old Ben at our heels we could hear, now loudly and now faintly, the baying of the distant pack borne to us on the winds. Presently we came to a road which was inclosed by fences on each side. Going down this road for a short distance, we concluded to wait for the pack. I had seated myself on the side of the road when I noticed old Ben looking very intently up into the treetops on the other side of the fence. He did not look long, but with one bound cleared the fence and ran to the foot of a thick low tree about ten yards distant from the fence. Once at the foot of the tree he threw his head high in the air and gave tongue to that deep, melodious tone so familiar to all Southern coon hunters, which tells them that the game is treed. I ran to the foot of the tree, placed the lantern on my head, and as I walked back the light of the bullseye rose higher and higher until it rested on a dark form that could be taken for none other than that of a coon.

Just about this time the panting pack arrived at the foot of the tree, after having followed the trail through all the wanderings of the coon now overhead. The pack no sooner arrived than they joined in the chorus with old Ben, and one would think from the way they stood on their hindlegs and chewed the bark and limbs of that tree that they would need no one to cut it down for them, but would pull it down themselves. It is needless to mention that in less than an hour one more coon was added to our already lengthy list.

I give the above instance as but one out of at least half a dozen that have come under my personal observation during the past year. In the above case I watched the dog closely and he did not once put his nose to the ground, and I am sure he could have had no scent from the coon, as the wind blew from the wrong direction.

LOTOR.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SEASON.

AUBURN, Susquehanna Co., Pa., Dec. 31.—To-day completes the open season for all game in this locality. It was practically closed by a heavy fall of snow on Dec. 17.

The sport began with squirrels Sept. 1, and they were numerous enough for good sport. A goodly number of woodcock were about late in the summer and during the early fall; but owing to the water-soaked condition of all the land, they were so scattered as to be hard to find. I found them as often on dry upland as in their usual haunts.

But I have never known so few grouse in the covers since I carried a gun; caused, doubtless, by the excessive rainfall during the breeding season of the past two years. Extreme wet weather means death to a majority of the young chicks. The decrease in numbers in the past two years is shown by the fact that, shooting over the same ground and about the same number of days each season, during the fall of 1888 I bagged thirty-four, in 1889 fourteen, while this season I secured but four. Nov. 23 I crossed the Susquehanna into Windom township, Wyoming county, a drive of seventeen miles, where I found more game, but not so plenty as in the same locality last season. And every one had the first law of nature down fine and knew how to take care of themselves. Was out two days and bagged six.

As for rabbits, they have been an unlimited quantity all through the season. They were apparently as plentiful at the close as on the opening day. Besides the shooting, almost every thicket and brier patch contained traps and snares. But to the last, any one with a good beagle and in a legitimate way could bag as many as he could desire. Their number must have been legion to stand such a drain. One dealer told me he was shipping 500 a week, and that last season he handled 2,500. With the right kind of a dog they furnish a good deal of sport. But the trouble comes in when getting home with from four to ten in your pockets. BON AMI.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—Rabbit hunting has attained more dignity and importance this winter than at any time of late years, and it is astonishing what resources this region can show in the way of cottontail shooting. This is a sport which made the first breaking in I ever had with the gun in the field, and I have never yet gotten over the boyish enjoyment in it. Last week, all things being favorable, it seemed eminently wise and fitting that a little cottontail hunt should be arranged. As I believe was mentioned earlier, Charlie Gammon was to have been chief conspirator in this scheme, but at the last minute it turned out he could not go, as such things so often do turn out. It is bad luck to change one's mind, especially about a hunting trip, so I went right on down into Indiana alone, trusting to luck for a companion. I got off at Shelby, about fifty miles down the Monon road, and spent the night there. This is right near Water Valley, on the Kankakee. Fuller Island, the scene of the late rabbit stories, is about six miles north of there, and the rabbit shooting in the country about, in almost any direction and beyond two or three miles from the railway tracks, is fair to middling, or may be better than that.

The hotel at Shelby is probably the worst on earth. I do not say it is absolutely the worst, because I did get a good bed to sleep in, but including this fact I am ready to say it is probably the worst hotel in the world, in general bleakness, emptiness and cheerlessness, and in the terror that walks by day over its table d'hôte. A small and excessively blonde boy lighted me to bed at about 11 o'clock, and at some time soon thereafter, it seemed to me, knocked at the door and informed me that breakfast was ready. A few moments later I was struggling with the breakfast. I do not like salt pork when it is slippery, or coffee when it is cold and pallid, or buckwheat cakes when they are clammy with the dew of antedyspeptic melancholy, or potatoes which are proof against the plain steel fork of commerce. I did not like that breakfast, and I don't care who knows it. I wish the cook knew it. He was a new cook, a man of a history of grief apparently, and a visage to curdle the sorghum in the jug, and a fine intelligence of how not to cook anything on earth. Some cooks are built that way, and they reach a perfection in that negative art which is often a source of wonder. From cook and cookery I turned to the buxom waiting girl. I couldn't bear to displease the girl, and I ate many more of those cakes than discretion would have suggested.

"I ain't used to working in a hotel," said the handmaiden with an independent toss of the head; "I just come over for a little while. I ain't been here but about three days. The landlady she's sick. She's got twins, she has, and the cook has to tend to everything 'xceptin' what I do. Won't you have another cake?"

I was cold, shivery, cross and half fed when the first gray of morning appeared, and I stepped out into the chill morning air to find Tim Curtin, the section boss on the "Three I" road (L., I. & I. Ry.), which crosses the Monon here. Charlie Gammon had told me that Tim would probably get me at least part of the way over to De Motte, the next station east, which was to be the base of operations. I found Tim just running his hand car out of the car house. By great good fortune it happened that he was going clear past his own section, over to De Motte, about eight miles from Shelby. Tim sized me up a few moments, and finally told me I could go over with him on the car. A bluff good-hearted Irishman as ever walked, is Tim Curtin, and ready to put himself out to oblige even a stranger. We were soon friends, and in a few moments were pumping away on the hand car, Tim, myself and the solitary hand who constitutes Tim's "gang" on that peaceful bit of railway track.

All this being something new in the way of going hunting was just as pleasant as going hunting itself, and I wasn't in any hurry to get to DeMotte; not as big a hurry as Tim was. A hand car is built this way: You pump up and down, up and down; no pump no go; and after you have once taken hold of the handles you can't let go, because if you do you'll fall off. No matter how tired you are you have to keep on pumping up and down, up and down, and no matter whether you push a pound or not the muscles in your back have to work all the time anyhow. I stood this all right for ten minutes, and even enjoyed it five minutes after that, because I was finding so many new muscles in myself that I never heard of before, but after that I began to get alarmed, and pretty soon I thought I was going to die. But the two Irishmen were happy as larks and were singing as they sped along the rails. This annoyed me excessively and I resolved to pump till I fell off before I would say a word about a stop for breath. We crossed the Kankakee bridge, trundled across the wide marsh beyond, and finally pulled up for a moment at the end of Tim's section, about four miles out of Shelby. Here the pause was only brief. Tim and his man took off their coats and I took off mine. The pumping thereafter was harder than ever, and it seemed hours before we got into DeMotte, though the time was just one hour from Shelby. Oh, that mine enemy had to pump a hand car.

Charlie Spencer keeps the store and post-office at De Motte, and he also keeps the beagle. De Motte isn't a very big place, not more than a few dozen houses at best, it not being very large for its age, which antedates the railway considerably; but it has one feature of superiority over any city of any size. It has a beagle hound which is the best beagle in Indiana, and the best beagle in the United States, as any one will maintain who ever saw and hunted with old Sport. This gray-muzzled, sawed-off, preternaturally-wise looking old hunter was among the first to welcome me to De Motte, where I had never set foot before. Sport knew very well that a rabbit hunt was up.

I had never met Mr. Spencer, the owner of Sport, but it didn't take any great while to get introduced. Mr. Spencer couldn't go hunting that day, but Sport could go, and so could Hank Granger, who also was out with the Gammon party when they were down. Hank Granger is a Kankakee hunter of long-time experience. I don't know whether Hank Granger is a better shot than Charlie Spencer or whether Charlie Spencer is a cleverer fellow than Hank Granger, and will give that up, unsettled. But I do know that if they were not genuine gentlemen they would not have treated any stranger as well as they did me. Thanks to them, I had a chance to see a little work with the beagle and all in all enjoyed one of the pleasantest little outings ever seen.

Hank and I went out before dinner for a preliminary whirl, Sport gravely leading the way down to the railway track, and evidently considering himself a chief factor in the expedition; which indeed he was. We went only about half a mile from town, and turned into one of the little oak openings or mottes of scrubby trunks which cover the whole surface of the country thereabouts. We had hardly crossed the fence when a flurry in the short grass told of a hare making for the woods. He never got there, however. A moment later, Sport was roaring along another trail, which led out into the swamp. The hare sprang from the grass a few feet ahead of him, and at once rolled over at the crack of Hank's "pump gun." And then we had a nice long run after another one, in cover so thick you could hardly see your hand before your face, and finally another shot from the "pump" rewarded the patient little hound, who was sticking to the winding trail and was only about 30yds. behind the game when it was stopped. Then we ran yet another, a very "long" rabbit, and didn't get him, and started yet another, and did get him, and had a shot at a ruffed grouse which went right on, and another shot at a fox squirrel, which Sport treed in great style and which we butchered with the shotgun, very abominably, but the best we could do without a rifle. And then we went in to dinner in a cheerful frame of mind, for now it was apparent that cottontails were thick as flies in summer, and that Sport understood cottontails from the ground up.

I had now forgotten my breakfast at Shelby and the long hour of agony on the handcar, and life seemed very much worth the living on this clear December day in the woods. Moreover, the boys sent me over to Mr. Croxell's for dinner, and there was an example of the kindliness of fate. Mr. Croxell is a '49er, a justice of the peace, and a comfortable philosopher withal. The *Century Magazine*, in its early gold days articles, missed Mr. Croxell and his nine companion 49ers who now make all of the once large Indiana army who crossed the continent in the gold seeking days. I had all the advantage in the world over all the magazines, as I sat and listened to the wonderful stories of a time the mere thought of which will thrill any live man to-day. Furthermore, Mrs. Croxell is one of those good souls to whom good cookery is as natural as easy breathing. What visions of baked chicken, of aromatic coffee, of butter—actual, firm, golden butter, of twelve kinds of country fruit preserves, genuine, delicious, unforgetable, of potatoes brown and crisp, of buckwheat cakes mathematically round, scientifically equal brown, poetically intact and self-respectful and thrillingly grateful to a palate almost weary of this sinful world—no one can know the import of all this who has not lived in Chicago—and then in Shelby! Let me recommend De Motte, rather than Shelby, to northern Indiana shooters who prefer comfort. But it should be borne in mind that on this side of the river the vast expanse of the De Golyer Club grounds run clear down to the railroad and cover most of the best duck marsh. So may be the duck shooters would best keep on Shelby side.

But we were after rabbits, and after dinner we got them. This time we went in the opposite direction, toward the river, and at 2 o'clock debouched into the short cover about a mile west of town, Sport again taking the lead.

Unless one has a trailing dog, he can never tell how many rabbits are in a bit of woods, for the little fellows slip off unobserved or lie too close for notice by the human eye. It is all the worse when there is no snow, and when the ground, as it was here, is bare and brown and leafy. But with old Sport along the case was different. We kicked a few rabbits out of the grass by chance, it is true, but these represented only a small part of what the wise old beagle found. There was hardly a moment when he was not baying on a trail, and as soon as we killed the rabbit he was running, he was off and loudly announcing another. Sport never leaves the trail he is running for a fresher trail, and once started, there is no stopping him till the rabbit is killed. He will then make a great pretense of biting the dead game, in reality hardly disturbing a hair upon it, and at once is off again at a business he loves even more than the human hunters do.

The philosophy of the chase *au beagle* lies in the fact that a cottontail is a natural twister and doubler when pursued. The hunter says "the beagle will bring the rabbit right around where it was started," and so apparently it will, unless a much-chased rabbit leads straight off for some distant hollow log or burrow, although the real fact is, that the rabbit brings the beagle around again to where it started. Again, Sister Mollie rarely works very hard ahead of a slow dog, but runs, squats, twists, doubles, hops, or sits contemplatively erect as her taste or fancy may suggest, only caring to keep a little ahead of that faithful and tireless "on, on, on-on!" which follows her every move through the thickest cover. Mounted on high stumps on the open hillside, we could see the whole panorama of this chase in miniature sweep by us, time after time. The hare was rarely ever more than than 50 or 60yds. ahead of the dog, and only put on a spurt once in a while, after the first flurry of fright had worn off. By getting the general direction through the voice of the beagle, one could get in ahead, and if he reached the line ahead of the dog by 40 to 60yds., could nearly always get a shot. Both Mr. Granger and Mr. Spencer, from long acquaintance with Sport, have great judgment in thus securing chances at the game, and they kill rabbits in cover so dense and close that no one would think of getting a shot there ordinarily.

In a little while Hank and I had the tactics of the local cottontails pretty well solved, and we stood around on stumps and had more fun than a little rolling over the white tails that came bobbing past. There is more fun and more excitement in hunting rabbits this way than in any other, though one must have a well-broken beagle. Sport is evidently well bred, and his natural hunting sense and his long experience have added all he needed. To-day I do not believe he can be beaten as a rabbit dog by any other beagle or by any other dog in the country. I presume that thousands of rabbits have been shot ahead of him, for he is old, his reputation is wide and his owner, Charles Spencer, is very accommodating with him. Hank and I killed fifteen rabbits that afternoon in cover where I doubt if a dogless hunter could possibly have killed half a dozen.

There are a good many quail scattered through that country, and we found frequent sign, but only got up one bevy, out of which we got four. This was on Dec. 20, the last legal day in Indiana for quail, ruffed grouse or squirrel. At night we found after backing in our

afternoon's spoils that we had hung up nineteen rabbits, four quail and one squirrel, not having actually hunted more than half a day. My trip, originally solitary, lonesome and at Shelby much disgruntling, had now changed to a very bright and roseate-colored little experience, and I almost forgave the cook at Shelby for his designs on my life, thinking that after all this is a fairish sort of a world to live in sometimes.

One's mother calls it "out of order," and the doctor calls it "bilious," and writers call it "megrims," and the ignorant call it "ugliness;" at any rate, I had all those things when I left the Smoky City. But now, between the handcar and Mrs. Croxell's butter, chicken and coffee, all this had fled utterly, and in the morning I arose in that state of mind and body usually attributed to fowls of fighting proclivities. The early sun, unspeakably mild and pleasant for the date, shone clear and peaceful over a very beautiful landscape of motte, and marsh, and blue timber line beyond; the air was clear and pure, and to look and breathe was a privilege and a blessing. No megrims. No bilious. Plain glad to be alive, as any animal, human or otherwise, ought to be.

Mr. Spencer could go along to-day, and so could Andy, Mr. Granger's boy, and so could another boy, anxious as all boys are, to go rabbit hunting. So we numbered four guns and a dinner pail bearer.

The rabbits were just as numerous and just as obliging as ever on that day, and by half-past two o'clock we had twenty-odd cottontails piled up on a big stump near the railroad track, to be left till called for. Mr. Spencer had done yeoman work with his pump gun, Hank had done about the same with his pump gun, Andy had a few scored to his single-shooting, double-barrel, snap-and-go-sometimes shotgun, and I had some. We all had a lot of fun, but I believe old Sport had more of that than all of us put together. Certainly, so far as results in rabbits were concerned, the hunt was an intense success and we were content to go home early in the afternoon.

That evening I left my new found friends, the better off for having met them, the richer for one more experience in shooting around Chicago and the more firmly convinced that it pays never to change one's mind, especially about going hunting. After dark my faithful friend Tim Curtin was again on hand with his automatic inquisition machine, the handcar, and soon we were rolling away toward Shelby. It was a lovely moonlight night and we had no trouble in finding our *cache* of rabbits on the stump. The whole top of the handcar was covered with rabbits. Not a head of all the game could I prevail upon Charlie or Hank to take, and so I turned toward the city with nearly 150lbs. of game at least, I should think. I know that when I reached my office I had a four-bushel coffee sack full of rabbits, and it was all two men could comfortably lift. So all the office had rabbits.

The moonlight handcar ride was something of a new experience itself, and my two companions were good company enough for a king. All in all, what more does one want than may lie in the possibilities of a plain rabbit hunt, much sneezed at sport as it is? I would not ask a pleasanter trip or pleasanter companions or better fun. Charlie Gammon missed it by not being along. But, never mind, he'll be wanting to go fishing some time next year and then I won't go with him, so there, now. I believe I mentioned that Mr. J. H. DeLong, of New York, just back from a long trip through Mexico, had debated going on this trip with us. Doubtless he would have seen some fun if he had gone. Rabbit hunting as conducted by Messrs. Spencer and Granger at De Motte, with Sport as leader of the hunt, is one of the applied sciences, and an hour on a handcar with Tim Curtin on the other brake, is an Irish movement cure whose virtues have never yet been sufficiently sung.

Jan. 3—Mr. L. P. Utterback, of Nebraska City, a gentleman and shooter who travels in Nebraska and West, is in town this week. He reports quail as having been unusually abundant in Nebraska the past season, especially along the Republican Valley. At Red Cloud the shooting was remarkably fine.

Mr. John Gillespie is again sick and absent from his corner at Jenney & Graham's. His friends miss him, but hope he will soon pull out all right.

Messrs. C. F. Smith and Geo. Rankin, of Pekin, Ill., with perhaps others, will start in a few days for a 30 days hunt in Arkansas, the scene of former successes.

Mr. Geo. J. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind., is in the city. I saw him down in an oyster house, eating Blue Points and looking happier than anybody.

Charlie Burton and Hank Smith did go rabbit hunting up at McHenry, after all. They tried ferreting without any muzzle on the ferret, though not till afternoon, prior to which time they had bagged 14 or 19 rabbits. A farmer dug a well down after the ferret the next day, and found the rabbit it had killed in the hole, but the ferret had absconded and will now probably proceed to do some rabbit hunting on his own hook.

Mr. David Oliphant is in receipt of a big pickerel, caught through the ice at Lake Wauconda, where the destruction of fish is going bravely on. Mr. Bangs sends down the fish. Mr. Bangs keeps an alleged hotel in the summer, and loves anglers. Yet on this very lake Mr. Oscar Blomgren tells me he once had an invitation, not from Mr. Bangs, but from a resident fisher, to go out and assist in dynamiting some fish. Mr. Blomgren made the fellow leave the lake. These are methods of the summer hotel men; to be careless, summer or winter, who fishes or how he fishes. Money, and the last cent of it, as quick as possible, is what is wanted at Wauconda and plenty of the other lakes around here. The hotel keepers and natives catch the fish in the winter, sell them to the anglers at 5 cents a pound, and then expect the anglers to come and pay $5 a pound the next summer.

A Swedish gentleman of northern Minnesota is importing some specimens of the great grouse known in Sweden as *arre*, and once known in Scotland as capercailzie. He wishes to introduce the bird into the wooded regions of his locality, and thinks it will do well there. If this great bird, nearly as large as a turkey, and as wild and shy as any game bird, could by care and effort be added to our game birds, a most desirable event would be added to the history of sport. But this is a poor country to bring a bird to if it needs any protection.

On the ledge above the windows of my office the English sparrows congregate, and my friend Oliphant, who lives above, tells of a duel he lately saw fought out on the stone ledge below his window between two of these pugnacious and gritty birds. He says they fought to a standstill, and lay eyeing each other, with wings stretched out and breasts throbbing, but too tired to make a movement. He thinks both birds died.

Some days ago a gentleman residing in the East, but well known throughout the Union for his patience and knowledge in ornithological matters, wrote in regard to the use of the term "tiger brant," employed in the casual mention of a Dakota shooting trip from which some Chicago gentlemen had lately returned. The query was in this form: "I want to know the species referred to, and whether the term is in common use in any locality." From what I had heard of the bird referred to I supposed it was the one known in the West, especially along the Arkansas River, as the "speckled brant," although the name "tiger brant" is, so far as I ever heard, unknown there. I replied to the query practically to the above effect. Since then I have been able to talk with Mr. Geo. T. Farmer, the shooter who used the term "tiger brant." As his words may bring out yet further discussion of the vernacular names of several of our wildfowl, I may perhaps be permitted to give them here. Mr. Farmer once was with the Hudson's Bay Co., stationed above Winnipeg. He remarked:

"The 'tiger brant' is a bird which is I think undoubtedly a mongrel between the Norway goose and the laughing goose. I think it a freak. It is not usually numerous, and I do not think it a clear species. It is not known by that name widely, probably nowhere but in a limited region in Manitoba and Dakota. I may have been the first to give the bird that name, so far as I know, though I have often heard it so called since in these regions, and never heard it called by any other name. In description, this bird has a slate colored breast; it has no white collar, like the Canada goose, but the neck is white and slate blended. One distinguishing mark is the long and pointed feathers which are set on back of the wing, just as you will find on the pintail duck.

"The Norway goose, as I always heard it called, is a mottled gray and brown in body color, with white neck, white breast, and yellow bill and feet.

"The laughing goose is, I think, the same bird that in lower latitudes is known as 'speckled brant.' The breast is heavily mottled.

"The wavy goose, as known in the Northwest, is a white bird, with black tips to the wings. The snow goose is much the same, barring the black tips to the wings.

"The Hutchins goose is marked much the same as the Canada goose, but is very much smaller.

"There are two kinds of Canada geese, the long-necked and the short-necked. They are of about the same size and markings, the only difference being in the length of the neck. I have often killed both sorts. I killed two tiger brant on the Dakota trip this fall. As I understand it, we have no real brant in this country, the true brant being a salt water bird."

Mr. Farmer's remarks are interesting because they give the local names, from a shooter's standpoint, and not from that of a naturalist. If I may be allowed, I would like to give the local names of some of these same birds as we knew them on the Arkansas River, in Kansas, which was the only place where I ever shot them to any extent.

The Canada goose is largely known along the Arkansas as the "honker," rarely as "honker goose" and sometimes as "Canada goose." I never heard of the long or short-neck distinction there.

The Hutchins goose is the commonest goose on the Arkansas except the "white goose." The Hutchins goose is there commonly called the "gray goose." When a shooter there spoke of having killed "so many geese" he always meant these "gray geese" (Hutchins) or "white geese." The honker was always specially mentioned. In this country in Illinois, Indiana and Iowa the hunter in speaking of "geese," or "wild geese," always means the Canada goose, because that is now almost the only one seen here.

The terms "wavy," "waver," or "wavy goose" I never heard on the Arkansas. The "white geese" all come under one head, and no distinction in name was made for the black wing tips.

The term "speckled brant" was not used any oftener, and perhaps not so often as the name "brant," referring to the same bird. I never have killed one of these birds.

The terms "Norway goose" and "laughing goose," or "laughing brant" I never heard on the Arkansas. In our shooting there we used often to kill white geese with reddish feathers mottled all over the breast, and other geese mottled in all sorts of ways in slate, brown and gray, but these we always lumped off under the general name of "geese," and considered as mongrels of the different clearer species. I imagine that one of those big flocks of the Arkansas River would have presented an interesting variety of geese for the naturalist to study. But in all of our experience there I never knew a bird which, in memory at least, tallies quite with the detailed description given by Mr. Farmer of the "tiger brant." Neither did I ever hear the names "Mexican geese" and "blue geese" given by Capt. Bogardus in his book "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting" to some wildfowl known near this locality in earlier days.

In my boyhood, in central Iowa we used occasionally to kill a bird which was known all through that region as the "brant." In size it was between the Canada goose and the mallard duck. It was marked almost identically like the Canada goose, white color and all, but as I vaguely remember it now, this bird was certainly not the same as the Hutchins goose. It had no name but "brant" in central Iowa, and was much prized as a game bird. I very well remember the shrill chattering gabble of these birds in flight. It was the note of the Canada goose, keyed very much higher and given more rapidly. But we never used the term "laughing brant" there. I never have seen one of these "brant" in Illinois, and I never saw a "white" or "wavy" goose in either Illinois or Iowa. These seem now to cross further west, stopping on the Platte and Arkansas rivers.

It would be very interesting if Mr. Thos. Johnson, who lives at Winnipeg, and shoots all through that country, would give us the names of these birds as he knows them in his section. And I wish "Shoshone," who certainly knows a great deal about the wildfowl along the Platte, would, of his wider experience, tell what the same birds are called out there. Thus a considerable distance in the north and south migration will have been covered, and perhaps somewhere in that stretch of country we may hear more of the "tiger brant" or of these strange crosses and mixes in the goose family.

E. HOUGH.

COMPARATIVE POWDER TESTS.

IN presenting the cuts of the leading targets made in the comparative powder test a good opportunity occurs to comment somewhat upon the various points of that test. Above all things it emphasizes what we have often take occasion to remark, and that is the influence of loading upon the result attained. Thus it was that the Lyman powder, loaded by the powder inventor for all-round work, turned out the leading per cent. and far ahead of a previous article of the same brand. So it was that the E. C., the Schultze and the Dead Shot powder, loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold, the accredited agents for these powders, came to the range loaded in the very best fashion. On the other hand the wood powder, which was purchased at the last moment, came from a stock of factory-loaded ammunition put up nobody knows when and it is claimed not loaded for the best results from the particular powder employed. It would even appear from the analysis that the proper charge of powder, according to the label, is not found in the cartridges.

Upon this matter of loading, we would once again allude to the importance of having wads of a size large enough to fully fill the gun barrel from the chamber mouth to the muzzle of the piece. This is especially true of nitro powders and where a wad pushed a short distance into the barrel shows a ring of light all about it, there is little wonder that the gas passing by the wad mixes with the shot and sends the pellets in a confused scattering shower, without any sort of a pattern at the point aimed for.

Our test of Nov. 28 then turned out to be a test of loading as well as of powders, and those who study the results for all they are worth, will not be convinced that the wood powder cartridge did that brand of explosive full justice in the comparative exhibit.

Another point of note, in giving credit where credit is due, is in the shells used with the E. C., the Schultze and the Dead Shot powders. They were made by the U. M. C. Co. for Von L. & D., and are differently constructed from the other American makes of cartridges. Instead of a flat cap with which the flash of the fulminate has to travel around the anvil and then through a long narrow paper funnel or channel before reaching the lower end of the powder charge—these are made like the new English cases, with deep narrow caps delivering the heat and flash of the exploding fulminate well into the charge of powder.

While the several powders were under trial, another set of cartridges were brought out. They had reached the office of FOREST AND STREAM accompanied by the following explanatory note:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As there has been some discussion as to whether American wood powder deteriorated with age I take the liberty of forwarding to you twelve cartridges loaded in October, 1888. They were loaded as follows: No. 12, U. M. C. Club cases, primed with black powder as much as was held by a small cup, made by wrapping a piece of paper around a leadpencil and then doubling the end over, 3¼drs. American woodpowder, trap grade, Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.'s measure struck off was then added and settled by shaking and striking the block with a small wooden mallet. Three No. 12 black-edge wads were then inserted and each settled separately with a blow of the mallet. On this 1⅛oz. Spark's No. 8 chilled shot were added and then a cardboard wad and the shell crimped. In using wood powder I have never found the slightest difference in the loads and have never been jarred by a single one in the slightest degree; neither have I been troubled with pitting of my gun barrels, possibly because I clean my gun after each day's use. As these shells are loaded with No. 12 wads it would be advisable to use in trying them a gun bored small instead of one that will allow a 12 wad to drop through the barrels.—G. G. D.

On analysis the cartridge showed up as follows:

Loading.	Powder.	Shot.
Card over shot and B.E.	1..44 grains.	545 grains. 510 pellets.
and P.E. over powder.	2..42 grains.	558 grains. 514 pellets.
Black powder at base.	3..44 grains.	544 grains. 505 pellets.
Average.....43 grains.		547 grains. 510 pellets.

Three shots were fired from each barrel of the Colt gun under trial. One of the right barrel shots was aimed too far off to be a fair showing, but the others pan out as follows, the left barrel, although a full choke one, not showing best pattern:

Right Barrel.			Left Barrel.		
Aimed Circle.	Selected Circle.	Penetration.	Aimed Circle.	Selected Circle.	Penetration.
1.191 pellets	258 pellets	5 sheets	1.159 pellets	174 pellets	4 sheets
2.....	.....	. . . .	2.239 pellets	252 pellets	9 sheets
3.293 pellets	293 pellets	6 sheets	3.295 pellets	295 pellets	8 sheets
242 pellets	275 pellets	5½ sheets	231 pellets	240 pellets	7 sheets

This it will be seen gives a percentage of pellets accounted for in the selected circles of 54 in the right and 47 in the left barrel. The powder turned out from the cartridge in good shape, and there is no doubt that somewhat of the rather medium result shown come from the looseness of the wads in the barrel, bored as American barrels too largely are, very appreciably above the gauge marked on them.

In examining the targets following, the point A is the center of the "budd" placed on the white sheet and the point C is the center of the circle struck for best pattern, as in all these cuts the object in giving them is to show how even the arm patterns, as this important point is not covered in the tables of figures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To guard against misapprehension by the public will you kindly permit us the following statement regarding your article on "Comparative Powder Tests," in your issue of this date, Jan. 1.

Those of our cartridges which you call "Lyman No. 2" were not, as you seem to suppose, "specially prepared," nor were they "loaded with special reference to their work as test cartridges." Those that were used at Claremont were taken from the stock on hand at our agency in New York city and differed in no respect from the regular goods that we were then, and are still, selling to the public.

Regarding the statement that our so-called No. 2 cartridges were "loaded by experts," this is no more true of the cartridges used at Claremont than it is of all the goods of our manufacture. The peculiarities of our powder are such that, in order to bring it into a compact perforated cake that shall have all the advantages incident



BLACK POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 207 PELLETS



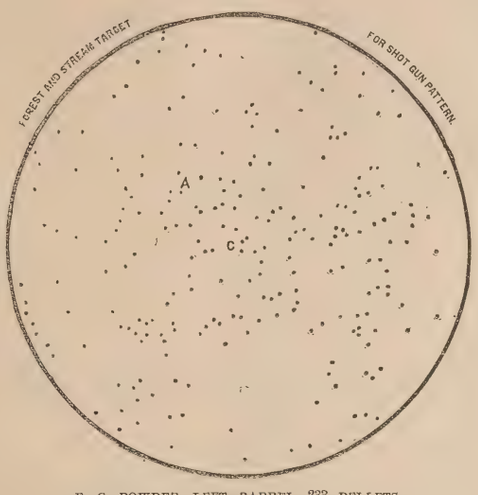
E. C. POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 222 PELLETS.



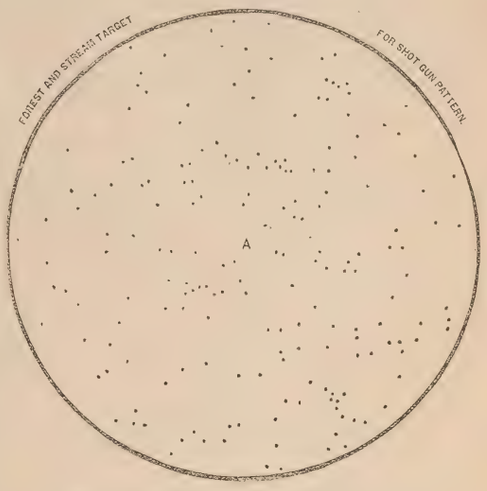
LYMAN POWDER NO. 1, RIGHT BARREL, 174 PELLETS.



BLACK POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 220 PELLETS.



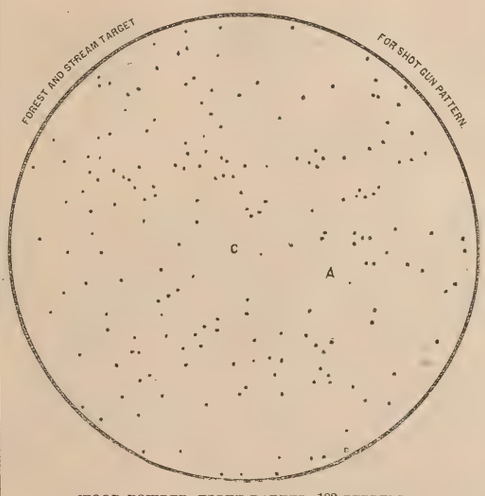
E. C. POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 233 PELLETS.



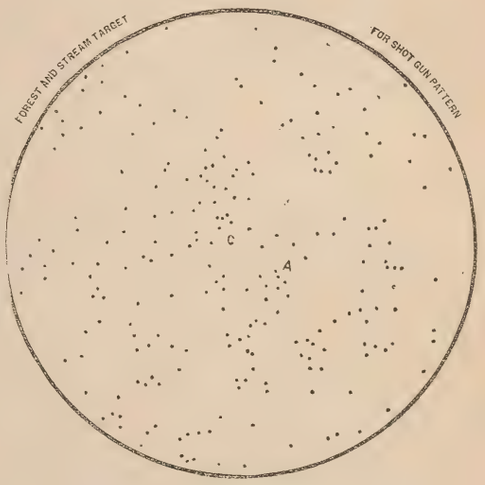
LYMAN POWDER NO. 1, LEFT BARREL, 173 PELLETS.



SCHULTZE POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 195 PELLETS.



WOOD POWDER, RIGHT BARREL, 183 PELLETS.



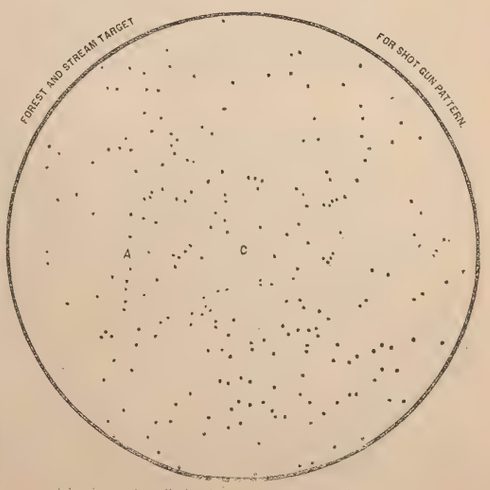
LYMAN POWDER NO. 2, RIGHT BARREL, 230 PELLETS.



SCHULTZE POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 211 PELLETS.



WOOD POWDER, LEFT BARREL, 229 PELLETS.



LYMAN POWDER NO. 2, LEFT BARREL, 230 PELLETS.

to that form of charge and yet shall possess the requisite uniformity of action, expert skill on the part of the manufacturing artisan is necessary. We take pleasure in having it made known, through the columns of your excellent journal, that all of our standard cartridges are "expert" made.

In one respect we think that the trial at Claremont and your report of the same does us a positive injustice. You comment on the wide difference in performance between our so-called "No. 1" and our so-called "No. 2" cartridges, and say that this difference "has a bearing on the growing question of factory vs. special loads for effective work." This is an error, for the fact is that the two cartridges were made by the same persons and with the same tools. But a more important fact in this connection is that the "No. 1s" were taken from the remains of the first lot that we put upon the market, and were made before we had accurately gauged the public demand as to the force required for the average charge. The manufacture of this grade had been wholly discontinued before the Claremont test and the more efficient and reliable Expert No. 2 substituted as our regular commercial goods.

Had we been consulted as to the conditions of the test at Claremont (which perhaps would not have been unfair in a trial which you represent as specially designed to put our new explosive in competition with the most approved sporting powders of the day) we should have insisted, as a matter of simple justice, that the trial be made with those cartridges only that we had adopted as our regular improved manufacture. Would it not also have been fairer that our cartridges, taken from stock, should have been compared with rival cartridges also taken from stock, and not with those which were "specially prepared" by their respective representatives "with reference to their work as test cartridges?"

We should have been gratified again had your report set forth the facts in regard to the recoil and smoke of our cartridge, which as represented by the expert selected by you to do the shooting, were noticeably low.

LYMAN CARTRIDGE CO.

No. 9 CHAMBERS STREET, New York City, Jan. 1.

[The statement of the Lyman Co. respecting the two cartridges of that make in the test of Nov. 28, is entirely in accordance with facts, and not contradicted by the report of the trial. When the comparison was urged by the Lyman Co. representative, an invitation was extended by him to take a sample box of loaded shells from stock. This was subsequently done several weeks before the date of test, and accounts for Lyman No. 1 of the test. Later the charge No. 2 was offered for use at the trial with the statement that this was then, as it has been since, the standard output of the company. The low percentage of the two stock-bought charges in comparison with the other ammunition seemed to justify the remark that there was a bearing in this fact upon the question of factory vs. special loads. Standing beside the gunner on the day of the test, it was seen at a glance that as far as smokelessness went, the Lyman powder was excelled by none.—GUN ED. F. & S.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Shotgun users are your debtors again. The report from your ranges at Claremont, of Nov. 28, is instructive and valuable. The results established seem to corroborate those of similar experiments there and otherwheres previously made and to confirm the unwritten opinion of the majority of sportsmen that for all-round reliability nothing has yet been found to exceed black gunpowder, a confirmation very satisfactory to those of us—and many of us there be—whose purses appreciate the difference between cartridges which cost one cent and a half a piece and those which cost two or three times that amount. For certain uses of certain persons, and for all the uses of certain others, the costly nitro-compounds will always be a *sine qua non;* but the advantage claimed for these explosives, as, less noise, less smoke, less recoil, will assume smaller proportions when black-powder shooters use lighter loads, as they certainly will if they heed the lessons taught by such gun and powder tests as yours, especially if they have any experience of the eye-stinging vapors, the ugly "kicks," the breech-fouling and defiling residuum, the bursted shells, the balling of shot and the "unaccountables," so often concomitant to the use of nitro-explosives.

It is to be regretted that nothing has yet been devised to accurately determine, at the ordinary gun testing ranges, the penetration of shot. The pad used is almost worthless. The slotted carrier charged with cards at regular intervals is better, but its value is impaired by the varying of the cards not only in their composition but as well in the tightness of their lodgment in the slots. I suppose we will never have the gratification of studying the targeting at your ranges of the high grade English guns of Purdey, Dougal *et id genus omne.* There are such within five miles of your targets, "80yds. killers" in the fond opinions of their owners, but they make no appearance in the records of the FOREST AND STREAM gun tests, in whose impartial scales many a pet theory has been weighed and found wanting; for behold, even the very cartridges, under the monotonously accurate count of those tests now submit themselves for trial loaded with approximate uniformity. CROTON.

NEW YORK.

ABOUT LOADING.—Ponkapog, Mass.—I have been much interested in the discussion upon the different charges of powder for a twelve-bore shotgun, and I am in favor of good-sized charges, as in my experience they have invariably proved best. An illustration of this occurred last fall when shooting snipe. The first time I tried them my shells were loaded with 3drs. powder, and though they were large, strong birds and flushed a trifle wild, I was surprised to see how few I killed. Thinking that the difficulty might lie in the charge, I ordered twenty-five shells to be loaded with 3½drs. powder. A short time after I chanced to have half an hour or so to spare; I took these shells and went after snipe. I had seven shots at single birds and out of those I dropped five, killing them dead every time. This may be I or it may be my gun, but I have my own opinion. The principal thing that made me use larger charges was a very large snipe which rose and was flying across a stream when I fired my 3drs. at him and knocked out a dozen or more feathers. Much to my disgust the snipe, after steadying himself, managed to fly across the river and drop on the other side, where it was impossible to secure him. If I had used 3½drs. then I do not doubt that I should have killed him.—J. H. B.

THE OHIO GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to call your attention to the proposed amendments to the game laws of Ohio on the following pages. These amendments are in accordance with the views of the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, and many sportsmen and farmers throughout the State, to whom I sent blanks for the express purpose of obtaining their opinion on the subject.

The greatest evil at present existing is the want of uniformity in the game laws of contiguous States, one result of which is the probability of our market being filled with game during the close season in our own State, when the said game may be lawfully killed in adjoining States; and this objection applies to every species of game recognized by our laws. On the other hand, we are deprived of the privilege of shooting or purchasing game during the Christmas holidays, the only season that a majority of our people can afford to enjoy the pleasures of the field, and the time of all others when the purchase of game is desirable.

By referring to the game seasons of the several States surrounding Ohio it will be seen that the proposed amendment to the Ohio game laws is in the nature of a compromise with the adjoining States. The attention of the proper authorities of said States will be called to this fact and every effort will be made to induce their State Legislatures to so amend their game laws as to conform to our proposed laws.

It will be observed that our proposed open season for squirrels begins June 1; for woodcock, pheasant, prairie chickens and ducks begins Sept. 1; for deer and wild turkey begins Oct. 1, and for quail and rabbit Nov. 1; that all open seasons close on Jan. 1. This simplifies matters greatly. The laws for deer, wild turkey and prairie chicken, which can hardly be said to exist in the State, are principally to govern their sale in our market and to protect neighboring States.

The usual excuse for violating our present quail law is that it is the shortest open season in the Union for that bird, or that many who can shoot only during the Christmas holidays are deprived of that pleasure. By extending the open season from Nov. 1 to Jan. 1 (a period of two months), while not so long a season as the majority of adjoining States, it is amply long enough, and would satisfy hundreds who now feel aggrieved. There were, probably, more quail in Ohio in 1890 than ever known, which is to be accounted for by the mild winter and the absence of deep snows during the past few years, and not to our short open season. Deep snows are more destructive to quail than an open season throughout the entire year.

It is proposed, as will be seen, to do away with two great evils—summer shooting of woodcock and spring shooting of ducks. Woodcock are immature, and soon spoil when shot in the hot days of July and August. Ducks are lean, tough and fishy in the spring, and unfit for food. Every true sportsman will appreciate and favor these proposed amendments.

With the amended laws, there will be no excuse for a man to be seen afield with gun or dog before Nov. 1, because we, practically, have no deer, wild turkey or prairie chicken, and the pursuit of squirrels and pheasants necessarily restricts the sportsman to the woods and thickets, and of snipe and woodcock, to wet and marshy ground.

It would be idle to refer to the great good to be derived from just, equable and uniform game laws in increasing and preserving the game of the several States—the facts are patent to all—but I would appeal to the farmer, above all others, to give his influence and consideration to the protection of game. The farmer can do more than all others in this direction. The game is on his land; it is constantly under his eye; he has the authority of the trespass law to keep intruders away, both in and out of season; and while the people at large can make and enforce laws for its protection, it is to the farmer that they look, principally, for its preservation.

I know that many farmers think that the game laws are made entirely in the interest of sportsmen, and on this account are either lukewarm in their support, or opposed to their enforcement; but there never was a greater mistake than this. I am also aware that some farmers regard game protective clubs as organizations for selfish purposes only, and look upon them with suspicion. I know that the effective organization known as the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, is regarded by many farmers in this light, and while the imputation may be a natural one, it is untrue. The object of this club, as defined in its constitution, is for the protection, preservation and increase of game and fish as food for the people, and not for sporting purposes. Of its very large membership, less than one-tenth ever shoot or fish, and the majority of those who do, go to more favorable localities outside of the State for their sport.

We expect the farmers to work hand in hand with us in protecting our song, insectivorous and game birds, by favoring the passage of the proposed amendments to our laws, and to give us their moral and active support in enforcing them. JAMES A. HENSHALL,

Sec'y Ohio Fish and Game Commission.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26, 1890. Cor. Sec'y Cuvier Club.

The bill is as follows:

A bill to amend sections 6,960, 6,961 and 6,963, Revised Statutes of Ohio:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, that sections 6,960, 6,961 and 6,963 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio be amended to read as follows:

Sec. 6,960. Whoever shall kill, maim, trap, net, snare, catch with bird lime or any similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song, or any insectivorous bird, or any linnet, bluebird, yellow hammer, yellowbird, thrush, woodpecker, catbird, pewee, martin, oriole, killdeer, snow bird, hummingbird, wren, robin, meadow lark, kinglet, lark, dove, mockingbird, swallow, chewink, nuthatch, warbler, finch, sparrow (except the house or English sparrow), grosbeak, bobolink, phœbe bird, or any wild bird other than game birds (the shooting of which is regulated by law), or disturb or destroy the nests or eggs of any bird mentioned above, including game birds, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than five dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, and in default thereof, imprisoned in the county jail until said fine and costs are paid.

For Scientific Purposes: Said Section 6960 shall not apply to any person killing or catching any of the birds therein mentioned, or taking their eggs for scientific purposes, provided that such person has a certificate, granting such privilege, from the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of Ohio.

Game Birds: The term "game birds" as used in this section shall mean the birds mentioned in Section 6961, Revised Statutes.

Sec. 6961. No person shall on any place, catch, kill or injure, or pursue with such intent, any quail, except between the first day of November and the following first day of January, inclusive, of each year; or any

Ruffed grouse or pheasant, except between the first day of September and the following first day of January, inclusive, of each year; or any

Pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, except between the first day of September and the following first day of January, inclusive, of each year; or any

Woodcock, except between the first day of September and the following first day of January, inclusive, of each year; or any

Wild duck, except between the first day of September and the following first day of January, inclusive, of each year; or any

Wild goose, except between the first day of September and the following first day of January, inclusive of each year; or any

Wild turkey, except between the first day of October and the following first day of January, inclusive of each year; or any

Squirrel (fox, gray or red), except between the first day of June and the following first day of January, inclusive of each year; or any

Hare or rabbit, except between the first day of November and the following first day of January, inclusive of each year.

No person shall at any time catch, trap or snare quail.

No person shall at any time or place kill, wound or catch, or pursue with any such intent, any wild duck or wild goose with any device or instrument known as the swivel or punt gun, or with any artificial light, or with the aid of any sink-boat or battery, steam or naphtha launch, or with any trap or net, or with any gun other than such guns as are habitually raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder;

No person shall at any time or place kill, wound or catch, or pursue with such intent any wild duck or wild goose on Monday or Tuesday of any week, except in the waters of Lake Erie and estuaries and bays thereof:

No person shall shoot or hunt any birds, game or animals, or have in his possession in the open air for such purpose, the implements for shooting or hunting the same on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than $25 nor more than $100, and in case of neglect or refusal to pay such fine, shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than 30 days; and all fines collected under this act shall go to the county fish and game fund in the county wherein the offense is committed, unless otherwise directed and ordered by the Fish and Game Commissioners of this State.

It shall be the duty of prosecuting attorneys to prosecute all violators of this section in their respective counties. And it is hereby made the duty of the wardens and assistant wardens of this State to prosecute all violators of this act, in connection with the prosecuting attorneys of the counties wherein such offense shall have been committed, and such prosecuting attorneys shall be entitled to the same fees as are now allowed by law for the collection of forfeited bonds.

Sec. 6963. No person shall catch, kill or wound, or pursue with such intent, any wild deer, except between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1, inclusive, of each year; and any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than $25 nor more than $100, and in default thereof shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than 30 days.

SECTION 2. Said Sections 6960, 6961 and 6963 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

MR. DEERY'S PARTRIDGES.—A despatch from New York states that the Customs authorities there have, upon the request of the Canadian Customs, been looking up figures regarding shipments of partridges made to the United States by Thomas Deery, of Bonsecours Market. Deery, it is charged, made large shipments of these to New York under the name of "poultry," some of the largest purchasers of game in New York having been supplied by him. The buyers in New York readily gave all information regarding their purchases, and this information is now in the hands of the Customs officials at Ottawa. The Canadian game laws prohibit altogether the export of partridges, and a fine of $100 can be imposed for each and every shipment. Mr. Thos. Deery keeps stall No. 1 in Bonsecours market, and deals largely in game and poultry. Having secured orders for shipments of partridges from parties in the United States, Mr. Deery had no hesitation in filling them, and under the non-committal designation of "poultry," shipments of partridges went steadily across the line. In all about 210 shipments were made. The Customs officials got scent of Mr. Deery's unlawful practices, however, and one fine day in November, Mr. Waters, special officer, paid a friendly visit to Mr. Deery's store and asked permission to look at his books. Mr. Deery cheerfully complied, and felt indignant when, after a short examination, the Customs officer seized the books and sent them to Ottawa. After the books had been examined at Ottawa they were returned to Mr. Deery, with the intimation that the Government proposed to collect a little fine for this offense, at $100 a shipment. The total fine for which Mr. Deery is liable is $21,000, which he is indisposed to pay. Mr. Deery immediately retained Mr. J. N. Greenshields, Q. C., and proposes to fight the case out in the courts. He pleads ignorance of the law forbidding the export of partridges, and thinks that on this account the fine should not be insisted upon. The case will come up at the next Exchequer Court.—*Montreal Star, Dec. 26.*

A NEW ROCHESTER ASSOCIATION.—Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new organization for the propagation and protection of game and fish in this vicinity was organized here last night. A constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: Pres., Wm. S. Kimball; Vice-Pres., J. R. Fanning; Sec'y, Edmond Redmond; Treas., Frank B. Bishop. Directors, James H. Brown, J. W. Oothout and J. K. Beckwith. The annual dues were fixed at $3 and no initiation fee is to be charged. It is the purpose of the association to obtain from the South or West 5,000 quail and liberate them in the counties surrounding this city. The members do not intend to try and monopolize the shooting but several of them have made liberal subscriptions to a fund for purchasing quail. The coöperation of farmers and all others who want to see the experiment succeed is invited, and when the birds are procured they will be distributed free of cost over such grounds as there is reasonable hope that they will thrive on. The name of the society is the Monroe County Sportsman's Association. The next meeting will be held at the same place on the evening of the day next week that FOREST AND STREAM arrives in Rochester, and all who see this and are interested are earnestly invited to attend and become members. An association like this should certainly succeed in this county, and if the aims are carried out, will be a power in furthering the interests of legitimate sport in this section.—OSCEOLA.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 2.—Before another week shall have been added to the score of time there will be organized another club for the purpose of controlling a game preserve. The scheme is backed by a number of well-known sportsmen, all of whom are very enthusiastic over the location which is to be secured. A preliminary meeting is to be held the early part of next week when steps are to be taken to launch the organization and give it a name. The land which the gentlemen have in view is known as West Prairie. It it situated about twenty miles north of here on the Alton road. Generally speaking it is low and marshy, having a couple of good sized lakes on it, and is famous for snipe and ducks.—UNSER FRITZ.

VIRGINIA GAME.—The quail shooting season, which closed Dec. 25, was one of the most remarkable known for many years. The birds were extremely abundant. Mr. Frank Belt, one of the most successful gunners, killed 300 between Nov. 1 and the close of the season. Many birds are left over. Near Berryville, Clarke county, in going a distance of about three miles along the Shenandoah River, Dec. 29, Mr. Cannon saw eight coveys of quail while hunting rabbits; the coveys contained about 8 to 10 birds each. The same state of things is reported to be general. Pheasants have been more plentiful than usual on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Rabbits are common enough. Mr. Cannon, who was armed with an old musket, killed 17 in one day.—R. E. LEWIS (Washington, D. C.).

SIDE-HUNTS.—The game count list of the Palmyra, N. Y., Forest and Stream Club is as follows: Fox, 200; geese, wild, 100; partridge, 50; duck, wild, 59; coon, 50; woodcock, 40; skunk, 40; hawk, 40; owl, 40; snipe, 30; plover, 30; squirrel, black, 20; gray, 20; red, 20; rabbit, 20; woodchuck, 20; pigeon, wild, 20; weasel, 20; rail, 20; marsh hen, 20; kingfisher, 20; dove, 10.—ALEX. P. MILNE, Pres.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT FISHING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

"THERE are no trout in North Carolina," said a gentleman to a friend of mine in the cars of the R. & D. Railroad. My friend was on his way to try his fortune among the trout up here; the other gentleman was on his way to Florida to hook a tarpon—if he could. Now a ½lb. trout caught in a clear stream with a rapid current rippling over clean gravel and rocks, with rapids and cascades at the foot of which the fish lie waiting for a chance fly, and winding through shady woods and groves of rhododendrons and laurels, picturesque gorges, and moss-covered rocks which rise in cliffs 100 to 500ft., is worth more than any tarpon taken after a week's waiting on a boat anchored over a mudhole. And when one may haply take a fish of a pound or more or a *Salmo irideus* of 2 or 3lbs., and fill a 12lb. basket in half a day's fishing, I should say there are trout in North Carolina. And this is just what may be done here in the northwestern corner of the State, where the Tennessee, the Chattooga and other large rivers have their birthplace. Here the elevation above sea level is about 3,500 to 4,000ft. The water is cold, pure and clear as crystal; there are no mosquitoes or other troublesome flies, and abundant streams. Yes, there are trout in North Carolina, the genuine crimson-spotted brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), and the beauty of the mountains through which the streams meander in the bends, or ripple over rapids, or rush down the numerous falls adds much to the pleasure of the sportsmen who have found out that there are trout in the South. Just here the three States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia corner together, and the waters which flow into the Atlantic rise from the clearest, coldest springs within gunshot of those which flow into the Gulf of Mexico. It is the highest point of the Blue Ridge, which here forms a sort of horseshoe, and rises almost perpendicularly 1 500ft. above the highest portion of the Piedmont country, forming an extensive table land. The rocks are the oldest of the geologic series, the granites and schists, which do not make mud, and from which the copious rivers from the clouds, which often sweep the surface and envelop the high peaks, pour out as pure as they fall. No finer trout are found anywhere, and although the season has as yet hardly begun my friend aforesaid has enjoyed some very fair fishing with the fly. As to quantity let me give doubters a few facts—not fish stories. I have seen a man who had a boy with him to string the fish bring in more than 300 in half a day's work. Yes, it was work, not sport, he was a pot-fisher and a poacher, whose object was to get fish for sale at one cent each, take them as they come on the string.

I have sent two men a mile down the stream at the end of the season with a box, with small holes in it, to take fish alive to stock a breeding pond with, and in three days more than 1,000 fish have been turned into the pond. This is necessary to keep up the stock, unduly reduced by the poachers aforesaid, who supply the boarding houses and hotels during the summer, and who prefer my portion of the stream because it is near the town. So much for quantity. I should say, however, that for several years past there has not been so much poaching as formerly, and by stocking my pond late in the season the fish are brought up to the headwaters of the river, where they spawn and so keep up the supply, finding their way down again after having spawned. I have taken brook trout, here called mountain trout, 14 to 21in. long. The rainbow trout, of which I put in some hundreds of fingerlings three years ago and several thousands of eggs since, have since then reached a weight of 3lbs.; two of that size were caught last summer. This is three years' growth. It is an interesting fact that these fish do well in the streams here, and that they are crossing with the common trout, as I have seen one of them, I should judge a pound or more in weight, on a spawning bed, fiercely driving off the smaller brook trout and keeping the bed to himself.

The fishing streams are numerous. I have about seven miles of water (the Cullasaja River) on my premises and the fish go down stream at least seven miles below me, until the water is too warm for them. In the next county the head branches of the Tuckasegee affords 15 to 20 miles of fishing. The Nantahela River, west of here, is a fine cold stream, in some of the gorges the sun never strikes the water. The headwaters of the French Broad, in Transylvania county, N. C., and of the Chattooga, in Georgia and South Carolina, also afford good sport, but they are not stocked as they should be. Highlands, a small town, mostly populated by Northern people, is the center of the trout district, while the streams in Haywood, Mitchell and adjoining counties all have more or less trout, and might have more if the owners would take pains to replenish the stock. But it is not in all human nature to expend time, and trouble and money for the benefit and enjoyment of strangers, and in all but a few instances the fact that trout fishing is to be had for the asking is not spread abroad. But that there are trout in the South, and fine ones in plenty, to be taken under the most agreeable circumstances, is very well known to at least a few persons who could truthfully certify to the fact; and the thirty miles which intervene between this place and the nearest railroad depot will hardly stand in the way of those who enjoy the gentle sport of luring the trout from the eddies where it loves to lie in wait for the fly. HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS PARK, Macon county, N. C.

[The rainbow trout was probably occupying the nest of the brook trout as a poacher and not as a mate, its spawning season beginning in April or May. The rainbow has a special weakness for eggs of other members of the salmon family.]

SALMON FISHING IN WINTER.

DURING the winter months, especially in March and April, very successful fisheries for the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*) are carried on with hook and line in the Baltic, along the northern coast of Germany from Rugen to Memel, at depths varying from 16 to 33 fathoms from 6 to 20 miles off shore. On the Pomeranian coast this method of capture seems to have been very general from ancient times, and it is now more common there than on any other part of the German coast. The same style of fishing is practiced in winter in the open sea near Bornholm, Sweden, and off the coast of Blekinge. Off the southeastern coast of Scania, Sweden, there has long been a winter fishery for salmon with hook and line. Fishing begins in autumn and continues through the winter, subject to interruptions from storms. A description of the method of using salmon lines is published in the Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission, Vol. IV., page 326, and in Report U. S. F. C., part XII., page 386, plate I. From these sources we have selected the essential particulars.

The line is 180ft. long and is provided with three hooks, made of galvanized iron wire, and is kept floating near the surface by means of four floats of wood or cork; it is kept in position by an anchor line set in 120 to 180ft. of water. The anchor line has a glass float 6ft. below the surface of the water and a second one from 48 to 72ft. above this. The line is fastened from 4 to 6ft. below the upper float. The hooks, which are 3in. long and 1½in. across the bend, are baited with fresh herring. The gangings, or snoods, are represented to be 15ft. long. The fish is cut near the vent, the point of the hook passed through the body and again through the eyes and out at the side of the head. In the autumn fishery each boat carries four men, with from forty to sixty lines.

The success of these fisheries greatly depends upon the weather. The salmon also seem in some years to leave one part of the Baltic and go to another. On the south coast of Scania the method of catching salmon with lines has been almost entirely abandoned, because scarcely any were caught.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 23, 1879, we find the following statement: "Eastern salmon spawn in the fall, yet there is a late run which spawn in January and February, and return to the sea as kelts in June." It is really strange that we do not hear more frequently of the capture of *Salmo salar* in our bays in winter, and we must believe that if the proper investigations were made the fish would be found. Here is a problem worthy of patient effort and scientific study—infinitely more important than endless discussions about the names of things and the relative values of conflicting opinions.

CHICAGO FISHING NOTES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—Mr. Fred D. Divine, the well-known maker of fishing rods, of Utica, N. Y., is in town to-day, debating whether to sell some more rods or go home and spend Christmas like a white man. Mr. Divine promises a new thing or two in spring styles.

The ice has formed on the lakes north of us, and the butchery of game fish at Antioch and many other points on the Fox Lake system is going on in a manner perfectly frightful.

One or two correspondents have lately spoken of "croppie roosts." I wonder if anglers hereabout know that the Fish Commission a year or two ago put down a quantity of brush to make croppie nests in Fox Lake. The work was done at night, so that the locations might not be learned to the destruction of the fish which would in time come to frequent the spots. I never have heard that the locations have been discovered. The brush was sunk largely as a protection to the young fry placed in the lake at that time.

Dr. W. H. French, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, left on the 16th for a tarpon trip in Florida. Mr. Fisk, of this city, had a pair of shark hooks made for him; large steel contrivances, fastened on dog chains. E. HOUGH.

ANGLING NOTES.

WE receive a good many inquiries from anglers and tourists who are about going south, regarding the proper tackle to take with them for Florida fishing.

Of course, tarpon require special tackle as described under "Angling Notes" in our issue of Dec. 25. For the ordinary run of fishing such as anglers will be most likely to indulge in, the following outfit is necessary: For channel bass, also called redfish and spot, the same rod, reel, etc., such as we use here for striped bass along the coast should be taken. This rig will answer for any of the large fish found along the coast and in the rivers. But there are many fish like the spotted weakfish, commonly called sea trout, the sheepshead, which run small in Florida, the pompano, etc., that do not require such stout tackle, and to obtain good sport it is better to take along a lighter bait-rod, which will also answer for the big-mouth bass. With this rod, a multiplying reel should be used, filled with from 50 to 100yds. of No. 9 or 12 Cuttyhunk line.

Great sport can be had with a heavy fly-rod. There are many of the smaller varieties of the salt-water fishes that take the fly in addition to the fresh-water bass, but the flies must be large and finished off with wire at the head or they will not last long. A few stout leaders, both double and single, will be needed and the usual assortment of sinkers and swivels.

The following hooks will be necessary: No. 7-0, 8 0 and 9-0 knotted O'Shaughnessy for heavy fishing. No. 4-0, 3-0 and 2-0 Sproat on double gut snells on loops for weakfish, black bass, etc. No. 4 Sproat on single gut or double loops for pompano, etc.

The best artificial baits for black bass are the fairy and phantom minnows No. 4 to 6, and the plain metal spinners No. 2 or 3. Spanish mackerel take pearl or bone squids and the bluefish will take these also as well as the tin squids. A good gaff and landing net are indispensable. SCARLET-IBIS.

A CURIOUS HABIT OF SHAD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to know of a peculiar habit of shad in the town of Steuben, Maine. The fish arrive in June and are taken in brush weirs set for herring as late as October. At times they go into Dyer's Bay at high tide and remain on the flats when the tide recedes. The fishermen do not think that the shad are stranded, but are inclined to believe that the habit is due to a dislike to return to salt water. It is observed that the fish make holes in the soft mud and sand, in which they remain until the water again covers the flats. From conversations with the fishermen it would appear that during some seasons large numbers of shad are seen at the the head of the bay and are easily taken with the hand. The annual number reported to have been thus caught in 1888, 1889 and 1890 was between 150 and 200, although many more could no doubt be secured were the fishermen so disposed. This habit of the shad was not learned of elsewhere in Maine and appears to be unique. —HUGH M. SMITH.

DYNAMITING SHEEPSHEAD.—Somers Point, N. J.—The report of killing sheepshead with dynamite is correct. It was done one morning about sunrise and quite a number of fish were caught, but it was impossible to find out full particulars. This is often done under pretense of working on wrecks. There was some talk about the thing at the time. The place where the explosion took place was long known as a favorite locality for sheepshead. This was the only time I knew dynamiting to be done inside of the beach. The winter fishing for white perch is poor at present on account of the great scarcity of the fish. Mud hens, or clapper rails, were plentiful this fall. There are some ducks now in Great Egg Harbor Bay.—B.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTION.—A reunion of the members of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association will be held at the rooms, No. 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., at 8 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, Jan. 15, 1891. Invitations to members have been issued by a committee of the association, of which Mr. A. M. Spangler, of 529 Commerce street, is the chairman.

"THE WOLF OF THE WATERS."—This sketch, of which a part was given last week, will be continued in our next issue.

Fishculture.

CONNECTICUT FISHCULTURE.

THE twenty-fourth report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut begins the first of a biennial series and covers the period from June 30, 1888, to June 30, 1890.

The money appropriated for the use of the Commission is devoted to the artificial propagation of shad and the purchase and distribution of trout for stocking the brooks and streams of the State. The hatching of shad in 1889 at Birmingham, on the Housatonic River, was under the charge of Mr. Henry J. Fenton: 8,262,000 shad fry were planted in the Connecticut, Quinnipiac and Housatonic rivers. Mr. Fenton notes that fine shad of good size were abundant at the hatching grounds, while in the lower part of the river the catch was 30 per cent. less than in 1888. The next season's operations with shad were under the supervision of Mr. Robert A. Chalker; 4,309,000 shad were placed in the rivers already mentioned. The falling off this season was due to cold and high water in the early part of the run. The total catch of shad in the Conneticut in 1889 was 42,325, and in 1890 it fell to 34.318.

While the results of shad propagation have been discouraging the trout distribution has been profitable. "According to the many reports received by the Commissioners from persons who have fished in the various streams throughout the State during the past two years, it is clear that the stocking of such streams has been decidedly successful, for no single brook in Connecticut was ever so thickly populated with trout in that period." 339,000 brook trout were distributed in 1889, and 336,000 in 1890. These were divided among numerous applicants, over a large area of territory suitable for trout.

Reports indicate a decided increase in the number of salmon in the Connecticut River and we take pleasure in quoting the following notice of the praiseworthy example set by one of the pound owners: "During the past summer Capt. Fred Ostman has released from his fish pound 27 salmon weighing from 3 to 4lbs. each. This he has done in order to allow the fish to breed in the waters adjacent to this place, and thus stock the Pawcatuk River with these fish. If other parties throughout the State would emulate the example set by Mr. Ostman we could soon gratify our epicurean tastes by feasting upon Atlantic salmon fresh from the water." The salmon now caught are the result of artificial introduction dating some years back.

We regret to find that Connecticut has lost by resignation two of its oldest Commissioners, Hon. R. G. Pike and Dr. William M. Hudson, both of whom were appointed by Governor Jewell, in 1869. Mr. Pike served until January, 1889, and Doctor Hudson until 1890. The services of these eminent men have been of extreme value to the State, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to interest themselves in Connecticut fishculture even though their official relation to it has ceased.

RAINBOW TROUT IN MEXICO.—In our issue of Aug. 21, 1890, we referred to the rapid growth of rainbow trout in Mexico. Señor Chazari has recently communicated to Col. John Gay, of the U. S. Fish Commission, some additional details of his experiment with this species. He writes that although very sensitive to the temperature of the water during incubation and the first four months of its life, after that time he has succeeded in rearing the trout in water having a temperature of 82 deg. Fahr., losing only a few individuals in summer. The food given to them consists at first of earth worms and later of ox meat, usually the heart. The development of the rainbows with this kind of food has been very satisfactory. Some individuals thirty months old weighed more than 3lbs., and a few which escaped into a stream containing a plentiful supply of good water flourished wonderfully. Señor Chazari recently found one, whose death was caused by an abnormal development of the stomach, which measured 22in. in length and weighed more than 5lbs., its age being not over 32 months. The lake trout has proved much more delicate than the rainbow and grows more slowly, as does also the brook trout. The California salmon presented to Mexico by the U. S. Fish Commission arrived in perfect condition, and are greatly cherished by the Mexican Commissioner.

COLORADO FISHCULTURE.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 30.—The Fish Commissioner submitted his report to Governor Cooper last evening. The following abstract of the document is given in this morning's *Republican:*

When I took charge I found the only hatchery in use (nine miles below Denver on the Platte) in very bad condition. After more than eight years of service the cheap wooden structures had decayed so badly as to be unfit for another season's work. There was, however, a fine lot of trout fry ready for distribution, somewhere about 300,000. These were sent out over the several lines of railway for distribution in public waters. A few thousand fry were sold to private parties. I do not encourage the sale of fish to stock private lakes; had I done so there would not have been any left for public waters. I pursued the same policy this year, and only sold small lots to four or five persons. People who desire fish to stock ponds can easily obtain all they need from those who make a business of growing eggs and fry. The live fish dealers of Denver are able to supply almost any kind of fish suitable for stocking ponds or lakes.

The State has so large a territory to stock that there is never enough to go around. As soon as the work of distribution for 1889 would permit an attempt was made to establish the branch hatcheries that the law called for. The amount of money at my disposal for each of the three branches was limited to $400 for the construction. I discovered that this sum was inadequate, and determined to use the old branch hatchery at the outlet of the Twin Lakes. The result was not satisfactory, owing to the difficulty of catching the spawning fish from the wild waters.

THE DENVER HATCHERY.

The Denver Hatchery had to be entirely rebuilt in order to hatch the eggs for the season of 1890. This work has been done, new ponds made, the water supply increased, a dwelling for the superintendent constructed, a stable for the horse and wagon and a complete change made in order to facilitate the handling and shipping of fish. To-day the establishment is in better order than at any time since the place has been in use. I placed W. S. Kincaid in charge as superintendent Oct. 1. The season of 1890 has been successful, although the branch hatchery at Gunnison did not succeed in securing a sufficient number of breeding native trout to enable them to score a success for this year. However, a fine showing is made for 1891. At the Twin Lake Hatchery over 50,000 native trout were hatched and distributed in 1890, and a large supply of eggs insured for next season. At the Denver Hatchery over 478,000 eggs end fry were distributed for 1890. These were sent all over the State. The State superintendent traveled over 9,454 miles distributing them, and part of the time three other persons were employed in the work. The season of 1891 bids fair to eclipse all others. Everything is in excellent order and there are now in the Denver Hatchery over 400,000 eggs, and the season is not half begun.

MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK.

There are about 6,000 miles of the trout streams in Colorado and not less than 500 lakes. These bodies of water are mostly barren of fish life, yet they are excellent for the growth of fish. The reason is that the waters abound in life, making excellent fish food.

ECHO LAKE HATCHERY.

Echo Lake, not exceeding forty acres in extent, has produced many thousand trout that weighed over a pound each since it has been stocked, and is now alive with them. This is one among many hundred lakes that are scattered over our mountains. The field for fishculture is far in excess of what is generally known. Such bodies of water contain enough food for 10,000 trout to thrive on for two years. This would yield five tons of the choicest fish for an outlay of say $100 for the young fish as seed when but 2½in. long. The experience at Echo Lake has shown a better growth than 1lb. in two years for the planting. There are over 500 lakes in these mountains as large or larger than Echo and all now stocking. If the State should succeed in placing 10,000 trout fry in each of only 100 of these, the increase of a choice fish food for the people would exceed 1,000,000lbs. in two years at no other cost than the planting, as these idle waters now contain the food. If half should be lost the gain would be still 500,000.

The State can produce these seed fish for less than $5 per 1,000. By an expenditure, therefore, of less than $5,000 it is possible to furnish the seed for a food product of over 5,000,000lbs. The rapid growth of the trout in our lakes is due largely to the presence of countless swarms of gammams, or fresh-water shrimp. Other aquatic insects exist in great abundance.

BARREN RIVERS AND STREAMS.

There is within our 104,000 square miles of territory over 1,000 miles of suitable waters that now contain no trout. The North Park has by far the largest area of such waters. Big Laramie has only the few trout placed there by private enterprise and the generous aid of Wyoming's Commissioner. The rest are such streams as flow above high impassable falls. These waters should be stocked with the Eastern brook trout, which are better for the reason that our native trout have a natural habit of running down stream upon the approach of winter, and are apt to get below these impassable falls.

There is room for both the United States hatchery at Leadville and all the State can do besides. The United States hatchery is not solely for Colorado waters. They intend to grow trout for other States and Territories. Their work has, so far, been confined to Eastern brook trout, but will handle our mountain varieties in the spring.

Because the work is of great magnitude I have sought to encourage private enterprise and have recommended the construction of branch hatcheries.

I could easily dispose of 7,000,000 trout, and really need more every year. Both the hatching and feeding capacity at Denver should be enlarged. An increased flow of water can be had by extending the present system of drains up along the base of the bluff that now yields the water for both ponds and hatchery, and this should be done without delay. The number of fish to be carried the present season is much larger than in any previous year.

PROPAGATION OF TROUT.

The reason the State Commissioner devotes so much time to the propagation and distribution of trout is owing to the fact that most of our waters are naturally adapted to those fish, and not suited to bass, pike, perch, etc. These waters are the natural home of the trout and all varieties introduced here have done remarkably well. There has been a great deal said about the brook variety of our common sucker. The statement of their being a destroyer of our trout is, I find, hearsay. New varieties of trout introduced into Colorado waters have shown no tendency to change their habit of spawning. The growth of our native black-spotted trout when placed in new waters is rapid. The European brook trout, *Salmo fario*, has shown excellent growth in Chaffee county and the ponds of General John Pierce in West Denver. The rainbow, *S. iridea*, also an introduced variety, has made wonderful growth and given much satisfaction to anglers.

Our branch hatcheries have been constructed with a view to propagate our native mountain trout, of which we have several Rocky Mountain varieties. Their eggs will hatch in water of sixty degrees Fahrenheit in eighteen days.

SCREENS FOR DITCHES.

Reports still continue to come in about the destruction of fish on our irrigation canals. It is only a question of another season before all the water flowing in our streams where the destruction is greatest, will be used by the canals. I can see no use in placing screens at their head gates, as the trout would perish, being held there in great numbers with no deep water to afford shelter or food. I believe that by making large dams in the streams above where the ditches are taken out, that the trout would not go below them, but remain in the deep waters all winter, where they would find food and shelter. Thousands of them do find shelter in all our deep pools and natural lakes. Irrigation is of such great necessity that every drop of water will be used, and then the screens will be of no benefit. We have enough of trout water to furnish good angling for all time to come if properly cared for. There are over a hundred miles of trout waters above Del Norte and the great canals on the Rio Grande alone.

The improvements asked for will enable the commissioner to place in the public waters of the State more than 3,000,000 trout. This will not only contribute a vast amount of fish food for the people at a nominal cost, but will attract visitors in great numbers to our mountain resorts.

The expenditure asked for will bring back returns far greater than a like sum expended for any other purpose.

The experience of the Commissioner goes to show that the small sum of $500 allowed him for actual expenses is wholly inadequate to enable him to visit and encourage fish propagation in so vast a territory as is embraced in this State. Our State has the water and the fish food, and by proper means can grow the fish.

GORDON LAND, Fish Commissioner.

MAINE FISHCULTURE.

THE report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine, for the year 1889–1890, shows gratifying progress in stocking the waters of that commonwealth. The number of anglers visiting the State, many of whom have built cottages on the shores of inland lakes and ponds, is steadily increasing, and the benefits derived from their presence are clearly apparent to all. To quote from the report, "They come for the sport of catching our fish or shooting our game; it goes to swell the wealth of our State and is a benefit to all; it supports many a poor man in our backwoods, who acts as guide; it sells the product of many a farm which lies away from market, and at city prices; it runs many hotels back in our forests; it patronizes our railroads; in fact, it is a product hardly second to any. Without our fish and game many farms and thriving villages would have to be abandoned, where now they have many comfortable homes." Maine is wonderfully rich in ponds, lakes and streams, which are full of choice fish, while the forests are full of game. Most excellent laws are upon the statute books, and if they were obeyed the supply of fish and game need never be diminished. There is, however, a vast deal of illegal fishing and shooting, and not a little injury from polluted waters. The deadly spear and the villainous dynamite destroy thousands of fish upon their spawning beds, and in a certain portion of the State deer are killed in and out of season with dogs. On the headwaters of the Penobscot River fifty moose were killed last spring by a Frenchman living in Canada. Maine is suffering for the want of adequate protection, and unless the relief asked for is soon granted, crust-hunting, dogging, the spear, dynamite and mill refuse will undo all the labor of the Commissioners and leave the State shorn of its chief attractions.

The continuance of the Penobscot as a salmon river is threatened by the presence of dams and pollution from mills, and unless the condition is speedily improved the future of that river is without promise. In 1889 600,000 salmon were planted in Maine rivers, two-thirds of them in the tributaries of the Penobscot, and the remainder in the tributaries of the Kennebec and Androscoggin. In 1890 200,000 were placed in the Crooked River, a tributary of the Presumpscot, and an equal number in the Kennebec and the St. Croix. The following requisites for the successful introduction of landlocked salmon are announced by the Commissioners: "The ponds must be of good size and of clear pure water, with streams flowing in of swift running current, clean gravelly bottom to which the fish can have free access to deposit their eggs, and must also contain plenty of fresh-water smelts or spring spawning minnows for food. The smelt spawns and hatches at the same time in the spring when the young salmon are beginning to feed, and is just what they need at that time to sustain them. We think many of the young salmon die for the want of proper food, and the young smelt is what they require. We have caught the young smelts at Sebago in the spring and put them with the young salmon beginning to feed in the hatching house, and they would be as eager for them as a cat for a mouse, and would pursue them until the last one was eaten. * * * Last fall the results of our hatching operations and protection began to show. Hundreds of young salmon from ¼lb. to 2lbs. came up the river (Crooked River), many so small that they went through the slats of our weir—something never seen in the river before. Last spring a great many small salmon were taken in the lake trolling. In previous years it was an exception to take one of less than 4lbs. Nearly all the opposition to our operations by the people living on the banks of the river and vicinity has ceased, and their sympathy is in our favor." Associations have been formed for fishculture and protection at Rangeley village and at Auburn Lake. At both of these places hatching houses have been built with private funds. Six hundred and fifty thousand landlocked salmon were distributed from the hatcheries at Auburn, Enfield, Weld and Edes Falls in 1889, while in 1890 740,000 eggs of this species were hatched at Rangeley, Weld, Enfield and Edes Falls. The greater part of these were deposited in tributaries of Sebago Lake.

The Commissioners recommend the following changes in the fish laws: (1) A heavy penalty and imprisonment for using dynamite or any other explosive in taking fish. (2) The repeal of the prohibition against using spoons, since they cannot be seen when in use and are no more deadly than other bait. (3) Placing a bounty upon the killing of seals, which are of trivial value and prove very destructive to salmon and fishing apparatus. (4) A measure to prevent the destruction of young salmon on the board floors of weirs, which are left dry at low tide.

The report of the Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries for the years 1889-90 follows that of the other two Commissioners. Mr. Counce estimates the catch of lobsters on the Maine coast in 1890 at about 20,000,000, a reduction of 20 per cent. compared with the yield in 1888. Lobsters seem to be decreasing in number yearly, and probably some of the practices of the fishermen will explain this decline. It is illegal to retain females, but many lobstermen knock off the eggs and defy detection. Many fishermen also destroy all undersized lobsters taken in the traps in order to prevent their returning and eating the bait.

Menhaden returned to Maine waters again in 1890, and it is estimated that 10,000,000 were converted into oil and fertilizer. Certain steamers have cast their seines contrary to law in small bays and rivers and escaped before the wardens could board them. Small menhaden are useful for bait, and many of them are canned as "sea trout," "ocean mackerel," and "blueback mackerel."

The list of the Commissioners of Fisheries does not agree in many respects with the one soon to be published by FOREST AND STREAM. The appendix is devoted chiefly to valuable statistics of the sea fisheries furnished in advance of their final publication by the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries. There is also a letter from Adolph Nielsen, Superintendent of Fisheries of Newfoundland, containing some details of the propagation of cod and lobsters. Up to Nov. 17, 1890, the output of the hatchery at Dildo, Newfoundland, was 17,100,000 cod and 15,070,800 lobsters. Mr. Nielsen briefly describes his cod hatching boxes and refers still more briefly to his patented floating incubators for lobsters. The incubators, he states, hatched 390,934,500 eggs during the last season, and the young lobsters were fed on chopped mussels and occasionally yolks of eggs until they had finished their first moult. The appendix closes with a graphic sketch of the sardine industry, copied from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK.—The present season promises to be the most successful known in the hatching of cod and pollock by the U. S. Fish Commission. Up to Jan. 1 the Woods Holl station had taken 51,000,000 cod eggs and turned out 12,000,000 fry, the hatching percentage being 55 per cent. If the same ratio is continued the output from this station will be 30,000,000 young cod. At Gloucester the number of cod eggs collected was 38,000,000 and of pollock eggs 35,000,000. It is the intention of the Commission to push this work on marine food fishes to the fullest capacity of the stations.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 6 to 9.—Delaware and Susquehanna Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Binghamton, N. Y.

Jan. 15 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brumby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

DOG SHOW AT CANTON, O.

[Special Report by the Judge.]

IN July last a meeting was called at Canton, O., by some of the dog and poultry breeders to discuss the advisability of holding a bench and poultry show in that city. It met with general approval, and it was unanimously decided to fix the dates for such show for Dec. 30, 1890, to Jan. 3, 1891.

To show that business was meant, they at once selected the following officers: A. G. Dart, President; S. W. Gibbs, Vice-President; Jas Sterling, Secretary; H. G. McDowell, Treasurer. Executive Board, A. G. Dart, S. H. Oberlin, H. Berrar, Ed. A. Reed, J. H. Barr, A. A. Dart, Jas. Sterling. Judge of dogs, Joe Lewis, Canonsburgh, Pa. Superintendent of Exposition, Ed. A. Reed, Canton, O.

I may here state that many of the dog friends in that city and locality were of the opinion that if such a show were held it would meet with little or no success, but on the contrary, I am glad to state that it proved satisfactory, financially and otherwise.

It was held in the "Big Tabernacle," about three squares distant from the center of the city, a building not well adapted for such a purpose (although well ventilated), it being very dark and small to suit the number of entries, there being about 150 dogs and 800 entries in poultry. There being no other building suitable, the club had to put up with the inconveniences. The foundation stone of the show now being laid, it is hoped that the affair will prove an annual one.

It was mentioned by many present about applying for membership to the A.K.C., and if accepted I think there would be no difficulty in getting two or three hundred dogs here.

The secretary, Mr. Jas. Sterling, I may mention, was entirely new to the "dog" business, he being formerly a chicken breeder, and though this was his first effort in this capacity he gave universal satisfaction. The committee, in my opinion, did well in selecting him, as he was indefatigable in his efforts to make it a success. He is a hard worker, kind and sociable, with a pleasant smile for every one with whom he comes in contact. His duties he discharged admirably.

Ed. Reed, the general superintendent, together with E. Probert, Salem, O. (specially engaged as superintendent of the dogs for that week), made good managers, it being their first attempt. Mr. Probert attended to the feeding of the dogs, who did justice to Spratts biscuit. Mr. John M. Bergold, Canton, an old exhibitor of beagles, volunteered his services, which were much appreciated, he retiring for that week from his usual business to assist the boys, and indeed he made it thoroughly pleasant for every one concerned, and in time, I think, we shall have him again in our ranks. The judging started on Wednesday morning, and the dogs in all classes numbered over 150.

Among the list of exhibitors we find the name of the Oriole Kennels, Youngstown, O., represented by H. F. Peck, manager, who had his usual string of fox-terriers.

In the pointer class Mr. John R. Daniels, Cleveland, O., had also his string of dogs, and handled by Mr. Ridge, a man well adapted for the business, and a hard worker. The Howard brothers, Columbus, O., attended and exhibited their kennel, having their latest importation, the pug dog Penrice, which is a good one, and will undoubtedly make it "warm" for the pug breeders when shown in the eastern circuit. E. Probert and Sons were there with their usual kennel of King Charles and Blenheim spaniels. John E. Morgan, Martin's Ferry, O., also showed up with his fine kennel of French poodles. Mr. H. W. Loeffler, Masillon, O., attended with his fine kennel, and I would like to see him show up in some of our Eastern shows, he owning such a magnificent collection. The Kildare Kennels were well represented there by champion Ruby Glenmore, Kildare and Winnie II. Mr. Cook, Canton, O., had for exhibition only

his kennel of English mastiffs, champion Moses being among them, and in the pink of condition. The awards are as follows:

MASTIFFS.

In the challenge and open dog class for mastiffs there were no entries. In the bitch class E. Probert, Salem, Ohio, took first with Queen, who was a little flat in skull and a little long in muzzle, which gives her a plain-looking head, has fair size and plenty of bone. Bell (same owner) secured second; is plain in head, moved badly behind, but is a good size and shown in good condition.

ST. BERNARDS.

This class had but two entries. Don, owned by I. H. Hunt, Massillon, Ohio, won first in the open class; he is a grand specimen, standing about 28in. in height and measuring 27½in. in skull, his color being a handsome tawny and white. He is a large dog, has good head, legs and feet, and his worst fault is being a trifle cow-hocked. The dog in my opinion will be able to get something wherever shown. Second was withheld. Professor Swartz won first and second in the puppy class, and both were sired by Victor Joseph.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

One entry. Nero won first; a large dog, but lacking quality, a poor specimen.

DEERHOUNDS.

One entry. Boues, owned by Mr. Brooks, of Salem, won first, possessing good legs and feet, good bone and fair head.

GREYHOUNDS.

J. Johnstown's Duke won first, but has poor legs and feet, fair head, light eyes, ears a little heavy, and is a poor mover. John E. Campbell's Dart, second, is a fair specimen, but lacking in quality. John E. Boylon's Duke, vhc. F. T. Hack's bitch Roxie, first, has good legs and feet, but is a trifle cheeky; fair head, neck well arched, ribs well sprung; a good mover and shows lots of quality.

FOXHOUNDS.

The open class numbered seven entries. J. F. Stucker winning first with Troller, a handsome black and tan dog, with a foxhound expression, a good head, good legs and feet, and should this dog be shown in good condition, he will probably make it hot for his rivals. He is one of the best dogs I have seen for some time. Oriole Kennels' Full Cry, third, is a fair specimen, a little coarse in head and slightly out in front, has fair legs and feet and good body. Christopher Hasse's Jack vhc., J. S. Weckman's Sport and Frank Brislen's Jack hc. In bitches, Oriole Kennels' Primrose, first, is a nice little black and tan, a good mover, showing lots of foxhound quality, and I would advise the owner to breed her to something stronger and more after the type. F. P. Ames's Queen, second, black, white and tan, has a long, slim head, flat in skull, having no stop, giving her a sour expression; is also long in body, too leggy and straight behind.

POINTERS.

In the challenge class Lord Graphic secured first. This dog has been described before. He was well handled by Mr. Ridge, and being shown in the pink of condition, won the special for best pointer in the show. In the open dog class H. W. Loeffler's Don Croxteth, first, was an easy winner. This is the first time this dog has been seen on the bench; a large size and very much resembles old Faust; he has a nice head, is a little short in neck, good shoulders, legs and feet, nicely ribbed up, having a good loin and quarters on him; he might have moved a little better behind; was shown in good condition. A. Dannemiller's Damon, second, has a fair head, ears too heavy, short in neck, and a trifle throaty, fair legs and feet, but moving badly behind. John Ridge's Duke, third, is a nice little pointer, showing lots of quality, but badly handicapped through being shown with large dogs. G. A. Schraesher, Jr.'s Chip of Beaufort, vhc In bitches Mr. Thos. Thornton's Minnehaha took first. This bitch, a liver and white, has been shown before, and a description has appeared in your columns. H. Strunk's Lady Beaufort II. was given second. She is a lemon and white, possessing a good head, though light in the eyes, short in neck, good shoulders, legs and feet, nice body, good mover, but a trifle leggy. E. H. Reed's Diablanch, third, a liver and white, has a fair head, but is a trifle flat in skull, fair legs and feet, is only 14 months old, and acted much like a puppy, but in time will develop into a fair bitch. She is a daughter of Robert le Diable. E. Probert and Son's Nellie and H. W. Loeffler's Birdie Pape, vhc. H. W. Loeffler's Mollie Scott and G. Graff's Nellie, hc. In puppies J. R. Daniels's Lord Graphic's Gem, a grand little liver and white bitch, won first; she shows lots of pointer quality, is a good mover, and I think in time will develop into something better. H. W. Loeffler's Bell, second, liver and white, about 4 months old, a nice puppy, showing lots of bone and good quality. Alexander Chatelain's Sport and H. W. Loeffler's Bob White, vhc.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Champion Paul Gladstone was on exhibition only. He looked well, and being in good condition, made many new friends. In open dogs, J. J. Linch's Blue Hope got first. He is a black, white and tan. A dog showing much quality, having a good head, a nice skull, ears hung nicely and a good square muzzle, making it a typical head, a trifle short in the neck, good shoulders and chest, a little long in the couplings, good quarters, legs and feet and plenty of bone. Wm. McKenna, Jr.'s Gath Gladstone second, a black, white and tan possessing a fair head, but thick in neck, excellent body and feet. H. W. Loeffler's Dick McBeth, vhc. J. J. Clark's Ohio Ben Dur, hc. Bitches had Dan Cobaugh's Bell Mandan winner of first. This bitch, black and white, is built on the racy type of an English setter, appears to be speedy and should be a good worker, has a fair head, good legs and feet, but would look better if more fleshy. R. H. Bulley's Blitzen, second, black and white, plain in head and seems to be tied up some way in the shoulders. E. O. Portman's Princess Nellie Mandan and H. W. Loeffler's Alice McBeth, vhc. T. W. Edwards managed to get first in puppies with Ponto. He is a merry little mover, almost too young to criticise. Reed and Poyser's Ranger II., second. G. A. Schraesher, Jr.'s Royal Beulah and W. Reed's Ranger, vhc.

IRISH SETTERS.

Kildare Kennels' champion Ruby Glenmore was first in challenge class. This bitch is so well known that comment is unnecessary. I think her to-day the best bitch of her class in America. In open class, Kildare Kennels' Kildare scored first. He has improved in condition considerably since shown in Rockford. Bitches had Henry Determing's Peggy first. This is the first appearance of this young bitch; she is a dark mahogany color, has a nice typical head, a good neck, but might be sprung a little more in ribs; good loin and hindquarters, fair legs and feet. W. L. Washington's Winnie II. got second place. This bitch has also improved since shown in Rockford. The two entries in puppies were both poor specimens.

GORDON SETTERS.

Geo. T. Given's Rover was first, but is an inferior specimen.

COLLIES.

W. J. Sampson's Dainty Davie received first. This dog was shown all out of coat and condition, but had a good head. In bitches, John E. Campbell's Sable, first, is too thick in head, ears too heavy, and has a sour expression. W. J. Sampson's Branco Lassie second, H. G. McDowell's Scott and John E. Campbell's Lassie vhc.

SPANIELS.

H. W. Loeffler's Bessie Ober awarded first. A nice merry little cocker, stands on good legs and feet and has a nice typical head. T. W. Edwards's Beauty second.

POODLES.

John E. Morgan's Lord Bute first premium; same winner secured second place with Pearl. Lord Bute was an easy winner over Pearl, and was in the best of condition. I would like to see Mr. Morgan keep on breeding French poodles, as it appears to me breeders in general of this species have quit, and also noticed that that class in shows is not fully represented any more. Pearl, winning second, was a little out of condition, she suckling six puppies in the show.

BULLDOGS.

First and second withheld for want of merit, John J. Hassler securing vhc. with Tobe.

BEAGLES.

Lewis Waltenbaugh was first with Duke in the dog class. This is a nice merry little beagle. He has not the best of heads, his skull is only fair and ears a trifle heavy, and is snipy muzzled and his eyes are too prominent. He possesses a good neck, which is set well on his shoulders, a good body, good legs and feet and has plenty of bone. Philip Feil's Little Joker was over size and consequently thrown out. Lewis Waltenbaugh also won first in bitches with Bessie. She was an easy winner; poor in head, good body, legs and feet. This brace secured the silver cup offered by the National Beagle Club and also the pocket knife offered by one of the members of the National Beagle Club. E. Probert & Sons captured second with Cricket, a puppy only six months old, but a promising youngster, Mr. J. S. Harmont's Bessie, vhc.; E. Probert & Sons' Bugle Girl, hc.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer won first in challenge class, being shown in excellent condition and somewhat improved since I last saw him. In open dogs Oriole Kennels won first with Oriole Trap; I cannot say that I like either his head or eyes, and he had but little to spare from his kennel companion Blemton Ransack, who won second. Ransack is a gamy little terrier, having good body, legs and feet, his worst fault is being a little too cheeky. In bitches Oriole Kennels won first and second respectively with Marjoram and Blemton Vice. Marjoram won first easily, being in excellent condition. Blemton Vice has somewhat gone off since I last saw her. All these fox-terriers were a gamy lot, showing lots of quality, like the balance of Mr. Logan's dogs.

SKYE TERRIERS.

Neither first nor second awarded.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

T. M. Edwards got first with Pede.

PUGS.

Howard Bros.' imported Penrice received first in dogs, with lots to spare. He posseses a grand head, good mask, well-wrinkled, is short in muzzle, ears about right, a nice full eye, and short body, a double-curled tail nicely carried, good legs and feet, and is a grand specimen. His color is a golden fawn. The owners of Penrice took first in bitches with Satteen. She could be a little better in head, but is a good specimen. In puppies Kate Bellingham secured first with Tiny and second with Billy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

Mr. R. P. Forshaw was unfortunate in his dogs not getting to the show in time for the judging, but the class was reopened and the award given him with Ruby L. She is a grand specimen of that breed, having a correct head, with good skull, ears long and well carried, is short in muzzle, and has good full eyes. She has good body, legs and feet, and moves well behind. E. Probert & Sons secured second with Charlie. This one is different in type to the first prize winner, being larger. He has a good skull, ears well carried, but is a little off in muzzle. Same owners' Polly vhc.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

C. F. Lawrence was awarded first prize with Challis. She was an easy winner for this honor. Color, a nice golden fawn, has a grand head and ears well carried. She will always be in the money wherever shown. Henry Determing's Dolly second. She is fair in head, having a thick skull, but legs and feet poor, and show age. Helen Staffer's Puck, vhc. Ben Eibel's Beauty, hc.

BULL-TERRIERS.

In bitches prizes were withheld in the dog class. Frank W. Moulton's Libertas, first. She was an easy winner. She is of the true type, possessing a fair head, but is a little cheeky, has a good body, with fair legs and feet.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Youngest lady exhibitor, Kate Bellingham; second best pug dog, Billy; best collection of beagle, Lewis Waltenbaugh, Canton, O.; best brace of beagles, Duke and Bessie; best beagle bitch, Bessie; best English setter dog pup, Ponto; best pointer dog in show, Lord Graphic; best pointer bitch in show, Minnichaha; best foxhound, Troller; best Brandom puppy, E. Probert & Sons; best kennel, Oriole Kennels, Youngstown, O. (oil painting); best Irish setter, champion Ruby Glenmore; best English setter dog, under 2yrs., Gath Gladstone; best Irish setter bitch, champion Ruby Glenmore; best Irish setter dog, Kildare; best brace of Irish setters, Kildare and Ruby Glenmore; best dog in open class, Kildare; best Irish setter bitch in open class, Peggy; best kennel of Irish setters, Kildare Kennels; best dog or bitch in the show (any breed), Don; best dog in show, Don; best English setter puppy (any sex), Ponto; best pug (any sex), Penrice; best field trial record, Lord Graphic; best collie, Sable; best bitch (any breed) in show, Ruby Glenmore; best St. Bernard, Don; best French poodle (any sex), Lord Bute.

JOE LEWIS.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. C. H. Mason, with his usual inquisitorial manner, "calls" upon me to produce evidence as to his remarks anent Doc. A "request" would answer quite as well.

I think it was in a report of one of the spring shows in '88 that I observed the remark by Mr. Mason on Doc. I have the paper somewhere among hundreds of others, and when I can find time shall look it up. For the rest, "hearsay" is all I have to go upon. However, if Mr. Mason denies that he made the statement and does not desire the credit for having spoken highly some years ago of this grand little dog, I very gladly withdraw my statement.

It is true, as Mr. Mason says, that I was practically unknown as a dog man till 1887, after he had first awarded a prize to Doc. I got the Clumbers rather more than eight years ago for my own shooting, but did not care about sending them such a distance to the shows. In 1887 at the urgent entreaty of several leading spaniel men I sent down Johnny and Drake, winning twelve first, second and special prizes with them at the leading shows. Since then I have won prizes each year with very fair success. I had a spaniel ready to enter at a show about fourteen or fifteen years ago, but being late the entry was refused. Dogs have been my constant companions ever since I can remember, and goodness only knows how many I have owned! though until I became my own master, about nine years ago, I was not allowed to breed them. Until this season, when my defective eyesight rendered shooting not an unmixed pleasure, I have every year spent weeks and months behind my pets afield. No kennel in the world can compare with my collection of Clumber spaniels, despite luck as hard as any man has had to contend against. I have probably owned ten or twenty spaniels for every one of Mr. Mason's. Thus it will be seen that I am far from being the "beginner" Mr. Mason would have your readers think me.

Fortunately my estimation of Mr. Mason is exactly in accord with his opinion of me. I care naught for his opinion, good, bad or indifferent. In fact, his good offices would be far more distasteful to me than the enmity of the man. Thus, far from annoying, his remarks serve only to amuse.

It is really astonishing what flights Mr. Mason's more than vivid imagination will take him when it suits his purpose. The statement that he "downed" the "lemon and white monstrosities" is one of the most remarkable. He commenced his "downing" campaign in '87, yet the same dogs and their offspring and relatives have been winning prizes ever since," down to so late as last September, at the show held here, where, out of the twenty Clumber entries, fifteen were closely related to old Johnny. This does not look much like the "downing" Mr. Mason prates of.

Probably Mr. Mason's next move will be to claim credit for the importation of Boss III., Snow, Bromine, Lass o' Beauty, etc., even though they were not purchased until two years after he had inaugurated his "killing" campaign.

The "insulting letters" he complains of contained no mention nor word of Clumber spaniels in them, and therefore have nothing to do with the case. If Mr. Mason had not wished to "round" on the unfortunate gentleman of the defunct *Kennel and Gun* by bringing up, in his usual pleasant way, the respective merits of two of the "monstrosities," there is every likelihood that the aforesaid "downing" campaign (which didn't "down") would never have been instituted. It grieves me sorely that Mr. Mason should be put to so great a strain in the matter of keeping "Gothamite" and "Mercer" apart. He is not the first to make this remarkable discovery (?), but I am so used now to the accusation of being "Espan," "Peregrine," and a host of other unidentified anonymes, that if it pleases him he may continue in his belief. It gratifies him and it certainly does not hurt me. Perhaps, though, he had better "guess again."

To guard against possible pitfalls he had best keep "Mercer," "Dogwhip," and "Clumber," in his discussion, apart from "Gothamite." F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada, Dec. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is certainly my duty to thank your many correspondents who have replied to "Gothamite" in regard to my having, in conjunction with Mr. Mason, "started the long and low craze," If, as Mr. Mason has so very plainly stated, Mr. Mercer is the author of that assertion, I think an apology is due, not for what he did say, so much as using a *nom de plume* to which he has no right nor title. Besides, Mr. Mercer, by his publication of a book on spaniels, has really no reason for using any but his own name or his best known alias, "Dog Whip."

Regarding the statements of "Gothamite," which started this discussion, I think your many correspondents have relieved me of any necessity for refuting them, so far as I am connected therewith. They bore condemnation on their face, and were only amusing as a display of ignorance. On that ground I did not consider them worth noticing. If I remember correctly, he specially commended Doc and Hornell Velda. Well, who picked out Doc? Mr. Mason gave him equal first at New Haven in the puppy class, and when I saw him I at once telegraphed Mr. West that it was the dog for him to buy. Mr. West had, before the show season that year, written me regarding a spaniel and whether he should import one. I told him to wait and I would get him something at one of the shows. On my recommendation Mr. West gave $100 for Doc without seeing the dog.

Hornell Velda I first came across at Buffalo show of 1888, and I told "Uncle Dick" she was the best he had ever bred. I am of the impression that her owner had ranked some of his others higher, and that I told him he ought to know better. If any one can refer to a catalogue of that show I think he will find I am correct.

I believe "Gothamite" in another letter said something about my declining to judge the working cocker special at Buffalo. What of that? How could any sane man tell by looking at a dog whether or not he was good in the field? As well ask a judge in the trotting horse ring to award a special to the one possessing the greatest speed. In place of being something to reproach me for, it is my opinion that I never did a more sensible thing in the judging ring.

JAS. WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the various letters on the cocker question in your paper of late. Mr. Nelles and Mr. C. H. Mason have to my mind shown up the whole scheme and punctured the bubble of Messrs. "Gothamite" and Mercer. Mr. Nelles has shown his ability to breed a good spaniel and rightly refutes the unjust slander on Red Jacket by "Gothamite" in order to bolster up Doc. As the owner of Jersey, another dog which they have slandered, I would like to state that I consider him the most typical cocker now being shown, excepting Miss Obo II. I have no desire, though, to puff my dogs into a position that they cannot win on their merits by such methods as those adopted by Messrs. "Gothamite" and Mercer. I have not time to follow them and refute their various misstatements. It is not necessary, as it has already been done by Mr. Mason. His letter and statements I believe to be correct in every respect, and most particularly so in regard to the improvements in cockers for 1890. Give us "Gothamite's" name, and to Mr. Mercer my advice is to stick to Clumbers and show breeders of other breeds that he knows something of the breed he affects, before he poses as a critic on other classes he knows nothing about. Messrs. Mason and Watson are considered our best spaniel judges. Mr. Mason, in his book "Our Prize Dogs," written in 1887, has criticised over 125 spaniels, and where is the owner that can show that one is wrongly criticised? There is no need in my defending Mr. Mason or Watson, as your readers all know they are able to take care of themselves, but honor to whom honor is due, and in justice to myself and the improvement of our spaniels I must cast my vote for them and against such inconsistent and false critics as Messrs. "Gothamite" and Mercer have proved themselves to be. Their calling for a working cocker and holding up Doc as a sample is on a par with their wisdom and knowledge shown in all their criticisms. J. P. WILLEY.

SALMON FALLS, N. H., Jan. 5.

DEATH OF BOYCOTT.—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more, and I hope for the last time, I must write of the death of a true friend. Boycott (11803), our grand little pug dog, and a proud gentleman he was, too, died Dec. 22, 1890. Cause was asthma and heart disease. For an hour he made a game fight to live, while I worked with him, but to no avail, and he passed away with his big handsome eyes turned up to mine with such a mute appeal of true fidelity that I will never forget it. "Boydie" lies in a deep grave alongside of little Lady Thora, and a headboard now marks the resting place of "only a dog," but as noble and intelligent a dog, and a truer friend than many human beings I've met. All true lovers of "man's best friend" can imagine our intense sorrow, and while some human beings who could to their benefit learn much from the many noble examples set by dogs may read this and say "What a fuss over a dog," this is written for the more noble human beings to read—those who know and love dogs.—A. G. EBERHART.

DOG CHAT.

WE have received the premium list of the second annual exhibition of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association's bench show, to be held Jan. 22-26, 1891. There are no stipulated premiums, but all the entry fees will be pooled and paid in premiums (except 10 per cent. retained by the association) so that the second prize shall be one-half as much as the first. Challenge classes are provided in nearly every breed, with one prize only. Separate classes are made in all breeds to the number of 140. Entries close Jan. 15. Numerous specials are set forth, among which we notice $10 for the handler showing the largest number of dogs; $10 to the exhibitor having the best kennel of not less than five. The show is not under A.K.C. rules, nevertheless there will doubtless be a good entry. Mr. J. Otis Fellows judges all classes excepting beagles, greyhounds and wolfhounds. Mr. C. S. Wixom is superintendent.

We regret to hear from Capt. McMurdo that his promising young pointer Tapster, winner of third in the Pointer Derby at the Central Field Trials last month, succumbed to distemper a few days since. We are, however, pleased to hear that Rip Rap, Moonshine, Maid of Kent and Bar Maid are doing well, though Zig Zag, who did such good work in the last trials, is still seriously ill. Sportsmen will join us in the regret that, after making such a creditable showing in defense of the pointer this ill luck should have come to mar the pleasure which Messrs. Dexter and McMurdo felt over the success of their dogs.

Beaumont, champion Gordon setter, whose sale to Mr. C. M. Hunt, of Palmyra, N. Y., we chronicled during the Central Trials, did not stay long in his new quarters, for we hear that Dr. Meyer has repurchased him. Mr. Hunt called on us on his way to Florida last Friday. He still retains Belmont and expects a good litter from her by her whilom kennel mate, early in February. Mr. Hunt takes Bendigo, winner of the Gordon stake at Lexington, N. C., with him, and will hunt him during the winter. He also expects to shoot an alligator, and when he does he will forward to us the very latest verse of his popular song, "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

It will be remembered that some time since FOREST AND STREAM suggested that the collection of homeless dogs in this city should be given in charge of the A. K. C. The *Herald* has now advanced the idea, through Mr. Pelham Clinton, of delegating this important duty to the S. P. C. A. Of this plan we heartily approve; and in fact would welcome almost any change that would alter the existing state of affairs and do away with the political side of dog catching. That it is good policy to catch the dogs that roam our streets, curs in other words, no one will gainsay, but this is not done under the present rule. There is not money enough in it, but rather seek they the dogs belonging to Madam or Mister, who may be expected to redeem the same. The way this part of the city's machinery is run is a disgrace to any civilized country. Let us have a Home for friendless dogs by all means, and let it be under the charge of those who are accustomed and prepared to deal with animals in distress. There are enough dog lovers in this city to amply support such a scheme, and now that a paper like the New York *Herald* has taken hold of it no doubt something will soon be done to remove the present stain.

Friend Dole has favored us with one of his rare epistles—a sort of round up for 1890. In it he gives us several tid-bits of news. We wish other of our friends in dogdom would do the same. Mr. Dole has sold the bulldog champion Harper to Mr. F. W. Sacket, of Washington, D. C., but now a student at Yale. This gentleman has also purchased, through the same source, the bull bitch Graven Image, whose importation we alluded to last week. This constitutes the nucleus of a good kennel of bulldogs which Mr. Sacket intends to get together. Graven Image is the dam of the noted Holy Terror. We are told that Harper is looking in great shape just now. Now comes the other side to the tale. Mr. Dole's Bendigo, one of the best stud dogs he ever owned, has joined the majority. Frank feels his loss keenly, though he has luckily a good deal of his blood left in his kennel. As if this was not enough, just to make things pleasant for Christmas, he found Miss Gladstone dead in her kennel on Christmas morning. As she was in whelp to Hinks and being herself by Dutch out of champion Maggie May, this is another serious loss. Our friend adds, "You know the hardest thing for a man to lose is a good brood bitch, as they are so very scarce." In addition to this he has lost a dozen puppies, but as he says, "I am keeping right on and still have a kennel full of nice dogs which I expect to be in the money when the time comes." Among other things he tells of the death of that grand little pug, the best ever seen in this country—champion Bradford Ruby. Mr. Peck told him he died about two months ago. There is some consolation even in this, he has left one good son behind him, and one almost if not quite equal to him—champion Kash.

An exhibition of about forty dogs took place last week at Providence, in connection with the Rhode Island Poultry Association. Mr. Michael Flynn, Jr., was the superintendent. Particulars of the winners have not come to us yet, but we hear that for a local show the class of dogs present was quite good. Mr. Robert Exley, surely that is an old name in mastiffs, won in a class for that breed with Chief, by Berkshire Caution out of Zetta, and Elmwood Belle was the winner in St. Bernards, a daughter of Beauchamp and Queen of Scotland.

Can this be true? The great Sir Bedivere to head the list of America's grand team of St. Bernards! Pardon our enthusiasm, for the rumor of this purchase almost takes one's breath away when we remember that something like $8,000 was refused for this dog at one time, and critics say he has improved since then.

Mr. Sears, of Melrose, Mass., who has had not only the pluck to pay for this dog, but also to risk this sum in getting such a precious piece of dog flesh across the water, must indeed change that "e" in his name for an "o," for his ambition evidently knows no bounds. Mr. T. H. Green, who bred Sir Bedivere, has repeatedly refused all offers for his dog, and no doubt the fact of his brother, who has had charge of the dog, having to accept a position abroad, and Mr. Green himself being too busy to attend to such a valuable animal, is the only reason that induced him to part with him. Sir Bedivere has won 15 first prizes, 29 cups and medals and is four times the winner of the greatest honor a St. Bernard can achieve, the St. Bernard Club 100 guinea challenge cup. We believe he has never been beaten. He is by Nero III. out of Bena. The following is a list of his winnings: First, puppy class, Warwick; first, open class and cup, Birkenhead; first, open class, 100 guinea challenge cup, gold medal and two other cups, St. Bernard Club show, Sheffield, 1888; first, open class, and two cups, Liverpool; first, open class, 100 guinea challenge cup and piece of plate, Kennel Club show, London; first, open class, cup, two gold medals and the Deakin challenge cup, Manchester; first, champion class, cup, 100 guinea challenge cup, piece of plate and the Halsey trophy, St. Bernard Club show, Windsor; first, open class, and cup, Birkenhead; first, open class, gold medal and two specials, Scottish Kennel Club, Edinburgh; first, challenge class and cup, Kennel Club show, Glasgow, 1889; first, challenge class, and cup, Liverpool; first, challenge class, the "Deakin challenge cup" and gold medal, Manchester; first, challenge class, and two cups, Leeds; first, challenge class, and medal, Birkenhead; first challenge class, 100 guinea challenge cup and the Halsey trophy, St Bernard Club show, London, 1890.

In speaking of his breeding it is interesting to relate that another dog, champion Pouf we believe it was, was selected as the proposed mate for Bena, but through some cause this could not be carried out, and as a last resource Bena was mated with Nero III. This chance service resulted in bringing into the world the finest St. Bernard ever bred. The great Watch is the only dog which has pushed him, and now that the latter has got his growth, the meeting between the two will indeed be an interesting one. Sir Bedivere was whelped Aug. 27, 1887, so that he is now in his prime. Mr. Halsey, the donor of the Halsey cup, was the one to offer the largest price for Sir Bedivere, and no doubt the reason he has not accepted the chance of buying him now is, that he is somewhat disgusted with St. Bernards and their owners, especially since his pet scheme of an opposition St. Bernard club has fallen through. He has now gone to Algiers, Africa, for the winter, and allows breeders the use of his dog Jim Blaine free to St. Bernards, excepting a small fee to the kennelman. To return to Mr. Sears and his kennel, the thought comes to us when will all this competition end? and can we keep pace with it?

A few minutes after the above was written who should step into our sanctum but the new owner of Sir Bedivere. We had already telegraphed him to verify the rumor, but there was no need for an answer when one looked at the satisfied face of Mr. Sears. He sent his agent, Edward Booth, who brought Lothario over here from Hull, England, off on Saturday, on the Cephalonia, and arriving in England on the 13th, he will start on the return journey, with the crack, on the 15th, so that he is expected here by the 25th, giving him ample time to be prepared for New York show. Mr. Sears had to be pretty prompt in his purchasing, as another gentleman was after him, and who, but for his recent sickness, would perhaps have captured the prize, as we are told he has already offered $1,500 for the bargain. Mr. Sears offered $6,000, and a cablegram came soon after, "$6,500 buys the dog!" Mr. Sears cabled, "Done, my man starts to-morrow," and that is how Sir Bedivere was sold for the biggest price ever paid for a dog outside of greyhounds. Mr. Sears is delighted with Plevna, her size, bone, coloring, and very small ears make her very attractive, we are told. Truly it may be said 1891 has opened well.

There is certainly not enough patronage in this country for a man to count on reimbursement for such an outlay as $6,500 for a dog, and we only hope that after the novelty has worn off and expectations are not realized that a good fancier be not lost. We know of several cases of this sort. The foregoing sentence does not particularly apply to this purchase, but that of high priced dogs in general.

Assistant secretary Spaulding has informed the secrerary of the American Mastiff Club that a challenge cup, which the Old English Mastiff Club has offered to send to this country for perpetual competition, will be admitted to free entry upon the production of satisfactory proof that it is intended for use as a trophy or prize. This reminds us that there is a feeling among St. Bernard men that a subscription should be started with a view to providing for competition in this country a valuable and handsome trophy, something similar to the 100 guinea challenge cups in England, or the Halsey trophy. We should think that considering the class of breeders who are interested in St. Bernards here, this object would not be very difficult of attainment. Most of the specials now given by the St. Bernard Club are for American bred dogs. This is quite right and proper, but some grand trophy is needed and one that would tempt our cousins across the water to come over and try to wrest it from us.

In conversation the other day with a New York delegate of the A. K. C. who represents a club in a Western State, the question arose of delegates being criticised for their actions in voting so much with the majority in most of the motions before the A. K. C. meetings. Our friend thought it unfair, for as many of the delegates are New York men, they naturally in most questions, by continual conversation, become of almost one mind on certain subjects. Now, it was suggested that the outside clubs should instruct their delegates as to their desired action more than they have hitherto done. It was then advanced that these clubs do not know what questions will arise till the secretary's report is read at the meeting, so that the delegate is after all thrown on his own resources. Would it not therefore be a good plan for the secretary of the A. K. C. to forward to secretaries of clubs whose members do not attend as delegates, a copy of the intended report, so that these clubs can instruct their delegates on the course they would wish them to take. This is the crude suggestion and doubtless our courteous secretary can devise some plan whereby this difficulty can be met. This would stop a good deal of the cry of—clique.

Mr. Huntington writes us that the National Greyhound Club will hold its show on Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1891, instead of Jan. 17, as announced, as the latter date conflicted with that of the South Carolina show, at Charleston. Premium lists will be mailed on the 3d inst. A sale of dogs will also take place at 3 P. M. on the afternoon of the show.

We have a letter from Mr. Wilmerding on the spaniel question, but it must lay over until next week along with others. In justice to Mr. Wilmerding we may say that Doc does not belong to Mr. Mercer, as Mr. Mason states, but is Mr. Wilmerding's property, and will continue to be so. We might as well say right here, that the spaniel controversy is getting outside of the first question. Keep personalities out and stick to type for the subject.

Mr. J. M. Tracy tells us that he and Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes at the coming New Orleans show.

THE GORDON SETTER CLUB OF AMERICA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held Jan. 10, at 2 P.M., at 1293 Broadway, New York, for the election of new members and such other business as may come before it. Members are requested to send in the names of any new applicants for membership which they may have to the Secretary, L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y., that the same may be acted upon before the New York show. The Gordon Setter Club is now on a firm foundation with a rapidly increasing membership. It will give special prizes at the leading shows and have a man in attendance to look after the welfare of the Gordon setters. The specials at New York will be $10 to best dog and $10 to best bitch in open class, $5 to best puppy. It is also considering the matter of field trials and will undoubtedly have some attractions to offer next fall.—L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y (Yonkers, N. Y., Jan. 1).

THE SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF DOGS FOR THE GUN.—In our notice of this excellent work last week we omitted to state that it was for sale by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and the price $2.50.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price $2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price $3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price $1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

THE MARYLAND K. C. AND MR. MALCOLM.

THE following resolution was offered and adopted at the regular monthly meeting of the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club, held at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 4, 1890. W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Sec'y.

Whereas, The presence and conduct of H. Malcolm, Esq., has been, and is, detrimental to the interest of the Maryland Kennel Club,

Be it resolved by the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club, he be, and is, hereby requested to resign as president, and as a member of the board of governors and of the Maryland Kennel Club, the resignation to take effect at once.

[True copy.—W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Sec'y.]

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 5, 1890.—W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Esq., Sec'y Maryland Kennel Club.—Sir: I am in receipt of a copy of a resolution purporting to have been passed by the board of governors, and as a member of the club, in reply thereto, I will state that in consequence of the unfortunate differences which have arisen among the board of governors it seems to me that the usefulness of the club is likely to be impaired, unless such differences can be arranged; and so believing, I am perfectly willing to tender my resignation as president and member of the board, provided that all other officers and members of the board tender their resignation at the same time. Should this course be adopted, the club would have an opportunity of selecting another new set of officers and governors from whom harmonious actions might be expected. I am not aware of any reason why I should cease by a request of a minority to be a member of the club itself. Being one of its originators and being interested in the objects for which it was incorporated, I decline most positively to cease to be a member and consider the purported resolution, as having been passed by five members of the board of governors, a high-handed piece of arrogant malice, knowing as I do, this day, that I have in my possession votes of over two-thirds of the club's membership giving me power to cast said votes as I think proper.

[Signed.] Yours, H. MALCOLM, President.

RESOLUTION.

Whereas, Harry Malcolm during the month of May, 1890, had issued credentials not permitted by the constitution (or by-laws) of the Maryland Kennel Club, of Baltimore City (and contrary to the spirit thereof), to one Charles J. Peshall as a delegate to the American Kennel Club, of New York city, which action has been greatly detrimental to the interests of the Maryland Kennel club, and

Whereas, By reason of such action of said Malcolm, and the consequences therof he has been suspended by the American Kennel Club, and because of such suspension he cannot continue to be president or a member of the Maryland Kennel Club without great detriment and damage to it and the value of the dogs of its members, and will moreover injure the prospects and jeopardize the success of their approaching bench show, if not completely prevent its being held, as will appear from the communication hereunto appended; and

Whereas, His resignation as president and as a member of the club has already been requested by the board of governors, but he has not resigned; and

Whereas, He has threatened to break up the club; and

Whereas, He has repeatedly disobeyed the spirit and letter of the constitution and by-laws and by voting on questions on which he had no right to vote (as appears by reference to the records of the meeting of the board of governors of Nov. 14, 1890, and other meetings) has greatly disturbed the peace and harmony of the club and endangered its existence and greatly injured it.

Now, therefore, Be it resolved by the board of governors of the Maryland Kennel Club that said Harry Malcolm be, and he is hereby removed from the position as president of this club, and that his membership in the club be, and the same is hereby suspended under Article 10 of the by-laws.

The above resolution was offered and adopted at the regular monthly meeting of the board of governors held at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 1, 1891. W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1890.—Edwin C. Farber, Esq., Attorney for Maryland Kennel Club, New York.—Dear Sir: Replying to your communication of even date, I beg to advise you: First—That the suspension of Mr. Harry Malcolm by this club, deprives him from enjoying any of the privileges that are accorded by its rules governing bench shows. Second—He cannot exhibit or take a prize, or act as agent for any person, at any show held by a member of this club. Third—He cannot act in any official capacity at any show while under penalty of such disqualification. Lastly—In case the Maryland Kennel Club should hold a bench show with Mr. Malcolm as its president, while he is still under suspension by the A. K. C., the said Maryland Kennel Club is itself liable to suspension. Yours truly, A. P. VREDENBURG, Secretary.

[True copy.—W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER, Sec'y.]

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Promptly at 8 P. M., on the evening of Jan. 2, a meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. O. H. Brooking, and the roll call showed only Mr. B. S. Turpin and Mr. Geo. P. Berry to be absent. The meeting was then eloquently addressed by the president, who in his speech spoke of our phenomenal growth of the last eight months, our eminently successful field trials just concluded, our object the improvement of the beagle, both in the field and on the bench, and the plainly evident fact that our work had already created many friends for the little hound. He then suggested that we should not rest on our laurels, but should now turn our attention to the bench shows. Concluding with a cordial invitation to the members of the American Beagle Club and all interested in any way in this breed to co-operate and join with us, assuring them that their suggestions will have every consideration, and recalling to their minds the fact that in "Union there is strength."

The minutes of the previous meeting were then read and accepted. The report of the field trial committee, which was as follows, was also accepted: Total receipts, $282.85. Total expenditures, $280.54. Balance on hand, $2.31. Bills payable, $41.20. Messrs. W. F. Rutter Jr., and H. V. Jamison, members of the field trial committee, then spoke at length on the subject of field trials. Various communications were then read, and action thereon referred to the executive committee. It was voted to give $10 at the Pittsburgh show from club money, and this amount will undoubtedly be increased to $25 or $30 by private donations. The application of Mr. F. G. Eibel, of Lancaster, Pa., was then acted on, and he was admitted to membership in the National Beagle Club. Here I will say that the club have admitted to membership, per the executive committee, since the October meeting, the following: Dr. N. Rowe, of Chicago, Ill.; H. W. Lacy, Kennel Editor FOREST AND STREAM; Paul C. F. Hoffman, Hartford, Conn.; Ed. C. Wilson, Olney, Ill. At this point Dr. Power spoke regarding the officers of the past year, stating it as his opinion that the present ones had greatly contributed to the success of the club, and that they deserved a vote of thanks, which were heartily given.

The following gentlemen were then elected to office for the ensuing year: President, O. W. Brooking; Vice-Presidents, W. F. Rutter, Jr., W. A. Power, H. V. Jamieson; Sec.-Treas., F. W. Chapman; Executive Committee, Geo. P. Berry, W. S. Clark and B. S. Turpin. The proposed alteration of the by-laws (Articles V. and VI.), *i. e.*, raising the initiation fee from $2 to $5 and the dues from $2 to $3 per year, was then

put to vote and lost. It was then moved that the dues be raised to $5 per year and the initiation fee be $5 per year also, as per 14 suggestions by mail. Motion carried—yeas 16, nays 3. It was voted that the club open a donation list, the money received therefrom to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of special prizes for our field trial and bench shows, the same being the suggestion of Mr. H. L. Krender and others. Moved that the club act on the matter of the rejection of the application of the N. B. C. to the A. K. C., laid on the table at our last meeting. Carried.

Moved and carried, that the club make application to the A. K. C. at its next meeting, and that the secretary call attention of the A. K. C. to Article III. of its Constitution. Moved that there be a rule prohibiting the running of spayed bitches and castrated dogs in any trial under the auspices of the N. B. C., same to be inserted in the running rules. Motion carried. Moved and carried that the N. B. C. hold a banquet at the time of the Boston show (N. E. K. C.) in April next, in connection with our quarterly meeting of that date. The same to be held at no expense to the club and to be under the direction of the executive committee. The report of the treasurer of the N. B. C. was then read and accepted. Total receipts, $28.05; total expenditures, $7.50; balance on hand, $20.55; bills payable, $41.20; amounts due the club about $75. Meeting was then adjourned.

F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y and Treas.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 5.

THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the request of a large number of the members of the Western coursing clubs, the National Greyhound Club has prepared a code of rules for use by all the coursing clubs of the United States and Canada. One of these rules reads as follows: "No greyhound shall be allowed to run at any coursing meeting held after Oct. 1, 1891, unless it shall have been duly registered in the National Greyhound Club Stud Book."

It is the intention of the club to issue the stud book annually, and in addition to the pedigrees of all greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian greyhounds, to give a review of the coursing season and of all dog shows held in America during the year, and also to add many other attractive features which will make the book invaluable to lovers of the breed. One of the rules established by the club as to bench shows is as follows: "No greyhound, deerhound or Russian greyhound (Barzoi) shall be allowed to compete for any special prize offered by this club at any dog show unless it shall have been duly registered in the National Greyhound Club Stud Book."

The labors of the stud book committee in preparing the first volume of the stud book will be very arduous, and it is hoped that all owners of hounds will give the committee cordial and prompt support.

Blank forms for registration may be obtained from Mr. J. Herbert Watson, 79 Downing street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or from any member of the committee.

Stud Book Committee: Greyhounds—J. Herbert Watson, 79 Downing street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan.; J. R. Dickson, San Francisco, Cal. Deerhounds—J. E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass. Russian greyhounds—W. Wade, Hulton, Pa.

At a meeting of the board of directors held Dec. 15, the committee on prizes was instructed to have medals made from the designs submitted and offer them at the coming shows, as follows: Solid silver medal for best greyhound dog and bitch, deerhound dog and bitch, Russian wolfhound dog and bitch. These will be the handsomest medals ever offered by any kennel or specialty club, and will be of solid silver, three inches in diameter. On obverse side will be, in bas-relief, a deerhound, a greyhound and a Russian wolfhound; on reverse side a deer, a jack rabbit and a wolf. As these will be trophies well worth winning, and can be competed for only by such dogs as are registered in the National Greyhound Club Stud Book, it is hoped all owners of any of the breeds will register at once, and so be eligible to compete. The following are the names of the judges indorsed and recommended by the club: C. H. Mason, New York; J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont.; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. Wilson, Chicago. Committee on prizes, L. C. Whiton, N. Rowe, M. Phister.

SEPARATE TRIALS FOR IRISH SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that some plucky owners of Irish setters have commenced running their dogs in public field trials, it is evident that the great body of believers in the merits of that beautiful animal are awakening to the absolute necessity of proving their claims by that—the only means. Writing and bickering have only resulted in bad blood, perseverance is the way by which pointers and English setters have attained their perfection, and this will reward our efforts also in a few years.

I think that Irish setter men had better, for a time at least, run their dogs in special and separate field trials. This course would call out large entries of Irish setters; and in a very few years we would have a list of winners to choose from that would compete favorably with any breed.

The quicker, surer and better way to accomplish this would be to avail ourselves of the grounds already in use by the Eastern or Central Field Trials Clubs, and offer special stakes for special and separate Irish setter trials thereat.

With this view, a scheme is being discussed among some Irish setter men which will soon be offered for consideration, criticism and action. Contributions are promised; and it only needs concert and less controversy among us to set the ball well in motion. To succeed, we must do as owners of pointers and English setters have done—send our good dogs to field trainers in time to get them ready for the field trials of November and December next; and not rush them off to the breakers in September or October with the expectation that a month or two of training will make field-trial dogs of them. Too brief training of northern dogs for field trials in a field trial country, has been the cause of the poor showing of the Irish and Gordon setters this year. We can, and will, do better next season; our pride is up; our ships are burned behind us and there is no turning back. We have a good dog—as good as any if we will only educate him properly.

A MEMBER OF THE IRISH SETTER CLUB.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5

NOTES FROM MT. WASHINGTON KENNELS.

SOME few weeks ago, I, with deep regret, read of the death of that renowned setter dog Gladstone, known throughout the world as a wonderful stud dog, and a successful competitor at field trials, as he possessed wonderful field qualities, and his services have, no doubt, improved the type of English setters.

This leads me, on account of receiving numerous letters during the past few months, respecting Paul Gladstone, the renowned son of the late Gladstone, to pen a few lines concerning him, which may be of interest to sportsmen in general.

In the first place, I am proud to state that I am now sole owner of him, a dog pronounced by many dog men to be the best son old Gladstone ever sired.

Besides being used in the stud, he has been hunted over all the season, showing now as much eagerness for work as ever, and for a dog of his age he retains excellent speed, range, nose and style, and just goes as fast as ever, in fact he can eclipse younger dogs containing his own and Count Noble's blood. I can truthfully state that there have been more than 200 quail killed over him in this locality this fall. The season here being short, I have been reluctantly obliged to quit hunting, and retire from field sport for another year.

On Dec. 10, Mr. Norwood Johnston and I journeyed about 10 miles into the country and made our headquarteas at Squire Trimbles, where we remained for that night. He is a very homely and humorous old gentleman, and entertained us right royally; doing everything that he possibly could to make us comfortable. We had a good time with him, I can assure you, and greatly did he enjoy the pointing and backing of the dogs, this being his first experience in hunting over bird dogs.

After refreshing the inner man, we started off for our evening's hunt. A stubble field was the first we reached, and Brandom II., a son of Mr. J. H. O'Denny's Brandom (late) made a fine point on a covey in the open field, and the scattered birds flew into a corn field. Following them, we saw a crowd of people and soon learned that a sale was being conducted at a farm near by.

Commencing to shoot, a dozen or so of the crowd came down as spectators, which made the hunt more interesting and amusing, as none of them had ever seen a bird kill ed on the wing or dogs pointing. Whenever a point was made, a general rush ensued, all being anxious to look for the bird, but they could not understand why the dog should thus stand without seeing the birds. In the corn field Redlight, (son of Count Noble—Belle Redmont) owned by "Daddy" Wilson of Pittsburgh, scored a point, which proved to be another covey. These also scattered, and gave us a good afternoon's sport, much laughter being caused by the quaint remarks of some of the crowd. JOE LEWIS.

CANONSBURG, Pa.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Koh-i-noor, Kapitol, Korsair and Dollars. By A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., for silver fawn pugs, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Dec. 31, 1890, by champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister).

Koncent. By A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., for apricot fawn pug dog, whelped Dec. 31, 1890, by champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy) out of Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister).

Business. By E. H. Conner, Mt. Clemens, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 19, 1889, by Jack Tory (Book—Lady) out of Topsy (Gleucho—Daisy).

Alice Kent and Maid of Borstal. By N. McIntosh, Providence, R. I., for red Irish setter bitches, whelped Dec. 10, 1890, by Inchiquin (Shandon II.—Iona) out of Onota Belle (champion Chief—Bizreena).

Hippothera, Paxi, Fabia and Cloe. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, three dogs and one bitch, whelped Oct. 19, 1890, by Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.) out of Lavina Belle (champion Treasure—Viola).

NAMES CHANGED.

Russia to Silver Nugget. By Abbott Lawrence, Lowell, Mass., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1889, by Rusher out of White Violet (Dutch—White Rose).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dido B—Darc-go. C. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Dido B. (Amroy's Bob—Daphne K.) to Tell Kennels' Dare Go (Harris's Mikado—Gypsy K.), Nov. 1.

Nellie E.—Bradford Ruby II. O. D. Eisenhard's (Fostoria, O.) pug bitch Nellie E. (champion Kash—Puss B.) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Dec. 31.

Beauty III.—Kash. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Beauty III. (Othello—Midget) to his champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), Dec. 26.

Freda—Kash. Thos. Patten's (Appleton, Wis.) pug bitch Freda (Douglas II.—Dol) to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy), Dec. 23.

Blue Jennie—Roy Monarch. N. McIntosh's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Blue Jennie (champion Royal Albert—Blue Nell) to Capt. C. C. Gray's Roy Monarch (Dashing Monarch—List), Dec. 3.

Mollie Belton—Toledo Blade. Acme Kennels' English setter bitch Mollie Belton (Britton—Blonde) to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade, Sept. 9.

American Girl—Toledo Blade. R. McGraw's English setter bitch American Girl (Ben Hill—Tempest) to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade, Sept. 19.

Snowbird—Toledo Blade. T. Sadler's English setter bitch Snowbird (Ruby's Druid—Lady Athol) to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade, Oct. 14.

Lady G.—Cincinnatus. J. E. Dager's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Lady G. (Gladstone—Cornelia) to his Cincinnatus, Nov. 20

Romalda—Toledo Blade. J. E. Dager's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Romalda (Cincinnatus—Lady G.) to his Toledo Blade, Nov. 19.

Bonnie Bondhu—Cincinnatus. W. A. Nedemeyer's English setter bitch Bonnie Bondhu to J. E. Dager's Cincinnatus, Nov. 17.

Cornelia G.—Cincinnatus. J. E. Dager's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Cornelia G. (Gladstone—Cornelia) to his Cincinnatus, Nov. 15.

Betsy Trotwood—Toledo Blade. E. H. Osthaus's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Betsy Trotwood (Cincinnatus—Dashing Jennie Dale) to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade), Dec. 1.

Fly Noble—Cincinnatus. Henry Wamf's English setter bitch Fly Noble (King Noble—Queena) to J. E. Dager's Cincinnatus, Dec. 4.

Di—Toledo Blade. W. C. Bradley's English setter bitch Di (Cambridge—Dido II.) to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade, Dec. 10.

Business—Dan O'Connell. E. H. Conner's (Mt. Clemens, Me.) Irish setter bitch Business (Jack Tory—Topsy) to L. N. Hilsendegen's Dan O'Connell, Dec. 17.

Sensation—Black Duke. J. W. Bunting's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Sensation to Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Dec. 16.

King Pharo's Sister—Dufferin. Woodland Kennels' (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch King Pharo's Sister (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen) to their Dufferin (Black Duke—Lady Stanley), Dec 15.

Dolly Obo—Black Duke. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Dolly Obo (champion Obo II.—Dolly W.) to Woodland Kennels' Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Dec. 5.

——*—Black Duke.* B. J. Rae's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch —— (Master Shina—Woodstock Belle) to Woodland Kennels' Black Duke (champion Obo II.—Woodland Queen), Dec. 12.

Fancy—Bob, Jr. A. Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Fancy (Toronto Beau—Gyp) to Woodland Kennels' champion Bob, Jr. (Bob III.—champion Black Bess), Nov. 15.

Fanny—Bradford Harry. Wm. A. Bragg's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Fanny (champion Bradford Harry—Daisy) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Oct. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

La Gitana. Miss Ida Orme's (New York) greyhound bitch La Gitana, Dec. 25, seven (one dog), by H. W. Huntington's champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose).

Queen Anne. M. M. Murphy's (Ripley, O.) pug bitch Queen Anne, Dec. 10, four (one dog), by A. E. Pitts's champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Midget Nellie. A. E. Pitts's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Midget Nellie (Lord Clover—Sister), Dec. 31, five (four dogs), by his champion Kash (Bradford Ruby—Lady Cloudy).

Esther. Blue Ridge Kennels' (Sperryville, Va.) English setter bitch Esther (Doncaster—Eudora), Dec. 1, six (three dogs), by their Gath's Mark (Gath—Gem).

Lulu C. J. E. Dager's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Lulu C. (Noble—Dashing Novice), Nov. 5, nine (seven dogs), by his Toledo Blade.

Madge. Beaumont Kennels' (Few York) Gordon setter bitch Madge (champion Lock—champion Nell), Dec. 25, seven (four dogs), by their champion Beaumont (Ronald III.—champion Floss).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Pedro—Minca whelps. Brindle great Danes, whelped Aug. 18, 1890, by J. H. H. Maenner, Baltimore, Md., Pedro and Frieda, dog and bitch, to M. Simon; Hector, dog, to Prof. H. B. Roemer; Victor and Maud, dog and bitch, to Dr. Chas. S. Hoffman; Mentor, dog, to G. H. Forster; Tyras, dog, to Chas. Struth; Flora, bitch, to Isidor Lowenthal, all of Baltimore, Md.

Prince—May Go whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped March 25, 1890, by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to J. McKay, same place.

Ben B. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped March 25, 1890, by Prince out of May Go, by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to A. C. Southland, Upton, Mass.

Monty C. Orange and white ticked pointer dog, whelped May 20, 1889, by Wm. Tell out of Ethel Beaufort, by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to Geo. Hathaway, Roxbury, Mass.

Spot D. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1890, by Dare Go out of Lucil H., by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn.

Dare. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1890, by Dare Go out of Lucil H., by C. H. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to Alfred George, New Haven, Conn.

Count Will Go. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1890, by Dare Go out of Lucil H., by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to J. H. Johnson, New Haven, Conn.

Dash D. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 2, 1890, by Dare Go out of Lucil H., by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to C. A. Knight, Auburn, Mass.

Dr. Jill. Apricot fawn pug dog, age not given, by Sniffles out of Nanatte, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Dr. A. B. Thrasher, same place.

Cloe. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1890, by Bradford Ruby II. out of Lavina Belle, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Jos. P. Sharp, Springfield, O.

Cincinnatus—Lady G. whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped June 26, 1890, by J. E. Dager, Toledo, O., a dog each to B. E. Quick, Lowell, Mich., and J. E. Smith, Dubuque, Ia., and a bitch to Ed Schuneman, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Cincinnatus—Cornelia G. whelps. Black, white and tan English setters, whelped April 27, 1890, by J. E. Dager, Toledo, O., a dog each to L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., and W. H. Drane, Clarksville, Tenn., and a bitch each to Geo. C. Hore, Hamilton, Ont.; — Smedley, Glen Mills, Pa., and Howard Stearns, Kewanee, Ill.

Russia. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1889, by Rusher out of White Violet, by F. P. Kirby, Philadelphia, Pa., to Abbott Lawrence, Lowell, Mass.

PRESENTATION.

Count Roy. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped June 8, 1890, by Frank out of Madame Drue, by J. N. Brumson, Callender, Ia., to F. B. Farnsworth, Washington, D. C.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

R. S. V., Rahway, N. J.—We have a pet Maltese cat, four and a half years old. A year ago we first noticed a wheezing noise in his breathing; had a cough all winter and head seemed stopped up; kept mouth slightly open most of the time, with tongue projecting. Apparently did not breathe through the nose at all. Several months ago the cough almost ceased, when he commenced having an offensive discharge from the nose, first thin and colorless, but now thick, and of a greenish tinge. He sneezes a good deal. We have several times thought of giving him a dose to put him to sleep, but as he is in fairly good condition and appetite is good most of the time, we thought there might be something to help him. We gave him cod liver oil last winter. Can you tell us what to do for him? Ans. Keep the nostrils clear from the discharges by sponging with tepid water and then rub throat and sides of head with a mixture of equal parts vinegar and alcohol two or three times a day. Let us know the result. Some ten years ago we treated a cat having similar symptoms with this mixture, which resulted in a complete cure.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

ALL the prize matches of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for 1890 have closed, after one of the most successful and interesting years of this noted rifle club. Below will be found the scores and names of the prize winners:

Match No. 1—Special Prizes.

An elegant gold medal, awarded to the shooter making during the year the highest score of 10 shots in any 200yds. match, either at off-hand or at rest, on standard American target, or with Springfield military rifle on Creedmoor target, or with pistol at 50yds. on standard American target.

Off-Hand.

C F Bartow	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	7	8	9—92

At Rest.

W P Thompson	12	12	12	11	12	12	11	12	12	12	12—118

Military.

Lieut W G Hussey	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5—49

Pistol.

H Severance	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99

Match No. 2—Record Off-Hand.

Only one entry allowed each week, 200yds., standard American target, aggregate of best 10 scores to win. Prizes, five gold medals.

W Charles	82	84	81	81	90	81	86	83	87	82—837
J B Fellows	83	84	87	86	80	80	81	80	81	82—824
S C Sydney	85	80	87	80	84	81	80	80	82	80—817
C H Eastman	80	79	83	88	84	84	78	80	79	79—814
H Severance	82	79	80	84	80	78	80	80	80	83—806

Match No. 3.—Record Rest.

Only one entry allowed each week, 200yds., Standard American target, with rest bullseye, aggregate of best 10 scores to win: prizes, four gold medals:

J Francis	114	109	110	109	111	113	110	111	115	117—1119
W P Thompson	105	105	110	105	104	108	108	106	105	108—1065
S Wilder	105	104	108	108	106	107	105	104	106	105—1058
L R Avay	102	103	107	102	109	102	103	103	105	107—1048

Match No. 4.—Record Pistol.

Only one entry allowed each week, 50yds., S. A. target, aggregate of best ten scores to win, prizes, four medals:

H Severance	96	94	94	94	92	92	93	93	93	99—940
W Charles	91	89	90	92	89	89	88	88	89	91—896
J B Fellows	91	87	87	89	90	89	92	89	87	89—890
W G Hussey	91	87	90	87	89	87	91	88	87	86—883

Match No. 5.—Champion Off-Hand.

Only one entry allowed each shoot day, 200yds., S. A. target; prizes, six gold medals:

W Charles	89	87	85	87	84	90	84	86	84	90—866
H L Lee	81	84	84	83	84	88	81	84	88	85—842
J B Fellows	86	81	82	81	83	84	83	82	83	85—830
W G Hussey	81	82	84	81	81	84	79	81	83	81—817
H Severance	82	79	81	81	80	80	78	81	87	78—807
S C Sydney	83	75	77	83	82	76	83	82	80	77—801

Match No. 6—Champion Rest.

Only one entry allowed each week, 200yds., S. A. M., with rest bullseye. Prizes, three gold medals:

J Francis	109	115	107	108	106	114	111	113	107	114—1104
S Wilbur	107	109	107	108	108	108	109	110	113	108—1087
L R Avary	105	107	104	105	103	103	105	105	107	105—1049

Match No. 7—600-Shot Off-hand.

Aggregate of 60 10-shot scores to win (no re-entry allowed). Prizes, five gold medals:

W Charles	806	792	780	790	818	822—4808
W G Hussey	774	787	795	782	761	784—4683
H Severance	744	781	773	781	761	772—4617
S C Sydney	762	717	717	771	885	755—4507
J A Frye	756	745	772	742	721	717—4423

Match No. 8—500-Shot Rest.

Aggregate of 50 10-shot scores to win (no re-entries allowed). Prizes, three gold medals:

J Francis	1061	1087	1047	1088	1087—5361
F Daniels	1039	1060	1082	1021	1050—5501
S Wilder	1061	1010	1021	1043	1046—5151

Match No. 9—Directors' Gold Medal.

Open only to M. R. A. directors, 200yds. off-hand, standard

American target, one score of 10 shots and no re-entries allowed. Prize, one gold medal:

H Severance.....7 9 8 8 8 7 9 6 10 8—80

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association opened its new matches to-day for rifle and pistol. The attendance of the shooters was good, but weather conditions were unfavorable for high scores, 9 to 12 o'clock wind. Following are the scores in detail, distance 200yds., Standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Rest Match.

W P Thompson	107	A B Loring	99
J Francis	104	F W Chester	97
F O Towne	100	M T Day	95
J B Bobbs	100	S B Langley	93
		A S Hunt	85

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

W Charles	88	A R Sharp	72
		D Martin	67
J B Fellows	77	S C Sydney	71
		J B Hobbs	66
I B Thomas	76	W C Prescott	71
		S B Langley	60
C Wilson	75	F S Ham	69

Pistol Match—50Yds.

W Charles	90	A C Stevens	88
		M T Day	83

INTER-STATE LEAGUE.—At the meeting of the Inter-State League of Riflemen this evening arrangements will be made for a series of tournament matches, and the teams will probably contain five men each. The Zettler, Our Own, Lakeside, Albig, Excelsior and Hudson rifle clubs have signified their intention of taking part in the tournament. Membership in the league is open to any club in the United States, and clubs affiliating are not obliged to enter teams in the tournament unless they choose to do so. All that clubs have to do to retain their membership is to pay the semi-annual dues of $3, and the prizes awarded for tournament shooting are paid for by the clubs which enter teams. The objects of the league which are shown by the following preamble to the constitution adopted at the last meeting: "Recognizing the value of a proficiency in the use of the rifle and the many advantages to be gained by bringing together for friendly competition the marksmen of different localities, we, the below mentioned clubs, have formed ourselves into an organization to be known as the Inter-State League of Riflemen, the objects of which shall be to foster and encourage the use of the rifle and to promote a friendly feeling among riflemen of the different cities by the arrangement of team and individual contests, tournaments, etc." The league will not confine itself to gallery work, but will arrange for both individual and team tournaments at diffefent ranges during the outside shooting season.

REVOLVER WORK.—The newly organized New York Revolver and Pistol Club held its first regular shoot at the range of the German-American Shooting Society, 12 St. Marks Place on Saturday evening, Jan. 3. As the new target constructed by C. G. Zettler and adopted by the club was not yet ready, the 25-ring target with the 2in. bullseye was used. The distance was 40ft., each man firing a string of 6 shots, possible 150 points. The scores: H. Oehl 138, M. Herrington 139, J. Zantzer 141, Dr. Chadbourn 128, all using the 38-cal. Smith and Wesson revolver; V. B. Daly scored 136 with a 44-cal., A. H. Isbell used a 32-cal. and scored 145 points, and M. Herrington with a 22-cal. Stevens pistol made 138. At the next shoot the club will use its new target.

The annual revolver match, open only to members of the Seventh Regiment Rifle Club, was decided on the armory rifle ranges on Saturday night, Jan. 3. This is one of the most interesting of the many matches in the club. The conditions are 5 shots at 5yds. at the word, and 5 shots at 10yds., deliberate aim. Misses at the word penalized two points. Three prizes. S. W. Merritt, F. S. Kennedy, A. Stein, H. L. Klock and R. Darling, winners of these matches in 1889-90, were handicapped two points. The three highest men, with their scores, were as follows:

	5Yds.	10Yds.	Total.
Priv A Stein, Company C	23	25	48
Priv W M Bavier, Company C	20	21	41
Corp G L Hoffman, Company H	18	15	33

A SCHUETZEN TELEGRAPH MATCH.—The California Schuetzen Club of San Francisco, of which the well-known marksman, Philo Jacobi, is president, adopted at a recent meeting a number of resolutions embodying a challenge to all *bona fide* rifle clubs in the United States. The California marksmen, who are always among the first in promoting the sport of rifle shooting, wish to arrange telegraph matches under the following conditions: Any club in the United States which has been in existence at least one year, members of the team to have been *bona fide* members of their association at least nine months, fifteen men to the team, fifty shots per man, to be fired on a date agreed upon by the presidents between 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., position strictly off hand, palm rest permitted, distance 200yds., rifle without restriction to weight and sight except telescopic sight, scores after starting to be completed without interruption, stakes $100 a side, a judge for each club to act as stakeholder, and, together with the president and secretary of the respective organizations, to forward in writing a detailed statement of the scores to the president of the competing club, German 25 ring target, ¾in. rings, with a 25 center of 1½in. diameter. This challenge will be acted upon at the next regular meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club, and there is no doubt that the old and well known Eastern organization of sharpshooters will accept it. President B. Walther is greatly in favor of shooting the match, but some of the conditions will have to be changed. The California club, which is at this time of the year greatly favored by the climatic conditions, can hardly expect an Eastern team to shoot now on a fixed date. The weather in San Francisco may be fine, while New York and vicinity may be blessed on the same day with a blizzard or a fog. One judge, who shall watch at the same time shooters and scorers, would be hardly sufficient, as he could not properly supervise the work of the markers, and it would need another judge to see that the men at the butts do their duty.

ANOTHER SMOKELESS POWDER.—Newport, R. I.—It has been learned that for several weeks several chemists have been engaged at the Torpedo Station in the manufacture of a new smokelsss powder, according to a formula received by Prof. Charles E. Munroe, the regular chemist of the station. Several experiments have already been made with it which indicate a superiority over other smokeless powders, and this in two particulars, absence of smoke and a high explosive force.

ENLARGING CREEDMOOR.—Albany, Dec. 24.—The Creedmoor Commission, at its session a few days ago, voted to take fifty acres additional land on the west and north of the range. The strip between the public road running back of the butts and the range is included in the land. The owners of the land want $100 an acre. This the commission deemed too high, and empowered Gen. Robbins to negotiate with them. If a satisfactory settlement cannot be reached proceedings by condemnation will be resorted to.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—There was more interest taken in trap shooting here this season than at any time in the memory of man. That is to say, an interest in live-bird shooting; inanimates shooting has not yet a great hold upon this city. Doubtless much of this trap boom is due to the success of Chicago in the late Kansas City match. Since then every Chicago shooter has carried a perpetual chip on his shoulder, and the match making here has been something absolutely intense. Chicago nerve has been especially high strung ever since, at the close of Mr. Elliott's interview with Br'er Gawge and Br'er Abe, she sent down to Kansas City the memorable telegram, "Send us up a shooter, we have still a few more Kleinmans left." Chicago would probably stand behind some of the old Calumet family in case Mr. Elliott wanted some more trouble on any reasonable basis. But talk about backing oneself for seven hundred thousand dollars is still too high for Chicago. Elliott is off his form right now. It is likely that Charlie Budd could beat him this week, anywhere but on Kansas City grounds, and on good fast birds, such as were trapped here in the late matches. Whether Elliott will not soon recover and be again a hard customer, is another question. He certainly wants revenge, but he may well bear in mind the unintentional sarcasm of Mr. Low's remark to him, "I tell you, Jim, you make a mistake when you fool with the Kleinmans." There is truth in that. There is no family in the country which has shot so well, so steadily and so long. Their style is the same always, and they never have any "form." A shooter with a "form" often gets into trouble. If the Kleinman boys had money to go into the shooting business on a boom scale, and to back themselves on a grand hurrah principle, they could, if they cared to, soon acquire far more reputation than they ever had; but this they will never do. Meantime they have seen dozens of shooters rise and fall. They do not practice much. They do not shoot a dozen birds a week, perhaps. But to-day, prominent in the records of all Chicago shooters, is the picture of that Saturday night when champion Elliott saw Br'er Gawge and Br'er Abe get into a Calumet buggy, drawn by Br'er Gawge's fall-down horse, which is a dead ringer to Br'er Gawge's Prize Machine gun—50, 30 and 25 off—and start off for home at Irondale, down where the Calumet meandereth. They had Mr. Elliott's eagles in the old buggy, along with the Prize Machine gun of Br'er Gawge, and the eight-times-snapper of Br'er Abe. And neither they nor champion Elliott smiled as the homeward buggy-ride slowly progressed to Br'er Gawge's "G'lang there, blame you!"

In Capt. A. C. Anson and Mr. Geo. Hofmann we are having right now a case of shooters who are after each other. It has been chronicled earlier how Capt. Anson took Georgie's scalp on a 50 birds race, but this did not satisfy him. These two gentlemen got together again last Monday, and this time, as will appear in the Watson's Park scores below, George everlastingly got away with the base ball chieftain. The race was $100, 100 birds; score, Anson 64, Hofmann 77. The birds were screamers. But these two friends are not done yet. Each has a family, and each has backed his family to shoot more pigeons than the other fellow's family. This race will probably be shot soon. George, Al. and Val Hofmann are sure of their ability to get about all of them, and old Anse thinks that his father, the still older Anse, himself and his brother, can just about get away with the whole Hofmann clan. It is fun to hear them talk. Results later.

Geo. Hofmann has also posted forfeit to shoot J. L. Wilcox a race some time next week.

Geo. T. Farmer and Tony Dominico had a match arranged for last Tuesday. Mr. Farmer was on hand but Tony was absent. He is still in bed now, probably from nervous fright at his narrow escape from a shooting match.

The other evening, at the Possum Club, some gentlemen got to talking about their skill at live birds, and became inadvertently so tangled up that they had a shooting match agreed upon before they meant to do it. As a result of this a very exciting and pretty race was shot off to-day, as see the scores. Messrs. W. P. Mussey and Dr. J. M. Hutchinson ("Teal") vs. Messrs. Ben Dicks and Charlie Gammon. The latter won by a small majority, 86 to 84, out of 50 birds, $50 a corner. Mr. Mussey's 47 was creditable in the extreme, but Mr. Gammon was right at his heels with 45. The race was there. Ben Dicks was away below where he belonged, and it is thought his temperature was not normal; Doc. Hutch., however, displayed his ability to shoot a lower score than anybody, and his 37 out of 50 settled it.

On next Saturday, at Mak-saw-ba grounds, L. M. "Hamilton" and R. C. "Stevens" will try the favorite game of 50 birds, $50. Mr. "Stevens" is anxious for gore. He also shoots Mr. Mussey 100 birds, $100, probably on the same day or at some time near that, and on Jan. 17 he is booked again to shoot Mr. Mussey "50 and 50," use of one barrel only. Ben Dicks and Mr. Mussey are busy also, and they shoot next Saturday down at the club, 50 birds, $100. And Mr. Mussey and Mr. Stone, you know, must soon meet upon the bloody sands. We are all right in it now.

Roll Organ wins the live-bird medal of the Gun Club of Chicago for 1890. Percy Stone and Eddie Steck tied to-day on the target medal. The club shoot this afternoon was interesting. There were nine shooters in a sweepstakes, and all nine killed 9 birds out of 10.

Kansas City shooters may be interested to know that the boys of Chicago have chipped in and given Henry Kleinman an order on the Jenney & Graham Gun Co. for a $150 gun. They have requested him to buy a gun that will occasionally go off, and that will not shoot all over a forty-acre field. This is rather a clever thing of the boys, and shows the respect in which "Hank" is held here. It seemed due to Chicago's self-respect that there should be one good gun owned by the Kleinman family, and the boys themselves seem to be rather careless about that, not caring much what sort of guns they shoot.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott says he is coming back to Chicago to live, and is going to start a live-bird park here on the most approved modern principles. He thinks there is money in this between now and World's Fair time.

While gathering a bird for his brother at Watson's Park, about three weeks ago, Charlie Willard slipped and fell, bruising his side and spraining his hand, from which latter injury he is very slow in recovering, the hand being still quite useless.

Jan. 2.—We have been having a sort of field day here in Chicago of shooters and those interested in shooting. During the week several gentlemen prominent in such matters have been in town, and there has been quite a little stir consequent therein. Harvey McMurchy blew in from Smithville early in the week, and has been in constant circulation here ever since, the scintillant gleam of his diamond being noticeable in all the main sporting goods places in the city. He left for Cincinnati and Fulton, N. Y., last night, after being nearly drowned in the clammy deluge which met the shooters who attended the big New Year's shoot at Lake George club grounds. The weather was abominable here yesterday. Mr. H. A. Penrose, manager of the Standard Keystone Co., also was on hand all the week, attending to business matters of importance. He joined Mr. McMurchy at the Lake George shoot, and shared his fate at that moist entertainment. Mr. Fred Kimble, of the Peoria Target Co., was also in town this week. Up at Billy Mussey's one evening the boys had the pleasure of meeting, at the same time, Mr. Kimble, Mr. McMurchy, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, author of "Wild Fowl Shooting," as well as big Jim Stice, now with the Peoria folks, and J. W. Budd, of New Jersey, and dear knows who all else, twenty or thirty of them. By the way, Mr. Kimble goes to California for a trip soon after his arrival home this week. Mr. Leffingwell reports a quiet season in game matters in his country, but was handing out programmes of the Clinton Gun Club tournament, Feb. 3, 4, 5 and 6, which he says is going to be one of the finest, offering live birds and targets and a screaming good time. Mr. Leffingwell is looking well.

All Chicago, at least, though not all Dayton certainly, will be glad to know that Rolla Heikes is to come here to live, taking the Western office of the Standard-Keystone Co., with quarters at the Jenney & Graham Gun Co.'s. Rolla will move up next week, it is understood, and there will be plenty of friends here waiting to shake hands with the blonde gentleman from Ohier. Chicago gets the best.

While Mr. Penrose was here he made public for the first time to FOREST AND STREAM a bit of news which is as yet not fully formulated even, but which is certainly good news to the trap-shooting fraternity of the country. This is the organization of the Inter-State Manufacturers & Dealers' Association, an alliance whose object may be briefly stated to be the common sense encouragement of trap-shooting. This association will eventually contain about 15 subscribers; at present the only names ready for announcement are those of Henry Squires, of New York, W. Fred Quimby, of New York, the American Wood Powder Co., of New York, FOREST AND STREAM, of New York, the Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., the Jenny & Graham Gun Co., of Chicago. The quota of additional subscribers is fast being made up. The plan of this association will be to give a system of tournaments at inanimates, twelve and perhaps more in number, in conjunction with the local clubs. Each tournament will be practically a benefit performance for the club whose grounds are used. The subscribers will arrange a liberal system of guaranteed purses for the shooters. All purse surpluses will be either donated to the club or added the competition moneys. All the money made by the tournament, on targets, gate receipts, etc., will be given outright to the club, conditional upon its devotion to building club house or making improvements about the grounds, etc. Everybody knows that there is money in a well-conducted tournament and the liberality of the above arrangement is obvious.

The first tournament will be held in Detroit, next March, one will follow at New London, Conn., then one at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., then one at Elkhart, Ind. The circuit may go as far west as Kansas, and as far south as Georgia, plans as to this being still in abeyance. Each shoot will be a thoroughly systematic and well conducted tournament, the guarantee as to that lying in the fact that Mr. Penrose is to be in charge. It will be also as much as possible a pleasant, social event for shooters and their friends, and nothing will be lost that could tend to make it attractive and picturesque. Each subscriber is to have erected on the grounds a tent of his own, of whatever quaint design he may elect, and to be occupied whenever possible by a representative. The supervision of all arrangements of this kind will, as all Western men will be glad to know, be under the charge of John Parker, of Detroit, who will travel as advance agent and superintendent. System will rule every detail. Even those little valued but useful members of society, the reporters, will be remembered, and each night will have handed to them the complete scores of the day neatly copied out and tied with a pink ribbon. What a snap this would be for Fred Fodde, of the St. Louis *Republic!* He always did hate copying. This is the plan, at least for those legitimate papers that are on the inside. Some of them won't be in it. FOREST AND STREAM is right in it all the time. Now isn't all this perfectly lovely! And moreover, since it is to be conducted on a plain, practical, inexpensive basis, is it not already practically successful? The shooters of this country, especially the new shooters, the young shooters, have never before had offered to their attention anything more worthy of investigation at least.

The Inter-State people are of course confronted at once by the old specter of classification, and this they propose to unmask forthwith or ruin their cause in the attempt. The experts of this country are not only practically, but thoroughly, known to-day. At all the Inter-State tournaments the wolves will be separated from the lambs with whom they have heretofore mingled. The experts will be classified from their known reputation, and not from any temporary possibly made-to-order record. Once made, the classification will be adhered to. All experts will be obliged to shoot under the "expert rules," viz., unknown angles, unknown traps, no faults of gun or shooter to excuse, everything tough as possible. Under these conditions the experts can fight it out. The amateurs have the old rapid-firing rules. It would seem that a determined effort is to be made to prevent that alarming growth of "mechanical shooting" which seemed so threatening to the best interests of shooting last season. There is a peculiar satisfaction in the reflection that this journal was the first to raise its voice in the fearless condemnation of mechanical shooting at the trap, and it is doubtless much due to its efforts that the old system has been reconsidered in relation to these interesting preparations now before us for a practical, just and popular form of trap shooting, which is something long wanted but hitherto not found.

We still hear of wars and rumors of wars here. They do say that a purse is mysteriously formulating itself here, twice several hundred dollars large, to back Abe and George Kleinman in the invitation to one J. A. R. Elliott to come up and take "all or any part of it," as Jack Brewer or Dick Irwin would say. This ought to be easy work. George Kleinman's race with Elliott was the first 100-bird race he ever shot in his life. Abe Kleinman's race was the first of any consequence, if not the only one, he has shot in 15 years. These men don't talk at all. They don't have any "form." And the money behind them is a-growin'.

Harvey McMurchy while here tried hard to get a live-bird or combination match with any Chicago man against Charlie Budd, but he couldn't do it. Charlie is too well known in Chicago, and is rated high enough to pass the ambitions of Chicago's most ambitious. Sometimes I think the shooter who can shoot and win without altering the size of his hat, who can talk without bluff or bluster, who can lose without explanations and be a gentleman all the time, is the man who ought to be called champion of America. I do not love some sorts of champions, who are lovely only in their ability to shoot, and not always in that. In Chicago Charlie Budd was always very popular, and Chicago never forgot how he was forced to lose what after all is only the empty title of "champion." The more abiding title, the win-or-lose championship, is something they cannot take away from him. And anyhow, Harvey will have to go further before he gets a race.

What Messrs. Organ and Mussey call a piece of robbery is the match lately concluded in which Charlie Gammon has backed these two gentlemen again, the deficit missed to him by Mr. W. H. Haskell on behalf of himself and Mr. R. A. Turtle. This will be 50 or 100 birds, $50 or $100 a corner.

There is a sort of a prospect that Mr. C. E. Willard and Mr. P. F. Stone will shoot a similar race with Mr. C. B. Dicks and Mr. W. P. Mussey. This community is becoming dead game in the extreme, and the man who hasn't a match on can claim no status at all in Chicago shootingdom.

I believe I said not long ago that Washington Park Club never allowed a score or notice of a match to be published. Well, Mr. Chas. Lester and Mr. Walter Dupee, of the Washington Park Club, have just been having another little go, 10 live birds, $20, and this time Mr. Lester beat Walter, who found too late that the ammunition he had ordered was not on hand.

But about that Lake George shoot on New Year's day. The boys had a terrible time of it. About a dozen of them spent the night previous at the club house. Sleep was a thing not dreamed of. Mr. L. M. Hamlin, better known as "Ham," had provided himself with a number of giant fire crackers, each as large as one's arm, and these at spasmodic intervals he delighted to ignite, terrifying the occupants of the frail shanty by the announcement each time that he had done so. The jar of the cannon crackers nearly set the house off its foundations and made a panic among the tenants of the not too large abode. After the crackers were gone, Mr. Hamline celebrated till morning with a shotgun. The early train brought down other shooters, about 25 in all being present, and in spite of the dismal weather quite a lot of shooting was done, 590 birds in all being shot, two individual races, Malcolm—Sheehan and Holden—Pfeffer, were shot, each at 25 birds, $25. The former resulted in a tie, and the latter was nearly so. Fred Pfeffer, however, lost three out of his last four birds, and this gave the result to "Husky George." In the sweeps McMurchy got all his birds straight. Frank Place and Charlie Willard also were in good shape. Following are scores:

Malcolm—Sheehan.

O P Malcolm	1110222122022112122012020—21
J H Sheehan	1120122022111111002121211—21

Holden—Pfeffer.

Geo Holden	1122122101021021222101202—20
Fred Pfeffer	1021121212100212212220100—19

Sweep, 10 live birds:

H A Penrose	1222122110— 9	F A Place	1212221111—10
H McMurchy	1121212222—10	O P Malcolm	1121210011— 8
R B Wadsworth	2120201210— 8	Fred Pfeffer	1122000210— 6
L M Hamline	0211001110— 7	H Foss	1022021210— 7
C B Dicks	0221222222— 9	C E Willard	1221122110—10
R S Cox	0121121012— 8		

Ties on first and second div., third miss and out, Wadsworth won.

Sweep, 10 live birds:

Willard	1112012111— 9	Pfeffer	1221121110— 9
Place	2112212022— 9	Wadsworth	0112111011— 8
McMurchy	2111222211—10	Holden	1221121110— 9
Penrose	0000211111— 6	Hamline	1011110120— 7
Dicks	0121121111— 9	Malcolm	1221111011— 9
Cox	1110222121— 9	Patterson	1111112222—10

McMurchy won first, Holden, Willard, Place and Malcolm div. second, Wadsworth third.

Quite a party leaves for Mak-saw-ba grounds at Davis, Ind., to-morrow, to witness or participate in the live-bird matches of interest there. E. HOUGH.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.

MANY kind words of pleasant reminiscence and many sincere expressions of regret met the announcement published in our last issue of the death of Miss Annie Oakley in a South American city. The report reached us through the regular press channels, but prompt denial of the report followed its publication, and it now appears that some annoying blunder has occurred in connection with the announcement. Our correspondent "Picus," from Ellicott City, Md., writes:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 1, I notice the report of Miss Annie Oakley's death at Buenos Ayres. This is, I presume, the city in South America, and may not mean the well-known lady who was with Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and I truly hope it is not the wonderful "Little Sure Shot." In connection with this, and as a counter report, I wish to say that I had a letter from Mr. Butler, dated Dec. 12, in which he said that his wife (Miss Oakley) had definite engagements for shooting upon private game preserves in the neighborhood of London, which would keep them busy until after the New Year, and I send you with this a clipping from the *Kentish Express and Ashford News*, which shows Miss Oakley's whereabouts as late as Dec. 17. All who know Miss Oakley will join me in hoping the report of her death untrue. PICUS.

The clipping referred to is as follows: "Marvelous Shooting.—At the Royal Oak Hotel starling shoot on Wednesday [Dec. 17] the company, which included some of the best shots in the south of England, were unexpectedly gratified by having the opportunity of witnessing some of the wonderful shooting feats of Miss Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank B. Butler). This lady, the 'Little Sure Shot' of Buffalo Bill's troupe, which is now at Strasburg, is on a vacation visit for a few weeks to Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of the Royal Oak, they being old American friends, Mr. Graham having shot four or five matches with her during his sojourn in the States. Gentlemen will have the opportunity of seeing her performances at the next few meetings, and of taking part against her at her own game at the traps. The feats she performed on the ground seem scarcely credible. Thus, it Mr. Butler or Mr. Graham held out in their hands a visiting card edgeways to her, at a distance of from 10 to 20 paces, she invariably hit the edge of the card with a bullet from a pistol. With a Holland 3-20 bore double rifle she hit successively with bullets two marbles thrown in the air; and with a 10-shot repeating rifle she split at the first shot a piece of lead as it was thrown up, and then knocked to pieces the second shot one of the fragments as it descended. Half-pence and coins the size of a sixpence were also struck with bullets in the same way. Thirteen competitors came out for the handicap, and it was won by Mr. Frank Tanton, of Great Chart, 25yds., who killed 7 birds out of 9. Mr. Tanton's win was a feat for a local sportsman, inasmuch as he beat two of the best shots in England—Ben Read, of Nottingham, and Robert Patch, of London. Mr. Tanton's brother also holds a trump card in the handicap. Over a dozen sweepstakes were subsequently shot off, and a pleasant dinner party afterward sat down at the Royal Oak."

C. R. SHELTON.—Clark R. Shelton died Monday, Dec. 29, at his home in Newtown, Conn. He was the inventor of the auxiliary rifle which was manufactured by the Winchester Arms Company. He first proposed the use of the rubber butt to rifles for the purpose of preventing the recoil, and was the originator of the outside elevator for fire-escapes, which is constructed on the same principle as those used inside of buildings.

CONNECTICUT TOURNAMENT.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 29.—On Christmas Day the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League held a tournament at the grounds of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club of this city. The day was what is called East a "snorter," cold and a high wind. On account of the blustering day only fair scores were made. Among the shooters we had the pleasure of meeting the popular out-of-town sportsmen, John H. Pitt and the genial "Tom" Bill of Middletown, E. O. Goodwin of East Hartford, Joel W. Webb of Willimantic, C. L. Hotchkiss of Forestville, N. D. Folsom, C. B. Bristol and George H. Saunders of New Haven. Messrs. Sterry and Root of Tolland are market-shooters—they can shoot at the traps as well as in the brush. Mr. Saunders was handicapped by an injured finger. Below the scores:

Event 1, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry, 8 entries:

T P Bill	1101111111—9	G H Saunders	1011100110—6
J R Pitt	0101101100—5	E I Root	1011111111—9
E O Goodwin	0111010110—6	C B Bristol	1110011111—9
N D Folsom	0001110011—5	"Snipe"	1111000111—7

Bill, Root and Bristol div. first money, "Snipe" took second. Goodwin and Saunders third, Folsom and Pitt fourth.

Event 2, 9 bluerocks, unknown angles, entrance 75cts., 10 entries:

T P Bill	101111011—7	G H Saunders	111011110—7
J R Pitt	000100011—3	E I Root	111111111—9
C B Bristol	101011111—7	A Willey	101111101—7
E O Goodwin	011110000—4	C Viberts	001111011—6
N D Folsom	101111111—8	C H Burbridge	111111111—9

Burbridge and Root div. first, N. D. Folsom took second, Bill, Bristol, Saunders and Willey third, Viberts fourth.

Event 3, 15 singles, entrance $1.25, 10 entries:

N D Folsom	110111101111111—12	G H Saunders	000100111110000— 6
C B Bristol	010111111101111—12	B O Goodwin	000011011001001— 6
A Willey	011111111011110—12	E I Root	011101111111111—13
C H Burbridge	011111101111110—12	T P Bill	111110010110001— 9
J Alger	110010010111110— 9	J R Pitt	011111100111000— 9

Root took first, Folsom, Bristol, Willey and Burbridge div. second, Alger, Bill and Pitt third, Saunders and Goodwin fourth.

Event 4, 10 singles, 3 angles, entrance 75 cents; 14 entries:

C B Bristol	1111111111—10	Allen Willey	1110111011— 8
C Viberts	1111111111—10	Joel W Webb	1110110101— 7
E I Root	0111111111— 9	C Sterry	0000110111— 6
C H Burbridge	1101111111— 9	John R Pitt	1000001111— 5
T P Bill	1110111111— 9	E O Goodwin	1000110000— 3
John Alger	1101111111— 9	Snipe	1001001000— 3
G H Saunders	1111110101— 8	N D Folsom	1111000001— 5

Bristol and Viberts divided first money; Root, Burbridge, Bill and Alger second; Saunders and Willey third, and Webb took fourth.

Event 5, 20 singles, three angles, entrance $1.50; $2 for best score; 12 entries:

C B Bristol	11111111111111111111—20	C Viberts	11111111111011110111—18
N Folsom	11010111111111111111—18	Burbridge	11111011110111110110—17
Saunders	11110111111111011111—18	A Willey	10111111011111101111—17
J W Webb	01111011111111111111—18	J R Pitt	11110011111011111111—16
E I Root	10111101111111110111—18	T P Bill	11111010111100111111—16
C Sterry	01110111111111111111—18	J Alger	11011101011011001101—14

C. B. Bristol took first money and prize, $2; Folsom, Saunders, Root, Webb, Viberts and Sterry divided second money; Willey and Burbridge third money; Pitts and Bill fourth.

Event 6, 10 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1; 12 entries:

Thos P Bill	1111111110	11 11 11 11 11—19	
Chas Sterry	1101111111	11 11 11 11 11—19	
C B Bristol	1111111111	11 11 00 11 11—18	
E J Root	0111111111	01 10 11 01 11—16	
Fred Risley	1000111110	11 11 01 11 10—15	
Allen Willey	1111111101	00 11 11 10 10—15	
J W Webb	1111000011	11 11 01 11 10—14	
G H Saunders	1110101110	10 11 11 11 00—14	
Chas Viberts	1101001101	11 01 10 11 01—13	
N D Folsom	1111101011	00 00 00 10 00—10	
C H Burbridge	1101111111	00 00 10 00 00—10	
John R Pitt	1001111111	10 00 10 00 00—10	

Sterry and Bill divided first money; Bristol took second; Root took third; and Risley and Willey divided fourth.

Event 7, 10 singles, 3 angles, entrance 75 cents, 14 entries:

C Sterry	1111011111—9	G G Lyman	0111110111—8
E I Root	1111111011—9	C B Bristol	1011111011—8
"Snipe"	1111111110—9	J W Webb	1011001111—7
T P Bill	1111111110—9	John Alger	1101110011—7
N D Folsom	1111011110—8	C H Burbridge	1101100110—6
G H Saunders	1111111000—8	Allen Willey	1111000101—6
J R Pitt	1111011111—8	Fred Risley	0110110110—6

Sterry, Root, "Snipe" and Bill div. first money, Folsom, Saunders, Pitt, Bristol and Lyman second, Alger and Webb third, and Burbridge, Risley and Willey fourth.

Event 8, 15 singles, 3 angles, entrance $1, 11 entries:

A Willey	111111101111111—14	E I Root	111110100110110—10
C B Bristol	111111011111110—13	N D Folsom	001011101111110—10
T P Bill	111101111111111—13	G H Saunders	111101111001100—10
C Sterry	101111111011111—13	G G Lyman	011101110100010— 9
C H Burbridge	101101101111111—13	J R Pitt	110101000011111— 9
J W Webb	011100110111011—10		

Willey took first money, Bristol, Bill, Sterry and Burbridge div. second, Webb, Root, Folsom and Saunders third. Lyman and Pitt fourth.

Event 9, at 30 singles, entrance $2.25, 10 entries. Prize, Colt hammerless gun, donated to Connecticut Trap Shooters' League by Colt Patent Firearm Manufacturing Company:

C Sterry	1111111011111101111011111111—27
C Bristol	0111011111111111111011111110—26
J W Webb	1111101101111111111011111110—26
E I Root	1111111111111010011111111111— 26
C H Burbridge	1100111111101101111101111111—25
Allen Willey	1111011111001111011111101111—25
T P Bill	1111111101111101101011111—25
N D Folsom	1101111110101111011010110—22
G H Saunders	1101111100101010100101111100—19
John R Pitt	1111010010008101111101111010—19

Sterry won the gun and first money; Webb, Root and Bristol div. second; Burbridge, Willey and Bill third.

Event 10, at 5 pairs, entrance 50 cents, 5 entries: T. P. Bill 5, J. R. Pitt 8, J. W. Webb 8, A. Willey 4, C. Sterry 7. Pitt and Webb first; Sterry second; Bill third; Willey fourth.

Event 11, 10 singles, 50 cents, 5 entries: Bill 7, Pitt 8, Root 10, Sterry 9, Webb 8. Root first; Sterry second: Pitt and Webb div. third; Bill fourth.

Event 12, 3 birds, 25 cents, 2 entries: Bill 3, Pitt 3. In shooting off the tie Pitt won.

A. C. COLLINS.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS.—Jan. 3.—Conditions, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entrance:

Jones	10 8 9 8 11	Wallace	9 6 8 4 10
Lindsley	6 10 8 5 12	Hunt	5 6 .. .. ..
Collins	10 9 9 9 15	Wander	3 5 4 .. ..

Sweeps at 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

Jones	2222—4	0011—2	2211—4
Lindsley	2222—4	0220—2	2102—3
Collins	1121—4	1222—4	1211—4
Wallace	2110—3	1220—3	1021—3
Wanda	2010—2	0122—3	2120—3
Hunt	2201—3		
Beaman			1112—4
Laurence			0112—3

VERONA SPORTING CLUB.—Verona, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Match at 10 Keystones, 15yds. This was the first experience of some of the members; the club has just been organized:

Erickson	0110111110—7	Handville	0000111111—6
Brower	1111111111—10	Liesenberg	0001010010—3
Ougheltree	0001011011— 5	Dobbins	0001111111—7
Slayback	1011111111— 9	Bolle	0100100100—3

Brower first, Slayback second, Dobbins third.

FOUNTAIN GUNNERS.—The annual meeting of the Fountain Gun Club was held Jan. 5 at the club house, 449 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. This shooting organization is one of the oldest on Long Island, and is also one of the most prosperous, having in its ranks some of the best wing shots in the country. The principal event of the meeting was the presentation of the prizes won by the several members during the past year. Abel Crook, the President of the club, made the presentation speech and awarded the prizes. The winners were as follows: Class A, C. W. Wingert, the Parker hammerless gun donated by R. Wells and the Seddons gold medal, Dr. Wynn, gold watch, chain and charm, donated by the late Gov. Crook. Class B, H. W. Blattmacher, $20 gold piece presented by W. R. Selover; W. A. Stuart, hand-painted "Bierstadt" gold scarf pin presented by C. W. Wingert. Class C, Walter T. Duryea, $20 gold piece presented by Dr. Wynn; W. N. Boetcher, $20 gold piece by A. Eddy. The election of officers then took place and the following were elected: Abel Crook, President; Robert Wells, Vice-President; John A. Carney, Secretary, and H. W. Blattmacher, Treasurer. Trustees—C. W. Wingert, Chairman; A. W. Phelps, John Beacham, W. H. Loomis and F. A. Maacy. At the close of the meeting the members and invited guests sat down to the annual club dinner, covers being laid for about sixty.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 2.—The weather in this part of the country on New Year's Day was not by any means of the best for out-of-door sport. A stiff cold wind from the west made its way over this city and the shoot held by the Riverside Gun Club was not so numerously attended as it would have been had the elements been more favorable. A 50-bird shoot with an entrance of $5 was announced to take place, but owing to the small crowd of enthusiasts it was called off, and sweepstakes with a nominal entry were shot. Bluerock targets were used for all events, governed by the rules of the now defunct A. S. A. Following are the scores, ties div.:

Ten bluerocks, 3 moneys:

Haggerty	10	G Pendergast	8	Meade	10
Henry	7	Charles Weber	6	Kling	10
E Pendergast	8	Phil Weber	7	Seltzer	7

Ten bluerocks, 3 moneys:

Haggerty	10	C Weber	6	Kling	8
Henry	7	P Weber	8	Eade	9
E Pendergast	7	G Pendergast	5	Seltzer	7

Ten bluerocks, 3 moneys:

Haggerty	9	Meade	6	Seltzer	7
Henry	8	Phil Weber	6	Bauer	7
E Pendergast	7	G Pendergast	6	Manne	8
C Weber	6	Kling	10		

Fifteen bluerocks, 4 moneys:

Haggerty	13	Meade	13	Higley	14
Kling	11	P Weber	14	Seltzer	10
G Pendergast	9	Manne	11	Kuntz	10
E Pendergast	14	C Weber	6	Lenhart	13
Bauer	9	Schomberg	6	Steffin	15
Henry	12				

Fifteen bluerocks, 4 moneys:

Haggerty	13	Henry	12
Kling	13	Gus	6
G Pendergast	9	P Weber	10
E D Pendergast	15	Schomberg	8
Bauer	14	Higley	8
C Weber	7		
Lenhart	11		
Meade	11		
Steffen	7		
Horst	5		

UNSER FRITZ.

COUNTRY CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Christmas Day at the Country Club, Westchester, in the handicap live pigeon shooting contests, for the club cups, miss and out, Mr. Arthur Duane won two cups, shooting at 29yds. rise for one and 30yds. rise for the other, killing 12 and 5 straight respectively. On New Year's Day, at the same club, Mr. Duane killed 63 pigeons out of 64 shot at by him and won three cups, killing his first 47 birds straight and making a total score of 80 pigeons killed out of 81 shot at for the two shoots, the missed bird, the 48th, falling dead just behind the score. All this shooting was done under Hurlingham rules, 5 traps, 40yds. boundary, Mr. Duane shooting a Purdy gun.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 1.—The bad weather of to-day kept some of the regulars away from John Erb's grounds, but still enough shooters were on hand to keep the trappers busy. The birds were flyers. The events were all "Jersey sweeps" at 4 birds each, $3 entry, with Hurlingham rules (modified) to govern.

On the South Side grounds the members of the South Side and Woodside gun clubs combined their forces and broke clay and bluerock targets from 9 A. M. until dark. Twenty-two events were disposed of and these necessitated the trapping of about 2,000 targets. Quite a number of out-of town shooters took part in the contest, among them being G. W. and A. B. Gladwin, of Leonia; R. and T. Dukes, East Orange; R. Stringer, Rahway; I. Warren Smith, Orange, and D. H. Terrill, New York.

The members of the Mutual Gun Club held forth in Fischer's woods, and filled in the time by shooting at live birds and artificial targets.

New Year's Day was celebrated by the members of the East Side Gun Club by a shoot at Weidenmayer's woods, both live and artificial targets being used.

The first shoot of the Lone Door Gun Club was held on Thursday on the club grounds, at 25 artificial birds each. The result was as follows: J. Metzler 20, B. Eckert 19, T. Vetter 22, J. Sonnenberg 22, B. Manger 9, P. McKeon 18, J. Goff 17, P. Gerring 16, L. Hubert 12, H. Manderschied 18.

At the New Year's Day shoot of the Roseville Gun Club artificial targets were used, the conditions being 5 birds per man, $1 entry. The Whatton brothers captured the bulk of the money, Alfred Whatton securing first money five times, second money twice, Albert Whatton won first money three times, second money four times. R. Gillott won first money once, second money twice and third money once. B. A. Rist won first money once and third money once.

Alfred and Albert Whatton shot a match at 10 pairs of clay-pigeons each, Alfred breaking 15 and Albert 14. The stake was for $10 a side.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 3.—The Wellington Gun Club held one of its old-time shoots to-day, the attendance being larger than at any Saturday shoot since the cold set in. The weather was just right for the sport, and several good scores was the result. In the regular cup match to-day Perry was again the winner, by breaking 24 out of 25 standards. The other scores were: Bradbury, Cowee, Dill and Bond, 21; Swift, 20; Stanton and Moore, 19; Leslie, 18; Hooper, Herrick, Archibald, Stone, Lee and Bradstreet, 16. In the contested cup match, won by Perry, Bradbury won by breaking 22 out of 25 standards. The other scores were: Perry, 21; Leslie, Stone and Wheeler, 20; Hooper, Archibald, Dill, Bond and Stanton, 19; Cowee, 18. Thirteen sweepstake events followed.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.—This afternoon Wm. H. Wolstencroft, James Wolstencroft, Albert Rust, A. Lawrence, Samuel Richards, Nathaniel Swope, J. Rotherger, Dr. R. Howe, W. Wilson and Capt. Wm. H. Pack had a match at live crows across the river on New Jersey soil, Hurlingham rules governed the contest, which was at 15 birds per man. All the marksmen did remarkably well, but the honors were won by W. H. Wolstencroft and Albert Rush, each of whom made a clean score of 15 killed.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club's weekly shoot for badges. Winning member in each class to be handicapped one bird at next shoot. Match at kingbirds, kingbird traps, 16 and 18yds. rise, 5 traps, unknown angles, gun-below:

Class "A."

Smith (24 birds)	111111101111101111111 —22
Tallett (22 birds)	1111011111111111110 —21
Scott (25 birds)	1111111111111011111110010—21
Whitney (24 birds)	1101111011010111111011 —19

Class "B."

O'Connor (25 birds)	0010111101011111011111—19
Ayers (24 birds)	1111011101110011111110 —19
Taylor (24 birds)	1111111110111100111010 —18
Kingsley (22 birds)	1010011010101010111 —12

Ties on 19 for Class "B" badge, 5 birds, 16 and 18yds.:

Ayers	11100	01110	11001	01011—16
O'Connor	01110	10110	01111	11100 01011—16

Tie on Class "B" badge postponed one week on account of darkness.—DUSTEM.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

22. Biscayne Bay, Annual, Biscayne Bay.

JULY.

14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.
16. Lake Y.R.A., R.C.Y.C., Tor.
17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.
20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester.
23. Lake Y.R.A., Oswego, Oswego

A CORINTHIAN CRUISE ON PACIFIC WATERS.

THE Cyretta is a small yacht in every sense of the word. Most people when one speaks of a yacht picture a large, commodious vessel, with a sailing master, steward and crew; and when a person mentions that his yacht is but 21ft. long, his friends are likely to look at him in a queer way, as if wondering how he can find enjoyment in so small a craft. But so long as the boat is large enough to live on, my motto is, the smaller the boat the better the sport. The Cyretta is but 21ft. long, 7ft. beam and about 3ft. draft in cruising trim. She has an iron keel of 1,000lbs. and a hollow iron centerboard filled with lead, weighing 500lbs. in all, so that no inside ballast is needed. She is sloop-rigged and completely equipped for racing, with jibtopsail, sprittopsail, spinaker and water sail; and while holding her own as a racer, I take especial pride in her as a cruiser. As far as I have seen, there is not one of her size among her companions that is fitted up more completely for this branch of yachting.

Having no inside ballast, there are lockers on every hand, so that no matter how large a quantity of stores is carried, nothing is ever found lying about the cabin or deck, in the way of every one, but all is snugly stowed away. The cockpit is entirely separate from the cabin, with scuppers that make it self-bailing, the floor being above the deadline. Under the cockpit seats are lockers opening into the cabin, and aft are two small hatches opening into the space in the counter, so that every inch of room is available. For a tender I have a small 8ft. skiff, which I find is much handier than a round-bottomed yawl, drawing less water and being always on an even keel. For cooking we use a Florence oil stove with three wicks, and find it as good as anything we know of, though a properly designed gasoline stove might be better. The cooking utensils, all of granite ware, stow aft under the cockpit, where are also the water tanks, holding thirty gallons, filling from the cockpit and with pipes into the cabin. The chinaware is kept in a plate locker forward of the centerboard trunk, while the blankets and bedding are hung in nettings below the side decks, all being hidden by curtains. Each transom makes a bed, while room for a third person can be made by means of a crossbar and some slats between the transoms, making a very good bed. The walls of the little cabin are embellished with clock, barometer, pictures and binoculars, while on the ceiling are flag and glass racks. All bulky stores are stowed forward, and the small articles in the lockers.

The Cyretta had been in commission about half the season of 1890, participating in all the races and short club cruises, before the time came when I could think of taking my summer vacation. At last I was ready, and Will, my regular sailing companion, had so arranged his business as to get away with me; so we completed our plans for the cruise. I had long wanted to cruise along the shores of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun Bays, and up the rivers emptying into them, but every year something had prevented; this time, however, I saw some hopes of a realization of my desires. We decided to stock the yacht with everything necessary for the cruise, so as to be independent of the towns and stopping places, and able to go where we pleased without any fixed course other than working along the north shore.

The boat was fully equipped already, and all that remained was to lay in the provisions, consisting of canned goods, ham, bacon, potatoes, eggs, rice, coffee, lard, coal oil, crackers and numerous small stores in the way of matches, lamp wicks, salt, pepper, etc. For drinkables we had six dozen quarts of beer, and one dozen of California white wine. Three of us made up the party, Ceice, a mutual friend, Will, before mentioned, and myself. We made out a list of articles needed and had all shipped over to the Corinthian Y. C. house at Point Tiburon, the club beneath whose flag Cyretta sails. When I first saw the pile of provisions I wondered where we were going to put them all, there seemed to be plenty to fit out a general country store and still leave enough for the boat, but as the list had been made very carefully, we knew that if the order had been properly filled it all belonged to us, and was not too much, so Ceice and I turned to and stow cargo.

After two hours' work there was not a sign of anything aboard the boat except the empty boxes, that were soon hove over the side. Where all the stuff had gone was a mystery to the club members who had seen the pile and inquired what we were going to do with it. To be a success, a cruise requires good food and served often, for it matters not how much you may enjoy yourself in other ways, if you are always hungry or forced to eat poorly cooked grub, you are in no condition to enjoy yourself, and soon tire of the sport. Many old cruisers make the mistake of starting with the idea that on a cruise they can get along with anything; failing to realize that the hardships which seem so heroic in books are no what they are accustomed to; consequently, after a few meals on sea-soaked crackers, they retire with the remark that roughing it is a delusion and a fraud.

After everything was shipshape, the blue peter was run up, and Ceice and I waited for Will, who was to come over from San Francisco on the 6:15 P. M. boat. We spent the time in putting finishing touches here and there, filing side-lights, riding-light and cabin lamps, and other small jobs. At last the boat arrived, and Will came staggering along under a gun, violin, and numerous bundles and packages. Ceice had his rifle and a guitar already on board, and as I had also my shotgun and voice, we were well equipped either to charm with sweet music the natives we might meet, or to protect ourselves should our music prove other than soothing. While Ceice went in the small boat for Will, I got up the anchor, up went the jib, and at 6:30 P. M. we were under way.

The wind was light, and we made our way slowly among the yachts off the club house at their moorings, finally clearing them and heading up Raccoon Straits. The tide was ebbing so fast that while the wind was aft we made little headway; so we set the sprittopsail and jibtopsails. The evening was a perfect one; and as the twilight deepened into darkness we lolled about the deck and cockpit, enjoying the delightful freedom from business and worldly cares for two weeks to come. After stemming the current for a while and making very little headway Will mentioned that he was hungry, and though I had not thought of it before, I immediately discovered that I was famished. Ceice said that he was still worse than that; so we edged our way over to the Angel Island shore, where we got into a current that insisted in taking us down the bay instead of up, the way we wished to go. There was no help for it, so Ceice took the yawl ahead and "cayuhawked" *i. e.*, towed the boat into Chinese Cove, where we dropped anchor. In a short time there were sounds of revelry by night, and an appetizing odor of beefsteak and onions, hot coffee, etc., was wafted on the summer zephyr.

After dining we felt so much revived that a new start was decided on; and the tide now being favorable we set our side lights and stood up the bay with a light west wind on our beam. While sailing we arranged our programme as to work and play: as to watches, none were required, we did not intend to do any more night sailing than was necessary, being desirous of seeing all the country as we passed, and of taking in all the inlets and cut-offs. As to work, I was captain and cook, Will and Ceice had charge of dishes and cabin, and it was mutually agreed that at any time when either of us saw a thing that should be done he would do it at once and each was to do all possible with a will. As to play, we were to stick together as much as possible, and when there were any side trips to make we would lock up the boat and all go along, thus there could be no feeling of being left behind or slighted. These arrangements worked all through the cruise, and I cannot now recall an instance of any break in the harmony of the trip.

Yachting or camping is a severe ordeal to some people; it takes a peculiar organization to stand the little trials and hardships that are to be met with on a trip afloat or ashore, and if there is any taint of selfishness in one's make-up it is likely to crop out and cause unpleasantness all around, and any show of overbearing will cause a small rebellion. In going off on a pleasure trip one should use some judgment in selecting his companions, as a friend who may be a jolly good fellow at home is often apt to turn out a grumbling, disobliging bore after a few days afloat or in camp. My crew was well chosen, as a more willing and good-natured couple than Will and Ceice could not be found. Will had been sailing with me for a year or more, and knew all about the yacht and her gear, while Ceice was a quick and active yachtsman, always willing and even-tempered. As for myself, I tried to do all things possible to make the cruise enjoyable, so taking it altogether we made a very good combination.

We sailed along the Marin county shore, passing California City and the State prison, at St. Quintin, all aglow with electric lights. The night was fine, too much so from a yachtsman's point of view, the further up the bay we went the lighter the wind fell, until off the Marin Islands it was scarce an air, and then dropped to a dead calm off the Sisters. We drifted past these lonesome rocks and finally dropped anchor off McMears Landing at the entrance to San Pablo Bay at 1:30 A.M., Will and myself having had two hours each at the tiller. Ceice had meanwhile made up the berths, and after we had furled the sails and set the riding light we turned in, well tired out with a day's work and a night's sail.

We turned out bright and early in the morning and washed down decks, then Ceice and Will took the skiff and went ashore to dig some clams where they saw some Chinese at work digging them; while I stayed aboard and cooked breakfast. The boys took a small spade and caused great fun among the Chinamen by trying to get clams with it, the mud being too soft to dig holes in. They soon found the right way from the Chinamen, which was to run the arm a yard or so in the blue mud and haul his clamship up. They found clams plenty and blue mud in still greater abundance, being covered from head to foot. When breakfast was ready I blew the bugle, and they were not long in getting aboard, but first they had to sponge and scrape each other, to get rid of the elegant coat of blue mud.

At 9 A. M., after a good breakfast, we were under way, with a parting salute from our gun to our Chinese instructors in clam fishing, which, however, they did not seem to appreciate. Our brass breech-loading yacht gun was our chief pride, and we never lost a chance of saluting with it, but it was always a great nuisance, requiring constant polishing to keep it in presentable condition. We skirted along the shore for some miles and then squared away for Petaluma Creek channel and picked up the beacons, which had to be passed close aboard. After sailing for a

few hours we sighted Sonoma Landing and the mouth of Petaluma Creek, and soon made the creek and passed through the bridge at 11:15, the draw being opened at our approach without the usual horn tooting. The day was a perfect one, and we slowly ran before the wind up the river, enjoying every moment. We touched bottom occasionally, but kept the board half down, so we always got off without sticking. At Lakeville the wind died out, so we dropped anchor and had a lunch. A schooner scow, loaded with a high deck load of hay, and with a wheel elevated so that the helmsman could see ahead, lay near by. Will had been used to speaking of our tiller, and said something about the schooner scow having a high tiller. The captain of the scow, overhearing him, observed with lofty contempt: "Dot vos a veel, don't it?"

In about an hour the wind came up dead ahead, necessitating a beat for the rest of the way. As we wished to see Petaluma we kept on, the creek being now deep up to the banks. As we were nearing the second drawbridge, about ten miles from Petaluma, I went below to start the dinner. Although the stove wicks had worked all right thus far they were too small, and when I lighted them and was about to put the kettle on, such a flame shot up from the stove that for a moment I thought that it had exploded. The flame caught me on the right side of the face, singeing my mustache and eyebrow and blistering my cheek, the pain being so intense that at first I thought that I was severely burned, and pictured to myself our having to return and abandon the cruise, as had happened the year before when I crushed my finger in the centerboard chain. The feeling of disappointment must have driven away the pain, for after waiting a moment I went on deck to see how much I was burned. Will was forward, passing a tow line to Ceice, who was in the skiff, and I went up to him and asked him how I looked. He turned and saw me and commenced to laugh, Ceice doing the same. I could not see where the joke came in, and told them so, but they thought my lop-sided appearance very funny, so I finally took their view of it and made the best of it. Fortunately the damage to my countenance looked and felt worse than it really was, and with the aid of some vaseline it soon disappeared.

When we neared the second drawbridge the keeper was not in sight, and we blew the horn until all hands were black in the face. At last, after having run the boat up to the bank and taken a line ashore, the keeper made his appearance and leisurely set to work to open the draw. First he surveyed us, then he walked across and planted a danger flag, and then came back and planted another, then slowly toyed with some of the fastenings about the end of the bridge. For a time it appeared as though the bridge would not be opened before dark, but finally I became disgusted and, mounting on top of the cabin, made a few off-hand remarks about drawbridges and their keepers in general, and this one in particular. The effect was magical, in an incredibly short space of time the bridge was opened and we passed through, the keeper apologizing most politely for his delay. I could not imagine what could have produced such activity and change of manners on his part, as the effect of my eloquent remarks had been to give me relief rather than to have much effect on him; and it was not until we passed the same bridge again on our homeward cruise that the mystery was fathomed.

After passing this bridge, the creek narrows, and the wind being still ahead it was constant tacking all the way to the town. As the Cyretta is very quick in stays we made very good progress nevertheless, reaching the town at 5:20 P. M., and tying up to the wharf after passing through another drawbridge. After supper we went out to see the sights. Petaluma is a very pretty place, and apparently a thriving one, the streets being neatly laid out and well-paved and lighted by electric lamps. We made a few purchases and returned to the yacht to find the usual crowd of idlers staring at her as if she was a novelty in the place. A real live yachtsman seems to be a curiosity in most country towns, and as we passed along the streets we met the "admiring" gaze of the residents, while Will and Ceice seemed to think that every pretty girl was dying for an introduction, I rather think that they took us for strange specimens, and wondered why we were allowed to roam at large. We met a young man on the wharf who seemed to take a great interest in yachting; so we invited him on board and had a light lunch of sardine sandwiches and wine. Our rural friend was quite infatuated with yachting, it being something new to him. We spent a very pleasant evening, Ceice singing and playing his guitar. With regrets our new friend took his leave, after promising to drive over to Napa to see us when we arrived there three days later, as we told him we expected to do. This was the last we saw of him, however, as he did not keep his promise.

I was awakened at 4 A. M. by the keeper of the drawbridge, who wanted to know whether we were going down the stream on that tide. We were, but did not wish to start so early; so after telling us that he was going home, having been up most of the night letting schooner scows through, and that if we wanted to get out we would have to open the draw ourselves, he departed, and we tried to get a few hours more rest. In spite of all efforts we could not get to sleep again, so finally gave up the attempt and turned out. As there was no wind, the prospects of sailing down the creek were very doubtful, but we decided to start with one hand in the skiff towing the yacht; and with the aid of the tide we hoped to make fair headway.

The boys got the yacht under way, while I went ashore to play bridge tender. A drawbridge was a new thing for me to manipulate, and while it always seemed simple enough as the man walked around with the windlass and the ponderous bridge swung slowly open, you soon reached the conclusion, when compelled to do the windlass act yourself, that draw tending is not entirely the nice easy job that it seems, and you know the reason why the bridge tender never smiles on you as you pass through after opening the bridge and having to close it again. I threw back two lock bolts that were in sight, and then tried to work the lever; but the old bridge would not budge, and while I grunted and strained the boys on the boat thought it great fun and did all in their power to make it enjoyable by offering suggestions. At last I discovered another 2in. lock bolt that I had not drawn and had been trying to break with but small success. After this was loosened the work was easier, but at its best swinging a drawbridge is not a holiday recreation. Finally, however, I got it open far enough to pass the boat through, and then amused myself by shutting it again; but all things have an end, and after forming a long procession of wagons on each side of the river, I finished the job and departed with the blessing of the delayed teamsters.

The voyage down the creek was not thrilling, but finally we arrived at the second drawbridge, which much to our surprise was wide open, the Hibernian keeper, as we passed through, taking off his hat and wishing us good morning, saying, "Och! 'tis proud I am to see the old flag again," pointing to the C.Y.C. flag hanging limp at the masthead, "sure an' it is many a time I fought under that flag." This was startling, as, though the club flag had seen many a hard-fought race under it, we were certain that such an old fossil as he had never been in them, and were at a loss to know what he meant. After passing through the draw, Ceice's curiosity got the better of him, and he suggested that he should go back in the skiff, bearing a bottle of beer as a gift to the Patriarch, and endeavor to find out what he was driving at. In a short time he returned and explained all. The man from Ireland thought that we were coast survey officers, seeing our blue jackets. When I made a few remarks on the way up, causing such added haste to his movements, he had taken it for granted that we had only to report him and his job was gone. He had not slept all night, waiting for us to return so as to be prompt to have the draw in readiness. He thought he would try to conciliate us by being unusually civil and praising our flag, mistaking it for the American ensign. Ceice told him that we would not mention his conduct this time, but he must not be so slow again, and added to his delight by presenting him with the beer. When we left our frightened friend was drinking the health of the Navy at large, and he still retains the impression that he had a very close call.

After leaving Lakeville we had very light winds, and only emerged from the creek at 3 P. M. It was now the young flood, so we took advantage of it to run to Sonoma Creek, along the Sonoma shore, arriving at 4 P. M. Soon after entering Sonoma Creek we passed into Napa Slough, a place that I had some doubts about, having no charts and having been told that it was not navigable; it proved, however, to be a fine stream, with deep water up to the banks. Most of the way was before wind, with an occasional hitch close hauled. On nearing the mouth we passed a number of boats belonging to the market-hunters, the place being a great resort for wildfowl. At 7 P. M. we entered the Napa River, celebrating the event by running on the mud. We kedged off and started up stream for the town of Napa, and over an hour's run came to a drawbridge, which was opened promptly at the blast of the horn. This bridge is where the fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. met with an accident the year before in trying to tow through the draw with a dozen yachts in a string. The first two passed through in safety, but at about the middle of the string the tide swept the boats against the draw, and a general smashup was the result; since then the captains prefer to sail through singly.

We ran up the river until within a mile of Luscol, where we anchored for the night, being undisturbed save by a steamer which passed in the middle of the night and caused a general shaking up by her swash. We got under way next morning at 9, and beat up to Lone Tree Point, where we ran hard and fast aground. Try as we might, we could not budge her, so we made the best of it, putting in our time swimming and washing our rather soiled duck suits, until the tide rose high enough to float us, and we resumed our course, and after a pleasant sail, reached Napa at 12:30 P. M., shooting a few birds on the way up. We anchored at the bridge at Third street and took in the town. Napa is like most country towns, but a little more select, being the county seat. After seeing and being seen, with a balance in favor of being seen, we returned to the boat and had supper, after which we took the small boat and made a trip to the head of the creek. It was just dark and the scenery was most delightful, especially after the amount of marshy land we had lately passed through. Above Napa the creek is thickly wooded until the head of navigation is reached, about four miles up, where the trees are so dense that they meet overhead. At this time of the evening the views down the long reaches, with the dark green foliage, make a picture that is not soon forgotten. We looked to find our Petaluma enthusiast on our return to the yacht, but he did not appear, so we turned in after a time.

We got under way at 6:30 A. M., slowly working our way down the river to the first bridge below Luscol, then the tide turned, and as we had no wind we anchored and had dinner. We again got under way, but after making across the river and not gaining at all we anchored again and waited for the ebb, putting in our time in vocal and instrumental efforts. At last, at 7 P. M., the ebb tide came and we made our slow way to Vallejo, anchoring off North Vallejo at 10 P. M. so thoroughly used up by drifting under a hot sun all day that we were not long in getting things snugged down and turning in. In the morning we made an inland cruise through Vallajo, mailing letters and purchasing ice and provisions. There was not much to see, and after walking about the town for a while we went aboard and got under way.

There was not a breath of wind, but, a strong ebb tide favoring us, we drifted down through the Straits, passed Mare Island Navy Yard and the old receiving ship Independence, and into the bay at the mouth of Carquinez Straits; where we anchored in the slack water, as the tide rushes through the Straits at a five-knot speed and we did not wish to drift down into San Pablo Bay. We went in swimming and amused ourselves as we could until the tide seemed to have run itself out, so we got our hook and made up the Straits, passing Starr's Flour Mills and Port Costa with its mammoth grain sheds. It is here that the huge ferry steamer Solano crosses from Benicia, carrying the overland passenger trains. On a former cruise, in the beginning of the season, we ran under her stern as she passed. We had fresh provisions on the forward deck, between the mast and the house, and as we saw the roller coming one dove for the forward hatch to close it and another made a break for the provisions, but too late; the surge was too quick for him, and broke over the house; when the decks were free from water not a vestige of our supplies were in sight, and we had to eat that night at Martinez; paying 75 cents for a meal that the natives got for 25 cents, the hotel not catching wealthy yachtsmen every day. An hour later we passed Benicia and the United States Arsenal, soon after entering Suisun Bay. Flattening sheets a little, we skirted the north shore, heading for Suisun Creek and passing a naphtha launch under steam and sail.

HARRY L. JONES.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE LOSS OF THE NYANZA.

THE above well known schooner yacht, the property of Capt. Cumming Dewar, which was making a cruise around the world, became a total loss on the Island of Ponapie, Caroline Group, Western Pacific, on July 29 last. The following are brief particulars of her voyage and wreck. Leaving Plymouth on July 21, 1887, she called at the following ports, viz.: St. Michael's, Azores; Palma, Canary Islands; St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands; Fernando Noronha, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Neuvo Gulf, Falkland Islands, thence via Magellan's Straits and Smyth's Channel to the Pacific, Juan Fernandez, Mollendo, Callao, Easter Island, islands of Fatou-Niva, Hiva-oa, and Nuka-Niva, in the Marquesas group; Tahiti, Pango Pango and Apia, Samoa; Tongatabu, Fiji, New Carolina, islands of Erromango, Vate, Mallicollo, and Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides; the Banks group, Santa Cruz, Honolulu, San Francisco, Esquimalt (B. C.), Labaina, Sandwich Islands, the Marianas, Bonin Islands, Kobe (Japan), Petropaulovski, Kamaschatka, Legieg, and Jaluit in the Marshal Archipelago. From there she sailed for Kusaie, in the Caroline group, the last port she was fated to reach, as a week later, on July 29, 1890, at 1:10 A. M., she struck on the barrier reef of the island of Ponapie, and became a total wreck. The night was fine, with a light wind, the ship making about three knots.

After striking, the swell and surf forced her higher and higher on the reef, until in about twenty minutes she fell over on her beam ends. The boats were lowered and all hands embarked, the sailing master and majority of the crew proceeded to the Spanish settlement sixteen miles distant, the owner and five hands remaining by the vessel, which was boarded at daylight, and an attempt made to save as much property as possible, though efforts in this direction were much frustrated by the natives, who began to collect in large numbers, and commenced all they could to lay their hands upon. In the afternoon assistance arrived in the shape of four armed man of-war's boats, who took what had been saved, and those of the crew who had not already gone, to the colony, where they were most kindly and hospitably received by the officers of the Spanish Government transport Manila. Work on the yacht was carried on for the next three days, but, owing to the authorities being unable to leave a guard at night, it was not of much avail, as every evening crowds of armed natives went on board to plunder. All hands remained at Ponapie until Oct. 1, when they were taken to Manila, and thence to Hong Kong, where a court of inquiry was held into the loss, and which censured the sailing master, Capt. John Carrington, for not taking means to verify his position on the afternoon of the 28th, and for making no effort to get the vessel off when she first struck. Up to the date of the wreck, the Nyanza had sailed 42,784 nautical miles, at an average speed of 104.09 knots per day. Her three best runs were respectively 270, 252, and 252 knots. She had proved herself to be a most excellent and able sea boat, and her loss is much to be regretted.—*Field.*

A BIT OF YACHTING EXPERIENCE.

THE graphic yarn of Com. Center in our last issue showed that yachting is not all fun and fair weather. The following story called forth by the recent loss of the yawl Urania, which we copy from the *Field*, narrates a similar experience in the historic gale of July, 1875, on the Irish coast. It reads as follows:

In the comments in the *Field* of last week on the late disaster to the Urania I notice a reference to the gale which drove the racing fleet out of Bangor Bay in 1875, which arouses so many memories of that eventful night that possibly the description of the writer's experience may not be uninteresting, written at the time as I have no doubt the unfortunate Urania was caught under similar circumstances. Our crew consisted of two paid hands and three amateurs, and while we were forced to take such a berth as we did by the crowded state of the bay, the Urania had the whole place to herself, and had therefore plenty of sea room had she only cleared out in time; but she appears to have been simply left to drive ashore. We were in one of the old 10-tonners, of which there were some half dozen during the usual round of the regattas. The Lily was another 10. The Britannia mentioned is the old 40, and she rode out the gale perforce, as her crew were ashore in the gig and were capsized trying to bring off the owner, whose wife, however, was on board and one of the crew, so could not get under way.

ONE OF THE NAIADS.

"We had the Copelands abeam at 2 A. M., and after a very wet passage entered Bangor Bay an hour later, where we found a good fleet already arrived, and picking out a berth not too far from shore, we let go. The Lily shortly followed us, and let go just in shore of us, and, after hailing her crew a 'good night' we were glad to turn into our warm blankets.

"We had slept our hardest for but an hour, when the ever-watchful skipper, who had kept on the alert, aroused us about five o'clock with the information that we had best get out of the bay as soon as possible, and on slipping on a few things and coming on deck, we found the need of an immediate flight only too necessary; for oh! such confusion met our half-awakened gaze.

"The wind had piped up to the strength of a gale, which blew straight in from the open sea, we were dipping sea under to the bitts, and shoveling masses of solid water along the decks until everything was awash. Around us the fleet were in various stages of confused endeavors to spread canvas and get underway, while two or three lucky ones were already disappearing under just a shred of canvas round the point, for the shelter of Carrickfergus.

"On board our neighbors the anxious looking crews were in a state of excited animation, struggling with spars and sails which had broken adrift, the seas continually drenching over them. On board Britannia, on our quarter and nearer the shore, a solitary figure was clinging with terror-stricken face to the mast, and the yacht had already dragged so near the breakers that we expected every moment to see her go ashore. We could not get under way ourselves on either tack, as we had the Lily to starboard and a cruising yawl to port, which effectually barred our passage, so we were compelled to look on until one or the other had cleared out, which the former was preparing to do with all speed; but on board the yawl there were only visible an elderly gentleman and a young lady, and they appeared to be looking on unconcernedly at the frantic efforts of those on board the other vessels to get away.

"Meanwhile it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to get the storm jib on the outhaul, as it took us all we knew occasionally to hold on and prevent ourselves being washed overboard; but at last we managed this, and to get the trysail close reefed and ready for hoisting.

"The Lily had by this time succeeded in heaving short her anchor, and was on the point of making a start, and we watched her anxiously. She was but a few yards inshore of us, and as we barred her passage on the one hand, she was compelled to make a short board toward the rocks, having but 20yds. to gather way in; any mistake in coming about must have been fatal. Having succeeded in getting her anchor (she had only one on board, or would have slipped, as we did), she paid off toward the breakers for a few yards, just gathering sufficient way for coming about; then her helm was put down, and with just enough way to bring her round she came up to the wind, when at the critical moment a sea struck her and threw her off again toward the rocks, and we thought for a moment she was gone, but recovering from the shock she came up again, and, shaking for a moment in the wind, gradually paid off again and filled on the other tack, and after a narrow squeak hung up to windward and out of danger; another board, and she was making good way, and at last weathered the point and was away after the others for the shelter of Carrickfergus.

"It was our turn now, and careful of every inch of water we sailed her well up to the spring which we had attached to the cable, intending to slip it, then let go the spring and held on a few yards toward the rocks, over the same course as Lily had taken, and when within a few yards of the breakers, with just enough way on to bring us well round, we put the helm down, and with our hearts in our mouths waited to see the good little ship shoot up into the wind for the pinch; but there was doubt only for a moment longer, and we fell away on the other tack and were safe, as we could weather the yawl easily, and the way the Naiad clawed out to windward through the heavy seas was truly a marvel. Two or three short boards enabled us to weather the point, and with the water drenching over us in smothering showers we reached away after the Lily. Another hour found us riding in welcome shelter at last, and after a good breakfast we felt none the worse for our hardships."

A VERACIOUS CHRONICLE.

THE following is a translation of an article on the America's Cup, contributed by Ahmed Mithad Effendi to the *Terjiman i Hakikat* of Constantinople. Though not quite in accordance with the truth, it is hardly more absurd than some of the stories from sources both American and British, which should be better informed. The progress of nautical science cannot be secured as long as our police continue to arrest people who go out in sail-boats and get upset. It is by being upset that men learn not to be upset. By one man's being drowned a thousand learn not to be drowned. The hope of naval progress is in the growth of love of the sea among the upper classes. This is shown by the history of the America Cup. Wealthy men in England and America form yacht clubs and sail their own yachts. Fifty years ago a race of the English yachts was arranged at which the prize was the Queen's Cup, made of gold, and worth five hundred pounds. To compete for this prize the New York Y. C. sent over the America. There were fourteen yachts from all Europe, and the America was the fifteenth. Nine of the yachts were English, and hundreds of thousands of people went to see the race.

"As the yachts came in sight the first one was the America. No one has the right to demand of me a description of the anger and disappointment of the English at this result of the race. As to the Americans they made the universe tremble with the noise of their rejoicings. When the America returned to New York with her prize, the yacht was taken bodily into the museum of the Yacht Club where she remains.

"It appears that the Americans had, out of sight of all, a movable keel, which enabled the America to carry twice as much canvas as other yachts of her size. Of course, the English demanded the right to try and win back the prize, and in the struggle great improvements in models and rig have been wrought out, which have benefited the navy and merchant marine of both countries.

"The Americans let the English try again, but insisted that as the America had won the cup against nine English competitors, the English champion must be opposed by nine American yachts. All nine of the Americans came in ahead of the poor Englishman. In half a century the English have competed eight times in vain, in their efforts to recover that cup. At last, having made such improvements in sh p-building as assured their winning the cup, they found the Americans putting new conditions on the competition. The Americans said, that as the English had been beaten in eight separate trials, they may not have the cup, unless they can win it in eight consecutive races.

"There is obstinacy in such a long contest; but under the auspices of such obstinacy these two countries have built up their navies."

INTERNATIONAL RACING.

A NEW impetus has been given to the usual midwinter gossip over challenges and big boats by the arrival in New York on Dec. 30 of Lieut. Henn, owner of Galatea and challenger for the America's Cup in 1886. Lieut. Henn, who is, of course, accompanied by Mrs. Henn, came over on the Umbria, his destination being Florida, where he wintered in 1886-7. There he will charter a centerboard sloop and cruise about the coast, fishing and hunting. Mrs. Henn's special object on the expedition will be to capture another coon as docile and intelligent as the late lamented Seminole Sam, familiar to all visitors aboard the Galatea, in 1887. Galatea is now laid up at Plymouth, with Captain Bradford still in charge. After a pleasant week in New York, during which they were entertained by many yachtsmen, Mr. and Mrs. Henn sailed on Monday for Florida, to return in April.

Lieut. Henn will always be welcome in America, but in the present case he has brought news that alone would have insured a hearty reception. He states that when it was learned that he proposed to visit New York, he was requested by some British yachtsmen to state to the New York Y. C. that if the objectionable dimension clause was dropped from the new deed of gift a challenge would at once be sent; and to confer with the club over the matter. Of course all this is purely informal, but just at present a challenge would be most acceptable, and the matter has been carefully discussed between Lieut. Henn and the officers of the New York Y. C.

The famous "dimension clause" is the principal as well as the worst feature of the new deed, and although only three years ago it was considered by the committee of revision as a masterpiece, an opinion then shared by many yachtsmen as well as the daily press, it has since come in for general condemnation. There are a few to-day, but a very few, who still defend it, and oppose any alteration of the deed as it stands; but the great majority are only too ready to hurry it over the side if any convenient pretext can be found for doing so.

In view of the definite statement of Lieut. Henn, that if this clause be removed a challenge will come at once, there is a general search for some means of remedying the blunder which ensued from the hasty and secret methods by which the new deed was made to replace the old. The long neglected "mutual agreement" clause has been brought out and dusted off, and a vague scheme is proposed, by which the dimension clause may be "waived" by "mutual agreement."

Assuming that the new deed is legal, and that the New York Y. C. cannot and will not alter its provisions, it is not plain how any one of these provisions can be permanently nullified, without affecting the whole deed. The New York Y. C. has the power under the new deed to waive any demands, or to enter into a mutual agreement for one race; but it is absolutely powerless to make any agreement which shall be permanently binding on all future holders of the cup; or to exact from any future holder a guarantee that he in turn will give up any of the advantages secured to him by the new deed. The final clause of that noted document is a cash item, calling for covenants and instruments from a winner before the Cup will be delivered to him, in which he binds himself to observe all the provisions of the deed. It would look well, after the labor which has been expended in tying a matter of sport into the closest possible legal knot, to exact from a winner supplementary covenants binding him not to exercise certain of the privileges accorded him in the main document.

The New York Y. C. has now the power to offer the most liberal terms to a challenger for one race, waiving any or all of the conditions, but in the event of a victory on the part of the challenger it must turn the cup over to be held solely under the letter of the new deed of gift. Even now yachtsmen have begun to realize that the conditions of that admirable document will sound very different when read to them by a Scotch or British holder of the Cup; that there are two sides to the "dimensions" and "no time allowance" clauses, a fact which we pointed out three years since.

So far as an immediate race is concerned a British challenger would be granted almost anything he might ask and the New York Y. C. would no doubt readily enter into negotiations for a

mutual agreement. At the same time it is not yet prepared to throw over the new deed and, until it is compelled to do so by the continued absence of a challenge, there can be no hope for the permanent revival of races for the America's Cup upon a fair and satisfactory basis. No definite action can be taken over Lieut. Henn's proposition, but should he write to his friends that there is a probability of a challenge without other dimensions than waterline length, and with less than 10 months' notice being recognized by the club, one is likely to be forthcoming very soon.

NEW YACHTS.

WHILE there is a certain amount of activity in the smaller sizes, yacht building in the medium sizes and in the racing classes is by no means active, and comparatively few additions to the racing fleet are thus far promised. Mr. Burgess has the four 46-footers for Messrs. Belmont, C. Vanderbilt, Bayard Thayer and J. B. Turner, who has just sold Milicete; three 30-footers are also credited to him, in addition to a 60ft. schooner for A. C. Wheelright, of Boston, an 80ft. composite steam yacht and a 78ft. steamer for the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Mr. A. Cary Smith has been busy during the winter, but with little yacht work, his time being given to several commercial steamers. He has designed several open boats, one for Montreal. Mr. Gardner has spent a great deal of time over several designs for the new 25ft. corrected length racers, and in the one now building for Mr. C. W. Wetmore he has produced a design that is far ahead of Liris and Kathleen in beauty. This yacht, which is now building by Wood at City Island, will be about 25ft. l.w.l., 7ft. beam and 6ft. draft, a modern cutter of the usual type, but with far less power than Liris or Kathleen, and a very strong infusion of Fife in her model. The sheer is less crooked, especially aft, than in the older boats, while the after overhang is also reduced. The rake of sternpost and rise of keel are similar to Minerva and Yama, but a very novel feature has been introduced, which is likely to work an important change in boats of this type. The rig will probably be similar to that of the Southampton 2½-raters, a short pole mast, short bowsprit, lug mainsail and jib, the gear and rigging being simplified as far as possible.

Another sister boat of nearly the same dimensions, but a little wider, is building by Webber, at New Rochelle, for Mr. L. J. Boury, of the Atlantic Y. C. She will be rigged with pole mast, boom and gaff mainsail, and jib. Besides these boats, Mr. Gardner has a 30ft. cruiser under way for Mr. George Bullock, of Cincinnati; another of the same length for Mr. C. T. Lowndes, of Charleston, S. C., building by Wood; and three catboats, one of 27ft. for Mr. Louis Lorillard, of Newport; one of 22ft. 6in. for Mr. Otis, of Brooklyn, to be built by Wm. Force at Keyport; and one of 20ft. for Mr. F. W. Mecker, former owner of the fast open boat Chemamn. Mr. Gardner has also a new model for a keel 70 and has kept his designs up to date in the 90ft. class, in case of a challenge for the America Cup. In steam yachts he has turned out a shoal draft twin screw craft for Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, owner of Palmer, for use in Florida; a double-skin hull built by Wintringham. She is now awaiting her engines at Johnson's shops, in Harlem. Another steamer 65ft. l.w.l., for H. B. Cogswell, of Syracuse, will be commenced very soon, the design being completed.

The remote prospects of a challenge which have appeared with the advent of Lieut. Henn have served to set afloat numerous rumors of new 90-footers, one of the leading men credited with symptoms of the 90ft. fever being Mr. E. D. Morgan, who has lately turned his steam yacht Catarina to the underwriters in consequence of her damage in grounding on Matinnicock Point. Mr. Morgan is now yachtless as far as the 115ft. Constellation, the 40ft. Moccasin, the steam launch Daisy, two new Herreshoff cat yawls and various small craft; so he is likely to build something soon. Another candidate for 90ft. honors is R. S. Palmer, owner of Marguerite, schooners, who wishes to sell her and build a single-sticker of Gardner design. Still another is Mr. W. H. Langley, owner of the old Comet, schooner, who would have a model from Mr. Philip Ellsworth if he should build. There is now sufficient rivalry between New York and Boston to make it probable that in the event of a challenge New York would have two or three yachts in the trial races, while Boston would not be left out entirely, but would build again, in addition to Volunteer.

Thus far New York has shown no ambition to own any 46ft. yachts, though rumor has credited one to Admiral C. H. Tweed, of the Corinthian Y. C., to be built by Mr. Fife and sailed by Capt. John Barr.

At Wintringham's work is progressing on the 30ft. cruising cutter designed by Mr. Gielow, and the double-ender Harlequin has been hauled out for a new counter stern and a cutter rig. At Piepgrass's but little is doing. Liris is being fitted with a wheel and cockpit, and will be used solely for cruising next year. In steam yachts three are under way from designs by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, one of 225ft., one of 180ft. and one of 70ft., the two larger being built by Neafie & Levey, Philadelphia. Mr. Burgess has also an order for an 80ft. composite steam yacht for Mr. C. O'D. Iselin, to be built by Lawley.

THE RIGHT OF WAY AT MARKBOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to enter into the very interesting discussion of the markboat question in your paper of Dec. 18 and Jan. 1. As the race in question was between boats belonging to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. the question appears to me to be defining the meaning of Art. XXXIV., Sec. 13 of the S. C. Y. C. rules, which reads: "If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark." Does Sec. 13 mean, when the inside yacht B is abreast of the mark or when she is drawing up near it just before being abreast of it? I should take the section to mean, that if any part of the hull or spars of the inside yacht B were overlapping the markboat, then B would have a perfect right to luff, in order to clear the markboat and compel A to luff also, that B might have room to round without fouling the markboat or fouling A, this being a rule which is recognized in all yacht races. But supposing that any part of the hull or spars of B do not overlap to windward of the markboat, which is the case as I understand it (as A allows that B could have luffed around if A had also luffed), therefore B had no right to luff.

Take for comparison A and B a mile away and heading for the markboat, the same rule would follow that should in this case; both were heading for the markboat on the same tack, neither one had reached it, A to windward with B overlapping A, but to leeward, and so near that there was not room for B to luff without fouling A. According to marine laws, if B wished to luff to windward more she could do so only by standing on far enough ahead (if she was the faster boat) of A, so that she could luff out to windward, or if A was the faster of the two, by letting A reach far enough ahead so that B could luff up astern of A.

According to the position of the two boats, and as they have neither one reached the markboat, although very close to it undoubtedly, yet B has no right to luff and foul A. A has the right to hold her course, while B must wear around and let A get clear of her before proceeding to round the markboat. Section 12 of the same rule strikes the point, when it says, "When two yachts, both closehauled on the same tack, are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht overtaken, then the yacht to leeward shall keep clear."

Section 12 covers the whole thing in a nutshell. As the two yachts have not reached the markboat the leeward yacht, B, is bound to keep clear of the windward one, A, and must not foul her, no matter how they are sailing, whether one yacht is sailing faster than the other, or whether they are closehauled or running free, as long as they are on the same tack B cannot luff so as to foul A unless part of the hull or spars of B are abreast of the markboat. OSBORNE.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.

[In Sec. 13, as quoted above by our correspondent, the words are "about to pass," which are certainly not synonymous with "passing," and may fairly be taken to imply a prior condition to the actual passing by the mark. The case of the two boats a mile from the mark is not supposable, as they cannot be considered 'about to pass" when they will not complete the passing for five or ten minutes. A boat may be said to be "passing" a mark when the mark bears at right angles from any part of her hull and equipment, and similarly she is "about to pass" when she is so close to the mark that her helmsman must take some immediate measures to avoid fouling the mark or other yachts. Our correspondent assumes that neither boat has actually reached the mark, but the question is the same in a case where A, the leading boat, is abreast the mark, though B is not. Racing rules may be divided into two classes, the general rules which cover sailing in the open, without regard to marks or obstructions, such as meeting on opposite tacks, overtaking, etc.; the other class of special rules, if we may term them so, cover all cases of obstructions to sea room, rounding and passing marks, and starting and finishing races. In some cases these special rules take the place for the time being of the general rule, as in Sec. 15, when two yachts are approaching a shore or shoal, which plainly takes the place, for the time being, of sections 12 and 6. Under both of these sections, A, supposing her to be the windward and at the same time the overtaken leading yacht, has a number of privileges secured to her, but at the same time she has no right to force B aground. As long as there is ample sea room she is secure in certain rights, and has the advantage in every way; but as soon as the two are in proximity to, and not necessarily abreast of or passing, an obstruction to sea room, all of A's rights disappear, she must give way to B, even though by so doing she loses a "racing advantage." We are aware that the rules make a wide distinction between a mark of the course and an obstruction to sea room, but we claim that Sec. 13 acts as Sec. 15, to suspend for the time Sections 6-12, etc.; and further that the operation of Sec. 13, like Sec. 15, begins before the leeward yacht is actually abreast of the mark. As the subject seems to have created a lively interest, we hope to hear further from both sides.]

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—This active club has lately made a most important move in the purchase of the fine property of the Tinicum Fishing Club on Darby Creek at its junction with the Delaware River. The location is within twenty minutes' ride by rail from the center of the city, being about ten miles down the Delaware; while the club house is but three minutes' walk from the station. The land has a frontage of 600ft. on Darby Creek and 2,800ft. on the Delaware, making twenty-eight acres in all, with an excellent harbor. There is on the ground a club house, kitchen, barns, etc.; but these as well as the harbor will be improved and added to until the club has one of the finest stations in the country. An effort is now being made to unite all the yachtsmen of Philadelphia in the club, and in accordance with this idea an application has been made to the courts for permission to change the name to Philadelphia Y. C.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—On Jan. 2 the annual meeting was held, the following officers being elected: Com., John C. Soley, sch. Diana; Vice-Com., Wm. T. Lambert, sl. Action; Rear Com., W. G. Titcomb, st. Edgewater; Sec'y, Wm. B. McClellan; Treas, Arthur L. Jacobs; Meas., Hartford Davenport; Ass't Meas., Charles H. Dodd. Directors, the commodore, *ex-officio*, Henry W. Savage, Charles H. Nute, Erastus Willard and L. Stewart Jordan. Race Committee, Louis M. Clark, Wm. O. Gay, Wm. T. Mann, Harry B. Torrey and C. Humphrey Guild. Committee on Admission, E. H. R. Revere, Jesse S. Wiley, Frederic Gray, Stephen H. Bennett, Charles L. Perrin, E. L. Dillingham and Henry B. Callender. House Committee, Arthur J. Clark, Francis Gray, W. S. Crosby, Payson T. Lowell and Charles L. Haskell.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF MARBLEHEAD.—This active and prosperous young club has completed arrangements for important additions to its new house on Marblehead Neck. Under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, the original architect, an addition 26ft. 6in.× 28ft. will be made on the northeast end, making the front 86ft. in all. The interior arrangements will be altered so as to give a large parlor on the first floor, with a dining-room above, the third floor being used for a kitchen and servants' quarters. A laundry, elevator and other improvements will also be added. It is proposed to furnish good plain meals at as low a cost as practicable. A club and club house on the plan of the Corinthian, but situated on Long Island Sound within an hour of New York, is one of the imperative needs of local yachting. A well-managed club with moderate charges and plenty of racing would attract a very large and important class of the younger yachtsmen about New York.

PAVONIA Y. C.—The annual dinner was held on Jan. 1 at the club house, Communipaw, N. J. The officers for 1891 are: Com., D. W. Kohn; Vice-Com., W. A. Smith; Fleet Captain, Otto Rau; Meas., Wm. Chester; Treas., L. Mittlesdorf; Fin. Sec., B. H. McClain; Cor. Sec., F. H. Whitney; Fleet Surgeon, J. H. Van Mater.

A CHANCE TO GET A STEAM LAUNCH.—The Davis Boat and Oar Co., of Detroit, have offered a handsome steam launch, 18ft. 6in. long, 3ft. beam, ready to run, to the one of their cash customers who guesses nearest to the weight of the launch prior to July 1, 1891.

STELLA.—The compromise centerboard Stella, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith and built by H. Bernard, of Amsterdam, Holland, is illustrated in the *Wassersport* of Dec. 18.

HULL Y. C.—The annual dinner of the Hull Y. C. was held at Young's Hotel on Jan. 3, a large number being present.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: C.V.Winne, Albany, N.Y.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, NY
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER:
EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM.: G. L. Parmele, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appleonio, Winchester.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington
REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton
PURSER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark, N.J.
EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.

AUGUST.

6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1890.—VI.

IT would be foolish to conclude that canoe designing has reached a degree of perfection where further progress is impossible, but at the same time it is a fact most plainly evident at the meets of 1889 and 1890 that practically no advance has been made in either year over 1888. In that year at Lake George the two notable canoes were Eclipse and Fly, both new and both superior in model and construction to the previous work of their respective designers and builders. In each of the following years, though many new canoes were present, there were none that in either model or build showed any marked advance over these two typical boats. This year the racing fleet of Captain Ruggles was one of the features of the meet, including some of the finest specimens of canoe building yet produced. Uno and Beta having raced through the whole season were pretty well known before the meet and also attracted considerable attention by their performance. Their sister canoes, Seabright, Teaser and Truant, were of a little later build, and though all less prominent in the year's racing they were in build even superior to the two first mentioned. All of these boats, with others, such as Wraith, are but refinements of the Eclipse model, being lengthened to the full 16ft. in place of 15ft. 8in. and altered in details, but with no radical change from the original Eclipse. The construction is also the same, save that continued experiment and practice has brought some minor improvement in this feature as well as the design. The work on Seabright, Truant, and especially Teaser, is very fine and in keeping with the modelling. The latter boat is the lightest of the lot, about 60lbs. for the hull and board. The construction we have described before, strakes of white cedar, in some cases of the beautiful California variety, with square seams caulked with lampwick; timbers about 6in. apart and no inside batten. The decks are mostly of mahogany.

The Vesper boats also showed an improvement in details, but no marked advance on the old Fly. Mr. Butler sailed the Wasp, Dr. Gage the Owl, Mr. Gray the Fly, Mr. Taylor, the Vesper novice, the Drift, all substantially the same in model. The only new boat was Ellida No. 2, owned by Mr. Brazer, also built by Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Lowell, but of a different model from the older Vesper canoes. The midship section shows a decided deadrise and a strong bilge, in place of the easy round from keel to gunwale of the others; the bow is moderately sharp, the two ends well balanced, and all lines are fair and easy. The boat looks to be the equal of the older ones, but her owner brought her to camp without previous trial and was unable to do justice to her in the races. With proper working up she should show good speed. Nearly all of these canoes now have the crowned deck devised by Mr. Butler, the coaming being very low, caused by the deck from a short distance outside the coaming being turned up quite quickly, thus adding to the buoyancy when the canoe is on her beam ends. The decks are mostly of a white wood, which, though cooler than mahogany, makes a curious contrast to the high sides of dark Spanish cedar, giving altogether a bulky appearance to the boats.

The construction has also been described in detail in the FOREST AND STREAM; planking of Spanish cedar about ⅛in. thick, in three wide strakes to each side. The ribs are about ⅝×⅜in., spaced 6in., with a small batten on the inside of each seam. A peculiarity of these boats is the lightness of the planking and the small size of every part, but the builder has brought into play his experience in shell boat work, and the hull is strenghtened by light braces from keel to deck, very small but each proportioned to the strain it must bear. To the casual observer the boats appear light and fragile in build when it is considered that they are subjected to a very severe strain with a heavy man on a long sliding seat and a rig of 150ft. or more; but experience has proved that they are amply strong enough for the hard work of match sailing, while some have stood a deal of careless usage without damage. Of course no one would select this build and material for beaching and rough cruising, and at such work the light planking would probably soon be worn through or badly torn; but for ordinary sailing use the boats not only have a surface that is unequaled, but they kept it and also their shape, the thin planking showing no signs of warping.

While Fly and her fellows have held their own well for three years against all new comers it is evident that Mr. Butler is by no means satisfied to rest where he now is, and this fall he has started in on a new line with a very different model. The round section of the old boats has been replaced by deadrise and bilge, the bow has been greatly lengthened and the run shortened and filled out, the whole model being new. The boat has been tried late in the fall and with good success against the old fleet, but it is too soon to say whether she will ultimately lead to an abandonment of the old model. In most of the Vesper canoes the well has assumed the rudimentary barh tub form, not so extreme as some at the meet, but still of small size, completely stayed in and with a large centerboard and trunk down the center, so that it is useless for all purposes, save a place for the feet in sailing. In some cases there is room for a man to sit if the deck seat be removed, but practically the well has become purely subsidiary to the racing.

A notice of the Vesper canoes would not be complete without some allusion to the old Blanche, Mr. Butler's first canoe, in which he entered the A. C. A. races in 1886. She is a lapstrake craft, built by Stevens, and is 15ft. long by 31in. beam, quite antiquated in model, dimensions and build compared with the present racing craft. This year she was sailed by Mr. R. S. Goddard, and sailed so well as to merit special mention. Though not on the list of prize winners, Mr. Goddard handled this old canoe in a way that kept him ahead of many of the new cracks, and his work, including the skillful manner in which he carried a large rig, and the quickness with which he recovered from a capsize, shows him to be one of the best all-around sailors in the Association. It is impossible to notice in detail the work of the many who entered in the races, there were too many good sailors and paddlers, and it would be hard to give a just estimate of their merits; but in passing we must notice the excellent sailing of the Vesper novice, Mr. Taylor, the very graceful paddling of Mr. Harry MacKendrick, the skillful balancing of Messrs. Schieffelin and Will MacKendrick in sailing their canoes while standing erect on the sliding seat, and the pluck and muscle of Mr. Knappe, who entered the trophy paddling race in a heavy sailing canoe against a fleet of 40lbs. paddling racers, finishing fourth at the end of the mile race.

One of the Canadian sailing canoes, Canuck, has been very fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM, and needs no further mention; but this year was a sort of "double first" for Canada, and in addition to the sailing trophy and the paddling trophy, she laid hands on a goodly lot of sailing and other prizes. The sailing of Mr. Jones and the paddling of the whole MacKendrick family were the principal factors in this prize winning, but at the same time the two MacKendricks, Will and Harry, helped it in their sailing canoes. The former was second on the record, second in the combined race, fourth in the Pecowsic cup race and first in the sailing upset. Mr. Harry MacKendrick was third on the record, fifth in the open paddling, fourth in the combined and first in the trophy paddling. Both used for the sailing 16×30 canoes, built by Mr. Wm. English, of Peterboro; boats of very good model, but not equal in lightness and finish to the Ruggles or Stevens craft. Strongly and rather heavily built, with large wells and heavy fittings, they were cruising rather than racing craft, and suffered a handicap in consequence when matched against the other racers. The masts were very large and heavy, 3½in. at the deck, and square at that. Neither boat showed the care in fitting and preparing that was evident in Wasp and Canuck.

This year the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Company was represented by a fleet of new canoes, mostly hailing from the Passaic River, and all of them built as general purpose canoes rather than for match sailing. At the same time one, Passaic, of the firm's new "Ahdeek" model, in the skillful hands of Mr. Geo. F. Douglas won the record prize, with third place in the combined, sixth in the unlimited sailing, second in the tandem paddling and second in the Shimcocock cup paddling. Passaic is a smooth built canoe, with strakes about 5in. wide and a square seam without an inside batten. She is strongly built, being intended for general use, and in design as well as construction is a cruiser rather than a racer. Her fitting are so arranged as to give good room for the crew and also for stowage. The other two canoes, Bat and Meda, were built from a design by Mr. W. P. Stephens, which we hope soon to publish, while a third, Idlemere, was from the same moulds but with 1½in. depth added, giving more internal room, as she was built solely for cruising about Long Island Sound. These canoes are powerful craft, with a moderate deadrise and a strong bilge, while they have sufficient displacement to carry a heavy cruising load. Meda did not race, and Bat, through lack of preparation, made a poor showing at the meet, but throughout the season these boats and Passaic have done sufficiently well to prove the practicability of the general purpose canoe as a boat for general use and at the same time fast enough for ordinary match sailing in the club races and such special races as may be made for the new class at the meets. The two, Bat and Meda, were very ingeniously arranged, the board being well forward in each, the well being quite long enough for sleeping or an extra passenger, but with a hatch over the after part when used for one. In racing, a shifting mast tube was used, fitting across the well at the fore end of this hatch in a movable beam, so that a large mizen could be carried; but in cruising or ordinary sailing a smaller mizen was used.

Of the New York C. C. canoes Mr. Vaux had a very nice looking smooth skin Everson boat, an improvement on his older Bo-Peep and Atom. Mr. Nadal had a copy of the Lieda built by MacWhirter, a smooth skin ribband-carvel, while Mr. Howard had a boat of the same build from a modification by himself of the design of the Bat. This canoe, built specially for racing, had a cockpit as small as one can be made, with the board, a very large one, just in the center of the canoe. The board was fitted to drop from both ends, and was so arranged that it could not be raised after the sliding seat was in place. In making a landing it was necessary to first remove the sliding seat while in deep water, then to lift out the board and drop it overboard, when the canoe could be beached; the owner afterward wading out and fishing up the board. By this simple and ingenious arrangement the board could be placed exactly where it was needed for sailing, and at the same time there was no room for water in the boat in case of a capsize.

Of the two Joyner boats at the meet, one was fitted with a still more extreme cockpit than Toltec's, an ordinary tin footbath was fixed in the center of the canoe, giving room for the feet, there being no place for the canoeist save on deck. This canoe, the Imp, was of a peculiar model, with very fine ends, and fitted with a huge rig. Owing to her owner's illness during the meet she was, unfortunately, not raced. The other Joyner canoe, Dimple No. 4, was owned by Mr. Forrest, and was a great departure from his previous boats in model. The hull was handsomely built of Spanish cedar, in 2in. strakes, its chief peculiarity being a perfectly square forefoot, a right angle, the stem being lined away so much that the angle had to be made of sheet brass. The boat was fitted with a small well, but with bulkheads and two large compartments with circular metal-edged hatches in the decks, so that the well could be changed into a larger one if it was desired at any time to convert her into a cruising boat. To do this it would be necessary to remove the present trunk, as it was so located

that the board came abaft the body of the canoeist as he sat on deck. The appearance of the boat in the paddling race was very peculiar, the canoe having a large board projecting upward immediately behind the canoeist.

The new paddling trophy, with the 40lb. limit of weight, brought out several special racing canoes this year, the best of the lot, from all appearances, being the one in which the trophy was won. Three out of the eight starters in the trophy race used the ordinary decked canoe, but the remaining five were equipped with purely paddling canoes. Mr. MacKendrick's canoe was designed and built by Mr. Wm. English, the well-known builder of the open Canadian canoes; but she differed in model from the latter, being sharper in her waterlines and with less of a round, spoon-shaped bottom. The stem and stern were nearly plumb, while the quick sheer of the Canadian canoe was entirely missing, the sheer being fair and easy from stem to stern. The planking was light, ribband carvel with ribs close together. About one-third of the boat at each end was decked with oiled linen, leaving a well 5 to 6ft. long, crossed by one thwart, for paddling in the usual single-blade posture, on both knees. In racing, however, Mr. MacKendrick knelt on but one knee, the other leg and foot being thrown forward, a very graceful position, and one that gave a long sweep. In spite of the light weight the material was so placed as to make a very serviceable boat for ordinary paddling, and, of course, for racing.

Two of the Canadians, Messrs. Carnegie and Tilley, who were first and second respectively in the unlimited paddling, and third and second to Mr. MacKendrick in the trophy race, used canoes of the ordinary open Canadian model, undecked, but of light build, very nice looking boats, but not up to the model of the winner. The fourth Canadian, Mr. Levs, had a specially built paddling boat, but of such light construction that the waterline was discernible on the inside through the thin planking, while in order to bring up the weight to the 40lb. limit, very thick and heavy ash floor boards were necessary. This method of saving weight was hardly a success, the hull being too light to stand any great amount of racing or even ordinary paddling for pleasure or practice.

The only special racing canoe of American build was that paddled by Mr. Perry, a handsomely built Spanish cedar craft by Blakie, the noted shell boat builder of Boston. In this, his first venture in canoe building we believe, the builder has followed to a certain extent the old Rob Roy, and the shape is not one that promises great speed in racing. The workmanship is neat and well finished, as might be expected from a skillful shell boat builder, but the boat showed a very marked bunch amidships. She was decked completely, with the small oval well of the Rob Roy, the deck being of thin Spanish cedar.

As far as the paddling trophy and the races at the meets are concerned, the new 40lb. limit for paddling canoes seems entirely satisfactory, as a very fast and yet sufficiently strong and serviceable canoe can be built under it, a boat at once light under paddle and yet strong enough for racing, training and ordinary practice paddling. At the same time, this class of special racing canoe is not likely to appear in sufficient numbers in local and club races and at the Division meets to make a successful and well-filled class. In races of this kind the most of the paddling is done in the ordinary open Canadian canoe, such as was described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 4. These boats, with many other good qualities, are fast enough under paddle to make excellent racing, and they are found in large numbers not only at every Canadian regatta, but at many in the States. They are used by men who would readily enter them in a race, but who would not build a special 40lb racer. These canoes weigh from 50 to 65lbs., and even when in ordinarily good condition are no match for the special racer with a polished racing bottom. While, as we said, the racers are not likely to turn up in large numbers at the smaller regattas, at the same time they may, if present, claim the right to start in any race held under A. C. A. rules; and the presence of but one such boat would keep out the usual service canoes. The matter can perhaps be remedied by the committees making classes for canoes of 40lbs. and under, and for all over 40lbs., but some measure of this kind is very much needed if the canoes which have raced so much in the past are to be still retained in the racing.

Taking all things together, the fleet has improved in finish and preparation more than in model, build or fittings; the best of the new boats were little or no better than some that have been seen before, but there was a very large number of boats finely finished and well prepared for the racing, a point which we have frequently criticised in the past. Light construction has come in canoes as in yachts, and within reasonable limits is a good thing, but many of the canoes at the Meet were obviously not strong enough to carry a heavy man on a sliding seat. The hulls as a rule have been built without regard to the seat, in many cases the canoeist did not use a sliding seat when he ordered his boat, and when he adopted the new invention, placing it in the weakest part of the whole boat, and probably using seat and boat much more severely than a man who is thoroughly familiar with the slider, the result was soon apparent in split decks and sprung coamings, if not in more serious injury. We noticed one boat in which the side knee, placed to support a part of the strain of the seat, had forced a plank off from the turn of the bilge and signs of similar strains were evident in other boats. It is clearly evident that if the long sliding seat and large sail plan are to go on a light canoe the hull must be constructed first of all to carry the seat, other structural requirements being subordinate to this prime one. This need not be difficult, but it will require a little care on the part of the builder in bracing the center of the boat. The bathtub well offers an easy method of doing this, as the deck and the bottom are firmly tied together just where the seat crosses.

Of fitting there is little to be said this year, the parts of a racing canoe have been fined down to a few simple elements, hull proper, two sails, small well, quite or nearly closed, large plate board, drop rudder, deck tiller and two travelers. All of these details, such as boards and rudders, we have fully described within the past year or two, and there is nothing new to add to the list. The deck tiller, which is becoming of greater importance each year, is of two kinds, which may be truthfully classed as good and bad. The former is the straight thwartship tiller, the natural complement of the sliding seat, and like it, invented by Mr. Butler, and used on all the Vesper canoes. The latter is the jointed deck tiller, which has gradually come into use as men have seated themselves further out of the boat, and such as is now used on Canuck, shown in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 16, and on the Ruggles boat.

The small thwartship deck yoke and short fore and aft tiller, first applied by Mr. Vaux to the old Dot nearly a dozen years ago, answered its purpose well for a long time, but as men learned to sit further out some means of reaching the tiller was necessary, and a second handle, jointed to the first, was added. This same gear has been used on the majority of canoes, even with the sliding seat, but it is defective in two points. It is so weak in construction as to be very easily broken, and also from its weakness and the fact that it swings freely it is of no aid to the man in regaining his position after hiking out. The thwartship tiller on the contrary, with its strong bar firmly fixed to the deck or mast-tube, within easy reach of the hand on either side, is little liable to damage and is a most important aid to the canoeist, offering him an additional means of support and enabling him to get aboard very quickly. The mishaps to the old tiller in the races at the meet probably settled its fate, and the new one will supplant it entirely wherever the sliding seat is used. Of the seat itself there is little to say in addition to Mr. Forrest's very full description published two weeks since. Many seats now in use are strong enough and work satisfactorily, and further improvements in details are likely to be made as more become interested in the subject.

THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS CANOEIST."—On Dec. 31 a reception was given at the office of the *Mail and Express* to the returned traveler who claims to have made a 6 000 mile canoe cruise. Although invitations were sent out to a large number of canoeists, we find the names of only three among the "scores of persons" who are reported as present. We have yet seen no detailed account of the waters traveled *in the canoe*. Although in all the accounts of this wonderful journey it was intimated that it was made entirely in the small canoe in which it was begun, it is plain that but a small part was made in the canoe, the main dependence being on canal boats, express trains, river steamers and large boats. The statement is made that "the entire distance by water from New York to Astoria is 6,280 miles, and all this can be navigated in a canoe with the exception of a single carry across the Rocky Mountains and a canyon at the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille River." At the same time it is admitted that this carry was not made, and after ascending the Missouri by steamer the canoe was transported over the mountains. Among other exploits, the "*Mail and Express* Canoeist" has discovered a new lake which is to bear his name, a still closer link between him and the renowned Glazier. The following is a list of prizes offered by the paper and those won by its canoeist: First—The greatest number of miles ever made in a canoe of record, $100. Second—The fastest recorded mile ever paddled in a canoe, $50. Third—Win any canoe race in which there shall be at least three entries, $50. Fourth—Make the first recorded "carry" on the necessary carry at the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille River, $50. Fifth—Cross the continent with the least amount of "carry" in miles ever known in the aggregate, $100. Sixth—Not lose a day's travel from sickness, $50. Seventh—For every scalp which he may be compelled to take to save his own life, $50. Eighth—For each unmapped water course he may discover and map, $10. Ninth—For any new bird he may discover, $10. Tenth—For any new kind of fish he may discover, $10. Eleventh—For any other kind of animal, $10. Of these Mr. Rappleye won the first, fourth, fifth, sixth and eighth, amounting to $310, and we think he is fairly entitled to the ninth for his discovery of a bird so foolish as to furnish the golden egg for his useless and ridiculous pleasure trip.

CRESCENT C. C.—This winter has been a hard one for canoe clubs; the Red Dragons have lost a new house by fire, the New York floating house was lately damaged to the extent of several hundred dollars by a heavy storm, the Rondout house was on fire last week, though little damage was done; and now the Crescent C. C. is the sufferer, its house at Greenville, N. J., on Newark Bay, having been burned on Jan. 4. The loss is partly covered by insurance and the house will be rebuilt by spring.

NORTHERN DIVISION.—Col. Cotton, vice-com., has notified Com. Lawson that Mr. Porteus has withdrawn his resignation and will serve as purser during the year.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. S., Charleston, W. Va.—We cannot undertake to say who has the best cocker spaniels. Consult our advertising columns.

W. H., Lebanon, Ind.—It would be invidious on our part to mention the name of any one breeder or to decide as to who has the best stock. You had better advertise for what you want.

W. W., Newark, N. J.—Would you please let me know through your paper how to get the rust off a gun? Ans. Rub with emery paste, made from 3 parts cosmoline or oil and 1 part emery. Then apply wire scratch brush, and wash clean with hot water.

U. T. R., Westerly, R. I.—Will you please let me know in the next paper, if the grizzly bears are as plentiful as they were thirty or forty years ago, and where is the best place to hunt them in the United States? Ans. Not as plentiful as formerly, but still to be found in many places in the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Central Wyoming and southern Montana are good localities.

W. E. N., Salem, Mass.—Can you kindly inform me, through the columns of your paper, as to the proper markings of a fox-terrier, and oblige. Ans. White should predominate. Brindle, fallow, liver or red markings are objectionable. A fox-terrier with a black and tan marked head and ears, and a black spot or two on the body is the one most sought after, though many good dogs are almost or quite pure white.

S. T., Philadelphia.—In looking in your paper this morning for my answer, I saw the Pennsylvania deer season closed last Monday. This is not exactly what I wanted. I know the season; but what I wanted was, where are deer the most plentiful within 200 miles or so of Philadelphia, and can you shoot them in that State next season? Ans. We would advise you to try the Pike county hunting grounds, starting out from Milford.

RICE LAKE, Ottawa.—What do you consider the best way of removing lead from the interior of gun barrels? Do you think that metal polishes, such as Putz-pomade, etc., would injure the interior of barrels if applied for the above purpose? I have found Putz-pomade to answer in a manner, though in a very indifferent manner. Ans. 1 Warm the barrels slightly and anoint with mercurial ointment; this will form an amalgam with the lead. Then wipe out clean. 2. We know nothing of Putz-pomade.

J. A. C., Oil City, Pa.—In looking over the *Book of the Game Laws* for our State we find that deer can be killed from the first day of October to the fifteenth day of December next following; and then it says no person shall have in his or her possession any venison, save only from the first day of October to the thirtieth day of November next following. Is it not a mistake? Ans. The law reads as it is given in the *Book of the Game Laws*. There is certainly a blunder in the statute, but this is in the original.

G. B. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I am the owner of a pointer puppy, and I write you asking if you would kindly let me know what he is worth, as I had some offers for him. He is 8mos. old and very fine proportioned, liver and white, very quick at learning and never forgets a lesson. He is very healthy and never had a disease in his life. 2. Will you kindly let me know how much it costs to have a dog broken for quail? Ans. You ask a rather difficult question; so much depends on breeding. If well bred, by and out of known dogs, he ought to be worth from $35 to $50. 2. From $100 to $150.

W. H. GORDON, Ellenburgh, N. Y.—It seems to me that it is within the province of your best of all sporting newspapers that the uninformed may ask the advice of those who know. I am going to buy a bird dog to hunt woodcock and partridge. Am not a wing shot. I don't want to hunt just for killing them, but when I go would like to know somewhere near where a bird is. Our cover is brush and heavy timber, and there are plenty of grouse, but they go up with a roar that scares a fellow out of his boots, right from under his feet. I was out the other day and stopped to light my pipe; had just lit a match when with a roar and a rush of wings a big grouse got up from under my feet, flew over my head and away. What breed is best, pointer or spaniel? In accordance with your advice will buy a pup, a book on training, and have a bird dog. Ans. For heavy cover you will find a Clumber very useful. Between a pointer and a setter it is a mere matter of opinion. A setter would perhaps suit your work better.

AHMEEK, Buffalo, N. Y.—Not being a good rifle shot, and near-sightedness with the resulting eye-glasses further embarrassing me, I put Lyman sights on my Winchester .45-90 300 last fall, and found a great improvement in my shooting at once. But the thorn in this rose is the large black eye given me by the rear sight about four times out of five. The recoil of the piece is considerable, and although the folding sight is as far up on the neck of the stock as it can be and not be struck by the breech-bolt, it still manages to rap me hard enough to enlarge my right optic, besides keeping me constantly in fear of having my glasses broken and the eye put out. If it were not so constructed as to allow of its folding partly forward I could not use it at all. With plenty of time to aim, and using the larger circle, I can avoid getting hurt, but if I throw the gun up hastily I involuntarily place my eye close to the sight, and then there is trouble. Ans. You may find benefit by changing this model, which has a short stock, for another model which has a longer stock.

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No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9½, 10, 10½ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz.....Price $2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted..... " 3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8½, 9, 9½, 10ft., weight 9, 10½, 12, 13oz.....Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted..... " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz..... " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint..... " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancewood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft..... " 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 83c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., $1.05; 80yds., $1.15; 100yds., $1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., $1.75; 60yds., $2.25; 80yds., $2.50; 200yds., $3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.

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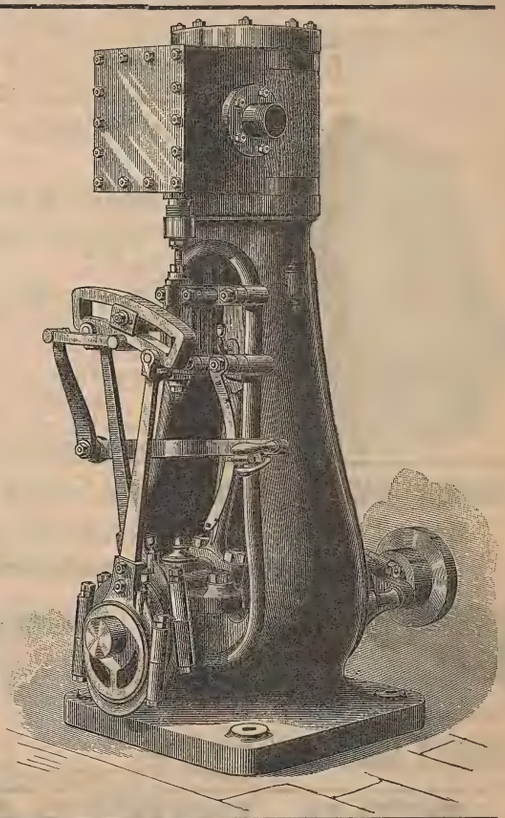
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AN EXTRAORDINARY DECISION.

A DECISION has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which is a surprise to all who are familiar with game legislation and previous rulings of the courts. The Pennsylvania law, act of June 3, 1878, as amended April 25, 1889, prescribes: "No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any quail or Virginia partridge, between the fifteenth day of December in any year and the first day of November next following, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession."

This has been held to mean that no quail could lawfully be had in possession in the prohibited period without regard to whether the birds have been killed in the State or without. Under this law, in the Allegheny county case of the Commonwealth against Wilkinson, for having quail in his possession and offering them for sale out of season, the defendant was found guilty, the jury, however, finding in a special verdict that the quail which had been offered for sale had been killed in another State and at a time when it was lawful to kill them. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and it has just delivered an opinion reversing the finding of the lower court, on the ground that the law applies only to game killed within the State. The Chief Justice says: "The law was not intended to have any extra territorial effect, or, if it was, it would be nugatory. After prohibiting the killing of quail the act further provides 'or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed.' The word 'same' clearly refers to the antecedent game, the killing of which is already prohibited. The meaning of the act, as we view it, is that no quail shall be killed in this State between the dates specified. The construction claimed for the act by the Commonwealth would render any one a criminal who lawfully killed game in another State and brought it with him for his own use."

The intent of the Legislature was unquestionably to prohibit the entire sale of quail in the close season, whether the game was killed in Pennsylvania or elsewhere. The wording of the statute is similar to the texts of the laws of other States, where it has uniformly been held that sale is absolutely prohibited without regard to the source of supply. As a matter of fact, this decision is, we believe, quite novel in its contention that a State law cannot apply to game removed from beyond its territorial limits. Game laws would not be effective if a close season did not mean close for all game, wherever it comes from.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of the following from the Duquesne Kennel Club, of Pittsburgh:

At a meeting of the Duquesne Kennel Club, Monday, the 12th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Under the decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of The Commonwealth vs. Wilkinson, the existing laws are declared to prohibit only the possession and sale of game killed within this State; and

Whereas, It is believed that it was the intention and purpose of the promoter of the passage of said acts to absolutely prevent the killing of game in this State within the time specified; and

Whereas, The construction of said acts permitting the possession and sale of game shipped from other States gives such opportunity for evasion as to render said State acts futile; it is

Resolved, That the Duquesne Kennel Club use every honorable means in their power to procure the passage of such laws as will fully protect all game within this State.

A special resolution was unanimously passed by the club commending John W. Hague, Esq., for his zeal and efficacy in enforcing the game laws.

S. L. BOGGS, Pres. D.K.C.
W. E. LITTELL, Sec'y D.K.C.

ANOTHER TRAP-SHOOTING STIMULATOR.

IT cannot be said that the American Shooting Association has done all that its projectors anticipated for it. This combination of manufacturers and dealers set out to stimulate the sport of trap-shooting by providing uniformity of rules, classification of shooters, and competent management of tournaments. While it has done a good work in classifying shooters according to their skill, and thus providing some chance for amateur shots to participate in tournaments and yet not sacrifice everything to the experts, the expenses of operation have been out of proportion to the benefits gained by the men who put up the money. We have had no formal notice that the association is dead, but the probabilities are that it will not be heard of in the future as a potent factor in trap-shooting interests.

A new scheme is being put through by Mr. Penrose of the Keystones. His plan is to form an association of manufacturers, dealers and others who may be interested, the association to guarantee certain sums to be distributed as prizes at semi-monthly tournaments, to provide a manager to conduct the tournaments, to assume the financial responsibility of the meetings, pocket the losses, or turn over any profits to the clubs for whose benefit the shoots are given. The operation of this plan will call for a less expenditure than was required under the American Association plan, and one thing in its favor is that local clubs will have a chance to make a profit out of their meetings—something they could not do under the other control.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE death of Captain Wallace and of Lieut. Casey of the army, both of whom were killed by Sioux not far from Pine Ridge, Dakota, will carry a feeling of sadness to the heart of every army officer and of the many friends of these two brave and good soldiers. It was our good fortune to have known them both intimately, and not since the Custer massacre have any deaths occurred in Indian fighting which appeared to us so melancholy. Both men were fine fellows and good soldiers. Each was just entering the summer of his life and had reached that point when they could do a man's best work, both had served long on the plains and were familiar with the ordinary dangers of Indian war.

Mr. Casey was appointed to the U. S. Military Academy in 1869, and after graduating went out on the plains where he saw almost continuous service for many years. He was a good scout and prairie man, his capabilities in this direction being testified to by many officers, Indians and scouts. About a year ago he undertook the task of organizing a company of Cheyenne scouts from those at the Tongue River Agency, and his energy, enthusiasm and knowledge of Indian character were such that he soon made this organization a body of well drilled, soldierly and hard working Indians. Last summer they cut and hauled logs for their own barracks, and built a set of comfortable quarters of which white men might have been proud. It is but a few months since we spent several days in the camp of Mr. Casey's scouts, and were deeply interested in the important work that he had accomplished.

We first knew Captain Wallace as a second lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry in the year 1874, during the expedition to the Black Hills, then an unknown region. On this expedition he had charge of a large body of Indian scouts, which served with the troops, and he managed these men with good judgment. The death in 1876 of a large number of the officers of the Seventh Cavalry rendered his promotion more rapid than is usually the case in the army, and some years ago he attained his captaincy. No feature of these so-called Indian uprisings is more deplorable than the fact that men like Casey and Wallace must be sacrificed to the irresponsibility of Congress and the bad system of the Indian Department.

What should be the end of the Drew affair has now been reached. At their meeting last Thursday, the Commissioners dismissed that officer from the service for neglect of duty. We understand that the new fish and game protector for the Tenth District will be Edward Hawn, who as a deputy warden, in the employ of the Onondaga Anglers' Association of Syracuse, has made an excellent record. In our issue of Dec. 4 we quoted from the Syracuse *Times* a report of the work accomplished by the Onondaga Association in their fight against the illegal netters of Oneida Lake. From that report, as well as from letters we have received from Syracuse anglers, it is learned that to Mr. Hawn is chiefly due the credit for the success of the campaign. He is the man who has done most of the work; and with him in active service have been associated Deputies Crownheart and Shackleton. For what they have done Protector Drew had the credit, simply because he assumed it. There is reason to believe that the Commissioners have in the past been deceived with respect to Chief Protector Drew; they have been led by his official reports to believe that he was doing work in which, as a matter of fact, he had no active part. If there is any proof that Protector Drew ever put his hand to a net in Oneida Lake, or actually engaged in a raid on those waters, it would make reading only less interesting than Mr. John D. Collins's carefully concealed proof to sustain his recent charges against the Commissioners.

Capt. Healy, of the United States revenue cutter Bear, has proposed a game importation scheme for Alaska. The Esquimaux natives of the northwestern part of that Territory depend very largely upon the deer for their winter food; but the deer supply has been decreased to such an extent that the natives' supply of meat has been seriously affected. The project of Capt. Healy is this, that the Government shall import some of the tame reindeer of Siberia, which are there herded by "deer men," and shall put them out in regions of Alaska where the character of the country and the food conditions will be favorable. He also suggests bringing to Alaska some of the Siberian herders, to teach the Esquimaux how to care for the game. Such an undertaking might very well be put through at slight cost, and Capt. Healy's suggestions are worthy of careful consideration.

We are quite at a loss to understand why Jonathan Darling should attempt to deny that he was fined for deer hounding in Maine, as stated in the *Book of the Game Laws*, when the Maine Supreme Court records are against such a denial.

They have great wildfowl shooting on the northwest coast; and we have some interesting descriptions of days with the ducks and geese from the pen of a Washington contributor. The first one will be given next week.

We would be glad to have information about desirable shooting resorts in North Carolina and that part of the South, a section of country to which many gunners look for winter shooting.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

I.—IN TRANSITU.

WE ran away this fall. In fleeing the telegraph, the post-office, the door bells, and all our many masters, we experienced a sweet, if guilty satisfaction, which more than compensated the unpropitious skies that followed us, though it was not until we were safe at Nicatowis, where officers of the law no longer go, that we felt quite secure from pursuit and recall. And this is the chronicle of the trip.

We were my father, myself and "Jot;" the trip was up the Passadumkeag waters and to the Machias Lakes. Father was guide and head of the expedition; to Jot fell most of the hard work; I wrote the journal and did the admiring. It will be seen that Father and I, by effecting a combination, managed to secure the offices, mine indeed a sinecure, as became my abilities, but his *pro meritis;* for, though Jot knew a large part of the country, Father was easily chief by virtue of the six trips which he had made through it previous to this one—once in 1867, when he and Louis Ketchum came up the Machias and found their way across to and down the Passadumkeag without guide or guide book; twice with big Sebattis Mitchell, in 1873 and 1874, on the former occasion returning by the St. Croix and the sea, and so up the Penobscot; once with Alonzo Spearen, and twice with John Spearen, his brother, with whom he made the circuit by way of the Dobsies and Fourth Lake, Machias to Gassobeeis. In our lenten days on the West Branch last year, when it was uncertain after the kettle had been emptied what would fill it next, Father had told me of the flesh pots of Gassobeeis and Fourth Lake, and even then had planned the trip in expectation of plenty.

We got up at a preposterously early hour one Monday morning, perhaps to balance sitting up so late Saturday night, and took the early train from Bangor. At the Enfield station Gilman's express was waiting to haul us and our baggage in to Nicatowis, it being shorter, cheaper and easier to haul than it is to work up stream against the current and to carry past Grand and Nicatowis Falls. It was a superb day, dappled in the early morning and threatening rain, but coming out so fair and fine when once we are on our way that our spirits were light as the breeze. Such blackberries by the roadside, such little brooks—running away, too—hills so inspiring and hollows so delightful—nothing which we saw was passed by unappreciated. At Wakefield Corner a shoe must be reset, and while we waited we watched two fish hawks wheeling above the mill pond on the—Escutassis of the maps, Scootahzin of the people. At Burlington we stopped again, and I dimly remember—do not, in fact, remember, but know it must be true—that a ledge outcrops there which was of slate and shows glacial scratches; I distinctly remember that a gentleman came up, and after examining the canoe critically inquired whether it would hold a man if he didn't put a weight in the bottom. Beyond Burlington we crossed the Madagascal, a beautiful stream, "smart as lightning," Jot said. From the hilltops further on Spawnook Lake was revealed, with Passadumkeag Mountain rising behind it in wooded swells, no finer than as we see it from home lying along the northeast horizon like a long blue cloud, but still very satisfactory. Thence up hill and down and through pine barrens until the main road left us and we passed through the fences of Stickney, the last settler, into the woods road that leads to Nicatowis.

Crossing the Passadumkeag at Grand Falls, and keeping it on our left from this time forward, we came by noon to a little shanty in the midst of a large field. One man stays here to look out for the farm, which is kept up in order to raise supplies for the lumbermen. Here we got dinner, and in the afternoon hauled in to the head of Nicatowis Falls, about four miles beyond, over a road not without stones and stumps, but still good enough for light wagons. At the end of the carry past the falls the load was unpacked and sorted, and all provisions which we thought would not be needed before we returned to this place were hidden in the woods; for it is against father's principles to carry about any unnecessary impedimenta. Then, judging that there was not enough water for all three of us to go up in the canoe, Father and I walked through to the lake while Jot brought up the load.

One does not see much of a lake from the outlet, only a wooded, rocky shore on the right, and on the left a burned point overgrown with bracken and strewn with granite boulders. A few small islands shut off the outward view. At the left of the road by which we reached the lake are the outlet and its dam, newly rebuilt; and also a little house for the use of river drivers and others. The wing of the old dam still extends along the shore for several hundred feet, decayed, broken and growing up to alders, but not needed now that the low land behind has grown up to trees, so that there is no longer any danger of the lake cutting another outlet for itself.

We crossed the dam, which is just at the head of a pretty little rapid where the stream takes a whirl or two among mossy granites before settling quietly into the round pool below, just as Jot arrived with the canoe; and, the afternoon being now in the decline, prepared to camp at this place. Though it is true that in the woods one has all the room there is for camping, any one who knows nothing of this kind of a life, would be astonished to see how hard it sometimes is to find a smooth, dry place large enough to pitch even a small tent. In the present instance we were obliged to pitch ours just below the end of the dam and exactly in the middle of the carry, in an ill-smelling spot, but the best there was. While the others were making ready the tent and campwood, I took up my old occupation of making the bed; and, in the absence of boughs of any kind, cut a great bed of sweet-fern and buckhorn brakes, as the bracken is called here, which partially atoned for the ill savor of the place. Our housekeeping arrangements were soon completed. An empty box which we found near by was seized on as treasure and became our principal article of furniture. A few blueberries and one little trout, which were all the land and water afforded that night, were laid by toward the next day's needs; but as our home luncheon, though small, was no more likely to fail than the widow's meal and oil—why is it that "store food" always lasts so long in the woods?—no anxieties for the morrow disturbed our enjoyment of the night, no premonition warned us how we should yet be fed.

II.—NICATOWIS RAVENS.

It is not often that the event of the day transpires after the blankets have been tucked in. We certainly were all asleep and we must have waked at the same moment, though no one spoke immediately; for at the first word all had agreed that, though very faint, the noise we heard was an awkward bowman rapping his paddle against the gunwale at every stroke. It was most improbable that any one would be coming down the lake so late at night to camp in the dark or to walk out seven miles to the Gilman House, and we heard no voices; but when Jot turned out a little after the noise ceased, he found two men walking quietly along the shore end of the dam. They accepted his invitation and came down to the tent. One was stout and florid with a red, horseshoe moustache and a slouch hat—a very ruddy man. Ruddy was spokesman and sat on our box before the fire, his paddle in the hollow of his right arm as he lifted the tent with his left and peered inside to catechise the sleepy. The other, who was slender, brown, and evidently a woodsman, stood behind the fire leaning on his paddle as he talked with Jot. Conversation did not flow at first; we were sleepy and Ruddy seemed distraught. To find strangers encamped in that carry with no possible way of getting past except by the path between the tent and the fire was undeniably awkward. And they were going down stream that night, so they said. "When did we come and how?" So we told them how we hauled in with Gilman that day and how near we had been to coming with so-and-so, who was to be in at such a time. "I know that," said Ruddy, and straightway unbent a little. Then he volunteered the information that they had just come from the head of the lake. More questions from Ruddy, who seemed inquisitive. Thereat Father sat up and told all the news, as a good woodsman should; where this guide was and where that one, who were with them, of the party that had just gone in to Lonz's camp on Pistol, and all the matters on which he thought our visitors would be already informed; for three to one, a strange woodsman cares less to hear the news than to know who you are that tell these things and whether you tell truth.

"Were we going to Darling's?" No, we were not out for game. Ruddy froze at once, and evidently set us down as suspicious characters and possibly as wardens. Again he spoke of going down stream and that they must be going, but made no move himself. Again he put his questions with a delicate indirectness. The talk wandered to the past, and old experiences, old acquaintances, how places looked ten, twenty, thirty years ago. The fire shining on Ruddy made him redder and cast his shadow on the tent in massive bulk, and all the while in the pauses of the talk came his refrain that he never would lug past Nicatowis Falls again, catch him lugging on that carry again. It was evident that he was as near it as he cared to be that night. Then said Father plainly: "If you have any meat with you we would like to buy a few pounds." "That isn't our business," replied Ruddy briefly and with dignity. After a pause: "What may your name be?" "Hardy." "Brewer?" "Yes." And then he knew all that he wanted to know.

Having discovered who we were, his frostiness thawed completely. Before they left they told us (what we knew already) that they had no intention of carrying past, but were going to stay at the house at the other side of the dam; that it was not the head of the lake but the narrows which they had come from; that they had seen something on the shore and shot it as it stood there—a slip of the tongue which another day's acquaintance served to correct; and, finally, that they would be happy to give us all the meat we wanted out of "the prettiest long-eared fellow we ever looked at"—which is calling no names. *Exeunt.*

So the ravens fed us the first day; but the story is intended to teach that the Nicatowis raven is a discerning bird and one which does not drop its bounty before strangers who come unrecommended. And the corallary is this: the tale would not now be told if I remembered either the names or the faces of any of the principals of this party; but—so quickly do we forget our benefactors—were we to meet to-morrow I should not be able to identify one of them, not even Brown and Ruddy. "Ah, man," says Alan Breck, who might well have been a native of Maine, "but I have a grand memory for forgetting."

III.—THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The next day it rained; but as we were up at 4 in the morning, we had a chance before the rain began to see the day break, the white-footed mice that live in the cedar by the "taking out place," the red squirrel which was clipping "cedar buds," as we call the fruit of the arbor vitæ, and all our neighbors save the ravens, who were not early birds.

The white-footed mouse is so strictly nocturnal that, although I have felt it hop over me in its nightly explorations through the tent, I had never before seen it alive. It is a dainty little creature, slender in shape, clear gray above and pure white below even to the inner sides of the legs and the under side of its long tail. One which drowned itself in our wash basin last year at Ripogenus measured 7¼in., of which the tail was 3⅝in. These had a little house in the heart of the cedar which had been laid open by some one removing a chip, opening a crack just wide enough for them and leaving a little balcony in front of their door. Here they sat gazing at me through the morning dusk like little gray shadows, until they took alarm and scudded up the tree. Apparently they were living on the cedar buds; but I could not prove it.

The day passed quietly. The men got into their rubber coats and fished, more for occupation than in any hope of success. Father performed his great box-splitting feat to a small but select audience; Jot enticed a colony of shiners which lived under the rocks at the end of the carry to come and nibble his fingers; I wrote up the journal, in which I find it noted that Jot brought me two kinds of everlasting (*G. decurrens* and *G. polycephalum*), explaining that the former is excellent for colds, while the latter has no medicinal value. It was one of the facts which are often of prime importance to the woodsman. Rock polypod, we learned later, is good for diarrhœa; yellow ash bark to produce sweating; and Father once saved his own life by compounding a medicine of pine bark, the inner bark of wild cherry and lungwort (the rough lichen which grows on swamp maples), steeped together and sweetened with honey. I myself can testify to the many virtues and the bad taste of the last compound.

Trout were not abundant at the dam and, though the place was faithfully fished both up stream and down, only three were caught for the day. The largest of these, a fine 14in. fish, was given us by our ravens whose kindness is remembered even though their names are not. In the afternoon two salmon about 13 and 14in. in length took their fly and a large one broke their rigging. These differed in color from all the young salmon I had ever seen, being of a fine green bronze with silvery bellies and with dark, almost black, spots on the sides, so mottled that at a little distance they resembled mackerel more than trout. Salmon appear to be abundant in Nicatowis, whether sea salmon or landlocked I do not know, though I am informed that the sea salmon introduced by the Game Commissioners have become landlocked, refusing to migrate. While Father was fishing just above the sluice a great blue heron lighted on the gate not 10ft. away, looking "for all the world," so those who saw him say, like a great mosquito as he settled with long legs outstretched and his neck bent down almost between them.

These are the events of the day, so few and unimportant that it seems time lost to chronicle them, and yet of what are most of our days made up? We had pleasant company; enough to eat of the best there was, though it was given us; more to see than ordinarily falls into one day's limits, for besides the mice, squirrels, shiners, trout, salmon and heron, various small birds sought the tent and gossipped with us—chicadees, Maryland yellow-throats and a beautiful black and white creeper; the place was pretty, too, with the tall pine and big, mossy granites behind, the carry path fringed with alders leading down to the pool and clear sky over the hill in front; it had, moreover, pleasant associations for Father, who, sixteen years or more ago, cut out the present carry, shortening the old carrying place by about one-half and thereby benefitting all who have followed; with all these aids to contentment, and with minds that were free from worries for a time and willing to rest from labor, it is no wonder that the time passed pleasantly. If the next one who goes there finds it forlorn and uncomfortable, sees nothing praiseworthy, that, too, need not be wondered at; for it is the small things which make the difference in our days.

FANNIE P. HARDY.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.—V.

DANVIT, Decemb. 28, 1890.—*M'sieu Fores Strim:* Mos' all every Saturday naght, Ah 'll go where M'sieu Mumson he 'll be board for hear it read you papier an' Ah 'll tek grea' deal satisfy of it.

Ah tol' you it mek me laft, sometam on mah inside of it, sometam on mah face, sometam all over, for hear what some smart feller wrote what he know 'baout ev'rytting.

One ting was haow hwoodcock mek hees nowse wid hees nose or wid hees wing. Dat mek me laft, an' Ah 'll tol' M'sieu Mumson haow dat was foolish for say hwoodcock wheestle wid hees wing of it.

Day maght jes well said hwoodchuck wheestle wid hees tail. You b'lieve he do, prob'ly, hein?

"No," M'sieu Mumson say, "Ah 'll ant b'lieve dat, hwoodchuck wheestle wid hees mout' an' spat hees hoof sem lak you w'en you dance jeeg for you hown music, but hwoodcock was be differance; he was birds."

Ah 'll say yas, Ah know dat, but Ah tol you more. Hwoodcock ant wheestle 'tall, wid hees nose or hees wing. W'en he gallop on de air, hees wing jes go *frip! frip!* an' w'en he 'll lit on tree he 'll holler *Keeyak! keeyak! keeyak!*" so you could hear it more as mile. Den he paound de tree wid hees nose, an' mek de cheep flew mos' lak Ah do w'en Ah 'll chawp.

M'sieu Mumson he 'll looked at me wid hees heye verea peel, den he 'll beegin laft mos' lak hee 'll split all open.

Bombye w'en he can spoke, he 'll say, "Antoine, dat ant be hwoodcock! Dat was pill-eatin' hwoodpecker! He 'll black, ant it, wid red on top hees head of it?"

Yas, Ah 'll said, but he 'll was be hwoodcock, dat was hees name of it, Ah always hear, an' he 'll ant heat pill. What you call it hwoodcock den?

He 'll say, hwoodcock ant never lit on tree, never. He stay on de graoun' all de tam, 'cept wen her flew, which he do very spry an' say *twit-twit-twit-twit* fas', mos' sem lak chimbley swaller. An' he stuk hees nose in de sof' graoun' for ketch worm, not in hol' dead tree.

Den Ah 'll say, me, Oh bah gosh! Ah 'll know what you 'll meant. It was bline snipe, Ah 'll see it 'long Beav' Meddy Brook, an' in cornfiel' las' hoein', an' wen Ah 'll was cut up in de fall. Dat was bline snipe, an' he was mos' so good for heat as cheekin, honly he ant so beeg nough. Naow dat was more foolish as Ah hear yet, for call bird dat always stay on de graoun' hwoodcock! It jes moch sense for call patteraige mud hen, bah gosh! An' den go for call de reality hwoodcock dat always leeve in de hwood, pill heatin' hwoodpeckit. He heat mud pill, prob'ly, hein?

M'sieu Mumson say he can' help it, dat was de nem of it bose.

Dat settle it, Ah 'll say, sem lak de man was holler "hot pie! hot pie!" an' dey was freeze. Wen de peop' was buy an' broke hees toof on de freeze pie, an' ast what he call it hot for, he say dat was de name of it! An' dey can' say noting honly, *Sacré ton sac!*

Wal, let dem smart feller call it hwoodcock 'f he wan' to. Ah don' care for me, an' let some of it say he wheestle of hees nose, he wheestle jes' de sem he always was ant it?

Ah 'll mek notion we let it wheestle jes' miu' to; he jes good for heat an' jes moch fun for shoot one way as t'odder, Ah b'lieve. It look awful foolishly for be quarly of it jes de sem was grea' deal of dis sportsman beesiness.

Dar was de mans dat ketch traout wid fedder fly, he bruise ev'ybody dat ketch it wid worm an' grasshoppit, an' wan' keel it. Ant it bose feeshin' for git de traout?

Dar was one mans call me mean hol' cuss for shoot one patteraige sit on tree, jes' honly one, an' he keel ten on de flew, so he say, but Ah 'll bet you head he keel it some on de sit 'f he 'll gat shoot of it so. Anyhaow, who mek de mos' scarce of patteraige in hwood, dat mans or me?

Dar was de science mans dat shoot forty bobolink for set up in glass box; he wan keel de mans dat gat forty bobolink for steek on gals' bunnet 'cause bunnet so small you can' see it 'less he gat sometings steek on for show where it was.

Ah 'll weesh, me, bose dat mans was keel, for Ah 'll

drudder hear bobolink sing in de strawberree lot, as see it skin wid long nem in glass box or see it steek on gals' head dat ant gat no brain of it. Some posy was more pooty as dead bird for gal's bunnet, an' mek de feller lak it better, Ah tol' you.

Wal, Ah s'pose it ant mek no differance probly all Ah 'll said, dey goin' keel off all de bird for sometings.

Wal, bombye Ah'll goin' to be dead mahsef, den Ah'll gat no differance probly, honly Ah 'll b'lieve Ah 'll lak it for have some leetly feller sing over de daisy w'en dey grow top of ANTOINE BISSETTE.

Scrippos.—We havin' hol' fashion Vermon' winter, all de tam col' an' snow very high. Ah 'll ant mean he ant cheap, for you can get more as you want every tam you ant ask for it. But Ah lak dose kan o' winter.

Dey was mos' sem lak Ah 'll was raise on, in Canada. Dey mek it a feller tough as ten bear if dey ant keel it.

Dis was de kan o' wedder Ah 'll lak for go on de hwood an' chawp. Dar it was comfortably, no win' blow, honly in taup of de tree. You can't feel it, honly see an' hear heem sing.

Mos' every day, Ah 'll can' hear not'ing, honly ma hown nowse, "chick, chock" of de haxe, an' bombye de hol' tree go "whoof!" daown on de snow, lak on fedder bed, after he 'll stan' up for honded year, prob'ly feefty, saxty, Ah do' know.

Dis leetly Frenchmans put great many of dat hol' tall praoud tree to hees las' bed. Dat mek me feel kan o' plump, every tam.

Bombye, dere was come beeg t'aw, Janawary t'aw was be de nem of it, but he come w'en he'll got ready, mebby in March.

Den de coon start off hees sleep tree or holes for see hees gal or visit long to hees neighbor an' Ah 'll have it some funs. Ah 'll tol' you baout w'en Ah 'll had it.

Ah b'lieve all de feller ant tol' you dat kan o' way for coon huntin'. Dat was de mos' fun all winter 'cep' New Year, an' Ah 'll ast you save leetly corner of your papier for publick mah story.—A. B.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the interest in the habits and life history of the woodcock is coming to a white heat in your columns, may I be permitted to point out a few of the problems, that seem to me to require especial attention in the solution of the question at issue. In the first place, allow me to present the usual credentials. I have hunted this bird at different times during the last twenty-five years; I have studied its habits under many circumstances; held slightly wounded ones in my hand, suspending them in the air by the bill or feet, and noted the sounds that came from the bird during such times; I have examined its anatomy. At the present writing I hardly feel prepared to fully commit myself on the question of the production of its various notes, though I am free to say that my observations lead me to believe that the wings play little or no part in the creation of the majority of them.

Now, in the first place, may we ask in reference to the (1) curving upward of the superior mandible—is the act a voluntary or an involuntary one?

(2) All such functions or powers, as the power to curve the bill in such a manner, are subservient to the contraction of some organized tissue. Is this act due to the contraction of some muscle, or to some other contractile tissue?

(3) Were we to pull out the three attenuate primaries from both the wings of a sound and healthy woodcock, and then submit the bird to being held suspended in the air by the bill or feet, would it give vent to any notes whatever, and what would their character be? (What does Mr. Trumbull think in regard to such an experiment as this?)

(4) Were we momentarily but to thoroughly plug the external nostrils and mouth cavity of a sound and healthy woodcock (one in perfect plumage), and then submit the bird to being held suspended in the air by the bill or feet, would it have the power of emitting any of its usual "squeals," "twitterings" or "piping alarm notes," and under such circumstances would they be the same as those emitted by the flushed bird?

(Experiments 3 and 4 should be made upon birds of both sexes, and at times of the year when woodcocks are in full plumage and give vent to all their "notes" in nature, especially in March and April and October and November.)

(5) Other birds have attenuate primaries in their wings besides woodcock; what is their behavior when submitted to either of the foregoing experiments? (Hummingbirds have many well-known notes on the wing and when alarmed. The broad-tailed hummingbird has attenuate primaries in its wings. I have a shot great many broad-tailed hummingbirds (*T. platycercus*), and they have a varied note. Several times I have held suspended in the air by the bill one of this species, when it was slightly wounded, and no sound came from it when the wings were in violent action other than the "fanning sound" given off by the latter.)

(6) Does the peculiar wing of the white-fronted dove (*Eugyptila*) give rise to any peculiar sounds during the flight of that species?

(7) What purpose do the emarginations in the primaries of the wings in many of the *Tyrannidæ* and *Accipitres* subserve?

(8) Is the "whistling" of certain ducks during rapid flight due to the character of that flight or to some peculiar modification of the primaries of their wings?

(9) In the case of the woodcock in August, when flushed, is his completely noiseless flight at that time due to the fact that the bird is "out of song," "out of plumage," or both? It may be only "out of song." (What does Mr. Aldrich think?)

In the opinion of the writer, Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's experiments with the woodcock were conducted in a perfectly scientific manner, and it is only to be regretted that he did not push them far enough. I can well appreciate, however, how the goodness of his heart got the best of him, in the case of such a winning little pet. Nevertheless, after he had educated his bird up to giving its natural notes, he certainly should have gently pulled out all of its attenuated primaries, and see then could the same notes be given after this had been done. On the other hand, it seems to me that the methods proposed by Mr. Aldrich to solve this mooted question (FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 1, p. 472) are eminently unscientific, and remind me very much of a certain military surgeon that I once knew, who became so skilled in his diagnoses of heart disease that he could detect any form of it in a person walking at a distance simply "by the character of his gait." R. W. SHUFELDT.

TAKOMA, D. C., Jan. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with the greatest of pleasure I read in your last week's issue Mr. Wm. Brewster's very able and practical article on the woodcock's whistle. The only way I can account for the great difference of opinion, as to whether, when he is flushed, the woodcock whistles with his wings or voice, is that the men setting forth their opinions that the noise is vocal do so more by theory than by practice, and are men that either have not the good fortune to reside in a locality where woodcock are plentiful, or else having this good fortune, are indifferent wing shots, and kill but few woodcock each season. I have interviewed, at different periods, upon this topic, several men whom I know to be woodcock shooters, men that are in the habit annually of killing their 100 and 200 birds each, as to how the woodcock makes the whistling noise when flushed, and each one replied, without the slightest hesitation, he does it with his wings. I am acquainted with men living in this neighborhood that talk most learnedly upon the woodcock and his habits, men that I meet again and again in the woods, but do not remember to have ever seen a brace of woodcock in their possession.

An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory any day. Surely no one would contend that the golden-eye, or whistle-wing duck, makes the whistle with tts voice and not with his wings. The whistle that this duck makes when in flight is very similar to the whistle made by the woodcock, the only difference being that the duck's whistle is the loudest, that is natural, he being much the largest bird of the two.

Woodcock make but two noises, the whistle when flushed, and the twitter that he makes when drumming in the spring. The latter is an amorous manifestation, the birds rising perpendicularly into the air with a twittering noise, and when up quite a distance let themselves drop down through the air on to the ground, with the quills of their wings set edgewise, making a loud rushing noise. Woodcock drum immediately before dusk or about dusk. The twitter he makes when drumming is very different from the whistle he makes when flushed. I think every sportsman is agreed that the snipe when flushed scaipes with his voice and not with his wings. A snipe when winged and you go to pick him up generally springs into the air with *scaipe, scaipe,* making exactly the same noise as when he is flushed.

If the woodcock whistles with his voice, why does he not whistle when winged and you go to pick him up? as his brother the snipe scaipes under similar circumstances. The woodcock when winged springs into the air exactly as the snipe does when winged, but does so perfectly mute. Why do not woodcock whistle during the moulting season? Because they have lost the attenuated primary feathers of their wings, and therefore cannot. Why does an October woodcock whistle so much louder and stronger than a July bird? Because his plumage is more perfect in October than in July. Does it not strike those gentlemen of the voice theory as rather strange that when a wounded woodcock is picked up he has to get his wings going like a windmill before he can find voice, and is obliged to put the brakes to his wings before he can shut off his voice again?

Writers on the woodcock, his ways and habits, I think have taken it too much for granted that this bird's conduct is the same in confinement as when at large. It is quite possible that his ways and habits when at large may be quite at variance with his ways and habits when in confinement. During the past fall I found a covert with a number of flight woodcock in it, the ground in said covert was as hard and dry as a bone, so much so that I had trouble in pushing the blade of a strong jack-knife into the ground. I found the feeding ground of these birds in two or three fall wheatfields one mile from their day home. These birds must have of necessity fasted at least fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Mr. Trumbull writes that he noticed, much to his surprise, in a live woodcock given him by a gentleman that it had the power of raising or curving the upper mandible. I beg to refer Mr. Trumbull to a letter of mine which appeared in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 6, 1890, in which letter I write that the woodcock has this power, and does curve his upper mandible, why he does this and how he does it.

One of the gentlemen writing in FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 25, says: "I have had but little opportunity for studying the woodcock, never having lived in a section where the bird is more than a casual visitor, etc.," ending his letter with, "As to the sound made by the woodcock when in flight, I do not believe in the wing theory any more than I believe that the skeep of the snipe is made by the wings." Theory, theory; no good. Let us hear from some practical sportsmen. Men killing at least 80 or 90 woodcock annually. (No theorists). HENRY B. NICOL.

COOKSTOWN, Can., Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of the natural history notes of FOREST AND STREAM I find very interesting, but some are simply incredible. Mr. W. L. Bishop's story in your issue of Dec. 4, about the grouse hiding in the water to escape a hawk is too much for me. I should want at least two iron-clad affidavits to back it up before I could accept it. How did the bird keep itself submerged? Did it have a brickbat attached to its tail or lead soles to its feet?

About the whistle of the woodcock, there is no more doubt but that it makes a whistling sound with its wings, than that it has wings. What other sound it make with its beak I am not prepared to say. JOHN BURROUGHS.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Jan. 12.

[We have several communications on the woodcock's whistle, which will follow in our next issue].

MOCKINGBIRDS BREEDING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Springfield, Mass., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About a year ago I wrote you about the mockingbirds breeding in West Springfield. They came again last year to the same locality, making the third or fourth successive year they have returned. A gentleman in Quincy, holding one of our permits to take birds, killed what he supposed to be a shrike, Dec. 1 last, in a strip of woods near the shore, but it proved to be a fine mockingbird. These birds have been known to breed in the eastern part of Massachusetts before, but so rarely that this is the only one that has come to my personal knowledge. The bird was in full plumage and healthy, and why he should remain on our cold eastern coast until Dec. 1, after the severe weather of the fortnight preceding that date, is a mystery.—E. H. LATHROP.

IVORY-BILLS.—Orlando, Florida.—In the Dec. 18 number of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed the article by R. W. Shufeldt on "A Skeleton of the Ivory-Bill," and the rarity of that bird. If any of your readers would like to get a few specimens of the ivory-bill, either male or female, I think I can put them in the way of doing so. I don't know as to the skeletons, but if there is any way of preserving the bird whole I could have them sent in that way. The skins I could send flat in good condition for mounting. Small game, quail, snipe and ducks are quite plenty, but deer and turkeys have to be looked for fifteen or twenty miles back in the country.—W. E. HUDSON.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—During the recent cold snap an Arctic owl (*Nyctea nivea*), of the kind observed this winter on Long Island, was seen in this neighborhood, and several specimens of Brunnich's murre (*Uria lomvia*) have been shot near the town. The latter are seldom seen inside of Sandy Hook, and only when the weather is very severe at the north do they seek this latitude, our oldest gunners having never observed them before.—J. L. K.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

MEMORIES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THITHER nature sports a jewel-tinted splendor on bright summer mornings. There are emeralds on the throbbing wings of libellules, and flashing garnets on those of redwings; Pactolian sparks follow the flight of orioles, and a huge fainter than lapis-lazuli reveals the billing and chirping couples of bluebirds that have chosen an old snake fence for a lover's trysting. Still greater than these are the kingly purple of distant forests, and the decided hues of nearer balmy woods, and the brighter greens of broad-leafed trees and the marvellous blending of a thousand contrasting shades. The myriad flowering magnolias throw a regal mantle over the roadsides, where hard by are green fields of cotton, whose many flowers are white in the morning, and change to a delicate mauve ere the sun goes down. And there is an ecstasy of music in the air; the song of mockingbirds and thrushes, and the buzzing of hummingbirds innumerable; the shrill cry of the ruby-crested woodpecker and the call of the yellowhammer. Quail are perched on fence tops everywhere, and joyously call Bob White. But in the shooting season there are left but the sombre tints of evergreens, and the cotton fields are brown in color and flecked with the white of open cotton pods, and the birds sing not as lustily. The rattlesnakes have sought their winter lairs and the moccasins no longer stretch their black-brown coils by the side of ditches and juniper swamps. The standing cornstalks show long rows of fading gold, and the long grasses are matted and sunken and seem to be dying with the old year. And yet it is the cheeriest time of all with he that loves the gun and the old dog, who are companions of his hunting joys.

And so on the first day of my arrival in the eastern sporting grounds of North Carolina, my friend W. and I started afield amid joyous barks from setter Jack and pointer Jim, who longed for the chase after the lengthy confinement of baggage car and steamboat. We are told that quail are plenty in a field adjoining the house, and on our way thither a woodcock rises from a bit of grassy swamp land with his well-known cry, and being distant falls winged at the crack of a left choked barrel, and is proudly brought me by Jack, he of Gordon parentage. We enter a cornfield and disturb a family of razor-back hogs, the mother of which immediately pursues the dogs, who in fear and astonishment at such proceedings fly to us with tails between their legs, not having been trained to hunt living bacon. This alarm over, the dogs start in to range, and soon the setter stiffens out to a strong scent and the pointer backs him nobly. With guns ready to the elbow we advance a few steps, and there is the welcome whirr of many hurried wings, and we pick out our birds and shoot and mark the fleeing bevy. We pick up three birds, but conclude not to follow the covey, as they have taken to an inaccessible swamp near at hand; and so we start again; and soon another bevy rises again and pays tribute, and is then marked down in an old rice field, and being there scattered gives plenty of sport to us and much pointing and retrieving to Jack and Jim. And so with varying chances goes on a successful day's quail shooting, with game pockets growing heavy and cartridges less ponderous. Setter Jack is full of burrs and pointer Jim growing a bit sore, and so we turn toward home. But as the dusk is coming we hear the peculiar night song of the woodcock, a queer chirruping as the bird rises from the swamp and rises in the air, his voice diminishing in the gathering darkness until all is silent. Then we hear him again, and the chirruping grows nearer and nearer untill the bird comes down again. The birds are hard to see at such times, but now and then a dark, flitting spot is seen against the luminous haze that is in the west, and a quick snap shot sometimes brings a bird to swell the game bag. And when the darkness grows too deep for this we return to our host's house, and there are made much of and treated in so kindly a manner that we vow another winter shall see us there again.

And so on for eight or ten days we tramp the fields and travel through the swamps, where lurk pools of water stained to a sherry hue by the roots of the juniper trees. We see the track of bears along the woods, and in soft, oozy places mark the slot of a many-pronged deer.

An invitation to a deer hunt finds us ready one morning early. Outside the house are a troop of men with

dogs galore. Some of the latter are effective-looking, strongly-built lanky hounds of ancient lineage, with no bar sinister to their genealogy. But others look more or less like disreputable sheepdogs or snarly farm watchers of much-involved descendance, and others still are of no classifiable kind. The guns in the hands of the hunters are a stranger lot still; muskets from the days of the long strife, and muzzleloaders of venerable age, with muzzles grown thin as paper at the end and barrels cunningly fastened to the stocks with many and ingenious twistings of rawhide. The party was divided into several smaller ones, each going in a different direction, to finally converge and guard all likely places. Within a short time a deep baying announces that the game is started, and my friend and I are posted in two of what are considered as the very best places, out of the kindly courtesy to visitors and strangers I have always met with in the South. But the deer seems to know what is in store for him, and persistently runs in a wrong direction, and finally escapes into such thick and dismal swamps that the dogs are fain to abandon the chase. Soon after another volley of bayings occurs, but this time a coon has been started, and his lease of life proves a short one, for as he runs up a tree the dogs are after him, and a shot from one of the hunters brings him to the ground. So the deer shoot is a meager success, but still holds amusement and interest enough with it to repay us well for our trouble.

It is all too soon when our avocations compel us to start North again, with another fund of pleasant reminiscences to add to the many that a lifetime of shooting and fishing enthusiasm has caused us to accumulate at many times and in many lands. G. V. S.

MAINE DEER.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 2.—The number of Maine deer coming into the Boston market is by far too great. It is greater, in fact, than for several seasons. It is plain that the non-export law is being evaded to an alarming extent. My attention was called to several saddles of venison Saturday that lay in front of a commission house, and in the afternoon a friend, a sportsman himself, told me that he saw the deer drawn from barrels. Again on Monday there were three more in front of another commission house. I asked a salesman if they were from Maine and he told me that they were. He was not at liberty to give me the shipper's name, but he said that they came with a lot of butchers' hides. This is a new way of smuggling the deer into this market. It is very easy to bury the saddles of venison under the hides, and they would scarcely attract attention, done up in the deer skins, as they generally are. The legs are always cut, so that they are easily folded in with the hide.

The same salesman, who showed me the deer, also said that he had a hide that he wanted me to see. He unfolded an enormous skin—long-haired and very dark. It was the skin of a cow moose that weighed over 600lbs. This moose hide also came in with the venison, buried under the cattle hides in the car. The skin would make a handsome sleigh robe, and will doubtless be sold for that purpose. The owners wrote the commission dealer that they thought they ought to realize $7 for it. The late heavy snow storm was also heavy in Maine, and the danger is that killing moose and deer in the yards will be so far started that the coming of the close time will not stop it. Last winter there was so little snow that the yard hunting amounted to nothing, the snow not being in sufficient volume to confine the animals to their yards when the hunters came up. SPECIAL.

MAINE GAME INTERESTS.

THE Maine Legislature has again assembled, and the fate of the game in that vast forest region is virtually in its hands. It is possible that the greater part of the members of that body realize the importance of proper legislation on this question, but it is also well known that a part of the members—let us hope that they are in a very small minority—are adverse to any protection of game whatever. As near as I can learn, a movement will be made to repeal all fish and game protective laws. This movement will come from the lumber interest, and it is to be hoped that it will acquire no force. But there is feeling that all fish and game protective legislation in Maine is detrimental to the lumber interest. Prominent men, owning extensive tracts of timber, have this fall expressed themselves in the light that they wished that there was no game in the woods of Maine, and that there were no fish in her waters. They claim that the presence of hunters, drawn thither by the increase of game in the woods and the many reports of game that are published in the papers, in the interest of hotels and transportation companies, endanger their valuable timber lands to an increasing and alarming extent. They fear the fires of the hunters, and they would be glad of any legislation, or lack of legislation, that would tend to keep these hunters off their lands. These same lumber owners defeated the proposition two years ago to extend the open season on moose, deer and caribou, so that September might be included, and now the same question is to come before the present Legislature, with added features to strengthen the existing game laws. The result will be anxiously watched.

The same lumber interest is inimical to the inland fishery interest, for the reason that the owners of dams and waterpowers are compelled by statute to maintain fishways. This is a statute that has never yet been thoroughly enforced in that State. The Union Waterpower Company, controlling all the great dams in the Rangeley region, has never fully obeyed the letter or spirit of the law in regard to fishways. The past season the company was notified that the dam at Rangeley outlet must be supplied with a fishway. The company has quibbled for a while over the situation and finally threatened to abandon the dam altogether if compelled to maintain a fishway. This alarmed the cottage owners on the borders of Rangeley Lake. The abandonment of the dam and drawing off of the flowage would ruin the beautiful shores of the lake. Finally the matter has been settled, I believe, by several gentlemen interested purchasing the dam and right of flowage from the company. These gentlemen will doubtless supply the needed fishway and keep the dam.

Another feature these lumber people fear is legislation that shall prevent their turning their deadly chemicals into the streams above Bangor, on the tributaries of the Penobscot. It is a fixed fact, in the minds of the Fish Commissioners, that the salmon of the Penobscot are doomed, if this turning of chemicals from the numerous pulp mills, built and to be built, is to be continued. It makes no difference to these lumber people if the Penobscot is the last hold of the *Salmo salar* on the Atlantic coast. They are interested in pulp mills only, and any legislation that shall compel them to desist from turning chemicals from these mills directly into the streams will be fought tooth and nail.

But again Governor Burleigh has come out squarely in favor of needed fish and game protective legislation in his inaugural address to the Legislature. He says: "The valuable and interesting reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game will be laid before you, and I earnestly commend the recommendations therein made to your careful attention. Everything possible should be done to sustain the Commissioners in enforcing the laws against those who wantonly violate them. Whatever the Legislature may be able to do to secure the better protection of fish and game will advance the material interests of the State and merit the just approval of all its citizens."

Gov. Burleigh, though a heavy owner of timber lands, is, I believe, an earnest advocate of proper fish and game protective legislation, and the only fault that can be laid at his door is that he has not employed the forces of the State at his command to better enforce the already stringent laws during the past two years. He must have been aware that packs of hounds were being employed to run deer in and out of season the past summer and autumn, and that the commissioners were powerless to stop them from lack of means. Why, it is a fact that a pack of hounds, owned by one at the Magalloway settlements—several times mentioned by me in the FOREST AND STREAM—commenced to run deer early in the autumn of 1889, and that no steps have yet been taken to stop them. The other day these same dogs ran four deer into the Kenebago region. The poor creatures were seen by loggers as they fled before the terrible dogs with protruding tongues. Indeed the poor beasts seemed to take to the loggers for protection, and the men say that they might easily have killed them with their axes, but they did not desire venison obtained in that way. Report says that they tried to destroy the dogs, but did not succeed. But the State of Maine, knowing almost the very house where these hounds are kept, has not, to my knowledge, taken any steps to destroy them or to punish their owner. If some men were Gov. Burleigh, officers of the law would visit the Magalloway region and those hounds would be stopped. It is claimed by some hunters, however, that the dogs are not owned in Maine, that they come over from New Hampshire. It is possible that this is true, but they have made some very long runs to the east and over into Maine, fully 20 miles.

But if there was but one pack of hounds that was owned in Maine, or but one pack was ever let loose upon deer in the wide expanse of the State, the matter would be an easy one to settle. Such is not the case, as I have already explained in the FOREST AND STREAM. Hounds have been taken into the State this fall by more than one dozen, and now it remains to be seen what action the Legislature of the State will take toward putting the means into the hands of the Commissioners to effectually stop deer-hounding. Why, the number of deer killed the past season, in the western section of the Rangeley region alone, has been numbered by the Phillips *Phonograph* at 74, a number unheard of before. Now I happen to be positive that a part of these deer have been taken by the aid of dogs, and that some of them were killed in the close season. And this is but a small section of a great State, and is only mentioned as an example of what has been going on. Shooting and dogging operations in other sections of the State have been just as bad.

If the inhabitants of the State desire the utter destruction of noble game in their forests, then the Legislature has but to leave matters as they are, and a season or two will do the work. Stop hounding effectually; make the open season for otherwise hunting moose, deer and caribou what it should be, and give the present efficient Commissioners the means wherewith to enforce the laws, and deer at least will go on increasing till every honest hunter will stand a reasonable chance of success who is willing to visit Maine in the proper open season and hunt deer as any humane and respectable lover of the gun would desire to hunt. SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The close season for nearly all kinds of game is now on, and a brief notice of the past season and some of the needs for the future may prove of interest to the readers of your unequalled paper.

The hunting and fishing during the season now ended has been the most successful for many years. In fact, it is doubtful if at any previous season sportsmen have enjoyed such uniform good luck.

Visitors from others States have come to Maine and returned to their homes more than ever satisfied that Maine is in very truth the sportsman's paradise. Nor have local hunters met with less success. Parties of two or three, or more, have gone from the cities and towns in the southern portion of the State into the woods of the northern section and brought back big supplies of game to divide among their admiring friends.

All this is on the bright side. But there are ugly facts connected with the season's sport. Not satisfied with an abundance of game that ought to satisfy the most ardent sportsman the hunters have, in many cases, obtained their game by methods both unsportsmanlike, contrary to the laws of the State and dangerous to the future of the now flourishing supply.

If every returning hunter were compelled to state honestly and exactly how he secured his big stock of venison there would be, in a great many cases, little room for pride on his part over his achievements. Men who are posted on the manner in which much of the hunting has been done know that hounding has been employed and water shooting in the most reckless fashion. The hunters have displayed the three or even four carcasses of deer brought back with them with much pride, but questioned closely as to the manner of the killing they are exceedingly reticent. All this points to one fact, and that is, that everything has been sacrificed to success in obtaining a big supply of game, and laws of decency and of the commonwealth have alike been disregarded.

Now, what can be done to do away with this state of things, and insure for Maine a system which shall secure the continuance of a game supply that is even now adequate to supply all demands of legitimate sport? The vast extent of the Maine hunting grounds and the vicious disposition of some of the lawbreakers make this a difficult problem to solve. The report of the Game Commissioners of the State declares that last year one Frenchman killed forty moose for their hides, leaving their bodies to rot upon the snow. There are plenty of natives who were engaged in the same deadly work of extermination. But one course is open. It is for the this winter's Legislature to awake to the importance of fish and game protection, pass better and stronger laws, and what would be still more desirable, provide an appropriation approximately sufficient to secure the enforcement of the laws and the punishment of offenders. It is going to cost something—a good deal of money—to keep the State what she now is, the resort of sportsmen from all over the country. But there can be no question about the wisdom of such outlay. The visitors pay annually a sum of money to the railroads, the hotels, the guides, and indirectly to many others in the State, far greater than the cost of the needed protection. It all rests with the disposition of the individual members of the legislative body, and it is sincerely to be hoped by all true sportsmen that they may view the situation in its true light, and make wise provisions and much-needed appropriations. E. T. W.

WATERVILLE, Me.

A NEW SYSTEM OF BORING SHOTGUNS.

IT is only too well known that chokebore guns lose their concentrated pattern after a certain amount of service. This is caused by an expansion of the constricted muzzle, slightly from attrition, mainly from the severe shocks attendant upon altering the form and direction of the swift-traveling shot charge.

When this effect is produced the gun is said to be "shot out," and the only remedy is reboring.

This is accomplished by gradually enlarging the original bore, commencing say 15 or 20in. from the breech. As the muzzle is approached this bore is quite abruptly constricted.

The defects of such a method are self-evident. No gunsmith would think of so boring a new gun. The divergence of shot toward a common center is secured in so short a space that the angles of inclination are unduly great. Experience has taught the gunsmith the requisite form necessary to concentrate the shot at 40yds., the standard distance, but trial of such a gun at 30, 40, 50 and 60yds. will exhibit its weakness. There is also a material loss in penetration. The wads adapted to the shell and to the barrel fail to fill the cavity or recess produced in reboring. This is plainly shown by the "caking" of such guns toward the muzzle, as the wads do not so closely touch walls of barrel in this recess as to remove the deposit from the burning powder charge. Therefore, in penetration we must depend upon the first 15in., say, of the barrel; in pattern, we are restricted to the last 15in.; in effect we are shooting a gun with barrels only 15in. long.

It is conceded that the most satisfactory results, in penetration, in pattern at long and short distances, with large and small shot and with black and nitropowders, are secured by using a taper choke. There are many forms given to this taper, longer or shorter, but all agree in their avoidance of an enlargement of the natural bore.

Therefore, the only unobjectionable plan of reboring is one that will restore the original form. This can be done in but one way; by treating the "shot-out" gun as a new work, and reboring every particle of the barrel from breech to muzzle, This, of course, involves a change of gauge, and the increase from a 12 to a 10-bore is too great. Hence we should have two new sizes of shells, 9 and 11 gauges. The increase of only one number in gauge is so slight as not to seriously impair the strength of any gun worth reboring. Possibly it will not require an enlargement of an entire number in caliber; one-half or three-fourths of a gauge might suffice. The experienced reborers could decide as to exact size of new shells that would cover the needs of the major part of "shot-out" guns.

An incidental advantage of this plan is that your new 9 or 11-bore gun would retain its choke longer than the old one. The tendency of iron to resist expansion is progressive, and the natural "stretch" of the metal has now been largely exhausted.

The new sizes, 9 and 11, in shells would also supply a present need. Many guns, notably the Parker, do their best work with wadding one size larger than the nominal bore. For such guns manufacturers of ammunition load No. 9 wads in a 10-gauge shell, etc. This is but a poor makeshift. The compressed wad is no longer a No. 9 but, say, a No. 9½—neither hay nor grass. All such large bored guns, and there are many thousands in use doing their best work with brass shells and large wadding, would be rechambered to take the new sizes, Nos. 9 or 11, leaving barrel untouched if satisfactory. The result would be to combine the efficiency of the brass shell with the convenience of the paper shell.

I can think of but two objections that may be raised to this plan of re-boring, or rather re-making a gun, and neither is vital:

First—As to shells being difficult to obtain. It is a sufficient answer to say that a demand always finds a supply. It may be doubted if there will be as many 10 and 12-bores in use, say three years from now, as there are of 9 and 11-bores. This may sound extravagant, but consider the proportionate number of unsatisfactory, old or "shot out" guns, as compared with those comparatively new and free from fault in shooting qualities.

Second—The present rules of trap-shooting contests bar all 9-bores and in many cases make a 12-bore the standard Now, this increase of only one gauge, if a whole gauge should be found necessary in the new shell, is not sufficient to justly outclass a gun. There should be no material difference between the shooting of the best 11s and 12s. Probably the 11-gauge would have slightly the advantage. If so found, it should be admitted in all contests now restricted to 12-gauge, or smaller, guns and penalized fairly, say one half a yard. In matches where a 10-gauge is standard the 11-gauge should be intermediate between that and the 12-gauge, and the 9-gauge similarly proportioned beyond the 10-gauge. Managers of tournaments are only too glad to secure attendance and will brush away ficticious difficulties if occasion demands. Rules are flexible creations and can readily be enlarged one bore.

I would invite the careful consideration of gunsmiths and sportsmen to the many advantages these new sizes

of shells would offer, and would urge them to advise the manufacturers of such goods, both through FOREST AND STREAM and by mail, of their desire to use them. If there is a demand for these sizes the manufacturers will promptly supply them and thereafter, I will warrant, the present method of reboring will have become a thing of the past. A. T. L.

CHICAGO, Ill.

A MOOSE HUNT IN KIBBY VALLEY.

FOR two seasons I have not only explored, but made many inquiries, and corresponded not a little with sportsmen in different parts of this country upon the subject of moose and caribou. Generally I received favorable answers from every point, which is often the case; but the game is seldom realized at the season of year I wish to hunt. Last summer while on a fishing trip, but principally on the lookout for moose signs, I was convinced that I had at last found my hunting ground, as well as guides and teamsters, who knew the country and game to be found in it probably as well or better than any one else at the present day. Before leaving for home I had made all arrangements with my guides for a still hunt as soon as there should be snow enough, they to send for me and have everything in readiness on my arrival, so as to save time, as at that season of year it was inconvenient to leave business for any length of time. Packing a few things as hurriedly as possible, for the word had arrived to come by first train, we leave New York by Fall River line in the evening and Boston at 8:30 the next morning by Maine Central, arriving at Kingsfield, Maine, at seven in the evening, this being the terminus of railroad travel. The next morning we are flying along behind a pair of bays, the merry jingle of the bells keeping time with the rushing waters of the Carrabassett, along whose bank we ride for fifteen miles with constantly changing mountain scenery on either side. A change of horses here and we are off again, and in two hours arrive in Eustis some twenty-eight miles from the start. Here we find a typical Maine frontier village, the jumping-off place, as it were, of civilization, for the public road ends at the sawmill. The residents numbering between fifty and sixty, and most all were born and reared there, and depend principally on logging in winter, hunting, trapping and guiding sportsmen in season. Eustis is the last of civilization we see, for the forest begins here. At this place I was met by my guides, Gus Douglass and Otis Witham, Gus being the son of the famous old moose and bear hunter, Andrew Douglass, who took the boy Gus into the woods hunting and trapping when he was only eight years of age. He is never so tired when night comes, and the company is sitting around the camp-fire, but what he is always ready with a song or a good story.

In starting from Eustis we cross the Dead River; and up in the mountains for ten miles, one-half the way through burnt timber, which now affords splendid feeding ground for moose and deer, the unmistakable signs of deer were seen, as the ground was covered with snow. We could tell every few minutes where one or more had crossed or fed around among the bushes that were now growing up since the fire.

Three hours' time brings us to the Kibby Stream Camps, built by my guides, a favorite resort for fishermen, and a hunter's paradise. Here it was we made ready for the hunt, each one provided with a good heavy blanket, and provisions calculated to last from six to eight days. The cooking utensils were composed of one four-quart pail for tea and coffee, one frying pan, and a drinking cup for each. A small tin plate and spoon were provided for me, that I might better indulge with the luxuries. One great feature of a trip of this kind is to reduce the camp kit and provisions to a minimum, as it must all be carried on the back, and the lightest of packs gets heavy enough before night. Our provisions comprised prepared flour, rice, pork, tea, coffee, butter and sugar, and nearly every day we shot a partridge or two, which made our larder quite complete. In starting out we found the snow about two feet deep, and as we had to go on snowshoes, it was no easy task for me to keep pace with my guides the first day, as they were following my instructions, to push along as fast as possible. As several yards of moose had been located before I arrived, we lost no time in going direct to where the hunt was to commence. We stopped to camp for the night about half a mile from a certain yard, so as not to frighten them by the noise of the ax, or smoke from the camp-fire. After supper we were soon rolled up in our blankets before a good fire, and had a very comfortable night's rest considering the weather, as it was storming hard and had been all the day before.

Breakfast was soon disposed of, and while waiting for daylight to appear our pipes were smoked and plans all talked over, even estimating the spread of the antlers we should have hanging up before sunset. As soon as it was light enough we were off, going right up the mountain, for the yard was on the very top, reaching over and down on the north side, for the supposed reason that experience or instinct has taught the crafty animals that snow warmed by southern exposure soon forms a crust, in which they cannot easily "work" or protect themselves by escape, as in the softer snow lying on the colder side.

A yard is where moose or deer congregate in early winter, among the firs and spruces, where there is a plentiful supply of small growth and moose wood, the bark and tender branches of which they feed on while there is deep snow. A yard may cover over fifty or a hundred acres, possibly more, according to the number of animals herding together, and is covered with paths running in every direction where the game feeds from bush to bush. If not molested, and their feed holds out, they will remain all winter. In about an hour or so we came upon signs of moose, the principal indications being places where the bushes and small trees had been browsed and girdled, looking as though it had been done a day or so before. But we knew it was longer than that as there were no tracks in the snow. However, the guides were satisfied that the game was not far away; and it was here that the hunt began in earnest. The direction of wind was noticed and we kept to the leeward of the signs (for it must be remembered that the moose is the keenest scented animal of the forest), for fear they would get our scent, and that would end all chances of getting a shot in the yard.

Continuing on, we soon saw signs in the snow, although covered with about six or eight inches of light snow of the day and night before. This was at once brushed away, that the tracks might be examined to learn the direction the moose were going, as we wished to do the surprising instead of being the ones surprised. We had not gone far when a peculiar hiss from one of the guides gave us the warning, and instantly we were like statues. Looking directly in front of us, we saw a fine cow moose (much to our surprise) coming in our direction, browsing as she passed slowly along, retracing the steps of the day before. What was to be done? passed through the minds of each of us. We dare not move nor shoot, as it was a bull moose or nothing that I wanted. Presently she saw us, and painful were the few moments that passed while she was looking, not knowing really whether we were stumps or human beings, as she could not at first get our scent; but when she did, she gave the alarm that was unmistakable, a sound similar to that of the deer, only ten times as loud. As one of the guides expressed it, "The jig is up now, for every moose within half a mile is on the run."

Now, the first thing to do was to pick out the track of a bull, if there was one in this yard. So we proceeded, for a short distance only, when the experienced eyes of my guides detected what they thought to be the track of a bull. We found that two had left the yard together, one of them supposed to be a bull on account of the large size of tracks and long strides, showing it to be an animal of unusual size. We went but a short distance, when it was discovered that one of them had gone through a thicket and the other had gone around. This looked encouraging, so we took the larger track that went around, only to find that the other had joined company a little further on. The story was told for certain when they came to another thicket, where both were obliged to go through, thus betraying the bull and spread of his antlers by marks on his trees. Now began our work in earnest, for we must walk him down, which usually takes from four to six days of steady walking from daylight until dark, stopping to cook dinner and camping on his track wherever night overtakes us.

As a rule when a moose is followed he never eats; but keeps steadily plodding along until he is completely exhausted, then lies down to rest. The moose has slept only, with nothing to eat, while we have had a good breakfast. But before we found his bed he had heard us and gone. The second day was about the repetition of the first. The third day we found where he had stopped occasionally, and rested a few moments, and at the same time listening to hear us if possible. The fourth and fifth days the guides could easily read the condition of the old fellow by the number of times he would lie down to rest, and on the fifth especially, when he began some of his sharp practice on us, by traveling in circles trying to get to the leeward and behind us, thinking, I suppose, we would go on and leave him. But on the morning of the sixth day the old monarch of the forest decided that he would go no further, and as he arose from his bed, about 50yds. away, with mane standing straight up, and looking the picture of defiance, Gus remarked that it was just about the right time to do the work, and in one minute two balls from my Winchester had told the story. His weight as he fell was estimated, and has since proved quite correct, to have been over 1,100lbs. His head and antlers weighed 102lbs., and spreading a little over 4ft. 8in. The blades of the horns are 12½in. wide; the horns are evenly balanced, each containing eleven perfect prongs. It is considered a very fine specimen, and pronounced by very good authority to be as large as any on record. Feeling very well satisfied with the work done in Maine, I shall leave the rest of it to the well-known taxidermist, Mr. Akhurst, of this city. C. B. PARKER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reply given you by Messrs. Knapp and Van Nostrand in Jan. 1st number on the New York Game Laws, coincides so completely with the views entertained by many of our sportsmen, as regards the season and manner in which deer are now killed, that it gives me an excuse for alluding to the subject. When game dealers express their opinions so decidedly and join those of the still-hunter, should all this cumulative testimony be set aside in the framing of just game laws?

Hear what they say: "No dealer cares to handle New York State venison, for it is as a rule thin and dark colored. The fine deer meat does not commence to arrive from Minnesota until Dec. 1. The market-hunters have fifteen days to kill in; they hang the deer up and freeze them, and ship them at that time."

Yes, they don't care to handle it, and why? As a rule it is thin and dark colored. Why thin and dark colored? can any of the hounding fraternity give us a reason for this? Will any of them come forward before the Codifying Committee and state that Adirondack deer at their best, furnish thin and dark colored meat, and of such an inferior quality that our dealers do not care to handle it? Is such the fact? I think not. Adirondack deer have an abundance of fine food, and if left to run until the latter part of November as are those shipped from Minnesota, the venison would compare favorably with that sent from the West. In fact the saddles would be completely enveloped with a thick covering of tallow like a carcass of fat mutton. What more could one ask?

But while this running of deer with dogs into water during the warm weather of September or October continues; killing them before they have time to lay on a winter's store of fat, and after a heating up by running before the dogs, and a plunge into cold water, may I ask while this continues, is it any wonder to hear that our venison is thin, dark in color, and in fact extremely unsalable if not unwholesome?

And they also add that "they would be pleased if the killing of deer in New York State was prohibited entirely, and only meat allowed to be sold that was proved to be lawfully killed in the West from Nov. 1 to March 1." Why do they wish meat only sold that was proved lawfully killed within those dates?

I wish to speak regarding our other nuisance that is being perpetrated all through this part of the State, every fall by a class of professional bloodsuckers, with dogs trained to either tree or set our ruffed grouse, who make a business all through the time limited, to bag every covey for miles around, shipping them by the barrel, while the ordinary hunter may roam the woods for days and not succeed in securing even one pair during the open season. Why not limit the number of ruffed grouse to be killed as well as of deer to be lawfully taken by one person, can any one give a reasonable answer? CAP-LOCK.

ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Monroe Sportsman's Association (the "County" has been dropped) has contracted for 5,000 quail and expects the birds to begin to arrive in about ten days. Special crates are being built here and will be shipped early this week. Quarters are being prepared where the birds will be confined until spring.

At the meeting held last Friday a communication from the Connecticut State Association was read, explaining their methods; also one of their circulars which they send to land-owners. The idea was voted a good one, and a similar letter is being prepared for circulation in this section. A postal card is to be inclosed, by signing which the party becomes a full member of the association without expense, and also binds himself not to allow others than members of the association to fish or hunt on his premises. A copy of the circular and card will be sent to this journal as soon as printed.

Numerous applications for quail have been made by land owners in answer to an advertisement in the daily papers by the Association.

In addition to the quail it is also expected that several streams will be stocked with brown trout, there are hints also of grouse to be brought here and liberated.

By its action thus far this new association has earned the approval and coöperation of every sportsman in the State, and it is hoped that the membership may reach the thousand mark the first year. The central location of this city gives the Association an opportunity to reach out all over the State, and with the wealth, energy and enterprise now identified with it shows that it means business.

There will be a stated reward offered for information leading to the punishment of violators of the game laws. Any man who has felt the blood tingle in him as he landed a two-pound trout, or grassed his October woodcock, or made a double on quail, or, equally as hard, his single on ruffed grouse in the brush, or downed his buck, two-pronged or six, must feel a thrill of gladness on learning that the cause is to have such a champion.

We hope to get news enough each week so that the editor will feel disposed to grant us part of a column headed "Rochester and Vicinity," or something better at his discretion. OSCEOLA.

JAN. 12.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

ALBANY, Jan. 12.—About the 15th of the present month the special Commission appointed by Gov. Hill to thoroughly examine the fish and game laws and codify the same will make its report to the Legislature. The report is not yet ready to be made public; but some general points have been learned by your correspondent which will be of interest.

The Commission consists of Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York; Hon. Richard U. Sherman, of Utica; and E. G. Whittaker, Deputy Attorney-General. The Commission has examined several hundred game laws; but more particularly the amendments to the general game law of 1879. The result of their work is a comparatively short bill which is very systematically arranged under such headings as to make it of convenient reference. For instance, under the head "animals," deer, rabbits and other four-footed animals are so placed that any one can turn to them in a moment.

The report of the Commission will be accompanied by the new bill, noted above. Under its provisions as much uniformity is enacted all through the State as is consistent with the many and divers interests and climates that are represented. In Suffolk county, for instance, the salt-water fishing, and no other, has been placed in the hands of the supervisors. The supervisors themselves wished to control all kinds of fishing, but this was not allowed. In regard to game birds, the season for woodcock, partridge and quail is to commence Nov. 1. No changes are made in the season for geese; but the season for ducks is to commence one month later in the spring, because so many of the ducks have been shot when breeding. The shooting of does and jack-hunting are both prohibited. The season for hounding will commence about Sept. 1; but it has been shortened 10 days from what it is now.

DAYTON, O., Jan. 12.—Flocks of wild geese fly back and forth over the reservoirs of western Ohio in greater numbers than is usual so late in the winter. When Lake Erie gets too rough or cold, the geese come down to the reservoirs to rest and feed. A flock of ninety geese came from the north to Lewiston reservoir one evening last week. During the day flocks of thirty to fifty geese are seen flying. The ducks have mostly gone south long ago, but fair weather and no wind for a day or two brings them back. A dozen pair of quail are being kept through the winter here to be sent in April to Dr. Wm. F. Egry, in Obernkirchen, Germany, to stock his estates. The doctor, who is now 76 years of age, served in the American army during the Mexican war, and lived in Dayton for many years. Ten years ago he and Mrs. Egry returned to Germany to live, and after visiting here last year he took a brace of red Irish setters home with him. Now his friends desire to stock his farm with Ohio quail so that the doctor can enjoy his old-time fall shooting.—BROWN.

A NORTH CAROLINA GAME RESORT.—Stoneville, N. C.—I am not a regular reader of your most interesting journal, but occasionally see it while Mr. D. B. Hempstead, of Loudon county, is here at this place on his regular hunting tour. Mr. Hempstead is an old fisher and shooter, and now in his sixty-ninth year can do more tramping after quail (partridges we call them) than many not half his age. He has been coming to our place for twelve years, and each visit is pleasanter than the preceding. He and Dr. Stoddard of Rochester, New York, spent several days at this place in November and bagged quite a nice lot of birds. We have very few native hunters, and Mr. Hempstead knows where the best sport is and gives this portion of his hunting rambles as long a time as he can spare. Dr. Baily of New York, Mr. Sharpless of Delaware, and Mr. Boss of Connecticut, have been to our town and vicinity, and all claim that there are more birds here to the square inch than any place they ever struck. The game laws of our State are not "out" until the 15th of March.—J. R. S.

THE POWDER TESTS.—New York, Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have been interested readers of your reports of the comparative powder tests in the last issues of your paper, and indorse all you say regarding the importance of proper wadding for all nitro as well as other powders. American manufacturers of shotguns will learn that making 10-bore guns with 12-bore chambers in these days of paper shells and nitro or fine-grain black powders is not the correct thing, whatever advantage this manner of boring might have had fifteen years ago, during the days of brass shells and heavy loads of coarse grain black powders. We have never seen the gun with which you made the tests in question, but if the same is so wide in the barrel that a 12-bore wad will not be tight fitting everywhere from chamber to the muzzle, then we will guarantee to be able to load cartridges which will still do better work with Schultze and "E C" powders than those you have put to the test, because all of them were loaded with only No. 12-gauge wads.—VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.

THE POSSUM CLUB.—Chicago, Ill., Jan. 9.—Mr. Wm. Werner extended his first annual royal complimentary game dinner to the members of the Possum Club last night. Report later.—E. HOUGH.

CONCERNING "FOREST AND STREAM."

I never saw so much interesting and valuable reading matter crowded into a sportsman's paper, and it's no special number, but every issue. I have heard any number of people mention it.—C. H. M.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Although on the shady side of 60, I get a good string of trout for this section, and once in a while an old cock grouse on the wing; and the next best for long winter evenings is FOREST AND STREAM. I follow the stream and wood with each outer, and enjoy his good luck and know how to sympathize when a blank is drawn.—J. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

THE WOLF OF THE WATERS—II.

[*Continued from Page 478.*]

TOWARD the close of the second week matters began to look serious and the prospects for realizing our pleasant anticipations as to the big fish were certainly discouraging. In view of these depressing circumstances we determined to hold a council of war and decide upon plans for future action, so that night we drew up to the rough board table inside the closed tent and concentrated our thoughts upon the problem before us. A neighboring settler from whom we had been renting our boats and who kept a log hotel for the accommodation of transient fishermen, was called in, but as it was clearly to his interest to have us remain where we were, we of course utterly failed to elicit any satisfactory information from that source. A day or two before we had received information that led us to believe that we could find what we were after in Plum Lake, about eight miles distant, and we determined to push on further north, feeling very confident that the chances of success would not thereby be lessened, to say the least. Prompt arrangements were made with the teamster who brought us out, and before daylight next morning, with a small stock of provisions and a light canvas tent, we started forth.

Plum Lake was reached about noon, and we immediately set to work putting up our little V-shaped house, trimming boughs for our beds and preparing something to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. We also secured the services of a guide whom another small party had left here the day before, as we firmly believed that we had trusted to our own judgment about long enough. Up to this time the weather had been fair and warm and the sun had daily traveled across the wide, blue expanse with hardly a cloud to obscure its ardent glance. But a change now took place. It became colder, with a drizzling sleet falling all day long, being driven hither and thither by the sharp north wind. The lake we were on was a beautiful piece of water. It was long and narrow with many thickly wooded islands dotting its surface at almost regular intervals, affording pleasant relief to the eye. About a quarter of a mile from its north end lay Star Lake, so named on account of its pe-

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islands that lay in our course. Arriving at the end of the lake our route lay over an old trail, the exact location of which it was difficult to discover from the boat, but the guide had been here often before, and he directed us to row up to where, above the bushes that lined the shore, could be seen the smooth white surface of a single birch that served as a mark for our landing place.

We secured the boat and set out briskly over the rough and very indistinct pathway, which at times became so faint that it was barely noticeable. From the top of a small hill, down between the moss-covered trunks of some old hemlocks, we caught a glimpse of the lake showing a silvery white in contrast with the dark shadows of the forest. We struck the shore at the extreme point of one of the curious symmetrical inlets or bays and sat down for a moment to enjoy the untamed wildness of the scene. The wind was blowing at a lively rate, breaking the blue water up into short, choppy waves, with here and there an occasional whitecap lifting its snowy crest above the deeper colors beneath.

It was still drizzling and sleeting and the atmosphere presented such a dull, leaden, dreary-looking appearance and the air was so chill and damp, that to any but the enthusiastic angler, conscious of the proximity of a long-sought prize, the day would have seemed disagreeable indeed. But not so to him. He feels a strange and thoroughly enjoyable sense of satisfaction and comfort steal over him as he enconces himself snugly between the roots of a great spreading tree and, drawing his rubber coat about him, defies the cutting wind and the benumbing rain. It is a feeling that comes only to the true sportsman and lover of nature in its untainted wildness, for while to his more matter-of-fact companions he may, under these circumstances, seem a most miserable and dejected piece of humanity, he is, in reality, enjoying to the utmost one of those happy moments that come so seldom in his busy life. He is in complete sympathy with the elements in all their infinite moods. He laughs with them in the bright sunshine to the hopeful notes of joyous birds, and when nature takes on an earnest mein, clad in the white purifying robes of icy winter or in the dark mantle of the summer storm cloud, he also becomes serious and thoughtful, but not gloomy.

His deeper, subtler, nobler thoughts find vent and encouragement and strange, sweet fancies, for which he can find no adequate symbols, well up within him as he watches the ceaseless play of foaming waters or listens dreamily to the moaning of the invisible wind as it hurries by, carrying the rain drops in misty sheets past the friendly shelter of his snug retreat.

There was but one boat on Star Lake, and it had been toted over the crooked, torturous trail only at a great outlay of labor. It was large enough to accommodate but three conveniently, including the guide, who, of course, handled the oars.

About 100yds. from the shore a small sandy bar, covered with a few stunted pine trees and as many patches of brown, dead grass, rose to the height of a few feet above water level. Our guide said we would strike this point first, as there was an excellent stretch of feeding ground along the north side where the pebbly bottom, hidden here and there with wide strips of grass and weeds, descended gradually from the shore. He also informed us that he rarely pulled from one end to the other without making a catch. As before stated, neither of us had ever caught a muskallonge, and, in fact, had never seen one either dead or alive, and now that we felt assured that we were really in the home of the royal fish, with great probability of establishing intimate relations with them, it was no wonder that we experienced a pleasurable thrill of anticipation. Our oarsman appeared cool and collected, as though it was an every-day business with him, and we envied him his calm indifference. We sat facing the stern, and on nearing the point of sand let out about 25yds. of line with a No. 8 Skinner hook attached by means of two strands of annealed copper wire, and nervously awaited developments.

We pulled to the upper end of the island and back without getting a strike, and were just making the turn at the lower point for another trip, when Bob, who was fishing next to the shore, was seen to suddenly give his pole a violent jerk and then grasp it energetically with both hands as though his life depended on keeping possession of it. He gasped out something that sounded very much like "By Jinks! I've got him, boys!" but owing to the strain under which his nerves were plainly laboring his articulation was exceedingly indistinct, and it might have been something else—possibly worse.

Sure enough he had hooked something, for his rod was bent in a half circle, and the taut quivering line, which was now cutting through the water to the left, indicated to a dead certainty that it was alive and not, as frequently happened, a bunch of heavy, soggy weeds. The guide immediately turned the boat out into deeper water, never for a moment relaxing his speed, while I reeled up my own line as fast as possible in order to give my companion a clear field and to avoid the danger of having our tackle inextricably tangled up. Bob had a goodly number of wary game fish to his credit, but never before had he fastened on to anything that exhibited so much strength and agility as the one that now claimed his undivided attention. "Reel him in slowly and don't give him a bit of slack," cried Sully, the guide, as he applied himself vigorously to the oars. Poor Bob was doing his utmost to follow these instructions, but strain as he might the handle of his reel would not budge an inch; so he soon desisted from this vain effort and devoted his energies to retaining possession of the pliant rod that with every twist and turn seemed liable to be wrenched from him.

It is perhaps needless to say that we were both considerably excited, and I added much superfluous advice to that of Sully's in the way of disjointed and spasmodic entreaties to "Hold on to him, Bob!" "Don't let him break the rod," etc., etc. We had not caught sight of him yet, but just at this point the water was lashed into a white foam a short distance back, and the huge, shining form of a savage muskallonge shot perpendicularly into the air, clearing its native element at least four inches. What a magnificent sight, and what a magnificent fish! Its mouth was wide open; its muscular, symmetrical body rested for a brief instant in a beautiful curve, and as it dashed its head wildly from side to side in the mad endeavor to free itself, we could plainly hear the spoon rattle between its sharp, wolfish teeth. It remained in view but a short moment before it fell back with a loud splash, and through our excited vision it appeared to our bewildered minds a veritable shark in size and ferocity. Well named, indeed, was this "wolf of the waters."

The rush was so sudden and so entirely unexpected that, combined with Sully's shrill warning to slack his line, it was little wonder that Beb lost what little sense he still retained and became to all appearances temporarily insane. His actions, at least, justified this assumption, for he now dropped his rod, and, grasping the bare line just above the reel, commenced hauling in hand over hand as fast as the struggling monster at the other end would allow.

The effect of this move was disastrous, as the line which he deposited indiscriminately over the bottom of the boat in his crazy haste, became so closely identified with various other articles therein that further use of the reel was out of the question. Once again the muskallonge broke water and then started due south with so much vindictive energy and at such a terrific rate of speed that the line fairly hummed through the fingers of my now paralized companion. He again attempted to manipulate the reel with sore fingers, but a bunch of badly tangled line refused stubbornly to be wound, and with a smothered imprecation on reels in general, and this one in particular, he grasped the rapidly receding line, determined to do or die, and to me, making these observations in a state of semi-lunacy, the outcome of the struggle seemed shrouded in doubt. By this time Sully had abandoned all hope of seeing his oft-repeated instructions obeyed and had settled down to a study stroke, confident that nothing but a streak of good luck would bring our game to bag. But Bob's strong, steady pull was slowly but surely telling on the strength of "Old Musky," and his frantic, powerful rushes from side to side and straight down became less frequent and vigorous.

We were now well out from the shore, in deeper water, and these tactics had been kept up so long that we felt sure our fish must certainly be very much exhausted, but a look at Bob's protruding eyes and anxious face was enough to convince us that the end was not yet.

A few minutes more of rushing and tugging on the part of the captive and of labored breathing and irregular exertion on the part of our resolute fisherman, when suddenly, within twenty feet of the boat, the water commenced to boil, and in the midst of the spray we caught another glimpse of the wide-open mouth with its awe-inspiring display of needle-like teeth. "Shoot him, H.!" cried Bob, in desperation as a broad, finny back, propelled by an enormously wide tail, disappeared bottomward, leaving in its wake a rapidly widening circle of dancing waves. I had with me a Winchester repeater, .22cal., that I had brought along for just such an emergency, and the next time the muskallonge came to the surface for another brief look at his inexperienced but determined foes, I intended to try the soothing effects of a small lump of lead upon his fierce, fiery nature. An interval of one minute, during which, no doubt, our prey, away down in the depths, was cogitating over the increasing seriousness of his position—and then, a little nearer than before, the glistening head and staring eyes again appeared to view. A quick sight over the white bead, a sharp report, a mass of spray, another plunge, and the braided silk line went out yard after yard over the boat's edge, while our friend sat down on what was left of it to get his second wind and straighten out his stiffened, aching fingers. A downward motion of the lever, and another little dose was in readiness for the big fish. The line, which at first went straight down, was seen to move slowly outward, and this gave us an idea as to about where the next rise would be.

This time he rose more gently, as though his ardor and interest in the fight had abated considerably, but at the next shot away he went with apparently undiminished resources of strength. Sully urged us to bring him up close enough to enable him to use the gaff, but as we had a curiosity to know just how much lead Mr. Musky could carry and still appear as lively as ever, we determined to try one more shot. The small line was creating sad havoc with Bob's hands, and he advised us, between breaths, to get him this time some way or other or he would not be responsible for the consequences. He took another turn around it as it gradually assumed a horizontal position, and our eyes following it down at length rested upon the weary and all but exhausted fish. He had evidently made his last struggle, for he was lying quite still, with stiffened fin and the top of his pointed nose just out of the water. This time more deliberate aim was taken at its eye, and as the little rifle cracked sharply it could be seen to give a convulsive shudder and roll slowly over on its side. The tiny bullet had done its work and it was an easy matter to haul in and deposit the dripping form in the bottom of the boat. It was a splendid specimen, a plump twenty-pounder, and was so beautiful to look at as it lay stretched out at our feet that we could hardly take our eyes from it. The "wolf" had made a noble fight, but superior power and intelligence had won and the victory was ours.

All three shots had taken effect, one going through the fleshy part of the back near the head, which the second shot creased along the top, leaving a broad white mark, while the third went true to its aim and pierced the right eye. When the difficulty of shooting and of aiming steadily from a badly rocking boat is considered, none of these shots will seem so bad. As we had surmised, the hook was very firmly fastened in the sides of the horny mouth, otherwise in the wild struggles it would have been ejected during Bob's eccentric maneuvering with his rod and reel.

We had been just twenty minutes landing our prize, and during this time the wind had risen so rapidly and was sweeping across the lake with such violence that the guide advised making for the shore until the squall was over. We reached our landing place with much difficulty, for it was hard rowing against the combined forces of wind and waves, and it required all the skill of an experienced oarsman to prevent the boat from being capsized. These small northern lakes seem to be peculiarly sensitive to any changes in weather conditions, as their waters are lashed by the capricious wind into dangerous white-capped waves in a remarkably short time, and one hardly knows at what moment he will be compelled to fight his way ashore. Oftentimes these squalls came up so quickly that, even while fishing but a few hundred feet out, we could not reach shelter in time to avoid them entirely.

We dried our damp clothes by the side of a roaring fire, and after the gale had abated somewhat we retraced our steps over the trail to where we had left the boat on Plum Lake and were soon back at camp and busy preparing supper. We remained here a week, enjoying such fishing as we little dreamed would fall to our lot in the earlier part of the trip. On the days that we did not go over to Star Lake we would leisurely troll around near camp and it was seldom, indeed, that we returned empty handed.

The greediness and voracity of muskallonge are proverbial, and his confidence in his prowess and capacity for digestion seems unlimited. They will seize and swallow other fish fully half their own weight, and it would be interesting to know the different varieties of animals and fish they prey upon or to what extreme they would go in cases where they had been for some time without a sufficient supply of food. The little red squirrels that abound in these woods barely make a bite, and one could be hidden from sight in a corner of their huge, cavern-like mouths.

One day, while idly rowing around in a small bay near camp, our attention was attracted by a white-looking object floating on top of the water a short distance away and in near the shore. Further investigation disclosed the fact that it was a huge muskallonge that had evidently been dead for some time, as its body was shrunken and thin. We towed it ashore and were surprised to find a large, black-looking object protruding from its enormous jaws. A hard pull and a strong pull and out popped the body of a full-grown muskrat that had been firmly fastened in the fish's throat. This incident puzzled us a great deal. We were in doubt as to whether it had choked to death through simple inability to swallow this

delicate morsel, or whether the muskrat, in his desperate struggles for life, had in some way fatally injured it. At any rate, there was no question as to the cause of his demise, and the fact impressed itself upon us as being one instance where the "wolf" had seriously erred in estimating his masticating abilities. This fish had a massive head, was of unusual length, and in good condition would probably have weighed 30 to 35lbs. What an ignoble death for such a wild, untamed, majestic fish.

One evening, as we were sitting by our comfortable fire, Sully informed us that there was a small lake about five miles to the southwest which was literally alive with muskallonge, and told us in his characteristic way of some big fellows that he had assisted in killing after a hard fight. It was difficult of access and nothing on it to fish from except a leaky old Indian canoe made of birch bark; but he thought the sport there would more than outweigh these considerations, and before we slept that night we determined to make the trip.

Next morning, leaving Sully in charge of the tent, we climbed in the boat and pulled silently through the gray fog that covered the lake. Following our directions closely for about two miles we easily found the trail that led off from a little narrow inlet, and soon had our boat tied fast to an overhanging bough of maple.

Our route lay through some of the most characteristic stretches of a Wisconsin forest and we enjoyed every moment of our three-mile tramp. In some places our trail lay distinct and sharply defined before us and was easily kept. Then again it would fade away and become so dim and so nearly invisible that once or twice we thought we had lost it. Now we would descend the side of a steep hill into a narrow, crooked valley, and anon we would pass through a strip of Norway pine, where the ground was as level as a floor and as soft under foot as the most luxurious carpet. Here we would enter an almost impenetrable thicket of young hemlock and birch, where the range of vision was limited to a couple of feet on either side, and after fighting our way through this tangled, scraggy mass we would suddenly emerge into a forest of sweeping hemlock, whose wide-spreading branches, at times almost touching the ground, shut out the bright light of day and surrounded us with a deep, sombre gloom.

At times we moved along the high ridges of a succession of hills whose wooded sides sloped grandly off to the left and right, and many a wild, picturesque spot appealed so strongly to our sense of the beautiful that we could not resist reclining on some gnarled root or weather-beaten log and giving ourselves wholly up to the seductive witchery of the scenes. To the lover of nature, untouched by the hand of man, some of these views were simply enchanting.

Down at the foot of a long, gently rolling hill we came upon the little lake in all the glory of its hidden beauty. A strong wind was blowing and the waves were dashing themselves into a white foam upon the sandy shore, and when we pictured ourselves dancing up and down on those rough waters with no support but a cranky old canoe we inwardly decided that we would not fish very far from land. We hauled the old craft out from its hiding place in the bushes, and cut a few armloads of hemlock boughs which we placed in either end to sit upon. The canoe was about 12ft. long by 3ft. wide, and was lightly though strongly built. There was one weak spot in it, however, and we had not been afloat five minutes before we became painfully aware of the fact that the thing leaked badly, and every little while we were compelled to land and tip it up to let the water run out. One of us sat in the bow, as far out of reach as possible of the little pool in the center, which gradually rose higher and higher, while the other took up a position in the stern and furnished the propelling power through the medium of a short, unwieldy paddle with which we would make a few strokes on one side and then on the other. With the wind blowing so fiercely we could make but little headway, and it required continued exertion to keep the spoon revolving. A more experienced canoeist would probably have kept a straight course, however slowly, but in spite of our most persistent efforts the point would veer around from one side to the other so that the one handling the rod would have to keep it moving back and forth to take advantage of these numerous tacks and to prevent the spoon from sinking to the bottom.

A cold, drizzling rain was falling, but to this we were completely indifferent, as our whole time and attention were occupied in struggling with the frisky canoe and in keeping the line free. Bob took first turn at the rod while I paddled around close to the south shore, being careful not to snag any more holes in the thin bark covering on one of the many sharp, dangerous looking logs and broken limbs that sometimes lay far out in the water with their points just below the surface as though waiting to wreck the unwary fisherman.

In a little cove, partly sheltered from the wind, Bob had the first strike, and the slender rod trembled as the fish made a rush for the open water. It was necessary to adopt different tactics while fishing from a rolling, leaky canoe, that made one feel as though he was balancing on a tight rope, and instead of making for the deeper water I kept in near the shore, where in case of accident we stood some chance of wading out. Bob worked manfully at the reel, and after a lusty fight of some ten minutes, during which he was compelled to use all his strength and skill against the mad rushes and sudden leaps, he drew the still struggling musky up alongside, and the gaff, neatly placed under his shining body, laid him flopping and floundering in the puddle between us—a fine 16-pounder. We emptied the boat on the bank, shook the surplus water from our drenched garments, and started out for another turn around the point. We caught two more in a short time, both beauties, each of which afforded fine sport in the capture, and then we again landed to build a fire by which we could dry and devour our lunch at the same time. Nearly everything was soaked by the rain, but we succeeded in finding some partly dry birch bark, and, by the aid of this highly inflammable material, soon had a roaring fire started in a little hollow formed by the upturned roots of a huge fallen tree. Our simple repast was eaten with a relish, and refreshed us wonderfully, for we had the ravenous appetites that come only to those who breathe day after day and night after night the invigorating, bracing air of the pine woods.

A few minutes' delicious rest, while enjoying the soothing effects of a good cigar, and we again dropped down on the wet hemlock quite ready for another skirmish with the "wolf." It was my turn to handle the rod, and after a few minutes' experience I found that it was no child's play, for Bob had never before been called upon to propel and steer such a flimsy craft under such adverse circumstances, and he made such poor headway, if such the zigzag, almost imperceptible motion could be called, that considerable maneuvering was necessary to prevent the hooks from catching fast to the bottom on some sunken log or bunch of weeds. In the course of the afternoon three more good-sized muskies were added to the list, and we began to think of returning to our first landing place at the trail, for we were somewhat tired and very hungry and wet.

There was one particular place along the edge of a thin strip of land that extended out into the lake that we felt sure must contain some huge specimens, as it was the most likely looking spot that we had yet seen. It was getting late and we were not quite sure that we could follow the trail back in the dusk, but we determined to give it a trial, and accordingly Bob took up the paddle and the little canoe once more began its tortuous course through the drizzling rain and choppy waves. We had enjoyed the sport to our hearts' content that afternoon and were not particularly anxious in regard to the success of our last attempt, but, when about half way to the end of the peninsula, the rod suddenly plunged backward and threatened to jump out of my hands, all our apathy vanished like smoke before the breeze and we were again on the tiptoe of expectancy.

At the same instant the strike was felt the rod was given a short quick jerk or twist, but alas, the hook failed to catch and the heavy weight at the other end suddenly ceased. But the fish was undoubtedly hungry and determined to capture the glittering decoy at whatever cost, and we had not gone three yards before it struck again and this time a sharp turn of the arm sank the barbed steel firmly into the horny mouth, and the fight began. From the great strain on the rod I knew that we had fastened on to an unusually big fellow and shouted to Bob to run the canoe in to the shore, for I had no desire to participate in a lengthy struggle, such as I was assured this would be, over deep water with nothing under us but a cranky, unwieldly canoe that already contained three inches of water.

Bob managed to turn the head around and applied all his strength to the paddle, but in spite of his strenuous effort we barely moved. Just then we heard a loud splash, and, looking up, saw the broad tail and thick, dark back of the angry muskallonge lashing the water into a white foam in its rage. It tugged furiously at the line and the strain on the reel was so great that it was only by exerting all my strength that the crank could be moved a particle, and before I had reeled him in 20ft. my fingers were raw and bleeding where they had come in contact with the sharp edges of the reel.

Away he rushed from side to side, now down and then up, and time and again his dripping form rose clear of the water in frantic endeavors to expel the merciless hook. Each time it appeared to view it would shake its head savagely as though in angry menace, then down again to the bottom it would plunge for another start. It was hard work to hold him in check, but we knew that the tension must not for a moment be relaxed, for the very instant he felt the line slacken he would have thrown the spoon from his mouth and our prize would have been lost. After playing him for some fifteen minutes, now from one side of the canoe and then from the other, all the time reeling as rapidly as possible, I got him up to within 20ft. of us, and by this time, after a heroic effort, Bob had paddled up quite close to the shore. We could feel the cold water gradually rising up around us and knew that it was only a question of a short time when we would be compelled to abandon our excuse for a boat and continue the fight from dry land, but as this would place all the advantages on the side of the wily muskallonge, we determined to stand by our colors to the last. As the pebbly bottom of the lake immediately under us descended very abruptly, we found it possible to hug the friendly shore quite closely and at the same time be in easy reach of enough water to accommodate the highly eccentric movements of our unwilling captive. It would not do to allow him to get into very shallow water as the hook might accidentally be dislodged by striking against some sharp-pointed rock.

Knowing that we could not retain possession of our craft much longer unless we chose to descend with it to the bottom, and having, thanks to the penetrating rain and the leak hole under us, absorbed about as much moisture as could be comfortably endured, I determined to force the fight to a speedy issue. In pursuance of this firm resolve I exerted myself to the utmost in the endeavor to reel in more rapidly, but it was without avail, for the stubborn, sturdy monster obstinately contested every inch of ground, and after a few turns my cramped fingers refused to act. There was nothing to do but let him have his way for the present and give him plenty of time and room in which to exhaust himself.

There was no tree or even a stout bush near the waterline that we could tie to, and Bob, in the absence of any other expedient, was obliged to exercise himself vigorously over his paddle to prevent our being bodily dragged out into deeper water, a misfortune which we, under the circumstances, earnestly desired to avoid. Not much force is required to move a light canoe, especially when the wind is favorable, and if musky had been allowed to follow unrestrained the dictates of his own sweet will there is no telling where he would have piloted us.

A sudden swish of the line to the left and we were again greeted with the vision of a huge, sinewy, wiry body describing a half circle through the air, from which the light drops flew in every direction. No sooner had the water again closed over the glistening form than away it darted in an opposite direction with such lightning-like rapidity that I loosened my grip a little on the reel for fear that a too sudden check would snap the line. Slowly, but surely, I wound him in nearer and nearer, and it now seemed as though he realized that his chances for escape were growing alarmingly slender, for his struggles became fast and furious.

It was oftener on top of the water now than under it, and the way it would shoot along the surface, throwing the spray to either side like the bow of a swift boat, was calculated to distract the most experienced, and, although we had become somewhat accustomed to their strange freaks, when our eyes encountered those terrible trap-like jaws surmounted by a pair of hard, glittering eyes, now so close, we could not suppress the cold chills that glided up and down our already half-frozen spines in quick succession.

There was something in the appearance of that muskallonge that harmonized strangely with the wild solitude of the surroundings, and this feeling was noticed almost unconsciously as I worked with sore fingers and shortened breath on the almost unmanageable reel. By this time the many lively rushes and high leaps combined with the unceasing strain were beginning to tell on him, and his twistings and turnings were growing less and less energetic. Believing that I could now reel him in more easily and rapidly, I told Bob to make ready with the gaff and to let the boat drift. He laid his paddle in the bottom, and then such a look of consternation spread over his features that I asked him anxiously what was wrong. There was nothing in particular wrong with him, but he was sorry to say that we had stupidly left the gaff hook at our last tipping up place, and he would like very much to know how we were going to get that whale out. He did not speak as kindly as these words imply, but embellished his remarks with a few choice and highly appropriate phrases that seemed to act as a safety valve on my own feelings. It was with deep dismay that I received this information, for I was at a complete loss to know how we were going to manage our captive that now seemed like a small elephant on our hands. We did not have much time to think, for the line had been getting shorter and shorter, so I shouted to Bob that he would have to lay him out in some way with the paddle. Bob ran his hand down into the water covered bottom to fish out this useful article, but when it came forth again it was grasping, not the little pine propeller, but a flat, heavy mallet, with a good strong handle, that had evidently been made to take the place of the cruel gaff. We had noticed it lying there, but in the excitement of the moment had completely forgotten it.

This find cheered us up considerably, and I now made a strong effort to haul the heavy fish up close enough to come within easy reach of Bob's long arms and the death-dealing mallet. I sat facing him in the end nearest the shore and not fifteen feet from it, and I did not have much trouble in guiding the nearly exhausted musky up within a yard of the canoe. Bob raised his weapon—splash, zip—and down went the frightened fish like a flash directly under us. I soon checked him in his rapid retreat, and again he was approaching the waiting executioner, too much worn out to offer any but slight resistance. Bob had his arms raised in readiness, and when the savage head was within a foot of the boat down came the sharp edge of the hard wood with a crack square between its eyes. At the same instant I released my hold upon the reel, so that the force of the blow, which drove it several feet under the surface, might not tear out the hook. It was a fatal stroke, and the noble fellow hardly moved as we ran the canoe ashore and laid him gently out upon the clean yellow sand. Its back was 5 or 6in. thick and it was the most trimly-built fish that we had yet seen. It looked every inch of it to be just what it was, a hard, strong, gamy fighter. We weighed it it on our return to camp and it tipped the beam at exactly 30lbs. Little wonder that we were nearly played out landing such a specimen, but when we strung our six fish upon a stout pole, with the big fellow dangling in the middle and started back over the trail we felt that the day had been well spent indeed.

The killing of a muskallonge does not require much special knowledge or skill in the use of the rod, but it does imply a certain amount of judgment, coolness and perseverance. Almost any one, with a stout hand line and a guide to pull him about, find the fish for him and land them safely in the boat, can make a good record if they are at all plenty. But muskallonge fishing is very much like other kinds of sport in that there are many methods of pursuing it. All fishermen are not alike in their tastes and standards, and while some would be more than content to haul them in as they would draw water from a well, the nature of others demands that they resort to higher methods. The degree of pleasure rests upon the sensibilities of the angler and the character of the means employed. To render the sport as pleasurable as possible one should use a medium weight rod some 10ft. in length. Split bamboo is the most serviceable, and anything longer than this or with less elasticity would prove awkward and hard to manage. It must be remembered that but little of the strain comes on the rod, and it should be light and springy, capable of taking on almost any desired curve without breaking. This allows an easy flow of line from the reel and at the same time exerts considerable resisting power. The reel should be an unusually large one, capable of containing easily 50yds. of braided silk line, with large powerful handle and other parts correspondingly strong. This is the most important part of the outfit, for if it be too small or liable to get out of order, much disappointment and annoyance will be caused, no matter how fine the line, rod or hooks may be. A medium weight braided silk line answers the purpose admirably and is plenty strong enough if properly handled and cared for.

The spoon hook must be very strong and well made, and have on a long, stout wire connection with the line, otherwise it may suddenly disappear to be seen no more, and at a time, too, when such disappearance would occasion the keenest regret. Many a strong steel hook has been bent out of shape and rendered useless by this iron-jawed fish, and the heavy spoon frequently comes back to the boat dented up so badly as to be scarcely recognizable. A No. 8 spoon is considered the best size for this purpose, although a No. 7 is occasionally used with good effect. Sizes larger than these cannot be employed with much success.

Various plans are pursued to secure or kill the muskallonge after it has been hooked, worn out and reeled in close to hand. About the best and most effectual way to finish them is to play them until exhausted and then slowly move them up close to the other end of the boat where the guide or companion is in waiting with a small .22cal. revolver. As the fish comes up the muzzle of this is slowly lowered in such a way as not to startle it, and when immediately over the head and between the eyes the trigger is touched and over rolls musky as dead as a mackerel. Some object to this, claiming that the report is likely to scare away other fish that may be in the neighborhood; but as far as my experience goes, such objections are not sustained by the facts. Another method, and the one generally made use of where a guide is employed, is that known as gaffing. A strong steel hook with a point

like a needle and a 3-foot handle is the weapon, and some of the professional guides, from long and constant practice, become very expert in its use. With a quick, downward motion, before musky has time to think what it is all about, the sharp point is darted under his body and the next instant he is struggling vainly in the bottom of the boat. This is less humane than shooting them, but for some reason or other it seems to be preferred by many.

If not immediately killed by a bullet through the brain a sharp-pointed knife is inserted right back of the head and the spine severed, for if this is not done it is likely to flop about for a long time and cause a great deal of trouble.

The third method, which is only resorted to where no other is available, is the one that Bob and I once had a rather peculiar experience with. We were trolling for pike from a treacherous dugout canoe that was barely wide enough to sit down in, and which seemed forever to be on the verge of rolling over and completely reversing the natural order of things. While passing over a bed of weeds Bob hooked on to a monster pike which for about ten minutes occupied all the attention we could safely spare from the management of our hollow log. Immediately after striking the actions of a pike are similar to those of a maskallonge. It dives down and gives a series of lusty, angry tugs which seem to indicate quite a vindictive spirit. But here the resemblance ceases, for the pike is not much of a fighter and soon comes up as though thoroughly tired out. The one Bob caught finally came in with hardly a struggle. Having no rifle, revolver, gaff or any other instrument wherewith to demolish it I determined to try the simple plan of lifting it out bodily by hand.

Accordingly, as it lay just beneath the surface, slowly opening and closing its capacious mouth, I ran my hand gently along its back, and with a quick movement clutched it in the hollow places formed by the eyes and dropped it in the canoe. If a second thought had been taken it would not have been released quite so soon, but it was now too late to regain my hold, and as a result of this oversight we were treated to an exhibition of fish gymnastics that we had seldom seen equalled. A pike coming in with meek and lowly mien is certainly quite a different thing from that same pike when lying in the dry bottom of a canoe, as we were not long in discovering. No sooner was he released than he made a couple of vigorous flops that threatened to take him back in the water and, not seeming satisfied with this, he commenced a series of twistings, turnings and other eccentric gyrations that were almost bewildering. Bob and I moved cautiously toward the center and sat down with as much dignity as the situation would permit on either end of the restless fish.

This quieted him for a moment, and Bob, taking advantage of the calm, fished out a chunk of wood, about a foot long, and rained blow after blow upon the head of the defenseless captive. Its body quivered a little and then dropped back limp and lifeless, as it appeared to us. Thinking all was over, we drew back to our respective ends, but were not more than fairly seated before that tenacious pike, with a couple of spasmodic leaps, almost threw himself out again. Back we scrambled and once more deposited ourselves upon its slippery, squirming length. This treatment it seemed to regard as an insult, for it commenced struggling furiously, and to such good effect that it slipped like an eel from under our feet and legs and through our hands, and with a final flirt vanished like a streak over the side of the clumsy old craft. We did not then, and do not now, understand how that pike escaped after being sat down on twice and thoroughly mauled with a hard piece of wood, but the fact that he did so escape nevertheless remains. However, we did not lose it, for a few moments after we discovered it floating on its side a short distance away almost dead. It measured just 36in. in length. This little incident served to impress upon us the importance of killing these big fish as soon as possible after being caught, and there is no better way than to sever the spine back of the head with a sharp knife. One would hesitate a long time before attempting to lift a muskallonge out with the bare hand, for those long, sharp fangs present anything but an inviting appearance. Some use a small hardwood mallet, and when the fish is close enough, stun it with a sharp blow between the eyes. In the absence of a small-caliber revolver, this weapon is much better and far less cruel than the merciless gaff hook, as the latter sometimes fails to take a good hold, and, instead of lifting the fish out, tears a ragged hole in its side.

Muskallonge are generally caught in shoal water from 3 to 8ft. in depth, as their favorite feeding grounds are along close to the shore or along the edge of a sand bar that rises in the middle of a lake. Like the pike they love to lie around in the grass and weeds, where the small fish that form the bulk of their food resort.

They never seem to know when they have enough, and I have known of them after being caught on one hook to make a rush for another trailing along some eight feet away and attempt to swallow that. Two of my friends who were fishing out of opposite sides of a boat once had strikes almost at the same instant, and their surprise can better be imagined than described, when they finally reeled in and found that they had both hooked one and the same fish. Evidently one of the spoons tasted so good to it that it concluded another would not be so bad. Sometimes when two are trolling from the boat they will run across a pair of muskallonge lying together and two spoons will be taken almost simultaneously. Bob and I caught two in this way, and it was no easy matter to get them safely in the boat, for it is rather difficult to time the fish and allow one to come in before the other. In this case we were compelled to draw them in about the same time, but Bob's was a short distance in advance, and when the guide jerked it in with the gaff the one I was engaged with made a dive for the bottom and ran out about 15yds. of my line before it could be checked. For a few minutes it was very exciting, but superior strength prevailed, and two 16lbs. muskies soon lay before us permanently disabled.

Some of the guides have a way of turning away from the shore and rowing out into deeper water immediately after a fish is struck. They do this for two reasons. In the first place, this gives the muskallonge plenty of room for his wild rushes and powerful leaps and avoids the danger of having the hook dislodged by some pointed rock or permanently tangled up in some tough bunch of weeds or grass. In the next place, it keeps a taut line on the fish, and, although it is sometimes of great assistance in this respect, it renders the work of reeling in much more difficult.

To the tyro in these matters a guide is almost a necessary adjunct, and is at all times a great help. He rows your boat for you, takes you to where you will be most likely to meet with success, gaffs or shoots your fish, gives you a good deal of practical advice, and, in fact, makes himself quite useful in many ways. But after he has had a little experience and becomes better posted in regard to the more prominent phases of the sport, a guide is regarded as a useless incumberance and seems more or less in the way.

We made one more trip to Muskallonge Lake before we left, and the second time made a record of ten inside of three hours, but they were all of medium weight and none approached, either in size or ferocity, the big fellow we took a few days before. We enjoyed paddling around in the old leaky canoe far more than we did having Sully pull us about in the heavy wooden boat. Occasionally we would run across fresh deer signs, and one day as we were walking along an old deserted lumber road with no other weapon than a .22cal. repeating rifle, a graceful young doe leaped up from almost under our feet and loped away over a low hill in plain sight while the tiny bullets flew after her in rapid succession.

There were plenty of wolves about, but as usual these wary beasts took good care not to show themselves. We could hear them howling about in the night, and what is more mournful and lonely than these sounds breaking through the deep hush of the dense, dark forests.

It was late in October when we packed up our tents and took a last farewell look at the camping ground and the lake beyond, as the old wagon again commenced its creaking, bumping, jolting journey through the woods. Everything, even the old stump near the shore, had become pleasantly familiar to us, and it was with deep regret that we turned our faces from the spot where we had known naught but deep content, to take up once more the burden of a busy, uneventful life. H. LYNDE.

MY FIRST BLACK BASS.

IT was one of the beautiful mornings of the last of May. The flower-perfumed breezes were blowing through my office window, and all nature out of doors was bursting forth in the wild delight of spring. Judge Woodbury, our veteran lawyer and sportsman, came into my office animated from crown to sole with the fever to go bass fishing. After laying plans for getting bait that would tempt the largest bass we decided to start for Irving, at the mouth of the Cattaraugus Creek. At 12 o'clock sharp the old Hambletonian was hitched to the old open buggy and our outfits, consisting of the Judge's three-joint reed rod, 18ft. long, weighing something less than 10lbs., two 9oz. lancewood rods, 9 and 11ft. long, of my own, a tackle box containing hooks, flies, reels, lines, etc., a basket of soft-shell crabs and a milk pail half-full of water containlive minnows, were packed into the buggy, and we started filled to the brim with the joy of anticipation. Irving is 14 miles from Gowanda, our starting point, and the road, not one of the best to travel over, goes through the Seneca Indian Reservation nearly all the way.

Now, if you want to see us as we looked, you can picture a rather tall genial-faced gentleman, with iron-gray hair and beard, driving the horse—that is the Judge—and you can picture your humble servant as a small man of about 30 years, with a red mustache, slightly humped over on the other end of the seat, carrying the milk-pail of minnows, to keep the water from slopping, and mentally wishing minnows would grow on bushes at the mouth of the creek, or that the milk-pail would spring a leak. But after all, two happier faces are seldom seen than ours were that day. We had left our business and its cares at home and were enjoying the outing thoroughly. The breezes were laden with perfume from the wild flowers growing among the scrub-oak bushes on the Reservation. The spring had been late and the apple trees looked like huge balls and banks of snow tinted with rose and carmine, and all nature was rejoicing with us.

We told stories all the way. The Judge told how he had tracked a deer in his boyhood all day, and near night, when almost exhausted, he at last got a shot at the deer, the old smooth-bore flashed in the pan and the deer disappeared. The only deer he ever had a chance to shoot at. And I told how I had fished for trout in boyhood, and one day when I thought I had the acme of perfection in a rod for casting a long line (a bamboo 8ft. long), and was standing in the water up to my knees casting about 20ft. of line into an extra good point in a mill pond, a stranger who proved to be H. M. Barry, the best fly caster in Erie county, came quietly up behind me, and, with a rod that then looked to me like a buggy whip, cast about fifty feet of line out beyond my hook and picked a fine trout from under my very nose. Of course, I inspected the rod, and seeing its good qualities, bought one like it, and that is my reason for using these light rods. "Wall," said the judge, "you may be able to catch a six-inch trout all right with them rods of yours, but when you get hold of a two-pound bass he'll snap it quicker'n lightning." "Well, if I can get a bass to bite I'll try my lancewood against your rod and we'll see which is the stouter."

At about 4 o'clock we arrived at Irving. The Judge went on ahead while I was putting out the horse. I had never caught a bass, and on the way down I met a boy with a large string of bass, and, to make a sure thing of having some to take home, I bought them and sent them back to mine host's ice box, and pumped the boy in regard to the bait he had used, and found he caught them in a net.

The creek from Irving to its mouth is still and not very clear, and there are numerous deep pools filled with old logs, just the place for black bass. I soon found the Judge intently fishing in one of these pools for a black bass that would show himself every few minutes with a splurge that would make your blood boil, and I soon found a place near him where another was going through with the same antics. I tried to tempt him with worms and with crabs, and then began casting flies, but all to no purpose; he didn't want that kind and wouldn't be tempted. By and by I heard the Judge's cane pole begin to creak and looking up beheld the Judge, with an indescribably bland smile covering his face, trying to tow the big bass to shore. It was a sight worth seeing. The fish chassed and promenaded, and the Judge tugged and smiled, and finally called on me to land him, and we soon had him landed safe for inspection; he was a small-mouth of about 2lbs. and a beauty.

We continued fishing till dark, but could not persuade another fish to bite, so we went back to the hotel, got our suppers and went to bed. The morning soon came and the day came in with a fog. We procured a boat and rowed and fished all the day to the mouth of the creek without success, and gave it up and started back discouraged. On the way back we came to a very promising looking pool of great reputation, and noticed several swirls near an old log, and concluded to try once more. I saw a big swirl just above us, and concluded to try a new scheme on that bass, so I went to the milk pail and got a good lively minnow and got out of the boat and carefully approached the pool where I saw the swirl, and my minnow hadn't fairly sunk before swish went my line through the water and I had hooked my first bass, and business began. The old bass was doing his best and I was too intent on the struggle to notice surroundings. The little lancewood rod would bend and hang to it like a rubber cord until Mr. Bass finally gave up and I landed him. He was equal to the Judge's in all respects and my rod was not broken, and the Judge was surprised. I put on another minnow and went back and almost instantly hooked another. This time I was cooler and took in the fun all around. The Judge was standing in the boat looking on, intent as a cat after a mouse, and I sat down on the bank and began to enjoy myself and to hum dance tunes and call off for the fish to dance, balance on the corner, and he would balance, chassee back and forth, swing in the center, all promenade, seat your partners, and the fish was mine, the biggest yet caught.

The Judge left the boat and began like this, "Ahem, 'hem, five to my one; I must begin to do somethin'. Let me see that pole of yours. That'll break next time. They ain't nothin' to it. It's all chance catching such fish with such a pole." In the meantime I was getting on another minnow. The Judge shouldered his rod after putting on a crab (crayfish) and went just above me, but before he could get the 18ft. of cane pole in position I had hooked another and got him out safe. The Judge had lugged off the pail of minnows so I put on a worm and tried a deeper place. My hook had no sooner sunk than it began to walk off, and I supposed I had a bass and began to sing, "Bass number four, balance on the corner." Then the Judge's old cane pole began to crack and squeak, and he began on one of those indescribable smiles, and I got one eye on him and the other on my fish and discovered I had a catfish of 20lbs., more or less, and I continued to call off, "Right and left, circle all," when the Judge called out, "Doc, for gosh sake come and help me land this fish, he'll break my pole." "I can't," said I, "I've got a 20lbs. catfish here." "Let your catfish go to thunder, this bass is worth more'n all the catfish in the creek and he'll break my pole." "I can't." "Promenade down the hall." "Snap went my fiddle string of a line and my catfish escaped, and I cussed the old line and went and landed a three-pound bass for the Judge.

On examining my line for the first time in six weeks, I found it was so weak that had I known it I would not have trusted it on a six-inch trout; but the little limber lancewood rod had done the work and saved the line until the big catfish straightened on it, by my not giving him line enough, and snapped the rotten thing. I broke off the poor part of the line and caught only one more bass, and we had enjoyed the participation as thoroughly as the anticipation this time. I had learned how to catch bass, and the Judge had learned the value of a lancewood rod so well that the next time he went he took one of my rods.

The bass graced our own and our neighboring sportsmen's dinner table long ago, but the experience of that day is one of the bright spots in life to look back upon in the dull winter days, and its memory grows brighter every year. JOHN V. COLE.

GOWANDA, N. Y.

TROLLING FOR WALL-EYED PIKE.

THE art of taking this fish by trolling with the rod, line and spoon was unknown to, or at least unpracticed by, the local fishermen of this place until the season of 1886.

One evening early in September of the same year, as I went to my work at Columbia, I met a friend, Mr. John Rote, of Harrisburg, who had been fishing during that day at Mud Island and had succeeded in taking a very fine string of our so-called salmon. Having been somewhat of a fisherman myself these fish excited my deepest admiration, and led me to inquire of him his mode of catching them. He then showed me his tackle, which consisted of a rod, reel, line, spoon and hooks, and also explained the manner in which the rig should be manipulated. I then and there resolved to test that way of fishing myself. I requested him to sell me one of his spoons, which he did, and after I got home next morning I secured a long non-sectional bamboo rod, on which I fastened three line guides made of wire; the next step was to get a long piece of the ordinary "net twine" for a line, and of course some hooks. The aforesaid articles made up the whole of our original trolling outfit, and crude indeed it was, The next morning about 7:30 my friend, Mr. W. A. Charles, of this place, and I went out in a canoe (which we propelled with a paddle, and I might add, in justice to my friend, that he did the paddling because I did not understand how to do it well, or at least was not very anxious to) to try the new tackle and with the resolve to fish or die.

On the way to the fishing grounds we had to search for bait; we succeeded in getting only seven lamprey eels, and with these we proceeded to fish. Now for the fun: We had scarcely cast our line, for the first time, when the fish immediately began to bite. When the first one struck we at first thought our hook had become fastened to a snag or a piece of sunken wood, but on drawing the line (which was done by hand, owing to our having no reel) we were much surprised and gratified to find a 1lb. "salmon" fast to the hook. Encouraged by this we cast again, when almost instantly jerk went the line, and on hauling in we secured our second fish. And so we continued until our bait was all taken; then we went to shore for the purpose of getting a new supply; in that we were not very fortunate, for two solitary helgramites were the only bait we could get. With these we resumed our sport; the fish continued to bite vigorously, and with our last helgramite we caught four "salmon," one bass and one perch; the latter individual completely annihilating our effective little friend the "ho jack."

On looking over our catch we found that we had, as the result of four hours' fishing with our hastily-con-

structed tackle and with the above mentioned number of bait, thirty-seven "salmon," one bass and one perch. The average weight was about 1lb. Thus ended our first day's experiment of taking fish by trolling, and so elated were we with the success and so much did we enjoy the sport that we unanimously agreed to try it again the following morning.

The next morning we started out for the second time with the same tackle; the first important thing was to get a supply of lampreys, which at that time were difficult for us to get on account of our not understanding their nature and habitat. However, we secured about twenty of this killing bait, and with these we proceeded to the scene of yesterday's sport. We found the fish as ready to bite as we were to fish, and in two and one-half hours we took forty-two fish, one individual weighing 4lbs., and the balance averaging about 1lb.

We were now fully convinced that this mode of taking fish was practical and successful, and we at once concluded to secure improved tackle, to make a pair of oars for the canoe and go to fishing in dead earnest.

These things we accomplished, and with our new rigging we tried a third time and succeeded in taking upward of fifty, many of which weighed from 2½ to 3lbs.

About this time the local fishermen, together with many others from a distance, learning of our remarkable success, all took to fishing by the same mode we had used and all were generally very successful. This wonderful taking of fish lasted but a short time, when it seemed as if this prolific body of water had been completely depopulated of its late numerous residents by the fishermen, but after the next rise of water we again tried it and found fish as plentiful as they were before.

Since that time (1886) high water has, with one exception during the season of 1888, up to the present time, interfered with the taking of fish. The past season has not been remarkable for the number taken, but for the high average in point of size.

The black bass, considered here as the best game fish, seem to have almost entirely deserted the waters of this locality. The true cause of their leaving is as yet a matter of doubt if not a mystery. It is asserted by some to be due to the scarcity of small fish upon which they feed, and by others that the pollution of the waters, caused by the gas and coal refuse from the mines, etc., situated along the river, is responsible for their disappearance.

For fishing in our locality the lamprey has proved itself to be the prince of baits. Stone catfish, small sunfish and helgramites are also used, but with indifferent success.

C. H. SANGREY.

WASHINGTON BOROUGH, Pa., Jan. 1.

ANGLING NOTES.

THERE are two famous trout streams, dearly beloved by anglers, and within easy reach of New York city, that have been thoroughly fished for many years. One is the Beaverkill and the other the Neversink. When Uncle Thad. Norris and Dr. Bethune used to fish these waters the trout were large and plenty, but the constant whipping by the crowds of anglers that of late years frequented these favorite streams, reduced them to such an extent that lately they have hardly been worth visiting.

We are glad to hear from some of the veterans who have for many years made it a point to fish in these brooks, that last season's catch showed a very marked improvement over the previous year as that did over the one of 1888, both in size and number.

This happy state of affairs has been partially brought about by the liberal stocking of these waters by the wise management of the Ontario & Western R. R., but there is another cause which has helped the brooks, and that is the headwaters of the two streams are controlled by clubs and private parties who limit the fish caught both in size and numbers, and absolutely prohibit fishing in the little side streams where the fingerlings seek shelter from their larger brethren, thus assuring a constant source of supply. Reasonable people begin to see the advantages of having parts of streams controlled in this way, as it certainly improves the whole of the waters. They cannot lock up their fish, and they naturally will drop down stream, particularly as they grow large.

One young man, boarding at one of the summer hotels on the banks of the Neversink, took a 2¼lb. trout fairly on the fly last summer. And we heard of a number of others, but this instance we have proof of.

Broadhead's Creek, another classic trout water made famous in Norris's book, has been more closely preserved of late years aed furnished very fair fishing last season. This is an early stream and much frequented by anglers from New York and Philadelphia. The East Branch, being more difficult of access, furnishes the best sport.

Probably more would be heard about the taking of salmon during winter months were it not against the law. We were told within a few days that quite a number are taken in salmon rivers whenever the season permits it; that is, when the river was open. The gentleman informing us said that he has taken them on a fly when his line would be frozen like wire, he standing on the ice at the time.

Trout will undoubtedly take a fly in winter when the water is sufficiently open, but they will not rise when snow water is running, and it may be the same with salmon.

SCARLET-IBIS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—The annual meeting of the Fox River Fish and Game Association will be held next Wednesday afternoon at the Sherman House and it will be an interesting occasion. Matters of the greatest interest to all Chicago anglers and all anglers resident in this section of the country will be discussed. This is the one protective organization of this State which amounts to anything by way of results. Its work has been often mentioned in these columns, and it will be a pleasure to report the doings of this assembly, among which we shall be apt to find something practical.

Jan. 10.—Mr. J. E. Harvey, of Lake Mills, Wis., yesterday sent down to Spaldings' one of the finest specimens of the large-mouth bass ever seen in this city. Its weight was 7¼lbs. and it was a very clean built and symmetrical fish. It was caught Jan. 8, doubtless through the ice. Doesn't somebody say the large-mouth bass hibernates, "burrows in the mud?" They don't all of them hibernate out here, by a large majority. They would be better off if they did.

E. HOUGH.

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.—The third annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association was held in Holland Patent last week. The annual report of Secretary W. E. Wolcott showed the association to be in a prosperous condition and doing good work. The petitions asking the Legislature to take prompt and decided action for the preservation of the Adirondack wilderness for the benefit of the people of the State, which the association had printed and widely circulated, were sent to the State Forest Commission last spring. The commissioners had the petition and the thousands of names attached thereto published in pamphlet form, and copies distributed wherever they thought they would do the most good. A meeting of the board of directors of the association was held in Remsen, March 25, and several new members were admitted. On Nov. 1 a special meeting of the directors was held in Holland Patent. Resolutions of regret were adopted on the resignation of General R. U. Sherman as a member of the State Fish Commission. A resolution was also adopted deprecating the state of affairs existing in the Adirondacks, and urging all friends of forest protection to co-operate with the State Forest Commission in an effort to secure a permanent park in the wilderness. President H. A. Pride was appointed to represent the association at the meeting of the State Forest Commission held in New York city Nov. 5. The president attended the meeting, and at a special meeting of the directors of the association, held Nov. 15, presented an extended and very encouraging report regarding his visit. William L. Fowler and F. C. Wolcott represented the Association at the hearing before the State Commission on the codification and revision of the game laws in Albany, Nov. 18-19. The State Forest Commission has prepared a report to be submitted to the Legislature containing recommendations regarding an Adirondack park, which are fully in accord with the views of this association. The game law codification commission has also prepared a report which will no doubt meet the approval of the majority of sportsmen. It is to be hoped that the Senate and Assembly will take action for the passage of the measures recommended by both commissions at an early date. The following officers were elected for 1891: President, H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; directors, J. W. Hicks, Oriskany; F. X. Salzman, Forestport; F. C. Wolcott, Trenton; B. H. Kent, Friend Bristol, Ramsen; S. R. Fuller, G. G. Chassell, Holland Patent. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, the following additional officers were chosen: Vice-President, Fred B. Spriggs, Utica; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica. Treasurer, G. G. Chassell, Holland Patent.

A SMALL BOY'S CONUNDRUM.—Albany, N. Y., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that you have practically settled the questions that the woodcock makes a noise both with his wings and throat, and that trout culture does pay, and that a threebarrel gun is good enough and will kill all and more than any one man ought to kill, I should like to have the following solution answered: When George was a little fellow of five, one still, fine evening in August I was rowing him and his mother along the shores of Quaker Smith's Point on Lake Champlain. I think he was holding the trolling line; at any rate, he kept watching the blades of the oars dip into the water for some time, when suddenly he looked me in the face and asked, "Papa, where does the water go to when you put your oar in?" This has been more of a puzzle to me than the habits of the black bass. Perhaps some of the boys can tell, and so relieve the mind of—DEXTER.

FISH FROZEN IN THE ICE.—Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 12.—The State Fish Commissioners, a few years ago, stocked Indian Lake, in the Lewiston reservoir, with eels that were brought from New York. Eels are now caught from 2 to 3ft. long. A ton of fish were shipped from the bulkhead last week, making 50,000lbs. shipped in the past year. A recent freeze over the reservoir created a strange winter scene; thousands of fish were frozen in the clear ice and the view was like that of a vast kaleidescope.—BROWN.

THE JENNY-LIND AND OTHER FLIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some of your contributors be kind enough to give the name of the originator of the fly known as the Jenny-Lind, and state whether it was first dressed with pale blue or lavender wings, or any other facts connected with the history of this fly? I would also like to know who mounted and named the following flies: Allerton, Cahill, Esmeralda, Caldwell, Van Patton, blackprince, dauphin, Wappinger and moose.—INQUIRER.

CAPON SPRINGS, W. Va.—The little mountain streams tributary to the Capon River and lake, in this State, a few years ago contained a plentiful supply of brook trout, but now the fish are very scarce and an effort is to be made to restock the streams in which the trout are native. Residents of Berryville, Va., are desirous, also, of obtaining an additional stock of black bass for the Shenandoah River, where this fine game fish is highly prized.—M. G.

NEW NAME FOR MASCALONGE.—The Baltimore *Sun* recently published a brief note on fishing in the vicinity of that city many years ago, in which reference is made to the mascalonge under the name of horse salmon. We do not know where this designation is current for the species and would be glad to have information from any of your readers who have heard it.

NEW YORK.—The Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game is as follows: Messrs. Gould of Lewis, Croak of Richmond, Townsend of Queens, O'Connor of Kings, Byrne of New York, Smith of Erie, Stephens of Franklin, Gardinier of Columbia, Selleck of Oswego.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price $2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishculture.

FISHES RECENTLY ACCLIMATED IN FRANCE.

BY EMILE BERTRAND.

POMOTIS VULGARIS.—This pretty fish, which reproduced for me for the first time in 1887, multiplies annually in great abundance from May until toward the end of September. As I have said elsewhere*, it builds a nest and watches the eggs until they hatch. The male is readily distinguished from the female, at the age of one or two years, by a very pronounced red vermilion spot on the margin of the opercle. The female never has this red spot; sometimes she has a spot of a golden yellow tint. The young are regularly marked with spots disposed in vertical bands, this regularity disappearing with age.

This fish is very good to eat, its only defect being that its skin is somewhat thick. It takes a hook very readily, is very hardy and well adapted to aquarium life.

As to size it reaches with me a length of 6in., a depth of 2 2-5in. and a weight of about 2⅗oz. In the United States it appears to reach a larger size; it will probably do the same in France if the fish finds better conditions as to space and food. I have never given my fish anything to eat, and they have reproduced so abundantly that they are probably too numerous to thrive in the small space which I have devoted to them.

I have obtained their eggs in May, when the temperature of the water was 66deg. Fahrenheit, and also in a very small space containing only about 60 litres of water in the hot sun of June and July, when the thermometer, immersed in the water, marked 86deg. Fahrenheit. In winter, under a thick covering of ice, not a fish perished. It will be seen that the acclimatization of this fish presents no difficulty, and even if the size is not very large its fertility will recommend it, especially for stagnant waters. Its beautiful colors make it an attractive fish.

I have also had each year since 1887 another United States fish to produce, which, I believe, is the *Enneacanthus obesus*. It is remarkable for its beautiful colors and the rounded form of its body and fins; but, on account of its small size, it has no value as a food fish. It is very pretty for the aquarium. In my establishment it has not exceeded 3 3-5in. in length and 2 2-5in. in height, including the fins.

The large-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*) has spawned for me for the first time toward the end of May, 1890. This fish, which is much esteemed in the United States, is too well known to require me to enter into long details concerning it. The reader may consult the very complete work of Dr. Henshall and that of Max von dem Borne, who acclimated the black bass in Germany some years ago.

The fishes which have spawned for me were born in 1888. They were given to me by M. Jeunet in February, 1889. They were, therefore, two years old when they reproduced. They had then reached a length of about 10in. and weighed nearly 1lb.

Their mode of reproduction is entirely similar to that of the *Pomotis vulgaris;* the male makes a nest and exercises continual watchfulness over the eggs until they are hatched. The young bass congregate in schools of several hundreds and do not separate until they have reached a size of several centimeters.

I have again secured the reproduction of a little fish about 4in. long, which I believe to be the *Fundulus heteroclitus*. This fish, which was given me by M. de Lautreppe, is very freely used, I believe, in the United States as a bait in fishing for the black bass. It has reproduced for me at the age of one year.

Finally, I will say a few words about a fish of which I wrote last year, the *Poisson mosaïque*, known in Germany under the name of *Mosaikfisch* (mosaic fish) or *Moorelritze* (swamp minnow). I designated it, in the note above referred to, as the *Phoxinus umbrosus*, after a catalogue by M. Geyer, a fishculturist of Ratisbonne; but I have not found this name in any ichthyological work, and I cannot say whether it is the correct scientific name of the fish. It is very prolific, and the spawning season continues from April to September and October, even in stagnant waters of small area. It is, therefore, a valuable fish, especially as food for other species, like the black bass, for example. It is not to be despised as an edible fish, as it reaches 5 to 6in. in length and a weight of 1 3-5oz. Young fishes, born in May of this year, grew to a length of 2 2-5in. in September, and the females had eggs developed; this species, then, is able to reproduce at the age of four months.—*Bulletin de la Société Centrale d'Aquiculture de France*, 1890, vol. II., No. 5, pp. 141-143 (translated by T. H. Bean).

[In FOREST AND STREAM of March 21, 1889, p. 177, we published a translation of an article on the calico bass in France, descriptive of its nest building habits. It appears now that M. Bertraud's observations related entirely to the common sunfish of the United States, called *Pomotis vulgaris* in the above paper and better known in American books under the name *Lepomis gibbosus*. There is scarcely any doubt, however, that M. Bertrand had calico bass (*Pomoxys sparoides*) in company with the sunfish, for some of his fish, at the age of three years, were nearly 8in. long and 2¾in. deep. Be this as it may, the confusion of the two species threatens to produce serious results, for the sunfish has already been forwarded to Germany as calico bass, and has begun a prolific career, which bodes evil for pond culture in that country. In America the species is a veritable pest because of its extreme fertility and hardiness and its causeless destruction of eggs and young fish. Nothing is more discouraging to pond culture in general than the presence of the sunfish, since the species has little or no value as a food fish and can seldom be exterminated after it once obtains a foothold. No fishculturist should allow so dangerous a species to enter ponds or open waters, in whose welfare he feels any interest.]

* See Bulletin of the Society of Acclimatization, No. 1, Jan. 4, 1888; No. 23, Dec. 5, 1888; No. 24, Dec. 28, 1888, and No. 1, Jan. 5, 1889, where this fish is erroneously designated as the *Pomoxys sparoides*, or calico bass.

CONNECTICUT SHAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The report of the Connecticut Fish Commissioners (Messrs. James A. Bill and Robert T. Chalker) for 1890 is out. The catch of shad for 1890 is reported as 34,318. This shows a falling off of 8,107 shad from the 1889 catch, which was 42,325, or in other words a loss of nearly 20 per cent. The catch of shad in the State for the past twelve years may be interesting and instructive. Here it is:

1879	436,981
1880	269,618
1881	351,678
1882	272,903
1883	177,808
1884	150,045
1885	190,809
1886	117,950
1887	80,359
1888	68,450
1889	42,325
1890	34,318

Six years ago the catch of shad was over 190,000; now it is a little over 34,000. The following letter fully explains the position:

"Good old fishing days. Pound fishermen destroying shad along the Sound. Old Saybrook letter (Dec. 27) to New York *World:* There is every indication that there is going

to be a vigorous attempt made in the coming session of the General Assembly to curtail the privileges now enjoyed by the Sound fishermen. From the breakwater at the mouth of the Connecticut as far to the westward as Guilford the shore is a perfect maze of great nets, which stretch their capacious maws many hundreds of feet out into the Sound. As the shad in running up the Sound always follow the north shore, the consequence is that very few escape the trap set for them, and where thousands only a few years ago annually deposited their spawn in the shallows up near the source of the river, now only a comparatively small number succeed in getting as far as Saybrook bar. The evil has become a very prominent one and, unless remedial legislation is soon enacted and vigorously carried into practice, the famous Connecticut shad, the delight of the epicure, will be a memory only. The pound owners will make a strong fight against any measures that tend to detract from the profitableness of the monopoly they enjoy."

It will be remembered that Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, of this city, resigned from the Commission last spring. Dr. Hudson was a wide-awake Commissioner and thoroughly alive to the wants of the inland fishermen, but the other two granted certain "pound" owners the privilege of using fine mesh nets in their "pounds." Dr. Hudson entered a strong protest against granting such permits. He was out-voted and then he resigned. The Doctor claimed these fine mesh nets meant the destruction of many small shad. The other Commissioners didn't think so. The Doctor was right.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 6. A. C. COLLINS.

WYOMING FISHCULTURE.

THE report of Louis Miller, Esq., the State Fish Commissioner of Wyoming, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1890, shows a gratifying condition of affairs in that State. The Commissioner reports a rapid development of public sentiment in favor of fishculture and protection, due to the fact that many streams, which contained no trout, have by artificial means been fully stocked with brook trout and other fishes of the salmon family. There has been a great increase of trout in the Laramie, North Platte, Green and Bear rivers.

Associations for the protection and propagation of fish in various parts of the State are increasing in number, and their influence is constantly widening. The Laramie Sportsmen's Association has especially given aid and encouragement to the Commissioner of Fisheries and heartily coöperated with him in distributing fish and in their protection. Mr. Miller is fully in accord with the policy of the U. S. Commissioner in the recent method of stocking trout streams by introducing fish that are at least one year old. He finds that good results are obtained much more speedily and surely than by the old system of planting helpless fry.

The number of eggs taken at the State hatchery from Nov. 10, 1889, to Feb. 5, 1890, is pronounced by Col. McDonald to have been exceeded by only one or two of the oldest hatcheries in the United States. The yield was as follows: 820,000 eastern brook trout, 240,000 rainbow trout, 135,000 Colorado trout.

This will serve to show that our eastern *fontinalis* is admirably adapted for many western streams. The State also received from the U. S. Fish Commission 200,000 lake trout eggs and 12,000 eggs of the rainbow trout. The total loss of eggs during hatching and the period of sac absorption was only about 15 per cent. The distribution of young trout amounted to about 1,000,000.

Success has followed the efforts to stock some of the Wyoming ponds with the black bass, and the fish is gradually growing in popular favor. Six hundred and seventy-five small-mouthed bass were placed in a lake in Wyoming county in 1889, and some of these were caught during the past season which weighed 1¼lbs. Mr. Miller finds that the rainbow trout is not so prolific as the brook trout, averaging about one-third fewer eggs than the later. The rainbow has made gratifying progress in Wyoming when planted in streams of uniform temperature. Specimens have been taken from the Big Laramie River during the past season ranging in weight from ⅓ to 1½lbs. Mr. Miller says that the rainbow trout requires water as cold as that adapted to the brook trout or colder.

The ponds at the State hatchery now contain 5,500 breeding brook trout, 1,000 of the rainbow, 500 of the native black-spotted trout and 500 lake trout, besides 200 landlocked salmon. In the season of 1888 14,000 trout, one and two years old, were taken out of a single pond at the hatchery and transferred to the Big Laramie River. From 1885 to 1890 the product of the hatchery was nearly 2,000,000 fish, including brook trout, lake trout, rainbow trout and whitefish.

Mr. Miller recommends that the open season for trout end Oct. 15, instead of Dec. 1, as the trout commence spawning in November. He finds the protective law defied by a class of men who either openly or secretly kill fish by seining, dynamiting or trapping, and the apprehension and prosecution of these violators of the law is rendered extremely difficult for the want of coöperation on the part of respectable citizens, who fear to have their names coupled with such prosecution. For this reason the Commission hails with joy the increase in the number of protective associations, whose effective assistance has already accomplished great good.

NEW YORK COMMISSION.

AT the regular meeting of the Commission last Tuesday Messrs. Blackford, Bowman, Burden and Huntington were present, Mr. Joline being absent. It was resolved by the vote of all present to remove Fred. P. Drew from office as Protector of the Tenth District. Commissioner Bowman reported that the committee of fishculturists in charge of the proposed exhibit at the World's Fair had prepared a memorial asking the National Government to build an aquarium, which might be used for national and State exhibits. President Blackford was empowered to sign this memorial for the New York Commission.

A communication was received from Frank J. Amsden of Rochester relative to a memorial addressed to the Legislature asking the State to undertake on a large scale the stocking of Lake Ontario; and Clerk Doyle was directed to reply that the Commissioners heartily approve of the movement. It was thought, however, that the first important step was to secure uniformity of laws with Canada with respect to the whitefish fishery of Lake Ontario.

The New York Commission is now engaged in stocking these waters so far as its means will permit. The Lake Ontario output for this season will be 9,000,000 whitefish (to which the U. S Commission will add 4,000,000), 4,000,000 ciscoes and between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 wall-eyed pike.

A letter was read from the United States Commissioner of Fisheries promising the early delivery within this State of fish eggs, as follows: 500,000 lake trout, 20,000 Loch Leven trout, 35,000 Von Behr trout, 5,000,000 whitefish, and 50,000 landlocked salmon. The whitefish will go to Lake Ontario, the salmon to the Adirondacks and another hatchery, and the rest of the consignment to Cold Spring.

Commissioners Burden and Blackford were empowered to contract for the new car for fish distribution. While the funds available for the purpose are insufficient to provide a fully-equipped car, it was deemed best to have the car ready for the spring distribution.

STOCKING PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS.—We are informed by the Hon. H. C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, that a consignment of living fish from Illinois was received recently and deposited in the upper Delaware, Schuylkill, Lehigh and Susquehanna rivers. It included about 1,500 fish, consisting of crappies, yellow bass, rock bass, etc.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 13 to 17.—Third Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Charleston, S. C. Benj. McInness, Jr., Secretary.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1658.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vonderleith, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburg, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 19.—Eighth Annual Field Trials of the Pacific Kennel Club, at Bakersfield, Cal. H. H. Briggs, Secretary.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

QUESTIONS, BY CHAS. H. MASON.

"Dr. J. S. Niven has recently stated in these columns that 'one decision of many judges I could never swallow, that was putting Jerry in the first flight; and the critics, even 'C. M.' went wild over him.' As I do not remember having said Jerry was typical or first class, I must ask Dr. Niven for proof in support of his statement."—FOREST AND STREAM, *Dec. 25.*

"It is, I believe, untrue that I 'repeatedly' said prize money would be at Doc's mercy if the dog were in good condition. Therefore I call on Mr. F. H. F. Mercer to produce evidence to show that I 'repeatedly' said anything of the sort."—FOREST AND STREAM, *Dec. 25.*

"I now summon 'Gothamite' to prove to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that I either started or assisted in starting the 'long and low' craze in cocker spaniels."—FOREST AND STREAM, *Nov. 27.*

ANSWERS, BY TWO SPANIEL MEN.

Dr. Niven's proof:

O

Mr. F. H. F. Mercer's evidence:

"I think it was in a report of one of the spring shows in '88 that I observed the remark by Mr. Mason on Doc. I have the paper somewhere among hundreds of others, and when I can find time shall look it up. For the rest, 'hearsay' is all I have to go upon."

"Gothamite's" proof:

O

It is now in order for Messrs. Niven and Mercer to read and carefully consider the opening statements from my letter in your issue of Jan. 1, to the effect that a person who wilfully or otherwise makes a statement which he cannot substantiate, and who upon being shown that he is in error, should retract and apologize.

In regard to Mr. Mercer's dogs Johnnie and Drake, they really have nothing whatever to do with the case under discussion, and were introduced merely as a part of my evidence to show that, as "Gothamite" and Mr. Mercer had had but little experience with high class dogs, they were not qualified to express a correct opinion about cockers. Neither Mr. Mercer nor any other man can, by evidence, prove the following statements untrue: 1. Severe criticisms in this paper and in "Our Prize Dogs" resulted in the withdrawal of Johnnie and Drake from the show bench. 2. Johnnie and Drake have not "been winning prizes ever since" "Our Prize Dogs" was published. 3. Neither Johnnie nor Drake ever was the size of a good dog. 4. Mr. Mercer never bred a good dog. 5. Previous to 1890 Mr. Mercer never owned a good dog. 6. Until recently (1889 or 1890) Mr. Mercer had never seen a good Clumber spaniel, because there were no good Clumbers to be seen.

Mr. Mercer's statement that "probably Mr. Mason's next move will be to claim credit for the importation of Boss III.," etc., is easily answered. I claim just what belongs to me and nothing more. As the credit of importing these dogs belongs in a large measure to me, I claim most of it. Had I stated, as a certain would-be judge and critic did state, that Johnnie could easily beat the Crystal Palace winners, then Boss III. and Bromine would, I have an idea, never have been imported. They were brought over to beat Mr. Mercer's dogs, and it was because Mr. Mercer placed such implicit confidence in my judgment that he kept his dogs at home, instead of pitting them against the new comers. Over the *nom de plume* of "Dog Whip" he praised the judges (?) who knew no better than to praise his dogs, and denounced the one that told him the truth. Yet while this was being done he, by not exhibiting against the imported dogs, tacitly admitted that the advice he had had from FOREST AND STREAM and "Our Prize Dogs" was sound. His conduct in this as in the cocker spaniel case is deserving of the severest kind of censure, but in justice to the man I must say that I have in my possession conclusive proof (just received) of his uprightness and manliness in another. He must, however, know that one right cannot justify two wrongs. In your issue of Jan. 8 Mr. F. H. F. Mercer says:

It grieves me sorely that Mr. Mason should be put to so great a strain in the matter of keeping "Gothamite" and "Mercer" apart. He is not the first to make this remarkable discovery (?), but I am so used now to the accusation of being "Espan," "Peregrine," and a host of other unidentified anonymes, that if it pleases him he may continue in his belief. It gratifies him and it certainly does not hurt me. Perhaps, though, he had better "guess again."

To guard against possible pitfalls he had best keep "Mercer," "Dogwhip" and "Clumber," in his discussion, apart from "Gothamite."

Now I can quite fully understand why Mr. Mercer should not wish to have his identity with "Gothamite" proven. For one thing, if he were to be identified as "Gothamite" it would be shown that as Mercer he had said one thing and as "Gothamite" something quite opposite. Now of two opposite statements, both cannot be true and the man who makes them cannot in both cases then be telling the truth.

The question before the house is this: Is F. H. F. Mercer "Gothamite?" If F. H. F. Mercer is "Gothamite," or any part of "Gothamite," then this discussion was started, not with the pure and commendable object of improving the cockers, but for the interested and selfish reasons named in my reply to "Gothamite;" and it follows that FOREST AND STREAM will not permit their columns to be used for any such purpose. I say that F. H. F. Mercer is "Gothamite." The writings of the two contain abundant internal evidence to prove it.

If Mr. F. H. F. Mercer will deny that he is "Gothamite," and will substantiate that denial by calling upon the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to confirm it, and the editor does confirm it, I will give to the American Spaniel Club $500 in cash, to be by the club divided into prizes to be distributed at the dog shows of 1891, for the encouragement and improvement of cocker spaniels.

Meanwhile, until Mr. F. H. F. Mercer shall make such denial and give such proof and until he shall retract or substantiate certain statements he has made, it is not worth my while to reply to his communications.

Writers who are genuinely interested in dogs do not work to the concealment of a pseudonym to publish what they dare not over their own names. CHARLES H. MASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to read your remark in "Dog Chat," in which you call a halt on the drift of the present controversy on the "Cocker Spaniels of 1890" toward personalities. Sundry gentlemen have made very free use of my name in this matter, and, following the lead of Mr. C. H. Mason, leave the topic under dispute entirely out of the question and strive to emulate one another in slighting remarks against myself. As a public writer I cannot, and do not, resent this unwarranted conduct on their part; but I would suggest that a far better end would be served by their confining themselves to a rational consideration of an interesting subject rather than to that of so humble an individual as myself. Had they taken different ground I should probably have satisfied them as to the identity of "Gothamite;" I know who he is, but now they must unearth him for themselves—if they can.

There is not much to be said in answer to Messrs. Willey, Nelles and Mason on the question of the cocker type. Our views of what a cocker spaniel should be differ so entirely. If Jersey, as Mr. Willey states, is the "most typical cocker spaniel now being shown," heaven help the breed! Is he "a well-built, graceful and active dog," showing strength without heaviness or clumsiness (*vide* A. S. C. Standard of Points)? Is his body "short in the coupling"? Is he able to more than waddle around? I trow not. I do not know whether Mr. Willey is a practical sportsman, and is aware of what is required of a spaniel afield. If he is a sportsman and shoots over dogs of the Jersey type, he surely must hunt over his own tennis lawn! Mr. Watson knows what is required of spaniels afield. He indorses the Velda type. That type can work. Mr. Willey states that he and Mr. Mason are considered our best spaniel judges. Thus he loses one of his hoped-for supporters.

Messrs. Willey and Mason may persist in upholding such a dog (cocker I cannot call him) as Jersey, but assuredly they will find their mistake in due course. Last year Mr. Mason judged spaniels at one show, Mr. Willey at none.

A cocker spaniel is supposed to be an eminently active and lively little dog for his inches, able to work from sun to sun without experiencing distress. Can Messrs. Willey and Mason say that Jersey is fitted for this? Can Jersey work in bad marsh land or through "second growth" timber? He cannot and they know it. Should Jersey be the correct type, then indeed I plead guilty to knowing nothing whatever of cocker spaniels.

Mr. Willey appears to forget entirely that I am entitled to my opinion on cocker spaniels as well as on any other question, even though I may be altogether ignorant of the subject. It is a right with which he is endowed, to exercise or not as he wills. Hence I must stigmatize Mr. Willey's unsought "advice" as to my procedure in the future as an unwarranted piece of impertinence. He would do service to the fraternity in showing, if he can, in what way Jersey is entitled to be called a "most typical cocker."

I do not uphold Doc as a "sample" of what a working cocker should be, and Mr. Willey may ascertain this by referring to my first letter on this question. I think him the sort of dog to breed workers from, being cobby, with strong back and loin and well set up. Had he been reared with a view to utilization in the field I am convinced he would have been able to work a bit in medium country, having had ocular proof that he can run quite fast and jump as well when he bestirs himself.

Where on earth is the use of all these personalities? They prevent men whose views would be invaluable from presenting them in the public press. Many do not like being called "sneaks," "cowards," "liars," etc., etc. At first it irritates, but soon the attacked one learns to value such darts according to their source. This done, most of them glint harmlessly against his head. F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Oh my! but ain't the spaniel men having a good time? Something has dropped among these usually peacable and quiet men, and it seems to have come down "with both feet." What's it all about, any way? Let us see.

First in comes Br'er "Gothamite," and he says, says he, that the two "sons," Br'er Mason and Br'er Watson, started the fashion for the oblong-solong spaniel. Then Br'er Mason he says Br'er "Gothamite" he don't tell the truth, and he piles into Br'er Mercer and tells all he knows about dogs he don't like, and something about other people he don't like.

Then Br'er Mercer comes out and says he don't care a darn for Br'er Mason; that his dogs are the best in the world, and he knows it, and he tells us all about them, and gives us their names all over again for the hundredth time, and finally winds up with his book.

Br'er Fellows, he can't keep still (he never could), and so he sings his little song (the old, old song), and Br'er Nelles and Br'er Willey each tell us that their dogs are the best. What are we going to do about it, if we believe all we hear? If the two or three remaining spaniel men will come out and say something, "sassy" too, then we will have a circus. It is hard to understand now what the discussion is all about, any way.

If personalities and recriminations were left out entirely the meat could be got at. Then we could hark back to the original theme, which has been buried out of sight, and perhaps learn something. Yours for peace, SLY DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to my remarks of last week (which were too late for publication) regarding the ownership of Doc, I would like to say that it is a pity this controversy has taken the turn that it has, when a free and extensive interchange of views of breeders, old and young, throughout the country, might eventually have resulted in eliciting so much valuable information in connection with our favorite breed of dogs, which all would have appreciated. Personalities should be eliminated strictly from a discussion of this nature, and a calm and non-combative series of communications on the cocker would be widely read and productive of much good to one and all.

Let us have peace. A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is always refreshing to read one of Mr. C. H. Mason's letters, more especially when he is giving somebody a slight roasting, and more especially still when you are not the person roasted. His letter in your issue of the 1st inst. called my attention to a letter signed by "Gothamite" in your issue

of Nov. 20, and which I had not read. If not too late to attend the funeral, will you permit me space in your columns to answer "Gothamite," so far as his letter refers to me, and to his criticisms of my judging at Toronto. He remarks, "I never saw spaniels judged so badly as at Toronto by Mr. Oldham," and then goes on, "His worst of all very bad mistakes was putting Bambo first in any other color dogs, and sending out unnoticed a very good, though oversized dog, Rufus." This is, indeed, kind of "Gothamite," defending my decision in that class. He also approves of my placing of Idea, praising her as a beautiful-bodied bitch. Again he says, "A hardly used dog at Toronto was Brock, a dog pretty close to the limit in weight, etc.; that had he been in decent condition, should have been first or second." "Gothamite" does not say what he should have got, shown in such bad condition. And so it goes on, not knowing exactly what he is writing about, having a grievance against somebody and not knowing how to take it out of them. Poor fellow, under Mason's attack he may well wish he had been more master of his subject before attempting to teach men like Mason, Watson, etc., who have forgotten more about spaniels than he ever knew.

I myself have shown quite a number of dogs during the last few years. I never knew any of the men who are on the Spaniel Club list of judges to favor the long and low cocker. A judge has, to a certain extent, to favor a dog who, though a little too long in body, has a typical head or some other good point; but I am certain Messrs. Mason, Wilmerding, Watson and many others would no more think of putting Miss Obo II. over a similarly constructed cocker with a shorter body, than would a Clumber spaniel judge think of putting Johnnie over Bromine.

In conclusion, I have to thank those friends and exhibitors who so warmly supported me by their entries at Toronto, and I can assure "Gothamite" that when such men as Bush, Laidlaw, Nelles, Kirk and other well-known spaniel men thought sufficiently well of my judging to congratulate me on my *début*, I am not likely to bother much over any criticisms from the pen of one ashamed to sign his name, but covering his tracks by a *nom de plume*.

E. M. OLDHAM.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above caption Mr. Mason states in last week's issue that champion Doc is now owned by Mr. F. H. F. Mercer. Also that Doc was not for competition at the last New York show, as "he was afraid of Jersey," etc. Now I wish to state plainly, first, that Doc is not, never was, and probably never will be, owned by Mr. Mercer. He is my personal property and will continue so, unless I am offered a much larger figure that was ever before paid for spaniel flesh. Second, the reason he did not compete at New York last spring was, because it is against all ethics of dog judging for a judge to permit his own dogs to come before him in competition. This is the sole reason of his not competing. I officiated at New York, and the dog in consequence was for exhibition only.

He will go the rounds this spring, however, and will take in the large shows as they come. How Mr. Mason could have fallen into this error in regard to the ownership of Doc I cannot see, unless it was from hearing that Mr. Mercer had made me an offer for the dog, which was refused.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

THE FLOUR CITY KENNELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short article in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of this city, some weeks since, announcing the establishment of the Flower City Kennels and giving some notes on dogs, led me to look the kennels up and inspect the dogs. So the other day, accompanied by a physician well known in the city, who aspires to become a member of "dogdom"—as H. W. L. aptly puts it—we visited the kennels, which are located on the flats, east of State street, reached from the vicinity of the R. W. and O. depot. On coming in sight of the buildings we discerned a mastiff looking between the palings from one of the exercise yards, and a pointer and Irish setter disporting themselves near the house where the genial keeper "Abe" Geis resides. Almost before we had an opportunity to knock, Mr. Geis appeared at the door, accompanied by two Irish setters and a pointer bitch; we inquired if we might inspect the kennels. The favor was readily granted. We first looked over the dogs which had come out when "Abe" opened the door, also another pointer bitch which Mr. Geis called out when he went into the house to get his coat.

The pointers were Lady Cora, a lemon and white, who was evidently well bred, and was said to be of Sensation stock, and Fly, a liver and white, we were informed is from Dick Swiveller stock; she is not so fine as Cora, but has more style.

The Irish boys were Belford, imported last June, whose pedigree we did not learn, but whose color and carriage, to say nothing of his other good points, proclaimed him to be a good one; and Shot, who comes from the Elcho strain, while not so fine as Belford, is a rich dark mahogany in color, looks like an all-day worker in the field, which "Abe" declares he is, and is fit for very good company.

We then saw a fairish looking pointer pup, about eight months old, but neglected to note his name or pedigree.

We were met at the gate to the kennels proper by the mastiff bitch Lady Caution; she is certainly a good one, but we do not care to pose as a judge of this breed, so will pass to the next gate, where we were met by a mastiff bitch whose peculiar markings made us, as we caught a glimpse of her stern through the fence, take her for a great Dane; she is a dark brindle in color and very massive in proportions, but in spite of her off color "Abe" says her pups are always the regulation color. Her name is Princess. Through the next fence looked two mastiff faces, although the wrinkle in the oldest was markedly wanting. They were Faix and Black Sall, the latter a seven months pup of some promise. Faix is a very light fawn in color, with almost entire absence of dark markings, she is a very rangy beast and looked powerful and agile.

We then went into the building and from one of the stalls Abe brought Lady Pamelia, who he said was a daughter of Minting, and Judge, who we were informed is by a son of Beaufort. We had the pleasure of meeting Minting on the bench and must say that in our humble opinion Lady Pamelia shows many good points, yea, is even worthy of her sire, and Judge is a mastiff clear through. The keeper then showed us two more Irish boys, Mink and Rover, both Elcho stock and both very good ones.

Abe now told us to stand close to the wall, and he opened a door at one end of the reception room—which is also the kitchen—when out rushed a number of pointers and a brace of cocker pups. We tried to count the pointers, but they moved in such a lively manner that we had to give it up and gladly accepted Abe's word for it that there were three dogs and five bitches out of Lady Cora by Hayden's Dan, one dog named Spring, sired by Kildeer, winner of second in this city at the last bench show, as Abe informed us. The pups were all lemon and white in color and were little beauties. Spring is that peculiar buff in color with white markings, and undoubtedly has the making in him of a very fine dog.

The cockers were a bitch and dog, ten and six months old respectively, black in color; they were of the working type, not long and low. Abe again failed to recall a pedigree, although he assured us that that they had one, and we are prepared to believe that it is not to be sneezed at. Mr. Geis informed us that the kennels are owned by James Whitney, of this city, and that he intends to have as good stock of the breeds he is interested in as there is to be found before he is done with it, and we are sure that he will succeed if he follows the line so far laid down.

The building is about forty by twenty-five feet, and contains twelve stalls and the kitchen. Ample exercising yards are conveniently attached, and everything is as clean and neat as it well can be, not only in appearance but the absence of any odor was remarked on. The disinfectant used is Sanitas.

The food for the dogs is varied occasionally by Spratts biscuit, but usually consists of meat, cabbage, celery, bread and middlings, which is all cooked, in the well-appointed kitchen, in the form of a stew. "Abe" said that any one need not be afraid to try a dish of the soup made for the dogs.

The bathing tub is also in the kitchen near the stove. A word for "Abe," as he told us to call him, and we are done. He loves his dogs and they know it, he combines painstaking care with a thorough knowledge of the business.

Courteous and affable with a pardonable pride in his charges, he only needs a more extended English vocabulary in order to be able to explain pedigrees more lucidly, to be about right, but as he is imported himself—a German—this can hardly be said to count against him, and we hope to see him and the dogs in his charge, as well as the owner of the kennels, become well-known in "dogdom" through their successes.

OSCEOLA.

[Since the above was written Mr. Whitney has purchased from Mr. E. H. Moore the mastiffs Ilford Chancellor, Lady Coleus, Caution's Daughter, Lady Dorothy and Miss Caution, and with this grand array of blood this kennel ought soon to take a foremost position in the mastiff ranks.]

MR. BRAILSFORD REVIEWS THE FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Taking advantage of a lull in these Atlantic storms, which have prevailed for the last few days on my homeward voyage, I now undertake the fulfilment of a promise, to express by letter some thoughts and opinions on the recent field trial competitions in Canada and the United States, in which, with the team of pointers and setters sent over in my charge by Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, it has been my pleasure to engage.

And first let me say with regard to the merits of the dogs of the States and Canada against which we competed, some of which were native born and some imported, how much gratification it afforded me to witness the great natural development, fine ranging qualities, and staying powers of the majority.

The character of your country is so widely different from our British shooting grounds, and the habits of those charming little game birds—quail, so diverse from the habits of our British partridges and grouse, that, as a matter of course, the work at your field trial competitions differs considerably in some important particulars from that to which we are accustomed in England. As a natural consequence our English dogs were considerably handicapped; still I venture to say they were not by any means nonplussed or out of the running.

For the International Field Trials held near Chatham, Ont., early in November, our dogs were fairly acclimatized, and prepared to enter the lists against the native dogs on as equal terms as possible by a month's work in the locality, and, as results proved, Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's kennel was singularly successful, winning with its representatives three out of four prizes in the Derby Stake, and clearing the board of the whole of the prizes, four in number, in the All-Aged Stake.

We met at the Chatham trials some very good dogs, of which Mingo II., bred and broken by Mr. W. B. Wells and owned by the worthy Sheriff of Chatham, was unquestionably the best young setter I saw on your side of the Atlantic. I had seen enough of his work previous to the trials to form a wholesome idea that we had all our work cut out to beat him, and I cannot now consider it was anything more than a slice of luck that we were enabled to do so by the aid of the young pointer Ightfield Tyke, who was just then in excellent form and condition. Of the other dogs at these trials, there were some splendid rangers and of great merit as game finders, but they were almost without exception decidedly deficient as to finished breaking. And here, once and for all, and as applying equally to the dogs we met in the United States, let me give you my decided opinion that the neglect to steady and drop your dogs after birds are flushed from a point, encourages unsteadiness and rushing, faults which put out the winning chances of many of the competing dogs at Chatham, and also of some of those whose work I witnessed at the other trials in the States. The argument as to retrieving being a necessity, and that the dog pointing must watch his bird, only goes to prove when put into practice, that it unsteadies him and makes him too impatient when on point and too eager to make a hasty movement the moment game is put up. It was this hastiness and unsteadiness on the part of our rivals at Chatham, which could be so clearly seen in the open country there, that gave our more perfectly broken dogs a great advantage, and helped them, in no small measure, to win as they did at that meeting.

On the termination of this pleasant Chatham gathering a somewhat long journey, according to our English ideas, was undertaken to Otterburn Springs, Virginia, the locality fixed for the Eastern Field trial meeting. Arriving there on Nov. 9 we obtained permission to work our dogs on grounds situated a few miles distant from Otterburn Springs Hotel, and on two different occasions were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Clarke, a kindly disposed English gentleman hailing from Devonshire, who is farming somewhat largely there. The owners, handlers and dogs engaged at this Eastern meeting had mostly arrived at head quarters on Nov. 14, when it was announced that a change in the scene of operations was necessary, owing to the fact that quail were scarce on the grounds selected for the competition. Consequently on the following day, a general move was made to High Point, North Carolina, the old hunting grounds of the Eastern Field Trial Club, some eighty miles distant, and the commencement of the trials delayed until Nov. 18.

The country around High Point is so densely wooded, and the grass and weeds so high in the open spaces, that comparatively little of the work of the competing dogs could be seen; indeed, the impression forced upon me, after trying in vain to get to the front to see the work of some of those first put down, was that the whole proceedings was more like drawing for a fox than working a brace of pointers or setters to kill game. Is it to be wondered at that, carried out under such conditions, the general results of the Eastern Field Trial Club's meeting were unsatisfactory?

The rules for conducting the trials held under the auspices of this club are good, and the perusal of a copy of them was one of the chief inducements to Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale to send his dogs from England to compete. The manner, however, in which they were interpreted at High Point, as shown by results, was, to say the least, somewhat of an astonishment. Experience there proved once again how directly contrary to their plain and literal sense rules may be read and acted upon. For instance, under the heading, "Obedience and Disposition," one rule runs thus: "The judges are requested to give great credit to the dog that works promptly without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful, and easily handled." Another declares that "all dogs must be thoroughly broken as a matter of course," and further that "the range of a dog shall be an intelligent one."

One would imagine that rules worded in such a manner could scarcely bear a double interpretation, the plain and literal sense of those quoted manifestly being that a dog should be thoroughly under control, should range his ground within measurable distance of the man who works or handles him, and search or hunt that ground well. The awards, however, went to show that an interpretation very different to this was placed upon these rules, for it is a matter of fact that the wildest hunting dogs, even those that bolted and had to be searched for by judges and handlers, were selected as the winners at this meeting. This was very marked in the case of Daisy Hope and Duke of Hessen, placed first and second in the All Aged Stake. Daisy bolted time after time, and the dog running with her had to be kept back until she was found, while in the case of Duke, his wildness when he ran past Shot, on point on a bevy in the open, and wilfully flushed without any attempt at acknowledgment, should have put an end to his further chance in the stake. And in general, dogs which had no range at all, but rambled about, followed their natural instincts, and found game without any regard to good breaking, were the animals most favored at the Eastern field trials.

At the Central meeting which succeeded on more open ground, the work could be seen much better, and the judges here very properly insisted on the competing dogs being so handled as to work more in their sight. This more sportsmanlike method resulted in the more perfectly broken dogs regaining their proper positions in the prize list, and in the bolters being discarded.

Many were the complaints made by some of the principal handlers with whom I conversed, that, owing to the widely different opinions held by the judges at the Eastern and Central meetings, it was impossible to know how to prepare a dog to compete for both. Surely, however, at each and every field trial the object should be to encourage such work, and only such as can be enjoyed in private shooting

W. BRAILSFORD.

S. S. CITY OF BERLIN, Dec. 22.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

WHAT a reflux there seems to be in the tides of "Fancy" just now? Who cannot remember when it was the correct thing that a mastiff's head could not be too short? When a collie's head could not be too long or narrow? or when a spaniel could not be too long and low? Yet how the tide was turned? Mr. T. W. Allen says in the English *Kennel Gazette* that the muzzle of Lord Stafford would please him better if longer. The London *Stock-Keeper* has said several times that collies' heads were entirely too needle-like, and the "long and low" in spaniels seems to be one of those things that nobody has the courage to admit that he was ever in favor of. It must not be supposed, however, that this revolution is a new thing; Crown Prince was as much of a horror to Mr. Nichols as Moonstone is to Mr. Fellows, Mr. Lowe, "Thames Tattler" or Dr. Boulton, while Hugh Dalziel held up his hands in contempt at the tapir collie, and from Mr. W. W. Thompson's expressed admiration of Marcus, as the best he ever owned, it would seem that he shared the opinions of Mr. Dalziel and Mr. Rawdon B. Lee.

Is there not a good deal of imagination about dog men being so contentious? We all know they wrangle not a little, but are they sinners above all others? I notice in skimming over the poultry part of some of our papers, that chicken men (and women) spit and snarl in a way that sounds very familiar to me. The "ever ready" Espan delineated how a goat show in England produced more hair pulling and squalling than the average dog man fight. The fights between Mr. J. H. Wallace, George Wilkes and Charley Foster, or between Wilkes and *Turf*, were out of sight of any wrangles ever seen in canine literature. So, while I freely admit that doggy men are contentious, they are by no means preëminent.

But the *Canine World* puts it about correctly that dog men do not "observe," they only "see." Just note; Dr. Romanes proposed some investigations on that mysterious endowment, the homing faculty in dogs, asking any one who had a cat or dog that showed this characteristic to lend it to him; but not a response did he get. The question as to whether properties engrafted on dogs by education were transmitted, or only those inherent, received only two or three replies. Whether puppies naturally "play fiddle" with a hindleg when the back is scratched shared the same fate, and so on *ad infinitum*. Yet let Smith say his dog is better than Jones's, and the air is darkened with the inky war that follows; yet who cares whether Jones and Smith and all their dogs were buried in the Antarctic Ocean? Yet the matters propounded by Dr. Romanes are really interesting; *i. e.*, they actually do interest ninety-nine out of a hundred readers. It certainly is not because doggy readers and writers lack intelligence that this peculiar state of things exists, for some of the very loudest-mouthed of our warriors come second to none in capacity to understand and expound such matters.

THE ONLOOKER.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Philadelphia Kennel Club, at its meeting Jan. 6, elected the following officers for the year 1891: Francis S. Brown, President; Col. B. Ridgway, Vice-President; Chas. B. Connell, Secretary; Francis G. Taylor, Treasurer; and William H. Child, Delegate to the American Kennel Club. Also the following Board of Trustees: Cas. H. Winslow, S. Murray Mitchell, Dr. G. G. Davis, Ezra Comfort, Hildebrand Fitzgerald, Dr. Alex. Glass and Charles T. Thompson. The delegate to the American Kennel Club was directed to endeavor to have the awards at all of the field trials, held by members of the American Kennel Club, recognized at the bench shows held under their rules. It was also Resolved, That the Philadelphia Kennel Club tender their grateful thanks to Mr. Herbert Merriam and Mr. Washington A. Coster for their efficient services as judges in the field trials in 1890. The Philadelphia Kennel Club directed its field trial committee of 1891 to forthwith communicate with all of the field trial clubs of the country, for the purpose of securing, if possible, the adoption of uniform rules for such clubs.

The committee were also directed to bring to the attention of other clubs the advisability of having the same judges for all of the trials, so that there will be uniformity not only in the rules but in their enforcement, and in the judging of the dogs. This action was taken in view of the material differences between the rules of the several field trial clubs, which as at present construed and enforced require a special kind of breaking for each separate trial. Such a state of things of course produces unsatisfactory results, and unless there is some remedy owners of dogs will be compelled to restrict their entries to those clubs which have the same rules.

The club were also of the opinion that competent men should be selected to judge all of the field trials, for which they should receive proper compensation. This would secure uniformity in decision, and dog owners and breakers would then know the kind of work and the kind of breaking that would be required. As it is now, the whole matter is to a great extent speculative and indefinite. I inclose you some other memoranda of the action of the club at this meeting which I desire you to publish.

FRANCIS S. BROWN, President.

BENCH SHOWS AND JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a well-known fact that bench shows are a powerful impetus to breeders of the thoroughbred dog to improve the species they raise, and that many visitors at the shows become dog fanciers and owners. For the encouragement of breeders to exhibit their dogs and of fanciers to buy, it is absolutely necessary for kennel clubs to employ competent and reliable judges. Of course, judges with an established reputation will demand a fair recompense for their arduous task, but if managers of shows do not engage them, the show should not be patronized. There are judges of indisputable ability and impartiality here, but, nevertheless, individuals not deserving confidence are sometimes acting as judges at shows in this country as well as in others. The natural consequence is that fanciers who buy dogs on their records as prize winners are sometimes deceived, and that persons owning inferior dogs, to which high prizes have been awarded, will consider them first-class and breed poor stock from them, while others will regard judges and judging with distrust.

On March 12, 1890, a long article appeared in the *Hunde-Sport*, of which the following is a translated epitome:

"Unhappily our German judging is badly exposed both in foreign countries and in Germany itself. The words: 'Give me the catalogue and I will tell you before the judging who will get the prizes,' or 'Why should I exhibit; with the best dogs I win no prizes,' can be heard too often. Unfortunately it is true, that very often in awarding prizes only the personality of the owner decides. In FOREST AND STREAM the judges of German dogges were severely censured several months ago, and as a principal reason it was mentioned that in Germany, according to the catalogue, the dog with the most prizes will get first, the next second prize, and that the judges will make an exception only to favor a friend. Germany's honor has been badly injured among German and foreign dog fanciers, and unfortunately occasion has been given for it too often. You may just notice the judges at shows constantly searching in the catalogue before they note a prize. * * * Let nobody say that our reproaches are groundless. There is no meaner beast than the dachshund bitch Götterdämmerung, owner His Excellency Count Waldersee, Lieutenant-General, General-Quartermaster and Adjutant to His Majesty the German Emperor, chairman of the 'Delegirten-commission;' breeder Emil Meyer, secretary-general to the Delegirten-commission. This beast received first prize in Berlin, 1883, while a number of better dogs had to stand back. * * * To restore the badly damaged reputation of the German judges should be the principal effort of the judges at the next show, etc."

The show alluded to was the International dog show at Berlin, and what do we read about it? Among other predicted probabilities the above mentioned journal has in its issue of May 14, 1890: "Among the rough-coated St. Bernards comes the old Young Barry, whom Dr. Künzli brings again, although advised to the contrary by many of his friends. What shall the judge, Dr. Siegmund, do? Place the younger, more imposing Bello over the oft-preferred Young Barry? Switzerland would never forgive him that. And on May 28, after first prize had been awarded to Young Barry, we find in the report of the Berlin show: "We would rather pass over in silence the judging of roughcoats, and it may have been more than painful to Dr. Siegmund, especially since the spectators manifested their dissatisfaction by exclamations, 'Bello is the best, that's an injustice,' etc. Young Barry has neither become younger nor better in loins, nor was he in better condition than on previous occasions. Bello was in finer condition than ever; he showed himself splendidly, but had to be content with second prize on account of the consequences, as was to be expected."

Already on Oct. 9, 1889, the same paper had the following criticism about the Cannstatt show: "The greatest mistake with Young Barry is that he came to the show aged, that the judges out of pity to Young Barry and his highly esteemed owner did not dare to prefer better dogs." And in the same issue: "Mr. Broadbeck's Pormann received the prize of honor. This dog, that in a bad class at Esslingen got only a diploma, though he was in very good condition, must have improved very much, since he could get first prize in Cologne in hot competition. May be it is not entirely without influence that formerly he belonged to a small saloon keeper in Rothenburg and now to a member of the 'presidium.' His hindlegs are still as bad as formerly; his tail is a little thick, etc."

That Hanno, who suffered with an incurable disease for a long time and was in a miserable condition long before Mr. Ulrich exhibited him in Brussels, received there second prize a month, and first prize at Apolda a week, before he was shipped to me, and that I sent him back to Germany, will be remembered by dog fanciers in Europe and in this country.

I could cite many more similar incidents at dog shows in Germany but the above may suffice to illustrate how much dependence may be placed on the prizes awarded in that country. It is a pity that such transactions take place there and in other countries.

"Mephisto" relates in FOREST AND STREAM, of Oct. 23, 1890, a funny decision: "The nearest approach to a 'Meersbrook Maiden Comedy' I ever knew of in England was recently, when Captain Miller judged Irish setters. Here is how he did it: Open class—Yerker, third prize; Drinnagh, hc. Novice—Valentine, second prize; Drinnagh, third; Yerker, vhc. Puppies—Drinnagh, third; Yerker, vhc., Valentine, hc. Cup for the best Irish setter in open classes, Cloyne II. Now Cloyne II. only got a c. card in the open class, yet she was awarded the cup. * * * *Et tu*, Brittle! I thought you would be the one to keep the laugh and grow fat' ball a rolling, and you have gone and done it. Only a month or so ago (Sept. 13), in a Philadelphia paper, you told us that at Wilmington show Blemton Rubicon's skull had fined down tremendously since you last saw him at Boston and he looked more like his dam than ever. * * * I know you have recently stated that a man who did not know on which side his bread is buttered is a fool. * * * For your own sake, don't tell us that fox-terrier 'skulls' fine down tremendously with advancing years. Did you ever know a child's skull to grow less as the child grew older? I have known skulls to grow thicker, but fine down tremendously, oh, never!"

This Mr. "Brittle" judged some classes at the above-mentioned Wilmington show, and it may be of interest to dog fanciers if I mention a few of his adjudications. There was a dog classified as a Newfoundland that got second prize, about which Mr. H. W. Lacy remarked in *Turf, Field and Farm* of Sept. 5, 1890: "A sort of a black, curly-coated great Dane showed up as the only entry in this class, and we really pitied the judge in having to so rudely upset his owner's fond hopes by wishing to withhold the prize. As a peace offering a second prize was awarded, but disdainfully refused. * * * Great Danes. * * * The bitch class was quite a good one, and the result of the shaking up was a defeat for the New York winner Irene. She ought not to have been shown in her condition, and if owners will persist in sending dogs in such shape they deserve the consequences. Weisrod and Hess's Flora is by no means a crack, besides a curly tail, her faulty muzzle, open feet and throatiness, will put her back in good company; she has a nice coat. Mr. Maenner's Minca Mia, third, might have changed places, as she is better headed, though a trifle lippy, and has better bone." Mr. James Mortimer, who judged at the Baltimore show, describes Minca Mia in his report of March 29, 1890: "Minca Mia, winner of first prize, is a very good specimen, sound and active as a terrier, with good head, very clean throat, good legs and feet, strong, well-arched loin, and well developed hindquarters." And the *Hunde-Sport* of June 5, 1890, in its report of the show at Cologne, where 151 German dogges were entered, surpassing those of any previous show in quality: "Krehl's Minca Mia, vhc., a large bitch with a beautiful head, but her tail is not first-class, she does not carry it too high, but turns it a little to one side." The cause of her turning her tail may have been a temporary bodily injury, or her being in whelp by Hannibal at that time.

Now let us compare with the above criticisms Mr. R. F. Mayhew's report in the *Fanciers' Journal* of Sept. 6, 1890: "Minca Mica, third, is wide in skull and doglike in expression. She is also far too throaty, heavy in shoulders and wide in front." And about that mongrel entered as a Newfoundland he says: "Carlo, a black dog, with no pretension to type or character, got second, first being withheld."

In *Turf, Field and Farm* of Sept. 12, 1890, "Espan" makes this drastic remark: "Look here, Mr. Editor, that is a very delicate euphemism of yours to the effect that a dog show judge was never seen drunk 'in the ring' in this country. * * * I have seen some judging in my time, that it is a pity for the judge's reputation, as such that, he wasn't drunk, as the remaining alternative is that he was an ass." The above appearing the week after the Wilmington show, it may be assumed that Mr. Mayhew was one of the judges alluded to by "Espan." I saw Mr. Mayhew there, sober as a judge, but I will not express my opinion whether "he knew on which side his bread was buttered." Not having examined the thickness or width of his skull I will not positively assert whether "the remaining alternative" is applicable to him, although "doglike in expression" is an asslike expression. But one assertion I make: "I will never exhibit where Mr. Mayhew judges,"

In Philadelphia, Great Danes were judged in 1889 by somebody who told a gentleman, if he would buy a certain dog from him and exhibit the dog at that show, he would award first prize to him. This judge awarded highest prizes to the Great Danes which were also winners at Wilmington. Fanciers may therefore be induced to mistake those winners of Philadelphia and Wilmington for first-class specimens.

It is to be hoped that managers of dog shows will be careful to engage only competent, impartial judges, and none who will discredit shows and dogs by awarding high prizes to inferior specimens or mongrels "with no pretension to type or character," or who finds Minca Mia "far too throaty," while Mr. James Mortimer declares that she has "a very clean throat," which is the truth. Probably Mr. Mayhew's record as a judge is easily broken, because it is "brittle."

J. H. H. MAENNER.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 3.

DOG CHAT.

AS a Christmas supplement, the English *Stock-Keeper* produced a very interesting account of the Prince of Wales's kennels at Sandringham, Norfolk. The photograph of the kennels shows a large range of buildings, built substantially of brick, of handsome design, and, as might be expected, everything is found in the kennels themselves that will conduce to the cleanliness and comfort of the dogs. The inmates of the kennels are of various breeds and nationalities, Chinese dogs, Samoyede sledge dogs, rough-haired Basset hounds, Lapland sledge doge, Norwegian dogs, etc., running with fox-terriers, retrievers, Clumbers, collies and deerhounds. In the description of the dogs we note that there are nine Clumbers in the kennels which are all workers and used extensively in the Royal covers. It is needless to say that the Prince is a most ardent sportsman. One of the Clumbers, we note, is by Boss III. out of Lady II. As a great many people think it somewhat of an honor to present His Highness with a dog, the kennels are naturally kept well filled, though most of them of course are specimens of rare and foreign breed. The supplement is in pamphlet form with an excellent photograph of the Prince on the cover, and is filled with pictures of the most noted dogs, taken by Mr. W. Dexter, a well-known spaniel breeder, with evidently considerable skill.

The annual meeting of the Cleveland Kennel Club was held Jan. 6, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Frank De H. Robison, President; H. A. Bishop, Vice-President; W. R. Huntington, Treasurer; C. M. Munhall, Secretary, and also delegate to the American Kennel Club. The delegates are George W. Short, Frank De H. Robison, Joseph Perkins, W. R. Huntington, C. M. Munhall, A. Smithnight, John R. Chadwick, H. A. Bishop, Wilbur Parker. Arrangements were also made for the dog show, which takes place in April next. The gentlemen who have the affair in hand are full of energy in the matter and intend to do their utmost to make the venture a success. It was decided to offer $1,200 in prizes, as well as a number of valuable specials. Exhibitors will, we hope, bear in mind their recent courteous treatment of the New England Kennel Club in the clashing of dates and reward them when the time comes with a good entry.

The *Live Stock Journal* (Eng.) has issued another of their almanacs, which, as usual, is replete with valuable information and interesting articles on various breeds of farm stock. The kennel is not neglected either, for we find interesting articles on "The Sheepdog," by Frederick Gresham, and "Pointer Dogs," E. C. Norrish; with pictures of Great Alne Douglass and Metchley Wonder, the noted collies, and the pointers, Carlo and Carlist, in the field. Those with horsy inclinations will find a very readable article on "The Model Hunter," by Sir R. D. Green Price, Bart.

Speaking of a dog hospital in Chicago, the *New Orleans Picayune* strikes a good note when it says: "Diseases of animals receive more attention now than formerly, and the demand now is that the 'dog doctor' receive the respect due to a man who has been educated, and to his education adds the desire to ease the sufferings of dumb animals. That a veterinarian be educated is necessary, and that he be a gentleman is not incompatible with his calling." With this we quite agree, and if some of our many fledgling doctors who are struggling on, trying to make a living out of human pathology, would devote their talent to veterinary science as applied to-day, they would, no doubt, do good to themselves and the poor dogs which are unfortunately bereft of the faculty of making known their aches and pains, as is the case with their human friends.

The Costa Rica Indian dogs are peculiar from the fact that they can't bark naturally. These dogs are big, slouching, light-colored beasts and are evidently related to the coyotes, although as puppies these dogs soon learn to imitate the bark of other dogs, which are kept to teach them to bark, the same as one canary birds teaches another to sing, while the coyote domesticated never learns to bark until the third generation. These Costa Rican dogs would be of little service as watch dogs, even if they were wanted for that purpose, but it would go hard with any one who intruded on premises where these silent brutes run at large. Without warning he would be pounced upon immediately and torn to pieces. But these dogs are not kept for household protection, for few of their owners have much of a household to protect. They are used chiefly for hunting the puma and jaguar, the two fierce and destructive members of the tiger family, which are so numerous in the mountains and the reedy plains of Central America and especially in the southern province of Costa Rica.

There are a great many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of humor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows thin and his eye almost human in its anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction, sure that he has found the trail; he is baffled, turned back. He looks in the face of all who pass as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master, and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles, and pursues and turns back, until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lope down the street. Then it is that some demoniac boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him, or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised, "Mad dog! Kill him!" says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*. So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead cur is an easy transition. And visions of hydrophobia and Pasteur flash across the mind of the ordinary citizen.—*Boston Herald.*

Here is something that might be of use to Dr. Romanes in his researches about the homing instinct in dogs. In the *Asian* we find that a well known sportsman of Umballa when returning home from the Rawalpindi race meeting last spring, lost his equally well-known fox-terrier Tip when one or two stations out of Pindi. He telegraphed back to friends and the railway people to find and send on the dog; but all search proved fruitless, and the sporting dragoon gave up his dog as lost for good. A fortnight short of a day after the owner's arrival in Umballa, an emaciated, weary and dejected dog crawled into his house, and was effusive in its demonstrations of affection. It turned out to be Tip, but quite unlike Tip. The faithful and intelligent creature, on missing the train, had seen it bearing away its master, and then had set off following the railway line, and for thirteen days had traveled, passing railway crossings, through stations, over girder bridges, picking up such subsistence as it could on the way, unchecked by the onslaught of pariah dogs, and encountering goodness knows what other adventures by the way, and at length safely reached his home and master. If that dog could speak, what a story it could relate. Tip's constitution, however, is wrecked, and in all these months it has in no way gotten over the effects of that journey.

We hear that there will be no show at Buffalo this spring, but if a fair is held in that city in the fall, a dog show will in all probability be given in connection with that, falling into line with the Canadian circuit of shows.

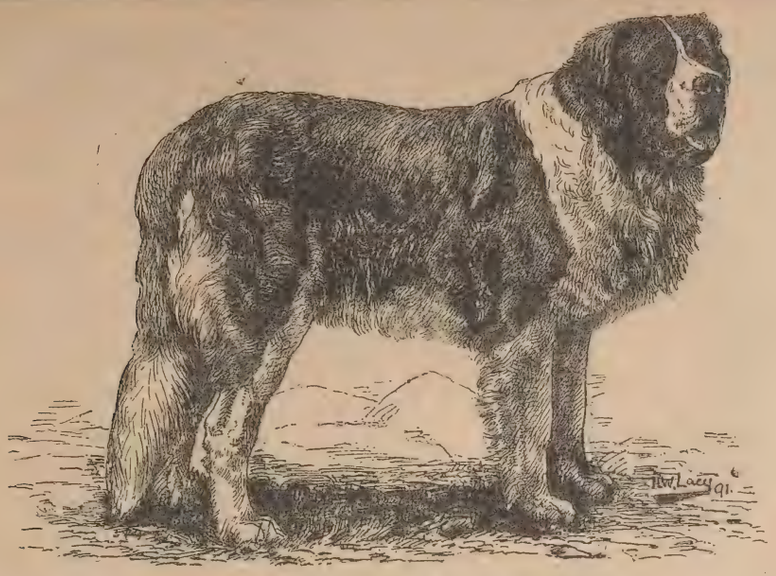
Mr. James Mortimer, superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club's show, writes us that the following judges have been appointed for the fifteenth annual show of dogs to be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 24-27, viz.: St. Bernards and pugs, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; mastiffs, Chas. C. Marshall, New York; Great Danes, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, toy spaniels and all terriers, except bull and fox-terriers, R. F. Mayhew, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds, H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; pointers, J. M. Tracy, New York; English setters and American foxhounds, Major J. M. Taylor, New York; Irish setters, Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J.; Gordon setters, Dr. H. Clay Glover, New York; field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels, A. C. Wilmerding, New York; collies and sheepdogs, A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, L. I.; poodles, John G. Hecksher, New York; Chesapeake Bay dogs, Jas. F. Pearson, Baltimore, Md.; fox-terriers, Fred. Hoey, Long Branch, N. J.; bulldogs, bull-terriers, Basset hounds and dachshunde, E. Sheffield Porter, New Haven, Ct.; beagles, H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y. As will be seen from the above list, there is little change from those who officiated last year. Mr. H. W. Huntington, for greyhounds, is a good selection, and we shall be pleased to see this oldest greyhound fancier don the ermine. Mr. J. M. Tracy ought to know a pointer, and is a good selection, and Major J. M. Taylor will no doubt carry the suffrages of the English Setter Club men. Mr. Wenzel is a good choice for the Irish setters, for if every man's does not get first prize, the kickers will know that there is a man in the ring who has had about as much experience as any of them in this breed. Mr. A. D. Lewis is a new face, but through his connection with the Hempstead Farm Kennels he ought to know a good collie when he sees it. No doubt Chesapeakes will be safe in Mr. Pearson's hands. For the sake of the mastiff it is a pity that the list of judges is so limited. The other names on the list will no doubt command confidence among the exhibitors, and St. Bernard exhibitors will be pleased to meet Miss Whitney in the ring again, for, from all we hear, this clever judge will have no sinecure. Premium lists and entry forms can be obtained from Jas. Mortimer, Supt., 44 Broadway, New York. Entries close Feb. 9.

A correspondent writes us that he cannot understand how a supposed crack field trial dog should break down in a four-hour race. Mentioning as a reason for his query that he has a setter that is what is familiarly known "an all-day dog," which he worked for three weeks, excepting one rainy day and Sundays. Our correspondent must remember that a race such as this cannot be compared with an ordinary day's shooting. In such a heat the dogs are made to range fast and wide, each handler pushing his dog along for all he is worth, and as fast as horses can walk. No delay is allowed, and here is where the ordinary day's shooting dog has the advantage, any one familiar with both will know the difference. Out for pleasure, one does not walk as if for a wager, and the many little rests that the shooting of the bird, the filling of the pipe, the little loaf on the top of that handy fence, all serve to lighten the labors of the day. There is no such thing in the trials. There the nature of the ground must be taken into consideration, during those days it was very heavy and clinging, a light frost after heavy rain making a slight crust, which gave way under pressure, this and the creeping briers must have helped to fatigue the dogs considerably. Then again, neither of the two who gave out were in as hard a condition as they might have been, King's Mark especially. We think that from this our correspondent can form some idea of the work done.

We hear that inquiries for entry blanks of the National Greyhound Club's show are coming from Chicago, Toronto, Massachusetts, Maine and other States, so it is likely the entry will be considerable.

In view of the excitement among St. Bernard breeders which the purchase of Sir Bedivere by Mr. Sears has caused, it would be as well for our readers to form some idea of this grand dog. Our illustration is a *fac simile* of a photograph taken about eighteen months since, and is considered a good likeness of the dog. Full particulars as to pedigree and prize winnings were published in our last issue.

In speaking of the standing and improvement of the different breeds of dogs during the past year the *Canine World* says, that although the classes at some of the shows have not filled well never could they muster so many really grand pointers as at the present day. Naso of Upton, by all accounts, seems to be the best heavy dog. The outlook for English setters, in fact all setters, is not so good. Their prizes were not so liberal and the judges do not seem so popular as those selected for the pointers. Contrary to our custom, the setter prizes in most of the shows are hardly worth competing for, hence they have not maintained their



THE ST. BERNARD CHAMPION "SIR BEDIVERE."

Owned by Mr. E. B. Sears, Melrose, Mass.

position. Owing to dissensions and the appointment of judges unpopular or incompetent, the Irish setter classes have not been well filled, nor have they shown any advance in quality. Gordon setters are said to be at a standstill and the Gordon Setter Club is only occasionally heard from. It would seem therefore that with the crack English setters we now have that we can gain little from the other side. The same may be said of Irish setters. Mr. Chapman seems to have it all his own way at the English shows in Gordons. In this breed and pointers, no doubt, we could still import something better than we have at present.

Mr. Mercer wishes us to correct the statement in his last letter on "Cocker Spaniels of 1890." "No kennel in the world can compete" should read "No kennel in America."

Exhibitors should bear in mind that entries for New Orleans close to-day, and for Greenville, S. C., Jan. 20. At the latter show Spratts Patent will bench and feed.

Mr. Sears informed us the other day that he had applied for membership in the English St. Bernard Club, and that if he is admitted he will send a team to England's next St. Bernard club show and compete with Sir Bedivere for the Halsey trophy. If he is only as fortunate as the old America, who knows but that history may repeat itself, and like England's treasured yachting cup, this trophy may remain on this side of the pond. Sir Bedivere has already won it twice, but it must be won three times by a member before becoming his actual property.

Thursday last was a busy day at the A. K. C. rooms. The stud book committee was in session and seemed to attract several out-of-town dog men. We peeped into the inner office, where the auditing committee—Messrs. Taylor, who acted in place of Dr. Glover, La Rue and Wilmerding—were up to their ears in columns of figures; and even friend Peshall could not deny that they were evidently doing their duty and seemed to be well supplied with the "items" that go to make up the account of 1890.

Mr. Capers, secretary of the Greenville, S. C., dog show, writes us that they have arranged with Spratts Patent to bench and feed their coming show. Entries for this show close positively Jan. 20.

Notwithstanding all this talk about Sir Bedivere, it must be remembered that there is a dog in this country yet undefeated in the best company, and who has not yet met the champion; this is Alton. We are convinced that this dog will be found no mean competitor in the open rough dog class at New York. We are pleased to receive a letter from Mr. Moore, in which he says that, though he failed to get Sir Bedivere in time, he thinks none the worse of Alton; and that with Lady Livingston, Lady Melrose, Saffron, Altona, Lady Sneerwell, Ben Lomond, Lord Melrose and Alton he can and will give the best kennels a tussle for the money.

At the second bench show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass , to be held March 24 to 27, the following medals will be offered by the St. Bernard Club of America: Silver medal for the best American-bred smooth-coated dog, silver medal for the best American-bred smooth-coated bitch, silver medal for the best American-bred rough-coated dog, silver medal for the best American-bred rough-coated bitch. The premium list will provide for 148 classes, and will be ready for distribution Feb. 1. Ten dollars will be offered as a prize for the agent or handler entering the most dogs. Spratts Co. will bench and feed.

The Automatic Weighing Machine: Mr. Rubicon (after dropping the nickel in the slot)—"Hallo! I weigh 2lbs. less than I did yesterday, how d'ye account for that, Brittle?" Brittle—"Getting finer in the skull, deah boy!"

Dogmen in London and vicinity have something to be thankful for this new year. The muzzling order has been rescinded and now the dogs must wear a collar with name and address of the owner engraved on it. The boys are even kicking at this. The only difference is, that it entails a little more trouble to the owner and a good deal less to the dog.

The Australian dog fanciers, despite the obnoxious quarantine law, are sending many orders for terriers, especially Irish, to England, the latest is a commission for collies that can beat anything in the Antipodes.

The premium lists of the Greyhound Club's first specialty show are out and may be had from H. W. Huntington, secretary, 148 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The show, as we have before stated, will be held Feb. 3 under A. K. C. rules. In the challenge classes for greyhounds and deerhounds the prizes are $10, with sexes divided. In open classes for the above named breeds and Russian greyhounds, $10 and $5 are given for each sex. Puppies in all breeds are provided with $5 and $3. The show will be held in the American Horse Exchange, 1,634 Broadway, New York. Judging will commence promptly at 11 A. M. and the show will close at 6 P. M. It must be borne in mind by intending exhibitors that no dogs can compete for the handsome specials given by the club unless they are registered in the National Greyhound Club Stud Book, blanks for which can be obtained from Mr. J. H. Watson, 79 Downing street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The fee is fifty cents. Entries close for this show Jan. 28, the fee being $3. An auction sale of greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds will be held at 3 P. M. of the day of the show. We hear that Mr. Hacke will make a large exhibit of Russian greyhounds, including his Zlooeem and the bitch he showed at Crystal Palace, England.

We understand that Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, has purchased from Mr. Huntington the greyhound dog champion Highland Chief. This dog is well known on the bench, and like the others in Mr. Huntington's kennel, is a big winner.

Mr. Harry Malcolm has applied for an injunction in Circuit Court No. 2, of Baltimore, Md., against Messrs. G. W. Massamore, Charles and W. Stewart Diffenderffer, James Thompson, N. C. Farber and the Maryland Kennel Club, as a corporation, and to declare the action of the board of governers null and void in expelling him from the position of president of the club and as a member, and that all action shall be deferred till the case of Mallon and others vs. Massamore and others, now pending in the courts, shall be decided, and also that they be restrained from electing any person in his place as such president until the hearing and determination of this case. He alleges in his complaint that the meeting of Jan. 1, 1891, was held on a legal holiday, and that no notice was given him of such meeting or of any charges against him. He says further that whether rightfully or wrongfully suspended by the A. K. C., there is no justification or reason for his removal from the office of president of the Md. K. C. or suspenshion from its membership. We have not space for the whole communication to the court, but this is about the sum total of it.

We regret to learn that Mr. John A. Logan has lost his pointer dog Royal Gift. He died Jan. 5, from complicated liver trouble. Mr. Logan speaks of him as the best dog he ever shot over.

To show that the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM are read by the right kind of people, one advertiser writes: "Blue Nellie was sold to the first man that I received a letter from, and since that letters, telegrams and orders have been pouring in by the hundred."

We learn from the Toronto *Globe* that a meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club was held in the Rossin House, Jan. 6. President J. Lorne Campbell, of Simcoe, occupied the chair, and there were present also Messrs. Geo. C. Taylor, Chas. A. Stone and H. B. Donovan, of Toronto, and Mr. S. F. Glass, of London, the secretary-treasurer. Ald. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, represented the Hamilton Kennel Club in several matters which that club desired to bring before the committee. One was the desirability of uniformity in the color of prize cards or ribbons, as confusion has been caused by the fact that at some shows the red card indicates a first-prize winner, while elsewhere that honor is indicated by the blue ticket. It was decided that at all shows held under C. K. C. rules the colors of the cards or ribbons should be blue for first prize, red for second and yellow for third. No action was taken on the suggestion to prohibit puppy classes at bench shows further than that it was the sense of the meeting that they be continued. The avoidance of clashing dates for shows was discussed, and it seemed to be the feeling that there was not much likelihood of a clash this year, but that a regular circuit would be fixed. The secretaries of clubs will be written to and urged to avoid conflicting dates. Messrs. Stone, Taylor and Donovan were appointed a committee to draft a petition to Parliament asking for the removal of duty on dogs. The petition will be circulated throughout the Province for signatures. Hitherto clubs holding shows have had the C. K. C. patronage gratis, but in future, by resolution passed at this meeting, clubs giving bench shows under C. K. C. rules and patronage must pay an affiliation fee of $10. It was decided to ask the American Kennel Club to require Canadian exhibitors to have their dogs registered with the C. K. C., and this request will be laid before the A. K. C. at New York next month. A grant of $50 was made to Mr. Stone, the former secretary, in consideration of his valuable services in organizing and assisting the club. Secretary Glass announced the receipt of a letter from Qu'Appelle stating that the Assiniboine Gun and Kennel Club had been formed there and asking for information as to affiliation. The Assiniboine club will hold a bench show or field trials next fall.

Those of our readers who took part in the late field trials, will no doubt be interested in Mr. Brailsford's letter this week. The voice of such a past master in field trials as this gentleman is, ought to carry weight, and, coming as it does at the same time that the suggestion is made by the Philadelphia Kennel Club, that the field trial rules should be made uniform and that the same style of trial work should be expected at all field trials, it would seem that it is now time for something to be done toward this uniformity, especially as this was the complaint of several handlers at Lexington. Such difference in the running rules and their interpretation must lead to the breaking up of the dogs. Take Daisy Hope, for instance, who was trained in the Eastern trials, but coming to the Central she was punished for that which placed her to the front two weeks previously. What is the dog to understand by that? It resolves itself into one of two things, either the rules must be uniform and judges selected who can be depended upon to interpret them in the same way, or owners and handlers must keep and train one lot of dogs for one trial and another for the other. It would be a benefit to all to get the opinion of our owners and handlers of field dogs on this subject, and from a full discussion the difficulty may be overcome in time for this fall's trials. In conversation with Mr. Tracy, he told us that steps would be taken during the year toward shortening the time of running of the Central trials. The four-hour race will not be done away with by any means, but the rules will be so altered that a fortnight only, at the outside, will be required to decide all the stakes. Thus it would seem this is a good time for the "uniformity rules" to be discussed and when the opinion of those most interested can be gained.

WITH THE BEAGLES.

THE dawn of Thanksgiving Day ushered in an ideal hunting morning. The hoar frost lay thick upon the ground and the air would have been perfectly still had not a light southerly breeze played through the pines.

The hunting party were astir at daybreak and after a hearty breakfast drove into the woods just as the sun rose. There was little room to spare in the double-seated wagon. On the seats were the hunters J., J., Jr., L. and B.; under the seats, but peering eagerly out at the sides, were the beagles Belle Ross, June Rose, Clyde, Grace and Baby Bunting. They are a part of the National Beagle Club pack and the two first named made records at the beagle trials; four of them are by that king of beagles, Frank Forrest, and he has no cause to be ashamed of them.

J.'s black horse carries the party quickly over the sandy road to the shore of Long Pond. Leaving the team the eager dogs are unchained and at once disappear in the thicket. The hunters walk down the road and in a few minutes hear Clyde and June working a cold track. The trail grows warmer and suddenly a burst of music tells that the first rabbit is started. At the same instant Belle starts a rabbit further down the pond. The pack is divided. The air is full of melody as both the rabbits make for the swamp. They enter it at the same time and the trails are lost in the water. The dogs are heard splashing about and for some minutes are at fault. Then Clyde drives one of them from the swamp. As bunny crosses the road B. attempts to shoot without pushing up the safety check of his hammerless and Mr. Cottontail keeps right on with the whole pack close behind him. He was a wise rabbit and made a bee-line for a large wet cedar swamp; there he is safe, the dogs are called off and the party follow the shore of the pond through the oaks.

Here no rabbits are found, but Belle digs out a flying squirrel's nest; three of the little fellows run to the top of an oak and sail gracefully off to a neighboring tree. J., separated a little from the rest of the party, has the good fortune to shoot a magnificent horned owl; handsomely mounted, it now looks down from a lofty perch in B.'s library. A swamp is soon found and all the dogs enter it. Whirr! goes a partridge; whirr! a flock of quail, and then two more partridges. At the same time Belle gives tongue, the others join, and a rabbit breaks into view, crosses the ridge, goes into a wet swamp and is at once lost. In disgust the party take the horse and leave this unfavorable region. A short drive lands them at a dry cedar swamp. Here June at once makes a start, the pack hark to her, and the first good run of the day begins. Under the heavy cedars the voices of the dogs echo and re-echo till one could believe the whole of the National Beagle Club pack were there. The rabbit circles in the swamp, on the upland, under the pines, but he cannot shake off the dogs, and after a twenty minutes run he is shot and goes into J.'s game pocket.

As the party start to leave the swamp, Clyde takes a cold track; the whole pack work it eagerly; now one and then another is in the lead, then all are at fault, but Clyde circles, strikes the rabbit and alone carries him off across the fields, which here are covered with a scattered growth of oak bushes. At first the pack do not hear Clyde, and B. standing on the ridge sees the whole run. The rabbit tries all his tricks, but the handsome little beagle never falters, and after some minutes brings him back within hearing of the pack. Then there is a wild rush, all the dogs are on and the rabbit flies through the swamp and over the plains. J., Jr., salutes him with both barrels, but on he goes without any acknowledgment of the courtesy shown him. Still on and on. He has run more than an hour and a half, when in the thick swamp he comes to L., armed with a new gun. Both barrels are fired, the dogs' voices cease, and L. goes to pick up his game, but it is not there. The beagles circle and cover every inch of the ground, but they find neither the rabbit nor his track. After a vain search the party decide unanimously that L.'s gun not only kills the game but annihilates it also.

It is now getting late, and a turn is made toward home; but it is decided to make one more start if possible. The dogs are put in on an abandoned cranberry bog at the shore of the Seine Pond. The bog is overgrown with bushes, small pines and weeds, and is a perfect paradise for rabbits. The dogs scatter, each working by itself. Clyde trails slowly along the side of the pond. The hotter the track gets the straighter the hair stands on his back, and at last he jumps the rabbit. Away goes the cottontail, with all the dogs on, out of the swamp and straight down the shore of the pond till the beagles' voices die out in the distance. He led off like a fox. The hunters hurry on after the dogs, and at last hear them coming back. Just here the pines are large and there is no underbrush. The view is unobstructed and 100yds. away the rabbit is seen coming at great speed. Not far behind are the beagles in full cry, well packed and straining every muscle. It is a picture to delight a sportsman. J. Jr. and L. see bunny come nearer and nearer, rushing on to certain death. Calmly and confidently they await him. Now he is within shooting distance; the guns leap to their shoulders, four reports ring out on the startled air; the smoke blows from the field of battle just in time to see the rabbit dodge into a thicket, pop out on the further side and disappear in his burrow.

That ends the sport. The Thanksgiving dinner is waiting and it is too late to stay longer; so the party drive slowly home. Though the game bag is light they agree that the hunt has been a success, and look with pity on four of their friends who have spent the morning working the woods and fields for quail and partridge without so much as the sight of a feather. If any one wants no end of fun and a jolly time let him get one or two couple of beagles and be happy.

BRADLEY.

CAPE COD, Mass.

SETTER LOST.—My Irish setter Glenmar strayed or was stolen from my place in Westchester on Thursday last. He is mahogany red in color with a white patch on his chest, and is turning gray about the muzzle. He has a slight lameness in his right shoulder and the hair is off in small patches about his hocks. He has a wonderfully clean neck, a well-domed skull and particularly well bent in stifles, and is almost devoid of feathering. If any of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM should know of his whereabouts they would confer a favor on me by notifying me.—LOUIS CONTOIT (1995 Main street, West Farms, N. Y.).

BULLDOG CLUB SPECIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Below I give a list of specials, solid silver cups and medals, that the Bulldog Club of America offer for competition, to members of the club only, at our first annual show, to be held in connection with that of the Westminster Kennel Club at New York, Feb. 24 to 27. Our charter membership list has been extended to Feb. 9 (day of closing of entries for New York show). Until that date $10 entitles to active membership, but afterward there will be a $15 initiation fee in addition to the $10 dues.

We want to make a big showing at this, our first annual, and trust that all those interested in this hitherto much neglected breed will take advantage of this charter membership extension and join with us before Feb. 9, and that each and every one owning one or more bulldogs will see that they are entered and shown at the New York show. There is no earthly reason why bulldogs should not have an entry of at least 50. Did ever an American specialty club offer such inducements as the following? 1. The Parke cup, value $250, for the best bulldog or bitch in the show; presented by Mr. T. L. Parke. 2. The Porter cup, value $100, for the best in show, opposite in sex to the one winning the Parke cup; presented by Mr. E. Sheffield Porter. 3. The Matthews cup, value $100, for the best American-bred junior (dog or bitch, between 6 and 15 months); presented by Mr. John H. Matthews. 4. The Sawyer cup, value $100, for the best novice (dog or bitch who has never won a prize previous to this show); presented by Mr. R. B. Sawyer. 5. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for the best American-bred dog. 6. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for the best American-bred bitch. 7. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for best dog or bitch in open class. 8. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for best puppy (under 12 months). 9. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for best stud dog, shown with two or more of his progeny. (These two or more of his progeny must be entered in their proper classes, but they need not be the property of one exhibitor. The merit of the stud dog himself, as an exhibit, will not be taken into consideration by the judge, but the prize will be awarded on the merits of the dog's progeny.) 10. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for brood bitch, shown with two or more of her progeny. (These two or more of her progeny must be entered in their proper classes, but they need not be the property of one exhibitor. The merit of the brood bitch herself, as an exhibit, will not be taken into consideration by the judge, but the prize will be awarded on the merits of the bitch's progeny.) (Entries for 9 and 10 must be made with the R. D. C.'s secretary, Chas. D. Cugle, prior to Feb. 12, 1891). 11. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for best brace. (Dog and bitch entered and owned by one exhibitor.) 12. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for best kennel of 4 (entered and owned by one exhibitor). 13. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for breeder of dog or bitch winning Special No. 3. 14 The Bulldog Club's silver medal for breeder of dog winning Special No. 5. 15. The Bulldog Club's silver medal for breeder of bitch winning Special No. 6.

CHAS. D. CUGLE,
Secretary Bulldog Club of America.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 9.

JACKSON SHOW.

JACKSON, Mich., Jan. 10.—The inaugural show of the Central City Kennel Club opened here to-day under very good management. The show is held in Assembly Hall. There is an excellent quality of dogs for the number—133 catalogued, with 121 actually present. The pug, greyhound, mastiff and St. Bernard classes are especially good. Spratts Patent has charge, and is giving much satisfaction. The attendance to-day has been good. Of the two appointed judges only Major J. M. Taylor is here. He judged all classes except King Charles and Blenheims, which were placed by Harry Goodman. Mr. Hill was detained at home by sickness in his family. The awards were:

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, L. T. Kenney's Grover Cleveland and Plato. Very high com., Dr. E. Kimball's Elkson. High com., J. Gillies's Captain Nevison. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, J. H. Slifer & Son's Leo's Nell. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. E. L. Kimball's Elkson.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* Peninsular Kennels' Casper; 2d, Acme Kennels' Valens. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Lee's Santa Rosa. *Puppies:* 1st, Peninsular Kennels' Colonel Phnn.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mascot Kennels' Mascot Royal; 2d, Shoquoquon Kennels' Fridjof. Very high com., Peninsular Kennels' Dupont. Com., W. M. Bennett's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, Peninsular Kennels' Daphne.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Ruhl's Paul; 2d withheld. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, C. H. Ruhl's Jessie R. *Puppies:* 1st, C. H. Ruhl's Paul.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. E. Rowland's Thora III.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Master Rich.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Troubadour; 2d withheld. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Clipsetta and Allegretto; 2d, C. P. Litchfield's Florence. Very high com., T. E. Taylor's Cleo. High com., C. W. Jarvis's Lady Olivia. Com., L. O. Boler's Gyp. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, C. W. Jarvis's Direct and Arrow.

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Acme Kennels' Chief.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* W. Byne's Wonderful Lad.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—J. E. Dager's Cincinnatus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade; 2d, M. C. Byer's Diamond. *Bitches:* 1st, S. Francoise's Susie B. *Puppies:* 1st, G. W. Marsh's Nelly Dell.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Killarney Kennels' champion Dick Swiveller.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Killarney Kennels' Red Rover Glencho; 2d, L. F. Whitman's Nelson II. Very high com., G. D. Bennett's Luzerne. High com., J. Tray's Sam, N. W. Burkhart's Dick. Com., L. G. Ransom's Starbuck. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Dunnigan's Duchess of Avondale; 2d and very high com., Killarney Kennels' Gladelia and Little Nell. High com., J. D. Kefuss's Queen Ann. *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Winney's Molly Dawn.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, Gen. W. H. Wythington's Buck.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. W. S. Cobb's Barney C.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, J. W. Wiltman's Kelsie.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, W. S. Cobb's Daniel.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Brush W. Very high com., Lenawee Cocker Kennels' Pippo. *Bitches:* 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Blackie Van; 2d and very high com., Lenawee Cocker Kennels' Beezie and Blackie II.—FIELD OR COCKER PUPPIES—1st, F. R. Curran's Jessie; 2d, Lewanee Cocker Kennels' Pippo.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Middletonk's Princeps; 2d, C. B. Pierce's Prince Riot. *Bitches:* 1st, Middletonk's June M.; 2d, very high com. and high com., C. B. Pierce's Fannie, Trixie and Little Girl. Com., C. F. Hathaway's Julia.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Joker. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodward & Herrick's Duchess of Parma.

BULL-TERRIERS.—OVER 30LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Bryson's Dufferin; 2d, M. Wilson's Keno. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Moulton's Lady Melville.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, S. W. Skinner's Pepper.

FOX-TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Valens and La Logos. Very high com., E. T. Webb's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and com., Oriole Kennels' Hillside Gaudy, Oriole Verona and Blemton Rapture.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Blake & Herbertson's Sir Wallace; 2d, Lake Shore Kennels' Vangie W. High com., L. Sigel's K. Belle.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, T. Phillips's Button; 2d, D. Boardman's Victorine. Very high com., Lake Shore Kennels' Nelly Vare.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Acme Kennels' Lord Nelson. *Bitches:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' champion Judy III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Howard Bros.' Penrice; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier. Very high com., Mohawk Kennels' Shugo. Com., Miss S. Gibson's Don. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Mohawk Kennels' Rustic Queen and Little Girl; 2d and very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel E. and Lady Thurman. Very high com., Howard Bros.' Sateen. *Puppies:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Acme Kennels' Duke; 2d, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Bend 'Or. *Bitches:* 1st, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Alice; 2d, Acme Kennels' Nell Gwynne II.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Cromwell and Calumet Rose.

FRENCH POODLES.—1st, C. W. Jarvis's Dany.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Chas. Lawrence's Schallis; 2d, F. C. Wheeler's Jewell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Blake and Herbertson's Nellie Gray.

SPECIALS.—Homeliest dog in show, Duchess of Parma. Best dog entered by a gentleman, Cincinnatus. Best Irish water spaniel, Barney C. Best pug from Jackson county, Don. Handler of most dogs, Harry Goodman.

THE CHARLESTON SHOW.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]—Charleston, S. C., Jan. 14.—The Charleston dog show opened this morning with about 160 entries. The class of dogs is very good. Many noted kennels are represented. W. S. Diffenderfer has five St. Bernards, J. A. Logan ten fox-terriers. Ben Lewis and Fred Kirby are here with about sixty well known regulars, including Geo. Bush's spaniels, Dr. Foote's terriers, Dr. Cryer's pugs. Setters and pointers show up well. Judging commences at 12 M., and everything points to a successful show.—H. W. LACY.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lottery. By F. Joy, Detroit, Mich., for liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 5, 1890, by Wonderful Lad (champion Lad of Bow—Lady Bell) out of Devonshire Lit (Devonshire Sam—Lottie).

Joe Noble and Count Noble's Boy. By Joe Lewis, Canonsburg, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped April 21, 1890, by Count Noble out of Lewis's Fanny.

Lillie Novice and Agnes Novice. By Joe Lewis, Canonsburg, Pa., for lemon and white English setter bitches, whelped July 5, 1890, by Redlight out of Lady Novice.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Eclipse—Berry. G. C. White's (Brinckerhoffville) collie bitch Lady Eclipse (Davy Lindsay—Phyllis) to Hon. L. P. Morton's Berry (Glen——), Oct. 16.

Lassie Bang—King of Kent. F. S. Webster's (Washington, D. C.) pointer bitch Lassie Bang (Bang Bang—Tellie Doc) to Charlottsville Field Trial Kennels' King of Kent (Priam—Kent Baby), Jan. 6.

Lass of Maine—Naso of Maine. F. Farnham's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Lass of Maine (Graphic—Litta) to C. H. Newell's Naso of Maine (Naso of Kippen—Dela), Jan. 4.

Monterey—King of Kent. E. Dexter's (Charlotteville, Va.) pointer bitch Monterey to his King of Kent, Nov. 18.

Lewis's Fanny—Paul Gladstone. Joe Lewis's (Canonsburg, Pa.) English setter bitch Lewis's Fanny to his Paul Gladstone, December, 1890.

Buffalo Lass—Buffalo General. A. W. Smith's (Buffalo, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Buffalo Lass (Punch—Young Luce) to his Buffalo General (Halifax General—Lady Lottie), Dec. 18.

Harp—Henmore Shamrock. Wm. Wise's (Boston, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Harp (Sarsfield—Mona) to F. L. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), Dec. 29.

Peg II.—Onota Don. Dan Cowig's Irish setter bitch Peg II. (Snipe—Fan) to F. L. Cheney's Onota Don (Chief—Bizreena), Jan 2.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Daisy. F. L. Cheney's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane), Jan. 2, eight (five dogs), by Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca).

Lady Eclipse. G. C. White's (Brinckerhoffville) collie bitch Lady Eclipse, Dec. 13, eight (four dogs), by Hon. L. P. Morton's Berry (Glen——).

Rose Graphic. Chas. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Rose Graphic (champion Graphic—White Rose). Dec. 30, seven (five dogs), by Dr. H. K. Thatcher's Ben Adham (champion Rush—Ervia).

Topsy Nelles-Obo. R. J. Miller's (Md. Valley) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy Nelles-Obo (Black Obo—Jet Nelles), Dec. 21, eleven (three dogs), by his Black Joe II. (Jet—Bessie); three dead.

Fanny. Wm. A. Braggs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Fanny (champion Bradford Harry—Daisy), Dec. 20, two (one dog), by P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ilford Chancellor. Fawn, with black points, mastiff dog, whelped May 15, 1895, by —— out of Brenda Secunda, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Caution's Own Daughter. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped May 5, 1889, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Lady Dorothy. Fawn mastiff bitch, by champion Orlando out of Wunna, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Lady Coleus. Fawn mastiff bitch, by —— out of Vistala, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Minna Minting. Fawn mastiff bitch, by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Jas. W. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.

Count Noble—Lewis's Fanny whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dog Joe and black and white bitch pup, whelped April 21, 1890, by Joe Lewis, Canonsburg, Pa., to J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.

Chas. S. Banks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., to E. B. Conant, Lowell, Mass., the following fox-terriers: Nina (Mixture—Shame), Bones (Dusky Trap—Nina), Hillside Jaunty (Mixer—Jaunty), Bedlam (Mephisto—Trifle); two puppies, dog and bitch, by Blemton Brawler (Blemton Rubicon—Blemton Bedlam) out of Bedlam (Mephisto—Trifle), whelped Sept. 21, 1890; three puppies, one bitch and two dogs, by Blemton Brawler out of Hillside Jaunty (Mixer—Jaunty), whelped Sept. 7, 1890. To Geo. L. Hunness, Winchester, Mass., fox-terrier dog Scout, by Bones (Dusky Trap—Nina) out of Nina (Mixture—Shame), whelped June 13, 1890. To Jean Grosvenor, Beach Bluffs, Mass., one-third interest in one fox-terrier dog pup, by Blemton Brawler out of Hillside Jaunty, whelped Sept. 7, 1890.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

B. B., Wellsville, N. Y.—1. Please tell me, through the columns of your paper, of a wash or cure for eye of pointer pup which is sore, running matter a very little each day. 2. How good is the breeding of the English mastiff bitch Elnora Clothilde, A. K. C. S. B. 14224, sire Monarch (Major—Lady of Lyons) and dam Bridget of Florin (Dare—Florence). Is she any relation to Fred Grant's mastiffs? She was bred by G. K. Landers, Williamsport, Pa. Ans. 1. Apply with a camel's hair brush the following wash once a day:

Argent. nit	gr. ij.
Aqua distil.	℥ i

2. While not first class no doubt the breeding is all right; better write to W. Wade, Hulton, Pa.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was held Jan. 13 at the Seventh Regiment Armory, Sixty-seventh street and Park avenue. Gen. G. W. Wingate presided, and Capt. John S. Shepherd was secretary. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and approved, and ordered to be placed on file. On motion of Capt. John S. Shepherd it was proposed to change the date of the annual fall meeting from the second week of the month of September to the first week of the same month, as at nearly every one of the past meetings that has been held in the second week most unfavorable weather for shooting has prevailed. The motion was carried.

The board of directors, on a motion of Gen. Woodward, decided to abolish the 50cal. allowance on the Remington rifle as unnecessary.

The following were then elected officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Gen. G. W. Wingate; Vice-Pres., Gen. John B. Woodward; Sec'y, Capt. John S. Shepherd; Treas., Capt. Leslie C. Bruce. Gen. Charles F. Robbins and Mr. James Duane were elected as an Executive Committee.

The nominations for directors to serve for three years were: H. C. Brown, James Duane, George Shorkley, J. S. Shepherd and L. C. Bruce. To serve for two years: C. W. Duffy, Richard Oliver, George W. Rand and Walter G. Schuyler.

The Secretary's report was as follows:

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1891—*Mr. President and Life Members of the National Rifle Association:* The following report of the transactions of the Association for the past year is submitted by your secretary.

The annual meeting was called in January, but no business was transacted owing to the want of a quorum. At the regular meeting of the board of directors held the following month, Gen. Geo. W. Wingate was elected President; Capt. Leslie C. Bruce, Treasurer, and the Vice-President, Gen. John B. Woodward, and the Secretary were re-elected.

The range at Creedmoor was deeded to the State of New York and the charge of the same was assumed by the proper authorities on May 1, but as yet no work has been done toward making the repairs and improvements that are so much needed. The annual fall meeting was opened on Sept. 9, and in many respects it was a satisfactory one; particularly pleasing was the fact that not a protest was entered. The team representing the State of New York won the Inter-State match, and the Hilton trophy was carried off by the representatives of the District of Columbia, its team being the first one ever sent from that section. A strong team was sent by the State of New Jersey, and we have been informed that these two teams will enter again at the next meeting. The loss on the meeting was about $250, but that may be attributed entirely to the bad weather that prevailed during the last two days, and I would suggest that an earlier date be selected for future meetings, and also that hereafter no allowance should be given to the .50cal. Remington rifle, as it has been proven that it is not required, and also because for years this has created a feeling of discontent among the visiting riflemen of other States. The Qualification, Marksman's Badge and Sharpshooters' matches have been well patronized by members of the National Guard. The expense of conducting them has been increased, owing to the new system of qualification adopted by the State requiring a greater number of matches during the season. Undoubtedly a more liberal policy on the part of the State in supplying transportation and ammunition for the troops would increase the attendance at the range and at the same time benefit the Guard by rendering efficient men who perhaps knew little or nothing of the use of the weapon with which they are armed. I have to acknowledge the receipt of valuable prizes from Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Messrs. Benedict Bros., Mr. J. H. Steward of London, and the staff of the first and second brigades, also of the following named papers: the *American Field*, the *Army and Navy Journal*, the FOREST AND STREAM, the *Spirit of the Times*, *Shooting and Fishing*, *Turf, Field and Farm*, and the *Volunteer Service Gazette*.

The treasurer's report shows a balance on hand Jan. 1 of $1,078.40, with no outstanding debts, and we have in addition a just claim for $333.33 against the military fund of the State for the use of the range to May 1 and for money expended by the Association for labor and supplies prior to that date.

JOHN S. SHEPHERD, Sec'y.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular shoot to-day. A perfect winter day favored them with fine conditions, and high scores in all the matches was the result, especially Snyder's 90, off-hand, and Francis's 115, at rest. W. G. Hussey wins the bronze victory medal and the bronze and silver membership badges. Following are to-day's scores, distance 200yds., standard American target:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

S C Snyder	90	M T Day	74	A Winchester	66
I B Thomas	75	F S Ham	73	J B Hobbs	64
W Hawley	74	D Martin	70	J C Brag	10

All-Comers' Rest Match.

A B Loring	108	A N Gunn	99	J French	92
M R Barter	104	M T Day	98	D Martin	92
A S Hunt	99	W Peters	96	J B Hobbs	82

Pistol Match—50Yds.

W Charles	87	S C Sydney	85

On next Tuesday, at 5:30 P. M., the association will hold its annual meeting at the Hotel Thorndike for election of officers, and at the close of the business meeting, at 6:30 P. M., the annual dinner will be served, and the prizes won during 1890 will be presented to the winners.

A REMINGTON PICTURE AT CONLIN'S.—Mr. G. C. Wright, the artist, has just completed a copy of one of Frederic Remington's most famous paintings. Mr. Remington is one of the foremost painters of frontier life, and in view of the present prominence given to Indian affairs, the picture referred to is of special interest. It represents a group of four men, one dead, the others wounded and in desperate straits. Standing on a mound, they have a rude barricade of their dead horses, and the Indians in the distadce are circled about them, probably making ready for another charge. It is on exhibition at Conlin's shooting gallery, northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street, and can be seen daily between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 P. M. In addition to this there are many objects of interest to the sportsman, including the best collection of records of shooting in America. A go-as-you-please rifle match will commence Jan. 12 and end Jan. 23, for elegant gold medal.—JAMES S. CONLIN.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB, Jan. 9.—The New York Rifle Club held a handicap club contest at their headquarters, 12 St. Mark's Place, this evening, fifty-eight entries being received altogether. Some very good scores were put up, and the results attained show that the handicaps, as allotted by the executive committee and based on last year's averages, will need but little correction for some time to come. The best score for each man, including his handicap, was as follows: T. J. Dolan, scratch, 242; T. J. Lloyd, 5 points, 241; J. Duane, 7 points, 239; Dr. E. R. Chadbourn, 7 points, 238; V. B. Daly, 7 points, 237; M. Herrington, 1 point, 236; C. E. Genesch, 2 points, 236; C. O. King, 6 points, 234; Dr. Cantrell, 12 points, 234; J. W. Dannefelser, 12 points, 230; E. B. Barker, 6 points, 227. The conditions were, any .22cal. rifle, 10 shots, off-hand, regular German ring target, 250 points. The off-hand match outdoors should have begun on Jan. 1 at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, but the fog made shooting an impossibility. Twenty competitions will take place under the following conditions: Ten shots off-hand on a standard American target, reentries allowed, distance 200yds. The prizes will be bronze, silver and gold medals, to be won on ten scores of 75 or better, and of 85 or better, respectively. An extra prize will be awarded to the marksman making the highest score during the season.

ZETTLER EXPERTS.—Some excellent shooting was done on the range of the Zettler Rifle Club, 331 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, by six of the club's members, in the regular medal and prize competition. Each man shot his full allowance of five targets, or 50 shots, and at the end of the contest it was discovered that not one of the 300 shots fired had hit outside of the 2in. bullseye, a performance which has never been equalled, either in the gallery or on the long range. The scores of the six marksmen were as follows:

J A Boyken	240	244	245	246	242	1,217	243.40
M Dorrler	245	248	245	246	246	1,225	245.00
L Flach	241	247	243	244	249	1,221	244.20
H Hares	245	239	242	240	242	1,208	241.60
B Zettler	233	237	239	242	240	1,191	238.20
C G Zettler	236	242	243	241	240	1,202	240.40

This gives a total of 7,264 out of a possible 7,500, an average of 242.13 to the score. The other results were: Record match for the championship medal—H. Becker 240, R. Busse 235, F. Fabarius 223, C. Fraenkle 232, G. Kleinbub 236, F. Lindkloster 243, F. Ross 231. At a meeting which followed it was decided to accept the challenge of the California Schuetzen Club. The club will enter two teams in the cup shoot of the Our Own Rifle Club of Newark.

REVOLVER SCORES.—The members of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club put up some good scores at their range at 12 St. Mark's place on Saturday evening, Jan. 10. The new Zettler amateur target for pistol and rifle shooting was used for the first time and found general favor. It is a 10-ring target, 8in. in diameter, with 2¼in. in center, 1⅝in. bullseye, and ¹³⁄₁₆in. rings, numbered 10 to 1 from center to circumference. In the revolver match the scores were as follows: Isbell, .32cal. S. & W., 51 out of the 60; A. Stein, .44cal. S. & W., 55; H. Pehl, .38cal. S. & W., 49; F. Hecking, .38cal. S. & W., 45; V. B. Daly, .44cal. S. & W., 46. In shooting with the pistol R. Busse scored 49 with a .22cal. Stevens of German make and M. Herrington 51 with a .22cal. Stevens, Gould model.

QUEENS, L. I., Jan. 7.—The continuous match at the range of the Queens Athletic Club, to test the 22cal. short cartridge at the distance of 115yds., has been started. The following scores have been made so far: H. Merrick 126, W. Losee 120, R. A. Kissam 111, T. Hamilton 77, I. S. Hendrickson 75.

SCHUETZEN OFFICERS.—The New York Schuetzen Corps held its annual meeting and election of officers at their headquarters, 94 Forsyth street, on Friday evening, Jan. 9. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed that the corps had taken a lively interest in the sport of rifle shooting during the past year, and that the treasury is in a healty condition. The subsequent election of officers was in some instances very closely contested and resulted as follows: Captain, F. Cook; Sec'y, B. Knumm; Fin. Sec'y, A. J. Christen; Cor. Sec'y, M. von Dungelow; First Shooting Master, B. Zettler; Second Shooting Master, J. Tholke.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CHICAGO TRAP SHOOTERS.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside, Ill., Dec. 18.—Score made to-day by Ft. Dearborn Gun Club, Illinois State rules:

G Kleinman	1021111021111010—11	J A R Elliott	1212121121111222—15
C E Willard	1020121111221121—13	B Rock	1111110221110210—12
A Kleinman	1111112111122l—15	Cap Anson	1122201122121220—13
G Airey	1111121001112l1—12	Ike Watson	2212212212212120—14
J E Price	1122120112211221—14		

A. Kleinman won medal.

Same day, Peoria blackbirds: Abe Kleinman 17, Geo. Kleinman 20, Geo. Airey 16.

Dec. 19.—Geo. Hoffman vs. Cap Anson, at 50 each: Hoffman 39, Anson 42.

Dec. 26.—W. P. Mussey and Dr. J. M. Hutchinson vs. C. D. Gammon and C. B. Dicks:

Mussey	2011221112212222102020122111212122122221122241222—47
Hutchinson	2112021210112022102020000012222211221122112002210—37—84
Gammon	2122212212002122122211101101211112121122241022222—45
Dicks	2210212222211122011200221102021200122102121222—41—86

Dec. 27.—The Gun Club, Illinois State rules:

R B Wadsworth	2121022222—9	H Foss	1121011222—8
E M Steck	1021121211—9	Wells	2121021212—9
B Rock	1110111111—9	A T Torkington	1220111122—9
Price	1112202122—9	Williams	2110222222—9
G L Deiter	1012212211—9		

Ties won by Steck with 16 straight.

Jan. 3.—Forester Gun Club, American Association rules:

Ab Price	2121211211121222—15	Ed Price	2112112212231021—14
Walter Price	1011112102102110—12	J O'Brien	2202221212201—12

Same day at 30 Peoria blackbirds:

Ab Price	0001110111101110110—12	Ed Steck	1011111111011111110—17
W Price	0111001110101010000—9	J O'Brien	1111101101100111000—13

Jan. 6.—Chicago Shooting Club, Illinois State rules:

Geo Kleinman	1112111211112—12	Cap Anson	1122212221102—11
R B Wadsworth	0122111121111—11	Skinner	1012111111121—11
M J Eich	1121111111—11	B Rock	2111202011102— 9
H Ehlers	1101022221210		

Same day, at 25 Peoria blackbirds:

Geo Kleinman	1111111110010111010010011—18		
R B Wadsworth	0001110101101111111111—17		
Cap Anson	1111110110101111000111111—20		
M J Eich	0111111001111111111111011—21		

RAVELRIGG.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 5.—Quite a nice little party met at Maksaw-ba grounds at Davis, Ind., last Saturday, and indulged in pigeon shooting. As announced earlier to occur, the Mussey-"Stevens" match was shot, 100 birds, $100, and a very close race it was, in view of the 6-birds handicap conceded by Mr. Mussey. The latter won, shooting in very clever style throughout. His gun was a 10-gauge Daly, Mr. "Stevens" shooting a 12-gauge Daly. The score:

R C Stevens	1221100122202221012212302021212022222222010201101		
	2021023021221202220012222021021222000020112222201—74		
	Handicap		6—80
W P Mussey	1221222221022110221221201112222222222222221202210		
	1222111c21o2101210022012111112102111221101021202211—		84

The birds were a strong lot.

During the same meeting Mr. Mussey and Mr. C. B. Dicks were to shoot off their tie, 50 birds, $50, and this was begun. At the 12th bird, however, Mr. Dicks's gun, a 10-gague Parker, lifter action, got out of order and he was obliged to use a strange gun. Not getting one that fitted him, he was at the 20th and 30th hole so badly off that Mr. Mussey very generously refused to go on with the match, which will be shot at a later day. E. HOUGH.

MERCER GUN CLUB.

GOTTEN up at short notice and without proper advertising the three days' tournament held at Trenton, N. J., last week, under the auspices of this club, was not the success that was hoped for by the management. The weather was delightful and the live birds furnished were of a superior quality, but the large number of shooters looked for failed to materialize. In no event were there over 15 entries and these were composed mostly of local talent. Among the contestants from other sections were "Dory" Pearson, of Clinton, N. J.; Milton Lindsley and his estimable wife, who shoots under the *nom de fusil* of "Wanda;" Dan Terry and "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield; Lew Grant and Miles Johnson, of Robbinsville; Wm. Green, "Hollis," of Kearney, N. J.; and James Beebe, of Romulus, N. Y. The Mercer Club boasts of a large membership, but, as is the case invariably at a club tournament, few were found to lend a willing hand, and the work devolved on Messrs. Zwerlein, Updegrove, Fox and Williams, assisted by T. H. Keller. Live birds were used entirely on the last two days, the birds being retrieved by Mahlon Fox's Irish setter Nellie in a rapid and clever manner. Friday, the last day, opened with two events at live birds, the programme winding up with events at Standard-Keystone targets. A match at live birds was shot on Wednesday between Josh Collins, a veteran trapshot, and Chris Huber, both of Trenton, the old man winning the money, as the score below shows. The club intend to give a four days' tournament in the spring, which will be properly advertised, and they hope for better success.

First Day, Jan. 7.—Regular event No. 1, 4 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys, modified Hurlingham rules governing: Tee Kay 4, C. Zwerlein 4, Joe Camp 4, Ed Updegrove 3, D. Terry 3, M. Fox 3, Theo. Pierson 1.

No. 2, same conditions, 3 moneys: Terry 4, A. Turford 4, M. Fox 3, T. Pierson 3, E. Updegrove 3, C. Zwerlein 3, L. Grant 3, Joe Camp 2, Miles Johnson 2, Tee Kay 2. Tie for second shot miss and out in next event and div. by Pierson and Zwerlein.

No. 3, same conditions: Joe Camp 4, Turford 4, Fox 3, Pierson 3, Tee Kay 3, Zwerlein 3, Johnson 3, Grant 3, Hill 3, Terry 2, Updegrove 1. Ties for second shot off miss and out in next event and div. by Fox, Zwerlein, Johnson and Hill.

No. 4, same conditions: Fox 4, Zwerlein 4, Johnson 4, Turford 4, Hill 4, Pierson 3, Updegrove 3, Tee Kay 3, Terry 3, Camp 2, Grant 2.

Match at 10 birds, $20 a side, 25yds. rise, one barrel, gun below the elbow: J. Collins 4, Chris Huber 3.

Regular event No. 5, 4 birds, $3 entrance, 3 moneys: Hill 4, D. Walton 4, Pierson 3, Updegrove 3, Zwerlein 3, Terry 2, Camp 2, B. Kuser 3, Fox 2. Third shot off miss and out and won by Terry, killing 6.

Regular No. 6, miss and out, $1 entrance: Turford 3, Zwerlein 2, Fox 2, Pierson 1.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Regular No. 1, miss and out, $1: Joe Camp 5, Updegrove 5, Williams 4, Fox 1, Zwerlein 1.

Regular No. 2, 4 birds, $3 entrance, 3 moneys: Zwerlein 4, M. Johnson 4, Lindsley 3, Fox 3, Camp 3, Pierson 3, Huston 3, Wanda 2, Goeke 2, Tee Kay 1, Updegrove 1.

Regular No. 3, miss and out, $1: Zwerlein 5, Camp 5, Maddock 5, Goeke 5, M. Johnson 4, Tee Kay 3, Lindsley 2, Updegrove 1.

Regular No. 4, 6 birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys: Lindsley 6, Zwerlein 6, C. Huston 6, Goeke 5, Joe Camp 5, Pierson 5, Fox 4, Johnson 4, Updegrove 3. Ties divided.

Regular No. 5, 6 birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys: Zwerlein 6, Lindsley 5, Huston 5, Ed Hill 5, Pierson 4, Wanda 4, Goeke 4, M. Johnson 4, Fox 3.

Regular No. 6, 4 birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys: Lindsley 4, Zwerlein 4, Camp 4, Hill 3, Fox 2, Pierson 1.

Regular No. 7, miss and out, $1: Zwerlein 9, Fox 8, Joe Camp 8, Pierson 7, Updegrove 4.

Friday, Jan. 9.—Regular No. 1, 4 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 money: Lindsley 4, Zwerlein 4, Tee Kay 3, Fox 3, Hollis 2, Pierson 2, Wanda 1.

Regular No. 2, same conditions: Zwerlein 4, Joe Camp 4, Lindsley 3, Tee Kay 3, Fox 3, Hollis 2, Wanda 2, Pierson 2.

Regular No. 3, 10 Keystones, 3 traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules, $1 entrance, 4 moneys: Ed Hill 8, J. B. Cleaver 8, Fox 7, J. W. Evans 7, J. A. Camp 6, C. L. Terry 6, Grant 6, J. Beebe 5, Tee Kay 5, Lindsley 4, Zwerlein 3, W. Elbert 3, T. Pierson 3. Ties div.

Regular No. 4, 10 Keystones, $1 entrance, 4 moneys, 3 traps, unknown angles: Tee Tay 10, Lindsley 9, Fox 9, Zwerlein 8, Miles Johnson 8, Cleaver 8, Hill 8, Evans 8, Camp 7, Elbert 7, Terry 7, Grant 6, Huston 5, Beebe 4.

Regular No. 5, 10 Keystones, $1 entrance, 4 moneys: Fox 10, Lindsley 9, Hill 9, M. Johnson 9, Tee Kay 8, Evans 8, Elbert 8, Geoke 8, Zwerlein 7, Cleaver 7, Terry 7, Camp 6, Howell 6, Grant 6.

Regular No. 6, 10 Keystones, $1 entrance, 3 moneys: Tee Kay 9, Lindsley 7, Cleaver 7, Evans 7, Howell 7, Fox 6, Elbert 6, Terry 6, Hill 5, Camp 5, Goeke 3.

Regular No. 7, 15 single Keystones, $1.50 entrance: Hill 14, Howell 12, Evans 12, Lindsley 11, Fox 11, Cleaver 11, Terry 9, Goeke 9, Beebe 9, Tee Kay 9. MERCER.

RIGGOTT—DAVENPORT.—The second match between Louis T. Davenport, of Brooklyn, and John Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J., took place on the 13th at Dexter Park, Long Island. Prominent sportsmen from all sections were there, and the spectators must have numbered 500. A more lovely day for such a contest could not have been asked for, the air was crisp and there was just enough of a breeze to carry smoke from the gun. The birds were a magnificent lot, especially the first 100. Of these Davenport got a shade the worst of it, with some hard luck to boot. Riggot did not appear to good advantage in the early part of the match, and shot in anything but his usual form. Some of the birds scored to him as lost should have been killed. However, the majority of the lost birds scored by either gentlemen would have been no disgrace to any one. At the twentieth round it looked very much as though Davenport was to have a walkover, as he then led by 4 birds and was shooting in grand form. On the 40th round he led by one bird only, and when on the 50th bird his favorite Lefever broke down he was tempted to forfeit the match.

After an intermission of 20 minutes the match was resumed, Davenport having borrowed a 12-gauge Smith that fitted him. He did good execution with it and worked hard to overcome Riggot's lead, but it was of no avail. Riggot had evidently warmed to his work, for he made a run of 30 straight, not missing until his 76th round. From then out the men were about even, the match ending on the 97th bird. There were many pretty kills made by both gentlemen that provoked rounds of applause, and the match from the firing of the first gun was highly interesting. The grounds at Dexter Park are perfect ones for live-bird shooting, the background being particularly good, and if they were more easy of access they would be largely patronized by New York and New Jersey shoots. Mr. J. Pentz refereed the match, T. H. Keller acting as scorer. Mr. Davenport being handled and advised by Dr. Wynn and Charles Wingate, Mr. Riggot being assisted by Frank Class; modified Hurlingham rules governing.

Davenport	1112020122222012222212002—20
	0202012222212o022220200—16
	1120211220121202011210110—19
	2111120121112231212w —21—76

Second barrel used 19 times for safety; load used, Schultze powder in Kynoch shells, loaded by V. L. & D., same in both barrels.

Riggot	2220102o122212002100022222—17
	2222222222121022202222222—21
	2122222222112222222222222—25
	0202202212222201112l1w —17—80

Second barrel used 42 times for safety. Load used, first barrel, American wood loaded in Climax shells; second barrel, Ladin & Rand, FFFG in Climax shells.

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.—The little gun club that has been in existence for some years had its final shoot on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10. The club grounds have been situated midway between the village of Scotch Plains and Fanwood, a station on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Interest in the sport has been on the wane for some time past among the members, and as a number of enthusiasts have recently moved to the village of Fanwood and were desirous of starting a club, it was thought best to dissolve our little club and join hands with the new organization. The new grounds are to be located near the station and weekly shoots are to be held. It is hoped that the new club will prosper and have a long life. The following were the scores in total made made in four sweepstakes at 10 Keystone targets, thrown from one trap, at unknown angles:

J Beebe	8 9 8 7	G Voehl	6 6 7 ..
Tee Kay	8 7 9 ..	Moore	5 2 4 7
D Terry	8 6 8 6	W Darby	0 .. 9 4
L McIntosh	8 8	J Pentz	6 3
D Darby	7 9 8 7	Gibbs	0 .. .. ..
Robinson	6 3 9 6	Drake	6 4 .. ..
Trust	6 8 8 ..		CENTRAL.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 10.—The South Side Gun Club held their first weekly shoot of 1891, and as their regular programme had not been arranged they passed their time away by shooting sweeps, 10 bluerocks, $1, and a very poor showing they made to start the year with: No. 1: Hobart 7, Thomas 3, Orton 3, J. H. Terrill 5, Brientnall 9, Whitehead 7. No. 2: Hobart 9, Thomas 5, Orton 2, J. H. Terrill 4, Brientnall 6, Whitehead 6. No. 3: Hobart 8, Brientnall 4, Thomas 8. No. 4: Hobart 7, Brientnall 8, Thomas 6, Orton 3. No. 5: Brientnall 8, Thomas 3, Hobart 10, Whitehead 9, Orton 6, J. H. Terrill 5. No. 6: Brientnall 5, Thomas 7, Hobart 9, Whitehead 8, Orton 3. No. 7: Hobart 9, Brientnall 8, Thomas 9, Whitehead 8, Orton 6, J. H. Terrill 7. No. 8: Hobart 8, Brientnall 6, Thomas 7, Whitehead 7, J. H. Terrill 4. No. 9: Brientnall 9, Whitehead 8, Hobart 7, Thomas 8. No. 10: Brientnall 8, Whitehead 7, Thomas 7. If the South keep on making such scores they will have to have an electrician on their grounds.—HENRY MAX.

CLAREMONT SHOOTING GROUNDS, Jan. 10—Events at 10 bluerocks, 50 cents entry:

Sigler	9 9 9 10 8 10 9 10	Tatham	7 6 3 4 8 .. .. ..
Miller	8 10 9 10 10 10	Bishop	10 8 8 9 .. ..
Simpson	6 3 6 7 8 8	Hathaway	7 9 9 9 9 7
Lindsley	8 8 9 8 10 .. 7 9	Osterhout	9 7 8 9 7 4
Allan	9 8 8 4 6	Evans	9 6 7 5

Live birds, 4 birds, $3 entry:

Sigler	1022—3	Pierson	1211—4
Miller	1211—4	Allan	1012—3
Lindsley	2212—4	Hathaway	2020—2
Simpson	1121—4	Evans	2011—3

THE VETERANS.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus made an attempt at Elkhart, Tuesday, Jan. 6, to beat Dr. Carver's record of 1,000 targets in thirty-four minutes. His guns worked badly and he stopped after shooting 510 in seventeen minutes. He shot at 533 and missed 23. This beats Dr. Carver on the 500 record. Captain John L. Brewer, the wing shot, is anxious to meet J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City. Some seem impressed with the idea that Brewer insisted on shooting for gate money. This Brewer denies, and states that he never mentioned the subject of gate money to Elliott while he was here in the East. Brewer's original proposition was to shoot one or three matches at not less than 100 birds each match, the stakes to be $1,000 a side, with an outside wager of any amount up to $5,000. The only clause Brewer insisted on was that the matches were to take place on some ground within 100 miles of New York.

THE NEW TRAP ASSOCIATION.—Upon the ruins of the defunct American Shooting Association a number of prominent manufacturers and dealers in guns and trap-shooting paraphernalia are about to form an association to be known as the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association. The object of the Association is to give an impetus to and foster the sport of trap-shooting throughout the country. It is proposed to hold one or more tournaments each month in different sections East and West. The Association will manage the meeting and give the proceeds of the affair to the local club for whose benefit it is held, and the club is expected to apply the same to the maintenance of a permanent shooting club. The American Shooting Association, which was dissolved recently, did much in the two years of its existence to encourage the sport by giving a number of tournaments, but devoted the profits to its own fund. The first tournament will probably be held at Detroit in March; the second at New London, Conn., in April; another at Washington in May, and in June at Saratoga Springs. Other tournaments will be held in the South and West.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As everybody knows, the news of Miss Annie Oakley's death is a Parisian "fake," why started or how no one seems to know, and the load of gloom dumped into the hearts of her admirers and friends is now buried under a avalanche of joy. I could not believe that the little lady had been taken away, but when I got a letter from Frank Butler yesterday (Jan. 10), dated Dec. 30, which was given as the date of Miss Oakley's death, my fingers trembled while I broke the seal, fearful that the sad news might be true, but no, he says Miss Oakley is as well as possible, walking ten miles a day in search of game, with an appetite something like that of a starved Indian. They have been visiting Wm. Graham, the English trap shot, well known here, who keeps a hotel at Ashford, Kent. He also leases 1000 acres of shooting, over which he and his famous guests have been having grand sport. Mr. Butler tells me that Miss Oakley and himself have more invitations to shoot in company with the titled gentry than they could possibly accept, and are booked for enough visits to keep them busy until the season closes, when in all probability they will return to America.—PICUS (Ellicott City, Md.).

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 8.—It was a genuine, old-fashioned case of snow blindness that affected the members of the Cleveland Gun Club this afternoon. The poor shooting couldn't be laid to the weather, for that was perfect. It certainly wasn't the fault of the wind, for there was no wind, and so it must have been the snow which dazzled the eyes of the marksmen and caused them to miss birds they were sure they had "a perfect line on." It was the first contest under the new rules, and Upson celebrated the event by everlastingly smashing all but one of his 25 into small bits. He met the targets in the center and did not win by chipping off a piece here and there, but by smashing the whole thing to flinders. Rudolph was next in order with a score of 18, and when the 17s finished L. O. Jones pulled out with the third badge. "Fritz" won the second. After the club shoot the members divided for a team shoot at 9 birds each. "Fritz" has the honor of breaking his 9 straight, while Upson and Tamblyn followed with 8 each. The following are the scores of the shoots:

Club Shoot.

Tamblyn	17	Coryell	11 Fritz 16
Elworthy	17	Harris	9 L O Jones 17
Upson	24	Williams	17 Flick 14
Alberts	12	Sards	11 Holt 13
Rudolph	18		

Team Shoot.

Rendershot	011110011—6	Babcock	010111101—6
Rudolph	010110111—6	Upson	111111011—8
Jones	111000111—6	Tamblyn	110111111—8
Holt	110110111—7	Elworthy	011011011—6
Rutz	001000111—4—29	Fritz	111111111—9—37

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 10.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, the principal event was the continuation of the merchandise contest begun last spring. Each man has a possible 25 clay-pigeons at each contest. The work of the meet this week in detail of each man who had 15 or more follows:

G J Rugg	1111111101111111110101111—22
A B Burbank	1111111111111101110101111—22
E T Smith	0111111001111001111111111—22
Chas Forehand	1110011101111101110011111—19
M D Gilmore	1110100111111110101101101—18
C B Holden	1010101111111101101111000—17
E D Knowles	1111101110111100010111100—17
Fred Forehand	0101111010001111091111—17
W R Dean	1110110100011111010110—16
A R Bowdish	1011110110010101111100001—15
E W Johnson	1110111100100100111001101—15
W S Davis	1011101001011110100101101—15
C A Parker	0000110110110010111110—15
E F Swan	1010001100111100101111110—15

The totals of the other men in the event were: Charles Crompton 14, A. B. F. Kenny 13, H. W. Webber 12, W. Brown 8, James Dougherty 6, Harry Moore 5.

MANHATTAN GUN CLUB OF N. Y.—Regular monthly shoot, Jan. 7, Dexter Park, L. I.:

R Schmitt	1101000—3	H Bailer	1001111—5
M Lichtenberger	1011101—5	J A Hoffmann	0101100—3
Aug Lucas	0001011—3	J Beier	0101110—4
G Messerschmitt	1110011—5	J N Genninch	1011001—4
H Lambrecht	1101101—5	Eible	0111110—5
H Flegenheimer	1001110—4	Jos Schrick	1000011—3

J. A. HOFFMANN, Sec.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club, held Jan. 8, 1891, the following were elected officers of the club: E. L. Phillips, President; W. R. Hobart, Secretary-Treasurer; R. H. Brentnall, Asha Whitehead and Isaac H. Terrill, Governing Committee.—W. R. HOBART.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 10.—A large number of the "old timers" attended the weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, and the weather conditions were all they could desire, and as a consequence several good scores were made. In the cup match, at 14 singles and 5 pairs standards, Dill, Stanton and Wheeler tied with 22 each, and in the shoot off Stanton won. The other scores were: Leslie, Gore and Bowker 21; Black, Cowes and Bond 20; Bradbury, Perry and Melcher 19; Gale and Archibald 18; Sanborn 17; Herrick, Stone and Swift 16; Warren and Bradstreet 15. A special match was shot at 15 bluerocks, 15 unknown angles, and 5 pairs bluerocks, the purse being a silver mustard pot. In this match Bowker, Black and Leslie tied on 23 each, and in the shoot off Black won by breaking 14 out of 15, to 13 for Leslie and 12 for Bowker.

SPENCER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Lyons, N. Y.—Dates of meetings and shoots for the year 1891, contests for club trophies on these dates, all members may participate, strangers are always welcome: Jan. 2, 16, 30; Feb. 13, 27; March 13, 27; April 10, 24; May 8, 22; June 5, 19; July 3, 17, 31; Aug. 14, 28; Sep. 11, 25; Oct. 9, 23; Nov. 6, 20; Dec. 4, 18. Shoots begin at 1:30 P. M. Meetings called at 3 P. M.—R. J. PARSHALL, Sec'y pro tem.

PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.—The regular stated meeting of the Frankford Gun Club was held on the 8th inst. The following officers were elected to serve for the year 1891: President, D. D. Mercer; Vice-President, O. Mehrer; Secretary, Ed. Beck; Treasurer, A. Wingert; Field Captain, W. Dawson; Assistant Field Captain, H. Longstreet; Official Scorer, T. Riding; Trustees, H. Long, John Crouther and B. Bourne. The Frankford Rifle Club elected the following officers Jan. 9: President, A. Holf Gilmore; Vice-President, Charles L. Swope; Secretary, Jere McDonough; Treasurer, Joseph Shock. The Germantown Gun Club, of Germantown, at its recent annual meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Thomas Ballentine, President; Emanuel Gilbert, Vice-President; C. Vogelsang, Secretary; James Royds, Treasurer; Harry Thurman, Field Captain; John W. Ericsson, Official Scorer; Benj. Royds, Horoas Lutz and John W. Ericsson, Executive Committee. The reports of the secretary and treasurer show that the club is out of debt and in good financial circumstances.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 6.—The Woodside Gun Club held its annual meeting this evening, and laid out a big programme for the year's shooting. Hereafter the regular members' badge shoot will be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and on the last Tuesday of each month there will be an open-to-all shoot, when visitors can either enter the sweeps or shoot practice scores, targets being charged for at the rate of two and one-half cents apiece. The club badges will be five in number and will be awarded for the best averages during the year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Prest., Myer Fuerth; Sec.-Treas., Ernest O. Geoffrey; Governing Committee, Carl Von Lengerke, E. O. Geoffroy and Myer Fuerth. The initiation fee has been raised to $5.

RED BANK, N. J., Jan. 9.—The Riverside Gun Club held their annual meeting to-night, and Edmund W. Throckmorton was elected president, Timothy Davis vice-president, John Cooper secretary and treasurer, and Millard F. Cornwell captain. Arrangements were made to shoot a team shoot on Jan. 20 at Freehold under the following conditions: Teams of 14 men from the Freehold, New Brunswick, Dayton and Riverside clubs; each club has put up $10, and a suitable prize was purchased yesterday; said prize to be owned by the winner; each man to shoot at 20 bluerocks, American Shooting Association rules to govern the contest. The regular shoot of the Riverside Club was not held to-day on account of the death of David Belshaw, a member.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 7.—The members of the Fountain Gun Club held their first shoot of the season at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., to-day, and some fine shooting was witnessed by the large crowd present. L. Davenport especially distinguished himself by killing 37 out of 38 birds shot at. In the regular club shoot 13 members entered and were handicapped according to their several classes; each man to shoot at 7 birds, modified Hurlingham rules to govern. Dr. Shields, C. Williams, R. Phister, Jr., C. B. Fisher and L. Davenport killed 7 each, which was a good commencement on their average for the year. As no special prize was offered for the winner, the ties were not shot off. The score of to-day's shoot was: Dr. Shields 7, C. Williams 7, W. Levens 6, R. Phister, Jr. 7, C. B. Fisher 7, J. E. Lake 5, H. W. Blattmacher 6, W. F. Boetcher 5, J. B. Voorhees 4, W. H. Loomis 6, L. T. Davenport 7, E. H. Garrison 4, W. A. Allen 6. In a sweepstake shoot that followed 10 entered, to shoot at 5 birds each, all ties miss and out: L. T. Davenport, Dr. Shields, E. H. Garrison, W. F. Boetcher and W. Levens killed all their birds and tied for first money. On shooting off Davenport and Shields killed 3 more each and divided first prize. C. B. Fisher took second money with 4 killed, and Dr. Van Sile took third prize with 3 killed out of 5.

Jan. 8.—The members of the Unknown Gun Club turned out at Dexter Park to-day for their first monthly shoot of the season. Twenty-one shooters went to the traps to compete for the club medal and extra prizes. The old rules of the Long Island Gun Club governed the contest. The veteran shooter, Brown, won the medal and first prize with a clean score of 10 straight. I. Hyde won second with 11 out of 12 shot at, and J. Rathjen took third money with 7 killed out of 9.

TORONTO, Jan. 6.—The annual meeting of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club was held this evening, the secretary and treasurer's reports showing the club to be in a good condition financially and otherwise, the membership being 64. The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., D. Bies; Vice-Pres., D. C. Walton; Treas., A. Lascallas; Sec'y, P. Wakefield. Executive Committee, C. Hinton, J. Weidman and W. Davidge. The club is giving a handsome silver cup to be competed for as follows: Two shoots at sparrows, 15 birds each, and three shoots at blue-rocks, 20 birds each, the members to be handicapped, and the highest aggregate to win the cup. The first shoot will take place on Tuesday, Jan. 20, and will continue every alternate Tuesday.

HUDSON VS. EMPIRE.—The return match between the Hudson Rifle Club, of Jersey City, and the Empire Rifle Club, of New York, was shot on the latter organization's range, 12 St. Mark's place, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 6. The first match, shot at Marion in December, was won by the young New York team with 26 points. To-day they buried their adversaries. The scores were: Hudson Rifle Club—H. Hausen 201, H. Boddy 214, J. Rebhan 218, J. Bush 182, T. Reynolds 200. Total 1,013, average 202.60. Empire Rifle—W. Rosenbaum 227, J. Grimm 219, W. Miller 225, C. Zettler, Jr. 233, A. Stahl 216. Total 1,120, average 224. Referee, Col. M. L. Riggs, of the Zettler R. C.

CLAREMONT, N. J., Jan. 8.—The monthly live-bird competition among members of the Wauregan Gun Club took place this afternoon on the grounds of the New York Suburban Shooting Association at Claremont, N. J. The result follows: Houghton 9, Boenhoeft 8, Dr. W. S. Taylor 7, J. Fay 6, Brickner 4, M. Fay 4, Silberhorn 4, Miller 4 and Kramer 3. Impromptu sweeps at live birds were continued until darkness set in.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

22. Biscayne Bay, Annual, Biscayne Bay.

JUNE.

27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester

JULY.

11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.
16. Lake Y.R.A., R.C.Y.C., Tor.
17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.
20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester.
23. Lake Y.R.A., Oswego, Oswego
25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester

AUGUST.

26. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester

A CORINTHIAN CRUISE ON PACIFIC WATERS.

[*Concluded from Page 504.*]

WE soon came to familiar scenes on the upper bays, the Italian fishermen's salmon boats and arks. We passed a colony of them at the mouth of Suisun Creek, which we entered and ran up with a leading wind, passing on the way Cordelia Slough, a famous hunting ground, also Shell Drake Hunting Ground, where are the headquarters of the Shell Drake Shooting Club. After a run of 25 miles we reached Suisun and anchored. As we were hanging out our riding light we were advised by the captain of schooner scow to shift, as there were schooners due, and they would be apt to foul us if we laid in midstream; so we shifted to avoid them. Not a vessel entered during our stay—all schooner captains seem to think that yachtsmen are hankering after advice, and they gratuitously give it, in great variety and abundance.

Next day was Sunday, and we took a look through the town. All was quiet, and from the large number of vehicles that were tied to the town hitching rails, that for 200yds. ran along the main street, the people of Suisun must be religiously disposed; all the neighboring country having come to church. We got the boat alongside the wharf and filled the watertanks, then made an excursion in the small boat to the head of the creek, to visit the old sloop Lively, the kindergarten boat of San Francisco yachtsmen. We finally got under way down the creek, the sail being rather tedious in a light breeze, with constant tacking, and often with not enough way to come about; but with a strong tide under us we made fair progress. Finally leaving the mouth of the creek and rounding a point of marsh land we squared away up Montezuma Creek. This is a fine stream, and we struck it just at the turn of the tide, we ran through it at a great rate; but still there seemed to be no end to it. With a good breeze and all sails set, we did not reach Collinsville outlet until 7 P. M., when we dropped our hook off Grizzly Island.

Next morning we started up the Sacremento River, passing Collinsville, which consists mostly of a salmon cannery and fishermen's houses and arks. This is the chief canning center on the river, and hundreds of fishermen set their nets and drift up and down the river every day. It is quite a trick to avoid their nets, and took all our skill in jibing and hauling on the wind and slacking sheets again; as no sooner had we passed one net than another appeared ahead, and so on for miles up the river. The law is that no net shall extend more than two-thirds across the river; but as one boat sets its net from the right bank and another sets from the left but a hundred feet above, so that the two overlap, there is lively work for the yachtsman. To run down a net means a loss to the fishermen, which no reasonable person would cause wantonly; though some who hire boats, having no consideration for others, pile through everything, and feel aggrieved when they hear the crack of a rifle and the whizz of a bullet close by as a slight remonstrance.

After rushing along at a lively rate, we reached Rio Vista, or as the captains name it, Wind's End, at 11 A. M., after a five-hours' run against a rapid current. From here the trees are closer on the banks and the wind becomes lighter all the way up, until the woods become so dense that, though it is blowing a stiff breeze overhead, in the river there is scarcely an air moving, as you often race with a post or stump on the bank for hours, the post getting the best of the race by the aid of the strong current. We stopped at Rio Vista and mailed letters, and thoughtfully discussed whether we would get shaved or not; Ceice had a black stubble about half an inch long, and looked like a wild man from Borneo; Will had a shaggy beard showing around his face, and as for myself, the others said that I looked like a farm hand who had had one side of his face trimmed with a lawn mower, thanks to that old stove. After a hot debate we decided to go unshaven through the whole cruise, regardless of the suspicious looks of the town constables.

After Ceice had tried to cultivate the acquaintance of a Chinese washerman, we went on board and set sail, standing up the river. We passed great gaps in the levees, where the raging waters had broken through in the previous winter, causing untold damage and ruining the labor of years, last winter being one of the worst ever experienced. Many islands, of thousands of acres in extent, were inundated and ruined for years to come. At last we came to where the river branches off, one branch being Steamboat Slough and the other Old River; they meet above again, Grand Island, one of the largest on the river, lying between them. We stood on up Old River, passing many orchards and occasionally getting at the houses of a ranch through the openings between the trees. Each farm has its own landing for the fruit boat, and on the bank is a shed, usually stacked with boxes, for the "Pumpkin Boat," as the natives call it, to be transported to San Francisco to market. We passed the "Pumpkin Boat" and received a salute from her whistle in response to our gun. Later on we passed the Apache, the mail and passenger boat from Sacramento; we fired a salute and a deckhand, who was sitting on the bow with his legs hanging over the guard, nearly fell overboard when he heard the report; evidently thinking that we were gunning for deckhands.

Every time that we passed a clearing the inhabitants would flock to the banks and gaze in admiration at the yacht as she sailed by. Ceice tried to charm them with his melodious voice aided by the guitar, and succeeded completely—they would immediately take to the hills, and even the cattle on the banks would give a wild lingering look and "ramrod" their tails as they fled to seek pastures new when Ceice sweetly warbled "Oh how we suffered." I also had a fine voice, though the others tried to discourage me because I never knew more than two lines of any song; so that when I tried to join in there was such beautiful melody floating around in chunks that poor Will would go forward and sit on the end of the bowsprit. Will did not claim to be a Mario or Campanini, and when the discord was at its height he would produce his violin and dash off a few selections from Wagner, Offenbach, and other classic composers, so the people of Sacramento Valley will remember with affection one of the trio who did not torment them with alleged music.

We soon passed Isleton, on Andrews Island, and showed the natives what skillful navigators we were by piling up on a sandbar. We stepped overboard and by means of our shoulders under the bow we managed to slew her head around, and then by flattening in the sheets and laying the yacht on her bilge we slid her off into deep water, all the time trying to look as though the whole occurrence was just what we intended to do. Two months previous some of our club boats, the Cisne, Capt. W—, discovered the same bar, Capt. — had a great faculty for discovering bars, afloat or ashore. When she struck he stepped overboard and put his shoulder under the counter to try and boost the boat around, forgetting that he had been wearing a low-cut shirt in the hot sun. He gave a tremendous lift, but instantly stopped and climbed aboard, looking for vaseline, finally going below to nurse a sore spot as large as a flapjack, and meditate upon the miseries of a yachtsman's life; his shipmate meanwhile kedging off the yacht.

The wind was falling lighter all the time, and it looked doubtful whether we would make Walnut Grove by night; at one time we gave up the attempt, as we could not get by a certain point, but one of the boys went ahead in the small boat, and by means of stiff "jay hawking" he managed to get us by, we then having a good breeze dead aft. At last we sighted the town, and having a straight reach before us, ran up to it in great style, rounding to and firing a gun as we came to anchor. We did not like the spot we had chosen, so we decided to drop below and anchor again in Georgiana Slough, as this was as high up the river as we intended to go, the breeze being so light that it was only wasting time to try to stem the current. There was a ferry at the mouth of the slough, and we could see a line stretched across. Ceice thought that he could push the line down so that the yacht would pass over it, so we hove up anchor and drifted down, but when we were near it we saw that it was a wire cable, stretched with a purchase. We at once dropped our anchor, but the current was stronger than we had calculated, and we dragged upon the cable until the stern fouled it and she slewed around broadside. For a time matters looked serious, the current was running five miles on hour, and as the cable was working up the rigging and the broadside of the boat was exposed to the stream, it looked as though it would undercun us and heel the boat until she filled, which would have been a fine ending to our cruise.

The whole scene presented itself to us in an instant and we set to work to do all we could to save the boat. We first clapped a lashing on the cable to keep it from getting over the cabin top, for if it had once got over the cockpit rail it was all up with the Cyretta. I could not bear the thought of such an ignominious end, in a slough hardly wide enough to tack in, to the noble little boat that had carried me through many a tough blow without a mishap. We finally got the stops fast after the wire rope had risen within an inch of the top of the coaming and then we were safe for the present; but it was a puzzle what to do next.

We carried an anchor out and tried to warp her head up stream, but the anchor would not hold, and soon came home, when we tried two anchors with the same result. The cable could not be slacked away, as we would bear down on it as fast as it paid out and it could not be cast off entirely. Finally we bent all the spare line to the large anchor and carried it 200yds. up the stream. With so much scope it held, and we slowly hove her head around and pointed against the current, casting off the forward lashing from the cable as the strain came on the anchor line. After she was once headed up stream it was not much trouble to haul clear of the obstruction.

By the time we were clear and had begun to breathe freely once more the ferryman put in an appearance and asked us whether we wanted to go down the slough. We intimated that this was what we were trying to do and probably would have done had it not been for his cable, so he slacked it off and we passed safely over it, tying up to the willows a hundred feet below.

That night we took a walk through Walnut Grove, passing the evening in a country store, with a congregation of neighboring farmers, who had come after the mail and remained to talk and to blame the mail boat for being behind time when they got home late. During our stroll about the town Ceice wandered into a Chinese gambling den, and when we found him he was surrounded by moon-eyed Chinamen absorbed in a game of "tan." He was anxious to try the game and see how it worked, but not having any money with him, he was obliged to forego the glorious chance of breaking the bank—or more probably of being broke himself—and after a time he reluctantly joined his less speculative companions.

Next morning, after purchasing some provisions, we started on our return trip down the slough. The first part is very narrow and there was not wind enough to give us headway on account of the high trees, though it was blowing a fresh breeze overhead. We took night to towing with the small boat, only working hard enough to keep the yacht's head clear of the bank, the current drawing us along fast enough without any exertion on our part. The slough is 14 miles long, well wooded on the banks, with fine fruit farms and big dogs inland, the land being the best in the State. The danger every winter of the river overflowing its banks, and the great expense of keeping the levees in condition retards the settlement of the country; the fever and ague also driving away many of the farmers, though we passed many clearings with cosy farm houses nestling among the trees. When about eight miles down the slough widened and we set sail. Some Chinamen were clearing the land for cultivation at this point; soon after leaving their camps we came to the marsh lands of the lower river. As we were leaving the woods, we passed a place where a large number of coots had located, and we had fine sport shooting them as they circled overhead. Passing the large steam dredge that was scooping the mud out of the slough and depositing it on the banks to form levees, another reach brought us to the mouth of Georgiana Slough and into the Mokelumne River.

The wind was fresh as we beat down, passing Boulding Landing at 5 P. M., and soon after we entered the broad San Joaquin River. Here we met a heavy chop sea, which was quite an agreeable change from the calm and passive sailing that we had met up to this time. We made a tack across the river and soon had all the wind we could stagger under, so after another short leg we decided to reef all around, for the seas were very heavy, throwing water over us at every jump. We went along nicely after reefing, sending the spray in sheets half way up the mast, but it was what we were looking for, we had a keen longing for a wet deck, and now we felt in our element again. The yacht seemed to appreciate the change by the way she bounded along, now dipping to a comber and then lifting and shaking off a cloud of spray which flew aft in a refreshing shower. It was a grand transformation, from sluggish waters to tumbling seas, and we kept on beating down until the shades of night warned us to seek a harbor while it was yet light enough to see; so at 7 P. M. we ran into Clark's Slough, and after going far enough up to get out of the swell from the river, we anchored; then shifting our wet clothing for dry, we cooked a sumptuous dinner and did full justice to it.

About this time Will began to feel the pangs of a guilty conscience, the weather had been very warm on the trip, and his nose had turned to a vivid red, Ceice delighting in telling him that when he reached home all his friends would conclude that he had been off on a protracted spree. This worried Will; though not a teetotaller, he had a dislike for drinking men, so he put in all his spare time anointing his nose with vaseline, until it drew the flies. What with our chaff, the flies, and the fear of the suspicion of his friends when we reached port, he became quite melancholy, but a return of cloudy weather caused the nose to lose some of its glow, and restored his peace of mind.

Next morning we hung out our wet clothes to dry and sat around to smoke and argue; Ceice and I always differed on a question, so we had plenty of friendly bouts. He had been sailing on large craft and always held up their advantages over small ones, and while he admitted that he had never been on a pleasanter cruise than this, he still maintained that for general yachting a large craft is preferable. I held to the contrary, saying that in a single-hander I was always free to go where I wished, and while I enjoyed company, I was not dependent on others each time I wished to take a sail.

Another thing is the expense. As soon as a boat becomes so large as to require the aid of paid hands, it is beyond the means of the majority of yachtsmen, and the most enthusiastic of these are the young men who cannot afford a craft that they cannot run themselves. Generally a partnership is unsatisfactory. I know of several cases in which yachts are owned by two or more, and the bulk of the work and responsibility falls upon one of the owners alone, which soon creates dissatisfaction on his part. While in some localities where open-water cruising is practicable a large yacht may be the more desirable, on our coast there is no good outside cruising; all the yachting is done on inland waters, and with a small yacht one can get safely to places where larger ones would be debarred. The great advantage in all cases of a large yacht over a small one is the headroom, and this is not important enough to justify the extra labor in handling the heavy canvas, gear and anchors.

We were two weeks afloat in the Cyretta on this cruise, and during this time we never ate or slept ashore, and we never lost a night's sleep. The little time we were below we were generally sitting or lying down, so that unlimited headroom would have been no great benefit; and many times we dropped the anchor for a swim or a run ashore when, if it had been as heavy as is necessary for a large yacht the work of getting under way again would have been more than the fun was worth. I speak from a true Corinthian standpoint, where an owner does all the work about his boat, only hiring a man to wet down decks and dry sails during the week. A yachtsman takes a pride in his work if, after inviting a couple of friends for a sail, he overhears comments on the shipshape appearance of things, and knows that it is his own doings. He also learns to be a true sailor, taking interest in every rope and spar, knot and splice, seeing just what is the matter the instant that any thing goes wrong, and knowing what to do to right it.

While there is some work about yachts that is not yachting, even while you are scraping a spar or scrubbing bottom you are learning to appreciate a well kept boat, and are also getting up a ravenous appetite for sailing when the work is over, when without doubt your enjoyment will be the keener for the previous labor. I cannot see how any one who really loves yachting can have any true zest for the sport when in the hands of his "friends," as the politicians say, or rather, of his sailing master and crew; he cannot feel the least responsibility or freedom of action. When I go aboard my boat I like to put off all restraint, get into the oldest clothes I can find, and scrub decks, set up rigging, or do anything else needed, without the necessity of maintaining my dignity. When I go sailing I do not care to be told that the steward is drunk, or that some of the crew have deserted, so that roustabouts from the city front have to be shipped for the trip, only to prove worse than useless, or else that no sailing is possible. Some may like to show their friends a magnificent vessel, for which they get the credit of paying, for work on a 25ft. boat is too much for one man to do in his spare time without curtailing his sailing. As I have come to the conclusion that my little boat is about as near the right thing as I can get, I am in that contented state of mind that is the envy of my friends who own large yachts and talk about the great expense and annoyance of running them.

After the clothes were dry we put on our old suits and prepared for a beat to windward, as from our snug quarters we could see the whitecaps piling up in the river. We started out at 9 A. M. for Antioch, a long beat, but the exhilarating feeling of the boat rushing against the heavy sea made the time fly quickly, and we soon passed Jersey Landing, a place now in ruins from the winter floods, though formerly fine orchards lined the river where now all is waste. Of the Landing, all that remains is a dilapidated wharf and a hotel with some farming implements stored on the front porch, the remnants of a once thriving district. After a hard tussle to windward we made Antioch at 3 P. M., anchoring west of the wharf. After tidying up the ship we made our usual expedition to the town, mailed letters and bought fresh provisions. It was at this place that some thieves who had burglarized some of the Corinthian Y. C. fleet about a month before were stopped by a constable. On notification by wire to look out for them he watched and saw them coming along the other side of the river and caught them; so that they are now in durance vile, no doubt meditating upon the folly of going yachting in another man's boat without his permission. We hunted the constable up and thanked him, in the name of the C. Y., for his vigilance.

As we were going aboard we saw a sloop that looked familiar, and when she sailed in and anchored below us we made her out to be the Agatha, formerly of our club. Ceice rowed down to her and made himself known, inviting the owner to visit us in the evening. We then had dinner and passed the rest of the afternoon in talking with an old duck hunter who was repairing his ark near by. He was a typical market hunter and had been at the business for years; there was not a slough or inlet within miles that he did not know of, and being an entertaining talker we spent a couple of hours listening to his yarns of shots, large bags he had made and of adventures he had gone through. In the evening Captain Adams and his wife, of the Agatha, made us a visit. Being a farmer who had just taken up yachting he amused us greatly with his descriptions of his recent cruises and adventures.

At 10 P.M. it commenced to blow and as we had a wharf close under our lee, and the seas began to roll in heavily, we decided to shift our anchorage before we dragged and came to some damage. This was no easy matter, the wharf being within 20ft. of us, allowing no room to make sail, with a strong tide setting us down on it. We finally got out the kedge abeam, then by heaving up the anchor we swung to the kedge and cleared narrowly the end of the wharf, when we set the jib and ran under a lee and made snug for the night. We got away at 6:30 next morning, after kedging off a mud bank, and beat down New York Slough into Suisun Bay, passing several scows on the way. Here we met more salmon nets and spent a good deal of time in running between them to try and get by; they seemed innumerable, and no sooner had we passed one than another appeared ahead and we had to slack sheets and run around it, continuing until the tide turned and the fishermen pulled up to go home.

At one time we hove to and Ceice went aboard one of the boats and purchased a salmon weighing 50lbs. for half a dollar. Our heaving to and boarding one of their boats caused great anxiety among the fishermen, the law being that they shall not use a net with meshes less than 4in. across, and inspectors being around to enforce it. When we laid by and Ceice boarded a boat all the other boats in sight stopped fishing and the crews watched anxiously to see what was going to happen, thinking that we were one of the patrol. After seeing nothing startling they became reassured and went to work fishing again.

The tide was now flowing strong, and we did not make much in beating against it, so we ran into Mallard Slough and had a boiled salmon dinner with egg sauce, of which we ate so heartily that after dinner we all fell asleep, and before we woke the afternoon had passed away. As soon as we could we got under way and beat down Suisun Bay in company with a schooner scow past the Middle Grounds. Suisun Bay is very shallow, and when the wind blows against an ebb tide there is a nasty chop sea kicked up that makes it wet for all hands. After thrashing to windward for some miles it commenced to get dark, and we ran into Hastings Creek for the night.

At the mouth of the creek there were some fishermen's arks, and as we sailed by a couple of cats set up such a mewing that Ceice rowed back with a piece of salmon and some water for them. The arks were deserted and there was no knowing how long the cats had been there, for they seemed ravenous; how they lived is a mystery, as they could not leave, being surrounded by miles of rule marsh land. After a supper of boiled salmon we turned in.

Next morning the tide was not high enough to allow us to get out of the creek until 10 o'clock, at which time we got under way to beat to the mouth of Petaluma Creek. The tide was a strong flood and it was rather slow work forcing it, the wind being ahead, but we made the Salano shore after much tacking and rounded Benicia Point. Just before reaching Carquinez Straits we fouled a fisherman's net, not being on the lookout for one in such open waters, but I do not think that we did any damage, for we immediately slacked sheets and getting sternway drifted clear. We passed Benicia at 3 P. M., and meeting the ebb tide, we ran through Carquinez in an hour and a quarter, passing Mare Island Light at 4:15.

The wind seemed to have blown itself out now, for the weather settled down fine, so we shook out our reefs that we had carried for the last three days, and carried all sail, with jibtopsail and sprit, to reach Petaluma Creek before dark. We hoped to make it by 7 P. M., but the wind hauled ahead and as we neared the Petaluma shore we had to beat, and with getting stuck on the mud we were delayed until 9 P. M. before we dropped anchor below the drawbridge. Our cruise was now drawing to an end, the C. Y. C. programme called for a club cruise to the mouth of Petaluma Creek on the 30th, and we put in the next day cleaning up the boat and setting things shipshape; airing clothing and blankets and giving everything a general overhauling. We then shifted to a better berth, so as to see the yachts as they came up the bay, but luck was not with the C. Y. C. on this trip, for we waited until 10 P. M. but no boats appeared. Then we took the small boat and rowed up to Sonoma Landing, about a mile off, and burned red fire and fired the gun so as to signal any boats that might be within sight or hearing, but it was a dead calm, so in a short time we returned and turned in.

I had just fallen asleep when I thought that I heard the yacht Freda's foghorn; I soon heard it again and called all hands, and we fired the gun and burned a redlight. Soon the Freda hove in sight, having spent most of the night in trying to get up. Some of the others that started had anchored again, there being not a breath of wind on the lower bay. In the morning the Lark and Ceres came up, and after a general jollification on board we got under way for home. The wind was very light and progress slow, and after drifting most of the day, at 6 P. M. the club house came into view through Raccoon Straits; we ran up to our moorings and were once more at "Home, sweet home."

Our midsummer cruise had been a success, and now that it is all over I cannot think of anything that could have added to our pleasure or to the success of the trip; we accomplished all we attempted. The trim little craft returned in better condition than when she left, as many spare moments were put in at knotting and splicing and other sailor's fancy work. Our stores had been so well selected that only a few odd cans were left; our bill of fare having been varied and abundant. Our course had been over entirely new ground, and savored of a trip of exploration. We

met with no accident of any consequence, and nothing but good fellowship and contentment reigned. Some friends predicted that we would be tired of the cruise before our time was up, but as the end drew near our constant longing was that we might have another week. It is said that "all's well that ends well," but I think that all is better that commences well and keeps on improving throughout. HARRY L. JONES, Yacht Cyretta, C.Y.C. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

AFTER a good deal of talk which amounts to nothing, the situation so far as a challenge is concerned rests exactly where it did when the negotiations were broken off in the summer of 1889. The New York Y. C. is now willing to accept a challenge with less than 10 months' notice and with only the waterline length, and also to assent to any reasonable terms for the races. All this, however, is precisely what was offered to Lord Dunraven two years since, and the club is not willing to go a step further now than it was then. If British yachtsmen are ready to retract all the hard things they have said about the new deed, and to recognize it as binding for all future races, they can send a challenge by the first steamer, naming only the waterline length, and there is little doubt that it will be accepted, and the same terms granted as were offered to Lord Dunraven.

The only change that has taken place in the two years is in public opinion, the dimension clause is no longer held in such high esteem, and many would gladly annul it if such a course were possible without destroying the whole new deed with it. This latter course the New York Y. C. is not yet ready to take, having still a hope that British yachtsmen will be the first to back down. In a recent interview in the *World* Com. Gerry is reported as saying "that there would be no race until the Englishmen made up their minds that the New York Y. C. is immovable in insisting that all future races shall be sailed under the new deed of gift. When they had made up their minds to this, there would be a race, and not before."

The following interesting interview with Gen. Paine appeared in the *Times* of Jan. 8:

"I shall only remain in the city a day or two," said Gen. Paine, "but before I go home I hope to learn definitely whether anything developed during Lieut. Henn's visit here which will bring a challenge for the America's Cup. I understand that Lieut. Henn said he knew a challenge would be issued, provided the dimensions of the challenging yacht do not have to be sent with the challenge. As for this there can be no question but that it rests entirely with the New York Y. C."

"Then you believe that the mutual agreement clause of the deed of gift gives the power to waive the dimension clause?" suggested the *Times*'s reporter.

"Of course it does," said Gen. Paine positively, "and what is more, it gives power to waive, as it distinctly says, any and all conditions of the match. There is only one thing in the present deed which would have to be insisted on. That is that the cup must be held by whoever wins it subject to the deed.

"The present deed of gift is a pretty good document to study. In my opinion it is a fair one. The party challenged and the challenging party can arrange a race around the world with boats of any size if they desire. This does not seem to be generally understood, but it is nevertheless true. As a matter of fact there is not even a limitation as to the size of vessels to race if the parties do not want the size limited.

"Although the dimension clause may be waived entirely, as it stands it is more to the advantage of the challenger than the challenged. English yachtsmen especially do not appear to see this point. For instance, you remember that when the challenge came from Lord Dunraven, owner of the 70-footer Valkyrie, the dimensions were sent and immediately several gentlemen in this country wanted to build a seventy-footer to meet this foreign yacht. If the dimensions of the Valkyrie had been withheld the desire here would have been for ninety-footers and the Valkyrie would have been greatly outbuilt. This is only an example of the power to outbuild the challenging vessel. When the dimensions are sent, it is the aim to meet the foreign yacht with a boat of her size. The dimensions asked in the deed—beam at the load waterline, extreme beam, and draught—are only approximate dimensions and are to give the party challenged an idea of the boat he has to meet. But, as I have stated, the dimension clause may be waived.

"All that is necessary ever is a challenge to start matters going, the deed giving the power to arrange the conditions of the match mutually. I look for the time when the challenging party, as well as the party holding the cup, will have trial races to determine the vessel which is to sail for the cup, and it may also come in the next ten or fifteen years that single-stick yachts of more than ninety feet on the load-water line will be the contestants."

"At present, if the dimension clause were waived, could not a foreign yacht club send a boat of over ninety feet?"

"No, it could not exceed the ninety-foot limit in yachts of one mast unless both parties agreed to waive everything pertaining to size."

"You mention a single-sticker of over ninety feet; how far above this do you think you can go and still retain the American idea of power?"

"That can only be found out by experiment. I am convinced that a ninety-footer can be built and handled, but in going beyond this to any extent steel masts and metal booms of some substance which will not affect the compass will have to be tried. Enough men could be carried without any trouble to handle the sails, but the difficulty would be in making a boom that would answer the purpose. A donkey engine might help in getting in the main sheet, but it would not be necessary."

"Do you think E. D. Morgan will be successful with the Consolidation if he turns her into a sloop?"

"Well, I should not want the job, but then he may handle her without much difficulty. It would be an interesting experiment and one cannot tell what may become of it."

"The Volunteer is still for sale, is she not?"

"I suppose she is," answered the General hesitatingly. "When I advertised her for sale I meant it as a sort of declaration that I did not intend to enter her in any more trial races, but I would have let the New York Y. C. have her if it desired had the Valkyrie challenge resulted in a race."

Gen. Paine manifested his usual keen interest in yachting, especially in international affairs, and expressed a hope that a challenge would be received, although in this event he did not wish to reveal his plans.

Gen. Paine's interpretation of the "mutual agreement" clause is a very liberal one, but it is not in accordance with the precedents thus far established by the New York Y. C., nor even with the wording of the new deed. In the original deed of gift, the "mutual agreement" clause is the most prominent feature, the requirements as to date of notice, tonnage, name, etc., being merely contingent on a disagreement over the terms. When the second deed was made this order was retained, save that a notice of not more than seven nor less than six months was required as the preliminary to overtures for a mutual agreement. At the same time the New York Y. C. has twice declined to enter into a mutual agreement under the plea that it was bound not to accept more, not less, than seven months notice. This was the case when the challenge of the Royal Clyde Y. C., of Sept. 21, 1886, was received and declined because it did not name a day within seven months, and it was again the case a year later when Mr. Sweet's challenge was quietly and promptly disposed of by the hasty alterations of the deed of gift. In the former case the club decided that it could not waive the seven months notice, and also, that a "mutual agreement" must be preceded, and not followed, by a formal challenge, giving name and tonnage of the challenging boat.

The phraseology of the new deed plainly indicates the same course, first a number of restrictions on size, motive power, nationality, etc., are enumerated; then follow minute details of the challenge and all the particulars which must be included in it; then comes the "mutual agreement" clause, specifying clearly the matters which may be subject of such agreement; dates, courses, number of trials, sailing rules, "and all other conditions of the match." The inference is that the "conditions of the match" refer only to actual details of the races, and do not also include the size, the motive power, the transportation, but only the 10 months' notice, which is specifically mentioned as being subject to the will of the holders. A careful reading of the deed indicates as the only method of procedure on the part of a challenger, not a mere request for a conference with a view to a mutual agreement on size, etc., but that the first step must be a formal challenge giving the day of the race and the full dimensions of the challenging yacht.

While Gen. Paine's explanation of the deed is the fairest one, and fully in accord with the spirit of the original deed, it is not borne out either by the actions of the New York Y. C. in regard to overtures for races in the past, or by the plain wording of the new deed.

His defence of the dimension clause is also very unsatisfactory. He treats the length alone and the four separate dimensions called for as though they were identical, instead of very different. What he says as to the advantage of the "dimension clause" to the challenger would be partly true if length only were concerned, and if the New York Y. C. would have met Valkyrie with a 70-footer, and not Volunteer, but applied to the four dimensions asked for it is entirely incorrect. Any possible advantages to Valkyrie would have been all secured to her by the simple statement that she would be near the upper limit of our 70ft. class. The statement that it would have been of advantage to Lord Dunraven in addition to have the draft and the beam in two places of Valkyrie in the possession of Messrs. Burgess, Smith and Gardner, is simply contrary to the facts. The sole advantage would have been on the side of the American designers, who would have known very nearly the power of the boat they were called upon to beat.

The statement as to approximate dimensions is contradicted by two plain facts, in the first place by the demand for the beam not only at the widest point but at the waterline; and in the second by the fact that "approximate" dimensions are not recognized in yachting. Even in a trivial race between 20ft. boats measurements are taken with the utmost accuracy, and the main reason given for the presence of the "dimension clause" in the new deed was the difference between Mr. Watson's idea as to the approximate length in the case of the Thistle, and the opinions of the New York Y. C. on the same subject.

In the interests of that "friendly competition between foreign countries," which was the aim of the five original donors, we should be glad to see Gen. Paine's interpretation of the new deed indorsed by the New York Y. C. In this case it would only be necessary for a foreign club to write such a letter as that of the Royal Clyde Y. C., before mentioned, expressing a desire to arrange for a series of matches, the size of yacht to be used by each party to be agreed upon, with all other details. In this connection it would be no more than fair, as suggested by Gen. Paine, to allow the challenger also to select a yacht by means of trial races, so long as she agrees with the size decided on. If the New York Y. C. is prepared to interpret the new deed in this liberal spirit, the whole question of its legality and the fairness of the disputed clauses will disappear forever, and international racing will begin again immediately.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.

THE monthly meeting of the club was held on Jan. 7 at the club rooms, Vice-Com. Brerefon Pratt presiding.

The board of trustees reported the election of 14 new members, as follows: Hubert Brock, J. Percy Warr, Jr., Edgar Scott, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Harry F. West, William H. Addicks, Henry G. Freeman, Jr., Morton J. Henry, George R. Preston, William S. Rhodes, L. Newton Hannold, Franklin C. Read, Charles Heebner and Edward Samuel. The river house committee reported the purchase of the Tinicum Fishing Club property. The law committee reported that application had been made to the courts for permission to change the name of the club from Quaker City to Philadelphia Y. C., which would probably be done before the next club meeting. Lieut.-Com. E. T. Strong, U. S. N.; Lieut. B. O. Scott, U. S. N., and Ensign W. S. Sims, U. S. N., officers of the Pennsylvania Nautical Schoolship Saratoga, were elected honorary members. The following were appointed a special improvement committee to take charge of all plans and improvements for the river club house: J. Howard Gibson, John H. Sloan, Arthur Colburn, O. D. Wilkinson and C. W. Lyon. Important amendments to the constitution and by-laws were offered, and will be acted upon at the annual meeting on Feb. 4. Among them were, instead of monthly meetings having six general meetings per year, in January, February, April, June, October and December; limiting the membership to 500; increasing the entrance fee to $30 and annual dues to $25. The resignations of C. Edward Murray and R. R. Whitehead were read and accepted. The board of trustees announced the following nominations for the next year: Com., Edward R. Coleman, schooner Norna; Vice-Com., Brereton Pratt, schooner Flossie; Rear-Com., Robert K. Neff, Jr., cutter Nannie; Sec., A. F. Bancroft; Treas., C. W. Lyon; Meas., S. A. Wood; Fleet Surgeon, S. B. Howell, M.D.; Board of Trustees, J. H. Sloan, A. Colburn, R. K. Neff, Jr., and H. F. Smith; Regatta Committee, A. F. Bancroft, Francis Green, J. A. Lehman; House Committee, W. B. Henry, O. D. Wilkinson, B. Pratt, S. B. S. Barth, H. E. Howell, C. W. Lyon, J. H. Sloan; and in addition to the regular nominees J. L. McDaniel, H. L. Williamson and Thos. D. Whitaker; Committee on Lectures and Entertainments, M. R. Muckle, Jr., C. L. Wilson, E. L. Young; Library Committee, G. M. Freeman, H. P. Lloyd, T. S. Manning; Committee on lines, models and exhibits, C. D. Middleton, C. H. Brock, C. E. Ellis; Law Committee, Wm. B. Mann, J. H. Sloan, W. Wilkins Carr.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Jan. 13, the following officers being elected: Com., George H. B. Hill, schooner Miranda; Vice-Com., Ralph N. Ellis, schooner Iroquois; Rear Com. Henry Stanton, sloop Vandal; Sec., Léon F. d'Orémieulx; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt, M.D.; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D.D. Trustees, Messrs. J. Frederic Tams, Walter L. Suydam and J. Langdon Ward. Race Committee, Messrs. M. Morris Howland, William A. Haines, Walter C. Kerr, William H. Plummers and J. Langdon Ward. House Committee, William A. Haines, Henry W. Hayden, Ashton Lemoine, Herbert L. Satterlee and Theodore C. Zerega. Committee on Lectures and Entertainment, Lieutenant Commander Leonard Chenery, U. S. N.; Charles A. Post and J. Frederic Tams. Committee on Lines and Models, Messrs. John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and William P. Stephens. Library Committee, Messrs. Arthur Pell, A. B. Simonds and T. C. Bronson. Committee on Exhibits, Messrs. John F. Lovejoy, R. Alexander Rutherford and William Whitlock. Law Committee, Messrs. Sidney Webb, Cary P. Rogers and Charles W. Wetmore. The secretary's report showed 140 yachts and 308 members. The treasurer's report showed a surplus of $1,500 for the year.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—At a recent meeting the St. Lawrence Y. C. approved of a scheme which had been prepared by an influential committee, looking to the establishment of a permanent summer club house and sanctioned the purchase of a building site. This has been done and a beautiful piece of ground, with a frontage of 190ft. on the waters of Lake St. Louis, has become the property of the club. The lot is situated at the bottom of a beautiful and well-sheltered bay and is almost the center of the very scattered fleet. It is intended to proceed with the erection of a comfortable, if simple, club house as soon as the weather permits and it is hoped that when the season of 1891 opens the club will be settled in its new home. From the nature of the site it will be possible to provide not only a club house but a set of ways, for hauling out and repairing, and provide other facilities for handling yachts, the lack of which have seriously interfered with the growth of yachting about Lake St. Louis. As a result in great measure of the adoption of classification by corrected length a veritable boom in yacht building has been commenced in connection with this club. Five boats, ranging in size from a 30ft. C.L. to an 18ft. C.L. single-hander, are now actually under construction, three others are on the designing board and several others are being talked of.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—*Dorchester Y. C.*—Com., William P. Whitmarsh, yacht Mudjekeewis; Vice-Com., W. H. Swift, yacht Marion; Sec'y, H. W. Smith; Treas., Omar F. Loring; Meas., George Mans. Directors: W. H. Canterbury, George E. Curry, Laban Pratt, Hartford Davenport, James E. Swan, W. W. Whitmarsh, the Com. ex-officio. Regatta Committee: F. C. Blanchard, yacht Flora Lee; C. E. Bockus, Jr.; H. W. Burr; D. H. Mason, yacht Meteor; J. F. Small, yacht Ustane. House Committee: Walter S. Fox, W. S. Nickerson, Henry D. Wing. Membership Committee: G. B. Carter, George H Collyer, Charles B. Peer, F. W. Porter, H. W. Smith. *Hudson River Ice Y. C.*—Com., Henry F. Allen; Vice-Com., John E. Drew; Sec'y, Henry Newton; Treas., R. V. Freeman; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Ambrose W. Becker; Meas., Robert Murray; Stewart, John T. Hufnagel. Board of Trustees: W. S. Bingham, B. Alexander, Joseph Stilger, August Buckholdt, Conrad Roth. *Dauntless Y. C.*—Com., John Clark; Vice-Com., Frederick Heins; Sec'y, Frank Van Winkle; Treas., Charles A. Cordner; Meas., E. L. Jones; Trustee, John Flaherty.

AMERICAN OWNERSHIP OF FOREIGN-BUILT VESSELS.—Senator Frye, of Maine, last week introduced in the Senate three important bills relating to the American ownership of foreign-built vessels, one of which relates especially to yachts. According to the brief reports, a duty of $30 per gross ton is to be imposed on all such yachts that have been for more than six months in American waters, while tonnage dues of $1 per ton will be exacted at each American port. A fine of $30 is imposed on any yacht not a documented vessel of the United States which shall fly the American flag. We hope to obtain the full text of all the bills shortly.

ICE YACHTING.—As usual, the ice yachtsmen are ready, and racing will begin as soon as the weather permits. From the drawings and description of an English ice yacht in the last issue of the *Field*, we should say that English ice yachtsmen might learn a great deal in construction from a study of the Poughkeepsie craft built by Mr. Buckhout, the leading builder of these craft. On Jan. 13 a handicap race for the Kidd pennant was sailed on Orange Lake, over a 10 mile course in a west wind, Cold Wave, Com. Higginson, winning out of five starters in 25m. 57s.

THAT 90FT. BOOMLET.—Mr. W. H. Langley has declined the honor of being the prospective owner of an Ellsworth 90 and proposes to do little yachting next season.

U. S. NAVAL INSTITUTE.—The quarterly number of the Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute contains a very interesting paper on the protection of the hulls of vessels by lacquer, by Lieut. J. B. Murdock, U. S. N. Other papers treat of the system of naval training and discipline required to promote efficiency and attract Americans, and on a study of the movements of the atmosphere.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—This prosperous club, established in 1884 at Winthrop, near Boston, will soon occupy a fine new club house with a stage 14×26ft., a hall 52×47ft. a bowling alley, billiard room, and many other conveniences. The house will be on a stone wharf, with deep water at all stages of the tide.

AUXILIARY NAPHTHA YACHTS.—Two of the fleet of the New Haven Y. C., the centerboard sloops Marguerite and Ceres, will be fitted with 10 H. P. naphtha engines this winter.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will be held on Jan. 19, at 8:30 o'clock, at the Sturtevant House, 29th street and Broadway, New York.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Nirvana, keel sloop, has been sold by Wm. Buchanan to John Moller. Milicete, c.b. cutter, has been sold by A. B. Turner to J. Abbey, of New Bedford.

DORCHESTER Y. C. FIXTURES.—Club races, June 27, July 11 and Aug. 29; open race, Saturday, July 25. Other events will be announced later.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: C.V.Winne, Albany, N.Y.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, NY
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER:
EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM.: G. L. Parmele, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appollonio, Winchester.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington
REAR-COM.: E. D. Anderson, Trenton
PURSER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark, N.J.
EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of $2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay $1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.

Applications for membership should be made to the Sec.-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by $2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

6. Canoe Reunion, Harvard Rooms, New York.

JUNE.

6. Hoisting Sail Competition, Brooklyn. 13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.

JULY.

11-26. W.C.A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

THE question of defining an amateur in canoeing has been thoroughly discussed without a satisfactory conclusion being reached, as in many cases the letter of the rule may be infringed while observing closely the spirit, and conversely, no one having yet suggested a rule that covers all classes of racing under both sail and paddle. The last case that has come up, however, seems a very clear one, the offender being in every way a professional, and not in any sense an amateur canoeist.

Mr. E. A. Rappaleye, the "*Mail and Express* canoeist," applied for membership last spring in the American Canoe Association, and being unknown to the members his name attracted no attention, and was not objected to. Mr. Rappaleye, at the time of joining the Association, was not a canoeist, and had done no canoeing, but as it now appears, he had in view the very much advertised cruise which has lately brought him into notice. In connection with this cruise, the expenses of which were defrayed by the *Mail and Express*, a number of cash prizes, amounting to about $600 in all, were offered by the paper for various achievements, including the novel one of scalping, several of them being won by Mr. Rappaleye, who has pocketed openly the cash, amounting to $310. The fact that the whole competition was a bogus one, amounting simply to an advertising dodge, only serves to aggravate the offense, and under the circumstances Mr. Rappaleye's resignation from the A. C. A. would no doubt be very promptly accepted.

The line between the amateur and professional has always been very loosely drawn in one direction in the A. C. A.; the fact that a man depends on canoeing for his livelihood, that he builds or deals in canoes, does not bar him from membership so long as he is a gentleman and a canoeist. From the earliest days of the sport in this country it has included among its followers a large number of journalists and writers who have cruised and written of their cruises, but in a very different way from that of the "*Mail and Express* canoeist." The fact that a man buys or accepts a canoe for use in his business as a reporter or advertising agent by no means makes him a canoeist; and even if it did, he can no more claim recognition as an amateur than the men who sail sloops and catboats off Coney Island with advertisements of soap and patent medicines painted on the sails, can claim to be Corinthian yachtsmen.

A PRIZE FOR HOISTING SAILS.

IN order to encourage a shipshape and seamanlike rig on canoes Mr. Zerega, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., has announced a competition for a prize which he offers for the best hoisting and lowering rig for a canoe, the competition to be open to members of the Brooklyn, New York and Passaic River clubs, and to be held at the house of the Brooklyn C. C., Atlantic Basin, on June 6, 1891, from 1 P. M. to sunset. The conditions have not been fully decided on, but will be nearly as follows: At least three canoes must compete; canoes must be afloat and underway, the sails must be hoisted, reefed once and stowed, the boat must be maneuvered under full and reefed canvas, on and off the wind, tacking and wearing. The points to be counted are setting, reefing and stowing sails, qualities of rig as shown in maneuvering, and excellence of design and neatness of finish. The nature of the prize and the full conditions will shortly be announced. Mr. W. P. Stephens has consented to act as judge.

ORANGE C. C.—The annual election of officers of the Orange C. C. took place at their boat house on Passaic River, at West Arlington, N. J., last week, with the following result: C. W. Burrough, Commodore; R. W. Strachan, Vice-Commodore; C. G. Daus, Purser; M. M. Forrest, T. McMullen, and J. M. Lowden, Trustees; G. Manley, A. Crawford, and J. C. Massa, Boat Committee. The meeting was well attended and much enthusiasm manifested.

A CANOE CRUISE DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA

THIS matter of a canoe cruise down the Susquehanna had been planned and talked over for months back, even during the winter all one could talk about that would be of any consequence, especially to Doctor, was the great trip next season. Winter with its chilly winds, accompanied by snow storms, cold rains and ugly weather in general, soon passed away, and the canoeing season was opened in earnest. Notwithstanding the heavy flood throughout the country in June, we still had the month of July to enjoy canoeing. In this we were not mistaken, as we had nice weather during the whole month. August was now upon us and preparations for the trip were renewed with interest. The days were soon numbered, and on the night preceding the 10th of August we all assembled to arrange our kits and to make all necessary preparations for a good start on the morrow.

There we all were, Doctor, Mac, Ed, Commodore and myself, sitting around the table in the club house arranging our lists, so as not to have too much of one thing and not enough of the other, as we intended to mess together. We left the club house that night with very poor hopes of favorable weather, as not a star was visible, nor the moon, although it was time for her to appear.

Aug. 10.—Saturday morning loomed up with a slight rain that made us feel anything but joyful. Toward the middle of the morning the clouds faded away, allowing the sun to shine forth, which made a day as beautiful as a canoeist could wish. The canoes were all packed, and by 3 P. M. we were all ready for the start. Just at this time Mac broke in upon us with word that we should start, as business delayed him, and saying that he would meet us at Middletown.

After being photographed by Doctor, the amateur photographer, with his detective camera, the remainder started from the shore under a stiff ash breeze. The run from home to Poplar Island, opposite Middletown, was made in two and a half hours. It was uneventful, save that while opposite Steelton, three miles below Harrisburg, Ed lost the Doctor's tin cup, which worried the Doctor terribly; but, as is his nature, he soon cooled down and looked at it in a different light, more we judged because he had to.

In our course down the river we stopped on the upper end of Poplar Island. Commodore got out and went up to the house, when from around the corner came two little urchins, their pantalettes protruding from their dresses, looking as if they had just been interrupted in baking mud pies.

They at once set up a cry of "Oh, mam, lookee here, see them little boats." About this time "Mam" appeared from her daily work with an axe in hand, as she had just finished cutting wood for supper, accompanied by a large, fierce-looking animal about six hands high, whose sole occupation seemed to be to pay considerable attention to our commodore, who, feeling somewhat nervous, kept one eye on the dog and looked at "Mam" with the other. Getting in her good graces he backed down the island so that he could look at the dog; as he afterward remarked, he never saw such a nice animal. After settling in our canoes we paddled to the lower end of the island and there struck camp. Ed got on shore, and the first thing he saw was a garter, not being content till he had searched for the owner, but she or he was absent. I, although not the owner, was presented with it, and for its preservation as as a relic of the camp it decorated my pennant. Unpacking our kits, Doctor and I strung our hammocks, while Ed pitched his tent and the Commodore hunted firewood for supper.

First making preparations for our night's rest, Doctor and the Commodore went up the island to interview "Mam" for milk, while Ed and I amused ourselves carrying logs for the night's camp-fire. About this time the boys appeared with buckets full of milk—from the pump—with which we had to be contented. All hands began getting things in shape for supper, and we were about sitting down to our repast of fried eggs, potatoes, coffee, bread and butter, pickles, cold ham, crackers and cheese, when on looking up the river we saw Mac with sail set making for the island, as a light breeze had sprung up. The whole camp began operations on the table, and it was soon cleared of its contents. Clearing up and making prepartions for the night, we boarded our canoes and paddled over to Middletown. The moon was riding high in the heavens, and the night consequently was turned into day. We ran up the Swatara Creek, and landing on the bank we rushed into town, Mac carrying a large tin bucket for ice.

Our first desire after getting into the town was to strike for an ice cream saloon, and after scouring the place we found one and satisfied our desire. From there we visited a dozen or more tin shops in search of a tin cup for Doctor, and finally replaced the lost one by a ladle. The Doctor having too large a growth of hair upon his pate, succumbed to our teasing to get it cut, and after the operation we resorted to our canoes and paddled across to camp.

Replenishing the camp fire, Mac and Ed turned in, while the Doctor was down on the shore in Mac's canoe, grumbling and making quite a racket about his photographs; the Commodore and myself being busily engaged writing our logs. The camp retired about 11:45, although the Doctor and I could not rest in our hammocks, and had to resort to our old way of sleeping on the ground, toes to the fire, where we quietly slept till morning.

Sunday, Aug. 11.—The Doctor and I arose at 6 A. M., and after a good bath we aroused the others. As a man had landed on the island preparatory to going to the other side of the river after milk, we induced the Doctor after many entreaties to go along.

During his absence we got breakfast and were ready to eat when he came back. Clearing up we packed again for a good start, and were ready in a short time, with the exception of Ed, who had to tarry awhile to polish his canoe—his usual occupation. Moving down the river we went through Middletown Ripples in fine style, taking them about mid-distance from the shores, and 50ft. to the port of a large black rock. The run to the island at the head of Conewago Falls was without interest, comparatively smooth all the way.

Reaching the lower part of the island, we all got out and walked down to the end, at which place we had an elegant view of the falls.

The waves roll and bound over the rocks, throwing the water seven and eight feet into the air. The falls were terribly fierce, but all of us were somewhat disappointed, as they had been pictured to us much more formidable than they were. The Doctor took several views of the falls, also as we were astride a rail fence gazing intently he caught a rear view of us. He wanted to go through the rapids, or at least said he did, but as he was the only one who wanted to make the run, we decided, as we had no way of digging a grave and as his body would be too much trouble on our hands, that he had better postpone it.

Walking back and embarking, we crossed to shore at a point some 50yds. above Falmouth Station, making a portage up a bank 18ft. above the water's edge into the canal, which took us a half-hour.

After a paddle of ten minutes down the canal we encountered a lock, and, as we were all opposed to portages, Ed. was elected to go up and see the lock-keeper. He negotiated with the old gentleman, and talked and talked, but all in vain, as he would not lock us through on a Sunday.

Of course, there was nothing else to do but to make a carry, which consumed another half hour. Commodore started off ahead, and when he had covered about 100yds. he got out and went to see the middle of the falls, which are visible from the canal. We all followed suit, and it was well worth the climb over the numerous boulders to see the waves leap and dash over one another in their mad rush through the narrow channel, impressing upon one's mind a view never to be forgotten. Numerous photographs were taken both of the enormous rocks and of the main channel of the rapids.

We proceeded back to our canoes and paddled to the lock at Collins station, where we again tried to be passed through, but were subject to another disappointment. Just at this point we made a carry of 150yds. to the river. That portage made us remark that it would be the last one we would make. We got into nice water at this place, with a good north wind, but decided not to hoist sails as rapids were ahead. The boys, with the exception of the Doctor and I, paddled straight ahead, but we floated and enjoyed ourselves on the milk left from breakfast.

I put in a spoon and while passing Bainbridge, a few miles below Collins, caught a very fine bass. We passed Bainbridge to the right of the island, and while we four ran on down Mac paddled over to the York county shore and hoisted sail, as he had it in the bottom of his canoe and could not get it out to hoist it on the way.

One half mile below Bainbridge we struck Chestnut Ripples and ran them through the channel about 150yds. from Lancaster shore. Running these successfully we floated to watch Mac come through with sail set, but seeing him make the run in good shape we crossed over at the head of a small island and ran the second Chestnut Ripples toward the York county shore; by taking this course we avoided a large drop to the left of the island. This was our first large rapid since the start and the canoes acted like old veterans, tossing upon the waves, sometimes being almost out of sight and then again bobbing up serenely on the crest of the next wave. Some water was shipped, but of no consequence. About one-quarter of a mile below this rough water we all tried our voices on Echo Mountain and ran in on shore to get a drink at a mountain stream.

It was now about 2 P.M., and we were all getting tired and hunry on account of our portages, and the general cry was for a camping place. Commodore said we would camp at Wild Cat Falls, but when Wild Cat was reached we found no suitable place so kept on down hunting a nice place, but found the bank muddy and no farmhouse for reinforcements in the way of eatables. We paddled along the shore, amid the grumbling on all sides, but were kept amused by Mac in his endeavor to sail and trying to see how near he could come to unsetting without doing so. We next found ourselves opposite Marietta, two miles below Wild Cat Falls, and still on the hunt. We now passed Chickies, which is situated opposite the end of the mountain. Here we had slight ripples all the way to the head of Columbia Dam.

Commodore said we would camp on the island in the dam, above the bridge, but when we ran the noses of our canoes on the shore we found it in the possession of about 25 fellows, enjoying themselves on numerous beverages. After that reception we decided to go further and paddle over to the Columbia Canoe Club house and landed. We all went up in town and had a slight lunch, and while the Doctor, Commodore and myself went to the post office, Mac and Ed got some ice.

We then found out that there was a good camping place at a picnic grounds just opposite. Commodore and Ed started across the dam, while Mac, Doctor and myself got in tow of a ferry steamer which took us across in a short time. We were carried up to the steamer's landing and had to paddle down. Meeting the other two we paddled up a small creek in hopes of finding a camp, but were again disappointed. Returning we decided, after a council of war, to make another portage over the dam. It was now 6 P. M. and we were nearly starved, as well as broken up in general. We accomplished the portage in a half hour and got into our canoes again. About 50yds. below the breast of the dam we encountered a small rapid, but ran it successfully, and straightway heading for Mud Island we established camp. The spot was a resort for shad fishermen, and we found it an excellent place. We all carried our canoes up on shore, and then made preparations for something to eat.

We cooked our supper in an old stove that was on the island, and soon sat down to a repast of biscuits, bread and butter, preserves, cold ham, pickles, boiled potatoes (two kinds), roasting ears, beef and coffee. Our meal was eaten by the light of the lanterns, as it had begun to grow dark by the time were half finished. The way we went at that table of eatables was a caution, as we had had nothing to speak of since 7 A. M., having made 22 miles of a run not counting portages and stops. After clearing away the dishes, as that was all that was left of our supper, we prepared our cots for the night. We, all being tired, decided not to hunt wood for a camp-fire, but instead turned in as it was getting late.

The night was cold, and about 4 A. M. I had to get out of my hammock and hunt wood for a fire, and then came near freezing in my tracks. Getting warm at the fire, I then bunked with Commodore and Mac in the tent, saying to the Doctor, who was still in his hammock, that such an article was no place for me on a night.

Monday, Aug. 12.—We arose at 7:30 and soon had breakfast under way, while I trolled, but had no luck. After breakfast the Doctor, Commodore and I crossed to the shore and walked up the tow path to Wrightsville and then crossed the river to Columbia. Making some purchases we got in the ferry steamer and crossed the dam. Walking down the tow path to opposite the camp we whistled for Mac, as he had promised to come across for me. After making ourselves tired we three got in the Doctor's canoe, which he had left over, and crossed to the island. We found the fellows pretending to be asleep under a tree and Mac said he did not hear us, but, of course, we had to doubt his veracity.

Taking a lunch we immediately got under way at 2 P. M., and kept to the York country side of the river till we reached a point opposite Turkey Hill, about five miles below Columbia, where we crossed to the opposite side. The Doctor took the lead, as the Commodore had appointed him pilot, and now the sport began, as we were aware of the fact that we had 25 miles of rough rapids to go through.

The Doctor struck the channel, but Ed struck on a rock and was thrown out. Mac went through all right, but the Commodore and I got out on shore to take a survey. By this time Ed was standing on a rock holding his canoe, and muttered in a queer tone that could be heard above the roar of the rapids, "What shall I do?" Finally he got in and ran through nicely. The Commodore and I started, and when about 100yds. below I ran over a rock and the wave filled me up, swamping me entirely. I struck for shore and bailed out, while the rest of the fellows laid by. We again started and encountered more rough water, as the river is a mass of boulders and the water running at a very high speed, making elegant canoeing.

Safe Harbor, 10 miles below Columbia, was reached in short time, and at several places the camera was brought into use, as the scenery was magnificent. The course of the mountain stream can be seen for 200ft. trickling down the huge mountain sides, making miniature falls that flash in the sunlight like so many mirrors. At almost every one of these streams we stopped to taste of the cool, refreshing water.

Our course now lay through a country of wild, fascinating scenery, the river running at the base of a very high mountain, with the Port Deposit & Columbia Railroad between on the left, and to the right nothing could be seen save boulders of every description, large and small. The water at this point was quiet, and as we had experienced some of its kind before, we knew that something in the shape of a fall in the river or heavy rapids were before us, and we had not long to wait, for rounding the bend, we heard the roar of the noted Eshelman's Falls, about one and three-quarter miles below Safe Harbor and 1,000ft. above Shenk's Ferry. We ran down about 50yds. above the falls, and then Doctor and I got out and walked down the railroad to look them over to find a good channel.

There are two channels at this place, the one inside along the left shore being very quiet but rocky; while in the rafting channel the water was running at a terrific speed, and the waves as they dashed over the rocks were thrown 5ft. in the air. As Doctor and I sat on the bank talking it over, our Commodore came along and joined us. At last the Doctor got up with the exclamation that he was going to run the raft channel or something serious would happen. Sliding down the bank, we got into our canoes and paddled for the middle to make a good run, and as we went down Doctor took the lead, I next, and Ed and Mac following. But when Doctor struck the first breaker he was shut out from sight, and when he reappeared I saw him in the wake, canoe bottom up, to which he was holding, trying to battle the current and waves. At that moment I gave up, as I knew if he had turned over in his decked canoe, I could never get through without doing the same in an open one. So, as I went down I resigned myself to fate, and cutting the waves they dashed over, the water completely covering me; but when I came up I was very much surprised to find myself on even keel, but filled up to gunwale. With a strong left-hand stroke of my double blade I sent the old Tru-de into the eddy of a large rock and ran her nose into a clump of grass, jumping out into the water waist deep. Then I heard Doctor call to me to try and do something for him, and tearing off the oil cloth on my deck I got a piece of bell cord. Swimming out to a smaller rock I stood up and threw it to him. It fell short. I again coiled it and threw it once more, the eddy helped him toward me, and this time he caught the rope and made it fast. After a short struggle we landed on the rock high and dry. TRU-DE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

G. LIVINGSTON MORSE.—On Jan. 12 Mr. Gilbert Livingston Morse, one of the founders of the New York C. C., died very suddenly at his residence in Yonkers. Mr. Morse, who was a nephew of Prof. S. B. F. Morse, was born in New York in 1842, graduating with high honors from the College of the City of New York in 1863. Since this time he has been engaged in business in New York, being connected prominently with many important enterprises. With his cousin he built the handsome Morse building in Nassau St. Mr. Morse began his canoeing about 1870, in company with Aiden, the Schuylers, Dr. Mosher, Norton, Judge Smith and a few others, and was a charter member of the New York C. C. He owned the big canoe Rosalie and afterward the Walrus, and in them made a number of long cruises. As a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity of his college he was a visitor at the old Camp Manhattan on Lake George, and when the A. C. A. was organized near the same spot he at once joined, attending the early meets, his hearty genial presence being one of the pleasant memories of the meet of '81. He was no less prominent in rifle shooting than in canoeing, being one of the organizers of the Amateur Rifle Club, of New York, and later Inspector of Rifle Practice in the 5th Brigade, with the rank of major. As a member of the Yonkers Rifle Club he was foremost in the establishment of the Morsemere Range. He also gave a part of his time to photography. In Yonkers, where his home, Morsemere, is situated, he was prominent in the church and Sunday school as well as in public life, holding various local offices. Mr. Morse leaves a wife and eight children.

THE CANOE REUNION.—The date of Friday, Feb. 6, has been finally decided on for the reception to be held at the Harvard Rooms, 42d street and 6th avenue, New York.

NEW YORK C. C.—The New York C. C. has selected June 13 as the date for its annual regatta. The club house has been repaired and towed back to Staten Island.

CANOEING IN ENGLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Those of your readers who have kept up with English canoeing literature are no doubt quite familiar with the hostile attitude which Mr. Baden-Powell has always adopted toward the British Canoe Association. His arguments, however, have never been sufficiently powerful to injure the Association or to prevent canoeists from all parts of the United Kingdom, principally members of the R. C. C. and other kindred clubs from joining its ranks.

We are told by Mr. Baden-Powell that the Association holds only a small percentage of British canoeists. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, but it may interest your readers to know that after a three years' existence the B. C. A. numbers within a very few the same members as the R. C. C., and as I have already stated, its members are in the majority of cases, members of existing clubs. I may emphasize my remarks by pointing out that on the same page of your issue that Mr. Baden-Powell's letter appears, is an account of the R. C. C. challenge cup. I observe in the list of entries that out of twelve, six are by members of the B. C. A., and out of the six who really sailed the race, four belonged to the Association. The only leading canoeist in England who objects to the Association is Mr. Baden-Powell himself. The Association was formed to provide that which existing clubs in England have never succeeded in doing, namely, encouragement for cruising. It has certainly no "racing definitions," inasmuch as racing was specially excluded from its programmes in order that no interference might be offered to the legitimate functions of existing clubs.

As regards qualification for membership, it is not imperative any more than in R. C. C. or any other club that a member should be a canoe owner. So far as the latter part of your correspondent's letter is concerned, I will leave your American readers to discover the fallacies for themselves. On a question of racing machines I will not attempt to cross swords with Mr. Baden-Powell, but will allow that he is *facile princeps;* on questions of cruising, however, his authority, except as a prolific newspaper contributor, is not considered great.

H. WILMER, R. C. C., Vice-Com. B. C. A.

STRATFORD, Jan. 1.

W. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. C. A. was held on Jan. 10 at the Wellington, in Chicago. It was decided to hold the annual meet at Ballast Island from July 11 to 26, inclusive. A dinner was given in the evening by the Chicago C. C., the following canoeists being present: Geo. W. Gardner, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland; Geo. B. Elfard, Chas. Weeks, H. D. Crane, C. J. Stedman, T. T. Gaff, Cincinnati; O. A. Woodruff, W. H. Crawford, Dayton, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; H. D. Spencer, Bloomington, Ill.; S. B. Mettler, G. G. Case, John Helmer, Jackson, Mich.; Col. J. W. Bartlett, Fremont, O.; H. C. Mense, Peoria; J. H. Ware, C. W. Lee, J. B. Keogh, A. W. Kitchen, W. M. Dunham, N. H. Cook, Dr. C. H. Matson, P. F. Munger, R. P. Marks, D. M. Lord, D. H. Crane, N. B. Cook, G. M. Munger, G. Hessert, Jr., F. S. Waters, H. B. Cook, E. S. Shaw, C. S. Stevens, Wm. Lewis. Mr. Hough, of the FOREST AND STREAM, who was among the invited guests, was unable to be present on account of illness, so that no full report of the meeting has yet reached us.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The annual dinner of the Brooklyn C. C. was given at the comfortable quarters of the Crescent Athletic Club on Jan. 12, Com. Rudd presiding. A number of guests were present, including Vice-Com. Dorland, of the Atlantic Division, and Purser W. H. Brown, of the Central Division. The house of the club, at the Atlantic Basin, was lately roobed by boys residing in the neighborhood, all of whom were apprehended. The value of the articles taken was small, but all the lockers were broke open.

RUSHTON CANOES AND BOATS.—We have received from Mr. J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y., a new and handsome catalogue of the large line of canoes and boats built by him. Within the past two years many minor improvements have been made in the various models and the methods of construction, which have advanced these long popular boats to still greater favor. The catalogue includes a large line of sails of all patterns. Mr. Rushton has lately added the Butler steering gear and mizen traveler to his list of fittings.

THE MEET AT JESSUP'S NECK.—A member of the A. C. A. who has lately spent some time in the vicinity of Sag Harbor, states that the townspeople of that ancient port estimate that at least $4,000 was spent there by members of the A. C. A. during the two weeks of the meet. It is needless to say that they would welcome another meet at Jessup's Neck.

CRESCENT C. C.—The destruction of the Cresent C. C. house at Greenville, on Newark Bay, is attributed to tramps. The house, which was insured, will be rebuilt by spring. About half of the canoes had been removed when the house was closed, and of the others all but two were insured.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker C. C. on Jan. 8, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Lafayette W. Seavey; Vice-Com., Frank C Moore; Treas., James R. Steers, Jr.; Sec., James K. Hand; Measurer, Dudley D. Gessler.

DIMPLE NO. 4.—Through an oversight we last week credited the building of Dimple No. 4 to Mr. Joyner; the canoe was not built by him, but by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., who deserve the credit for her handsome appearance and neat workmanship.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: J. Arnold Wright, New Bedford, Mass.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 50 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price $3.00. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price $1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price $1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price $1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price $1.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. B., Topeka, Kas.—You had better advertise.

J. G. L.—What would be the effect of castration on a foxhound now two years old. Would it diminish his courage, endurance and desire for hunting game? Ans, It is apt to make him fat and lazy.

H. V. S., Dublin, N. H.—Please give me the address of the secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club; also the address of W. Walling, who entered fox beagles at the Brunswick Fur Club trials, Nov. 10, 1890. Ans.—J. H. Baird, Auburndale, Mass.; he can also give you Mr. Walling's address.

J. R. A., Philadelphia.—At a recent contest a bird was gathered on the boundary fence; whether that bird is a "dead bird" or a "lost bird" would decide the match. The umpire decided that it was a "lost bird." Was this correct? Ans. If the bird was gathered within the boundary line, without reaching over the line, it was a dead bird.

CONSTANT READER, Hartford.—In New England and many other States the ruffed grouse is commonly called partridge. In Maryland and some other States the quail is called partridge. In some districts the ruffed grouse is called pheasant. To answer your query then, we can only say that the partridge is in certain regions the same bird as the grouse.

F. W. G. J., Sorel, P. Q.—I have some English setter pups, whelped Dec. 20, and am desirous of training two of them as described in "Training vs. Breaking." The climate here is very severe in winter, much like Minnesota and Dakota, and am therefore keeping the youngsters for the present in the house. When would it be safe to put them outside? Could I put them in a stall in an unused stable, with plenty of straw, and if so at what age? They are all well and strong. Ans. In this you must use your own judgment to a great extent. If the pups are still suckling we should think they would be warm enough, with her, to be put in the barn when a month old. You will find that a large dry goods box set in the stall, with plenty of bedding and an opening made in it just large enough for the bitch to crawl through, will keep both mother and pups warm in the coldest weather. The lid of the box, of course, nailed down.

TARPON FISHING.

Anglers contemplating a trip to Florida this coming season will find it to their advantage to inspect our celebrated

Tarpon Rods, Reels and Lines.

The largest tarpon (184 lbs.) ever killed on a rod and reel was taken with one of our Noibwood Tarpon Rods. They are pronouuced **"PERFECT"** by all who have used them.

OUR NEW **SOFT LINEN TARPON SNELL IS THE BEST.**

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For the past 20 years located at 93 Sudbury St., will now be found at 144 Friend St., Boston, where he will give the same personal attention to all work intrusted to his care as formerly.

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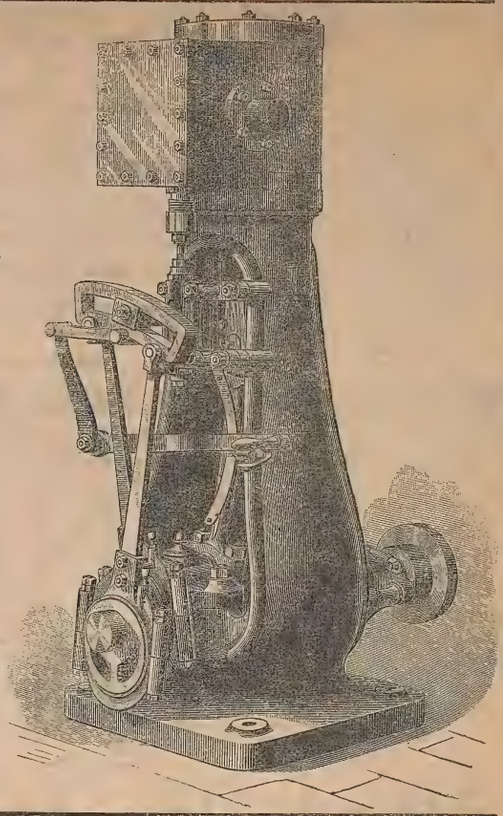
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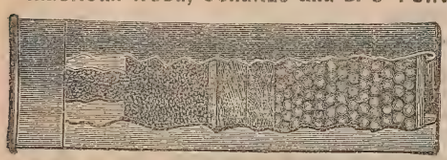
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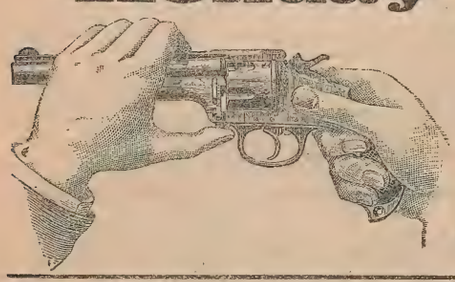
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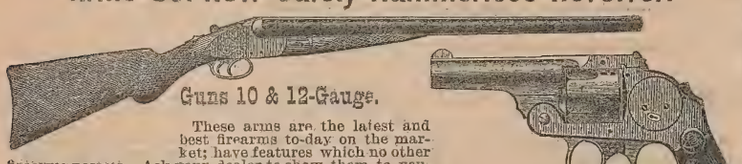
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